Kookie makes with an SOS when he is mistaken for a man marked for vengeance!
Kookie's Close Call

When Kookie borrows Stuart Bailey's new convertible to impress his girlfriend, he soon discovers that his trip to Joysville turns into Panicsville when three desperate men stalk him... with guns loaded for vengeance.

Lights... Camera... Danger!

Kookie delivers a message to Stuart Bailey and Jeff Spencer, embroiling the trio in a movie studio investigation which turns into a nightmare of terror before they can find a phantom saboteur with more than sabotage on his mind!
ONE AFTERNOON, ON THE SUNSET STRIP...

HIYAH, DAD! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW THREADS?

Kookie! Is that really you?

MADSVILLE CLOTHES
TAILORING FOR "GATE"/

MADSVILLE CLOTHES

BEEN SAVING MY LOOT FOR THIS OUTFIT!
CRAZY IS A GOOD WORD FOR IT...

CRAZY, HUH?

I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT WITH A CHICK FROM PARADISEVILLE!
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME BORROW YOUR CAR?

MY CAR? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOURS?

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THIS CHICK IS HIGH CLASS, DAD! I NEED A SET OF WHEELS THAT'LL GO WITH MY NEW THREADS!

YOU MIGHT BE ARRESTED FOR WEARING THAT COAT! IT COULD BLIND THE ONCOMING CARS!

DAD, I WILL FORGIVE THAT REMARK FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR CAR!

I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! I HAVE TO PICK UP SOME PAPERS DOWNTOWN ...AND I HAVE A MEETING IN BEVERLY HILLS...

SO, GIVE THE WORD...

IF YOU'LL PICK UP THE PAPERS FOR ME, THE CAR IS YOURS... BUT JUST FOR TONIGHT!

I'LL CARRY THE BALL, DAD....IT'S A DEAL!

JUST DROP ME OFF AT THE OFFICE ...I CAN CATCH A CAB TO BEVERLY!

Shortly, as Kookie Heads Downtown...

OH, ISN'T HE CUTE?

DIG THAT CRAZY JACKET!

COOL IT, CHICKS... THIS CAT HAS EYES FOR ANOTHER!
DOWNTOWN...
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CAR...
LET'S CHECK THE REGISTRATION!

IT'S BAILEY, ALL RIGHT!
The name on the registration slip proves it!
HE SURE DRESSES FLASHY FOR A PRIVATE DETECTIVE...

YOU KNOW THESE HOLLYWOOD CHARACTERS, EDDIE...
YEAH!

AS KOKIE LEAVES THE BUILDING...
HIYAH, BAILEY...
WHAT???

DON'T MAKE A SOUND, BAILEY... YOU'RE GOING WITH US!

INSIDE... AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
LOOK, DAD... YOU GOT THE WRONG CAT!
LOOK, I TELL YOU I'M NOT STUART BAILEY...I...
I SAID KEEP QUIET!

THIS IS SO YOU WON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, BAILEY! NOW GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!
SEEMS A WASTE OF TIME TO ME...HE WON'T BE COMING BACK ANYWAY!

ACCORDING TO THE BOSS, THIS GUY IS A CLEVER CHARACTER... HE JUST MIGHT ESCAPE!
I DOUBT IT, DAVE! IN THAT SIREN SUIT HE'S WEARIN', I COULD BUTTON HIM DOWN WITH A PEASHOOTER AT A HUNDRED YARDS!

CLUNK THUD

GOT TO REMEMBER THE SOUNDS... GET MY SENSE OF DIRECTION...

The suspenseful ride continues...

HEH, TAKE IT EASY ON THESE CURVES...
QUIT WORRYING! I BEEN DRIVIN' FOR YEARS!
A winding road... A tunnel... Railroad tracks... Got to remember!

End of the line, pal... Just walk slow... And no tricks!

Where are you cats taking me — this place smells like a barn!

Ha! Ha! Maybe that's what it is, Bailey... And you're a chicken about to get the ax!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU, DAD... YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

WELL, LOU... HERE HE IS! STUART BAILEY IN PERSON!

GOOD WORK!

YOU STUPID IDIOTS! LIKE, NOW HE TELLS YOU!

BUT, BOSS... THE CAR... WE CHECKED IT AND —

WHO IS THIS GUY?

I'M A FRIEND OF BAILEY'S... THE NAME'S Kookie, Dad! AND THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG RUMBLE WHEN BAILEY FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS!

TOUGH, EH?

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, BOY... BAILEY WON'T HEAR ABOUT IT, BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE TALKING TO ANYONE!

