

LAW VS. CRIME!

No. 4
JULY-AUG.



TEN
CENTS

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



John McManis
John McManis



WHO ARMS
UNDERWORLD
KILLERS?
*For a sensational
expose, read*
**"MERCHANTS
of DEATH!"**

BASED
ON THE
SMASH
RADIO
HIT!

1959
"Say—these snaps are
yearbook stuff!"

forever and a day...those snaps of school-time doings!
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GRENADES - AND OTHER
HIGH EXPLOSIVES.
RIFLES - SPECIAL BUILT
FOR NIGHT SHOOTING

JUST INQUIRE...
"THE MERCHANT
OF DEATH!"



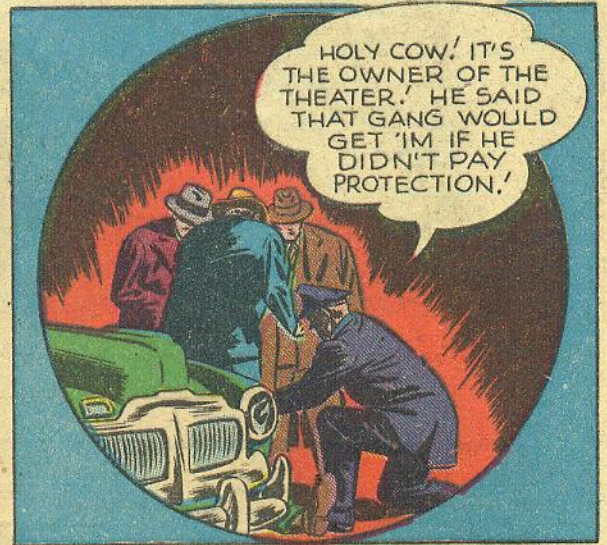
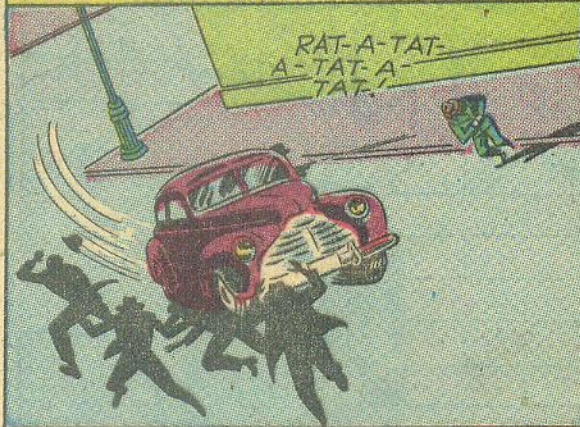
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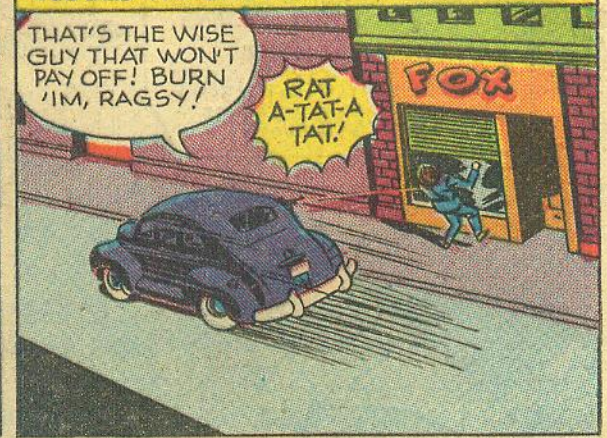
ON A CALM, COOL EVENING IN THE SUMMER OF 1946, A SLEEK MAROON SEDAN WHIZZED PAST A THEATER AND RUTHLESSLY SHOT DOWN A PASSERBY...



TWO NIGHTS LATER, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, THE FRONT OF A GARAGE WAS BLOWN UP, AND...



... WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF CITY HALL, AN INNOCENT JEWELER, THE FATHER OF TWO CHILDREN, WAS SHOT DOWN AS HE CLOSED HIS SHOP...



THE D.A. APPEARED SHORTLY AFTER THE BRUTAL CRIME...

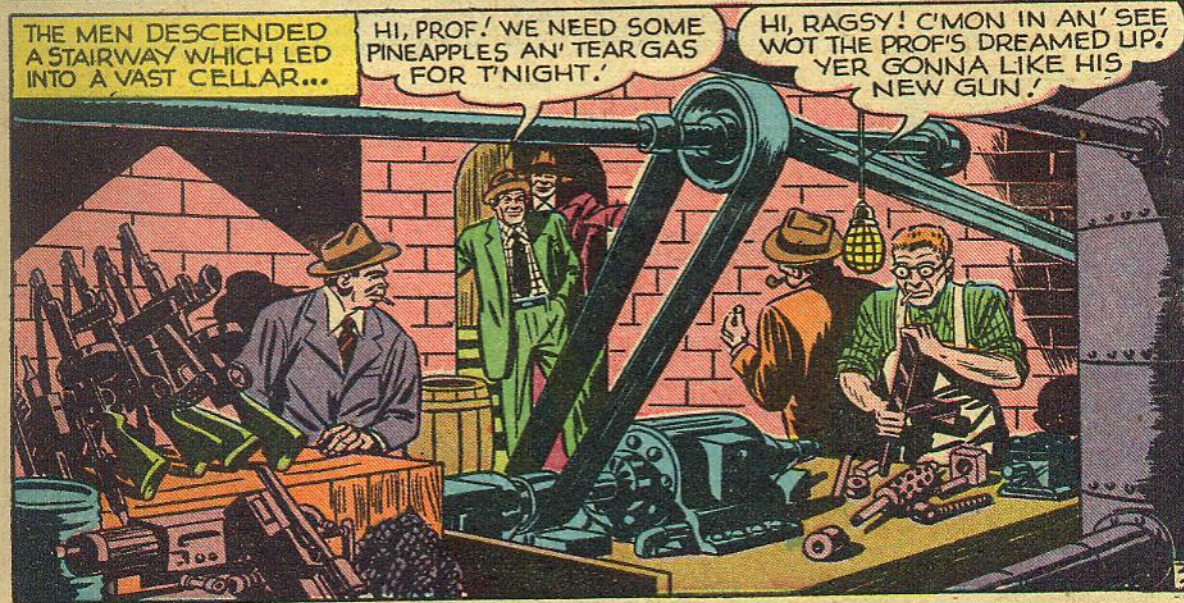
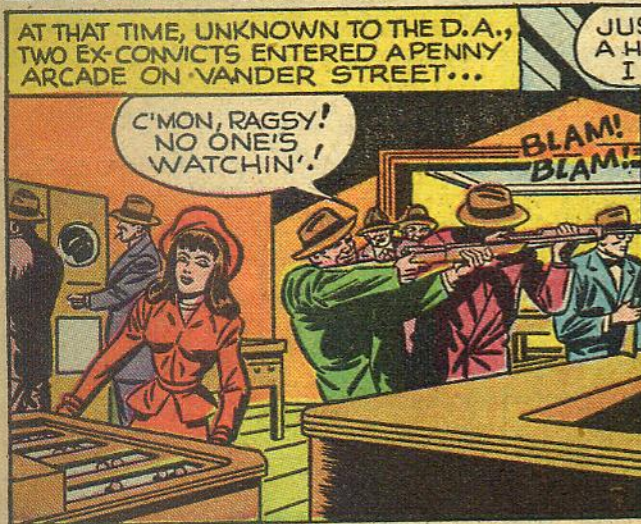


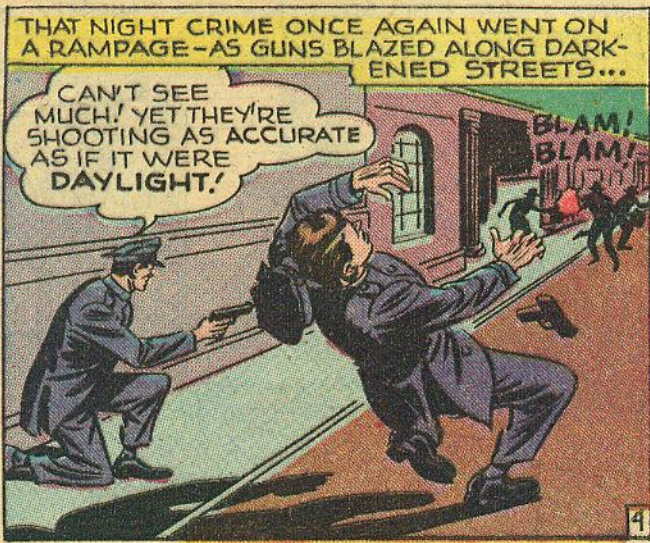
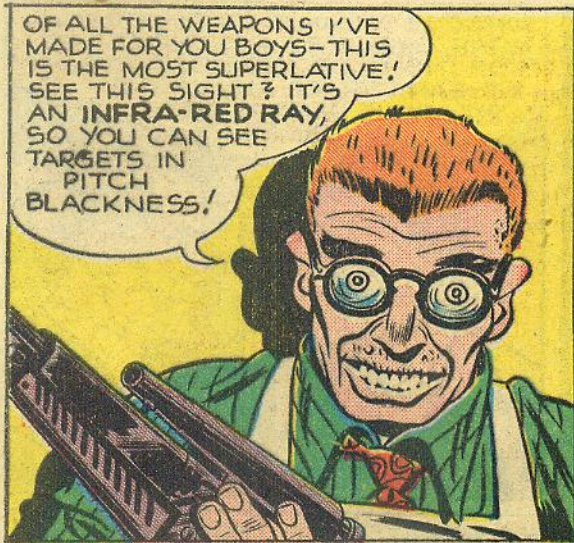
THE BULLETS WERE SENT TO THE BALLISTICS LAB, AND...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY







MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THEY GOT RAGSY— BUT WE GOT THE COPS. BOY! THESE NIGHT RIFLES ARE DILLIES!

YEAH— LET'S SCRAM FAST! WE CAN'T HELP RAGSY NOW!

MIKE— THEY GOT MURPHY AND ME.— I'M HURT BAD— YEAH, IT WAS A BANK JOB—

HANG ON, CALHOUN! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

AFTER-WARDS...

MURPHY'S GONE — BUT CALHOUN WILL PULL THROUGH! WHAT ABOUT THE CROOK, HARRINGTON?

DEAD, TOO, CHIEF! WE FOUND NOTHIN' ON HIM EXCEPT...

... EXCEPT THESE, CHIEF! A POCKETFUL OF PENNIES!

A BANK ROBBER CARRYING A BATCH OF PENNIES! YET THEY STOLE NO CASH FROM THE BANK— JUST BONDS!

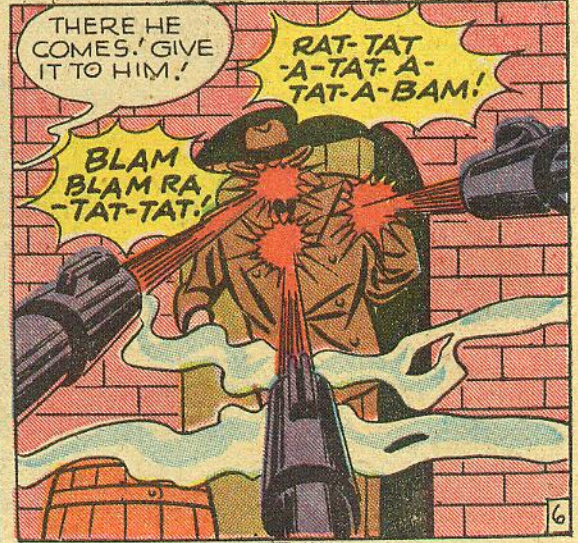
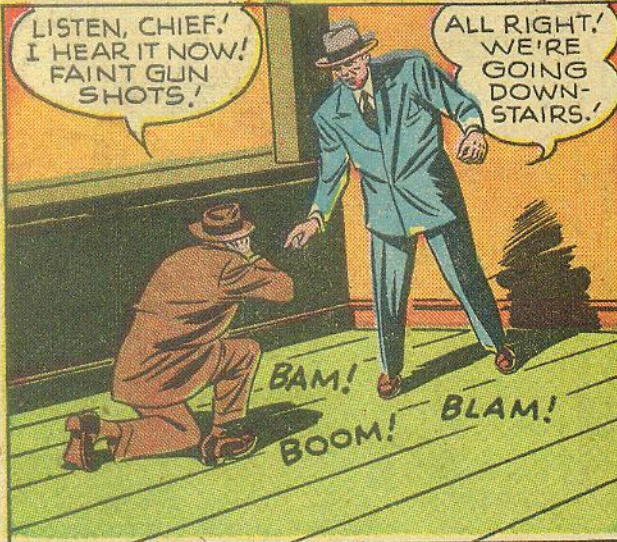
PENNIES... THIS WAS THE FATEFUL CLUE THAT BROKE THE CASE AND WAS DESTINED TO LEAD TO THE GANG'S DOWNFALL...

I THINK I'VE GOT IT, HARRINGTON! LET'S LOOK AT THAT DEAD CROOK! I WANT TO EXAMINE HIS HANDS!

SOON AFTER, THE D. A.'S CAR RACES THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING VARIOUS STOPS. THEN...

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY WE'RE CHECKING UP ON ALL THE PENNY ARCADES IN TOWN, CHIEF!

I'LL SHOW YOU IN A MOMENT!



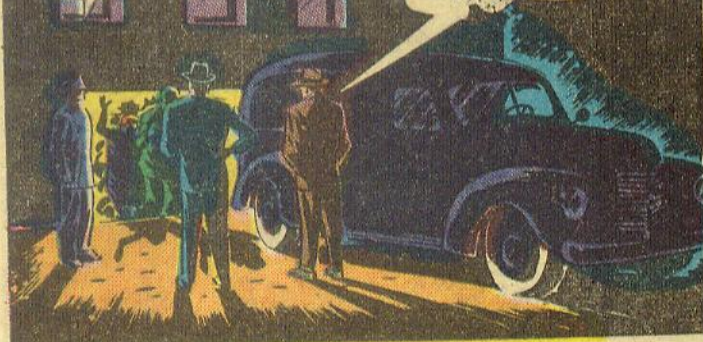




A NEARBY 5TH PRE-
CINCT SQUAD CAR
IS SUMMONED...

STEP
LIVELY,
BUD!

I STILL DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU TUMBLED
ON THE PENNY
ARCADE SET-UP.
CHIEF! LET'S HAVE
IT!



I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT A THUG
CARRYING SO MANY PENNIES—
UNTIL I CHECKED HIS HANDS
AND FOUND **CALLUSES** ON
HIS RIGHT PALM! THESE CLUES
INDICATED HE WAS A
PINBALL MACHINE
ADDICT!



EXAMINE THE PALM OF A MAN
WHO PLAYS COIN MACHINES
FREQUENTLY— YOU'LL FIND
CALLUSES THERE FROM
SHOVING THE SLOT SO
MUCH! SEVERAL
PLACES HAVE SLOT
MACHINES, BUT...



...THE SHOOTING GALLERY OF A
PENNY ARCADE OCCURRED TO
ME AS THE PERFECT COVER-UP
FOR **TEST SHOOTING** GOING ON
ELSE WHERE IN THE BUILDING!
THE HUNCH WORKED! ANOTHER
CASE IS CLOSED!



