



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

MAY - JUNE
NO. 39

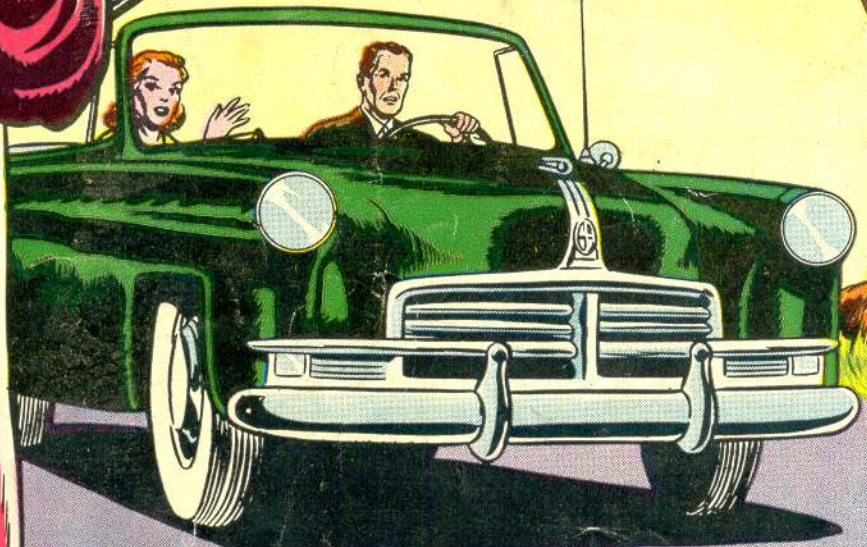


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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THIS EXPOSÉ OF A HITCH-HIKING RACKET MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!
READ "**DEATH THUMBS A RIDE**" AND TAKE HEED!





Binky says: "Welcome AMIGO!"

HEY, ALLERGY, DIG THAT NEW MEXICAN KID WHO MOVED IN TOWN LAST WEEK! I HEAR HE LIVES DOWN IN SHACKTOWN, AND DOESN'T SPEAK ENGLISH TOO WELL.

BOY, YOU OUGHTTA HEAR HIM SPEAK SPANISH, THOUGH! I KNOW HIM... HE'S TRAVELED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PRACTICALLY... HEY, PABLO!

SCHOOL



THANK YOU FOR TALKING WITH ME. I NEED TO LEARN THE ENGLISH MORE. MAYBE I TEACH YOU A LITTLE SPANISH, NO?

GEE, THAT WOULD BE GREAT! SAY, BILL, IF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE GOING TO MEXICO THIS SUMMER, YOU SHOULD LEARN THE LINGO.



MEXICO USED TO BE MY HOME. NOW ALWAYS WE GO WHERE MY FATHER PICK THE CROPS--SOMETIMES THE BEANS, SOMETIMES THE STRAWBERRIES. WE HAVE LIVE IN 7 OF THE 48 STATES.

SEVEN! GOSH, I'VE ONLY BEEN IN THREE, JUST TO VISIT.



HEY, PABLO, HOW ABOUT SHOWING US THE COLLECTION OF STONES YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT THE OTHER DAY?

I BE GLAD. YOU COME HOME WITH ME.



AND HERE IS RED SANDSTONE FROM TEXAS... AND FROM OKLAHOMA I GET THIS PIECE OF PETRIFIED WOOD.



THANKS FOR SHOWING US YOUR COLLECTION, PABLO. SEE YOU TOMORROW IN SCHOOL.

SURE, WE'LL START OUR ENGLISH AND SPANISH PRACTICE, THEN. SO LONG, PAL!

YOU SAY "PAL." I SAY "AMIGO." IT MEANS THE SAME.



MY KID BROTHER, ALLERGY, HAS THE RIGHT IDEA. WHEN NEW NEIGHBORS COME TO TOWN, MAKE THEM WELCOME AND YOU'LL FIND YOU CAN LEARN FROM EACH OTHER AND ALL BE AMIGOS TOGETHER!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS...

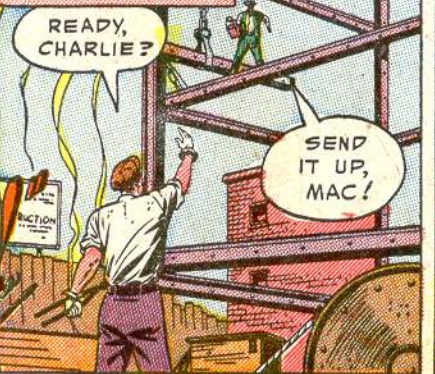
THEY WERE MEN WHOSE DANGEROUS OCCUPATIONS PLACED THEIR LIVES IN JEOPARDY EVERY TIME THEY WENT TO WORK--AND IT WAS THEY WHO THIS MANIACAL KILLER SINGLED OUT TO DIE! BUT HE WAS AS CUNNING AS HE WAS CRAZY, LEAVING A WAKE OF TRAGEDY IN HIS PATH, AND NEARLY LEAVING ME TO DOOM, AS I SOUGHT TO CAPTURE...

The MAN WHO KILLED DAREDEVILS!



HEE, HEE... I'VE LET OUT THE WATER IN THE TANK! HE'LL DIE... HEE, HEE, HEE!

THIS CASE BEGAN ON APRIL 15, LAST YEAR, WHEN A CONSTRUCTION WORKER NAMED CHARLES BURNS GRIPPED THE HANDLE OF HIS BUCKET TO RECEIVE A WHITE-HOT RIVET FROM ANOTHER WORKER BELOW...



READY, CHARLIE?

SEND IT UP, MAC!

AS HE HAD DONE COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE, THE WORKER HURLED THE MISSILE UPWARD--BUT THIS TIME...



AIEEE!

THE RIVET! IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE PAIL!

BURNS' DEATH WAS LISTED AS ACCIDENTAL, OWING TO A DEFECTIVE PAIL. REMEMBER THAT AS WE CONSIDER THE NEXT CASE--

-- WHICH OCCURRED ON APRIL 23, WHEN JOHN WALSH, A POWDER MAN FOR THE **UNION CONSTRUCTION COMPANY**, LAID A CHARGE OF TNT INTO WHAT USED TO BE KNOWN AS **WATCH HILL**...

OKAY, JOE-- RUN THE WIRE DOWN TO THE CHARGER, WHILE I PUT THE CAPS ON THE DYNAMITE STICKS!

RIGHT, JOHNNY-- BUT TAKE IT NICE AND EASY NOW!



BUT NO SOONER DID THE WORKER MAKE THE CONNECTION THAN...



YOU FOOL! YOU PUSHED THE PLUNGER DOWN BEFORE WALSH COULD GET AWAY FROM THERE!

I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T! LOOK-- THE PLUNGER IS STILL UP! JOHNNY MUST'VE BEEN CARELESS WITH THE CAPS!



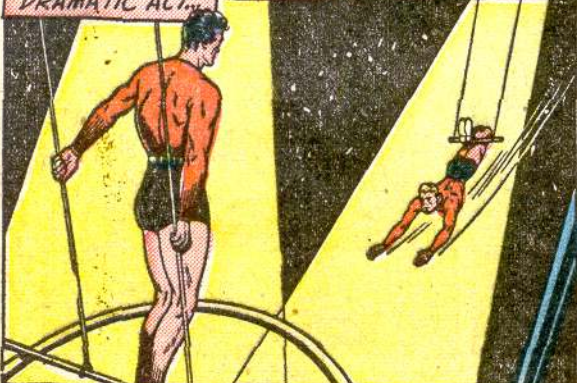
WHAT MADE IT NUMBER 2 ON THE GROWING LIST OF ACCIDENTAL DEATHS. BUT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME...

-- WHEN, ON MAY 14, THE **BRILL BROTHERS CIRCUS** ENTERED ITS FINAL WEEK...

THERE'S THE ACT YOU SHOULD FEATURE IN YOUR WRITE-UP... GREATEST TRAPEZE ARTISTS IN THE WORLD-- THE **HUMMEL BROTHERS!** REMARKABLE PERFORMERS... WATCH 'EM!

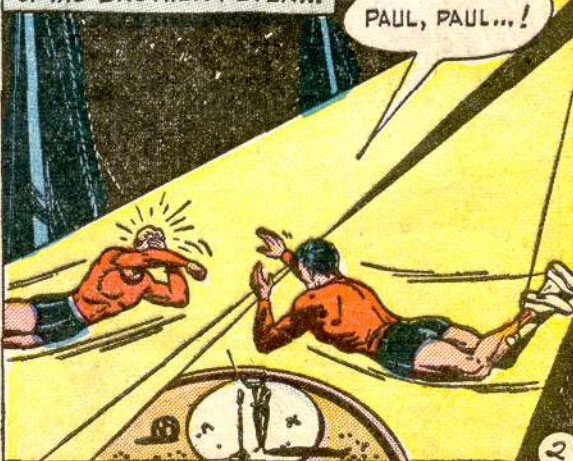


AS ALWAYS, A HUSH FELL OVER THE AUDIENCE WHEN THE TWO STUNT MEN BEGAN THEIR DRAMATIC ACT...



-- FOR AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THAT PAUL HUMMEL SHOULD HAVE GRASPED THE HANDS OF HIS BROTHER PETER...

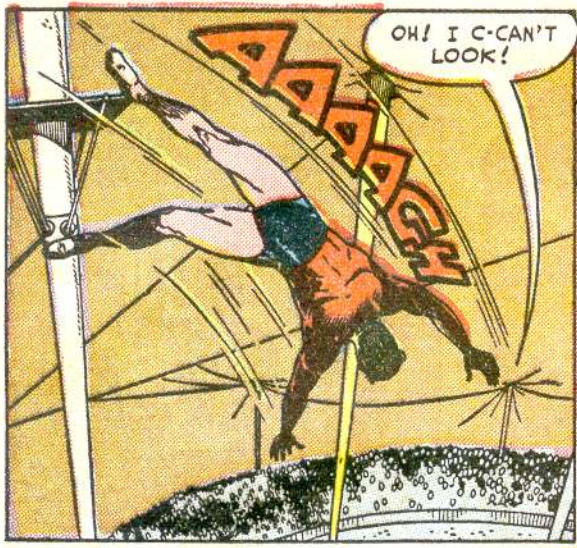
PAUL, PAUL...!



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN BY THE THOUSANDS WHO CROWDED THE BIG TENT THAT FATAL DAY--



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



OH! I C-CAN'T LOOK!

NEWS OF THIS THIRD VIOLENT ACCIDENT BROUGHT HARRINGTON AND ME TO THE SCENE, AS WELL AS CARL MORETTI, AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR...



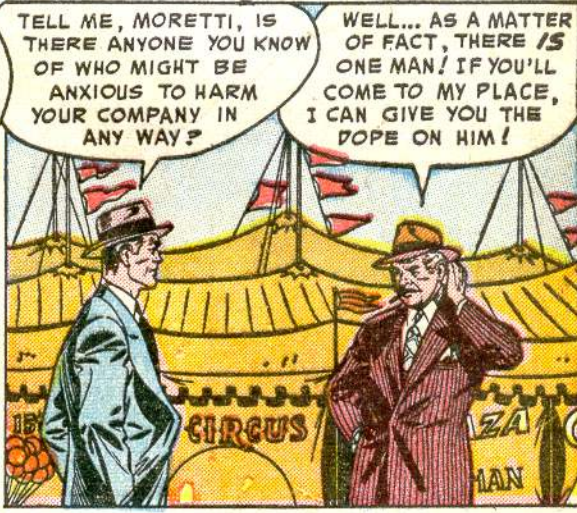
CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED, D.A.! EQUIPMENT'S IN GOOD ORDER!

WAS THIS MAN INSURED BY YOUR COMPANY, MORETTI?



