

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



52 BIG
PAGES

NO.21
MAY
JUNE

10c

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

WHAT
SINISTER EVENTS
FORCED THE D.A.
TO BECOME A
"KILLER'S
BODYGUARD"
?



THESE TOP FAVORITES
PLUS 23 OTHER
GREAT COMICS
MAGAZINES



FALL CARRY THIS
FAMOUS SYMBOL ON
YOUR COVERS AS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN COMICS READING!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I'M NOT LETTING THEM KILL YOU, BIG CHARLIE! I'M GOING TO BUST THROUGH CRIME'S DRAGNET-- AND KEEP YOU ALIVE!



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THERE ARE COUNTLESS ROLES A DISTRICT ATTORNEY--OR ANY AGENT OF THE LAW-- MIGHT PLAY IN THE GRIM GAME OF CATCHING CRIMINALS! BUT IN THE FOLLOWING CASE-HISTORY I THINK I PLAYED MY STRANGEST AND MOST DANGEROUS PART... A PART THAT WAS AT FIRST STRICTLY PLAY-ACTING, BUT AFTER THAT IT BECAME A DEADLY SERIOUS DRAMA WITHOUT ANY LINES TO FOLLOW FROM A SCRIPT, AND I HAD TO AD-LIB MY WAY THROUGH VIOLENCE AND GUNFIRE, BECAUSE...

"I WAS A KILLER'S BODYGUARD!"

IT WAS IN THE MID-SUMMER OF 1949 THAT THE BIG CHARLIE FENWICKE MOB WAS RUNNING ROUGHSHOD OVER THE WEST SIDE-- AND GETTING INTO ITS SHARE OF GANG WARS WITH OTHER CRIME-LEADERS, SUCH AS BILLY (THE KID) BAKER AND FREDDIE LAKE...



AT THAT TIME, BIG CHARLIE PROVED HIMSELF SUPERIOR TO THE BAKER AND LAKE MOBS -- BUT, IF HE WERE KING, HE WORE A SHAKY CROWN. HE WAS AFRAID TO VENTURE OUT, FOR FEAR OF A BULLET FROM A LURKING GUNMAN...



I GOT THE TICKETS FOR THAT SHOW, BOSS! WHEN WE LEAVIN'?

HUH?



IF I STEPPED OUT OF HERE THOSE TICKETS WOULD BE FOR NOTHING BUT THE *MORGUE!* EVERY RIVAL GUNMAN IN TOWN IS OUT TO GET ME! HMMM... HE'S LATE!

WHO'S LATE?

I'M IMPORTING A NEW *BODYGUARD* FROM CHICAGO TO REPLACE MY LAST ONE, WHO GOT KILLED! HIS NAME'S "DEAD-END" FORBES... JUST OUT OF STIR... AND ABOUT THE BEST SHOT THE COUNTRY'S EVER SEEN!



SOME-ONE'S OUT THERE NOW, BOSS!



I ADVISE YOU GENTS TO STOW THE CANNONS! OTHERWISE THERE'LL BE TWO DEAD MEN AROUND HERE!

THAT CAN ONLY BE FORBES! COME IN!

HUH?

I DON'T CARE WHO THIS CHARACTER IS, BOSS! I DON'T LIKE HIS ATTITUDE!

ME NEITHER! WHAT'S THE STORY, MISTER?

FORBES MOVED LIKE A FLASH, HIS ARMS HOOKED UPWARD IN A BLUR, CATCHING EACH OF THE THUGS BY THE WRIST, THEN...



I DON'T LIKE SMART GUYS!

WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT? AND DID YOU SEE HOW FAST HE CAME OUT WITH THOSE PISTOLS? EASY, FORBES! THE BOYS WEREN'T LOOKING FOR A SCRAP!

YOU'VE LIVED UP TO HALF OF YOUR REPUTATION -- THAT IS BEING HANDY WITH YOUR MITTS! I'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT YOUR GUNS, TOO! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM IN ACTION!

LET'S GO SOME PLACE WHERE THE NOISE WON'T WAKE UP THE NEIGHBORS!



THIS ROOM IS SOUNDPROOF! DON'T WORRY!

OKAY-- PITCH THEM CARDS INTO THE AIR!

BIG CHARLIE FENWICKE TOSSED SEVERAL OF THE CARDS INTO THE AIR, AND BEFORE THEY CAME DOWN, FORBES' PISTOL HAD BLAZED THREE TIMES...

LOOK... I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT... HE ACTUALLY SHOT THE CENTER PIP OUT OF EACH ONE OF THESE ACE CARDS! FORBES-- YOU'RE HIRED! YOU'RE MY BODYGUARD-- AND WE'RE GOING OUT!



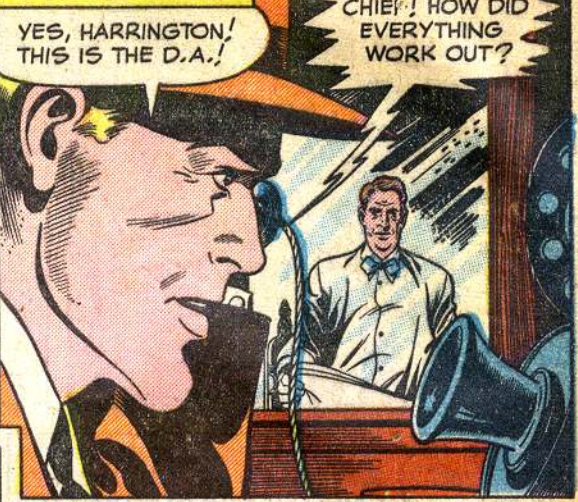


BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO LOOK LIKE A HOOD, FORBES! GET SOME NEW CLOTHES -- LOOK ELEGANT! PUT A NICE ROCK ON YOUR FINGER -- LIKE THIS ONE I'VE GOT! IT SHOWS CLASS! I'LL GIVE YOU A GRAND IN ADVANCE! REPORT BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS! OKAY?

OKAY, BOSS! I WAS NEVER MUCH FOR LOOKIN' LIKE A SWELL, BUT IF YOU SAY SO...



THE MAN CALLED FORBES LEFT BIG CHARLIE FENWICKE'S HIDEOUT AND VANISHED INTO THE STREETS. WHEN HE WAS CERTAIN HE WASN'T BEING SHADOWED BY ANY OF THE GANG, HE STOPPED AT A PHONE BOOTH AND CALLED THE D. A.'S OFFICE...



YES, HARRINGTON! THIS IS THE D.A.!

CHIEF! HOW DID EVERYTHING WORK OUT?

IT CLICKED BEAUTIFULLY! FENWICKE THINKS I'M REALLY FORBES, AND I PUT ON A LITTLE STRONG-ARM EXHIBITION TO CONVINCE HIM! I'M OUT BUYING CLOTHES NOW! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER!



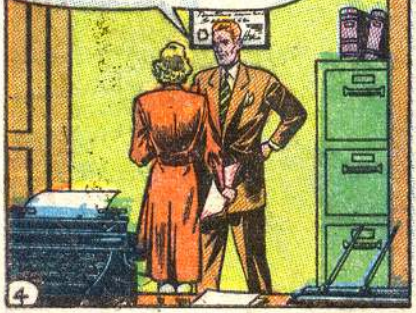
OKAY, CHIEF! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! FENWICKE'S A BAD CHARACTER!

WELL, IF EVERYTHING GOES OKAY NOW, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE BIG CHARLIE BEHIND BARS -- WHERE HE BELONGS!

EVERYTHING'S BEEN SO SECRET AROUND HERE EVEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON! WHAT'S THE MYSTERY ABOUT THE CHIEF, HARRINGTON?



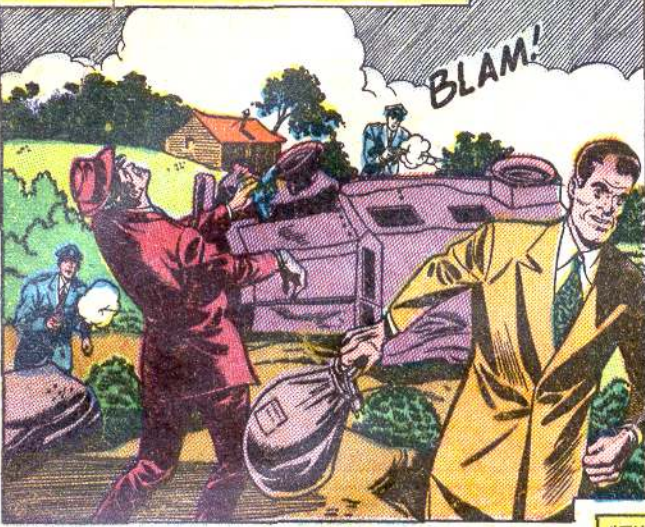
WELL, MISS MILLER, WE'VE WATCHED BIG CHARLIE'S ACTIVITIES EVER SINCE THAT HALF MILLION DOLLAR INSURANCE ROBBERY JOB! WE COULD NAIL HIM ON A LOT OF SMALL CHARGES -- BUT WE WANT TO RECOVER THE MONEY AND GET HIM ON A CHARGE THAT'LL KEEP HIM IN PRISON!



"YOU SEE, SEVEN MONTHS AGO FENWICKE HAD TWO PARTNERS ... FLOYD STREBBER AND JOHN (THE FLYCATCHER) MALLORY..."



"THEY PLANNED THE INSURANCE ROBBERY IN MAY-- AND FLYCATCHER MALLORY WAS ASSIGNED TO HANDLE THE JOB. THEY GOT THE MONEY, BUT THE ARMORED CAR GUARDS SHOT UP THE GANG..."



"MALLORY MADE IT INTO THE WOODS, HID THE LOOT, THEN DREW A CRUDE MAP! SOMEHOW IN HIS WOUNDED CONDITION, HE GOT BACK TO TOWN, STUMBLED INTO THE HIDEOUT, THEN DIED..."



...THE MONEY... GOT MAP HERE... HURT BAD...

FLYCATCHER! HE'S THROUGH, STREBBER!

I'LL TAKE **HALF** THAT MAP, CHARLIE! IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T **TRUST** YA, OF COURSE...

SURE, STREBBER! I'LL GIVE YOU HALF THE MAP! BUT WE CAN'T PICK UP THE DOUGH NOW--NOT WHILE IT'S HOT! AND WE'VE GOT TO REDRAW THE MAP--SO NOBODY BUT US CAN READ IT! SEE?



"THE FOLLOWING WEEK-- ON THE NIGHT OF THE 22ND -- WE GOT STREBBER IN A RUNNING GUN FIGHT AFTER THE DELANEY STREET HOLD-UP..."



YOU SAP! I THOUGHT YOU GIMMICKED THAT ALARM! IT BROUGHT THE COPS!

"WE GOT A TIP THAT CHARLIE WAS BRINGING IN FORBES TO REPLACE LOUIE THE MUSCLE, HIS FORMER BODYGUARD! WE INTERCEPTED FORBES, PUT HIM IN JAIL, AND THE CHIEF DISGUISED HIMSELF AS FORBES AND TOOK HIS PLACE..."



STREBBER'S IN JAIL, AND WE CAN GET HIS PART OF THE MAP WHEN WE WANT IT! WE KNOW CHARLIE HAS THE OTHER HALF AND WE'RE GOING TO GET IT! THEN WE'VE GOT THE STOLEN MONEY!

BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THE CHIEF BEING MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE A GUNMAN NAMED FORBES?



"...AND NOW WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE D.A. SUCCEEDS IN HIS ROLE AS A DEADLY GUNMAN PLAYING BODYGUARD TO A GANG CZAR..."

MEANWHILE, THE D.A. POSING AS FORBES, BOUGHT NEW CLOTHES AND REPORTED BACK TO BIG CHARLIE...

SPLENDID, FORBES! YOU'RE A NEW MAN! THAT OUTFIT TAKES YOU OUT OF THE SHABBY HOODLUM CLASS! NOW, WE'RE GOING PLACES! UH--YOU HAVE YOUR GUN, OF COURSE!

SURE, BOSS! THAT GUN'S PART O' ME! I NEVER GO ANY PLACE WITHOUT IT!



THEY WENT OUTSIDE, AND...

I BROUGHT MY OWN CAR ALONG, BOSS! HOP IN! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS BABY WHEN THE HEAT'S ON! AN' SHE'LL DO BETTER'N A HUNDRED IN A CHASE!

WELL! THAT'S WHAT I CALL BEING A THOUGHTFUL BODYGUARD! LET'S GO!



THEY DROVE TO A PLACE OUT OF TOWN, CALLED THE DOUBLE DIAMOND CLUB, THEN THEY WENT IN, WITH FORBES STICKING BY CHARLIE LIKE A SHADOW...

WHO'S THE NEW GUY, CHARLIE?

HE'S OKAY! A PAL O' MINE!



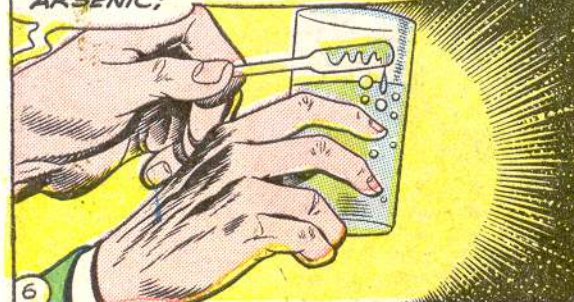
BIG CHARLIE ORDERED A COCKTAIL, THEN STOOD BY THE ROULETTE TABLE. THE COCKTAIL WAS BROUGHT OVER BY A WAITER, THEN...

WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS! DON'T DRINK THAT YET!

WHY, WHAT'S WRONG?



YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF ENEMIES, BOSS! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! LET ME STIR THIS DRINK A MINUTE -- I'VE HAD EXPERIENCE WITH POISONED DRINKS BEFORE! SEE! IT'S TURNING GREEN! SIGNS OF ARSENIC!



ARSENIC, EH? THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL ME! I'LL TAKE THIS JOINT APART!

IT WOULDN'T BE WISE TO START ANYTHING NOW! FORGET IT!

BESIDES, THAT WAS A HARMLESS GREEN POWDER I DROPPED IN WHEN HE COULDN'T SEE ME DO IT-- JUST TO IMPRESS HIM THAT I'M REALLY A GOOD BODYGUARD!



THEY LEFT THE DOUBLE DIAMOND, AND AS THEY ROARED AWAY ANOTHER CAR FOLLOWED...

THERE'S A SEDAN PULLED OUT AND IT'S COMING AFTER US!

