



BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES OF
T.V. AND RADIO'S FAVORITE!



JULY-AUG.
NO. 28

10c

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



ORCHESTRA...
BALCONY...
LOGES...

NOW SHOWING
Budo Blue

EXPOSING A
CRUEL RACKET--

**"BEWARE THE
BOGUS BEGGARS!"**

BULLY scoffs at "THAT DEEP, DARK SECRET!"

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR BEST GIRL!

YOU HIT IT ON THE HEAD, BUZZY! SOMETHING'S EATING MARGIE-- I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SPEAK MORE THAN TWO WORDS TO HER!

SHE ACTS AS IF SHE'S TRYING TO AVOID ME!

HMMM... I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERING HER. HER FOLKS AND MINE ARE GOOD FRIENDS. THEY'RE ALL UPSET ABOUT HER UNCLE KENNETH, WHO LIVES WITH THEM. HE GOT SICK AND WENT TO ONE OF THOSE MENTAL HOSPITALS.

THEY SEEM TO BE-- WELL, KIND OF ASHAMED-- AFRAID OF WHAT PEOPLE WILL SAY.

GOSH! THEN MARGIE ISN'T REALLY MAD AT ME! BUT IT'S SILLY FOR HER TO GO AROUND THAT WAY!

IT SURE IS! SAME THING HAPPENED TO SUSIE'S COUSIN WHEN HE CAME OUT OF SERVICE --AND HE'S FINE NOW!

SAY, MAYBE YOU CAN GET SUSIE TO TALK TO MARGIE-- GIRL TO GIRL!

AND SO...

THANKS A LOT, SUSIE. I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER, BEING ABLE TO TALK ABOUT IT WITH SOMEBODY WHO UNDERSTANDS.

IT'S NOT JUST ME, MARGIE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO AVOID ANYBODY! PEOPLE UNDERSTAND IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU! YOUR UNCLE IS JUST SICK, THAT'S ALL.

GOSH, I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD TALK TO MY MOTHER. SHE'S KIND OF OLD-FASHIONED ABOUT THOSE THINGS. MAYBE YOUR MOTHER...

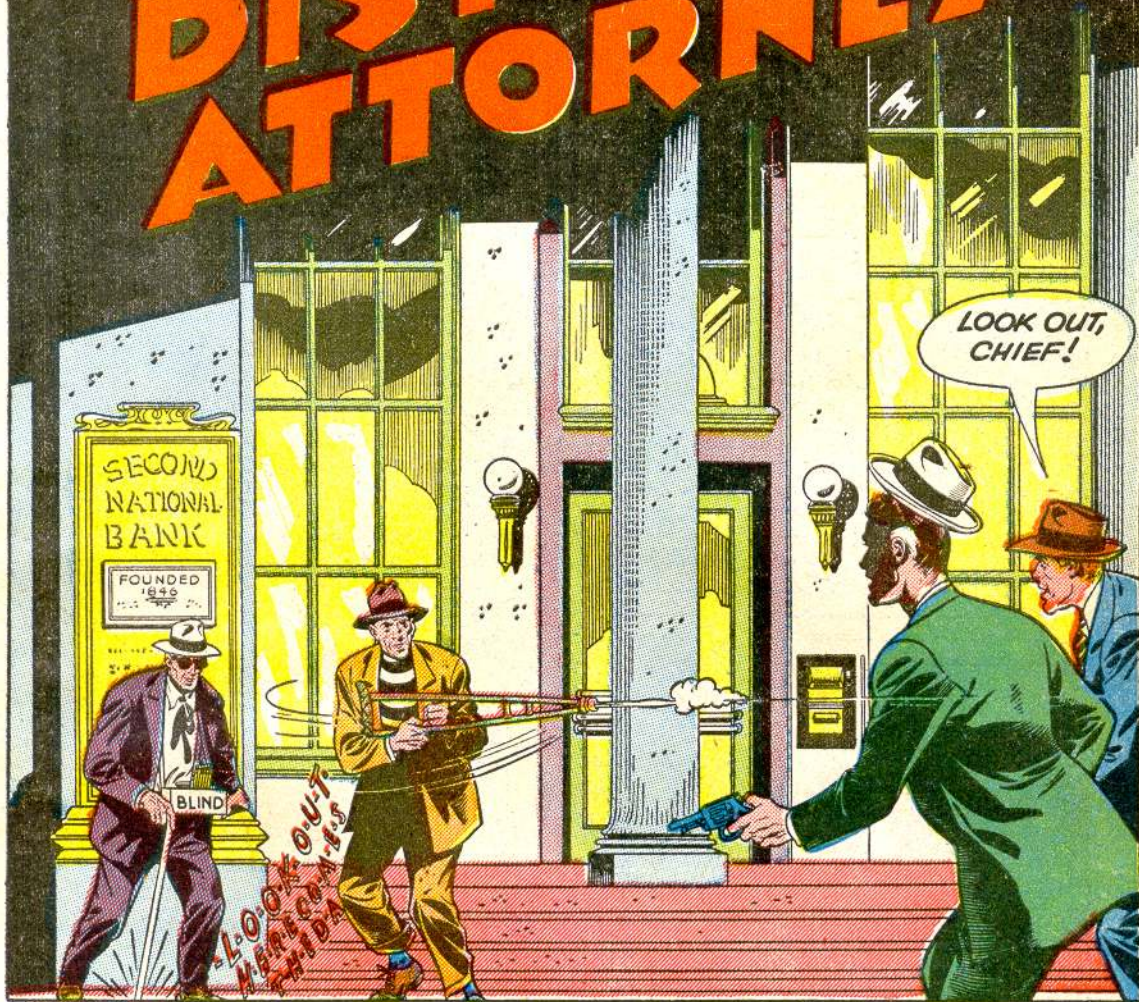
JUST THE THING! I'M SURE MOTHER WILL BE GLAD TO HELP.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE TOMMY AND MARGIE TOGETHER AGAIN. MARGIE'S A DIFFERENT PERSON THESE DAYS.

SURE. WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS OPENLY, YOU SOON FIND OUT IT'S AN ILLNESS THAT CAN BE TREATED JUST LIKE ANY OTHER ILLNESS --NOT SOMETHING TO WHISPER ABOUT!

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD HAS ITS UNFORTUNATES-- AND IT IS THE SWORN DUTY OF LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES TO UTILIZE TACT AND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING IN DEALING WITH THOSE WHO HAVE DIFFICULTY IN FENDING FOR THEMSELVES, THE LAME, THE HALT AND THE BLIND. THUS, YOU CAN WELL UNDERSTAND THE SHOCK AND INDIGNATION MY DEPARTMENT SUFFERED WHEN RACKETEERS RUTHLESSLY THREATENED THESE HELPLESS CITIZENS AND DROVE ME TO WARN THE CITY:

"BEWARE THE BOGUS BEGGARS!"

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



IT WAS IN THE SPRING OF '51 THAT PATSY FOWLER, A MEEK BEGGAR FROM SKID ROW, LIT THE FUSE WHICH WAS TO EXPLODE THE BIGGEST CASE IN YEARS...

PATSY FOWLER! THIS IS A SHOCK. I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE! WHAT'S THE CHARGE, OFFICER?

PETTY THEFT IN A GROCERY STORE, D.A. WE CAUGHT HIM PILFERING TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF CANNED FOOD!

PATSY, YOU'VE BEEN LEGALLY LICENSED TO BEG FOR ALMS ON THE STREETS. YOU UNFORTUNATES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN POOR BUT HONEST. NOW, SUDDENLY, A HALF DOZEN OF YOU ARE CAUGHT **STEALING**. WHY?

D.A., I-I'M NOT A THIEF... HONEST! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD TO US. BUT I-I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT!



HARRINGTON, SEE THAT THE GROCER IS PAID FOR THE FOOD. I'LL HAVE PATSY RELEASED IN THE MORNING. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THESE POOR WRETCHES - SOMETHING BAD!

SURE, CHIEF. ONE OR TWO MIGHT GO CROOKED, BUT THE BOYS HAVE BEEN DRAGGING THEM IN LEFT AND RIGHT.

YES, HARRINGTON. AND IF WE CAN'T GET TO THE BOTTOM OF WHAT'S SUDDENLY TURNING THEM TO PETTY CRIME, THEY'LL ALL SUFFER. WE'LL HAVE TO REVOKE LICENSES ALLOWING THEM TO BEG FOR CHARITY ON CITY STREETS. CITIZENS **MUST** BE PROTECTED!



NEXT MORNING, JUST BEFORE DAWN, A FLASHY CAR ENTERED AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE IN SKID ROW...

YOU'RE LATE, EDDIE. THE BOYS ARE ALREADY GOING THROUGH THE "PENNY PIT"!

SORRY, ANDY. HAD A BIG DATE LAST NIGHT!

INSIDE, A MAN WE WERE LATER TO IDENTIFY AS EDWARD BOYLE ENTERED THE FIRST SECTION OF "THE PENNY PIT" -- AN ASTONISHING CRIMINAL FACTORY GEARED TO PRODUCE **HOODLUM BEGGARS**...

BOY, IF MY GIRL COULD SEE ME CRAWLING INTO THESE BEGGAR CLOTHES. HA! SHE'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!

SHE'D NEVER BELIEVE THE **BIG DOUGH** YOU MAKE IN 'EM EITHER, EDDIE!



EDWARD BOYLE THEN STEPPED INTO "SECTION TWO" WHERE AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE...

HEY! TAKE IT EASY. YOU WANT I SHOULD REALLY LOSE THIS LEG? IF I WAS MAKING YOUR CASH, I WOULDN'T COMPLAIN!



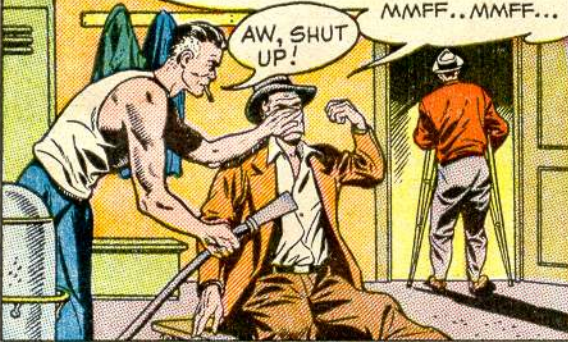
THEN, WITH ONE GOOD LEG TRUSSSED UP BEHIND HIM SO THAT HE COULD PASS AS A CRIPPLE, BOYLE WAS READY TO MOVE ON...

WHAT'LL YOU CARRY TODAY, EDDIE? KNIFE OR GUN? GIVE ME A .45, LENNIE. AND MAKE SURE YOU GOT PLENTY OF AMMUNITION WITH IT!



BOYLE'S "PROCESSING" CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ROOM, "SECTION THREE," WHERE A CLOTH FILTER WAS PLACED OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH...

THIS IS THE WORST PART OF THE WHOLE SHOW! WHY DOES THE BOSS SHOW FIGURE WE NEED... MMFF..MMFF...



THAT'S WHY WE GOT SUCH A SWEET RACKET, YOU SAP! THE BOSS KNOWS THAT TO ACT LIKE A BEGGAR YOU GOTTA LOOK LIKE ONE! THIS DIRT AND DUST DOES THE TRICK FINE!



THE FINAL STEP IN EDWARD BOYLE'S MACABRE PROCESSING WAS AN INDIVIDUAL BRIEFING...

ALL RIGHT, LANNER! WHAT'S THE BIG, IMPORTANT BOSS' HELPER GONNA TEACH ME TODAY? DON'T BE SMART, BOYLE THE ORDERS THE BOSS GIVES WE ARE SMART ONES... REMEMBER, NEVER KEEP MUCH CHANGE IN YOUR TIN CUP. MAKE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DOING BAD. THEY COME ACROSS BETTER.



CAN I GO OUT WITH THE BOYS TODAY? I'M GOOD ENOUGH NOW. FEEHAN, YOU'VE BEEN HERE SINCE WE STARTED AND YOU'RE STILL CLUMSY. THE BOSS WANTS NOBODY ON THE STREET WHO CAN'T HELP WITH THE BIG STUFF, TOO. BUT, OKAY... I'LL TEST YOU ON "SIREN SAM" AGAIN!



"SIREN SAM," AN INGENUOUS DUMMY WHICH BETRAYS CLUMSY PICKPOCKETS BY SHRILL SOUND EFFECTS...

THAT'S IT, FEEHAN. YOU'RE STONE BLIND - GOTTA BE HELPED ACROSS THE STREET. WHILE THE SUCKER CONCENTRATES ON THE STREET TRAFFIC... THAT'S THE TIME TO GRAB HIS WALLET!

SUDDENLY...

OH--H-H! YOU'RE **HOPELESS**, FEEHAN! YOU NUGGED THE GUY **TWICE** WITH YOUR MITTS! THAT'S WHY "SIREN SAM" IS SOUNDING OFF!

B-BUT MAYBE IF I ASKED THE BOSS HIMSELF...

YOU KNOW **NOBODY** SEES THE BOSS! WHY, THE ONLY WAY I CONTACT HIM IS BY TELEPHONE. THE ONLY REASON HE HASN'T KICKED YOU OUT IS 'CAUSE EVEN **FAILURES** AREN'T ALLOWED TO QUIT "**THE PENNY PIT!**" NOW BEAT IT!



LATER, ON APRIL 30TH, A NERVOUS PATSY FOWLER STOOD ON THE CORNER OF COURTNEY AND BLEEKER STREETS...

PATSY RETREATED BEFORE THE TOUGH'S THREATS AND ENTERED A NEARBY GARAGE...

G-GOLLY... THOSE HOODS... LOOKS LIKE A SET-UP FOR THE GANG'S **BIG STUFF**...

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, FOWLER? WE TOOK OVER THIS DISTRICT... **REMEMBER? GET OUT! BEAT IT!**

H-HUH!



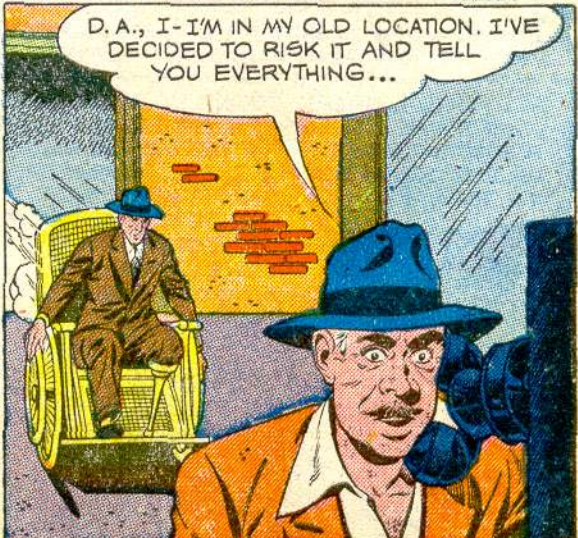
I'M SICK OF TAKIN' THEIR THREATS! SICK OF IT! THEY MADE ME LET AN HONEST GUY LIKE THE D.A. DOWN AND NOW I'M GONNA FIX 'EM **ALL!**



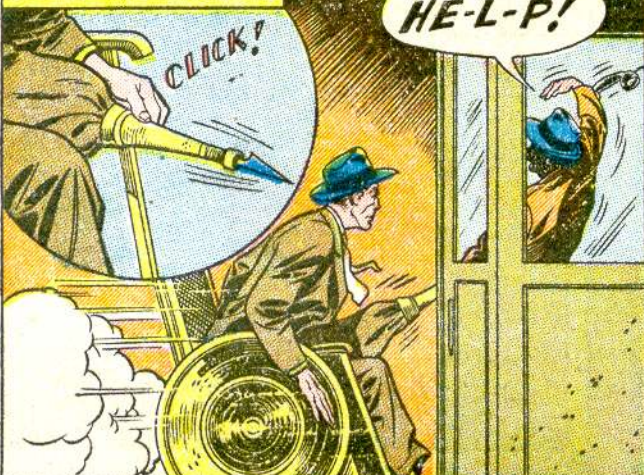
PRESENTLY, FOWLER'S CALL CAME THROUGH TO ME AT MY OFFICE...