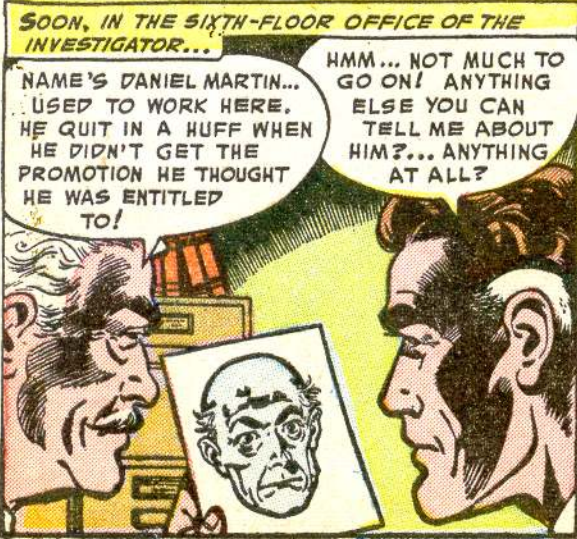
AND HOW! FOR PLENTY, TOO! SURE HAS BEEN A BAD MONTH FOR MY FIRM... FIRST A CONSTRUCTION WORKER, THEN A POWDER MAN, AND NOW THIS!

HMM... QUITE A COINCIDENCE THAT THREE MEN CARRYING HUGE POLICIES WITH ONE PARTICULAR COMPANY, SHOULD ALL GET KILLED WITHIN A MONTH'S TIME!



TELL ME, MORETTI, IS THERE ANYONE YOU KNOW OF WHO MIGHT BE ANXIOUS TO HARM YOUR COMPANY IN ANY WAY?

WELL... AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE IS ONE MAN! IF YOU'LL COME TO MY PLACE, I CAN GIVE YOU THE DOPE ON HIM!



SOON, IN THE SIXTH-FLOOR OFFICE OF THE INVESTIGATOR...

NAME'S DANIEL MARTIN... USED TO WORK HERE. HE QUIT IN A HUFF WHEN HE DIDN'T GET THE PROMOTION HE THOUGHT HE WAS ENTITLED TO!

HMM... NOT MUCH TO GO ON! ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT HIM?... ANYTHING AT ALL?



LET'S SEE NOW... I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT HE TORE OUT ONE PAGE FROM OUR CUSTOMER BOOK! I'VE GOT A COPY OF THAT PAGE, IF YOU'D CARE TO SEE IT!

WHY NOT? LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



MY FIRST GLANCE AT A COPY OF THE MISSING PAGE TOLD ME I'D HIT THE JACKPOT...

LOOK, CHIEF-- OF THE FOUR NAMES ON THE PAGE MARTIN SWIPED, THREE ARE THE NAMES OF THE MEN WHO WERE KILLED!

YES, HARRINGTON! OUR JOB NOW IS TO GO BACK TO THE SCENES OF THE SO-CALLED "ACCIDENTS," AND CHECK THE FACTS AGAIN FOR...

... MURDER CLUES!



WE SPENT THE REST OF THE WEEK DIGGING-- AND ON THE MORNING OF MAY 10th, WE SUMMONED CARL MORETTI TO MY OFFICE...

HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT, P.A.?

AFRAID I HAD THE RIGHT HUNCH, MORETTI! IT'S MURDER, ALL RIGHT-- ALL THREE TIMES! TAKE A LOOK...



SEE THIS? THE BUCKET WHICH CHARLIE BURNS USED WAS DELIBERATELY WEAKENED BY ACID... SO THAT THE REP-HOT RIVET WOULD CRASH RIGHT THROUGH IT!

YES-- AND HERE'S THE BOX OF OVERSIZED CAPS THAT JOHN WALSH USED TO PREPARE THE DYNAMITE STICKS! SOMEONE DELIBERATELY SUBSTITUTED THESE CAPS, THEREBY SETTING OFF THE CHARGES TOO SOON!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT TRAPEZE ARTIST? HIS EQUIPMENT WAS OKAY! I KNOW BECAUSE I CHECKED IT MYSELF!



PAUL HUMMEL'S "ACCIDENT" WASN'T CAUSED BY FAULTY EQUIPMENT! FOR THAT FACT WE CAN THANK A NEWSPAPERMAN WHO UNKNOWINGLY SNAPPED A SHOT OF THE MURDERER IN ACTION!

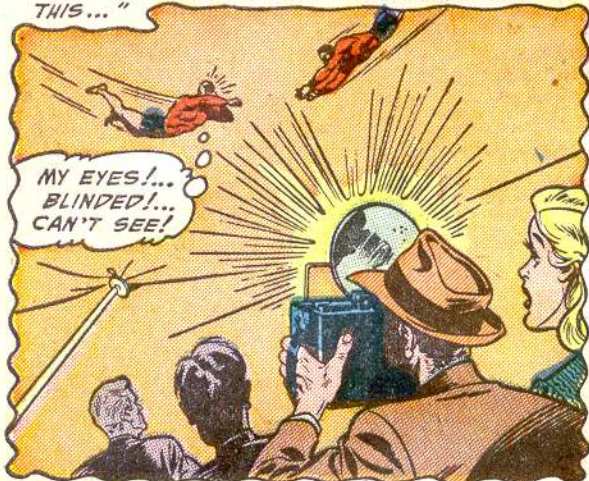
BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT PHOTOGRAPHER IN THIS PICTURE IS THE MURDERER?

THIS MAN IS NO PHOTOGRAPHER, BECAUSE HE'S USING AN ORDINARY LENS ON HIS CAMERA INSTEAD OF A TELEPHOTO LENS, WHICH HE'D NEED TO GET THE PICTURE FROM THAT DISTANCE!

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW SNAPPING A CAMERA COULD KILL PAUL HUMMEL!



"IT COULD IF THE 'PICTURE' WERE TAKEN AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT--SOMETHING LIKE THIS..."



BUT WHAT'S THAT MANIAC GETTING AT? WHY HAS HE KILLED THREE MEN HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW?

FOR **REVENGE**, MORETTI! ALL OF HIS VICTIMS WERE HEAVILY INSURED BY THE PEOPLE THEY WORKED FOR! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THOSE FIRMS CAN FILL SUCH DANGEROUS JOBS!



AND THE REASON HE CHOSE THE MEN ON THIS LIST, INSTEAD OF ORDINARY RICH MEN, WAS BECAUSE THEIR RISKY JOBS MADE THEM EASIER MARKS!

BUT WAIT A MINUTE, CHIEF! ACCORDING TO THIS COPY, THERE ARE **FOUR** NAMES ON THE LIST STOLEN BY MARTIN!

AND ONLY **THREE** DEATHS SO FAR... THAT LEAVES ONE TO GO! GIVE ME THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE FOURTH MAN ON THAT LIST... WE MUST GET TO HIM AT ONCE!

I'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE-- FRANK BOYD, 456 CHESTNUT STREET!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE BOYD RESIDENCE...

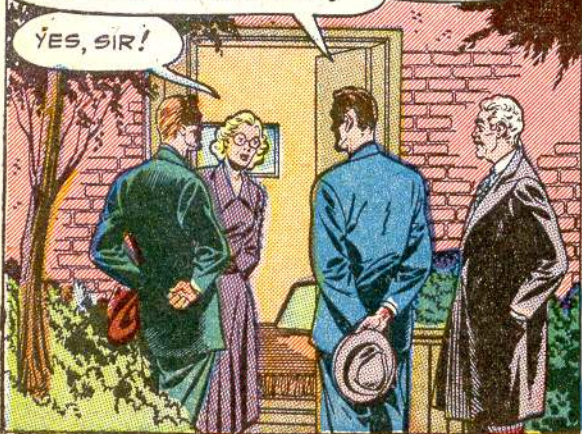
YOU SAY YOUR HUSBAND LEFT FOR HIS JOB? WHERE IS THAT, MA'AM?

ON THE **NORTH SHORE PIER**... THAT'S WHERE HE'S WORKING NOW!



ER-- BY THE WAY, MA'AM, WE WERE IN SUCH A HURRY, WE FORGOT TO CHECK ON YOUR HUSBAND'S OCCUPATION! CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HIS WORK IS?

YES, SIR!



HE'S A SANDHOG... YOU KNOW, **DIGS TUNNELS!**



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

IN RECORD TIME, HARRINGTON AND I SPED OVER TO THE NORTH SHORE PIER, WHERE...



YES, I'M THE CAISSON BOSS HERE! JIM SLYKE'S THE NAME! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY... I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED FRANK BOYD!



I'M FRANK BOYD-- BUT IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME, YOU'D BETTER HURRY! I'M JUST ABOUT TO MAKE THE LAST TRIP OF MY CAREER DOWNSTAIRS! RETIRING TOMORROW!

AND THAT MEANS THIS IS THE KILLER'S LAST CHANCE TO GET YOU BEFORE YOUR SPECIAL POLICY RUNS OUT! YOU CAN'T GO DOWN, BOYD!



DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I'VE HAD A PERFECT ATTENDANCE RECORD ON THIS JOB! THE COMPANY'S EVEN GIVING ME A GOLD MEDAL FOR NEVER MISSING A DAY'S WORK! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!



I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT, BOYD!



GET THOSE BOOTS OFF, BOYD, MR. SLYKE... I'M GOING DOWN IN HIS PLACE!

WAIT A MINUTE, CHIEF-- YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOU SAID YOURSELF, THIS IS THE KILLER'S LAST CHANCE TO STRIKE! IT'S SURE DEATH TO GO DOWN THERE!



IT'S A CHANCE I MUST TAKE! GET THAT MAN-LOCK HATCH OPEN... I'M GOING DOWN THE TUBE!

I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN WITH YOU, MR. P.A.! NO ONE'S ALLOWED IN THE TUNNEL BY HIMSELF!

BUT...!

THE TUNNEL WAS UNDER 80 FEET OF SOFT CLAY-- AND THE MOMENT I STEPPED INTO IT, I FELT AS IF I WERE WALKING ON A CLOUD...



YOU FEEL SO LIGHT BECAUSE C 'THE AIR PRESSURE DOWN HERE-- AT LEAST 16 POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH! WITHOUT IT, THOSE CLAY WALLS WOULD CAVE IN AND BURY US ALIVE!

AT THAT MOMENT, I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE MAN I SOUGHT! DANIEL MARTIN WAS A MANIAC-- NO DOUBT OF IT...



OKAY, MR. WISE GUY-- YOU WANTED TO TAKE BOYD'S PLACE TO TRAP ME... BUT INSTEAD, YOU'LL DIE IN HIS PLACE! HEE, HEE!



THAT'S THE NEW MAN I HIRED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO! WHAT'S HE GETTING AT?

CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW!
NO USE WHISPERING AND TRYING TO ESCAPE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, DIE, DIE! HEE, HEE, HEE!



I MADE A SUDDEN DANGLE AT MARTIN, HOPING TO CATCH HIM OFF-GUARD--BUT...

THAT BLAST OF AIR-- HOLDING ME BACK... WHAT IS IT?
TUNNEL WIND! STARTS UP WHENEVER THE MANLOCK HATCH IS OPENED!



AND JUST THEN... HE'S SHORT-CIRCUITED THE COMPRESSOR, THE FOOL!

WH-- WHAT'LL THAT DO?



TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF! THE COMPRESSOR IS WHAT KEEPS THE AIR PRESSURE UP SO THAT THE CLAY WALLS DON'T CAVE IN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HEE HEE HA HA HE

BUT... THAT COMPRESSOR OBVIOUSLY CONTROLS THE LIGHTS, TOO! CAN YOU LEAD US OUT OF HERE IN THE DARK?

NO--I'M NO BLASTED OWL! I CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK! IT--

IT'S EITHER **THIS WAY, OR THAT WAY...** I-I'M NOT SURE WHICH!



