

LAW VS. CRIME!

No. 5
SEPT.-OCT.



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



Exposing
THE CRUELEST RACKET
IN THE WORLD—

**"The COUNTERFEIT
MEDICINE MOB!"**

NBC
BASED ON THE
SMASH
RADIO
HIT!

"We'll dream on these snaps...
come December!"

Good snaps indeed
bring back good times! And how easy to get them...
when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button...
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.



Kodak Film

...the film in the familiar yellow box



Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Your
**DISTRICT
ATTORNEY
SPEAKS:**

IN MY OFFICIAL RECORDS, STATISTICS PROVE THAT MOST KILLERS DESTROY LIFE WITH THREE CONVENTIONAL

TYPES OF WEAPON—GUNS, KNIVES AND BLUDGEONS. BUT SOMETIMES WE RUN ACROSS A CRIMINAL WHO INVENTS HIS OWN DEVICES OF DOOM. SUCH A KILLER WAS THE MAN WHO COULD CONVERT INNOCENT OBJECTS LIKE A TELEPHONE OR TYPEWRITER INTO DEADLY AGENTS OF DESTRUCTION. WE FINALLY TRAPPED THIS DESPERADO AND CONVICTED HIM... BUT DURING THE PERIOD HE TERRORIZED THE CITY HE WAS KNOWN AS...

"The BOOBY-TRAP KILLER!"

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JANUARY 16, 1941, IN AN EASTERN COURTROOM...

JAMES "LEFTY" DONLAN, BEFORE I PRONOUNCE SENTENCE ON YOU FOR THE CRIME OF EXTORTION AGAINST THE FIRM OF BENSON, CONROY, HOLT & SCOTT, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

YOU BET!

SOME OF YOU MAY REMEMBER LEFTY DONLAN'S FAMOUS REVENGE VOW AGAINST HIS ACCUSERS...

THEY CAN'T KEEP ME LOCKED UP FOREVER - AND WHEN I GET OUT I'LL FIX THOSE PUNKS - WAIT AND SEE!

SILENCE! ORDER IN THE COURT!

JUDGE PHILIP GRAY GAVE DONLAN THE MAXIMUM TEN-YEAR SENTENCE... BUT AS THE HARDENED CRIMINAL WAS DRAGGED FROM THE COURTROOM...

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOUR IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I'M SURE GLAD HE'S OUT OF CIRCULATION, SO WE CAN FINALLY GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

LATER...

NICE PROSECUTING JOB, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY - I HOPE DONLAN LEARNS SOME SENSE DURING HIS CONFINEMENT.

THE BIG HOUSE WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM, YOUR HONOR - THEY MAKE THEM OR BREAK THEM UP THERE!

THE WORLD FORGOT ABOUT LEFTY DONLAN WHEN THE PRISON'S STEEL GATES CLANGED SHUT BEHIND HIM... BUT ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 20, 1947...

DONLAN, IN VIEW OF YOUR MODEL BEHAVIOR WE'RE GRANTING YOU A PAROLE. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF IT?

JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE - THAT'S ALL I ASK!

A DIRECTORS' MEETING AT BENSON, CONROY, HOLT & SCOTT WAS CANCELLED THAT VERY AFTERNOON WHEN SCOTT CAME RUSHING IN WITH A TABLOID EXTRA...

I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ALARMIST, GENTLEMEN - BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST EDITIONS?

DONLAN WON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING, HE'S LIKE ALL CRIMINAL BRAGGARTS. LOUD ON TALK - BUT YELLOW!

A MONTH LATER, AT PARTNER JOHN BENSON'S FASHIONABLE HOME ON PARKSIDE DRIVE...

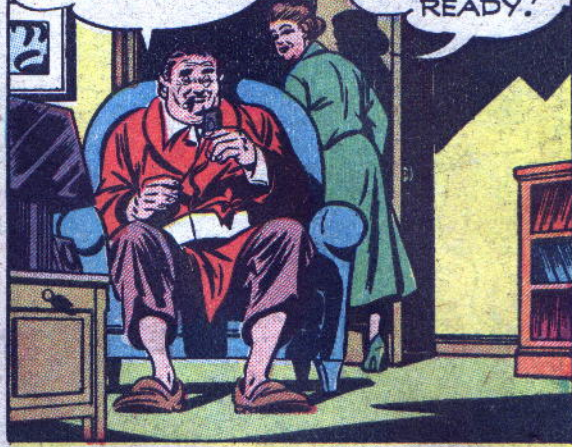
IT'S A PACKAGE FOR YOU, DEAR—BUT THERE'S NO RETURN ADDRESS ON IT. I WONDER WHO SENT IT?

LET'S OPEN IT AND FIND OUT.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW—AN ELECTRIC RAZOR—BUT SENT ANONYMOUSLY!

YOU CAN BREAK IT IN RIGHT NOW WHILE I'M GETTING BREAKFAST READY.



IT SURE IS A BEAUTY. I WISH I KNEW WHOM TO THANK FOR SENDING IT!



THEN, SUDDENLY, AT 8:32 A.M., A TREMENDOUS BLAST ROCKED THE HOUSE... THE TIME WAS LATER VERIFIED BY THE SHATTERED CLOCK IN THE KITCHEN.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

TELEPHONE BENSON'S PARTNERS RIGHT AWAY, MISS MILLER—WARN THEM TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR STRANGE PACKAGES ARRIVING BY MAIL—I'VE ALREADY SENT OUT AN ALARM FOR DONLAN.

RIGHT, CHIEF!



ALL I COULD GET FROM MRS. BENSON BEFORE SHE WENT UNDER THE ANESTHETIC WAS SOMETHING ABOUT AN ELECTRIC RAZOR RECEIVED THIS MORNING.

SOUNDS LIKE WE HAVE A BOOBY-TRAP KILLER ON OUR HANDS, CHIEF!





AT THE BLAST SCENE...

WHOEVER SENT THAT PACKAGE WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES— THERE MUST HAVE BEEN ENOUGH WALLOP IN THAT CHARGE TO KILL A HALF DOZEN MEN!

AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL BE BOOBY-TRAPPED NEXT IF DONLAN INTENDS TO CARRY OUT HIS REVENGE THREAT!

A KITCHEN GARBAGE PAIL PROVIDED THE FIRST RAY OF HOPE...

HMMM—THE WRAPPER AND TWINE FROM THE FATAL PACKAGE—THIS MAY BE THE LEAD WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

THE BOYS IN THE LAB SHOULD BE ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING AFTER GIVING THEM THE ONCE-OVER!

AT THE POLICE LABORATORY, DR. R. L. SMYTHE, VETERAN CRIMINOLOGIST, PEERED THROUGH HIS LENS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES... THEN...

THE STRING IS MORE INTERESTING THAN THE PAPER, D.A.— BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A FULL REPORT FOR PERHAPS 24 HOURS.

STICK WITH IT, DOC.' SEE IF YOU CAN TRACE IT TO DONLAN'S HIDEOUT! THREE MORE LIVES ARE AT STAKE!

PAROLEE LEFTY DONLAN HAD AN UNWAVERING STORY TO TELL WHEN ROUNDED UP AND BROUGHT TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

YOU SWORE REVENGE ON THE FOUR PARTNERS SIX YEARS AGO, LEFTY— REMEMBER?

SURE—BUT A GUY CAN CHANGE HIS MIND IN SIX YEARS, CAN'T HE? I TELL YOU, I'M MAKING A RESPECTABLE LIVING AS A CARPENTER NOW! YOU CAN CHECK WITH MY BOSS!

I'M TURNING YOU LOOSE FOR THE TIME BEING, LEFTY— BUT YOU'LL BE TAILED UNTIL I BREAK THE CASE!

OKAY WITH ME, D.A.! I'M KEEPING MY NOSE CLEAN!

BY MID-AFTERNOON, THE D.A. REALIZED HE WAS HANDLING ONE OF THE TOUGHEST CASES OF HIS CAREER...

I'VE ASSIGNED TWO MEN TO TAIL LEFTY! SO FAR, THEY HAVEN'T A THING TO REPORT, BUT ALL CIRCUMSTANCES STILL POINT TO HIM AS THE LOGICAL MAN!

MR. CONROY ON THE PHONE, CHIEF— HE SOUNDS PRETTY UPSET!

PHILIP CONROY, USUALLY A CALM, SOFT-SPOKEN INDIVIDUAL WAS ALMOST INCOHERENT WITH TERROR...

IT'S COME, D. A. - ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ANONYMOUS PACKAGES! WE'RE HALF OUT OF OUR MINDS DOWN HERE AT THE OFFICE!

TAKE IT EASY, MR. CONROY - I'M SENDING HARRINGTON DOWN WITH ONE OF THE BOMB SQUAD MEN RIGHT AWAY!



IN THE BOMB SQUAD LABORATORY, LIEUT. C. D. HAFFERTY STUDIED THE PACKAGE UNDER A FLUOROSCOPE.

IT'S A FOUNTAIN PEN, PROBABLY BOOBY-TRAPPED WITH A CHARGE OF FULMINATE OF MERCURY.

HAVE DOC SMYTHE COMPARE THE TWINE AND WRAPPER WITH THE FIRST WRAPPINGS WE BROUGHT IN!

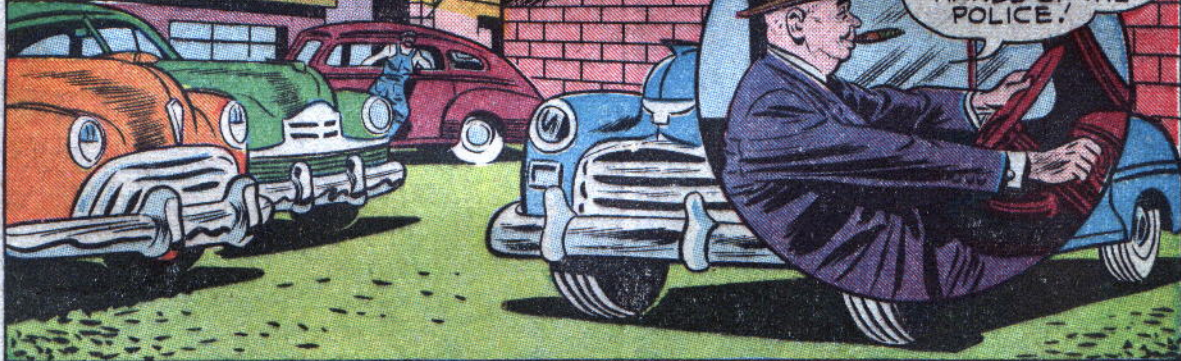


AT THE SAME MOMENT... IN AN OBSCURE CORNER OF A CROWDED DOWNTOWN PARKING LOT...

THERE WE ARE - MR. CONROY'S CAR IS ALL FIXED!

AT 5:30 P.M. CONROY HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF AS HE HEADED HOME FROM THE OFFICE...

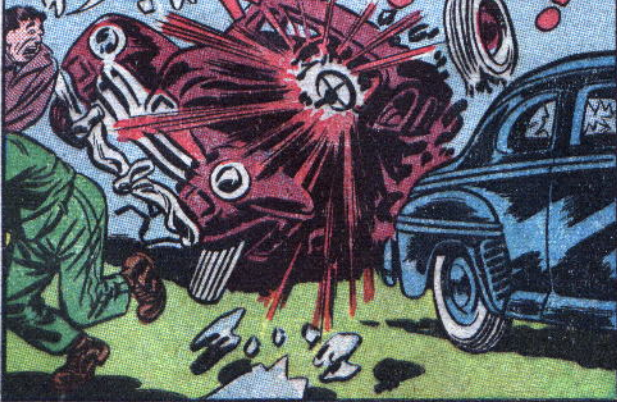
I'M SURE GLAD THE BOMB WITH MY NAME ON IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE!



THEN CAME A BLAST THAT SHOOK THE ENTIRE DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT...

MR. CONROY!!

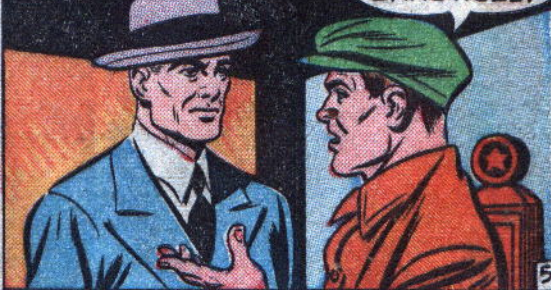
KABOOMM!



THE D.A. ARRIVED AT THE MURDER SCENE WITHIN TEN MINUTES...

YOU SAY YOU NOTICED NO SUSPICIOUS PERSON NEAR CONROY'S CAR THIS AFTERNOON?

NO, SIR - BUT THEN, SO MANY PEOPLE COME AND GO HERE ALL DAY LONG, IT WOULD BE EASY FOR SOMEONE TO SLIP BY UNNOTICED!



LATER, IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

DOC SMYTHE SAYS BOTH PACKAGES CAME FROM THE SAME SOURCE-- HE'LL HAVE THE FULL ANALYSIS ON YOUR DESK FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING!

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ANALYSIS, HARRINGTON-- I WANT YOU TO STAND WATCH NEAR HOLT'S RESIDENCE TONIGHT. I'LL DO THE SAME AT SCOTT'S PLACE!

A HEAVILY OVERCAST SKY THAT NIGHT MADE THE GROUNDS OF THE SCOTT ESTATE IN CASTLE HILL SUBURBS VIRTUALLY PITCH BLACK...

THERE'S A LIGHT IN SCOTT'S GREENHOUSE-- I UNDERSTAND HE RAISES PRIZE ROSES AS A HOBBY!

SUDDENLY... FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS ... AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT...

WHACK!

OOOHH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, DONALD SCOTT RUSHED TO THE D.A.'S AID...

WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS WATERING MY ROSES WHEN I HEARD A COMOTION AND RUNNING FOOT- STEPS!

FOR SOME REASON, SOMEBODY SEEMED DETERMINED TO KEEP ME FROM REACHING YOUR GREEN- HOUSE!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN DONLAN-- AFTER ME! I'M MOVING TO A DOWNTOWN HOTEL UNTIL YOU GET THAT MADMAN BEHIND BARS AGAIN!

BY 8:15 O'CLOCK NEXT MORNING, THE D.A. HAD FINISHED READING DR. SMYTHE'S REPORT.. AND WAS READY TO GO INTO ACTION...

ALL QUIET IN MY SECTOR LAST NIGHT, CHIEF! ANYTHING NEW THIS MORN- ING?

PLENTY! I WANT YOU TO RUSH DOWN TO THE PARTNERS' OFFICE RIGHT AWAY--AND TAKE A COUPLE OF MEN WITH YOU FOR A SPECIAL DETAIL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, DONALD SCOTT, WHITE-FACED AND TREMBLING, CHARGED PAST MISS MILLER INTO THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

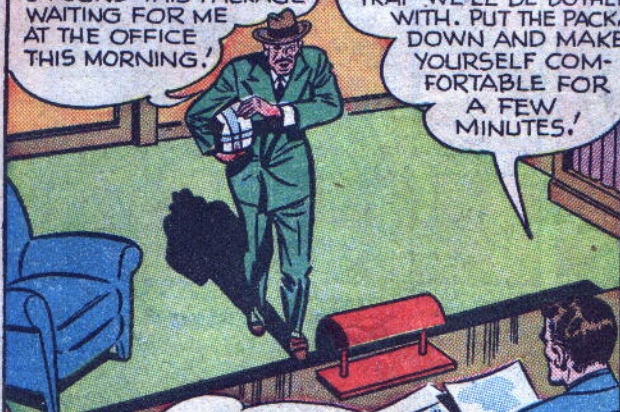
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO LET DONLAN GET AWAY WITH THIS? I FOUND THIS PACKAGE WAITING FOR ME AT THE OFFICE THIS MORNING!

DON'T WORRY, MR. SCOTT—I THINK THIS IS THE LAST BOOBY-TRAP WE'LL BE BOTHERED WITH. PUT THE PACKAGE DOWN AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE FOR A FEW MINUTES.

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES TICKED SLOWLY BY... THEN...

HARRINGTON'S ON THE PHONE, CHIEF—HE'S GOT AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE..

THIS MIGHT BE OUR BIG BREAK!



YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT DONLAN WITH YOU, HARRINGTON? FINE, WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT!