WE GOING TO GET RID OF HIM?
WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE... WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE ANOTHER ONE!

WHAT ABOUT BAILEY?

I'LL GET HIM MYSELF... BUT FIRST WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS PROBLEM!

I WAS JUST PUTTIN' YOU CATS ON... LIKE, ACTUALLY I NEVER HEARD OF STUART BAILEY! THAT'S FOR SURE!

IS THAT RIGHT? THEN HOW COME YOU'RE DRIVING HIS CAR?

WELL... UH, LIKE I STOLE IT, MAN!

I KNOCKED OVER A BANK, AND I'M ON THE LAM! THE HEAT WAS ON AND I HAD TO GET OUT OF TOWN FAST! SO WHAT DO YOU SAY I BLOW RIGHT NOW... YOU KNOW, SPLIT AND YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING AND I DON'T SAY ANYTHING!... DIG??

NICE SEEIN' YOU CATS... EVEN IF I DIDN'T SEE MUCH! GOT TO RUN OFF NOW AND —

SIT DOWN!

THUD

DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT STUFF ABOUT YOU BEING ON THE LAM... WE'RE NOT DUMB, KID!

BUMP

BUMPITY BUMP
[Panel 1]: When do we... Take care of him, Miller... And where?

[Panel 2]: Right here!

[Panel 3]: Here? But there must be ten families livin' in this place... They'd hear—They won't hear a thing at midnight! That's when the freight goes past!

[Panel 4]: It makes so much noise you could drop a bomb in this room and nobody would hear it! So until then, we just wait...

[Panel 5]: Might as well take a look around, kid... Since it'll be your last!

[Panel 6]: Like, ouch!

[Panel 7]: Since you're going to blast me, dad... Is it too much to ask why you want Bailey so much?

[Panel 8]: Sure, why not? I spent five years in prison for embezzling, kid... Bailey put me there!

[Panel 9]: I waited five long years to get even... And now my time has come!

[Panel 10]: Your time has come? Man, how about me? I'm just an innocent cat caught in the wrong car...
SORRY, KID...
THANKS A LOT! YOUR APOLOGY JUST MAKES ME FLIP!

THE MINUTES PICK BY...
MAN, LIKE I'VE JUST GOT TO FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS... I JUST DON'T DIG GETTING RUBBED OUT!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN STU AND JEFF'S OFFICE...
MY CAR IS WHAT?
I'M SORRY, MR. BAILEY... YOU CAN GET IT FROM THE POLICE IMPOUND GARAGE WHEN YOU PAY YOUR FINE!

I'M SORRY, MR. BAILEY... YOU CAN GET IT FROM THE POLICE IMPOUND GARAGE WHEN YOU PAY YOUR FINE!

THE FINE? WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS TO ME?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SIR... ANY CAR PARKED IN A ONE-HOUR ZONE FOR FIVE HOURS IS OBVIOUSLY GOING TO GET THE ATTENTION OF THE POLICE TRAFFIC DETAIL...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?
PARTLY... I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU LOANED YOUR CAR TO Kookie!

I DID... BUT BELIEVE ME, THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME!
WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?
That's what I would like to know... I'm going to call every number I can think of to find him... He's got some tall explaining to do!

In the dingy apartment where he is being held, Kookie has more important things on his mind than Stu Bailey's car...

What time is it? Ten-thirty... an hour and a half to go...

Watch him, Dave... Eddie and I are going out to get a bite to eat! We'll bring you a sandwich...

The precious minutes tick by...

Man, I sure wish that cat would take his eyes off me for just one minute!

If I could just get to that fire escape...

Kookie gets an idea... That lamp cord... if I can just reach it with my foot...
CRASH

Hey!

Kookie dives for the fire escape...

Come back here!

CRASH!

Tinkle!

I've got to beat my feet... like, fast!

He's holding his fire... guess he's afraid of having anyone hear a shot!

Suddenly...

Dave! What happened?

He made a break... ducked into one of these apartments!

This looks like a likely place to hide...
Kookie calls Stu Bailey's office...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CALL...

COOL IT, DAD... AND LISTEN CLOSE! A GUY NAMED LOU MILLER GRABBED ME... HE THOUGHT I WAS YOU!

Lou Miller?
WHERE ARE YOU?

In some crummy apartment... but don't ask me where! And Miller and his guns are looking for me right now!

I came down a winding hill... went through a tunnel... crossed some railroad tracks...