BUT IF WE GO THE **WRONG** WAY, WE'LL NEVER GET BACK BEFORE THE TUNNEL CAVES IN! IS THAT IT?

I'M AFRAID SO! WE'RE SUNK... THE WALLS ARE BEGINNING TO BUCKLE!



AND MOMENTS LATER, ON THE PIER ABOVE...

CAVE IN!

DO SOMETHING! YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! THE P.A.'S TRAPPED DOWN THERE!

WHOOOSH!



BUT MINUTES LATER, TO HARRINGTON'S INTENSE RELIEF...

LOOK! IT'S THE P.A. AND SLYKE! THEY GOT OUT!



AND AFTER I TOLD HARRINGTON ABOUT THE SPOT WE'D BEEN IN...

BUT HOW IN BLAZES DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY TO THE ESCAPE TUBE WITHOUT EVEN A FLASHLIGHT?

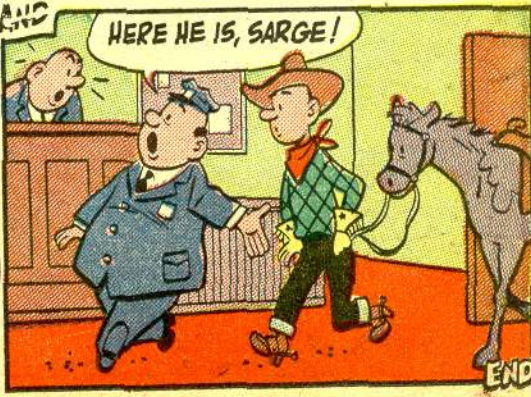
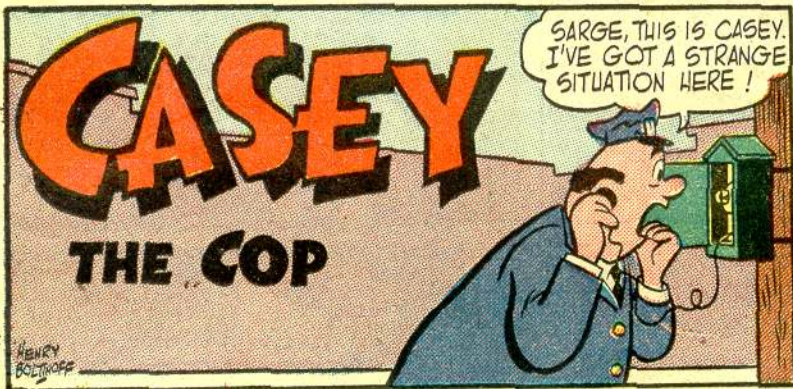
THE P.A. DESERVES THE CREDIT FOR THAT! HE REMEMBERED HOW WHEN WE FIRST GOT DOWN, THE TUNNEL WIND WAS HITTING US FULL IN THE FACE! SO HE MOVED US IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION BY KEEPING THE WIND DIRECTLY ON OUR BACKS!

WHAT ABOUT MARTIN, CHIEF?

HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE! THE TUNNEL COLLAPSED JUST AS WE REACHED THE TUBE!

THE CRAZY FOOL...BUT HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF!







REINDEER BLOOD

SOME YEARS AGO, DURING A RAGING BLIZZARD, UP IN OLD BUCKLAND VILLAGE IN ALASKA, JOHN NILIMA, OWNER OF THE TRADING POST, WAS FOUND BY A TRAPPER, SHOT AND KILLED!



AS SOON AS HE ARRIVED BY DOG SLED, THREE DAYS LATER, MARSHAL KANE BEGAN HIS INVESTIGATION! THE HOLE IN THE WINDOW TOLD THAT NILIMA HAD BEEN MURDERED FROM THE OUTSIDE... THE FATAL BULLET, FOUND EMBEDDED IN AN UPRIGHT, SHOWED THE WEAPON TO BE A 25-35 RIFLE! A TRAIL OF BLOOD ON THE FLOOR INDICATED THAT THE BODY WAS DRAGGED EIGHT FEET! EMPTY CASH REGISTER, MOTIVE: ROBBERY!



SUSPICION POINTED TO A LOCAL EX-CON, MILLER, WHO USED A 25-35 RIFLE, AND WHO HAD NOT GOTTEN ALONG TOO WELL WITH THE MURDERED MAN! MILLER, HOWEVER, PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE ALL DURING THE LONG SLED JOURNEY BACK TO NOME! ABOUT THE BLOOD ON HIS ARCTIC STOCKINGS... IT CAME, HE SAID, FROM A REINDEER HE HAD SHOT!



AS THEY NEARED NOME, THEY HEARD A RIFLE SHOT THAT SOUNDED LIKE A 25-35! THE ORIGINATOR OF THE SOUND TURNED OUT TO BE JIMMY RICHARDS, A LIKABLE ESKIMO LAD, WHO, WHEN QUESTIONED, DENIED THAT HE HAD BEEN NEAR NILIMA'S PLACE FOR OVER A MONTH!



BOTH RIFLES, THE SOCKS, AND LETHAL BULLET WERE SENT TO THE F.B.I. TECHNICAL LABORATORY. IN A FEW DAYS, THE ANSWER CAME... RICHARDS' GUN HAD KILLED NILIMA BUT THE BLOOD ON THE SOCKS WAS ACTUALLY HUMAN BLOOD! THEN, RICHARDS FINALLY BROKE DOWN UNDER QUESTIONING AND MADE A FULL CONFESSION OF ROBBERY AND MURDER! A PUZZLER, THOUGH, WAS THE BLOOD ON MILLER'S SOCKS... BUT THIS TURNED OUT TO BE HIS OWN BLOOD! HE HAD CUT HIMSELF WHILE SLICING HIS BAGGED REINDEER, BUT, BECAUSE OF THE ARCTIC COLD, HE DIDN'T KNOW IT!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I DEMAND ACTION! I WANT MY VALUABLES BACK!

AND MINE!

AND MINE!

CHIEF, GIVE ME THAT GUN! I THINK THIS IS A CASE FOR A WOMAN!

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

I ADMITTED IT RIGHT FROM THE START--I WAS STUCK AND STYMIED ON THIS CASE! IT STACKED UP LIKE ONE OF THOSE PERFECT CRIMES YOU SOMETIMES READ ABOUT! AND I WAS ON THE VERGE OF THROWING UP MY HANDS ON THE WHOLE THING! BUT THAT'S WHEN MY ASSISTANT, MISS MILLER, STEPPED IN AND GAVE IT THE WOMAN'S TOUCH! WHEN THIS CASE WAS CLOSED, I GAVE MISS MILLER TWO THINGS: A RAISE, AND A NEW TITLE...

Miss DISTRICT ATTORNEY!



ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 23, LAST YEAR, WHILE FORMER STAGE ACTRESS AMY CROWELL WAS MAKING A COMEBACK ON TV, TWO SHADY FIGURES ENTERED HER DEAR PLACE APARTMENT, AND...

LATER, WHEN THE TRIUMPHANT ACTRESS AND HER ESCORT RETURNED TO HER APARTMENT...

HA, HA-- SHE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW WE GOT IN HERE!

STOP YAPPING, AND GET THOSE PAINTINGS OFF THE WALL! SHE'LL BE BACK IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!

MY--MY PRECIOUS PAINTINGS! THEY'RE GONE, GEORGE--GONE!

TAKE IT EASY, AMY--I'LL CALL THE P.A.'S OFFICE AT ONCE!



THE CALL CAME IN JUST AS WE WERE LOCKING UP FOR THE DAY...

AMY CROWELL'S COMPLETE COLLECTION OF FINE PAINTINGS WERE ROBBED, CHIEF!

AMY CROWELL, THE ACTRESS? OOH, I'D LOVE TO MEET HER! CAN I GO, TOO?

OKAY, MISS MILLER-- BUT I DOUBT IF YOU'LL FIND HER IN AN AUTOGRAPH-SIGNING MOOD!

IT DIDN'T TAKE 10 MINUTES IN AMY CROWELL'S APARTMENT FOR ME TO REALIZE WE WERE UP AGAINST A REAL PUZZLER...

MR. D.A., I-I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! H-HOW DID THOSE CROOKS KNOW THAT MY MAID AND I WOULD BOTH BE OUT EARLY THIS EVENING?

AND WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, HOW IN BLAZES DID THOSE CROOKS GET IN HERE? THERE ISN'T A SINGLE SIGN OF A FORCED ENTRANCE HERE!



CAREFUL QUESTIONING OF THE ACTRESS SHED NO FURTHER LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY AND, AS WE LEFT...

REMARKABLE WOMAN, D.A.! I'LL BET SHE'S IN HER FORTIES, YET HER HAIR IS STILL JET BLACK!

DON'T BE NAIVE, HARRINGTON! ANYONE COULD SEE SHE DYES HER HAIR!

WE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF TWO WEEKS PONDERING THE PUZZLE, AND GOT NOWHERE! THEN, ON APRIL 2, AT THE BELTON RACEWAY, WHERE SOCIALITE JULIUS STILES HAD TAKEN HIS DEBUTANTE-DAUGHTER...

LAST RACE, MY DEAR--AND WE DIDN'T PICK A WINNER ALL AFTERNOON!

DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK, DADDY! WE'D BETTER HURRY HOME NOW-- THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY SAID THEY'D SEND THE NEW BUTLER OVER AT 4 O'CLOCK!



BUT WHEN THE TWO REACHED THEIR STATELY WEST END AVENUE DUPLEX...

D-DADDY--OUR RARE MEISSEN FIGURINES! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

I-I DON'T KNOW! THEY WERE HERE WHEN WE LEFT! I--I'D BETTER CALL THE D.A.'S OFFICE!

AS IN THE PREVIOUS CASE, WE FOUND OURSELVES LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK...

CAN YOU GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THE STOLEN FIGURINES, MR. STILES?

I CAN DO BETTER--MY DAUGHTER HAS PHOTOS OF THE COMPLETE COLLECTION IN HER ROOM! SHOW THEM TO THE D.A., JUNE!

THIS WAY, PLEASE!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THE DEBUTANTE LED US TO HER ROOM, WHERE...

THESE PHOTOS WERE TAKEN WHEN A MAGAZINE WROTE AN ARTICLE ABOUT THE COLLECTION YEARS AGO!

MMM... I SEE.

THAT STRANGE ODOR! THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEFT BY THE CROOKS, CHIEF?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! THAT'S JUST MY WAVE SET LOTION YOU SMELL!

OH, SORRY, MISS--BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK ANY POSSIBLE CLUES, YOU KNOW! ER... ANY IDEAS, D.A.?

NO--JUST QUESTIONS I CAN'T ANSWER! HOW'D THOSE CROOKS KNOW THAT NO ONE WOULD BE HOME ALL AFTERNOON? AND HOW'D THEY GET IN HERE? AS IN THE PREVIOUS CASE, NO WINDOWS OR DOORS WERE FORCED!



THEY SAY IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS, AND IT BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE A DELUGE WHEN, A WEEK LATER, I WAS SUMMONED TO THE RIVER DRIVE HOME OF LUCY WORTH, INTERIOR DECORATOR...

I TELL YOU, IT'S WEIRD! IT'S AS IF THOSE THIEVES **KNEW** I'D BE OUT IN THE MORNING, AND MY MAID SICK IN BED DOWNSTAIRS! THEY TOOK EVERY-

THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!

THEN, AS WE COMPLETED AN INCH-BY-INCH INVESTIGATION...

THIS MAY BE SOMETHING, CHIEF--TINY RED HAIRS ON THE RUG!

DON'T BE SILLY! THOSE HAIR-ENDS ARE MY OWN-- I JUST HAD A HAIRCUT! NOW STOP WASTING TIME, AND GET MY JEWELS BACK!