WE'VE GOT THE KILLER RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM, MR. SCOTT. LET'S GO!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

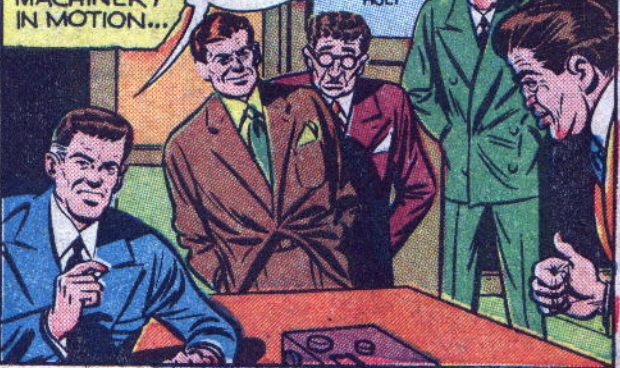


AT 9:16 A.M., IN THE OFFICE OF PARTNER EDWARD HOLT, THE D.A.—SET THE WHEELS OF THE SHOWDOWN MACHINERY IN MOTION...

NOW, DONLAN—SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE YOUR PAROLE BEGAN?

LIKE I SAID—I'VE BEEN WORKING FULL TIME AS A CARPENTER!

EDWARD HOLT



AS DONLAN BEGAN TO TALK, THE D.A. REACHED FOR THE SPEAKING TUBE ON THE DICTAPHONE... TO THE SUDDEN ALARM OF DONALD SCOTT...

MAYBE IT WOULD BE SIMPLER IF LEFTY GAVE HIS ANSWERS ON THE DICTAPHONE—THEN WE COULD MAKE A TRANSCRIPTION. WOULD YOU MIND, MR. HOLT?

GO RIGHT AHEAD!



NO!!

DON'T TOUCH THAT MACHINE—WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

TO SOOTHE YOUR NERVES, SCOTT, THAT **BOMB** YOU PLANTED IN THE MACHINE TO ELIMINATE MR. HOLT AND ACQUIRE THE WHOLE BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WAS REMOVED BY THE BOMB SQUAD WHEN I DISCOVERED YOU WERE THE KILLER...

GET AWAY FROM THAT DICTAPHONE, I TELL YOU—OR WE'LL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WITH THAT **RIGHT-HAND** CLOUT ON MY SKULL, MR. SCOTT! REMEMBER—THEY DON'T CALL DONLAN "**LEFTY**" WITHOUT REASON!

THE LABORATORY DIAGNOSIS REVEALED **ROSE POLLEN** ON THE BOMB PACKAGE TWINE—POLLEN FROM **YOUR** GREENHOUSE, MR. SCOTT—WHERE YOU SOWED YOUR SEEDS OF DEATH. YOUR PLAN TO BLAME DONLAN FOR THE MURDERS OF YOUR PARTNERS FAILED!

LATER...

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, DONLAN—I HOPE YOU MAKE AS GOOD A CARPENTER AS YOU DO A STRAIGHT MAN.

DON'T MENTION IT, D.A. IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE ON THE PITCHIN' SIDE OF THE LAW FOR A CHANGE—INSTEAD OF THE CATCHIN' END!

THE BOOBY-TRAP KILLER WAS SENTENCED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, AND, WHEN HIS APPEAL WAS DENIED, PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES.

THE END

Ewell BLACKWELL

CHAMPION PITCHER
OF THE
CINCINNATI
REDS

BLACKIE
HAD HIS WHEATIES
TODAY!

BLACKWELL DAZZLES
OPPOSING HITTERS
WITH HIS BUGGY-WHIP SIDEARM
DELIVERY. HAS A
SIZZLING FAST BALL. LAST
SEASON LANKY 6 FT. 6 IN.
RIGHTHANDER TURNED
IN 22 VICTORIES -
-INCLUDING 6 SHUT-
OUTS TO PACE
NATIONAL LEAGUE
PITCHERS.

BOY, HE
MUST LIVE
RIGHT

YEAH,
HE EATS RIGHT,
TOO

YOU'LL FIND ME STOWING AWAY A
BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES -
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' - WITH
MILK AND FRUIT - JUST ABOUT
EVERY MORNING," SAYS EWELL
BLACKWELL, "AND ON DAYS WHEN
I KNOW I'M GOING TO PITCH - THAT'S
WHEN I REALLY GO TO TOWN
ON THE WHEATIES."

BLACKIE PITCHED ONLY
NO-HIT, NO-RUN GAME IN
NATIONAL LEAGUE LAST SEASON.
ALSO LED LEAGUE IN STRIKEOUTS
AND EQUALLED LONG-STANDING
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD WITH
16 WINS IN A ROW.

I'M PITCHING TODAY

WHEATIES
'BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS'
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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

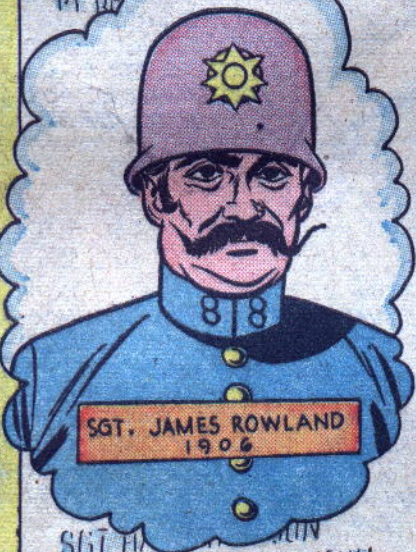


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

POLICE LEGION OF HONOR

PT WILLIAM O'CONNOR
SGT RICHARD
PT ROBERT

PT EDWARD
SGT MARY
PT. JAMES



SGT. JAMES ROWLAND
1906



LT. MARTIN ROWLAND
1943

SGT THOMAS
LT GEORGE SYNINGTON
PT CHARLES CARRIS
PT RAYMOND HARRIS

SGT JAMES
PT BENJAMIN



Your District Attorney speaks:

IT IS A PROUD THING TO WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE LAW, BUT TO SOME THIS PRIVILEGE IS DENIED. THIS IS THE STORY OF JIM ROWLAND WHO, ALTHOUGH FATE KEPT HIM OFF THE FORCE, SHOWED COURAGE AND DEVOTION FAR ABOVE THE CALL OF DUTY IN THE CASE OF...

"THE GAS-MAN SLEUTH!"

"SOME TIME OR OTHER, MOST KIDS SAY THEY WANT TO BE A POLICEMAN WHEN THEY GROW UP, BUT ONE LAD I KNEW, JIMMY ROWLAND, REALLY MEANT IT, FOR—"

YOUR GRANDFATHER AND YOUR FATHER, JIMMY, BOTH WORE THE UNIFORM WITH A DEVOTION BEYOND AND ABOVE THE CALL OF MERE DUTY.

AND THAT IS THE WAY I WILL WEAR IT, SIR, WHEN I AM OLD ENOUGH!

POLICE LEGION OF HONOR
 THESE LAID DOWN THEIR
 LIVES THAT OTHERS MIGHT
 LIVE IN SAFETY AND PEACE

SST. JAMES ROWLAND	1906
PT. HENRY BROWN	1907
SST. WILLIAM REEVE	1910
PVT. WASHINGTON SMITH	1910
PVT. JOHN MCGRAW	1915
SST. GEORGE HARRIS	1920
LT. MARTIN ROWLAND	1943

BUT JIMMY'S AMBITION WAS NEVER TO BE REALIZED, FOR, THAT SAME WINTER...

PLEASE DON'T COAST ON DEAD MAN'S HILL, JIMMY! IT'S DANGEROUS.

AW GEE, MOM. I'M NO SISSY!

A MOMENT OF PLEASURE, A LIFETIME TO PAY!

I DIDN'T SEE HIM IN TIME. I CAN'T STOP!

AND MONTHS LATER...

WE DID OUR BEST, JIMMY, BUT WE COULDN'T WORK A MIRACLE. THAT LEFT LEG OF YOURS WILL ALWAYS BE AN INCH SHORTER THAN THE OTHER!

I GUESS I SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT I STILL HAVE TWO LEGS!

BUT NOW I CAN NEVER BE A POLICEMAN...

AFTER THE EXERCISES...

NO COLLEGE FOR ME. I'M THROUGH LIVING ON MOTHER'S PENSION. TOMORROW I'LL BE IN UNIFORM, NOT A POLICEMAN'S BUT A GAS-METER READER'S!

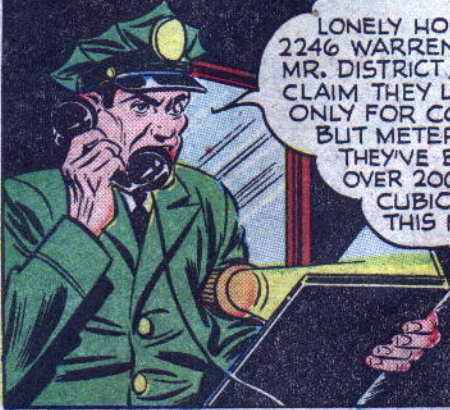


"JIMMY RETURNED TO SCHOOL WHILE HE WAS BUSY WITH HIS STUDIES, I BECAME DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND BEGAN MY RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME. BUT I WAS NEVER TOO BUSY TO KEEP TRACK OF MY OLD FRIEND'S SON, AND I MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO ATTEND HIS GRADUATION FROM HIGH SCHOOL IN JUNE, 1947."





BUT I HAD AN IDEA HOW JIM COULD SERVE THE LAW EVEN IN THAT KIND OF UNIFORM, THREE WEEKS AFTER JIM STARTED TO WORK...



LONELY HOUSE AT 2246 WARREN ROAD, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. CLAIM THEY USE GAS ONLY FOR COOKING. BUT METER SHOWS THEY'VE BURNED OVER 200,000 CUBIC FEET THIS MONTH.

GOTHAM GAS COMPANY
 NAME *Anthony Foster*
 ADDRESS *2246 Warren Rd.*
 FLOOR *Apt. House*

DATE	METER READING	DATE	METER READING
1/3/46	3200	5/6/46	33400
2/6/46	5600	6/7/46	35200
3/1/46	7500	7/10/46	236500
1/3/46	9300		
7/4/46	00		
8/5/46	15400		
9/2/46	17200		

METER READER'S RECORD SHEET — THIS IS WHAT JIM ROWLAND'S SHEET FOR THE METER AT 2246 WARREN RD. LOOKED LIKE WHEN HE WAS PHONING ME.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO READ A METER? IT'S REALLY PRETTY SIMPLE!

FROM MAIN TO STOVE

ACTUAL SIZE VIEW OF DIALS

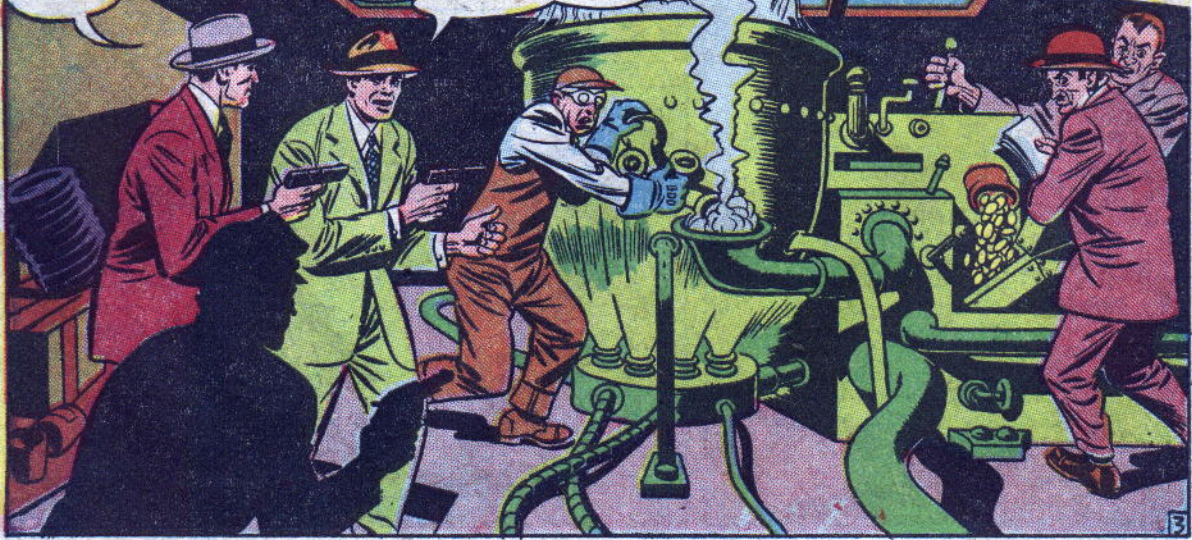
READ THE SMALLER OF THE TWO NUMBERS BETWEEN WHICH EACH POINTER RESTS. READ HUNDREDS FROM THE SMALL MARK ON THOUSANDS DIAL, LIKE MINUTES ON A CLOCK.

DATE	METER NO: 892643	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
7/8/47	PRESENT READING	2	3	6	5	0
6/17/47	LAST READING	3	5	2	0	0
	GAS CONSUMED	2	0	1	3	0

COMPUTER'S SHEET THE PRESENT AND LAST READINGS ARE ENTERED ON THIS FROM THE METER READER'S SHEET AND THE DIFFERENCE IS CUBIC FEET OF GAS BURNED BETWEEN THE TWO DATES.

WE CHECKED ON JIM'S REPORT, AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN THE ATTIC OF 2246 WARREN ROAD...

SURRENDER OR WE'LL PAY YOU FOR THOSE PHONEY HALF DOLLARS WITH LEAD. IT'S TO MELT THE COUNTERFEIT METAL THAT THEY'RE BURNING SO MUCH GAS. JIM'S TIP WAS A HOT ONE ALRIGHT.



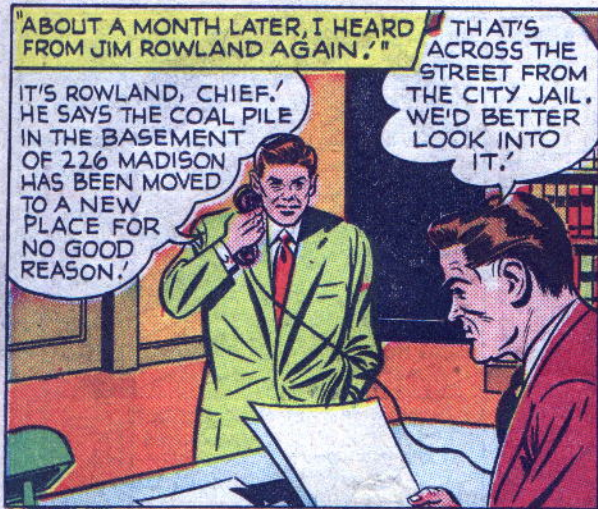
"ABOUT A MONTH LATER, I HEARD FROM JIM ROWLAND AGAIN."

IT'S ROWLAND, CHIEF! HE SAYS THE COAL PILE IN THE BASEMENT OF 226 MADISON HAS BEEN MOVED TO A NEW PLACE FOR NO GOOD REASON!

THAT'S ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE CITY JAIL. WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT!

AND THAT'S HOW WE WERE READY FOR THE ESCAPING PRISONERS WHEN THEY EMERGED FROM THE OTHER END OF THEIR TUNNEL."

THAT JIM ROWLAND SURE IS COOKING WITH GAS!

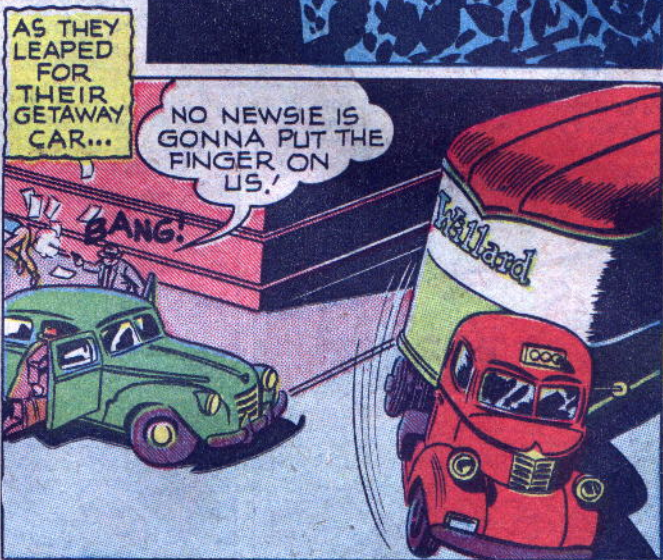
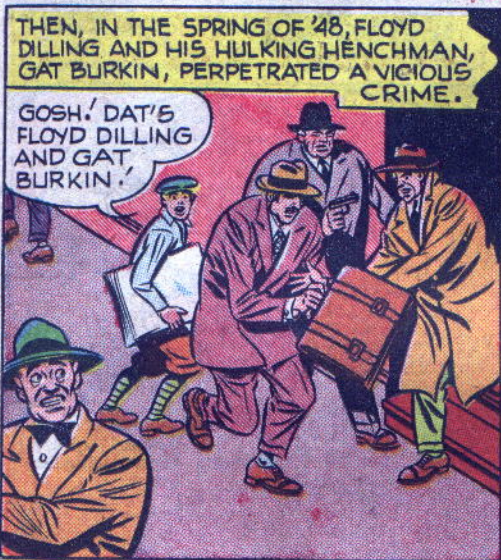


THEN, IN THE SPRING OF '48, FLOYD DILLING AND HIS HULKING HENCHMAN, GAT BURKIN, PERPETRATED A VICIOUS CRIME.