And I'm in an apartment building across from a flashing neon sign... it reads: excitement and adventure! Watch Maverick Sunday Night!

That's all you can tell me?
ONE MORE THING... THERE'S A FREIGHT TRAIN SUPPOSED TO GO PAST HERE AT MIDNIGHT! THE TRACKS MUST BE CLOSE...

RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO TRY AND CUT OUT OF HERE ON MY OWN... IN CASE I DON'T MAKE IT, TRY AND FIND THIS PLACE! AND BEFORE MIDNIGHT, HUH?

GET OUT THE CITY MAPS, JEFF! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LOCATION OF THIS PLACE...

Kookie's IN TROUBLE?

BIG TROUBLE! AS Kookie HIMSELF WOULD SAY, IT'S PANICVILLE!

Kookie Takes A Chance...

IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS BUILDING...

But as he jumps to the ground...

Hold it, Kid!
YOU TALK TO ANYONE?

TALK? I WAS TOO BUSY Runnin', MAN!

LET'S BLAST HIM NOW, BOSS!

NO... WE'RE SAFE UP TILL NOW! IT'LL BE MIDNIGHT IN A HALF-HOUR... WE'LL WAIT!

CAN'T BLAME A CAT FOR TRYING, CAN YOU?

JUST DON'T TRY AGAIN, KID... IF YOU SO MUCH AS MOVE A FINGER I'LL DROP YOU... TRAIN OR NO TRAIN!

MEANWHILE...

THIS TUNNEL COMES OUT BY THE TRACKS... I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD!

IT'S CLOSE TO TWELVE... IT HAS TO BE THE RIGHT ROAD!

ACCORDING TO THE RAILROAD PEOPLE, THAT NIGHT FREIGHT GOES RIGHT BY HERE AT MIDNIGHT...

LOOK! THAT'S THE SIGN! WE'VE FOUND IT!

WATCH MAVERICK

SUNDAY NIGHT
Moments later...

This must be it... but how do we know which apartment? And maybe he got out on his own...

We'll have to cover them all... because maybe he didn't get out!

Meanwhile... up in the apartment...

That car down there... it sure looks like Jeff's.

Five minutes, boss...

Maybe I can give Jeff and Stu some help!

Kookie suddenly shouts...

Man, like you got to believe me! I won't tell a solitary soul about you... like, please don't shoot me!

Quiet down... you'll bring the whole apartment down on us!

But, Dad, you just can't snuff out a cat like me! Just a couple minutes, kid... and it'll all be over!
IN THE HALL OUTSIDE...

THAT WAS Kookie YELLING!

IT CAME FROM DOWN THE HALL...

HERE COMES THE FREIGHT...

WOOOO!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET THIS OVER WITH...

SUDDENLY...

YOU FINALLY MADE THE SCENE! HALLELUJAH!

CRASH CRACK BUM

AND REMIND ME NEVER TO BORROW YOUR CAR AGAIN, DAD... I MEAN, LIKE WHO NEEDS IT?

ME, I'D RATHER TAKE A NICE, SAFE BUS!

YOU ALL RIGHT, Kookie?

CRAY, DAD... SOON AS I PICK UP MY HEART FROM THE FLOOR!
It is early morning as Kookie locks up the parking lot at Dino's and prepares to head for home...

If you're still waiting for someone, Dad, you're too late! Everyone has split!

It's you I'm waiting for, young man... Your name is Kookie, isn't it?

The handle's Kookie, Dad... What's the good word? My employer asked me to speak with you....

Here're ten dollars for you... and an envelope to be delivered to a Mr. Bailey or Mr. Spencer... Ten bucks for that? Your employer must be loaded!

The gentlemen I mentioned are friends of yours, aren't they? Sure... but they've got an office right next door!

I'm not complaining about the loot, but you could deliver it yourself in the morning and save the ten! It must be delivered now!
PLEASE DO NOT FAIL ME! IT COULD BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

STU BAILEY ISN'T EXACTLY GOING TO FLIP WHEN I WAKE HIM FROM DREAMSVILLE... BUT FOR TEN BUCKS, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET HIM SLEEP!

A MESSAGE... AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING?

THAT'S WHAT THE CAT SAID! SOUNDED REAL IMPORTANT...

WELL, DAD... WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

THIS MIGHT BE WORTH SOMETHING AT THAT... IT'S FROM D.L. BRACKETT!

BRACKETT? YOU MEAN THE BIG Flick PRODUCER?

HE WANTS TO HIRE US...

DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? GET HOLD OF JEFF AND TELL HIM I'LL PICK HIM UP IN FIFTEEN MINUTES... I'VE GOT TO GET DRESSED...

SURE, DAD... AND BY THE WAY, I GOT A TEN-DOLLAR BILL FOR BRINGING THIS NOTE TO YOU! LIKE, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY?
SURE, Kookie...and it's perfectly all right...you can keep it all! I won't ask you for a cut this time!

A Short Time Later...

WHERE DID YOU SAY WE'RE MEETING BRACKETT?

THE SANTA MONICA DRIVE-IN THEATRE, JEFF...IT'S AN ALL-NIGHT MOVIE!

HE'S REALLY ENFORCING SECRECY...

BRACKETT SAID HE'D EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING WHEN WE MET!

THE SECOND FROM THE LAST ROW...HE SHOULD BE DOWN NEAR THE END...

HERE IT IS...THE CAR AND PLATES CHECK!

I HOPE IT'S WORTHWHILE...I'VE ALREADY SEEN THIS PICTURE!
MR. BAILEY... AND
MR. SPENCER?

THAT'S RIGHT...

I'LL WAIT IN YOUR
CAR... YOU MAY GET
INTO MR. BRACKETT'S
CAR...

HAVE SOME
COFFEE,
GENTLEMEN?

THANKS... WE CAME AS
FAST AS WE COULD!

I SUPPOSE YOU WONDER
WHY I TOOK ALL THESE
PRECAUTIONS... THE MAIN
REASON IS THAT I DID
NOT WANT ANYONE TO
SEE US TOGETHER... I
CANNOT AFFORD TO
LET IT BE KNOWN
THAT YOU ARE
WORKING
FOR ME!

WE'RE NOT
... YET!

I'M PREPARED TO PAY YOU TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS TO GET THE
INFORMATION I WANT!

WE'RE WORKING
FOR YOU NOW!

THIS INFORMATION MUST
BE WORTH A LOT...
IT COULD BE WORTH FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO ME!

THAT'S A LOT OF INFORMATION!

AS YOU MAY HAVE READ, I'M CURRENTLY PRODUCING AN EPIC BATTLE PICTURE! I'M ALREADY FOUR WEEKS BEHIND SCHEDULE... AND IT'S GETTING WORSE EACH DAY!

I'VE BEEN PLAGUED WITH ACCIDENTS... ILLNESS... INJURIES...

I READ ABOUT THAT FIRE YOU HAD LAST WEEK!

IT DESTROYED A SET WORTH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND! Fortunately, we were heavily insured, but each delay costs us money in other ways...

I HAVE EVERYTHING I OWN TIED UP IN THIS PICTURE... IF I HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN PRODUCTION, I'LL BE RUINED! AND AT THE RATE THINGS ARE HAPPENING, THE BANKS WILL FORCE ME TO CALL A HALT!

I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHO IS BEHIND THIS, AND WHY?

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT THEY ARE JUST ACCIDENTS?
NO! My assistant found evidence that the fire was deliberate... and I've also received threatening letters!

Why didn't you go to the police with this? I thought about this... but the publicity might make things worse... up to now, I've been able to keep most of the accidents out of the papers...

Besides, this calls for a private investigation... someone who can be on the set... mingle with the actors and crew...

I've made all the arrangements... necessary vouchers, identities... everything to establish you two as extras on the picture!

You're a thorough man, Mr. Brackett...

You'll be in costume... and wearing beards... I doubt that anyone will recognize you!

We'd better have a list of everyone on the picture... just in case!

You'll find that in the folder too... and one other thing... what's that?
My daughter has a role in the picture... small but important to the career she seems to want! She's going by the name of Ziva Eden.

Oh, yes! I read about it in Variety! She took another last name so she wouldn't be accused of trading on the Brackett fame.

She's a beautiful girl... and talented... but she's only twenty... and has a lot to learn about the business!

What has all this got to do with your trouble, Mr. Brackett?

I'm afraid whoever is causing the trouble might try to harm Ziva... I want you to keep a special eye on her!

Anything you say! For ten thousand dollars, we'll keep a very special private eye on most anyone!

You start tomorrow, gentlemen! The call is for seven! Report directly to wardrobe!

We'll be there, Mr. Brackett!

Early next morning, Jeff and Stuart report to Colossal Pictures and are costumed as Arab warriors. Then they head for the sound stage along with other extras...

Step lively, folks! The director's been yelling his head off for shooting to begin!

Take it easy, pops! We're in no hurry! The longer the picture, the fatter the pay check!

