

RADIO'S NO.1 HIT!



NO. 8
MAR... APR.

TEN
CENTS

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE GLOBE



**"YOU
CAN'T PRINT
THAT!"**

WROTE GANGLAND'S GUNS. BUT READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A FIGHTING EDITOR ACCEPTED THIS CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!

"Anytime's snapshot time!" You know how

it is — a good time's a better time when snaps are in the making. And good snaps are so easy to get...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.

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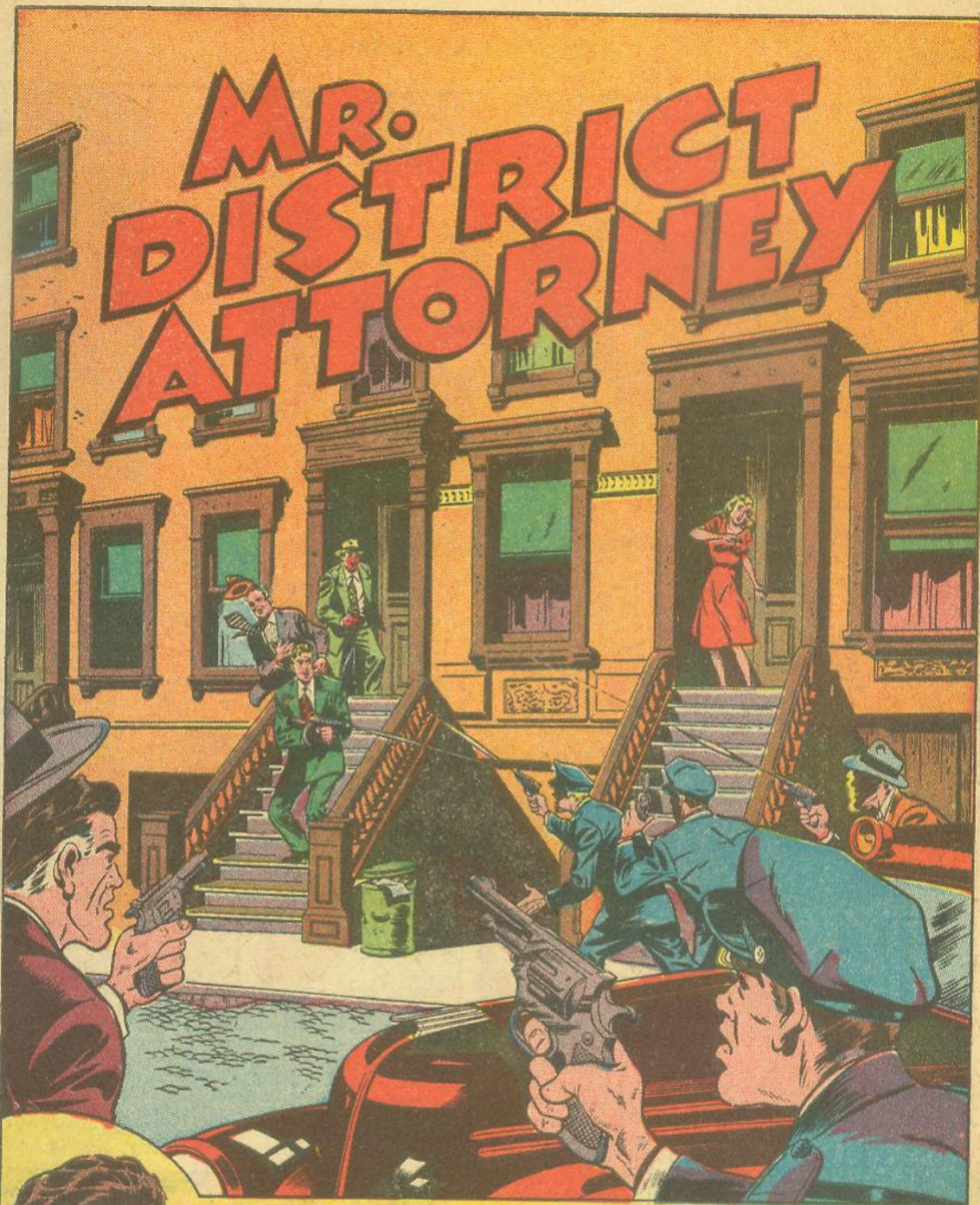
...the film in the familiar yellow box



Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS.....

THERE ARE MANY CRIMINALS LIKE THE ONE IN THIS CASE HISTORY -- WHO BELIEVE THEY CAN BEAT THE LAW FOREVER -- ONLY TO FIND THAT THE LAW OF AVERAGES MUST AND DOES CATCH UP WITH THEM. SUCH A ONE WAS FRANK LYNN. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO PREDICT HIS SORDID END WITHOUT EVEN READING THIS RECORD -- I CALL IT....

"THE RISE AND FALL OF 'LUCKY' LYNN!"

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, No. 8, Mar.-April, 1949. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter Oct. 15, 1947 at the Post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American

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Printed in U.S.A.

FRANK "LUCKY" LYNN GREW UP ON BLANCHARD ST. ON THE EAST SIDE.. HE WAS BORN IN THAT TENEMENT, NO. 7., THE ONE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE FIRE HYDRANT. NOW COUNT OVER TWO WINDOWS..THERE.. THE WINDOW WITH THE BROKEN SHADE. THAT WAS THE LYNN APARTMENT...



THERE WERE SEVEN CHILDREN IN THE LYNN FAMILY. THEY LIVED IN THREE ROOMS SO AT AN EARLY AGE THE STREET BECAME FRANK'S PLAYGROUND...

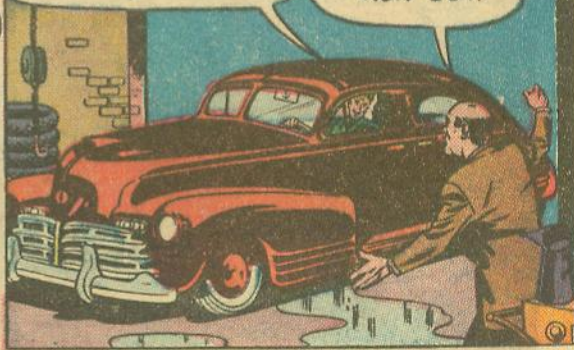
"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... AT SIXTEEN, FRANK HAD GRADUATED FROM SWIPING CAR ACCESSORIES TO THE CARS THEMSELVES..."

HSST, AL, LOOK! I GOT FOUR CAR HUB CAPS! I CAN TAKE 'EM TO SMITTY'S GARAGE AND GET TWO BITS A PIECE FOR 'EM!

YEAH, GEE, FRANKIE, WHERE'D YOU SWIPE 'EM?

GOT A NEW ONE FOR YOU, RINALDO. THE COPS CHASED ME, BUT I GAVE 'EM THE SLIP!

DON'T TAKE TOO MANY CHANCES, KID. YOUR LUCK IS LIABLE TO RUN OUT!



"BY THE TIME FRANK WAS TWENTY ONE YEARS OLD, HE WAS RINALDO VARDY'S RIGHT HAND MAN. HIS LUCK HAD HELD AND RINALDO WAS ALARMED..."

"AND THAT NIGHT AT RINALDO'S LAVISH APARTMENT..."

JUST THIS...RUSSIAN ROULETTE! I'M PUTTING ONE CARTRIDGE IN THIS GUN. YOU SPIN THE CHAMBER AND POINT THE BARREL AT YOUR HEAD.. IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL LIVE!

THAT KID, FRANKIE, IS GETTIN' TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES! HE MADE A DEAL FOR FIVE HOT CARS ON HIS OWN...

I KNOW, NICK. TONIGHT I'M GOING TO SEE JUST HOW LUCKY HE IS!

KID, YOU BEEN HOLDIN' OUT ON ME AND I DON'T LIKE IT. BUT I'M GOIN' TO GIVE YOU A BREAK...

YEAH? SUCH AS...?

WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY?





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"WE SUSPECTED THAT LUCKY WAS BEHIND GANGLAND'S NEW REIGN OF TERROR BUT PROVING IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN..."

I'M TELLING YOU, D.A., I DON'T KNOW WHO BUMPED OFF CANNON AND HIS MOB! I WAS OUT OF TOWN AND I CAN PROVE IT!

YOU CAN GO, LUCKY, FOR THE TIME BEING--BUT DON'T LEAVE TOWN!

YEAH, YOU'LL BE BACK TO STAY ONE OF THESE DAYS!



THE GREAT HARRINGTON SPEAKS! LOOK, FLATFOOT, THE DAY NEVER WILL COME WHEN YOU WRITE MY FINISH.. REMEMBER THAT!

SOMEDAY YOUR LUCK WILL RUN OUT, KID, AND YOU'LL BE JUST ANOTHER YELLOW PUNK! YOU REMEMBER THAT!



"BUT LUCKY LYNN CONTINUED TO RIDE HIGH, AND CARS CONTINUED TO VANISH FROM THE CITY STREETS... LET ME SHOW YOU HOW THE STOLEN CAR RACKET WORKS..."

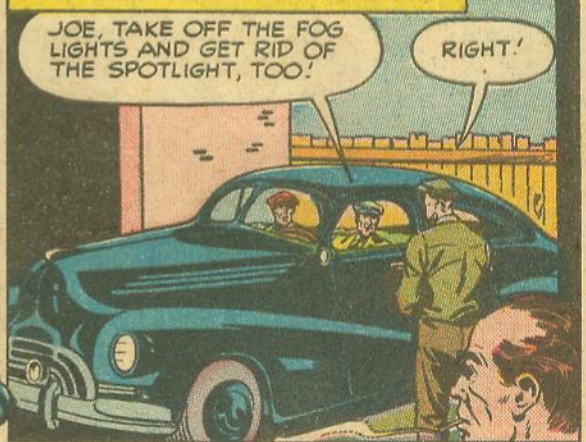
OKAY, MIKE, THERE'S NO ONE AROUND... LET'S GO!



"THE STOLEN CARS ARE TAKEN TO A GARAGE SET UP FOR THEIR DISPOSAL... FIRST, THE LICENSE PLATES ARE CHANGED, AND ALL EXTERIOR FITTINGS REMOVED..."

JOE, TAKE OFF THE FOG LIGHTS AND GET RID OF THE SPOTLIGHT, TOO!

RIGHT!



"THEN THE MOTOR SERIAL NUMBER IS FILED OFF AND A NEW ONE PUT ON... THIS CAR IS REPAINTED AND READY TO UNLOAD..."



"AND RIGHT HERE IS WHERE LUCKY MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE..."

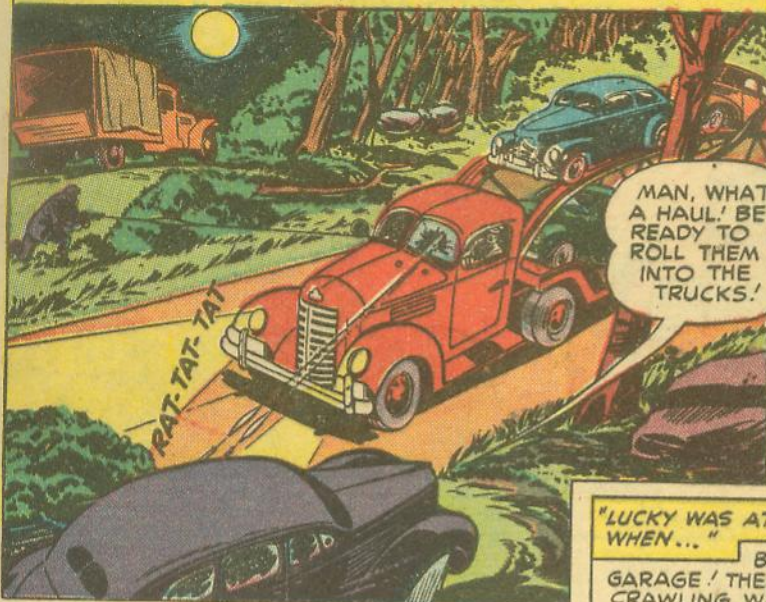
THIS CAR IS A BEAUTY! I THINK I'LL KEEP HER FOR MYSELF, EH, NICKY?

SURE, BOSS!





"HE MADE HIS SECOND MISTAKE A FEW NIGHTS LATER WHEN HE AND HIS GANG HIJACKED A LOAD OF BRAND NEW CARS..."



MAN, WHAT A HAUL! BE READY TO ROLL THEM INTO THE TRUCKS!

"WITHIN THE HOUR, WE WERE ON THE SCENE, BUT DEAD MEN MAKE POOR WITNESSES..."

TWO MEN BRUTALLY MURDERED! HARRINGTON, THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!

CHIEF, LOOK! THESE TIRE MARKS DIAMOND SHAPED... THEY'RE WINSTONS!



"LUCKY WAS AT THE RACES WINNING AS USUAL WHEN..."

BOSS, THE GARAGE! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH COPS. THE D.A. IS THERE AND HARRINGTON...

HUH... SO WHAT, NICK? WE'VE GOT ALL THE HOT CARS OUT OF THERE ...



HMM... HARRINGTON, GET A CAST OF THIS PRINT. IT'S NOT MUCH OF A CLUE, BUT IF THIS CAST CHECKS WITH ONE OF LYNN'S TRUCKS...

YEAH, IT MIGHT BE ENOUGH TO BREAK THIS CASE!



THE TRUCKS, LUCKY! THEY'RE TAKING THE TIRE PRINTS! I SPOTTED 'EM FROM OUT BACK!

THE TRUCKS... WAIT A MINUTE! THAT HIJACKING... C'MON, NICK! LET'S GET TO THE APARTMENT FAST!



THE APARTMENT? ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'VE GOT TO BLOW TOWN!

NOT WITHOUT DOUGH, YOU SAP! I'VE GOT A HUNDRED GRAND STASHED AWAY THERE! I AIN'T LEAVING WITHOUT IT!



