



RADIO'S NO.1 HIT!



NO. 9
MAY
JUNE

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

TEN CENTS

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Now It Can Be Told!
THE STARTLING INSIDE STORY
OF THE CRIMINAL WHO DARED
TO BECOME

**"The DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S
DOUBLE!"**



Also in this issue:

**"THE
HOT FUR
RACKET"**

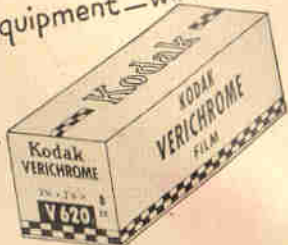
**"THE
HUMAN NEEDLE
IN A HAYSTACK"**

and others.

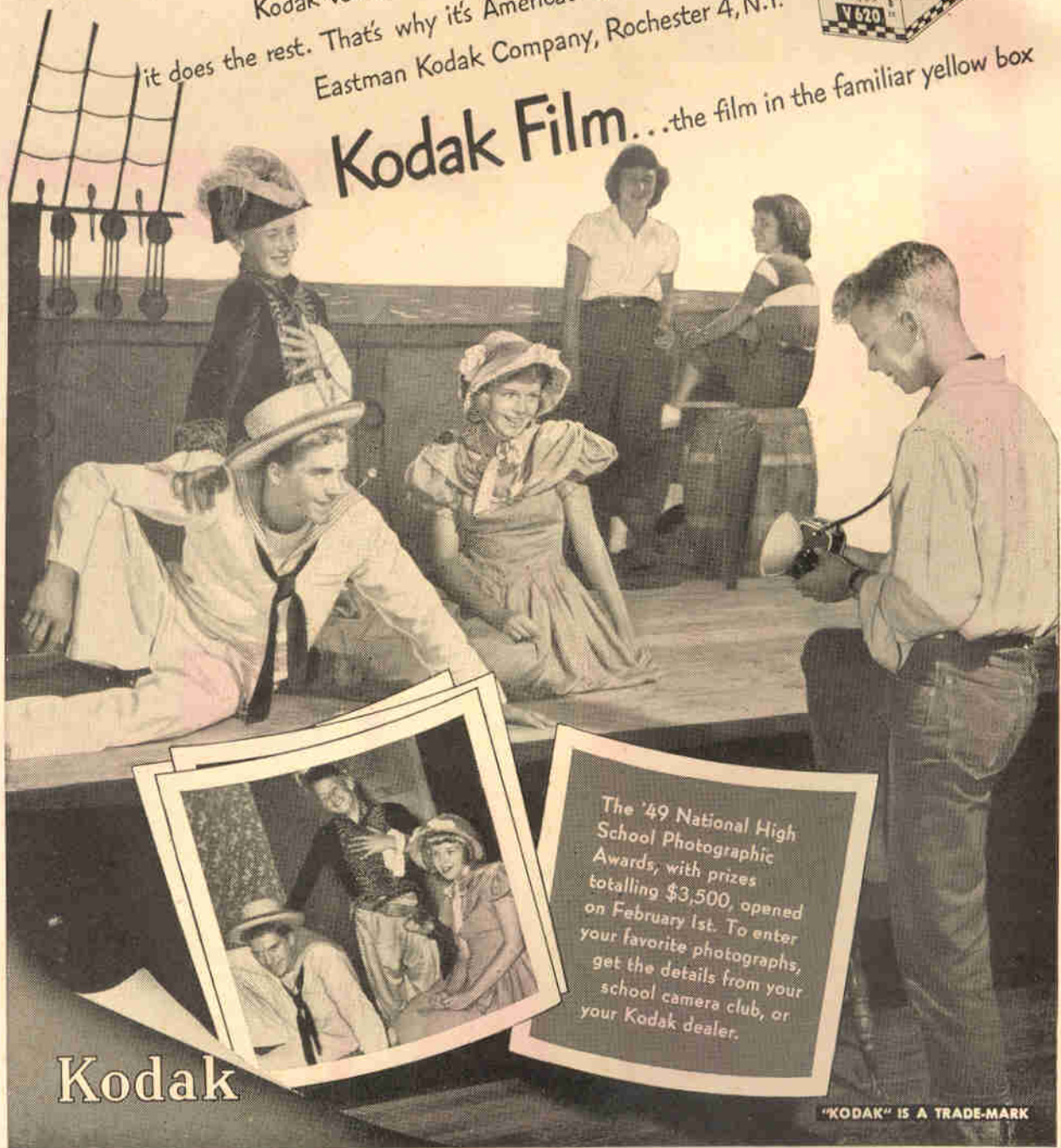
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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

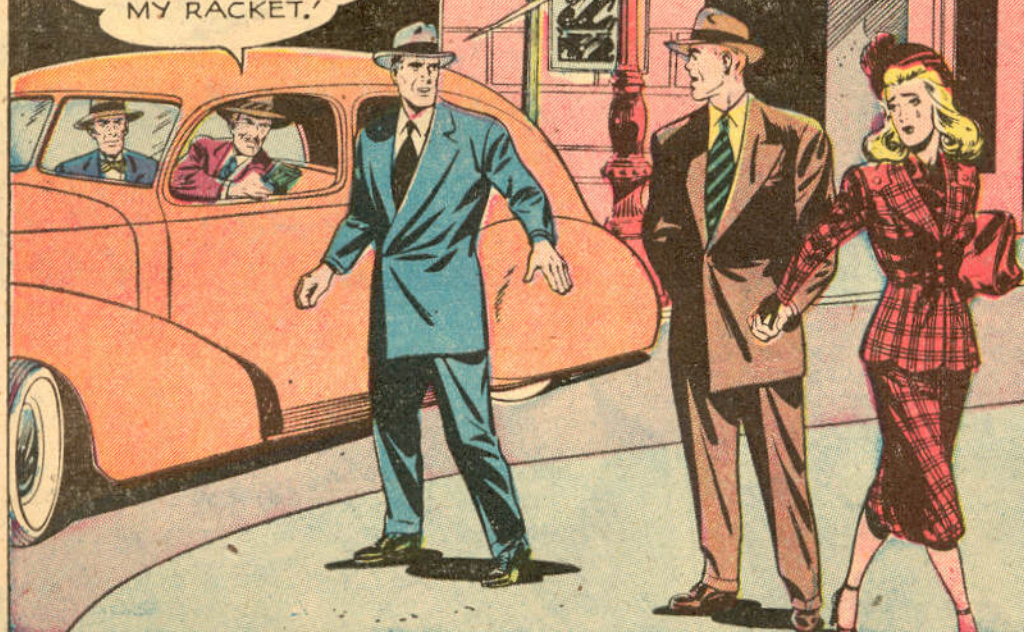
Your District Attorney speaks:

THERE IS AN OLD AXIOM THAT SAYS YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE EVERYTHING AT FACE VALUE! AS D.A., I'VE LEARNED THAT FACT ONLY TOO WELL! IN THIS CASE, FOR EXAMPLE—ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF MY CAREER—IT MAY APPEAR THAT I'M WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH GANGSTERS!.. IT MAY APPEAR THAT I'M TAKING KICK-BACKS FROM CRIME! BUT REMEMBER THE ABOVE AXIOM, THEN READ...

"THE CASE OF THE LIVING COUNTERFEIT!"

HERE YA ARE, D.A.!
YOUR CUT ON
MY RACKET.'

WAIT, HARRINGTON—
MISS MILLER, THERE'S
BEEN A MISTAKE!
I'M NOT IN WITH
THESE CROOKS.



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LAST NOVEMBER, MONDAY THE 15TH, A TALL, WELL-BUILT MAN ENTERED A THEATRICAL MAKE-UP SHOP ON WEST STREET...

I'D LIKE SOME HAIR-DYE, FLESH-TINTED GREASE PAINT, SOME FACE PUTTY AND WIG POWDER!

YOU WITH THAT NEW PLAY THAT'S OPENING? LOTS OF THE ACTORS HAVE BEEN COMING IN!

IN HIS REPORT LATER, MR. BURNSTONE, THE STORE'S PROPRIETOR, DESCRIBED THE MAN AS "A HANDSOME MAN WHO LOOKED SOMETHING LIKE THE D.A. HIMSELF"...

ANY-UH-FREE TICKETS FOR THE PLAY, BY CHANCE?

I-ER-JUST ACT! I DON'T OWN THE SHOW!



AFTER THAT, ACCORDING TO TAXI-DRIVER ED KELLY'S TESTIMONY, THE "ACTOR" HAILED A CAB AND DROVE TO AN EAST SIDE REAL ESTATE OFFICE...

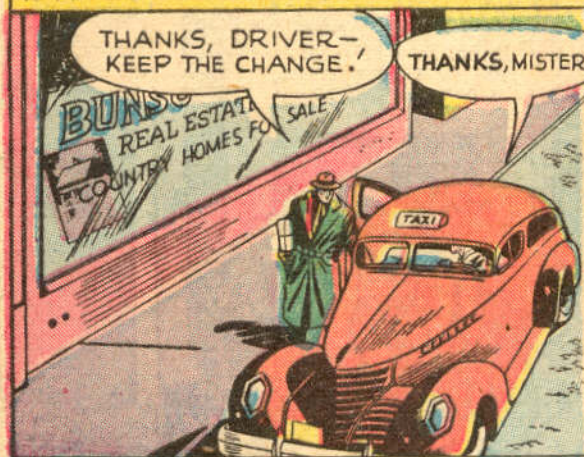
THANKS, DRIVER-KEEP THE CHANGE!

THANKS, MISTER!

UPSTAIRS IN THE OFFICE-LATER PROVEN TO BE MERELY A FRONT-WERE GATHERED SORDID CHARACTERS FROM THE UNDERWORLD...

I'VE GOT THE STUFF, BUNSON-BUT AGAIN I ASK YOU TO DROP THIS CRAZY SCHEME! IT CAN'T WORK!

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "CAN'T," WHITEY!



SURE IT'S CRAZY-SO CRAZY THAT IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S SO FANTASTIC THAT NO ONE WILL THINK IT'S A TRICK! HMM-BLONDE HAIR, GREY EYES-THE NORDIC TYPE, BUT I'LL FIX THAT...

AFTER NEARLY AN HOUR...

WELL, I'LL ADMIT I DO LOOK LIKE HIM NOW-AT LEAST AT FIRST GLANCE! BUT IT WON'T FOOL COPS AND DETECTIVES! IT'S INSANE!

YOU KNOW ME, WHITEY-THE BOYS CALL ME CRAZY LIKE A FOX! NOW LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING ELSE...



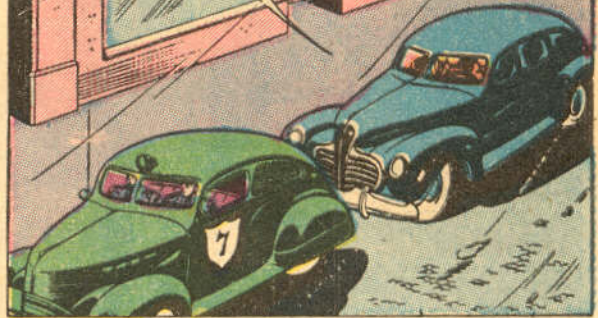
WE'LL FOOL COPS, DETECTIVES—**EVERYBODY!** I'VE COLLECTED A LOT OF STUFF ON THE D.A., WHICH'LL HELP YOU DROP RIGHT INTO HIS CHARACTER...



THE NEXT DAY—THE 16TH—A BLUE SEDAN PARKED ON SOUTH WILBUR STREET, JUST BEHIND SQUAD CAR 7, FROM THE 9TH PRECINCT...

BUNSON, FOR THE LAST TIME—IT'S NO GOOD...

NOW, LISTEN! THIS IS IT—OUR BIG TEST! IT'S NO **CRIME** TO WALK IN FRONT OF THAT SQUAD CAR—GO AHEAD! SEE IF IT WORKS!



THEN, AS OFFICERS O'LEARY AND STEVENS AFTERWARDS TESTIFIED AT THE TRIAL, THE "D.A." STROLLED BY, COLLAR TURNED UP AS "PROTECTION AGAINST THE WIND!"



HELLO, CHIEF! PRETTY BAD WIND, EH?

HI, BOYS! FEELS A LITTLE LIKE CHICAGO TODAY!

BUNSON, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THIS CRAZY SCHEME IS COMING OFF EXACTLY AS YOU SAID! I ACTUALLY PASSED AS THE D.A.!

ONLY THE BEGINNING, WHITEY—I MEAN "D.A.!" FROM NOW ON WE ROLL!



YOU SEE, **WE** KNOW ALL THE TRICKS THE BOYS PULL TO COVER UP THEIR CLEVER RACKETS! EVEN THE D.A. DOESN'T KNOW THE INSIDE STUFF AS WELL AS WE DO—AND BROTHER—THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO PAY OFF!... **STARTING, TONIGHT!**



ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JUST AS A MERCHANT WAS CLOSING HIS MARINE SUPPLIES STORE ON SOUTH BATTERSEA DRIVE...

THE D.A.! I WAS JUST CLOSING!

I'LL SAY YOU'RE JUST "CLOSING," FREDERICKS—(COUGH COUGH)—AND MAYBE FOR GOOD!





UH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?...

I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS! AND MY FIRST ONE IS - WHAT HAPPENS IF I SWING THIS ANCHOR BACK?...



VERY CLEVER, FREDERICKS! A GAMING ROOM! YOU OPERATE A GAMBLING RACKET ON THE SIDE!

WHO TIPPED YOU OFF, D.A.? ONLY SPECIAL MEMBERS GET IN HERE?



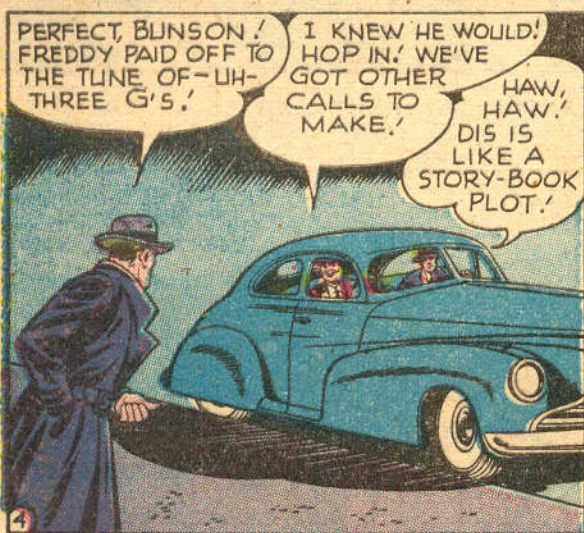
I DON'T DISCUSS CASE HISTORIES OF MY STOOL PIGEONS! NOW, OPEN THE SAFE! I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW WELL YOU DO SELLING "MARINE SUPPLIES!"

SURE-SURE! I KNOW WHEN I'M CAUGHT! HERE IS LAST NIGHT'S TAKE!



... THREE THOUSAND, 3,800, 4,000! UH-I'LL KEEP THIS MUCH FOR- ER- EVIDENCE!

