

NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!



52 BIG
PAGES



APR. NO. 4

10¢

BIG TOWN

HAS
STEVE WILSON,
THE FIGHTING
NEWSMAN
UNCOVERED
THE ANSWER
TO A FLAMING
RIDDLE--ONLY
TO SEAL HIS
OWN DOOM?



BIG TOWN

IS BIG TIME ON TELEVISION!

See

STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWS-
PAPERMAN, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL
ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE,
IN FAST-ACTION, HARD-HITTING
ADVENTURES THAT MAKE YOUR
TV SCREEN THRILL WITH EX-
CITEMENT!

CBS-TV THURSDAY, 9:30 P.M. E.S.T.

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BIG TOWN

IS BIG TIME ON RADIO!

Hear

THE GREAT CAST OF ONE
OF RADIO'S BIGGEST,
BEST-KNOWN AND BEST-
LIKED DRAMATIC ACTION
SHOWS IN TINGLING ADVENTURES THAT
KEEP YOU ON THE EDGE OF YOUR EARS!

NBC TUESDAY, 10 P.M. E.S.T.

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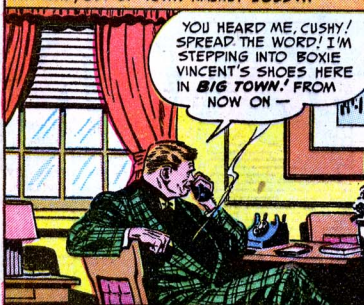
BIG TOWN



IT ISN'T UNUSUAL FOR STEVE WILSON—THE JUSTICE-LOVING, CRIME-HATING NEWSMAN OF **BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS**—TO FIGHT CRIMINALS HAND-TO-HAND... OR ARMED ONLY WITH PRINTER'S INK! BUT WHAT IS UNUSUAL IS A SITUATION WHERE STEVE FINDS HIMSELF HUNTED—BY THE SAME MENACING FIGURE HE IS HUNTING! IN...

"STEVE WILSON'S MANHUNT!"

IN **BIG TOWN** ON SECRET BUSINESS IS BIG LOU TIMMONS, OUT-OF-TOWN RACKET BOSS ...



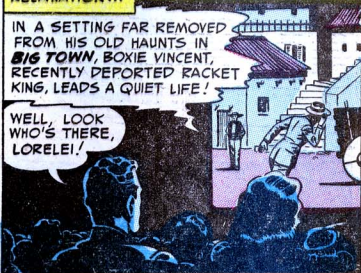
SUDDENLY, THE CONVERSATION IS VIOLENTLY INTERRUPTED...



AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE, A MOMENT LATER ...



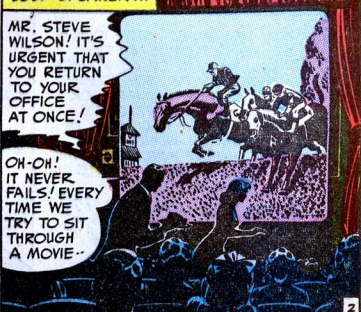
MEANWHILE, AT A NEWSREEL THEATRE WHERE STEVE AND LORELEI ARE ENJOYING AN HOUR'S RELAXATION ...



DID BOXIE EVER FIND OUT IT WAS **YOU** WHO CAUSED HIS DEPORTATION, STEVE?



THEN AN ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER ...

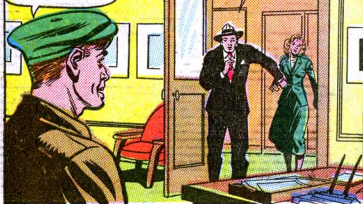


OH-OH! IT NEVER FAILS! EVERY TIME WE TRY TO SIT THROUGH A MOVIE...

IN STEVE'S PRIVATE OFFICE, IN THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** BUILDING...

SOMEBODY DUMPED BIG LOU TIMMONS, STEVE! HE WAS IN THE GRAND HOTEL, INCOGNITO!

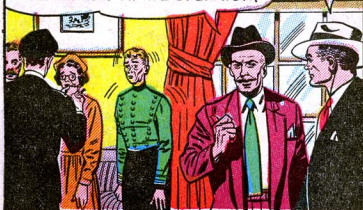
THANKS, HARRY! LORELEI— SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR MY PHONE CALL! DON'T BUDGE!



SOON AFTER... AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN BRIEFS STEVE...

A HALF DOZEN PEOPLE **MUST** HAVE SEEN THE KILLER, STEVE! HE HAD TO COME UP IN THE ELEVATOR— BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THE OPERATOR.

SCARED STIFF!

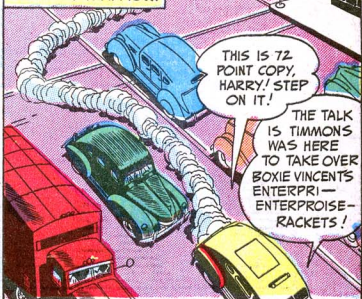


YES! BUT BOXIE IS IN COLD STORAGE— 3000 MILES AWAY!

