Kookie buys a new car that seems to be jinxed, until Spencer and Baily find the reason, just in time to save Kookie's life.
77 SUNSET STRIP

THE MONEY WAGON

Kookie trades his hot-rod for a classy used car, and a lot of people get interested in it in a big hurry. Some want to steal it... others want to buy it... he wants to keep it.

Spencer and Bailey are curious, too... and when they look into the matter they uncover a sinister reason which could cost Kookie his life... if they do not work fast.

THE NIGHT VISITOR

A frightened young man, caught in a chain of circumstantial evidence, seeks help from the firm of Spencer and Bailey.

Only a miracle can prove the boy has done no wrong... and somewhere in the big city, Stu and Jeff must find that miracle.
77 SUNSET STRIP
THE MONEY WAGON

ONE AFTERNOON, Kookie helps Stuart Bailey keep an appointment with a client...

THANKS FOR DRIVING ME OVER HERE, Kookie! My car should be out of the repair shop by six tonight!

GLAD TO OBLIGE, Stu! It gave you a chance to ride on some real wheels!

LOOKS LIKE MY CLIENT IS ALREADY HERE!

WOWIE! DON'T TELL ME THIS LI'L CHICK IS THE ONE YOU'RE MEETING!

SORRY I'M LATE, LAURA! I HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH MY CAR!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ME-BAILEY! I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW MINUTES!
This is my friend, Kookie! Kookie... Laura Davis!

Well, hellooo!

Pleased to meet you, Kookie! Are you a farmer?

Farmer? I don't dig you!

That thing you're driving... it is a tractor, isn't it?

Please... you're speaking of the wagon I love!

That's what they call a hot-rod, Laura!!

But I thought hot-rods were for children...

This handsome young man doesn't belong in a child's car... he's more suited to something sophisticated...

Yeah, like... huh?

Good-bye, handsome... when you get a car a girl can ride in, give me a call! I'm in the phone book...
ROOKIE WHEELS DOWN THE STREET, SMITTEN
BY THE BEAUTY OF THE GIRL HE JUST MET...

WHAT A DOLL! WHAT A
CHICK! SHE'S ABSOLUTELY
THE MOST!

LATER... HI, Kookie! JUDGING FROM
THAT SIGN, THINGS MUST BE
PRETTY ROUGH FOR YOU!

HOW SO, DAD -?

THE WORLD MUST BE
COMING TO AN END IF
YOU'RE TRYING TO
SELL YOUR PRIDE
AND JOY!

NOTHING OF THE
KIND, MAN! I
JUST FINALLY GOT
HIP TO THE JIVE!

WOULD YOU MIND
TRANSLATING
THAT FOR ME?

SURE! I MEAN,
A GOOD-LOOKING,
Sophisticated,
Cat like me can't
BE WHEELING
AROUND IN A KID'S
WAGON!

ME, I NEED
SOMETHING TO FIT
MY PERSONALITY...
A CAR WITH CLASS!
WHEELS THAT SUIT A
MAN WHO IS DEBONAIR!
A MAN OF THE WORLD...

PLEASE, SPARE ME THE
DETAILS — IT'S OBVIOUS
THAT YOU'RE NOT THE
SAME Kookie I USED
TO KNOW!

I'M GLAD
YOU'VE
NOTICED!
The next day, bright and early...

May I help you, sir?

I'd like to lamp a wagon suitable for a man of the world... something the chicks will flip over!

Perhaps a foreign job... I have one that was just turned in... only three thousand!!

Man, I could buy the whole world for that kind of loot!

Nobody needs that much class!

Suppose we look around!

Now here's a real beauty! Notice how those tires feel!

How come everybody always kicks tires? What's that supposed to mean?

I always kick tires... it's expected of me! Go ahead... try kicking them... it's quite fun!

I want a car... not a new pair of shoes!
HOW MUCH IS THAT WAGON OVER THERE?

THAT ONE?... WELL, NOW... FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK! THAT CAR WAS USED ONLY ONCE IN A WHILE, BY ONLY ONE PERSON... A LITTLE OLD LADY FROM...

Yeah, I know... From Pasadena! Probably a schoolteacher!

No, as a matter of fact she was from Glendale... and she was a bookie!

HOW MUCH?