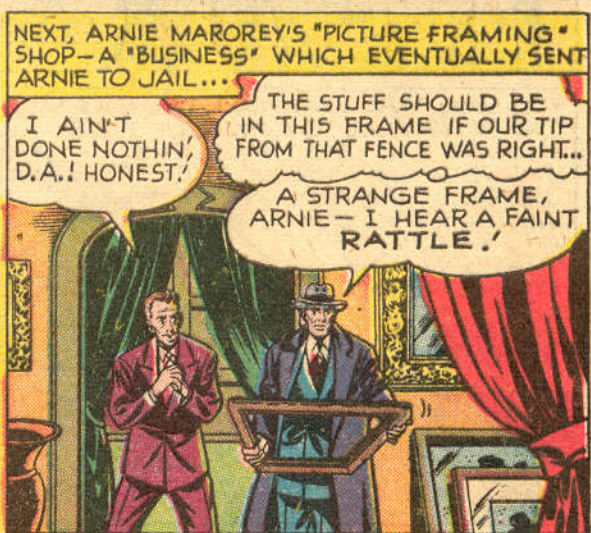
EVIDENCE- YEAH, SURE!



PERFECT, BLUNSON! FREDDY PAID OFF TO THE TUNE OF- UH- THREE G'S!

I KNEW HE WOULD! HOP IN! WE'VE GOT OTHER CALLS TO MAKE!

HAW, HAW! DIS IS LIKE A STORY-BOOK PLOT!



NEXT, ARNIE MAROREY'S "PICTURE FRAMING" SHOP - A "BUSINESS" WHICH EVENTUALLY SENT ARNIE TO JAIL...

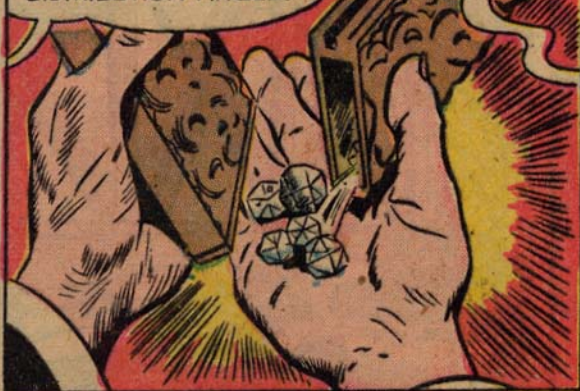
I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN', D.A.! HONEST!

THE STUFF SHOULD BE IN THIS FRAME IF OUR TIP FROM THAT FENCE WAS RIGHT...

A STRANGE FRAME, ARNIE - I HEAR A FAINT RATTLE!

NEW TWIST TO AN OLD RACKET-
GEM SMUGGLING! THE "HOT ICE"
IS PUT IN THESE HOLLOW FRAMES
AND SOLD ONLY TO SPECIAL
"CUSTOMERS!" A TRICKY
DISTRIBUTION ANGLE.

GIMME
A BREAK,
D.A.! I'LL
COME
CLEAN!



I TOLD ARNIE THE SAME THING-
THAT I WASN'T "ARRESTING"
HIM JUST YET!... BUT THAT
I'D TAKE SOME OF HIS "ICE"
FOR "EVIDENCE!" HA, HA!
HE CAUGHT ON.

SURE-THEY
KNOW IT'S A
BRIBE, BUT
THEY WON'T
DARE SQUEAL
ON THE "D.A.!"
HE'S GOT THE
GOODS ON
THEM!



THIS, WITHIN A MONTH THE GANGLAND GRAPE-
VINE WAS BUZZING WITH AN INCREDIBLE
STORY...

GET THIS-THE
D.A.'S TAKIN'
BRIBES!

I HEARD THE
SAME THING
FROM CAL'S
BOYS!

THE D.A.
SELLIN'
PROTECTION!
THAT'S RICH!



FEARFUL OF SHATTERING HIS SCHEME BY CROSS-
ING TRAILS WITH THE REAL D.A., BUNSON WORKED
ANOTHER PLAN...

I'VE SET UP
A COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM
TO KEEP CHECK ON THE D.A. RIGHT
NOW HE'S AFTER THE SPADE
JENNINGS'S MOB-WATCH!
HOW'S IT GOING, JERRY?

HE'S LEAVING
HIS OFFICE
NOW, BOSS!



BUNSON'S COMMUNICATIONS LINES EXTENDED FROM
HIS REAL ESTATE OFFICE TO THE ACRE TOWERS-
ACROSS FROM THE D. A.'S OFFICE, WHERE...

THE D.A.'S GETTING INTO A
SQUAD CAR WITH HARRINGTON!
PASS IT ALONG, JERRY!

HE'S GETTING
INTO A CAR
WITH
HARRINGTON,
BOSS -

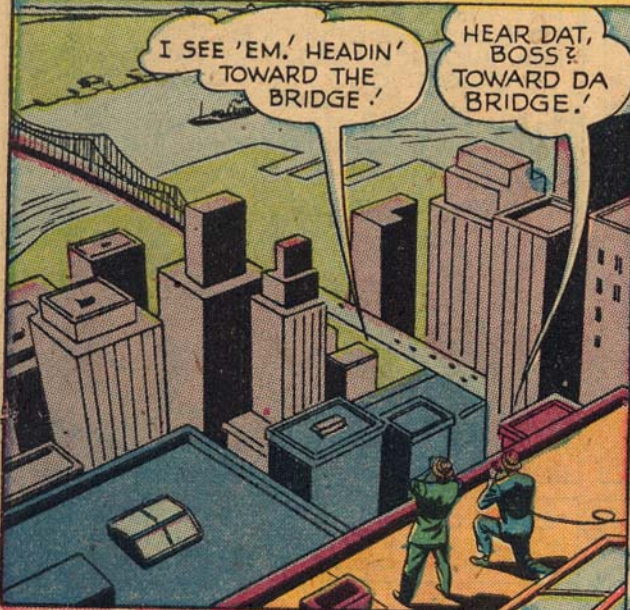


THE CAR'S SPEEDIN' DOWN THE STREET!
TELL THE BOSS WE'LL SWITCH HIM
TO THE BOYS ON THE TOWER
ROOF!





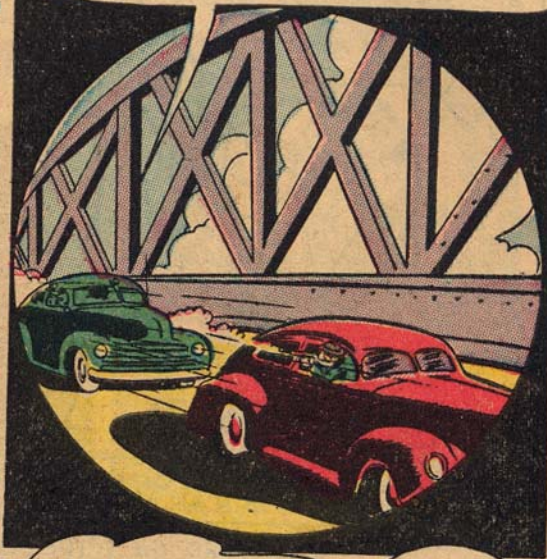
ON ACRE TOWERS, OTHER MEN CROUCHED FROM WHERE THEY COULD SEE MUCH OF THE CITY...



I SEE 'EM! HEADIN' TOWARD THE BRIDGE!

HEAR DAT, BOSS? TOWARD DA BRIDGE!

THEY'RE TRYING TO GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE WITH THEIR LOOT! BUT THEY WON'T ESCAPE, HARRINGTON!



HARRINGTON SHOT A REAR TIRE, AND THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP AGAINST THE BRIDGE SIDING. THEN...



WELL! THEY WANT TO SHOOT IT OUT, CHIEF!

WE'RE OUTA BULLETS, D.A.! WE'RE THROWIN' IN!

THAT'S SMART, FELLOW! VERY SMART!



PRETTY SOON THE D.A. WILL TAKE HIS EVENING WALK AND HAVE COFFEE, AS THE BOYS HAVE SEEN HIM DO EVERY NIGHT! THAT'S WHEN YOU ENTER HIS OFFICE AND GET HIS FILES!

WE WANT TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T TACKLE THE SAME GUYS THE D.A. IS GUNNING FOR!

EVERY DETAIL OF THE FIGHT WAS RELAYED TO BUNSON VIA PHONE, AS WELL AS A DESCRIPTION OF THE D.A.'S CLOTHES...

NOW FOR OUR BIG PLAY! GET INTO CLOTHES EXACTLY LIKE THE D.A.'S WEARING! HMM—WHAT NOW, JERRY?

HE'S ENTERING HIS OFFICE AGAIN—PROBABLY TO MAKE HIS REPORT!



BUNSON DROVE TO THE CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING, THEN...

YOU'VE GOT 20 MINUTES—NO MORE! THAT'S AS LONG AS HE USUALLY STAYS OUT! PLAY IT STRAIGHT AND YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH IT! **WE MUST HAVE THOSE FILES!**

OKAY! SEE YOU AT THE OFFICE LATER!

JUSTICE

CHIEF! YOU JUST LEFT!

SO FAR SO GOOD...

UH—I CAME BACK FOR OUR CURRENT WORKING FILES, MISS MILLER! I WANT TO CHECK ON A FEW THINGS...

SURE, CHIEF! THEY'RE RIGHT HERE!

ODD—BUT THERE'S SOMETHING "DIFFERENT" ABOUT THE CHIEF...

NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK YOU MIGHT AS WELL WAIT FOR THAT PHONE CALL YOU PUT THROUGH TO WASHINGTON!

PHONE CALL! THEN THE REAL D. A. WON'T BE GONE HIS USUAL 20 MINUTES! HE'S PLACED A CALL...

SHE DOESN'T SPOT ME!

HE'LL BE BACK ANY MINUTE—GOT TO LEAVE...

UH—IN FACT I WANT THAT CALL CANCELED FOR NOW! A FEW MORE THINGS I WANT TO FIND OUT FIRST...

OKAY, CHIEF!

AS MISS MILLER LATER TESTIFIED, SHE STOOD THERE ALONE, INTUITIVELY AWARE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

WHAT WAS IT? THE CHIEF—UH, SEEMED DIFFERENT SOMEHOW! FUNNY—NOTHING PARTICULAR, BUT—OH, MY IMAGINATION, I SUPPOSE...

MOMENTS LATER, THE REAL D.A. CAME IN. MISS MILLER LOOKED AT HIM AND SUDDENLY SHOUTED...

BUT YOU—OR THAT MAN THERE—JUST WALKED OUT! IT WAS YOUR LIVING DOUBLE, CHIEF—BUT HE HAD GREY EYES. THAT'S WHAT WAS "DIFFERENT!" THE EYES.

CHIEF! YOU'VE GOT DARK EYES!

REALLY, MISS MILLER! THAT'S A LITTLE MATTER I'VE KNOWN FOR YEARS. HADN'T YOU NOTICED BEFORE?



AND HE GOT OUR FILES, EH? I'LL SEE IF I CAN STOP HIM BEFORE HE HAILS A TAXI!

A MOMENT LATER, THE D.A. CONFRONTED HIS LIVING COUNTERFEIT—A HUMAN FACSIMILE OF HIMSELF...

HURRY, CHIEF! I'LL SEND HARRINGTON DOWN RIGHT AWAY!

GREAT GUNS! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

THE D.A.! NOW THAT YOU KNOW—



WE'D HEARD A RUMOR THAT I WAS TAKING PAY-OFFS FROM CROOKS, BUT WE LAUGHED IT OFF. NOW THIS EXPLAINS IT. DROP THAT GUN.

IT WAS THEN THAT HARRINGTON ARRIVED—HARDLY ABLE TO BELIEVE HIS EYES...

CHIEF—I MEAN—WHICH IS THE CHIEF?





IT'S ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON! I'M THE REAL ONE!

YEAH? WELL, HOW DO I KNOW? MAYBE YOU'RE THE IMPOSTOR!



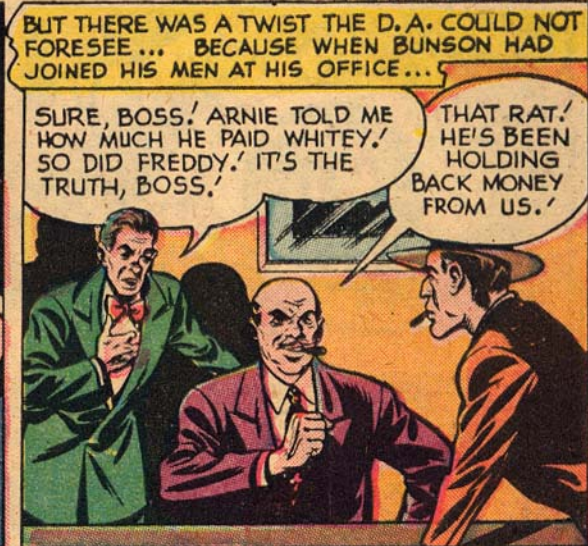
I LOANED YOU A TEN SPOT LAST FRIDAY FOR THE ICE SHOW! CHECK?

CHECK, CHIEF! THE PHONEY D.A. WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! BUT, BOY! TALK ABOUT LOOK-ALIKES!



ALL RIGHT, MISTER! I WANT INFORMATION—AND MAYBE WE'LL GO LIGHT WITH YOU! WHERE IS THE REST OF THE GANG HOLED UP?

OKAY—I'LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS...



BUT THERE WAS A TWIST THE D. A. COULD NOT FORESEE ... BECAUSE WHEN BUNSON HAD JOINED HIS MEN AT HIS OFFICE...

SURE, BOSS! ARNIE TOLD ME HOW MUCH HE PAID WHITEY! SO DID FREDDY! IT'S THE TRUTH, BOSS!

THAT RAT! HE'S BEEN HOLDING BACK MONEY FROM US!



HERE COMES WHITEY NOW! WE'LL TRY TO COLLECT FIRST, BOYS... THEN WE'LL RUB HIM OUT!

HE WAS A DOUBLE-CROSSER, BOSS! HE'S EARNIN' THIS ONE!



OKAY, WHITEY—YOU'VE HELD OUT 30 G'S—GET IT UP!

WHEW! SO WHITEY WAS MARKED—AND I DIDN'T KNOW IT! I'VE WALKED INTO A DEATH TRAP! NOW WHAT?...



UH—I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY WITH ME!

NOW AIN'T DAT TOO BAD! WAIT, BOSS—WHILE I TOIN UP DA RADIO! IT DROWNS OUT DA NOISE OF THE SHOTS!

ONE MORE CHANCE, WHITEY! WHERE'S THE THIRTY?

I SAID I HAVEN'T GOT IT!

I WAS A FOOL! I LEFT HARRINGTON DOWN STAIRS—I HAVE NO WAY OF SIGNALING HIM...

THERE'S A PLACE IN OHIO BY TOLEDO TOWN...



ALL RIGHT, BOYS—LET 'IM HAVE IT!

THERE'S ONE CHANCE LEFT—I'LL TRY IT.... AND IF IT DOESN'T PAN OUT... WELL...

PRECISELY TWO HOURS AFTER THAT DRAMATIC SCENE, THE PAPERS HIT THE STREETS, AND...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! D.A. CRACKS PAY-OFF GANG! IMPERSONATOR ARRESTED!

BUT, CHIEF—I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DID IT! YOU WERE TRAPPED WITHOUT A CHANCE!



"BUT THERE WAS A CHANCE, MISS MILLER—JUST ONE! SO I SAID TO BUNSON..."

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT, BUNSON! BECAUSE I'M THE REAL D.A.! KILL ME AND IT'S THE CHAIR! GIVE UP AND IT'S ONLY A JAIL TERM."

JEEPERS! IT IS THE D.A.!

SO IT WASN'T A TRICKY STUNT THIS TIME THAT SAVED ME—IT WAS COLD LOGIC! THE THREAT OF THE CHAIR BROUGHT OUT BUNSON'S REAL COLOR—A BRIGHT YELLOW! THEY SURRENDERED!

