

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



MAY JUNE
NO. 27

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

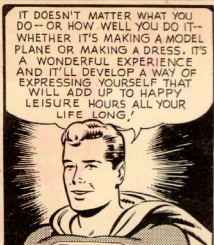
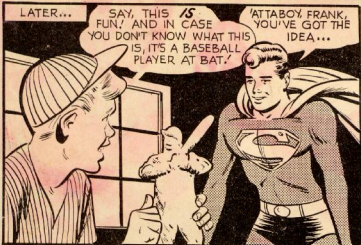
Featuring
"THE CASE
OF THE
SECRET
SIX"

I WARN you!---
YOU CAN'T REMAIN
RESPECTABLE CITIZENS IF
YOU HIDE BEHIND THOSE
MASKS AND TAKE THE LAW
INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!



Chronicle
D.A. UNABLE
TO CONVICT
WAXY
GILPIN
LACK OF EVIDENCE
FORCES D.A. TO
ASK FOR A MISTRIAL

SUPERBOY in "HAPPY HOBBY TIME!"



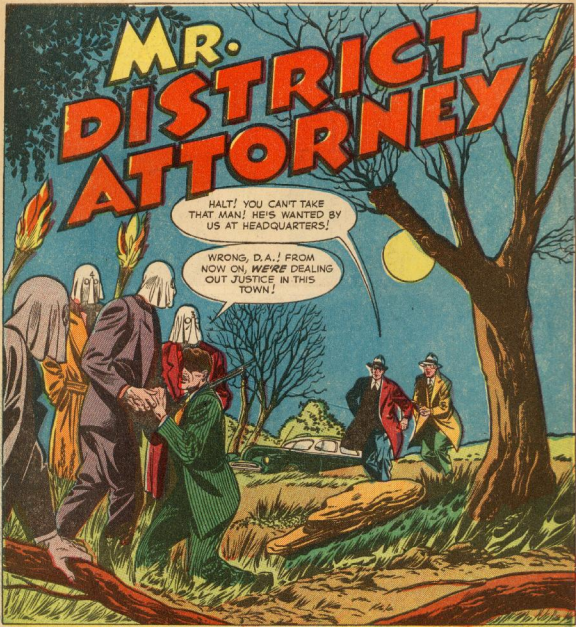
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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HALT! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT MAN! HE'S WANTED BY US AT HEADQUARTERS!

WRONG, D.A.! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE DEALING OUT JUSTICE IN THIS TOWN!

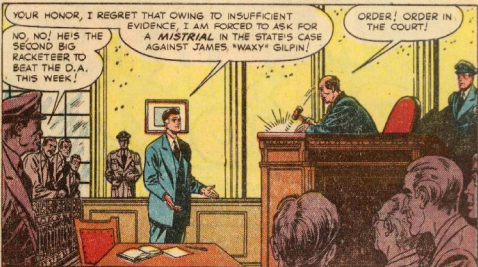


YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:
 UNDER OUR SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT, A MAN IS PRESUMED TO BE INNOCENT UNTIL PROVED GUILTY... AND THE LAW OF OUR LAND GUARANTEES EVERY ONE A FAIR AND JUST TRIAL! SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, PEOPLE BECOME IMPATIENT WITH THE SLOW BUT INEXORABLE COURSE OF THE LEGAL PROCESS, AND DECIDE TO SPEED IT UP BY TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS! THIS KIND OF MOB RULE INVARIABLY RESULTS IN VIOLENCE AND DEATH, AS YOU SHALL SEE FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU READ THIS BEHIND-THE-HEADLINES ACCOUNT OF...

"The Case of the **SECRET SIX!**"



YOU PROBABLY RECALL THAT CRISP, COLD MORNING LAST NOVEMBER 16, WHEN I RELUCTANTLY DROPPED A BOMBSHELL IN 2ND CRIMINAL COURT...



YOUR HONOR, I REGRET THAT OWING TO INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE, I AM FORCED TO ASK FOR A MISTRIAL IN THE STATE'S CASE AGAINST JAMES "WAXY" GILPIN!

ORDER! ORDER IN THE COURT!

NO, NO! HE IS THE SECOND BIG RACKETEER TO BEAT THE D.A. THIS WEEK!

AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE THE COURT HOUSE...



HA, HA... BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, D.A.-- YOU HOPE!

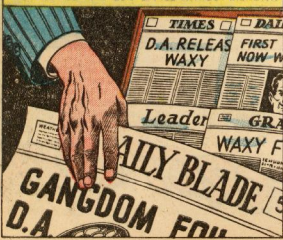
IS IT ALL RIGHT TO SOCK HIM, CHIEF?

NO, HARRINGTON... MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO! BEATING HIM UP MIGHT MAKE US FEEL BETTER-- BUT AS YOU KNOW, IT ISN'T OUR WAY OF SETTLING THINGS!

YEAH-- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF... BUT THIS SURE HAS BEEN A BLACK WEEK FOR THE D.A.'S OFFICE! FIRST, OUR CASE AGAINST RACKETEER PIGGY WATKINS GETS BLOWN SKY-HIGH-- AND NOW, PIGGY'S PAL, WAXY GILPIN, WALKS OUT FREE AS A BIRD!



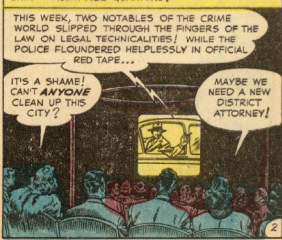
REMEMBER THE NEWS HEADLINES THE NEXT DAY? THEY RIPPED INTO OUR OFFICE WITHOUT MERCY...



TIMES D.A. RELEASES WAXY FIRST NOW W

Leader WAXY F DAILY BLADE GANGDOM FIGHT D.A.

YES, THE DEPARTMENT CERTAINLY TOOK IT ON THE CHIN-- FROM ALL QUARTERS!

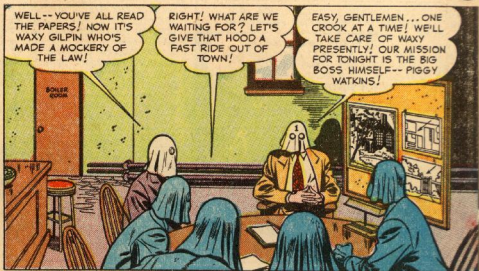


THIS WEEK, TWO NOTABLES OF THE CRIME WORLD SLIPPED THROUGH THE FINGERS OF THE LAW ON LEGAL TECHNICALITIES! WHILE THE POLICE FLOUNDERED HELPLESSLY IN OFFICIAL RED TAPE...

IT'S A SHAME! CAN'T ANYONE CLEAN UP THIS CITY?

MAYBE WE NEED A NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

IT WAS JUST ABOUT THIS TIME IN THE CELLAR OF AN EXCLUSIVE MANSION, THAT THE **REAL** CASE WAS DEVELOPING. FOR HERE WERE GATHERED SIX HOODED MEN, ALL PROMINENT CITIZENS, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE **SECRET SIX**...



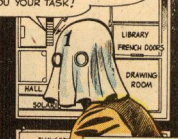
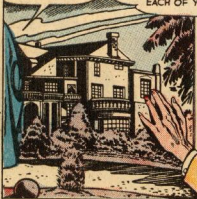
WELL-- YOU'VE ALL READ THE PAPERS! NOW IT'S WAXY GILPIN WHO'S MADE A MOCKERY OF THE LAW!

RIGHT! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GIVE THAT HOOD A FAST RIDE OUT OF TOWN!

EASY, GENTLEMEN... ONE CROOK AT A TIME! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF WAXY PRESENTLY! OUR MISSION FOR TONIGHT IS THE BIG BOSS HIMSELF-- PIGGY WATKINS!

IS EVERYTHING READY FOR TONIGHT'S MISSION, CHIEF?

YES... HERE IS A PHOTOGRAPH AND FLOOR PLAN OF PIGGY'S LAVISH HOME, WHICH HE BUILT WITH HIS DIRTY MONEY! OUR PLAN IS SIMPLE... LISTEN CLOSELY WHILE I ASSIGN EACH OF YOU YOUR TASK!



LET ME PAUSE HERE BRIEFLY TO REMIND YOU OF AN IMPORTANT POINT YOU'RE LIKELY TO OVERLOOK AS THIS CASE CONTINUES, THE MEMBERS OF THE **SECRET SIX** WERE ALL LEADING CITIZENS WHO SINCERELY **HATED** CRIME. SO ZEALOUS WERE THEY, HOWEVER, THAT THEY COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE **LAW** TO ACT! REMEMBER THAT AS THIS STORY UNFOLDS!

LATER THAT NIGHT, USING A CAMOUFLAGED TRUCK, DONATED BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS, THE **SECRET SIX** CONVERGED ON PIGGY WATKINS' MANSION IN THE **BRIERLY DISTRICT**...

NUMBERS 4 AND 5, SMASH OPEN THE FRONT DOOR! **NUMBERS 3 AND 2** BREAK IN THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS LEADING OFF THE TERRACE! AND **NUMBER 6**, FOLLOW ME!



WITH CLOCK-LIKE EFFICIENCY, THEY GAINED ENTRANCE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, AND...

PUT YOUR SHOES ON, PIGGY! WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE!



HUH? WHO ARE YOU? YOU CAN'T BE COPS, 'CAUSE THEY ALWAYS RING THE BELL AND HAND YOU A SEARCH WARRANT!

WATKINS WAS BUNDLED INTO THE TRUCK, AND SWIFTLY SPIRITED TO THE WOODED FAIRVIEW BORDER...

THIS IS THE WAY HOODS ARE GOING TO BE HANDLED FROM NOW ON, PIGGY! NOW GET GOING AND KEEP GOING! IF YOU EVER COME BACK, IT'LL MEAN THE DEATH SENTENCE!

AND NOT IN ANY COURT OF LAW EITHER!

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FAIRVIEW



THE SECRET SIX APPARENTLY EMPLOYED THE SERVICES OF A HIGH-PRESSURE PUBLICITY MAN, FOR ON THE VERY NEXT MORNING...

A NEW KIND OF LAW STRUCK BOLDLY LAST NIGHT TO RID THIS CITY OF ITS BOSS RACKETEER, PIGGY WATKINS! CALLING THEMSELVES THE SECRET SIX, THEY SWOOPED DOWN ON HIS MANSION AND...

HARRINGTON-- LISTEN! WE MUST FIND PIGGY--AND ALSO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MEN WHO THINK THEY CAN TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!



BUT IT WAS THE PUBLIC'S REACTION THAT REALLY SET ME BACK ON MY HEELS! THE SECRET SIX HAD STIRRED THE PEOPLE'S IMAGINATION! IT WAS MASS-HYSTERIA, AND I TOOK TO THE AIR-WAVES TO PROVE IT...

I SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES ACTED TO ERADICATE THE CURSE OF CRIME FROM OUR FAIR CITY!

A TOAST, GENTLEMEN, TO THAT FEARLESS GROUP OF BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO HAVE BANDED THEMSELVES TOGETHER FOR OUR PROTECTION!

I APPEAL TO YOU, THE PUBLIC, NOT TO LOSE YOUR REASON! YOU MUST KEEP FAITH IN YOUR LEGAL INSTITUTIONS-- NOT IN MEN WHO PLACE THEMSELVES ABOVE THE LAW!



BUT MY WARNING FELL ON DEAF EARS! THE SECRET SIX WERE RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE, DRAGGING THE PUBLIC ALONG IN ITS WAKE!

EVEN WAXY GILPIN, WHO HAD OPENLY DEFIED MY OFFICE, DEVELOPED A BAD CASE OF JITTERS OVER THE UNOFFICIAL "LAWMEN"...

SAY, D.A., I GOT AN IDEA I'M NEXT ON THE LIST OF THOSE CRAZY SECRET SIXERS! AM I... ER... ENTITLED TO SOME PROTECTION?

YOU CERTAINLY ARE, WAXY! I'LL BE OVER TO SEE YOU... I'VE BEEN WANTING TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU ANYWAY!



WAXY WAS RIGHT... FOR ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 29, THE SECRET SIX, REACTING TO THE PUBLIC'S APPROVAL, MET AGAIN IN ITS KANGAROO COURT OF LAW...

WE GOT RID OF PIGGY-- BUT HIS RACKETS ARE STILL OPERATING, AND HE'S STILL GETTING PAID OFF ACROSS THE BORDER! WE MUST TEACH THOSE HOODS A LESSON THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

YOU SAID IT, CHIEF! AND WAXY'S THE GOON TO TEACH IT TO! LET'S RIDE!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AND AT EXACTLY 11:42 P.M. IT WAS A DESPERATE, FRIGHTENED WAXY WHOSE VOICE CRACKLED OVER MY PRIVATE LINE...

D.A.--YOU SAID TO CALL YOU IF THEY SHOWED UP! WELL, THEY'RE COMIN'-- AND I'M ALL ALONE!

BE RIGHT OVER, WAXY... GRAB YOUR HAT, HARRINGTON!



BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE -- 11:55 -- THE BATTLE WAS IN FULL SWING...

THEY SURE PLAY ROUGH! HEAD FOR THE SIDE WINDOW, HARRINGTON... WAXY LEFT IT OPEN FOR US!

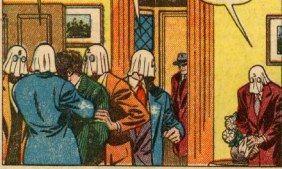
SOMEONE'S SHOOTING IN THERE, CHIEF!



LET'S GO, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT OUR MAN!

WAIT A MINUTE, CHIEF-- NUMBER 3 CAUGHT A BULLET!

NO, NO -- IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH! I'LL WRAP MY HANDKERCHIEF AROUND IT AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



BUT WHEN NUMBER 3 TRIED TO JOIN HIS COMRADES...

NICE TACKLE, CHIEF! WANT ME TO GO AFTER THE OTHERS?

NO, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! JUST HELP ME UNMASK THIS "SUPER-CITIZEN"!



LOOK WHO IT IS, CHIEF! ALFRED DWIGGINS, OWNER OF DWIGGINS' DEPARTMENT STORE!

YES--AND MAYBE IF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TRIED OUR METHODS, WE'D HAVE LESS CRIME IN THIS TOWN!

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING, DWIGGINS! IN FACT, I'M JOINING UP RIGHT NOW-- IN YOUR PLACE! TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS, HARRINGTON, AND LOCK HIM UP!



I DONNED DWIGGINS' HOOD--AND MOMENTS LATER...

HURRY UP, NUMBER 3! WE'VE STILL GOT LOTS OF WORK AHEAD OF US TONIGHT!

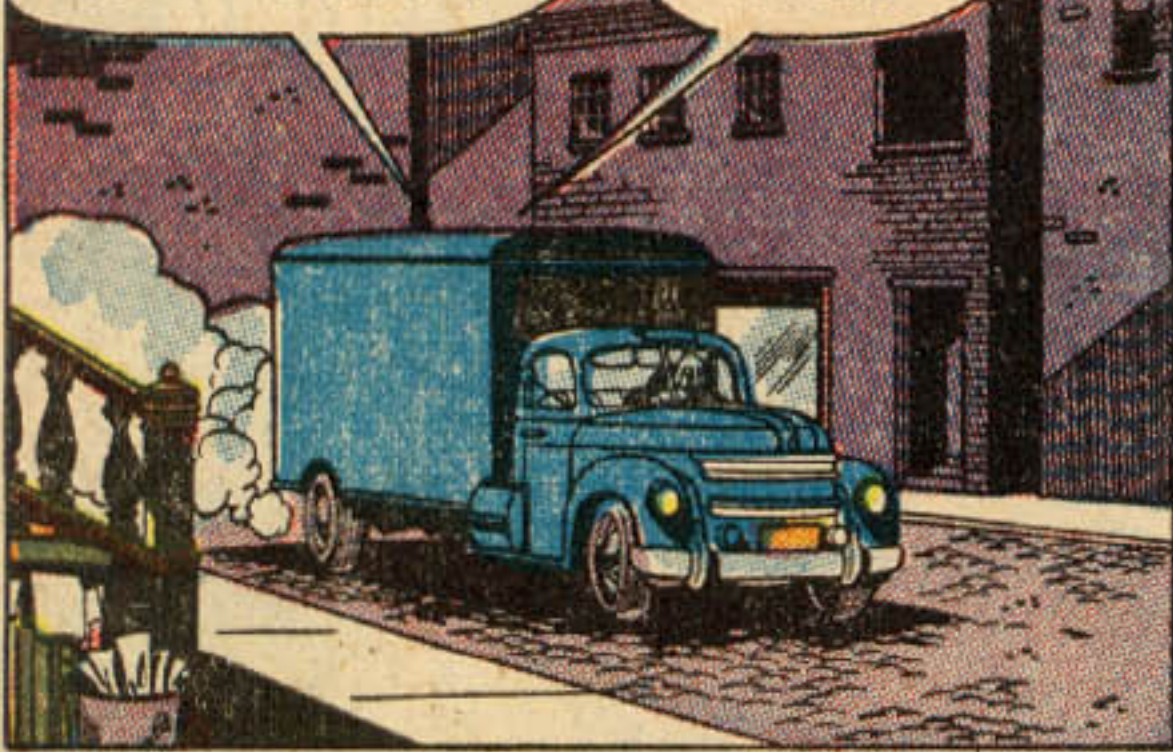
I'M COMING! HOPE I DON'T GIVE MYSELF AWAY!