I TOLD MISS WORTH WE'D DO OUR BEST, AND THAT SAME NIGHT, WE BURNED THE MIDNIGHT OIL, BUT OUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH UNTIL...

I'M SURE THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE THREE CRIMES! THERE'S GOT TO BE! ALL WERE WEALTHY WOMEN, AND IN EACH CASE THE HOODS KNEW EXACTLY WHEN TO ENTER-- WITHOUT FORCING A WINDOW OR A DOOR! B-BUT...

THERE'S **SOMETHING ELSE** THOSE THREE CASES HAVE IN COMMON-- BUT I'D HARDLY EXPECT YOU **MEN** TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!

AND THIS IS IT--- EVERY ONE OF THOSE THREE WOMEN HAD JUST COME OUT OF A BEAUTY PARLOR!

ARE YOU KIDDING? WEALTHY WOMEN GO TO BEAUTY PARLORS EVERY WEEK! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "JUST"?





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSONS! I KNEW AMY CROWELL HAD JUST BEEN TO THE BEAUTY SHOP BECAUSE HER HAIR WAS DYED RIGHT DOWN TO THE SCALP! THE NATURAL COLOR STARTS SHOWING THROUGH IN THREE DAYS!"

"I KNEW JUNE STILES HAD JUST BEEN TO THE BEAUTY SHOP BECAUSE, AS HARRINGTON FOUND OUT, HER HAIR COMB STILL SMELLED OF THE HAIR SET LOTION!"

AND I KNEW LUCY WORTH HAD JUST BEEN THERE BECAUSE HARRINGTON FOUND HER HAIR ENDS ON THE RUG BEFORE HER MAID EVEN HAD TIME TO VACUUM THE RUG!"



MISS MILLER, I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING! NOW, IF WE FIND OUT THAT ALL THREE WENT TO THE SAME BEAUTY SHOP, WE'LL REALLY HAVE A CLUE!

THREE PHONE CALLS SHOULD GIVE US THE ANSWER TO THAT, P.A.!

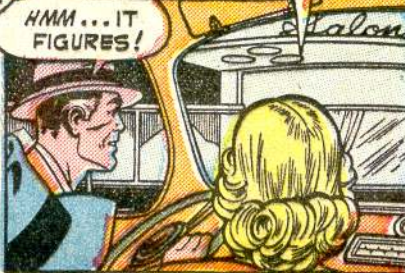
THE PHONE CALLS REVEALED THAT EACH OF THE ROBBED WOMEN HAD RECENTLY VISITED THE SAME BEAUTY SALON, SO THAT SAME NIGHT...

PIERRE'S IS ONE OF THE SWANKIEST BEAUTY SHOPS IN TOWN, D.A.! A GIRL'S REALLY GOT TO BE LOADED TO GET IN THERE!

HMM... IT FIGURES!

THE WAY I DEDUCE IT, CHIEF-- WOMEN GOSSIP IN A BEAUTY SHOP! AND IF PIERRE IS A CROOK, HE CAN EAVESDROP ON PLENTY OF VITAL INFORMATION, SUCH AS WHEN THEIR HOMES WILL BE UNOCCUPIED!

I'LL BET! LISTEN, MISS MILLER, I HAVE A PLAN TO TEST YOUR THEORY...



24 HOURS LATER, I PUT THE FIRST STEP OF MY PLAN INTO ACTION...

OKAY, MISS MILLER, EVERYTHING'S ALL SET, INCLUDING THE PARK AVENUE APARTMENT, WHERE HARRINGTON AND I WILL BE WAITING, AND THE CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN LIMOUSINE OUTSIDE! YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO?

SURE--GET MYSELF A PERMANENT WAVE! EASIEST ASSIGNMENT I EVER HAD!

AND, BEFORE LONG, AS WE SUSPECTED...

HERE COMES THAT MRS. JOHNSON WHO CALLED FOR AN APPOINTMENT! SHE SURE LOOKS LIKE MONEY, PIERRE!

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! HER HUSBAND'S LEFT HER TWO OIL WELLS! GET EVERYTHING SET!



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS, MISS MILLER GRANDLY WENT FOR THE WORKS...

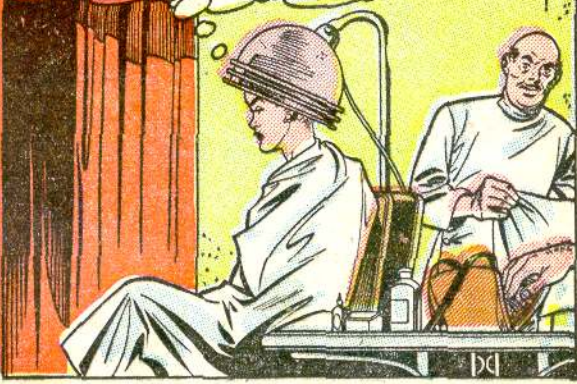
SO YOU LIVE ALL ALONE IN THAT BIG APARTMENT, EH, MRS. JOHNSON? ER-- IS THE PERMANENT FOR SOME SPECIAL EVENT, MADAME?

YES! I HAVE A 7 O'CLOCK DINNER-DATE AT ANTOINE'S, AND AFTER THAT I'M GOING TO THE THEATRE! DO HURRY, PIERRE!



OPERATION FOLLOWED OPERATION, UNTIL...

SWELL--THEY'RE FALLING FOR THE BAIT-- THE KEY TO THAT PARK AVENUE APARTMENT! AND I'M SURE GLAD THE P.A. STUCK THE FAKED IDENTITY CARD INSIDE, TOO!



THEN, AS WE WERE SOON TO LEARN...

QUICK, JOE--THIS IS HER KEY! MAKE A DUPLICATE OF IT AS FAST AS YOU CAN! I GOT THE EXACT ADDRESS OUT OF HER BAG, TOO-- JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

OKAY! I'LL HAVE THE WAX IMPRESSION FINISHED BEFORE SHE COMES OUT FROM UNDER THAT DRYER!

BUT, AS WE ALSO LEARN LATER, AN UNEXPECTED FLY IN THE OINTMENT DEVELOPED WHEN...

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, PIERRE -- THAT JOHNSON WOMAN ISN'T AS RICH AS SHE PRETENDS TO BE!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

THOSE FINGERNAILS OF HERS -- SHE'S BEEN MANICURING THEM HERSELF! YOU CAN'T FOOL A PROFESSIONAL!

OH, YEAH? THEN THAT ACT SHE'S PUTTIN' ON MAY MEAN SHE'S WORKIN' WITH THE COPS! GET THE CAR OUT FRONT, JOE--WE'RE FOLLOWING HER!



UNKNOWN TO US, MISS MILLER WAS FOLLOWED BACK TO MY OFFICE, WHERE...

HOLY CAT, WHAT ARE YOU WIRED UP FOR, MISS MILLER?

OH, THESE ARE BOBBY PINS TO HOLD MY HAIR IN PLACE UNTIL I SET IT MYSELF! I WANTED TO GET OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY TO TELL YOU, CHIEF-- YOU'RE RIGHT-- THEY'RE CROOKED! THEY MADE A DUPLICATE OF THE KEY TO THE PARK AVENUE PLACE!

SWELL! HARRINGTON AND I WILL BE THERE WAITING FOR THEM! AS FOR YOU, MISS MILLER, YOU CAN TAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF!

SHUCKS, I MISS ALL THE FUN!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



BUT WHEN MISS MILLER REACHED THE DOOR OF HER APARTMENT...

NEVER MIND GOING IN THERE, MISS MILLER! WE HAVE ANOTHER PLACE FOR YOU-- JUST DOWN THE STREET!

YEAH-- SURE IS CONVENIENT, HAVING A HIDE-OUT HALF A BLOCK AWAY! BUT YOU WON'T STAY THERE LONG EITHER --JUST UNTIL IT GETS DARK!

TH--THERE'S NO POSSIBLE WAY OF CONTACTING THE D. A. ! AND-- W-WHILE HE AND HARRINGTON ARE WAITING FOR THESE GOONS ON PARK AVENUE, THEY'RE GOING TO-- TO KILL ME!

HARRINGTON AND I WAITED UNTIL 10 MINUTES AFTER 7, THEN...

I DON'T LIKE IT, CHIEF! THEY SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE ALREADY! EITHER THEY'RE NOT CROOKS-- OR THEY ARE AND GOT WISE TO MISS MILLER!

IN WHICH CASE, SHE'LL BE IN DANGER! LET'S POST AN OFFICER HERE AND GET OVER TO HER APARTMENT AT ONCE!



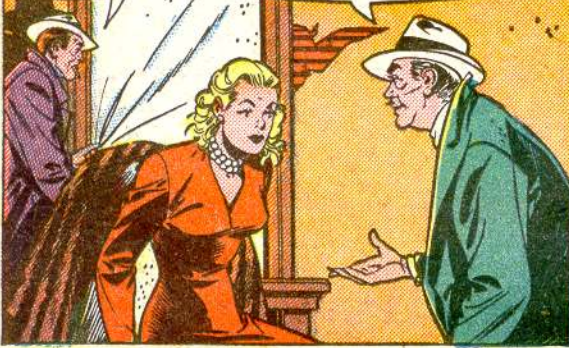
BUT BY THAT TIME, IT HAD GOTTEN DARK OUTSIDE, AND...

IT'S PLENTY DARK NOW, PIERRE!

OKAY, MISS MILLER, I PROMISED YOU A LITTLE RIDE WHEN IT GOT DARK! LET'S GET GOING!

BUT WHEN THEY TRIED TO LEAVE...

YOU FELLOWS WILL NEED SOME BEAUTY TREATMENT YOURSELF BY THE TIME WE'RE FINISHED WITH YOU!



AND, SOON...

HOW-- HOW DID YOU FOLLOW US HERE?

BETTER ASK MISS MILLER ALL THE QUESTIONS-- THIS IS HER CASE!

I SIMPLY LEFT A TRAIL OF BOBBY PINS FROM MY DOOR TO YOURS, THAT'S ALL! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS, IT SPOILED MY PERMANENT WAVE!

STOP COMPLAINING-- YOU GOT IT FOR NOTHING IN THE FIRST PLACE!



THE END



QUIZZERS

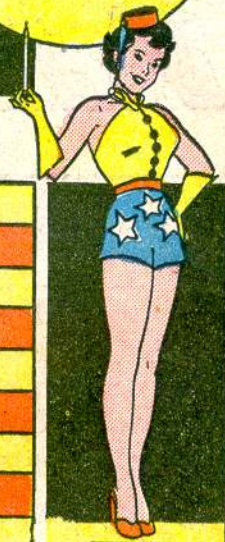
"Who"
QUIZ



MARTY
NAYDEL

**TIME
LIMIT**
10 MINUTES

10 POINTS FOR
EACH CORRECT
ANSWER!



The
ANSWERS

- 1 WHO SURRENDERED TO GRANT ?
Your answer goes here
- 2 WHO PAINTED THE MONA LISA ?
Your answer goes here
- 3 WHO CREATED SHERLOCK HOLMES ?
Your answer goes here
- 4 WHO CALLED FOR HIS FIDDLERS THREE ?
Your answer goes here
- 5 WHO COMPOSED SWANEE RIVER ?
Your answer goes here
- 6 WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?
Your answer goes here
- 7 WHO CALLED HIMSELF BUFFALO BILL ?
Your answer goes here
- 8 WHO INVENTED THE TELEPHONE ?
Your answer goes here
- 9 WHO SIGNED HIMSELF MARK TWAIN ?
Your answer goes here
- 10 WHO INVENTED DYNAMITE ?
Your answer goes here

- 1- LEE
- 2- DA VINCI
- 3- DOYLE
- 4- OLD KING COLE
- 5- FOSTER
- 6- THE SPARROW
- 7- WILLIAM CODY
- 8- BELL
- 9- SAMUEL CLEMENS
- 10- NOBEL

IN ITS EARLY DAYS, F.B.I. AGENTS WERE NOT PERMITTED TO CARRY ARMS! TODAY, THEY HAVE, OF COURSE, THE LEGAL RIGHT TO CARRY ARMS AND SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE ENEMY WHEN NECESSARY, BUT SEVERAL ANTI-CRIME LAWS HAD TO BE PASSED IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THESE RIGHTS FOR THE F.B.I. MEN!