AN' WE ROUNDED 'EM UP FOR THE CLINK, EH, CHIEF?



THE END

"U.S. ROYAL" WITH HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BAMBOOZLING THE BANK ROBBERS



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN! SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN...NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGH-WAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE--RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...



...WAS MOVED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK--INTO OUR HANDS!

GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES GAVE US PLENTY OF SPEED WITH SAFETY, RIGHT, FELLAS? AND, SAY, SPEAKING OF SURPRISES--I'VE GOT A REAL ONE WAITING FOR YOU...

LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING? LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

AFTER ME, TOM...



TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!



GET YOUR COPY OF "BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE DEALER'S TODAY. IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!



TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



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It's the new rage that's sweeping the country! Kids just love these wonderfully life-like heads, beautifully modeled by a famous sculptor.

Six beautiful breeds—each in six different colors! Ask Mom and Dad to help you get your collection started. Tell them to buy cool, minty Listerine Tooth Paste with the dog-head on it!



MAIL THIS COUPON—NOW!

WEAR 'EM AS YOU
COLLECT 'EM!

Check Item You Want



Bracelets—Made so 6 heads screw on. Stylish! Send 25¢ in coin to Dept. EE—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

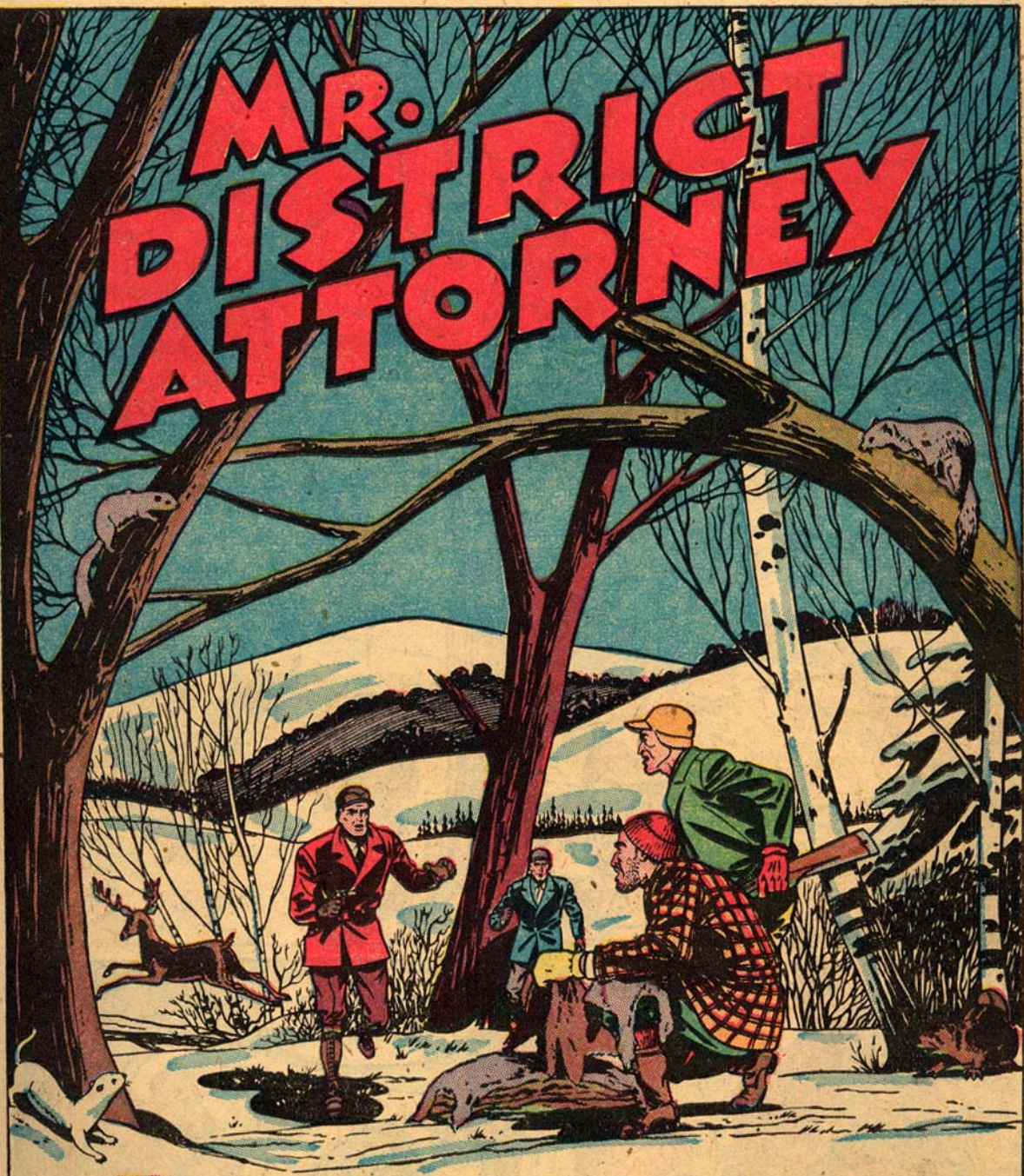


Key Chain—Smart new style. 6 heads screw on. Send 25¢ in coin to Dept. FF—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:
 THIS IS THE CASE HISTORY OF HARDENED CITY RACKETEERS WHO INVADE A PEACEFUL COUNTRY SCENE ON AN ILLEGAL HUNT FOR FOUR-LEGGED LOOT. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SPORTSMAN TO BE SHOCKED BY THE RUTHLESS METHODS USED BY THESE HUMAN JACKALS. EVERY DECENT-MINDED CITIZEN WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN, HOWEVER, THAT WE APPREHENDED THESE MEN, WHO VIOLATED ALL LAWS OF FAIR PLAY IN... *"The Hot Fur Racket!"*

NOT FAR FROM YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CITY LIE THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES OF THE STATE, A STATE ABOUNDING IN WILD LIFE, RICH IN PRECIOUS FURS...



DEEP IN THE LONELY ADIRONDACKS, A MAN CROUCHES NEAR A BEAVER MEADOW...





BLAM!
BLAM!

YOU GOT HIM--
HE'S DONE
FOR! LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!

Y-YEAH-- BUT HE
PUT A SLUG
THROUGH MY
ARM! H-HELP
ME UP!



AND HOURS LATER...
OKAY-- HERE'S
YOUR CUT--
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
MIKE?

WE WERE
JUMPED BY A
GAME WARDEN.
WE HAD TO BUMP
HIM-- ONLY HE PUT
A BULLET THROUGH
MIKE'S ARM!

YEAH-- PAY
ME OFF. I'VE
GOT TO SEE
A DOCTOR!



WHAT? YOU CRAZY, STUPID
FOOL! YOU WANTA WALK
RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF
THE POLICE?

OW - OW! ALL
RIGHT-- LEGGO!
I WON'T GO NEAR
THE DOC!



THAT'S BETTER! WE CAN'T TAKE
A CHANCE ON A DOCTOR REPORTING
A BULLET WOUND... WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF IT OURSELVES!

{GASP}-- OKAY,
NICHOLS-- ANYTHING
YOU SAY--

NEXT IN THIS CORRUPT CHAIN OF EVENTS, NICHOLS
DROVE TO THE CITY WITH THE CACHE OF ILLEGAL
PELTS-- HE PARKED IN BACK OF A WELL-KNOWN
FUR MART-- IT WAS AFTER HOURS--



HELLO, NICHOLS--
YOU'RE LATE!

COULDN'T HELP IT,
KELL-- A LITTLE TROUBLE--
IS MR. DUKE HERE?



NO! HOW MANY
TIMES DO I HAVE
TO TELL YOU-- YQU
DEAL THROUGH ME--
MR. DUKE DON'T
SEE NOBODY!

YEAH-- WELL TELL
HIM I'M GETTIN'
TIRED OF LINING
UP SUCKERS TO DO
HIS POACHIN' FOR
HIM FOR PEANUTS.
I WANT IN-- A BIGGER
CUT--OR ELSE!



OR ELSE WHAT, SMART BOY?

OR ELSE I START OPERATING ON MY OWN.. THERE'S PLENTY OF OUTFITS WILL BUY MY PRODUCT! I WANT MORE OF THE FOLDING STUFF AND I AIM TO GET IT!



THAT SAME EVENING, YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY RECEIVED WORD OF WARDEN JAMES ALLEN'S DEATH...

YOU KNEW HIM WELL, DIDN'T YOU, CHIEF?

FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS, HARRINGTON, ALLEN WAS A GAME PROTECTOR NOT FOR THE SALARY IT PAID, BUT BECAUSE HE LOVED THE OUTDOORS AND THE WILD LIFE THAT GREW IN IT!



LOOK-- LET ME SHOW YOU-- OVER 2,000,000 FUR COATS ARE SOLD EACH YEAR ALONE IN THIS COUNTRY. RACKETEERS DISPOSE OF OVER \$1,000,000 WORTH OF ILLEGAL FURS IN THIS SAME PERIOD.



YOU SEE, HARRINGTON, A PRIME PELT TAKEN IN SEASON IS BEST.. IT'S WARMER AND WEARS LONGER THAN A PELT TAKEN OUT OF SEASON.. NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE IN THESE TWO PELTS. IT'S OBVIOUS WHICH IS THE PRIME PELT...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THE LOCAL SHERIFF, FRANK BREEN, PROVED MOST HELPFUL TO THE D. A....

THERE WERE TWO POACHERS-- LOOK HERE-- ONE JUMPED THE WARDEN FROM BEHIND WHILE THE OTHER ONE SHOT HIM... HMM-- D. A., IT LOOKS LIKE WARDEN ALLEN PUT A BULLET THROUGH ONE OF THEM FUR BOOTLEGGERS, TOO!

WHAT-- ARE YOU SURE?



WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE TOWN OF HOBART, HARRINGTON, AND WE'RE GOING TO GET ALLEN'S KILLER AND BREAK UP THIS ROTTEN RING ONCE AND FOR ALL!



POSITIVE, D.A.! LOOK, HERE AT THE BASE OF THIS TREE--**A SPENT BULLET**-- WHY? BECAUSE IT WENT THROUGH THE FLESH OF A MAN-- WE KNOW THAT WARDEN ALLEN FIRED ONE BULLET--



WELL, THIS BULLET DIDN'T TRAVEL A MERE SIX FEET AND DROP ALL BY ITSELF. NOW LOOK AT THE FRAGMENTS OF CLOTHING ON THIS TREE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BREEN-- THE POACHER FELL AGAINST THIS TREE WITH CONSIDERABLE FORCE.



WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THE D.A. HAD THIS INFORMATION CONCERNING THE KILLER...

THE SPENT BULLET SHOWED MINUTE TRACES OF BLOOD UNDER THE MICROSCOPE-- WARDEN ALLEN WOUNDED HIS KILLER...

THE KILLER IS A BIG HEAVY MAN-- THE SIZE AND INDENTATIONS OF HIS BOOT TRACKS PROVE THAT HE WAS PROBABLY WOUNDED IN THE ARM OR SHOULDER!

THE KILLER WORE A VARICOLORED PLAID JACKET. HE CARRIED A .44 CALIBER RIFLE ... HIS COMPANION WAS A SMALL, SUGHT MAN...



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HOBART LAY A SECTION OF RAMSHACKLE BUILDINGS KNOWN AS BOOTLEGGERS' ROW... HARRINGTON, IN THE GUISE OF A WOODSMAN, MADE HIS APPEARANCE THERE THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

THIS OUGHT TO BE EASY-- A BIG GUY AND A LITTLE ONE-- THEY'LL STICK OUT LIKE A SORE ARM IN THIS DUMP!

HARRINGTON DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT-- WITHIN MINUTES AFTER HE HAD ENTERED THE LOCAL TAVERN ...

THE BIG GUY'S JUST COMING IN-- AND THAT JACKET-- IF HE'S GOT A BULLET HOLE THROUGH HIM, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



AT THE BAR, HARRINGTON PURPOSELY SLIPPED AND FELL AGAINST THE BIG MAN, SENDING HIM CRASHING TO THE FLOOR...



WHOOOPS! PARD'N ME, FELLA ...

HEY, YOU CLUMSY... UGH---

HERE, PAL -- LEMME HELP YOU UP...



OUCH! OWW! LEGGO MY ARM!

AND AN HOUR LATER, AS THE BIG MAN AND HIS COMPANION LEFT THE TAVERN...



H-HEY! WHAT IS THIS?

SHUT UP AND PUT UP YOUR HANDS-- WE'RE ARRESTING YOU TWO FOR THE MURDER OF WARDEN ALLEN!

CONFRONTED WITH HIS OWN GUN (THE MURDER WEAPON) THE BIG MAN (MIKE HARIDGE) BROKE DOWN AND MADE A FULL CONFESSION...



YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE CHAIR--BY TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE-- WHO HIRED YOU TO POACH OUT OF SEASON? WHO BUYS YOUR PELTS?

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TALK! ALL I KNOW IS THE CONTACT MAN. HIS NAME IS LARRY NICHOLS!

ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON, YOUR FIRST JOB WILL BE TO GET FRIENDLY WITH NICHOLS-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BATCH OF FINE MINK PELTS TO SELL HIM!

I'M ALREADY ON MY WAY, CHIEF... MEANTIME, START A RUMOR THAT THESE TWO MUGS HAVE TAKEN IT ON THE LAM!



NICHOLS, AN INVETERATE POOL PLAYER WHO HUNG OUT IN BOOTLEGGERS' ROW, WAS FULL OF ADMIRATION FOR HARRINGTON'S SKILL WITH A CUE...



HEY-- NICE SHOT! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

PHIL GRAY, COME ON. I'LL SHOOT YOU A GAME!

DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, GRAY CULTIVATED NICHOLS UNTIL ...

YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT 32 MINK PELTS? GRAY, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT MAN... I'LL GIVE YOU TOP PRICE FOR THEM...

GOOD ENOUGH-- AS LONG AS YOU'RE SURE IT'S SAFE...



COMPLETELY TRUSTFUL OF GRAY NOW, NICHOLS TOOK HIM TO A BEAVER POND AND SHOWED HIM ONE OF THE MOST HEINOUS METHODS KNOWN TO TRAP BEAVERS ...

SEE, FIRST WE DRIVE THESE PIPES INTO THE BEAVER HOMES. OF COURSE, THE NOISE DRIVES THE BEAVER OUT INTO THE POND...

WHAT'S THE IDEA?



SIMPLE-- WE NEXT INJECT POISON GAS THROUGH THE PIPES INTO THE BEAVER HOMES. WE SEAL THE PIPES UP. THE BEAVERS RETURN AND DIE... THEY'RE KEPT ALL NICE IN COLD STORAGE UNTIL WE RETURN AND PICK 'EM UP. CLEVER, HUH?

YEAH!

YOU MISERABLE LITTLE RAT! IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE PUTTING YOU AWAY!



BUT AS SOON AS GRAY AND NICHOLS DEPARTED FROM THE BEAVER MEADOW ...

ALL RIGHT, MEN. TEAR THOSE PIPES OUT... OPEN UP THOSE HOLES. THIS IS ONE BEAVER COLONY THAT ISN'T GOING TO BE WIPED OUT!



BACK IN HOBART, GRAY AND NICHOLS PARTED-- THEY WERE TO MEET AGAIN THAT SAME EVENING...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO REPORT TO THE D.A.! WITHIN A DAY OR TWO, NICHOLS WILL TAKE THOSE PELTS INTO THE CITY. THEN WE'LL HAVE THE SALESMEN AND THE BUYER!



BUT NICHOLS SUDDENLY CHANGED HIS PLANS. HE MADE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO THE CITY...