AND AS THE TRUCK LUMBERED THROUGH THE DARK CITY STREETS...

UH--WHERE YOU GUYS TAKIN' ME? GOIN' TO RUN ME OUTTA THE CITY, LIKE YOU DID TO PIGGY?

NO, WAXY-- WE HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU... MORE PERMANENT PLANS!



AT 12:27 A.M., WE GROUND TO A STOP INSIDE A LOCKED GARAGE...

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN... WE CAN ENTER THE CELLAR THROUGH THIS PASSAGE!

WISH I KNEW WHERE WE ARE! HMM... JUST REMEMBERED -- THE OTHERS KNOW THE REAL NUMBER 3 GOT A WRIST WOUND... I'D BETTER WRAP THIS HANDKERCHIEF AROUND MY WRIST!



AND SOON, WE WERE GROUPED ABOUT THE TABLE FOR WHAT WAS TO BECOME THE SECRET SOCIETY'S MOST MOMENTOUS MEETING...

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT PIGGY WATKINS IS BACK IN TOWN! IN SHORT, THE UNDERWORLD IS FLAUNTING OUR AUTHORITY! OBVIOUSLY, OUR METHODS HAVE BEEN TOO MILD!

BUT THEY WON'T BE WITH WAXY... HA, HA!



ER... WHAT DO YOU GUYS M-MEAN--?

WE MEAN THAT IT'S NOT ENOUGH MERELY TO CHASE YOU HOODS ACROSS THE BORDER... YOU'LL ALWAYS COME BACK! THEREFORE WE MUST DESTROY YOU! NUMBER 5, BRING THE FISHBOWL!

THE EXECUTIONER WILL BE CHOSEN BY DRAWING FROM THE FISHBOWL! WE'LL EACH PICK ACCORDING TO OUR NUMBERS... I'M FIRST, OF COURSE!

YOU-- GUYS AIN'T R-REALLY GONNA KILL ME, ARE YOU--?

THEY CAN'T BE SERIOUS-- YET-- YET...



NUMBERS 1 AND 2 BOTH DREW BLANKS -- I WAS NEXT...

IT WOULD BE IRONICAL IF I DREW THE ASSIGNMENT TO "EXECUTE" WAXY...!



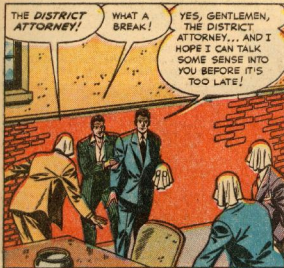
BUT I NEVER DID GET THE CHANCE TO DRAW-- FOR AS I REACHED INTO THE BOWL...

M-MY BANDAGE... IT--IT'S COME LOOSE!

CHIEF -- LOOK! HIS WRIST... IT'S NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!

THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTOR! UNMASK HIM!





THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

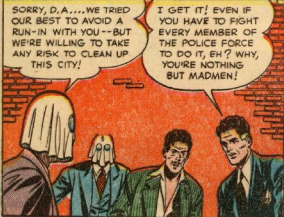
WHAT A BREAK!

YES, GENTLEMEN, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY... AND I HOPE I CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO YOU BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



LISTEN TO ME... YOU SAY YOU'RE AGAINST CRIME! FINE... BUT DO YOU FIGHT IT BY BECOMING CRIMINALS YOURSELVES? WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF EVERY MAN BECAME HIS OWN JUDGE AND JURY? CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S LIKE THE OLD WEST--WHERE EACH MAN CARRIED HIS OWN JUSTICE IN HIS HOLSTER?

BUT THEY COULDN'T SEE IT! I WAS TALKING TO A MOB--AND MOBS NEVER SEE, HEAR OR THINK!



SORRY, D.A.... WE TRIED OUR BEST TO AVOID A RUN-IN WITH YOU--BUT WE'RE WILLING TO TAKE ANY RISK TO CLEAN UP THIS CITY!

I GET IT! EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO FIGHT EVERY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE TO DO IT, EH? WHY, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT MADMEN!

ONE VOICE OF REASON WAS RAISED, BUT IT WAS LIKE A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS...



WAIT, CHIEF? WHY DO WE HAVE TO HURT THE D.A.? AFTER ALL, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO WE ARE-- AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS!

TRUE--BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! OUR CAUSE IS TOO SACRED!

NUMBERS 4 AND 5, BUNDLE THE D.A. INTO THE TRUCK! TAKE HIM OUT TO FAIRVIEW WOODS, AND MAKE SURE HE STAYS THERE UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED WITH WAXY!



THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO NOW EXCEPT STALL FOR TIME. I GRABBED THE EASIEST OBJECT WITHIN REACH--A TELEPHONE--AND HURLED IT WITH SUCH TERRIFIC FORCE, ITS WIRE SNAPPED LIKE A TAUT STRING!



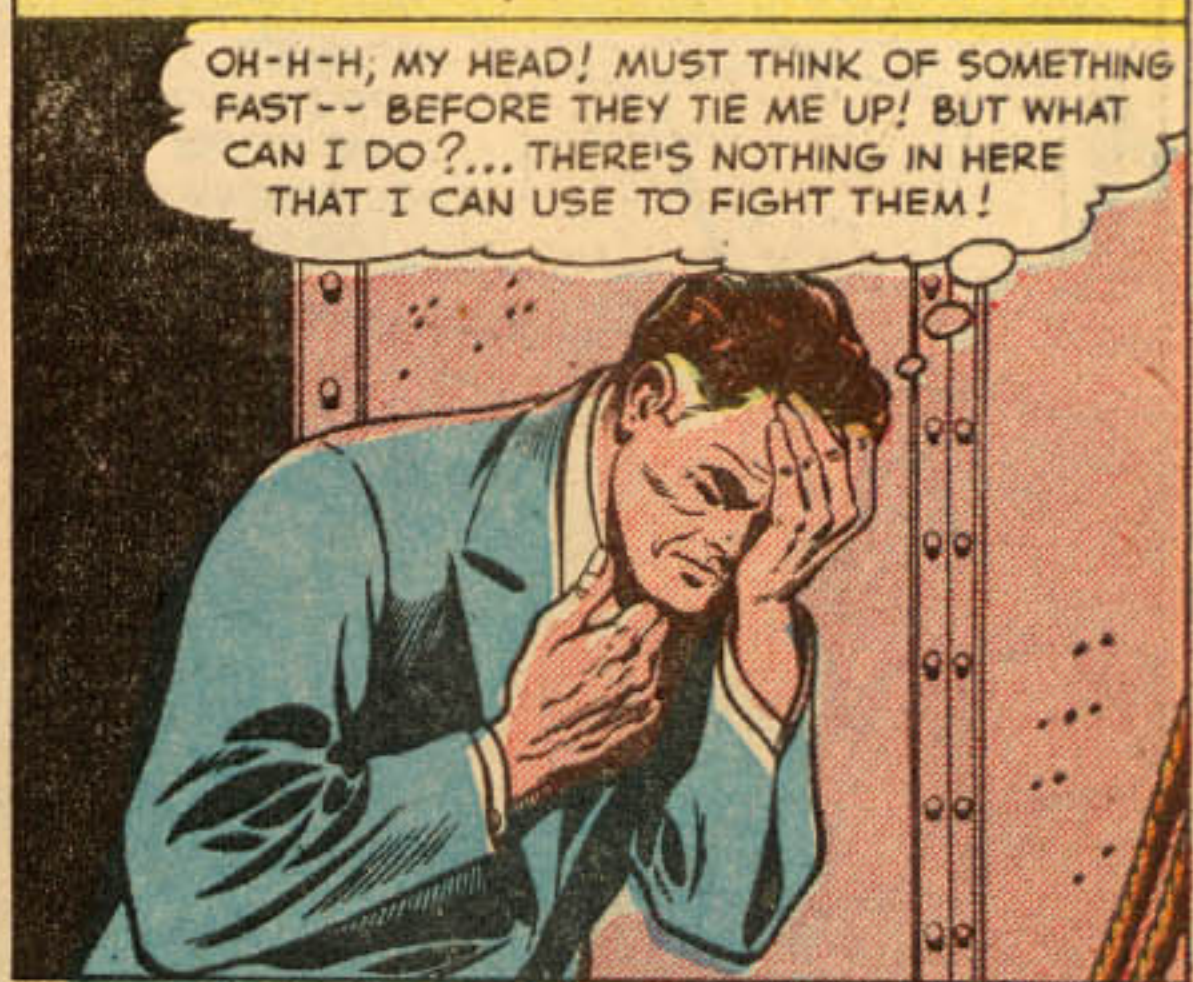
WATCH OUT! HE'S GONE BERSERK!

SNAP!

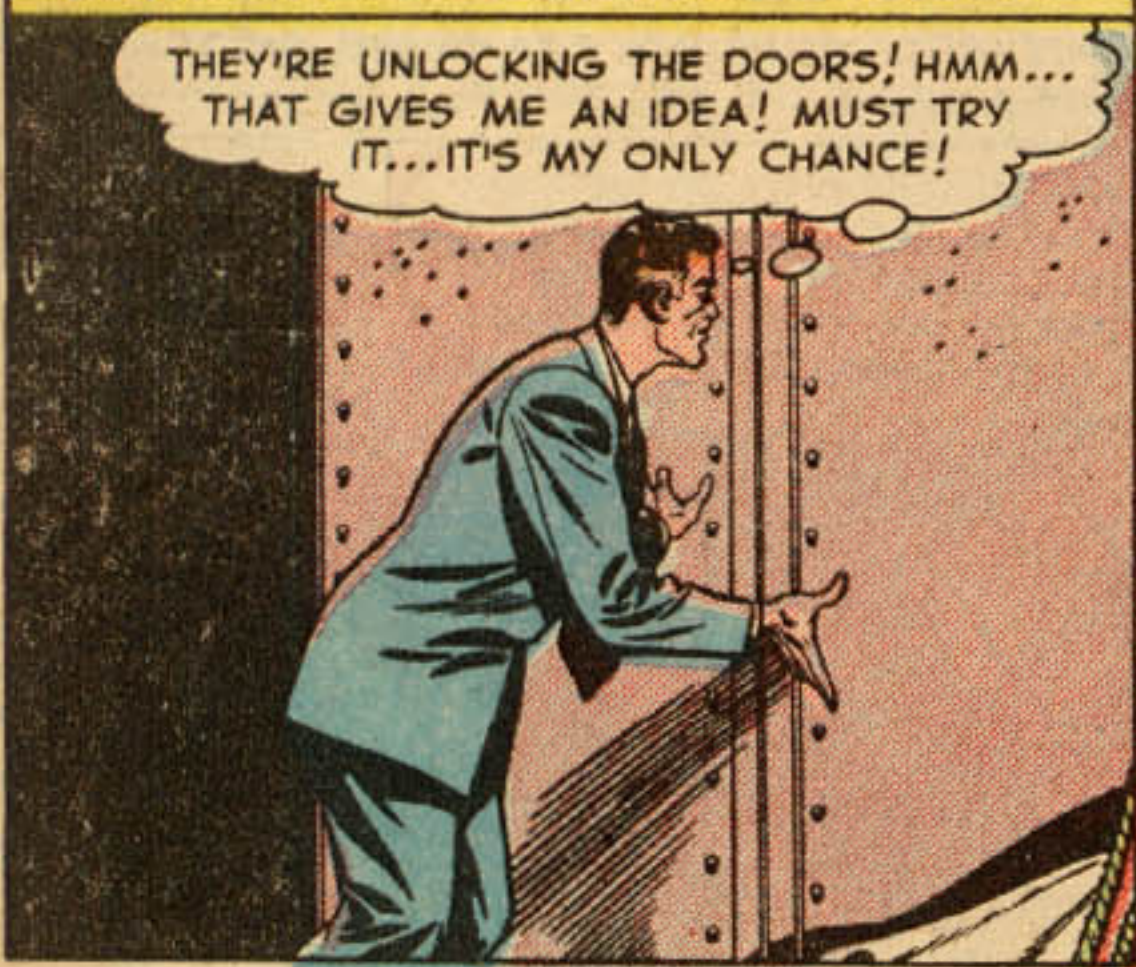
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY WENT OUT FOR ME!



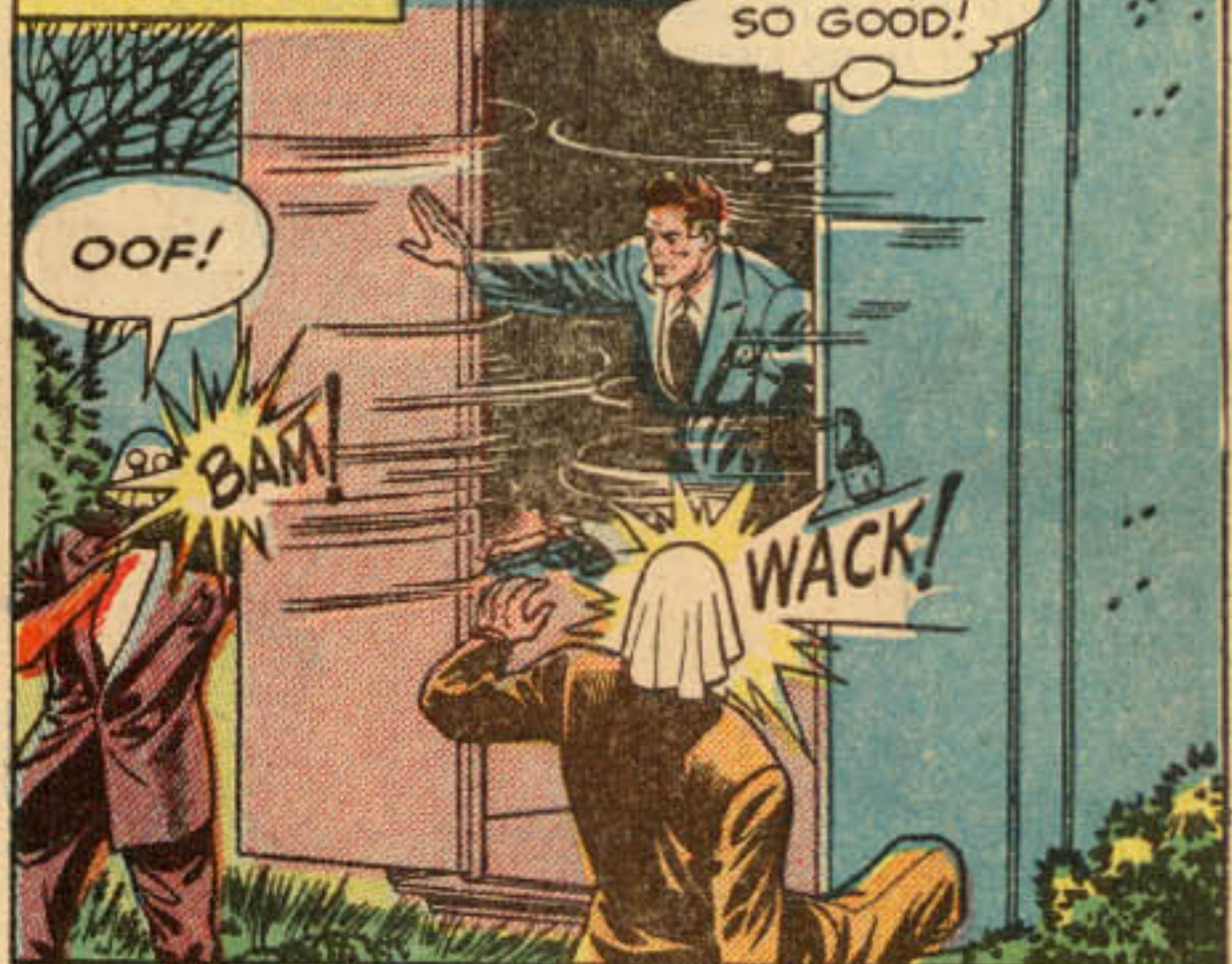
IT WASN'T UNTIL THE TRUCK WAS PRACTICALLY AT ITS DESTINATION THAT I FINALLY CAME TO...