Dead Aim!



ONCE THESE LAWS WERE PASSED, WAR AGAINST THE "BIG TIME" CRIMINALS WAS ON IN EARNEST! INTENSE TRAINING ON THE U.S. MARINE CORPS RANGE IN QUANTICO, VIRGINIA, WITH MACHINE GUNS, REVOLVERS AND RIFLES, SOON GAVE THE G-MEN MARKED SUPERIORITY OVER THE UNDERWORLD!



HERE, THEY PRACTICE SPLIT-SECOND FIRING AT TARGETS OF LIFE-SIZE GANGSTER LIKENESSES! THESE PHOTOGRAPHIC DUMMIES SPRING UP ELECTRICALLY AND THE SWIFTNES OF THE AGENTS' REACTION IS MEASURED ELECTRONICALLY!



ON THE PISTOL RANGE, THE G-MAN MUST GET OFF 50 RAPID FIRE SHOTS FROM THE HIP, AND FROM THE PRONE AND SITTING POSITIONS! HE MUST ALSO FIRE WITH EITHER HAND! PERFECT SCORES OF 100 ARE SO RARE THAT GOLD MEDALS ARE AWARDED FOR THIS AMAZING FEAT!



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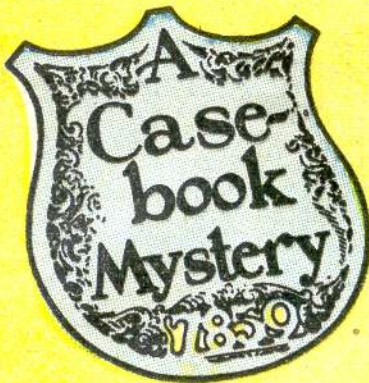
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ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR
ALL STAR WESTERN
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BIG TOWN
BOB HOPE
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DEAN MARTIN
and JERRY LEWIS
A DATE WITH JUDY
DETECTIVE COMICS

EVERYTHING
HAPPENS TO HARVEY
FLIPPITY & FLOP
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GANG BUSTERS
HERE'S HOWIE
HOPALONG CASSIDY
HOUSE OF MYSTERY
LEADING COMICS
LEAVE IT TO BINKY
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
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MUTT & JEFF

OUR ARMY AT WAR
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



The CASE OF THE SUPERFLUOUS SUSPECTS!

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

ONE DAY, IN THE HANGOUT OF EX-CONVICT MATT FORBES, RACKET BOSS...

GREAT NEWS, MATT-- WE JUST FOUND OUT WHERE KEN CALLAHAN'S BEEN HOLDING UP!

YOU DID, HUH? AT LAST-- I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THE PUNK THAT WELCHED ON ME 10 YEARS AGO! WHERE IS HE?

HE'S LIVING IN MA BRADY'S BOARDING HOUSE, IN ALLENVILLE, WHERE HE'S RUNNING SOME SMALL-TIME RACKET!

GOOD WORK, BOYS! I WARNED CALLAHAN I'D KILL HIM SOME DAY MYSELF FOR HAVING WELCHED ON ME!



BUT, WAIT A MINUTE-- I CAN'T KILL HIM! THE COPS KNOW I'M GUNNING FOR HIM! THEY'D PICK ME UP FIVE MINUTES AFTER I PULLED THE JOB!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MATT! THE SET-UP AT MA BRADY'S IS PERFECT FOR YOU, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY...

THERE ARE THREE OTHER HOODS LIVING AT MA BRADY'S-- AND EVERY ONE OF 'EM HAS A MOTIVE FOR KILLING KEN-- JOE BENTON, WHO WANTS TO TAKE KEN'S PLACE IN THE RACKETS; TOM BRYANT, WHO WAS BEATEN UP BY KEN; AND FELIX HALL, WHOSE GIRL KEN CALLAHAN STOLE! GET IT?

SURE, SURE-- THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS! THE COPS'LL GO CRAZY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE OF FOUR GUYS WITH EQUAL MOTIVES DID THE JOB! PACK MY BAG-- I'M LEAVING RIGHT AWAY!



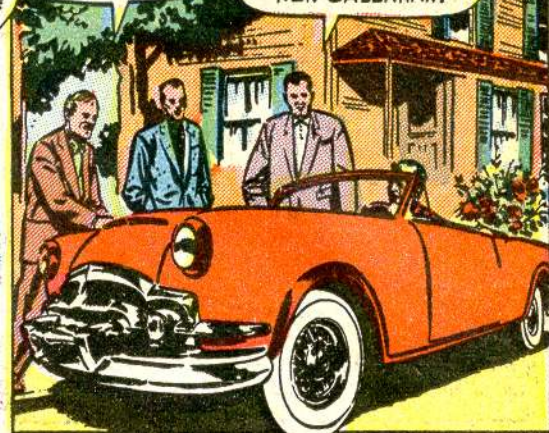
EARLY NEXT MORNING, IN FRONT OF MA BRADY'S BOARDING HOUSE IN ALLENVILLE...

THERE GOES KEN CALLAHAN NOW-- I SURE WISH I COULD GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

SO DO I, BUT IT'S TOO RISKY-- THE COPS KNOW WE'VE ALL GOT GRUDGES AGAINST HIM!

HEY, LOOK WHO'S CHECKING IN-- MATT FORBES!

THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A CONVENTION OF GUYS WHO HATE KEN CALLAHAN!



SURE-- WE ALL HATE CALLAHAN, BUT IS HE WORRIED?

WHY SHOULD HE BE? YOU CAN'T EVEN GET CLOSE TO HIM WITH THOSE BODYGUARDS GUARDING HIM ALL THE TIME!

NOT ALL THE TIME!

HEY, WATCH OUT-- YOU ALMOST STEPPED ON MA BRADY'S PRIZE ROSE-BUSH!

YEAH-- SHE'D SURE BAWL ME OUT IF I DID!

SEE YOU GUYS LATER!



THAT NIGHT, MATT SILENTLY SETS HIS PLAN OF ACTION...

CALLAHAN SLEEPS IN THIS LARGE ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR, AND THESE FRENCH DOORS AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE LEAD TO HIS ROOM! IT'LL BE A CINCH!

THUS, AROUND MIDNIGHT...

Y-YOU--? MATT FORBES--!

IN PERSON! I TOLD YOU TEN YEARS AGO I'D GET YOU FOR WELCHING ON ME-- AND THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!

NO, WAIT--



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

DELIBERATELY DROPPING THE GUN, THE KILLER SPEEDILY SLIPS OUT THE FRENCH DOORS, BUT...



BLASTED ROSE-BUSH!
I DIDN'T SEE IT IN
THE DARK!

THEN, SOON AFTER, IN HIS ROOM...



I MUST MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO TRACES OF THAT ROSE-BUSH ON MY CLOTHES! CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF SPOILING A PERFECT CRIME-- THE GUN I USED WAS STOLEN, SO IT CAN'T BE TRACED TO ME! YEAH--IT'S A PERFECT CRIME, ALL RIGHT!

FOR A WHILE, IT SEEMS SO, TOO, AFTER LIEUT.-DETECTIVE SYDNEY GORDON, OF HOMICIDE, BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION OF THE CRIME NEXT MORNING...



THAT'S THE STORY, LIEUTENANT-- ALL FOUR OF THESE HOODS HAD SUFFICIENT MOTIVES TO KILL CALLAHAN, BUT...

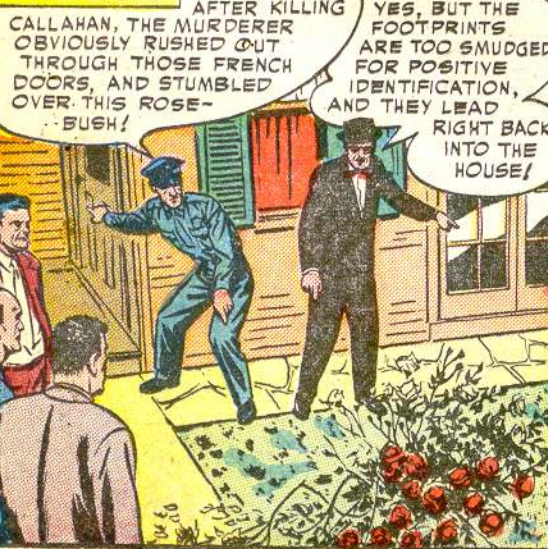
MM, I KNOW-- BUT THERE ISN'T A SINGLE CLUE THAT POINTS DIRECTLY TO ANY ONE OF THEM! WELL, LET'S REVIEW SOME OF THE KNOWN FACTS IN THIS CASE!



YOU ARRIVED YESTERDAY MORNING, DIDN'T YOU, FORBES?

SURE I DID, BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE I KILLED HIM!

THEN, AS THE POLICE OFFICERS RE-CONSTRUCT THE CRIME...



AFTER KILLING CALLAHAN, THE MURDERER OBVIOUSLY RUSHED OUT THROUGH THOSE FRENCH DOORS, AND STUMBLED OVER THIS ROSE-BUSH!

YES, BUT THE FOOTPRINTS ARE TOO SMUDGED FOR POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION, AND THEY LEAD

RIGHT BACK INTO THE HOUSE!

WHAT A CASE! FOUR PERFECT SUSPECTS-- BUT NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO HOLD ANY ONE OF THEM!

YEAH--TOO BAD YOU'RE UP A BLIND ALLEY, LIEUTENANT!

SAVE YOUR SYMPATHIES, MATT FORBES-- I'VE FOUND ONE CLUE THAT'S STRONG ENOUGH FOR AN INDICTMENT OF MURDER!



WHAT ABOUT IT, READER? WERE YOU ABLE TO SPOT THE SINGLE CLUE IN THIS OTHERWISE PERFECT CRIME? MAKE CERTAIN-- GO OVER THE FACTS, BEFORE YOU READ THE NEXT PAGE!

YOU SAID YOU FOUND A CLUE THAT---THAT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO GET YOU AN INDICTMENT? ER-- AGAINST WHICH ONE OF US?

AGAINST YOU, FORBES!

YOU'RE BLUFFING! MY MOTIVE FOR KILLING CALLAHAN ISN'T ANY BETTER OR WORSE THAN THE OTHERS HERE! AND---AND NOTHING ELSE POINTS TO ME-- NOTHING!

YOU'RE WRONG, MATT-- ONE OTHER THING DOES POINT TO YOU-- THE FACT THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO IS A STRANGER TO THIS PLACE! THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR A LONG TIME! AND THE KILLER, MATT, HAD TO BE A STRANGER!



H-HOW-- DO YOU FIGURE THAT OUT?

EASY! ONLY A STRANGER-- YOU-- WOULD'VE STUMBLERD OVER THIS ROSE-BUSH IN THE DARK! ANY ONE OF THE OTHERS WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS HERE, AND BY-PASSED IT!

TRAPPED BY A LITTLE THING LIKE A--A ROSE-BUSH!

YES, IT'S USUALLY THE LITTLE THINGS THAT SPOIL THE BIG PERFECT CRIMES! REMEMBER THAT, YOU HOODS, WHENEVER YOU THINK YOU'RE CLEVER ENOUGH TO BEAT THE LAW!



MATT FORBES LEARNED THIS LESSON THE HARD WAY, WHEN HE PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY AT THE STATE'S DEATH HOUSE ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 9th!