YES, YES, PATSY! THIS IS THE D.A. HIMSELF! SPEAK UP, I CAN'T HEAR YOU CLEARLY.

D.A., I-I'M IN MY OLD LOCATION. I'VE DECIDED TO RISK IT AND TELL YOU EVERYTHING...



PATSY FOWLER NEVER DID FINISH HIS SENTENCE, FOR AT THAT MOMENT...



CLICK!

HE-L-P!

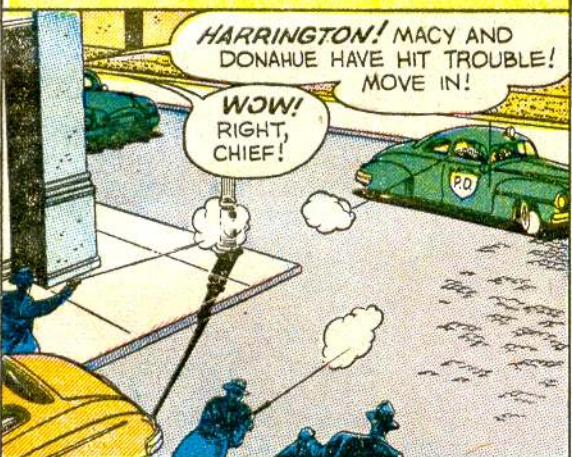
SECONDS AFTERWARD, HARRINGTON AND I WERE IN ACTION...



BUT, CHIEF! THERE WASN'T TIME TO TRACE THAT CALL! WHERE ARE WE HEADING?

I CHECKED PATSY'S LICENSE RENEWAL LAST WEEK. IT SHOWED HIS OLD LOCATION FOR BEGGING WAS COURTNEY AND BLEEKER STREETS. HARRINGTON, WE'LL CHECK EVERY PHONE BOOTH IN THAT DISTRICT!

WE HADN'T MADE OUR FIRST PHONE BOOTH CHECK WHEN FATE INTERVENED...



HARRINGTON! MACY AND DONAHUE HAVE HIT TROUBLE! MOVE IN!

WOW! RIGHT, CHIEF!

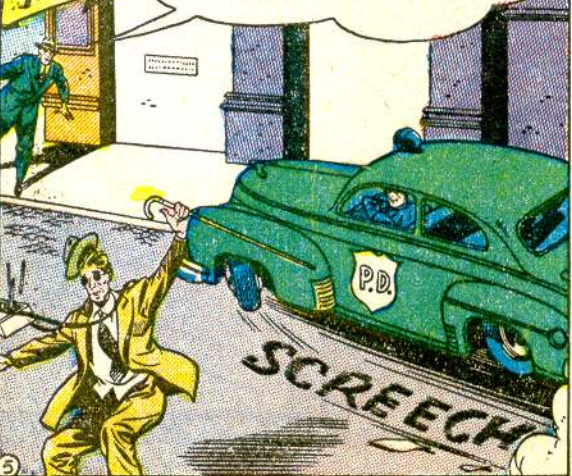
THOUGHTS OF PATSY FOWLER VANISHED AS WE ROARED DOWN SOUTH STREET AFTER THE PATROL CAR. SUDDENLY...



HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

GREAT GHOSTS, HARRINGTON! THAT HELPLESS BLIND MAN IS PANIC-STRIKEN WITH EXCITEMENT!

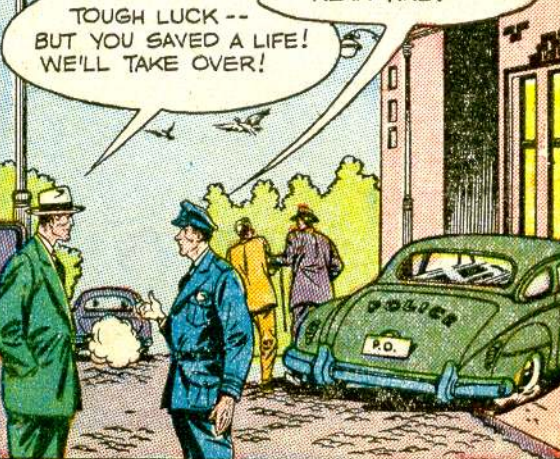
THEN...



OH, THAT POOR BLIND MAN! SOMEBODY HELP HIM!

SCREECH!

D.A.! WE'RE STUCK, SIR. SMASHING INTO THE CURB FLATTENED A REAR TIRE!



TOUGH LUCK -- BUT YOU SAVED A LIFE! WE'LL TAKE OVER!

HARRINGTON AND I QUICKLY RESUMED THE CHASE. AS WE APPROACHED THE INTERSECTION AT SOUTH AND "D" STREET, THE HOODLUM VEHICLE APPARENTLY LOST CONTROL

CHIEF! THEY'RE THROWING SOMETHING FROM THE CAR... IT LOOKS LIKE A **MONEY POUCH!**

POSSIBLY YOU'RE RIGHT, HARRINGTON! THEY'RE ABOUT TO CRASH. PERHAPS THEY DECIDED TO GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE OF THEFT!

THE BANDIT CAR CAREENED OFF THE CURB AND CRASHED INTO A NEARBY BUILDING. AFTER HARRINGTON BROUGHT OUR CAR TO A STOP...

HEY! THAT LEGLESS FELLOW ON THE DOLLY IS MAKING OFF WITH THE MONEY POUCH, CHIEF!

AFTER HIM, HARRINGTON! HE CAN'T GET TOO FAR ON THAT CONTRAPTION! I'LL ATTEND TO THESE BOYS WHO JUST CRACKED UP!

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELED UP THE BLOCK AT INCREDIBLE SPEED AND THEN TURNED RIGHT DOWN A SMALL ALLEY...

THE FELLOW ON THE DOLLY... WHICH WAY DID HE TURN AT THE END OF THE ALLEY?

HE WENT RIGHT, MISTER.

AFTER TURNING THE CRASH VICTIMS OVER TO THE POLICE, I JOINED HARRINGTON IN THE SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE CRIPPLE. THEN WE UNCOVERED A VITAL CLUE...

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! HE WHIZZED PAST SOME CHARACTER STANDING RIGHT AGAINST THIS WALL! WHEN I GOT TO THE END OF THE ALLEY, HE'D DISAPPEARED! CAN'T FIGURE IT...

HARRINGTON! LOOK THERE... IN THE MUD! OUR SO-CALLED LEGLESS THIEF HAS PUT ONE OVER ON US!

HE WAS NO UNFORTUNATE! LOOK HOW THOSE DOLLY TRACKS COME TO A SUDDEN STOP... AND THE FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO THAT WALL! HARRINGTON! THE CHARACTER YOU SPOKE TO WAS ACTUALLY OUR MAN!

RETURNING TO MY OFFICE, I REQUESTED INFORMATION WHICH SOON VERIFIED MY STRONGEST FEARS...

THIS NEEDLE-LIKE WEAPON CAUSED THE BLOWOUT OF THE PROWL CAR DURING THE ROBBERY CHASE, D.A.! STRANGE HOW IT PUNCTURED THE **SIDEWALL** OF THE TIRE!

YES, CHIEF HANSON. STRANGE BECAUSE IT WAS FIRED FROM A **BLIND MAN'S** CANE! LET ME SHOW YOU A DIAGRAM I'VE MADE UP.

THE BANK GUARD'S REPORT STATES THERE WAS A **BEGGAR** NEAR THE BANK DURING THE ROBBERY. GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE HE WAS A LOOKOUT AND THIS ENTIRE THEFT WAS ENGINEERED BY UTILIZING PHONY BEGGARS!

HERE, PROWL CAR # 51 ENCOUNTERED THE "BLIND" BEGGAR WHO FIRED INTO THE TIRE. FURTHER ON, HARRINGTON AND I OBSERVED THE "LEGLESS UNFORTUNATE" WHO ESCAPED WITH THE MONEY. EACH CONTRIBUTED IN ASSISTING THE THIEVES.

PHONY BEGGARS! GOSH, CHIEF, THEN ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ROUND THEM ALL UP AND CHECK IDENTIFICATION CARDS!

NO, HARRINGTON. SUCH AN ACTION WOULD BE INSTANTLY KNOWN TO THE **TOP** CRIMINALS WHO ORGANIZED THIS RACKET. THEY WOULD ELUDE US TO START UP ELSEWHERE. BUT I **DO** HAVE A PLAN...



HARRINGTON'S MIND, WELL TRAINED TO REMEMBER FACES, WAS A KEY FACTOR IN FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS OF THE CASE. LATER...

AT DAWN HARRINGTON ENTERED MY OFFICE -- PREPARED BY DISGUISE TO INFILTRATE INTO THE LAIR OF "THE BOGUS BEGGARS"...

CHIEF! THIS IS THE PHONY BEGGAR WHO ESCAPED ON THAT DOLLY-- HARRY "THE FINGER" DRISCOLL!

EXCELLENT, HARRINGTON. START TO WORK ON YOUR FACE MAKE-UP AT ONCE! I'LL WORK OUT DETAILS TO CONVINCING THIS GANG YOU'RE A "WANTED" MAN!

PRETTY GOOD, EH, CHIEF? I USED A SPECIAL NEW BASE TO GLUE THIS MAKE-UP TO MY FACE.

WE'LL HAVE PHOTOS OF YOU IN THAT DISGUISE PLANTED IN THESE WANTED POSTERS TO ESTABLISH YOU AS A CRIMINAL. REMEMBER, HARRINGTON, PLAY IT SAFE WHEN YOU MAKE CONTACT WITH THE GANG. WE WANT ONLY THEIR **NAMES!**



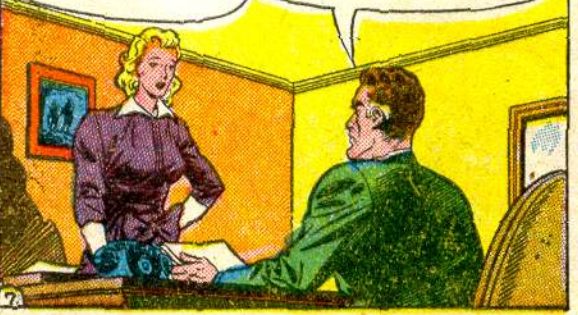
FOR A WEEK, HARRINGTON ROAMED THE STREETS WITHOUT SUCCESS...

THE NEXT DAY I GOT MY ANSWER FROM A SURREPTITIOUS TELEPHONE CALL...

MISS MILLER, HARRINGTON HASN'T CALLED IN WITH HIS DAILY REPORTS FOR 24 HOURS. THERE ARE ONLY TWO CONCLUSIONS TO FORM -- EITHER HE'S BEEN **DISCOVERED** OR HE'S BEEN **ACCEPTED** BY THE GANG!

CHIEF... CAN'T TALK LONG! THEY'RE PULLING A JOB TONIGHT. I ONLY KNOW THEIR ESCAPE ROUTE WILL BE DOWN FREEPORT STREET BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE... (CLICK)

GOOD WORK, HARRINGTON... BE CAREFUL...



SHORTLY, I CALLED IN THREE GENUINELY HANDICAPPED BEGGARS FROM SKID ROW. MY PLANS WERE TO PROTECT HARRINGTON AND SPRING A TRAP BY SUBSTITUTING THEM FOR POLICEMEN . . .

ONLY YOU, AS VICTIMS OF THESE FAKE BEGGARS, CAN RECOGNIZE THEM ALONG THE ESCAPE ROUTE. WITH MY PLAN, HARRINGTON WILL BE PROTECTED. THE GANG LEADERS WILL NOT SEE POLICE OFFICERS LINING THE ROUTE AND REALIZE THERE'S BEEN A TIP-OFF.

KEEP TALKING, D.A.! I'M STONE DEAF, BUT I CAN READ YOUR LIPS FINE!



FORTY MINUTES LATER, A BLACK SEDAN SPED OFF WINSTON PLACE INTO FREEPORT STREET -- A PROWL CAR IN HOT PURSUIT . . .

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH DIXIE? HE'S NOT EVEN REACHING FOR THE BAG!



AS THE SEDAN CONTINUED DOWN FREEPORT STREET AT TREMENDOUS SPEED, HARRINGTON AND I FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF THE POLICE SIREN AND CUT IN BEHIND IT . . .

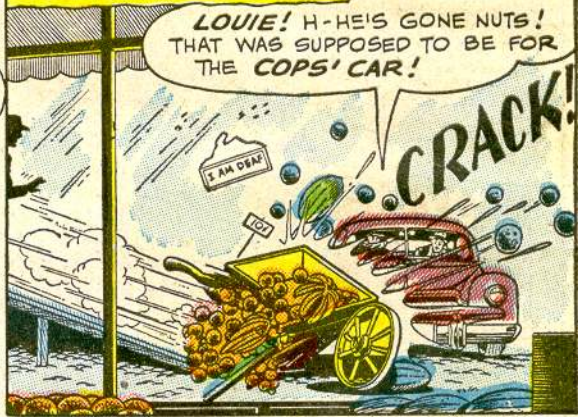
WELL, THERE'S OUR BOY LOUIE SET UP TO SAVE OUR NECKS!

YEAH, HE WON'T LET US DOWN!



THEN, THE ESCAPING HOODLUMS RECEIVED A SEVERE SHOCK AS . . .

LOUIE! H-HE'S GONE NUTS! THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR THE COPS' CAR!

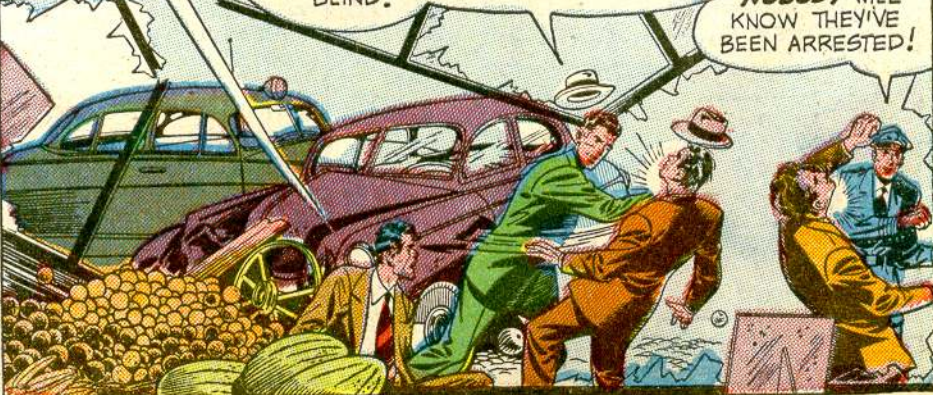


T-THE D.A.! IT WAS A TRAP!

EXACTLY! YOUR PHONY BEGGARS WERE REPLACED WITH **ACTUAL** ONES! THAT'S WHY THE MAN YOU THOUGHT WAS AN ACCOMPLICE COULDN'T CATCH THE MONEY BAG. YOU SEE, HE **REALLY WAS** BLIND!

RIGHT! AND YOUR **PHONY** BEGGARS ARE SAFELY LOCKED UP WHERE **NOBODY** WILL KNOW THEY'VE BEEN ARRESTED!

CHIEF HANSEN AND I QUICKLY HELPED SUBDUCE THE ASTONISHED THUGS . . .



WITHOUT ENDANGERING HARRINGTON, WE HAD SUCCESSFULLY FOILED A JEWELRY STORE THEFT. THINGS APPEARED TO BE RUNNING SMOOTHLY UNTIL...