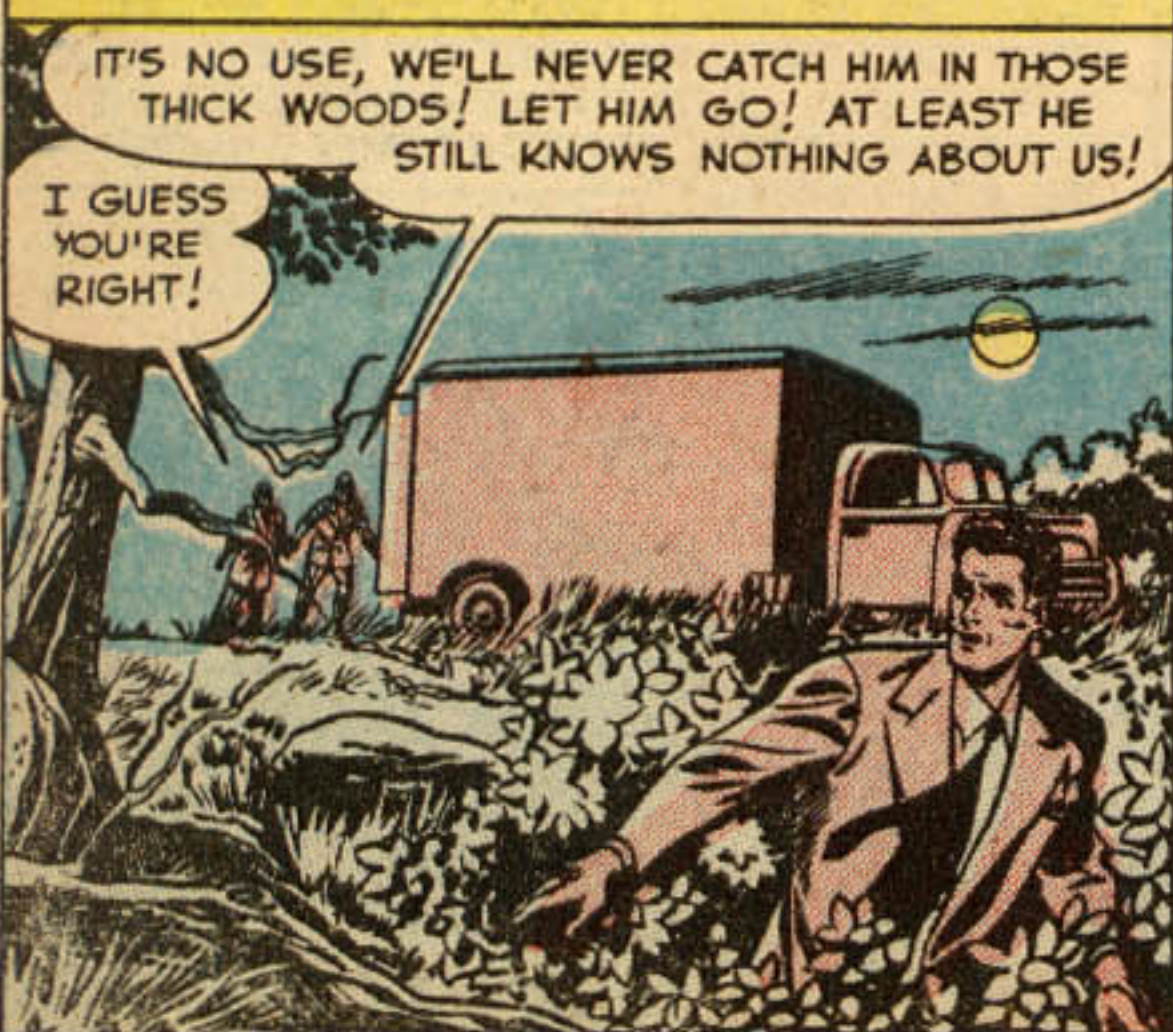
THEN, AS THE TRUCK SCREECHED TO A HALT...



ABRUPTLY...



AND AS I LEAPED INTO THE HEAVY BRUSH...



MINUTES LATER, IN A NEARBY FARMHOUSE...



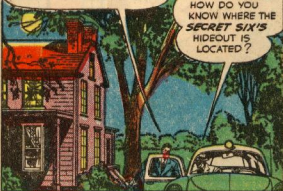


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



ON A SUDDEN HUNCH, WHILE WAITING FOR HARRINGTON, I MADE ANOTHER PHONE CALL WHICH KEPT ME BUSY TILL HE ARRIVED...

LET'S STEP ON IT, HARRINGTON... BUT, CHIEF... THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME! WHERE TO? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE SECRET SIX'S HIDEOUT IS LOCATED?



NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! JUST HEAD FOR THIS ADDRESS... AND TELL SOME SQUAD CARS TO MEET US THERE!

CHECK! CARS 47, 51, 63, 71... PROCEED TO FOLLOWING AREA...



MEANWHILE, THE DRAMA AT SECRET SIX HEAD-QUARTERS WAS GRINDING TO AN INEXORABLE CLOSE...

SORRY WE LET THE D.A. ESCAPE, CHIEF!

IT ISN'T TOO SERIOUS -- THERE'S NO WAY FOR HIM TO FIND OUT WHO WE ARE, OR WHERE HE WAS!

W-WAIT A MINUTE, YOU GUYS! THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU OUGHTTA KNOW...



THE D.A. TALKED ME INTO TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST PIGGY AND THE WHOLE RACKET MOB! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT? G-GIMME A BREAK, SO I CAN TESTIFY! WHAT D'YA SAY?



COME ON, BOYS... LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

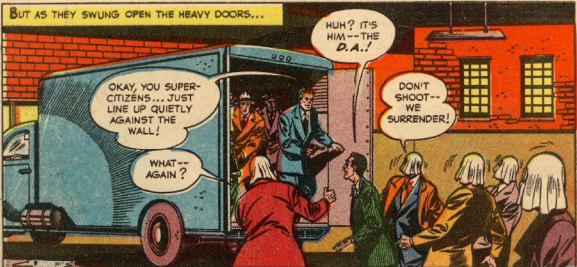
NO, NO -- PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME -- DON'T KILL ME!



HURRY... OPEN UP THE TRUCK AND PILE HIM IN!

I WARN YOU... IF YOU KILL ME, THE D.A. WILL GET YOU! I WARN YOU...





BUT AS THEY SWUNG OPEN THE HEAVY DOORS...

OKAY, YOU SUPER-CITIZENS... JUST LINE UP QUIETLY AGAINST THE WALL!

HUH? IT'S HIM--THE D.A.!

DON'T SHOOT-- WE SURRENDER!

WHAT-- AGAIN?



BUT, CHIEF... YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME HOW YOU KNEW WHERE THIS PLACE WAS!

IT WAS EASY, HARRINGTON, ONCE I REMEMBERED THAT PHONE I THREW AT THEIR LEADER! THE SNAPPED WIRE, I REALIZED, MUST'VE REGISTERED INSTANTLY AT THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE...



...SO WHILE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE FARM, I CALLED THE EXCHANGE AND LEARNED THAT THE ONLY TELEPHONE TO GO DEAD TONIGHT WAS LOCATED AT THIS ADDRESS!

WOW-- NICE GOING! ONCE THE FACTS COME OUT, I'M SURE THE PUBLIC WILL CHANGE ITS MIND ABOUT THE GREAT SECRET SIX!

The End

ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT IS ROUND ON BOTH ENDS AND HIGH IN THE MIDDLE?



GIVE UP? SEE BELOW*

*ANSWER: OHO

WHAT CANDY IS ROUND IN SHAPE AND HIGH IN PLEASURE? THAT'S Necco WAFERS... THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!

DOZENS 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!

"I grew up on Wheaties and believe me—

**New Wheaties
are better than
ever!"**



NEW WHEATIES ARE *Super Flaked!*

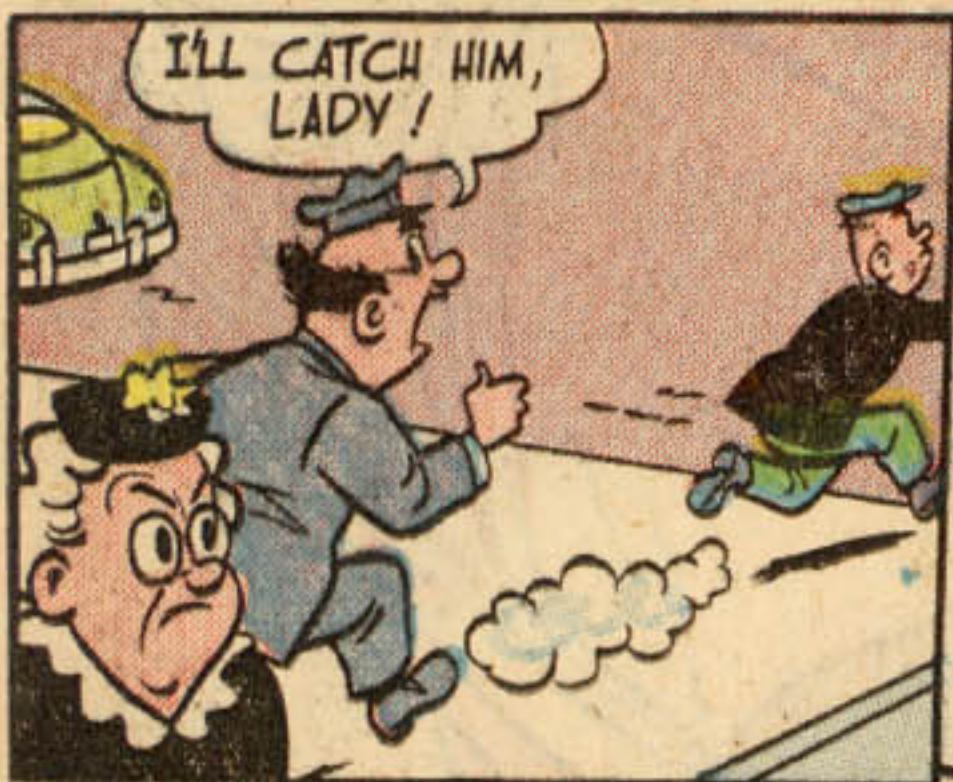
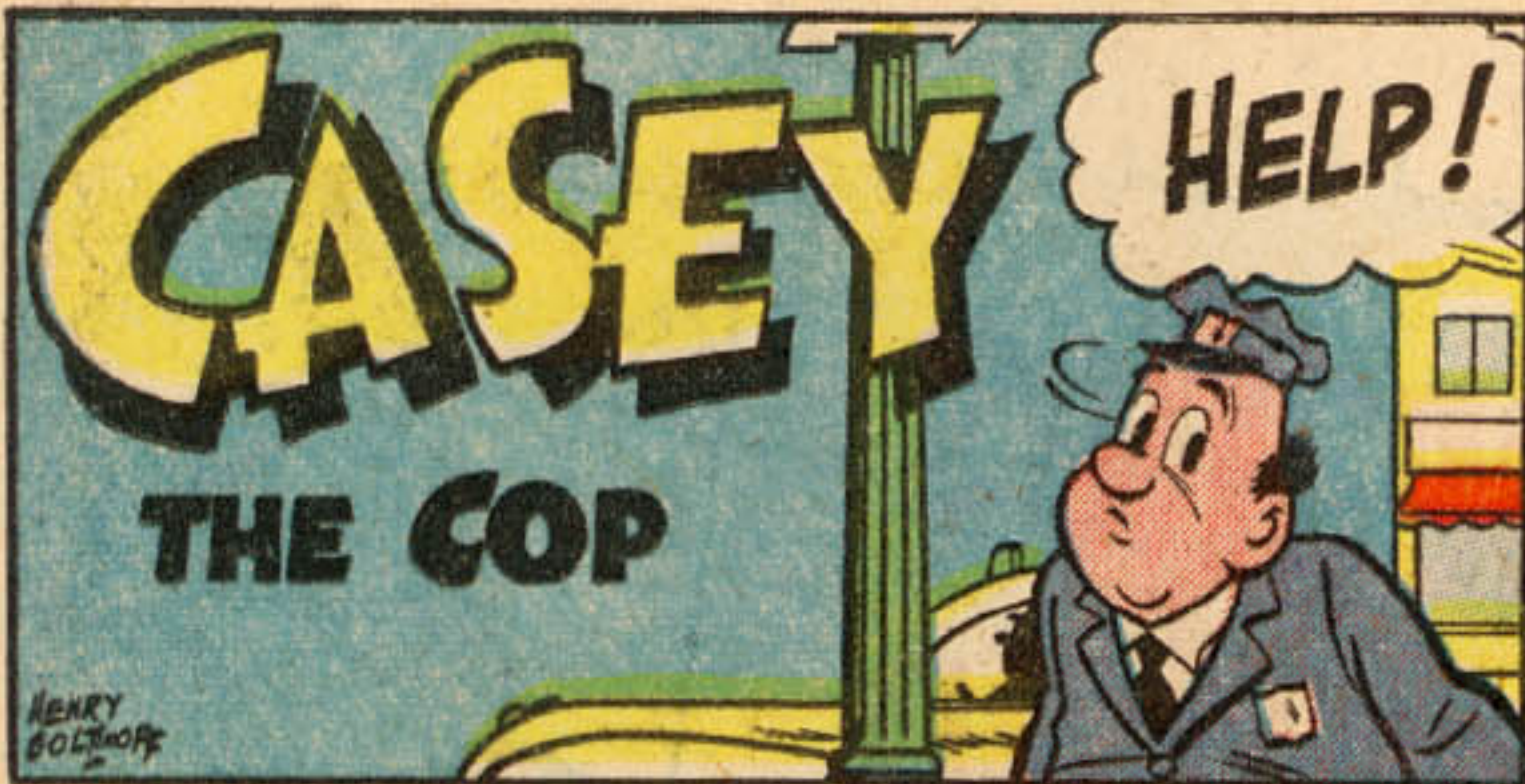
See the difference—*taste* the difference in new Wheaties! Flakes are bigger, with a lighter, brighter golden color. And you can't get a *crisper* whole wheat flake than new Wheaties. All that famous Wheaties energy, too—because *there's a whole kernel of wheat in every Wheaties flake!*



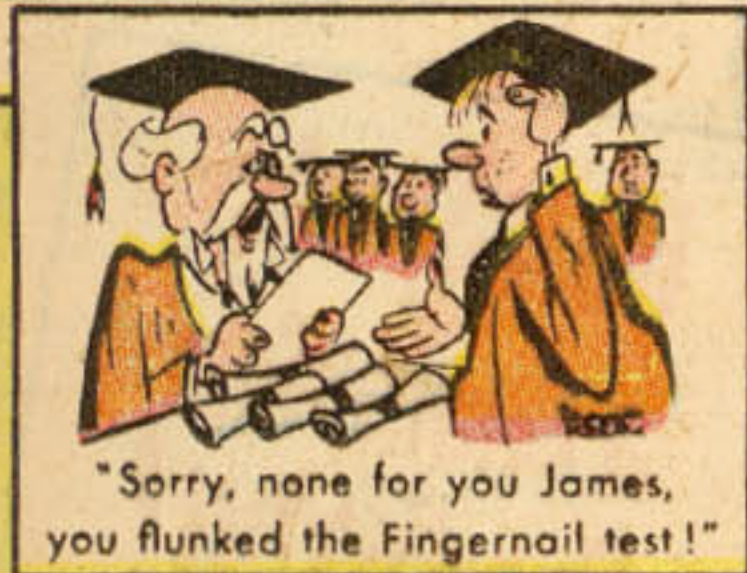
BOB FELLER
all-time strikeout king

**What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks You!**

**AND CHAMPIONS
CHOOSE WHEATIES!**



ADVERTISEMENT



"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK THE FINGER-NAIL TEST. Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your appearance. Keep your hair neat and natural from morning till night with Wildroot Cream-Oil. More men use it than any other hair tonic! Get a bottle today!

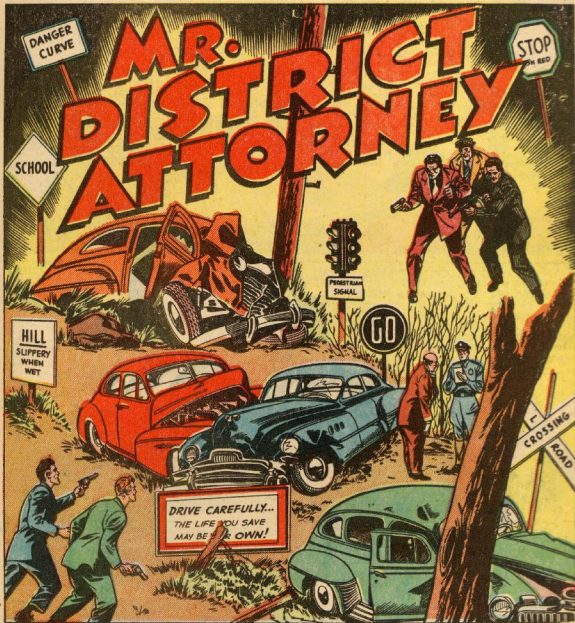
AMERICA'S FAVORITE

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC

WOL. ALCOHOL
LINDLIN

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES
LOOSE DANDRUFF

AS LITTLE AS
29¢
PLUS TAX



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

RACKETEERS AGAINST THE PUBLIC DO NOT ALWAYS TAKE PLACE BEHIND THE MURKY SHADOWS OF UNDERWORLD INTRIGUE, SOMETIMES, AS IN THIS CASE, THEY FLOURISH PLAINLY IN THE CITY SUNLIGHT AND, INDEED, OWE MUCH OF THEIR BLACK SUCCESS TO THE VERY OPENNESS OF THEIR OPERATION. DOZENS OF FRAUDULENT SCHEMES HAVE BILKED THE CITIZEN OF HIS MONEY, PEACE OF MIND AND EVEN HEALTH. BUT NEVER IN MY LONG CAREER HAVE I COME ACROSS A MORE DEADLY RACKET FOISTED UPON THE PUBLIC THAN THE PARTICULAR CASE I REVEAL HERE, WITH GOOD CAUSE, I REFER TO IT AS...

The DRIVING SCHOOL For DEATH!



IT WAS MAY OF LAST YEAR WHEN A NERVOUS CITIZEN, EDWARD PARKER, DROVE A SPECIAL CAR BELONGING TO THE CHECK AUTO SCHOOL...

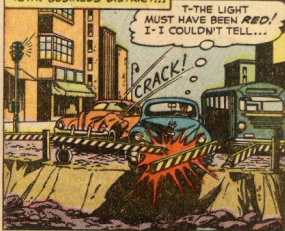
S-SO YOU SEE, MR. CHECK, BEING COLOR BLIND, I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD GET A DRIVING LICENSE!

NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, SIR. HERE, WE'LL JUST TAKE THIS SIDE STREET BEFORE THE LIGHTS. WITH OUR... ER... SPECIAL TRAINING, WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A LICENSE!



EXACTLY THREE WEEKS LATER, EDWARD PARKER ROARED THROUGH A RED LIGHT IN THE DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT...

T-THE LIGHT MUST HAVE BEEN RED! I-I COULDN'T TELL...

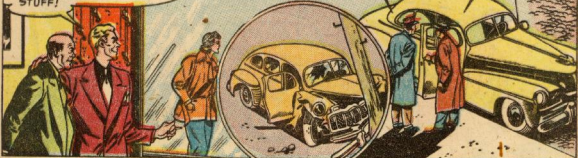


IN THE WEEKS TO FOLLOW, DEATH WAS A GRIM COMPANION FOR A DOZEN OTHERS WHO SOUGHT "LESSONS" AT CHECK'S DRIVING SCHOOL...

MRS. POTTER IS AFRAID TO DRIVE AT NIGHT. STALL HER FOR TWO MORE EXTRA CHARGE LESSONS AND WE'LL SKIP THE NIGHT STUFF!

I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER, BUT PEOPLE AT THE LICENSE BUREAU SAID...

NEVER FEAR, MR. CARTER! IN SPITE OF YOUR WEAK HEART, I'M SURE WE CAN QUALIFY YOU FOR A LICENSE!



AS NECESSARY ACCIDENTS PILED UP IN MY CITY, I REVEALED TO CO-WORKERS, FACTS I HAD BEEN QUIETLY COMPILING FOR MONTHS...

THERE IT IS, MISS MILLER, HARRINGTON--A DEADLY RACKET FLOURISHING AT THE CHECK AUTO SCHOOL. INCOMPETENT DRIVERS ARE BEING PUSHED ONTO THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS WITH A SMATTERING OF TRAINING SO THAT UNSCRUPULOUS SCHOOL OPERATORS CAN PROFIT!

THE CHECK SCHOOL HAS FAILED TO INSTRUCT ITS STUDENTS PROPERLY. THE FUNDAMENTALS OF NIGHT DRIVING, STALLING ON HILLS AND BRAKING AT TURNS ARE LIFE-SAVING LESSONS THIS SCHOOL HAS COMPLETELY IGNORED IN ITS GREEDY GRAB FOR CASH!



STUDENTS WHO SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO DRIVE ARE GIVEN LICENSES THROUGH TIE-UPS WITH CROOKED INSPECTORS. OTHERS ARE GIVEN A FALSE SENSE OF ABILITY THROUGH DUAL CONTROLS ON ACCELERATOR AND STEERING WHEEL. THERE'S VICIOUS FRAUD HERE-- AND WE'RE GOING TO GET THEM!



CHIEF! PERHAPS I CAN HELP!

WHY NOT LET ME TAKE ONE OF THE COURSES? THEY'D HARDLY SUSPECT A GIRL OF OBTAINING FACTS FOR THE D.A.'S OFFICE!

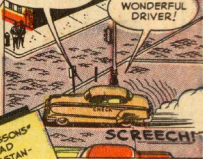


IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS, MISS MILLER-- BUT IT COULD WORK. YES, IF YOU WERE TO SHOW YOURSELF COMPLETELY UNFIT TO DRIVE AND THEY MANAGED TO GET A LICENSE FOR YOU, WE'D HAVE THE FACTS WE NEED!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HARRINGTON AND I WATCHED AS MISS MILLER TOOK HER FIRST LESSON AT HAPPY FREDDY CHECK'S AUTO SCHOOL...

I- I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER LEARN TO DRIVE, MR. CHECK. I'VE ALREADY FLUNKED THREE OTHER DRIVING COURSES ELSEWHERE!

NONSENSE, MISS MASON! YOU'RE DOING FINE. YOU HAVE EVERY PROSPECT OF DEVELOPING INTO A WONDERFUL DRIVER!



AS MISS MILLER'S INSTRUCTION CONTINUED, CHECK'S DEVIANT METHODS OF DRIVING INSTRUCTION CAME TO LIGHT...

EXCELLENT COORDINATION, MISS MASON. YOU TOOK THAT CORNER LIKE A TROUPER. ANOTHER FEW LESSONS AND YOU'LL BE READY FOR YOUR TEST!

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, MR. CHECK?

GOOD HEAVENS-- I HARDLY TOUCHED THE WHEEL WHEN WE DROVE AROUND THAT CORNER...



AFTER FIVE "LESSONS" MISS MILLER HAD GARNERED SUBSTANTIAL INFORMATION...

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! BY USING THE DUAL CONTROLS, THEY MAKE IT APPEAR THAT I HAVE THE ABILITY TO DRIVE. WHEN I COMPLETELY FLOPPED A U-TURN, THE INSTRUCTOR TOLD ME I WAS MERELY NERVOUS. HE SAID THAT FOR A \$10 TIP, LICENSE INSPECTOR CONRAD WOULD PASS ME!

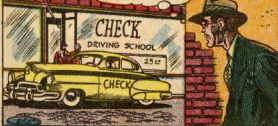
FINE! "HAPPY" FREDDY CHECK'S NECK IS WAY OUT AND WE'RE GOING TO LOP IT OFF!



BUT, AS WE LATER LEARNED, ONE OF CRIMEDOM'S MOST DANGEROUS DENIZENS WAS PRESENT AT MISS MILLER'S NEXT LESSON... "SPIDER" PERRY...

RIGHT THIS WAY, MISS MASON. WE'LL GET STARTED AT ONCE...

CHECK'S SMART LIKE A FOX -- NEVER LEAVES HIS OFFICE ALONE. BUT I'LL GET A SHOT AT HIM YET. SAY... THAT GAL HE'S TALKING TO-- SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR...



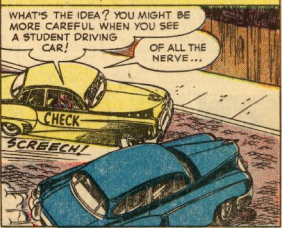
IT IS! MISS MILLER FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE! WOW! THE D.A. MUST BE PUTTING THE FINGER ON CHECK'S DRIVING RACKET! WAIT! BIG FRANK HEARS OF THIS!



LATER, AT A MID-TOWN APARTMENT...



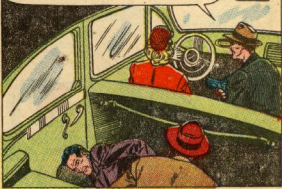
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS HARRINGTON AND I WAITED TO PICK UP MISS MILLER'S CAR ON ROCKLEDGE ROAD, BIG FRANK'S PLAN BEGAN...



QUIET DOWN, BUSTER! DON'T MOVE A PINKY, MISS MILLER!



ALL RIGHT! YOU AND THAT CLOWN INSTRUCTOR HUG THE FLOOR. NOW, MISS MILLER, JUST DRIVE ALONG NICE AND SLOW-LIKE AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT. HEAD ALONG CENTRAL AVENUE!



WHEN WE PICKED UP THE STUDENT CAR...



AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT, MISS MILLER WAS GAMBLING FOR HER LIFE...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



WE DID SEE MISS MILLER'S SIGNAL, BUT...

THE RIGHT TURN INDICATOR BLINKING OFF AND ON! HMM... IT MAY BE A SIGNAL. MISS MILLER MUST BE TRYING TO TELL US THAT THEY SUSPECT WE'RE FOLLOWING THEM. SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN ANY TROUBLE, SO LET'S TURN BACK!

SURE, CHIEF!

MISS MILLER DID NOT RETURN TO THE OFFICE THAT AFTERNOON. BY NIGHTFALL, HARRINGTON AND I WERE DESPERATE. I MADE A BIG DECISION...

HARRINGTON, WE'VE BLUNDERED! THAT FLASHING TAIL LIGHT WAS A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS. I'LL NOT GAMBLE MISS MILLER'S LIFE ANOTHER MINUTE. PICK UP INSPECTOR CONRAD. WE'LL TRY AND **BLUFF** CHECK INTO CONFESSING!

SHORTLY... THE D.A.-- AND CONRAD WITH HIM! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! MY CAR DISAPPEARS WITH INSTRUCTOR AND STUDENT AND NOW... **BENNY!** I'M DUCKING OUT ON TO THE ROOF! CONRAD MUST HAVE TALKED!

YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, D.A.! I'M INNOCENT!

THEN... CHIEF! SOMEBODY'S MAKING A BREAK FROM THE WINDOW!

CHECK! YOU'RE WASHED UP! BE SMART AND SURRENDER!

STOP OR I'LL FIRE, CHECK!

CHECK

CHECK DRIVING SCHOOL

"HAPPY" FREDDY CHECK'S BID FOR FREEDOM FELL SHORT BY INCHES...

HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT! I'M IN THE CLEAR!

HELL-LEP!



A DYING MAN HAS NO CAUSE TO LIE. MY SPIRITS SANK AS CHECK FORCED WORDS FROM HIS BROKEN BODY...

YOU'RE BATS... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY MISS MILLER... SHE DISAPPEARED WITH MY INSTRUCTOR... AH-H-H...

BUT HOW? HOW DID SHE DISAPPEAR, CHECK?

DEAD! AND WE CAN'T PROVE A THING AGAINST CONRAD!



HARRINGTON AND I HAD WORKED ON PLENTY OF DISAPPEARANCE CASES, BUT MISS MILLER'S VANISHING HIT HOME...

I'M CERTAIN CHECK DIDN'T KNOW MISS MILLER'S IDENTITY, HARRINGTON. SOMEBODY ELSE MUST HAVE GRABBED HER. THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE NEW DRIVER. BUT WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN -- AND WHY?



ALL THE TIME THE POOR KID WAS FLASHING US A HELP SIGNAL, TWO BLINKS OF THE LIGHT, THEN THREE. WE SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT ON!

THAT'S RIGHT, HARRINGTON. TWO BLINKS OF THE LIGHT, THEN THREE -- THEN TWO AGAIN. MAYBE THAT MEANT SOMETHING... A MESSAGE. IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR A CODE.



IT WOULD HAVE TO BE SOMETHING SHE'S FAMILIAR WITH... BY THUNDER, HARRINGTON!

POSSIBLY MISS MILLER WAS REFERRING US TO HER FILES. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT FOLDER #232!



OF COURSE, HARRINGTON. THIS TALLIES WITH THE FAKE INSTRUCTOR WHO WAS LAST SEEN WITH MISS MILLER. EVIDENTLY SHE RECOGNIZED PERRY AND RECALLED HIS FILE NUMBER!

232 232-B

RI

"SPIDER" PERRY

AGE -- 37
DESCRIPTION:
5 FT. 6"
145 LBS.
WEARS GLASSES.

WANTED FOR FORGERY,
GRAND LARCENY... THIS MAN HAS
A HABIT OF FREQUENTLY TUG
HE IS KNOWN AS A C THEN

HAVE A GENERAL ALARM PUT OUT ON PERRY IMMEDIATELY WITH FULL DESCRIPTION! NOW THAT CHECK IS DEAD, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW THIS GANG WILL DEAL WITH MISS MILLER!



RIGHT, CHIEF!



WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE HAD BEEN ALERTED AND THE FRANTIC SEARCH FOR "SPIDER" PERRY WAS ON...



IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT WHEN I RECEIVED HARRINGTON'S ENCOURAGING REPORT...

HELLO, CHIEF, I THINK WE'VE GOT THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR... BUT...

GOOD WORK, HARRINGTON. GIVE ME THE ADDRESS. I'LL BE THERE IMMEDIATELY!



MUCH TO MY DISMAY, RALPH "SPIDER" PERRY WAS IN NO CONDITION TO SHED LIGHT ON MISS MILLER'S ABDUCTION...

THE HARBOR POLICE FISHED HIM OUT OF THE RIVER THIRTY MINUTES AGO, CHIEF. LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT US TO HIM!

YES, HARRINGTON. EVIDENTLY "SPIDER" KNEW TOO MUCH TO LIVE, HE WAS THE SINGLE LINK IN THE CHAIN THAT WOULD HAVE LED US TO MISS MILLER!



IT WAS THEN THAT A QUICK OBSERVATION OF PERRY'S APPAREL RENDERED US INVALUABLE INFORMATION WHICH WAS TO SPEED US TO MISS MILLER'S RESCUE...

HARRINGTON... LOOK! PERRY'S TROUSER LEGS AND SHOES -- THEY APPEAR BLEACHED!

H-HUH? GOSH, THEY DO AT THAT, CHIEF!



"SPIDER" PERRY COULDN'T HAVE TOLD US MORE IF HE'D BEEN ALIVE, HARRINGTON. GET HOLD OF A CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY AND BRING IT TO MY CAR AT ONCE! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!

RIGHT!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



FIFTY MINUTES LATER, IN A SMALL SHACK LOCATED IN THE CITY'S FACTORY DISTRICT...

UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR STAY WITH US MUST COME TO AN END, MISS MILLER. IF WE WERE TO ALLOW YOU TO LIVE, IT WOULD BE A THREAT TO US ALL. ARE YOU READY TO LEAVE NOW, EDDIE?

ME? I'VE BEEN READY FOR HOURS. C'MON, BABY...



IT WAS THEN THAT HARRINGTON AND I LAUNCHED OUR LITTLE SURPRISE WHICH CAUGHT BIG FRANK AND HIS HOODLUM FRIENDS COMPLETELY OFF GUARD...

D.A.!

HUH..?



I'LL TAKE CARE OF BIG FRANK, HARRINGTON? KEEP AN EYE ON MISS MILLER AND THOSE TWO GUNMEN!

RIGHT, CHIEF!



AS BIG FRANK SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE PLANT GROUNDS, HE FIRED WILDLY IN MY DIRECTION...

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, D. A. I'VE GOT FOUR GUN CLIPS TO ARGUE WITH!

I DON'T THINK HE'S BLUFFING. BIG FRANK'S TYPE IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR AN EMERGENCY. I'LL HAVE TO DRAW HIS FIRE...



THEN, I FROZE IN HORROR AS I SAW BIG FRANK DART BEHIND A HUGE PILE OF YELLOW POWDER IN THE YARD...

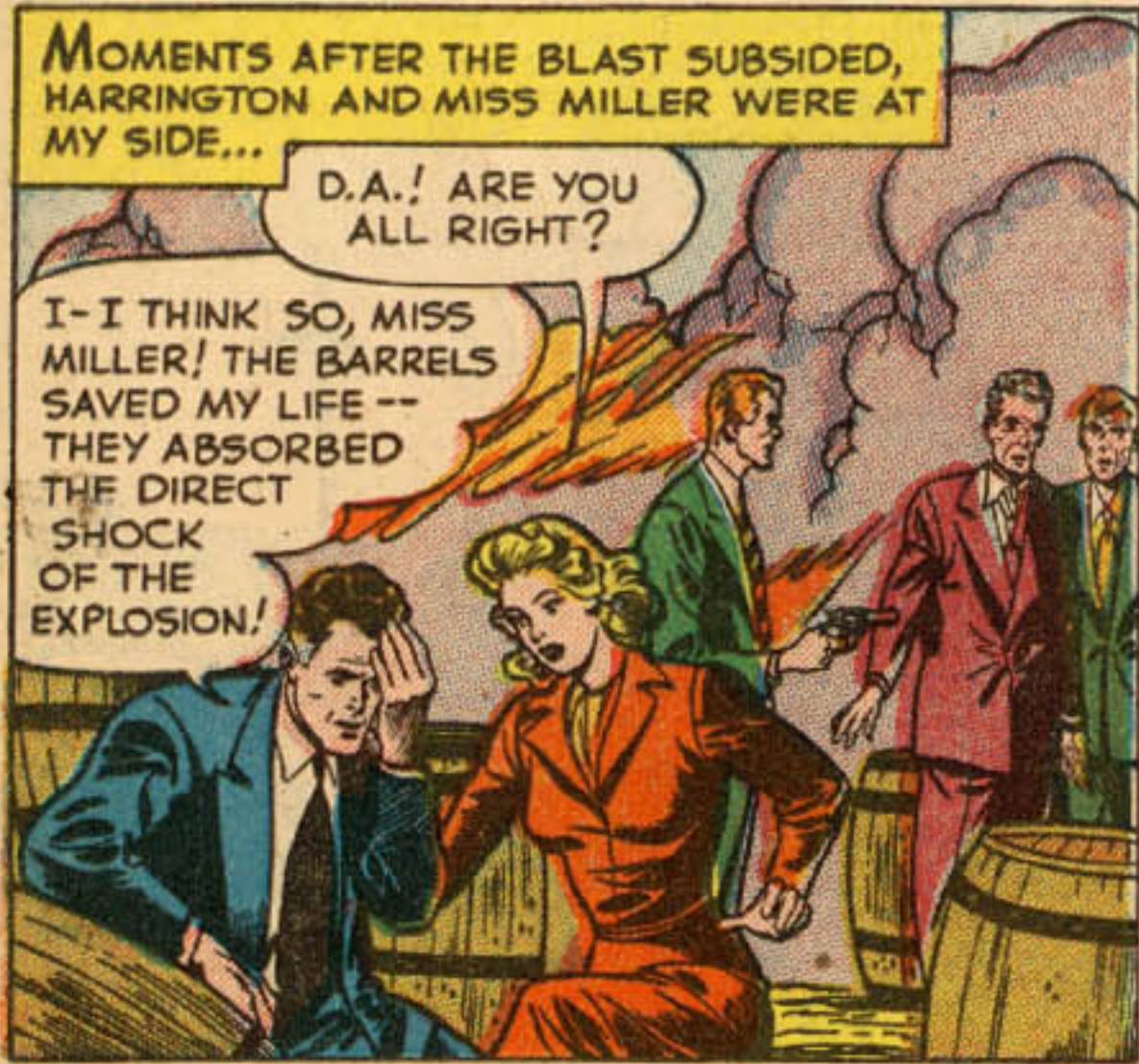
GOOD HEAVENS! IF HE SHOULD FIRE THERE... FRANK! DON'T SHOOT! YOU'LL TOUCH OFF THAT PILE OF SULPHUR!