WHAT ARE YOU PREPARED TO SPEND?

NOT OVER SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS! THAT’S ALL I GOT FOR MY HOT-ROD!

Strange you should have that amount, young man... the car is exactly $599.00!

CRAZY! A BUCK LEFT FOR GAS, AND I’M ON MY WAY!

JUST TRY THAT MOTOR... PURRS LIKE A KITTEN...

Sounds more like a tiger!

Click

KACC

VRRROOOOM!
I beg your pardon, sir, aren't you the mayor of Beverly Hills?

Huh?

Oh, it's you!

Sure, it's me! What's all this "mayor" jazz?

DRUMMBERRUM!

I'm sorry, young man... it's just that when you got behind the wheel of that car, you looked so different... so important... and distinguished!

Crazy! I'll take it!!

The purchase is completed...

Don't tell me you sold that old pile of junk! Yeah—and for six hundred bucks!

WRRRROOOO...

I hope he doesn't plan to drive it more than five miles...

It's too late now... I have the money... the deal is set!

Later...

Look out, it's Dillinger!!

Hi, men!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
A REAL CLASSY WAGON, EH?
ARE YOU SURE IT WON'T BLOW UP?

NAWWW... WHAT'S A LITTLE SMOKE NOWADAYS? IT'S THE LOOKS THAT COUNT!
I THINK I SAW THIS CAR IN AN OLD GANGSTER MOVIE!

DRUMMM... DRUMMM... DRUM

DRUMMM... DRUMMM... DRUM

FRUMMMMM BRRRRUMM

OKAY! CATS... GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! BUT WITH THIS WAGON, JUST WATCH MY ACTION!
FIVE TO ONE IT'S BULLETPROOF, AND HAS A GUN RACK IN THE BACK SEAT!

THAT NIGHT... ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE CAR, RANSOM?
Yeah, I'm sure! I've ridden in it once!

KOFF BRRRRUMMM VRRRRROO

I SAW IT ON THE LOT TODAY AND I FIGURED IT WAS A CINCH TO WALK IN AND BUY IT... BUT SOMEONE BEAT ME TO IT!
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

YOU SHORT-CIRCUIT THE WIRES, DANBY! WE CAN DRIVE IT OUT BEFORE THE OWNER COMES OUT OF THE CLUB!
RIGHT!
But as Ransom tries to start the car

Hey! What's goin' on with my wagon?

Let's get out of here!!

What are you guys doing?

Those jokers ought to take driving lessons!

Later...

Good night, Kookie! Take it easy in that bomb of yours.

It's a great car, man... so great somebody tried to steal it tonight.

77 Sunset Strip
Kookie heads home...

TOMORROW I'LL GIVE THAT LAURA CHICK A JINGLE... SHE'LL FLIP WHEN SHE SEES MY NEW WHEELS!

Later...

THERE HE GOES! WE'LL GET THAT CAR THIS TIME! LET'S GO!

VRRRRROOOOOMMMM

I'M SURE THAT CAR BEHIND ME IS TAILING ME!

AND NOW I KNOW IT IS!!

SCRRRRREEEECHHHH

PLAYING ROUGH! TRYING TO PUSH ME OFF THE ROAD -- THIS IS TOO MUCH!
Kookie kicks down the accelerator.

He's gettin' away!!

I don't know what's going on, but I'm cuttin' out of here... and... fast!!

And soon...

Look, officer... believe me, I was trying to get away from some guys who tried to force me off the road!

Sure, sure!

Look! I might need help!! They're the same guys who tried to run me down earlier tonight!!

Driving 90 miles an hour on a city street to get away from some gangsters? Maybe the judge will understand, son!

The next day... and believe me, those characters weren't playing games!

Are you sure this car of yours hasn't given you ideas?

Man, I don't look for trouble! I'm telling you straight!

Give us your car's license number, Kookie... we'll check on it for you!
IF WE LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE CAR'S FORMER OWNER, IT MIGHT CLUE US AS TO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

LET'S HOPE SO, STU... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK MY NEW WAGON IS JINXED!!

MEANWHILE, I'M CUTTIN' OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON AT THE BEACH... A LITTLE SAND AND SUN MIGHT EASE THE OLD NOODLE.

YOU'RE TAKING THE CAR?