THE
END

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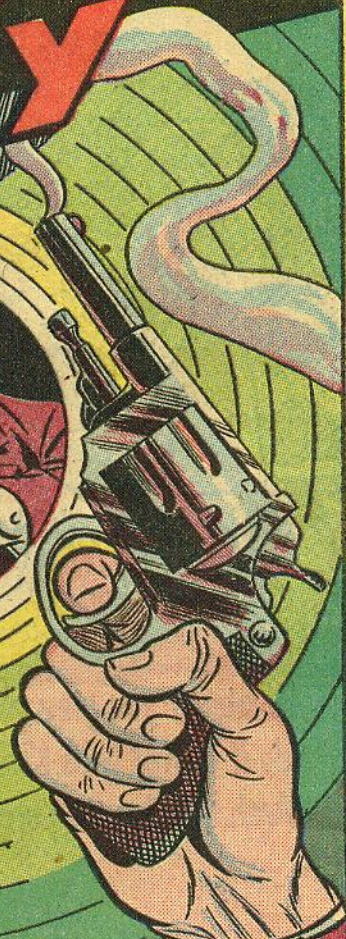
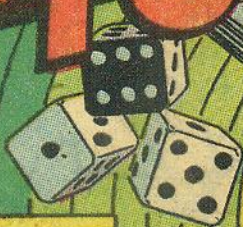


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

PART OF MY SWORN DUTY AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS TO DEFEND AS WELL AS PROSECUTE WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE LAW! SOMETIMES A PERSON MARKED "CRIMINAL" MAY BE ENTIRELY INNOCENT. WE MUST BE CERTAIN OF OUR FACTS! THAT'S HOW I FELT IN THE CASE OF EDDIE LAMOTT, AGED 15. IF YOU HAVE AN "EDDIE LAMOTT" IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD—READ THIS ACCOUNT BEFORE YOU PASS JUDGMENT ON HIM! WE CALL IT... *"The FALSE CODE OF HONOR!"*

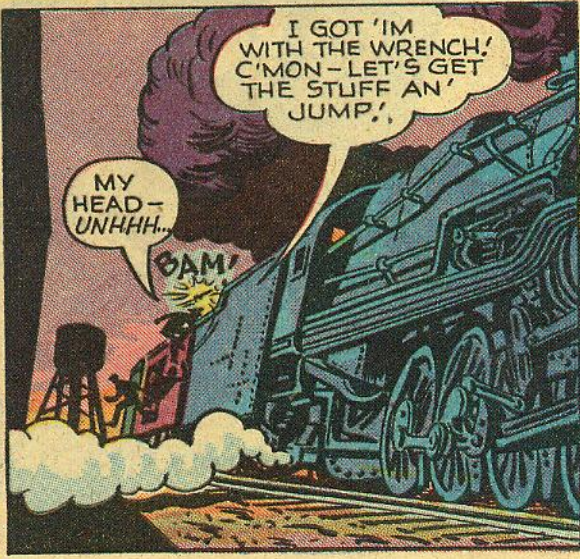


ON SEPT. 12, 1947, A FREIGHT CHUGGED SLOWLY OUT OF A SIDE TRACK IN A WAREHOUSE SECTION...



HEY! WHO'S IN THAT CAR? THERE'S VALUABLE CARGO IN THERE! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

PSST—IT'S A RAILROAD COP!



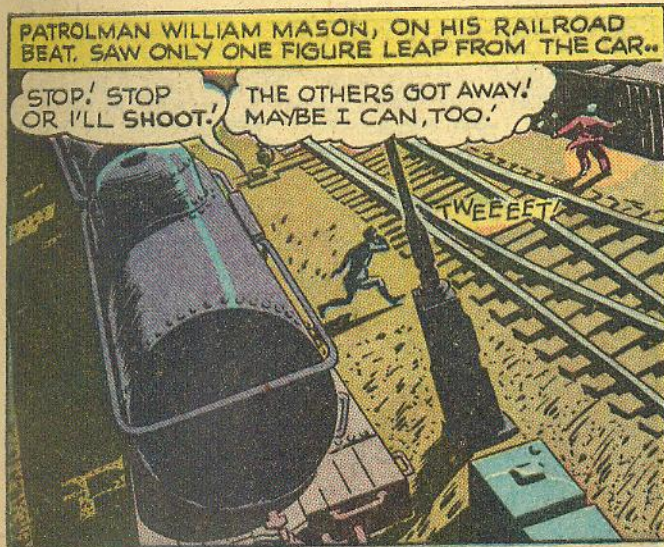
I GOT 'IM WITH THE WRENCH! C'MON—LET'S GET THE STUFF AN' JUMP!

MY HEAD—UNHHH...

BAM!

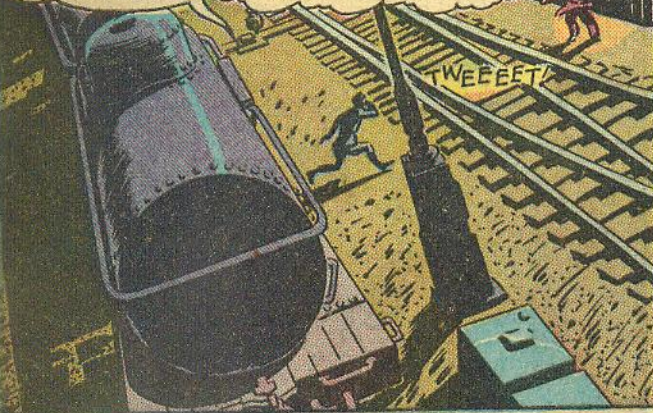


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



PATROLMAN WILLIAM MASON, ON HIS RAILROAD BEAT, SAW ONLY ONE FIGURE LEAP FROM THE CAR--

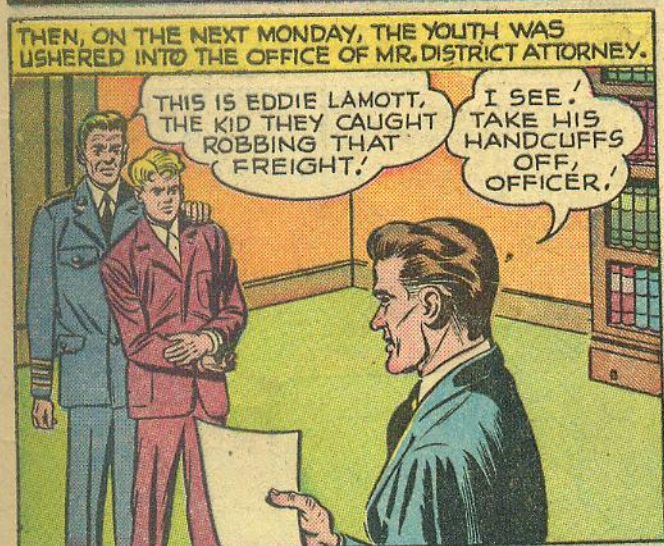
STOP! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT! THE OTHERS GOT AWAY! MAYBE I CAN, TOO!



A MOMENT AFTERWARDS...

I'M NOT RUNNING, OFFICER! DON'T SHOOT ME!

YOU DUMB KID! IF THAT RAILROAD COP DIES, THIS'LL BE A MURDER RAP!



THEN, ON THE NEXT MONDAY, THE YOUTH WAS USHERED INTO THE OFFICE OF MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

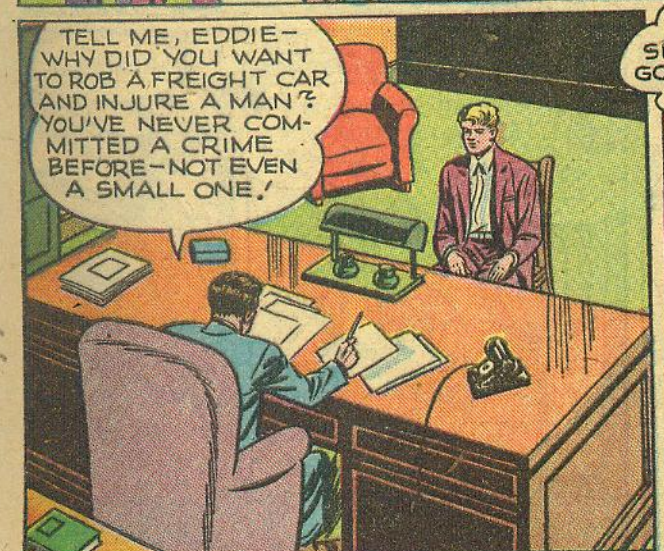
THIS IS EDDIE LAMOTT, THE KID THEY CAUGHT ROBBING THAT FREIGHT!

I SEE! TAKE HIS HANDCUFFS OFF, OFFICER!



NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, EDDIE--LET'S HAVE A TALK--MAN TO MAN! YOU KNOW THE RAILROAD OFFICER LIVED, SO THIS CASE ISN'T AS SERIOUS AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

YES, SIR, AND I'M GLAD!

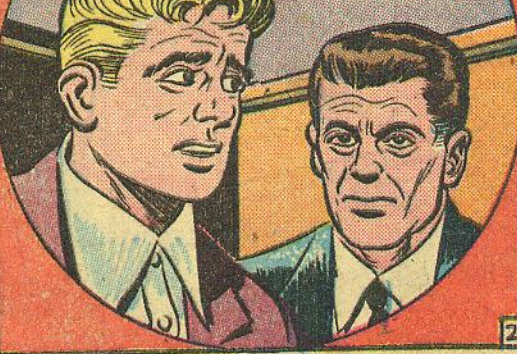


TELL ME, EDDIE-- WHY DID YOU WANT TO ROB A FREIGHT CAR AND INJURE A MAN? YOU'VE NEVER COMMITTED A CRIME BEFORE--NOT EVEN A SMALL ONE!



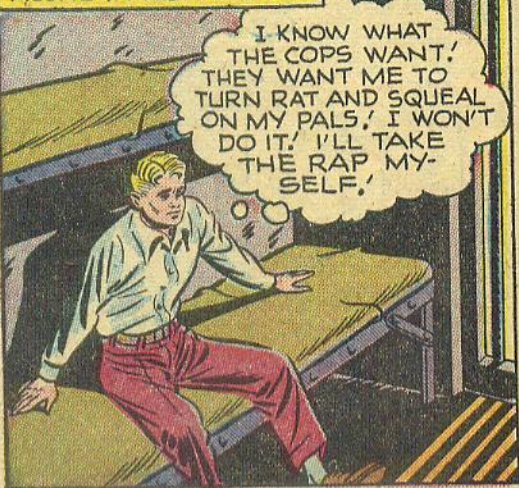
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY!

ALL RIGHT, EDDIE! IF YOU WON'T COOPERATE, IT'S MY DUTY TO CONVICT YOU AND PUT YOU BEHIND BARS!





THEN, WHEN EDDIE WAS ALONE IN HIS CELL...



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

OKAY, CHIEF--SO THE KID WON'T TALK! HE WAS CAUGHT ROBBING THAT FREIGHT RED-HANDED! THAT'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE!

NO, HARRINGTON, IT ISN'T! IN FACT, I'VE GOT A HUNCH EDDIE IS NOT GUILTY!



REMEMBER, IT IS MY DUTY TO DEFEND THE INNOCENT AS WELL AS CONVICT THE GUILTY! THIS CASE STRIKES ME ODD, AND WHEN WE'VE INVESTIGATED IT THOROUGHLY, WE MAY ALL BE SURPRISED!



THE FIRST STEP IN THE D.A.'S PLAN WAS TO SEND MISS MILLER TO VISIT EDDIE'S SCHOOL TEACHER...

THE BOY WAS HONEST IN CLASS, AND NEVER CHEATED. HE SHOWED A REMARKABLE LOYALTY TOWARD HIS FRIENDS. HAVE ONE OF THESE.



"ONCE, IN CLASS, WHEN A FRIEND PASSED HIM A NOTE...

EDDIE, IF YOU WON'T TELL ME WHO PASSED YOU THAT NOTE, I'LL HAVE TO PUNISH YOU!

I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T SNITCH!



WHILE HARRINGTON CALLED ON EDDIE'S ATHLETICS COACH...

YOU ASK ME ABOUT EDDIE? WELL HE'S A GOOD SPORT! HE HITS HARD BUT CLEAN! AND ALWAYS PLAYS A FAIR GAME!

H'MMM...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"EDDIE ALWAYS HIT THE OPPOSITION HARD— BUT HE DID IT FAIR AND SQUARE, WITH NO DIRTY WORK."

LOOK AT THAT EDDIE TACKLE!

WOW!



"AND ONCE IN A BASEBALL GAME, I SAW THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPEN WHEN EDDIE SLID INTO HOME WITH WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS THE WINNING RUN..."

SAFE! HE DIDN'T TAG HIM!

YEAH! WE WIN IN THE NINTH!



"YOU TALK ABOUT FAIR PLAY— I NEVER SAW ANYBODY WITH THE NERVE TO DO WHAT EDDIE DID THEN..."

SORRY, SIR— BUT HE DID TAG ME! YOU COULDN'T SEE IT FOR THE DUST— BUT ACTUALLY I'M OUT.

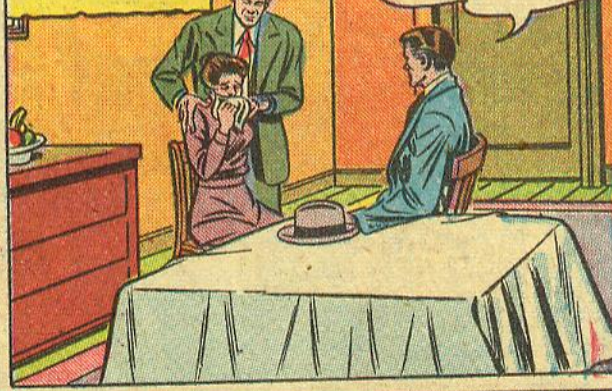
THANKS, EDDIE!



AND MR. D.A. HIMSELF VISITED EDDIE'S HOME TO TALK TO HIS PARENTS...

NOW, NOW, MARTHA!

THAT'S RIGHT! DON'T WORRY YET! JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU CAN ABOUT YOUR BOY! I'LL HANDLE THE REST!



"WELL, SIR, EDDIE WAS NEVER ONE TO PLAY ON THE SIDE OF CRIME! HE USED TO FIGHT FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT! TAKE THE TIME HE WAS WITH LITTLE JERRY CALHOUN..."

THAT GANG DOESN'T LIKE ME, EDDIE!

NO? WELL, WE'RE NOT RUNNING AWAY!



"HE DEFENDED JERRY FROM THE BULLIES. HE LOST THE FIGHT, MAYBE, BUT HE ALWAYS SAID HE'D DO IT AGAIN IF THEY PICKED ON JERRY..."

WHAM!

CHEEPERS! DIS KID'S NO SISSY! WATCH 'IM, SPIKE!

BANG!



ON SATURDAY, THE D.A. RETURNED TO EDDIE'S CELL...

HOW'S THAT?

EDDIE; YOUR PAST RECORD PROVES THAT YOU ARE NOT A CRIMINAL—BUT YOU ARE LOYAL TO YOUR FRIENDS, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE IN THE WRONG. LOYALTY IS A FINE VIRTUE—BUT ONLY WHEN IT'S JUSTIFIED.



YOU ARE SHIELDING A CRIMINAL, EDDIE. AND THAT'S WHY YOUR SENSE OF LOYALTY IS A FALSE CODE OF HONOR! YOUR REAL LOYALTY SHOULD BE WITH JUSTICE! IT IS EVERY CITIZEN'S DUTY TO FIGHT CRIME, NOT TO SIDE WITH IT.

I—SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR!



I'VE BEEN ALL WRONG! I DIDN'T ROB THAT FREIGHT CAR—I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW BIG JOE FRANEY WANTED TO ROB IT. I THOUGHT I WAS JUST GOING FOR A RIDE.