YEAH, KELL, I SEE DUKES TONIGHT! I'M COMIN' IN WITH A LOAD OF FURS AND I WANT A NEW DEAL--NOW!



IT WAS SNOWING HEAVILY AN HOUR LATER WHEN HARRINGTON BURST INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

CHIEF! I LET YOU DOWN! NICHOLS IS GONE-- HE'S TAKEN THE FURS INTO THE CITY-- I'M SORRY-- WE WERE TO HAVE MET AGAIN TONIGHT!

THEN THAT MEANS HE'S SUDDENLY CHANGED HIS PLANS-- DID HE GET ANY MESSAGES... PHONE CALLS?

SHERIFF

AN IMMEDIATE CHECK-UP REVEALED THAT NICHOLS HAD CALLED THE EMPIRE FUR CO.

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GETS RID OF THOSE FURS--

IN THIS SNOW STORM? WE'VE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US-- LET'S GO!

HOBART TELEPHONE

IT'S STOPPED SNOWING. NOW WITH A LITTLE LUCK!

YEAH, I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!

MEANWHILE, AT THE EMPIRE FUR CO. ...

SO YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE ME-- YOU'VE DELIVERED YOUR FURS. YOU'VE BEEN PAID.. NOW JUST WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

YOU CALL THIS A PAY-OFF? I WANT MORE DOUGH.. OR I'M SENDIN' A LITTLE NOTE TO THE D.A...

TSK-TSK, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW SALESMAN--KELL, TAKE THIS BOOB OUT ON THE ROAD AND SHOOT HIM! USE HIS OWN CAR...

SURE BOSS!

UH-- NOW WAIT A MINUTE... YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG!

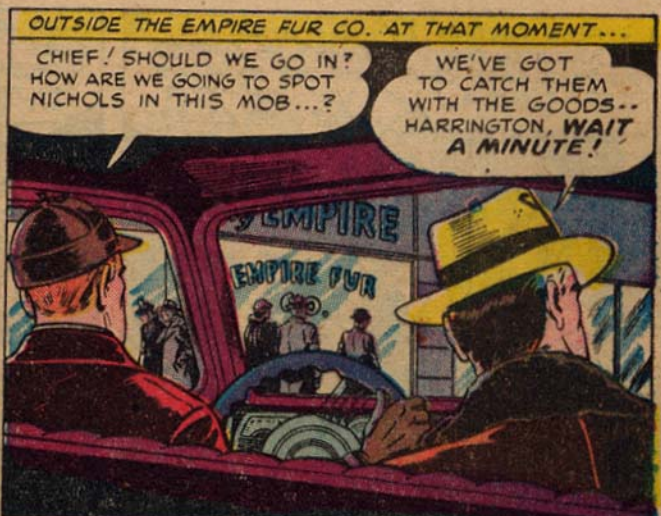
AFTER YOU, ALPHONSE-- YOU DRIVE!

KELL.. NO... WE'VE DONE BUSINESS TOGETHER-- GIVE ME A BREAK!

ONE HOUR PARKING 9 A.M. 5 P.M.



SHUT UP!
YOU MAKE ONE
FALSE MOVE
AND I'LL LET
YOU HAVE IT
RIGHT HERE!



OUTSIDE THE EMPIRE FUR CO. AT THAT MOMENT...

CHIEF! SHOULD WE GO IN?
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SPOT
NICHOLS IN THIS MOB...?

WE'VE GOT
TO CATCH THEM
WITH THE GOODS--
HARRINGTON, WAIT
A MINUTE!

AND ON A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY A FEW MINUTES LATER...



PLEASE KELL, SOB!
GIVE ME A BREAK--
DON'T KILL ME...

SHUT UP--YOUR
WHINING MAKES
ME SICK. TURN
AROUND AND START
WALKING...



OKAY, HARRINGTON,
TAKE HIM!

RIGHT,
CHIEF!

MY
HAND--
OH!



HARRINGTON?
GRAY-- AN' THE D.A.!
SOB! HE WAS GOING
TO KILL ME-- HE-- HE--

I KNOW
WHEN I'M
LICKED-- HOW'D
YOU SPOT US?



LOOK AT NICHOLS CAR--
THERE'S SNOW ON IT--IT
SNOWED UPSTATE TONIGHT,
BUT IT HASN'T SNOWED IN
THE CITY IN OVER TWO
WEEKS. IT WAS A GAMBLE,
BUT IT SAVED US A
VALUABLE WITNESS!

YEAH, NOW LET'S
PICK UP THE THIRD
PARTY IN THIS
SWEET LITTLE
TRIO...

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, KELL. DID YOU TAKE CARE OF...? YEEEE -- THE D.A.!

NO, IT'S NOT MR. DUKES. HE SLIPPED UP THE SAME AS YOU -- GET YOUR HAT AND COAT!

CHIEF, HERE ARE THE FURS I SOLD TO NICHOLS -- THIS CINCHES IT!

YOU CAN'T CONVICT ME ON THIS -- THERE ARE NO MARKINGS OR TAGS ON THOSE PELTS -- YOU'RE LICKED, D.A. AND YOU KNOW IT!

WRONG, MR. DUKES. THESE PELTS WERE TRAPPED OUT OF SEASON. THEY WERE TAKEN FROM THE REST OF THE TRAP LINES OF JOE TRASK AND MIKE HARIDGE -- WHO ARE BEING HELD FOR THE MURDER OF WARDEN ALLEN!

WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?

JUST THIS -- WE HAVE THE SKULLS THAT BELONG TO THESE PELTS. SKULL MEASUREMENTS PROVE BEYOND A DOUBT WHETHER SKULL AND PELT BELONG TO THE SAME ANIMAL --

AND WHEN THESE TWO BIRDS BEGIN SINGING...

NO! NO! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME IN!

SLOW DOWN, MR. DUKES!

UGH WHACK!

HE'S SLOWED, CHIEF!

THAT WAS FOR JAMES ALLEN -- IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH -- LITTLE ENOUGH -- CALL THE WAGON, HARRINGTON...

NOW!
 In every package
 of Kellogg's **PEP!**
NO EXTRA COST!

NEW "TURBO-JET" PLANE!

- ★ Real **ALUMINUM** jet-type wing in every **PEP** package!
- ★ Cardboard cut-out body on every **PEP** package back!

(Also available in Canada)

IT LOOPS! IT DIVES!
 IT SOARS!
 IT ZOOMS
 FAR AS 100 FEET!

Six different designs—Red Hawk, Sky Streak, Flying Tiger, Flying Star, Thunder Jet, Green Dragon! Collect 'em all—build your own Air Fleet!

of Red Hawk modell

It's fun! It's easy to build PEP's "Turbo-Jet" Plane! Doesn't cost an extra cent. No box tops to mail! Real aluminum jet-type wing packed in every package of nutritious, delicious Kellogg's PEP! Fuselage, tail, are printed on back of package—ready to cut out and assemble!

It's fun to eat swell-tasting PEP, too! PEP's crisp, whole wheat flakes give you Sunshine Vitamin D, Energy Vitamin B! Ask mom to order plenty of PEP!

Kellogg's
PEP

KIDS! FLY **PEP'S** TURBO-JET PLANE AND LEARN JUNIOR JET PILOTING! EAT SWELL-TASTING **PEP** AND GET GOOD FOOD ENERGY!

LEE MILLER,
 Chief Jet
 Test Pilot,
 Curtiss-Wright

COPYRIGHT 1949,
 BY KELLOGG CO.

IT'S QUICK! EASY!
 FUN TO BUILD
 YOUR TURBO-
 JET PLANE!

DIRECTIONS ON EVERY
 PACKAGE



1. Remove aluminum wing from package.



2. Cut out cardboard body on package back.



3. Assemble body. Insert wing—and fly.

...AND IT'S ALL
 YOURS AT NO
 EXTRA COST
 —in every package
 of **PEP**
 in U.S.A. and Canada!

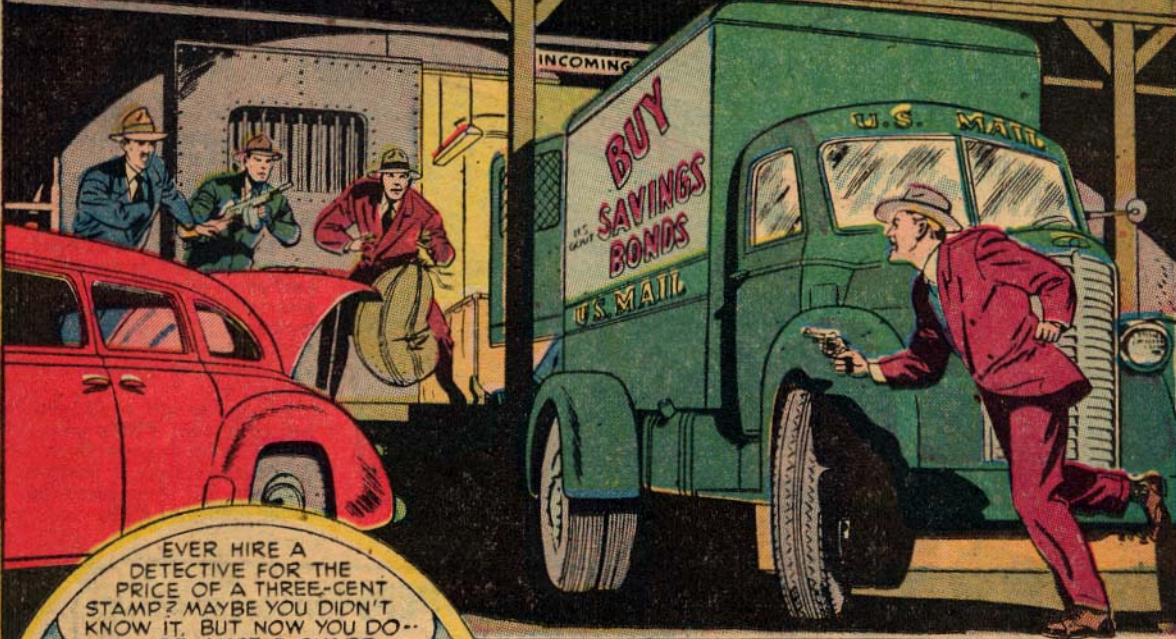
SWELL GAMES, TOO!

Instructions for a variety of exciting Turbo-Jet games on PEP packages. DECAL COLLECTORS! Some packages of Kellogg's PEP with decal transfer picture are still available! Look for them!



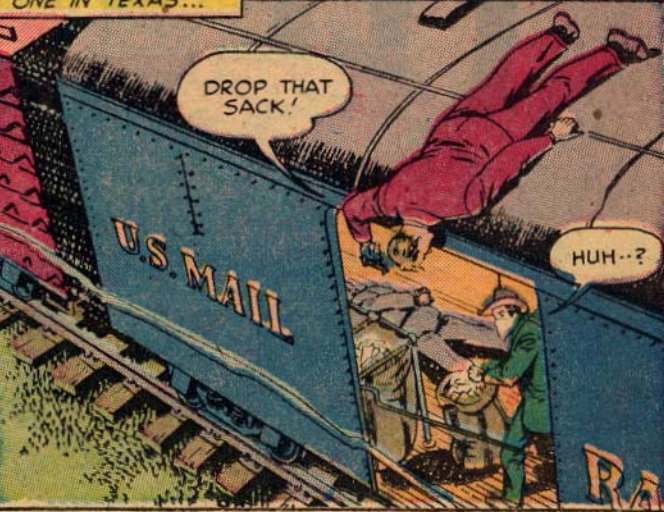
THE MAI LS MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS! THAT SOLEMN ORDER IS OBEYED BY 540 VALIANT SLEUTHS IN THE NATION'S OLDEST DETECTION AGENCY-- THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE INSPECTION SERVICE. WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF POSTAL INSPECTORS? SMASHING CON-MEN, SWINDLERS, ROBBERS AND RACKETEERS WHO TAMPER WITH THE MAI LS AT YOUR EXPENSE! LET INSPECTOR STEVE GREGORY TELL YOU ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES AS A HARD-HITTING.

"POSTAL COP!"



EVER HIRE A DETECTIVE FOR THE PRICE OF A THREE-CENT STAMP? MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT NOW YOU DO-- BECAUSE I GUARD YOUR LETTER AND PARCEL AGAINST THEFT, RIFLING, DESTRUCTION AND SNOOPING!

"I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF CASES. LAST MONTH, I CLOSED ONE IN TEXAS..."



DROP THAT SACK!

HUH..?

"IT'S NOT EASY, PLAYING WATCHDOG TO 25 BILLION PIECES OF MAIL EVERY YEAR. MAIL TRUCK HOLDUPS, POST OFFICE BURGLARIES, MONEY ORDER FORGERIES, FAKE LOTTERIES, AND 31 TYPES OF FRAUD ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE 100,000 CASES WE INVESTIGATE ANNUALLY..."

"AND TWO WEEKS LATER IN OKLAHOMA..."

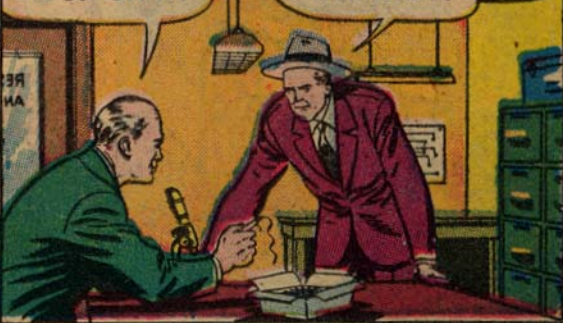
EXTORTING MONEY BY THREATENING TO INJURE A PERSON'S REPUTATION IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS, MISTER! NOW I'M GOING TO SEAL AND DELIVER YOU... TO FEDERAL PRISON!



"IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK-- 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK. ONCE, TRACING A POISONED CANDY SENDER..."

THE WRAPPING PAPER CAME FROM A MEAT MARKET, STEVE, AND THIS STRING HAS A DROP OF CHICKEN BLOOD ON IT.

GOOD! THAT STRING WILL BE ENOUGH TO HANG THE BUTCHER SUSPECTED BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF MURDERING HIS PARTNER!



"OCT. 22, 1944. A DEAD LETTER OFFICE EMPLOYEE OPENED A MISDIRECTED PACKAGE WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS. IT CONTAINED A BOOK..."



"A MOUSETRAP, RIGGED BETWEEN THE COVERS, DETONATED A SHOTGUN SHELL. AS A RESULT, THE CLERK'S HAND WAS AMPUTATED, BUT TWO MONTHS LATER..."

JUST A MINUTE, YOU! NEVER THOUGHT YOUR MOUSETRAP WOULD BACKFIRE AND I'D CATCH A RAT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THAT BOOBY-TRAPPED BOOK WAS MEANT FOR THE GUY WHO MARRIED MY GIRL! BUT THEY LEFT TOWN!



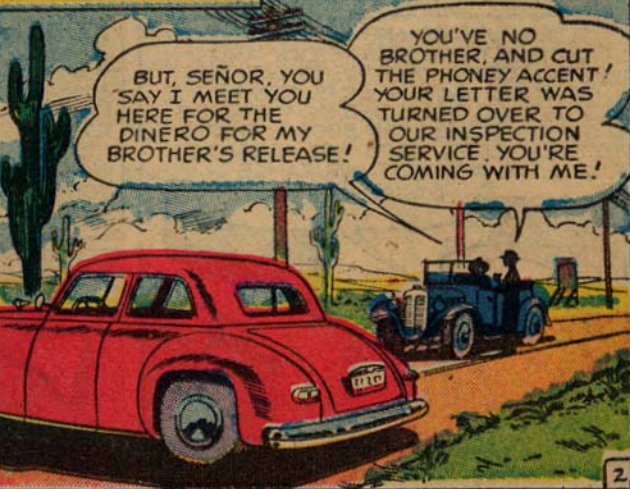
"THE OLD 'SPANISH PRISONER GAME' WAS REVIVED ONLY RECENTLY-- BUT FROM MEXICO..."