NATCH, MAN! TROUBLE OR NO TROUBLE, I DON'T DIG WALKING!

As Kookie heads to his car...

PARDON ME, SIR... ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS VEHICLE?

MAYBE! WHAT'S UP?

I'M A COLLECTOR OF CLASSIC CARS! I'D LIKE TO BUY THIS CAR! I'M PREPARED TO OFFER YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

A THOUSAND? MAN, THAT'S A LOT OF LOOT!

WILL YOU SELL?
These are the only wheels I own... I sold my hot rod...

With a thousand you'll be able to buy something much better than this!

No -- I think I'll keep it! You see, mister, I know a chick that digs fancy wagons...

You're making a mistake!

I might be, dad... but this car and I have been through a few days of trouble together... I'm kind of attached to it now!!

You've got worse trouble coming, kid!

Down the street...

Follow him, Danby! Don't let that car out of your sight...

He wouldn't go for the pitch, Parker?

Afraid not... so there's only one way left!

It better work this time... if we miss getting that car again, we might as well call it quits! We can stay away from the cops just so long...

Kookie heads toward the beach, unaware he is being followed...
The three men continue to follow Kookie...

Now what's he stopping for?

Something to eat! We'll just have to wait for our chance when he gets out further...

At that moment...

Get anything?

They weren't too anxious to talk... but I finally convinced them...

That car belonged to Harry Lupino!!

What ???

He's the racketeer who was killed last year!

Right! His car went to his wife then, she sold it to someone... and it ended up on the car lot!

You figure it ties in with those guys who tried to force Kookie off the road?

I wouldn't be surprised, Jeff —!!"
THERE WAS A LOT OF TALK THAT LUPINO HAD ALMOST A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS OF STOLEN MONEY STASHED AWAY SOMEPLACE! NOBODY EVER FOUND IT!! I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S HIDDEN IN THAT CAR!!

WHAT BEACH WAS Kookie going to? I don't know... but we'd better notify the police...

IF WE'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS, Kookie is in serious danger! There's no telling what those men will do to get that car!

ON THE COAST HIGHWAY...

Looks like a good spot to stop up ahead...

NOTHING LIKE A DAY AT THE BEACH TO MAKE A CAT SWING AGAIN!

Kookie glances up the highway...

Looks like I have company...
Hey! Those are the same guys that have been chasing me all over town!

Kookie leaps into his car...

Blam! Zzzzing!

They're shooting at me!

Kookie wheels his car into motion...

Blam!

Come on, car... don't stop now!!

Zzzinning

Vvrrrrooommm bump krraaf

Kookie steps on the gas, and the car roars down the winding road...

Go, man, go, go, go, go!!!

Shortly...

That's the car!!

Let's go!!
Minutes later... Don't shoot! We give up!!

Up ahead, Kookie approaches a curve... The brakes won't work! And I'm not staying...

Kookie leaps from the car just in time...

Crash
Blam Bump
EEEEE

Later...
Here it is, Lieutenant! The money was put in these two metal boxes and welded under the car's fenders!

Gentlemen, if it were not for you, we might never have found this stolen money!

I'm sure you'll be well reimbursed, son!

And the first thing I'm going to do is buy back my hot-rod! I can drive it without getting shot at! Chicks or no chicks, I dig peace and quiet!

What about my car?
PRIVATE DETECTIVES... MAYBE THEY CAN HELP ME.

IN HIS OFFICE, STU BAILEY WORKS LATE ON SOME CASE REPORTS...

THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING...

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE...

SUDDENLY, THE BOY BURSTS INTO STU'S OFFICE...

WHAT? JUST GIT STILL, MISTER... I NEED HELP... AND YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IT TO ME...

STU STUDIES THE YOUTH... TRYING TO ANALYZE THE SITUATION...

YOU EXPECT HELP WITH THAT KNIFE IN YOUR HAND? PUT IT DOWN, SON!! NOT TILL YOU HEAR ME OUT!

WHAT'S WITH THIS PARTNER OF YOURS, JEFF? IS HE TRYING TO WORK HIMSELF INTO SICKSVILLE - ? REPORTS, Kookie! ALL PART OF THE BUSINESS!!
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET HIM TO CALL IT QUITS FOR TONIGHT! THE THREE OF US WILL BLAST OFF FOR SODA CITY!

