



10c

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

FEB.
NO. 55



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY A CRUEL HOAXSTER! IF YOU RECOGNIZE HIS HANDWRITING, CONTACT MY OFFICE AT ONCE!

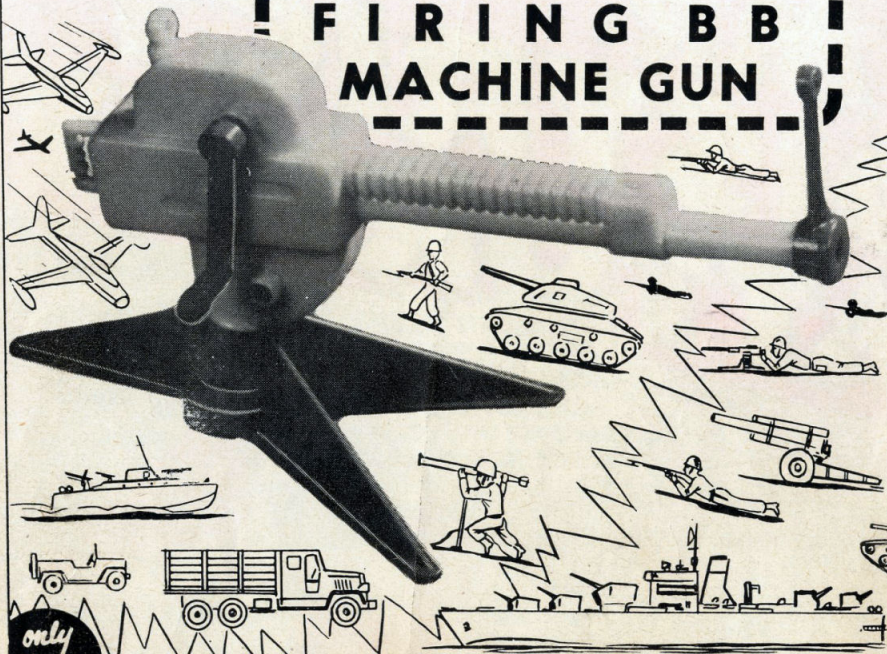


Mrs. Mansfield:
Your husband is alive
and safe. I know
where he is. I will
contact you shortly.
Your unknown
friend,
XXX

I'M XXX--
I'M
TRAPPED!

Exposing
"The
CRANK-LETTER
CRIMINAL!"

AUTOMATIC FIRING BB MACHINE GUN



only
\$1.00

YOU GET ALL THIS!

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- Complete 21-piece task force selected of:
 - infantrymen
 - tanks
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- cruisers
- battleships
- jet planes
- bombers
- riflemen
- space ships
- full supply of BBs

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

This is the newest, most sensational action toy out, and we're so sure that you will be delighted, that we offer a full 10 day Free Trial. If you are not 100% satisfied simply return for full refund. You risk nothing. We know you're going to be delighted so we make this amazing offer.

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- Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun mowing down the enemy.
- All scale-model replicas of the real thing.
- Makes your friends toys outdated.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Dept. B-298
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun and Complete Task Force Armada on 10 day Free Trial. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- I enclose \$1.00 + 25c shipping charges. Same money back guarantee
- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

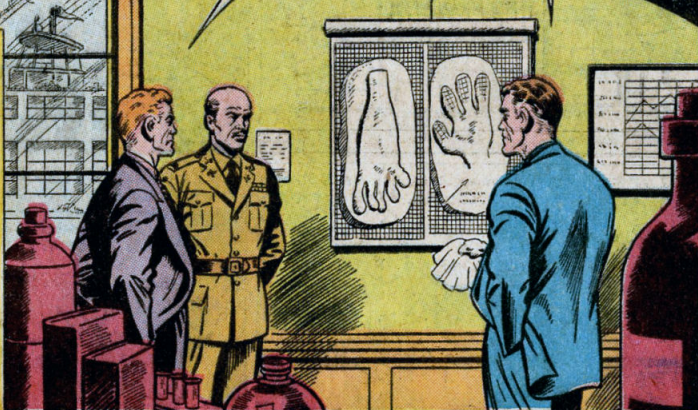
I KNOW, HARRINGTON... THEY'RE ALMOST PROOF-POSITIVE THAT SOME UNKNOWN BEING HAS BEEN HERE!

CHIEF, I'VE NEVER SEEN CLUES LIKE THESE BEFORE!

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

IT WAS THE MOST BIZARRE CASE I'D EVER ENCOUNTERED -- FOR THERE, BEFORE MY VERY EYES, WAS IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE EARTH HAD BEEN INVADED BY A CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD! INDEED, THIS DISCOVERY SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION BEHIND...

The FLYING SAUCER MYSTERY



IT WAS LAST JULY, WHILE TRAVELING ON VACATION, THAT HARRINGTON AND I PAID A VISIT TO OUR OLD FRIEND, COLONEL TOM DANVERS...

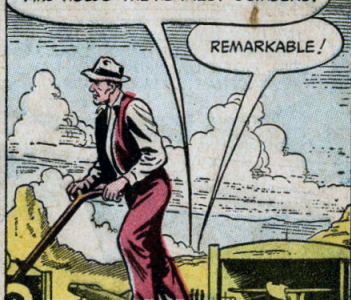
GREAT TO SEE YOU, D.A.! SO YOU FINALLY GOT OUT HERE TO SEE OUR AIR FORCE BASE, EH?

YES INDEED, TOM! WE'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS TRIP ALL YEAR!



FOR TWO HOURS, TOM SHOWED US AROUND THE FASCINATING AIRFIELD...

THAT RUNWAY IS MADE FROM A DRY RIVER BED, BAKED HARD BY THE SUN! IT STRETCHES ALMOST FOUR MILES, AND HOLDS THE HEAVIEST BOMBERS!



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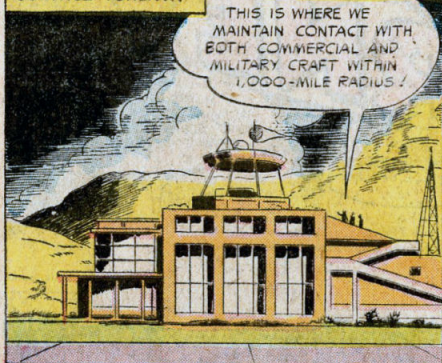
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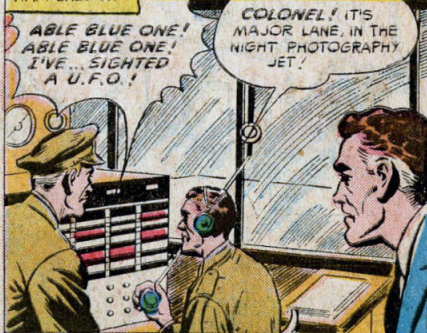


AT DUSK, WE MOUNTED THE MILLION-DOLLAR CONTROL TOWER...



THIS IS WHERE WE MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH BOTH COMMERCIAL AND MILITARY CRAFT WITHIN 1,000-MILE RADIUS.

INSIDE, WE LISTENED EXCITEDLY TO THE COMPLICATED COMMUNICATIONS SETUP OF AMERICA'S MIGHTY AIR ARM--AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED...



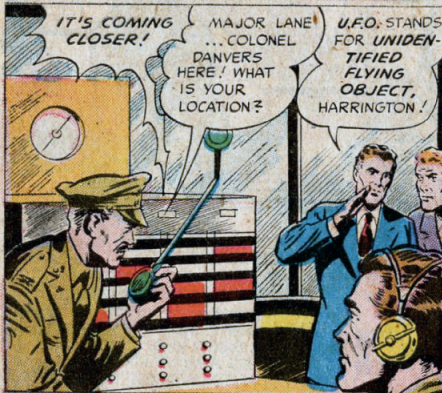
ABLE BLUE ONE! ABLE BLUE ONE! I'VE... SIGHTED A U.F.O.!

COLONEL! IT'S MAJOR LANE, IN THE NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY JET!

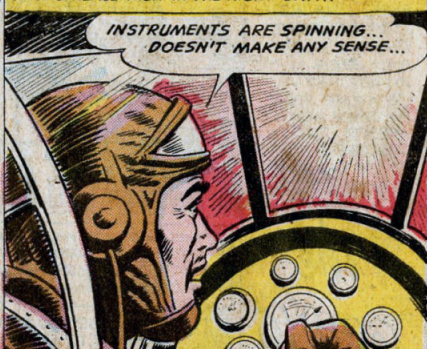
IT'S COMING CLOSER!

MAJOR LANE! ... COLONEL DANVERS HERE! WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?

U.F.O. STANDS FOR UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT, HARRINGTON!



ONLY LATER DID WE LEARN OF THE TENSE DRAMA TAKING PLACE HIGH IN THE NIGHT SKY...