D.A.! THAT SPECIAL BASE HARRINGTON USED FOR HIS MAKE-UP -- IT'S NO GOOD! I'VE JUST BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH THE NEW SOLUTION IN THE LAB!

GREAT GHOSTS! WHAT DID YOU FIND?



IT BEGINS TO HARDEN AND CHIP AFTER A PERIOD OF FIVE DAYS. IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HOLD FALSE FEATURES TO THE FACE AFTER THAT PERIOD OF TIME!

AND HARRINGTON'S BEEN MADE UP FOR SIX DAYS NOW! I'VE TRACED HARRINGTON'S CALL TO THE GANG'S ADDRESS.. BUT IF WE RAID NOW, THEY'LL CERTAINLY KILL HIM IN VENGEANCE. HOW CAN I SAVE HIM?



I DECIDED UPON A DARING PLAN, AND LATER, AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS, AS THEY WAITED FOR THEIR PHONY BEGGARS TO REPORT IN, I PUT IT INTO EFFECT.

OUR TIMING WAS PERFECT...

HERE COME THE BOYS FROM STREET DUTY, LANNER!

OKAY! HEY, YOU... WILKS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE?



AH... ER...

A FAKE DISGUISE! IT'S HARRINGTON! THE D.A.'S ASSISTANT!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND THE D.A. IS HERE NOW!

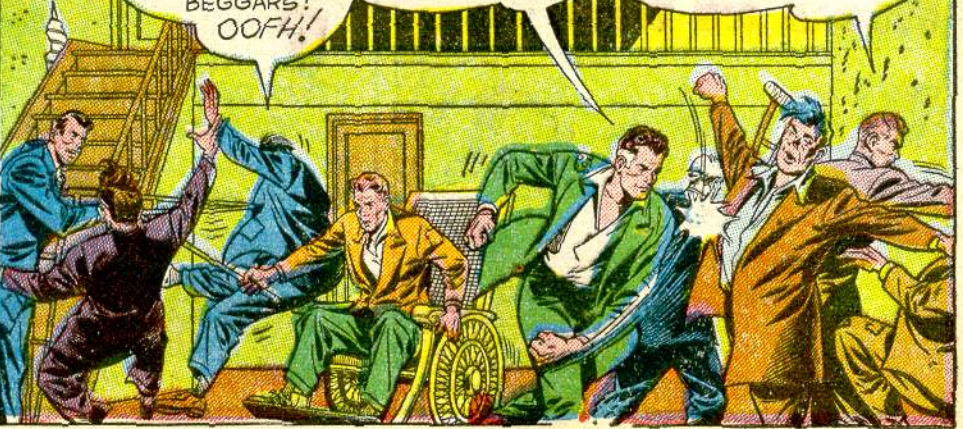


THE TRUE BEGGARS OF SKID ROW HAD CLEVERLY DUPLICATED THE BEGGING COSTUMES OF THE MEN THEY HAD CAPTURED. THEY WERE ANXIOUS TO RECTIFY A GREAT INJUSTICE TO THEMSELVES...

T-THESE AREN'T THE BOYS FROM FREEPORT STREET! T-THEY'RE REAL BEGGARS! OOFH!

GOOD WORK, MEN! HARRINGTON! WHERE'S THE LEADER OF THIS PACK OF THUGS?

HE HANGS OUT IN THAT ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, D.A.! NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIM!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HARRINGTON AND I FOUGHT OUR WAY UP THE STAIRS AND BROKE DOWN THE BOLTED DOOR OF THE ROOM TO FIND...

FEEHAN! THE LITTLE CHARACTER WHO WAS TOO **STUPID** TO WORK A BEAT FOR THE GANG! I - IT CAN'T BE...

QUICK HARRINGTON! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



AS FEEHAN DARTED FOR FREEDOM DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE, FATE INTERVENED AND...

WOW! PIPE THE DOUGH, BOYS! SINCE WHEN HAS FEEHAN BEEN ALLOWED TO PANHANDLE?

I DUNNO... BUT I'M GETTIN' ME SOME OF THAT DOUGH!

ME TOO!



THE FRANTIC HOOD ATTEMPTED TO FIGHT THROUGH THE SEA OF HUMANITY...

GET OUTA THE WAY, YA TRAMPS!

HOLD UP, FEEHAN! WITH YOUR PERMISSION, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU PRESENT FOR A LITTLE INVESTIGATION THAT'S BEING PLANNED!

HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, D. A.!



FEEHAN AND HIS WERE QUICKLY HUSTLED OFF TO CONFINEMENT. AFTERWARD, HARRINGTON AND I SUMMED UP THE CASE FOR THE RECORD...

YES, HARRINGTON, FEEHAN WAS CLEVERLY ABLE TO KEEP TIGHT CONTROL OF HIS RACKET BY PRETENDING TO BE A FAKE BEGGAR *HIMSELF*. IN THAT WAY, HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GOING ON, AND AT THE SAME TIME HE PROTECTED HIS IDENTITY!

I GET IT! BY SLIPPING UP-STAIRS AND *PHONING* HIS ORDERS DOWN, NOBODY COULD EVER *PROVE* HE WAS THE BOSS, UNTIL *YOU* MOVED IN, CHIEF!



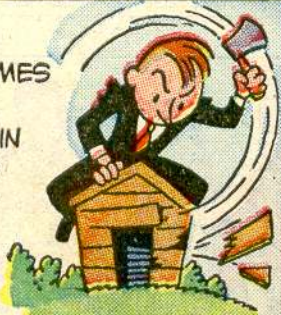
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ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT IS SOMETIMES LIVED ON AND SOMETIMES LIVED IN BUT IS ONLY GOOD WHEN BROKEN?

GIVE UP? SEE BELOW*



ANSWER: AN EGG*

FOR A REAL TREAT BREAK OPEN A ROLL OF **Necco** WAFERS... THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!



DOZENS 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!

CHAMPION
LARRY YOGI **BERRA**
SPARKS
YANKEES!

IT'S THE NINTH INNING
 OF A CRUCIAL GAME
 --THE YANKEES HAVE
 RALLIED AND THE TYING
 RUN IS ON FIRST BASE!

I GOTTA KEEP THIS
 RALLY GOING!

SPARK
 IT UP,
 YOGI!

WHEW!
 THAT WAS
 CLOSE!

IT'S A
 HIT!

WOW! HE REALLY
 HAD HIS WHEATIES!

CRACK!

THE GAME'S ALL
 TIED UP

YEA, YOGI'S GOT THAT
 SPARK!

GOLLY CAN I
 STRETCH IT TO
 A DOUBLE?

SLIDE YOGI,
 SLIDE!

SAFE!

THAT'S SHOWING
 'EM YOGI!

A SINGLE SCORES BERRA -- YANKS
 WIN!

YOUR DOUBLE REALLY
 SPARKED US,
 YOGI!

GOOD THING
 I HAD A DOUBLE
 HELPING OF
 WHEATIES!

TERRIFIC GAME
 YOGI! HOW ABOUT
 A PICTURE?

OKAY, BUT GET
 WHEATIES IN
 IT TOO!

WHEATIES

NO FOOLIN' YOGI, DO
 WHEATIES
 REALLY GIVE
 YOU ENERGY?

THEY SURE SPARK
 ME, AND NO WONDER--
 THERE'S A WHOLE
 KERNEL OF WHEAT
 IN EVERY
 WHEATIES FLAKE!

WHEATIES

WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION
 SPARKS YOU! AND CHAMPIONS
 CHOOSE WHEATIES!
Breakfast of Champions!

WHEATIES

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

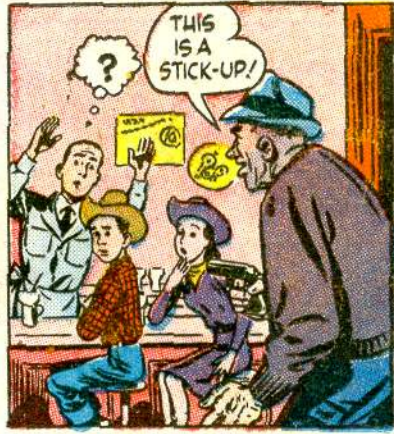
the "POPSICLE" KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT



TESS AND TIM STYMIE
A STICK-UP



HOWDY, YOUNGSTERS! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... LOOKS REAL, DOESN'T IT?



?
THIS IS A STICK-UP!



HURRY UP WITH THAT DOUGH!
I'LL TRY TO BLUFF HIM



DROP YOUR GUN -- YOU'RE COVERED!



THANKS, TIM. WE'VE BEEN AFTER "BAD BILL" FOR WEEKS
YOU MEAN THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" WATER PISTOL!



WOW, THAT WAS A THRILLER
NOT NEARLY AS THRILLING AS THE GIFTS YOU GET BY SAVING BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS!

GET SWELL GIFTS... SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

... or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#9 WATER PISTOL
East-shootin' repeater. Fires 350 times on one filling. Looks like Army automatic.
175 BAGS or 30¢ & 15 BAGS

#6 BINOCULARS
Powerful, easy-focus field glasses. Swell for ball games and hikes.
150 BAGS or 35¢ & 15 BAGS

#49 CHARM BRACELET
Beautiful gold finished bracelet with 9 different, exciting charms. You'll love it!
125 BAGS or 25¢ & 10 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store... or write to **"POPSICLE PETE"** at address nearest you
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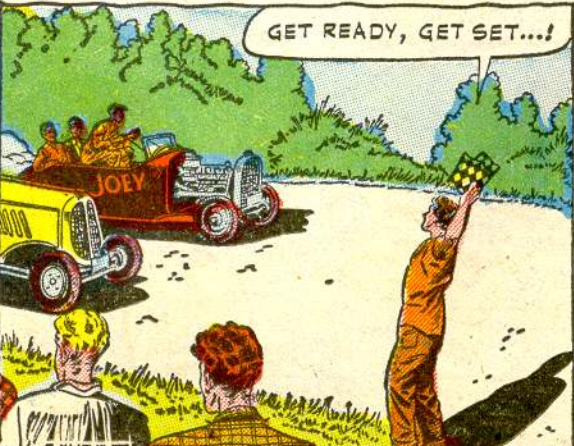
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

C'MON, D.A.! WHY DON'T YUH FOLLOW US... IF YOU CAN!

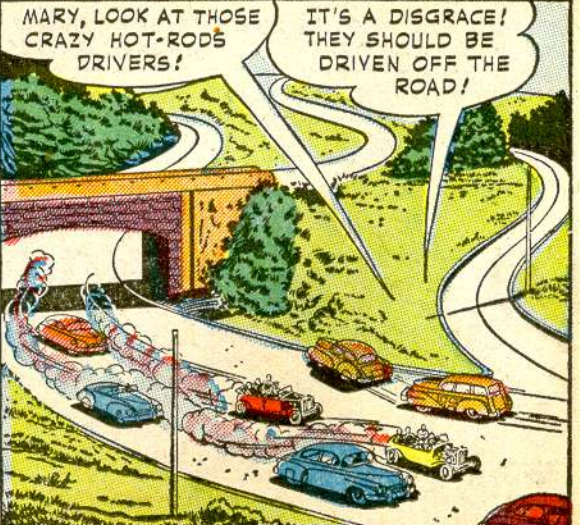
YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS: ORGANIZED CRIME IS EVER ON THE ALERT FOR NEW WAYS AND MEANS OF STALLING THE SPEEDY COURSE OF JUSTICE... AND THE LAW MUST STRIVE TO ANTICIPATE ITS MOVES AND KEEP ONE STEP AHEAD AT ALL TIMES! THIS ISN'T ALWAYS EASY! BUT JUST HOW DIFFICULT IT SOMETIMES IS CAN BE JUDGED FROM A CASE WE HAVE HERE AT HEADQUARTERS, IN WHICH THE CRIMINALS ADOPTED A DANGEROUS TEEN-AGERS' SPORT, AND TWISTED IT FOR THEIR OWN USE! THE AMAZING DETAILS ARE RECORDED IN THIS CASE OF...

The HOT-ROD RACKET!

THIS CASE ACTUALLY BEGAN SOME MONTHS BEFORE ITS DRAMATIC CLIMAX, ON HIGHWAY 5-3, WITH A GRUPOF IRRESPONSIBLE TEEN-AGERS...



GET READY, GET SET...!



MARY, LOOK AT THOSE CRAZY HOT-RODS DRIVERS!

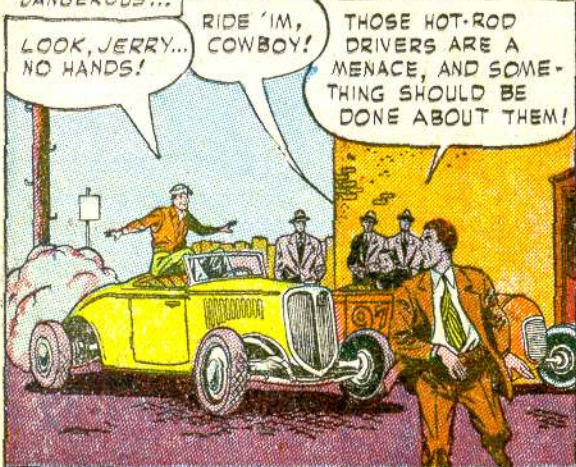
IT'S A DISGRACE! THEY SHOULD BE DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AND AS THE CRAZE CAUGHT ON LIKE WILDFIRE, THEIR STUNTS BECAME DAFFIER AND MORE DANGEROUS...



LOOK, JERRY... NO HANDS!

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

THOSE HOT-ROD DRIVERS ARE A MENACE, AND SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT THEM!

OUR OFFICE ISSUED SEVERAL UNHEEDED WARNINGS, BOTH TO THE DRIVERS AND THEIR PARENTS! THEN, ON OCTOBER 14...

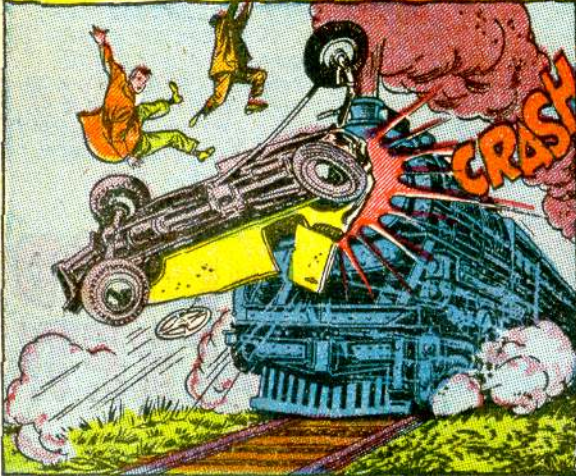


WILLY, A TRAIN'S COMING! STOP THE CAR! STOP IT!

I..CAN'T...! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! JUMP!

CRACK

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD COLLECT THEIR SENSES...



CRASH

AMAZINGLY, NO ONE WAS KILLED, BUT THE INCIDENT WAS ENOUGH TO SPARK DIRECT ACTION. MY FIRST MOVE WAS TO CONFISCATE A CAR, WHICH I ORDERED POLICE MECHANICS TO JACK UP...

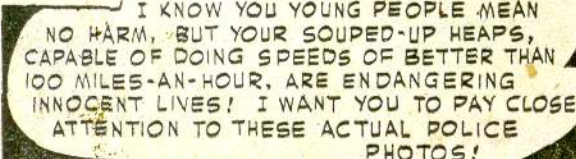


WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, HOW DO THESE OLD HEAPS MANAGE TO GET UP SUCH TERRIFIC SPEEDS, AL?

EASY, CHIEF! THEY INSTALL A DOUBLE CARBURETOR!

AND INSTEAD OF USING ORDINARY GASOLINE, THEY USE A MIXTURE OF HIGH-TEST AND OIL IN THEIR TANKS!