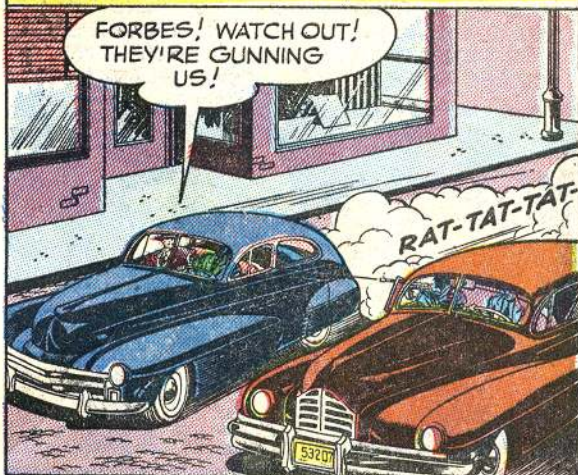
I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR BIG CHARLIE! ONE THAT'LL MAKE HIM THINK I'M THE BEST BODYGUARD ANYONE EVER HAD!



THE PURSUING CAR SPED PAST AND, AS IT DID, TOMMY GUNS COUGHED RAUCOUSLY...

FORBES! WATCH OUT! THEY'RE GUNNING US!

RAT-TAT-TAT



YOU SEE, I NEVER TAKE CHANCES, BOSS! MY CAR HAS BULLET-PROOF GLASS!

GREAT GUNS! YOU'RE RIGHT! FORBES, SO HELP ME, YOU'RE AMAZING! WITH YOU AROUND, I'LL LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED! HAW! WAIT'LL LAKE HEARS THAT HIS GANG FLUFFED THIS ONE! HAW! HAW!



AS OF RIGHT NOW I'M DOUBLING YOUR SALARY! TWO TIMES TONIGHT YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!

CHARLIE, NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU UNTIL I'VE RECOVERED THAT HALF MILLION...

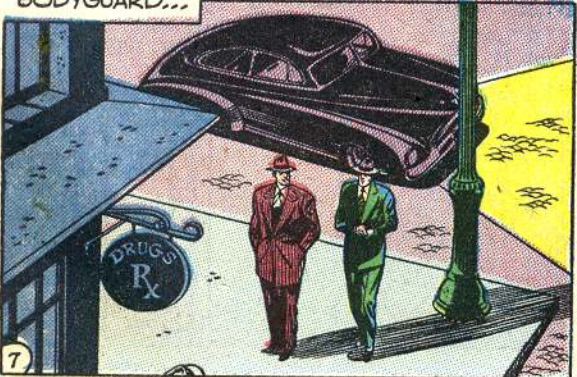


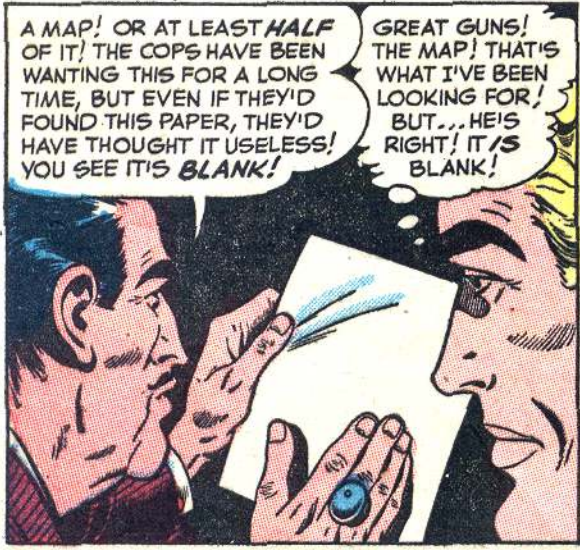
IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, BIG CHARLIE FENWICK WALKED THE STREETS WITHOUT FEAR. HE ATE WHERE HE PLEASED, WENT TO SHOWS AND NIGHT SPOTS -- ALWAYS DEFYING RIVAL GUNMEN TO SHOW THEIR HAND. CHARLIE WAS FEARLESS, BECAUSE ALWAYS PRESENT WAS HIS AMAZING BODYGUARD...

THUS, BY THE END OF THE SECOND MONTH, THE DISGUISED D.A. WAS VERY MUCH IN BIG CHARLIE'S CONFIDENCE...

I SENT THE BOYS TO THE THEATER, FORBES! YOU AND I HAVE A BIG JOB TO DO TONIGHT... ALONE! HMMM -- LET'S SEE! AH, YES! HERE IT IS!

HERE'S WHAT?





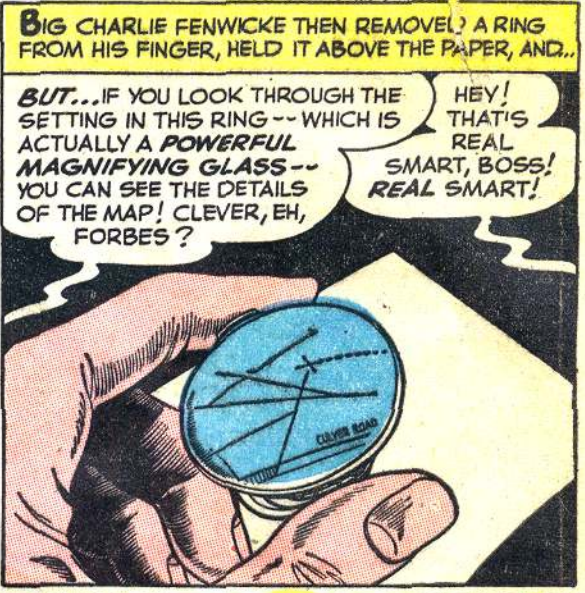
A MAP! OR AT LEAST HALF OF IT! THE COPS HAVE BEEN WANTING THIS FOR A LONG TIME, BUT EVEN IF THEY'D FOUND THIS PAPER, THEY'D HAVE THOUGHT IT USELESS! YOU SEE IT'S **BLANK!**

GREAT GUNS! THE MAP! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! BUT...HE'S RIGHT! IT IS **BLANK!**



NOW, LOOK! AN EX-PARTNER OF MINE HAS THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP--BUT HE'S IN JAIL! HE'S CRACKING OUT TONIGHT, AND I'M MEETING HIM IN ALBANY TOMORROW!

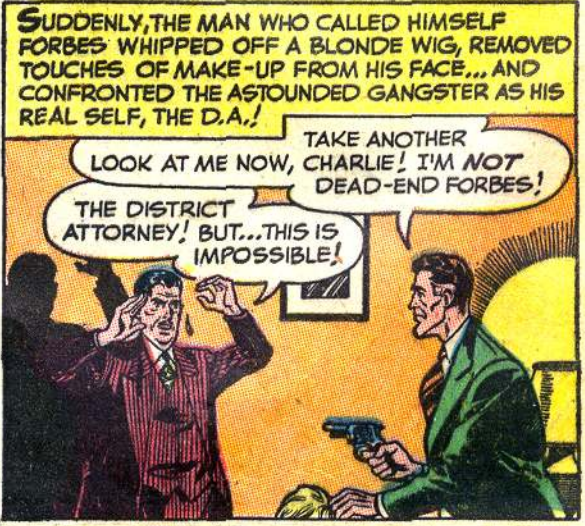
YEAH?



BIG CHARLIE FENWICKE THEN REMOVED A RING FROM HIS FINGER, HELD IT ABOVE THE PAPER, AND...

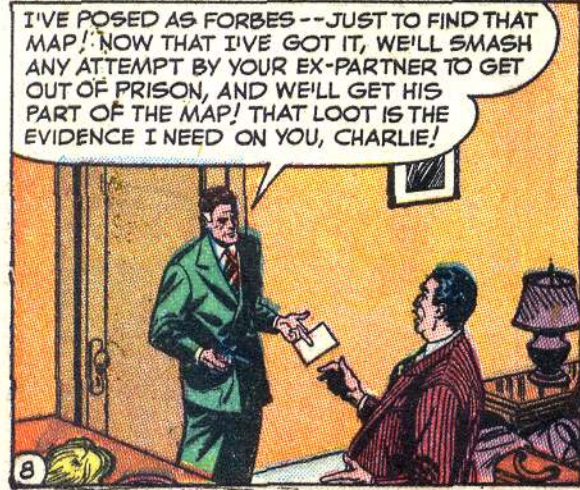
BUT...IF YOU LOOK THROUGH THE SETTING IN THIS RING -- WHICH IS ACTUALLY A POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS -- YOU CAN SEE THE DETAILS OF THE MAP! CLEVER, EH, FORBES?

HEY! THAT'S REAL SMART, BOSS! REAL SMART!



SUDDENLY, THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF FORBES WHIPPED OFF A BLONDE WIG, REMOVED TOUCHES OF MAKE-UP FROM HIS FACE... AND CONFRONTED THE ASTOUNDED GANGSTER AS HIS REAL SELF, THE D.A.!

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT ME NOW, CHARLIE! I'M **NOT** DEAD-END FORBES! THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! BUT...THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!



I'VE POSED AS FORBES -- JUST TO FIND THAT MAP! NOW THAT I'VE GOT IT, WE'LL SMASH ANY ATTEMPT BY YOUR EX-PARTNER TO GET OUT OF PRISON, AND WE'LL GET HIS PART OF THE MAP! THAT LOOT IS THE EVIDENCE I NEED ON YOU, CHARLIE!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE TWO THUGS WHO HAD BEEN SENT TO THE THEATER RETURNED FOR TWO FORGOTTEN TICKETS... THEY PAUSED OUTSIDE THE DOOR AS THEY HEARD VOICES...

PETE, LISTEN! ALL RIGHT, D.A.! YOU'VE GOT ME! BUT GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YOU? I'LL TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE! I'LL SING!



PSST! THE D.A.!

SHHH... LISTEN...

THE LAW DOESN'T BARGAIN WITH CRIMINALS, CHARLIE! BUT TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE WILL GET YOU CONSIDERATION! NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE WHILE I GET A CALL THROUGH TO THE WARDEN NOW! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT JAILBREAK!



IF CHARLIE TURNS CANARY ON US, HE'LL COOK EVERYBODY! THIS WHOLE TOWN WILL BE TURNED INSIDE OUT!

WE'VE GOT TO GET WORD OUT--FAST! WE'VE ONLY GOT MINUTES TO WORK, BUT WE'VE GOT TO SILENCE BIG CHARLIE BEFORE THE D.A. GETS HIM TO HEADQUARTERS!

BUT THE AMAZING BIG-CITY GRAPEVINE...THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEM OF THE UNDERWORLD... WORKED WITH REMARKABLE SPEED, AND AS THE D.A. STEPPED OUTSIDE WITH HIS PRISONER SOME MOMENTS LATER...



SOMEONE'S AFTER US-- WITH A SILENCED RIFLE! COME ON-- GET BACK INSIDE!

MISSED! GO AFTER 'EM!



MORE ARE COMING AFTER US! GET DOWN TO THE CELLAR! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE DOWN THERE!

I'M SCARED, D.A. SCARED STIFF!

I'VE LOCKED THE STAIR DOOR FROM INSIDE!

FROM THEN ON, THE PLAY-ACTING WAS OVER; THE D.A. BECAME A REAL BODYGUARD, ATTEMPTING TO PRESERVE HIS CHARGE FROM GANGLAND'S DRAGNET AND RUSH HIM TO HEADQUARTERS... ALIVE!



THEY'RE STARTING TO KNOCK THE DOOR IN! I CAN HEAR 'EM!

YEAH--THEY'RE ALL AROUND THE PLACE! GET INTO THE DUMBWAITER AND GO TO THE TOP FLOOR! AND WAIT FOR ME!

BIG CHARLIE GOT TO THE TOP FLOOR, SENT THE DUMBWAITER TO THE CELLAR AGAIN, THEN WAITED FOR A MOMENT...



THEY GOT TO THE CELLAR-- BUT NOT BEFORE I GOT OUT! THEY'LL BE GOING OVER THIS BUILDING WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB IN A MINUTE OR TWO! COME ON-- TO THE ROOF!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, ON THE ROOF...



THERE THEY GO! SURROUND THE CONSTRUCTION AREA-- AN' SEND A CAR OVER THERE! WE'VE GOT 'EM SURROUNDED!

BUT THEN...



WRONG! NO ONE HERE! WELL, WE'VE GOT THE AREA SURROUNDED! THEY WON'T GET AWAY!

THEN LEMME OUT! I GOTTA FILL IN THOSE HOLES IN THE ROAD BEFORE THE BIG TRUCKS START COMIN' IN AT DAWN!

THE D.A. CUT THROUGH BACK STREETS, AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER HE WAS IN HEADQUARTERS...



CHIEF! GET SOMEBODY TO TAKE DOWN BIG CHARLIE'S STATEMENTS! AND GET SQUAD CARS OVER TO THE CONSTRUCTION AREA ON GILBERT STREET! THE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH "RATS!"

CHECK! RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF!

A MOMENT LATER, A SEDAN PULLED UP TO THE GATES OF THE FENCED-IN CONSTRUCTION AREA...



HEY, YOU GUYS! GET OUTA THE WAY!

PSST, HARRY! TELL 'IM WE'RE COPS!

WE'RE COPS, BUSTER! AN' WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE! MAYBE YA GOT 'EM HIDIN' IN THAT JALOPY! WE'RE TAKIN' A LOOK!

THE BIG SHOVEL LUMBERED OUT ONTO THE STREET, THE CROOKS WENT INSIDE, CLOSED THE GATES, AND BEGAN THEIR GRIM SEARCH, THEN, LATER, NEARLY A BLOCK AWAY...



OKAY DA! THAT FALSE BOTTOM WITH THE DIRT ON TOP SURE FOOLED THEM!

FOR A NIGHT WATCHMAN, YOU DID A SPLENDID JOB OF DRIVING... AND ACTING! SEE YOU LATER!

SOMETIME LATER, THE GATES AT THE CONSTRUCTION AREA SWUNG OPEN, AND...



YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME, BOYS! SO I DECIDED TO LET YOU "FIND" ME! LET'S GO!

YEAH, WE'RE ALL GOING TO PLAY BODYGUARD WHILE WE ESCORT YOU TO HEADQUARTERS! HA, HA!

The End

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SABOTAGING THE SABOTEURS"



AS AN ARMY PLANE TAKES OFF, CARRYING SECRET JET-BOMBER DESIGNS, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS OVERHEAR...

WELL, OUR JOB'S DONE, LUKE! THAT PLANE WILL NEVER REACH WASHINGTON. LET'S GO--

.HMMM... DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!



ROYAL AND THE BOYS FOLLOW THE MEN TO A HIDEOUT AND LISTEN, AS LUKE REPORTS TO THE BOSS...

IN 30 MINUTES, THE TIME-BOMB WE PLANTED ON THAT PLANE GOES OFF AND--BOOM!--GO THE JET DESIGNS!