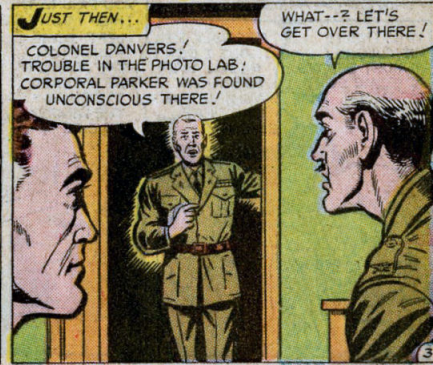
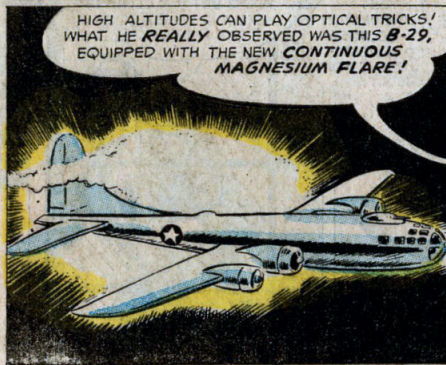
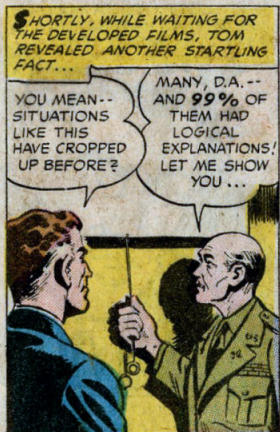
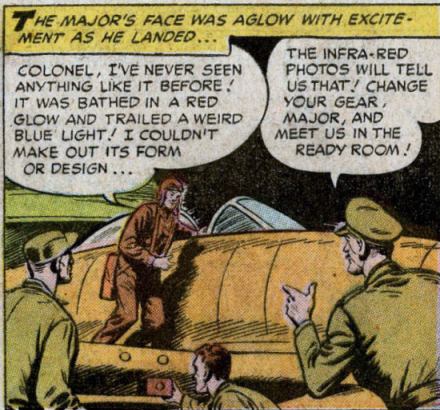
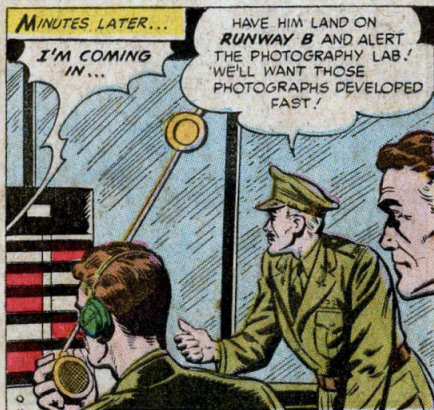
INSTRUMENTS ARE SPINNING... DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE...

IT'S DIRECTLY AHEAD OF ME NOW... STREAMING A BLUE VAPOR TRAIL! I'VE STILL GOT FILM IN THE INFRA-RED CAMERAS... I'M GOING IN!



SHE'S VEERING WEST-- MY FUEL IS TOO LOW TO FOLLOW... BUT I'VE GOT A HALF-DOZEN CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPHS!







MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE LABORATORY...

DID YOU SAY MAJOR LANE'S NEGATIVES ARE MISSING, PARKER?

Y-YES, SIR... I WAS JUST DEVELOPING THE PRINTS WHEN SOMETHING HIT ME! WHEN I AWOKE, THEY WERE GONE!

D.A., THOSE PICTURES MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING, AND THEY MIGHT NOT! BUT IF SOME FOOL STOLE THEM, YOU'RE BEST QUALIFIED TO GET THEM BACK! WILL YOU HELP?

OF COURSE, TOM... WE'LL DO WHATEVER WE CAN!

I ORDERED THE ENTIRE LAB BUILDING ROPED OFF, AND RESUMED THE CASE AT DAWN...

PARKER IS SURE NOBODY ENTERED THROUGH THE DOOR, HARRINGTON! SO IF OUR CULPRIT CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW, HE MAY HAVE LEFT A PRINT...

CHIEF... THERE IS A PRINT HERE!

BUT LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF IT!

GREAT SCOTT! HAVE A MOULAGE MADE OF THAT, HARRINGTON... FAST! I'LL CONTACT TOM!

SHORTLY, WHEN THE "FOOT-PRINT" WAS REPRODUCED IN PLASTER-OF-PARIS...

WHY, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IT MUST BELONG TO SOME SORT OF ANIMAL THAT WANDERED IN FROM THE DESERT!

POSSIBLY, TOM... BUT I DON'T RECALL EVER SEEING AN ANIMAL TRACK LIKE THAT BEFORE!

BACK IN THE PHOTO LAB...

YOU FIGURE THE THIEF MIGHT HAVE LEFT SOME PRINTS ON THE FRAME IF HE ENTERED THROUGH THE WINDOW, EH, CHIEF?

YES, HARRINGTON -- BECAUSE HE'D HAVE TO CLUTCH IT FOR SUPPORT! WAIT A MINUTE...

TOM, WE'VE FOUND OUR FINGERPRINTS! BUT... ER... YOU'D BETTER CLIMB UP HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THEM...

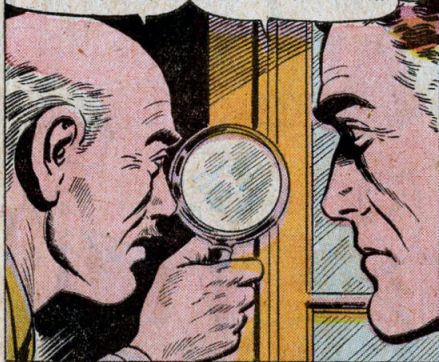


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GOOD GRIEF...WHAT ARE THEY, D.A.?

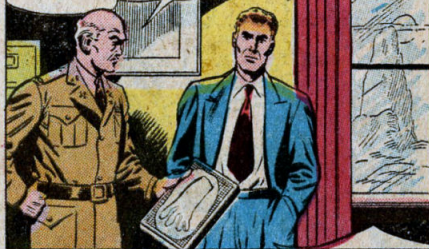
I...DON'T KNOW, TOM! LET'S GET THEM ON PAPER...



LATER, AN AIR OF TENSENESS FILLED COLONEL DANVERS' OFFICE...

I DON'T LIKE THIS, D.A., DO YOU SUPPOSE SOME STRANGE CREATURE ACTUALLY DID COME DOWN AND STEAL THOSE PICTURES?

HOW CAN I SPECULATE ON THAT? THIS IS A SITUATION I'VE NEVER RUN INTO BEFORE!



TOM, YOU MENTIONED THAT 99% OF U.F.O. SIGHTINGS HAVE LOGICAL EXPLANATIONS, HOW ABOUT THE REMAINING ONE PER CENT THAT **HASN'T** BEEN EXPLAINED?



PERHAPS THESE PRINTS ARE A CLUE TO...

CHIEF, HOLD EVERYTHING!



I FOUND THIS GREEN GLOB OF STUFF IN THE LAB, IT WAS NEAR A SMASHED BEAKER ON THE FLOOR!

OH, NO! TELL PARKER TO COME TO THE LAB AT ONCE, HARRINGTON! THIS CASE IS BORDERING ON THE... FANTASTIC!...



A STRANGE, UNEASY FEELING GRIPPED ME, AS I CONDUCTED MY INVESTIGATION, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

NO, I'M CERTAIN OF IT... WE DON'T USE ANY GREEN SUBSTANCE LIKE THIS IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK, MR. D.A.!

D.A., WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?





THERE WAS A FRAGMENT OF GREEN-STAINED CLOTH HERE! LOOKS LIKE IT WAS TORN FROM SOMEONE'S CLOTHING!

THEN THE GREEN STUFF COULD BE SOME KIND OF...



...BODILY SUBSTANCE?

HAVE IT SENT TO THE NEAREST CHEMICAL LAB FOR ANALYSIS! IF IT IS A FLUID FROM SOME LIVING BEING, THEN WE'VE FACED THE MOST DRASTIC SITUATION IN HISTORY!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE TENSION INCREASED AS WE INTERROGATED MAJOR LANE OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN THE TOWER...

MAJOR, THINK... THINK HARD! COULDN'T YOU MAKE OUT JUST THE BAREST OUTLINE OF THAT MYSTERY CRAFT?

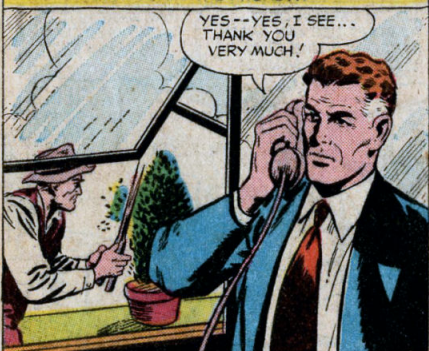
NO, SIR... THE RED GLOW WAS TOO DAZZLING! I COULD ONLY SEE A RED HAZE AND A BLUE VAPOR TRAIL!



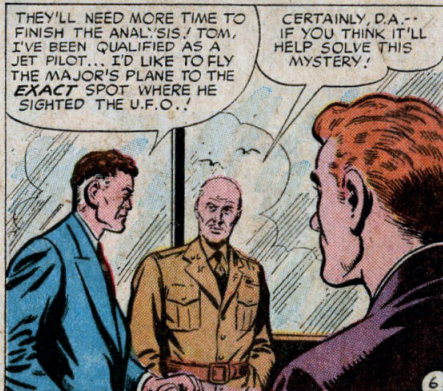
WELL... NO POINT IN DELAYING MY CALL TO WASHINGTON ANY LONGER! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE'VE RUN INTO!

I SHOULD GET THE LAB REPORT ANY MINUTE, TOM! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?... IS SUCH A VISITATION FROM ANOTHER PLANET ACTUALLY POSSIBLE?

BEFORE LONG, THE VITAL LABORATORY FINDINGS CAME THROUGH OVER THE PHONE...



YES--YES, I SEE... THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



THEY'LL NEED MORE TIME TO FINISH THE ANALYSIS, TOM. I'VE BEEN QUALIFIED AS A JET PILOT... I'D LIKE TO FLY THE MAJOR'S PLANE TO THE EXACT SPOT WHERE HE SIGHTED THE U.F.O.!

CERTAINLY, D.A.-- IF YOU THINK IT'LL HELP SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!



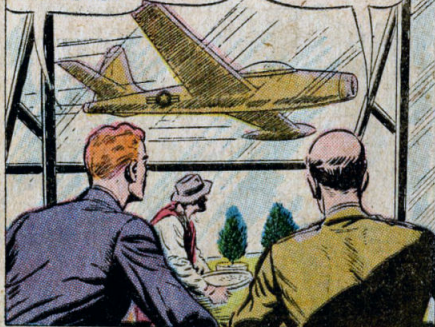
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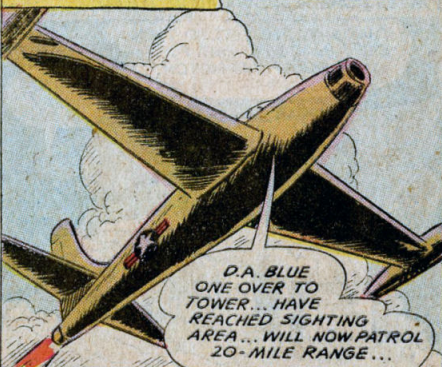
SO AWHILE LATER, AS I TOOK OFF IN THE MAJOR'S CRAFT...