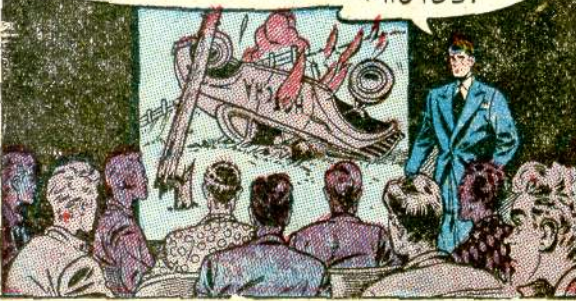
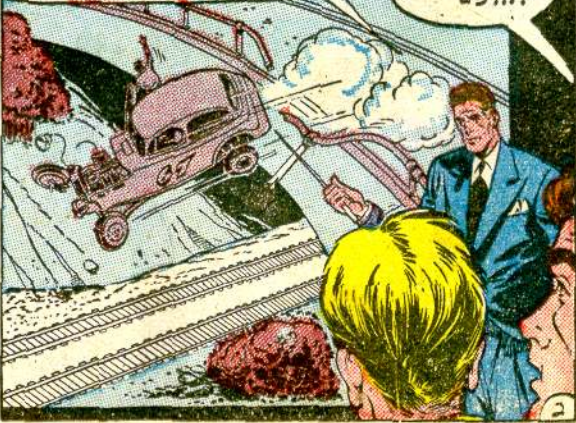
MY NEXT STEP WAS TO ROUND UP EVERY HOT-ROD DRIVER AND HAVE HIM BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS, WHERE...



I KNOW YOU YOUNG PEOPLE MEAN NO HARM, BUT YOUR SOUPED-UP HEAPS, CAPABLE OF DOING SPEEDS OF BETTER THAN 100 MILES-AN-HOUR, ARE ENDANGERING INNOCENT LIVES! I WANT YOU TO PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO THESE ACTUAL POLICE PHOTOS!

THIS IS AN ACTUAL SHOT OF TOMMY WILSON AND HIS HOT-ROD GOING OVER THE PULMAN RAMP! YOU ALL KNOW WHERE THAT IS!

G-GOSH... THAT... COULD BE ANYONE OF US...!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AFTER MY HOUR-LONG LECTURE, THE TEEN-AGERS SOBERLY LEFT, AND FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, THE POLICE GARAGE BEGAN TO RESEMBLE A USED-CAR LOT...

HERE'S MINE, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY! I'LL NEVER GET IN ONE OF THESE AGAIN!

THOSE TEEN-AGERS CERTAINLY TOOK YOUR LECTURE SERIOUSLY, CHIEF!

HMM... I WISH ALL OLDER PEOPLE WERE AS EASY TO REASON WITH!



THE NEXT WEEK CAPPED THE CLIMAX OF MY CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE USE OF HOT-RODS...

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS THE LAST STORY I'LL WRITE FOR MY PAPER ON THE SUBJECT OF HOT-RODS, D.A.!

NO, THERE'LL BE ONE MORE, JACK! MY DEPARTMENT IS GIVING A PARTY IN HONOR OF ALL THE TEEN-AGERS WHO TURNED IN THEIR CARS. THE MERCHANTS IN TOWN ARE COOPERATING WITH FOOD AND PRIZES! OF COURSE, THE PRESS IS CORDIALLY INVITED!



THAT ENDED... OR SO WE THOUGHT... THE MENACE OF THE HOT-ROD HEAP! BUT, AS WE LATER LEARNED, IT WAS JUST BEGINNING, FOR IN A SMALL MID-TOWN FLAT THE NEXT DAY...

HEY, MORAN, STEVE JUST TOLD US YOU WANTED TO SEE US!

YEAH, YEAH... C'MON IN AND GRAB A COUPLE OF SEATS!

DON'T TELL US WE'RE GOIN' BACK IN BUSINESS, BOSS!



THAT'S IT! IT WAS THE D.A. WHO PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS LAST YEAR, WITH WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED HIS OPERATION 3 PLAN TO FOIL FAST GET-AWAYS! WE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT US! REMEMBER? WELL, BOYS, IT'S THE D.A. HIMSELF WHO'S NOW GIVEN ME THE IDEA TO BEAT HIM!

BUT HOW?



HOT-ROD CARS, BOYS... HOT-ROD CARS!

I CAN READ... BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!

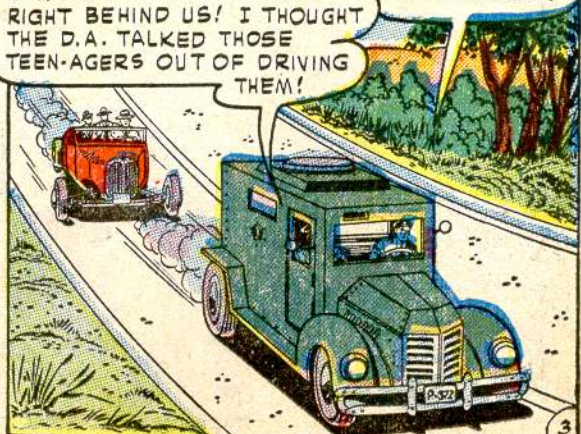
YOU SOON WILL! I KINDA LIKE THE THOUGHT OF THE D.A. GIVING US THE IDEA OF HOW TO GET BACK IN BUSINESS!



ACCORDINGLY, ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 9, ON STATE HIGHWAY 5...

HEY, LOOK AT THAT HOT-ROD RIGHT BEHIND US! I THOUGHT THE D.A. TALKED THOSE TEEN-AGERS OUT OF DRIVING THEM!

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THEN, AS THE HOT-ROD SHOT FORWARD WITH A BURST OF SPEED...

HEY, TOM, BETTER PULL OVER, OR WE MIGHT RUN INTO AND KILL THOSE CRAZY KIDS!

YEAH... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO GIVE 'EM A PIECE OF MY MIND!



BUT THEN THE "CRAZY KIDS" REVEALED THEIR TRUE IDENTITIES...

THANKS FOR COOPERATING! TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!

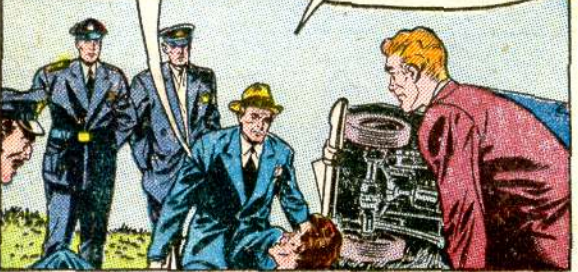
WHY DON'T YOU CRAZY KIDS... OOF! THEY'RE GUNMEN!



THE HOODLUMS MADE A SPEEDY GETAWAY, AND HARRINGTON AND I ARRIVED ON THE SCENE 20 MINUTES LATER...

THEY WERE GUNMEN, D.A.! THEY... USED HOT-ROD CARS! AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THEY WERE TEEN-AGERS!

I UNDERSTAND!.. SO YOU PULLED UP, NOT WISHING TO RAM THEM! IT LOOKS LIKE THE PUBLICITY GIVEN THE HOT-RODS GAVE CERTAIN HOODS A NEW GIMMICK!



SO, THAT SAME NIGHT, THE HOT-ROD ONCE AGAIN BECAME URGENT POLICE BUSINESS...

ATTENTION, ALL CARS! BE ON SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR GANG USING A HOT-ROD CAR! REPORT AT ONCE ANY SIGN OF...

WHAT IF WE DO SPOT ONE? WE'LL NEVER CATCH IT IN THIS CAR, FAST AS IT IS!



MEANWHILE, MIKE MORAN WAS SAFELY BACK IN HIS FLAT, FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS...

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR, MORAN? LET'S SPLIT UP THE LOOT!

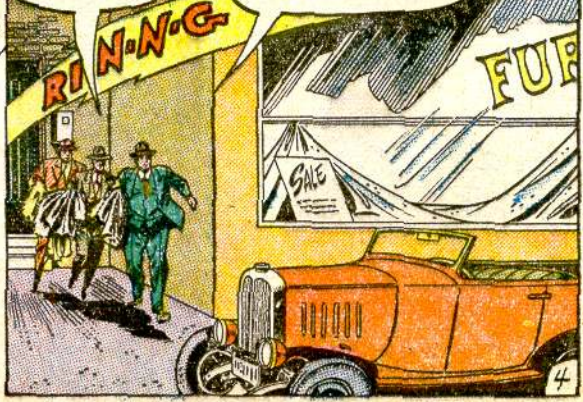
DON'T BE A MUG! WE'LL BLOW IT ALL IN FOR A WHOLE FLEET OF HOT-RODS! AND WE'LL USE A DIFFERENT ONE FOR EACH JOB, TO COVER OUR TRAIL! GET IT? RELAX, BOYS... I PROMISE YUH, THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!



MORAN MADE GOOD HIS PROMISE TO HIS HOODLUMS ON THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY, WHEN...

THE BURGLAR ALARM SET OFF, MORAN!

LET IT RING! BY THE TIME THE COPS GET HERE, WE'LL BE MILES AWAY!

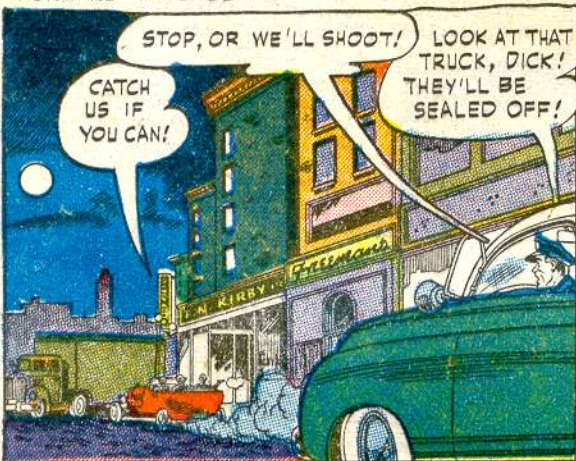




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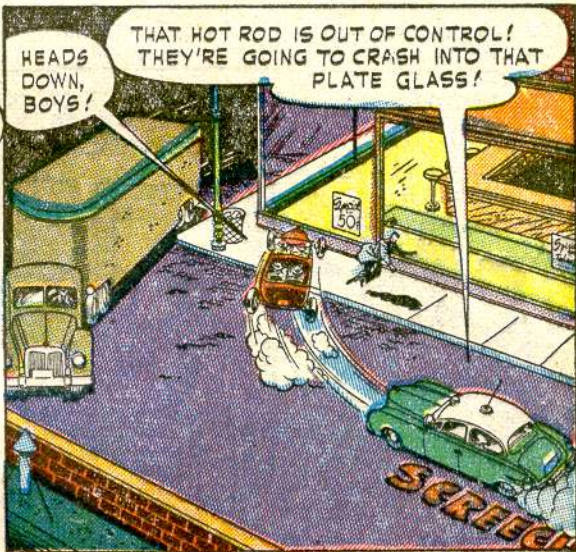


A SQUAD CAR, TURNING SOUTH ON BLACKMAN STREET AT THAT MOMENT, INSTANTLY LEAPED FORWARD IN PURSUIT...



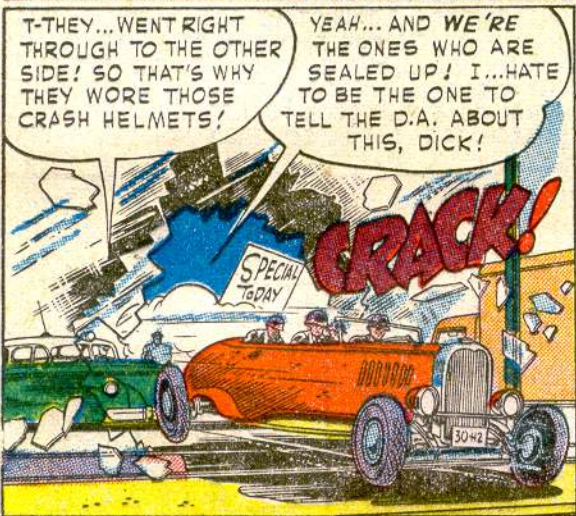
STOP, OR WE'LL SHOOT! CATCH US IF YOU CAN!

LOOK AT THAT TRUCK, DICK! THEY'LL BE SEALED OFF!



HEADS DOWN, BOYS!

THAT HOT ROD IS OUT OF CONTROL! THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO THAT PLATE GLASS!



T-THEY... WENT RIGHT THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE! SO THAT'S WHY THEY WORE THOSE CRASH HELMETS!

YEAH... AND WE'RE THE ONES WHO ARE SEALED UP! I... HATE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL THE D.A. ABOUT THIS, DICK!

CRACK!



THE NEXT MORNING'S NEWSPAPER HEADLINES TORE INTO THE DEPARTMENT WITHOUT MERCY...

READ ALL ABOUT IT, MISTER! D.A. STYMIED BY HOT ROD CROOKS!

HE'S TELLING US!

THE SITUATION CALLED FOR IMMEDIATE, DRASTIC ACTION! I SUMMONED THE VARIOUS POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADS TOGETHER FOR A CONFERENCE THAT SAME MORNING...



AND, SO TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK, MY OFFICE HAS THUS FAR BEEN UNABLE TO DEVISE A SURE METHOD OF CATCHING UP WITH THESE HOT-ROD CROOKS ONCE THEY PULL A JOB! ANY SUGGESTIONS?

STATION A SQUAD CAR ON EVERY CORNER!

LET'S TURN OUR OWN SQUAD CARS INTO HOT-RODS! WE'LL CATCH THEM FOR SURE THEN!



YES, WE THOUGHT OF BOTH OF THOSE POSSIBILITIES! UNFORTUNATELY, WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH SQUAD CARS FOR EVERY INTERSECTION... AND WE'D HESITATE TO RESORT TO THE SAME METHODS AS CRIMINALS! THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY!

IT LOOKED LIKE A STYMIE ALL RIGHT, AND AS HARRINGTON AND I LATER LEFT FOR LUNCH...

SAY, D.A., WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET ON THE BALL AND STOP THOSE HOT-ROD CROOKS?

IT ISN'T FAIR! IF CROOKS CAN DRIVE HOT-RODS, WE WANT OURS BACK!



CHIEF, MAYBE WE SHOULD SOUP' UP OUR SQUAD CARS! AFTER ALL, THE MAIN THING IS TO CATCH THEM, ISN'T IT?

YES... BUT IT'LL MEAN WE APPROVE OF THE USE OF HOT-RODS... AND THAT MAY START THE CRAZE ALL OVER AGAIN! NO, THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY! IF WE COULD FIND OUT WHERE THEY GET THEIR GAS, OR SOMETHING!



YES, BUT EVERY SERVICE STATION SELLS HIGH-TEST AND OIL... AND THOSE CROOKS AREN'T STUPID ENOUGH TO DRIVE THEIR HOT-RODS INTO A STATION!

THINK, HARRINGTON, THINK! LET'S SEE... HOT-RODS MUST USE HIGH-TEST GAS AND OIL! MAYBE...!



HARRINGTON, I THINK I'VE GOT IT... IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW... BUT GET BACK TO THE OFFICE AND ALERT EVERY SQUAD CAR. I WANT OPERATION 3 PLACED INTO EFFECT IMMEDIATELY! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER!



RIGHT!

MEANWHILE, AT MORAN'S PLACE...

BOYS, I JUST GOT A TIP... SWANSON, THE WHOLESALE JEWELER, JUST GOT IN A BIG SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS FROM ENGLAND! PACK YOUR RODS... WE'RE RIDIN'!

BUT, BOSS, YOU KNOW THE WHOLE TOWN'S CRAWLIN' WITH COPS! THE FIRST MINUTE WE HOP INTO THE HOT-ROD WE'LL BE PICKED OFF LIKE FLIES!