HOPE THE BOYS GET BACK WITH THE POLICE BEFORE THOSE RATS ESCAPE...AND I HOPE I GET TO THAT FLIGHT-TOWER IN TIME!



THANKS TO ROYAL'S SUPER-SPEED, SOON--INSIDE THE DOOMED PLANE--

--AND IS TIMED TO EXPLODE IN 5 MINUTES!

HURRY! DUMP IT WHILE WE'RE OVER THE OCEAN!



LATER, WITH THE SABOTEURS UNDER ARREST, AND THE JET DESIGNS SAFE IN WASHINGTON...

WE CERTAINLY OWE A LOT TO YOU BOYS-- AND TO YOUR FAST ACTION. THAT'S WHAT I CALL SUPER-BIKING!



NOTHING TO IT WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON SUPER-BIKE-TIRES-- LIKE U.S. ROYALS! RIGHT, FELLAS?

SPEED THE SAFE WAY, FELLAS-- GET U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY GRIPS AND HOLDS THE ROAD-- IN ANY WEATHER!



FOR SAFE, FAST STOPS-- LONGER WEAR-- AND EASY PEDALING, YOU CAN RELY ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. TRY THEM AND SEE!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



BEWARE the RACKETS



COUNTERFEIT MONEY IS SOLD TO A "QUEER PUSHER" VERY CHEAPLY... AS LOW AS \$20 PER HUNDRED! THE "PUSHER" HAS MANY CLEVER WAYS OF CONVERTING THE BAD MONEY TO GOOD AT A NICE PROFIT! THE FOREGOING IS JUST ONE OF MANY CLEVER METHODS!

(A "QUEER-PUSHER" IS A DISTRIBUTOR OF FAKE MONEY!)

DON'T BE TAKEN IN!!

ADVERTISEMENT

The Hit of the Lot!



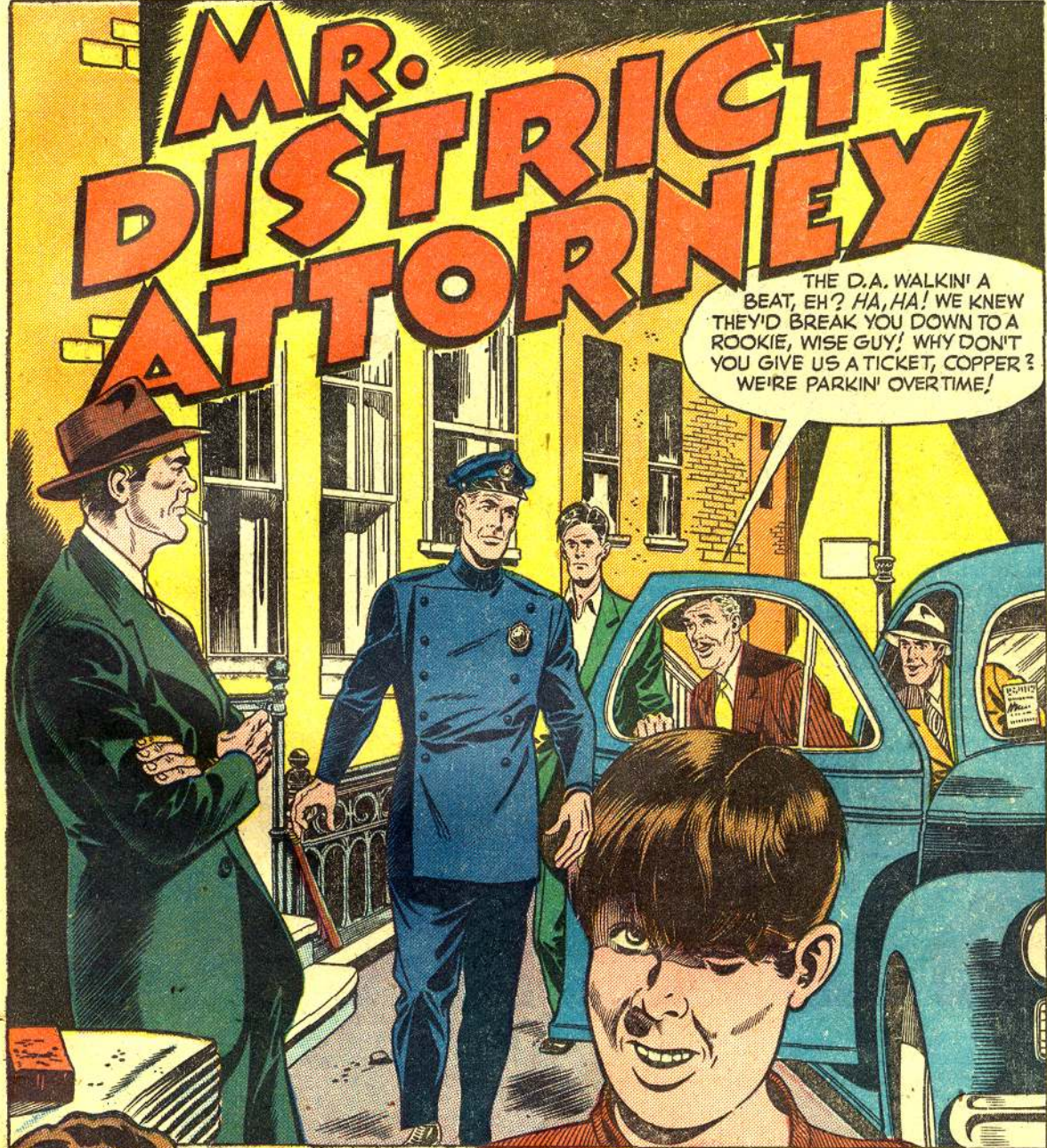
RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE D.A. WALKIN' A BEAT, EH? HA, HA! WE KNEW THEY'D BREAK YOU DOWN TO A ROOKIE, WISE GUY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE US A TICKET, COPPER? WE'RE PARKIN' OVERTIME!



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

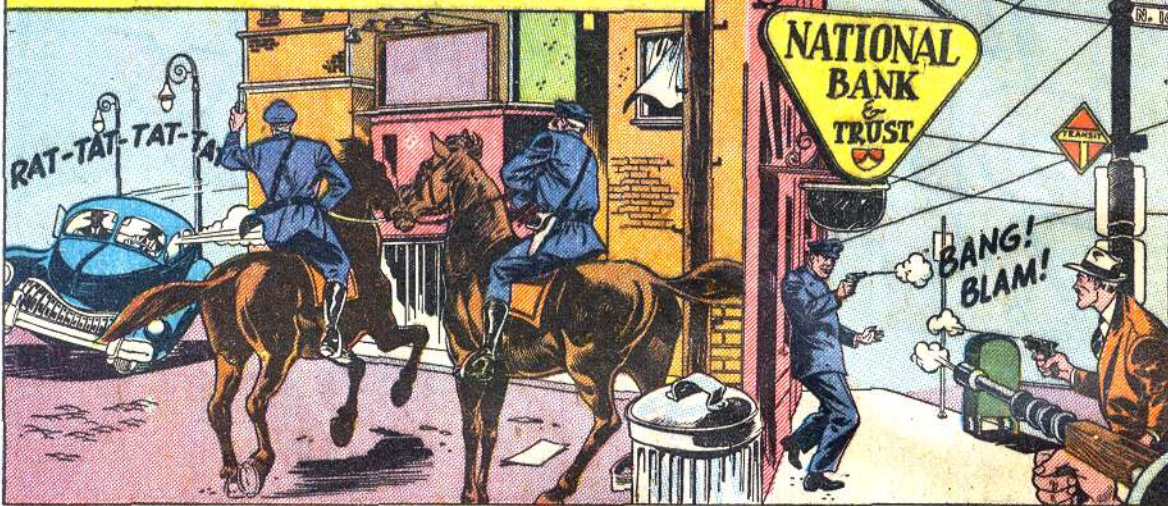
BEING DISTRICT ATTORNEY ISN'T ALL DESK WORK. IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE-HISTORY, I ABANDONED THE WHITE COLLAR JOB FOR A BLUE UNIFORM, A NIGHT STICK AND A SHIELD! IN SHORT, FOR AN EXCITING TEN DAYS I GOT FROM BEHIND A DESK TO GET BEHIND A SERVICE REVOLVER, AS I TRIED TO SMASH THE "SHOOT-TO-KILL" GANG IN...

"THE D.A. POUNDS A BEAT!"





TO THIS DAY, IN THE D.A.'S FILES, LIES THE SHOCKING ACCOUNTS OF THE FRANKIE ELLISON MOB-- KNOWN AS THE "SHOOT-TO-KILL" GANG! THEY STORMED A CITY'S STREETS, SHOWING NO MERCY FOR THE MEN IN BLUE WHO ATTEMPTED TO STOP THEM...



ELLISON, UPON MAKING A GETAWAY, ALWAYS OFFERED ONE LINE OF TERRIBLE ADVICE TO HIS CROOKED COHORTS...

YEAH-- I KNOW-- WE SHOT SOME MORE COPPERS! SO WHAT? WE GOT AWAY, DIDN'T WE? LIKE I ALWAYS SAY-- **SHOOT TO KILL!**



NO USE JUST WINGIN' COPPERS! THEY CAN ALWAYS GET UP ON THEIR FEET 'N' TELL WHO DID IT! POP 'EM OFF, I SAY! THAT WAY, YOU GET NOBODY SINGIN' SONGS ON YOU! STEP ON IT, KNUCKLEHEAD, WE'RE LATE!



DURING THAT MEMORABLE MONTH-- JULY OF LAST YEAR-- 18 OFFICERS WERE SHOT AND KILLED, 22 OTHERS, WERE WOUNDED...

Honor Roll

KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY

- JAMES M. WERNER
- WILBUR A. ADDAMS
- JESS I. RICHARDS
- CALVIN BREEN
- MERLE HILLEL
- DIJANE ZACHARY

IT WAS THEN THAT CAPT. FRED HOTCHKINSON, OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, APPROACHED THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR AID...

OUR POLICE RECRUITING CAMPAIGN IS FLOPPING, D.A.! THE APPLICANTS ARE BACKING OUT! THOSE BOYS JUST DON'T WANT TO BECOME COPS!

ALL RIGHT, FRED! LET'S TALK TO SOME OF THEM!



MISS MILLER, YOU WAIT HERE AND TAKE ANY CALLS THAT COME IN! HARRINGTON AND I ARE GOING WITH CAPT. HOTCHKINSON TO TALK TO SOME WOULD-BE POLICEMEN!



LATER...

GENTLEMEN, SERVING ON THE FORCE IS AN HONORABLE AND PROUD JOB! THE PAY IS GOOD-- THE PENSION IS GOOD... AND YOU CAN ALWAYS BEAR IN MIND THAT YOUR WORK HELPS OTHERS! NOW, I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR YOUR OBJECTIONS...



I DON'T WANT MY NAME ON AN HONOR ROLL PLaque, D.A.! I WANT IT ON A CHECK! I LIKE WORKING FOR A LIVING, BUT I DON'T LIKE DYING FOR ONE!



THAT PAY AND PENSION YOU SPEAK OF! HA! I'VE GOT THREE CHILDREN WHO HAVE TO GO THROUGH COLLEGE! IF I'M KILLED BY THE SHOOT-TO-KILL GANG, THEY'RE OUT OF LUCK!



LOOK AT THE COPS KILLED THIS MONTH! I COULDN'T BEEN ONE OF THEM!

I WAS IN THE ARMY! I'M NOT AFRAID! BUT THE MORTALITY RATE MAKES ME WONDER IF I SHOULD BECOME A COP!

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!

I'M ALL FOR STOPPING CRIME -- AND I'D LIKE TO DO MY PART! BUT THESE KILLERS MAKE IT TOUGH ON YOU!





THOSE IN THE ROOM GREW SILENT AS THE D.A. INTRODUCED PATROLMAN FLOYD DARROW...

I WAS SHOT UP PRETTY BAD BY THE ELLISON MOB LAST MONTH! I WAS HOSPITALIZED FOR TWO WEEKS -- NOW I'M OKAY, EXCEPT FOR MY ARM! THAT'LL BE IN SHAPE IN A FEW MORE DAYS!



BUT I'D NEVER QUIT THE FORCE! I'M GOING BACK ON THE JOB AGAIN, AND DO MY PART IN SMASHING THAT MOB! BEING A COP HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN HONOR TO ME... I'M PROUD OF THE SHIELD AND THE UNIFORM! AND BESIDES HELPING PROTECT OTHER PEOPLE, I'M PROTECTING MY OWN FAMILY!



WHAT PATROLMAN DARROW JUST TOLD YOU IS EXACTLY WHAT ANY OFFICER ON THE FORCE WILL TELL YOU! THEY'RE NOT QUITTERS...

IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO TALK, D.A.!

SURE! YOUR JOB'S A CINCH!



THAT'S RIGHT, D.A.! YOU DO YOUR POLICE WORK FROM BEHIND A DESK! YOU GET A BIG SALARY--A NICE CAR --A BUNCH OF ASSISTANTS, AND A BIG COMFORTABLE OFFICE! YOU CAN TALK BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT OUT POUNDING A BEAT!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, MAYBE EVEN THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!



LATER, BACK AT HIS OFFICE IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...

BUT, CHIEF -- JUST BECAUSE THOSE SILLY KIDS...

NOT "SILLY KIDS," HARRINGTON--BUT LADS WHO MAY BECOME POLICE-MEN! IF I HAVE TO POUND A BEAT TO SHOW THEM I'M NOT SIMPLY TALKING THROUGH MY HAT-- THEN I'LL POUND A BEAT!



AND I WANT A TOUGH BEAT! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT FROM CAPT. HOTCHKINSON, MISS MILLER?

PATROLMAN AL DENVER'S BEAT DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT! IT'S ABOUT THE TOUGHEST, CHIEF! DENVER WAS WOUNDED -- AND WON'T BE ON THE JOB FOR ANOTHER TWO WEEKS!







MEANWHILE, AS THEY LEARNED LATER, ELLISON GOT WORD OF THE NEW PATROLMAN AT HIS HEADQUARTERS...

SURE, IT'S STRAIGHT, BOSS! I AIN'T KIDDIN'! THE D.A. IS POUNDIN' THE WATERFRONT BEAT! ASK ANY O' THE BOYS!

THE D.A., EH? PLAYIN' ROOKIE COPPER! THAT GUY'S UP TO NO GOOD --AN' I KNOW IT!



PROBABLY PUTTIN' ON A SHOW FOR THE COP'S RECRUITIN' CAMPAIGN! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! WELL, MAYBE WE CAN PUT ON A SHOW OF OUR OWN... AN' TAKE CARE O' THE D.A. AT THE SAME TIME, EH, BOYS?

I SEE WHAT YA MEAN, BOSS... SHOOT TO KILL!