Señor:
I am in jail and need \$5,000 to pay fine. If you help me, my brother will advise you where is hidden a trunk in U. S. A. with secret compartment containing \$20,600. One half will be yours if you arrange to send money to me....

"AFTER BAITING THE SWINDLER BACK TO OUR SIDE OF THE BORDER..."

BUT, SEÑOR, YOU SAY I MEET YOU HERE FOR THE DINERO FOR MY BROTHER'S RELEASE!

YOU'VE NO BROTHER, AND CUT THE PHONEY ACCENT! YOUR LETTER WAS TURNED OVER TO OUR INSPECTION SERVICE. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!





"JOE RIGA OF DULUTH WAS A YEGG WITH A YEN TO ROB POST OFFICE SAFES..."

WHAT'S UP, JOE? THIS CRIB TOO TOUGH TO CRACK?

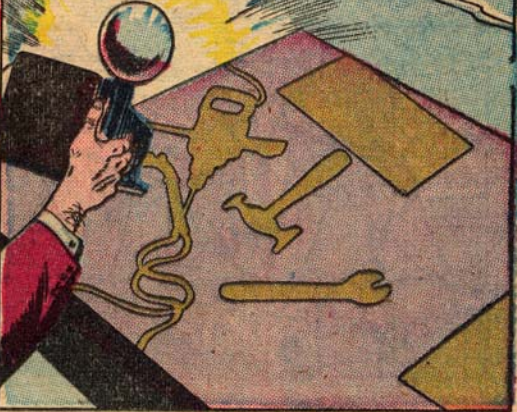
NAW! A FEW MINUTES MORE AND WE CAN START THE FIREWORKS!



B A A R O O M !

"LATER..."

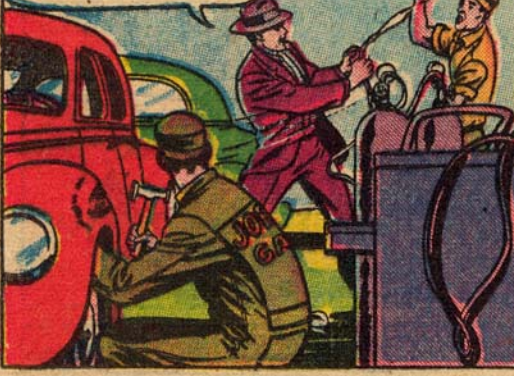
GOOD CLUES! DUST FROM THE EXPLOSION HAS SETTLED ON THE TABLE TO FORM SILHOUETTES OF THE ROBBER'S TOOLS!



"A POSTAL COP DOESN'T HAVE TO DELIVER WITH THE SPEED OF A SPECIAL DELIVERY, BUT PERSISTENCY IS OUR POLICY-- AND TWO MONTHS LATER, IT PAID OFF..."

YOU DON'T LET YOUR BODY AND FENDER TOOLS COOL OFF, DO YOU, JOE?-- DROP THAT HAMMER, YOU!

H-HEY! CUT IT OUT!



"BUTCH MUNZER DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO RENT AN OFFICE TO BILK HIS ELDERLY VICTIMS IN HIS NOTORIOUS 'PLAY-TO-THE-WALL SWINDLE'..."

WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THIS IS MR. TRENT, OUR CASHIER, WHOM I JUST MENTIONED. HE'LL MAIL THE MONEY TO YOU WHEN YOUR WONDERFUL STOCK GOES UP!

HMM, LOOKS LIKE A RELIABLE BROKERAGE FIRM, MA.

THE SAP FELL FOR IT! THINKS WE WORK IN THIS OFFICE, ONCE WE POCKET YOUR MOOLAH, HAYSEED, YOU'LL NEVER SEE US AGAIN!

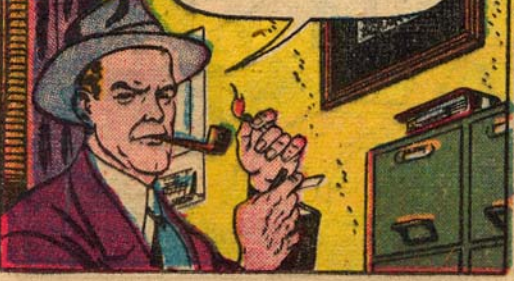


I STALKED MUNZER AND HIS SIDEKICK UNTIL I HAD THEM LOCK, STOCK AND OVER A BARREL. THEY'RE SWEATING OUT A LONG LEAVENWORTH TERM. STATUTES COVERING USE OF THE MAILS TO DEFRAUD ARE VERY BROAD, THAT'S WHY WE POSTAL COPS ARE FEARED BY SUCH FAKE ACCIDENT INSURANCE SWINDLERS AS...

"... ALBERT M. DAGGARD, WHO SPECIALIZED IN FAKE CLAIMS AGAINST LEGITIMATE FIRMS."

STEVE, THE DEPARTMENT KNOWS HE'S PLANNING TO LAUNCH ANOTHER OF HIS FAMOUS SWINDLES IN ILLINOIS. TO GET A CONVICTION, WE MUST CATCH HIM RED-HANDED--

--AND RED-FACED WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH HIM! I'LL CHECK OUT TONIGHT, CHIEF!



"WHEN I REACHED THE CITY, LOCAL POLICE HAD ALREADY PICKED UP A CHEAP GRIFTER WHOM DAGGARD HAD PAID \$50..."

NOW TELL US WHERE YOU'RE TO "WITNESS" THE FAKE ACCIDENT OR I THROW YOU INTO THE JUG!

I'LL SING, BUT YOU GOT TO PROTECT ME FROM DAGGARD.

YOU'VE GOT OUR WORD. NOW, SING, OR INTO THE CAGE YOU GO --- PERMANENTLY!



"THIS WAS THE SETUP! DAGGARD, THE POLICY HOLDER, LATER WOULD CLAIM HE'D ACCIDENTALLY SWERVED INTO MILLERS CAR..."

WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO FOR MONEY!

YEAH, LIKE DAGGARD AND US!

GO AHEAD! DRIVE IT TO THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE, THEN JUMP!

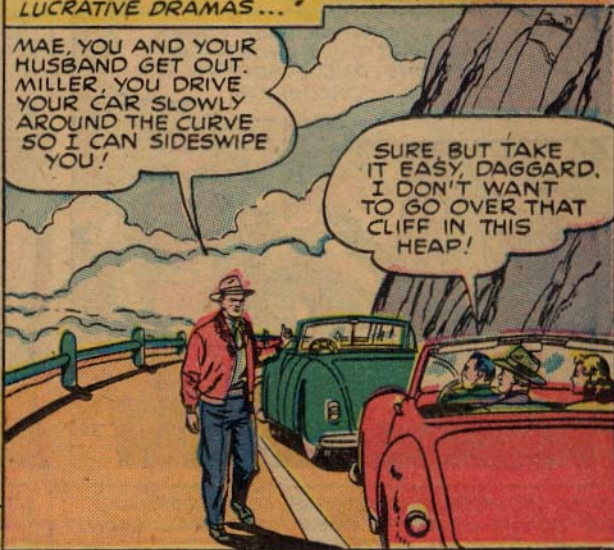
WHAM!



"MEANTIME, DAGGARD WAS STAGING ONE OF HIS LUCRATIVE DRAMAS..."

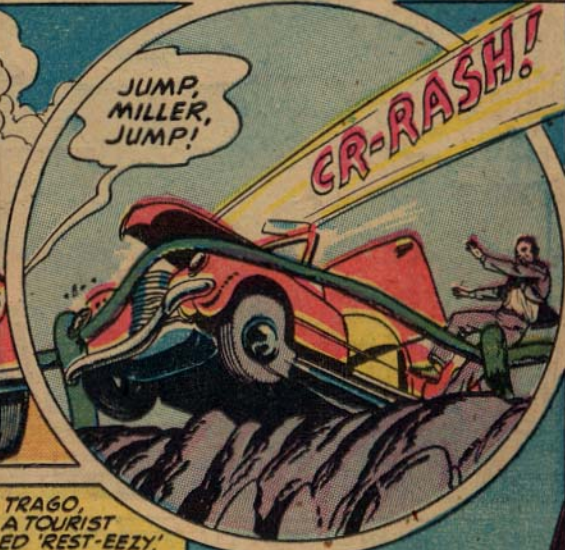
MAE, YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND GET OUT. MILLER, YOU DRIVE YOUR CAR SLOWLY AROUND THE CURVE SO I CAN SIDESWIPE YOU!

SURE, BUT TAKE IT EASY, DAGGARD. I DON'T WANT TO GO OVER THAT CLIFF IN THIS HEAP!



JUMP, MILLER, JUMP!

CR-RASH!



"MRS. ALICE TRAGO, OWNER OF A TOURIST CAMP CALLED 'REST-EEZY' WAS ONE OF DAGGARD'S ACCOMPLICES..."

OFFICE

HI, DAGGARD! TAKE CABIN FOUR, EVERYTHING'S THERE FOR YOU!

GOOD GIRL, ALICE! YOU EARNED YOUR C-NOTE! WE'LL STAY HERE UNTIL THE PAY-OFF!





"SHOCKING ACCESSORIES FOR THE DEVILISH RACKET WERE IN CABIN 4..."

OKAY, GET BUSY AND WORK EACH OTHER OVER! DON'T FORGET THE SANDPAPER FOR THE ABRASIONS, AND EYEDROPS FOR MILLER TO SIMULATE CONCUSSION. MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



"WHILE THE ALLEGED VICTIMS PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE SWINDLE..."

THERE'S BEEN A VERY BAD ACCIDENT NEAR HERE! RUSH AN AMBULANCE TO THE REST-EEZY MOTEL-- AND HURRY!

OW! TAKE IT EASY, MAE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUB OFF ALL MY SKIN! ONE LAYER'S ENOUGH!



"THEIR INJURIES REPORTED BY THE HOSPITAL, THE 'CONVALESCENTS' FILED THEIR FRAUDULENT CLAIMS BY MAIL A WEEK LATER..."

LAY IT ON THICK, MILLER! I'M INSURED FOR PLENTY! TELL THE INSURANCE COMPANY IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!

HOW DO YOU SPELL INCAPACITATED?



"THE INSURANCE ADJUSTER PAID OFF QUICKLY, THEN VISITED THE CABIN WHERE I WAS STAKED OUT..."

THEY ALL APPEAR BADLY INJURED. MILLER CLAIMS HE WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK FOR TWO MONTHS!

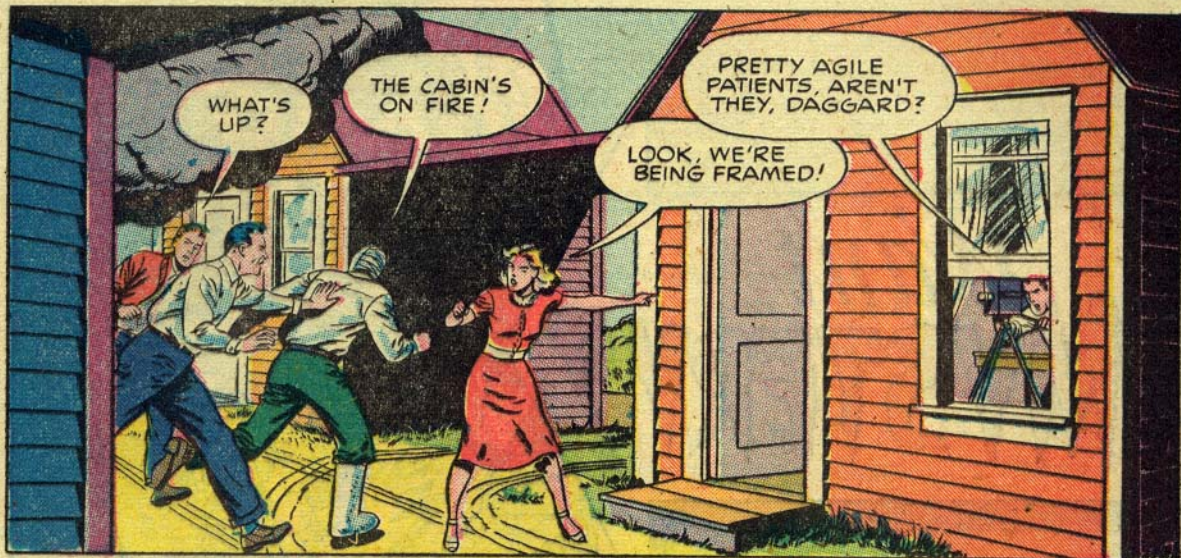
YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! DAGGARD IS LAYING LOW IN ONE OF THE CABINS, TOO! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE...



"..AND I DO MEAN SMOKE! I'LL DROP THIS IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, THEN BEAT IT 'ROUND TO THE FRONT!"



FIRE! FIRE! HEY, IN THERE! YOUR CABIN'S ON FIRE!



WHAT'S UP?

THE CABIN'S ON FIRE!

LOOK, WE'RE BEING FRAMED!

PRETTY AGILE PATIENTS, AREN'T THEY, DAGGARD?



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE, AND FAST!

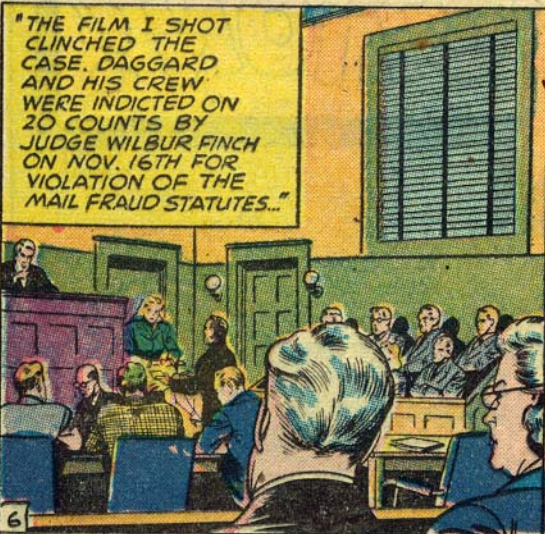
WAIT A MINUTE, DAGGARD! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS FOR YOU-- A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST AND...



... AND THIS!

SOCK!

UGH!



"THE FILM I SHOT CLINCHED THE CASE. DAGGARD AND HIS CREW WERE INDICTED ON 20 COUNTS BY JUDGE WILBUR FINCH ON NOV. 16TH FOR VIOLATION OF THE MAIL FRAUD STATUTES..."



"IRONICALLY, DAGGARD HEARD HIS SENTENCE WHILE CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR..."

... AND YOU SHALL BE CONFINED AT MCNEIL ISLAND PENITENTIARY FOR A PERIOD OF NOT LESS THAN FOUR YEARS!

"YOU SEE, WHILE AWAITING TRIAL, DAGGARD WAS IN A REAL AUTO SMASHUP, BUT THIS TIME HE WAS NOT INSURED."

The End

Want
MYSTERY?



Want
ACTION?