I SURE DO HOPE THE CHIEF KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

SO DO I, HARRINGTON ... SO DO I!



20 MILES TO THE EAST, I CLIMBED SKYWARD AT 500 MILES AN HOUR...



D.A. BLUE ONE OVER TO TOWER... HAVE REACHED SIGHTING AREA... WILL NOW PATROL 20-MILE RANGE...

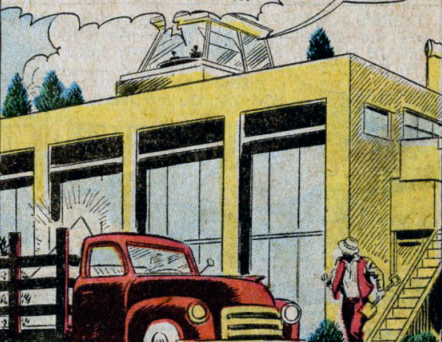
SUDDENLY, MY VOICE WENT HOARSE AS...



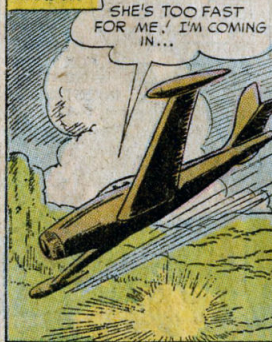
I SEE IT! A U.F.O. COMING TOWARD ME AT TREMENDOUS SPEED!

IT'S THE SAME SIGHTING ALL RIGHT! RED GLOW... BLUE EXHAUST VAPOR...

CHIEF! BE CAREFUL!



SECONDS LATER, I WINGED THE COMET-LIKE CRAFT EARTHWARD...

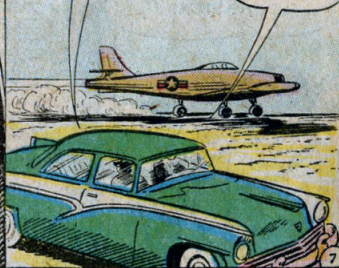


SHE'S TOO FAST FOR ME! I'M COMING IN...

HARRINGTON! TOM! BE IN MY CAR, READY TO PICK ME UP, WHEN I LAND! THIS IS URGENT!



SOON... WHAT COULD HE MEAN? I... DON'T KNOW! BUT WE'VE DONE WHAT HE ASKED!





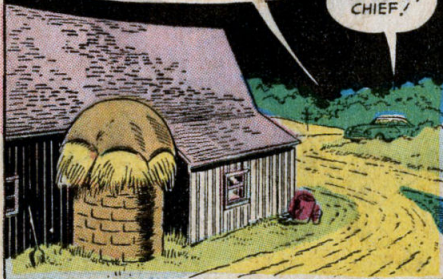
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AT TOP SPEED, I DIRECTED HARRINGTON TO MILES DOWN A DESERT ROAD, WHERE...

THAT'S IT...THE SECOND TURN OFF! HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THAT BARN, HARRINGTON!

S-SURE, CHIEF!



IF I'M RIGHT, TOM, THE ANSWER TO YOUR MYSTERY SIGHTING IS **INSIDE** THAT BARN!

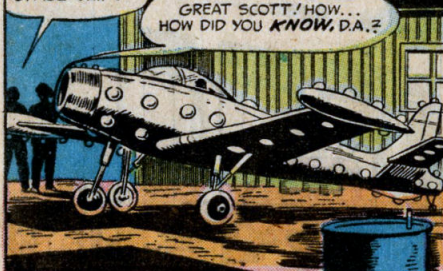
WHY... THAT'S PETER, OUR HEAD GROUND-KEEPER! WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?



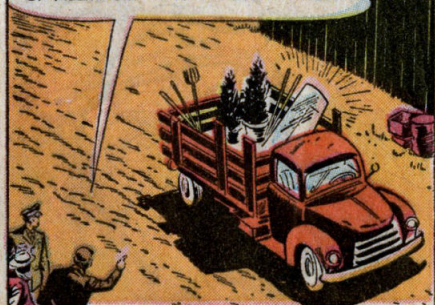
AS PETER HELPLESSLY PROTESTED, WE ROLLED BACK THE BARN DOORS, AND...

THERE'S YOUR U.F.O., TOM-- A DISCARDED ARMY JET, RIGGED WITH BLUE AND RED LIGHTS TO CREATE THE MYSTERY GLOW OF A POSSIBLE SPACE SHIP!

GREAT SCOTT! HOW... HOW DID YOU **KNOW**, D.A.?



THE CHEMICAL REPORT **DID** COME IN ON THAT P.U. WE CALL... THEY TOLD ME THE GREEN SUBSTANCE WAS A **CHLOROPHYLL MASH!** THAT'S WHY I HAD A MECHANIC PUT A SHEET OF ALUMINUM WING IN PETER'S TRUCK!



I FOLLOWED THE REFLECTION FROM THE JET! YOU SEE, WORKING WITH FLOWERS, HE WAS FAMILIAR WITH CHLOROPHYLL -- AND HE HAD EASY ACCESS TO THE GROUNDS OUTSIDE THE LAB! WHY, PETER? LET'S HAVE THE STORY!

LATER, WE LISTENED STUNNED AS THE CARETAKER--A FORMER PILOT HIMSELF--MADE HIS CONFESSION...

I'VE BEEN SMUGGLING WANTED CRIMINALS BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE BORDER! WHEN PILOTS SAW ME, THEIR REPORTS DIDN'T AROUSE SUSPICION!

THAT'S WHY YOUR JET WAS RIGGED LIKE A SPACE SHIP-- SO YOU'D BE REPORTED ONLY AS A U.F.O.!

HE PLANTED THE "PRINTS" AND GREEN SUBSTANCE TO STRENGTHEN THE REPORT AND PROTECT HIS **ACTUAL RACKET!**

AND HE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR SHREW'D INVESTIGATING, D.A.!



THE END

Meet the LEAGUE OF DEATH-CHEATERS!



ACE MORGAN
FEARLESS
JET PILOT



ROCKY DAVIS
OLYMPIC WRESTLING
CHAMPION



RED RYAN
CIRCUS
DAREDEVIL



PROF. HALEY
MASTER
SKIN-DIVER

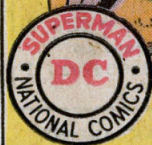
MEN OF RECKLESS COURAGE
SEEKING OUT AND DEFYING
THE UNKNOWN WHICH LURKS
IN MYSTERIOUS PLACES...
GRIMLY COILED!

DEATH MEANS NOTHING
TO THESE HEROIC
ADVENTURERS, WHO HAD
ESCAPED MIRACULOUSLY
FROM CERTAIN DOOM AND
DEDICATED THEMSELVES
TO A SECOND LIFE!
THEY ARE THE
MEN WHO LIVE ON
BORROWED TIME!

YOU'LL THRILL TO THE DANGERS
THEY HURTLING INTO WHEN THEY
UNDERTAKE TO PROBE THE
FORBIDDEN SECRETS OF A
SORCERER'S BOX IN THIS ISSUE OF

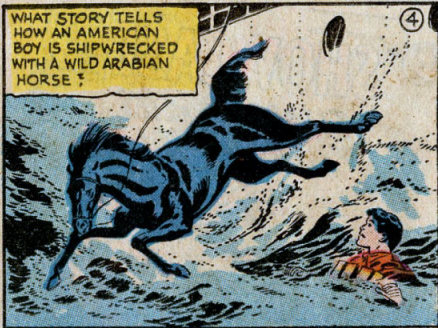
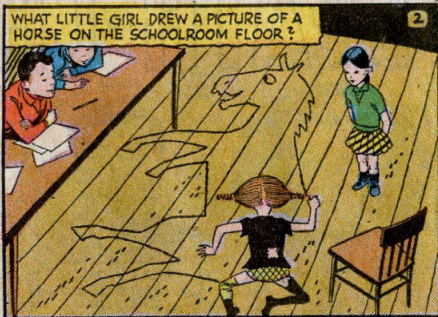
SHOWCASE

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER!



Buzzy's "FAMOUS BOOKS" Quiz

(ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL)



THE ANSWERS...
 READ UPSIDE DOWN

1. "TREASURE ISLAND" BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
2. PIPPI LONGSTOCKING BY ASTRID LINDGREN
3. "THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SWAYER" BY MARK TWAIN
4. "THE BLACK STALLION" BY WALTER FARLEY
5. JO MARCH OR "LITTLE WOMEN" BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Judy Murray



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

CHIEF... WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS HOODLUM STRONGHOLD!

THERE THEY ARE!

AND ALL MEANS OF CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAVE BEEN CUT OFF!

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

CAN YOU IMAGINE A GIANT DIESEL ENGINE **DISAPPEARING--** A MAMMOTH FIVE-TON CHANDELIER **VANISHING** OVERNIGHT? THESE WERE BUT TWO OF THE FANTASTIC THEFTS THAT ROCKED MY DEPARTMENT AND LURED ME INTO AN INCREDIBLE CRIMINAL LAIR KNOWN AS...

"The UNDERWORLD FORT KNOX!"



THIS ASTOUNDING CASE BEGAN LAST MARCH IN THE CITY RAILROAD YARDS...

RACING TO THE OUTLYING JUNCTION, INVESTIGATORS SOON MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

WHAT IN THE UNDER-? THE NEW DIESEL HASN'T REACHED HER SIDING-- YET SHE WAS CHECKED IN AT THE JUNCTION AN HOUR AGO!

BUT THAT'S CRAZY ... THE CITY EXPRESS, RUNNING BEHIND HER, HAS ALREADY COME IN ON THE SAME TRACK!

WHY... THAT SPUR LINE DOESN'T BELONG TO THE ROAD! SOMEBODY ATTACHED IT TO OUR REGULAR TRACKS!

C-COULD THAT MEAN OUR SUPER-MODERN DIESEL ENGINE WAS SIDETRACKED AND STOLEN?