UNWARE OF THE GRIM EVENTS LYING AHEAD, THE D.A. WENT AHEAD WITH HIS MANY AND VARIED CHORES, THE RAIN FELL THAT AFTERNOON, AND A CAR SKIDDED ON THE WET PAVEMENT, HURTING JIMMY NOONAN'S DOG...

THERE, JIMMY! HIS LEG WILL BE OKAY UNTIL YOU SEE THE VET!

THANKS, D.A.!



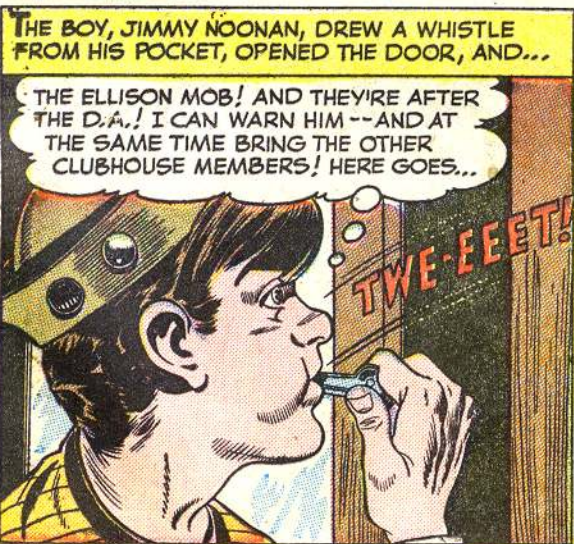
THE RAIN'S LETTIN' UP, D.A.! I THINK WE CAN PLAY BALL NOW?

SURE--IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO PLAY IN THE BACK LOT! COME ON!



SAFE!

TAG 'IM! TAG 'IM!



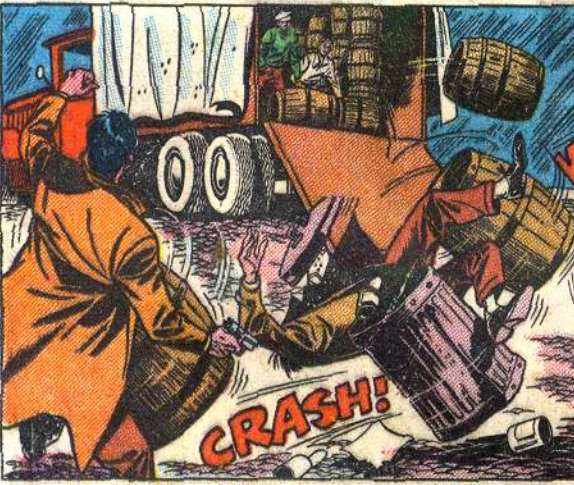


NO SOONER DID HE HIT THE WET PAVEMENT AND ROLL TO SAFETY THAN THE D.A. STARTED BLASTING AWAY WITH HIS SERVICE PISTOL...



MEANWHILE...

COME ON! WE CAN'T LET 'IM GET THE D.A.! GET IN THE BACK OF THAT TRUCK!



LOOK OUT!



OKAY--HERE THEY COME! GET YOUR MARBLES READY!



YOWP!





ALL RIGHT, KIDS! THANKS! NOW I'LL TAKE OVER!



THOSE BRATS-- CONFOUND 'EM!

THEY'RE NOT BRATS, ELLISON! THEY'RE PRACTICALLY "DEPUTY PATROLMEN" BY THIS TIME!



THEY NOT ONLY SAVED MY LIFE, BUT THEY'VE SHOWN THAT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SHOULD GET A LONG-NEEDED CLEANING UP!



I'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED, BOYS! TIE 'EM UP!

IT'S A PLEASURE, D.A.! HOLD STILL, YOU!



THEN THE D.A. WENT TO THE CALL PHONE AND RANG HEADQUARTERS...

SEND OVER THE WAGON, MIKE! THE **SHOOT-TO-KILL MOB** IS UNDER WRAPS! AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN YOU HEAR WHO HELPED ME CATCH THEM!

AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET A SURPRISE WHEN YOU SEE WHAT'S BACK HERE AT HEADQUARTERS, D.A.!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE AT THE PRECINCT, AND...

LOCK THESE CROOKS UP, MIKE! NOW -- WHERE'S THAT SURPRISE YOU'VE GOT FOR ME!

IN THE NEXT ROOM! YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU SEE THEM!



THEN...

GREAT GUNS!

LOOK! FELLOWS WHO WERE COPS WHEN WE WERE KIDS! THEY SAID IF WE NEEDED MANPOWER ON THE FORCE-- THEY'D COME OUT OF RETIREMENT!

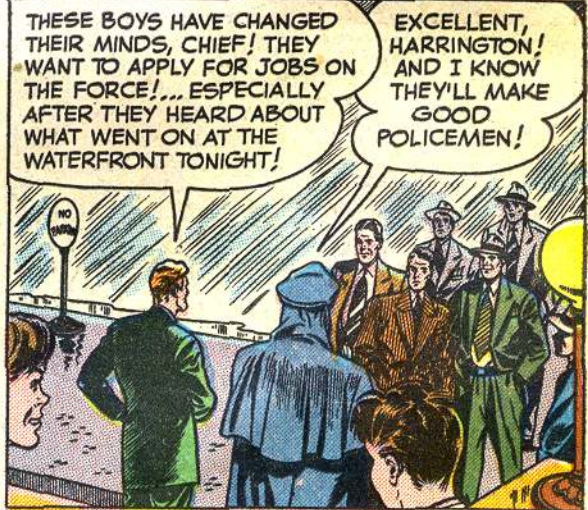


DAVENPORT... KINNEY... MARCUS... O'LEARY... I SEE THE OLD ADAGE IS TRUE! ONCE A COP, ALWAYS A COP!



BUT WE WON'T HAVE TO BE TAKING EX-COPS OUT OF RETIREMENT, CHIEF! COME OUTSIDE FOR A MOMENT!

SURE, HARRINGTON! WHAT'S UP?



THESE BOYS HAVE CHANGED THEIR MINDS, CHIEF! THEY WANT TO APPLY FOR JOBS ON THE FORCE!... ESPECIALLY AFTER THEY HEARD ABOUT WHAT WENT ON AT THE WATERFRONT TONIGHT!

EXCELLENT, HARRINGTON! AND I KNOW THEY'LL MAKE GOOD POLICEMEN!



IT WAS THREE WEEKS LATER THAT THE D.A. SAT IN THE REVIEWING STANDS AT THE POLICE SCHOOL TRAINING FIELD AND THERE WATCHED THE MARCHING LINES OF BLUE GO BY...

LOOK AT THEM, HARRINGTON! PROUD TO BE COPS -- PROUD TO WEAR THAT UNIFORM AND BADGE! THERE GO THE FUTURE GUARDIANS OF OUR COMMUNITIES!



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CASEY

THE COP

HENRY BOLTINOFF

PUT ON THE RADIO, CASEY!

CALLING ALL CARS!
CALLING ALL CARS!
DOLAN TALKING.
LISTEN CAREFULLY.

GET GOING, CASEY. YOU HEARD THE MESSAGE!

HERE IT IS, SARGE!

CIGARS

WE GOT DOLAN'S MESSAGE TO COME HERE AND HAVE A FREE CIGAR BECAUSE HE JUST BECAME A FATHER!

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
THE FIREMAN THREW ON A SHOVELFUL OF COAL AND THE BOILER EXPLODED! LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE!

I'M THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE THIS AIN'T SABOTAGE - JUST A DEFECTIVE BOILER.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHARLIE - HES THE LAW!

LAW HAW!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC WITH LANOLIN

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.

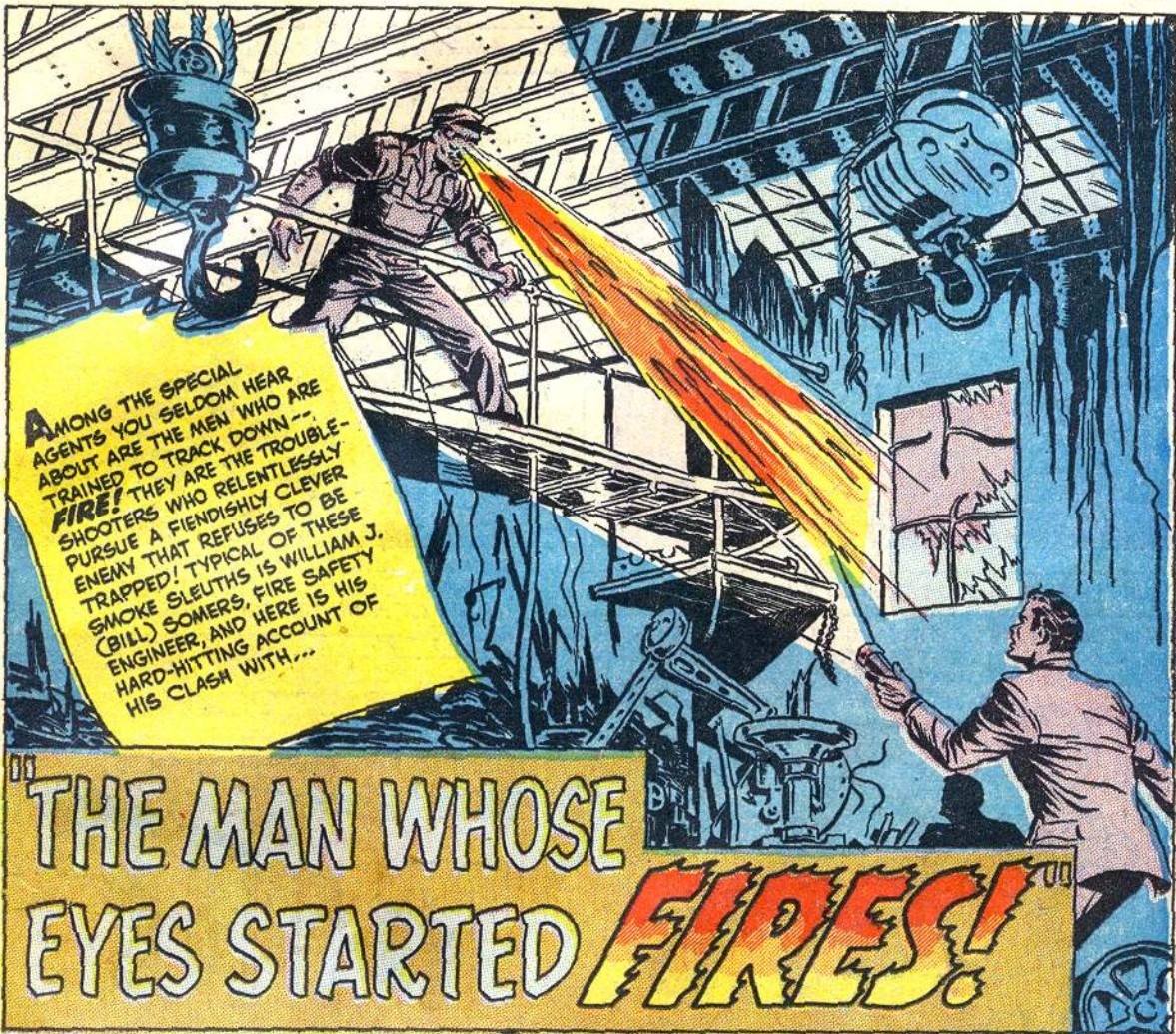
CHARLIE - HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T A REAL DETECTIVE?

SIMPLE! A DETECTIVE NEVER WEARS HIS BADGE ON HIS COAT! BESIDES, HIS HAIR IS SLOPPY! A GOOD DETECTIVE IS ALWAYS NEAT - ALWAYS USES WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

Can your scalp pass the F.N. TEST?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. 2. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS OR LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF... 3. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC AND CONTAINS LANOLIN. GET IT TODAY IN THE BOTTLE OR HANDY TUBE - ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
AS LITTLE AS 29¢ PLUS TAX



AMONG THE SPECIAL AGENTS YOU SELDOM HEAR ABOUT ARE THE MEN WHO ARE TRAINED TO TRACK DOWN -- **FIRE!** THEY ARE THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS WHO RELENTLESSLY PURSUE A FIENDISHLY CLEVER ENEMY THAT REFUSES TO BE TRAPPED! TYPICAL OF THESE SMOKE SLEUTHS IS WILLIAM J. (BILL) SOMERS, FIRE SAFETY ENGINEER, AND HERE IS HIS HARD-HITTING ACCOUNT OF HIS CLASH WITH...

THE MAN WHOSE EYES STARTED FIRES!

FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE WITH A SCIENCE DEGREE, IN JULY, 1949, BILL SOMERS REPORTED FOR WORK WITH THE CENTRAL INSURANCE AGENCIES...

YOUR JOB AS A FIRE SAFETY ENGINEER IS NO CINCH, SOMERS! YOU'LL LEARN A DIFFERENT KIND OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS IN OUR TRAINING SCHOOL! BUT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, YOU'LL BE A FULL-FLEDGED FIRE SLEUTH!

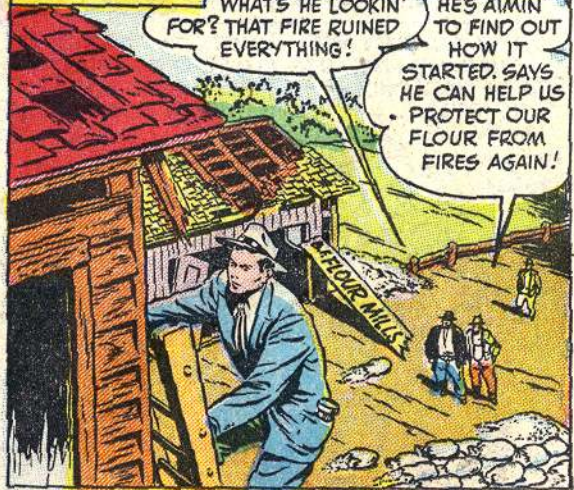
YES, SIR! HOW SOON DO I BEGIN MY TRAINING COURSE?

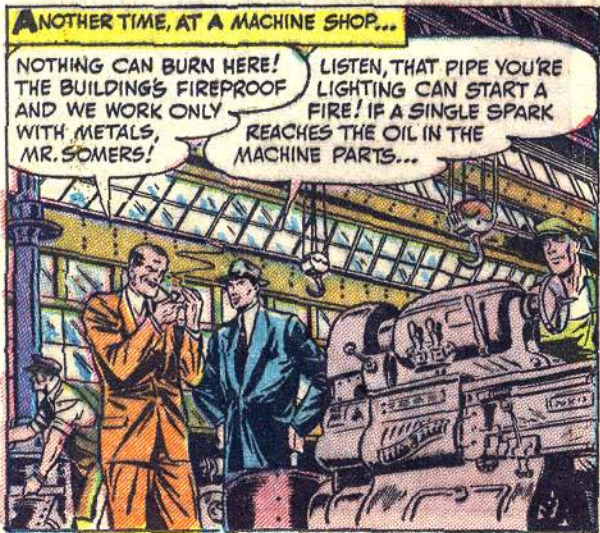


BY SEPTEMBER, SOMERS COMPLETED HIS STUDIES, AND EAGERLY WENT TO WORK ON HIS FIRST CASE IN SOUTH DAKOTA...