FRANEY, EH? LET'S GO, HARRINGTON! AND TURN THIS BOY LOOSE, OFFICER! HE'S INNOCENT!



THAT NIGHT, THE D.A. THREW A POLICE DRAGNET AROUND FRANEY'S WEST SIDE APARTMENT, THEN...

MY GUN'S EMPTY—BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, D.A.! I'M GOING TO JUMP! HA! HA!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS—GET SET!



BUT IN THE INSTANT THE CROOK LEAPED, THE D.A.'S MEN WENT INTO ACTION...

NOW WE CATCH HIM IN THE NET—SAVING HIM FOR THE COURTS!



THANKS TO YOU, EDDIE—WE'VE WON. I WISH ALL CITIZENS WOULD HELP US IN CASES LIKE THIS!

AND I'LL NEVER GET MY LOYALTIES MIXED AGAIN! NEVER!



THE END

TRAPS THE CIRCUS CULPRIT

TOOTSIE

BY C.C. BECK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, SOMEONE'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH OUR EQUIPMENT! OUR STAR TRAPEZE PERFORMER HAS HAD THREE ACCIDENTS THIS WEEK! THE NEXT ONE MAY BE FATAL!

THE SECRET LEGION AND I WILL TRY TO TRAP THE CULPRIT, MR. BINGLING!

HURRY NOW, KIDS! WE'VE GOT TO SPRINKLE THIS DETECTING POWDER ON ALL THE EQUIPMENT BEFORE TONIGHT'S SHOW!

I'LL SET UP THE DETECTOR LAMP IN THAT TENT, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

CERTAIN SUBSTANCES FLUORESCCE OR GLOW IN THE DARK WHEN INVISIBLE RAYS FROM AN ULTRAVIOLET LAMP STRIKE THEM. CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION HOPE TO TRAP THE VILLAIN BY THE TRACES OF DETECTING POWDER HIS HANDS WILL PICK UP.

ULTRAVIOLET LAMP WITH SPECIAL FILTER
ULTRAVIOLET RAYS
DETECTING POWDER

NOW LET'S EAT A TOOTSIE POP WITH A TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER. THEY'LL GIVE US THE QUICK ENERGY WE NEED TO TRAP THE CULPRIT!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! THESE TOOTSIE POPS ARE SWELL—JUST LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

PRESENTING MISS TRIxie, MOST FAMOUS TRAPEZE ARTIST IN THE WORLD, IN HER DEATH-DEFYING AERIAL ACT!

YAAAY!

SUDDENLY...

SNAP!

EEEK!

LOOK OUT! SHE'S FALLING RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

OOOH! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE ONE, MISS TRIxie! WE'LL TRAP THE CULPRIT FOR YOU!

WOW!

NOW COME ON, EVERYBODY! WE'LL GET MR. BINGLING TO BRING ALL EMPLOYEES TO BE EXAMINED UNDER THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE IS BAFFLED!

SKREEK! SKREEK!

QUIET, ZULU! NO LUCK, CAPT. TOOTSIE? NO TELL-TALE POWDER ON ANYONE'S HANDS?

NO, AND I'VE EXAMINED EVERYONE—EXCEPT YOU YOURSELF, MR. BINGLING. WILL YOU STEP IN NOW?

THERE'S THE CULPRIT!

GRAB HIM, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

LOOK AT THOSE GLOWING HANDS!

WHAT? ZULU IS THE GUILTY ONE? WE CAN'T JAIL HIM!

ZULU MUST HAVE BEEN CHEWING ON THE ROPES! WE NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM!

POOR LITTLE ZULU! I FORGIVE HIM!

GOSH! AFTER ALL THAT EXCITEMENT, I GUESS WE OUGHT TO HAVE ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE POPS WITH TOOTSIE ROLL CENTERS!

ZULU SURE SURPRISED US!

AND YOU GET SOME GRAND SURPRISE AND PLENTY OF PEP WHEN YOU EAT A TEMPTIN' TOOTSIE POP! THEY'RE A DOUBLE TREAT! FOR YOU START WITH LICKIN' GOOD HARD CANDY—CHERRY OR ORANGE OR LIME OR OTHER SWELL FLAVORS—THEN YOU REACH THAT DEE-LICIOUS, DEE-LIGHTFUL TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER. OH BOY, GET SOME TODAY!

ALSO GET CHEWY CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLLS. THEY GIVE QUICK ENERGY, TOO!

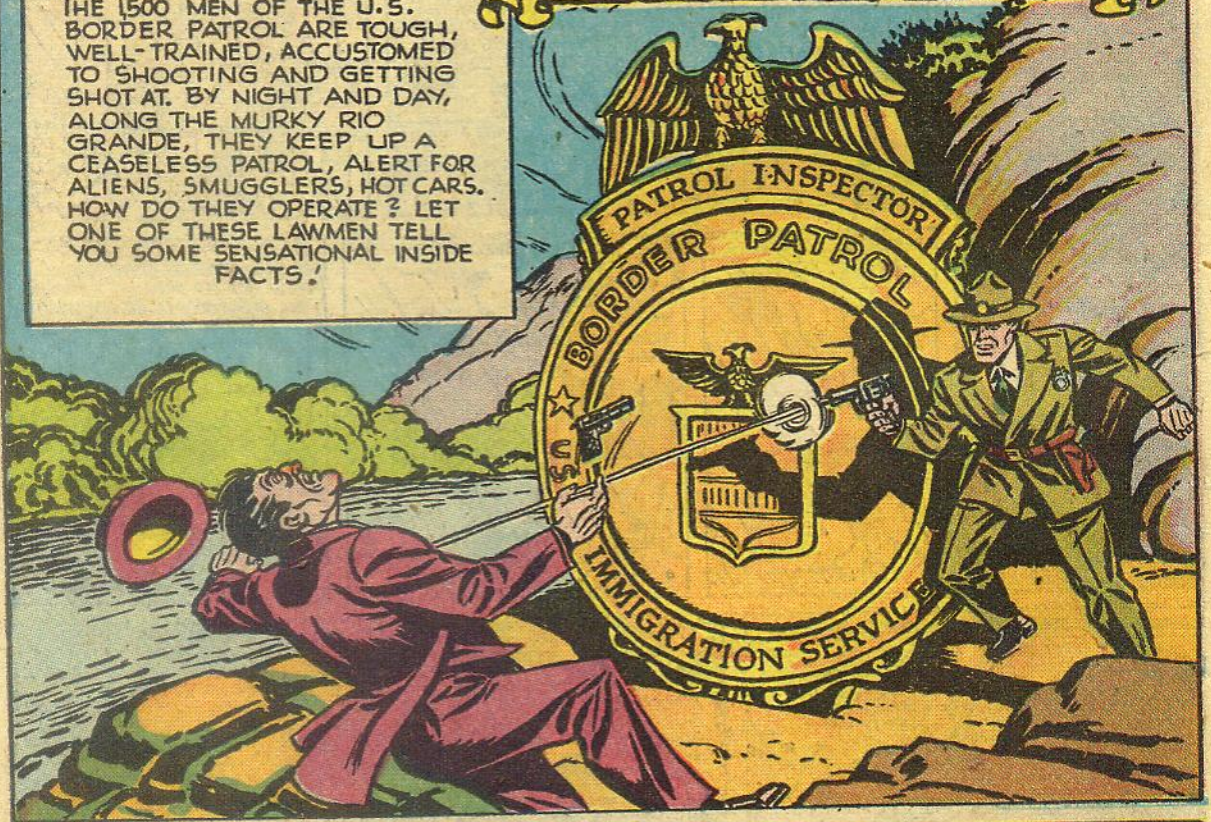
DELICIOUS CHEWY CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER



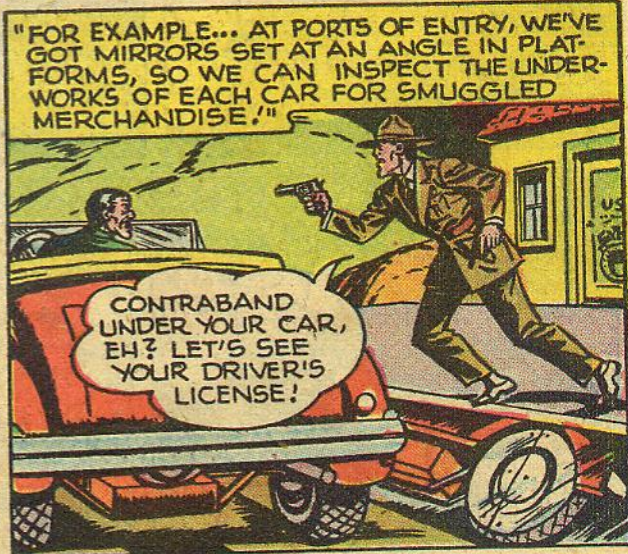
BORDER COP

A SPECIAL CRIME FEATURE

THE 1500 MEN OF THE U.S. BORDER PATROL ARE TOUGH, WELL-TRAINED, ACCUSTOMED TO SHOOTING AND GETTING SHOT AT. BY NIGHT AND DAY, ALONG THE MURKY RIO GRANDE, THEY KEEP UP A CEASELESS PATROL, ALERT FOR ALIENS, SMUGGLERS, HOT CARS. HOW DO THEY OPERATE? LET ONE OF THESE LAWMEN TELL YOU SOME SENSATIONAL INSIDE FACTS!



WALT NILES IS THE NAME! I'M WITH THE U. S. BORDER PATROL... AND TAKE IT FROM ME, IT'S A TRICKY JOB!



"FOR EXAMPLE... AT PORTS OF ENTRY, WE'VE GOT MIRRORS SET AT AN ANGLE IN PLATFORMS, SO WE CAN INSPECT THE UNDERWORKS OF EACH CAR FOR SMUGGLED MERCHANDISE!"

CONTRABAND UNDER YOUR CAR, EH? LET'S SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE TRICKS SOME WISE GUYS PULL TO AVOID PAYING THE DUTY ON ARTICLES BOUGHT IN MEXICO!"



A CUTE TRY FOR SNEAKING IN EXPENSIVE FOUNTAIN PENS, MISTER... BUT IT WON'T WORK!

"THEN THERE'S THE PROBLEM OF 'WET FEET.' THAT'S WHAT WE CALL ALIENS WHO WADE ACROSS THE SHALLOW RIO GRANDE INTO TEXAS ILLEGALLY!"



OVER THERE, WALT, 'WET FEET.'

"MOST OF THEM ARE HARMLESS FELLOWS WHO WANT TO WORK IN THE U.S. WHERE WAGES ARE HIGHER, BUT ONCE IN A WHILE SOMEBODY GETS TOUGH!"



DROP THAT KNIFE, MISTER!

BUT OUR TRICKIEST JOB IS PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH PROFESSIONAL SMUGGLERS! THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS! LIKE THE TIME WE WENT AFTER A JEWEL SMUGGLING RING...

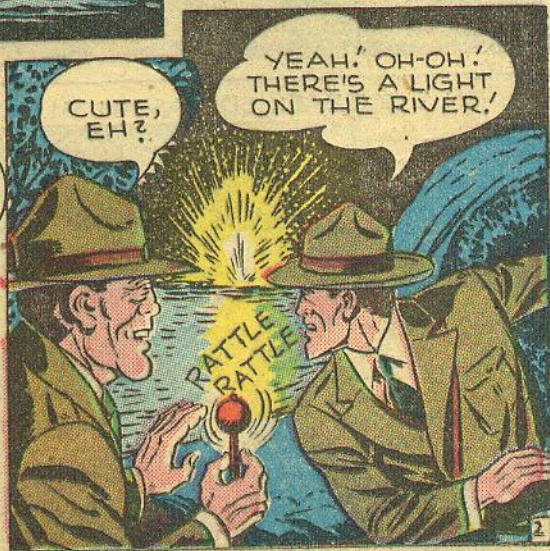


"BORDER COPS ALWAYS WORK IN PAIRS FOR SELF-PROTECTION, AND ONE NIGHT, WHEN I WAS ON PATROL WITH MY BUDDY, ED WAGNER..."



HOW'S THE NEW BABY DOING, ED?

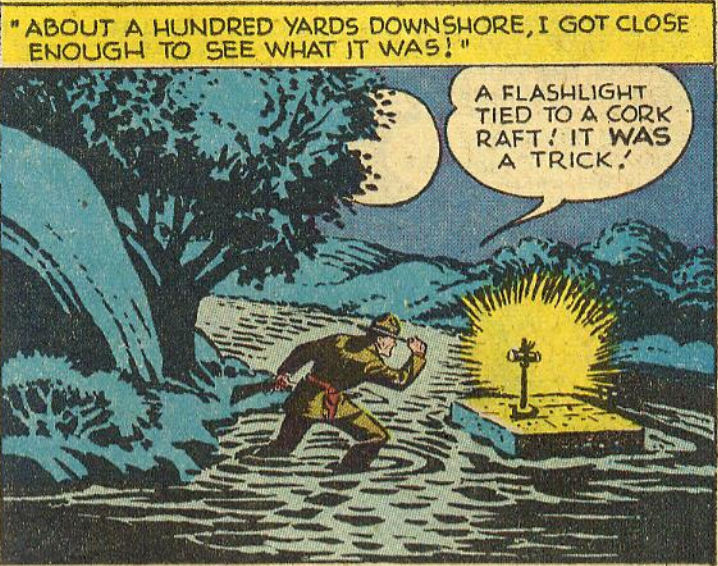
GREAT! WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE NEW RATTLE I BOUGHT FOR HER!



CUTE, EH?

YEAH! OH-OH! THERE'S A LIGHT ON THE RIVER!

RATTLE RATTLE



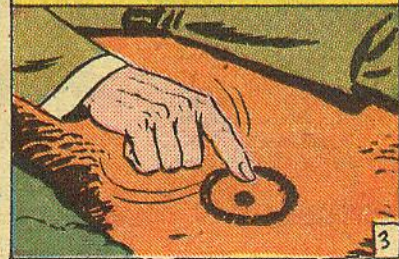
"YEAH... I WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, BUT I WAS TOO FAR AWAY NOW TO HELP ED..."



"WHEN I GOT BACK, ED WAS ALL ALONE... AND IN BAD SHAPE..."

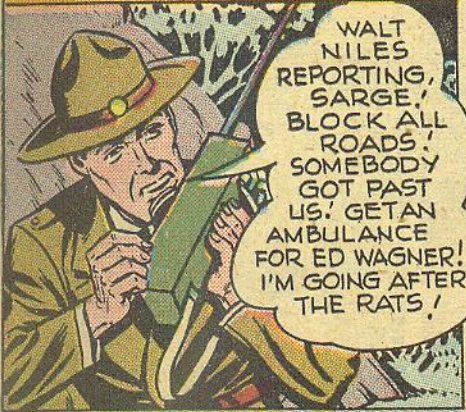


"HIS MOUTH MOVED, BUT NO WORDS CAME! HE JUST HAD STRENGTH ENOUGH TO MAKE A MARK IN THE MUD... A MARK THAT TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND THE SMUGGLERS!"





"I MADE A FAST CALL ON ED'S WALKIE-TALKIE ..."