LOOKS LIKE STU'S GOT COMPANY!

AS THE DOOR OPENS, STU SEES HIS CHANCE

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, STU, BUT —!

HEY!!

BUMP

WHACK THUMP

LET'S GET RID OF YOUR LITTLE BAYONET, KID!

THUD

NOW SUPPOSE YOU SIT RIGHT THERE AND START TALKING!

WHO - WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

I'M HIS FRIEND, MAN... AND THIS IS HIS PARTNER! THE QUESTION SEEMS TO BE... WHO ARE YOU?

I... I'M NOT TALKIN' IN FRONT OF ALL YOU GUYS!

I MIGHT BE BETTER PUT IN A BUZZ TO THE FUZZ, HEY, STU? THIS CAT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
The frightened boy decides to tell his story...

Is Billy Mattson... I've got a brother who's in prison for robbery... Armed robbery!

You trying to follow in his footsteps, boy?

No, sir - honest! I was just scared... because of what happened tonight! I was going to an apartment hotel, up the street, to talk to my boss...

Your boss??

Arnold Blinker... He's got a restaurant on the strip... lives two blocks away! I wait counters for him...

I was broke, and wanted an advance on next week's pay... I went to talk to him, but as I got to his apartment, I heard a shot...

What shot?

I don't know... But all of a sudden this bullet comes zinging out of a window upstairs, and the next thing I knew the place was crawling with police!

So you split? But why? If you didn't have anything to do with it -?

Who'd believe me? I got the Mattson name... With my brother a convict, the cops wouldn't give me a chance... When there's trouble, they always look at me!
Stu picks up the phone...

What're you doing? Click click checking on your story.

The boy panics...

Hold it, son! You're not going anywhere! Not now, at least...

Lieutenant Davis? Stu Bailey... just wanted to check on a shooting... yep, on the strip... just heard about it!

Stu finds out what he wants to know...

You're in worse trouble than you thought, Billy... there was a shooting all right...

I told you...

The man shot was your boss, Arnold Blinker!! He's alive, but in critical condition!

What?!!

I'll help you, son... but only if you give yourself up!!

No! I wouldn't have a chance!!
YOU THINK YOU'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE BY RUNNING? IF YOU TURN YOURSELF IN, THEY MIGHT BELIEVE YOU!

I...I JUST CAN'T!

OKAY, BILLY... THEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! GET GOING...

Huh?

YOU'RE LETTIN' HIM CUT OUT?

IT'S HIS PROBLEM... HE DOESN'T WANT HELP... LET HIM FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE HUNTED!!

BUT WHEN BILLY MATTSON REACHES THE DOOR...

OKAY, MR. BAILEY... YOU WIN! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!

I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND...

WAIT HERE, JEFF... I'LL TAKE BILLY TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND MEET YOU BACK HERE! IF WE'RE GOING TO HELP HIM, WE'LL HAVE WORK TO DO!

WHAT'S THE BIT, JEFF? THIS KID HASN'T GOT A DIME! WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU GUYS?

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING, Kookie... Didn't you know that Stu and I are in this business just for the fun of it?
At Police Headquarters...

You did the right thing, Son. Turning yourself in...

I'd like to set all the information I can on this case, Lieutenant. If we're going to help the boy, I...

Stu is interrupted as Davis receives a message...

You'll have to do a lot of helping, Stu... Arnold Blinder just died!!

I'll never beat this rap... never in a million years!

Easy, Billy... you're not convicted of anything yet.

The boy is booked on suspicion of murder and led to a cell...

You're shooting for the moon, Stu... this kid looks mighty guilty!

There's no proof!

He worked for Blinder... he needed money... he was seen running away from the apartment... what more do you want?

A murder weapon! You didn't find the gun!

We will!
MAYBE ... BUT UNTIL YOU DO, ALL YOUR EVIDENCE IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL!

BUT WHEN WE HAVE THAT GUN, YOUR BOY IS AS GOOD AS PUT AWAY...

YOU FIND THE GUN, LIEUTENANT! I'LL FIND THE REAL KILLER!!

THE NEXT MORNING ... 