WHAT'S HE LOOKIN' FOR? THAT FIRE RUINED EVERYTHING!

HE'S AIMIN' TO FIND OUT HOW IT STARTED. SAYS HE CAN HELP US PROTECT OUR FLOUR FROM FIRES AGAIN!







YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME IN RIGHT AFTER THE FIRE! IT'S TOUGH TO FIND EVIDENCE AFTERWARDS... BUT I'LL LOOK AROUND ANYWAY.

GOOD! I WISH I COULD TELL YOU *WHERE* IT STARTED BUT NOBODY KNOWS. EVERYBODY WAS OUT TO LUNCH!

ELSEWHERE IN THE FACTORY, AS SOMERS LATER LEARNED...

HOW CAN YOU WELD WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES, WEBER?

I'VE GOT SPECIAL LENSES BUILT INTO MY WELDER'S MASK! NOW GO AWAY AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

THAT ALBERT KIRK HAS BEEN SNOOPING AROUND ME SINCE BEFORE THE FIRE! I WONDER IF HE COULD'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT ME?

MEANWHILE...

WHEEEEEEEEEEE

YOUR SPRINKLER SYSTEM IS IN GOOD ORDER AND EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS TO BE OKAY. LET'S GO BACK TO YOUR OFFICE. I WANT A LIST OF YOUR WORKERS TO CHECK IF ANYONE IS AN ARSONIST--WHAT'S THAT?

JUST THE LUNCH WHISTLE!

THIS MAN, EDWARD WEBER, IS THE NEWEST BUT BEST WORKER. I WAS CONSIDERING PROMOTING HIM. YOU DON'T THINK...?

I CAN'T RECALL HIS NAME ON OUR ARSON LIST... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

SUDDENLY...

GOOD GRIEF! THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!

LET'S GO! THAT'S OIL SMOKE... INEFFECTIVE AGAINST YOUR WATER SPRINKLERS! I'D BETTER CALL THE CHEMICAL SQUAD!

CLANG! CLANG!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE BLAZE WAS UNDER CONTROL...

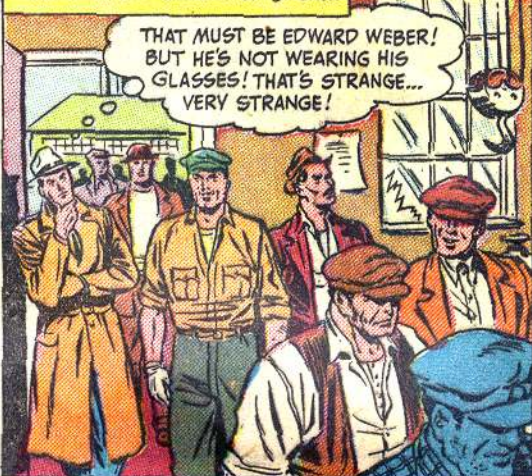
THIS IS HORRIBLE! AND DID YOU NOTICE, SOMERS, THAT IT HAPPENED AGAIN DURING LUNCH?

I DID! AND I'VE A LITTLE PLAN I WANT TO PUT INTO ACTION!



SOMERS STATIONED HIMSELF AT THE DOOR, AND AS THE WORKERS STREAMED BACK...

THAT MUST BE EDWARD WEBER! BUT HE'S NOT WEARING HIS GLASSES! THAT'S STRANGE... VERY STRANGE!



HERE'S WHERE THE FIRE STARTED! THE OIL IN THE COTTON WASTE EXPLODED AND BURST THE SEAMS OF THE CAN!

BUT WHAT CAUSED IT? A WELDER'S SPARK CAN'T REACH THIS FAR! ARE YOU ACCUSING ME?



THAT'S THE *SECOND* TIME THE FIRE STARTED HERE! WEBER, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

YOU'RE A LIAR, KIRK! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! WHAT'VE YOU BEEN SNOOPING AROUND HERE FOR LATELY?--TRYING TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY GLASSES? GIVE 'EM TO ME!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE, WEBER!



OH! I-I'M SORRY!

WAS THAT DELIBERATE, WEBER, OR ACCIDENTAL?





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



LET GO OF ME! I DIDN'T START ANY FIRES AND YOU CAN'T PROVE I DID! I WON'T WORK WHERE I'M SUSPECTED OF ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

LET HIM GO! WE CAN'T PROVE HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE FIRES! HE WAS OUT OF THE BUILDING WHEN THEY STARTED!



WE SHOULD HAVE HELD WEBER! HE'LL RUN AWAY NOW!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! ANYHOW, THE GLASS SPLINTERS IN THIS ENVELOPE WILL PROVE IT! WHAT'S HIS ADDRESS?

SOMERS TAXIED TO WEBER'S ROOMING HOUSE, ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS. AS HE WAS PAYING THE DRIVER...



HEY, WEBER! I WANT TO SEE YOU!

LEAVE ME ALONE, MISTER! NOBODY'S GOING TO FRAME ME!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? THAT'S JUST WHAT KIRK ONCE DID!

HE DID EH? SUPPOSE YOU RIDE BACK WITH ME? IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'VE NOTHING TO LOSE!



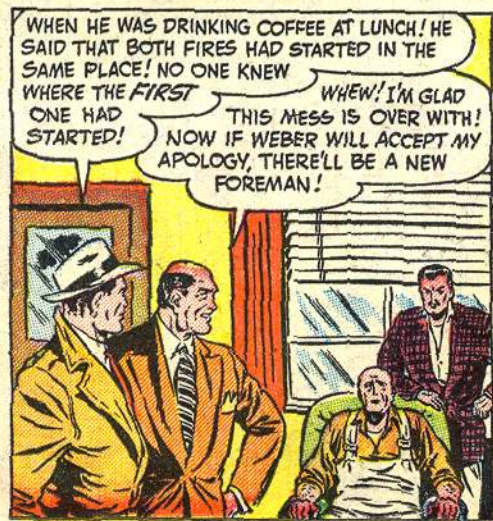
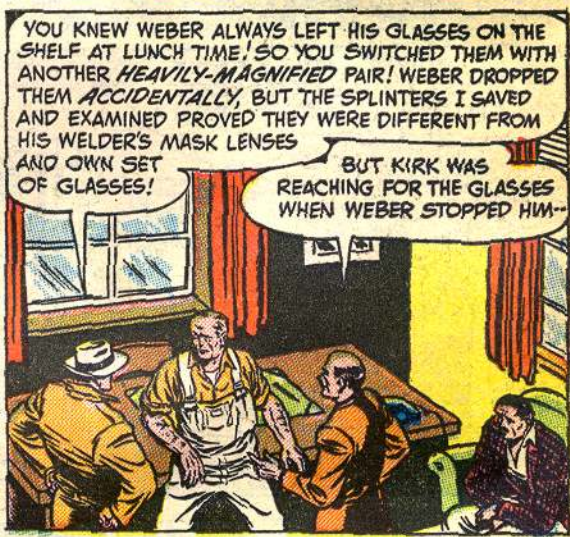
I'LL COME CLEAN. KIRK'S BEEN SORE SINCE HE LEARNED MR. PRICE HAD ME IN LINE FOR PROMOTION. AND HE KNEW I'D SERVED TIME IN JAIL!

YOU WERE ADMITTING GUILT BY RUNNING AWAY! IF YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL, WE'LL SQUARE THINGS SOON ENOUGH.



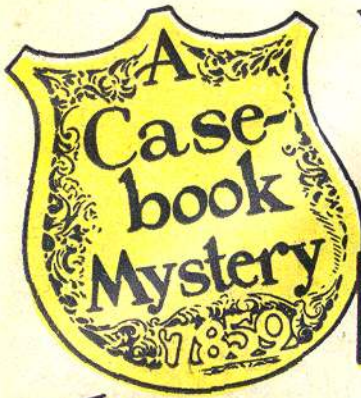
THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, WEBER, HUH? SO YOU ARE THE FIREBUG!

LET'S NOT RUSH THINGS! I BROUGHT HIM BACK FOR A DIFFERENT REASON! SEND FOR KIRK. I WANT HIM HERE!



ALBERT KIRK WAS TURNED OVER TO POLICE AUTHORITIES, AND LATER SENTENCED FOR 5 TO 7 YEARS FOR ARSON.

The End. 6



"The CASE OF THE PERMANENTLY KAYOED CHAMP"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

LAST JANUARY 14TH, MID-WESTERN CHAMP JOE JENNINGS, LOST HIS TITLE...



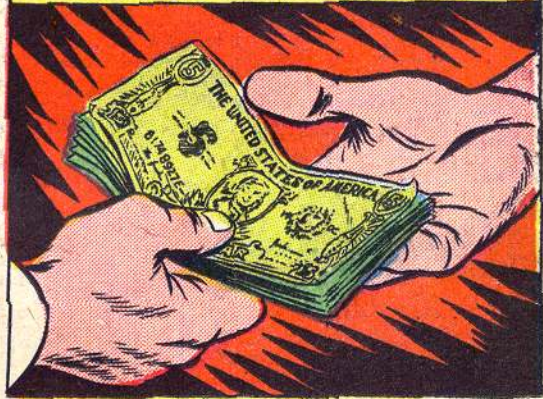
B-9-10! YOU'RE OUT!

WHAT AN UPSET!

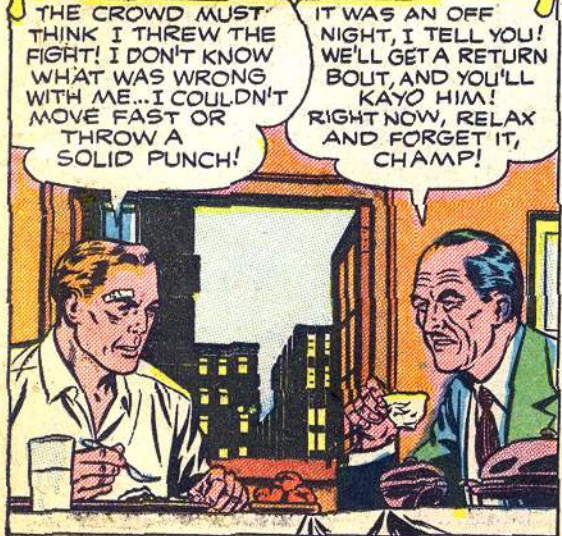
WISH I HADN'T HAD MY DOUGH ON THE CHAMP!

CHAMP, MY EYE! HE'S THE ORIGINAL CANVASBACK!

THE CHAMP HAD BEEN A 3 TO 1 FAVORITE. AND LATER THAT NIGHT, MONEY CHANGED HANDS...



AND IN A HOTEL SUITE, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY...



THE CROWD MUST THINK I THREW THE FIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME... I COULDN'T MOVE FAST OR THROW A SOLID PUNCH!

IT WAS AN OFF NIGHT, I TELL YOU! WE'LL GET A RETURN BOUT, AND YOU'LL KAYO HIM! RIGHT NOW, RELAX AND FORGET IT, CHAMP!

EX-CHAMP, YOU MEAN, TALLOW. BOY, SMELL THAT AIR! IT TAKES THE SMELL OF RESIN RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD!

SURE, SLOW DOWN... YOU'VE HAD A TOUGH NIGHT! WHY DON'T YOU HIT THE HAY?





JOE JENNINGS WENT TO BED, BUT TALLOW WENT OUT TO COLLECT A DEBT...

THE POOR BOOB! HE NEVER KNEW I DROPPED JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF SLEEPING POWDER IN HIS WATER! WELL, THERE'S THE POOL ROOM, AND THOSE MUGS BETTER BE READY TO PAY OFF!

BILLIARDS

YOU DID A GOOD JOB... DOUBLE-CROSSING YOUR BOY. I GOT NO COMPLAINTS!

I'LL SAY YOU HAVEN'T! YOU MADE AT LEAST FIFTY GRAND... WHILE I GET A C-NOTE!

A MONTH LATER, AT JENNINGS' TRAINING CAMP...

A LETTER FROM A STOCKBROKER! Hmm... THAT'S ODD! I NEVER BOUGHT STOCKS OR BONDS! WHY SHOULD I GET A LETTER FROM A BROKER?

FRANK TALLOW! THE LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO HIM. I OPENED IT BY MISTAKE. HE INVESTED \$1,000 IN STOCKS THE DAY AFTER MY FIGHT! HE MUST'VE FRAMED ME! THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T PUNCH AND MY FOOTWORK WAS BAD.

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD MAKE ME TAKE A DIVE AND GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU DIRTY PUNK! I OUGHT TO HIT YOU... BUT I MIGHT KILL YOU, THE MOOD I'M IN! BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE... I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE COPS!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO, YOU BIG APE, OR I'LL...

...I'LL KILL YOU! THERE, YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA HIT NOBODY NO MORE!



HE GOT A LOT OF LETTERS THREATENING HIM AFTER THAT FIGHT. THE COPS WILL THINK HE WAS KILLED BY ONE OF THOSE CRANKS! AND I GOT AN IDEA ALREADY HOW TO CONVINCE THEM!



YEAH, THEY'LL FALL FOR THIS IDEA, ALL RIGHT! THEY'LL NEVER GUESS HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED... NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!



NOW FOR A PAIR OF THESE BOXING GLOVES, AND I'M JUST ABOUT FINISHED... YEAH, JUST ABOUT FINISHED!



ALL I GOT TO DO IS HANG UP HIS CLOTHES, THEN I CALL THE COPS! THOSE GUYS WILL NEVER CATCH ON!

SOME MINUTES LATER, LT. HIGGINS AND A PATROLMAN ARRIVED. THE CAMP'S SMALL STAFF WAS SUMMONED...

NOW, MR. TALLOW, TO GET BACK TO WHAT YOU SAID A MOMENT AGO. YOU SAID, YOU SAW HIM PUT ON HIS GLOVES IN THE GYM, THAT HE WAS PUNCHING THE BAG WHEN YOU LEFT?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL SWEAR TO THAT, LIEUTENANT!