Do not enter when red light is on!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, SHOOTING IS READY TO BEGIN...

QUIET! QUIET!

JEFF, BOY... IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE INVESTIGATING A MOB SCENE!

IT'S BEDLAM, ALL RIGHT! BUT IT SHOULD PROVE INTERESTING!

NOW IN THIS SCENE, THE ARABS HAVE STORMED THE WALLS OF THE OUTPOST! THERE IS HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING! WE'RE WAY BEHIND SCHEDULE, SO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD THE FIRST TIME!

COME ON, YOU TWO! GET ON OVER WITH THE OTHERS!

YESSIR! YESSIR! WE'RE GOING!

THE DIRECTOR CALLS, 'LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!' AND THE CAMERA GRINDS AS THE BATTLE SCENE GETS UNDERWAY...

COME ON! MAKE IT LOOK REAL! YOUR FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIVES!
EASY, FRIEND! THE DIRECTOR'S ONLY KIDDING! THIS IS JUST A PICTURE!

SORRY, OLD MAN! LOST MY HEAD!

UGH! THIS IS WORSE THAN WORKING FOR A LIVING! YOU DO IT ALL THE TIME?

JUST WHEN I NEED THE LOOT, DADDY-O!

WHIS, WHAH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU BRITISH SOLDIERS... PUSH THEM BACK! RUN FOR FREEDOM, YOU ARABS! OVER THE WALL! THROUGH THE GATE! THE DAY IS WON FOR THE BRITISH!

BUT WE SHALL RETURN, MIGHTY ONE! ALLAH BE PRaised!

COOL IT, YOU POOR MAN'S PROPHET! THE MAN SAID SPLIT!

CUT! THAT WAS FINE, KIDS! JUST FINE! TAKE A BREAK!

WHEW! I'M GLAD MOMMA DIDN'T RAISE ME TO BE AN ACTOR!

LET'S MINGLE WITH THE CREW WHILE THEY'RE SETTING UP THE NEXT SCENE! MAYBE WE CAN GET A LEAD!

RIGHT, O BEARDED ONE!
MOVE THAT BOOM IN CLOSER! GET ZIVA EDEN AND ROCK RIVERS! WE'LL GET SOME CLOSE-UPS OF ROCK DEFENDING ZIVA FROM THE ENEMY!

YESSIR! RIGHT AWAY!

MISS EDEN, MR. RIVERS... YOU'RE IN THE NEXT SCENE! WHERE THE PRINCESS IS DEFENDED FROM THE USURPERS!

RIGHT, OLD CHAP!

OKAY... BRING ME DOWN A LITTLE!

RIGHT! HERE YOU COME!

STU! THAT CAMERA BOOM IS FALLING!

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

OH HHHHHH!
MY ARM! I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
TAKE IT EASY! THEY'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!

FIRES! ILLNESS! INJURIES! NOW NO CAMERAMAN! I CAN'T STAND IT!
THE CAMERA'S A TOTAL WRECK!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG WITH THE HYDRAULICS!
LOOKS LIKE A FLUID DRAIN BOLT CAME OUT!

SURE ENOUGH! IT FELL RIGHT OUT!
OR WAS LOOSENED BY SOMEONE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPENED, JEFF! THE BOY WE'RE AFTER IS GETTING SERIOUS! SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO GET KILLED!

I'VE GOT TO SEE MR. BRACKETT! SEND EVERYONE HOME FOR THE DAY! WE WON'T BE DOING ANY MORE SHOOTING!
OH, POOR FATHER! EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WRONG... AND THIS PICTURE MEANS SO MUCH TO HIM!

EASY NOW, ZIVA! LET'S GET OUT OF THESE COSTUMES AND I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!
THANK YOU, ROCK!
PLEASE, DAVEY... NOT NOW! I'M UPSET, AND...

PLEASE... CAN'T I SEE YOU TONIGHT? THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I HAVE TO SAY!

IT'S NO USE, DAVEY...

WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS BEFORE... I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANYMORE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NOBODY CAN...

IS THAT A THREAT?

TAKE IT THAT WAY IF YOU LIKE, ZIVA! I'M TIRED OF PLEADING WITH YOU... AND YOUR FATHER'S TRYING TO MAKE YOU A STAR SO YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY OUT OF MY REACH!

DAVEY, THAT'S NOT TRUE! FATHER DOESN'T CARE IF I'M A STAR OR NOT... IT IS WHAT I WANT!

I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? IF YOUR FATHER DIDN'T HAVE A NICKEL, THEN MAYBE THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT!