YOU DON'T GIVE ME MUCH CREDIT FOR SENSE! WE'RE RIDIN' A HEAP! THAT'S OUR JALOPY, DOWN THERE!

BUT, BOSS... THAT'S AN ORDINARY CAR! WE CAN'T PULL A FAST GETAWAY IN THAT!



IT JUST LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY CAR! IT'S A HOT-ROD IN DISGUISE! DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THE COPS ARE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR HOT-RODS?

PRETTY SMART! I'LL DRIVE IT OVER TO HARRY'S SERVICENTER AND GET IT GASSED UP!

ACCORDINGLY, AT EXACTLY 2:30 THAT SAME DAY...

ATTENTION, D.A.! THE CAR YOU ASKED ABOUT HAS JUST LEFT THE SERVICE STATION ON THE CORNER OF 3rd AND MACKLIN STREETS, AND IS HEADING SOUTH ON MCLEAN BOULEVARD...

YOU'RE TOPS, MORAN!

THAT'S IT, HARRINGTON... STEP ON IT!

W-WHAT CAR YOU ASKED ABOUT...?

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT 384 MCLEAN BOULEVARD...

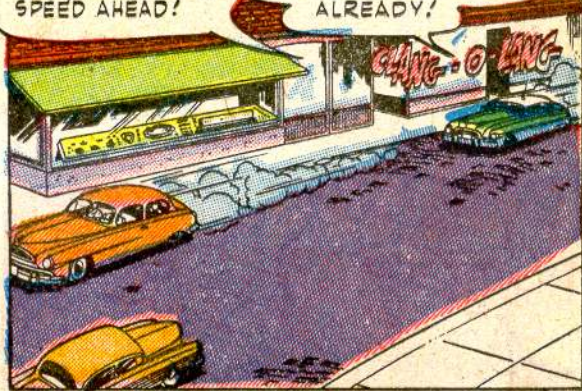
FAST WORK, BOYS... A MATTER OF SECONDS!

FAST WORK IS OUR SPECIALTY ... INCLUDING GETAWAYS! HIT THE ROAD, JOE!

AND AS HARRINGTON AND I TURNED THE CORNER INTO MCLEAN BOULEVARD...

THERE THEY GO, HARRINGTON! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

ARE YOU KIDDING, CHIEF? I'VE GOT IT DOWN TO THE FLOOR ALREADY!



TEN MINUTES LATER, ON THE RAMP LEADING TO STATE HIGHWAY 3, WE WERE LOSING GROUND STEADILY...

IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY, CHIEF! WE GET THE ALARM ON TIME ... BUT WHEN WE START CHASING, THEY LEAVE US BEHIND AS IF WE WERE DRIVING A KIDDY CAR!

JUST GIVE IT THE GAS, HARRINGTON, AND NEVER SAY DIE!

BUT, CHIEF, I TELL YOU, IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T EVEN SEE 'EM ANYMORE!

KEEP RIDING, HARRINGTON... YOU'LL SEE THEM BEFORE YOU EXPECT!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

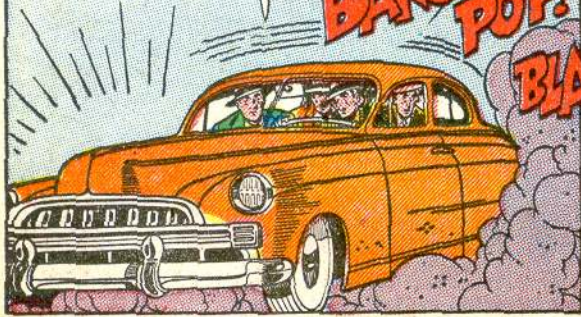


WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR, HAPPENED THREE MILES WEST OF THE ROUTE 5 CUT-OFF, AND JUST WHEN I HAD BEGUN TO GET A LITTLE WORRIED MYSELF...

HARRY... WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? DID YOU FILL 'ER UP WITH GAS, LIKE I TOLD YUH?

SURE I DID! SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH THE MOTOR!

BANG POP!
BLAM!



AND SOON...

LUCKY FOR YOU WE RUN OUT OF GAS! OR YOU'D NEVER'VE CAUGHT US!

THERE'S ENOUGH GAS IN YOUR TANK TO DROWN EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU HOODS, MORAN!



SEE HERE, CHIEF, YOU WERE PRETTY SURE WE'D CATCH THEM! AND THAT REMINDS ME... HOW'D YOU GET THE TIP ON THE CAR IN THE FIRST PLACE?

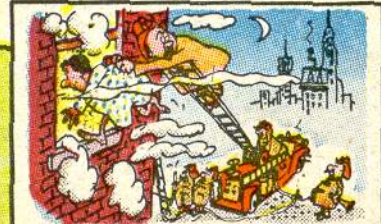
ONE QUESTION AT A TIME, HARRINGTON! REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAID THAT MOST CARS USE HIGH-TEST GASOLINE AND ALL CARS USE OIL? YOU WERE RIGHT... BUT ONLY HOT-RODS USE A COMBINATION OF BOTH IN THEIR GAS TANKS!

SO I INSTRUCTED EVERY GARAGE IN TOWN TO CONTACT US IF ANYONE ORDERED OIL POURED INTO THE GAS TANK, AND TELL US THE DIRECTION THE CAR TOOK. I ALSO TOLD THEM TO USE COLORED WATER INSTEAD OF OIL! IT TOOK THE WATER SOME TIME TO REACH THE CYLINDERS AND STALL THE CAR... BUT IT WAS WORTH WAITING FOR!



THE END

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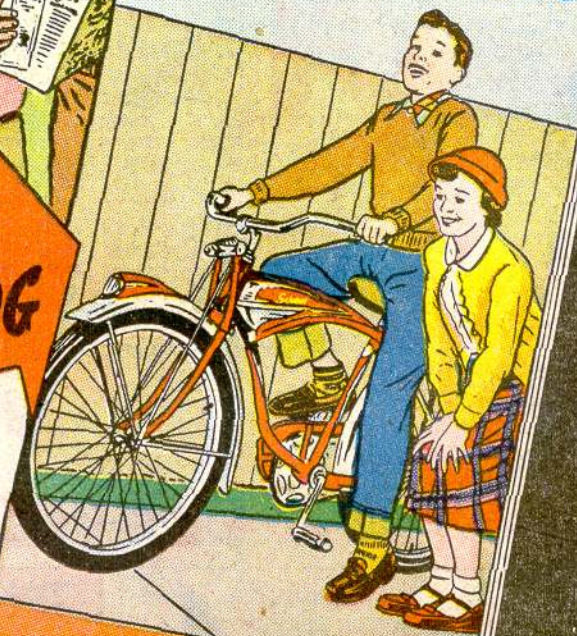


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ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

OOOPS!

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F's" TOMORROW. YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ©

DAY OF "THE BIG GAME." WE WERE LEADING 4-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP! LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

GOT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F's"

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F's" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company



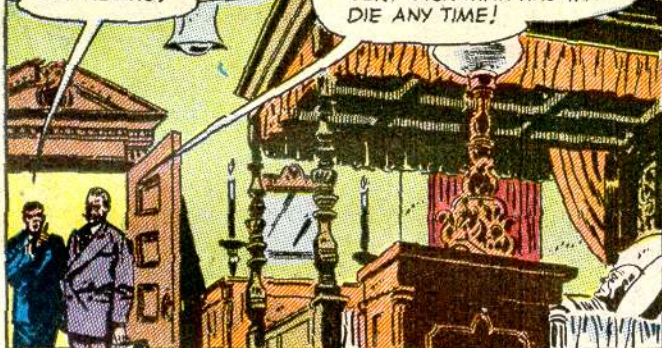
"The Case of the POISONED CANDLE!"

Test *YOUR* Wits Against a Criminal!

ON A SULTRY SUMMER EVENING, IN THE LAVISH HOME OF WEALTHY JOHN R. MARTIN...

MR. MARTIN SEEMS TO BE RESTING EASIER SINCE THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM WAS INSTALLED, DR. NEVINS!

YES, HARRIS, IT ALWAYS HELPS IN CASES OF ADVANCED ASTHMA! BUT AS HIS SECRETARY, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT HE IS STILL A VERY SICK MAN AND MAY DIE ANY TIME!



AFTER THE DOCTOR'S DEPARTURE...

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WISH BEFORE RETIRING, SIR?

NO, JUST SNUFF THOSE CANDLES LIKE A GOOD FELLOW! BY THE WAY, I'M FEELING WELL ENOUGH TO GO OVER MY ACCOUNTS WITH YOU IN THE MORNING! IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN ABLE TO, EH, HARRIS?



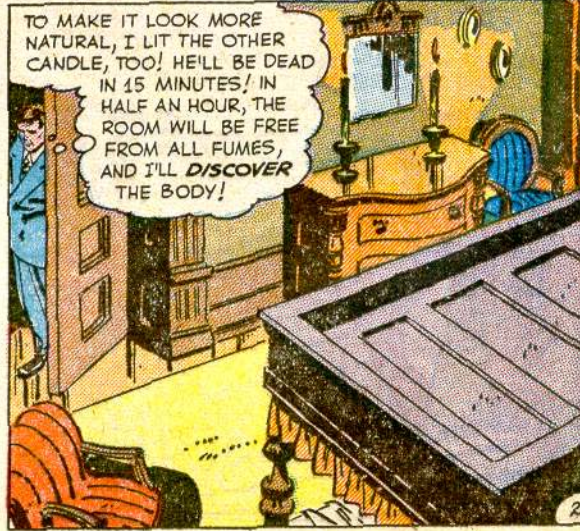
IF THE OLD SKINFLINT GOES OVER THE ACCOUNTS IN THE MORNING, HE'LL SPOT THE SHORTAGES RIGHT AWAY AND KNOW I'VE BEEN ROBBING HIM! THERE ISN'T TIME TO COVER UP! I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING!



LATE THAT NIGHT, ALVIN HARRIS REACHED A FATAL DECISION...

HE LEFT ME NO CHOICE! EITHER I KILL HIM OR I SPEND THE NEXT 20 YEARS IN JAIL! LUCKILY, I PREPARED A FOOL-PROOF PLAN FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!





AFTER A LAPSE OF TIME, HARRIS SUMMONED DOCTOR NEVINS, WHO ARRIVED PROMPTLY...

TOO BAD! BUT I TOLD YOU HE WAS IN A BAD WAY AND MIGHT GO ANY TIME!

YES, DOCTOR, YOU DID! SHALL I--ER--NOTIFY THE FAMILY?



WELL, I THINK YOU SHOULD FIRST NOTIFY THE POLICE! AFTER ALL, HIS DEATH WAS MORE OR LESS SUDDEN!

THE POLICE DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! I'VE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!



AN HOUR LATER, DETECTIVE OSCAR BRADLEY, OF HOMICIDE, ARRIVED, AND AFTER ASCERTAINING THE FACTS...

I THINK YOU CAN SAFELY SIGN THE DEATH CERTIFICATE, DOCTOR NEVINS! WHY ARE THESE CANDLES BURNING?

MR. MARTIN ALWAYS INSISTED ON THEM, CLAIMED HE FOUND THEM RELAXING! NO NEED TO LET THEM BURN NOW, POOR FELLOW!



TELL ME, MR. HARRIS, WERE YOU BY ANY CHANCE BORN AND RAISED ON A FARM?

YOU MUST BE A VERY CLEVER DETECTIVE TO HAVE FOUND THAT OUT! I WAS RAISED ON A FARM! BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE THAT OUT?



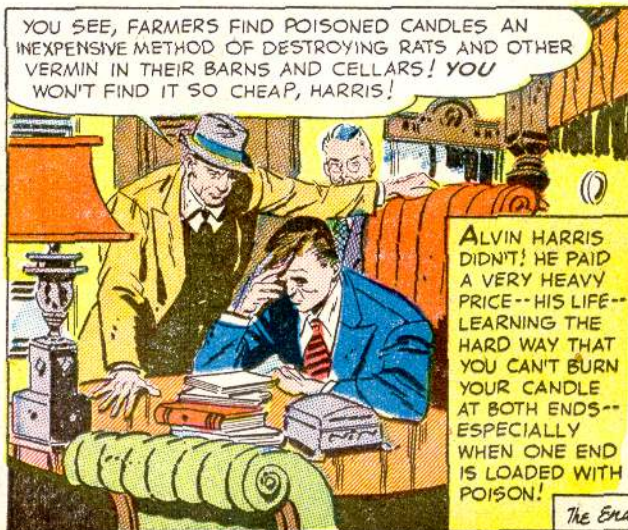
I HOPE YOUR ADMIRATION FOR MY SKILL AS A DETECTIVE WON'T BE DIMINISHED WHEN I ALSO HOLD YOU ON SUSPICION OF MURDERING YOUR EMPLOYER!

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY-- YOU CAN'T PROVE--!



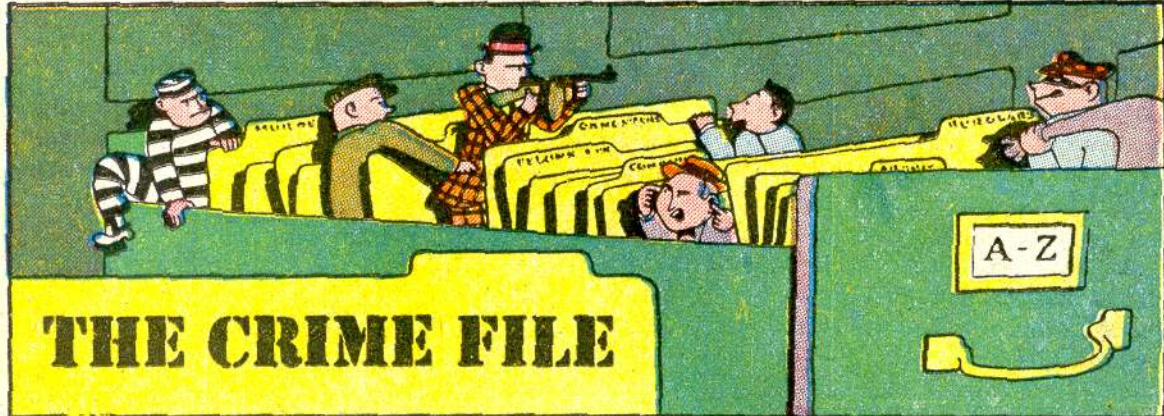
CAN HE PROVE IT, READER? AFTER ALL, YOU SAW HOW FOOL-PROOF HARRIS' PLAN WAS-- THE CYANIDE PASTE WENT UP IN FUMES-- AND THE FUMES WENT UP THE FLUE! MAYBE IT'S JUST A BLUFF ON DETECTIVE BRADLEY'S PART? READ THE NEXT PAGE AND YOU'LL FIND OUT...

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



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THE CRIME FILE

POPULAR POISON

Today, precautions are exercised in the use and handling of one of the most potent poisons—arsenic, but not many years ago, death resulting from its reckless use was so commonplace that it provoked the Massachusetts Board of Health to undertake an investigation. Back in the 1800's, arsenic green was so attractive that it was used in the manufacture of women's wearing apparel, wrapping paper, artificial flowers and countless other items in daily use. Luckily, its use sometimes did not result in death to the person using the arsenic-tinted material, but many unpleasantities were suffered.

Cases of arsenic poisoning during that time were reported throughout the nation. An entire ballet company, struck by illness, cancelled its tour. It wasn't until much later that investigation revealed that the dancers' costumes had been coated with arsenic, which, when fluffed, produced clouds of the death-dealing dust.

Dressmakers handling the contaminated material were stricken. Bakers used it to decorate their pastries and caused hundreds of deaths. Shipping clerks, wrapping packages in green paper, were mowed down, as though by a scythe. Foodstuffs, which had been exposed to green price tags, were confiscated when a woman died, and an autopsy disclosed arsenic poisoning. When persons exposed to green wall paper were found to be failing in health, a survey indicated that the paper had been coated with the dread poison. Even children's school equipment—book covers, pencil boxes, etc.—were not safe, it was learned, when hundreds of pupils suddenly were stricken.