"BUT EVEN AS LUCKY RACED FOR HIS APARTMENT, HIS EMPIRE WAS CRUMBLING ABOUT HIS HEAD..."

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, D. A. THE TIRE FITS THIS CAST PERFECTLY...

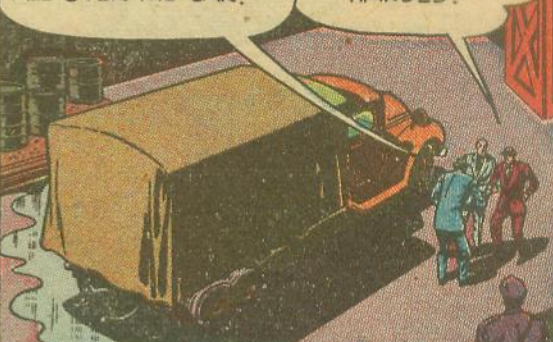
THEN THIS DEFINITELY LINKS THE LYNN MOB TO THAT HIJACKING!

CHIEF! THIS IS IT! THE CLINCHER!



THERE WAS A CAR AT LUCKY'S APARTMENT. HIS OWN! IT'S A STOLEN CAR. THE SERIAL NUMBER HAD BEEN FILED OFF AND A NEW ONE APPLIED OVER THE OLD! LUCKY'S PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THE CAR!

GOOD WORK, HARRINGTON! SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR LUCKY LYNN! WE'LL RETURN TO HIS PLACE AND CATCH HIM RED-HANDED!



"MEANWHILE, LUCKY HAD REACHED HIS APARTMENT..."

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH! LEW, NICK! GRAB THE GUNS AND AMMO...

LUCKY! THE COPS! THERE'S A MILLION OF 'EM DOWN BELOW!



COME OUT, LUCKY, OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

GIVE UP, LUCKY! WE AIN'T...HEY WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

HA, HA! TESTING MY LUCK WITH A LITTLE GAME--RUSSIAN ROULETTE--REMEMBER? AND IT'S STILL GOOD, NICKY... YEAH!



THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, LUCKY!

HERE'S MY ANSWER, D. A.!



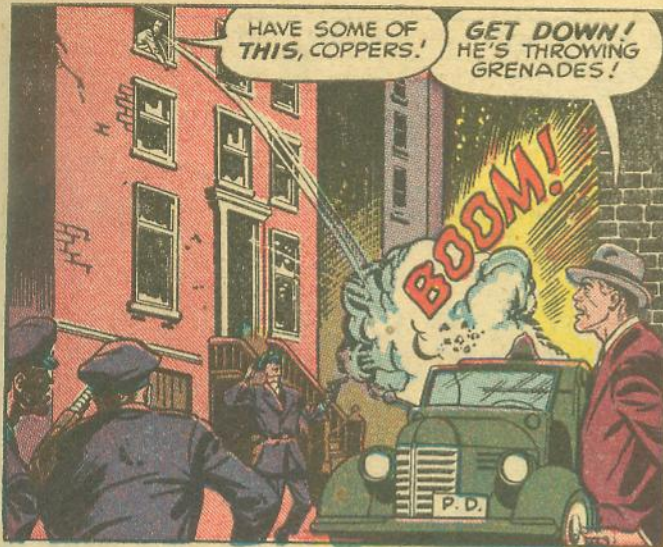
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET HIM HAVE IT!

NICK! HAND ME THAT BOX OF GRENADES! WE'LL GIVE THOSE WIGS SOMETHING THEY AREN'T LOOKING FOR!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HAVE SOME OF THIS, COPPERS!

GET DOWN! HE'S THROWING GRENADES!

BOOM!



"THERE WAS AN ANSWER FOR LUCKY'S GRENADES... TEAR GAS!"

(COUGH) CHOKE... C-CAN'T SEE!

OUT THIS BACK WAY-- TO THE ROOF-- QUICK!



WE'RE TRAPPED! THEY'VE GOT THE PLACE COVERED FRONT AND REAR!

NICK, THAT PHONE LINE.. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



"LUCKY AND NICK MADE IT ACROSS LEW WAS NOT SO FORTUNATE..."

FORGET ABOUT HIM... WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

THE LINE BROKE... HE-- HE--



"AND HOURS LATER..."

NO SIGN OF THEM. BUT THEY CAN'T GET FAR...

I WANT A STATE-WIDE ALARM! BLOCK EVERY EXIT FROM THE CITY!



"WITHIN MINUTES, ALL EXITS FROM THE CITY WERE CLOSED..."

BOTH MEN ARE ARMED. FRANK "LUCKY" LYNN IS 6 FEET 10 INCHES TALL, DARK HAIR... ETC...



"MEANWHILE, IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT..."

BUT, LUCKY, HOW DO YOU KNOW WE'RE SAFE HERE...? WE ...

SHUT UP-- AND RELAX! I WAS BORN IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! I'M STILL A BIG SHOT-- SEE! I GOT FRIENDS...



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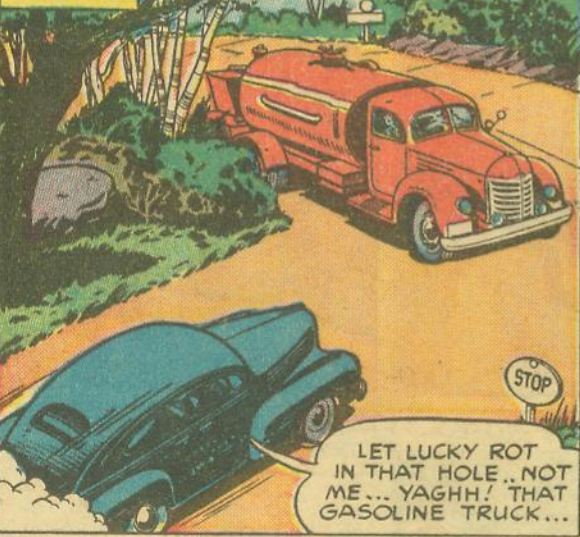
"AND BACK AT HEADQUARTERS..."

NOT A TRACE OF THEM YET, D.A., BUT THEY CAN'T GET OUT OF THE CITY...

SOONER OR LATER, THEIR NERVES WILL CRACK! THEY'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT AND WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM!



"NICK (WE KNOW NOW IT WAS NICK) STOLE A CAR AND HEADED OUT FOR MARSHALL ROAD. HE WAS DRIVING AT AN EXCESSIVE RATE OF SPEED WHEN..."



LET LUCKY ROT IN THAT HOLE..NOT ME... YAGHH! THAT GASOLINE TRUCK...

"AND WHEN HARRINGTON AND I ARRIVED ON THE SCENE..."

THE BODY WAS BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION... ALL BUT HIS WALLET WHICH WAS THROWN CLEAR OUT. WE THINK IT WAS LUCKY LYNN ALL RIGHT!

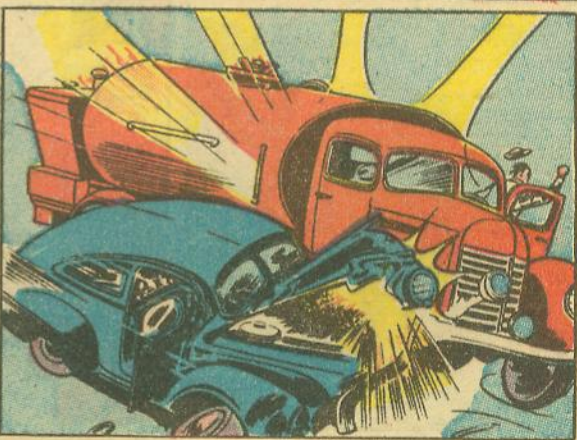
HMM...YES, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH DOUBT...



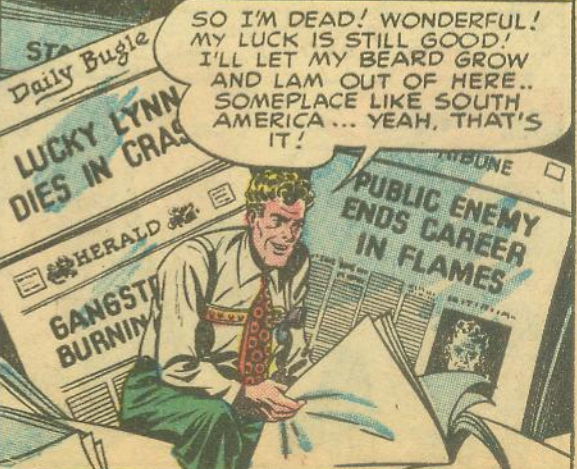
"DAYS PASSED AND NICK WAS THE FIRST TO CRACK..."

I CAN'T STAND THIS... LOOK AT HIM LAYIN' THERE SLEEPIN'-- THAT BRIEF CASE CHAINED TO HIS WRIST... WAIT A MINUTE! HIS WALLET ON THE TABLE.. IT'S FULL OF DOUGH!

THAT'S ENOUGH MONEY FOR ME. I'M SCRAMMIN' OUT OF HERE!



"THE NEWS OF LUCKY'S DEATH MADE HEADLINES FROM COAST TO COAST..."



SO I'M DEAD! WONDERFUL! MY LUCK IS STILL GOOD! I'LL LET MY BEARD GROW AND LAM OUT OF HERE... SOMEPLACE LIKE SOUTH AMERICA... YEAH, THAT'S IT!

Star Daily Bugle

LUCKY LYNN DIES IN CRASH

GANGSTER BURNING

PUBLIC ENEMY ENDS CAREER IN FLAMES



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"LUCKY WAITED TWO MORE DAYS. HE LET HIS BEARD GROW. ON THE MORNING OF MAY 5TH, HE LEFT HIS HIDEOUT FOR THE AIRPORT..."



HA, HA... NOW I KNOW I CAN'T LOSE!

"AND THAT WAS LUCKY LYNN'S LAST ACT OF BRAVADO... HIS LAST MISTAKE..."

"AT THE AIRPORT, SOME OF LUCKY'S CONFIDENCE DESERTED HIM-- THERE WAS A GREAT CROWD ON HAND AND POLICEMEN EVERYWHERE..."



WHAT'S GOING ON?... THEY CAN'T BE LOOKING FOR ME... I'VE GOT MY TICKET... GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, LUCKY..."

FLIGHT NINE LEAVING FOR FLORIDA, CUBA AND SOUTH AMERICA!

"LUCKY WAS THROUGH THE GATE AND BEGAN WALKING SLOWLY TOWARD THE PLANE AND... FREEDOM..."



JUST A FEW MORE FEET... JUST... HUH...?

STOP THAT MAN!



THAT'S THE MAN!

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME... HOW, HOW?

"CORNERED, DESPERATE, LUCKY DID THE ONLY THING HE KNEW... HE DREW HIS GUN!"



HEY! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME... WHA-- THE D.A. AND HARRINGTON!

HE'S DRAWING A GUN!

"BUT LUCKY HAD FORGOTTEN TO REPLACE THE SHELLS IN HIS GUN AFTER PLAYING RUSSIAN ROULETTE..."



CLICK! CLICK!

I FORGOT TO RELOAD... I... UGH...

BLAM!



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"HARRINGTON AND I DROVE HOME FROM THE AIRPORT.. WE PASSED THROUGH THE NARROW RECESSES OF BLANCHARD STREET..."



" IN THE DOORWAY OF NO. 7, A CURLY-HEADED YOUNGSTER STOOD STARING INTO THE SOILED STREET ... HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FRANKIE LYNN OF TEN YEARS AGO... "



ADVERTISEMENT

Bazooka

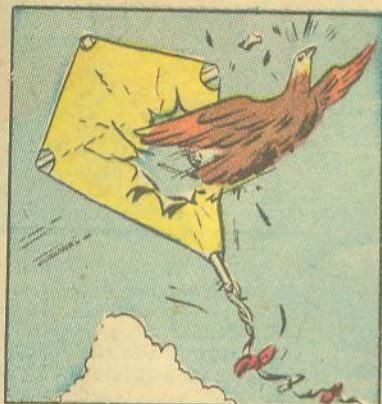
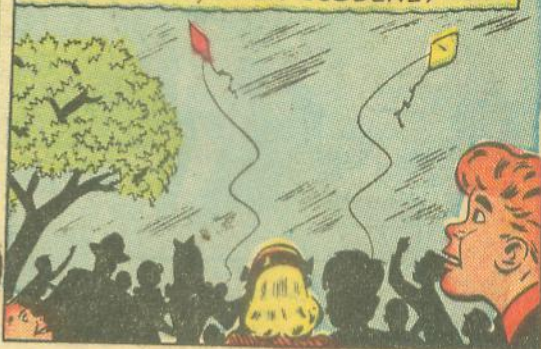
THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

IN "HIGH AS A KITE"



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TOPPS CHEWING GUM

IT'S THE FINAL EVENT OF THE NATIONAL KITE CONTEST, BILLY FLICK VS. PATSY BROWN, WHEN SUDDENLY...



GEE, THAT PIGEON MADE A HOLE IN MY KITE, AND THERE'S NO TIME TO FIX IT... ONLY 30 SECONDS LEFT...

BUT IT'S STILL FLYING.



I'VE GOT SOME TAPE. I'LL FLY UP ON A BAZOOKA BUBBLE AND FIX IT.



LOOK, HE GAVE ME A COMIC STRIP!

SURE, THERE'S ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF BAZOOKA.

AND 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢ TOO!!



GOT TO FIX IT FAST!



THERE! IT'S FIXED. AKOOZAB AND DOWN I GO!



LOOK, PATSY'S KITE IS HIGHER THAN BILLY'S. PATSY WINS!

WHAT A BUBBLE BOY! WHAT A BUBBLE GUM!

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The Old Master

THE BEST KNOWN DETECTIVE AMERICA EVER KNEW, PRIVATE OR PUBLIC! HIS EXPLOITS WERE COUNTLESS.