GOSH! DAT'S FLOYD DILLING AND GAT BURKIN!

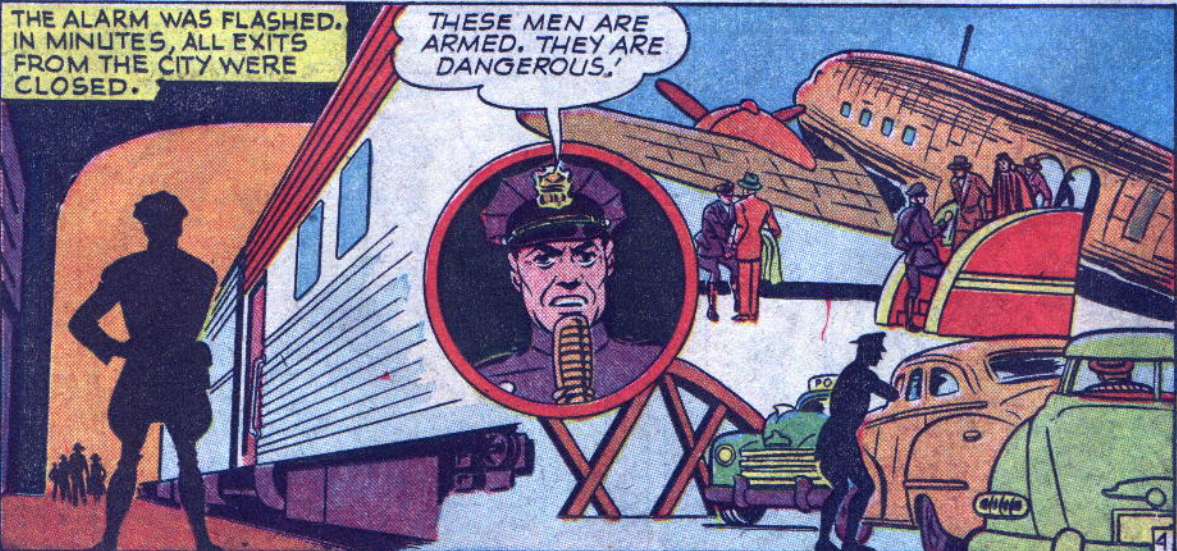
AS THEY LEAPED FOR THEIR GETAWAY CAR...

NO NEWSIE IS GONNA PUT THE FINGER ON US!



THE ALARM WAS FLASHED. IN MINUTES, ALL EXITS FROM THE CITY WERE CLOSED.

THESE MEN ARE ARMED. THEY ARE DANGEROUS!





BUT THE MAD DOG CRIMINALS SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR. OUR ONLY LEAD WAS THE ABANDONED GETAWAY CAR ON MADISON STREET. SO, THAT NIGHT...

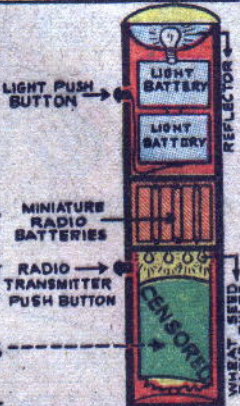
IT'S ON YOUR ROUTE, JIM, BUT I WARN YOU— THIS IS A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!

NEITHER GRANDAD NOR DAD EVER DUCKED DANGER, SIR!

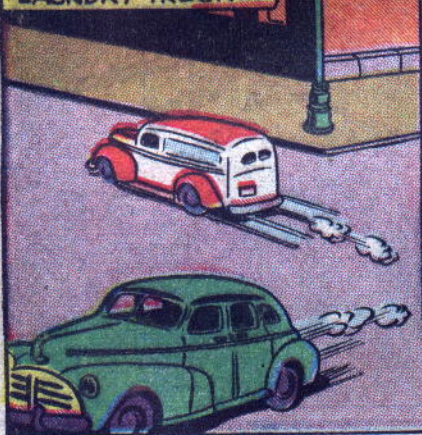


WHEN JIM STARTED HIS ROUNDS THE NEXT DAY, HE CARRIED A CURIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED FLASHLIGHT, WHICH ONE OF OUR RADIO SQUAD ENGINEERS HAD DEVISED ...

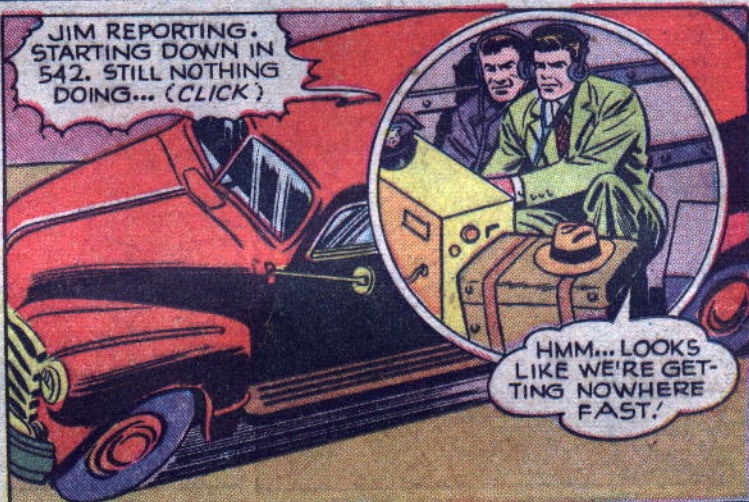
INSULATED CARD ON WHICH IS PRINTED A RADIO TRANSMITTER CIRCUIT. THIS IS A WARTIME INVENTION AND WHILE THE SIMILAR RECEIVER CIRCUIT HAS BEEN RELEASED, WE ARE NOT PERMITTED TO REVEAL THE TRANSMITTER CIRCUIT SINCE THIS IS STILL A MILITARY SECRET. WE CAN HOWEVER DISCLOSE THAT WORDS SPOKEN INTO THE MICROPHONE CAN BE PICKED UP AT RANGE OF 500 YARDS.



AND HARRINGTON TRAILED HIM IN A RADIO CAR DISGUISED AS A LAUNDRY TRUCK...



JIM REPORTING. STARTING DOWN IN 542. STILL NOTHING DOING... (CLICK)



LET'S SEE— APARTMENT OF DAN CAREY, TRAVELING SALESMAN. AWAY MOST OF THE TIME, LEAVING HIS WIFE MARY ALONE WITH THEIR BABY.

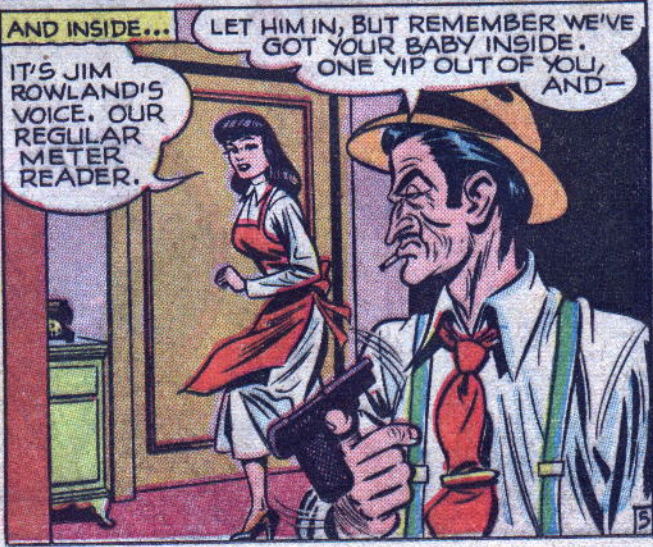
GAS MAN!



AND INSIDE...

IT'S JIM ROWLAND'S VOICE. OUR REGULAR METER READER.

LET HIM IN, BUT REMEMBER WE'VE GOT YOUR BABY INSIDE. ONE YIP OUT OF YOU, AND—



FOR MARY, THIS WAS THE CLIMAX OF LONG HOURS OF TERROR. THE NIGHT BEFORE...

THANKS FOR INVITING US TO STAY AWHILE!

DON'T TELL THE NEIGHBORS, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP THE BRAT HEALTHY!



AND NOW...

HOW'S THE BABY, MRS. CAREY?

THE BABY'S FINE, JIM, BUT THE LITTLE GIRL IS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR A TONSIL OPERATION!



LITTLE GIRL? MRS. CAREY HAS NO LITTLE GIRL! SHE'S TIPPING ME OFF THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG!



THAT'S A LOT OF FOOD JUST FOR YOU, MRS. CAREY. EXPECTING GUESTS?

ER—WELL—YOU SEE..



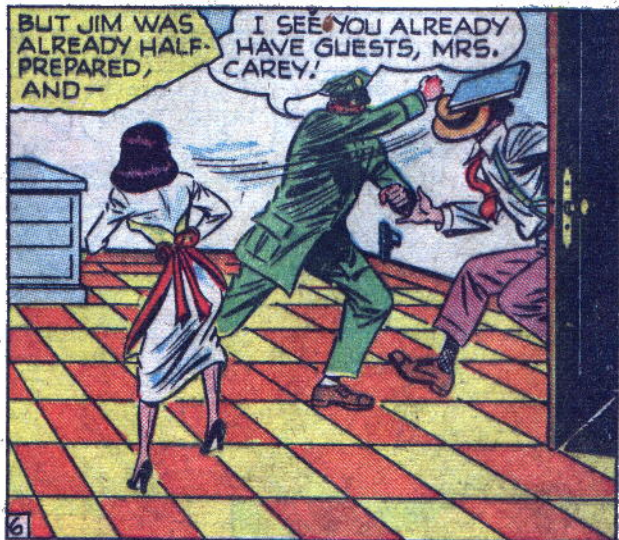
THE UNSEEN DILLING, LISTENING, SAW THAT JIM WAS GETTING WARM, SO—

GET 'EM UP, WISE GUY! WAY UP!



BUT JIM WAS ALREADY HALF-PREPARED, AND—

I SEE YOU ALREADY HAVE GUESTS, MRS. CAREY!





THEN...

YH-I!

CURTAINS FOR YOU, PUNK!



THAT'S IT, GAT! HE CLIMBED CHAIR TO READ METER. IT TOPPLED AND HE GRABBED AT METER TO SAVE HIMSELF, BROKE THE PIPE!

... AND THE GAS FINISHED HIM OFF. I GET IT SHOOTING HIM MIGHT ATTRACT THE COPS, HUH?



WITH THOSE DOORS CLOSED, SHE DON'T SMELL THE GAS TILL HE'S STIFF. SHE CALLS AN AMBULANCE THEN AND WE HIDE IN A CLOSET TILL THEY LUG HIM OUT!

WITH HER BABY, SO SHE DON'T DARE SQUEAL!



IN THE GAS-FILLED KITCHEN...

GOT-TO-GET-MESSAGE-OUT!

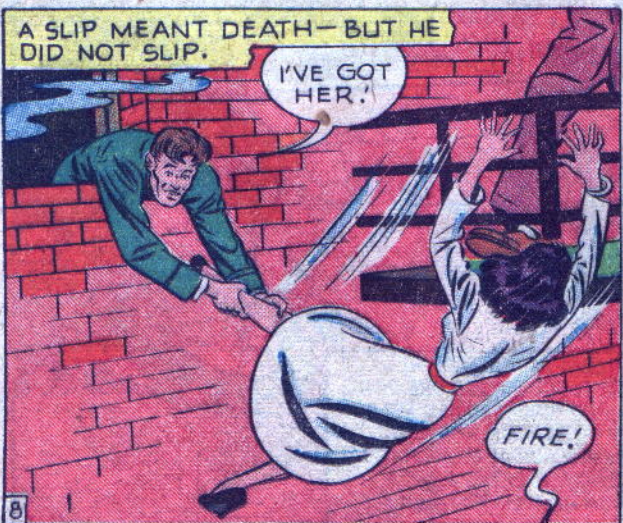
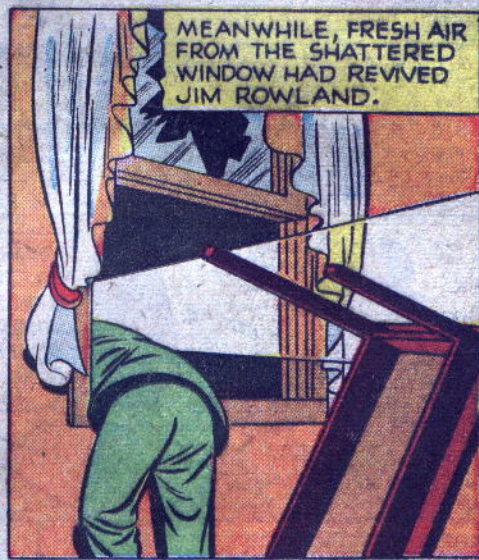
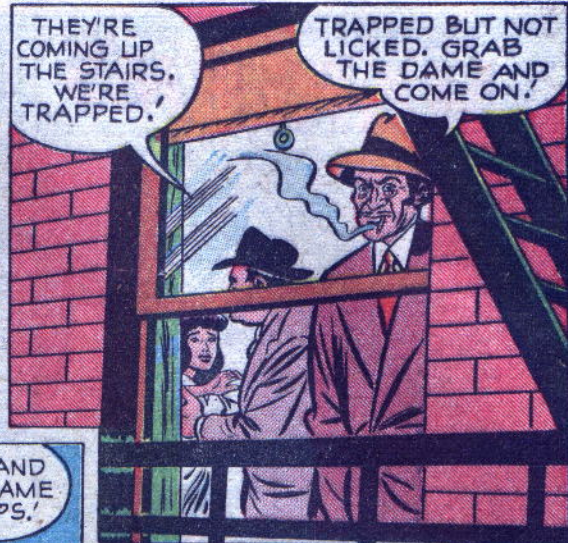


DRAWING ON HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH...

THEY'RE HERE. THIRD FLOOR REAR...

THIRD FLOOR REAR!

FLASH THE SQUADS TO ROLL!



HARLEM'S PROTECTOR



AS A PATROLMAN, JOHNNY ROBERTS PUT THE FEAR OF THE LAW IN CROOKS AND GUNMEN. TIME AFTER TIME, HE CAME OUT ON TOP. IN CLASHES WITH THE UNDERWORLD, RECEIVING SEVERAL WOUNDS IN THE PROCESS.



ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE.

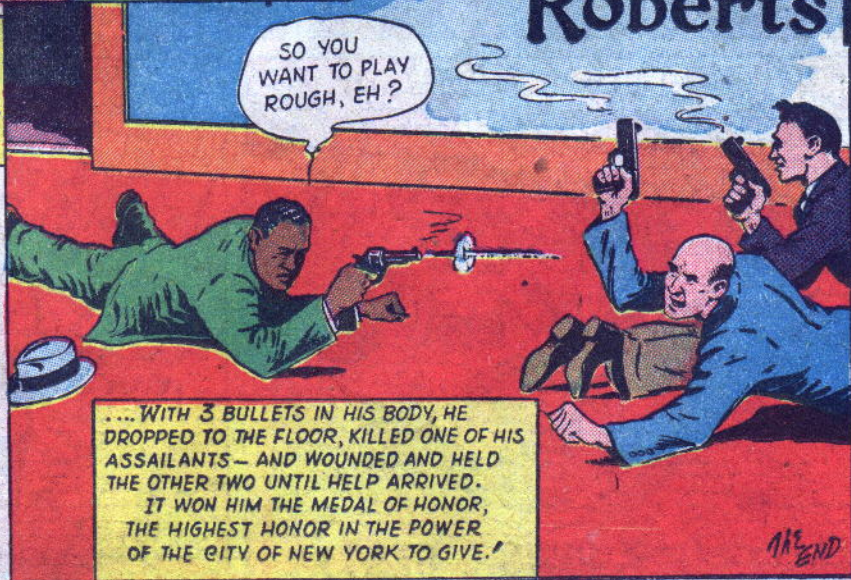
ONE DAY, HE WROTE A LETTER TO THE NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER THAT WON HIM AN APPOINTMENT AS A DETECTIVE BECAUSE OF HIS EARNESTNESS.

DETECTIVE John Roberts

TWO MONTHS LATER, HE MORE THAN JUSTIFIED THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS CHIEF. ORDERED TO A FLAT OF THREE EXTORTIONISTS, HE WAS CUT DOWN BY THE FIRST BLAST.



SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?