MR. TALLOW, I BELIEVE YOU'RE LYING... AND I AIM TO PROVE IT! OFFICER, ARREST THAT MAN ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

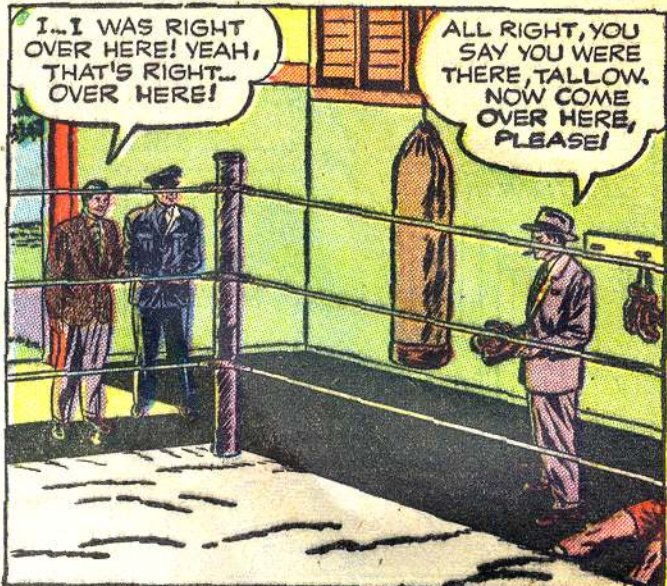


JUST A MINUTE! HOLD THAT NEXT PAGE! THINK BEFORE YOU READ IT! YOU SAW TALLOW COMMIT THE MURDER, AND YOU KNOW THE EVIDENCE LT. HIGGINS NEEDS. BUT WHAT WAS THE CLUE THAT GAVE TALLOW AWAY? ARE YOU AS CLEVER AS LT. HIGGINS? CAN YOU DEDUCE WHAT IT IS?



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN. I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME WHERE YOU STOOD WHEN YOU SAW JOE JENNINGS PUT ON HIS GLOVES.



I... I WAS RIGHT OVER HERE! YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT... OVER HERE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SAY YOU WERE THERE, TALLOW. NOW COME OVER HERE, PLEASE!



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU PUTTIN' THOSE GLOVES ON ME FOR?

BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO CONDUCT A LITTLE EXPERIMENT, TALLOW. I WANT YOU TO LACE THEM... JUST AS YOU SAW JENNINGS DO!



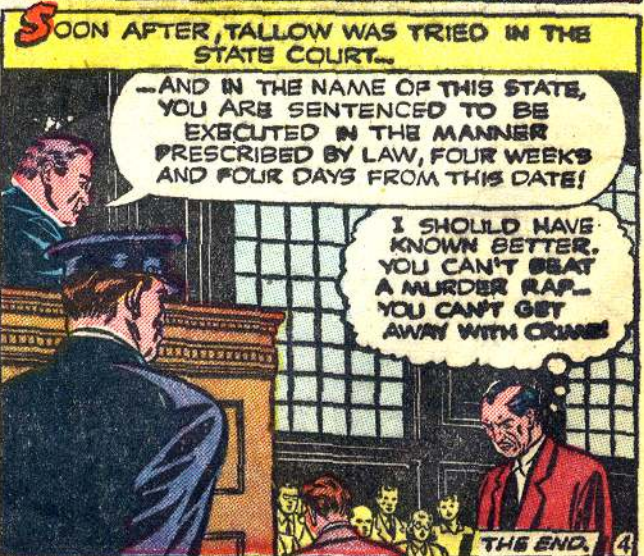
BUT...

YES, I KNOW, TALLOW! DON'T BOTHER TRYING... IT SIMPLY CAN'T BE DONE! I KNEW YOU WERE LYING... BECAUSE A BOXER CAN'T LACE HIS OWN GLOVES!



THIS GUN AND YOUR BROKER'S STATEMENT CLINCHES MY CASE AGAINST YOU, TALLOW! NOW I HAVE THE MOTIVE FOR YOUR SLAYING OF JOE JENNINGS!

NICE WORK, LIEUTENANT. YOU PUT THE LID ON THIS CASE IN RECORD TIME, ALL RIGHT!



SOON AFTER, TALLOW WAS TRIED IN THE STATE COURT...

—AND IN THE NAME OF THIS STATE, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED IN THE MANNER PRESCRIBED BY LAW, FOUR WEEKS AND FOUR DAYS FROM THIS DATE!

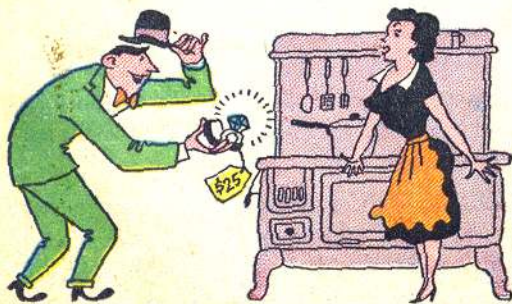
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. YOU CAN'T BEAT A MURDER RAP... YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH CRIME!

THE CRIME FILE

AND NOW THE J-MAN

AT a mid-western beet farm, a personable young man rapped on the door of the owner's modest home. When the farmer's wife answered, he announced that he was selling honest-to-goodness 14-karat genuine sapphire rings for \$25. Anxious to please and surprise her husband with a gift, she hurriedly bought one, shelling out the money she had stored in a pantry jug. But later that day, her husband was more surprised than pleased. For he quickly recognized the reputed sapphire to be only a sliver of blue glass.

In the city, at a swank party, a portly gentleman expressed deep gratification when a young woman complimented him on his beautiful wristwatch. Removing it with a flourish, he informed her that she could have it—for \$100. Quick to seize a bargain, the young woman exchanged it for hers, and some 50 odd dollars in cash. It would make a handsome birthday gift for her boy friend. But next day, she got the jolt of her life when her fiance explained that she'd been gypped. The gold wristwatch was merely brass.



According to the Jewelers Vigilance Committee—known as J-Men by the trade—gullible Americans cough up \$2,000,000 each year for

phony gems and jewelry articles. The simple explanation is that few can distinguish between the phoney and the genuine. Although the vast majority of jewelers are honest, con men, over a period of years, have reaped a fortune in frauds.

What is the Jewelers Vigilance Committee? It is an alert group within the jewelry trade, which, during the past 40 years, has canvassed the nation, beseeching buyers to beware of swindlers and racketeers. In its effort to protect the respectable jeweler as well as the customer and see that the swindler gets his just desserts, the Committee enjoys the cooperation of local and Federal authorities.

To perform its job effectively, the Committee also relies on the vigilance of the community. When a con man is reported to have muled several citizens, an agent is dispatched to ferret out the felon and turn him over to local police. Also, J-Men patrol the nation, frequently making purchases in suspicious stores. Magazines, too, are scrutinized for advertisements which may misrepresent wares. And mail-order houses are under constant surveillance to guard against gyps. When any of these are proved to be frauds, the Committee notifies the Federal Trade Commission, which instantly cracks down.

How can you avoid being duped? Here are a few items you can easily remember that will save you doubt and dollars: (1) Buy in an established store. If you happen to be in a strange town, inquire of the local banker, judge or any reputable person. (2) Consult a copy of the American Gem Society's booklet at any public library for a list of reliable stores. (3) If you buy a precious stone, demand a receipt, listing the characteristics of the gem.

NOT IN THE SHOW

Not too long ago, it was the custom of certain small circuses which played the rural areas to engage in side rackets for some extra income. Rights to pick the audience's pockets were leased to local gangs. But those whose pockets escaped pilfering by this maneuver were headed for further risks.

Ticket sellers paid the management \$50 a week to hold onto their jobs in order that they might have the privilege of shortchanging customers. Phrenologists, fortune tellers and other fakers bought rights to ply their trade, adequate camouflage for petty robberies of rings, wristwatches, bracelets and brooches.

For a while, local sheriffs were unable to thwart these thieves until the cries of an outraged citizenry reached city and state authorities. Thus reinforced, they were able to wipe out this rash of crime.



SLEUTHS IN SKIRTS

New York's policewomen actually came into existence back in 1880 when female prisoners were put in the custody of policemen's wives. These unofficial matrons continued until 1918 when patrolwomen gained recognition through legislation, and that year 20 lady cops were added to the force. Today, every major city boasts a squad of pistol-packin' mammas patterned after New York's blueprint.

One hundred and ninety women comprise New York's group, the largest female force in the world. Ranging in age from 25 to 65, they undergo the complete police course, although emphasis is placed on plainclothes detection, the use of firearms, and psychology. Best known, perhaps, is the officer affectionately known as "Detective Mary."

A recent case is typical of her courage and skill. Alert for shoplifters in a large department store, she was attracted by the hysterical

cries of female shoppers. Racing to the scene, she found an insane man terrorizing several women with a pistol. To avoid an exchange of gunfire, she put her hand on her own automatic in its holster, then edged up to the ranting would-be killer, speaking softly, reassuring him. Once within reach, her hand snaked out, grasping his gun. Surprised to find himself unarmed and robbed of a victim, the man moved to flee amid the confusion, but the cold steel of handcuffs rooted him to "Detective Mary."

GUMMING UP THE WORKS

Not long ago, following a precinct briefing to be alert for auto battery burglars operating in Atlanta, Ga., a patrolman became suspicious of a truck parked outside a garage. Investigating, he found no driver but an enormous number of batteries. Quickly, he lifted the truck's hood, removed the wad of gum he'd been chewing and pasted down the wires of the ignition system.

From a vantage point across the street, he watched four men trudge out of the garage, burdened with batteries which were quickly deposited aboard the truck. Then, unable to start, they began to examine the engine when the officer confronted them with his pistol.

Under his directions, they removed the chewing gum, and clambered into the rear of the vehicle while the patrolman, sitting beside the driver, instructed him how to reach the precinct via the shortest route.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

LONDON, England: Arrested after he had crashed a brick through a window of the British Broadcasting Co., a man explained: "I felt the place needed to be livened up a bit. They've given us some very poor programs lately."

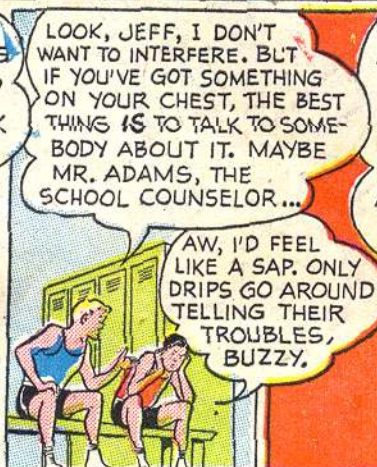
NEW ORLEANS, La.: Following the showing of a movie called *Strike It Rich*, the management reported that the theatre's 750-lb. safe had been stolen.

FOLSOM, Calif.: A number of checks were stolen from the state penitentiary and cashed after the warden's name had been forged.

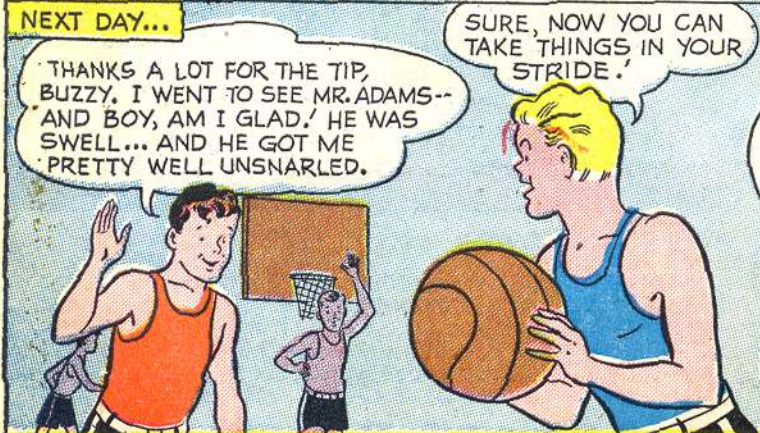
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.: An irate citizen demanded that police find the thief who had stolen 50 square feet of grass from his lawn.

Buzzy says "GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!"

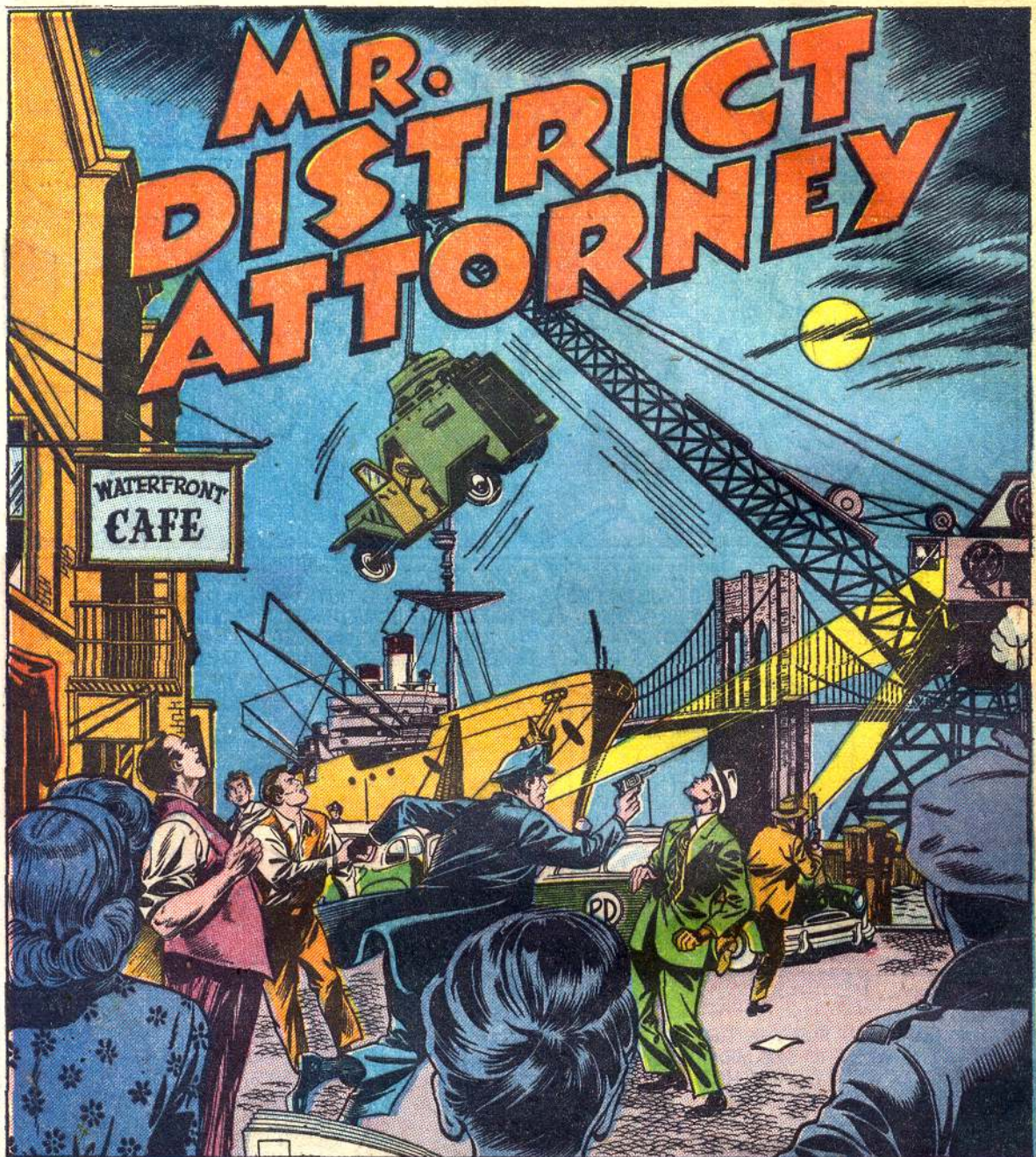
A TIGHTLY FOUGHT SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME ENDS IN AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX!