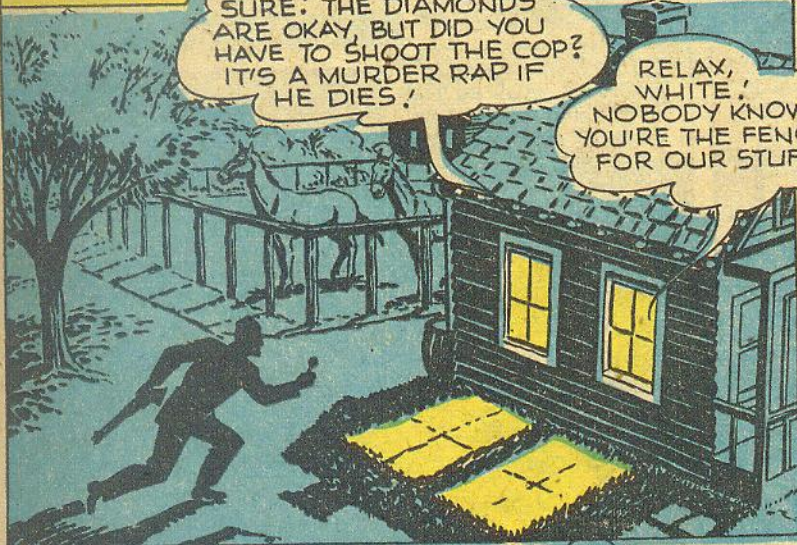
WALT NILES REPORTING, SARGE! BLOCK ALL ROADS! SOMEBODY GOT PAST US! GET AN AMBULANCE FOR ED WAGNER! I'M GOING AFTER THE RATS!

"I PICKED UP ED'S BABY RATTLE WHERE IT HAD FALLEN... A SENTIMENTAL GESTURE..."



HOLD ON, ED! DON'T GIVE UP! I'LL GET 'EM FOR YOU!

"TEN MINUTES LATER, I WAS CREEPING TOWARD THE HOUSE OF A RANCHER NAMED OTTO WHITE ..."



SURE! THE DIAMONDS ARE OKAY, BUT DID YOU HAVE TO SHOOT THE COP? IT'S A MURDER RAP IF HE DIES!

RELAX, WHITE! NOBODY KNOWS YOU'RE THE FENCE FOR OUR STUFF!

THREE AGAINST ONE! TOUGH ODDS! I'VE GOT TO CUT IT DOWN A BIT TO BE SURE OF TAKING THEM ALONE!

"I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT SUDDENLY I THOUGHT OF THE BABY RATTLE I'D SHOVED IN MY POCKET!"

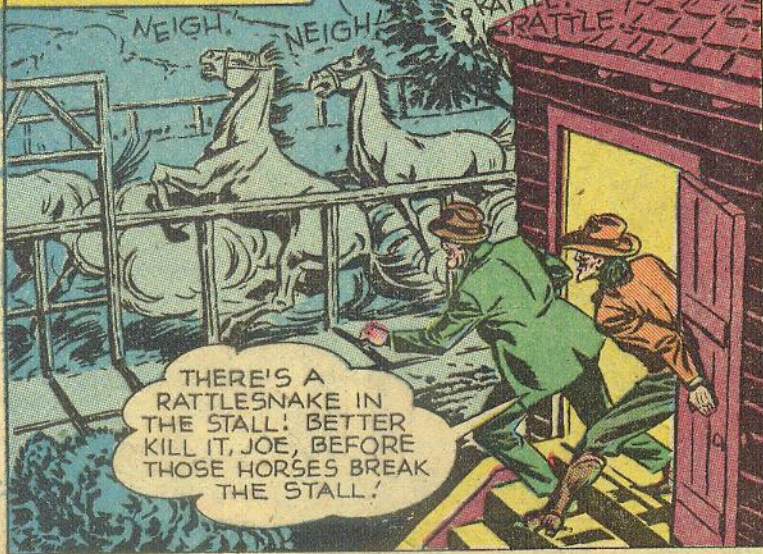


SURE! THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!



I'LL JUST FIX IT TO ONE OF THESE BRANCHES NEAR THE HORSE STALL ... AND LET THE WIND DO THE REST.

"AS SOON AS THE RATTLE BEGAN TO SHAKE, THE HORSES NEIGHED WILDLY..."



THERE'S A RATTLESNAKE IN THE STALL! BETTER KILL IT, JOE, BEFORE THOSE HORSES BREAK THE STALL!

"JOE CAME RUNNING, AND I WAS READY FOR HIM!"



"A RIFLE'S NO GOOD FOR THE FAST SHOOTING I KNEW WAS COMING! I WHIPPED UP MY SERVICE REVOLVER—AND THEN MY ARM WENT NUMB!"



A COPPER! I KNEW SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG!

"I ROLLED AWAY PRONTO, BUT IN THE DARK I'D LOST MY GUN!"



COME ON! WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF!

"I FELT FOR THE RIGHT CARTRIDGE, RAMMED IT HOME—AND SENT A RED FIREBALL RIGHT PAST THEIR EYES!"



AGGH! MY EYES!

I CAN'T SEE!

"THEN I REMEMBERED! THE VERY PISTOL THAT'S PART OF EVERY BORDER PATROLMAN'S STANDARD EQUIPMENT!"



I HOPE LUCK IS ON THE SIDE OF THE GOOD GUYS TONIGHT!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"THE DAZZLE BLINDED THEM FOR ABOUT TWO MINUTES, BUT ALL I NEEDED WAS ONE MINUTE TO MAKE THE PINCH!"



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

"WELL, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS IN A HOSPITAL BED... RIGHT BESIDE ED!"



NICE GOING, WALT! YOU'RE A HERO!

BOSH! IT WAS YOUR CLUE THAT DID THE TRICK!

UH, BY THE WAY... HERE'S YOUR KID'S RATTLE. WHEN SHE GETS OLD ENOUGH TO TALK, TELL HER THANKS!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING ABOUT THAT CLUE! WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER—OUR VERY SIGNAL PISTOL CARTRIDGES ARE TWO KINDS! ONE SENDS UP A WHITE FLARE, THE OTHER SENDS UP A RED FLARE!



TO HELP US SELECT THE RIGHT COLOR IN THE DARK, THERE ARE RAISED MARKINGS ON THE BASE OF EACH CARTRIDGE SO THEY CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY TOUCH!



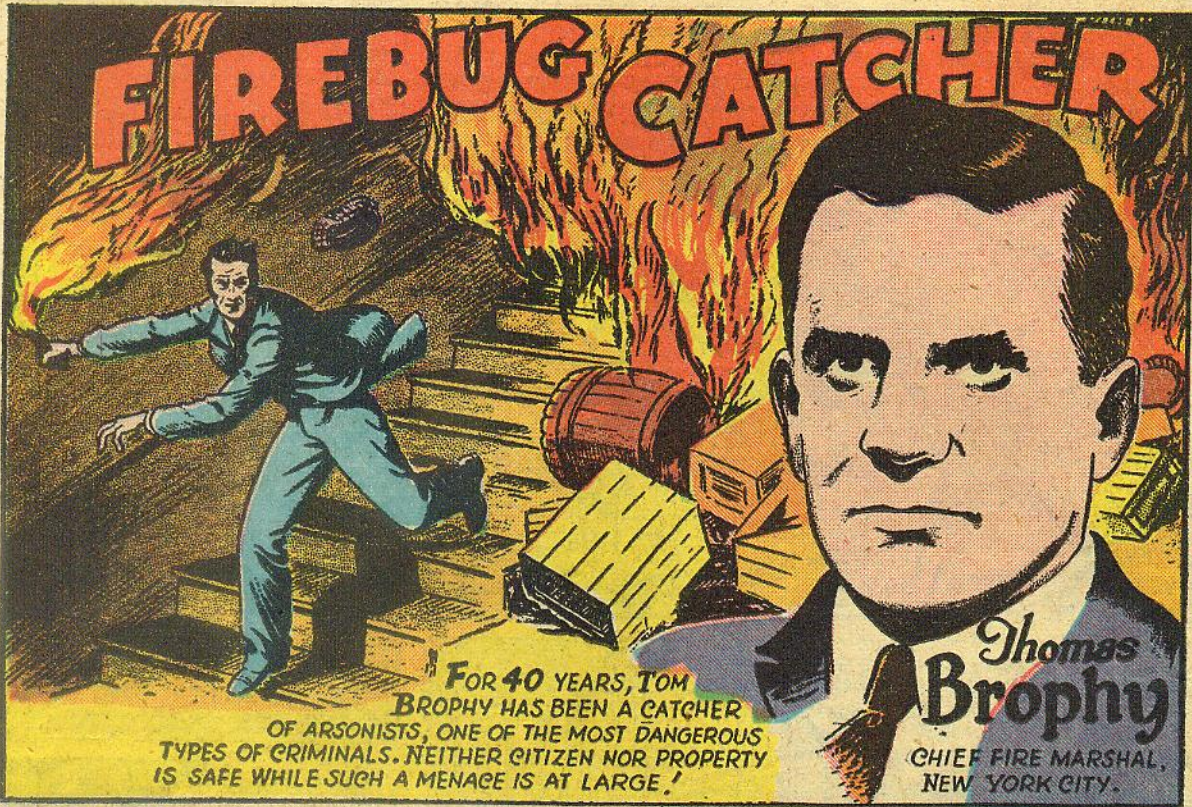
SO, ED'S "MYSTERIOUS" MARK POINTED TO WHITE... THE RANCHER OTTO WHITE! REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT BORDER PATROLMEN HAVE TO BE TRICKY!



THE END



FIREBUG CATCHER



FOR 40 YEARS, TOM BROPHY HAS BEEN A CATCHER OF ARSONISTS, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS TYPES OF CRIMINALS. NEITHER CITIZEN NOR PROPERTY IS SAFE WHILE SUCH A MENACE IS AT LARGE.

Thomas Brophy
CHIEF FIRE MARSHAL,
NEW YORK CITY.

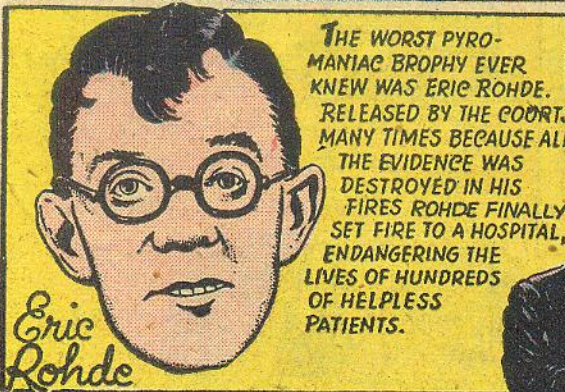
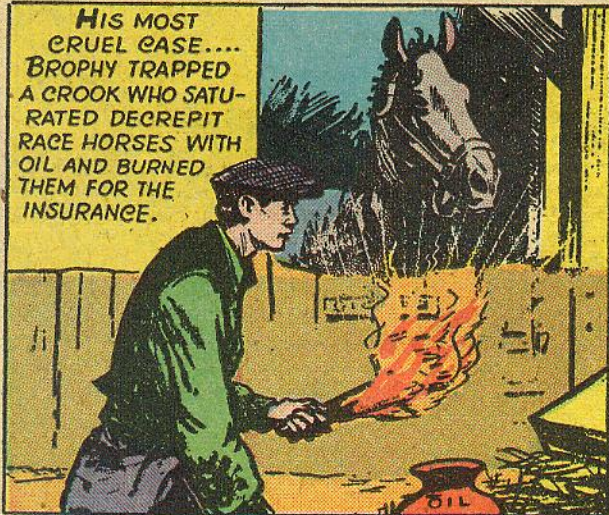
HE HAS CAUGHT MORE FIREBUGS THAN ANY MAN IN AMERICA AND HIS METHODS IN SLEUTHING ARE NOT UNLIKE THOSE USED BY GREAT DETECTIVES.



AH! I'VE GOT A CLUE!

HURRY! CHIEF, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!

HIS MOST CRUEL CASE.... BROPHY TRAPPED A CROOK WHO SATURATED DECREPIT RACE HORSES WITH OIL AND BURNED THEM FOR THE INSURANCE.



Eric Rohde

THE WORST PYRO-MANIAC BROPHY EVER KNEW WAS ERIC ROHDE. RELEASED BY THE COURTS MANY TIMES BECAUSE ALL THE EVIDENCE WAS DESTROYED IN HIS FIRES ROHDE FINALLY SET FIRE TO A HOSPITAL, ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF HELPLESS PATIENTS.



HOLD IT YOU!

ROHDE WAS CAUGHT AT ONE OF HIS OWN FIRES AND SENT TO AN INSTITUTION. BE CAREFUL, KIDS. DON'T BE A FIREBUG!

WON-BY A WHISPER!

ANOTHER 'JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WITH THE BIG TRACK MEET COMING UP, NO WONDER THE BLUES HAD THE "BLUES"...

GOLLY... THAT RED TEAM LOOKS TERRIFIC!

YEAH-THINK WE HAVE A CHANCE?

HOW CAN WE? THEY'RE BIGGER AND STRONGER.

SURE HATE TO SEE THAT TEAM CHAMP OF THE CAMP!

WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO-

MAYBE THERE IS. I'LL GIVE YOU A SECRET TIP.

LISTEN, GUYS, BZZZ, BZZZ, BZZZ, BZZZ...

A WEEK LATER AT THE BIG MEET!

OOPS... NOW IF JOE CAN DO BETTER...

YEAH, IF WE WIN THIS AND THE RELAY, THE MEET IS OURS!

ZOWIE! NOW IT'S UP TO THE RELAY! LET'S GO!

LUCKY YOU TOLD US ABOUT "P-F", JIM!

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
 HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

HOORAY! WE'RE THE CHAMPS!

AND THE BLUES AREN'T "BLUE" ANYMORE!

"P-F" GAVE US THE EXTRA ZIP WE NEEDED!

THE GUYS ARE ALL WISE ABOUT "P-F" NOW! HOW ABOUT YOU?

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
 MADE ONLY BY

B.F. Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.

ADVENTURES OF
"POPSICLE PETE"



IN
"SHOW TIME"

HIYA PETE-- LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CORNER AND HANG AROUND.

AW THAT'S NO FUN-- I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! GET THE GANG TOGETHER AND MEET ME AT THE SCHOOL YARD!

LISTEN, GUYS, OUR TEACHER, MR. WINTERS HAS A SWELL PLAN...

HELLO BOYS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ACTORS AND PUT ON A REAL SHOW? WE CAN START REHEARSALS RIGHT NOW.

BOY THAT SOUNDS GREAT!

SOME FUN!

OKAY FELLOWS! THAT'S OUR LAST REHEARSAL! BE ON TIME TOMORROW. WE HAVE TWO BIG SHOWS TO DO!

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

GREAT!

WOW! WHAT A SHOW!

HA! HA!

THOSE GUYS ARE GOOD!

GOSH PETE, DID YOU HEAR THAT APPLAUSE? YOUR IDEA WAS TERRIF! LET'S GET MR. WINTERS FOR MORE SHOWS!

YOU BET! HE'S A REGULAR GUY.

I'VE FOUND THAT TEACHERS CAN BE A LOT OF FUN IF YOU GIVE THEM HALF A Popsicle Pete CHANCE.

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

TM REG US PAT OFF

and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY ICE CREAM ON-A-STICK PRODUCTS

ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL GENUINE BAGS — THEY ALWAYS SAY —

"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."



Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store. Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

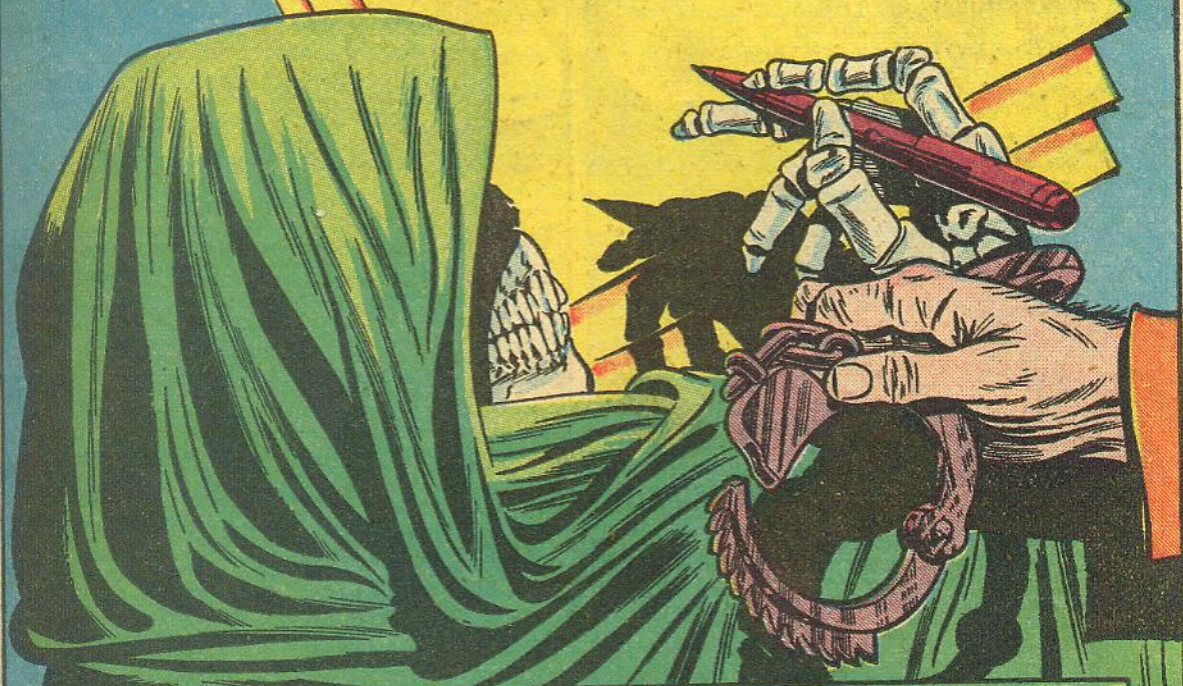
NEW YORK 7, N. Y. CHICAGO 10, ILL. LOS ANGELES 23, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.
601 W. 26th St. 400 W. Ohio St. 2744 E. 11th St. 325 Elizabeth St. N.E.





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The Last Will and Testament...



Your District Attorney speaks:

THE SUREST WAY TO SMASH A RACKET IS TO EXPOSE IT, SO I HAVE CHOSEN THIS CASE TO EXPLAIN THE INSIDIOUS WAY IN WHICH A RACKET IS BUILT UP AND IS OPERATED.

THE NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE ARE NOT THE TRUE NAMES, BUT THE INCIDENTS PRESENTED ARE DRAMATIZED FROM A FACTUAL CASE HISTORY FROM MY FILES. I CALL THIS CASE...

"DEATH Writes a FORGERY!"

ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 23RD, 1947, "SCRATCH" SIMPSON, EXPERT FORGER, WAS THE DINNER GUEST OF A MAN NAMED CHARLES EDWARD BAKER...

SCRATCH, MY BOY, IF WE COMBINE YOUR TALENT WITH THE PEN AND MY TALENT FOR POSING AS AN HONEST BUSINESS MAN, WE CAN GO FAR.

COULD BE. WHAT'S THE ANGLE?

YOU'LL FIND OUR NEW RACKET HERE!



THE NEXT NIGHT, THE DEAD MAN'S HOUSE WAS ROBBED... NOT OF JEWELS OR MONEY... BUT OF A LETTER.

HERE'S WHAT I WANT. A NOTE IN HIS HAND-WRITING... WITH HIS SIGNATURE.



AND, THAT VERY NIGHT, SCRATCH SIMPSON BEGAN PRACTICING GAULT'S SIGNATURE...

WHY DO YOU WRITE IT UP-SIDE DOWN?

THIS WAY IT BECOMES MEANINGLESS TRACERY! I'M LESS TEMPTED TO MAKE MISTAKES. IT'S AN OLD FORGING TRICK.



AND FINALLY, BY MORNING, GAULT'S HANDWRITING WAS PRODUCED IN DUPLICATE.

THERE IT IS - GAULT'S I. O. U. FOR \$5,000!

AMAZING! IF GAULT WERE ALIVE, HE'D THINK HE WROTE IT HIMSELF.

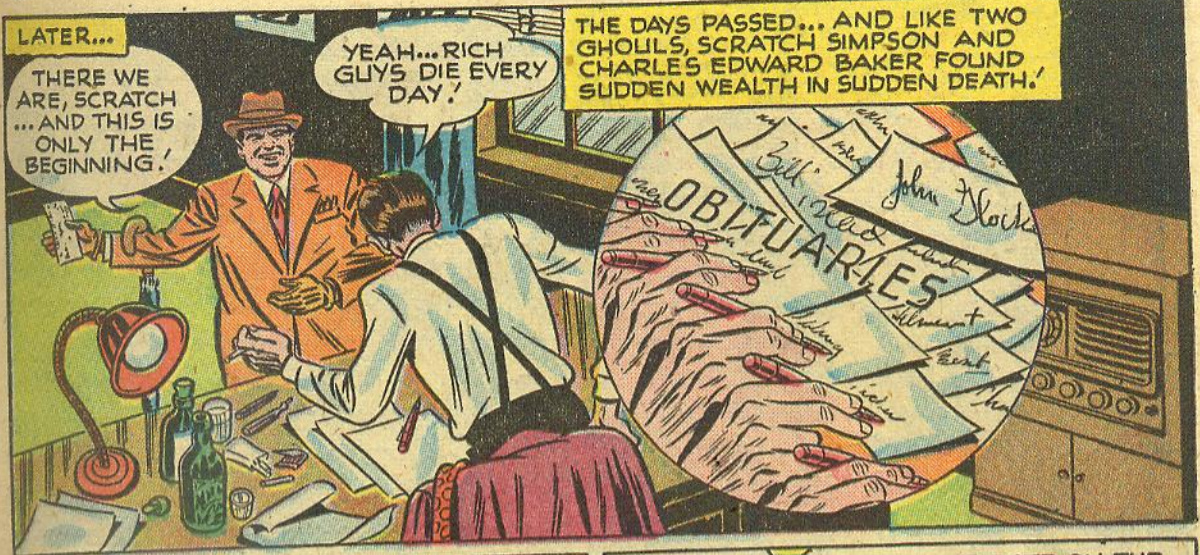


ASSUMING HIS BEST BUSINESSLIKE AIR, BAKER CALLED ON GAULT'S WIDOW...

...I HATE TO DEMAND PAYMENT SO SOON AFTER HIS DEMISE, BUT A DEBT IS A DEBT.

OF COURSE! I'D KNOW MY HUSBAND'S HANDWRITING ANYWHERE. I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR \$5,000!



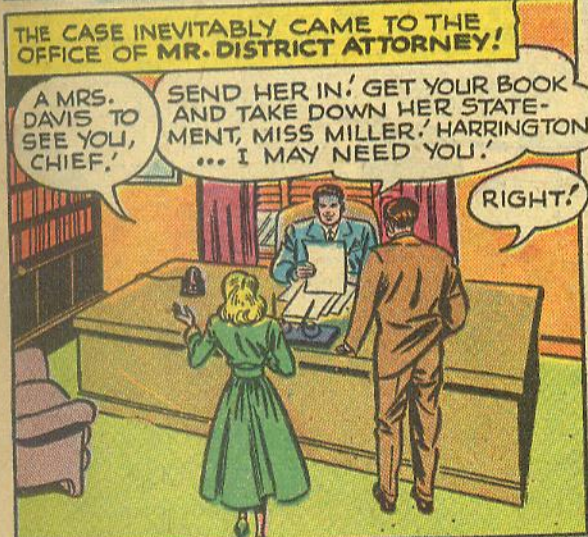


LATER...

THERE WE ARE, SCRATCH... AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

YEAH... RICH GUYS DIE EVERY DAY!

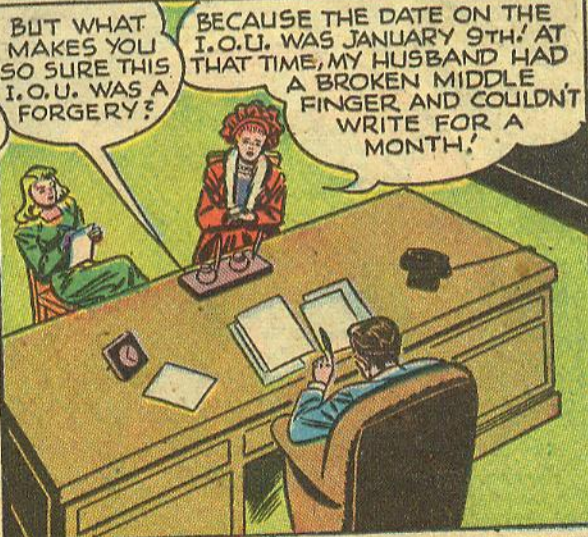
THE DAYS PASSED... AND LIKE TWO GHOULS, SCRATCH SIMPSON AND CHARLES EDWARD BAKER FOUND SUDDEN WEALTH IN SUDDEN DEATH!



A MRS. DAVIS TO SEE YOU, CHIEF!

SEND HER IN! GET YOUR BOOK AND TAKE DOWN HER STATEMENT, MISS MILLER, HARRINGTON... I MAY NEED YOU!

RIGHT!



BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THIS I. O. U. WAS A FORGERY?

BECAUSE THE DATE ON THE I. O. U. WAS JANUARY 9TH! AT THAT TIME, MY HUSBAND HAD A BROKEN MIDDLE FINGER AND COULDN'T WRITE FOR A MONTH!



THAT'S SOMETHING THE FORGER DIDN'T COUNT ON, CHIEF!

MRS. DAVIS, YOU'VE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. BAKER TONIGHT TO PAY HIM! I WANT YOU TO KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT!



THAT NIGHT...

I HATED TO INTRUDE ON YOUR GREAT SORROW, BUT...

I UNDERSTAND! HERE'S YOUR CHECK!

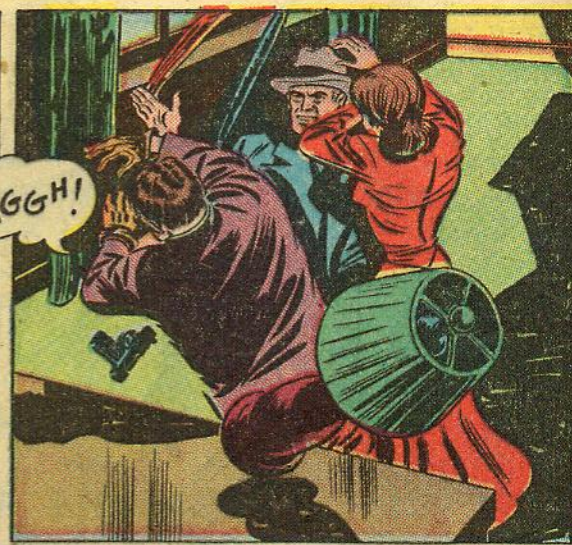


SUDDENLY...

THAT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED, BAKER.

THE D.A.!!

LOOK OUT, CHIEF... HE'S GOT A GUN!



AGGH!



NICE GOING, CHIEF... BUT I COULD'VE SHOT THE GUN FROM HIS HAND!

I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK ANY GUNFIRE WITH MRS. DAVIS IN THE ROOM. TAKE HIM DOWNTOWN, HARRINGTON... AND BOOK HIM!



BUT JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

GOOD THING I TAGGED ALONG, BAKER MIGHT TALK ... SO I'LL MAKE SURE HIS MOUTH IS SHUT-FOR GOOD.

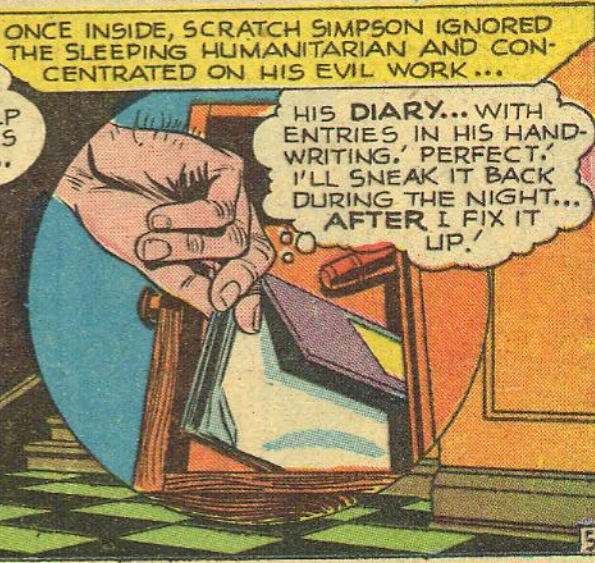
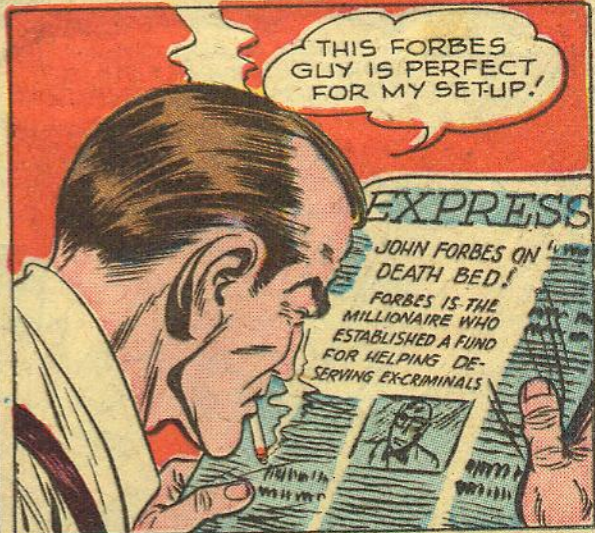


UHHH!

BLAM!



LATER..

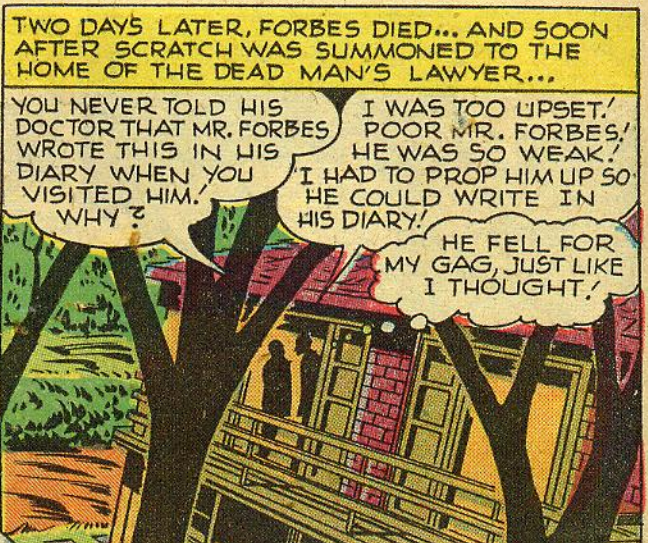




PRESENTLY...

WELL?

I...I CAN'T TALK NOW. I'M TOO UPSET. GOOD-BYE, DOC.



TWO DAYS LATER, FORBES DIED... AND SOON AFTER SCRATCH WAS SUMMONED TO THE HOME OF THE DEAD MAN'S LAWYER...

YOU NEVER TOLD HIS DOCTOR THAT MR. FORBES WROTE THIS IN HIS DIARY WHEN YOU VISITED HIM. WHY?