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



THE CRIMIE FILE

FORGERY EXPERT

One of the lesser known but more important experts frequently summoned to testify in court is the Treasury Department's Examiner of Questioned Documents. Generally known as a "handwriting expert," he performs a job which is far greater in scope than that. Among his more difficult assignments is detection of forgeries and counterfeits.

In this respect, he must be familiar with all and sundry writing materials, types of paper, inks, fountain pens, penpoints, and so on. Virtually any stationery item might develop into a clue.

Once, during his close scrutiny of a document, an Examiner noticed that its pages were held together by a modern paper clip. Research disclosed that some 20 years ago, when the document was ostensibly written, a peculiar type of clip was used. This sleuthing enabled the Examiner to prove that the document was a recent forgery.

The Examiner's dark room is impressive in size; his photographic equipment most extensive. Among the tools of his trade which jampack his laboratory are charts bearing the imprint of typewriter keys made by every company in the world.

Every electrical gimmick to detect crime is included. Infra-red and ultra-violet lights permit him to photograph through ink to ferret out possible pencil markings made underneath. Other photo apparatus shoots pictures obliquely to bring out the highlights and shadows that would reveal any erasure.

Some years ago, the Examiner was invited to decide if a signature had been forged on a

document dated 1939. The Examiner dug back through the years and found that the signature of 1929 was penned with almost vertical lines. In 1939, however, it was done with very slanted lines. The forger, he concluded, had pulled a boner in copying a 1929 signature on an alleged 1939 document.

In another case brought to a successful conclusion, the Examiner had to prove that a certain letter had been written by a woman named Thelma. His sole clue was a slip of paper bearing her signature. The Examiner showed that the *h*, *e*, and *a* in the name matched corresponding letters in the missive. Conclusive proof of the letter's authenticity was reached when he further demonstrated that by combining the loops of some of the other capital letters, he formed a matching capital T.

SHOPLIFTER'S SHUFFLE

Thanks to The New Look, a ruse known as "The Shoplifter's Shuffle" has been revived to frustrate department store detectives. Just as the long skirt and bustle made it possible for a female thief to hide a stolen article in the old days, so the long skirt once more is an accessory to the modern shoplifter.

The trick, it was explained by police in a recent warning, is to grip the loot between the knees, which are covered by a long skirt. Then, with an innocence that betrays her act, the shoplifter shuffles discreetly from the store with the stolen merchandise safely concealed from wary eyes.

TALES FROM THE TOMBS

The recent razing of New York City's Tombs, one of the world's most famous prisons, recalls several highlights, which, even at this date, make interesting reading.

Since 1838, the same site has been occupied by a jail. The first one resembled an Egyptian mausoleum. Named "The Halls of Justice," it combined the functions of both courthouse and prison. But so dismal in appearance was it that the noted English author, Charles Dickens, on viewing it during a tour of this country, was prompted to write later in his *American Notes*: "Some suicides happened here when it was first built. I expect it came from that!"

When, in 1902, this landmark was destroyed, it was replaced by The Tombs, a gloomy structure patterned after a medieval castle. Erected on the same foundation of a marshy swamp called Collect Pond, the building not only exuded foul odors, but its wooden pilings eventually began to give way. With the danger of imminent collapse, an official report condemned the building. Pedestrians were warned not to come too close by a round-the-clock police watch.

"The Bridge of Sighs" connected the Criminal Courts Building with The Tombs. It was estimated that 500,000 men and women walked the narrow bridge. When steel was urgently needed during World War II, the bridge was torn down and used for scrap metal.

The Courts Building was the scene of many famous trials. A unique angle was introduced during the trial of Harry K. Thaw for the murder of the architect Stanford White. Since this case drew record crowds, it was necessary to issue tickets for admission. Speculators, considering the meager supply and great demand for seats, sold them at \$25 each.

For many lawyers, the courtroom was a stepping stone to bigger things. It was there that a young attorney by the name of Thomas E. Dewey first enjoyed the public limelight when, as special prosecutor, he smashed a loan-shark ring and a policy racket gang.

A survey once described The Tombs as one of the worst prisons in the country. Several attempts at escape were made, the most daring in 1926 when three convicts killed the warden, a keeper and several guards only to fall themselves under a hail of lead.

Today, a new Tombs, erected in 1941, looms across the street from its predecessor. A modern, 17-story building, it is clean, ventilated and escape-proof.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

A hold-up man in Nebraska slipped a note to the cashier of a movie theater. It read: "Sir, please do not try to duplicate the heroism currently being depicted in the movie inside. Just hand over the day's receipts and be a live coward."

A Florida fugitive, having broken out of jail, returned after a year's absence with a lame apology to the warden of the prison. He had escaped, he explained while walking in his sleep.

Another convict in the same state returned to his cell after a prolonged absence, convinced that prison life was easier.

A California diner, on being presented his check for dinner, requested a reduction. Refused, he attacked the waiter, was arrested for assault and battery.

A Pennsylvania juryman was excused from duty. The court couldn't find a chair big enough to hold his 372 pounds.

A Georgia motorist, hailed into court, debated at some length the motorcycle cop's contention that he'd been speeding. He deduced, mathematically, that if he were guilty as charged, he must have been doing 200 miles an hour. Convinced, the judge dismissed the case.

A Washington, D. C., housebreaker, on arrest, couldn't return all the loot he'd stolen. Someone, he explained, had stolen most of it from him!



Vengeance in the DARK!

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

ON AUGUST 3RD LAST SUMMER, A BIG CONVERTIBLE ROLLED UP TO WARHAWK INN, SWANK DUDE RANCH IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE NEW GUEST, A HARD-FACED MAN OF THIRTY, REGISTERED AS JOHN C. KRIPPEN OF NEW YORK CITY.



THIS WAY, SIR.



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE ANNUAL WARHAWK INDIAN CARNIVAL MR. KRIPPEN.

FINE.

THE CARNIVAL WAS A GALA EVENT, AND ONE OF ITS GAYEST REVELERS THAT YEAR WAS GORDON R. TASK OF CHICAGO.



THAT'S TASK. WHAT A CARD!... HA, HA. SHOOTING A TIN CAN WITH A WATER PISTOL!

BUT, CAREFULLY SCREENED IN THE CROWD WAS ONE MAN WHO DIDN'T LAUGH AT TASK'S ANTICS—KRIPPEN.



CLOWN, YOU FOOL! YOU WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER!

FOR KRIPPEN WAS INSANE WITH HATRED. HIS FIANCÉE, HILDA CARSON, HAD BEEN KILLED SIX MONTHS BEFORE IN A CAR COLLISION WITH TASK!



THE TELEGRAM CALLING ME TO FEATHER ROCK WILL ARRIVE SOON. EVERYONE WILL BELIEVE I WAS THERE WHEN MR. GORDON TASK MET HIS DEATH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



I'LL HAVE TO DRIVE TO FEATHER ROCK TOMORROW. SEE THAT MY CAR IS SERVICED.

YES, SIR, THANKS.

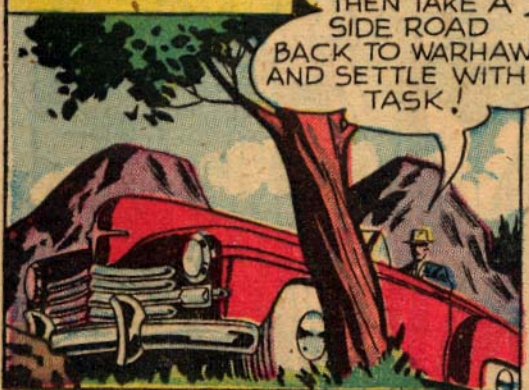
KRIPPEN LEFT WARHAWK INN AT TEN O'CLOCK NEXT MORNING FOR THE ONE-HUNDRED MILE DRIVE TO FEATHER ROCK.

I FILLED YOUR TANK FULL, SIR. NO GAS STATIONS BETWEEN HERE AND FEATHER ROCK.

GOOD. I'LL BE 'BACK LATE TONIGHT.



KRIPPEN HAD NO INTENTION OF GOING TO FEATHER ROCK. FIVE MILES FROM WARHAWK...



I'LL WAIT HERE UNTIL DARK, THEN TAKE A SIDE ROAD BACK TO WARHAWK AND SETTLE WITH TASK!

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, KRIPPEN WAS BACK IN WARHAWK ON A ROAD TO THE REAR OF THE DUDE RANCH. HE KNEW TASK WOULD BE DRESSING FOR DINNER...



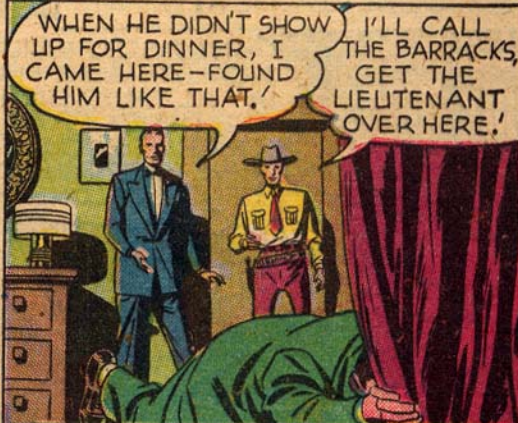
DRESS WELL, TASK! IT WILL BE YOUR DEATH SHROUD!

KRIPPEN'S RIFLE SPAT A VICIOUS FLAME OF DEATH, NONE THE LESS DEADLY FOR ITS SILENCER.'



THAT'S FOR HILDA!

TASK'S LIFELESS BODY WAS FOUND BY A FRIEND AT NINE O'CLOCK. STATE TROOPER JAMES RAYMOND TOOK CHARGE.



WHEN HE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR DINNER, I CAME HERE—FOUND HIM LIKE THAT.

I'LL CALL THE BARRACKS, GET THE LIEUTENANT OVER HERE!

MEANWHILE, THE MURDERER WAITED ON THE SIDE ROAD FIVE MILES OUT UNTIL MIDNIGHT. THEN...

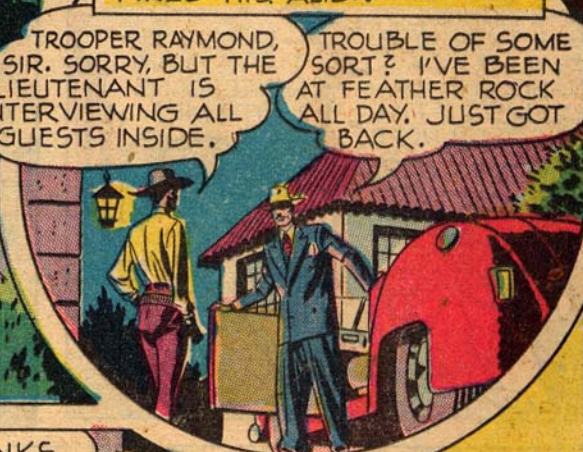
NOW BACK. I'LL CLAIM I WAS AT FEATHER ROCK, WHERE I HAD BUSINESS WITH HILDA'S BROTHER, ANDREW. I LEFT THERE AT NINE. HE'LL BACK ME UP.



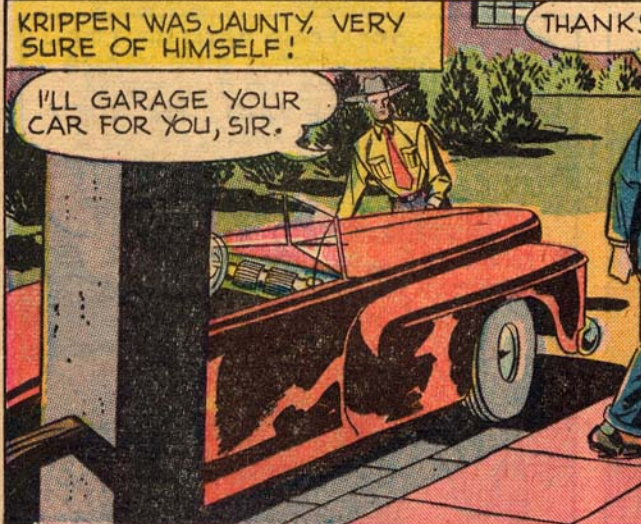
KRIPPEN KNEW ALL GUESTS WOULD BE QUESTIONED. BUT HE AND HIS DEAD SWEETHEART'S BROTHER HAD FIXED HIS ALIBI.

TROOPER RAYMOND, SIR. SORRY, BUT THE LIEUTENANT IS INTERVIEWING ALL GUESTS INSIDE.

TROUBLE OF SOME SORT? I'VE BEEN AT FEATHER ROCK ALL DAY. JUST GOT BACK.



KRIPPEN WAS JAUNTY, VERY SURE OF HIMSELF!



THANKS.

I'LL GARAGE YOUR CAR FOR YOU, SIR.

WELL, HOW ABOUT IT? WILL THIS VENGEFUL, CAREFULLY PLANNED MURDER GO UNSOLVED? PUT YOURSELF IN KRIPPEN'S PLACE! WOULD YOU FEEL SAFE? TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE!



TROOPER RAYMOND WASN'T SUSPICIOUS, BUT HE WAS THOROUGH. THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM LOOK AT KRIPPEN'S GASOLINE GAUGE...



WHY, THERE'S HARDLY A GALLON GONE FROM A FULL TANK! EVEN IF HE FILLED UP AT FEATHER ROCK, HE'D HAVE USED FOUR OR FIVE GALLONS!

SO LIEUTENANT PEDERSEN QUESTIONED KRIPPEN ON HIS "TRIP"...



DID YOU LEAVE THE HIGHWAY TO VISIT A RANCH ON YOUR WAY BACK, MR. KRIPPEN?

WHAT KIND OF FOOL QUESTION IS THAT?

NO. I CAME DIRECT— NO STOPS OF ANY KIND.

THE TRAP— COLD LOGIC— CLOSED ITS RELENTLESS JAWS!

THEN TELL US HOW YOU TRAVELED ONE HUNDRED MILES ON ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE, IF YOU DIDN'T FILL UP SOMEWHERE?

THAT FULL TANK!

—I— THAT IS— I HAD SOME SPARE CANS WITH ME!



THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND ANY GASOLINE CANS, OR ANY OF KRIPPEN'S PRINTS TO PROVE THAT HE'D BEEN IN ANDREW CARSON'S APARTMENT. BUT IN A DEEP RAVINE THEY DID FIND...

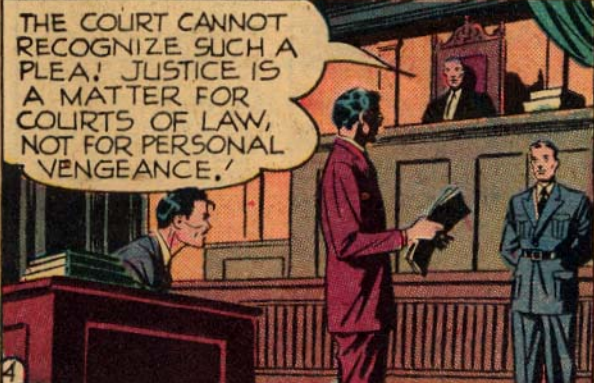


THE MURDER GUN, KRIPPEN— WITH YOUR PRINTS!

I—I WANT TO CALL MY LAWYER!

KRIPPEN'S COUNSEL USED THE VERY MOTIVE OF THE MURDER FOR HIS DEFENSE— JUSTICE FOR THE DEATH OF HIS FIANCEE!

THE COURT CANNOT RECOGNIZE SUCH A PLEA! JUSTICE IS A MATTER FOR COURTS OF LAW, NOT FOR PERSONAL VENGEANCE!