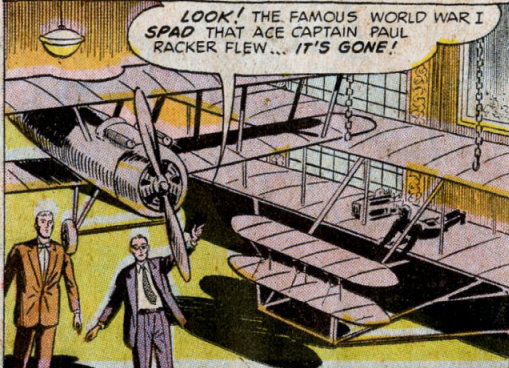


Handwritten note: *mine: the engine*

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT *DID* MEAN! A DARING GANG HAD UNDERTAKEN A SERIES OF GIGANTIC ROBBERIES, STARTING WITH THAT HALF-MILLION DOLLAR DIESEL ENGINE!



TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM...



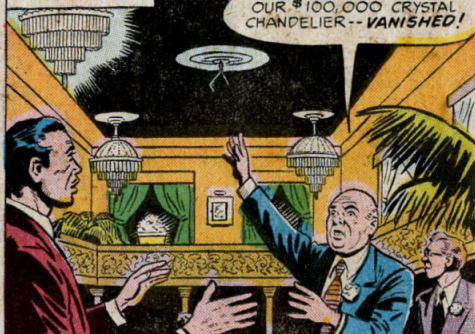
LOOK! THE FAMOUS WORLD WAR I SPAD THAT ACE CAPTAIN PAUL RACKER FLEW... IT'S GONE!

INCREDIBLE! HOW ON EARTH COULD A THIEF POSSIBLY HOPE TO DISPOSE OF SUCH A BIG, UNUSUAL PIECE OF LOOT?

I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE!



AND THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AT THE FAMED CRYSTAL BALLROOM...



OUR \$100,000 CRYSTAL CHANDELIER-- VANISHED!

WITH THAT THIRD ROBBERY, I TOOK PERSONAL CHARGE OF THE CASE...

GOSH, CHIEF, HOW CAN THIS GANG EXPECT TO CONCEAL SUCH GIGANTIC THEFTS FROM US? WE'RE BOUND TO FIND A DIESEL ENGINE OR A FIVE TON CHANDELIER!

IT CERTAINLY WOULD SEEM SO, HARRINGTON! WE'LL CHECK EVERY WAREHOUSE THAT ISN'T OPERATED BY A RECOGNIZED, REPUTABLE OUTFIT!



FOR TEN DAYS, MY STAFF COMBED THE CITY, BUT...

NO GOOD, CHIEF... NOT A TRACE OF THE STOLEN PROPERTY!

NO LUCK FROM OUR OTHER INVESTIGATORS EITHER! LET'S TRY THE SOUTH SIDE...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



OUR SEARCH CONTINUED WITHOUT SUCCESS...

AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE ARE NO TRAIN ENGINES OR AIRPLANES HERE!

HARRINGTON, WE'RE UP AGAINST SOME FANTASTIC NEW TYPE OF RACKET! OBVIOUSLY, THIS GANG HAS THE FACILITIES TO **BREAK DOWN** SUCH GIANT-SIZED LOOT BEFORE DISPOSING OF IT!



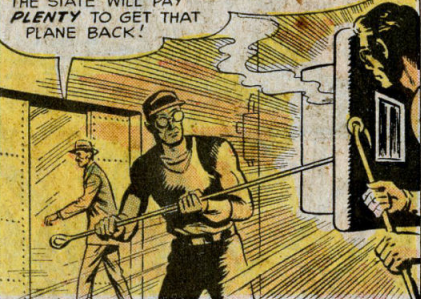
MY THEORY WAS CORRECT--FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

ALL RIGHT, ANDY, THAT'LL BE \$100 A DAY RENTAL! IN TWO WEEKS, WE'LL HAVE IT DISSEMBLED FOR SHIPMENT!

GOOD DEAL!



WHAT A SET-UP! FOR \$1400 STORAGE AND CRATING FEES, I GET PROTECTION FOR AN ANTIQUE WORTH **THOUSANDS!** HA, HA... THE STATE WILL PAY **PLENTY** TO GET THAT PLANE BACK!



UNAWARE OF THE GANG'S LOCATION AT THE TIME, I BEGAN MAKING PLANS FOR A UNIQUE TRAP...

HARRINGTON, THAT'S THE FIRST STATUE MADE OF **RODIUM**, THE NEW SUPER-METAL! IT'S FIVE TIMES MORE VALUABLE THAN ALUMINUM, AND TWICE AS HARD!

VERY INTERESTING, CHIEF-- BUT HOW IS THAT GOING TO HELP US CRACK THIS CASE?



I BELIEVE THIS IS A BIG-TIME **FENCE** OPERATION-- WHICH MEANS THE BULKY LOOT IS BEING CUT UP AND SMELTED DOWN FOR SALE! SUCH WORK REQUIRES TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL POWER...



... SO IF I CAN GET PERMISSION FROM THE MANUFACTURER TO USE THE STATUE AS **BAIT**, THAT POWER MAY LEAD US TO THE GANG!



THE METAL COMPANY READILY AGREED TO COOPERATE -- AND SO THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THERE'S OUR PUBLICITY -- AND OUR BAIT, HARRINGTON! IF THE CRIMINALS WANT BULKY OBJECTS OF VALUE TO STEAL, THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



TWO NIGHTS LATER, OUR QUARRY BIT...

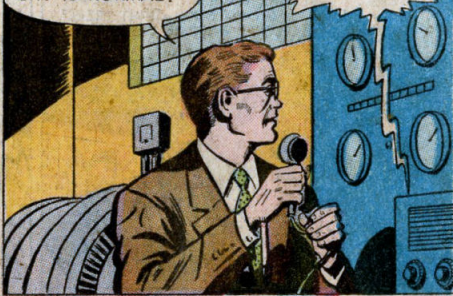
SO FAR, SO GOOD... BUT WE CAN'T ARREST THEM TILL WE KNOW WHERE THEIR HIDEOUT'S LOCATED! AND SINCE TAILING THEM MIGHT GIVE US AWAY, WE'LL LET THE **POWER COMPANY** TELL US WHERE THEY'RE GOING!



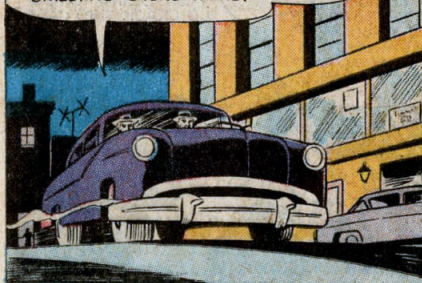
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, WE MAINTAINED CONTACT WITH THE CITY POWERHOUSE'S CHIEF ELECTRICIAN...

NOTHING YET, MR. D.A.! POWER OUTPUT THROUGHOUT THE CITY IS NORMAL!

THANK YOU... WE'LL KEEP PATROLLING!



GET IT, HARRINGTON? IF WE LOCATE A DISTRICT THAT SUDDENLY DRAWS A LOT OF **EXTRA** POWER, IT MAY MEAN THE GANG IS OPERATING GIANT ELECTRICAL SMELTING OVENS THERE!



JUST THEN...

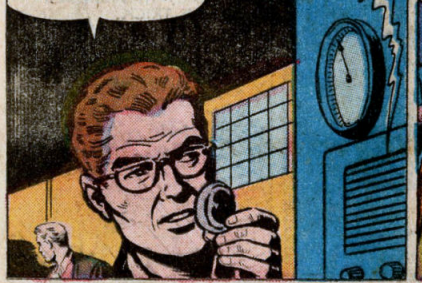
D.A.! POWER OUTPUT TO THE NORTH SECTOR HAS JUST **DOUBLED!**

HANG ON, HARRINGTON... THIS MAY BE IT!



THEY'RE PULLING MORE THAN A MILLION VOLTS OVER THE AVERAGE! BEST I CAN DO, THOUGH, IS FINPOINT THEIR LOCATION SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HIGHWAY 6 AND THE RIVER!

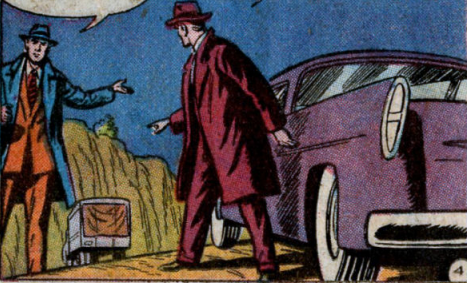
GOOD... WE'RE HEADING THERE NOW!



PRESENTLY...

GOSH, CHIEF, WE HAVEN'T SPOTTED ONE BUILDING LARGE ENOUGH TO HIDE THE STOLEN LOOT!

BUT THE POWER IS REGISTERING IN THIS AREA! HMM... THAT TRUCK... ODD IT SHOULD BE PARKED DOWN THERE! LET'S INVESTIGATE IT...





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AND WHEN WE LIFTED THE TARPULIN OF THE TRUCK...

A GIANT PRINTING PRESS! THEY MUST'VE JUST STOLEN IT FROM A NEWSPAPER PLANT!

QUICKLY, HARRINGTON, GET IN! SOMEBODY'S COMING!

THEN, AS WE CROUCHED INSIDE...

WE'VE FOUND OUR GANG ALL RIGHT... BUT WHERE IS THEIR HEADQUARTERS? WHEN THE TRUCK STARTS, SLIP OUT AND FOLLOW THEM IN THE SQUAD CAR! I'LL STAY ON...

BUT SUDDENLY...

CHIEF! WE'RE MOVING-- THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE CLIFF WALL!

GET BACK INSIDE! WE'RE TOO LATE!

NEXT MOMENT, A GREAT STEEL DOOR CLANGED SHUT--AND WE WERE TRAPPED IN THE UNDERWORLD FORT KNOX...

LATER, WITH THE TRUCK HALTED AND THE DRIVER GONE, WE CREEPT FROM CONCEALMENT AND GAZED AT THE INCREDIBLE SIGHT BEFORE US...

FANTASTIC... A VAST STOREHOUSE OF GIANT TREASURES...