NO... THAT'S NOT TRUE!
I'm sorry, Davey... Really, I am... but you've just got to forget me!

Trouble? What's the puzzled look for?

I just overheard a conversation... might be worth looking into...

That young fellow, Miss... Davey...

David Hart?

You know him?

He works in quite a few pictures... a nice man, but a little moody!

But then, I guess most actors are... I've seen a lot of them!

I guess you're right... just hope I never get that way!

Follow him, Jeff! I'll talk to Brackett and see what he knows about him!

Right!
That night... learn anything?

Not much! He lives out on Santa Monica, a boarding house for actors. Pays his rent, works steady... wants to be a star!

I got a big piece of news from Brackett! This Hart guy used to go with Ziva... at least took her out a few times!

That could be it, still... the old jealousy angle! From what I heard today, it sure figures!

Could be... but we need more than that to pin him down! We'll watch him closely tomorrow!

Are they shooting again tomorrow? After all the trouble?

Brackett got another cameraman! He says if he loses one more day on the schedule, the whole picture might go down the drain!

A few moments later...

Get your beauty sleep, cats! So you'll be livin' dolls for the camera in the A.M.!

Very funny, Kookie!

Next day... This is where you get shot, Ziva... the Arabs are firing and one of the bullets hits you!

I'll try and make it look real...
READY FOR THE BIG SCENE?
SURT A SHAME TO SHOOT A PRETTY THING LIKE ZIVA...

ALL RIGHT! ARABS GET READY!
HERE WE GO!

WHAT'S WRONG, JEFF?
I'M NOT SURE, STU... THIS RIFLE... IT... IT DOESN'T FEEL THE SAME...

THE SIGNAL TO MOVE IS GIVEN...

THE RIFLE I HAD BEFORE HAD A DEEP SCRATCH IN THE STOCK...

CUT! YOU, THERE... WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING? WHAT—
IT IS A DIFFERENT RIFLE!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHY—

THIS IS WHAT'S WRONG! THESE SHELLS ARE REAL!
SOMEONE SWITCHED RIFLES ON ME...
HOLD IT, HART!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER...
WHAM

YOU CHANGED THOSE GUNS, DIDN'T YOU?

SHE...SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...I...I COULD HAVE MADE HER HAPPY...BUT SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

SHORTLY...
YOU MEAN YOU WERE HIRED BY MY FATHER?
YOU'RE DETECTIVES?

YES, MA'AM...AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S A LOT EASIER THAN BEING ACTORS!

LATER...
THANK YOU BOTH...AND PARTICULARLY FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE!

THERE'S ONE MORE THING WE WANT IN PAYMENT, MR. BRACKETT...SOME TICKETS TO THE PICTURE! THERE'S A CAT WE KNOW NAMED KOOKIE...IF HE DOESN'T SEE US, HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.
Private investigators use many methods to gather and send out information, and the "grapevine telegraph," which means messages transmitted from person to person by word of mouth, is often used effectively.

Searching for clues, an investigator, working undercover, sometimes quietly mingles with known associates of the person he is seeking, to learn the group's latest grapevine news and pick up a trail.

Or, to flush out his quarry, the detective will deliberately impart information via the grapevine, knowing it will quickly reach the person.

The term, grapevine telegraph, originated during the Civil War and compares the way verbal news travels to the growth of a grapevine, whose tendrils rapidly reach out in many directions and slightly resemble the then new telegraph wires.

Today there are many means of speedy communication, but the grapevine telegraph still persists in every community. Sometimes the information it relays is false, but it continues to be an extremely effective method of spreading news remarkably fast.
Kookie, we need your help! We've got to find this man!
Freddy the Finger from Crimsville, Dad? He made tracks around here a while back!

I know—so be on the lookout! But there's a chance he's had his face remodeled, so he won't be easy to spot!
I'll keep the eyeballs rolling, Dad!

Time passes, and then one day...
Boy! You, over there! Hop to it—I'm waitin' for you! I haven't got all day!

Are you sure, Kookie?
Hey, Daddy-o! Your crime character is next door—solo! I just stabled his horse!

Later...
Good work, Kookie! It was Freddy the Finger, all right! But tell me, with his face remodeled, how did you spot him?

Easy, Dad! He forgot to remodel his squawk-box—his voice! Once before, he blew his jets so loud and long at me, my receivers were numb... so how could I forget?

Kookie, you're a smart guy—I mean... a wig!
Thanks, Dad! Now you're with it!!