William J. Burns
Died 1957.

FOUR

AS A LAD, HE WAS SENT TO NAB INSURANCE SWINDLERS. HE POSED AS AN AGENT AND JOINED THE GANG. THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS AND STARTED TO KILL HIM BUT DECIDED TO QUESTION HIM FIRST. "WHAT PERCENT DOES YOUR COMPANY PAY?" HE WAS ASKED. HE TOOK A CHANCE AND SAID, **FOUR** — IT WAS THE RIGHT ANSWER! (LATER, HE TRAPPED THEM ALL.)

HE RAN DOWN A GANG OF DYNAMITERS WHO HAD KILLED A HUNDRED PEOPLE!

ON A MURDER CASE, BURNS HAD ONLY ONE CLUE, A HANDKERCHIEF LEFT NEAR THE BODY. FROM A LEAD FOUND IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY, HE RAN DOWN THE HANKY'S OWNER, — A NOTED MURDERER.

HE THOUGHT THE SHERLOCK HOLMES TYPE OF DETECTIVE WAS ALL BOSH — NEVER USED EVEN A MAGNIFYING GLASS. BURNS USED COMMON SENSE TO SOLVE CASES.

HIS THRILLING CAPTURE OF THIEVES, DYNAMITERS AND COUNTERFEITERS READ LIKE FICTION. BURNS KNEW FAKE MONEY SO WELL HE COULD LOOK AT A BILL AND TELL AT ONCE WHO MADE IT!

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

TO THE AVERAGE EYE, A DOLLAR IS A DOLLAR. BUT TO T-MEN--TREASURY MEN--ONLY A GENUINE DOLLAR IS A DOLLAR, AND ANYTHING ELSE RESEMBLING IT IS BUT A ONE-WAY TICKET TO A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY FOR THE MAN WHO PRINTS IT! SO TAKE A SECOND LOOK AT THAT NEXT BILL, OR YOU YOURSELF MAY BE VICTIMIZED BY A GANG SIMILAR TO THE ONE WE SMASHED IN.....

"The Case of the MONEY MAKERS!"





THERE IS A SAYING THAT A MAN CAN STAND ON A CORNER AND TRY TO SELL A **GENUINE FIVE DOLLAR BILL FOR ONE DOLLAR** AND NO ONE WILL BUY IT...

THAT'S A FACT, CHIEF! PEOPLE ARE AFRAID THERE'S A CATCH TO IT!



YES--AFRAID THAT THE BILL MIGHT BE **COUNTERFEIT!** LIKE THESE TWO IDENTICAL FIVES I HAVE HERE -- IDENTICAL AT FIRST GLANCE -- BUT ONE IS A **PHONEY!** WHICH ONE?



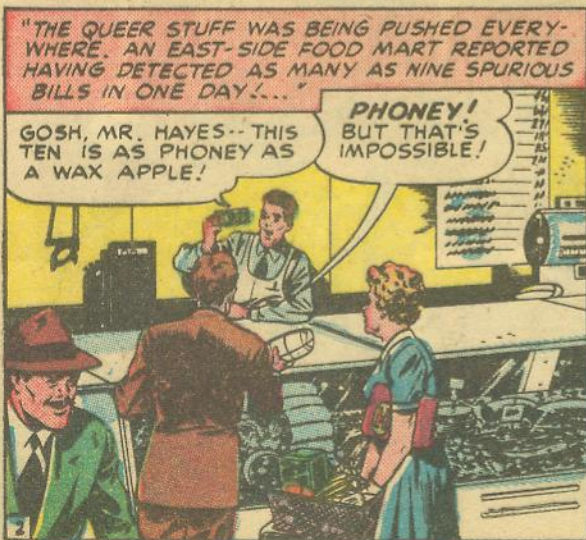
A TREASURY AGENT CAN SPOT A COUNTERFEIT ON SIGHT-- BUT THE AVERAGE PERSON CAN'T! BUT ANYBODY CAN LEARN TO TELL A PHONEY! IT'S REALLY SIMPLE!

I CAN SEE IT COMING, CHIEF-- IT'S THAT CASE WE BROKE -- THE CASE OF **COUNTERFEIT, INC....**



"YES, HARRINGTON! AND SOME CASE IT WAS! LET'S SEE -- IT BEGAN LAST JULY WHEN A WAVE OF BOGUS BILLS FLOODED THE CITY..."

I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT THIS MONEY IS **COUNTERFEIT!** WHAT?



"THE QUEER STUFF WAS BEING PUSHED EVERYWHERE. AN EAST-SIDE FOOD MART REPORTED HAVING DETECTED AS MANY AS NINE SPURIOUS BILLS IN ONE DAY!..."

GOSH, MR. HAYES-- THIS TEN IS AS PHONEY AS A WAX APPLE!

PHONEY! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



"WE WENT TO WORK AND STARTED TRACING THE BILLS -- BUT EVERY TRAIL WENT DEAD..."

-- THE MAN WHO REPORTED THIS BOGUS BILL SAID HE GOT IT IN SOME CHANGE FROM YOU! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

I'M SORRY, SIR, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO GAVE IT TO ME! I HAVE HUNDREDS OF CUSTOMERS!

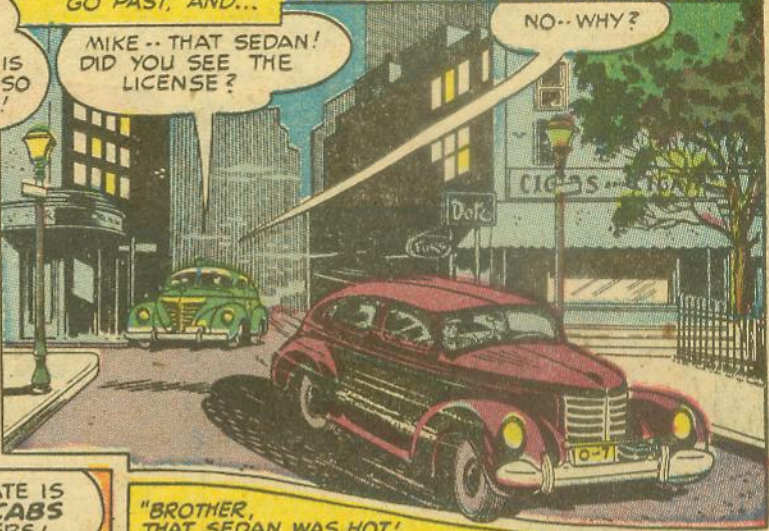
STOPPED AGAIN, CHIEF!
I'D HOPED THAT WHEN
WE STARTED WORKING
WITH THE T-MEN
WE'D GET 'EM MORE
INFORMATION THAN
THIS!

A **BREAK**,
HARRINGTON--
THAT'S
WHAT WE
NEED AND
THE WAY TO
GET A BREAK IS
TO WORK FOR IT! SO
WE'LL KEEP GOING!

"WE DID GET A BREAK-- THOUGH WE DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME. ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 19TH, AN ALERT SQUAD CAR DRIVER, SINCE PROMOTED TO SERGEANT, SAW A SEDAN GO PAST, AND..."

MIKE -- THAT SEDAN!
DID YOU SEE THE
LICENSE?

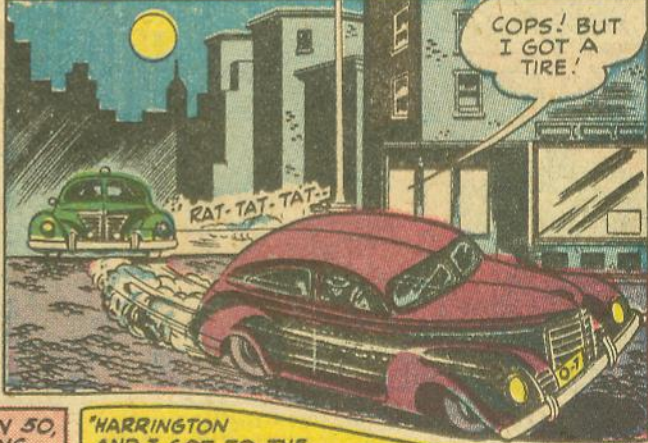
NO-- WHY?



THE FIRST NUMERAL ON THE PLATE IS "O"--AND IN THIS TOWN ONLY **CABS** HAVE **ZEROS** FOR FIRST NUMBERS!

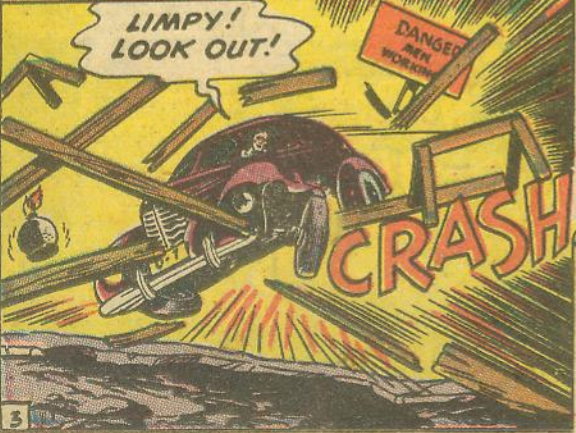
I SEE! MAYBE A STOLEN CAR, EH-- AND STOLEN PLATES! HMM-- THEY'RE STEPPING ON IT!

"BROTHER,
THAT SEDAN WAS HOT!
INSTEAD OF SLOWING DOWN AT
THE SOUND OF THE SIREN, THEY SPURTED AHEAD
AND BEGAN TAKING POT-SHOTS AT US...."



"AFTER TURNING A CORNER AT BETTER THAN 50, THE DRIVER COULDN'T AVOID A RED WARNING SIGNAL WHERE THE STREET WAS BEING REPAIRED, AND ..."

"HARRINGTON AND I GOT TO THE SCENE AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME THE AMBULANCE DID-- BUT THE CAR'S OCCUPANTS WERE READY FOR THE MORGUE..."



HAVE THE CAR SEARCHED FOR CLUES, HARRINGTON!

SURE, CHIEF!



"THE ONLY OBJECT OF ANY INTEREST FOUND IN THE WRECK WAS AN ANTIQUE-- A RARE CHANTILLY INKSTAND."

BETTER CHECK WITH THE MUSEUM ON THIS. IF CROOKS RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR IT, IT MUST BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!



"MEANWHILE--THOUGH WE WEREN'T AWARE OF IT AT THE TIME-- EFFORTS OF THE POLICE AND T-MEN WERE BEING LAUGHED AT BY A GROUP OF MEN IN A BASEMENT ENGRAVING PLANT..."

LOOK, BOYS-- THE COPS IS AFTER COUNTERFEITERS AGAIN!

HAW! THAT LEAVES US OUT, O' COURSE!



"THE MAN HEADING THE GANG--AS WE WERE TO LEARN--WAS DUKE LAMPERT, FORMER RACETRACK TOUT NOW A SPECIALIST IN COUNTERFEITING..."

WE DON'T PRINT PHONEY DOUGH! WE ONLY MAKE THE PLATES! UH--AS A SORTA HOBBY, EH? NOTHIN' WRONG WITH THAT! WE'RE INNOCENT! HA, HA!



AND WE'VE GOT THE BEST PLATE-ENGRAVERS OUTSIDE THE U.S. MINT! HOW'S THAT FIVE JOB COMING, SCRATCHY?

OKE, BOSS! I'LL HAVE 'ER READY BY FRIDAY!



SURE-- A COUNTERFEIT, INC. SET-UP! NOTHIN' SWEETER! WE MAKE THE PLATES-- THE GANGS BUY 'EM FROM US--AN' OUR HANDS ARE CLEAN! HAW! WE'RE THE SMART BOYS IN THE RACKET!



"AS THE CASE HISTORY NOW REVEALS, THE ENGRAVING PLANT WAS LOCATED BENEATH AN AUCTION HALL..."

I HEAR \$500! I HEAR \$500 ONCE-- TWICE--

FIVE-FIFTY! I WANT THAT ANTIQUE FOR MY COLLECTION!

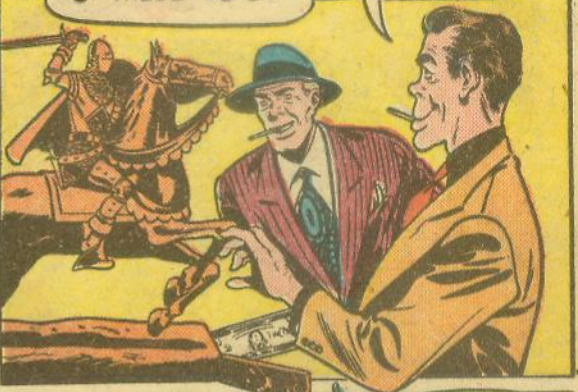


"AND IN THE AUDIENCE SAT CERTAIN MEMBERS OF GANGLAND, WHO INEVITABLY WOULD OUTBID SERIOUS COLLECTORS FOR THE VARIOUS 'ART CURIOS'..."

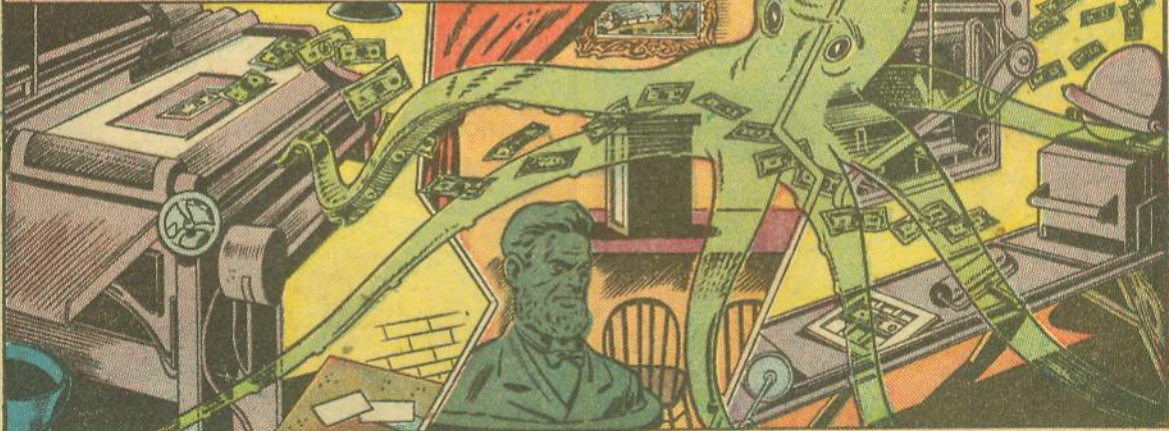


"AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE STATUE WAS OPENED AT THE BASE..."