... WITH 3 BULLETS IN HIS BODY, HE DROPPED TO THE FLOOR, KILLED ONE OF HIS ASSAILANTS - AND WOUNDED AND HELD THE OTHER TWO UNTIL HELP ARRIVED. IT WON HIM THE MEDAL OF HONOR, THE HIGHEST HONOR IN THE POWER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO GIVE!

THE END

NEW FUN! send for this STORY-TOY BOOK



"Uppity Bus" Book tells about a bus that runs away with a parrot. WOW!

AND YOU GET
"slottie" toy bus and parrot to play with. Easy to put together!

HI! FUN! Exciting scrapes of the Uppity Bus and Clancy, the parrot. 21 color pictures. 28-page story!

TELL MOM what a fine book this is! Colors! Pictures! Nice enough for a present! . . . all color drawings done by noted artist, Susanne Suba. And in the back of each book you get the "slottie" toy of the Bus and Parrot to take for rides yourself!



Clancy speaking!
Send in coupon today!

EXCLUSIVE RICE KRISPIES OFFER!

Send for book (including a cute "slottie" toy). Just mail 15¢ with a box top from Kellogg's Rice Krispies. And are they fun to eat? Yeah! In milk, they snap!—crackle!—pop! And give you the energy to play . . . play . . . play!

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY KELLOGG CO.

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for Kellogg's delicious oven-popped rice.



ONLY 15¢ with RICE KRISPIES BOX TOP



MAIL ME the "Uppity Bus" Book with "slottie" toy of Bus and Parrot. Here's my 15¢ and one Rice Krispies box top (end marked "top") for each book ordered.

KELLOGG CO., Dept. 105-S, Battle Creek, Mich.

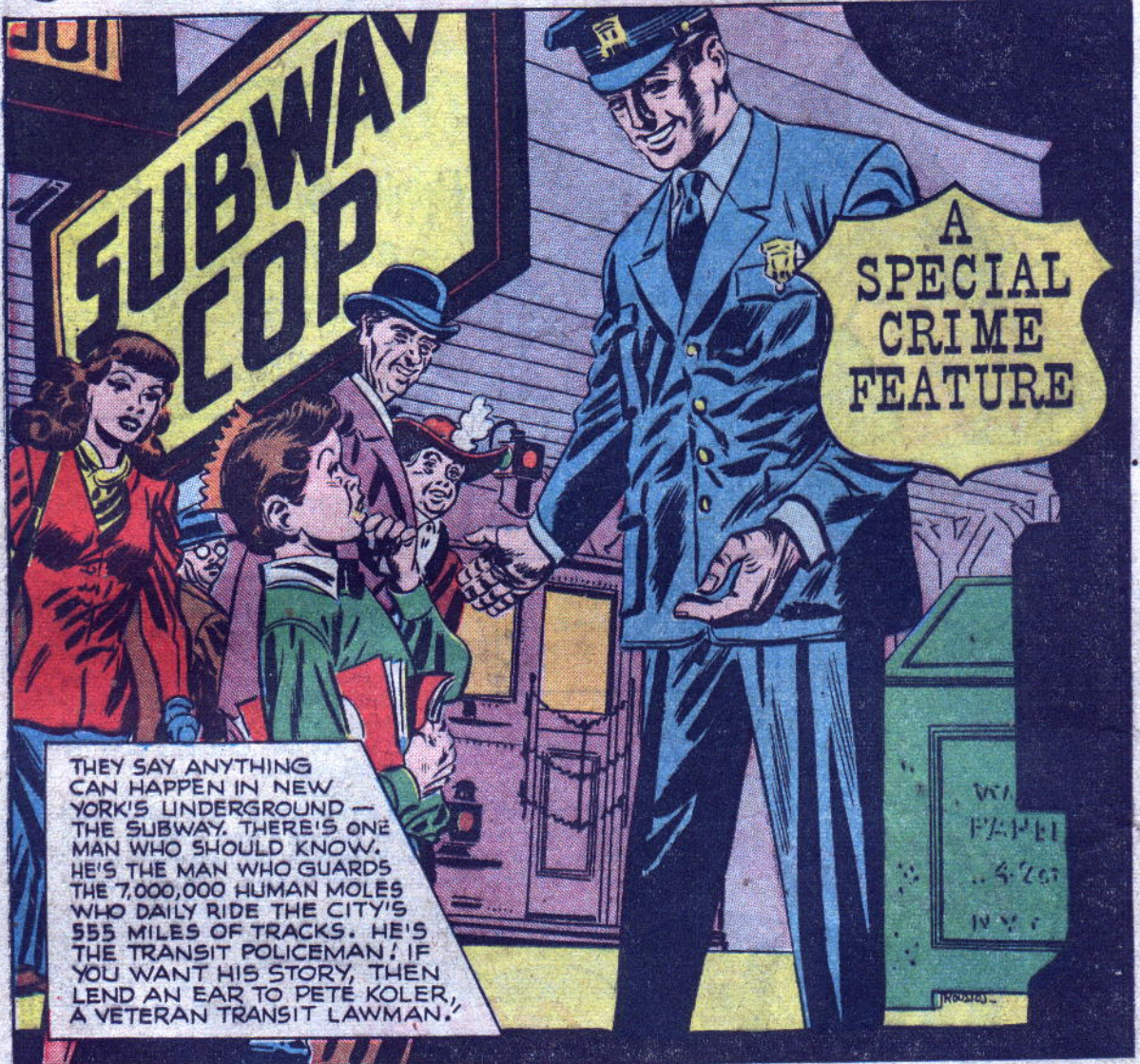
NAME

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Offer limited to residents of United States Only

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!



A
SPECIAL
CRIME
FEATURE

THEY SAY ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND — THE SUBWAY. THERE'S ONE MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW. HE'S THE MAN WHO GUARDS THE 7,000,000 HUMAN MOLES WHO DAILY RIDE THE CITY'S 555 MILES OF TRACKS. HE'S THE TRANSIT POLICEMAN! IF YOU WANT HIS STORY, THEN LEND AN EAR TO PETE KOLER, A VETERAN TRANSIT LAWMAN.



HI, FOLKS! PETE KOLER IS THE NAME. I'M AN S.P.O. — SUBWAY POLICE OFFICER TO YOU! MY JOB? WE-ELL... HERE'S ONE PART OF IT...



... CHARACTERS LIKE "LIGHT-FINGERED" HARRY, HERE, WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR FINGERS OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S POCKETS!

I NEVER STOLE THAT GUY'S WALLET! SOICH ME, I'M INNOCENT!



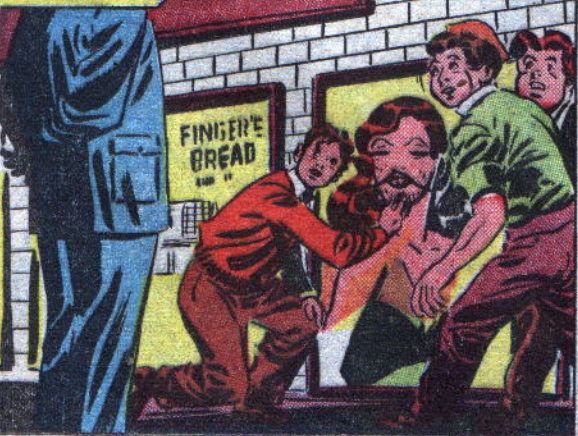
"AND THERE ARE ALWAYS THE WOULD-BE SUICIDES, LIKE THE WOMAN LAST WEEK..."



"I PULLED HER DOWN PARALLEL WITH THE TRACKS... INTO THE DEEP TROUGH...AND THE TRAIN RODE OVER US WITHOUT EVEN SCRATCHING US!"



"THEN THERE ARE THE SUBWAY ARTISTS... MISCHIEVOUS KIDS, MOSTLY. I JUST GIVE THEM A TALKING TO, AND SEND THEM HOME."



"SPEAKING OF THE KIDS, YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY I FIND GETTING LOST ON THE SUBWAY..."





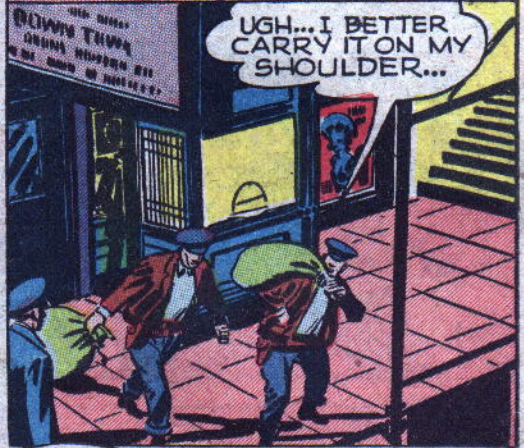
"A SUBWAY COP MUST ALWAYS KEEP HIS EYES OPEN... LIKE ONE NIGHT I REMEMBER..."

HERE COME THE BOYS FROM THE PAY TRAIN... TO COLLECT THE DAY'S TAKE OF FARES...



"THEY CAME OUT OF THE CHANGE BOOTH, STRAINING AS THEY LUGGED THE SACKS OF CHANGE..."

UGH... I BETTER CARRY IT ON MY SHOULDER...



"THAT DID IT! I DREW MY SERVICE REVOLVER FAST..."

DROP THOSE SACKS! YOU'RE NOT REAL PAY TRAIN GUARDS!

HE'S WISE TO US, MIKE!



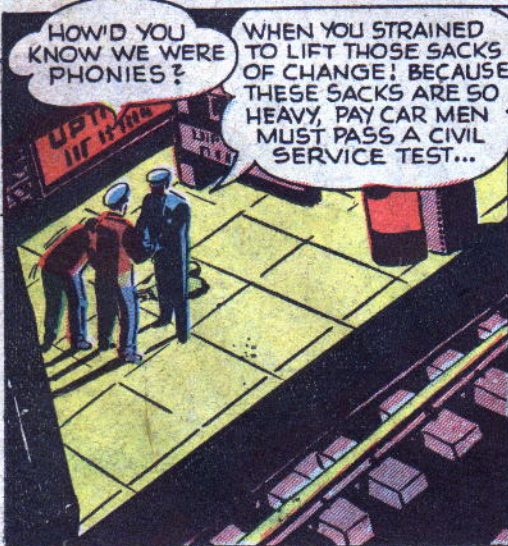
COPPERS! HOW I HATE COPPERS! I'M GONNA... UGHH!

DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP!



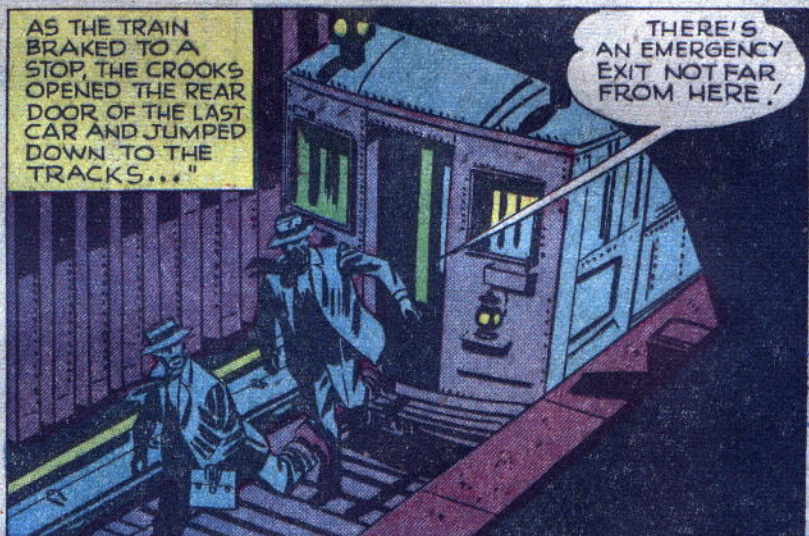
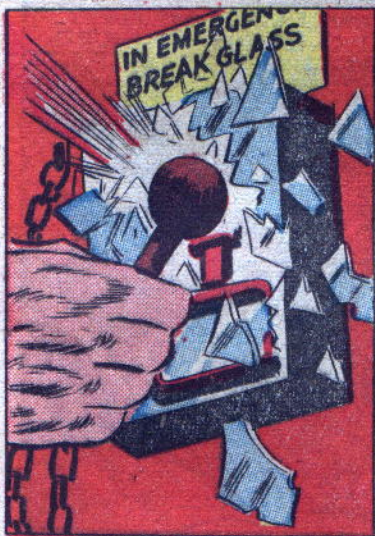
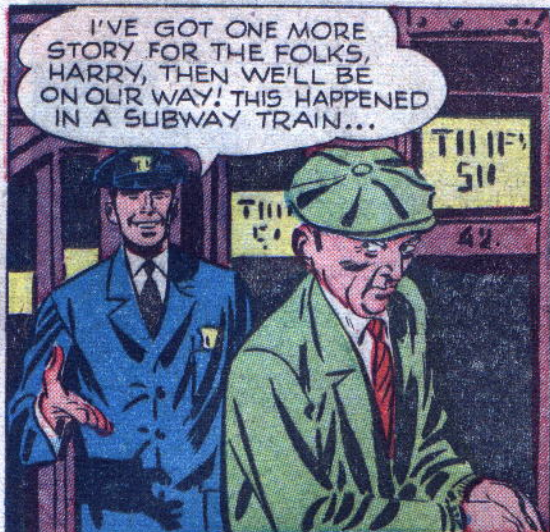
HOW'D YOU KNOW WE WERE PHONIES?

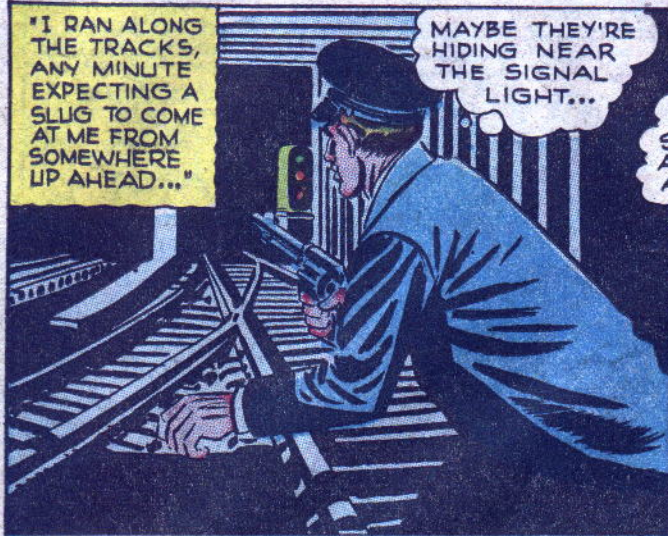
WHEN YOU STRAINED TO LIFT THOSE SACKS OF CHANGE! BECAUSE THESE SACKS ARE SO HEAVY, PAY CAR MEN MUST PASS A CIVIL SERVICE TEST...



... PROVING THEY CAN CARRY 75 POUNDS IN ONE HAND! YOU BOYS SHOULD'VE TAKEN UP WEIGHT-LIFTING BEFORE YOU TRIED THIS HIJACK!





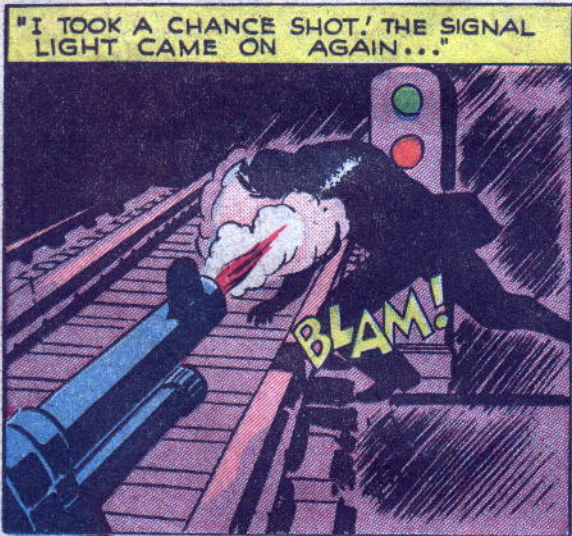


"I RAN ALONG THE TRACKS, ANY MINUTE EXPECTING A SLUG TO COME AT ME FROM SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD..."

MAYBE THEY'RE HIDING NEAR THE SIGNAL LIGHT..."

"SUDDENLY, THE RED SIGNAL LIGHT BLACKED OUT..."

OH-OH... THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING— SOMEBODY IS MOVING ACROSS THE LIGHT AND BLOCKING IT OUT!



"I TOOK A CHANCE SHOT! THE SIGNAL LIGHT CAME ON AGAIN..."

BLAM!