AND LOOK AT THOSE BARRED DOORS, CHIEF! WE CAN'T CALL HEADQUARTERS FOR HELP... AND WE CAN'T GET OUT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT-- WE STILL HAVE AN ACE UP OUR SLEEVE... THE SQUAD CAR! WHEN WE DON'T REPORT IN, HEADQUARTERS WILL SCOUT THE AREA AND LOCATE IT!

THAT'S RIGHT... AND THEY'LL KNOW WE HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



BUT WITHIN AN HOUR, THAT LAST HOPE WAS SHATTERED AS...

A SQUAD CAR PARKED UP ON THE HILL! POLICE MIGHT HAVE SLIPPED IN HERE ON THE LAST TRUCK LOAD!

WHAT...? SOUND THE ALARM! LAUNCH AN ALL-OUT SEARCH! THE LAW WOULDN'T PARK NEAR US WITHOUT REASON!



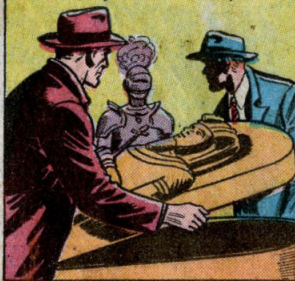
GOOD GRIEF, HARRINGTON-- WE'VE LOST OUR LAST CONTACT WITH THE OUTER WORLD! THEY'LL TURN THIS PLACE INSIDE OUT LOOKING FOR US!

WHAT CAN WE DO, CHIEF?



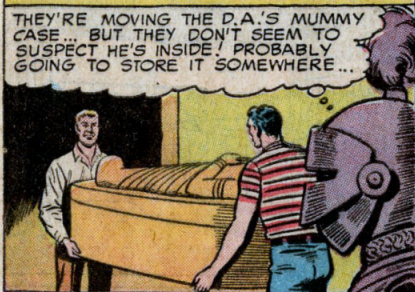
WE'VE GOT TO GAMBLE FOR TIME... CONVINCE THEM WE AREN'T HERE! HIDE IN THAT ARMOR SUIT! I'LL CONCEAL MYSELF IN THIS GOLD MUMMY CASE!

RIGHT!



MY PLAN WORKED ALL RIGHT-- BUT AT DAWN, A NEW COMPLICATION AROSE...

THEY'RE MOVING THE D.A.'S MUMMY CASE... BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO SUSPECT HE'S INSIDE! PROBABLY GOING TO STORE IT SOMEWHERE...

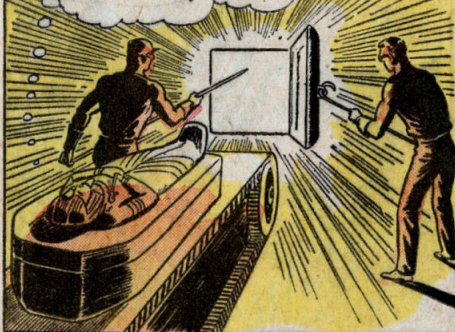


INSIDE THE CASE, I'D PUNCHED A SMALL AIRHOLE-- AND AS I FELT MYSELF BEING MOVED...

GREAT SCOTT! TH-THEY'VE GOT ME ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE-- HEADING STRAIGHT FOR...



... THE ELECTRIC OVENS! OF COURSE... THEY PLAN TO MELT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOLD FROM THE MUMMY CASE! HOW... HOW CAN I ESCAPE?



WHATEVER THE GAMBLE, I HAD TO GET OUT IN A HURRY...

THEY'LL HAVE ARMED GUARDS ALL ABOUT... MUST LAND RIGHT SIDE UP, OR I'M SUNK!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



AND AS THE MOMENTUM OF MY BODY KNOCKED THE CASE OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE...

HUH? HOW DID THAT THING FALL OFF?

PROBABLY LOADED TOO NEAR THE EDGE! LET'S GET IT BACK ON THE OVEN WALK!



ABRUPTLY, WHEN THEY STOOPED TO LIFT ME...

NOW!

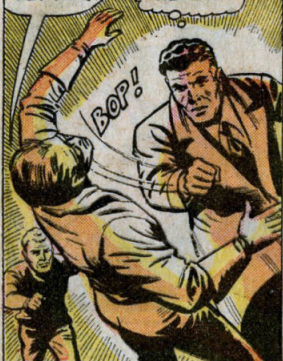
OOF!



THE D.A.! GET HIM!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER...

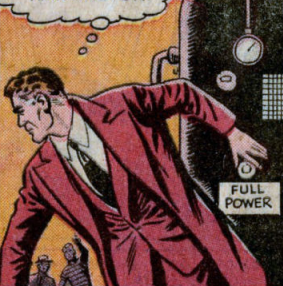
BOB!



HEADING TOWARD THE ELECTRIC OVENS, I TRIED A LONG GAMBLE...

GOOD... THEY DIDN'T SEE ME TURN THE DIAL! NOW TO GET BACK FOR HARRINGTON!

FULL POWER



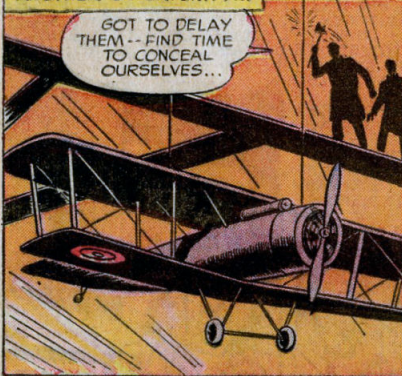
SECONDS LATER, WHEN I FREED MY ASSISTANT...

THE JIG'S UP, HARRINGTON! WE MUST REACH THAT CATWALK AND KEEP OUT OF THEIR HANDS AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!



AS WE REACHED THE CATWALK, I SAW ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY...

GOT TO DELAY THEM -- FIND TIME TO CONCEAL OURSELVES...



THE STALLING TACTIC WORKED PERFECTLY...

CRASH!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, WE DARTED FROM ONE HIDING PLACE TO ANOTHER, BARELY KEEPING OUT OF OUR PURSUERS' REACH...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, D.A.! NOBODY CAN ESCAPE FROM THE "FORT"!

FINALLY, OUR LUCK RAN OUT AS THE GRIM BEAM OF A SEARCHLIGHT CAUGHT US...

WE'RE TRAPPED, CHIEF-- DONE FOR!

NO-- THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! THAT STEEL STATUE OF ATLAS-- HELP ME TIP IT OVER!

OUR COMBINED STRENGTH BARELY MANAGED TO TIP THE HEAVY STATUE-- AND AS IT TOPPLED TO THE FLOOR...

LOOK OUT! IF I FIGURED RIGHT, THAT GLOBE SHOULD ACT LIKE A GIANT WRECKING BALL!

IT WORKED! WE'VE BROKEN THROUGH ONE OF THE EXITS! LET'S GO, HARRINGTON!

SURE, CHIEF-- BUT THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF MORE BARRED DOORWAYS AHEAD!

CRASH!

WE RACED GRIMLY THROUGH THE SMASHED DOOR, MAKING A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM, WHEN SUDDENLY POLICE APPEARED.

CHIEF! TEAR GAS! THEY'VE FOUND US!

THANK GOODNESS! ANOTHER MINUTE AND WE'D HAVE BEEN FINISHED!

LATER, AS I SHOWED STUNNED POLICE OFFICIALS THE INCREDIBLE UNDERWORLD FORT KNOX...

AMAZING... A STRONGHOLD FOR UNDERWORLD LOOT! WE FOUND YOUR CAR TRACKS AND FOLLOWED THEM HERE!

BUT HOW DID YOU TRACK THE LOCATION? THE STATUE THAT FORCED THEM TO USE EXTRA POWER WAS MELTED DOWN... ONLY ORDINARY POWER WAS BEING USED WHEN WE GOT INSIDE!

YES, HARRINGTON, BUT I'D PREVIOUSLY TURNED IT BACK TO FULL POWER! THUS, THE POWER PLANT ELECTRICIAN WAS ABLE TO GUIDE THEM HERE BY LOCATING THE SOURCE OF ADDED POWER... JUST AS HE DID FOR US!

FULL POWER

THE END

THE CASE OF THE COLD ALIBI

FOR FIVE LONG YEARS, ROGER MABLY HAD AWAITED THE OPPORTUNITY TO CARRY OUT HIS LONG-PROMISED THREAT! NOW THE TIME HAD ARRIVED...



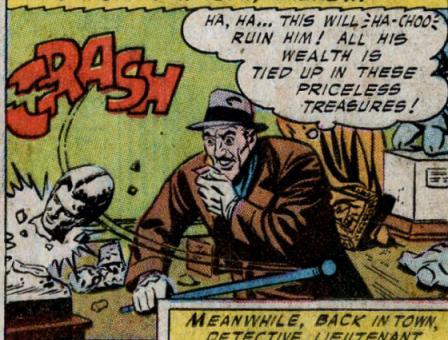
IT'S SNOWING HARD... AND THIS HA-CHOO'S HEAVY COLD OF MINE WILL HELP ME ESTABLISH A PERFECT ALIBI!

THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE IN THE REAR, HE MADE HIS DEPARTURE...



I VOWED THAT I WOULD RUIN SAM JONES FOR GIVING THE EVIDENCE THAT SENT ME TO JAIL! NOW I CAN DO IT WITHOUT BEING FOUND OUT!

THREE HOURS LATER, THE SCHEMER SLIPPED INTO A STUDIO IN TOWN, WHERE...



HA, HA... THIS WILL HA-CHOO RUIN HIM! ALL HIS WEALTH IS TIED UP IN THESE PRICELESS TREASURES!

HIS NEFARIOUS WORK DONE, THE WRECKER THEN STOLE BACK, UNNOTICED, TO HIS COUNTRY HOME...



THERE! NOW, ALTHOUGH I PUBLICLY THREATENED MY REVENGE, NO ONE CAN PROVE IT WAS I BECAUSE NO ONE CAN PROVE I EVER LEFT THIS HOUSE!