SORRY, D.A.! I DON'T BUY THAT ONE!



AS BIG FRANK EMPTIED HIS AUTOMATIC, A GREAT EXPLOSION ROCKED THE GROUND BENEATH ME AND BLACK BILLOWS OF SMOKE FILLED THE SKY...





MOMENTS AFTER THE BLAST SUBSIDED, HARRINGTON AND MISS MILLER WERE AT MY SIDE...

D.A.! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I-I THINK SO, MISS MILLER! THE BARRELS SAVED MY LIFE -- THEY ABSORBED THE DIRECT SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION!

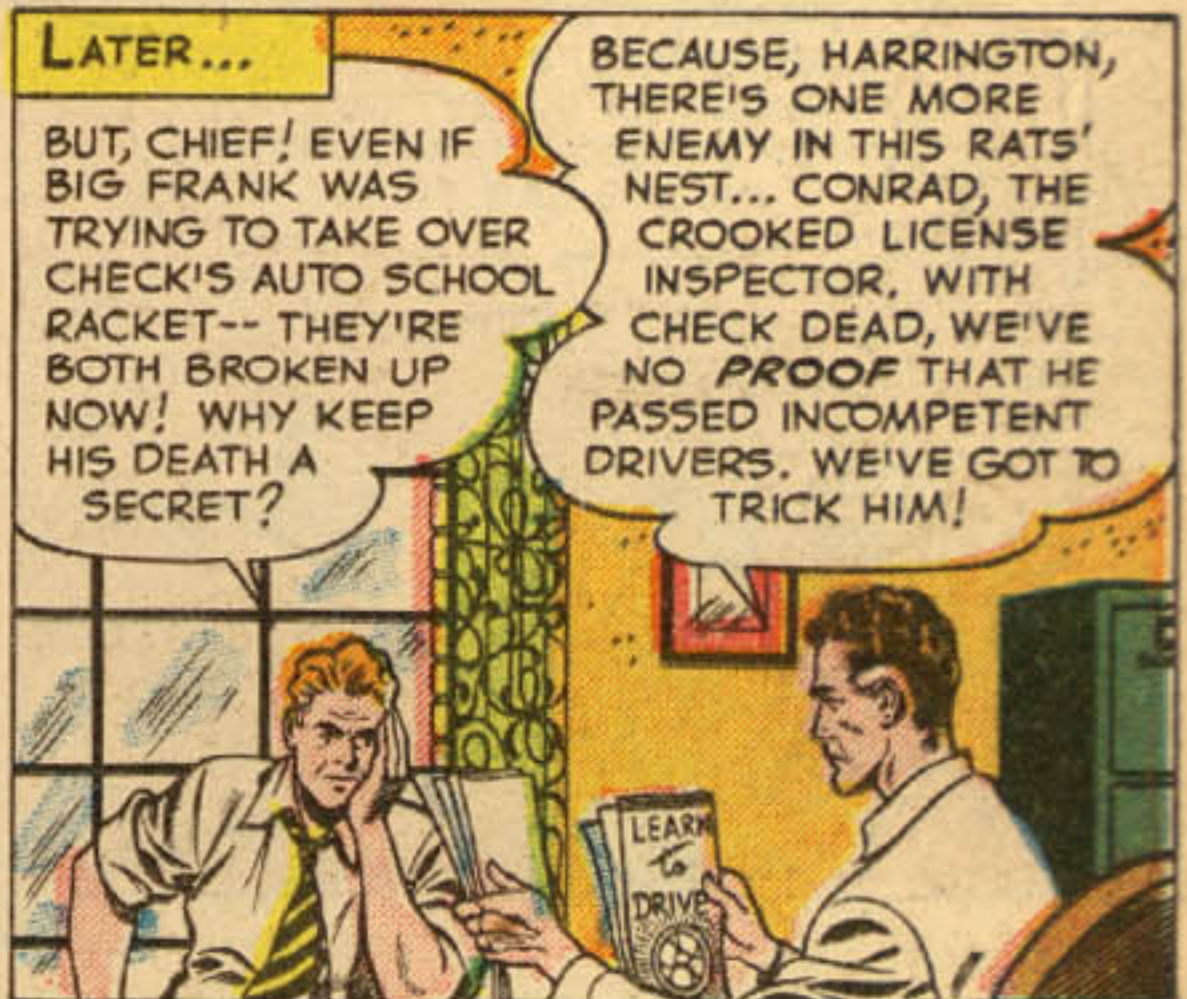


HOW ON EARTH DID YOU LEARN WHERE THEY WERE HOLDING ME, D.A.? THEY MADE SURE NO ONE WAS TRAILING THEM!

BIG FRANK'S MISTAKE WAS IN DISPOSING OF PERRY'S BODY IN THE RIVER, MISS MILLER. AN ACCUMULATION OF SULPHUR POWDER ON PERRY'S TROUSERS AND SHOES CREATED A STRONG BLEACH WHEN IT MIXED WITH WATER...



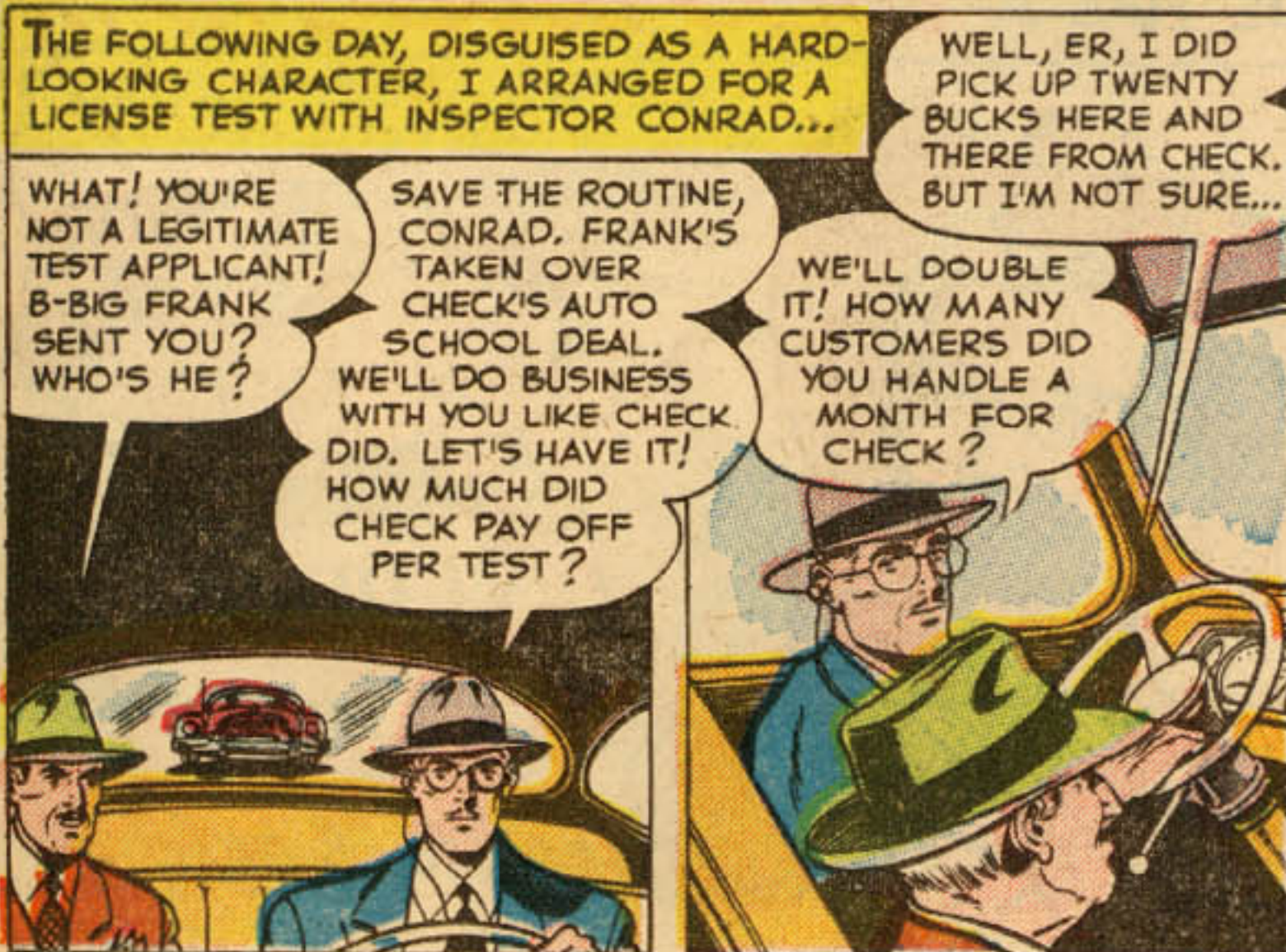
IT SUGGESTED THAT PERRY HAD BEEN ABOUT A POWERFUL BLEACHING AGENT. I REALIZED THAT THE ONLY LOCATION WHERE PILES OF THIS AGENT, SULPHUR, WERE AVAILABLE WAS THE ARROW MATCH COMPANY. FORTUNATELY, WE WERE RIGHT...



LATER...

BUT, CHIEF! EVEN IF BIG FRANK WAS TRYING TO TAKE OVER CHECK'S AUTO SCHOOL RACKET-- THEY'RE BOTH BROKEN UP NOW! WHY KEEP HIS DEATH A SECRET?

BECAUSE, HARRINGTON, THERE'S ONE MORE ENEMY IN THIS RATS' NEST... CONRAD, THE CROOKED LICENSE INSPECTOR. WITH CHECK DEAD, WE'VE NO PROOF THAT HE PASSED INCOMPETENT DRIVERS. WE'VE GOT TO TRICK HIM!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, DISGUISED AS A HARD-LOOKING CHARACTER, I ARRANGED FOR A LICENSE TEST WITH INSPECTOR CONRAD...

WHAT! YOU'RE NOT A LEGITIMATE TEST APPLICANT! B-BIG FRANK SENT YOU? WHO'S HE?

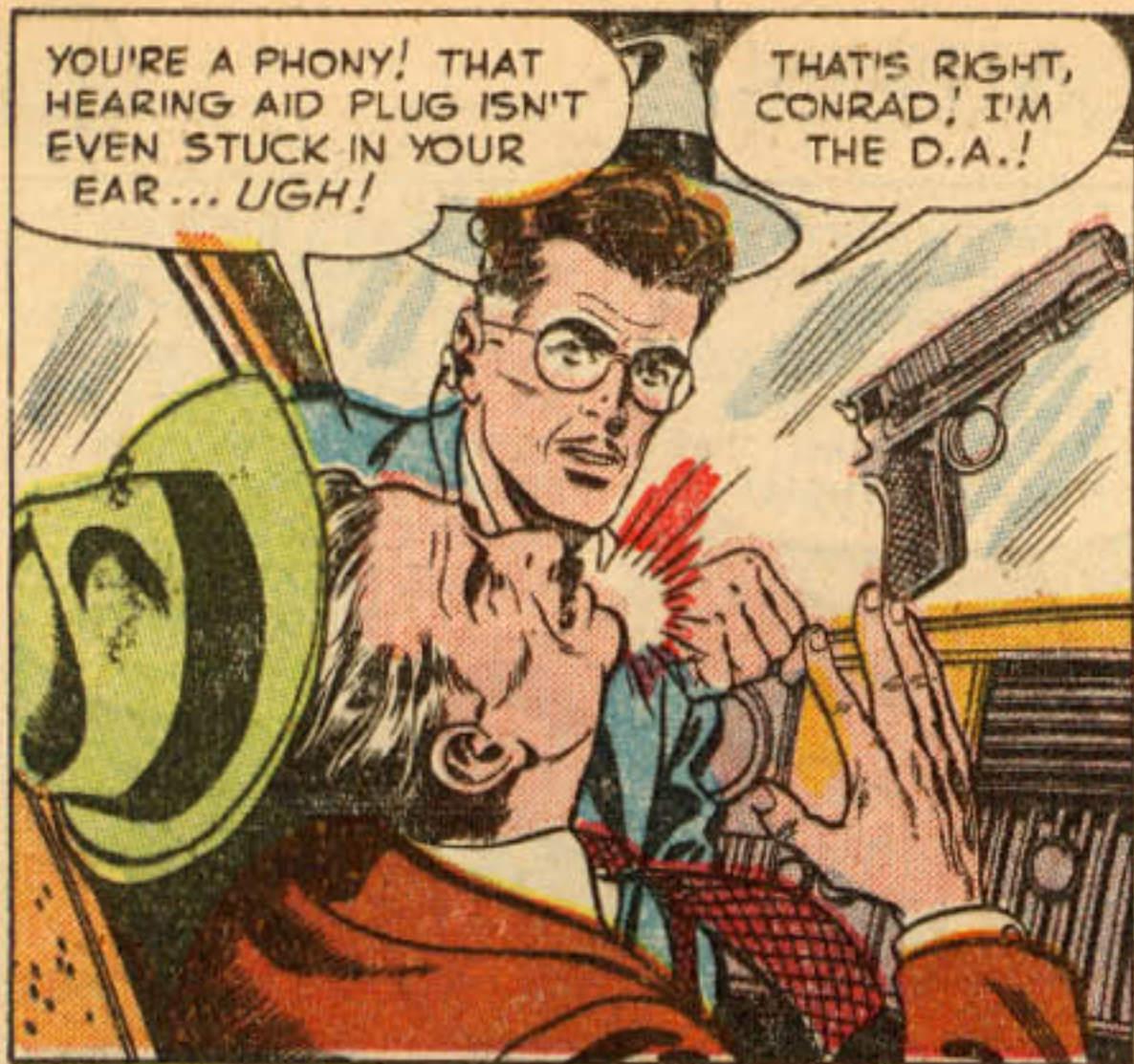
SAVE THE ROUTINE, CONRAD. FRANK'S TAKEN OVER CHECK'S AUTO SCHOOL DEAL. WE'LL DO BUSINESS WITH YOU LIKE CHECK DID. LET'S HAVE IT! HOW MUCH DID CHECK PAY OFF PER TEST?

WELL, ER, I DID PICK UP TWENTY BUCKS HERE AND THERE FROM CHECK. BUT I'M NOT SURE...

WE'LL DOUBLE IT! HOW MANY CUSTOMERS DID YOU HANDLE A MONTH FOR CHECK?

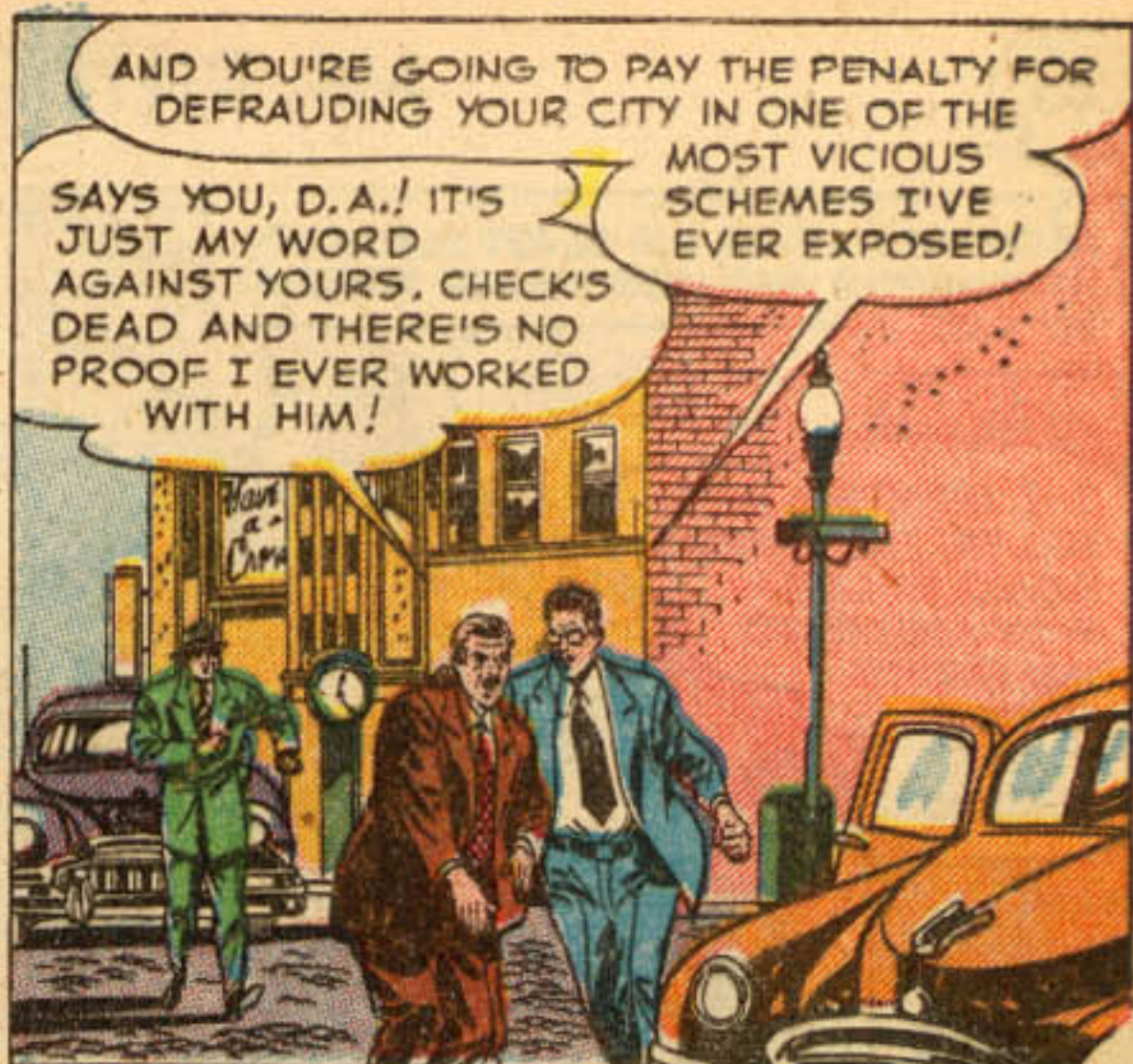


ALL RIGHT! I GOT OVER TWO HUNDRED A MONTH FOR PASSING CHECK'S DUMB CUSTOMERS. TELL BIG FRANK I'LL WANT... HEY! JUST A MINUTE! YOU'RE A FAKE!