I'VE GOT TO CALL IN THIS STORY, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! IT WON'T KEEP—



AS HARRY THE HACK'S CAB DARTS THROUGH MIDTOWN TRAFFIC...

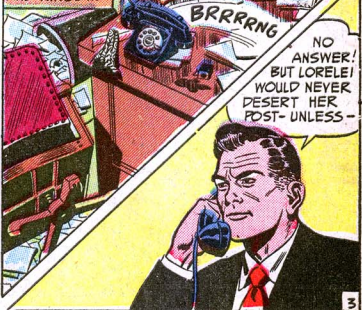


N-NO! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING— HONEST!

I KNOW ONLY **ONE** MAN WHO COULD **TERRIFY** PEOPLE THAT WAY— BOXIE VINCENT!



IN A DISORDERED OFFICE, A PHONE RINGS... AND RINGS...



MINUTES LATER...BACK AT THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**...

GOSH, STEVE! Y'KNOW
WE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING
FROM YOUR OFFICE WITH
THESE PRESSES GOING!

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO
LORELEI!



ON STEVE'S DESK A CHILLING NOTE IS FOUND...

SOMEONE'S
GRABBED
LORELEI!

WILSON- DON'T RING
IN THE COPS OR YOU'LL
BE WRITING AN OBIT
FOR A DEAR FRIEND!
COME TO 218 HARBOR
STREET- ALONE!



SOON AFTER...ON A ROOFTOP IN THE WATER-
FRONT DISTRICT...

I'LL APPEAR AT
NUMBER 218 ALL
RIGHT-BUT NOT AT
THE FRONT DOOR!
WHOEVER'S EXPECT-
ING ME THERE WILL
HAVE A LONG
WAIT!



'GONE! THAT
DOOR, HARRY!
MY PRIVATE
ENTRANCE...

THERE'S BEEN A
SCRAP HERE! LOOK
AT THE JOINT!

YOU GIVE THE TIMMONS STORY
TO REWRITE, HARRY! I'LL BE
PRETTY BUSY FOR THE
NEXT HOUR OR SO!

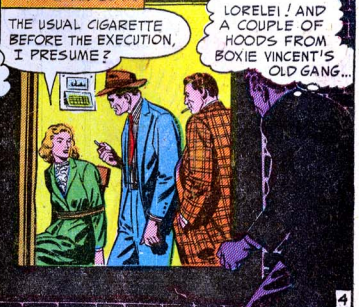
RAJAH,
BOSS!

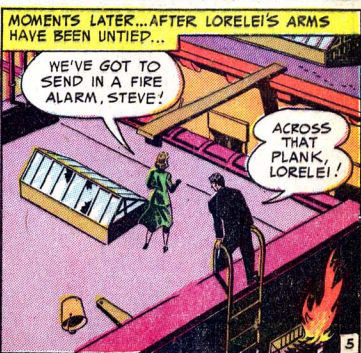


THEN...THE DARING NEWSMAN DROPS TO A FIRE
ESCAPE LEDGE...

THE USUAL CIGARETTE
BEFORE THE EXECUTION,
I PRESUME?

LORELEI! AND
A COUPLE OF
HOODS FROM
BOXIE VINCENT'S
OLD GANG...





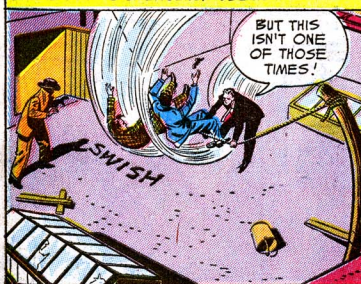
BEFORE STEVE CAN FOLLOW HIS ASSISTANT, A ROOF DOOR SWINGS WIDE...



SEEMINGLY TRAPPED, THE GUNMEN'S PREY RAISES HIS HANDS...



THE NEXT INSTANT...AN OVERHANGING CLOTHES LINE IS PUT TO EMERGENCY USE...



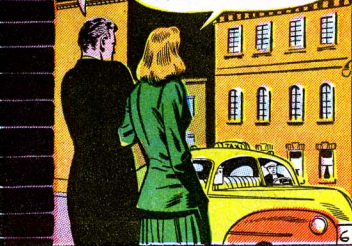
THEN AS THE VALIANT NEWSMAN RACES ACROSS THE PLANK TO THE NEXT ROOF...



SOON AFTER...WITH POLICE AND FIREMEN FILLING HARBOR STREET...



SO YOU THINK THE GANG IS OUT TO FIND THE MAN WHO GOT BOXIE VINCENT DEPORTED?





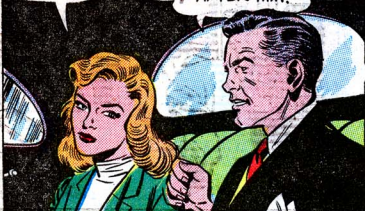
BIG TOWN



ON THE WAY BACK TO THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**...

IT MEANS **BLACK HAT**—WHOEVER HE IS—IS REALLY AFTER YOU!

WELL, THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH! BECAUSE I'VE GOT A HUNCH MR. **BLACK HAT** IS THE MYSTERIOUS TIMMONS KILLER—AND I'M AFTER HIM!