JOHN C. KRIPPEN PAID WITH HIS LIFE— ANDREW CARSON DREW FIVE YEARS. TWO MORE NAMES TO THE GRIM SCROLL OF THOSE WHO THINK THEY CAN CHEAT THE LAW!

HEY, CARSON. THIS IS THE NIGHT YOUR PAL KRIPPEN GOES, ISN'T IT?

YES. I WISH I COULD STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.



THE END

DAYDREAM MIKE and his WONDERFUL BIKE!



BOY! WOULD I LIKE TO HAVE BEEN JACK THE GIANT KILLER!



ALAS! JACK HAS SOLD OUR COW FOR BEANS.

PERK UP, MA. I'LL EXPLORE THE MAGIC BEANSTALK ON MY EASY-CLIMBING COLUMBIA.



WOW! THAT PALACE MUST BELONG TO THE WICKED GIANT WHO STOLE FROM MY DAD.



GOLLY, A MAGIC HARP! I'LL GET IT!

SING FOR ME, HARP!

DO, RE, MI, DO!



FEE, FOE, FIE—ON HIM! I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM ON HIS COLUMBIA!

NOW'S THE TIME FOR COLUMBIA'S FLYING ACTION!



WE'LL BE RICH AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

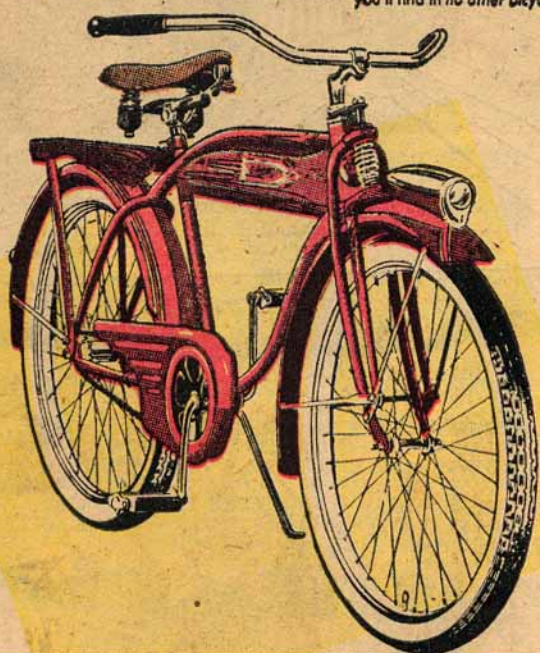
THANKS TO MY HERO, AND HIS WONDERFUL COLUMBIA BIKE!

REMEMBER, FELLOWS AND GIRLS! A BIKE BY COLUMBIA IS NOT ONLY A HANDSOMER BIKE, BUT ALSO A BETTER BUILT BIKE... AND WHEN A BIKE IS BUILT BETTER IT LASTS LONGER... PEDALS EASIER... GOES FASTER... CLIMBS EASIER... AND GETS YOU THERE FRESHER THAN "POKEY" HARDER TO PUSH BIKES. **MORAL: GET A BICYCLE BY COLUMBIA AND BE A LEADER!**

LOOK! NEW FLOATING SPRING FORK BOOSTS COLUMBIA "FLYING ACTION"!

FEEL FOR YOURSELF how smoothly the new, exclusive "Floating" spring fork irons out the bumpiest roads—making pedaling and riding easier—and you'll understand one reason why the handsome new 1949 Columbia is a whirlaway for "Flying Action"! Other great features include patented built-in kick stand — a built-in Protecto-Lock with optional

insurance—a new crank hanger for easier pedaling. Front hubs are turned from solid steel bars—handlebar stems are drop forged for greater strength and safety. Therm-O-Matic frames are silver alloy brazed and finished with DuPont Dulux enamel in new colors and exclusive Duo-Tone color combinations. That's a combination of modern features you'll find in no other bicycle but Columbia.



Columbia



SINCE 1877
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

SEND FOR BIG, COLORFUL FOLDER NOW!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
45 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send postpaid, free booklet showing the beautiful 1949 bicycles by Columbia.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THAT'S RIGHT--
I'M A NEEDLE IN A
HAYSTACK! THE
COPS'LL NEVER
FIND ME! I'VE BEATEN
THE LAW!



NOTICE TO ALL OFFICERS OF THE LAW:

SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY OF MILLIONS, WHERE THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF APARTMENTS, ROOMS AND HIDEOUTS, A MURDERER IS HOLED UP, WAITING A CHANCE TO FLEE ACROSS THE BORDER. IT IS OUR DUTY TO SMOKE HIM OUT BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! WE ARE THROWING A DRAGNET TO TRAP....

"The HUMAN NEEDLE in the HAYSTACK!"



AUGUST, 1947, AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE IN THE CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING...

HE'S OUT THERE **SOMEWHERE**, HARRINGTON! GUNNER AL CANNER-- WANTED FOR MURDER! BUT **WHERE!** WHERE IN THAT BEEHIVE OF BUILDINGS CAN HE BE?

HE'S WAITING TO SKIP ACROSS THE BORDER! PLANES, TRAINS AND HIGHWAY PATROLS WATCH FOR HIM, BUT HOW WILL HE GET AWAY?

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM, CHIEF.. AND SOON! ONLY IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT WE'LL FIND HIM IN A CITY THIS BIG!



HA, HA, HA! IT HANDS ME A LAUGH! THE COPS LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR ME! BUT I'M NOT MOVIN' OUT O' THIS APARTMENT!

STOCKED WITH WEEKS OF SUPPLIES, CUT OFF FROM GANGLAND "SOCIETY," GUNNER AL HAD CONFINED HIMSELF TO A LONELY LIFE IN THE MERCURY TOWERS ...

FIVE WEEKS I'VE BEEN LIVIN' HERE LIKE A HERMIT--SEEIN' NOBODY-- NEVER GOIN' OUT!.. WAITIN' TILL DOLLY FIXES IT SO I CAN GET ACROSS THE BORDER!



AN' THE COPS AIN'T GOT A CHANCE O' NAILIN' ME! HOW CAN THEY FIND A GUY WHO NEVER GOES OUT? HAW!

ALL THE COMFORTS O' HOME! TELEVISION-- TO WATCH ALL THE BOUTS WHILE I WAIT! DOLLY AN' ME REALLY RIGGED THIS JOINT UP FOR A LONG HOLD-OUT ...



FISH, FOWL, CHOPS! FROZEN FOODS!
ENOUGH GRUB IN THIS DEEP FREEZE
TO FEED ME FOR A YEAR! YEAH, SURE,
BUT I AIN'T STAYIN' COOPED UP HERE
FOR A YEAR!



ONLY IT GETS **LONELY!** THE BOYS HAVE ORDERS
NOT TO COME UP HERE! **NO ONE** SEES ME--
NOT EVEN DOLLY! AN' SPEAKIN' OF DOLLY,
WHY HASN'T
SHE CONTACTED
ME TODAY?
SHE'S LATE!



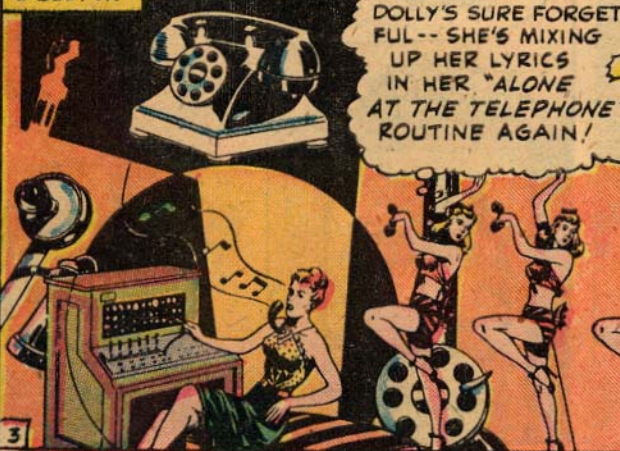
MAYBE THE COPS GOT WISE TO THE WAY
SHE REACHES ME... **NAW!** MY PLAN'S
TOO SMART FOR DUMB COPPERS!
THEY'D **NEVER** GUESS HOW DOLLY
KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH ME! HA, HA!



DOLLY CANNER, GUNNER AL'S WIFE, WAS FEATURED
AT THAT TIME IN A MUSICAL COMEDY PLAYING AT
THE KRUGER THEATER...



BUT FEW KNEW THAT ONE OF THE CHORUS GIRLS
WAS MISS MILLER, THE D.A.'S SECRETARY, PLANTED
BY THE DEPARTMENT TO KEEP CLOSE WATCH ON
DOLLY...



DOLLY'S SURE FORGET-
FUL-- SHE'S MIXING
UP HER LYRICS
IN HER "ALONE
AT THE TELEPHONE"
ROUTINE AGAIN!

WITH THE AID OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT,
MISS MILLER "JUST HAPPENED" TO SHARE
DOLLY'S DRESSING ROOM...



WE WATCH HER-- DAY AND NIGHT! WE
KNOW SHE'S KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH
AL ABOUT HIS GETAWAY SCHEME!
BUT HOW DOES SHE CONTACT
HIM?...

AND THANKS TO AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MANAGER OF THE HOTEL WHERE THE ACTRESSES STAYED, MISS MILLER AND DOLLY CANNER WERE ROOM-MATES...

FOUR WEEKS OF THIS-- AND STILL NO SLIP-UPS! THAT DOLLY'S A MAGICIAN IF SHE'S GETTING WORD THROUGH TO AL...



WHILE EVENINGS, A NEW "STAGE-DOOR JOHNNIE" TOOK AN INTEREST IN DOLLY... IT WAS HARRINGTON!

SORRY-- BUT COULDN'T DIG UP A DATE FOR YOU TONIGHT! SEE YOU LATER!

JUST CALL ME WALL-FLOWER!

WATCH HER, HARRINGTON-- SHE'S SHARP!



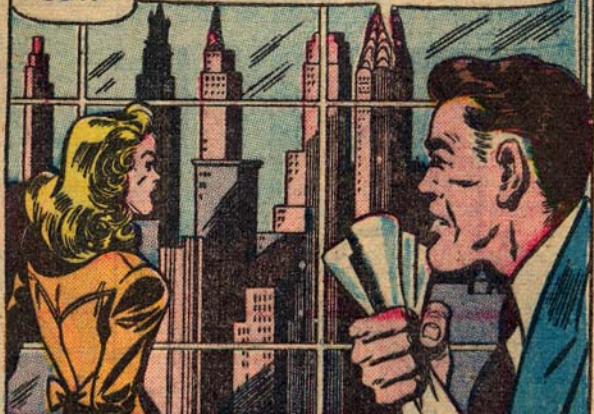
THEN, ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, MISS MILLER APPEARED AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

SO DOLLY HAS BEEN COLLECTING TRAVEL BROCHURES! AND I'LL BET SHE'S GIVEN AL ALL THE INFORMATION ON EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM!

BUT HOW, CHIEF? I DON'T GET IT! HOW IS SHE DOING IT?



I DON'T KNOW-- JUST YET! BUT AL'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY-- AND HIS WIFE KNOWS WHERE HE IS-- AND WE'RE CERTAIN SHE KEEPS IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH HIM! AND BY THUNDER WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!



POLICE INTENSIFIED THE SEARCH. EVERY POSSIBLE MEANS OF COMMUNICATION WAS CHECKED...

DOLLY THREW SOME FLOWERS IN THERE WHEN SHE LEFT TONIGHT! MAYBE THERE'S A MESSAGE IN THEM.

NOPE-- NOTHING HERE, FRED!



AND WHEN SHE WROTE A NOTE TO THE GROCER OR MILKMAN IT WAS INTERCEPTED AND TESTED CHEMICALLY AT THE POLICE LAB...

NO SECRET WRITING ON THIS PAPER, CHIEF! I'VE GIVEN IT EVERY POSSIBLE SECOND DEGREE!





EVEN HER SHOES, LEFT FOR REPAIRS, WERE SEARCHED THOROUGHLY...

AND AT HOME DOLLY'S EVERY MOVE WAS WATCHED BY MISS MILLER...

NOTHING HERE, FRED!

HERE, NEITHER! WE'D LIKE THIS KEPT QUIET, MISTER!

SURE, LIEUTENANT! YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

ROUTINE PHONE CALL! SHE'D NEVER DARE CALL FROM HERE, ANYWAY! THE LINES ARE TAPPED...



DAYS GREW INTO WEEKS, WEEKS INTO MONTHS... AND ALONE IN HIS APARTMENT GUNNER AL BEGAN TO GET NERVOUS...

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE DOLLY FIXES THINGS? SHE'S SUPPOSED TO GET A PLANE FOR ME! I'M BEGINNIN' TO GET JITTERY-- I'M GOIN' CRAZY HERE ALL ALONE...

SUDDENLY...

NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO COME HERE... **NOBODY!**

AL-- IT'S "DOC" BOYNES!



DIDN'T I TELL EVERYONE TO STAY CLEAR O' THIS HIDEOUT?

PUT THE HEATER AWAY, AL! THE GANG FIGURED I OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HELPING YOU GET ACROSS THE BORDER!

I CAN OPERATE RIGHT HERE. CHANGE YOUR FACE SO NO ONE WOULD RECOGNIZE YOU!



NEW! JUST FOR YOU!

YOUR OWN NAME STAMP

TWO-PIECE SET
(SHOWN CLOSED) IN
SHINY ONYX-BLACK
PLASTIC

YOUR NAME GOES HERE.
NAME PLATE FITS INTO
INK-PAD BASE...SMALL ENOUGH
TO CARRY WITH YOU!

GENUINE FELT
INK PAD; MAKES
THOUSANDS OF
STAMPINGS

JAMES HOWARD CLARK

BE
THE FIRST
TO HAVE
YOUR OWN
PERSONAL
NAME STAMP!

LOOK! I'VE STAMPED
MY NAME ON ALL
MY BOOKS!

GEE! LOOKS LIKE
REAL PRINTING!
I'M GOING TO GET
ONE RIGHT AWAY!

stamp your
name on
your books

Make your own
stationery

Stamp your
name on
school papers

Get the
whole gang
to send in
for name stamps!

JUST 25¢ AND ONE
BAZOOKA WRAPPER

BIGGER
BUBBLES!



BETTER
BUBBLES

with

BAZOOKA, the Atom Bubble Gum
Comics! Prizes! only 5¢

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY—

Bazooka, Inc., Box No. 20,
Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

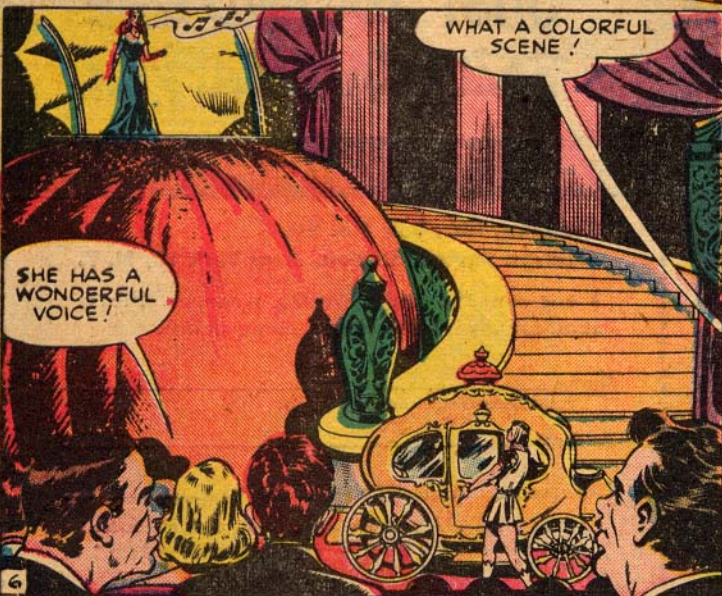
I enclose 25¢ and Bazooka wrapper. Please
send me my own personal name stamp.