WHAT A SMART WAY THAT DUKE HAS O' SELLIN' THESE PLATES TO US! AN AUCTION. YET! HA, HA! THE HIGHEST BIDDER GETS IT! SET UP THE PRESSES, BOYS-- WE'RE ROLLIN' OUT A THOUSAND O' THESE 20'S!



"AND THUS THE MONEY WILL SPREAD ITS SLIMY TENTACLES FROM THE ENGRAVING SHOP IN THE BASEMENT-- TO THE AUCTION HALL-- TO THE VARIOUS COUNTERFEITING PRESSES THROUGHOUT THE UNDERWORLD..."



"AS FOR THE DEPARTMENT, WE WERE ON THE CASE DAY AND NIGHT. SPECIAL AGENT GREG ALLISON OF THE F.B.I. WENT WITH ME TO THE MUSEUM ON SATURDAY, WHERE..."



HERE, FEEL IT! UH? WHAT'S THIS? I PRESSED ONE OF THE TOES ON THE FOOT AND THE BASE CAME OPEN! GREAT GUNS, ALLISON! LOOK!



A PLATE FOR A COUNTERFEIT FIVE-DOLLAR BILL CONCEALED IN THE HOLLOW BASE!

THIS IS THAT BREAK WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT!

"AGENT ALLISON SUBMITTED THE PLATE TO LABORATORY TESTS. THEN, ON TUESDAY, HE CAME TO MY OFFICE..."

WE TESTED THE PLATE--IT'S BRAND NEW! NO INK-STAINS ON IT--AND NO SIGNS OF ANY INK-WASHES HAVING BEEN USED!

WHICH MEANS?...

THAT WE GOT THE PLATE JUST AFTER IT WAS ENGRAVED!

THAT'S WHY THE CROOKS MADE A RUN FOR IT! NOT TO SAVE THE ANTIQUE-- BUT TO SAVE THE PLATE! ALL RIGHT, GREG-- WE SHOULD SOON BE GETTING HARRINGTON'S REPORT ON THIS ANTIQUE!

"HARRINGTON, WITH DETECTIVE HUGHES, HAD HEADED A SQUAD THAT QUIETLY CHECKED EVERY ANTIQUE SHOP IN TOWN BY ATTENDING AUCTION INSPECTIONS AS REGULAR CUSTOMERS. THEN, THAT NIGHT..."

CHIEF, THAT TAG IS MARKED FOR PURPOSES OF KEEPING A RECORD OF EVERY ITEM AUCTIONED OFF! WE RUMMAGED THROUGH ALL THE AUCTION HALLS IN TOWN-- AND FOUND THE ONE THAT USES THIS PARTICULAR MARKING SYSTEM!

"A POLICE RAID MIGHT HAVE UPSET OUR PLANS, SO WE TOOK A CHANCE AND DECIDED ON ANOTHER METHOD..."

HARRINGTON! YOU'RE GOING TO AN AUCTION! DON'T LET ANYBODY OUTBID YOU! GO SKY HIGH!

OKAY, CHIEF... IT'S THE CITY'S DOUGH!

"THAT NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT..."

I BID TWO THOUSAND!

I HEAR TWO--I HEAR TWO ONCE-- TWICE--



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"DUKE IN HIS OFFICE, COULD VIEW THE AUCTION FROM A PEEP-HOLE..."

YOU SAPS! LUCKY I GOT BACK HERE IN TIME! THAT MUG DOIN' THE BIDDIN' IS HARRINGTON-- FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE! TIP OFF THE AUCTIONEER -- AN WE'LL TAKE CARE O' THE COP!

"AFTER SCRATCHY SIGNALLED, THE BIDDING STOPPED ABRUPTLY, AND..."

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! IT'S YOURS FOR 3,000!

UH-- HERE'S THE MONEY! COUNT IT!

BUT AFTER I GET THE DOUGH, THE BOYS'LL TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE!

"MEANWHILE, ALLISON AND I HAD GONE BEHIND TO SLIP INTO A REAR BASEMENT WINDOW..."

THIS IS IT, GREG! THE NEST! ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED!

GUNSHOTS UPSTAIRS! MAY BE TROUBLE LET'S GO!

BLAM! BLAM!

"TROUBLE WAS RIGHT-- BUT IT WAS ALL IN DUKE'S LAP, FOR HUGHES HAD MOVED IN WITH HIS SQUAD TO TAKE OVER..."

YOU'RE A DUMMY, D.A.! YA GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! I DIDN'T PRINT COUNTERFEIT DOUGH-- I ONLY MADE PLATES AS A HOBBY!

MAKING COUNTERFEIT PLATES IS A CRIME, DUKE! HOBBY OR OTHERWISE! AND YOUR "HOBBY" IS GOING TO COST YOU AT LEAST TEN YEARS!

"AS FOR HARRINGTON-- HE RECEIVED SOME RATHER BAD NEWS WHEN HE GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE..."

THEY HAD FOUND YOU OUT, HARRINGTON, AND REMOVED THE PLATES FROM THE VASE IN TIME! YOU BID \$3,000 FOR A WORTHLESS CURIO! THE MAN THAT TOOK YOUR MONEY ESCAPED!

WHAT?!

OF COURSE, WE CAN'T ASK THE TAXPAYERS TO PAY FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS, SO YOU OWE THE CITY \$3,000! LET'S SEE-- I'LL DEDUCT \$10 WEEKLY FROM YOUR SALARY FOR SIX YEARS AND...

NOW, CHIEF-- WAIT A MINUTE-- I--ER--

CRASH!



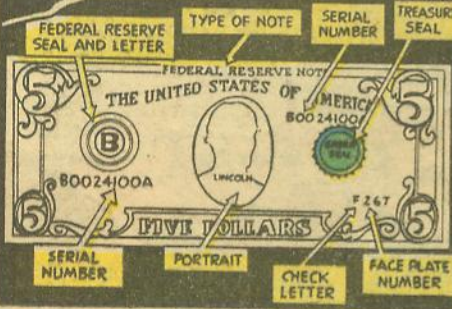
I WAS ONLY FOOLING, HARRINGTON! WE GOT THE AUCTIONEER LATER AND RECOVERED ALL THE MONEY! BUT YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW IT WAS COUNTERFEIT!

THAT'S BETTER, CHIEF! WHEW! HEY! I JUST REMEMBERED! EVEN I DIDN'T SPOT THE PHONEY MONEY!

ONLY BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T STOP TO EXAMINE IT. NOW.. LOOK AT THESE ENLARGED BILLS--ONE IS COUNTERFEIT, ONE GENUINE!... AT FIRST YOU'D HARDLY KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



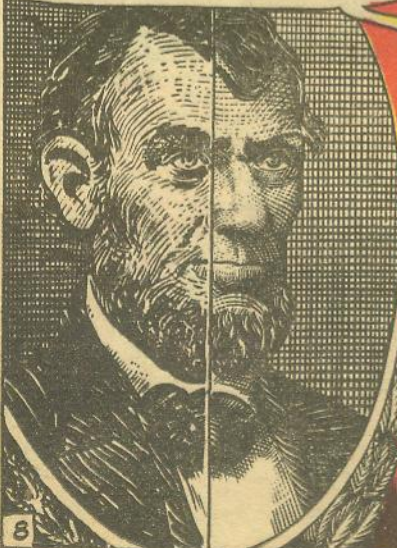
THIS FACSIMILE OF A GENUINE BILL SHOWS WHERE THE MARKINGS ARE LOCATED! LEARN THE PROPER POSITIONS!



COUNTERFEIT BILLS ARE MADE FROM IMPERFECT PLATES-- PRINTED ON IMPERFECT PAPER! NOTE THE CRUDENESS OF THE PHONEY... THE SHARPNESS OF THE GENUINE ...



A COUNTERFEIT CAN BE DETECTED WHEN YOU FOLD IT WITH A GENUINE BILL TO FORM THE FACE. THE LINE TEXTURE IN BOTH WILL DIFFER...



INK ON GENUINE BILLS WON'T SMUDGE--AND HELD TO A STRONG LIGHT YOU CAN SEE THE TINY RED AND BLUE THREADS OF THE PAPER--NOT SEEN IN BOGUS BILLS!

AND IF YOU DO SPOT A PHONEY BILL, CONTACT LAW OFFICERS AT ONCE! THE CHASE MIGHT BEGIN RIGHT HERE!

AND LIKE THE SAYING GOES-- DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS!

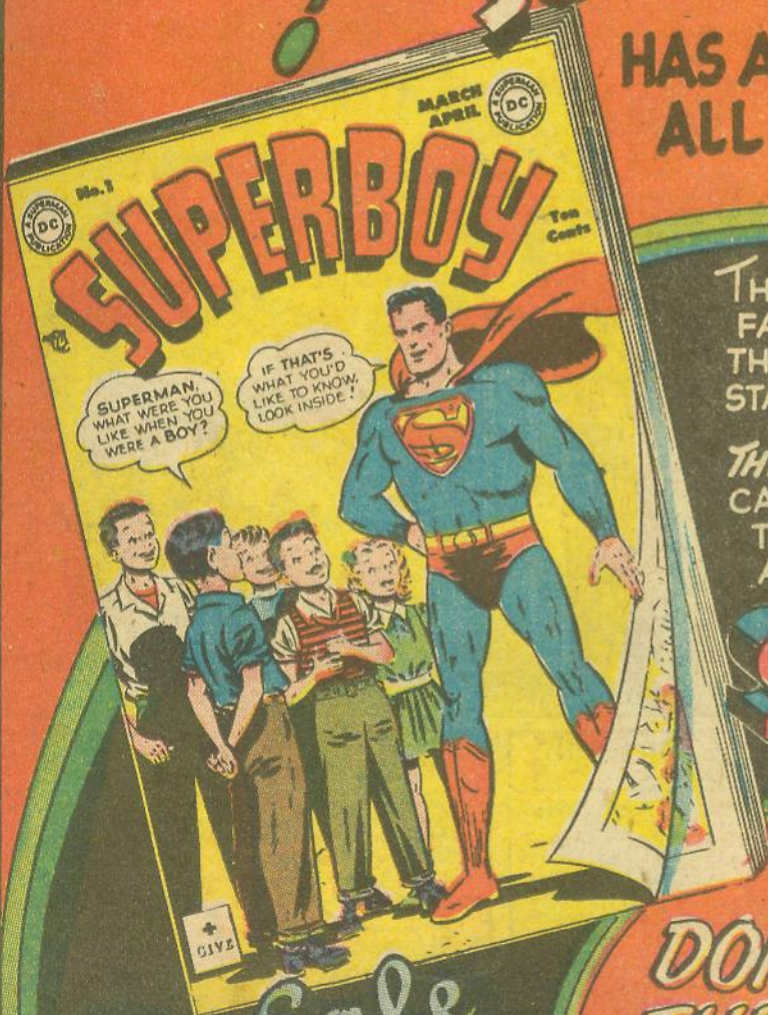


A BIG
HIT *in*
ADVENTURE
COMICS

— AND NOW

SUPERBOY

HAS A MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN!



THE MILLIONS OF
FANS WHO HAVE
THRILLED TO THE
STARTLING EXPLOITS
OF
THE MAN OF STEEL
CAN THRILL AGAIN
TO THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE
WAS A BOY!

On Sale
Everywhere

**DON'T MISS
THIS GREAT
FIRST ISSUE!**



"I SET CONVICTS FREE!"

"I'M DOC HOLLIS. I HAVE A POWER POSSESSED BY FEW MEN. I MAY OFFER...OR I MAY WITHHOLD MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS GIFT: LIBERTY. IT IS A HEART-RENDING RESPONSIBILITY... BUT THAT'S MY JOB. AS COMMISSIONER ON THE STATE PAROLE BOARD, I HEAR THE PLEAS OF CONVICTS SEEKING RELEASE FROM PRISON. I WEIGH THE EVIDENCE... I SEARCH MY SOUL. I HAND DOWN MY DECISIONS: TO STAY OR TO GO FREE."



"I AM A MARKED MAN. NO CONVICT IS INDIFFERENT TO ME. SOME LOVE ME LIKE A BROTHER..."



THANKS A MILLION, DR. HOLLIS, FOR GRANTING ME A PAROLE. I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, SIR!

"OTHERS HATE ME FROM THE DEPTHS OF THEIR BLACK HEARTS."



I'M DENYING YOUR PAROLE REQUEST, LEFTY! YOU BROKE YOUR LAST PAROLE!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, HOLLIS!

"SOMETIMES I HAVE TO DRAW ON A SIXTH SENSE—MY INSTINCT— TO BOLSTER MY JUDGMENT. TAKE THE CASE OF HARRY MALONE, A CONVICTED BURGLAR..."

HIS REQUEST SHOULD BE GRANTED. HIS RECORD SHOWS HE HAS REFORMED..

IT SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED. THERE IS NO PROOF—



"HARRY MALONE GOT HIS PAROLE, AND HE'S BEEN DOING OKAY SINCE. QUITE A DIFFERENT CASE WAS OLD GENTLEMAN JIM FARTHINGTON, ARRESTED FOR FORGERY 17 TIMES IN 45 YEARS ... "

A MAN WITH HIS RECORD—

HE'LL NEVER REFORM.