A VICIOUS MURDERER IS LOOSE IN **BIG TOWN**, LORELEI! IT'S MY DUTY TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE **ANY WAY** I CAN! AND THERE IS A WAY...

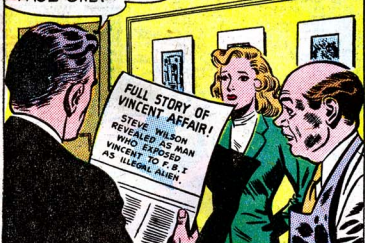
STEP ON IT, DRIVER!



IN STEVE'S OFFICE ... A HALF HOUR LATER ...

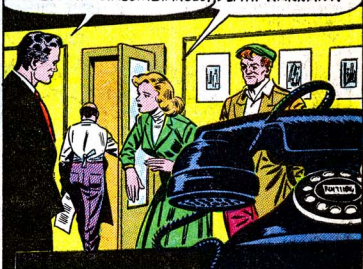
STOP THE PRESSES, ED! SHOVE THIS ON PAGE ONE!

FULL STORY OF VINCENT AFFAIR!
STEVE WILSON REVEALED AS MAN WHO EXPOSED VINCENT TO F.B.I. AS ILLEGAL ALIEN.



THE F.B.I. OKAYED THE RELEASE, LORELEI—UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

BUT, STEVE—YOU'RE PUBLISHING YOUR DEATH WARRANT!



YEAH—IT'S SUICIDE! YOU BETTER GO INTO HIDIN'!

NO THANKS, HARRY! COME ALONG—THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO BEFORE THE STORY BREAKS—



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK IT, WE'LL BACK YOU UP, STEVE—ALL THE WAY!

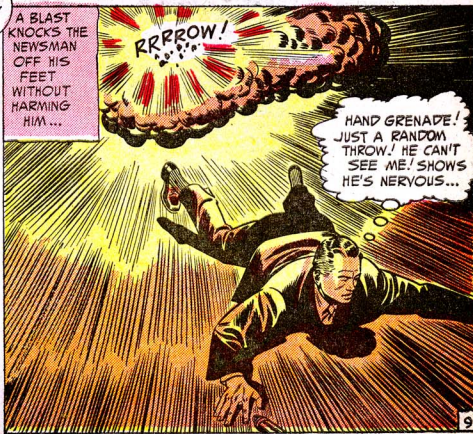
FINE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! LET'S GET TO WORK ON HARRY'S CAB!



THAT
CAR, ←
HARRY..

WE'VE
DRAWN THE
WOLVES OUT
OF HIDING,
HARRY! **RAM
THEM —**

THAT'S OUR
CUE, HARRY,
OUT AND
AT 'EM!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BLAST, STEVE MAKES A FEW SWIFT PREPARATIONS...

HE WON'T SEE THE FLASH INSIDE THIS DOWNTURNED CARTON— BUT WHEN I YANK AWAY THE CARTON WITH THIS SPRING, IT WILL REVEAL THE LIGHT— ABRUPTLY...



CREEPING TEN FEET OFF, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS MAN CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN...



BANG BANG

LIKE I HOPED— HE'S SHOOTING AT THE FLASH— REVEALING HIS POSITION.

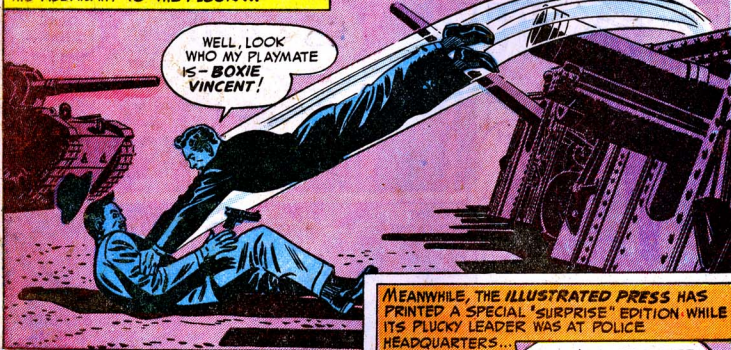
SILENT AS A CAT, STEVE CLOSES IN ON HIS EXPOSED QUARRY...



SHOW YOURSELF, BLAST YOU!

I WILL— BUT IN MY OWN WAY!

DIVING AT THE BLACK-HATTED GUNMAN, THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN QUICKLY PINS HIS ASSAILANT TO THE FLOOR...



WELL, LOOK WHO MY PLAYMATE IS— BOXIE VINCENT!

MEANWHILE, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS HAS PRINTED A SPECIAL "SURPRISE" EDITION WHILE ITS PLUCKY LEADER WAS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SAY, WHO WROTE THAT HEAD?

I DID! IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE IT— AND BESIDES IT'S **TRUE!**

LATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THE WHOLE GANG HAS BEEN HERDED...

BOXIE TRADED IDENTITIES AND PAPERS WITH ONE OF HIS HENCHMEN OVERSEAS AND FLEW BACK TO TOWN YESTERDAY. HE PLANNED TO TAKE OVER HIS OLD RACKETS AGAIN!