BR-R-R... IT'S SURE COLD IN HERE! THE FIRE MUST'VE DIED OUT SOON AFTER I LEFT! HA-CHOO! BETTER WARM UP THIS PLACE, BEFORE I CATCH PNEUMONIA!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN TOWN, DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT KRANTZ SURVEYED THE CRUEL WRECKAGE...



I'M SURE IT WAS MABLY, LIEUTENANT KRANTZ! HE THREATENED TO RUIN ME IN THIS MANNER! I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT AND CHECK HIS ALIBI, MR. JONES!

READER, YOU BE THE DETECTIVE! SEE IF YOU CAN CRACK MABLY'S ALIBI BEFORE LIEUT. KRANTZ DOES.

SOME TIME AFTER, AS A SQUAD CAR SQUEALED TO A STOP IN FRONT OF ROGER MABLY'S COUNTRY HOME...

IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF ANYONE HAS LEFT THAT HOUSE SINCE THE SNOW STARTED! NOT A SINGLE FOOTPRINT!

HMM... AND IT WOULD'VE TAKEN MABLY AT LEAST FIVE HOURS TO MAKE THE TRIP TO THE CITY AND BACK!



IS MABLY AT HOME?

I DON'T KNOW-- THE WINDOW PANES ARE CAKED WITH ICE!



AFTER GAINING ADMISSION AND TELLING MABLY OF THE CRIME...

SO SOMEONE DESTROYED HIS TREASURES, EH? WELL, HA-CHOOE YOU CAN'T PIN IT ON ME!

YOU SAY YOU NEVER LEFT THIS HOUSE, EH?



EXACTLY... I'VE BEEN KEEPING MYSELF WARM, NEXT TO THIS FIRE, ALL DAY LONG! HAD TO--BECAUSE OF MY HA-CHOOE COLD!



FOR A MOMENT, KRANTZ WAS STYMIED-- BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...

WAIT... I CAN PROVE THAT YOU DID LEAVE THIS HOUSE-- LONG ENOUGH TO GET TO TOWN AND BACK!

YOU'RE BLUFFING-- YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!



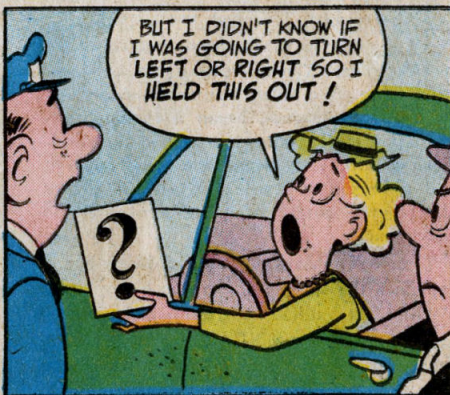
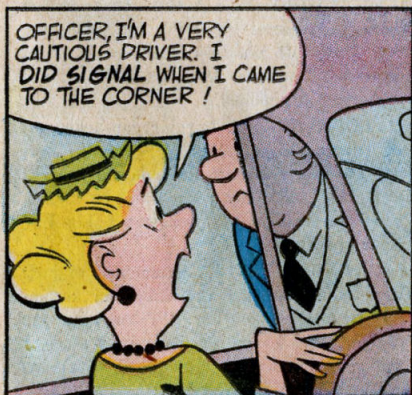
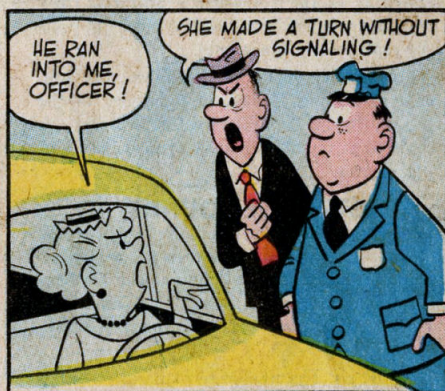
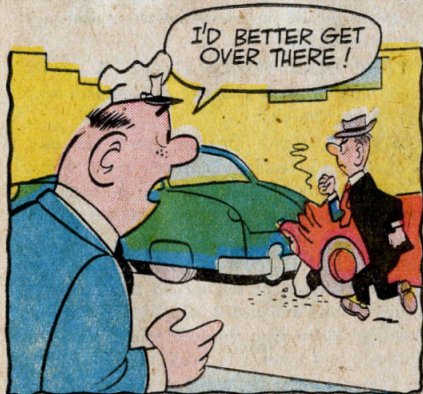
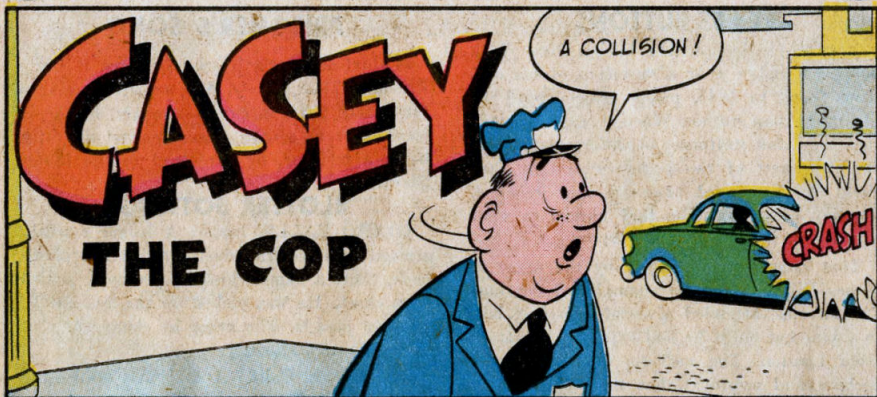
CAN'T I? ICE ONLY FORMS ON WINDOW PANES WHEN THE HOUSE INSIDE IS COLD! A WARM HOUSE PREVENTS ICE FORMATION! THIS MEANS YOU MUST HAVE LEFT THIS HOUSE, ALLOWING THE FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE TO DIE OUT!

I--I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



LIEUT. KRANTZ'S SUSPICIONS LED LATER TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE SECRET ENTRANCE MABLY HAD USED TO GET OUT... AND ROGER MABLY WAS LATER TRIED AND CONVICTED FOR HIS ACT!

THE ENZY



THE D.A. FILE

BRASS BUTTONS

Thanks to the London bobby, New York policemen today wear a variation of his uniform. Back in 1845, police officers wore ordinary civilian clothes. When it was suggested that they don uniforms to differentiate them from the rest of the populace so that they could be recognized at once, they rebelled. By way of compromise, they agreed to wear a badge in the shape of a star.

That same year, a lawyer by the name of James W. Gerard, who championed the idea of uniforms, attended a society costume ball in a bluecoat outfit he had expressly imported from London. The uniform won such wide acclaim and approval that the city officially adopted it as the policeman's uniform. Only one slight change was made: black buttons were replaced by brass ones.

Through the years, the uniform was subjected to change. Today, in deference to the city's sweltering summer weather, officers are permitted to go tieless, sport open collars and short sleeves.

STRANGE SOUNDS

A traveler returning from France recently had some uneasy moments when a customs inspector fanned a Geiger counter over his baggage. "What's this all about?" he demanded. "You've never gone over my luggage before like that."

"Sorry, sir. I'm unable to explain, although I can admit someone's been smuggling radium into the country," replied the inspector.

All of a sudden, the Geiger instrument began to tick wildly. The distraught passenger was led into an office, where the inspector, assisted by several colleagues, began a thorough examination of the valise that caused the suspicious sounds. They found the usual apparel, and a broken wristwatch. When the Geiger counter was passed over the wristwatch, it ticked madly.

"I broke it aboard, so I stuck it in my bag," explained the passenger.

"And its radium-coated numerals misled us," said the inspector. "Sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir. Goodbye and good luck."

PRISONER'S SONG

A thief serving a 10-year sentence at Kilby Prison in Montgomery, Ala., rejected a chance for parole. An amateur bass singer, he didn't want to break up the prison quartet of which he is a member, he explained to the parole board.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

IDAHO FALLS, Idaho: A forger recently arrived in town, thumbed through a phone book, chose a name which he promptly signed on a check. He was picked up the moment he tried to pass it. The name he chose was that of the district attorney.

SAN JOSE, Calif.: A detective, addressing a club on "Crime Detection," glanced out the window, spotted a wanted man, raced out and arrested him.

WEST HARTFORD, Conn.: A newly passed city ordinance allows residents to keep bees within the city.

DENVER, Colo.: Due in court, one day, to answer 15 traffic violations, a man was nabbed the night before robbing a store, explained to police that he needed the money to pay his fines.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah: The State Treasurer gasped as he opened a letter, containing a note and a \$10 bill. The writer confessed he had driven through one day a short while ago and taken two road signs. He hoped the money would cover the cost.

ALEXANDRIA, Va.: A thief broke into a restaurant, prepared himself a feast of soup, broiled steak with potatoes and peas, Waldorf salad, coffee and pie, left the \$150 in the cash register untouched.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.: A burglar ransacked an Army surplus store, filled a bag with merchandise, donned a shirt he removed from a drawer. He was easily picked up by police. Stenciled on the shirt's back was a big PW (prisoner of war).

HACKENSACK, N. J.: Summoned to jury duty, a man returned the subpoena accompanied by an explanation: "Thank you for your offer, but I am not interested since I have a good job now." Threatened with contempt, he had to serve, anyhow.



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

ANOTHER ANONYMOUS LETTER CAME IN THE MAIL TODAY, MR. D.A.! DO YOU THINK SOBÉ IT WILL LEAD TO MY MISSING HUSBAND?

NO... I'M AFRAID WE'LL FIND IT WAS WRITTEN BY THE SAME CRANK WHO WROTE THE OTHERS, MRS. MANSFIELD!

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

EVERY TIME A CITIZEN MAKES NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, A CERTAIN DESPICABLE BREED OF CRIMINAL GOES INTO ACTION! THESE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY TAKE IT UPON THEMSELVES TO WRITE ANONYMOUS LETTERS THAT BRING UNTOLD GRIEF AND HEARTBREAK TO FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE PERSON CONCERNED! THAT IS WHY I LAUNCHED AN ALL-OUT CAMPAIGN TO CAPTURE...