NEXT DAY...



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:
 WE WERE MAKING THE BIGGEST CASH TRANSFER IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY-- **ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX MILLION DOLLARS!** IT WAS A TREMENDOUS LURE FOR GANGLAND, AND, AS RECORDS SHOW, CRIMINALS GO TO ANY MEANS TO STEAL EVEN SMALL AMOUNTS OF MONEY! **BUT 136 MILLION!...** IT WAS THE VAST POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF A RAINBOW FOR THE GANG BOSS WHO COULD GRAB IT! OUR JOB WAS TO PROTECT THE MONEY, AND WE **DID** -- BUT WE NEVER FIGURED ON THE INGENUOUS BRAIN AT THE HEAD OF THE "MR. HILTON" MOB THAT PLANNED ...

"The IMPOSSIBLE CRIME!"

ON THE MORNING OF SEPT. 12, AT 10:30, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL TO GO ALONE TO THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BANK ON A VERY IMPORTANT--AND SECRETIVE-- MISSION...

THE BANK PRESIDENT WOULDN'T COMMIT HIMSELF OVER THE PHONE! HMM--WONDER WHAT'S UP..?



INSIDE, A BANK GUARD GREETED THE D.A.--THEN HE WAS LED DOWN A CORRIDOR...AND SUDDENLY A BELL SOUNDED...

THE ELECTRIC EYE DETECTS HIDDEN METAL ON PEOPLE!

CLANG!
CLANG!



AND I AGREE WITH YOUR PRECAUTIONARY METHODS! UH--I HAVE ON ME MY SERVICE PISTOL, SHIELD, HANDCUFFS AND A FEW COINS! BOYS, THAT'S ALL!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, D.A.!



NEXT, HE WAS LED INTO A ROOM TO BE FINGER-PRINTED...

I'VE FINGERPRINTED THOUSANDS OF MEN TO CHECK PROPER IDENTITIES! THE METHOD IS POOLPROOF!

YES, SIR! WE'LL BE FINISHED IN A MOMENT!



NOW, SIR--EVERYTHING IS SET! THE BANK PRESIDENT, MR. WILLIAMSON, WILL SEE YOU NOW!

I'M SORRY, D.A.! BUT CROOKS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET 136 MILLION DOLLARS! THEY'D EVEN HIRE A MAN TO POSE AS THE D.A.! THAT'S WHY WE TOOK YOUR FINGERPRINTS!

I DON'T BLAME YOU, MR. WILLIAMSON! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!



IT'S NO SECRET THAT WE'RE MOVING THE MONEY AND THE NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES TO OUR NEW LOCATION... EVERYBODY KNOWS WE'VE CONSTRUCTED A NEW BANK! BUT WE'RE CERTAIN NOW THAT THE CROOKS KNOW THE EXACT **DATE** OF TRANSFER!

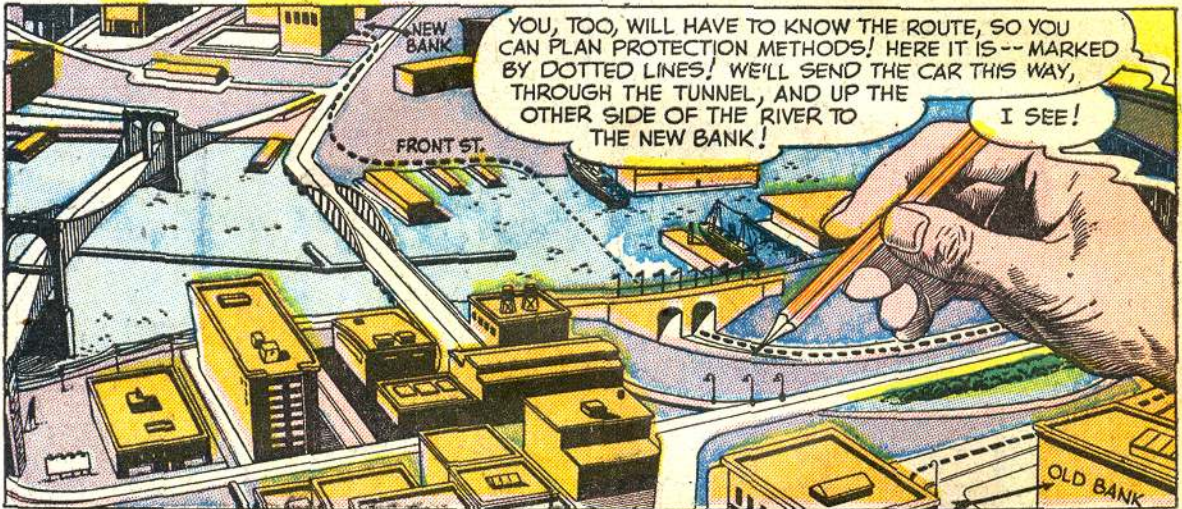
WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING-- CHANGE THE DATE?

DEFINITELY NOT! I WANT TO SHOW GANGLAND THAT CROOKS CAN'T DICTATE THE POLICIES OF THE LAW AND BANKS! WE'RE KEEPING THAT DATE-- WE'RE NOT BEING INTIMIDATED! BUT AS OF RIGHT NOW, I AM THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO KNOWS THE **ROUTE** OF THE ARMORED CAR! **THAT'S OUR BIG SECRET!**



YOU, TOO, WILL HAVE TO KNOW THE ROUTE, SO YOU CAN PLAN PROTECTION METHODS! HERE IT IS-- MARKED BY DOTTED LINES! WE'LL SEND THE CAR THIS WAY, THROUGH THE TUNNEL, AND UP THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER TO THE NEW BANK!

I SEE!



THE TRANSFER WILL OCCUR ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, THE 29TH! CAN YOU COMPLETE YOUR PLANS BY THEN?

THAT GIVES ME SEVENTEEN DAYS! YES-- THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME! I'LL TAKE NOTES OF THE ROUTE, THEN MAKE PLANS FOR PROTECTIVE MEASURES AGAINST ANY POSSIBLE WAY THE CROOKS MIGHT ATTACK... AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY!

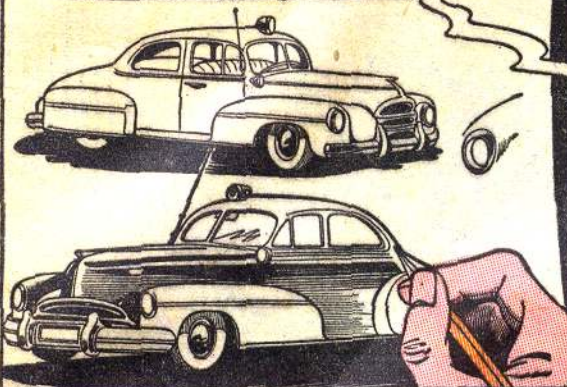
UNKNOWN TO THE D.A. AT THAT TIME, A FORMER CONVICT NAMED LAWRENCE RIDPATH-- THEN GOING UNDER THE ALIAS OF "MR. HILTON"-- WAS GATHERING HIS COHORTS AT A NORTH-END HIDEOUT AND MAKING HIS OWN ELABORATE PLANS...

I NEED **MEN**-- GOOD MEN, AND MANY OF THEM! I WANT MEN WHO CAN TAKE ORDERS, HANDLE WEAPONS WELL-- AND WHO WISH TO SHARE IN A LOT OF MONEY!

THAT'S US, MR. HILTON!



I NEED ABOUT THIRTY SETS OF BINOCULARS-- AND A SCORE OF RADIO CARS --JUST LIKE THE COPS HAVE. THIS PLAN WILL COST MONEY-- BUT THE RETURNS WILL BE WORTH IT! ALL RIGHT, BOYS--WE GO TO WORK!



BURN THOSE PLANS -- JUST LIKE THE REST, MOUSIE! WE DON'T WANT JANITORS OR CHARWOMEN STUMBLING ONTO THEM! I'M TAKING EVERY PRECAUTION WITH THIS JOB!

SURE, MR. HILTON! I'M GIVIN' 'EM THE TORCH! HA!



MEANWHILE, AT HIS OFFICE, THE D.A. AND HARRINGTON WERE COMPLETING THEIR ARRANGEMENTS TO PROTECT THE TRANSFER OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS...

WE'LL PUT THE BEST MEN FROM THE FORCE ON THIS JOB, HARRINGTON! I DON'T THINK GANGLAND WILL HAVE THE NERVE TO ATTEMPT A ROBBERY LIKE THIS-- BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, CHIEF!



THEN, FINALLY, CAME THE NIGHT OF THE 29TH! SPECIAL POLICEMEN TOOK THEIR PLACES AT STRATEGIC POINTS ALONG THE ROUTE... SOME POSING AS TELEVISION REPAIR MEN...

WE'VE GOT A VIEW OF THREE OR FOUR BLOCKS HERE! WE CAN SEE ANY MOVE THE CROOKS MIGHT MAKE!

OKAY--WE'LL BRING OUR GUNS UP IN A MOMENT!

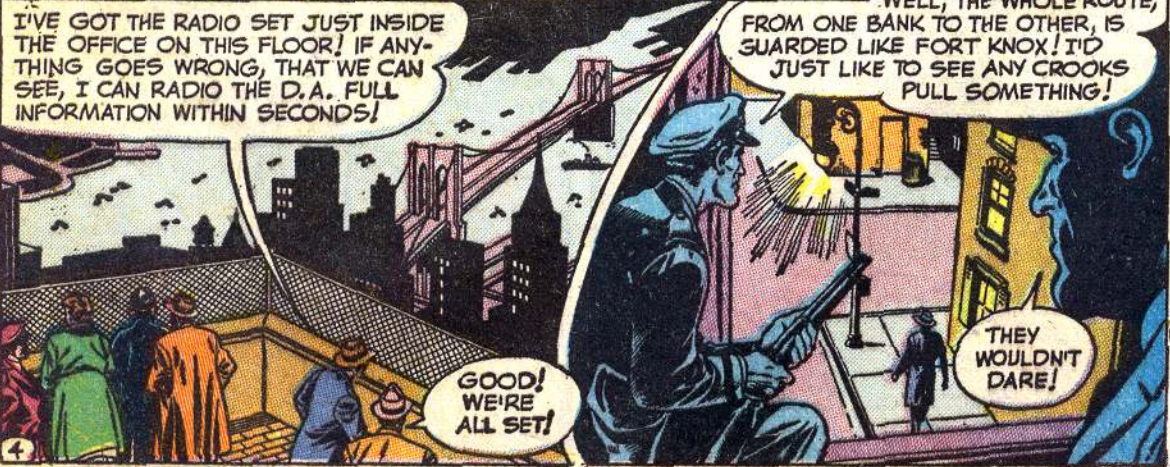


OTHERS IN PLAIN CLOTHES, ACTED AS SIGHTSEERS ATOP FAMOUS SKYSCRAPERS...

I'VE GOT THE RADIO SET JUST INSIDE THE OFFICE ON THIS FLOOR! IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, THAT WE CAN SEE, I CAN RADIO THE D.A. FULL INFORMATION WITHIN SECONDS!

OTHER POLICE TOOK OBSERVATION POSTS IN EMPTY APARTMENTS...

WELL, THE WHOLE ROUTE, FROM ONE BANK TO THE OTHER, IS GUARDED LIKE FORT KNOX! I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE ANY CROOKS PULL SOMETHING!



GOOD! WE'RE ALL SET!

THEY WOULDN'T DARE!

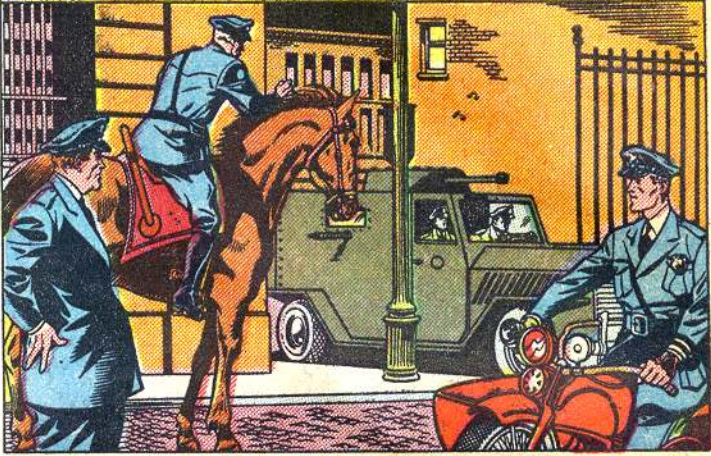
WHILE AT THE STARTING POINT, THE OLD BANK ITSELF, THE D. A. RODE WITH THE GUARDS IN THE ARMORED CAR...

WE'VE GOT TWO-WAY RADIO, SUB-MACHINE GUNS--AND OTHER EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT. WE'RE READY TO GO, BOYS!

OKAY--HERE GOES!



AND AT 11:20 SHARP THAT FRIDAY NIGHT, THE ARMORED CAR, CARRYING 136 MILLION DOLLARS IN CURRENCY, SILVER AND NEGOTIABLE BONDS, ROLLED OUT ON BLENHEIM AVENUE...



WHILE AT THE CORNER OF BLENHEIM AND NORRIS STREET, THREE BLOCKS AWAY, IN AN INNOCENT-LOOKING PARKED SEDAN...

BLENHEIM AND NORRIS-- TARGET JUST PASSING...

OKAY-- CHECK!