THE END

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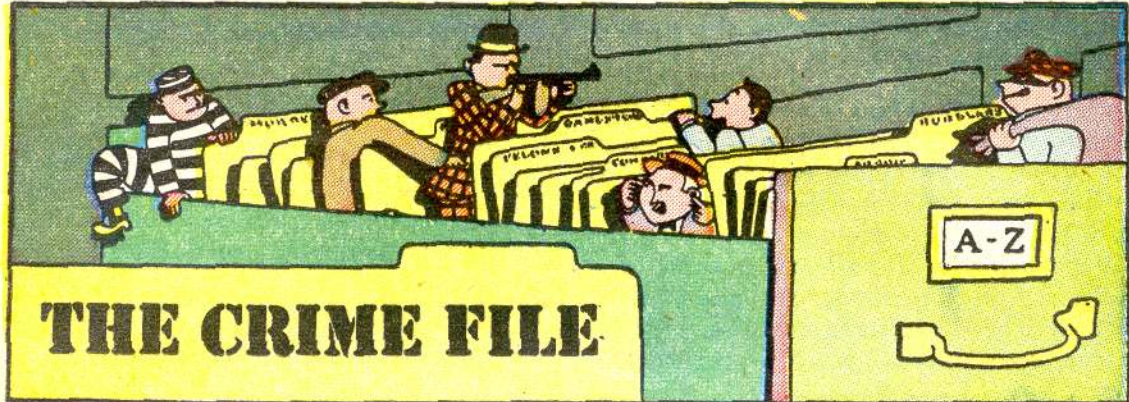
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FUGITIVE FROM FOAM

It had been as easy as pie. As porter of a chemical laboratory on the outskirts of Chicago, Bill Dylan had slipped the bottle marked dihydrostreptomycin into his pocket one night, assuming that it was penicillin, which he could sell on the black market for a high price. He needed money desperately. His wife was ill; he had incurred gambling losses.

But during the day, in the process of performing his chores, he overheard two lab technicians discussing the theft of the chemical, a byproduct of streptomycin, which easily would bring him \$1,000.

"It's dangerous stuff, that dihydrostreptomycin," one of them said. That warning was to haunt him the rest of the day, and by nightfall, his fears had resolved into a firm desire to get rid of the bottle. But how, where . . . ?

The answer revealed itself in the kitchen as he brewed himself a cup of tea. Down the sink drain, of course. A pity to waste the precious chemical, he thought for a fleeting moment, but he couldn't replace it on the lab shelf without the possibility of being discovered. Nor, since the warning, would he dare sell it, for fear of killing someone.

With a sigh of what must have been vast relief, he uncorked the bottle and poured its contents into the sink. But Bill Dylan suddenly stared goggle-eyed at the reaction, for, instead of vanishing down the drain,

the chemical was transformed into a fountain of foam, growing, spilling over the sink.

Bill Dylan made a futile gesture to halt it, but it was like trying to stop the lava flowing from an erupting volcano. In a fraction of a second, the foam had filled the kitchen, and even now, as Bill Dylan rushed from the kitchen, slamming shut the door behind him, the avalanche of suds was seeping over the threshold.

With a shriek of terror, he fled from the house, like a man pursued—which he most definitely was! — and only when he reached the comparative safety of the curb did he pause to glance back. Waves of foam were rolling out the front door, through the opened windows, building into mountains on the street!

He almost welcomed the sound of squad car sirens, the sight of half a dozen policemen wading towards him. En route to headquarters shortly after, he looked back to see that the fire department had matters well in hand as firemen hosed away the sea of suds.

As he was being booked, poor Bill Dylan was struck by the irony of his crime. He had tried to get rid of his precious loot down the drain, but like a wraith, it had formed to haunt him.

TV GUARDS

World penologists have taken enormous interest in the experiment now being con-

ducted in the city jail at Houston, Texas. For, if this proves successful, the method may be adopted by various prisons.

Here in Houston, a closed circuit (not broadcast) television system helps guard the prisoners. Reception sets are set up at various points—the warden's office, guard stations, guards' recreation room, even the newspapermen's offices—and a twist of a dial can bring the viewer any one of eight locales. These are monitored by a police officer, constantly on duty in the control room.

While the contingent of guards appreciates this unique, mechanized assistance, inmates refer to it as "an automatic stool pigeon," because, for one thing, it persuades them to stay on their good behaviour. The thought of a camera constantly scrutinizing them mollifies even the most obstinate.

POOCH PATROL

Until he installed his four-legged burglar alarm system in his Washington, D.C. junk yard, Herman Hyatt was victimized almost nightly by thieves. Finally, after looters had made off with several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise, Manager Saul Sims struck upon the idea of pooch protection.

Since dog training was his hobby, it was a simple matter to put it to practical use. He gathered nine hounds—a German Shepherd, six Dóberman Pinschers, two cross-breeds—and undertook the task of teaching them to attack any stranger who wasn't cleared by either himself or Hyatt. The slightest suspicion, they were taught, propelled them into eye-blurring action.

Once, a customer lifted a telephone to dial a number. Instantly, a Pinscher pounced on him, and relinquished his toothy grasp only when Hyatt himself ordered him.

While other innocent acts spur them into abrupt, dynamic action, and it costs Hyatt \$1,000 a year to maintain them, the fact of the matter is that their snarling challenges and baleful but alert eyes have wiped out Hyatt's losses by theft. Not a single robbery

has occurred since the four-legged flatfeet took over their beat!

SHORTSTOPPED

When a Delaware farmer noted the loss of gasoline each morning from the pump which fueled his motorized equipment, he decided to take steps to thwart the thief. One day shortly after, he saw an automobile stalled down the road, its perplexed driver bent over the opened hood.

Quickly fetching the sheriff, they accosted the motorist. Examining the gas tank, they found it full of water. Yes, this was the trap the farmer had set. The pump pirate quickly confessed. Sentenced a few days later by a justice of the peace, who did not water down the sentence, the thief was remanded to jail for 15 days, fined \$100.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

PARIS, France: While being questioned by gendarmes, a suspect leaped on a tandem bicycle and raced off. A fleet officer bolted after him, jumped onto the rear seat, commanded him to head for the nearest precinct.

EL CAJON, Calif.: On trial for burglary, an impatient defendant interrupted his lawyer's speech to the jury, swiveled to the judge and said "This farce has gone too far. I'm guilty and should be sent to jail."

BELFAST, Ireland: The local constabulary is trying to solve a mystery, literally all wool and many yards wide. Wool rustlers have been shearing sheep and selling the material. No report of arrest has yet been made.

BERNALILLO, New Mexico: When officials denied him funds and the local grocer credit, the county sheriff claimed he could not feed his prisoners, released all five.

HOUSTON, Tex.: Asked if he wanted to press charges against the man who had caused him to be hospitalized with two black eyes and a broken leg suffered during a fist fight, an indignant patient snapped: "Of course not. He's a friend of mine!"

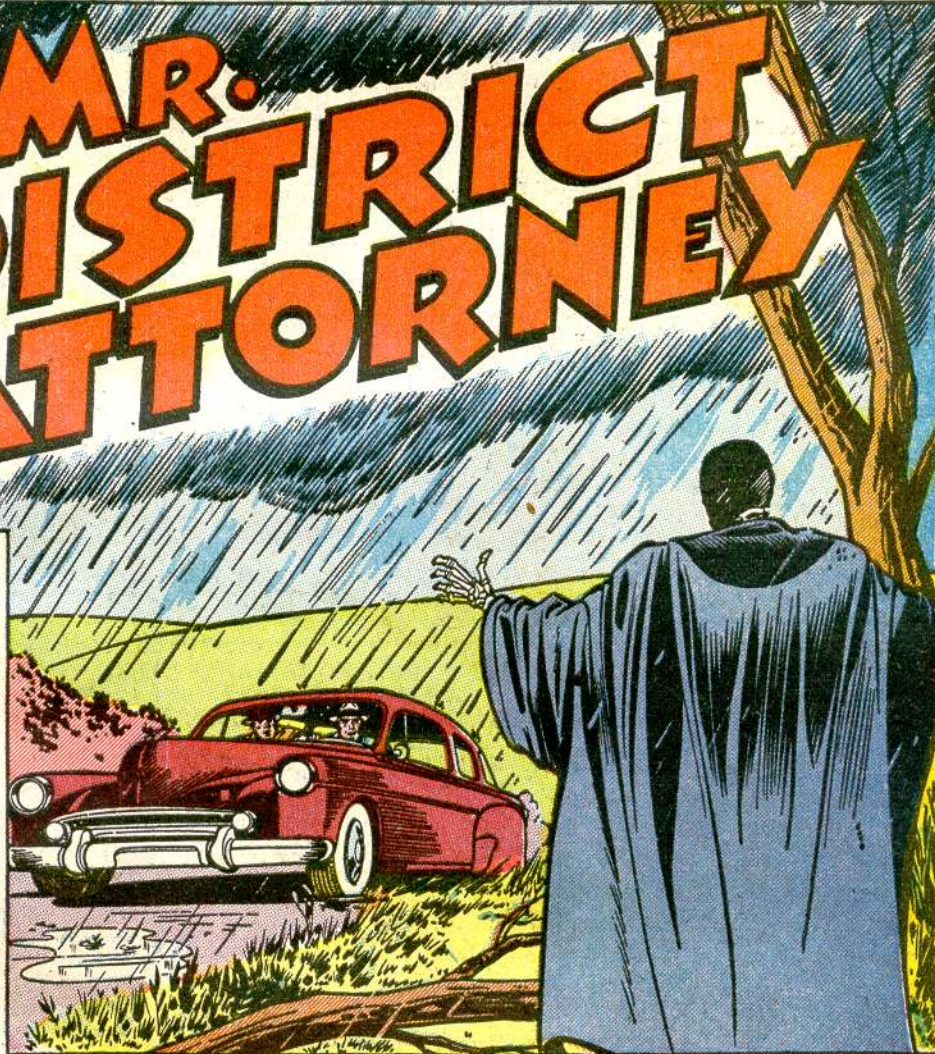


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

IT WAS THE MOST ALARMING CASE TO COME BEFORE MY OFFICE IN MANY MONTHS-- FOR IT DIRECTLY THREATENED THE WELFARE OF UNSUSPECTING CITIZENS! THUSLY, I HOPE THAT YOU, THE PUBLIC, WILL BE ALERTED TO THE DANGERS OF HITCH-HIKING AS YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT! FOR EVERY HIGHWAY LEADING IN AND OUT OF A CITY CAN BECOME A DEATH TRAP WHEN...

DEATH THUMBS A RIDE!



IN THE SPRING OF LAST YEAR, MY DEPARTMENT WAS FACED WITH ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT CHALLENGES IN ITS HISTORY...

HARRINGTON, IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, WE'RE ALMOST HELPLESS! CLUES ARE NEARLY NIL, AND THERE'S NO CRIMINAL FILE THAT CAN PROVIDE US WITH A LINK TO THE SUSPECTS!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, CHIEF... THERE AREN'T ANY KNOWN HOODS WE CAN START QUESTIONING FOR POSSIBLE LEADS!



EXACTLY! WE HAVE LISTS OF BANK ROBBERS, PICKPOCKETS -- EVEN PROFESSIONAL GUNMEN... BUT HITCH-HIKING KILLERS COME AND GO! EITHER WE CATCH THEM IMMEDIATELY, OR THEY VANISH COMPLETELY!