THE CRANK-LETTER CRIMINAL

MY FILE CONTAINS THE FACTS ON SOME OF THE MOST SHOCKING CASES IN MY DEPARTMENT! THE "CRIMINALS" NEITHER ROBBED NOR ASSAULTED--YET THEIR ACTS BROUGHT UNTOLD MISERY TO HUNDREDS!

FOR EXAMPLE, ON JUNE 4TH OF LAST YEAR, A FURTIVE FIGURE CREEPT UP TO ALARM BOX #12 ON CENTER AVENUE...

HIS NERVOUS HAND TRIPPED A LEVER THAT STARTED A CHAIN OF DANGER AND SUDDEN DEATH...



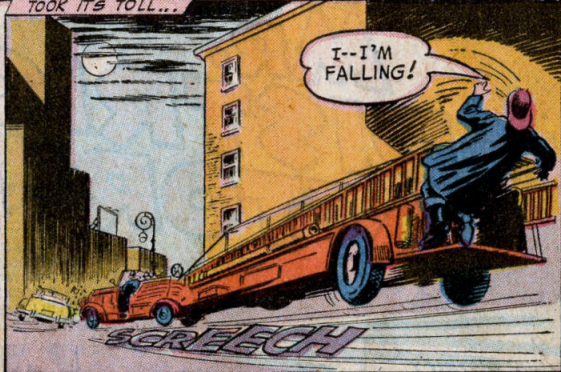
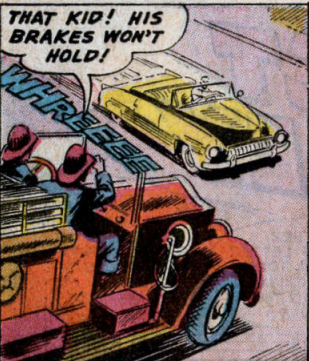


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



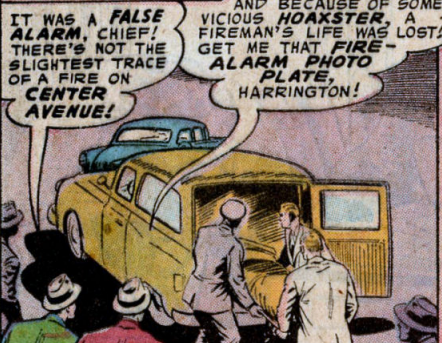
-- FOR AS ENGINE HOUSE # 5 RESPONDED TO THE ALARM...

THE COMBINATION OF EMERGENCY SPEED AND BAD BRAKES TOOK ITS TOLL...



MINUTES LATER, WHEN MY ASSISTANT AND I REACHED THE SCENE...

WITHIN THREE HOURS, WE HAD OUR MAN...



SUCH MEASURES GREATLY REDUCED THE NUMBER OF FALSE ALARMS-- BUT IN OTHER INSTANCES, APPREHENSION OF THESE SOCIAL PARASITES WAS MORE DIFFICULT...

SHORTLY, HOWEVER... MEANWHILE, THIS POOR WOMAN HAS SUFFERED A TERRIBLE SHOCK!



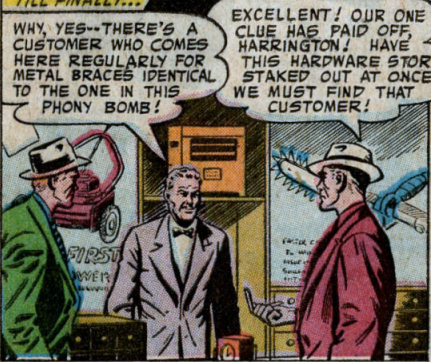


MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



FILLED WITH ANGER, HARRINGTON AND I CONCENTRATED EVERY EFFORT ON THE CASE-- TILL FINALLY...

JUST THREE DAYS LATER, WHEN THE SUSPECT RETURNED...



WHY, YES--THERE'S A CUSTOMER WHO COMES HERE REGULARLY FOR METAL BRACES IDENTICAL TO THE ONE IN THIS PHONY BOMB!

EXCELLENT! OUR ONE CLUE HAS PAID OFF, HARRINGTON! HAVE THIS HARDWARE STORE STAKED OUT AT ONCE... WE MUST FIND THAT CUSTOMER!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? JUST 'CAUSE I BUY SOME METAL BRACES, IT DON'T PROVE I PLANTED A BOMB!

TRUE... AND IF YOUR FINGERPRINTS DON'T MATCH THOSE FOUND INSIDE THE BOMB CASING, YOU'LL BE RELEASED!

BUT THE PRINTS DID MATCH--AND ANOTHER VICIOUS PEDDLER OF MISERY WAS OUT OF CIRCULATION...

YET, BAD AS THESE HOAX CASES WERE, THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY MATCH THE HUMAN SORROW CAUSED BY CRANK LETTER WRITERS! LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF ONE SUCH CRIMINAL...

HIS OPERATIONS CENTERED AROUND THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF CHARLES MANSFIELD, A BUDDING YOUNG ACTOR...

WHAT MAKES THEM DO IT, CHIEF? THEY HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN... IT ISN'T MONEY THEY'RE AFTER!

I KNOW, HARRINGTON, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO US-- BUT PSYCHOLOGISTS CLAIM THESE PEOPLE'S WARPED MINDS CRAVE THE EXCITEMENT OF INSTILLING FEAR IN OTHERS!

SOBE I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHILE WORKING ON HIS STAMP COLLECTION LAST NIGHT, MY HUSBAND DECIDED TO GO OUT FOR THE EVENING PAPER... CHOKES AND THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HIM!

I SEE... WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE US A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF HIS BACKGROUND, MRS. MANSFIELD?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, WE INTENSIFIED OUR INVESTIGATION...

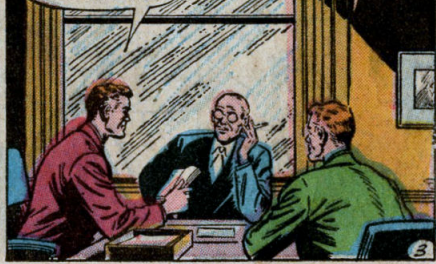
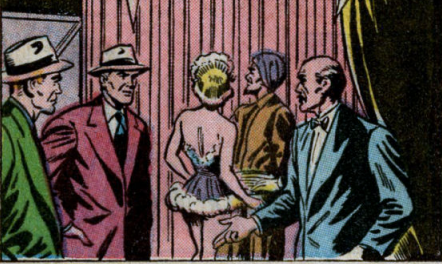
EVEN THE ACTOR'S BANK BOOK WAS CHECKED...

RIGHT, CHIEF... NOBODY WOULD RISK A KIDNAPPING CHARGE FOR SUCH SMALL CHANGE!

DID MR. MANSFIELD SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING BOTHERING HIM LATELY-- LIKE HE WAS AFRAID OF SOMEONE?

NO, HE PLAYED HIS PART PERFECTLY! HE SEEMED QUITE NORMAL!

JUST A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS IN HIS SAVINGS ACCOUNT, HARRINGTON... THAT RULES OUT KIDNAPPING!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



OUR BIG CLUE FINALLY CAME TO LIGHT IN MANSFIELD'S MILITARY RECORDS...

FOR TWO WEEKS, OUR MISSING PERSON'S CAMPAIGN COVERED THE TOWN WITHOUT RESULTS...

YOU MEAN, MANSFIELD WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY BECAUSE OF AMNESIA ATTACKS, CHIEF?

RIGHT, HARRINGTON... HE'S UNDOUBTEDLY WALKING ABOUT WITH A LOSS OF MEMORY! HAVE HIS DESCRIPTION BROADCAST THROUGHOUT THE STATE... GET A PHOTO OF HIM BLOWN UP!

MISSING ACTOR, CHARLES MANSFIELD... HEIGHT 5'9"... WEIGHT 160...

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?



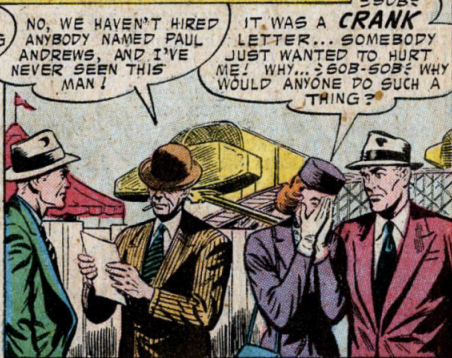
SUDDENLY, IN ONE FELL SWOOP CAME THE BREAK THAT APPARENTLY ENDED THE SEARCH...

BUT THE WOMAN'S JOY QUICKLY TURNED TO ANGUISH, WHEN WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION... *SOB!*



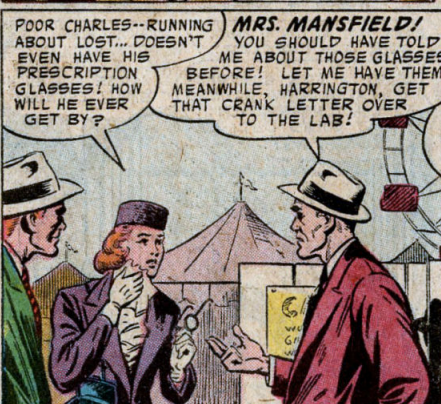
HE'S BEEN LOCATED! A LETTER JUST ARRIVED THAT SAYS HE'S WORKING AT THE LOCAL CARNIVAL, UNDER THE NAME OF PAUL ANDREWS!

WONDERFUL, MRS. MANSFIELD! WE'LL DRIVE YOU THERE AT ONCE!



NO, WE HAVEN'T Hired ANYBODY NAMED PAUL ANDREWS, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN!

IT WAS A CRANK LETTER... SOMEBODY JUST WANTED TO HURT ME! WHY... *SOB-SOB!* WHY WOULD ANYONE DO SUCH A THING?



POOR CHARLES--RUNNING ABOUT LOST... DOESN'T EVEN HAVE HIS PRESCRIPTION GLASSES! HOW WILL HE EVER GET BY?

MRS. MANSFIELD! YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT THOSE GLASSES BEFORE! LET ME HAVE THEM... MEANWHILE, HARRINGTON, GET THAT CRANK LETTER OVER TO THE LAB!