I WAS TOO UPSET. POOR MR. FORBES! HE WAS SO WEAK! I HAD TO PROP HIM UP SO HE COULD WRITE IN HIS DIARY!

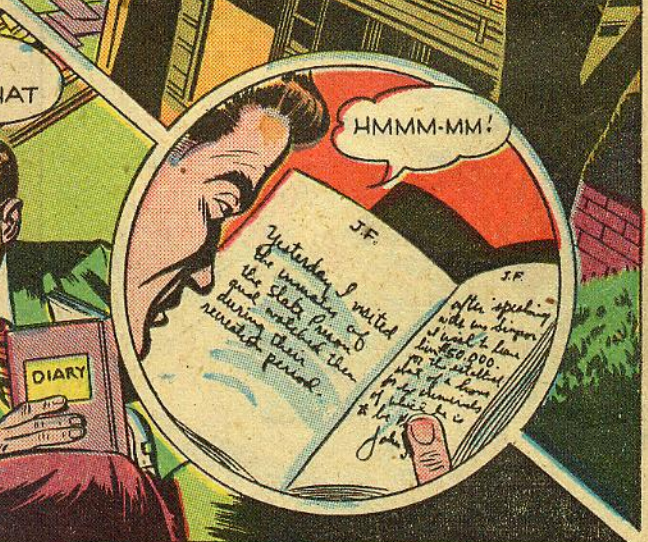
HE FELL FOR MY GAG, JUST LIKE I THOUGHT!



SUDDENLY...

I'M VERY GLAD I OVERHEARD THIS INTERESTING CONVERSATION. MAY I SEE THAT DIARY?

THE D.A.!



HMMM-MM!

J.F.
Yesterday I visited the woman and the girls present and watched them receive parcel.

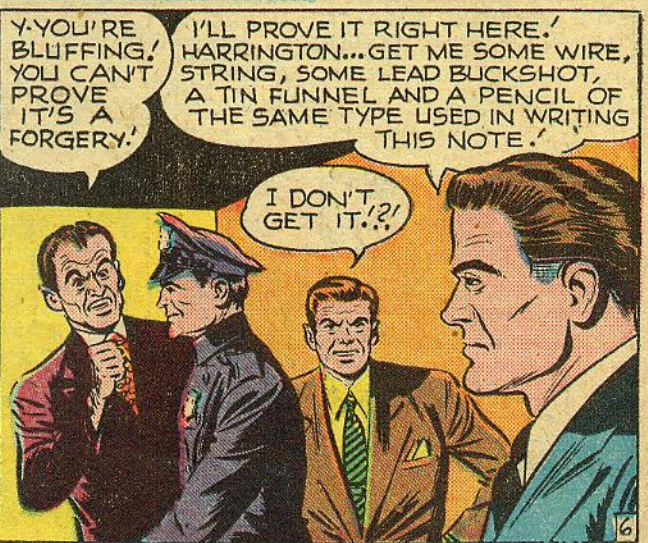
J.F.
after speaking with my lawyer I want to leave \$50,000 to be settled out of a home of my charity to be Mr. W. John.



SIMPSON, I'M HOLDING YOU ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY!

HUH?

DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

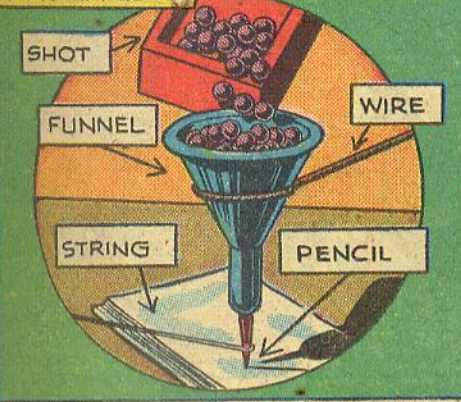


Y-YOU'RE BLUFFING! YOU CAN'T PROVE IT'S A FORGERY!

I'LL PROVE IT RIGHT HERE. HARRINGTON... GET ME SOME WIRE, STRING, SOME LEAD BUCKSHOT, A TIN FUNNEL AND A PENCIL OF THE SAME TYPE USED IN WRITING THIS NOTE.

I DON'T GET IT!?!

LATER, WHEN THE TOTALLY UNRELATED OBJECTS WERE ASSEMBLED, THE D.A. DEvised THIS STRANGE APPARATUS.



POURING LEAD SHOT IN THE FUNNEL, THE D.A. PULLED THE WEIGHTED PENCIL ALONG THE PAPER...

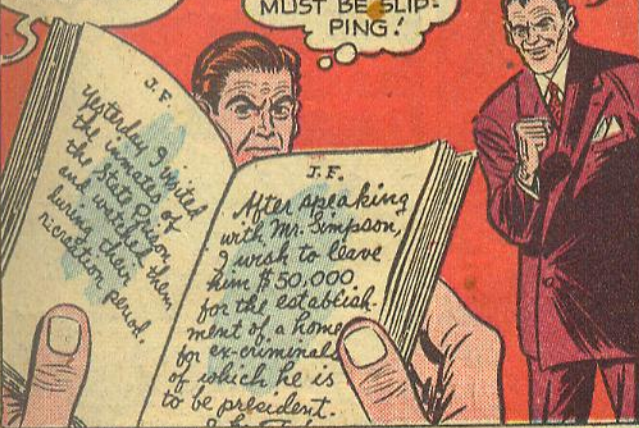


NOTICE, IT TAKES THE PRESSURE OF 5 OUNCES OF SHOT TO PRODUCE A LINE SIMILAR TO FORBES' NORMAL HANDWRITING AS WRITTEN BY HIM BEFORE HIS ILLNESS.

NOTICE ALSO THAT THE LINE PRESSURE IS THE SAME AS IN THE WILL WRITTEN IN THE DIARY!

HAW! THAT PROVES IT'S NO FORGERY! BOTH ARE HIS NORMAL HANDWRITING!!

THE CHIEF MUST BE SLIPPING!



NOW WATCH! ACCORDING TO MEDICAL EXPERTS, A MAN IN A DYING CONDITION WOULD WRITE IN A WEAK LINE... LIKE THIS! NOTICE THAT THIS LINE REQUIRES ONLY THE PRESSURE OF TWO OUNCES OF SHOT!



THINK BACK, SCRATCH! JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO YOU SAID MR. FORBES WAS SO WEAK YOU HAD TO PROP HIM UP SO HE COULD WRITE THE WILL!

IF THAT'S SO, THEN HOW COULD MR. FORBES, IN HIS WEAK CONDITION, PRODUCE HIS NORMALLY HEAVY HANDWRITING?

SURE! SCRATCH MADE A MISTAKE IN COPYING HIS NORMAL HANDWRITING! NICE GOIN', CHIEF!





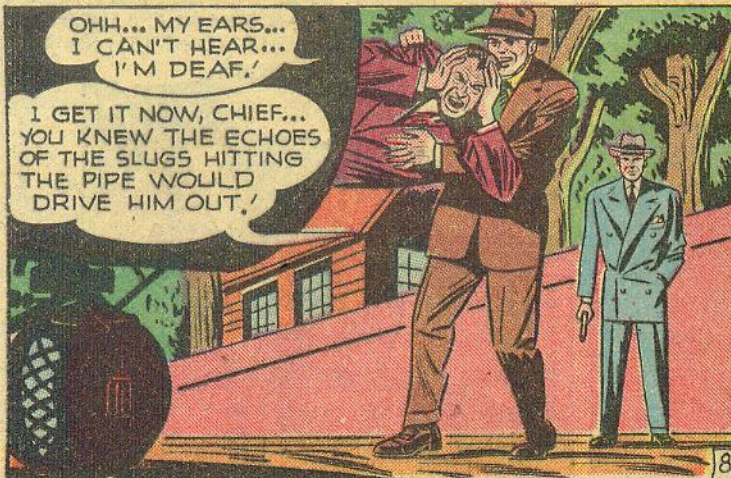
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



RECOVERING QUICKLY, HARRINGTON AND THE D.A. POUNDED AFTER THE FORGER WHO SOUGHT REFUGE INSIDE A PIPE TRACTOR!



THE D.A.'S ANSWER WAS A FUSILADE OF SHOTS THAT SENT LEAD SLAMMING AGAINST THE HUGE PIPE!



The Grapevine

CRIME MARCHES ON

Racketeers are keeping up with the changing times. In place of the swindlers who mulcted the public some years ago with phoney stock issues, there are now con men with new methods of defrauding the people. So says the Better Business Bureau of New York, which has rendered admirable service these past 25 years in its ceaseless attack on racketeers.

Last year alone, the organization handled almost 30,000 complaints of fraud, twice as many as during the war. Since the slick operators rob the nation of hundreds of millions of dollars each year, H. J. Kenner, the Bureau's general manager, urges everyone to be on his guard.

The catastrophe of chaos and hunger, which followed in the wake of the war, produced a vulture who feeds on human misery. There are many popular agencies which dispatch food and clothing abroad, but into these humane services have crept some of the most venal of cheats. These accept money for gift parcels with no intention of sending them overseas. Others recklessly ship packages without ever determining whether the parcels reach their destination.

The post-war period also produced many rackets aimed at victimizing veterans. Job swindlers, phoney rental agents, alleged trade schools, even an employer who demanded a kickback from former GI's, were routed by the Bureau.

Crooked contest promoters also are luring the unsuspecting. All sorts of devices and tricks are being used to extract money from children as well as adults. To avoid being duped, Mr.

Kenner advises readers to contact the Bureau if a contest sounds suspicious.

The high cost of living revived a racket thought dead 10 years ago. Stores are selling merchandise labeled "cancellations" and "samples of the original" for stepped-up prices. These are fakes, as deliberate as the ruse which pretends that certain domestic linens and rugs are imported.

NO KIDDING

Police in a certain town in New Jersey received an urgent message that two kids were kidnapped or missing, and within a matter of seconds, radio cars went screaming to the address. Headquarters was startled when the officers, who arrived at the scene, reported back that the missing kids were two young goats. The relentless police, however, managed to locate the missing pair. Seems they had wandered off to a lot a block away where the grass was juicier.

A MARKED MAN

If you think you can disappear without a trace, Dan Eisenberg, the famous manhunter who heads Skip Tracers, Inc., points out that one detective he knows has compiled a list of 200,000 separate laundry and dry-cleaning marks of establishments from coast to coast, as well as from such distant places as the Panama Canal and the Canadian Rockies. And if you're thinking of destroying the marks to avoid identification, remember that some

places use an invisible ink that is brought out under ultra-violet ray.

MOVIE MISTAKES

In detective movies, the fictional sleuth always picks up the murder pistol with the use of a handkerchief so that the murderer's fingerprints won't be destroyed. That might be good enough for Hollywood make-believe, but in reality no trained investigator would ever pick up a gun in that manner—because a handkerchief actually would smudge rather than preserve prints. He would lift it, instead with a pencil inserted in the barrel or through the finger-guard or with his bare hands.

Another mistake of Filmdom is the use of the words, "corpus delicti" when referring to a corpse. "Corpus delicti" actually means the body of the crime, which includes all the evidence the homicide squad has been able to dig up, and has nothing to do at all with the remains of the victim.

FOOTPRINTS NEVER LIE

No two men walk exactly alike, and footprints can be just as valuable as fingerprints in identifying criminals, rookie detectives learn.

Some feet toe in, some toe out, and some are always parallel. Tracks may show as much as two inches difference in stride. Lameness or shortness of one leg leaves unmistakable prints. Sometimes, a crook attempts to disguise his trail by taking long steps or walking backwards, but an alert investigator can detect even this ruse. You see, a person taking steps longer than his natural gait leaves heel-marks deeper than usual, but if he takes shorter steps, the

heel-marks are very shallow, with most of the weight on the ball of the foot.

From the moment a man puts on a new pair of shoes, his walking habits begin to write their story in the way the shoes wear. Soles and heels wear differently; some nails become more prominent than others; all in all, a distinctive pattern is created.

If a track indicates that a person scuffs his heels, the investigator knows he need not look for a man with even heels. If footprints reveal that the suspect drags his toes, the detective can be sure that the wanted man's shoes will be worn at the tips.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

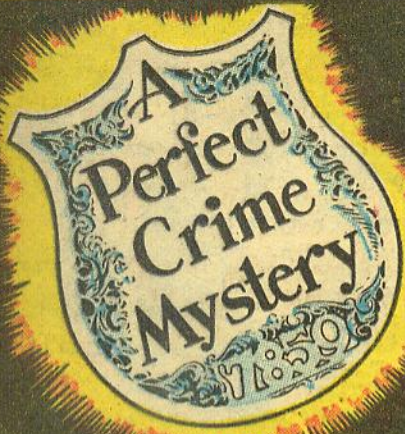
Persons who commit suicide often try to make their deaths look like accidents or murders in order to defraud insurance companies which customarily pay double in the case of accidental death and sometimes nothing at all in the case of suicide.

In one such case, a body, dead from a bullet wound, was found in a basement garage, according to an anecdote in "Isn't It a Crime?" the popular quiz book. The man's pockets were turned inside out and a few small coins were scattered on the garage floor. No gun was in evidence.

The case was about to be written off as robbery and murder when the investigator noticed a broken flowerpot on one window ledge. It had been inexplicably smashed. A further, careful search then revealed an ingeniously contrived, partitioned-off cache in the rafters of the ceiling.

In the cache was the death-gun. It was fastened by a strong, rubber elastic, so that when the man shot himself and his grip relaxed in death, the gun had been yanked up through a hole in the ceiling into the hiding place.

But in its wild flight, the gun had swung out and smashed the flowerpot . . . and thus exposed the attempted fraud.



"CRIME Rides the SKY!"

Test **YOUR** Wits Against a Murderer!

RICK POST HAD STOLEN JIM BRADY'S PLANE DESIGN AND MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF IT. BRADY WANTED REVENGE, BUT THERE WAS A HITCH BECAUSE POST WAS MARRIED TO BRADY'S SISTER. THEN...

VERA POST HAS DIVORCED AVIATION TYCOON, RICK POST. TONIGHT, MR. POST SAID HE STILL LOVED HIS WIFE DEARLY...

THE DAY I'VE WAITED FOR IS HERE.

BRADY WENT INTO A PHONE BOOTH AND DIALED POST'S HOME. WHEN POST HIMSELF ANSWERED...

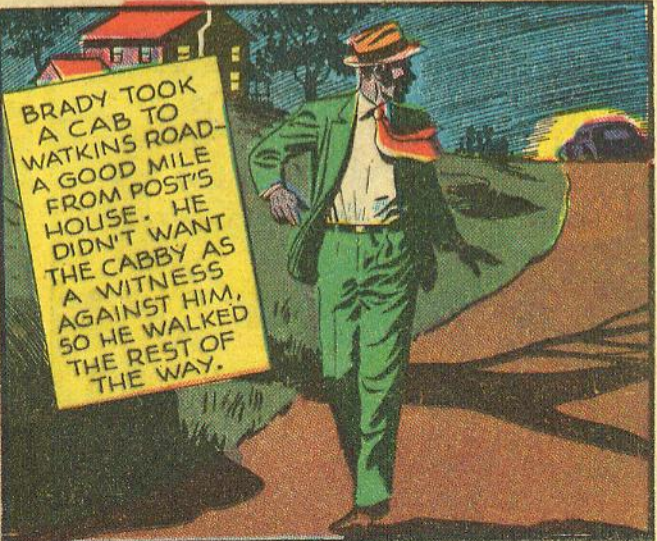
HELLO...HELLO! WHO IS THIS?