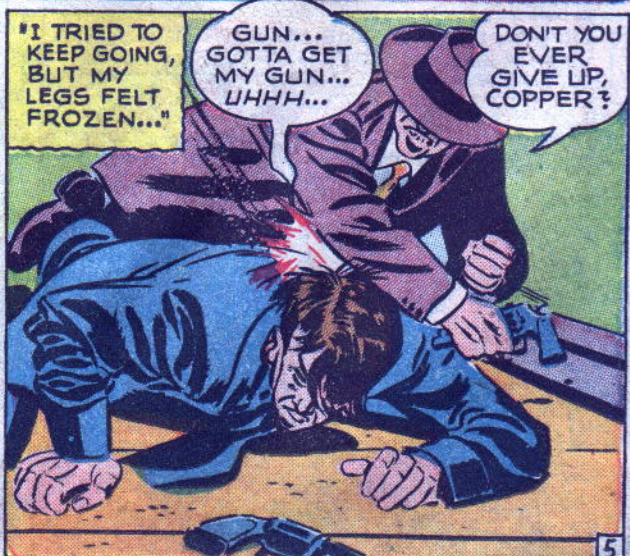


"I RAN UP... AND THEN I MADE MY FIRST MISTAKE... I BENT OVER THE WOUNDED MAN..."

SORRY... IT WAS EITHER YOU OR ME!



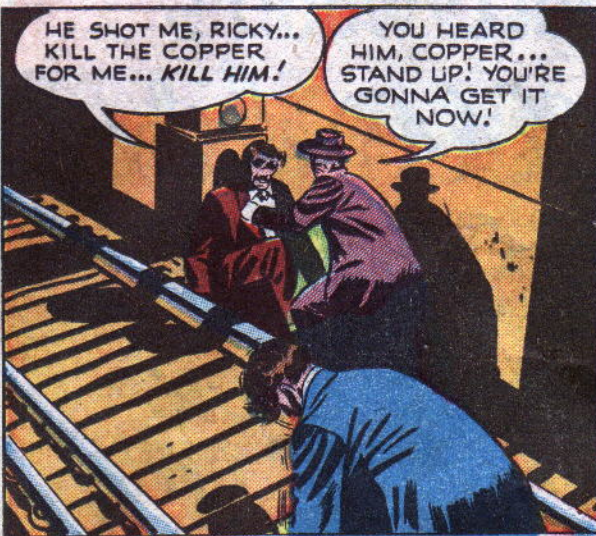
DROP, COPPER!



"I TRIED TO KEEP GOING, BUT MY LEGS FELT FROZEN..."

GUN... GOTTA GET MY GUN... UHHH...

DON'T YOU EVER GIVE UP, COPPER?

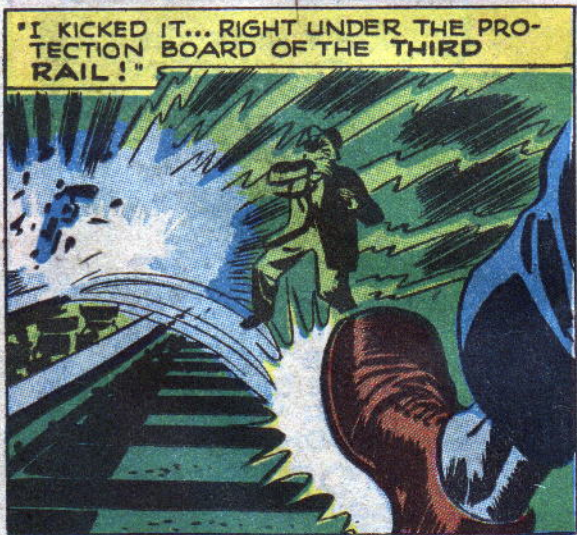


HE SHOT ME, RICKY... KILL THE COPPER FOR ME... KILL HIM!

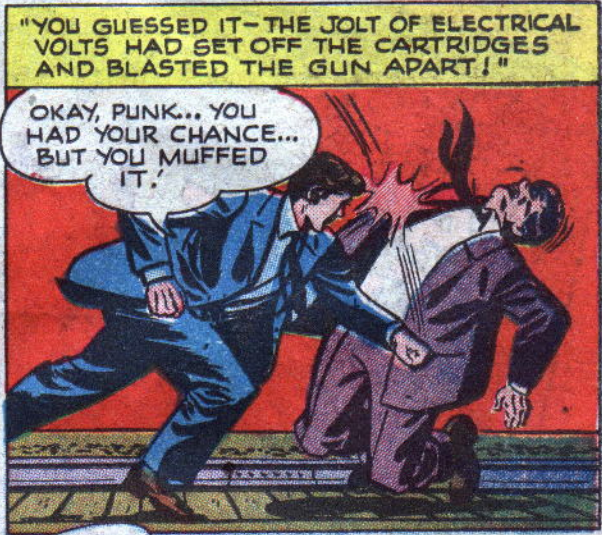
YOU HEARD HIM, COPPER... STAND UP! YOU'RE GONNA GET IT NOW!



KICK YOUR GUN OUTA THE WAY! I AINT GIVIN' YOU THE CHANCE TO DIVE FOR IT! YOU HEARD ME - KICK IT AWAY!



"I KICKED IT... RIGHT UNDER THE PROTECTION BOARD OF THE THIRD RAIL!"



"YOU GUESSED IT - THE JOLT OF ELECTRICAL VOLTS HAD SET OFF THE CARTRIDGES AND BLASTED THE GUN APART!"

OKAY, PUNK... YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE... BUT YOU MUFFED IT!



WELL, THAT'S THE STORY... BUT IT'S JUST ROUTINE STUFF... JUST PART OF THE JOB...



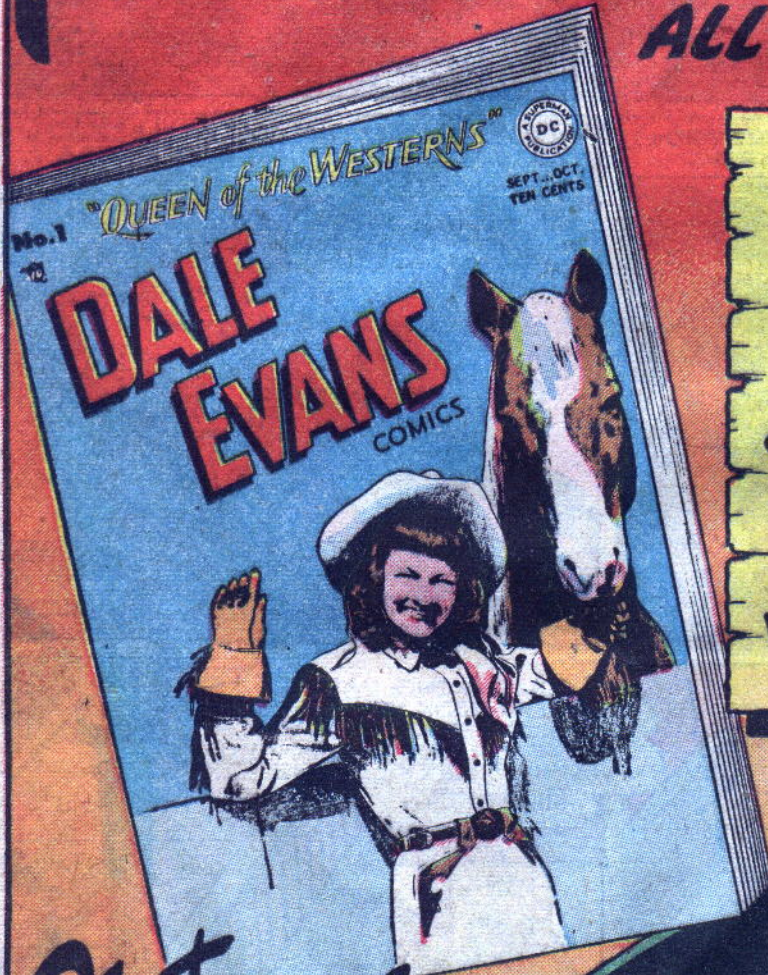
COME ALONG, HARRY... I WANT TO BOOK YOU FAST SO I CAN GET BACK ON THE JOB. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT ON THE SUBWAY...

THE END

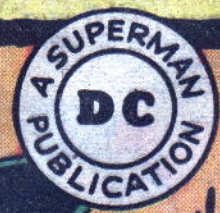
Now!

HOLLYWOOD'S "QUEEN of the WESTERNS"

IN A COMIC BOOK ALL HER OWN!

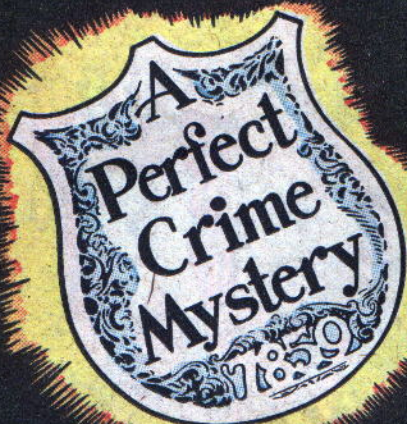


DON'T MISS THE
ROOTIN', TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN'
WILD WEST
ESCAPADES OF
*Dale
Evans*
THE REAL-LIFE
COWGIRL WHO MADE
MOVIE HISTORY
AS THE ONLY GIRL
EVER VOTED
AMONG THE
TOP TEN
WESTERN STARS!



First Issue!

ON SALE Everywhere!



"THE MURDER with a MILLION WITNESSES!"

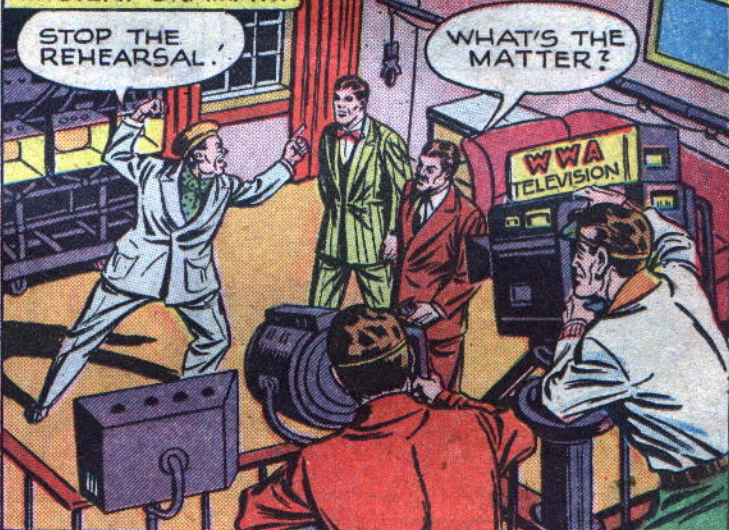
Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

A LUXURIOUS PARLOR SEEMS TO BE A TENSE SCENE OF VIOLENCE...



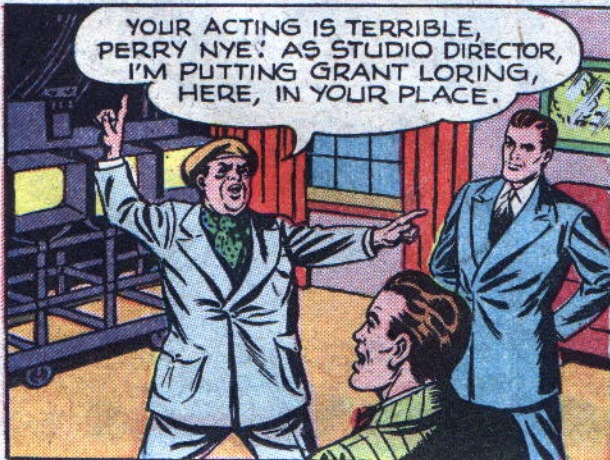
THIS WILL STOP YOUR MEDDLING!

BUT IT IS ONLY THE STAGE-SET OF A TELEVISION MYSTERY DRAMA...



STOP THE REHEARSAL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



YOUR ACTING IS TERRIBLE, PERRY NYE! AS STUDIO DIRECTOR, I'M PUTTING GRANT LORING, HERE, IN YOUR PLACE.



LORING HAS NO RIGHT TO TAKE MY PLACE AS STAR!

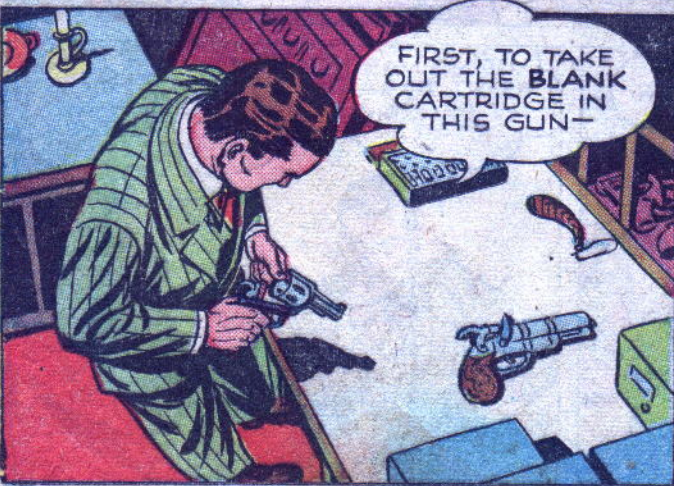
SORRY, NYE - YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SMALLER PART!



HIS SMOLDERING RAGE INSPIRES HIM TO PLOT REVENGE...



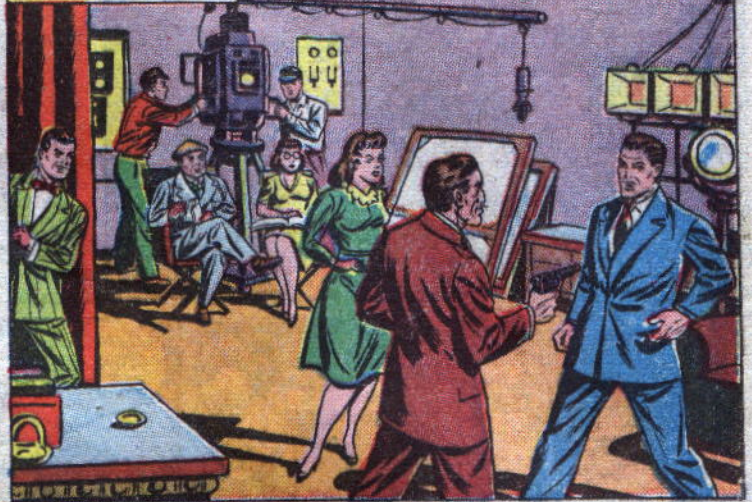
LATER, WHEN THE TELEVISION STAGE IS DESERTED...



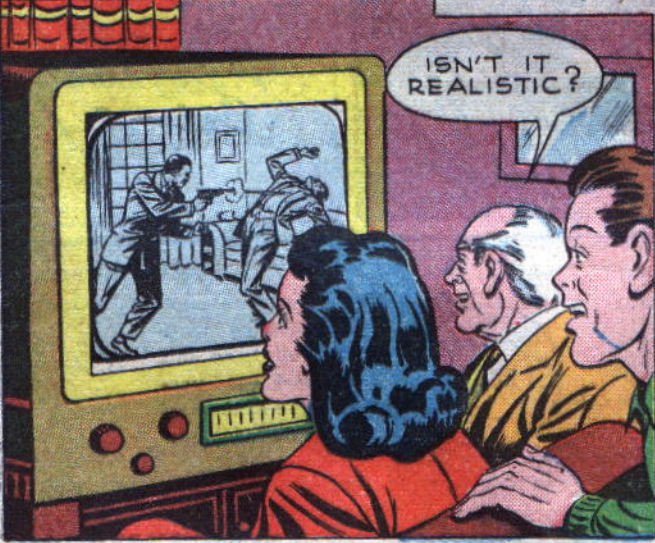
I'LL WIPE OFF ALL FINGERPRINTS AND PLANT SOME WHISKEY IN THE PROP-MAN'S LOCKER! THEN HE'LL BE BLAMED FOR THE 'ACCIDENT.'



THAT NIGHT, AS THE TELEVISION DRAMA IS BROADCAST...



A MILLION PEOPLE WATCH!



ISN'T IT REALISTIC?



HE'S BEEN SHOT. THAT WAS A REAL BULLET!

SAY, THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MAKE-BELIEVE!

WHEN DETECTIVE WILSEY INVESTIGATES THE TRAGIC 'ACCIDENT,' A SCARED PROPERTY-MAN...