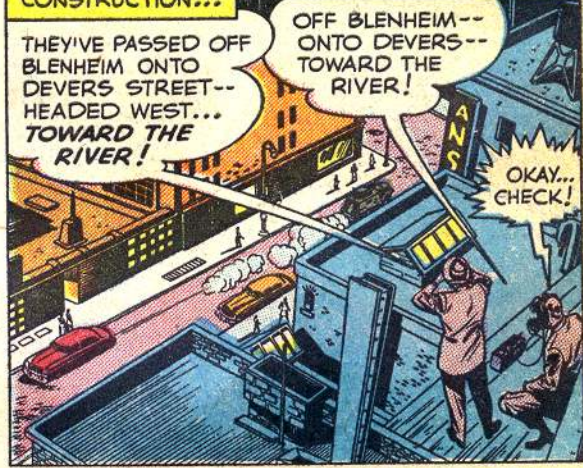


AND ATOP THE GIRDERS OF A BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION...

THEY'VE PASSED OFF BLENHEIM ONTO DEVERS STREET-- HEADED WEST... TOWARD THE RIVER!

OFF BLENHEIM-- ONTO DEVERS-- TOWARD THE RIVER!

OKAY... CHECK!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF MR. HILTON, MASTER CHESS PLAYER IN THIS GRIM GAME...

TOWARD THE RIVER, MR. HILTON!

EXCELLENT! OUR BOYS AT THE TUNNEL CAN TAKE OVER NOW! ADVISE THEM AT ONCE!



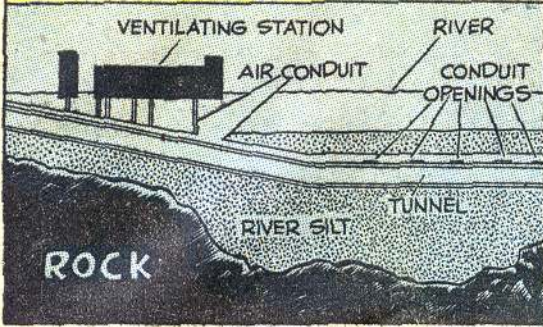
A CALL WENT OVER SHORT-WAVE... AND TWO MINUTES LATER THE WORKMEN AT THE VENTILATING STATION FOR THE TUNNEL FOUND THEMSELVES AT GUN-POINT...

OKAY, WE'RE TAKING OVER! IT'S THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT! HAW! HAW!

BUT-- SHADDUP-- AN! DO AS HE SAYS!



WITH THEIR COHORTS GUARDING THE VENTILATING MACHINERY, OTHER THUGS, WEARING GAS MASKS, CREPT THROUGH THE HUGE AIR CONDUITS...



AS THE ARMORED CAR, CARRYING ITS MULTIPLE MILLIONS, ROLLED THROUGH THE TUNNEL, THE MASKED THUGS BROKE GAS PELLETS...

NOW-- LET 'EM HAVE IT! WE'LL KNOCK 'EM OUT!



INSIDE THE CAR...

DON GAS MASKS... HURRY! THE TUNNEL IS A PERFECT PLACE FOR A GAS ATTACK... BUT WE'VE MADE PREPARATIONS...

THOSE CROOKS ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!



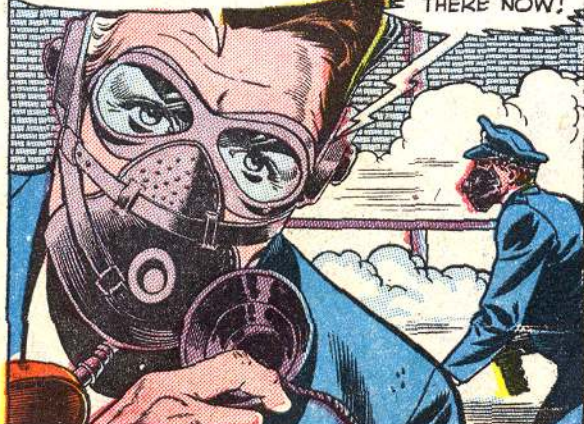
THIS IS THE D.A. CALLING HARRINGTON!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG! WE'RE TRAPPED!

HARRINGTON-- GET SOME MEN TO THE TUNNEL VENTILATING STATIONS-- AT ONCE! I THINK THE GANG HAS TAKEN OVER THERE!

ALL RIGHT, CHIEF! WE'RE HEADED THERE NOW!



IT WAS AT 12:00 SHARP THAT HARRINGTON, LT. MARK FRANEY AND SEVERAL PATROLMEN BROKE INTO THE VENTILATING STATION AND...

OKAY, YOU GUYS! SURRENDER--OR ELSE!

WE GIVE UP!

BANG!

BANG!

THIS DOES IT! THE BIG JOB FAILED! ALL RIGHT, GET THESE CHARACTERS OUTSIDE! WE'LL HELP ROUND UP THE OTHERS IN THE TUNNEL!

AT HILTON'S HEADQUARTERS...

THE TUNNEL JOB FLUNKED OUT, MR. HILTON!

REALLY? THEN THE D.A. WINS ROUND ONE! BUT--WE HAVE OTHERS COMING UP! NOTIFY THE BOYS ALONG RIVER STREET THAT THEY'RE NEXT!

AT 12:20, THE ARMORED CAR ROLLED ALONG FRONT STREET, ACROSS THE RIVER... THE LAST LAP...

WE'VE ONLY GOT ANOTHER TWO MILES TO GO, HARRINGTON! EVERYTHING SEEMS UNDER CONTROL, SO FAR!

JUST THE SAME, CHIEF, WE'LL COVER YOU ALL THE WAY! THAT MAY NOT BE THEIR LAST ATTEMPT!

PRESENTLY, AT A TRAFFIC LIGHT AHEAD, A MOVING VAN STALLED ON THE CROSS STREET, HALTING THE FLOW OF CARS...

HEY! MOVE THAT VAN OFF THE STREET, WILL YOU!

HONK!

HONK!

BEEP!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, JUST OPPOSITE THE ARMORED CAR, AT THE RIVER'S EDGE, FIGURES MOVED FURTIVELY ON A BIG, FLAT BARGE...



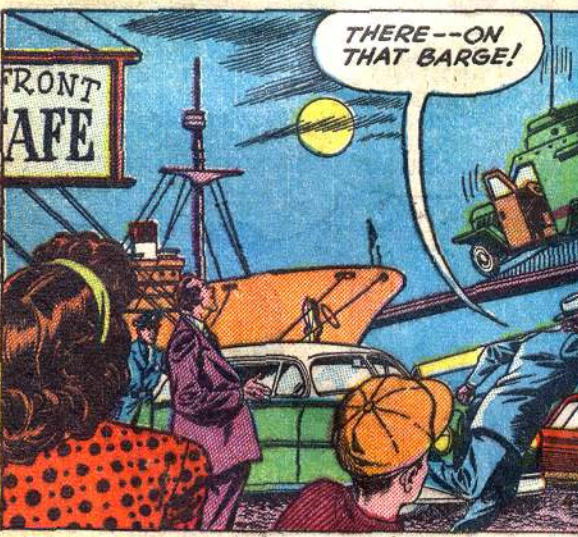
THE BOYS HAVE STALLED TRAFFIC-- NOW IT'S OUR MOVE! SWING THE DERRICK AN' THE ELECTROMAGNET OVER THE ARMORED CAR!

I'LL GIVE LOUIE THE INSTRUCTIONS! HE'S IN THE CONTROL CABIN!

SLOWLY, THE GREAT DERRICK SWUNG OVER THE STREET-- THE ELECTROMAGNET WAS LOWERED OVER THE ARMORED CAR, AND...



GET OUT-- FAST! WE'RE BEING LIFTED SKYWARD!



THERE-- ON THAT BARGE!

THEY SPOTTED US!

BLAM!

BANG!

THEY'D HOPED TO GET THE CAR ABOARD, MOVE IT TO A FASTER SHIP AND GET AWAY WITH IT! WELL--IT WON'T WORK NOW!

THEY'RE GIVIN' UP, D.A.! AND HARRINGTON'S COMING UP THE STREET IN A SQUAD CAR!



ONE THUG, LITTLE FRANKIE REEKS, JUMPED INTO A WAITING POWER CRAFT, AND SPED FROM THE BARGE ACROSS THE NIGHT WATERS...



GOT TO GOT TO MR. HILTON... GOT TO TELL HIM THINGS WENT WRONG!

LITTLE FRANKIE LANDED ON THE FAR SHORE, WALKED THROUGH BACK STREETS, AND FINALLY REACHED THE GANG HEADQUARTERS...

BOSS -- **BOSS!** HEY! EVERYBODY'S GONE!

REACH FOR THE CEILING, FRANKIE!



HUH? WHAT?

WE SAW YOU ESCAPING FROM THE BARGE, FRANKIE -- AND WITH THE ARMORED CAR SAFE AGAIN, WE FOLLOWED YOU!



BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE, D.A.! EVERYBODY'S GONE! THEY FLEW THE COOP! YA AIN'T GOT NOthin' ON NOBODY!

HE'S RIGHT, CHIEF! THE PLACE HAS BEEN CLEANED OUT! WE'RE TOO LATE!



THEY LEFT ONLY **RECENTLY** CHIEF! THERE ARE STILL CIGARET AND CIGAR STUBS AROUND! THEY MUST'VE GUESSED WE WERE COMING!

NO, HARRINGTON! THEY NEVER FIGURED WE'D COME HERE! AND THEY LEFT AT LEAST HALF AN HOUR AGO! THEY WERE BURNING PAPERS IN THE FIREPLACE -- AND THE FIRE-PLACE BRICKS HAVE GROWN COLD!



DON'T YOU GET IT, HARRINGTON? THEY CLEARED OUT **BEFORE** THE ELECTROMAGNET JOB WAS A FLOP! THEY DIDN'T EVEN **EXPECT** IT TO SUCCEED! THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO FIND THE RESULTS!

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, CHIEF! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?



SINCE THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO SEE THE OUT-COME OF THE JOB, IT CONVINCES ME THAT BOTH THAT JOB AND THE VENTILATING STATION JOB WERE **PHONIES!** THEY WERE DECOY FEINTS, MAKING US DRAW OUR DEFENSES TIGHTER!... SO THAT, MEANWHILE, THE GANG COULD STRIKE **ELSEWHERE!**

BUT WHERE?



WHERE? I DON'T KNOW--YET! BUT GET THE PORTABLE LAB FROM THE CAR, HARRINGTON! IF WE WORK FAST--AND ARE LUCKY--WE MIGHT FIND OUT WHERE THE REAL JOB WAS SCHEDULED! WE'VE GOT TO EXAMINE THESE BURNT PIECES OF PAPER!



LATER, FIVE SQUAD CARS SURROUNDED THE MIDTOWN BANK... AND SEVERAL MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, SIX MEN STOLE OUT THE BACK DOOR...

HA! THEY NEVER FIGURED THE FEINT JOBS ON THE BIG HAUL WERE ALL A DECOY, SO THE COPS WOULDN'T BE LOOKING FOR US TO STRIKE HERE!

WE WERE RIGHT, HARRINGTON! HERE THEY ARE! I'LL SIGNAL THE OTHER MEN!



THE D.A.! AND AN ARMY OF COPS! WHAT WENT WRONG? HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE HERE?

BY OLD-FASHIONED POLICE DEDUCTION, "MR. HILTON"--RATHER, LAWRENCE RIDPATH, EX-CON!



"YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY, RIDPATH--INSTEAD OF IN PRISON AT THE TIME! ANY G.I. COULDN'T TOLD YOU THE ARMY INSISTS ON STIRRING THE ASHES FROM BURNT SECRET PAPERS..."

I'M NOW ABLE TO FIGURE OUT THE FAINT LINES DRAWN ON THE BURNT PAPER, HARRINGTON! THEY'RE FLOOR PLANS OF A BUILDING!



"THEN WE MADE A TRACING OF THE FLOOR PLANS! BUT EVEN THAT DIDN'T HELP... AT THE MOMENT..."

CHIEF--THOSE FLOOR PLANS COULD BE FOR ANY OF FIFTY THOUSAND BUILDINGS IN TOWN! HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH ONE IS THE TARGET?

EASY, HARRINGTON--THE GANG HAS OBVIOUSLY SELECTED A PLACE VALUABLE ENOUGH TO ROB! IF SO--THE PLACE MUST HAVE A **BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM!** CHECK WITH THE PEOPLE WHO INSTALL THOSE SYSTEMS-- AND I THINK WE'LL FIND THE PLACE!



THE BURGLAR ALARM PEOPLE CHECKED THEIR FILES AND TOLD US ALMOST AT ONCE THE FLOOR PLANS WERE FOR THE MIDTOWN BANK! SO THIS ENDS IT, RIDPATH--YOU PRETENDED YOU WERE AFTER THE BIG HAUL SO THAT IT WOULD WEAKEN OUR STRENGTH ELSEWHERE... AND MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR YOU TO ROB THIS BANK! BUT YOUR WHOLE PLAN FAILED! TAKE 'EM IN, BOYS!



The End



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 • COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

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 COMPLETE Projector, One Film and Screen!

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL HIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BULLY WINKIN WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this sensational TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and for you. The boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage at C.O.D. plus postage.



NEW! SENSATIONAL!
NU-BORN BABY DOLL..

- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFE LIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE SINGS — SINGS COOES!
- REMOVABLE HAIR! EYES!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, spank her, cuddle her—the coo-able cries. Hours and hours of play hours. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Bobbed pink skin, bright blue eyes — closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in woolly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade!" **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. — Remit with order, we pay postage.)

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY **3.98** COMPLETE

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 I drink I wet sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

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FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic belt-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving and papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion.

ADORABLE SANDY, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her start, walk and sleep.

terrific VALUE! only **3.98** complete

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RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS.
NURS-A-DOLLY
 COMPLETE NURSING KIT

• She drinks! She wets!
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 • 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother, this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY Duddy rubber doll dunks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment — 22 sturdy pieces including sterilizer milk nipple jar and bottle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to get loads of soft-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only **3.98** Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!



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PEANUT BANK

EXCITING!

• 7 1/2" HIGH!
 • HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
 • DOBBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, flashing machine, or 12 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear — next pop a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic. MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is valued at upwards of \$20 in coins! Wonderful for parties, exciting, taining, family fun. Easy to refill. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Review

with
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McAN'S

SKIPPER

WOW! HAND-
WOVEN UPPER...
LET'S THE AIR
IN, LIKE A
VENETIAN BLIND.

M-M-M... THE
RUGGED MOCCASIN
STITCHING GOES
CLEAR 'ROUND
THE SHOE.

SEE THAT
GROOVED TANK
TREAD WELT. AND
HEFTY DOUBLE-
THICK SOLE, TOO!

AND A SWELL
ROOMY WALL
TOE. IT'S
REINFORCED!

CATCH A
LOOK AT THAT
GLISTENING
ROYAL MAHOGANY
COLOR!

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IF THERE'S NO THOM McAN STORE NEAR YOU

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