THE ONLY THING BOXIE IS GOING TO TAKE OVER IN **BIG TOWN** IS A CELL IN THE DEATH HOUSE FOR KILLING LOU TIMMONS!



ILLUSTRATED Press
STEVE WILSON CAPTURES RACKET KING! TRAPS BOXIE VINCENT IN ARMORY

The End

NOW...**WRITE SECRET MESSAGES
IN THE DARK AND
ERASE WITH A LIGHT !!!!!****WITH STRAIGHT ARROW'S
GOLD COLORED PLASTIC****RITE A LITE** **ARROWHEAD
AND
RADIANT MESSAGE
PASS CARD****SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE!**

Straight Arrow's very own Rite a Lite Arrow Head in Gold Color Plastic! Writes in the dark on Radiant Message Pass Card! Message glows in the dark! Erase with some light! Rite a Lite sends signals, too!

Along with this amazing RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD, you get a special Radiant Message Pass Card. One side is luminous, for your secret messages that can be read in the dark! The other side identifies you as a member of Straight Arrow's tribe. There's a hole for a leather thong or chain in the light plunger of the Rite a Lite Arrow Head so you can wear it on your wrist, on your belt, or on a cord around your neck. Use it always—and use it for years—regular 716 Rayovac cell batteries fit it.

BUT HURRY! This is the only Rite a Lite of its kind in the world—and the only way you can get it is by sending in the coupon with 25 cents and your box top from NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—the grand-tasting 100% whole wheat cereal you'll want every breakfast.

**the breakfast full
of POWER from
Niagara Falls!**

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY****Straight Arrow says:**

"This exciting Rite a Lite Arrow Head and Radiant Message Pass Card was designed exclusively for me and my fans! I want all of you to have one... the only thing of its kind in the world!"

**ONLY
25¢****AND A
NABISCO
SHREDDED
WHEAT
BOX TOP
FOR BOTH****NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT**

Dept. S, Box 209, New York 46, N. Y.

Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD and Radiant Message Pass Card. I enclose 25¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT box top. (Please print)

Name _____

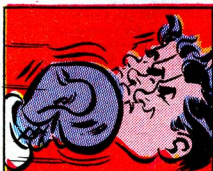
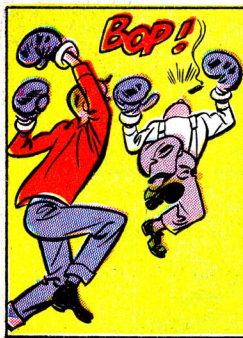
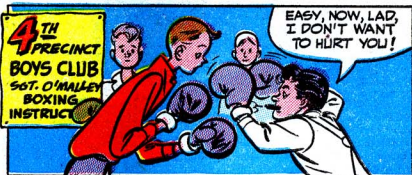
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(No stamps please. Offer good for a limited time and in the U. S. only)





BIG TOWN



BIG TOWN



STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF **BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, HAS MADE COUNTLESS HEADLINES IN HIS UNRELENTING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME! BUT THIS TIME, IF HE IS THE SUBJECT OF ANOTHER HEADLINE, IT WILL BE AS A CORPSE! THAT IS THE DESPERATE CHOICE STEVE HAS TO MAKE IN ORDER TO SOLVE A RUTHLESS CRIME... IN THE FRONT-PAGE STORY WITH A DOUBLE TWIST.....

"BADGE OF COURAGE!"

AS STEVE WILSON, OF **BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, FINISHES HIS ARTICLE FOR THE NEXT EDITION...

THE LAROK GANG WON'T LIKE THESE BONFIRES YOU'VE BEEN LIGHTING UNDER THEM, STEVE!

I MEAN TO MAKE **BIG TOWN** TOO HOT FOR THEM, LORELEI!



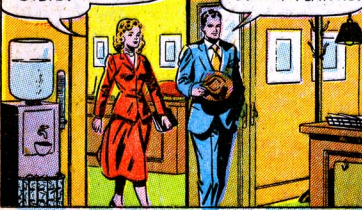
IF PEOPLE LEARNED TO RELY ON THE POLICE AND REFUSED TO BE INTIMIDATED BY THESE HOODLUMS, THE LAROK GANGSTERS WOULD CRAWL BACK INTO THEIR RAT HOLES!



SHORTLY...

DON'T FORGET OUR APPOINTMENT WITH INSPECTOR CALLAHAN TO WATCH THE POLICE ACADEMY EXERCISES, STEVE!

I WON'T, LORELEI! WE'LL PICK UP DUSTY MILLER IN THE CITY ROOM. HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ENOUGH GOOD PICTURES ON THE EXERCISE FOR A SUNDAY FEATURE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRIO EXITS FROM THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** BUILDING...

OH-OH! HERE'S TROUBLE! **DOUBLE TROUBLE!**

A PAIR OF LAROK GANG HOODS! WHATEVER HAPPENS, DUSTY - YOU AND LORELEI! STAY OUT OF IT! THAT'S AN ORDER!



THE BOSS THINKS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, WILSON!

HE SENT US TO SEE THAT YOU GET A REST - A **LONG ONE!** COME ALONG WITH US! QUIET-LIKE! OR WE'LL SEND YOU ON YOUR "VACATION" NOW!