IT'S NOT FAIR, JEFF ... ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT BILLY'S BROTHER - THEY'VE GOT HIM CONVICTED ALREADY IN THE NEWSPAPERS!! 

THEY'VE GOT A JOB, STU ... THEY JUST REPORT THE FACTS!

MAYBE ... BUT JUST BECAUSE HIS BROTHER'S A CRIMINAL, DOESN'T MEAN —

FEEDING

BAILEY SPEAKING!

LIEUTENANT DAVIS, STU ... WE HAVE A GUNSHOP OWNER DOWN HERE WHO SAW SOME .32 SLUGS ON THE NIGHT OF THE KILLING ... THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO COME OVER AND SEE HIM PICK YOUR INNOCENT BOY OUT OF THE LINEUP!

LATER ... 

ALL RIGHT, MR. JACKSON ... TAKE YOUR TIME ... BE POSITIVE ... DO YOU SEE THE BOY WHO BOUGHT THOSE .32 SLUGS?
WITHOUT HESITATION, JACKSON POINTS DIRECTLY TO BILLY MATISON...
THAT BOY... THERE... HE'S THE ONE!!!

SORRY, STU — BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEED A MIRACLE TO HELP THE BOY NOW....
I'M NOT QUITTING YET, LIEUTENANT!

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE PRACTICALLY CONVICTED BILLY ALREADY... THE GUNSHOP OWNER CAME DOWN HERE EXPECTING TO SEE THE KID WHO BOUGHT THE BULLETS! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE!

YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO PROVE ANYTHING, STU!

AS STU PASSES THE DESK, SERGEANT...

YESSIR... I GOT BACK FROM VACATION AND FOUND MY HOUSE RANSACKED... CAMERA, TYPEWRITER, AND A .32 PISTOL! ALL GONE!!

A .32 PISTOL?

THE DESK SERGEANT GETS THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE STOLEN ITEMS
WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN, SIR... PROBABLY THE STOLEN ITEMS HAVE BEEN SOLD BY NOW!

JUST GET 'EM BACK! I CAN'T AFFORD A LOSS LIKE THIS! THAT STUFF COST MONEY...

STU TAKES A WILD SHOT IN THE DARK...

SERGEANT, I WONDER IF I COULD LOOK OVER YOUR PAWNSHOP REPORTS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS...

SURE, MR. BAILEY!
YOU STILL HERE, STU?
STILL HERE... AND LOOKING FOR THAT MIRACLE!

THE LAW REQUIRES ALL PAWN BROKERS TO FILE WRITTEN REPORTS OF PURCHASES AND LOANS GIVEN ON PLEDGES...

SO THAT GUN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MIGHT SHOW UP IN ONE OF THESE REPORTS!!
POSSIBLE...

MAYBE MORE THAN POSSIBLE... THIS ONE HERE — IT'S THE SAME AS THE ONE THAT MAN JUST REPORTED STOLEN!

WHAT MAN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

A MAN REPORTED A GUN STOLEN... I JUST FOUND IT HERE ON THIS REPORT... A BROKER BOUGHT IT THE NIGHT ARNOLD BLINKER WAS SHOT!!

BUT IT MIGHT NOT BE THE SAME GUN THAT KILLED BLINKER...

MAYBE NOT... BUT WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MIRACLES... YOU DON'T LEAVE ANY STONE UNTURNED!!
Later, in a Los Angeles pawnshop...

...an' believe me, mister, I didn't know that gun was stolen—never would've bought it...I try to be careful an'—

We understand...the point is, do you still have the gun?

Yeah...right here...I bought it off a young, dark-haired fella...

Stu shows the pawnbroker a photo of Billy Mattson...

This young fella?

No...but doggoned...it looks a lot like him...not the same boy, though.

Come with us, mister...you may be the answer to a miracle!

At the police lab...a ballistic test is made...

Soon...you did our job for us, Stu! It's the same gun all right...the one that killed Blinker!

Good!
But how does this help you? Billy Mattson could've still used it! -

No, Lieutenant!

That boy came to my office a few minutes after the shooting... He was with me from then until we brought him here! He did not have time to pawn that gun!!

Sit, I've got to hand it to you... You did find the miracle!

I'm going to do more now, Lieutenant... It's still my word against that of the prosecutor! I could be "covering" for the boy...