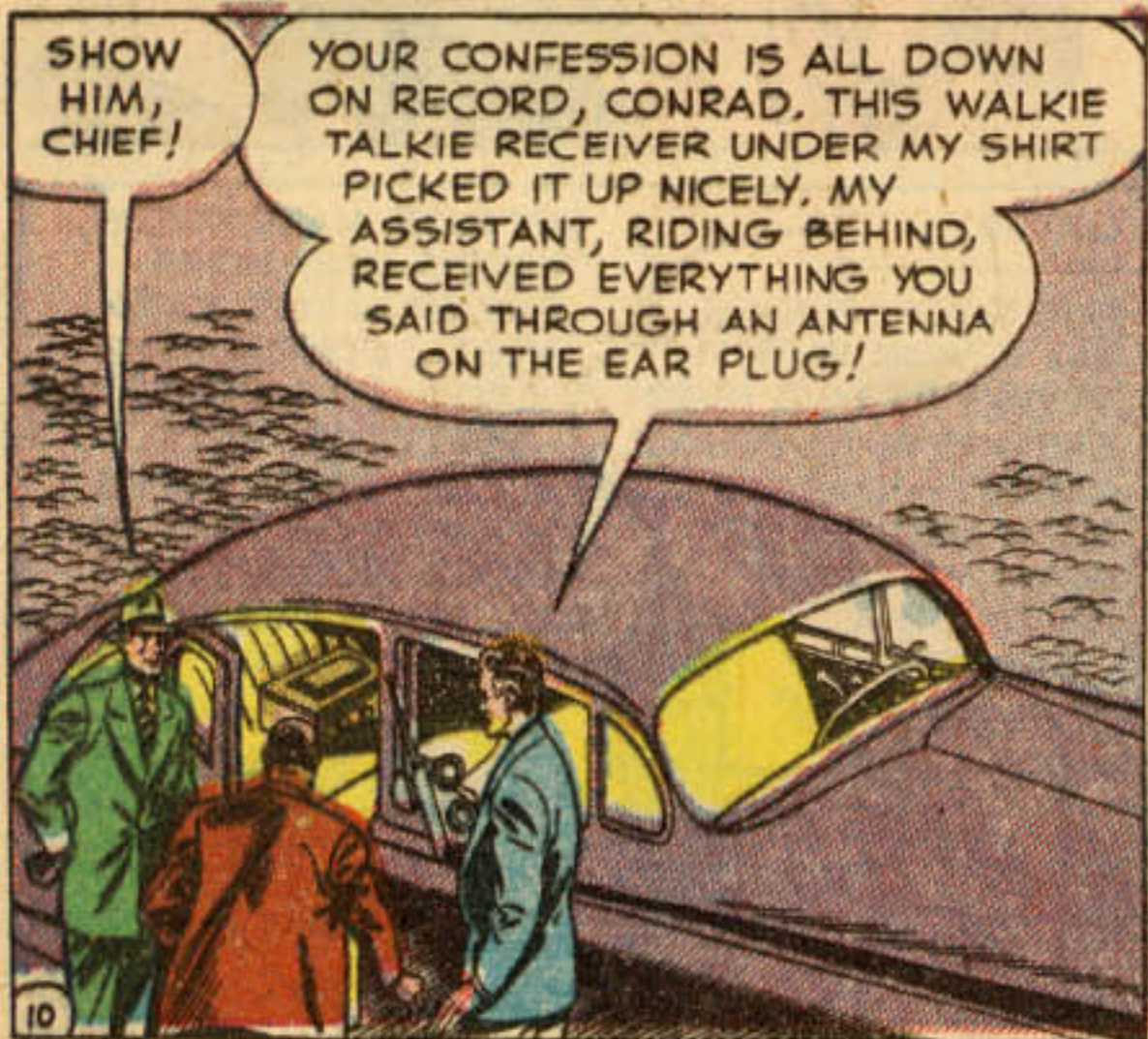
YOU'RE A PHONY! THAT HEARING AID PLUG ISN'T EVEN STUCK IN YOUR EAR... UGH!

THAT'S RIGHT, CONRAD! I'M THE D.A.!



SAYS YOU, D.A.! IT'S JUST MY WORD AGAINST YOURS. CHECK'S DEAD AND THERE'S NO PROOF I EVER WORKED WITH HIM!

MOST VICIOUS SCHEMES I'VE EVER EXPOSED!



SHOW HIM, CHIEF!

YOUR CONFESSION IS ALL DOWN ON RECORD, CONRAD. THIS WALKIE TALKIE RECEIVER UNDER MY SHIRT PICKED IT UP NICELY. MY ASSISTANT, RIDING BEHIND, RECEIVED EVERYTHING YOU SAID THROUGH AN ANTENNA ON THE EAR PLUG!



OUR CONVICTION OF CONRAD WAS SPEEDY. FORTUNATELY, MEN OF HIS ILK ARE VERY FEW. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, AUTO DEATH ACCIDENTS ARE HIGH. PLEASE REMEMBER, IF YOU BRIBE YOUR WAY TO A RIGHT TO DRIVE, DEATH RIDES AT YOUR ELBOW! YOU ARE ONLY CHEATING YOURSELF!

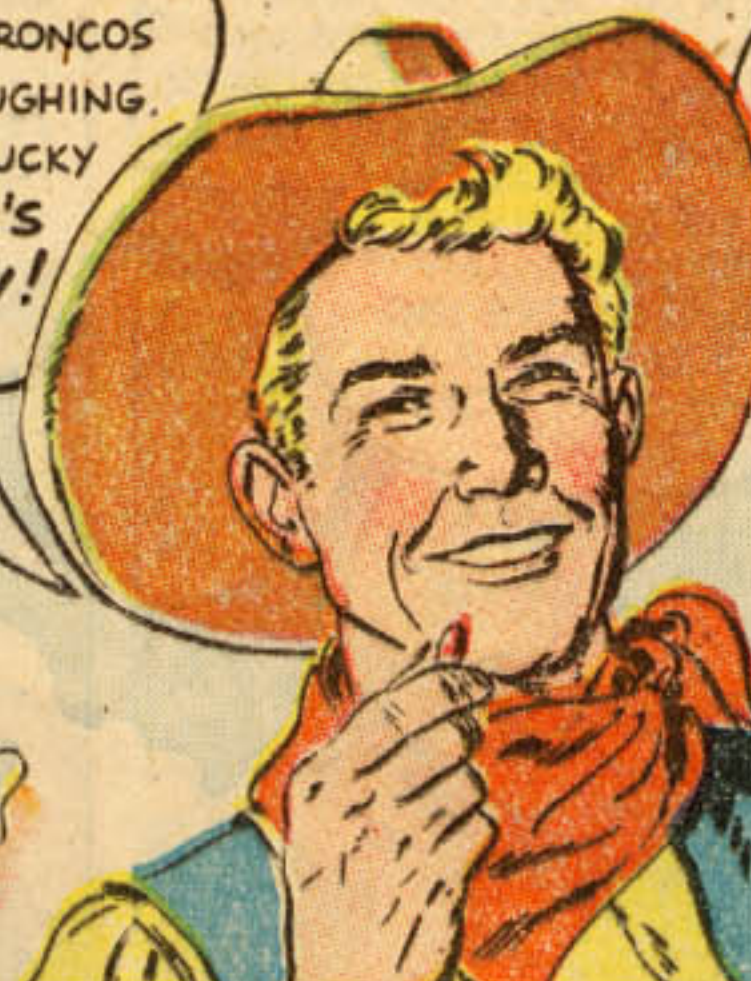
The End

ADVERTISEMENT

WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A **LUCKY LUDEN'S TIP...**



CAN'T BUST BRONCOS IF YOU'RE COUGHING. I RIDE 'EM LUCKY WITH **LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY!**



LUDEN'S TASTE DANDY - YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE JUICY CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALLOWED TO EAT **LUDEN'S** IN SCHOOL



and still only **5¢**



WHEN DOES THE RACE START?

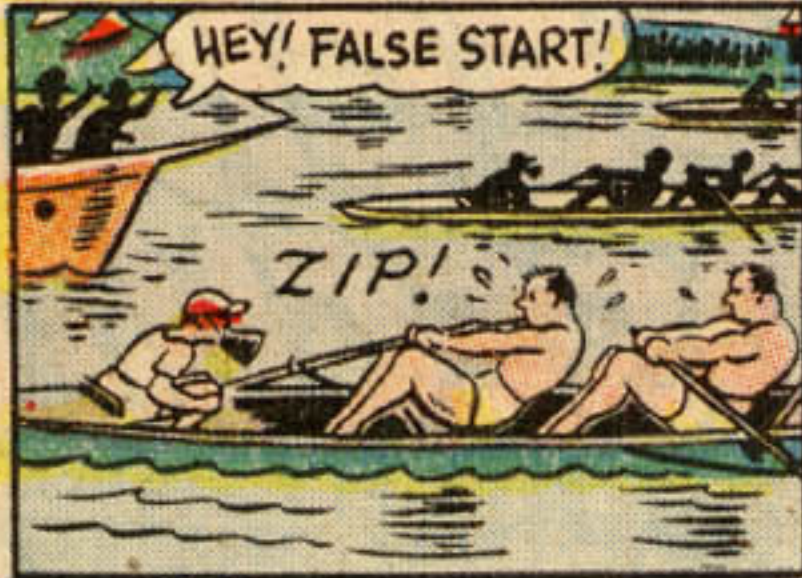
WHEN THE STARTER FIRES HIS GUN -

IT'S THE BIGGEST RACE OF THE YEAR!



THEY'RE OFF!

POP!



HEY! FALSE START!

ZIP!



I DIDN'T MEAN TO START THE RACE!

WELL YOU DID!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS BIG BUBBLES ALL RIGHT!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE MOST GUM FUN OF ALL!

EVERY PACKAGE HAS FUNNIES, FORTUNES & FACTS!

IT'S THE BIGGEST PENNY VALUE IN THE WORLD!

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.



CRIME PUNISHMENT!

CURSES WERE CONSIDERED IN ANCIENT TIMES AN IMPORTANT FORM OF PUNISHMENT! MAGICAL INCANTATIONS WERE MADE TO PRODUCE DESIRED EVIL RESULTS AGAINST ONE FOR WHOM RESENTMENT WAS FELT!

THE USE OF THE OATH IN OUR PENAL SYSTEM IS A SURVIVAL OF THE PRACTICE OF PUNISHMENT BY CURSING! IN EFFECT, THE SWEARER ACKNOWLEDGES THAT LYING WILL INCUR THE DEITY'S WRATH!

PUBLIC RIDICULE IS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT USED BY THE ESKIMO! THE INJURED PARTY SINGS HIS GRIEVANCES AGAINST THE OFFENDER TO A PUBLIC GATHERING. IN ORDER TO SHAME THE EVIL-DOER! AFTER THE OFFENDER ANSWERS LIKEWISE, THE AUDIENCE JUDGES THE CASE BY ITS APPROVAL OR DISAPPROVAL!

FEAR OF RIDICULE IS SAID TO BE SO STRONG AMONG THE WINNEBAGO INDIANS, THAT MEN WILL COMMIT SUICIDE RATHER THAN SUBMIT TO IT!





SOMETIMES, CRIME SO OVERWHELMS A CITY THAT LOCAL POLICE ARE HELPLESS AGAINST ORGANIZED VIOLENCE. WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THE GOVERNOR APPOINTS A SPECIAL PROSECUTOR WHO JOINS FORCES WITH THE LOCAL POLICE. THIS MAN IS UNIQUE IN THAT HE IS NOT ONLY A CRIMINAL LAWYER BUT AN EXPERT DETECTIVE, AS WELL. HOW HE COMBINES THESE SKILLS IS EXCITINGLY TOLD IN THIS FACT-FILE STORY OF ONE SUCH ...

"SPECIAL PROSECUTOR!"



IN THE FALL OF 1949, A FAMILIAR SCENE OCCURS IN CALDWELL...

WELL, CHIEF, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ANOTHER FIRE ON OUR HANDS!

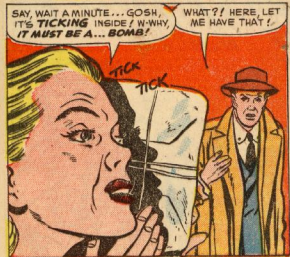
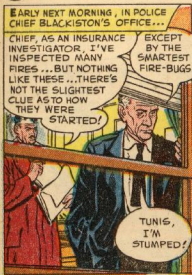
THE THIRD ONE THIS MONTH, COMMISSIONER!

AND WHILE EXAMINING THE CHARRED REMAINS...

ANYTHING YOU CAN PUT YOUR FINGER ON TO GIVE YOU A CLUE?

NOT A THING ... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! MAYBE JIM TUNIS WILL BE OF HELP!





WATER IS EXACTLY WHAT I'D BEEN EXPECTED TO SOAK THIS IN, BECAUSE WATER IS AN ELECTRICAL CONDUCTOR AND INCREASES BOMB DAMAGE! GASOLINE IS A GREASE SOLVENT AND VERY EFFECTIVE IN DAMPENING A DYNAMITE CHARGE!

GOSH, I THOUGHT WATER WAS THE BEST THING TO USE!

LOOKS LIKE THOSE FIREBUGS RESPECT YOU, MR. HANDING, OR THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO GET RID OF YOU!

FOLLOWING THIS, MARK HANDING WENT TO WORK ...

DID YOU FIND OUT THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF ALL THOSE PLANTS THAT WERE DESTROYED?

WE TRIED TO, BUT THEIR RECORDS WENT UP IN SMOKE, TOO!

AND LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

ACCORDING TO YOUR RECORDS, EVERYONE OF THOSE FIRES OCCURRED IN A MANUFACTURING PLANT ... AFTER WORKING HOURS!

THAT'S RIGHT... AND IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT TIES THOSE FIRES TOGETHER!

THEN, ABRUPTLY, ON OCT. 18th ...

THAT'S THE LITTLETON MACHINE WORKS, MARK! THE OWNERS ARE DOWN IN FLORIDA!

SEEMS TO FOLLOW A PATTERN, DOESN'T IT, CHIEF? OWNERS WHERE THEY CAN'T BE SUSPECTED, WHILE PROFESSIONALS DO THE DIRTY WORK!

YOU'RE A SPECIAL PROSECUTOR, AREN'T YOU? WELL, SIR, I'VE A COMPLAINT. THE INSURANCE COMPANY WON'T RENEW MY POLICY...

...SAYS ANY BUSINESS IN CALDWELL IS TOO RISKY. SAME THING'S HAPPENED TO ME. SAYS WE'RE ONE BIG FIRE TRAP!

OH, MR. HANDING! THE GOVERNOR IS ON THE PHONE. WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. SOMETHING ABOUT BUSINESS PEOPLE IN CALDWELL PROTESTING BECAUSE THEY CAN'T GET ANY MORE INSURANCE!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



BUT MARK HANDING DIDN'T PANIC. HE STILL WORKED COOLLY AND METHODICALLY, EVEN WHEN BLAZING DISASTER STRUCK AGAIN THAT VERY NIGHT...

NOW WHAT'S A BULLET DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS? WHEN WAS THIS PLACE INSPECTED, CHIEF?

LET ME SEE. HERE IT IS. GOT A COMPLETE CHECK SEPTEMBER 15... EVERYTHING OKAY... SPRINKLER SYSTEM, BUCKETS ALL FILLED. WITH WATER...



CHIEF, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A COMPLETE LIST OF EVERY MANUFACTURING PLANT IN THIS CITY!

THAT'S EASY... WHAT WITH SIX COMPLETELY BURNED DOWN, THERE ARE ONLY 21 LEFT!



MARK HANDING THEN SENT OUT GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTANTS POSING AS TAX MEN, WHO EXAMINED THE BOOKS OF EVERY PLANT IN CALDWELL. THEN, TWO WEEKS LATER CAME A REPORT...