Name _____
Print name as you want it on stamp

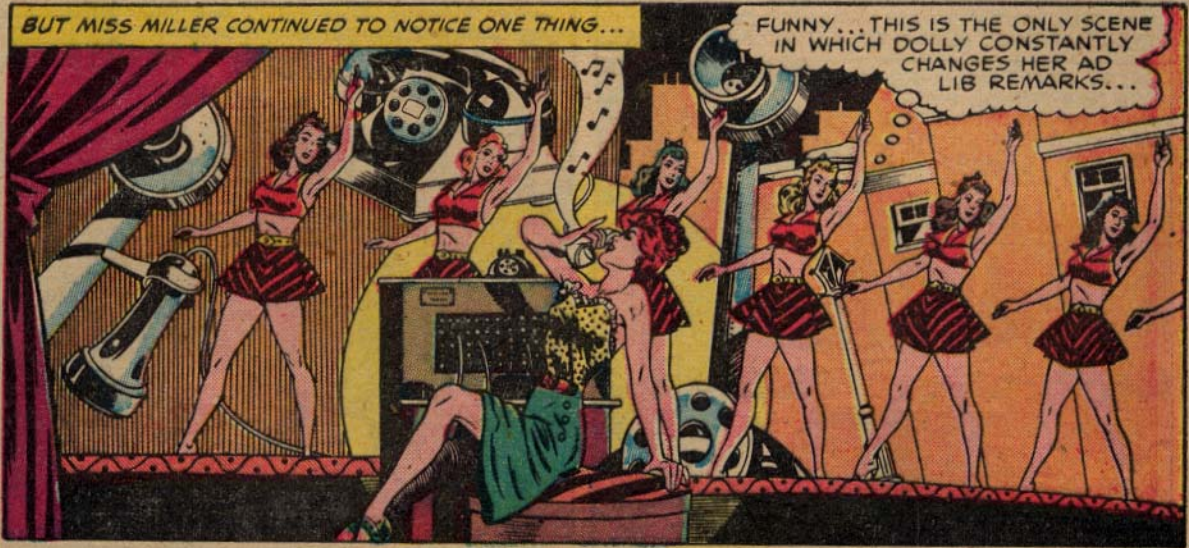
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Note: If you want a name stamp other than your own, for
a gift, just enclose a note telling us what name you want—
and enclose the Bazooka wrapper and 25¢.)



BUT MISS MILLER CONTINUED TO NOTICE ONE THING...



FUNNY... THIS IS THE ONLY SCENE IN WHICH DOLLY CONSTANTLY CHANGES HER AD LIB REMARKS...

WHY DOESN'T DOLLY DO THE SAME IN THE OTHER NUMBERS?



AND THAT NIGHT, AFTER LONG WEARY WEEKS OF INVESTIGATION, THE PLUCKY SECRETARY STUMBLED ACROSS THE FIRST BREAK...



I THINK I GET IT NOW! I BELIEVE I'VE RUN ACROSS DOLLY'S SECRET METHOD OF GETTING MESSAGES TO AL!

THAT SAME NIGHT... THE 14TH OF OCTOBER--MISS MILLER WENT TO THE D.A....



... THEN I CHECKED UP, AND FOUND I WAS RIGHT!

INCREDIBLE-- YET SIMPLE! DOLLY AND GUNNER OUTSMARTED US ALL ALONG THE ROAD-- BUT AT LAST WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM!

WHAT A GIMMICK FOR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH A GUY! WOW!

IT WAS EARLY THE NEXT EVENING THAT GUNNER AL CANNER PACKED HIS BAGS FOR THE BIG BREAK...



AT LAST! I'M ON MY WAY TO FREEDOM! DID WE FOOL THE COPPERS! HAW! DOLLY'S GOT EVERYTHING PREPARED! SHE CONTACTED ME LAST NIGHT, A WILDCAT PILOT IS FLYIN' ME SOUTH!...

GUNNER HAD ONE OF HIS HIRELINGS DRIVE HIM OVER THE BACK ROADS TO A SUBURBAN AIRPORT...

GET IT, PETE? DOLLY KEPT IN TOUCH WITH ME EVERY DAY... EVEN WHILE THE COPS WERE AROUND HER! THEY NEVER FIGURED HOW SHE DID IT!

IT SURE WAS A SMART GAG!



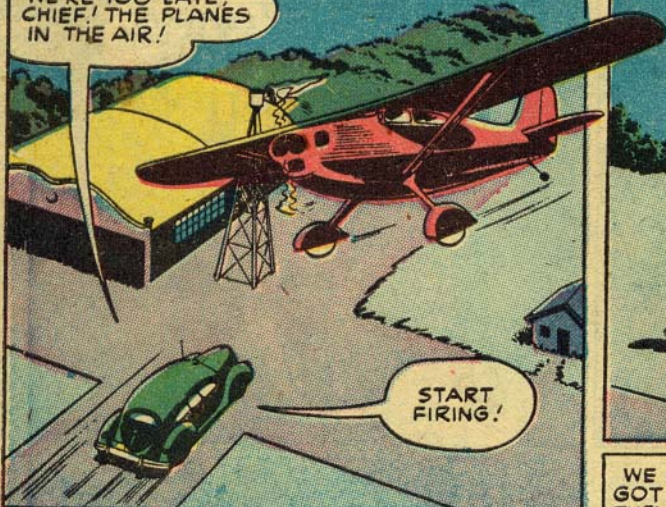
MY PICTURE IS POSTED AT ALL THE BIG AIRPORTS, BUS LINES AND TRAINS! BUT THIS WILDCAT PILOT'LL FLY ME OUT OF HERE FOR DOUGH.



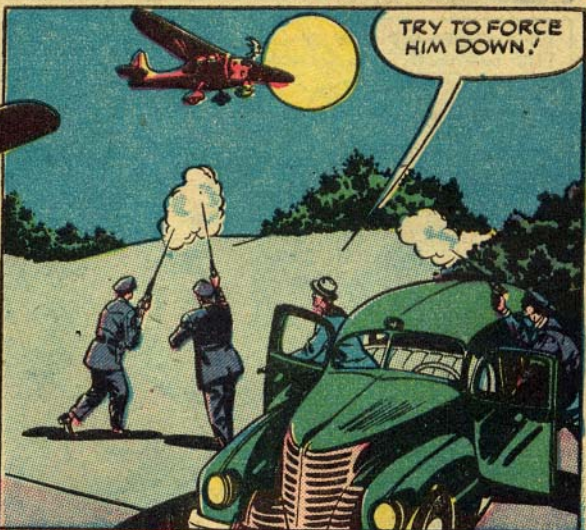
JUST AS THE PLANE ROARED OFF, A SQUAD CAR SPED ONTO THE FIELD...

WE'RE TOO LATE, CHIEF! THE PLANES IN THE AIR!

START FIRING!



TRY TO FORCE HIM DOWN!



WE GOT 'IM, CHIEF! WE GOT GUNNER AL AT LAST! THEY'RE DOWN FOR A FORCED LANDING!

AND WAIT'LL HE HEARS HOW WE DID IT!

AND IN THE PLANE...

I SAID FULL SPEED AHEAD, MAC! WHAT'S A MATTER?

THEY GOT OUR RIGHT WING! I'LL HAVE TO CRASH LAND!





AL WAS HANDCUFFED AND LED AWAY, THEN AT THE THEATER WHERE MISS MILLER WAS WAITING WITH DOLLY CANNER...

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, MISS MILLER. AL HAD IT COMIN'-- I DON'T BLAME YOU! SOME-ONE HAD TO GET HIM -- SOMETIME.

HIS STORY WAS ALL WRITTEN UP DOLLY-- THE VERY FIRST DAY HE WENT WRONG. IT HAD TO TURN OUT LIKE THIS!



BUT HOW DID YOU FIND OUR SECRET OF COMMUNICATION? WE THOUGHT NOBODY ON EARTH COULD FIGURE THAT ONE OUT!

TELL HER, MISS MILLER.



"STAGE PHONES ARE DEAD--THE WIRES DON'T LEAD ANYWHERE. BUT IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THIS POSSIBLY COULD BE YOUR METHOD OF TALKING TO AL-- SO I CHECKED AROUND BACK-STAGE..."

SHE'S DOING HER PHONE ACT NOW! MMM-- A LOT OF LIVE WIRES BACK HERE...

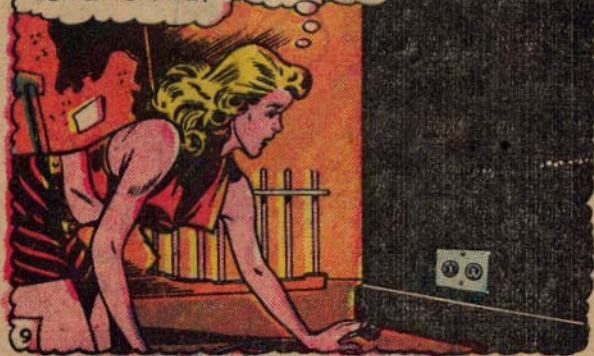


WELL DOLLY, I BEGAN WONDERING WHY YOU CHANGED THE AD LIB LYRICS ONLY IN THE TELEPHONE NUMBER. THEN IT HIT ME!



"YOU SEE, I THOUGHT OF THE TELEPHONE JACK STUNT--A GADGET THEY USE FOR PLUGGING IN PHONES IN NIGHT CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS, SO YOU CAN TALK DIRECT FROM YOUR TABLE..."

SHE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH A PROP MAN-- WHO PLUGS THIS IN, MAKING HER DEAD PHONE COME TO LIFE!



THEN SHE GETS ON THE "DEAD" PHONE, USES A CODE IN HER LYRICS TO TALK TO AL! THAT'S WHY SHE CHANGES THE WORDS --UH-UH-- SOMEONE'S COMING...

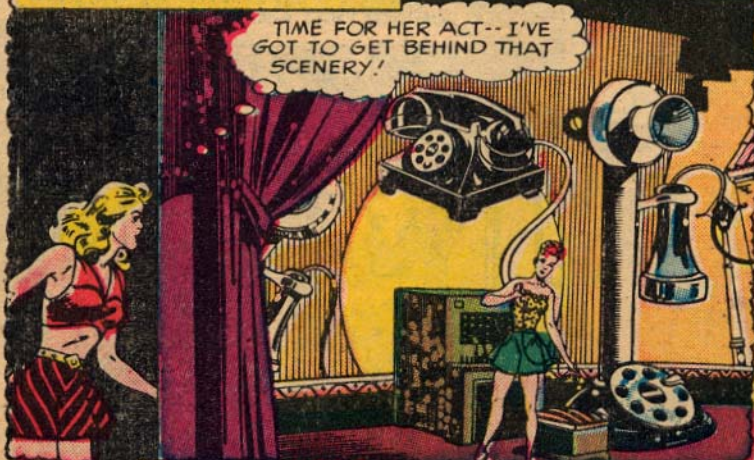


"I HAD TO FIND THAT PHONE NUMBER YOU CALLED AND YET I KNEW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO WATCH YOU DIAL, SO I THOUGHT OF AN OLD TRICK..."

"I WAS ONLY THREE FEET AWAY WHEN YOU DIALED. I CAUGHT THE CLICKS-- CHECKED THEM QUICKLY ON A PAD..."

TIME FOR HER ACT-- I'VE GOT TO GET BEHIND THAT SCENERY!

TWO CLICKS--"B"-- SEVEN CLICKS-- "U"---
CLICK
CLICK...
CLICK...
CLICK CLICK
CLICK CLICK
CLICK CLICK...



"IN A MOMENT I HAD GUNNER AL'S PHONE..."

WE SET UP A WIRE-TAPPING DEVICE ON AL'S LINE AND OVERHEARD THE ESCAPE PLANS! WE WERE JUST IN TIME-- YOU HAD CALLED IN THE FINAL GETAWAY PLANS!



== - B
≡ - U
≡ - 7
≡ ≡ - 1
≡ ≡ - 0
≡ - 0
≡ - 2

BUNKER FALLS
7-1002

DIALING FIRST SLOT MAKES ONE CLICK, SECOND SLOT MAKES TWO CLICKS, ETC...



THE REST I KNOW ABOUT... HOW YOU SHOT THE PLANE DOWN! WELL, HE ALWAYS SAID HE'D GET TO THE TOP SOMEDAY...

... AND I ALWAYS SAID WHEN HE REACHED THE TOP THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GO... DOWN! AND THAT'S HOW HE WENT..

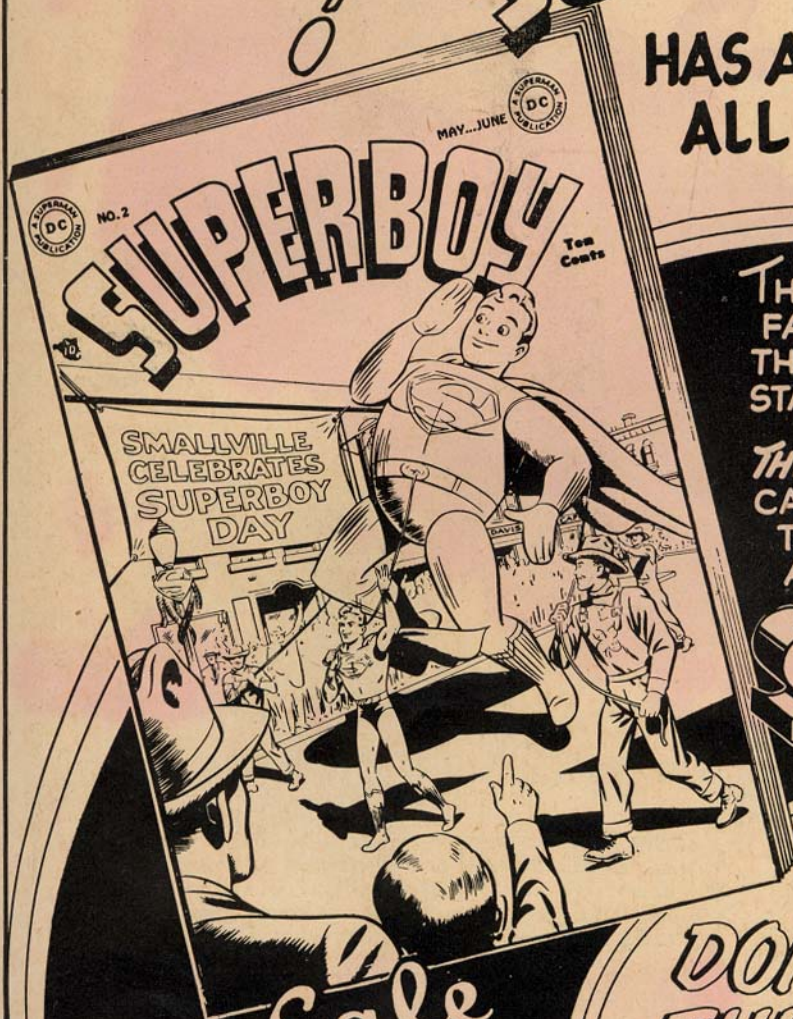


**A BIG
HIT in
ADVENTURE
COMICS**

— 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**

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THIS 2ND
GREAT ISSUE!**

MEN! JUMP INTO THESE BOLD-LOOK "BULLDOZERS"

SWELL FOR STREET AND GOLF-WEAR, TOO!

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