You mean maybe he wasn't with you all that time?

Jeff and Kookie can prove he was, but the best way is to find Blinker's killer!

Mr. Hallman here is going to scan our mug books... Maybe he can pick out the man who sold him the gun!

For hours, the pawnbroker pores over mug shots of burglary suspects...

No use, boys... They're all gettin' to look alike!

Keep going... Just a few more books!
Finally... That's him... That's the kid who sold me the gun! I'm sure of it!!

Barton Larker! Record... six arrests! I'll get out an 'APB' on him right away!

Wait - hold off for one day...

What? If we tip Larker off now, he'll try to skip town... assuming he's still here, that is! With Billy in jail, this guy figures he's in the clear...

You've done your job, Stu! Let us handle it from here on...

I've gone this far with it... it's a personal fight with me now! For Billy's sake, I want to be sure Larker is nailed!

But how are you going to find him? What...

It's in the report on him, Lieutenant.

It says he frequents the coffee houses... the 'beat' joints... he's been seen in all of 'em...
STU, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

RIGHT! IT IF ANYONE IN THIS TOWN WOULD KNOW WHERE THIS CHARACTER IS, IT WOULD BE OUR GOOD FRIEND... KOOKIE!!

SURE...I'LL PLAY DETECTIVE FOR YOU...NOW ABOUT THE PAY...

WE'RE IN THIS FOR FUN, REMEMBER, KOOKIE?

SURE, MAN - BUT IF ANYONE GETS TO SHOOTIN' AT US, THE "FUN" STOPS AND THE PAY BEGINS...

IT'S A DEAL!

LARKER...YEAH, I'VE SEEN THE CAT AROUND LAST TIME WAS AT DRAG ALLEY...

THANKS!

LATER AT THE "DRAG ALLEY" COFFEE HOUSE...

...AND SO, THE GREAT CIRCLE OF DRAG GOES ON...LIFE DRAGS ON...AND THE SUN IS THE MOON...A BOWL OF YELLOW SOUP...AND THE STARS ARE HIP IN THE WAY-OUT SKY...

THAT'S POETRY??

IT'S THE SINCEREST, MAN!
The trio locates a friend of Larker's

You mean Barton Larker... like, man. I haven't lammed him for weeks... wish I would... like, he owes me a fiver...

The search goes on... and later that night...

Larker...

Yeah, cats... I know 'im! saw 'im just tonight!

Where chick?

A lil' ol' pad on Cyprus Street... he's doing some painting! won't even come out till he finishes the masterpiece...

The girl gives them the address...

We just love good paintings! let's go see him!

Don't bug him too much, cats! he's sensitive about bugging!

Moments later...

Mind if I talk to you, man? the name's Kookie... remember me?

Not now, man... like, I'm busy! split!
Suddenly, Lark br!s Stu's moving shadow outside the doorway...

"What is this?"

CRASH!

Nobody's taking me!!!

But as the killer starts to flee...

The running's over, Larker... you're through!!

It wasn't my fault, cats! I wouldn't have shot him if he'd done like I said! I only wanted some loot to buy paints! I'm an artist!!

Maybe they'll let you draw pictures on your cell walls!

Later...

Gosh, I don't know how to thank you fellas... it's hard to believe I'm free! Soon as I get another job, I'll pay you all back!

Forget it, Billy!

It's not that we don't want money... we're all in this for fun! Right, Stu? Right, Jeff?

Sure! Sure! Hope our landlord understands. That when he asks for our rent!

Uhhh...
An accurate description or a recent photograph offer highly important clues to a missing person. But the habits of a person hold many worthwhile clues, too.

A tracer of a missing person will gather all the information he can about the person he is seeking, including: Who are his friends? When and where does he usually meet with them?

What are his hobbies? Does he like to dance? To go to movies? Does he like sports, play baseball, golf, or bowl? Is he an avid reader, frequenting libraries? Or an art lover, often visiting art galleries?

A missing man was found through his fondness for pigeons...his habit of feeding them every day was the clue that gave him away.

And a woman's penchant for a special expensive perfume betrayed her! Buyers of the perfume were few; by tracing an order for her favorite scent, she was found!
MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU IS TRAINING IN MARKSMANSHIP AND IN SAFE HANDLING OF ALL GUNS!

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