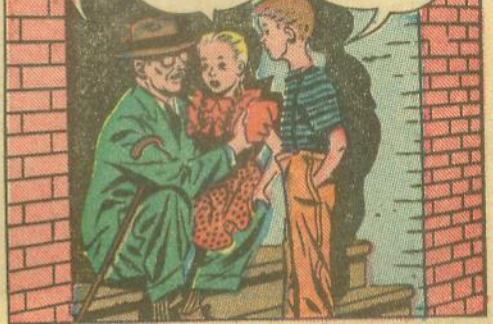


"A GOOD FATHER ALMOST ALWAYS GOES STRAIGHT. I VISITED HARRY MALONE'S CHILDREN..."

IS YOUR FATHER GOOD TO YOU?

OH, YES...HE'S THE BEST DADDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

HE WRITES US LETTERS ALL THE TIME AND DRAWS PICTURES IN THEM!



"BUT GENTLEMAN JIM MADE A PLEA THAT CONVINCED US..."

I'VE BECOME CRIPPLED WITH CHRONIC RHEUMATISM. I CAN'T HOLD A PEN IN MY HANDS ANY MORE. YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, I'VE GOT TO REFORM!



"MOST OF THE PAROLEES RETURN TO USEFUL LIVES. SURE, ONCE IN A WHILE WE MAKE A MISTAKE. LIKE SAMMY 'THE TRIGGER' WESTON, WHO WENT BACK TO HIS OLD WAYS THE WEEK WE RELEASED HIM."

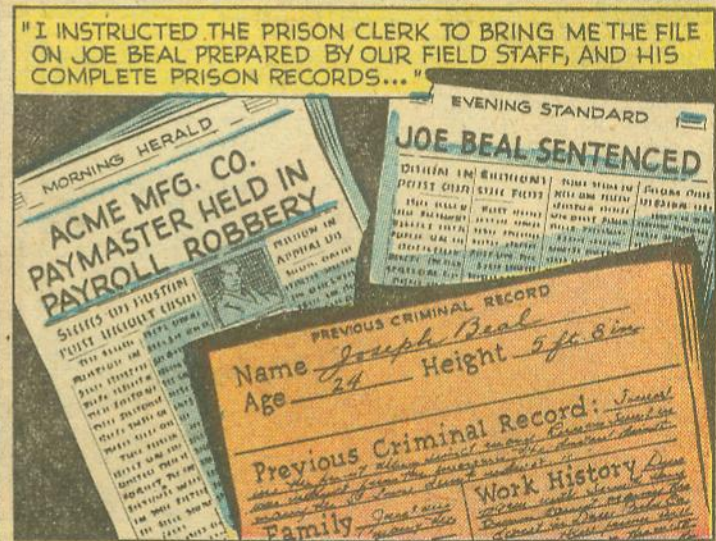
NO COP WILL EVER TAKE ME AGAIN!



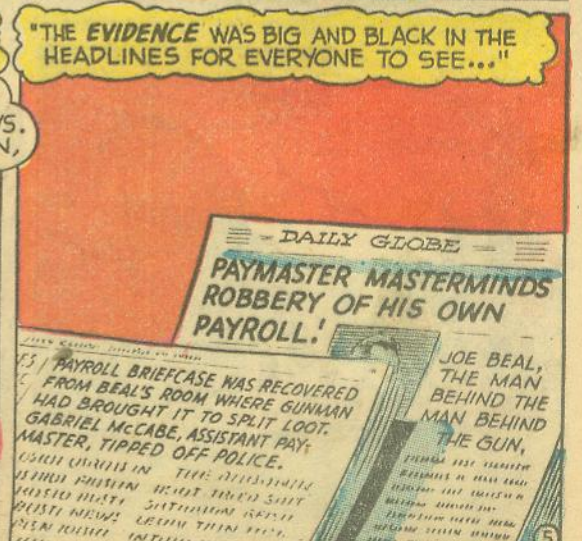
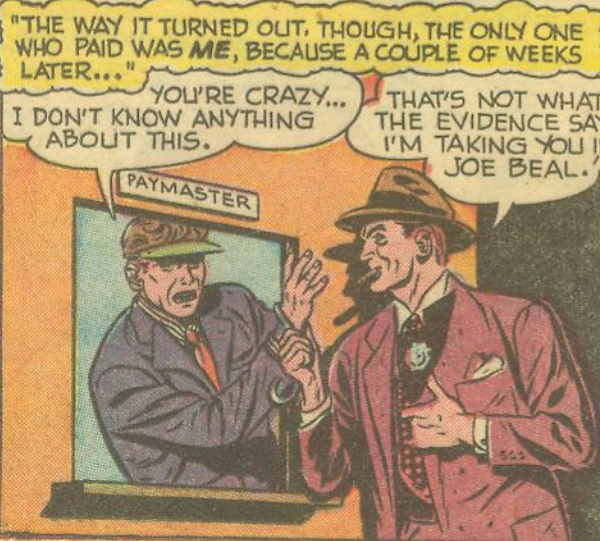
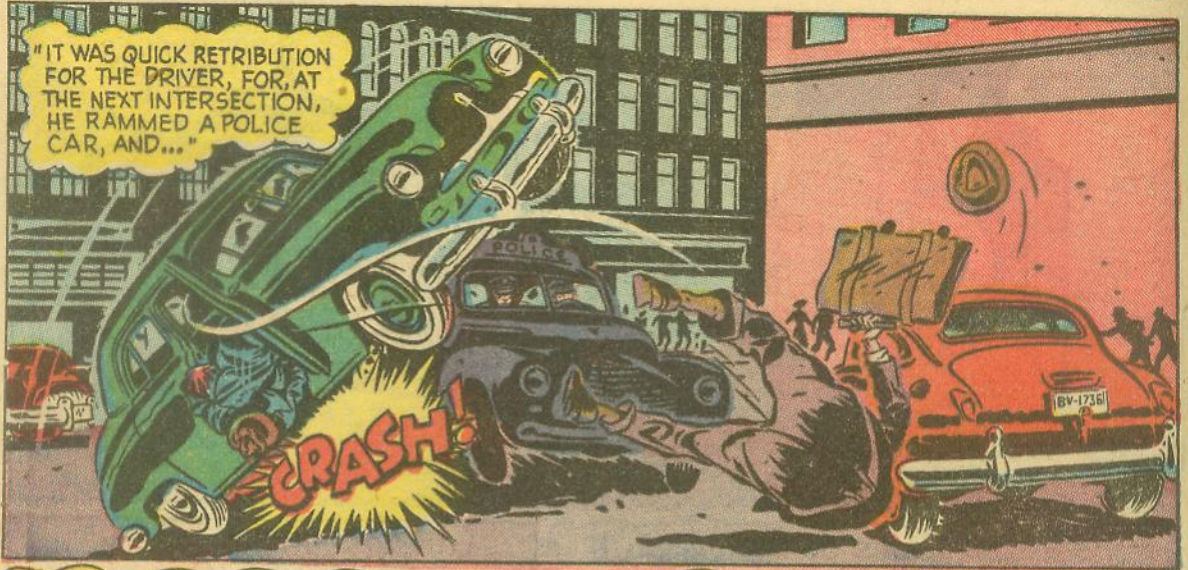
"PAROLE OFFICERS SUPERVISE PAROLEES AFTER THEIR RELEASE. WE CAN ROUND THEM UP IF WE HAVE TO. WE PUT THE TRIGGER AWAY FOR KEEPS THIS TIME."

IT'S BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE FOR YOU, TRIGGER—FOR LIFE!











MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



SO NOW YOU KNOW, ALICE. I COULDN'T SPEAK BEFORE. I HAD NO PROOF. BUT I KNOW THAT MY ASSISTANT, MCCABE, IS THE ONE WHO ENGINEERED THE ROBBERY AND FRAMED ME—MY BROTHER'S DEAD BECAUSE OF HIM. IF I WERE FREE, I'D KILL HIM.

"I WAS SO DEEP IN JOE BEAL'S CASE NOW, I KNEW I HAD TO SEE IT THROUGH..."

JOE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT MCCABE, OR HE COULD BE LYING. NOW WHICH IS IT?

"I CONCEIVED A PLAN. I CALLED ON MCCABE AT HIS OFFICE. HE HAD JOE BEAL'S JOB NOW..."

"I'M A FRIEND OF JOE BEAL! HE GETS OUT TOMORROW. HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM AT THE K.M. & T. RAILROAD BRIDGE NORTH OF TOWN!"

JOE BEAL'S NOTHING TO ME!

PAYMASTER.

HE SAID BRING HALF OF WHAT WAS IN A BRIEF-CASE. HE SAID YOU'D KNOW WHAT I MEAN. LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOU, HE SAID.

PAYMASTER.

"I WAITED OUTSIDE TO SEE IF MY PLAN WOULD PAY OFF..."

ACME MFG CO.

ACME MFG CO.

"HE GOT IN HIS CAR AND I TAILED HIM IN A TAXI."

TURN AROUND AND FOLLOW THAT CAR!

OKAY, CHIEF!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"THE GUNMAN FELL TO HIS DEATH. LATER, WE IDENTIFIED HIM AS HARRY LEPREW, WANTED FOR MURDER OF A POLICEMAN IN KANSAS CITY..."



"GABRIEL MCCABE GOT ALL OUR ATTENTION THEN..."

DON'T KILL ME... I'LL TELL EVERYTHING -

YOU BET YOU WILL - TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!



"BACK AT THE STATE PRISON, OUR PAROLE BOARD MET AGAIN..."

WE'RE OFFERING YOU FREEDOM AGAIN, JOE.

THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER, BUT I STILL DON'T WANT TO BE PAROLED!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY BOY! YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT GABRIEL MCCABE HAS CONFESSED EVERYTHING. THE STATE OWES YOU A NEW LIFE - AND YOU'LL GET IT!



"IT WAS A HAPPY THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT JOE'S BOSS INVITED ME TO SHARE WITH JOE AND HIS BRIDE..."

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT CIGAR OUT OF YOUR MOUTH LONG ENOUGH TO EAT A DRUMSTICK, DOC?

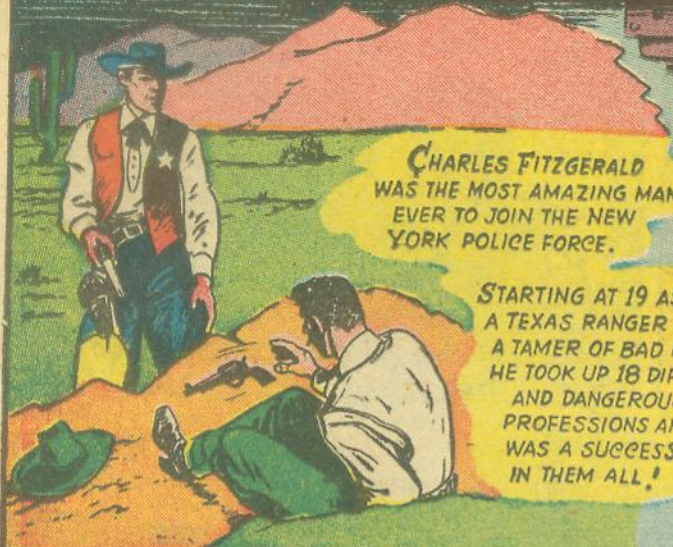
FROM NOW ON, IT'S GOOD LUCK ANY WAY IT BREAKS - THANKS TO DOC HOLLIS AND THE PAROLE BOARD!



THE END



ADVENTUROUS COP



CHARLES FITZGERALD WAS THE MOST AMAZING MAN EVER TO JOIN THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

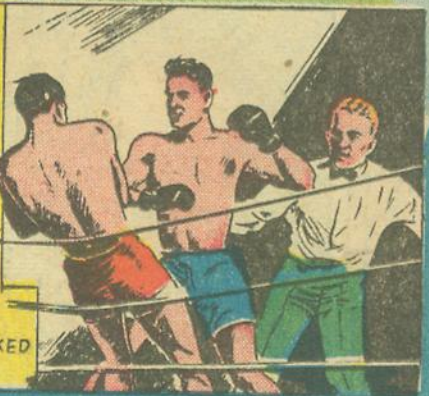
STARTING AT 19 AS A TEXAS RANGER AND A TAMER OF BAD MEN, HE TOOK UP 18 DIFFERENT AND DANGEROUS PROFESSIONS AND WAS A SUCCESS IN THEM ALL!



Capt. Charles Fitzgerald

HANGING FROM A HIGH GIRDER AT THE TIME HE WAS COMMANDER OF THE AVIATION DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

AT 26, BECAUSE HE COULD HANDLE MEN, HE WAS MADE MATE ON A BOAT SAILING FOR ALASKA. NEXT, HE JOINED THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.



LATER, ENTERING THE PROFESSIONAL BOXING GAME, FITZ FOUGHT DICK MCCALL, OF AUSTRALIA IN DENVER, COL. AND KNOCKED HIM OUT.

LATER, HE BECAME AN AUTO RACER AND RACED RALPH DE PALMA AND MANY OTHERS OUT WEST.

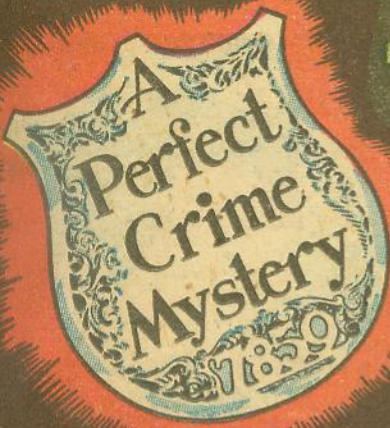


HE WAS THE FIRST TO STAND ON TOP OF A PLANE WHILE IT DID A LOOP!