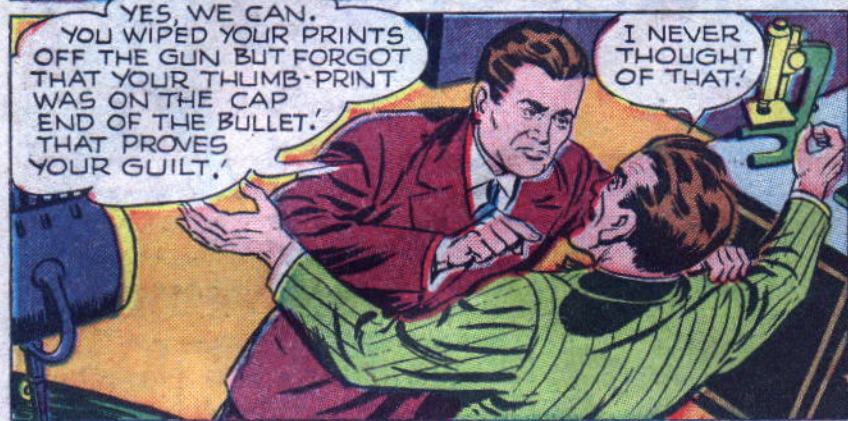
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE PUT A REAL BULLET IN THE GUN!

WE'LL CHECK UP AND SEE!

THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN PIN LORING'S DEATH ON ME!



WHAT DO YOU THINK?
AT THIS POINT, YOU KNOW MORE THAN DETECTIVE WILSEY ABOUT THIS CRIME! HAS PERRY NYE COMMITTED A PERFECTLY HIDDEN MURDER, OR HAS HE MADE A MISTAKE?
?
THINK HARD BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE!



PERRY NYE WAS CONVICTED AND HANGED, PROVING ONCE AGAIN THAT

There is no Perfect Crime!

THE END

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THE CRIME FILE

FINGERPRINT FACTS

Everyone knows that all police agencies prize their fingerprint files and that there aren't two fingerprints in the world that are alike. But did you ever wonder what exactly causes fingers to leave prints?

Hundreds of tiny glands under the skin secrete a moisture which keeps the skin soft and pliable. This oily substance adheres to the ridges and whorls of the fingers, and whenever a smooth surface is touched, a small amount of the oil comes off and leaves a fingerprint.

When a criminal touches anything with his bare hands at the scene of his crime, he is leaving his signature as plainly as though he furnished the police with his name and address. Trained investigators are able to pick up the prints by carbon or silver dusting even many weeks after they have been made. Secret methods of detection can locate a print months later.

Once a print is left, escape in anonymity for the criminal is impossible. Regardless of how smart he might think he is, the police are always smarter!

Fingerprints always have been a source of worry to professional mugs, and they have gone to great extremes in an attempt to eliminate them—always without success.

The notorious John Dillinger once paid an underworld doctor \$5,000 to remove his fingerprints. The skin was cut from each of Dillinger's fingers in a painful operation. But many weeks later, when the bandages were removed, the new skin bore precisely the same fingerprints as the old!

Incidentally, in the State of New York, it

is doubtful whether a homicide squad would even bother to send a small hand arm (revolver or automatic) to its fingerprint lab for checking. The reason is that records show that not once in 26 years have fingerprints on guns been introduced as evidence during a murder trial!

THE CORPSE HAD TEETH

"The Case of Uncle Timmy" was related recently by the commanding officer of the Missing Persons Bureau of a leading city, in explaining the importance of having a complete physical description before accepting an identification.

A few years ago, a body was fished out of the water. It appeared to be that of an old man reported missing by his nephew. Late that night, the nephew was sent for and sympathetically told: "Your old Uncle Tim was just taken from the river." Whereupon the nephew sorrowfully identified him without hesitation and declared he would give him a fine, decent funeral because the old man had led such a fine, decent life.

As the detective began to prepare the papers, rigor mortis suddenly left the body. The mouth of the dead man popped open with a frightening groan. The nephew steeled himself long enough to take another look at the body.

"He's got teeth!" he cried. "That's not my Uncle Timmy! He didn't have a tooth in his head for 20 years!" And the nephew stamped angrily from the office.

The detective walked over to the body and looked at it in disgust. "You and your big mouth!" he snapped. "I would have been rid of an investigation, and you would have had

a first-class funeral if you'd had sense enough to keep your big mouth shut!"

THE EYES HAD IT

According to the quiz book "Isn't It a Crime," the detective or doctor in the movies who examines a prospective corpse by raising its eyelid with his thumb and then says, "Hmm," is familiar to everyone.

Here's all you need to know in order to be able to say, "Hmm" yourself: First, the eyeball is one of the most sensitive parts of the body. Touch it, and if there is any life at all, the eye will move. Second, a dead man's eyelid will stay up if you shove it. Not so the living. Third, pupils of the living are round and about equal in size. In the dead, they lose their shape, and become lopsided and unequal in size.

Incidentally, holding a mirror to a person's mouth to see if he's still breathing is by no means a certain test of death.

THE "AVERAGE" KILLER

Records of the prisoners in Sing Sing's Death Row reveal that the average murderer sentenced to be executed is less than 30 years of age, born in this country of foreign-born parents; that he was unemployed at the time of the offense; that he is unskilled in any trade or profession; and that he received at least a public school education. He is usually a swaggering tough until confined to "The Little House," where his dim outlook transforms him into a quiet, almost meek person.

The average killer does not admit his guilt. Rather than pin the fault on himself, he is apt to blame others for his predicament. While he boasts of being a smart guy, the average killer actually has a sub-normal mentality.

THE END OF THE TAIL

Legend has it that the Hindus were among the first to use a reasonable facsimile of a lie detector. It was based simply on a Hindu belief that if the suspect grabbed a sacred cow's tail, the animal would low if he were guilty and would keep silent if he were innocent.

Left alone with the cow, the suspect wasn't aware of the fact that the animal's tail had been streaked with lampblack. If he emerged from this primitive laboratory with blackened hands, he was proved innocent because a guilty man wouldn't risk touching the tail of the cow, whose lowing would disclose the man's guilt.

CRIME CAPSULES

Nearly \$1,000,000 is spent annually by banks which employ legal safe-crackers to break open 70,000 safe-deposit boxes for owners who lost their keys.

★ ★ ★

Illinois police were discussing a remarkable crime-less month when thieves stole into the station's arsenal, removed revolvers, cartridges, deputy badges, uniforms and keys to the squad cars.

★ ★ ★

A quick-thinking victim of a hold-up in Denver dissuaded his assailant by buying his revolver for \$10.

★ ★ ★

And a sentimental gentleman of an Indiana city, when confronted by a stick-up artist, pleaded that the money be kept but the wallet returned because it was a gift from his mother. The thief dug into his pocket to surrender the wallet . . . which the victim later discovered belonged to the thief and was packed with obviously stolen bills.

★ ★ ★

In a London police precinct, one John Ferguson declared: "I can't move my legs like I used to, and I'm getting clumsy. I knock things over on the job." Whereupon he stated, after having spent 46 of his 92 years in jail, that he was giving up his career as housebreaker



"I GUARD THE CONVICT TRAINS!"

By SGT. LEWIS MACKLE, RETIRED



FEW MEN HAVE GRIMMER JOBS THAN THOSE WHO GUARD CONVICT TRAINS CARRYING PRISONERS UP THE RIVER. FOR CRIMINALS EN ROUTE TO THE PEN TO START THEIR SENTENCES GROW DESPERATE IN THOSE LAST FREE HOURS... BEFORE PRISON GATES SEAL THEM FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD. HERE IS A VIVID ACCOUNT OF SKIP VANETTA'S DESPERATE CRASH-OUT.

The INSIDE SECRETS OF THE LAW!

"THE TRAIN CRASHED THROUGH THE SOUTHERN SUMMER NIGHT, SHATTERING THE STILLNESS AS WELL AS THE FUTURE OF ITS PASSENGERS INTO A MILLION FRAGMENTS. IT WAS ON SCHEDULE, ACCORDING TO THE TIMETABLE OF OBLIVION . . ."

"... FOR THIS WAS THE CRACK PRISON SPECIAL, BEARING ITS MONTHLY CARGO OF CONS TO THE BIG HOUSE!"



"FOR SOME, THE CLACK OF THE WHEELS TICKED OFF YEARS... FOR OTHERS, A LIFE SENTENCE OR DEATH IN THE CHAIR."

THOSE CLICKIN' WHEELS GIVE ME THE WILLIES. I HEAR 'EM SAY 10-20-30, 10-20-30. THAT'S MY RAP.

YEAH? YOU'RE LUCKY... I FRY.



"MEANWHILE, THE LAW DIDN'T DENY THEM THE SIMPLE COMFORTS OF LIFE."

PILLOWS! ONLY A QUARTER!

GIMME FOUR... AND BRING US A DECK OF CARDS.



"AT 4:30 A.M., WE PULLED INTO THE PRISON-SIDING. LIFE WAS OVER FOR SOME GUYS. IT WAS JUST BEGINNING FOR ME."

HERE ARE THE COMMITMENT PAPERS, WARDEN...12 PRISONERS.

OKAY, MACKLE. BE SEEING YOU NEXT MONTH.



NOT ME. YOU FORGET I'M RETIRING THIS WEEK. THE ONLY TIME I'M GOING UP THE RIVER FROM NOW ON IS TO GO FISHING.



"I WAS ALL SET TO SOAK IN THE SUN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 20 YEARS, WHEN..."

I'M DOHENY, THE NEW CHIEF GUARD ON THE PRISON SPECIAL. I THOUGHT I'D DROP UP HERE FOR SOME TIPS ON HOW TO HANDLE THE MUGS.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO EXAMINE THE RECORD OF EACH ONE, FOR HABITS AND TRAITS... LIFERS AND CONDEMNED CONS MUST BE WATCHED CLOSEST.

BUT WHAT ABOUT SKIP VANETTA? HE CRASHED OUT. HOW DID HE DO IT?

"SKIP VANETTA! I HADN'T HEARD THAT NAME IN YEARS, SINCE JUNE, 1943 TO BE EXACT. THERE WAS A WAR ON THEN, HIS WAR AGAINST THE BANKS. HE'D CRACKED SEVEN WHEN HE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT. SKIP VANETTA, SUDDENLY, THE SWEET SUMMER AIR SOURED, AND I WAS BREATHING THAT ANTISEPTIC ODOR OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE..."

"HE HAD THE SKIN THE COPS WOULD'VE LOVED TO TOUCH, IF THEY COULD FIND HIM. BUT VANETTA DIDN'T GIVE THEM THE CHANCE. PLASTIC SURGERY CHANGED HIS FACE."

YOUR OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU NOW, VANETTA.

YEAH. ONLY ME AND YOU KNOW THE SECRET, HUH, DOC?

SO LONG, CHUMP. NOW TO PICK UP THE 100 G'S STASHED IN MY HIDEOUT AND BEAT IT.

GHAUH

"BUT WRACKED WITH PAIN, THE DYING MAN DRAGGED HIMSELF TO A TELEPHONE..."

SKIP VANETTA (COUGH, COUGH)... CHANGED FACE (COUGH)... SHORT NOSE, WIDE MOUTH, SCAR ON CHEEK, SKIN-GRAFTS ON EARS ... WENT TO HIDEOUT 1806 SOUTH GRAND.

"MEANWHILE..."

I AIN'T GONNA WIN A PRIZE FOR BEING THE HANDSOMEST GUY IN TOWN, BUT THE COPS'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SPOT ME.

HERE'S YOUR NUMBER, MISTER.

"VANETTA PAID THE HACKIE, THEN RACED UPSTAIRS TO FIND —"

COPPERS!

IT'S VANETTA, ALL RIGHT! NEW FACE BUT THE SAME OLD HEEL!

"LATER, AT THE POLICE LINE-UP..."

SKIP VANETTA, BANK ROBBER AND KILLER. NOTE HOW RECENT PLASTIC SURGERY ALTERED HIS FACE!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK... BECAUSE I'M GONNA BEAT THIS RAP!

"BUT AT HIS TRIAL VANETTA DREW A DEATH-SENTENCE FOR MURDERING THE SURGEON."

YOU HAVE TWO HOURS TO SEE RELATIVES IN THE VISITORS' ROOM... BEFORE WE TAKE YOU —

TO THE BIG HOUSE? DON'T KID YOURSELF. I'LL CRASH OUT!

"AFTER THE VISITORS LEFT, WE SEARCHED THE PRISONERS FOR KNIVES, NAIL-FILES, WEAPONS."

NO WEAPONS, CHIEF.

WHAT D'YA EXPECT... A COUPLE OF CANNONS?

RETURN THE MONEY AND PERSONAL EFFECTS TO THE MEN.

"I GOT THE COMMITMENT PAPERS. AT 6:55 P.M., WE LOADED THE PRISONERS... 8 CONVICTS WITH 8 GUARDS."

DON'T BE SO BLUE, FARRIS. RELAX. COUNT IO.

I'M COUNTING IO... IO YEARS FOR A HOLDUP.

"SINCE THE BUS-RIDE PROVIDED THE FIRST CHANCE FOR A CRASH-OUT, I ALWAYS TOOK A DIFFERENT ROUTE."

IT'S ONLY A HALF-MILE FROM THE JAIL TO THE DEPOT, BUT I'VE DONE A COUPLE OF MILES GOIN' AROUND TOWN.

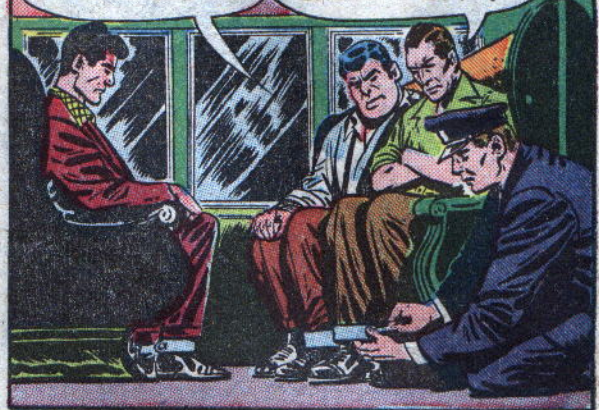
THAT'S TO DISAPPOINT ANYONE WAITING TO AMBUSH US!



"WHEN WE BOARDED THE PRISON COUCH AN HOUR BEFORE TRAIN TIME TO GUARD AGAINST STATION BREAKS, VANETTA WAS STILL BOASTING."

THIS CHAIN WILL NEVER HOLD ME!

WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO? CHEW IT OFF?



"THE CREW SOON CAME ABOARD— THE CONDUCTORS, PORTERS, AND CANDY-BUTCHER..."

WHAT A HOT NIGHT! SODA POP SALES OUGHT TO BE GOOD!



"WE'D UNDERESTIMATED VANETTA. HE HAD AN ACE UP HIS SLEEVE. LES NEMO, ONE OF HIS GANG, HAD A BLACKJACK UP HIS."

DON'T DIRTY THE UNIFORM WHEN YOU FALL, BUB!



"JUST AS WE PULLED OUT AT 8:14..."

CANDY BARS? WE'RE ALL GONNA GET BARS— PRISON BARS! HOW ABOUT SOME PILLOWS?

I GET 'EM AT THE NEXT STOP!



LISTEN, FARRIS, I'M CRASHIN' OUT AFTER THE NEXT STOP. IF YOU WANT TO COME ALONG—

YOU SAID IT! WHAT'S THE PITCH?

"AT 9:45, THE SPECIAL STOPPED AT LINTON. ANOTHER CHANCE FOR A BREAK..."

ALL QUIET, A ROUTINE TRIP, ALL RIGHT.

HERE'S THE USUAL LOAD—100 PILLOWS.

"AS SOON AS WE PULLED OUT..."

FIRST, THE NIPPERS GO IN, THEN THE ROD—AND SWEET DREAMS FOR VANETTA WITH THIS PILLOW!

NOW I CAN GET SOME SHUTEYE!