HITCH-HIKER ROBS, SLAYS DOCTOR MOTORIST

FOR THE SIXTH TIME IN THREE WEEKS, A HITCH-HIKER INNOCENTLY PICKED UP BY A PASSING DRIVER, GAVE THANKS WITH A BULLET

YET THAT WAS ONLY THE HALF OF IT--FOR A NEW TWIST WAS IN STORE FOR US WHEN, ON THE FOLLOWING EVENING, A MAN CREEPT THROUGH THE FOLIAGE OF A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

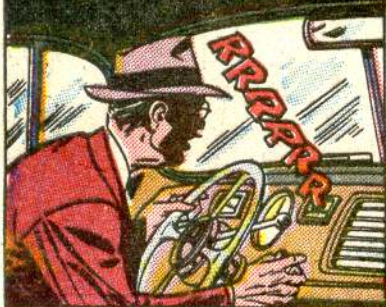


THE OCCUPANT OF THE HOUSE, A SOUTH AMERICAN MERCHANT NAMED ROMERO COSTA, DID NOT SEE THE DARK FIGURE IN HIS GARAGE AS HE PREPARED FOR BED...



AND NEXT MORNING, AS COSTA TRIED TO DRIVE OUT...

EH? THE CAR WEEL NOT START!



DESPERATION OVERCAME THE MAN--TIME WAS VITAL TO HIM AT THIS MOMENT...

NO GARAGE... NO TAXI... NO ANYTHEENG OUT HERE! BUT I MUST GET TO TOWN, OR I WEEL LOSE MY SALE!



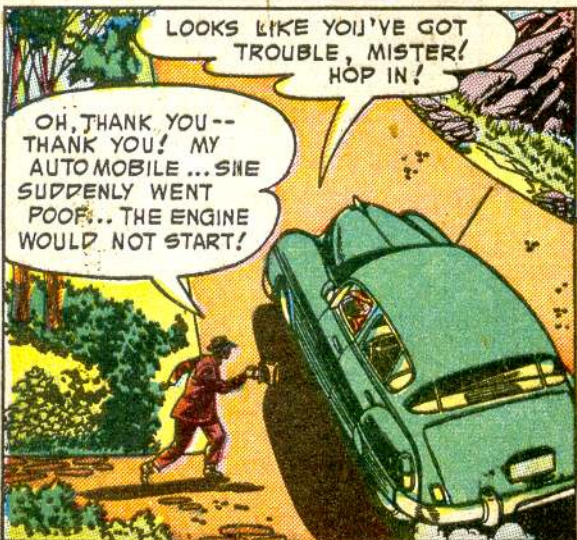
JUST THEN...

A CAR! PLEASE... PLEASE STOP! I MUST GET TO TOWN!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE, MISTER! HOP IN!

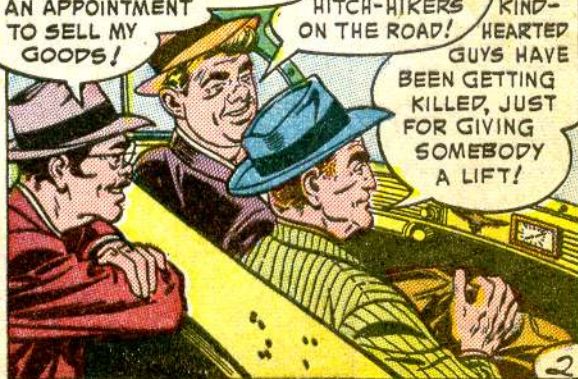
OH, THANK YOU! MY AUTO MOBILE ... SHE SUDDENLY WENT POOF... THE ENGINE WOULD NOT START!



AND AS THEY DROVE OFF...

I AM SO GRATEFUL! YOU SEE, I MUST GET TO TOWN THIS MORNING! IT IS VERY IMPORTANT... I--I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SELL MY GOODS!

IS THAT A FACT? Y'KNOW, CHUM, WE'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE PICKING UP STRANGE HITCH-HIKERS ON THE ROAD! YEAH... KIND-HEARTED GUYS HAVE BEEN GETTING KILLED, JUST FOR GIVING SOMEBODY A LIFT!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



SO WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE YOU DON'T KILL ANYONE! HA, HA!

YEAH... WE'RE PROTECTIN' FUTURE VICTIMS! HA, HA, HA!



45 MINUTES LATER, HARRINGTON AND I RECEIVED A CALL ON THE POLICE RADIO...

HITCH-HIKER SLAIN IN ATTEMPTED ROBBERY ON WILD ACRE ROAD AND UNION JUNCTION...

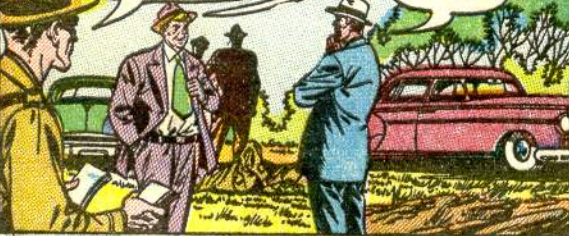


LET'S GO, HARRINGTON! LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THESE HIGHWAY KILLERS FINALLY GOT HIS JUST DESSERTS!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

SHORTLY, AS WE CHECKED ON THE DEATH OF THIS MAN WHOM WE ASSUMED TO BE AN UNIDENTIFIED CRIMINAL...

IT--IT WAS AWFUL! I WAS JUST GIVIN' HIM A FRIENDLY RIDE WHEN SUDDENLY HE PULLED THAT GUN ON ME! MR. PARKER HERE MANAGED TO WREST THE REVOLVER FROM THE GUNMAN'S GRASP AND TURN IT AGAINST HIM, D.A.!



I SEE...

THERE WAS NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIS PERSON, SIR! JUST SOME LOOSE CHANGE AND SOME SKID ROW FLOPHOUSE CARDS! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS BROKE AND DESPERATE!



EVIDENTLY! WELL--DON'T BE UPSET, MR. PARKER... YOU JUST DEFENDED YOURSELF AGAINST A VICIOUS CRIMINAL!

I--I GUESS SO!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, AS WE TOOK "MR. PARKER'S" STORY DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS...

IT WENT SMOOTH AS GLASS, MEEGER! EDDIE'S DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS NOW, GIVIN' THEM A REAL SONG AND DANCE! GOOD! HE HASN'T A RECORD--THEY CAN'T SUSPECT A THING! HMM... COSTA MUST HAVE \$20,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS HERE!



NOW, BOYS, I'M CONFIDENT WE HAVE A SMASH RACKET HERE... BUT IT WON'T LAST FOREVER. SOONER OR LATER, FINGERPRINTS OF THE VICTIMS WILL REVEAL THEY WEREN'T DESPERATE ROADSIDE VILLAINS...

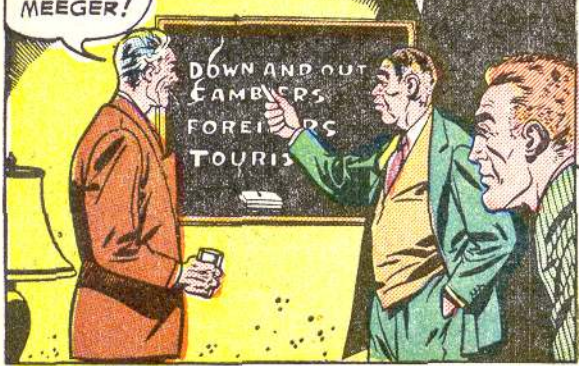


RS

...SO WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR KILL FAST-- AND DEAL **ONLY** WITH THIS TYPE OF VICTIM! CASE YOUR MAN WELL... BEFORE FORCING HIM TO HITCH-HIKE, MAKE SURE HIS FUNDS WARRANT IT!

RIGHT, MEEGER!

DOWN AND OUT
GAMBLERS
FOREIGNERS
TOURISTS



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, ROADWAY KILLINGS WENT INTO HIGH GEAR, ALWAYS CLAIMING THE WOULD-BE "CRIMINAL" HOWEVER...

GOSH, CHIEF-- IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY BUM ON THE ROAD HAS TURNED TO ROBBING MOTORISTS!

IT'S FANTASTIC, HARRINGTON-- ALMOST AS IF IT WERE ORGANIZED! ALL LABELS ON THE CLOTHING OF THE DEAD MEN HAVE BEEN RIPPED OUT ALMOST IDENTICALLY!



AT THIS EXACT MOMENT, AS WE LATER LEARNED, THE ROADWAY RACKETEERS WERE ALREADY CASING A NEW VICTIM...

THAT'S HIS DUMP, BOYS! I SAW HIM MAKE A BIG KILL AT THE RACETRACK TODAY, AND IT'S A CINCH HE'LL WANT TO HIGH-TAIL IT TO THE BANK FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! SO START MAKING YOUR PLANS!

RIGHT! FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS CUT HIS PHONE WIRE, SO HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEND FOR A TAXI! HE'LL **HAVE** TO HIT THE ROAD!



THAT'S HOW IT ALL STARTED--AND EXACTLY FOUR DAYS LATER, ANOTHER HIGHWAY "KILLER" MET WITH THE SAME FATE...

I--I **HAD** TO SHOOT HIM, D.A.-- HE DREW THAT KNIFE ON ME!

LUCKY I WAS FRIGHTENED ENOUGH BY THESE HITCH-HIKER KILLINGS TO GET A GUN PERMIT!

YES-- AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN YOU'RE CERTAINLY ON THE ROAD OFTEN ENOUGH TO WARRANT ONE! BUT YOU'D HAVE BEEN SMARTER NOT TO PICK UP A RIDER IN THE FIRST PLACE, MR. WELLS!



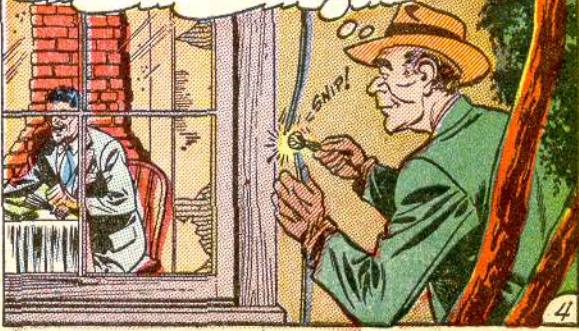
GOSH-- MAYBE A BAND OF THESE HITCH-HIKING THUGS DECIDED TO WORK TOGETHER!

YES, BUT WHY HASN'T THE VIGILANCE OF THE MOTORISTS SCARED THEM OFF? I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, HARRINGTON...

BY PICKING UP HITCH-HIKERS **OURSELVES!**



HA, HA... ENJOY YOUR WINNINGS NOW, BUSTER, 'CAUSE TOMORROW WE'RE GONNA TAKE 'EM AWAY FROM YOU-- NICE AND LEGAL-LIKE, TOO! THE COPS WILL JUST FIGURE YOU WERE STILL BROKE AND DESPERATE!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



NEXT MORNING, AS HARRINGTON AND I DROVE DOWN TO A MAIN HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

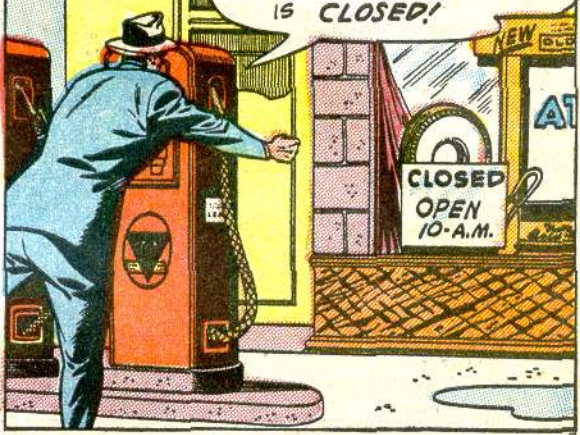
THERE'S A HITCH-HIKER NOW, HARRINGTON. YOU'D BETTER PICK HIM UP YOURSELF... I'LL COMMANDEER A CAR FROM THAT GARAGE AND FOLLOW-- JUST IN CASE HE IS A KILLER, AND TRIES TO JUMP YOU!

RIGHT, CHIEF! I'LL DRIVE SLOWLY UNTIL YOU CATCH UP!



I WATCHED THE HITCH-HIKER STEP INTO HARRINGTON'S CAR-- BUT WHEN I REACHED THE GARAGE...