As soon as it was proved that unwise use of the chemical was menacing the health of

the country, the Massachusetts Board of Health pioneered in poison control by clamping down on its reckless use with the passage of extraordinary laws. Other states, alarmed by casualties, soon followed until today constant vigilance on the part of public health officials makes "The Green Death" a virtual impossibility.

PRIVATE EYEWASH

At a recent meeting of the Fraternal Order of Police, the national president scotched the notion advanced in movies, radio, and on television that most policemen are incapable of solving mysteries and making arrests, and that the brunt of the work is carried on by private detectives, who assume proportions of importance and glamor far beyond normal dimensions in cracking cases with comparative ease. "Nothing could be further from the truth," he said. "Actually, any checkup will show that 99 cases out of 100 are solved by the man-on-the-beat policeman and detective."

HIDDEN GHOST

Back in October, 1941, when neighbors became worried by the absence of Philip Peters, of Denver, Colo. some of them dutifully broke into his locked house. On the floor lay Peters, his head bashed in by the fireplace poker alongside. Hastily-summoned police admitted bewilderment after an investigation of the premises, because while the windows were locked, strange fingerprints were found on the death weapon and on other objects in the rooms. They were further baffled during the days to come when neighbors reported having seen the lights switched on and off, shades rise and lowered despite the house's emptiness.

Constant vigilance produced nothing until the resourceful police, plagued by the pleas of frightened residents, secreted a detective within the house. The plan paid off, for the "ghost," who had manipulated the lights and shades, proved to be a recluse by the name of Joe Coneys. Nabbed one night as he slipped out of a hidden door, which led to the attic where he had lived for years, he admitted to the slaying of Peters, who had discovered him raiding his icebox.

FINE AND DANDY

Quick thinking enabled a resident of Franklin Township, N. J., to rid himself of a threatened jail sentence and his automobile. Faced with the choice of prison or a \$25 fine for having driven with fake license plates, the accused naturally chose the latter. But, lacking funds, he first penned a bill of sale to a courthouse spectator with whom he exchanged an undisclosed amount of cash. Whereupon the defendant paid the fine and drove off with his customer in his recently sold car.

D.D. TO M.D.

First aid for body and soul is being administered these days in Allentown, N. J., where a specially self-trained emergency group composed of clergymen of various faiths responds to calls for help in accidents and catastrophes. Known as the Allentown First Aid Squad, they operate as teams, one aiding the prone patient in the ambulance while his companion cleric drives.

The project is the result of the collaboration by the Rev. Melvin Carrico, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and the Rev. John D. Merwin, pastor of the Methodist Church. These mercy missions on the run, so to speak, were inspired by Mr. Merwin's wartime service in New Guinea and Manila, when, as a chaplain, he assisted in surgery and solace on the battlefield.

SEEING'S BELIEVING

An Oklahoma justice recently introduced a new method to discourage crime, which proved to have prompt effect. When a 19-year-old holdup bandit was brought before him, he sentenced the youth to five years, but made it

mandatory for him to spend a night in the death house of the Oklahoma State Penitentiary.

Conversation with some of the doomed men that night had a sobering effect on the lad. Their fate was indisputable evidence that crime does not pay. He was further impressed by a tour of the grim prison, which included a glimpse of the electric chair. Assured by the frightened youth next morning that he would go straight at the completion of his term, the judge suspended his sentence.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

HONG KONG: The Danish Great Northern Telephone Co. reported that three and a half miles of cable were severed and stolen from the ocean floor between Hong Kong and Amoy.

BOISE, Idaho: A pawnshop patron asked to see a pistol on display in the window, requested some shells with which he loaded it, then turned the weapon on the owner and made off with \$600 in the till.

TULSA, Okla.: A doctor notified police that burglars had broken into his office and stolen three bottles of vitamin tablets. . . . And up in Buhl, Idaho, a man had to surrender a \$10 fine, attorney fees, and a set of false teeth after being found guilty of having stolen his wife's upper and lower plates.

MILWAUKEE, Wisc.: Claimed an indignant "blind" beggar, arrested for having been caught reading a newspaper: "It ain't true! I wasn't reading. I was just looking at the pictures!"

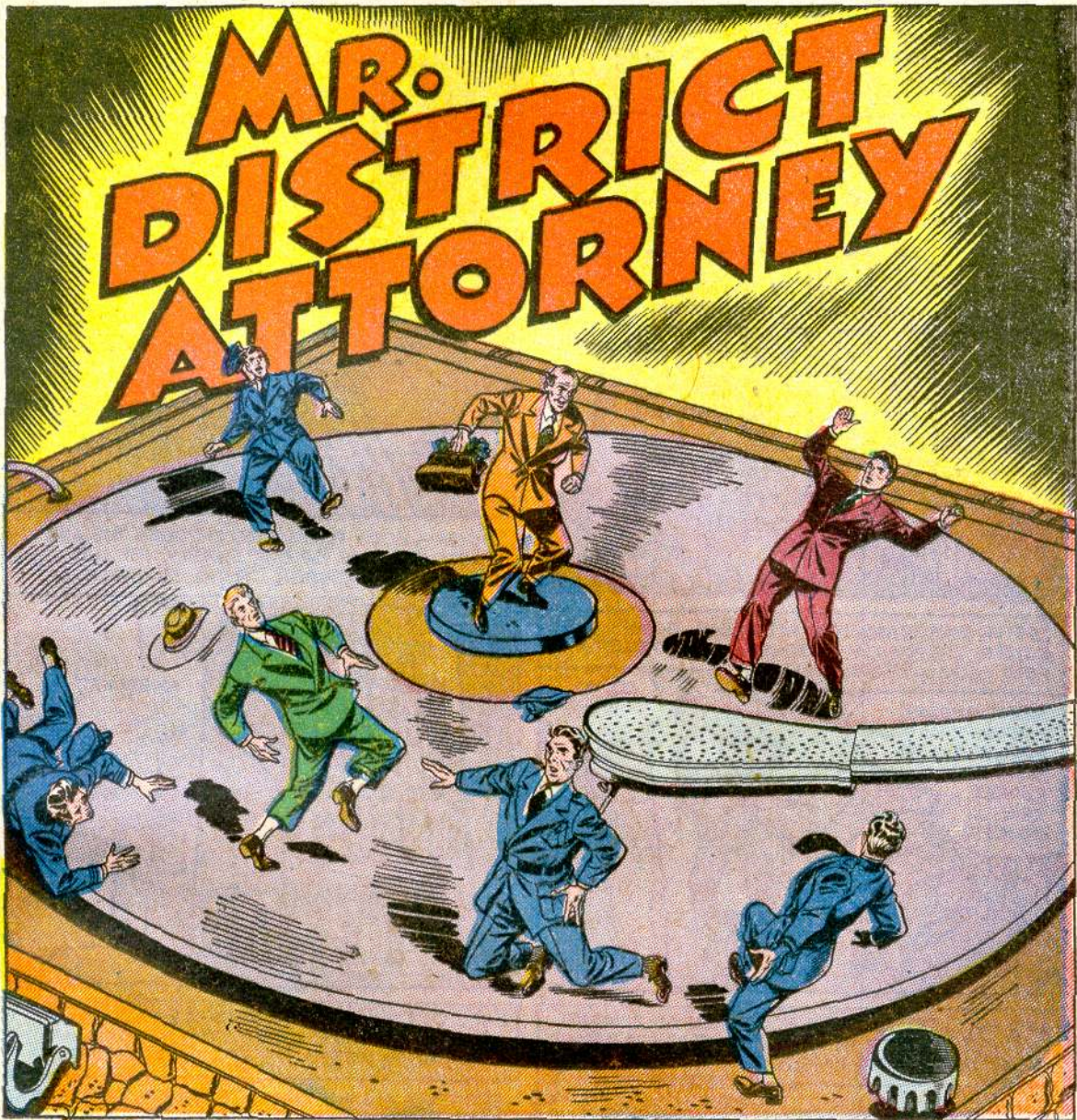
SUPERIOR, Wisc.: Accused of theft, a barber shop customer explained that he presumed the \$1 for a haircut included the clippers.

MUSCATINE, Iowa: After searching vainly for a missing Air Force enlisted man, military police found him at the annual Policemen's Ball, promptly pegged him for desertion.

LONG BEACH, Cal.: Local police hunted high and low for a stolen car, finally found it parked in front of the owner's house. Claimed the embarrassed owner: "It rained during the night, and the car was washed so clean, I didn't recognize it!"



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

RARELY DOES A RADICALLY NEW METHOD OF THEFT SUCCESSFULLY CHALLENGE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES. USUALLY, SUCH ATTEMPTS ARE MADE BY NOVICES -- DOOMED TO FAILURE WITH CRACKPOT "INVENTIONS". REGRETTABLY, I MUST CONFESS THE CASE HISTORY I PRESENT HERE WAS NOT OF THAT TYPE. WE WERE CONFRONTED WITH A MASTER CRIMINAL CRAFTSMAN -- ONE SO CLEVER AND CUNNING THAT I DEEMED IT NECESSARY TO STOP ALL OTHER DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATIONS SO THAT MY STAFF COULD CONCENTRATE SOLELY UPON...

"The SOUND WAVES of CRIME!"



IT WAS ON A HOT AUGUST AFTERNOON OF LAST YEAR THAT HARRINGTON AND I FIRST BECAME INVOLVED IN THE STARTLING SCHEME THAT WAS TO ROCK OUR CITY TO ITS FOUNDATIONS...

CHIEF! IT'S AUGIE LESTER, THE BANK MOBSTER! WHY WOULD HE WANT TO KILL HIMSELF?

I KNOW, HARRINGTON, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! THANKS, SERGEANT!

HERE, D.A.!



LESTER WAS TRANSFIXED WITH FEAR. SOME CITIZEN, APPARENTLY SEEKING TO HELP, THRUST A POLE FROM A NEARBY WINDOW...

GREAT HANNAH, HARRINGTON! SOME FOOL, TRYING TO HELP, HAS RUINED OUR CHANCES!

NO, NO! H-E-L-P--



LIFE HAD LEFT LESTER'S BODY WHEN WE REACHED HIM. BUT IN DEATH HE HAD BEGUN THIS STRANGEST OF ALL DEPARTMENT CASES...

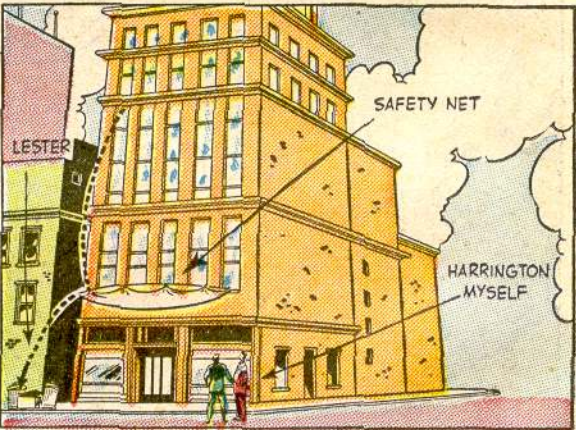
GOSH, CHIEF! A SMASHED RECORD TUCKED UNDER HIS SHIRT! WHY WOULD A SUICIDE CARRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

THE MIND OF A SUICIDE IS TWISTED, HARRINGTON. THIS RECORD COULD HAVE SOME SENTIMENTAL VALUE. PERHAPS IT'S A ROMANTIC SYMBOL...



LESTER, LISTEN TO ME! THIS IS YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY! SUICIDE ISN'T THE WAY OUT OF ANY PROBLEM!

LESTER'S BODY PLUMMETED THROUGH THE AIR, STRUCK THE SIDE OF OUR SAFETY NET AND CRASHED INTO RUBBISH ON THE SIDEWALK...



BUT I COULD HARDLY LINK ROMANCE AND AUGIE LESTER, BANK THIEF, TOGETHER IN MY MIND. MY LABORATORY PIECED THE RECORD TOGETHER...

IF THERE'S A GANG WAR IN THE MAKING, THIS GLUED-UP RECORD MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE, EH, CHIEF?

POSSIBLY, HARRINGTON. MEN OF LESTER'S CALIBER RARELY KILL THEMSELVES. SOMETHING'S MIGHTY ODD ABOUT IT ALL... LISTEN!



CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HARRINGTON AND I LISTENED THUNDERSTRUCK. THE RECORD CONTAINED NOTHING BUT A SERIES OF UNEVENLY SPACED **CLICKING SOUNDS**...

THERE'S **NOTHING** ON THE RECORD. JUST CLICKING SOUNDS WHERE THE NEEDLE HITS THE CRACKED PIECES!

NO! THE CRACKED PARTS AREN'T MAKING THAT CLICKING. THE CLICKS ARE **RECORDED ON THE RECORD**. STRANGE, HARRINGTON! MIGHTY STRANGE!

CLICK CLICK
CLICK CLICK...
CLICK CLICK...



MY FILE NOW REVEALS WHAT WAS OCCURRING AT THIS EXACT MOMENT ACROSS TOWN...

RAYBURN, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? ADAMS IS SCREAMING FOR HIS RECORD AND THE COPS HAVE GOT THE BUSTED PIECES AT HEAD-QUARTERS!

TELL ADAMS TO TAKE IT EASY! HE'LL GET HIS TEN GRAND WORTH! I'M ON MY WAY TO MAKE A DUPLICATE JOB NOW!



SHORTLY, ALEX RAYBURN ENTERED THE SHARLTON NATIONAL BANK, WITHDREW HIS SAFE DEPOSIT BOX FROM THE VAULT, THEN LOCKED HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE CUBICLES THE BANK PROVIDED FOR THE PRIVACY OF ITS DEPOSITORS...

THAT FOOL LESTER! HE COULD HAVE RUINED ME FOR KEEPS... HMM... IT'S 12:14... ONE MORE MINUTE TO WAIT!



THAT EVENING, ALEX RAYBURN, SUAVE INTERNATIONAL CONFIDENCE MAN, KEPT AN APPOINTMENT UPTOWN...

WHAT? YOU'VE GOT A DUPLICATE RECORD **ALREADY!** HOW IN SAM HILL DID YOU MANAGE IT, ALEX?

GOODS PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT RENDERED! I DON'T WELCH, ADAMS. WE MUST EXPECT CERTAIN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS IN THIS BUSINESS. I PREPARE MYSELF FOR THEM!



BUT, ALEX! THE COPS HAVE THE OTHER BUSTED RECORD THEY FOUND ON LESTER'S BODY! WHAT IF THEY FIGURE THINGS OUT?

ABSURD! TO ALL APPEARANCES, LESTER KILLED HIMSELF. HE MADE A SAD MISTAKE TRYING TO STEAL THE RECORD AFTER YOU HAD BID A HIGHER PRICE FOR IT! BESIDES, THE RECORD SAYS NOTHING--WHO COULD DECIPHER MEANINGLESS CLICKS?



RAYBURN HAD REASONED CORRECTLY, THE MYSTERY HAD HARRINGTON AND ME BAFFLED...

SO SOME UNKNOWN CITIZEN ATTEMPTS TO SAVE LESTER WITH A POLE-- HE FAILS AND LESTER DIES WITH A SMASHED RECORD IN HIS SHIRT-- WHAT **ARE** WE LOOKING FOR?