ASSIGNING ASSISTANTS TO COVER THE OTHER PLANTS, HANDING VISITED THE LOCKER MACHINE TOOL COMPANY HIMSELF...

I KNOW... THAT'S WHY I WAS WONDERING WHAT ALL THESE BUCKETS OF WATER ARE DOING HERE?

WOULDN'T KNOW, I'M ONLY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN... SAY, I WOULDN'T DRINK THAT WATER... IT AIN'T EXACTLY CLEAN!

ACCORDING TO OUR FINDINGS, MR. HANDING, SEVEN BUSINESSES ARE VERY SHAKY FINANCIALLY!

AND THEREFORE, SUSPICIOUS, I'LL START OFF WITH THE BIGGEST AND SHAKIEST!

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE SHAVINGS DOING ON THE FLOOR?

THEY'RE ONLY ALUMINUM SHAVINGS... THEY COULDN'T BURN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT!



SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW IF THAT TENEMENT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET IS OCCUPIED, WOULD YOU?

GUESS SO... CAN'T SAY FOR SURE!



WELL, EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY HERE... SEE YOU AROUND!

THAT WATER HAD AN IODINE TASTE TO IT... AND THAT BULLET I FOUND ON THAT OTHER JOB WAS NEAR A WINDOW, TOO!



AND AT THE TENEMENT ACROSS THE STREET...

...YEAH, THERE'S A NEW TENANT LIVING UPSTAIRS... JUST MOVED IN A WEEK AGO... BUT HE ISN'T IN RIGHT NOW... I SAW HIM GO OUT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!

THANK YOU, I'LL WAIT UP THERE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!



GLANCING AROUND THE UPSTAIRS FLAT...

JUST AS I FIGURED... A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE TO GO WITH THAT BULLET I FOUND... AND A STRAIGHT SHOOTING LINE TO THAT FACTORY WINDOW! NOW TO PLAY POSSUM!



THEN, AT MIDNIGHT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? SURPRISED THAT IT DIDN'T FIRE? I UNLOADED IT... AND THE SHELLS CHECK WITH ONE I FOUND AT ANOTHER BLAZE! **GET 'EM UP!**



HERE'S YOUR FIREBUG, CHIEF... ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS SHOOT INTO THE WATER BUCKETS, WHICH CONTAINED IODINE CRYSTALS! WHEN THE WATER SPILLED ONTO THE ALUMINUM SHAVINGS, THEY IGNITED LIKE GASOLINE!

SO YOU'RE THE HOOD WHO'S BEHIND ALL THESE FIRES IN TOWN! YOU TRIED TO MURDER THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR!

I WAS ORDERED TO... BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT BY WHOM!



ABRUPTLY...

\$200 IN YOUR WALLET! THAT'S A LOT OF CABBAGE FOR A CHEAP CROOK LIKE YOU TO BE CARRYING AROUND! HERE, YOU CAN KEEP YOUR SMALL CHANGE!



STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



NO CHIEF... DON'T!

DARTING DOWN THE STREET... THE FIREBUG SLIPPED INTO KEENE'S DRUG STORE...

OPERATOR, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO ANSWER! KEEP RINGIN'!

I'M DOING THAT, SIR!

THEN...

... BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO BREAK AWAY FROM THEM?

I JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW! BUT, BOSS, I GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN... AND THEY TOOK ALL MY MONEY... ALL THEY LEFT ME WAS SOME SMALL CHANGE!

LUCKY THEY LEFT YOU THAT OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CALL ME! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE... I'LL GET SOME MONEY OUT OF MY SAFE AND DRIVE OVER IN MY CAR!

ER...WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE'RE ARRESTING YOU ON SUSPICION OF ARSON AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR!

AT THE SAME TIME...

B-BUT...H-HOW DID YOU...?

THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR HAD TO FIND OUT WHO WAS RUNNING THIS FIRE INSURANCE SWINDLE... SO HE LEFT YOU SOME COINS, EXPECTING YOU'D CALL YOUR BOSS!

THEN WE LET YOU ESCAPE... AFTER I HAD THE PHONE COMPANY TAP ALL PHONE BOOTHS WITHIN A 10-BLOCK RADIUS OF HEADQUARTERS... THE OPERATOR STALLED YOUR CALL, GIVING OUR BOYS PLENTY OF TIME TO NAB YOUR BOSS!

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU FELLOWS ARE CALLED **SPECIAL PROSECUTORS!** **SPECIAL**, IS RIGHT!

THE END

BEWARE *the* RACKETS

"LIFE OF AN AMOEBEA": THE LAST COPY I HAVE LEFT... WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY IT, SIR? ONLY \$2!



THE TRAIN "BUTCHER" APPROACHES YOU WITH AN ITEM DIFFICULT TO SELL, JUST BEFORE THE TRAIN IS TO RESUME ITS TRIP! HE CAME ABOARD AS THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION!

THERE'S A \$5 BILL HANGING OUT OF THE BOOK, WHICH SOMEONE'S USED AS A BOOKMARK... BUY THE BOOK!



BAIT... IN THE FORM OF A \$5 BILL, IS BEING EXTENDING FROM THE SIDE OF THE BOOK! THE BAIT IS USUALLY TAKEN BY THE VICTIM, WHO IS THINKING OF A NICE \$3 PROFIT!

I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF A \$5 BILL; AND BY THE LOOKS OF THIS BOOK, IT'S NOT WORTH ANY MORE THAN 50¢!



AFTER SELLING THE BOOK FOR \$2, THE AGENT HANDS VICTIM THE BOOK... THE \$5 BILL, ATTACHED TO HIS FINGER, IS DEFTLY WITHDRAWN AND HE LEAVES THE TRAIN AS IT PULLS OUT OF STATION!

BE ALERT!

Editorial Advisory Board

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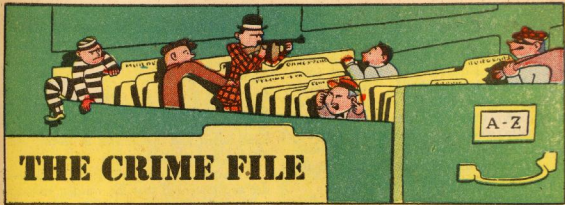


Presented by McKesson & Robbins

...the American Family's favorite daughter

See your local paper for time and channel

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY



WEAPON WIZARD

Back in the '20s, David Marshall Williams found it difficult to provide for his family on his weekly wages in Godwin, North Carolina, and in desperation he began to distill "moonshine." One day, police raided his still, and in the melee a deputy sheriff was killed. In the subsequent trial, the prosecution couldn't prove to the satisfaction of the jury that Williams had fired the fatal shot, and the case was declared a mistrial. During the second trial, Williams pleaded guilty to second-degree murder, rather than risk the possibility of being found guilty and condemned to death.

As soon as he had begun to serve a 30-year sentence, he turned to his hobby, gun-making, in his leisure time. The designs he drew on paper soon caught the eye of the warden, who provided him with the parts to make an experimental rifle. The floating chamber principle and the short-stroke piston, which he patented while in jail, were two revolutionary changes in gun-making.

Prison guards, allowed to test his rifle on the firing range, turned in glowing reports, and when newspapers investigated the case, the possibility of Williams' innocence led to a full pardon in 1929.

Shortly after, he went to work for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., which had been greatly impressed by Williams' wizardry with weapons. His floating chamber principle and short-stroke piston experiments were refined, the latter adapted to the uses of the carbine, extensively used later in World War II.

It is noteworthy to point out how guns influenced Williams' life. A gun caused him to go to prison, and a gun brought him his re-

lease and eventual success in the business world, where today he holds about 100 patents on firearms.

Hollywood was so impressed by a recent magazine article about Williams' fate and fortune that a studio bought the rights to film it. Sometime this coming summer, David Marshall Williams' life will blaze across the screen of your local movie theatre.

MURDER, MURDER EVERYWHERE

Murder happens in the strangest places. We've already had three recently published books—"Murder in the Circus," "Murder in the Opera," and "Murder on the Third Base Line." "Murder in the Cathedral" is a well-known play by T. S. Eliot. And shortly book-stalls will be offering a new book, entitled "Bullet in the Ballet."

IT'S A GIFT?

Think twice before accepting giveaways—merchandise or cash—on radio, television or stage programs. Uncle Sam's Treasury Dept. is now tagging all gifts with a price and demanding that the recipient pay an income tax.

The same rule applies to cash prizes. In some parts of the country, T-Men monitor the giveaway shows on the air, and maintain a list of all winners. Comes income tax-time, they consult their columns of names, and woe to the winner who withholds on his declaration.

Offenders are not classified as tax dodgers but as unwitting violators, because the Treasury Dept. doesn't want to prosecute for fraud but merely wants its share of the free revenue.

CRIME RING

A new two-way radio for a police automobile has just replaced the bell which summoned police in Kenova, W. Va. Criminals are now unaware of the law en route to apprehend them in the act of committing their crime. Previously, whenever trouble occurred, police were called by tolling a bell in the town's tower, a tradition that went as far back as the American Revolution.

It was customary for the patrolman to dash to City Hall, where he was acquainted with the complaint, then race to the scene of the crime to arrest the culprit. However, on hearing the bell, crooks made a swift departure. The new two-way police radio has produced a 100 per cent law enforcement record in Kenova.

SCALES OF JUSTICE

Some years ago, after a checkered career in the east, Otis Fontaine hied westward to resume his unscrupulous activities. Soon after, having wormed himself into the confidence of a hardware manufacturer by the name of Frank Eldridge, he toured California with him. One day, he appeared at the teller's cage in a San Francisco bank, and withdrew all of Eldridge's deposits after submitting a withdrawal slip with Eldridge's signature. For several months, relatives of Eldridge, who was a bachelor, heard nothing from him, and when they became fully alarmed that harm might have been done to him, they reported his disappearance to the police.

Fontaine was taken into custody on suspicion. Under questioning, he readily admitted that he had forged Eldridge's signature to the bank slip, but he yielded no further information. Eldridge's disappearance was as much a mystery to him as it was to the law, for, he claimed, the former hardware manufacturer vanished from their hotel in Oakland.

Fontaine was held in jail, awaiting trial for forgery. That night, he overheard the warden tell the guard that veracity of Fontaine's story would soon be checked. A record of his weight would be kept, and if he were guilty of having murdered Eldridge and hidden or destroyed his body, as they suspected, he would lose one

pound every 24 hours, because guilt caused a man to worry.

That first week, Fontaine was weighed every night, and after he noted that he had lost seven pounds in as many days, Fontaine broke down and confessed. Yes, he had slain his erstwhile benefactor, Frank Eldridge, for his bank hoard and investments in stocks, which yielded profitable dividends.

It wasn't until after he'd been tried for murder and sentenced that the warden visited his cell in Death Row. Fontaine listened patiently, then fainted dead away when the warden finished telling him how he had rigged the scales every day, prior to weighing Fontaine, to make him lighter, and thus trick him to confess.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

NEW YORK CITY: Robbed of his night's collection of \$7, a cabbie was ordered by a holdup man to ride him around for awhile in Central Park. The thief promptly dozed off, and when he awoke, some hours later, it was at the insistence of several policeman from the East 51st Street Station!

In SPRING LAKE, MICH., an inhabitant found his 1947 Chevrolet missing, a 1937 Buick in its place. . . . A KANSAS CITY police radio dispatcher, discussing the theft of a Studebaker with a housewife on the telephone, thought the voice sounded familiar. He finally recognized it; it was his wife reporting the theft of his automobile. . . . A BRONX, N. Y., car owner reported the piecemeal theft of his sedan. One Sunday, the radio and generator were missing, then day by day thereafter more of the car vanished, until only the stripped chassis remained. While he was informing the police at a local precinct, the chassis was stolen, too!

PASSAIC, N. J.: A printed little piece of paper accompanies each marriage license sold by the city. Newlyweds-to-be receive the best wishes of the city, and some advice on their forthcoming wedding party:

"Please do not mar so beautiful an event by a street parade with the continuous automobile horn tooting . . . which is a violation of the anti-noise ordinance passed . . . August 10, 1945."



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



CAESAR TORROW!
SHADES OF THE ROARING
TWENTIES! HE'S
COME BACK!

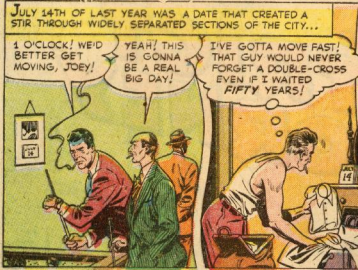


YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THOSE OF US WHO DEAL IN LAW ENFORCEMENT CAN NEVER FORGET THE WILD REIGN OF CRIME IN THE "ROARING TWENTIES". THAT ERA OF VIOLENCE CUT A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN WOUND IN OUR PRIDE THAT HEALED SLOWLY, PERHAPS, THEN, YOU CAN UNDERSTAND MY CONCERN WHEN NOT MANY MONTHS AGO I FOUND MYSELF IN HEADLONG CONFLICT WITH A LIVING SYMBOL OF THAT BLACK PERIOD, A MAN WHO ATTEMPTED TO RECREATE THE BRUTAL GANG WARS OF YESTERDAY... WHICH I REFER TO AS...



The **CRIMES of CAESAR TORROW!**



JULY 14TH OF LAST YEAR WAS A DATE THAT CREATED A STIR THROUGH WIDELY SEPARATED SECTIONS OF THE CITY...

1 O'CLOCK! WE'D BETTER GET MOVING, JOEY!

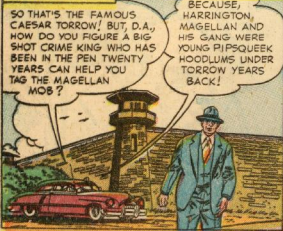
YEAH! THIS IS GONNA BE A REAL BIG DAY!

I'VE GOTTA MOVE FAST! THAT GUY WOULD NEVER FORGET A DOUBLE-CROSS EVEN IF I WAITED FIFTY YEARS!



I'M SORRY, COMMISSIONER. THE D. A. IS ON AN URGENT ASSIGNMENT. I DON'T EXPECT HIM IN ALL DAY.

AT 2 P.M. HARRINGTON AND I WERE PARKED ON A SIDE ROAD NEAR STATE PRISON. THE WHEELS BEGAN TO TURN ON THE MOST IMPORTANT CASE OF THE YEAR...



SO THAT'S THE FAMOUS CAESAR TORROW! BUT, D.A., HOW DO YOU FIGURE A BIG SHOT CRIME KING WHO HAS BEEN IN THE PEN TWENTY YEARS CAN HELP YOU TAG THE MAGELLAN MOB?

BECAUSE, HARRINGTON, MAGELLAN AND HIS GANG WERE YOUNG PIPSQUEEK HOODLUMS UNDER TORROW YEARS BACK!

CAESAR TORROW WAS THE BIGGEST GANG LEADER OF HIS ERA IN THE TWENTIES. HE RAN THOSE MEN. PERHAPS WE CAN USE HIM AS A WEDGE TO LEARN WHETHER THEY ACTUALLY ARE BEHIND THE CRIMES OF WHICH WE SUSPECT THEM!



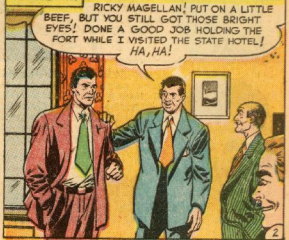
WE FOLLOWED TORROW'S PICK-UP CAR TO A BUILDING DOWNTOWN...



HA, HA, HA! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES! WE'LL PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF, JOEY! GET ME SOME DOLLAR CIGARS AND TURKEY SANDWICHES-- JUST LIKE YOU USED TO, KID!

SURE, BOSS! BUT MAGELLAN'S GOT 'EM INSIDE WAITING FOR YOU!

WHEN "BOSS" TORROW MET HIS FORMER UNDERLING, MAGELLAN...

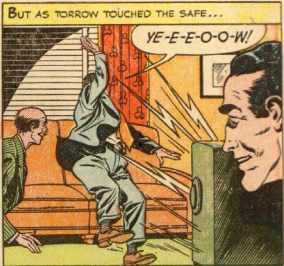


RICKY MAGELLAN! PUT ON A LITTLE BEEF, BUT YOU STILL GOT THOSE BRIGHT EYES! DONE A GOOD JOB HOLDING THE FORT WHILE I VISITED THE STATE HOTEL! HA, HA!



BUT NOW TO BUSINESS! FIRST THING, I WANT SOME GREEN STUFF! I SUPPOSE THAT HUNDRED GRAND I LEFT YOU BOYS IS CLOSE TO A MILLION NOW, EH?

JUST ABOUT... BOSS! HELP YOURSELF --



BUT AS TORROW TOUCHED THE SAFE...

YE-E-E-O-O-W!



AW, BOSS, I'M SORRY. I FORGOT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE SWITCH THAT SHUTS OFF THE ELECTRICITY. IT'S JUST ONE OF OUR MODERN TRICKS TO SAFEGUARD THE CASH!

OF ALL THE BLASTED... JOEY! GET ME THOSE CIGARS AND SOME NEW DUDS!



BOSS, YOUR SHOES ARE ALL DIRTY. I'LL SHINE 'EM UP FIRST!

MAKE IT FAST! NOW, BOYS, I'VE GOT A LITTLE SKETCH I FIGURED OUT HERE FOR A REAL SMOOTH JOB. GOT THE INFO FROM A PAL IN STIR!