I'LL BE GLAD TO COME ALONG WITH YOU BOYS, IF YOU LET LORELEI AND DUSTY ALONE! THEY'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING **I'VE** WRITTEN! THEY JUST WORK FOR ME!

IT'S OKAY WITH US! BUT IF **THEY** START ANYTHING, IT'LL BE **YOUR** FINISH!



FLANKED BY THE TWIN GUNMEN, STEVE IS LED TOWARD THEIR PARKED CAR...

YOU'RE PLAYING IT SMART, WILSON! NOT KICKING UP A FUSS! YOU'LL LIVE LONGER THAT WAY!

MAYBE! BUT NOT MUCH LONGER!



ONCE THEY GET ME INSIDE THEIR CAR, I'M FINISHED... LORELEI AND DUSTY ARE OUT OF HARM'S WAY... IF I'M GOING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT... IT'S GOT TO BE NOW - !



TAKING A DEEP BREATH, STEVE MAKES HIMSELF A DEAD WEIGHT AND SUDDENLY SINKS TO HIS KNEES...

LOOK OUT!

HE'S MAKING A BREAK - !



BEFORE THE STARTLED GUNMEN CAN RECOVER THEIR BALANCE...

BLAST HIM - !

MY GUN'S TANGLED -



AS BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING NEWSMAN DISARMS THE GUNMEN...

STEVE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I GOT IT ALL, STEVE! WOW!

FINE, LORELEI!



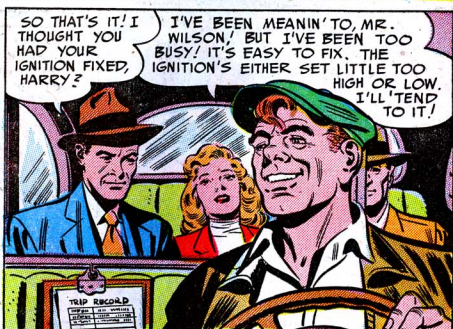
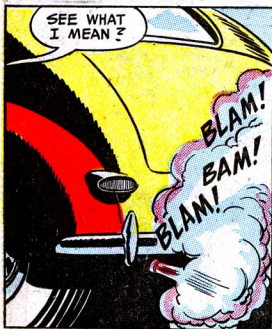
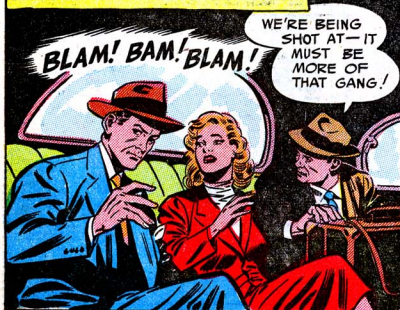
AFTER THE THUGS HAVE BEEN LED AWAY BY THE POLICE, STEVE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE DRIVEN TO THE POLICE ACADEMY BY HARRY THE HACK...

YOU SURE SHOWED UP THOSE LAROK GANG RESPIRATORS, BOSS!

CONSPIRATORS, HARRY! RESPIRATORS ARE APPARATUS FOR BREATHING!



EN ROUTE TO THE POLICE ACADEMY...



LATER, ON THE POLICE ACADEMY GROUNDS, GRADUATING STUDENTS GIVE AN EXHIBITION OF PRECISION BALANCE AND DRIVING SKILL...



THE POLICE STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE THEIR SHOOTING SKILL...



FINALLY...

THERE'S THE CLIMAX OF THE EXERCISES, STEVE! THE STUDENTS CLIMB UP THE REAR OF THIS FENCE BY MEANS OF ROPES—AND SLIDE DOWN THE FRONT!

QUITE AN OBSTACLE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! GET READY FOR THE FIRST MAN OVER, DUSTY!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE SPECTATORS, THE FIRST ONE OVER THE OBSTACLE IS NOT A STUDENT POLICEMAN... BUT...



...AND SHOW HOW JUDO CAN OVERCOME UN-EXPECTED ARM OPPOSITION...



A MOMENT LATER...

GREAT THUNDER! HOW'D HE GET UP THERE!

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

WE'LL FIND OUT LATER! GET THE SHOT, DUSTY!