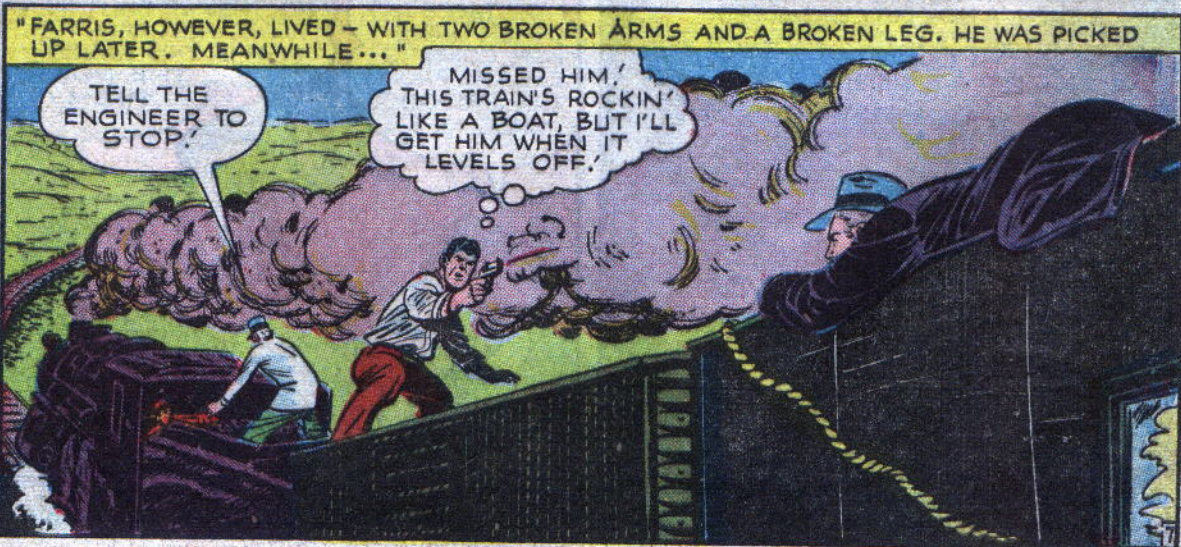
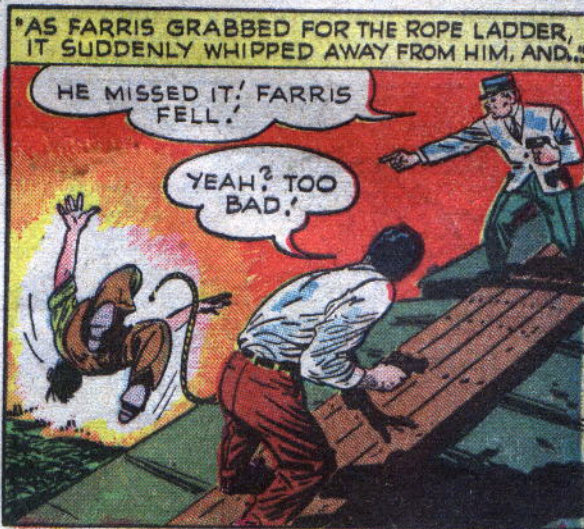
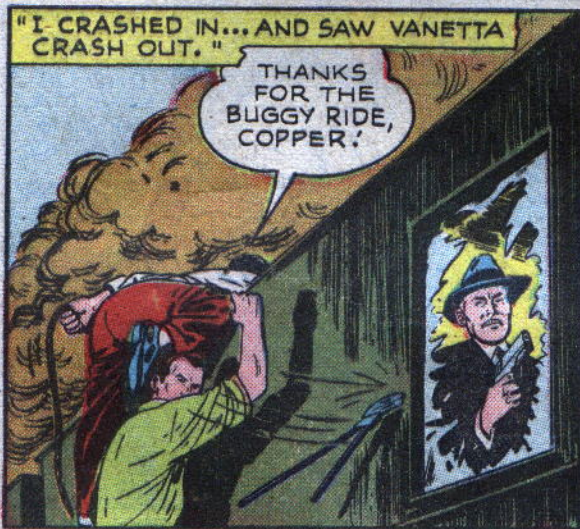
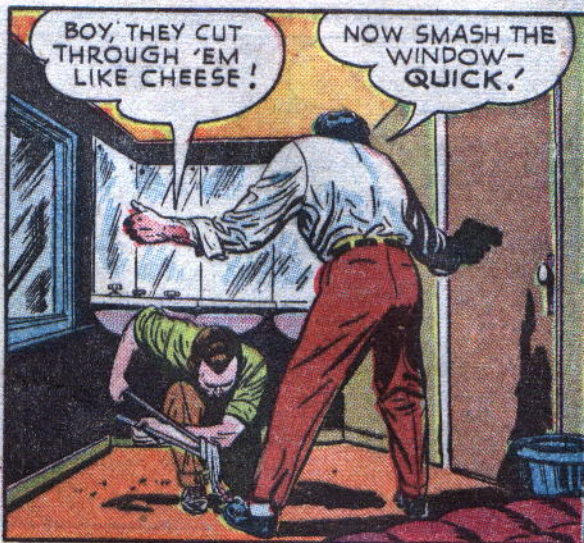
PHEW! IT'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T GRAB THE BOTTOM PILLOW!

GIMME TWO OF THEM!

SURE

WANT ME TO CUT THE CHAIN NOW?

NAH! THEY'D MOW US DOWN. GIVE NEMO TIME TO GET ON THE ROOF. THEN WE GO TO THE SMOKING CAR.

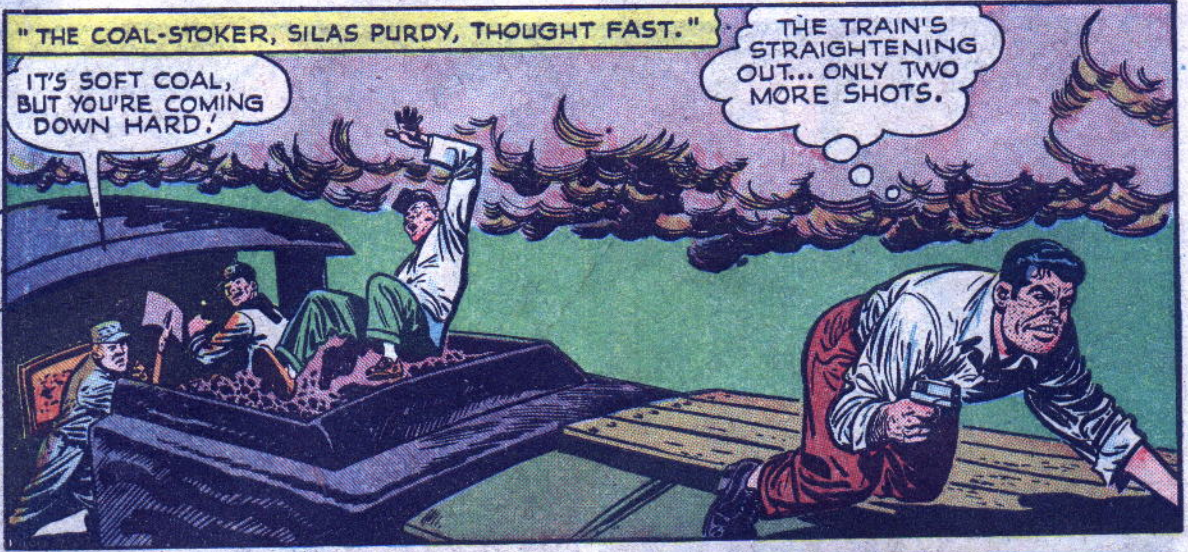




"THE COAL-STOKER, SILAS PURDY, THOUGHT FAST."

IT'S SOFT COAL, BUT YOU'RE COMING DOWN HARD!

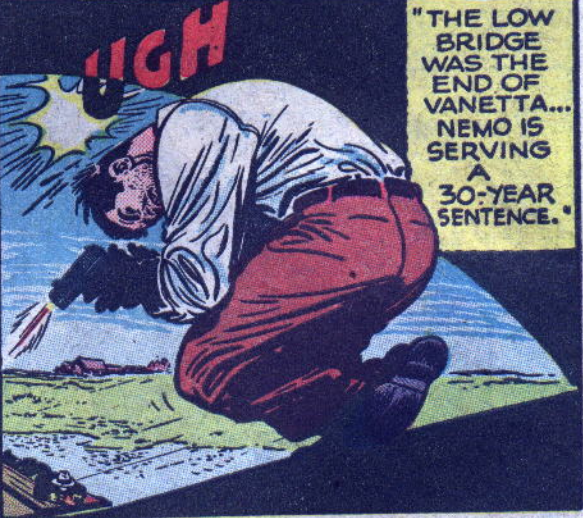
THE TRAIN'S STRAIGHTENING OUT... ONLY TWO MORE SHOTS.



"THE SPECIAL RACED TOWARDS THE BRIDGE OVER PINE RIVER ... TELLTALES BRUSHED HIM, BUT HE PAID NO HEED..."

OKAY, FLATFOOT. I GOT YOU FLATFOOTED.

ANGER LOW CLEARANCE DO NOT STAND OR KNEEL



"THE LOW BRIDGE WAS THE END OF VANETTA... NEMO IS SERVING A 30-YEAR SENTENCE."

SINCE THEN, A NEW DUTY WAS ADDED: INSPECTION OF EVERY ITEM ENTERING THE PRISON COACH: CANDY, POP, PILLOWS, EVEN ICE FOR THE WATER-COOLER.



ARE THERE ANY OTHER WAYS FOR CONGS TO ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON SPECIAL?

NO, THEY'RE SHUT IN TIGHT, JUST LIKE THE FISH IN THIS BASKET - THE POOR FISH!



THE END



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS!

MY JOB IS NOT A PLEASANT ONE. THERE ARE TIMES I RUN ACROSS CRIMINALS SO HEARTLESS, IT'S A WONDER THEY BELONG TO THE HUMAN RACE! THE LUZAK GANG WAS LIKE THAT. THOUGH COUNTLESS LIVES WERE THREATENED BY THEIR GREED, THEY WERE CONCERNED ONLY WITH THEIR RUTHLESS RACKET. IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I FORGET...

"The Counterfeit Medicine Mob!"



EARLY ONE MORNING IN MAY, 1945, CONVICT JOHN "COUNT" LUZAK WAS LED DOWN A CELLBLOCK...

SO LONG, COUNT... YA LUCKY STIFF!

YES, SIR... I SURE AM!

YOU GONNA CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MISSED IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS!



WARDEN BUCHANAN GAVE THE PRISONER HIS RELEASE AND SOME WORDS OF ADVICE...

DON'T BE A FOOL, LUZAK! MEND YOUR WAYS!

TAKE IT FROM ME, WARDEN... I'LL NEVER COUNTERFEIT MONEY AGAIN!



ONCE HE WAS OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, LUZAK CONTACTED HIS OLD MOB...

YES, BOYS... I TOLD HIM I WAS THROUGH COUNTERFEITING MONEY AND I MEANT IT! FROM NOW ON, I'LL COUNTERFEIT DRUG PRODUCTS!



IT'S ALMOST LIKE THE MONEY RACKET... WE'LL COUNTERFEIT DRUG PRODUCTS AND SELL THE IMITATIONS! IF SOMEBODY GETS SICK USING OUR STUFF... WELL... THAT'S THEIR LOOKOUT!



NEXT, COUNT LUZAK PROPOSITIONED PHILIP MAYHEW, A CHEMIST WHO'D BEEN FIRED FROM A RESEARCH LABORATORY FOR PETTY THIEVERY...

WELL, YOU COMING IN WITH US?

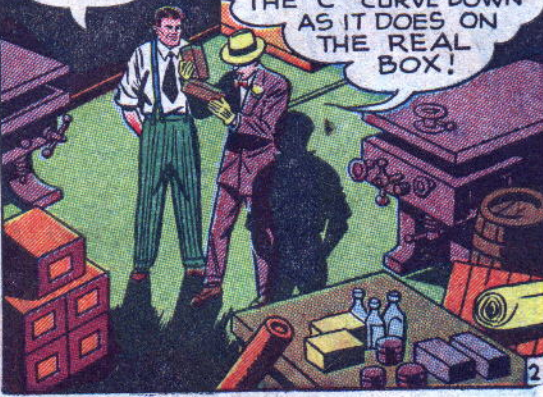
SURE... JUST SO LONG AS I GET MY CUT! AGGH... THAT HORSE I BET ON RUNS LIKE A TUB O' LARD!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, LUZAK'S MOB STARTED PRODUCTION!

HOW'S THIS PHONEY LABEL?

"MOTHER TODD'S COUGH MEDICINE... IT'S FINE, EXCEPT YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE 'C' CURVE DOWN AS IT DOES ON THE REAL BOX!"



CALLOUS TO THE TRAGIC EFFECTS HIS COUNTERFEIT MEDICINE WOULD HAVE ON AN INNOCENT PUBLIC, MAYHEW DID HIS JOB... ONLY TOO WELL!

HMM! I GOT TEN BOTTLES OF DILUTED MEDICINE FROM ONE BOTTLE OF THE REAL STUFF! NOT BAD!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE LUZAK MOB BEGAN ITS SALES CAMPAIGN...

REMEMBER, WE TELL THE CHUMP WE BUY MEDICINES FROM DRUGGISTS WHOSE STORES HAVE FAILED... THAT'S WHY WE CAN AFFORD TO RESELL THE STUFF SO CHEAP!



LOCAL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT THE CITY FOUND IT HARD TO RESIST THE "BARGAINS" OFFERED THEM...

REMEMBER...PRICES ARE GOING UP EVERY DAY...

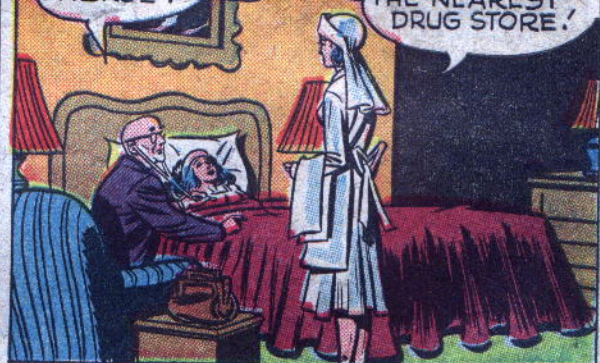
THAT'S TRUE... I'LL ORDER A CASE!



BUT IT WAS AN AILING WOMAN NAMED MARIE CALKINS WHO INDIRECTLY PUT THE FINGER ON THE POISON PEDDLERS!

MRS. CALKINS' HEART-BEAT IS VERY WEAK! MORE ADRENALIN, NURSE!

WE HAVE NO MORE LEFT, DR. MARKS! I'LL GET SOME AT THE NEAREST DRUG STORE!



TWO MINUTES LATER...

ADRENALIN QUICKLY! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

YES, MISS! I JUST GOT IN A FRESH STOCK THIS WEEK!



BUT WHEN DOCTOR MARKS ADMINISTERED THE HEART STIMULANT...

DOCTOR... SHE DIDN'T REACT TO THE ADRENALIN! SHE ... SHE'S DEAD!

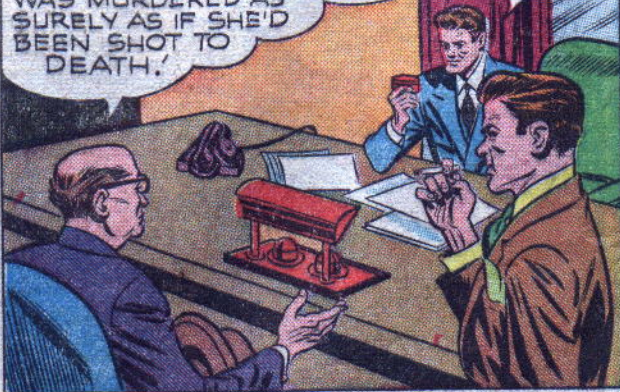
WHAT? SOME-THING'S WRONG! I'M GOING TO HAVE THE BUREAU OF STANDARDS MAKE AN ANALYSIS OF THIS ADRENALIN!



ONE HOUR LATER, DR. MARK'S REPORTED TO THE D.A....

...AND THE ANALYSIS SHOWED THAT THE ADRENALIN WAS NOT FULL STRENGTH! THAT WOMAN WAS MURDERED AS SURELY AS IF SHE'D BEEN SHOT TO DEATH!

HARRINGTON, LET'S GO INVESTIGATE THAT DRUGGIST!



IN TALKING TO THE DRUGGIST, THE D.A. REALIZED HE WAS INNOCENT...

NO, SIR...THEY LEFT NO BUSINESS ADDRESS! THEY INSISTED ON SPOT CASH... NO CHECKS!

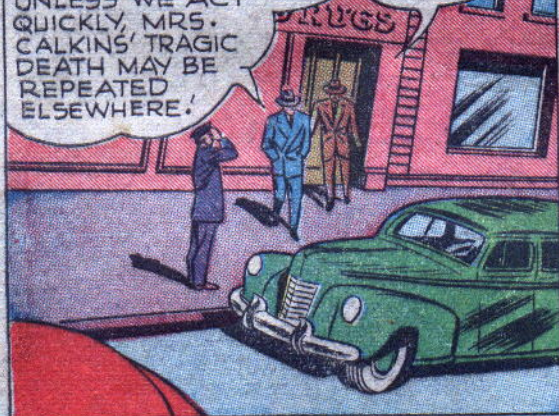
I SEE! MR. PALMER, I MUST SEIZE ALL THE DRUGS YOU PURCHASED FROM THAT MOB!



PRESENTLY...

HARRINGTON, WE'RE FACING AN EMERGENCY! UNLESS WE ACT QUICKLY, MRS. CALKINS' TRAGIC DEATH MAY BE REPEATED ELSEWHERE!

IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THOSE RATS...!



SOON AFTER...

WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULAR PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

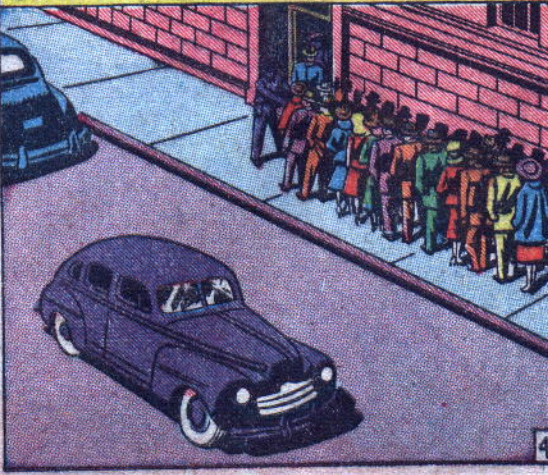


IN GRIM TONES, THE D.A. WARNED THE PUBLIC OF THE THREATENING DANGER...

I URGE ALL OF YOU TO GO TO YOUR MEDICINE CHESTS NOW! CHECK ALL DRUG PRODUCTS YOU'VE BOUGHT LATELY! BRING ALL SUSPICIOUS MEDICINES TO CITY HEALTH BUREAU FOR ANALYSIS! DON'T DELAY! DO IT NOW!



ALL THAT DAY, LONG LINES OF WORRIED PEOPLE FORMED OUTSIDE CITY HEALTH STATIONS...



AND IN THE LUZAK MOB'S HIDEOUT...

COUNT, MAYBE WE OUGHTTA QUIT NOW BEFORE...
OW!

WE DON'T QUIT UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD! THE D.A. ISN'T SCARING ME OFF A MONEY-MAKING RACKET LIKE THIS!

MEANWHILE, THE POLICE WENT TO WORK CHECKING ALL TRUCKS FOR CARGO...

CLIMB DOWN, DRIVER! WE WANT TO INSPECT YOUR TRUCK!

SCORES OF DRUGGISTS WERE QUESTIONED, BUT IT WAS IN COOKE'S PHARMACY NEAR THE DOCKS THAT HARRINGTON FIRST CAME ACROSS SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS...

N-NO... THE DRUG COUNTERFEITERS NEVER SOLD ME ANYTHING... EXCUSE ME... I GOT THINGS TO DO...

THIS GUY'S KIND OF JUMPY! WONDER WHY?

HARRINGTON REPORTED THE INCIDENT TO THE D.A. ...

CHIEF, I FIGURE THE GUY BOUGHT STUFF FROM THE MOB AND THEY THREATENED TO BUMP HIM IF HE TALKED!

THAT COULD ACCOUNT FOR HIS FRIGHT! HMM! LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

CUT RATE DRUGS

SODA FOUNTAIN CLERK WANTED

LATER...

MISS MILLER, I WANT YOU TO TAKE A JOB AS A SODA FOUNTAIN CLERK IN THAT DRUG STORE. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN ... AND IF THOSE COUNTERFEITERS SHOW UP-I WANT TO KNOW IT!

SOON AFTER...

ONE STRAWBERRY FLOAT COMING UP!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

IT'S THE DRUG COUNTERFEITERS! I RECOGNIZE THEM FROM THEIR DESCRIPTION!

COUNT LUZAK WENT STRAIGHT TO THE BASEMENT WHERE...

WHAT'S WRONG?

THIS STUPID FOOL! THE GIRL HE HIRED IS FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE! I SAW HER ONCE WHEN THE D.A. HAD ME IN THE LINEUP!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT... OHHH!

AND LUZAK DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THE OPEN VENTILATOR WAS CARRYING HIS VOICE UP TO MISS MILLER...

... MAYBE THE D.A. IS WISE WE'RE USING THIS PONEY DRUG STORE AS A FRONT! WHILE THE DAME'S UPSTAIRS, WE'LL LOAD THE STUFF ON OUR LAUNCH AND LAM-FAST!

MOVE THAT STUFF! HURRY!

THEN THE ANSWER WAS HERE... UNDER OUR FEET ALL THE TIME! TIME... THAT REMINDS ME... HARRINGTON IS DUE HERE ANY MINUTE! THAT'S A BREAK!

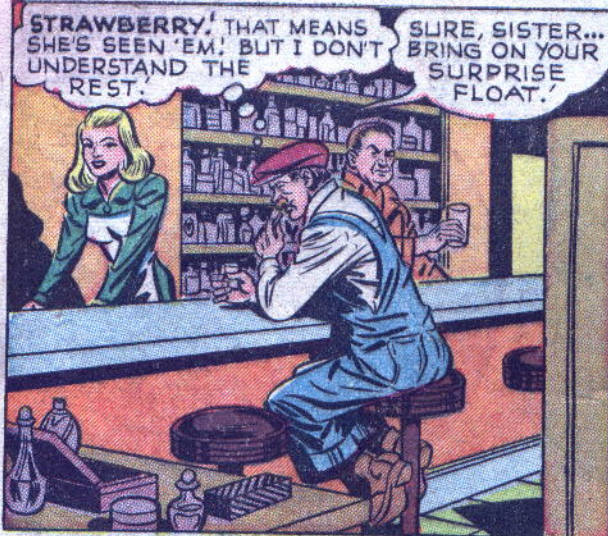
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE D.A. WAS CONSULTING WITH HARRINGTON, WHO HAD DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A DOCK-WORKER...

TIME FOR YOU TO CHECK WITH MISS MILLER! REMEMBER, IF SHE'S SEEN THE MEN, SHE'LL SIGNAL YOU BY SUGGESTING STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.

OTHERWISE SHE'LL GIVE ME A LEMONADE!

SISTER, WHAT'S GOOD FOR A THIRSTY MAN?

HOW ABOUT A SURPRISE FLOAT? THE BASE OF THE DISH IS WATER-MELON SMOTHERED WITH STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM!



STRAWBERRY! THAT MEANS SHE'S SEEN 'EM! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE REST.

SURE, SISTER... BRING ON YOUR SURPRISE FLOAT!



I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT, SIR!

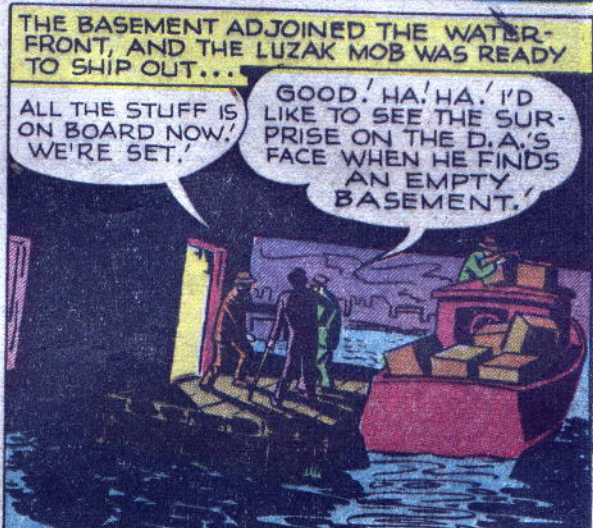
SHE'S TRYING TO TIP ME OFF TO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT? MEANWHILE I'LL HAVE TO EAT ALL THIS!



LATER...

LET'S GO OVER THE WORDS SHE EMPHASIZED. 'BASE' COULD MEAN **BASEMENT!** WATERMELON SUGGESTS **WATER!** AND **SURPRISE FLOAT...**

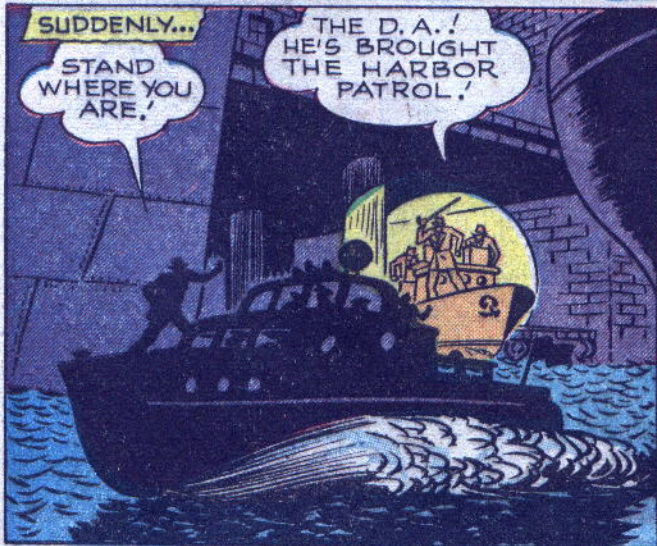
PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AND IT MEANS THE GANG'S HIDEOUT IS IN THE **BASEMENT,** AND THEY'LL TRY A SURPRISE ESCAPE ON A **BOAT!**



THE **BASEMENT** ADJOINED THE **WATERFRONT,** AND THE **LUZAK MOB** WAS READY TO SHIP OUT...

ALL THE STUFF IS ON BOARD NOW! WE'RE SET!

GOOD! HA, HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE SURPRISE ON THE D.A.'S FACE WHEN HE FINDS AN **EMPTY BASEMENT!**



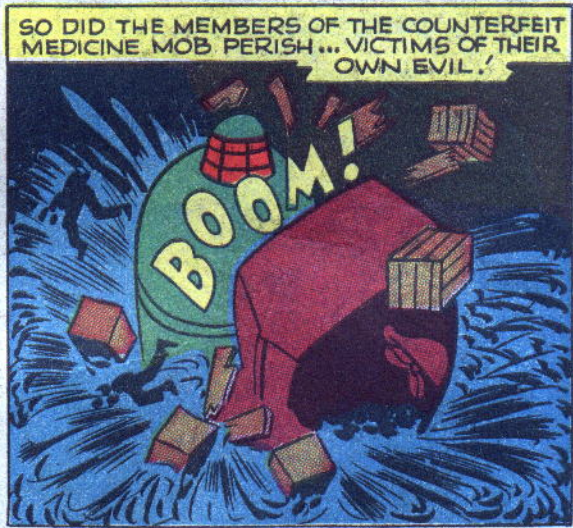
SUDDENLY...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

THE D.A.! HE'S BROUGHT THE HARBOR PATROL!



COME AND GET ME, COPPERS! HA! I GOT YOUR SEARCHLIGHT!

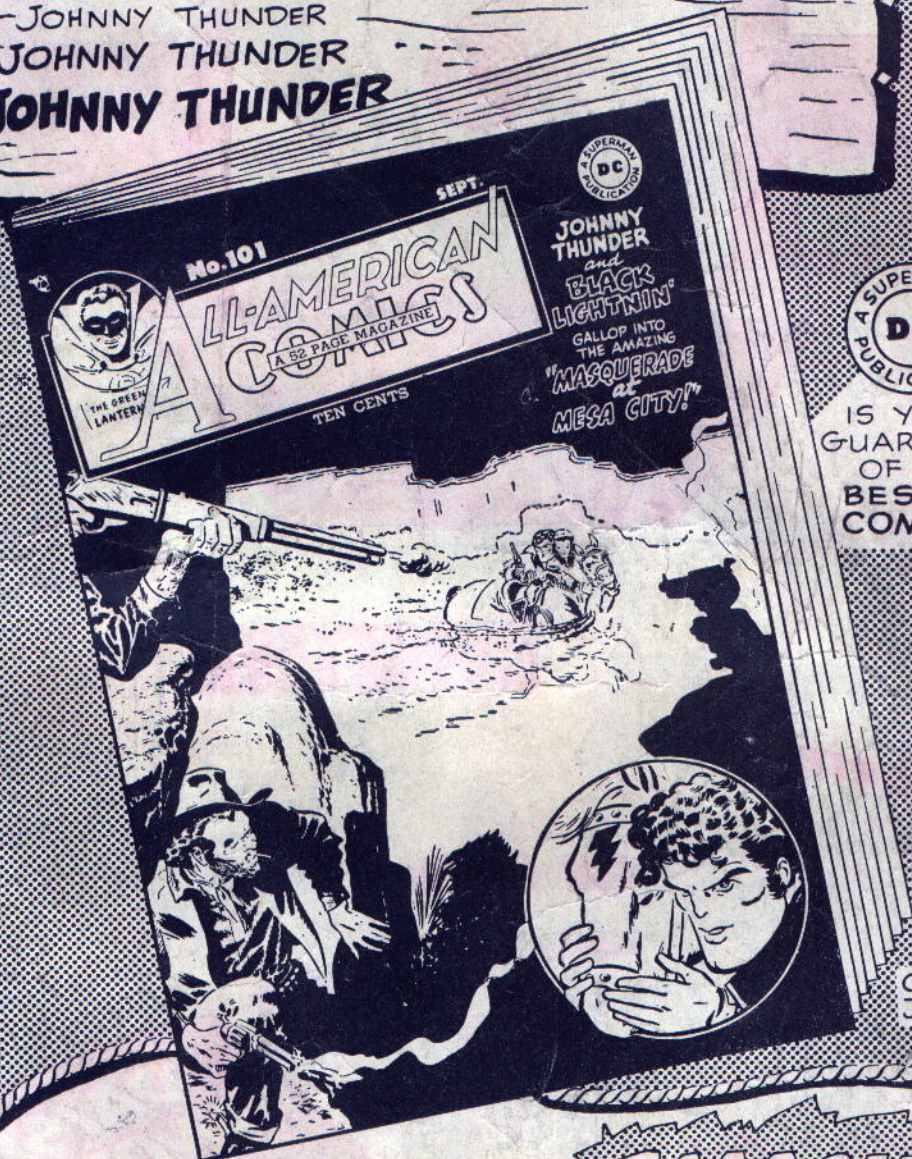


OUT OF THE OLD WEST ON A HORSE THAT STREAKS ACROSS THE PLAINS LIKE **LIGHTNING**, AND WITH SIX-GUNS THAT ROAR LIKE **THUNDER** -- APPEARS A NEW AMERICAN CHAMPION -- FIGHTING LIKE A WHIRLWIND FOR JUSTICE, UNTIL HIS NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS --

JOHNNY THUNDER

JOHNNY THUNDER

JOHNNY THUNDER



IS YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS!

ON SALE
JULY 17th

WATCH FOR THE SECOND
APPEARANCE OF

JOHNNY THUNDER

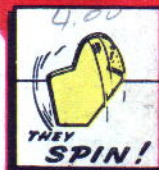
SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!

SMASH

IN THE

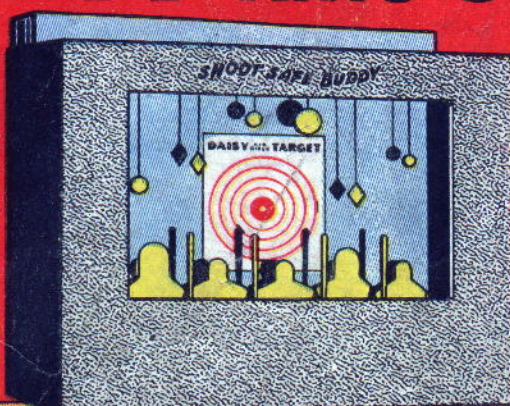
NEW TARGET RANGE for DAISY B-B Rifle Shooters!



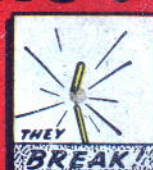
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Official Daisy Target Cards that puncture when hit!



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Nearly 70 different "spots" that shatter when hit!



BREAK THE "STICKS"!
Slivers of Card-board break-off when hit!



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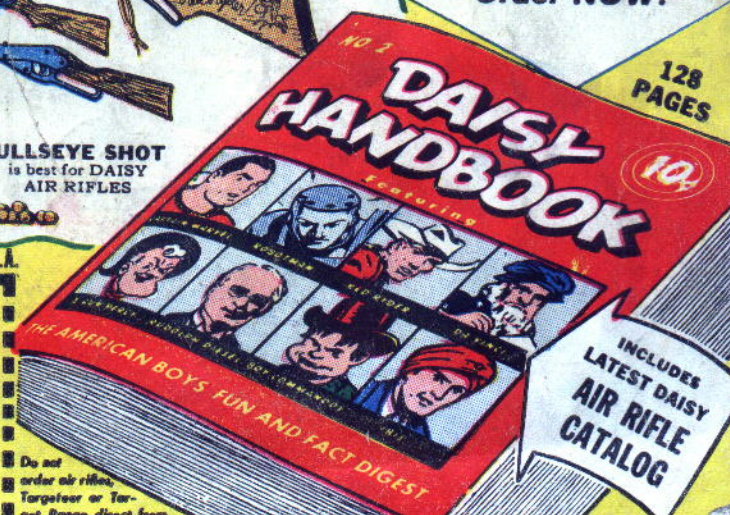
Rush to me postpaid your: PICTURE & HANDBOOK BARGAIN! I enclose 25c coins. Send both postpaid!

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