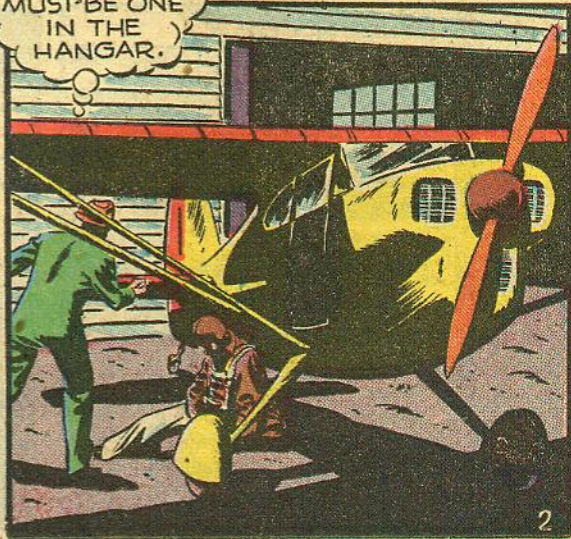
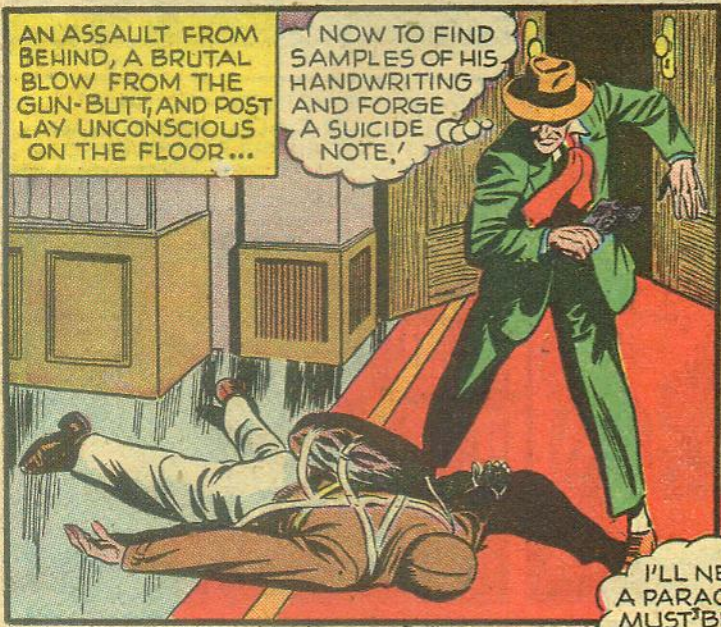
CLICK!



... BRADY HUNG UP...

THAT'S HIS VOICE. HE'S HOME AND ALONE. TONIGHT'S THURSDAY, SERVANTS' NIGHT OFF!







BRADY BURIED HIS PARACHUTE IN THE GROUND AND FLED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME. WHO SAID YOU CAN'T COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME!



BUT, TWO DAYS LATER, BRADY WAS PICKED UP BY DETECTIVE-SERGEANT CALLAHAN...

WE'RE ARRESTING YOU ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

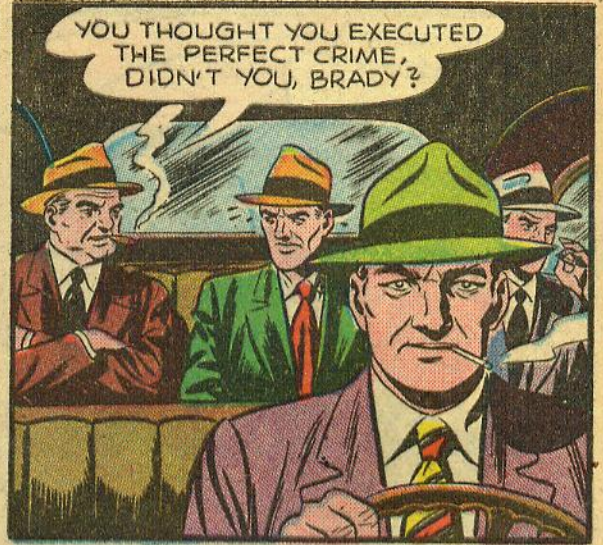


DON'T TURN THE PAGE BEFORE SEEING HOW WELL YOU'VE MATCHED WITS WITH THE MURDERER.

DO YOU KNOW HOW CALLAHAN FIRST SUSPECTED POST'S DEATH WAS MURDER?



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE VACATIONING OUT WEST, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE ENJOYING THE SIGHTS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL, WHO'S KICKING UP ALL THAT DUST DOWN THERE IN THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND THE POSSE'S NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE POSSE CAN'T FIGURE WHICH WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'... WE AIN'T SAFE TILL WE GET THROUGH THE GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE THERE WAITING FOR THEM.

NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE TOP OF THAT GORGE BEFORE THOSE CATTLE-THIEVES GET TO THE BOTTOM!

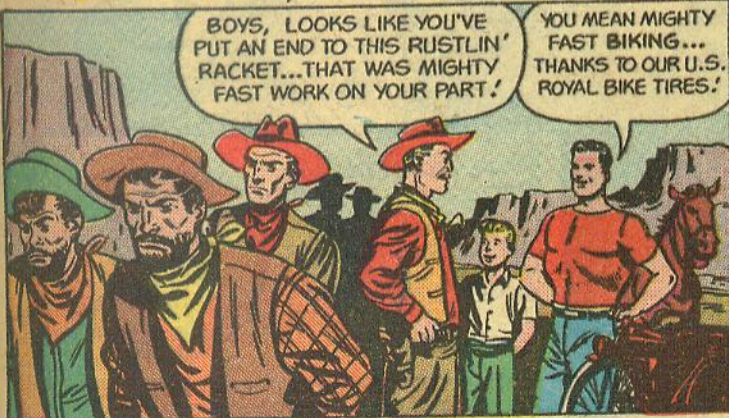


I MADE IT! THESE ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM TO TURN BACK... RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN' RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

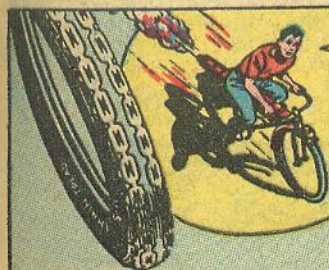
YOU MEAN MIGHTY FAST BIKING... THANKS TO OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Your District Attorney speaks:

HIS REAL NAME WAS JIM BUREN... BUT HIS VICTIMS CALLED HIM GENEROUS JIM. HE'S JUST ANOTHER NUMBER NOW (27168).



HERE'S THE GRIM STORY OF A RUTHLESS RACKETEER WHO PREYED ON THE POOR AND PROFITED BY THE MISFORTUNE OF OTHERS. I CAN'T PRINT WHAT I THINK OF JIM... BUT MAKE YOUR OWN COMMENT AFTER YOU'VE READ...

"The Case of the LOAN SHARK!"

NICK PETERS HAD A JOB AT THE STEEL WORKS, BUT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING TOOK ALL HE EARNED... AND HIS WIFE NEEDED AN OPERATION.

THE OPERATION AND HOSPITAL CARE FOR YOUR WIFE WILL COST \$200!

MY SAVINGS ARE GONE, DOCTOR, BUT MAYBE I CAN BORROW FROM THE BANK!



DO YOU HAVE ANY COLLATERAL FOR A LOAN? AN AUTO... REAL ESTATE... PROPERTY...

LOOK, MISTER, I ONLY GOT OUT OF THE ARMY A YEAR AGO. I'M JUST GETTING STARTED, BUT...



AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE LOAN COMPANY'S MANAGER...

I WORK AT THE STEEL PLANT. CAN'T I GET A JOB LOAN?

YOU KNOW HOW EMPLOYMENT GOES IN THE STEEL INDUSTRY, UP... AND DOWN. SORRY, WE CAN'T GRANT YOU ANY LOAN.



NICK THEN TRIED TO BORROW FROM FELLOW-WORKERS AT THE MILL...

I'M IN DESPERATE NEED OF A LOAN, ANDY.

I'M BROKE, NICK... BUT I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET THE MONEY... FROM GENEROUS JIM BUREN. LISTEN...



NICK SIGNED UP FOR A LOAN AT THE NEARBY OFFICE OF GENEROUS JIM...

I'M TAKIN' A BIG RISK, LETTIN' YA HAVE THESE 2 C'S. SO... YA PAY BACK \$10 A WEEK ON THE LOAN, AND \$10 MORE FOR INTEREST!

GENEROUS JIM - THAT'S A LAUGH! WHY, I'LL BE PAYING 100% INTEREST. BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

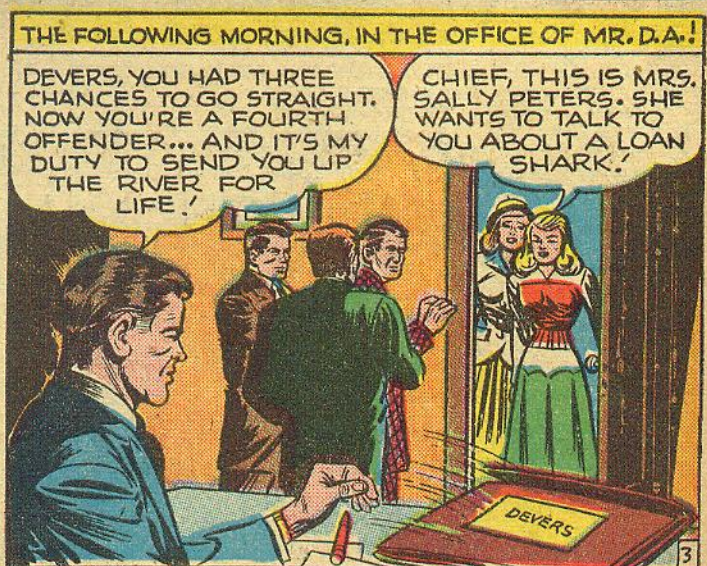
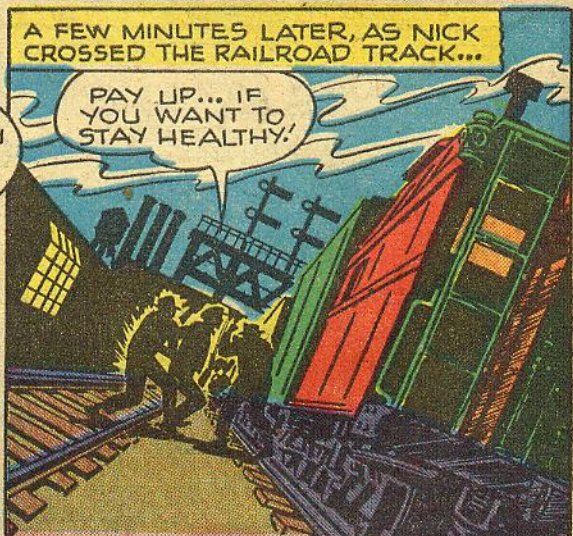
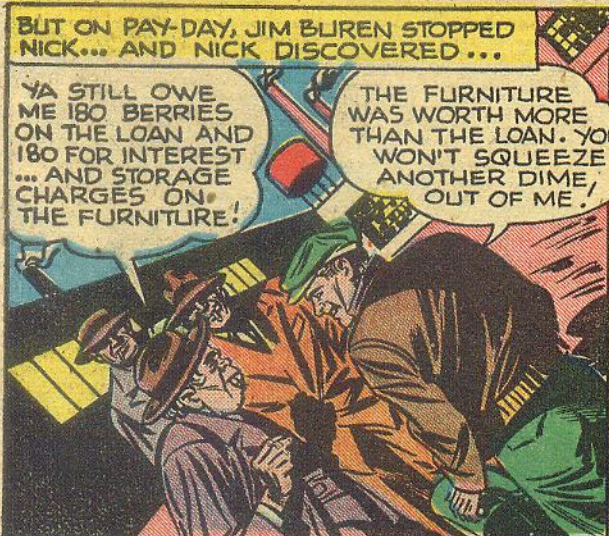
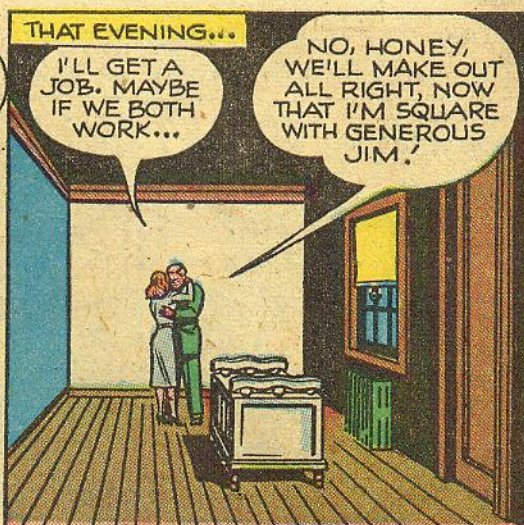
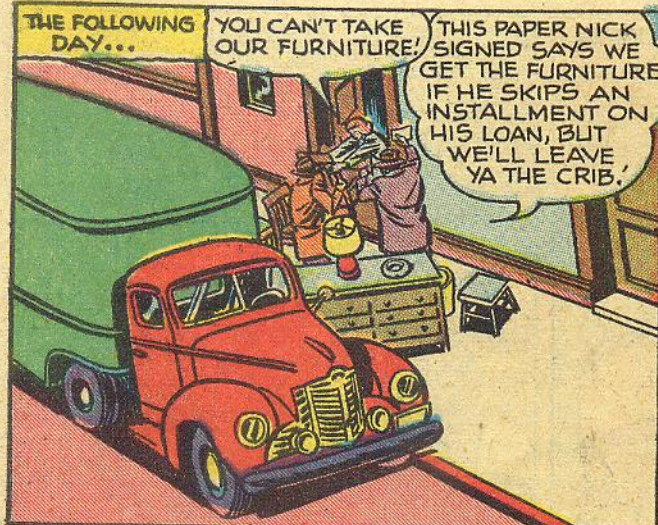


NICK PAID BACK TWO INSTALLMENTS, THEN...

MY RENT IS DUE TOMORROW, PUDGE. I CAN'T PAY ANYTHING TODAY!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK. JUST SIGN OVER YOUR FURNITURE ON THIS PAPER...







... BUT NICK IS AFRAID BUREN MIGHT HARM ME, SO HE WON'T COME TO YOU.

HMM... HE'S LIKE ALL THE OTHER VICTIMS OF GENEROUS JIM, THEY'RE AFRAID TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM... IF ONLY WE HAD THE EVIDENCE.



LATER, AFTER MRS. PETERS DEPARTED...

HARRINGTON, YOU'RE GOING TO WORK. TAKE A JOB AT THE STEEL PLANT. THEN GET A LOAN FROM BUREN... AND THE EVIDENCE TO SMASH HIM!

I LIKE IT!



PRESENTLY, ONE "HARRY MORSE" (HARRINGTON) BEGAN WORK AT THE STEEL PLANT AS A SCRAP SORTER.

WE'LL START YOU AS A SORTER OF SCRAP STEEL, MORSE... LOOK FOR LIVE WAR SHELLS. THEY TURN UP OCCASIONALLY.

I UNDERSTAND!



AS HIS NEXT STEP, "MORSE" WENT TO GENEROUS JIM FOR A LOAN...

I LOST MY WEEK'S SALARY ON THE HORSES... I NEED FIFTY TO CARRY ME THROUGH!

HERE, MY FRIEND... YOU PAY BACK ONLY TEN A WEEK FOR THREE MONTHS! LOU WILL COLLECT ON PAYDAY...



MEANWHILE, OTHER VICTIMS OF JIM BUREN WERE LEARNING THE FULL COST OF HIS LOANS... LIKE BETTY CARLING, \$30-A-WEEK SALESGIRL!