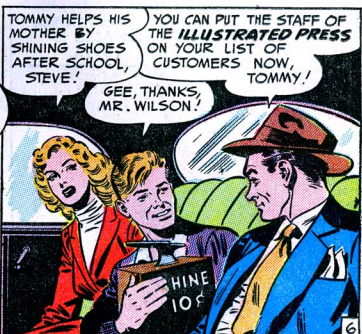
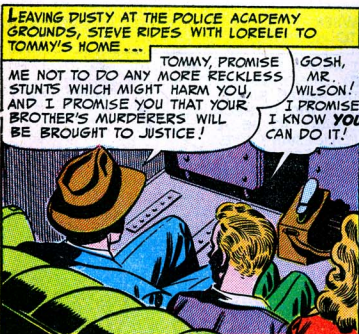
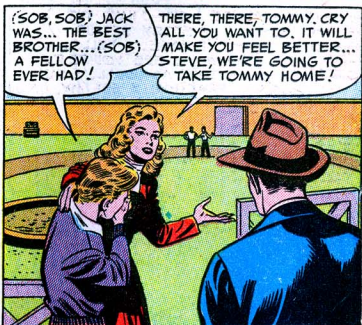
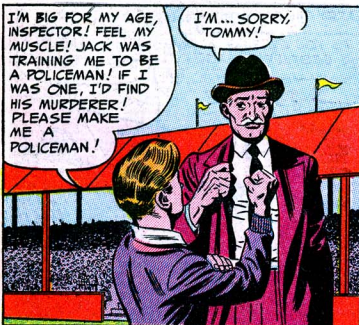
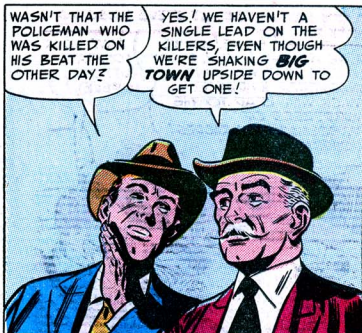
WHEN THE YOUTHFUL INTRUDER IS BROUGHT TO INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...

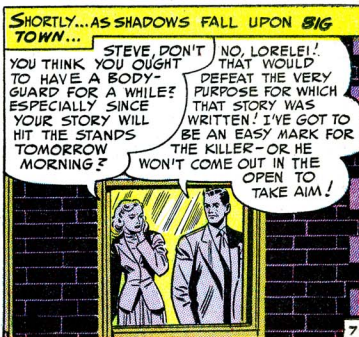
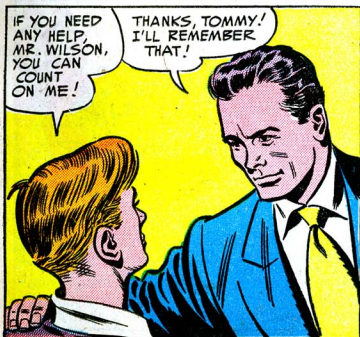
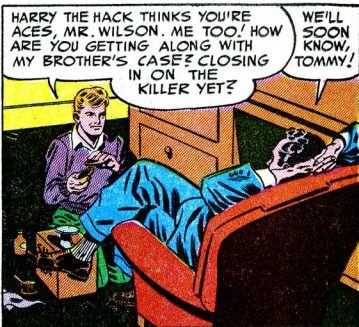
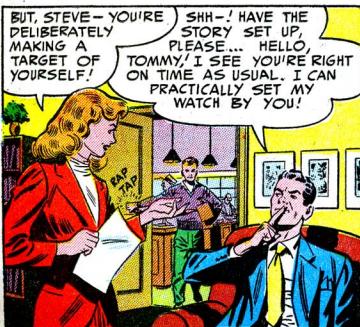
I KNOW I DID WRONG BY SNEAKING ONTO THE FIELD! BUT I ONLY DID IT BECAUSE I WANT TO BE A POLICEMAN! I'VE JUST GOT TO!

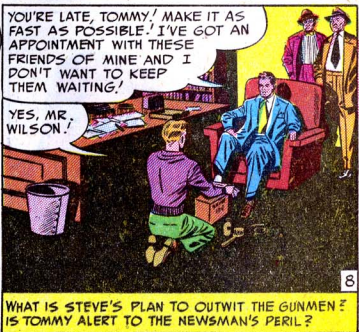
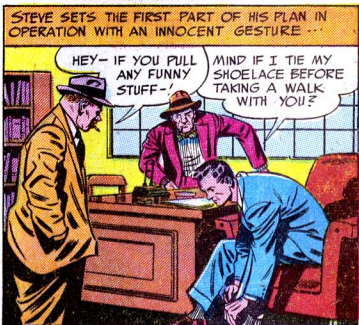
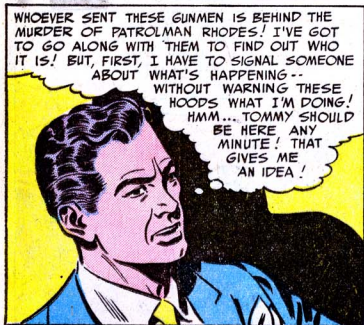
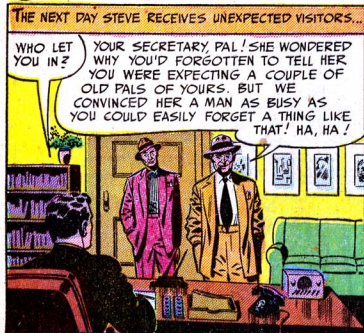




BIG TOWN









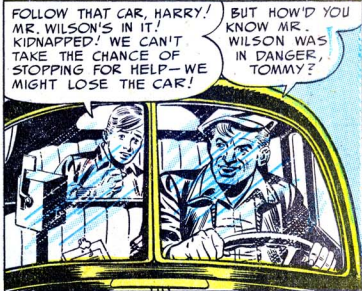
BIG TOWN



AFTER TOMMY DEPARTS, THE GUNMEN TAKE STEVE OUT OF A SIDE EXIT OF THE BUILDING TO A WAITING CAR...