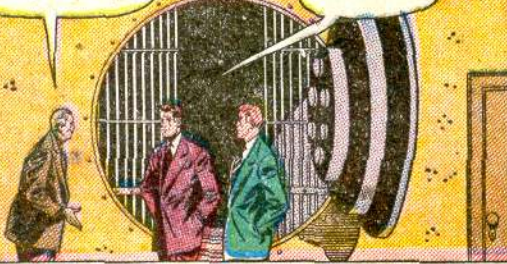
YOU'RE RIGHT, HARRINGTON! I GUESS WE'RE MERELY VICTIMS OF A PECULIAR SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES. THAT CLICKING RECORD IS PROBABLY AN AMATEUR'S RECORDING!



THE NEXT DAY, ALL THOUGHTS OF LESTER'S SUICIDE WERE BRUSHED ASIDE. A LARGE CITY BANK HAD BEEN ROBBED...

THE WATCHMAN DISCOVERED IT THIS MORNING, THE VAULT WIDE OPEN -- EVERY BILL STOLEN. D.A., **NOBODY** BUT THE BANK COMMISSION AND MYSELF KNOWS THAT COMBINATION! I-IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**

THIS MUST BE AN INSIDE JOB, MR. CONNORS. SOME EMPLOYEE OBVIOUSLY DISCOVERED YOUR COMBINATION, WE'LL MAKE A THOROUGH CHECK!



THAT WAS THE BEGINNING. WITHIN A WEEK, A HALF DOZEN STORES, FACTORIES AND BANKS HAD BEEN LOOTED IN A SIMILAR FASHION...

ANOTHER ONE, CHIEF! ANDERSON STORAGE COMPANY, SAFE OPENED LAST NIGHT BY SOMEONE WHO KNEW THE COMBINATION!

GREAT THUNDER, HARRINGTON! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS DEPARTMENT SO HELPLESS! EMPLOYEES **DO** ROB THEIR OWN FIRMS-- BUT NOT IN LOTS OF A DOZEN AT A TIME. THIS **HAS** TO BE AN ORGANIZED RACKET!



FOR A WEEK, I ALERTED EVERY MAN IN THE DEPARTMENT. KEY COMPANIES WERE WATCHED-- EMPLOYEES WERE CHECKED, BUT STILL THE THEFTS WENT ON... THEN, FINALLY, OUR BREAK CAME...

HELP! HELP! CALL THE POLICE!

GLORY BE! I WASN'T GONE THREE MINUTES ON MY ROUNDS AND THEY CRACKED THE SAFE AND MADE IT OUTSIDE!

BAM! BLAM!



BOTH DEAD! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T SURVIVE THE CRACK-UP!

BETTER THAN HAVING THEM ESCAPE US. THE D.A. WILL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO HAVE THIS MUCH TO WORK ON!



I CHECKED EVERY SHRED OF EVIDENCE IN THE HOLD-UP CAR, BUT HARRINGTON WAS THE ONE WHO SPOTTED IT...

IDENTIFICATION PAPERS REMOVED, CLOTHING LABELS GONE! THESE MEN ARE CLEVER, HARRINGTON!

SAY, CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS. IT'S A SMASHED RECORD!



THE SAME SIZE AND MAKE AS THE ONE FOUND ON LESTER! HARRINGTON! CALL UP THE LAB! I WANT THIS PIECED TOGETHER -- **FAST!**



LATER... LISTEN, HARRINGTON! NOT CLICKS THIS TIME-- BUT THE SOUND OF **FOOTS! EPS!** RISING AND FALLING IN VOLUME! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

GOSH, CHIEF! THIS CRAZY RECORD MUST BE TIED UP WITH THE ONE WE FOUND ON LESTER. BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

IT'S GOT TO MAKE SENSE! SOMEHOW THE WHOLE MESS IS TIED TOGETHER! LESTER'S DEATH-- THE WAVE OF IMPOSSIBLE ROBBERIES, THESE FANTASTIC RECORDS. I WANT EVERY RECORD SHOP IN THE CITY CHECKED... **AT ONCE!**

IT WAS TEDIOUS WORK -- BUT, FINALLY, AT THE EATON RECORD STORE ON SOUTH MAIN STREET...

WHY, YES! THIS IS A HIGHLY SENSITIVE AND EXPENSIVE TYPE RECORD. A GENTLEMEN UPTOWN BUYS DOZENS OF THESE BLANKS. I HAVE HIS ADDRESS ON OUR DELIVERY SHEET!

EXCELLENT!

THE GENTLEMAN UPTOWN WAS ALEX RAYBURN, BUT HIS ADDRESS WAS WHAT SHOCKED US...

HOLY COW, CHIEF! LESTER'S SUICIDE BUILDING!

YES, HARRINGTON! AND RAYBURN IS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR! THE SAME FLOOR LESTER JUMPED FROM! WE'RE GETTING PLACES! BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! VERY CAREFUL!

WE PICKED UP RAYBURN'S TRAIL LATE THAT EVENING IN FRONT OF HIS OFFICE BUILDING...

THERE HE GOES NOW, CHIEF! SAY...LOOK AT THAT RING ON RAYBURN'S FINGER. HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE GUY WHO HELD THAT POLE OUT TO LESTER ON THE FIFTH FLOOR LEDGE!

YES, HARRINGTON! AND NOW I WONDER IF AUGIE LESTER ACTUALLY DID COMMIT SUICIDE THAT DAY!

THEN, AS RAYBURN CROSSED THE STREET TOWARD HIS CAR...

WOW, CHIEF! RAYBURN ALMOST GOT HIMSELF A FREE TICKET TO CITY HOSPITAL!

APPARENTLY HE'S HARD OF HEARING, HARRINGTON! BETTER START THE MOTOR-- WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM!

HONK! SCREECH!

WE OBSERVED ALEX RAYBURN'S MOVEMENTS THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON, BUT HE DID NOTHING TO JUSTIFY OUR SUSPICIONS...

MR. RAYBURN JUST PAID HIS BILL! IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

NO... THANKS JUST THE SAME!

WITH HIS EARS, HE'LL HAVE TO SIT ON THE STAGE TO HEAR ANYTHING, CHIEF! SHALL WE GO IN?

LET'S WAIT HERE, HARRINGTON. WE COULD LOSE HIM INSIDE!

QUICK, HARRINGTON! FACE THE STREET! HE MIGHT RECOGNIZE US...

OH, OH! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!



AS HARRINGTON AND I TURNED OUR BACKS ON RAYBURN, A CURIOUS THING HAPPENED...

SHINE, MISTER?

RAYBURN ANSWERED THAT BOOTBLACK, YET ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO HE WAS NEARLY KILLED ON THE STREET WHEN HE DIDN'T HEAR THAT SHRILL HORN! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...

NO! NO THANKS, SONNY!



CHIEF! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YES, HARRINGTON! EVIDENTLY OUR MR. RAYBURN *DOESN'T* SUFFER FROM DEFECTIVE HEARING! I'M RETURNING TO THE OFFICE! KEEP CLOSE TO HIM AND REPORT TO ME LATER!



IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT WHEN HARRINGTON RETURNED WITH STARTLING INFORMATION WHICH WAS TO BE OF GREAT AID IN SOLVING THE CASE...

YOU SAY THAT BOTH EDDIE WILLIAMS AND CARE KERR VISITED RAYBURN AT HIS OFFICE! HMM... I WONDER WHAT THE LINK IS?

I DON'T KNOW, CHIEF! BUT THEY BOTH LEFT SEPARATELY AND THEY WERE CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE RECORDS! SHALL I PICK RAYBURN UP FOR QUESTIONING?



NO, HARRINGTON! THE SOLUTION TO THIS CASE IS IN DISCOVERING THE PURPOSE OF THOSE RECORDS! ALEX LESTER'S DEATH AND THE HOLDUP OF THE ANDERSON STORAGE COMPANY HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH RAYBURN'S RECORDS -- BUT WHAT?



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



LET'S SEE... THE RECORDING OF FOOTSTEPS AND STRANGE CLICKING NOISES -- WHAT COULD IT MEAN? THEN, THERE'S THE MATTER OF RAYBURN'S SUDDEN ABILITY TO HEAR... GREAT GUNS, HARRINGTON! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!



IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT WE MIGHT GET RESULTS! CONTACT THE MANAGERS OF THE MOVIE HOUSE AND BANK WE TAILED RAYBURN TO THIS AFTERNOON. ASK THEM TO COME TO THIS OFFICE AT ONCE!

SURE THING, CHIEF!



ONE HOUR LATER, I EXTENDED AN UNUSUAL REQUEST TO THE TWO MANAGERS. THEY WERE ONLY TOO WILLING TO COOPERATE...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THERE'S A DEFINITE POSSIBILITY OF YOUR ESTABLISHMENTS BEING ROBBED. WITH THE AID OF YOUR NIGHT WATCHMEN'S SCHEDULE AND SAFE COMBINATIONS, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE FOR MY OFFICE TO APPREHEND THE CRIMINALS!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, D.A.!



FOR NEARLY A WEEK, MY SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS KEPT A NIGHT-DAY VIGIL OVER THE TWO ESTABLISHMENTS, THEN, ON FRIDAY EVENING...

SNAP IT UP, WILLIE! THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S DUE ON THE TOP FLOOR IN THREE AND A HALF MINUTES!

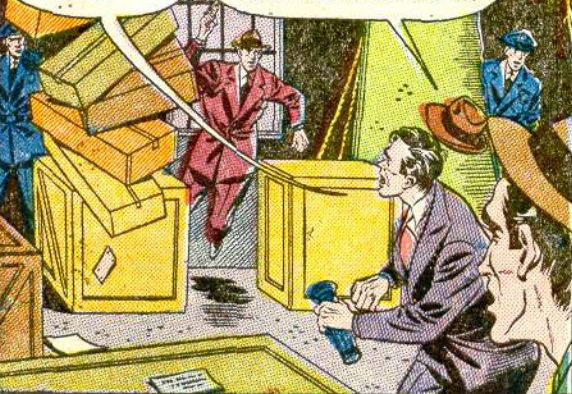
ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, CARL!



AS CARL KERR AND TWO HENCHMEN PASSED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT INTO THE THEATER STORE ROOM, AN UNTIMELY MISHAP REVEALED OUR TRAP...

THAT NOISE... COPS!

IT'S A TRAP! GOT TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT...



SINCE ALL EXITS WERE BLOCKED, THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE...

DROP YOUR GUNS AND REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE! THE ENTIRE BUILDING IS SURROUNDED!

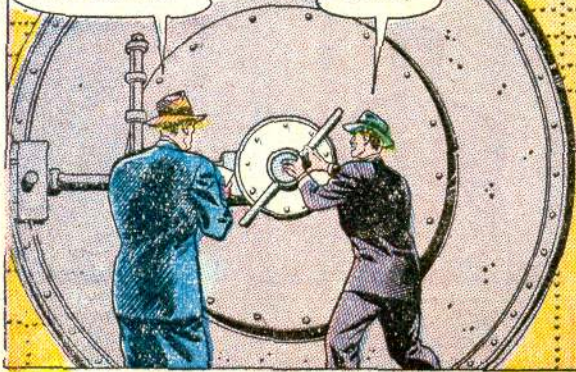
SOME-BODY MUST HAVE SQUEALED!



I ISSUED IMMEDIATE ORDERS TO KEEP THE KERR GANG'S ARREST A WELL-GUARDED SECRET! THEN, THE FOLLOWING MONDAY EVENING, BEFORE THE HUGE VAULT AT THE WINSTON BANK...

7 RIGHT... 41 LEFT...
12 RIGHT...

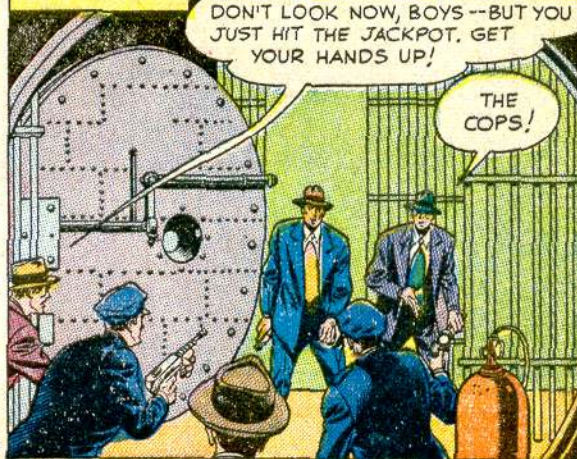
THAT SHOULD DO IT!



EDWARD WILLIAMS AND HIS PARTNER EXPERIENCED A RUDE SHOCK AS THEY SWUNG THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR OPEN...

DON'T LOOK NOW, BOYS -- BUT YOU JUST HIT THE JACKPOT. GET YOUR HANDS UP!

THE COPS!

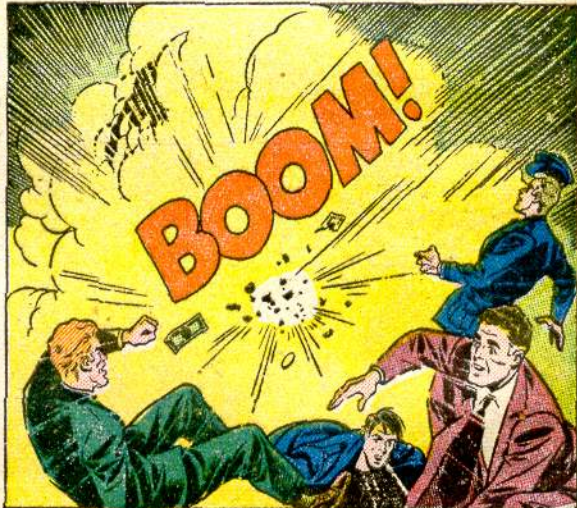


WILLIAMS WAS DETERMINED TO RESIST ARREST! UNNOTICED BY US, HE HAD LIGHTED AN EXPLOSIVE CAP BEHIND HIS BACK AND AT THE PROPER TIME...

TAKE COVER, MEN! IT'S AN EXPLOSIVE CAP!



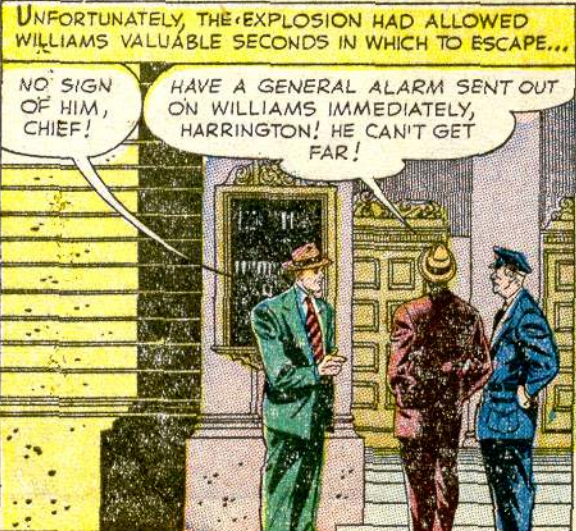
BOOM!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE EXPLOSION HAD ALLOWED WILLIAMS VALUABLE SECONDS IN WHICH TO ESCAPE...

NO SIGN OF HIM, CHIEF!

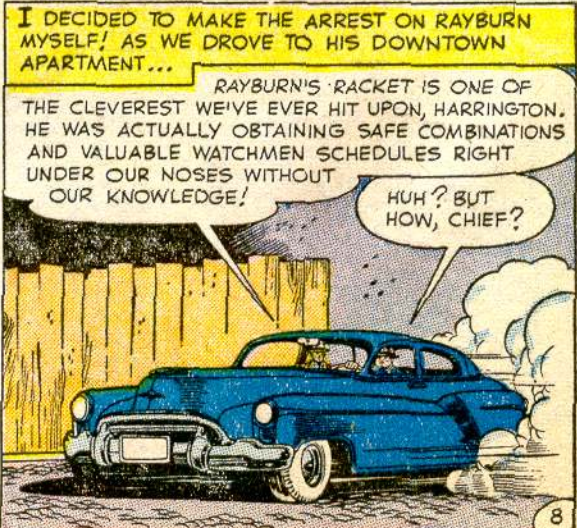
HAVE A GENERAL ALARM SENT OUT ON WILLIAMS IMMEDIATELY, HARRINGTON! HE CAN'T GET FAR!