FITZ WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MOVIE STUNT MEN. ONCE, HE DROVE AN AUTO OFF A 90-FOOT BRIDGE AND THREW 3 DUMMIES OUT BEFORE JUMPING! NO STUNT WAS TOO DANGEROUS FOR HIM.

WHEN LAST HEARD OF, THE FABULOUS COP WAS CHIEF OF POLICE IN A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY, AND DOING AN EXCELLENT JOB.





"Hit-and-Stay Homicide"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

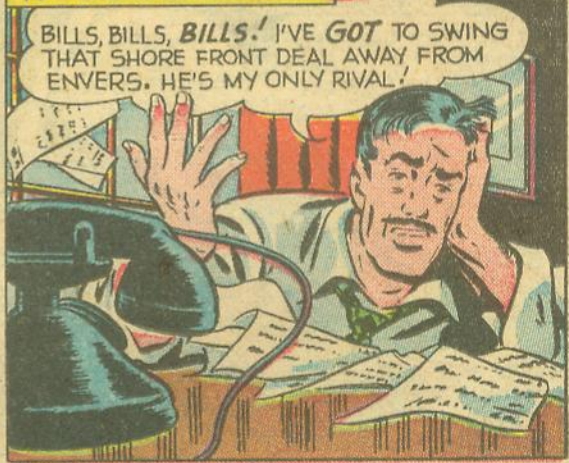
THE 1946 SEASON'S MOST LAVISH HOST AT A GREAT LAKES SUMMER COLONY WAS ALFRED WELLS, REAL ESTATE TYCOON.



WELLS SURE DOES THINGS RIGHT. HE MUST BE ROLLING IN MONEY.

YOU'RE TELLING ME.

BUT WELLS, THE SPENDER, WAS NEARLY BANKRUPT! HE WAS COUNTING ON ONE BIG DEAL TO PULL HIM THROUGH!



BILLS, BILLS, **BILLS!** I'VE GOT TO SWING THAT SHORE FRONT DEAL AWAY FROM ENVERS. HE'S MY ONLY RIVAL!

THREE DAYS LATER, WELLS SAW HIS RIVAL, JAMES ENVERS, ENTER THE VILLAGE STORE.



I'LL PULL THE OLD "FRIENDLY RIVALS" STUFF—THEN BLUFF HIM INTO BELIEVING I'VE GOT THE DEAL CINCHED. MAYBE HE WILL BACK OUT!

ENVERS WAS DOING SOME MARKETING ON THEIR SERVANTS' DAY OFF.



... BREAD... POUND O' BUTTER... HALF DOZEN EGGS... THAT BE ALL, MR. ENVERS?

YES, THANK YOU.

LET ME DRIVE YOU HOME, ENVERS. MY CAR'S OUTSIDE!



WELLS, MASKING HIS DESPERATE ANXIETY, SKILLFULLY BROUGHT THE CONVERSATION AROUND TO THE IMPENDING TRANSACTION.

FAR FROM BLUFFING ENVERS OUT OF THE DEAL, WELLS GOT A JOLT!

THANKS FOR THE LIFT. BUT I SHOULD HAVE WALKED. THE WIFE SAYS I'M TOO INACTIVE-

HA, HA. MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW, ENVERS. I'VE GOT THAT SHORE FRONT DEAL ALL SEWED UP. WE'RE SIGNING THE PAPERS TOMORROW.

NICE BLUFFING, WELLS. BUT NO GOOD. I'VE REALLY GOT IT SET FOR TOMORROW. BUT I WILL SAY YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN IT IF I HADN'T!



TORMENTED BY THE THOUGHT OF BUSINESS FAILURE, WELLS' MIND TURNED TO DESPERATE MEASURES...

THE CRAFTY WELLS WAS A QUICK THINKER-- ON A LONESOME STRETCH OF ROAD...

I MUSTN'T SHOW MY FEELINGS. IF I CAN GET HIM OUT OF MY WAY, THE DEAL'S MINE!

SPOKEN LIKE A SPORTSMAN, WELLS.

OH WELL-- FORTUNES OF BUSINESS, HA, HA.

WHY ARE WE STOPPING?

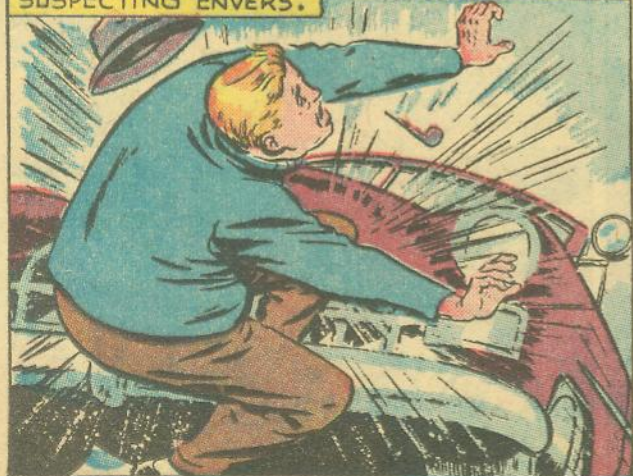
I THINK I PICKED UP A PIECE OF GLASS BACK THERE. MIND GETTING OUT AND LOOKING AT THE TIRES WHILE I ROLL HER AHEAD SLOWLY?



IN SECOND SPEED, THE BIG MOTOR'S THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, WELLS RUTHLESSLY RAN DOWN THE UNSUSPECTING ENVERS.

THE DESPERATE MURDERER MADE SURE HIS VICTIM WAS DEAD. THEN...

CAN'T LEAVE HIS PACKAGE IN MY CAR. I'LL RIG IT TO LOOK LIKE A HIT-AND-RUN JOB! NO ONE HAS SEEN US TOGETHER IN THE CAR.



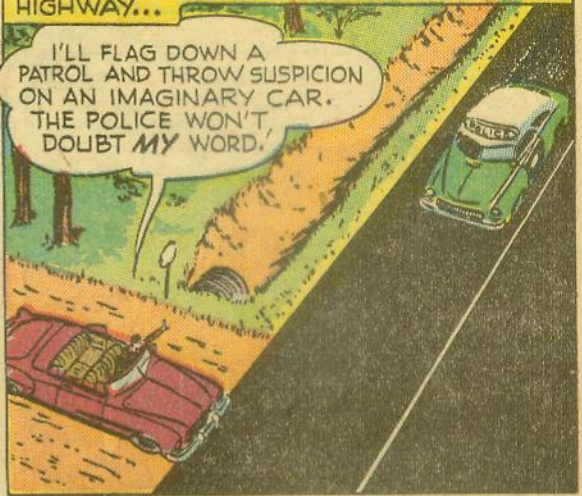
COOLLY, THE KILLER SET THE SCENE!

THERE. THE WHOLE BUNCH WILL LOOK LIKE IT FLEW FROM HIS ARMS WHEN HE WAS HIT.



ALFRED WELLS DROVE BACK TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...

I'LL FLAG DOWN A PATROL AND THROW SUSPICION ON AN IMAGINARY CAR. THE POLICE WON'T DOUBT MY WORD.



HIGHWAY PATROLMAN EDWARD J. SCHWARTZ DREW UP.

LET'S GO. I'LL RADIO HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE WAY.

HE'S HALF A MILE BACK THERE. I SAW THE OLD JALOPY HIT HIM BUT DIDN'T GET THE NUMBER.



IT WAS A GOOD STORY THE MURDERER TOLD - HIGHLY PLAUSIBLE.

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

POOR FELLOW. I OFFERED HIM A RIDE EARLIER. IF HE HADN'T WANTED TO WALK, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!



WELLS SECRETLY CONGRATULATED HIMSELF ON HIS CLEVERNESS.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN HIT HARD TO THROW HIS PARCELS SO FAR. WE'LL JUST WAIT FOR THE CAPTAIN TO GET HERE.

THE SET-UP AND MY STORY CONVINCED HIM! THE SHORE FRONT DEAL IS IN THE BAG AND MY WORRIES ARE OVER!

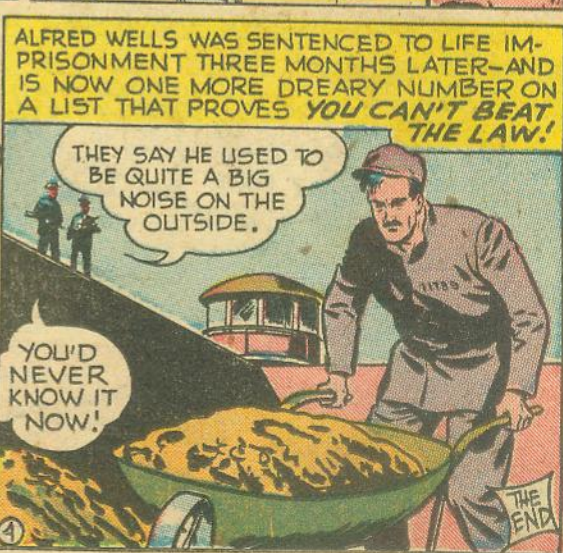
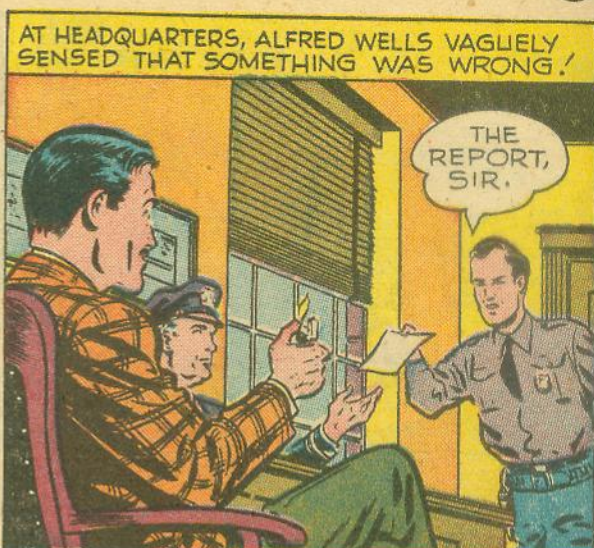
POOR ENVERS!



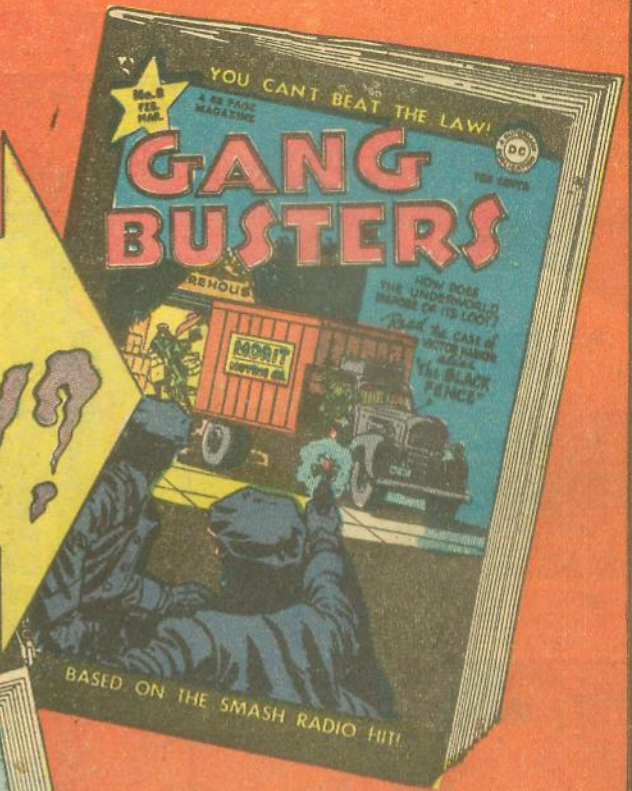
WELLS SAYS HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER!

TRUE OR? FALSE?

WILL HE ENJOY THE FRUITS OF HIS CRIME? OR WILL THE LAW'S IRON HAND SEIZE THIS COLD-BLOODED KILLER?!

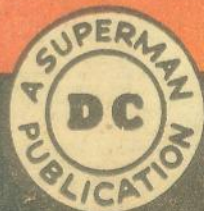


Want
MYSTERY?



Want
ACTION?

TOPS IN COMICS!
WATCH FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND





You Can't Beat the Law!



Ribbon of Honor!

IN 1924, A RICH-APPEARING MARQUIS, WITH THE LEGION OF HONOR RIBBON IN HIS BUTTONHOLE, RENTED A CASTLE NEAR PARIS. SOON HE CALLED JEWELERS, REQUESTING THAT THEY BRING GEMS TO HIS CASTLE FOR HIS INSPECTION. THESE MERCHANTS ALL DISAPPEARED.



THE FAKE MARQUIS HAD RIGGED UP A TRAP DOOR THAT DROPPED THE JEWELERS INTO A CELL. INTO THIS CELLED, TUBES THROUGH WHICH CHLOROFORM COULD BE BLOWN. THE MARQUIS WAS GROWING RICH.



THE BOGUS MARQUIS.



THEN A JEWELER RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE "MARQUIS" BUT THOUGHT TO LOOK UP HIS NAME ON THE LEGION OF HONOR LIST. WHEN IT WASN'T THERE, HE CALLED THE POLICE. THEY INVESTIGATED AND FOUND THE FAKER DIGGING A BIG GRAVE FOR HIS VICTIMS— CAUGHT BECAUSE HE WORE A RIBBON ILLEGALLY!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc.; Harry Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Gustie Donenfeld, Rose Liebowitz, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I.

Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, Frederick H. Iger, Arlene J. Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1948. ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1950).

THE CRIME FILE

THE SCOTLAND YARD STORY

AMONG the world's most famed law-enforcement agencies, which include our F.B.I. and the French Sureté, is England's Scotland Yard.

How the Yard earned its name goes back to a short street off Whitehall in London where, from 1829 to 1890, stood the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police. This building had been a palace, where medieval Scottish kings lodged when visiting the city. When police headquarters was moved to a new site in 1890 on the Thames Embankment, it came to be known as New Scotland Yard.