PUT YOUR SANDWICH BAG AWAY, GRAMP! WE HANDLE ALL OUR WORK FROM PROFESSIONAL DIAGRAMS NOW! THE NEW WAY -- LIKE THIS REPRODUCTION OF THE BOYLSTON BANK INTERIOR!

HUH? YOU GETTING SASSY, MAGELLAN?



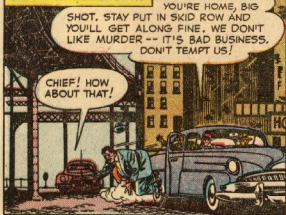
DON'T HAND ME ANY LIP OR ... OOF! WHO TIED MY SHOE LACES TOGETHER?

HAW, HAW, HAW! WHAT A GAG!

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN TORROW EMERGED WITH HIS OLD PALS. THEY DROVE DOWNTOWN TO SKID ROW AND HARRINGTON AND I GOT THE SHOCK OF OUR LIVES...

YOU'RE HOME, BIG SHOT. STAY PUT IN SKID ROW AND YOU'LL GET ALONG FINE. WE DON'T LIKE MURDER -- IT'S BAD BUSINESS. DON'T TEMPT US!

CHIEF! HOW ABOUT THAT!



ALL THEM YEARS I WAITED ON YOU LIKE A FRIGHTENED PUNK. REMEMBER, TORROW? I DREAMED OF THIS DAY...

SHUT UP, JOEY. THERE'S A *C* NOTE, TORROW. THAT'LL KEEP YOU GOING! YOU CAN GET A JOB... MAYBE TELLING CRIME STORIES TO THE TOURISTS!



NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING -- CRIME KING TORROW GETTING THE BUM'S RUSH!

YES, EVIDENTLY THE LION'S CLAWS HAVE BEEN PULLED. HARRINGTON, SEE THAT A PHONE TAP IS PUT ON THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS! AT LEAST WE DISCOVERED THAT MUCH THROUGH TORROW!



BUT I WAS MISTAKEN. TORROW'S CLAWS WERE STILL RAZOR-SHARP. A FEW DAYS LATER...

FUNNY THING, D.A., HAVEN'T HEARD OF A HOOD GETTING IT IN CEMENT SINCE THE TWENTIES!

ROD POWERS OF THE MAGELLAN GANG, YES, ENCASING THE VICTIM'S FEET IN A BLOCK OF CEMENT IS AN OLD-STYLE METHOD OF KILLING, OFFICER, AND I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT BE JUST THE BEGINNING. WE'RE WITNESSING THE START OF A REVENGE CAMPAIGN BY A DEPOSED CRIME KING!



POWERS' DEATH DEFINITELY APPEARED TO BE THE WORK OF TORROW. WE LATER LEARNED OF THE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY RICKY MAGELLAN...

I KNOW TORROW'S STYLE. THE FIEND WAS A MASTER AT KILLING AN ENEMY, DESPITE BODYGUARDS OR PROTECTION. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. EACH OF MY MEN MUST BE COVERED ON BOTH SIDES... SO. GOT IT?

SURE, RICKY. HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



THE VERY NEXT EVENING, A WARY MAGELLAN HOOD STEPPED INTO A \$40,000 ARMORED CAR...

MAGELLAN SURE IS PLAYING SMART. AN ARTILLERY SHELL COULDN'T GO THROUGH THAT ARMOR PLATE... YOU'RE SAFE THERE!

HEY! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE STARTER BUTTON! WHAT'S THAT WHINING NOISE?



SUDDENLY, THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF THE MACHINE WAS SHATTERED TO FRAGMENTS AS...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, "BIMMY" TRAVERS, A MEMBER OF THE MAGELLAN MOB, WAS ESCORTED HOME TO HIS NEW APARTMENT...

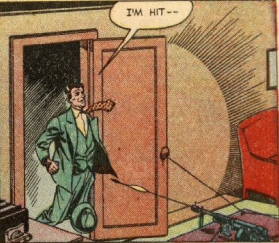
REST EASY, BIMMY. TORMOW WAS JUST LUCKY BEFORE, GET A NIGHT'S SLEEP-- WE'LL PICK YOU UP IN THE MORNING!

YEAH! BUT THAT GUY COULD NEVER BE STOPPED THIRTY YEARS AGO-- AND HE'S JUST AS BAD NOW. G'NITE!



AS "BIMMY" STEPPED THROUGH HIS DOORWAY...

I'M HIT--



MY DEPARTMENT WAS DESPERATE, A KILLER OF YESTERYEAR WAS SPREADING HIS VICIOUS VENGEANCE THROUGH MODERN-CITY STREETS...

TORMOW'S CLEVER--NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. ATTACHING HIS HOMEMADE BOMB TO THE CAR'S GENERATOR ENABLED HIM TO BLOW IN THE ONLY UNARMORED PART OF THE CAR TO GET HIS MAN, AND GAINING ACCESS TO A MODERN, NEW APARTMENT TAKES SKILL!

I'VE GOT TODAY'S RECORD OF PHONE CONVERSATIONS AT MAGELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS. LET'S SEE HOW HE'S TAKING IT!



FOR TWENTY MINUTES I LISTENED TO UNIMPORTANT PHONE DISCUSSIONS-- THEN, A CALL TO DETROIT SNAPPED ME TO ATTENTION...

YOU GOT MY LETTER, CROWLY. HOW ABOUT IT? I'LL PAY FIVE GRAND. YOU'RE THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB.

HARRINGTON! THAT CALL'S TO "COUGH COUGH" CROWLY-- A NOTORIOUS HIRED KILLER FROM DETROIT. OF COURSE! MAGELLAN IS TOO SMART TO COMMIT MURDER HIMSELF. THIS COULD BE OUR BREAK!



WITH THE AID OF DETROIT OFFICIALS WE WERE ABLE TO APPREHEND CROWLY ON THE "LIMITED" BEFORE HE REACHED CITY TERMINAL...

YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY... ('COUGH) ('COUGH) MAGELLAN AND HIS BOYS WILL SPOT THE SWITCH SURE!

WE KNOW THEY HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR YEARS, CROWLY, WITH A FALSE NOSE AND A HAIR DYE, THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE OF PASSING AS YOUR DOUBLE. ANYWAY, IT'S A GAMBLE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE. WE'RE HOLDING YOU ON SUSPICION!



I WAS ACCEPTED AS CROWLY BY THE MAGELLAN MOB AT THE TRAIN STATION AND HUSTLED OFF TO THEIR OFFICES TO DISCUSS BUSINESS...

WE WANT TORMOW OUT OF THE WAY BY TOMORROW NIGHT, CROWLY! BEFORE HE KNOCKS OFF ANY MORE OF US!

IT SOUNDS ('COUGH) LIKE A CINCH, MAGELLAN, I'LL START TRACKING HIM AT ONCE!

TOMORROW NIGHT... THAT ISN'T ENOUGH TIME TO UNCOVER THEIR OPERATIONS. I'VE GOT TO PROLONG MY STAY HERE WITHOUT CREATING SUSPICION...





THEN, AS THE STOGE OF THE GANG APPROACHED ME CARRYING A TRAY OF HOT COFFEE, I STRUCK ON A DESPERATE MEANS TO DELAY MY STAY...

L-LOOK OUT! THAT COFFEE'S SCALDING HOT!

YOU IDIOT, JOEY! WHY DON'T YA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

YEOW!



THE "ACCIDENT", ALTHOUGH PAINFUL, SERVED ITS PURPOSE...

IT'S MY SHOOTING HAND -- I'M AFRAID SHE'S BADLY BURNED! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SWEAT OUT T'ORROW FOR A WEEK OR TWO, MAGELLAN!

OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! WELL, YOU CAN GET A LINE ON HIM DURING THAT TIME, CROWLY! AFTER THE HAND HEALS, YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM!



WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERED ITSELF, I CONTACTED HARRINGTON...

THEY BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HARRINGTON! WITH AN ENTIRE WEEK TO WORK IN, I SHOULD GET SOMETHING ON THE GANG. HAVE YOU PICKED UP T'ORROW YET?

NO, CHIEF. BUT IF WE DO, WE'LL KEEP HIS ARREST **SECRET** UNTIL YOU'RE SAFELY OUT OF THAT PLACE. BE CAREFUL...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A TELETYPE MESSAGE RECEIVED IN MY OFFICE CAUSED MISS MILLER AND HARRINGTON GREAT ALARM...

"MISS MILLER! 'COUGH COUGH!' CROWLY HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF JAIL UPSTATE!

HARRINGTON! THE D.A. WON'T BE CONTACTING US AGAIN FOR **THREE DAYS!** WE'VE GOT TO INFORM HIM! T-THEY'LL KILL HIM!

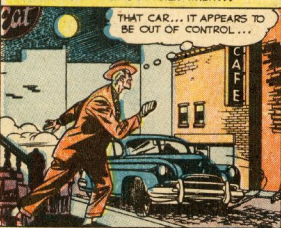


STEADY, MISS MILLER! WE'LL BE ABLE TO CUT OFF ANY TELEPHONE CALLS TO MAGELLAN'S OFFICE AND CROWLY CAN'T REACH THE CITY BEFORE MIDNIGHT. LET'S GIVE THE D.A. A FEW MORE HOURS... HE'D WANT IT THIS WAY!



AT 6:23 P.M. THAT EVENING, I LEFT A CHEAP RESTAURANT ON 3RD AVENUE AND WALKED CASUALLY ALONG THE SIDEWALK WHEN...

THAT CAR... IT APPEARS TO BE OUT OF CONTROL...



AS THE SPEEDING VEHICLE JUMPED THE CURB AND RACED TOWARD ME, I LUNGED FORWARD...



I REPORTED THE INCIDENT TO MAGELLAN MINUTES LATER...

YA SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, CROWLY. SOMEHOW TORROW MUST HAVE FOUND OUT WE IMPORTED YOU TO BUMP HIM OFF, THAT'S WHY HE TRIED TO DO YOU IN TONIGHT!

THE OLD-TIMER'S SURE GOT NERVE! WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO PULL THESE BANDAGES OFF AND START GUNNING TORROW IF I WANT TO KEEP BREATHING. I'LL GET HIM TOMORROW!



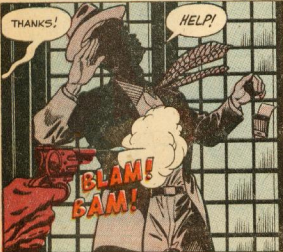
LATE THAT EVENING, IN FRONT OF MY HOTEL...

HEY, BUDDY... GOT A MATCH?

SURE...



THANKS! HELP!



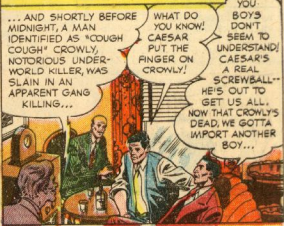
**BLAM!
BAM!**

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MAGELLAN'S GANG RECEIVED WORD OF THE MURDER...

... AND SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, A MAN IDENTIFIED AS "COUGH COUGH" CROWLY, NOTORIOUS UNDER-WORLD KILLER, WAS SLAIN IN AN APPARENT GANG KILLING...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW! CAESAR PUT THE FINGER ON CROWLY!

YOU BOYS DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND! CAESAR'S A REAL SCREWBALL-- HE'S OUT TO GET US ALL. NOW THAT CROWLY'S DEAD, WE GOTTA IMPORT ANOTHER BOY...



SUDDENLY, THE HOODLUMS WHEELED ABOUT AND GASPED IN ASTONISHMENT AT A FIGURE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY...

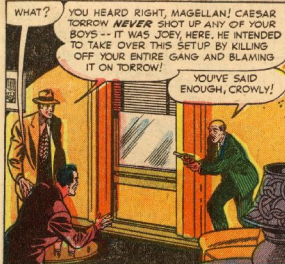
BUT I'M NOT DEAD! C-CROWLY! BUT THE RADIO...



THE RADIO WAS WRONG, MAGELLAN-- AND SO WERE YOU, JOEY! I DON'T LIKE LITTLE GUYS WHO SNEAK UP AND TRY TO BLOW MY BRAINS OUT!

GET AWAY FROM ME, CROWLY! THIS IS SOME KINDA TRICK! YA COULDN'T BE ALIVE--I PUMPED FIVE SLUGS INTO YOU...





WHAT?

YOU HEARD RIGHT, MAGELLAN! CAESAR TORROW *NEVER* SHOT UP ANY OF YOUR BOYS -- IT WAS JOEY, HERE, HE INTENDED TO TAKE OVER THIS SETUP BY KILLING OFF YOUR ENTIRE GANG AND BLAMING IT ON TORROW!

YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH, CROWLY!



ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON!

IT'S NOT CROWLY-- IT'S THE D.A.!! UGH...

HOLD IT, JOEY!

IT HAD BEEN ARRANGED EARLIER THAT HARRINGTON AND OFFICERS WERE TO AWAIT MY SIGNAL FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE. MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE GANG HAD BEEN TAKEN...

WHEN YOU REALIZED THAT A HIRED KILLER LIKE CROWLY MIGHT POSSIBLY SUCCEED IN MURDERING TORROW AND RUINING YOUR SCHEME, YOU HAD TO STOP HIM. THAT'S WHY YOU TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN BEFORE THE RESTAURANT!

BUT YOU OVERLOOKED TWO THINGS, JOEY-- TORROW'S APPREHENSION BY THE POLICE AND THE *REAL* CROWLY'S JAIL BREAK. AS CROWLY HUNTED ME DOWN, YOU STOPPED AND KILLED HIM! TAKE THEM AWAY, HARRINGTON!

HOW DID YOU EVER SUSPECT JOEY, D. A.?

CROWLY HAD BEEN KILLED BY A VERY 'SHORT MAN'-- THE TRAJECTORY OF THE BULLETS FIRED INTO HIS BODY TELL US THAT. HAD THE MURDERER BEEN OF AVERAGE HEIGHT, THE ANGLE WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT. SINCE TORROW WAS IN JAIL, THE ONLY LOGICAL SUSPECT WAS JOEY!



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NEW!



DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S LIGHT-BODIED.

TRY VITALIS HAIR CREAM-- YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE TIP!



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write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

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Unlock the
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portals of the

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and
learn the
secrets
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**WEIRD
SUPERNATURAL
and UNCANNY!**



YOU'RE ONLY A
WOODEN DUMMY!
YOU CAN'T BE
ALIVE!

HA HA HA! THEN
WHY ARE YOU TRYING
TO DESTROY ME? I
AM NOT AFRAID I'LL
EXPOSE YOU AS A
MURDERER?

Featuring
"The DUMMY
of DEATH!"

The Great Lame
and
"BLOCKHEAD"

ALSO—
SHE WAKES UP
SCREAMING!
PROPHECY of DOOM!

The HOUSE WHERE
EVIL LIVED!

I Was A Victim of
**BLACK
MAGIC!**

On sale at
**YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!**



Come on - Join the WINNERS Camp - with

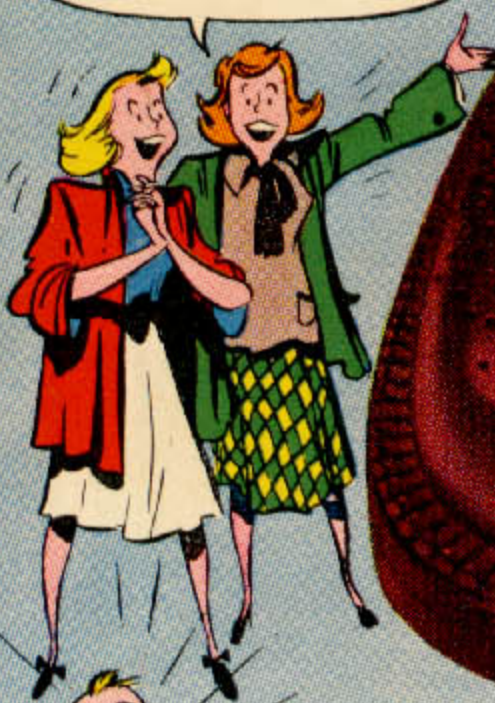
Thom
McAn's

HI-WALL CHAMP

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!--
AND I BASE MY DECISION
ON THOSE 4 STRONG ROWS
OF EXTRA TOUGH STITCHIN'!



LOOK--THE HOTTEST STYLE--
AND A MEDALLION-TIP...
YOU RUGGED HE-MEN,
GET WITH 'EM! GET HEP!



THIS SMART AND STURDY SHOE
GIVES PLENTY OF WEAR;
IT'S REALLY BUILT FOR ACTION!
GET YOURSELF A PAIR!



THE "FAVORITES": DOUBLE-
THICK SOLE--
AND A HI-WALL TOE...
WHEN THE FOOTWORK'S ROUGH,
THE CHAMP'S RARIN' TO GO!



SAY, THAT CORDOVAN COLOR
IS AS SMOOTH-AS-HONEY!
I DON'T SEE HOW THEY
MAKE 'EM FOR THE MONEY!



The Champ in any class . . . Thom McAn's hefty HI-WALL CHAMPS! They're built the way you like them — big, handsome and rugged! There's just as much style as stamina in that Hi-Wall toe and hard heel . . . in the thick Mel-lite sole . . . in that extra-heavy stitching all around. You step into the winner's class when you step into your Thom McAn HI-WALL CHAMPS (#6348) . . . yours for only **\$7.95**

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