THAT LOAN WAS ONLY \$40... AND I'VE ALREADY PAID BACK \$100!

YEAH? YOU GOT TWO MORE INSTALLMENTS, LADY!



BUT I LOST MY JOB! THIS IS A PINK DISMISSAL SLIP... I CAN'T PAY!

I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GET THE COIN... JUST DIG IT UP!



BETTY CARLING HAD REACHED THE END OF HER ROPE ...

NO MONEY ... NO JOB... NO PROSPECTS... HOUNDED BY GENEROUS JIM... I'LL TAKE POISON!

BUT THE LANDLADY CAME TO COLLECT RENT... AND PHONED FOR AN AMBULANCE!

THE ANTIDOTE SAVED HER LIFE.

BETTY WAS DESPONDENT ABOUT PAYMENTS ON A LOAN, AND LOSING HER JOB!

ONE MORE SCORE TO SETTLE WITH GENEROUS JIM!

MEANWHILE, "MORSE" MADE HIS REGULAR REPORT TO THE D.A....

WE MUST HAVE STRONG EVIDENCE AGAINST GENEROUS JIM!

FINE! NEXT PAY-DAY, I WANT YOU TO GET A MOVIE CAMERA, AND...

GENEROUS JIM'S LOAN SHARKS CAME FOR THE FIRST INSTALLMENT ON "MORSE'S" LOAN. BUT...

HEY MORSE, COME BACK HERE! TODAY'S COLLECTION DAY!

HE WELCHED. HE DUCKED BACK IN THE STEEL WORKS. WE GOTTA EDUCATE HIM!

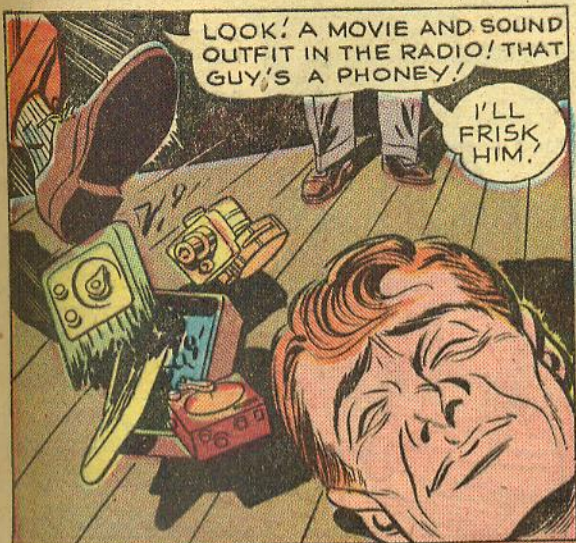
THAT EVENING, IN HIS ROOM ON THE RIVERFRONT, "MORSE" HAD VISITORS...

MORSE... YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE...

THE LOAN PAYMENT!

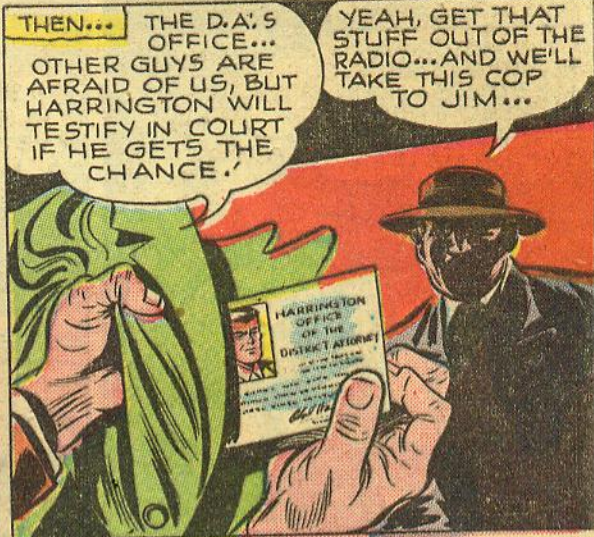
HERE'S THE MONEY. I HAD TO WORK OVERTIME TONIGHT— UH-H-H...

OH, YEAH? YOU TRIED TO SKIP OUT ON US. WE HADDA COME HERE. SO... YOU GOTTA LEARN. MAKE JUNK OUT OF HIS RADIO, PUDGE!



LOOK! A MOVIE AND SOUND OUTFIT IN THE RADIO! THAT GUY'S A PONEY!

I'LL FRISK HIM!



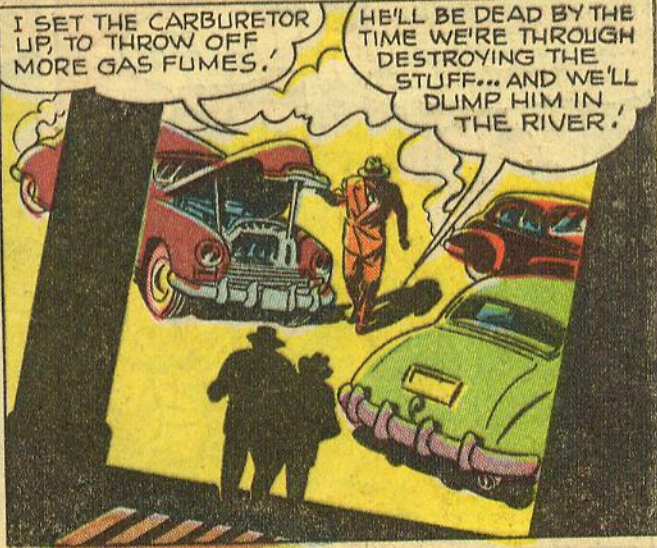
THEN... THE D.A.'S OFFICE... OTHER GUYS ARE AFRAID OF US, BUT HARRINGTON WILL TESTIFY IN COURT IF HE GETS THE CHANCE.

YEAH, GET THAT STUFF OUT OF THE RADIO...AND WE'LL TAKE THIS COP TO JIM...



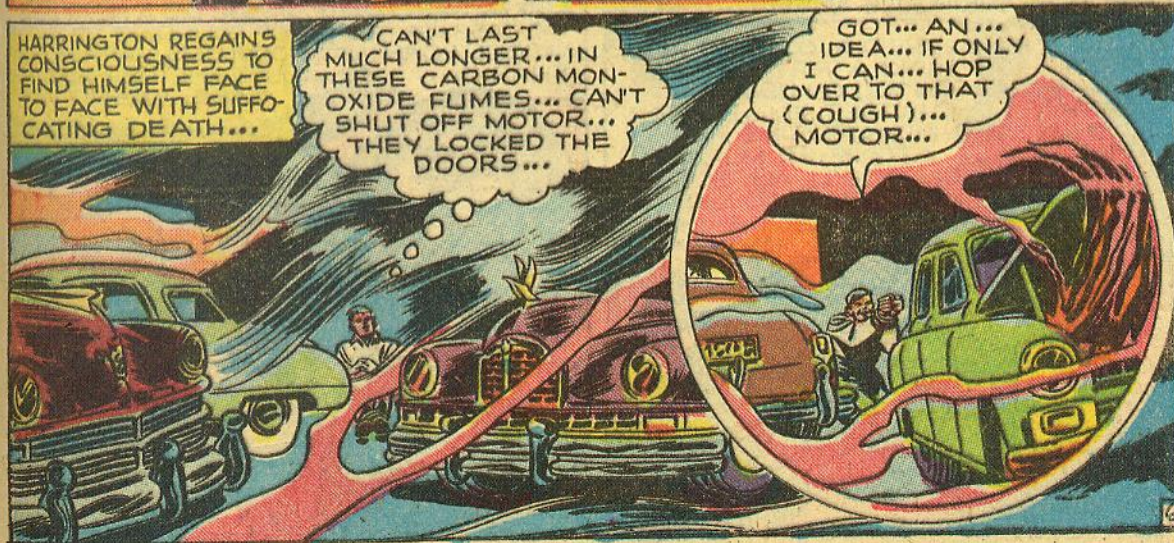
LATER, IN THE GARAGE BEHIND GENEROUS JIM'S OFFICE...

THE D.A. MAY PULL A RAID. WE GOTTA BURN ALL THE OFFICE RECORDS AND THIS STUFF. LOU, START THE MOTOR RUNNING...



I SET THE CARBURETOR UP, TO THROW OFF MORE GAS FUMES.

HE'LL BE DEAD BY THE TIME WE'RE THROUGH DESTROYING THE STUFF... AND WE'LL DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER.



HARRINGTON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH SUFFOCATING DEATH...

CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER... IN THESE CARBON MON-OXIDE FUMES... CAN'T SHUT OFF MOTOR... THEY LOCKED THE DOORS...

GOT... AN... IDEA... IF ONLY I CAN... HOP OVER TO THAT (COUGH)... MOTOR...

SECONDS LATER...

THE MOTOR FAN-BLADE WORKED... CUT MY BONDS... FEEL DIZZY... NEED FRESH AIR... THAT LADDER... GIVES ME IDEA...

PRESENTLY...

I WONDER IF HE'S DEAD YET, AND— UHH!

I CAME UP HERE FOR FRESH AIR... BUT YOU GO DOWN FOR THE COUNT. I CAN USE YOUR GUN...

MOMENTS LATER...

YOU'RE THROUGH, JIM, I'M TAKING YOU!

NEVER, COPPER!

D-DON'T SHOOT!

USE THE PHONE, PUDGE. I WANT TO HEAR YOU TELL THE COPS TO COME AND GET YOU.

y-i-t-i!

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

THE D.A. COULDN'T HAVE HUNG A VERY STIFF RAP ON YOU ON USURY CHARGES, JIM... BUT FOR KIDNAPING ME AND ATTEMPTED MURDER, YOU'LL ALL GET 30 YEARS TO LIFE... HAUL THEM IN, BOYS!

AND SO WAS CLOSED THE CASE OF THE VICIOUS LOAN SHARKS...

YOU DID A NEAT JOB OF ROUNDING UP THOSE HOODLUMS, HARRINGTON... JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE CASE, WASN'T IT?

YEAH, ROUTINE!

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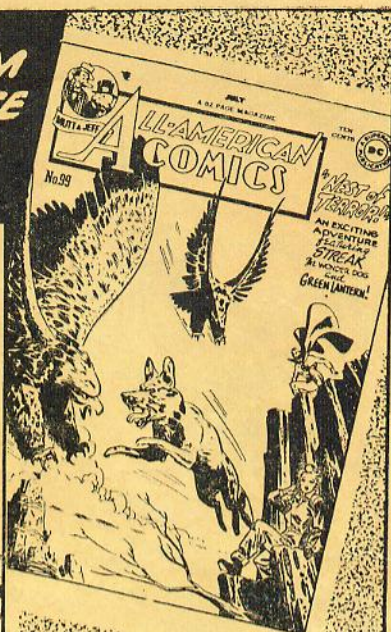
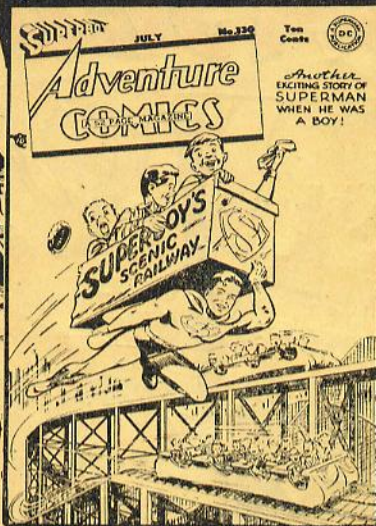
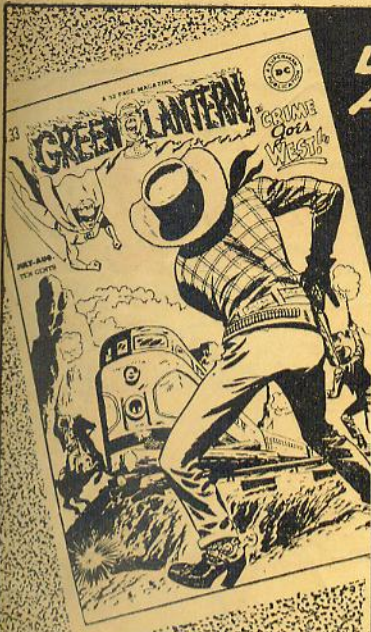
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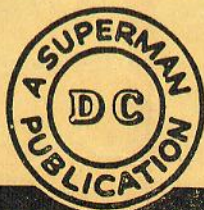
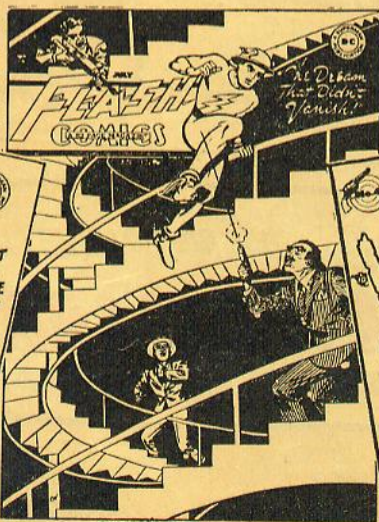
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TOPS IN READING ENJOYMENT!!



Thom McAn Asks:

How Much do You REALLY Know About

BASEBALL?



WHO INVENTED BASEBALL AS WE KNOW IT-- AND WHEN?

ANSWER:

BASEBALL HISTORIANS SAY ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT, NOT ABNER DOUBLEDAY. DATE: 1845-46.



ONLY 7 PITCHERS-- ACTIVE SINCE 1900-- HAVE WON 300 BIG LEAGUE GAMES. HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

ANSWER:

GROVER ALEXANDER, ED PLANK, LEFTY GROVE, WALTER JOHNSON, CY YOUNG AND CHARLES NICHOLS.



HOORAY!
IT'S A HIT!

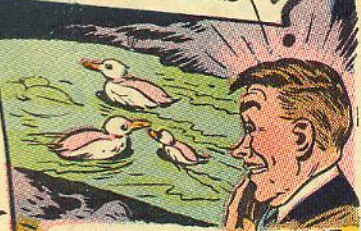
WHAT BRAND OF SHOES WINS BIG LEAGUE CHEERS FOR LOW PRICE AND LONG WEAR, YEAR AFTER YEAR?

ANSWER: IT'S THOM McAN--THE SHOE THAT GIVES YOU TOP STYLING PLUS DOLLAR-FOR-DOLLAR VALUE YOU CAN'T BEAT!

HOW WOULD YOU CALL IT? BATTER MISJUDGES INSIDE BALL, TAKES A SWING. BUT THE BALL HITS HIM! DOES HE GET A FREE TRIP TO FIRST?

ANSWER:

NO. HE SWING AT IT, SO IT'S A STRIKE.



IN BASEBALL SLANG, WHAT ARE "DUCKS ON THE POND?"

ANSWER: OF THOM McANS! FELLOW WITH A NEW PAIR OUTS FEELS AS GOOD AS A "DUCKS ON THE POND" AND NO TEAM WITH BASES. A RUNNERS ON

FREE! WITH YOUR NEXT PAIR OF THOM McANS THIS BIG FULL-SIZE PHOTO OF BOBBY FELLER!

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GIVE THIS TO THE THOM McAN SHOE FITTER NEXT TIME YOU BUY A PAIR OF THOM McAN SHOES, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR BOBBY FELLER PHOTO AND QUIZ. DO NOT MAIL-- GOOD IN A THOM McAN SHOP ONLY. EXPIRES DEC. 1, 1948.

YOUR NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
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TEAR OUT CERTIFICATE NOW, AND PRESENT IT NEXT TIME YOU BUY A PAIR OF HANDSOME, "HE-MAN" THOM

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