BUT AS THE GUNMEN'S CAR TWISTS AND TURNS... IT IS DOGGEDLY FOLLOWED BY...



FIRST, HE SAID I WAS LATE—AND I WAS RIGHT ON TIME LIKE ALWAYS! THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! THEN I SAW THE SOS HE HAD SCRATCHED INTO THE POLISH ON HIS SHOE!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF **BIG TOWN**, THE GANGSTER CAR TURNS INTO A SOLITARY ROAD...



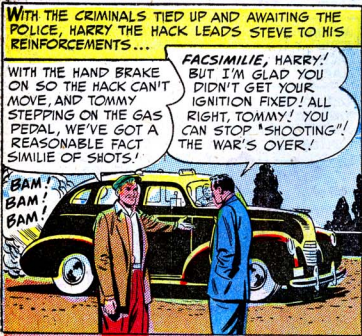
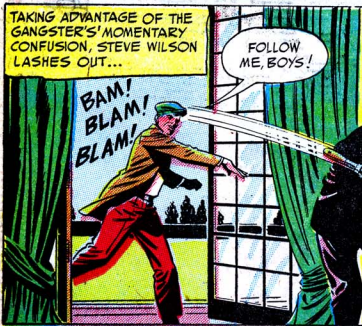
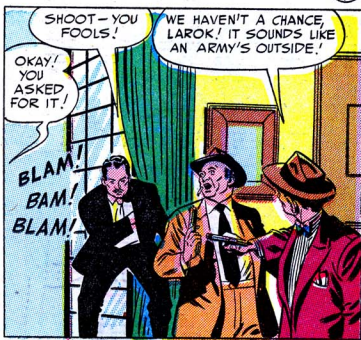
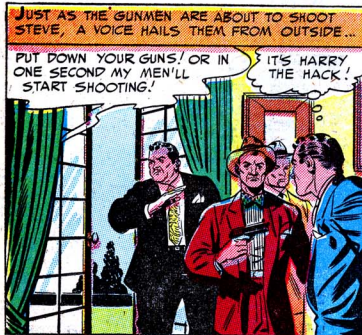
A SUDDEN METALLIC CLANG REVEALS A DISMAYING FACT TO THE PURSUING DUET...

THIS IS A PRIVATE ROAD! THAT GATE MUST WORK BY AN ELECTRIC EYE! IT OPENED WHEN THOSE HOOPS ENTERED—AND CLOSED WHEN WE PASSED! WE'RE PRISONERS, TOO!



MEANWHILE, IN A HOUSE AT THE END OF THE ROAD, THE TRAPPED NEWSMAN IS FACE TO FACE WITH THE RUTHLESS LEADER OF THE LAROK GANG...







Join
the Gang!
start
collecting

Royal Stars
of Sports and Movies

FREE

of Extra Cost!

ROYAL STARS OF MOVIES No. 24



BETTY HUTTON

Starting in "Let's Dance" & Paramount Pictures—Gale in Technicolor. Despite her tomboy childhood, Betty didn't develop her slam-bang singing style until she was about to lose her job singing with Vincent Lopez. Tipped off by a friend, Betty went on stage feeling as though she wanted to tear things apart—and she literally "brought down the house."

Now one of Hollywood's brightest stars, dynamic Betty is 5'4", weighs 112. She was born on February 26 in Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for a Plastic Album to Hold Your Royal Stars Collection!

Eight clear envelopes, bound with colorful cover; displays 16 photographs. Mail 15¢ and 3 Royal Desserts package fronts to Royal, Box 620, New York 46, N. Y.

NEW PHOTOS AND FACTS ABOUT
FAMOUS MOVIE AND SPORTS STARS!

Kids everywhere are building the Royal collections that they will treasure all their lives! They've accepted the invitation of Roy and Al—the famous Royal Twins—to own signed photographs PLUS brief life histories about the greatest stars in moving pictures and sports. And you can have them without spending ONE EXTRA PENNY!

You'll be proud to own these new true-to-life pictures of Paramount Studios' movie stars Betty Hutton, Mona Freeman, John Lund; basketball and hockey stars Dick McGuire, Jim Pollard, Gordon Howe, plus many, many more! Not to mention America's most famous baseball players!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Just ask Mom to buy Royal Desserts—Puddings, Tapioca Puddings, Gelatin Desserts or new Royal Custard Flavor Dessert Mix. On the back of each package you'll find a new photo and short history of a famous movie or sports star.



Royal

DESSERTS

ON THE PACKAGE BACKS OF ALL ROYAL PUDDINGS—
ROYAL TAPIoca PUDDINGS — ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS—
ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX





BIG TOWN



HEADLINE HEROES

JOSEPH PULITZER
(1847-1911)
EDITOR-NEWSPAPER
PROPRIETOR

REJECTED BY THE
FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION
BECAUSE OF PHYSICAL
DEFECTS, HUNGARIAN-
BORN JOSEPH PULI-
TZER EMIGRATED
TO AMERICA TO JOIN
THE UNION ARMY IN
THE CIVIL WAR!