Despite the fact that movies, radio and novels have dipped into the Yard's activities for years, few have hewn closely to the facts. A branch of the Metropolitan Police, the Yard has no jurisdiction over all England but is confined to London proper: Nonetheless, it is not a police station but a sleuthing agency. For instance, if someone were slain in its offices, the killer would have to be booked across the way in the Cannon Row police station.

HUMAN NATURE VS. SCIENCE

Scotland Yard is composed of top officials of the 20,000 constables and 650 detectives of the London police; the communications center of the force, its criminal records, fingerprint files, Rogues' Gallery, crime laboratories, and several special units, such as the C.I.D. — the famed Criminal Investigation Department.

The soundness of the Yard's theory that a knowledge of human nature is more important to the detective than elaborate laboratory apparatus is attested by its superb record. Among its vast archives are its Personality Files, which catalogue criminals' personal habits, traits, and eccentricities as well as their physical descriptions. Often, these have proved to be of immeasurable value.

An excellent example is the Henry Barton case. A constable patrolling his beat one wintry morning was attracted by the open windows of a room inhabited by an unpopular recluse. Investigation revealed the body of the hermit in the ransacked room. Obviously, theft motivated the murder because a one-pound note, which the slayer had overlooked, still clung to the bottom of the cookie jar that had been rifled.

Despite the killer's precaution of wearing gloves, he had failed to note that the seam of one of them was sufficiently torn to leave a fragmentary fingerprint. Also, it was fairly obvious that, having committed his heinous crime, he had paused long enough to brew some tea and eat some of the oatmeal cookies from the jar he had emptied.

Further examination yielded two other choice bits of evidence. The door had been forced open with a tool commonly used by shipwrights; mud, obviously scraped from the killer's shoe, had been smeared across the floor. With their customary thoroughness, Scotland Yard men soon narrowed the partial fingerprint down to seven suspects. The mud came from the region of Finchley.

But the coup de grace for the murderer was

delivered by the Personality Files. Several criminals were described as being unusually fond of oatmeal cookies. Combining the three clues—the fingerprint fragment, the shipwright tool, and the oatmeal cookies—it was fairly simple for Scotland Yard to stalk their man in Finchley.

Confronted with this overwhelming evidence, the suspect—one Benjamin Herndon, a convict with a record—quickly confessed. He was ultimately hanged for the murder of Henry Batton.

ALWAYS THE GENTLEMAN

It is the Yard's contention that science and the laboratory can help but never replace the resourcefulness and ingenuity of an experienced detective. While American police rely more on scientific analysis of evidence, the English manhunters prefer to base their efforts on human nature and its various characteristics. This is motivated by the fact that England's insular position as an island makes escape for criminals difficult.

Threats and intimidations are not in the vocabulary of the Yard. Citizens are treated with utmost respect and humility by officials who never fail to regard themselves as servants of the people. This attitude has earned the Yard the gratitude, and, frequently, the cooperation of the public.

ACCIDENTAL MURDER

A town in an eastern state was shocked to find, one Summer morning, the battered body of a local manufacturer. Casual examination by any stranger would have indicated at once that the victim had been struck by an onrushing train, judging by its position near the railroad tracks. But the truth of the matter was that he had been brutally murdered.

The sheriff soon questioned the deceased's

grieving brother, who had been visiting him for the Summer. Under constant attack, he confirmed the sheriff's suspicion. As sole heir to his brother's factory and fortune, he had slain him.

Then, to simulate death by accident, he had driven the body to the town's outskirts, which were threaded by railroad tracks, and deposited it nearby.

If the murder had been committed in any other town, it might have been accepted as an accident. But the killer had made one fatal mistake—for himself, as well as his victim, because he was executed later. No train had run on those railroad tracks for almost two years!

COOL IDEA

It was a scorching day in Florida, and Detective Monroe Bailey waited patiently for someone to reply to his ring. At last, the suspect opened the door, invited him in. At the precinct, he had allowed himself to be frisked for the stolen gems. And now, again, he blandly agreed when Detective Bailey said he had come to search the apartment.

With the deftness that comes with years of experience, Detective Bailey went through desk and bureau drawers, complete wardrobe, in fact, examined every nook and cranny of kitchen, bedroom, and bath.

At the door, he was about to mumble an apology when he was gripped by a sudden thought. Dashing to the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator and withdrew a large, green head of lettuce. Resting among the leaves were the missing jewels!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



ROBBERIES CONTINUE ...
D.A. FAILS AGAIN ...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY UNABLE TO COPE WITH CRIMINAL ELEMENT!

GAMBLING DENS FLOURISH IN CITY WHILE D.A. DOES NOTHING!



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:
 THE POLICE OF YOUR COMMUNITY ARE THERE FOR YOUR SAFETY AND PROTECTION. THIS CASE HISTORY IS A LESSON FOR THOSE WHO BELITTLE AND AT THE SAME TIME REFUSE TO COOPERATE WITH THE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES OF THEIR COMMUNITY. OFTEN TRAGIC ARE THE RESULTS OF SUCH FOOLHARDY ACTION, AS YOU WILL SEE.. IN THE CASE OF THE ...
"FIGHTING EDITOR VERSUS THE UNDERWORLD!"



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



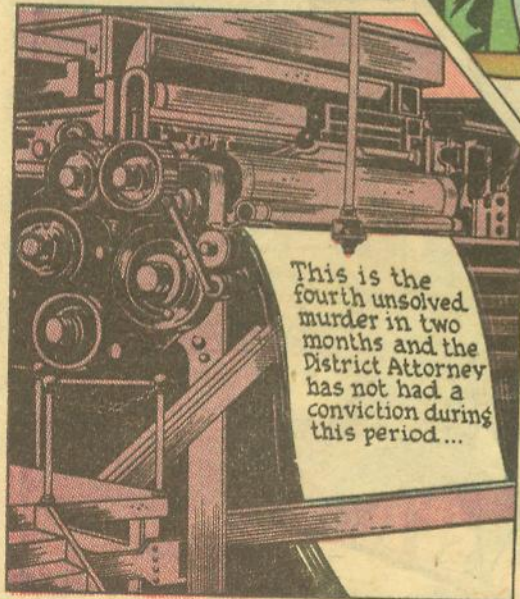
"ON THE NIGHT OF NOV. 13TH, MARTIN JOHNS, AGE 53, WAS HELD UP AND SLAIN BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT..."



"MARTIN JOHNS WAS A PROMINENT MAN. HIS DEATH MADE FRONT PAGE NEWS... IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE CITY'S LEADING NEWSPAPER-- THE GLOBE-HERALD..."



Where are our Police? What are they doing to apprehend this vicious killer? Our city is overrun with rackets while the Police "track down leads!"



This is the fourth unsolved murder in two months and the District Attorney has not had a conviction during this period...

"HARRINGTON AND I READ EDITOR BOB STEVENS' EDITORIAL WITH MIXED FEELINGS..."



YES, HARRINGTON, I READ STEVENS' ARTICLE IN THE GLOBE-- NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY I'M AFRAID. HE'S A GOOD MAN BUT A LITTLE HASTY!

YEAH, A REAL CRUSADER-- ONLY HE'S MAKING US LOOK BAD WITH THIS STUFF!

"THAT SAME AFTERNOON, WE HAD A VISITOR FROM THE GLOBE-- BOB STEVENS, THE EDITOR, HIMSELF!"



LOOK, D.A., WE BOTH KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS REIGN OF TERROR AND THE CORRUPTION IN THIS CITY-- LEO BLAND!-- AND IF YOU CAN'T NAIL HIM, I WILL!

YOU'RE A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAN, STEVENS, BUT YOU'RE NOT THE POLICE.

THE POLICE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! WHEN I NAIL BLAND, THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE IN THAT DEPARTMENT-- AND IN YOURS, TOO! READ ABOUT IT IN THE GLOBE, D.A.?



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HE'S RIGHT, HARRINGTON... LEO BLAND IS OUR MAN-- ONLY WE'VE GOT TO PROVE IT!

BLAND IS MARTIN JOHNS' PARTNER IN THE JOHNS TRUCKING CO. NOW WITH MARTIN'S DEATH, BLAND GETS IT ALL! LOOKS FUNNY TO ME, CHIEF.. THEY'D ONLY BEEN PARTNERS FIVE MONTHS...

THE BULLET TAKEN FROM JOHNS' BODY WAS A .45 CALIBER. HIS EMPTY WALLET WAS FOUND A FEW FEET AWAY...

--TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ROBBERY! AND BLAND OF COURSE HAS AN ALIBI!

"IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, BOB STEVENS' CAMPAIGN, AGAINST LEO BLAND BEGAN TAKING EFFECT..."

SO THE POLICE CAN'T PROVE I KILLED MARTIN JOHNS-- BUT THIS EDITOR CAN, HUH? MAYBE HE CAN AT THAT-- SIDEARM, HOW'S YOUR PITCHIN' ARM--?

NEVER BETTER, MR. BLAND. I COULD THROW A BALL THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE AT A HUNDRED FEET!

FINE! NOW LISTEN-- THIS BOB STEVENS WORKS LATE AT NIGHT AT HIS PAPER-- HIS OFFICE IS ON THE MAIN FLOOR-- NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO ...

"AND THAT NIGHT, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, HARRINGTON AND I PAID THE GLOBE'S EDITOR A VISIT..."

BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IF BLAND WOULD MURDER HIS OWN PARTNER, HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING! YOU'LL NEED POLICE PROTECTION--

NONSENSE! IF YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF THAT CHEAP HOODLUM--

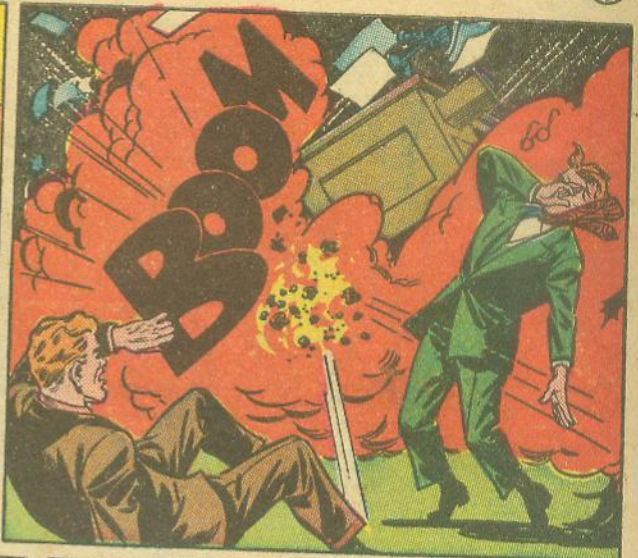
CHIEF, LOOK!

"I WHIRLED TO LOOK OUT ACROSS THE DARKENED STREET. THE GROTESQUE FIGURE OF A MAN, ARMS UPLIFTED, STARED BACK AT ME-- AND THEN..."

WHAT IS HE--A BALLET DANCER?

HARRINGTON! STEVENS! GET DOWN!

"HARRINGTON, WITH THE TRAINED NERVES OF A POLICE OFFICER, HIT THE FLOOR EVEN AS I YELLED -- STEVENS STOOD TRANSFIXED STARING AT THE ONCOMING BLACK OBJECT--"

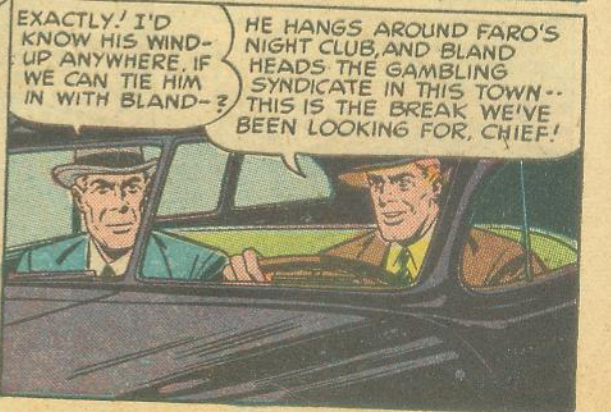
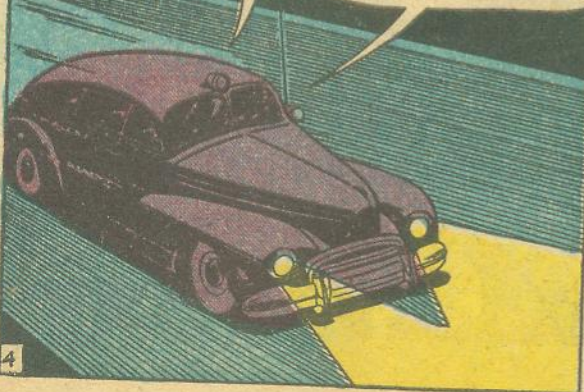


"THROUGH THE ACRID SMELL OF POWDER SMOKE AND THE ROARING IN MY EARS, I COULD HEAR A VOICE CRYING OUT..."



HARRINGTON, I WANT SEARCH WARRANTS FOR EVERY GAMBLING JOINT IN TOWN! BRING IN SIDARM JONES!

YOU RECOGNIZED HIM, TOO, EH, CHIEF? HE WAS KICKED OUT OF THE BIG LEAGUES LAST YEAR FOR GAMBLING!





"WITHIN THE HOUR, OUR POLICE 'WRECKING' CREW SWUNG INTO ACTION!"



EVERYBODY STAND FAST! THIS IS A RAID!

"AND AT BLAND'S HANGOUT..."



SIDEARM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BOSS, THE POLICE-- THEY'RE RAIDING THE JOINTS-- ALL OF 'EM-- THEY'RE AFTER ME!



WHAT? I'D BETTER CALL FARO-- TELL HIM TO CLOSE UP TILL THIS COOLS OFF! HELLO -HELLO! GET FARO ON THE PHONE!

SORRY, HE JUST STEPPED OUT!



THIS IS THE BIG BOSS, SEE? GET HIM!