I DECIDED TO MAKE THE ARREST ON RAYBURN MYSELF! AS WE DROVE TO HIS DOWNTOWN APARTMENT...

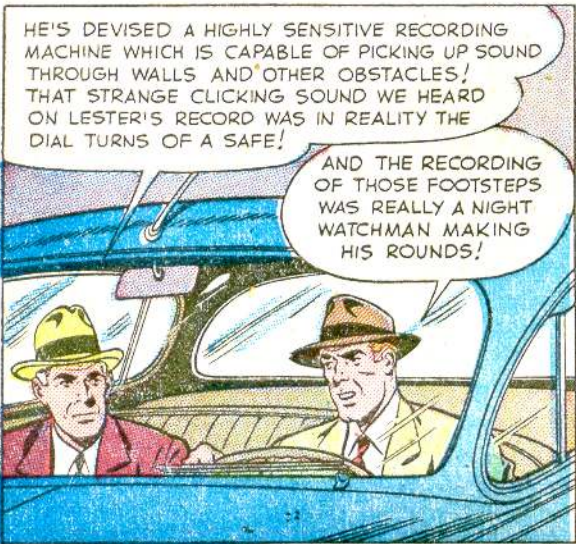
RAYBURN'S RACKET IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST WE'VE EVER HIT UPON, HARRINGTON. HE WAS ACTUALLY OBTAINING SAFE COMBINATIONS AND VALUABLE WATCHMEN SCHEDULES RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE!

HUH? BUT HOW, CHIEF?



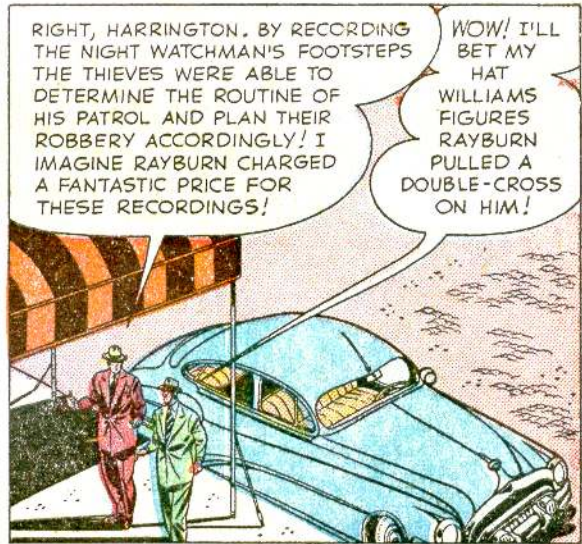


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HE'S DEVISED A HIGHLY SENSITIVE RECORDING MACHINE WHICH IS CAPABLE OF PICKING UP SOUND THROUGH WALLS AND OTHER OBSTACLES! THAT STRANGE CLICKING SOUND WE HEARD ON LESTER'S RECORD WAS IN REALITY THE DIAL TURNS OF A SAFE!

AND THE RECORDING OF THOSE FOOTSTEPS WAS REALLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKING HIS ROUNDS!



RIGHT, HARRINGTON. BY RECORDING THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S FOOTSTEPS THE THIEVES WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE THE ROUTINE OF HIS PATROL AND PLAN THEIR ROBBERY ACCORDINGLY! I IMAGINE RAYBURN CHARGED A FANTASTIC PRICE FOR THESE RECORDINGS!

WOW! I'LL BET MY HAT WILLIAMS FIGURES RAYBURN PULLED A DOUBLE-CROSS ON HIM!

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, WE RANG THE BELL TO RAYBURN'S 12TH FLOOR APARTMENT...



LET US IN, RAYBURN. YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

RAYBURN SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT IN A LAST DITCH STAND TO ESCAPE THE LAW, WHEN HARRINGTON AND I HAD BROKEN DOWN THE DOOR...



HE'S NOT HERE, CHIEF!

THIS ADJOINING ROOM, HARRINGTON! HE'S USED IT TO ESCAPE INTO THE CORRIDOR! C'MON...

AN INSTANT LATER...



D.A.! HE'S MADE THE ELEVATOR!

THE STAIRS, HARRINGTON! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED IN THE LOBBY, RAYBURN HAD ALREADY REACHED THE STREET...



HE'S AT THE ENTRANCE, CHIEF! I THINK HE'S LOOKING FOR A CAB!

QUICK, HARRINGTON! RAYBURN'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN TELL US THE NAMES OF OTHER CRIMINALS WHO HAVE HIS RECORDS!

REACHING THE STREET, HARRINGTON AND I STOOD IN UTTER HORROR AS WE OBSERVED RAYBURN DARTING TOWARD A PARKED CAR...

CHIEF! IT'S EDDIE WILLIAMS IN THAT CAR!

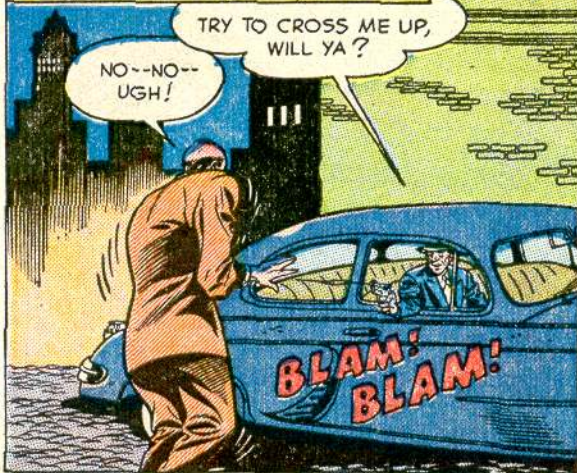
GOOD HEAVENS! HE PROBABLY BELIEVES RAYBURN DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM AND HE'S COME TO KILL HIM! RAYBURN! STAY AWAY FROM THAT CAR! WILLIAMS INTENDS TO KILL YOU!



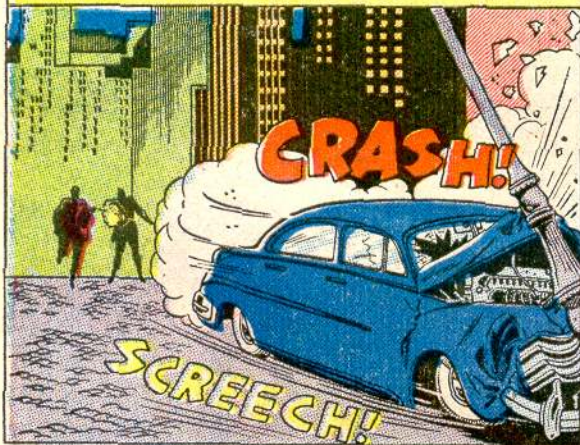
RAYBURN IGNORED MY WARNING AND PLUNGED HEAD-LONG INTO A HAIL OF FIRE...

NO--NO--UGH!

TRY TO CROSS ME UP, WILL YA?



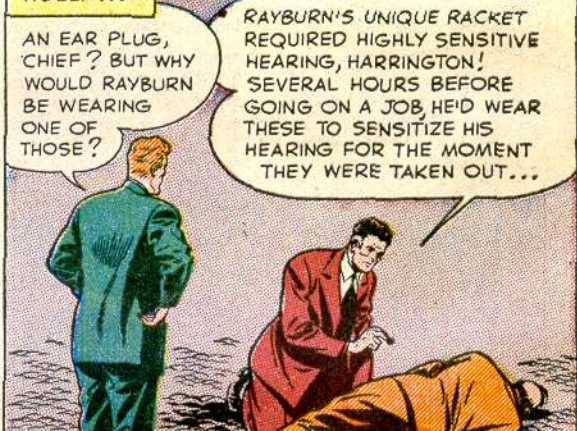
THEN WILLIAMS SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL AND BROKE FOR FREEDOM! AN INSTANT LATER...



IT WASN'T UNTIL WE OBSERVED RAYBURN'S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY THAT AN IRONICAL FACT REVEALED ITSELF...

AN EAR PLUG, CHIEF? BUT WHY WOULD RAYBURN BE WEARING ONE OF THOSE?

RAYBURN'S UNIQUE RACKET REQUIRED HIGHLY SENSITIVE HEARING, HARRINGTON! SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE GOING ON A JOB HE'D WEAR THESE TO SENSITIZE HIS HEARING FOR THE MOMENT THEY WERE TAKEN OUT...



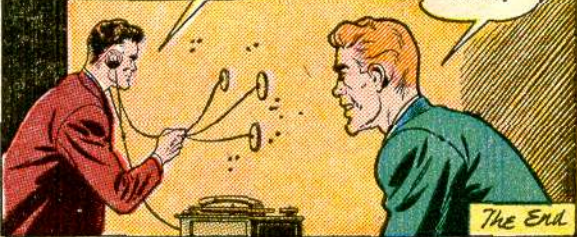
THAT'S WHY HE WAS NEARLY RUN OVER BY THAT CAR IN THE STREET, HARRINGTON. LATER, AFTER HE HAD MADE HIS RECORDINGS AT THE THEATER AND BANK, HE TOOK THEM OFF. IRONICALLY, HE WORE THE EAR PLUGS THIS EVENING AND THEREFORE WAS UNABLE TO HEAR MY WARNING!

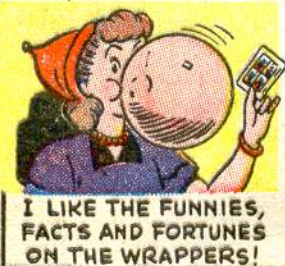


A THOROUGH SEARCH OF RAYBURN'S APARTMENT BROUGHT FORTH THE RECORDING APPARATUS HE HAD USED SO SUCCESSFULLY...

YOU SEE, HARRINGTON, RAYBURN'S TENTACLE-LIKE ATTACHMENTS ON THIS IMPROVISED STETHOSCOPE CLUNG TO THE WALL BEHIND THE VAULT DOORS AND PICKED UP THE SENSITIVE SOUNDS OF THE TUMBLER CLICKS OF THE DIAL!

I GET IT, CHIEF! THE VARIOUS CLICKS OF THE DIAL REVEALED THE SAFE COMBINATIONS. WOW! I'M SURE GLAD THIS CASE IS OVER WITH!





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BEWARE *the* RACKETS

I WAS SENT HERE TO LOOK AT YOUR VACUUM CLEANER... JUST A BUSINESS COURTESY... THERE'S NO CHARGE!

WELL-L...

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WHICH NEEDS FIXING!

HMM... JUST AS I THOUGHT... THE GRONTLAUB IS TANGULZIED BADLY!

CAN IT BE FIXED?

AND IT ALWAYS HAS TO BE FIXED IN THE SHOP!

IT'S PRETTY SERIOUS! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT TO THE SHOP FOR A NEW CREVIS!

I'M SORRY, BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO! A CROOK LIKE THAT USUALLY GETS ALL HE CAN... I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY A NEW CLEANER!

HOW AWFUL!

WATCH OUT FOR ANY SERVICES OFFERED FREE!

AL McLEAN

NEXT DAY... SHE'LL NEVER SEE HER CLEANER AGAIN! IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

LADY, I'M A STEAMFITTER AND I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT YOUR FURNACE!

RIGHT DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

ONE GOOD WHACK WITH THIS SLEDGE AND THAT DUMB DAME WILL NEED A NEW GRATE!

IN THE CELLAR...

YOU'RE LUCKY I CAME BEFORE WINTER SET IN! THIS GRATE WAS BUSTED, BUT I'LL PUT IN A NEW ONE FOR \$15... I HAVE ONE IN MY CAR!

GO RIGHT AHEAD!

THAT'S A FRESH BREAK AND THERE ARE HAMMER-MARKS... BESIDES, ANY HARDWARE STORE COULD HAVE SOLD YOU A NEW ONE FOR A COUPLE OF DOLLARS!

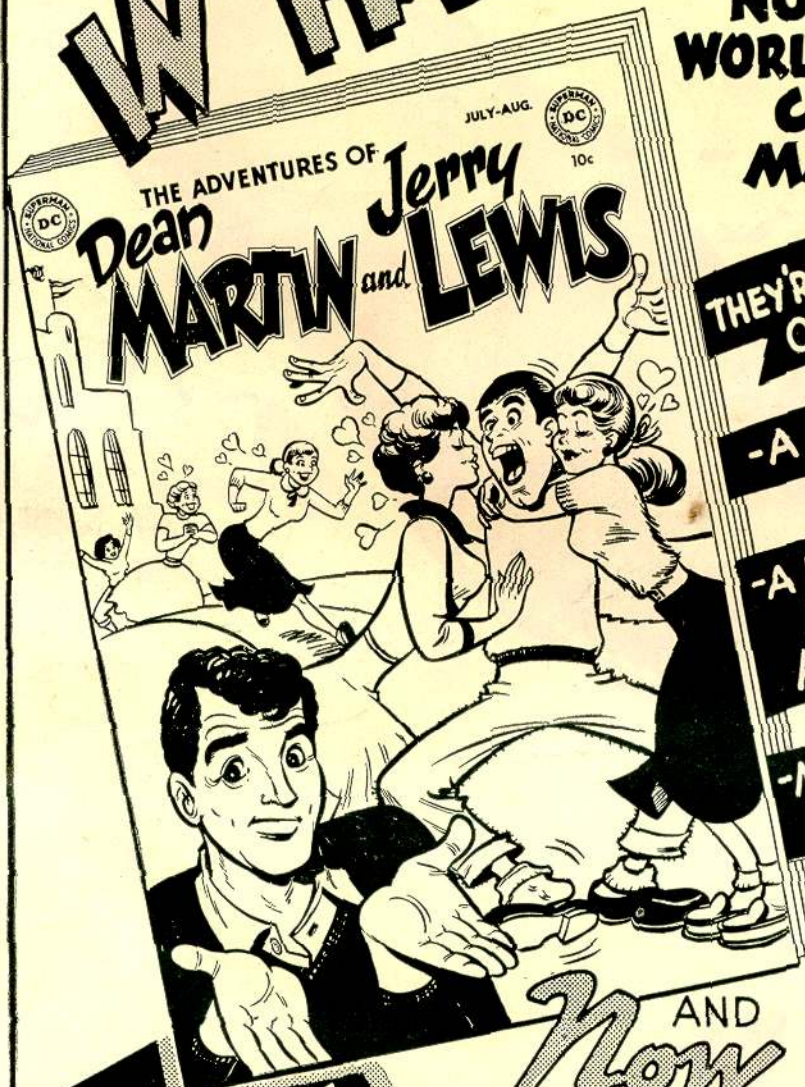
I GUESS I WASN'T SMART!

THAT EVENING... WHEN THE HUSBAND CAME HOME!

BE CAREFUL... IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

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NOW IN THE
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MAY 21ST
DON'T MISS
A SINGLE
ISSUE!

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THIS FOAM CREPE SOLE
BEATS THEM ALL--IT'S NEW!
MORE BOUNCE--MORE WEAR--
AND IT WEIGHS LESS, TOO!

SMOOTH INDIAN COPPER--
HOW THAT COLOR GLEAMS!
THIS SHOE'S THE ANSWER
TO A YOUNG BRAVE'S
DREAMS!

AIMIN' FOR VALUE?--
COMFORT, STYLE AND WEAR?
RUN, SWIFT AS AN ARROW,
AND GET **YOUR PAIR!**

PIPE THE ROUNDED, SLEEK,
NEW MOCCASIN SEAM;
THE 'ROUND-THE-WELT
STITCHING,
SO WHITE, SO CLEAN!



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I DON'T SEE HOW THEY
MAKE 'EM FOR THE WAMPUM!

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