WITH THIS NEW, VITAL LEAD, WE WENT ABOUT CONTACTING EVERY OPTOMETRIST IN TOWN, UNTIL...

WHY, YES-- I DID GRIND THESE EXACT LENS MEASUREMENTS FOR A MR. CARTER LAST WEEK! BUT HE DIDN'T RESEMBLE THIS PICTURE OF MR. MANSFIELD!

TOO BAD... BUT YOU'D BETTER GIVE US HIS ADDRESS ANYHOW! WE'VE GOT TO CHECK EVERY POSSIBILITY!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

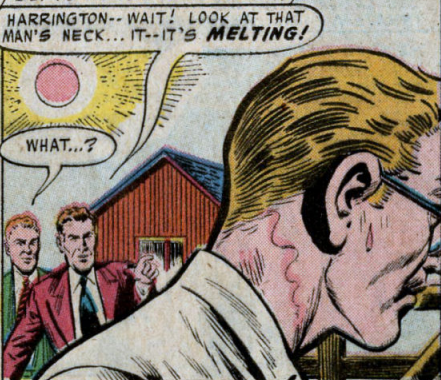


WE REACHED "MR. CARTER" AT A RUNDOWN FARM ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...



NO, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A MR. MANSFIELD! I LIVE HERE ALL BY MYSELF!
BAH! ANOTHER DEAD END!

BUT AS WE TURNED TO LEAVE...



HARRINGTON-- WAIT! LOOK AT THAT MAN'S NECK... IT-- IT'S MELTING!

WHAT...?

THIS IS OUR MAN! BEING AN ACTOR, HE INSTINCTIVELY DONNED THIS DISGUISE WHEN HIS AMNESIA CAME ON... BUT THE HOT SUN CAUSED THE WAX MAKE-UP TO MELT!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



LATER, WHEN THE BEWILDERED MANSFIELD AND HIS WIFE WERE REUNITED...



OH, DARLING, DARLING-- THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR NOW! THE DOCTOR SAID THAT WITH REST AND GOOD FOOD, YOUR MEMORY WILL RETURN!
AND NOW, WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON TRACKING DOWN OUR CRANK LETTER WRITER!

A PHONE CALL TO THE POLICE LABORATORY LAUNCHED ONE OF THE MOST RELENTLESS INVESTIGATIONS OF MY CAREER...

YES, D.A., THE HAND-WRITING MATCHES A HALF-DOZEN OTHER CRANK LETTERS THAT HAVE PLAGUED TROUBLED CITIZENS IN THE PAST!



THAT NIGHT, WE DISCUSSED THE MATTER WITH A TOP PSYCHOLOGIST...

GREAT WORK, HANSON! IT'S OUR JOB TO MAKE SURE THAT CREATURE WHO THRIVES ON HUMAN HARDSHIPS NEVER WRITES ANOTHER! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

YOU SEE, MR. D.A., A CRANK IS A VICTIM OF AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX! BY ASSOCIATING HIS NAME WITH IMPORTANT EVENTS, HE GAINS STATURE IN HIS OWN TWISTED MIND!



IF THAT'S THE CASE, HARRINGTON, WE'RE GOING TO USE THE CRIMINAL'S VERY WEAKNESSES AGAINST HIM! WE'LL GIVE HIM ALL THE PUBLIC ATTENTION HIS GNARLED LITTLE MIND COULD DREAM OF!

I DON'T GET IT, CHIEF!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



JUST 24 HOURS AFTERWARD, AS WE LATER LEARNED, ONE ARTHUR COTTER WAS SITTING IN THE PALACE THEATER, WHEN...

SUDDENLY, THE THEATER DARKENED, AND...

THE PRIZE-WINNING TICKET STUB NUMBERS ARE 109,104 AND 146! THE LUCKY WINNERS CAN CLAIM THEIR PRIZES IN THE LOBBY!

109, 104! THAT'S ME! HA, HA... I'M SURE MAKING A STRIKE THESE DAYS!

HUH--? MY LETTER!

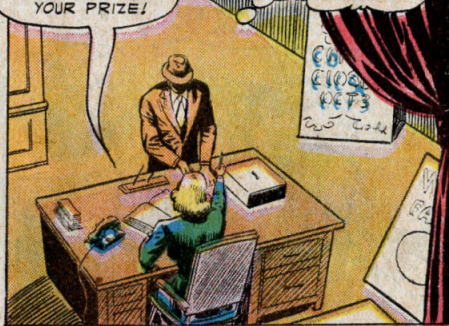
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE POLICE HAVE REQUESTED THAT WE DISPLAY THIS VICIOUS CRANK LETTER! IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE WRITER'S HANDWRITING, PLEASE NOTIFY YOUR LOCAL PRECINCT!

Your husband will be found at the carnival working under the name of Paul Andrews.

WHO ARE THEY TRYING TO KID? I DIDN'T SIGN THAT LETTER! NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW I WROTE IT! I'LL JUST PICK UP MY PRIZE AND RELAX!

YOU HAVE A WINNING TICKET, SIR? JUST SIGN YOUR NAME HERE TO COLLECT YOUR PRIZE!

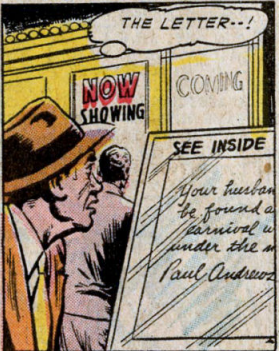
WHAT--? MY HANDWRITING... SHE MAY HAVE SEEN THAT LETTER-- CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES..



N-NEVER MIND... I--I DIDN'T WANT THE PRIZE ANYHOW!

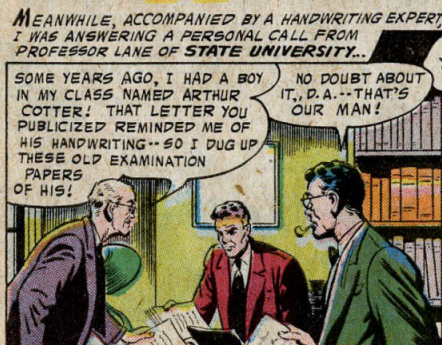
BUT OUTSIDE, OUR BOMBARDMENT OF PUBLICITY STRUCK AGAIN...

EGULP? WH-WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO DO TO ME?



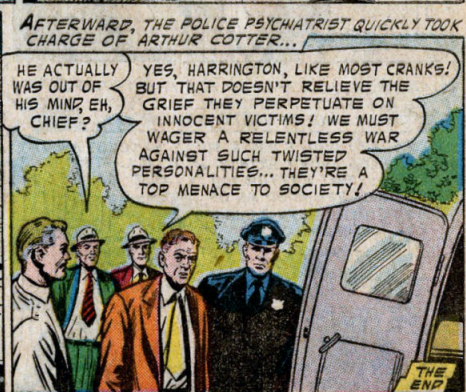
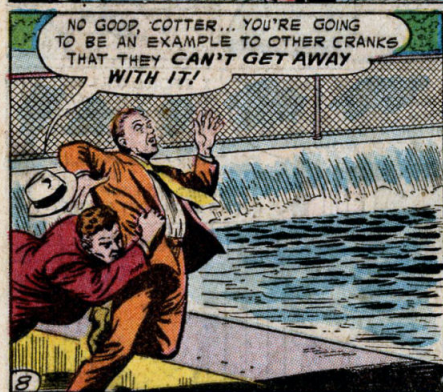
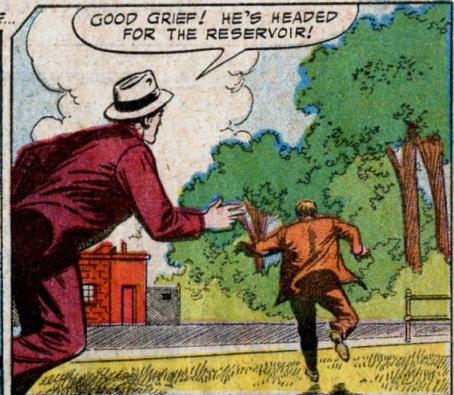
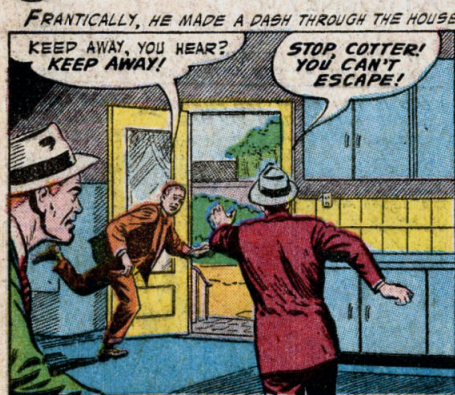


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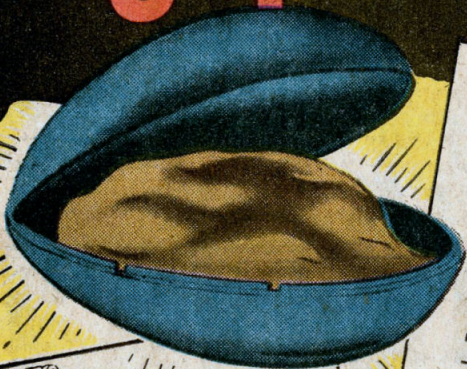
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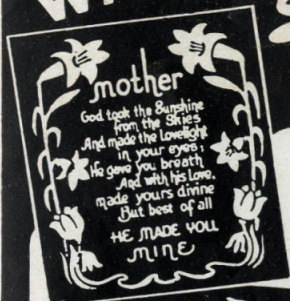
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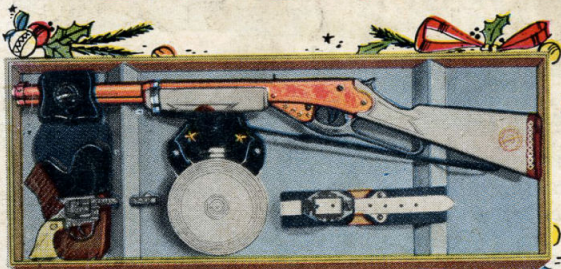
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