YEAH? WELL, THIS IS HARRINGTON, FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE-- IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO FARO, COME DOWN TO THE CITY JAIL!



HARRINGTON?

SPEAKING TO YOU IN PERSON... LISTEN, BIG SHOT, AND YOU CAN HEAR US WORKING OVER YOUR SLOT MACHINES!

CRACK!

BOSS, I'M SORRY... THE D.A. WAS AT THE NEWSPAPER.. HE RECOGNIZED ME -- HE -- BOSS-- NO...

I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON THE D.A. GETTING HOLD OF YOU -- YOU'D SING YOUR HEAD OFF/SORRY, SIDEARM...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Y-YOU KILLED HIM!

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED-- IT WAS AN EASY SHOT. NOW GET RID OF HIM!



"AND SO WE FOUND SIDEARM JONES..."

HE WAS SHOT WITH A .45 CALIBER GUN-- AND THE MARKINGS MATCH PERFECTLY WITH THE BULLET THAT KILLED MARTIN JOHNS--

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, HARRINGTON. WE'LL HAVE BLAND RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM!

"MEANWHILE, EDITOR STEVENS OF THE GLOBE, THOUGH TEMPORARILY BLINDED, HAD MADE A REMARKABLE RECOVERY AND WAS BACK AT HIS TYPEWRITER, SAVAGELY DENOUNCING LEO BLAND AND THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF OUR POLICE..."

GOOD THING I CAN TYPE BY TOUCH SYSTEM!...WHO IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S GRANT, CHIEF... T-THIS PICTURE OF BLAND..I KNOW THIS GUY! HIS NAME ISN'T BLAND!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? 20 YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS A CUB REPORTER IN WILSON, OHIO, I COVERED THIS GUY'S TRIAL.. HE WAS CONVICTED OF MURDER, HE ESCAPED ON THE WAY TO PRISON.. HIS NAME THEN WAS LEO CONNERS...



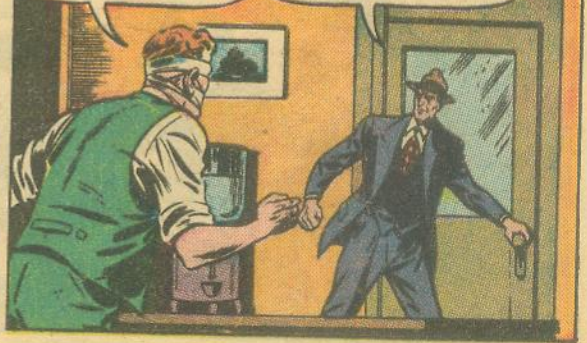
YOU SURE OF THIS? HOW COME YOU NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE?

I NEVER SAW BLAND'S PICTURE BEFORE... NOW LOOK, STEVENS, FOR, SAY, 5 GRAND, I CAN PROVE MY STORY..



DON'T BE SILLY-- I'M NOT THE PUBLISHER OF THIS RAG-- GRANT! COME BACK HERE!

NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE-- I'VE LIVED FOR TWENTY YEARS ON PEANUTS AND NOW I INTEND TO GET PAID OFF!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"AND GRANT, FOOLISHLY BLINDED BY THE LURE OF EASY MONEY, ENTERED THE LION'S DEN..."

SO YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME AND YOU WANT \$20,000 TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. TCH, TCH-- YOU POOR FOOL-- YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD!

WAIT A MINUTE-- I'M NOT ALONE IN THIS. YOU TOUCH ME AND--



NOT ALONE, EH? WHO ELSE KNOWS? MAYBE AFTER I SLAP YOU AROUND A LITTLE... UFGH--HEY-- UGH--



"AND GRANT TALKED AND WAS PAID OFF--IN LEAD..."

I'LL LAY ODDS, CHIEF, HE WAS SHOT WITH THE SAME GUN THAT DISPOSED OF JOHN'S AND SIDEARM!

RIGHT, HARRINGTON. GRANT WAS ONE OF STEVENS' REPORTERS... LET'S GO SEE EDITOR STEVENS!



"BOB STEVENS WAS THOROUGHLY SHAKEN UP BY THE NEWS OF GRANT'S DEATH..."

YOU WERE RIGHT, D.A. I'M NOT THE POLICE--IF I HADN'T BEEN SO BULL-HEADED--I--I'LL HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN...

GOOD MAN--FIRST, I WANT YOU TO GET OUT AN EXTRA RIGHT NOW--AND TONIGHT YOU'RE GOING TO WORK LATE--ALONE!



"AND WITHIN MINUTES AFTER BOB STEVENS' EXTRA HIT THE STREETS..."

"TOMORROW MORNING, A WELL KNOWN RACKETEER WILL ANSWER FOR A SERIES OF CRIMES COMMITTED IN THIS CITY. THIS SAME HOODLUM IS ALSO WANTED ON A 20 YEAR OLD MURDER CHARGE IN WILSON, OHIO..."

GRANT TOLD THE TRUTH! I'VE GOT TO GET BOB STEVENS TONIGHT!



BOSS, IT'S A TRAP--YOU'RE WALKING RIGHT INTO IT--

THAT STEVENS IS TOO PIG-HEADED TO CALL IN THE POLICE--IN ANY EVENT, I'VE GOT A PLAN. NOW, LISTEN...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"AND LATE THAT NIGHT AS BOB STEVENS WORKED AT HIS DESK..."

STEVENS, THIS IS A GUN IN YOUR BACK! GET UP, PUT ON YOUR COAT AND START WALKING!

YOU'RE BLAND, AREN'T YOU? YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS...

YOU'RE MY INSURANCE.. WALK INTO THAT SUBWAY. ONE SLIP AND YOU GET IT!

OH-OH- WE DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS...



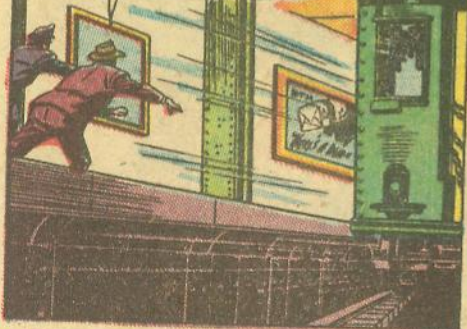
"EVEN AS WE STREAKED THROUGH THE NIGHT, SIRENS SCREAMING..."

"BLAND HAD TIMED HIS MOVEMENTS PERFECTLY. EVEN AS WE RAN FORWARD, THE SUBWAY DOORS SLAMMED SHUT..."

THAT'S AN EXPRESS-- IT WON'T STOP UNTIL IT HITS 182ND ST. COME ON, GET TO OUR CAR BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

HURRY! HURRY!

WHREEEEEEEE!



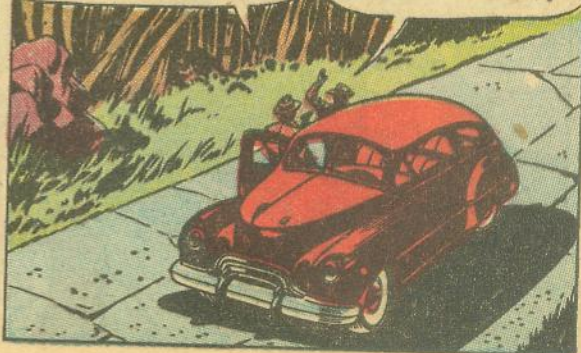
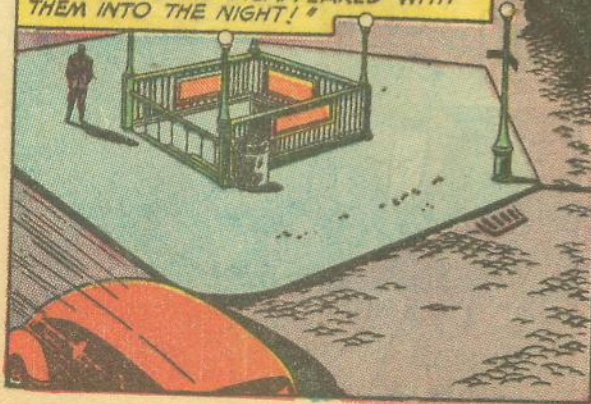
WE'RE COMING INTO 182ND ST. REMEMBER, NOT A PEEP OR ELSE!

"A WAITING CAR PICKED UP BLAND AND HIS CAPTIVE AND DISAPPEARED WITH THEM INTO THE NIGHT!"

"AND AN HOUR LATER, ON A LONELY ROAD..."

OKAY, STEVENS, THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! TOO BAD YOU HAD TO STICK YOUR NECK OUT!

IS THAT THE SAME GUN YOU MURDERED JOHNS AND SIDEARM AND GRANT WITH?





THAT'S RIGHT, SNOOPER! IT'S THE SAME GUN, AND BEFORE I USE IT ON YOU, I THINK I'LL SLAP YOU AROUND A LITTLE!

COME AHEAD, BLAND. IT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO WHIP A BLIND MAN!



DOFGH!

I HEAR YOU'RE A TOUGH MAN, LEO!

CHARLIE! GET HIM OFF ME!

Y-YEAH..



I'VE HAD ENOUGH-- SOB ENOUGH!

MY, MY QUITTING ALREADY? AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOUGH!

HARRINGTON! YOU ALL RIGHT? HARRINGTON!



OH, HELLO, CHIEF-- SO WE DIDN'T LOSE YOU AFTER ALL-- HERE'S THE MURDER GUN-- AND THERE'S YOUR "TOUGH GUY!"

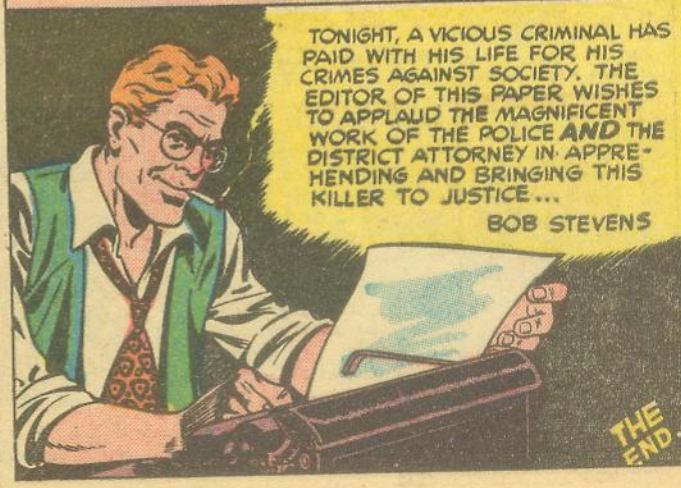
NICE WORK, HARRINGTON! YOU GAVE US QUITE A SCARE--

HARRINGTON! BUT I THOUGHT YOU-- YOU--



YOU THOUGHT I WAS BOB STEVENS, A BLIND AND HELPLESS EDITOR-- YOU'LL GET TO SEE HIM, "KILLER," WHEN HE COVERS YOUR EXECUTION AT STATE PRISON!

"AND ON JAN. 18, LEO BLAND PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY AT STATE PRISON WITH BOB STEVENS COVERING..."



TONIGHT, A VICIOUS CRIMINAL HAS PAID WITH HIS LIFE FOR HIS CRIMES AGAINST SOCIETY. THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER WISHES TO APPLAUD THE MAGNIFICENT WORK OF THE POLICE AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN APPREHENDING AND BRINGING THIS KILLER TO JUSTICE...

BOB STEVENS

THE END

Boys!
Girls!

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Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of seeds.



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Standard size, American-made, with leather fob. Sell one order.



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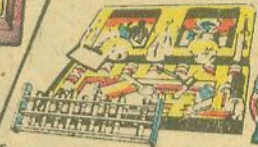


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 - Croquet Set
 - Sports Equipment
 - Jeweled Watches
 - Dishes & Silverware
 - Tool Set

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My choice of prize is _____

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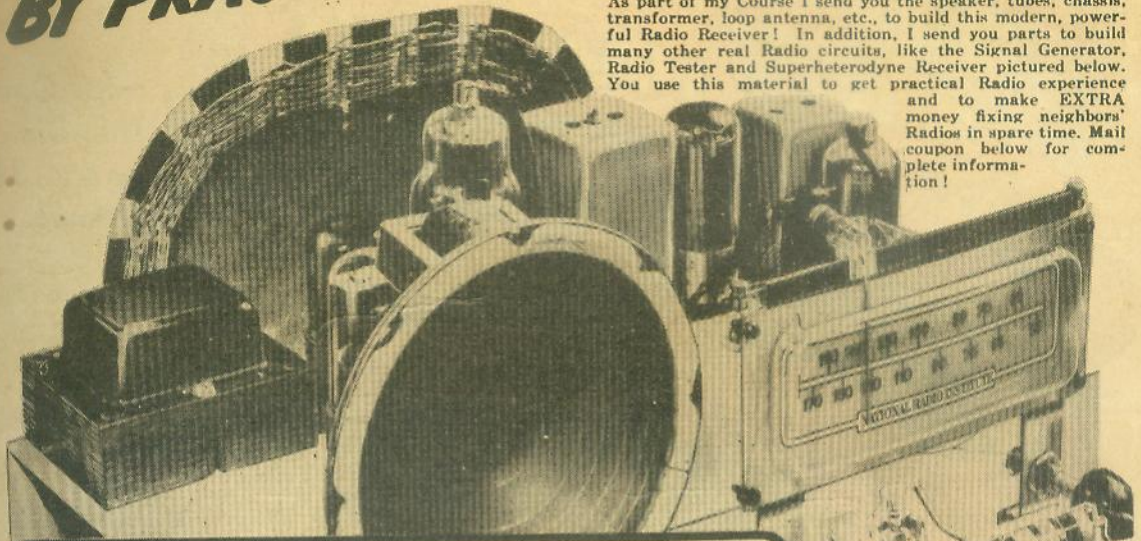
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