GREAT SCOTT! THE GARAGE IS CLOSED!



THEN, AS I TURNED BACK TO SEEK OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION...

AS WE DROVE OFF, I KEPT MY EYES TRAINED ON THE CAR AHEAD-- IGNORING THE STRANGE ACTIONS OF MY COMPANIONS, UNTIL...

ABRUPTLY, THE CAR BECAME A WILD SCENE OF ACTION-- FOR THE MISSING COAT LABEL HAD GIVEN ME ALL THE WARNING I NEEDED...

NEED A RIDE, MISTER?

WHAT LUCK! THANKS... I SURE DO NEED ONE!

YOU KNOW, IT'S RISKY PICKING UP HITCH-HIKERS THESE DAYS! BUT ME AND MY PAL-- WE'RE NOT SCARED!

NAW! WE LIKE HITCH-HIKERS! GIVE HIM HIS NEW SUIT, JOEY!

WHAT--? THAT COAT LABEL... IT'S TORN EXACTLY LIKE THE OTHERS!

LOOK OUT! HE'S WISE!

BLAM



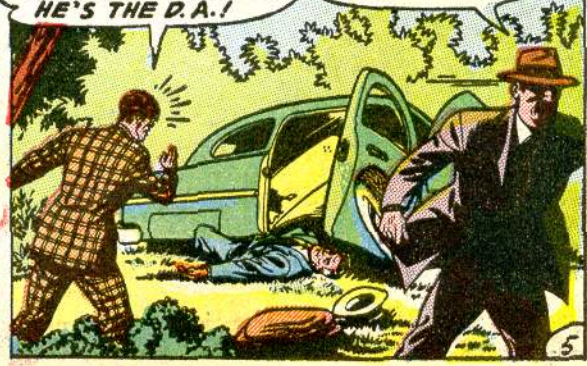
DESPERATELY, I PLUNGED INTO THE FRONT SEAT...

WATCH IT! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

AND AS THE CAR CRASHED TO A STOP, FLINGING THE TWO MEN CLEAR...

GREAT CATS! THIS ISN'T THE MUG WITH THE RACE TRACK DOUGH! I SHOULD'VE LOOKED! HE'S THE D.A.!

W-WE PICKED UP THE WRONG GUY! HE'S STUCK! GET MOVING!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



I STRUGGLED FREE OF THE SMASHED AUTO TOO LATE--FOR AS I REACHED THE ROADWAY...

BUT A MOMENT LATER, FATE TWISTED BACK ALONG THE PATH OF JUSTICE AS...



WHAT IRONY! THEY'VE ESCAPED ME BY THUMBING A RIDE THEMSELVES!

H-HEY! THERE'S A BODY BACK HERE!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! HE WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A RIDE!

YIPE! W-WE'VE GOTTEN IN WITH AN ACTUAL HITCH-HIKER KILLER!

SHORTLY, AFTER PHONING IN AN ALARM, HARRINGTON RETURNED--AND WE FOUND THEIR BODIES IN THE DITCH...

AND SO, WITHIN 24 HOURS, THROUGH CLUES FOUND ON THE BODIES OF THE DEAD CRIMINALS, WE ROUNDED UP THE ENTIRE HIGHWAY GANG...

P.A.! WE'VE STOPPED THAT CAR UP AHEAD! THE DRIVER SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE CRAZY!

HE IS, JOHNSON! HE'S JUST KILLED AND ROBBED THESE TWO "HITCH-HIKERS"!

GOSH, CHIEF-- YOU MEAN THERE WAS A RACKET TO PICK UP HITCH-HIKERS AND KILL THEM?

YOUR CALCULATIONS FOR MURDER WERE NEARLY PERFECT, MEEGER-- BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE ALLOWED FOR THE FACT THAT IDENTIFICATION ON YOUR OWN MOBSTERS COULD LEAD TO YOU! TAKE THEM OUT... THEY'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE EXECUTIONER!



THE END



THREE

EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES

OF THE ONE AND ONLY

SUPERMAN

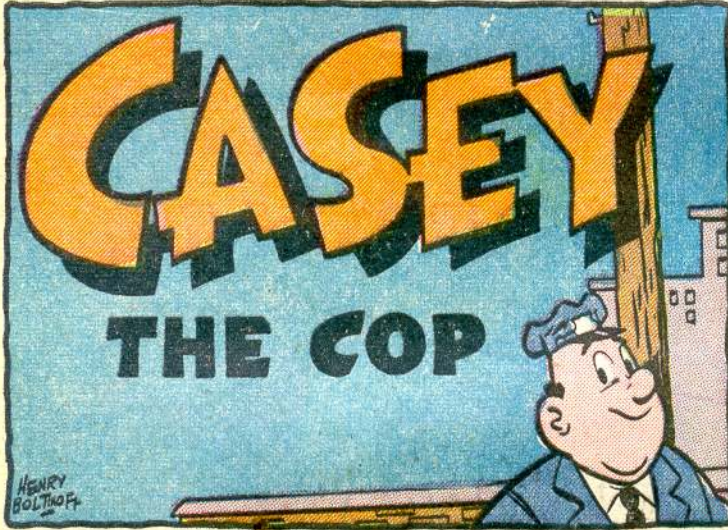
"ONE HOUR TO DOOM!"

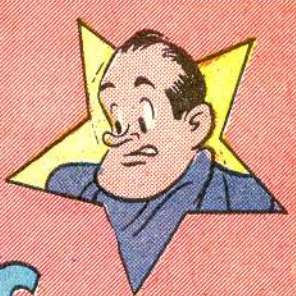
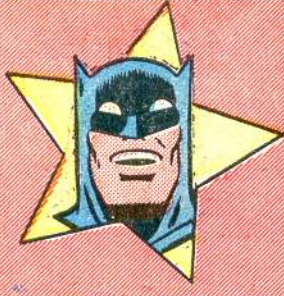
"CLARK KENT, THE TERRIBLE!"

"SUPERMAN OF SKID ROW!"

GET YOUR COPY NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

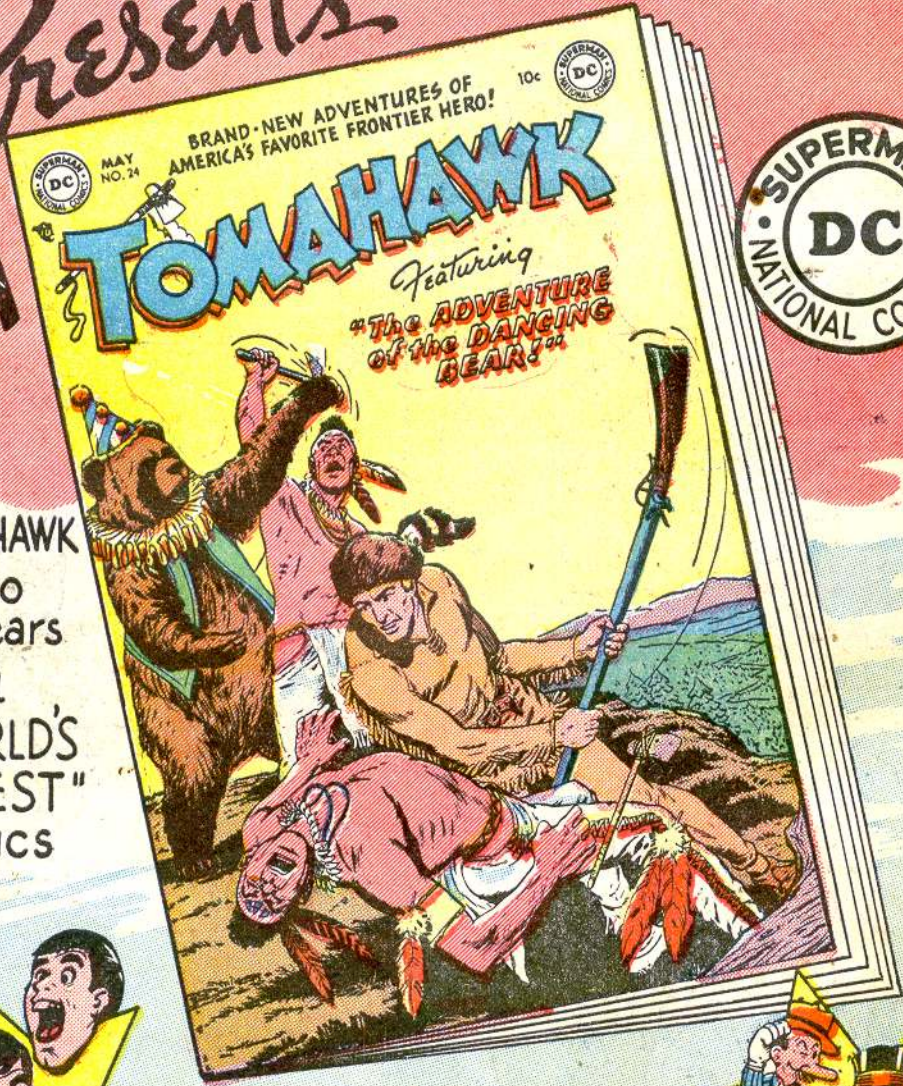




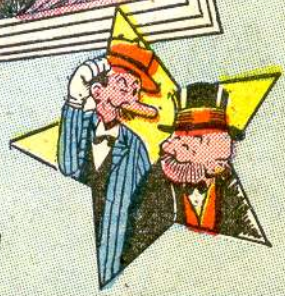


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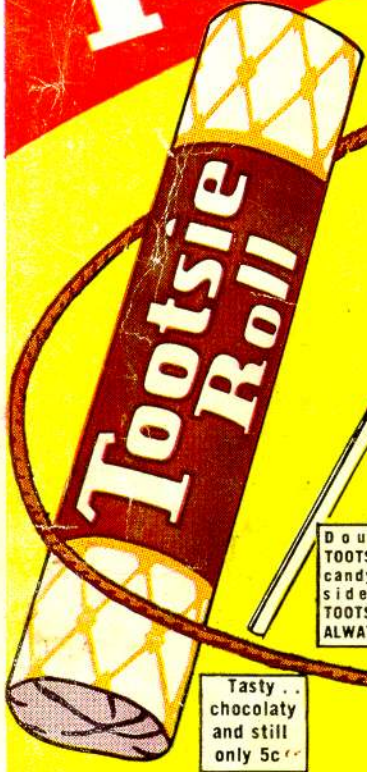
City..... State.....



This way to...
Captain TOOTSIE'S
 Roundup Time

Tootsie Rolls

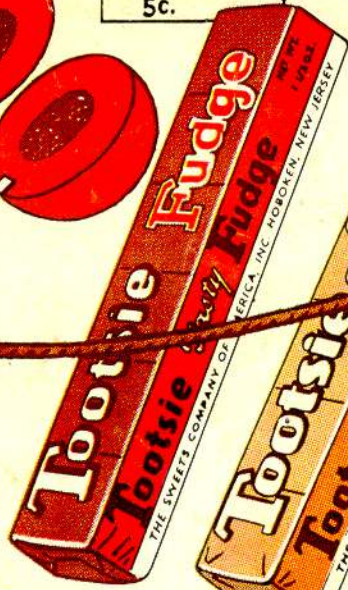
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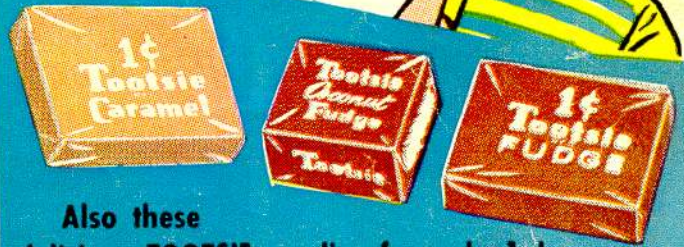
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