IN 1878, HE PURCHASED THE FALTERING ST. LOUIS DISPATCH, AND MERGED IT WITH THE POST. UNDER HIS GUIDING HAND, THE COMBINED POST-DISPATCH SOON DOMINATED ALL ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPERS. PULITZER ADHERED TO AN INDEPENDENT POLICY IN POLITICS, AND CAMPAIGNED VIGOROUSLY FOR TARIFF REFORM...



SHIFTING HIS NEWS-
PAPER ENTERPRISES
TO NEW YORK,
PULITZER TOOK
OVER THE NEW
YORK WORLD IN
1883 AND TURNED
IT INTO A \$500,000
A YEAR PROFIT-
MAKER. HE WON AN
IMPORTANT PRICE
WAR WITH THE NEW
YORK JOURNAL
BY REDUCING HIS
PAPER'S PRICE TO
ONE CENT.



EXTRA!
READ THE
JOURNAL,
TWO CENTS!

EXTRA!
GET YOUR
WORLD!
ONLY ONE
CENT!



FAILING EYESIGHT COMPELLED HIM TO RETIRE
FROM ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WORK, BUT HE
NEVER LOST INTEREST IN PUBLISHING. HE
ESTABLISHED THE FAMOUS PULITZER PRIZES,
AWARDED ANNUALLY FOR LETTERS, THE DRAMA,
MUSIC AND NEWSPAPER WORK.



ADVERTISEMENT

OUR BUNCH
ALL MUNCH

NESTLÉ'S
CRUNCH
MILK CHOCOLATE
MFG. BY NESTLÉ'S SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO. LTD., CHAM, S.W.
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH

WON'T YOU
JOIN US, TOO?

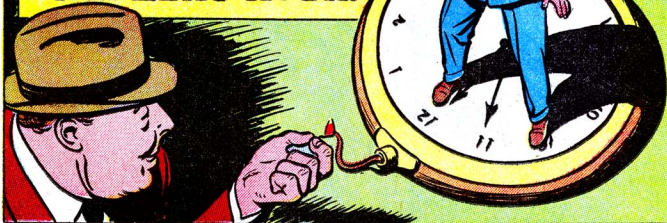
Delicious-Different

Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

ZERO: MEANING EMPTY, A CIPHER... OR TO BROADEN THE CONTEXT IN THE FASHION OF A CERTAIN SINISTER GENT WE ARE SOON TO MEET: DEATH! FOR IT IS THIS UNSAVORY PERSON'S BUSINESS TO TRANSFER DESIGNATED AND UNWARY CITIZENS FROM THE REALM OF THE LIVING TO A STATE QUAINLY DESCRIBED AS "ZERO," UNTIL DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW GETS THE MURDER-MERCHANT'S NUMBER AND ENDS THE DEADLOCK OF..

"THE ZERO HOUR"



EVEN THE UNSAVORY CHARACTERS WHO COM-
PRISE THE "ORGANIZATION" OF BACKWASH
BAILEY FIND IDLENESS IRKSOME...

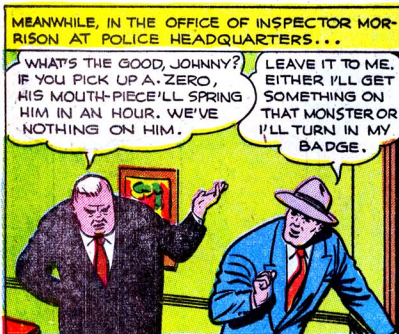
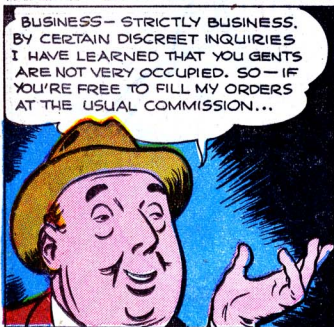
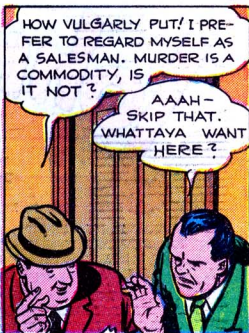
SITTIN' AROUND HERE DAY
AFTER DAY-DOIN' NOTHIN'. WE
GOTTA SWING SOMETHIN' BACKWASH.
I'M FED UP WITH BEIN' BROKE.

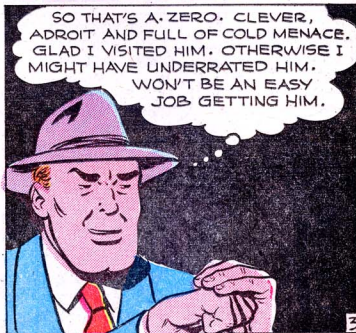
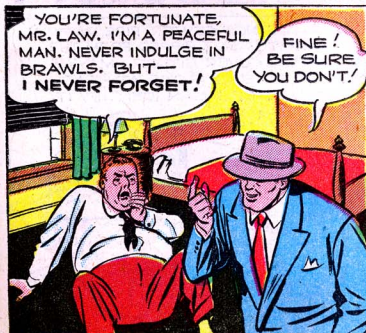
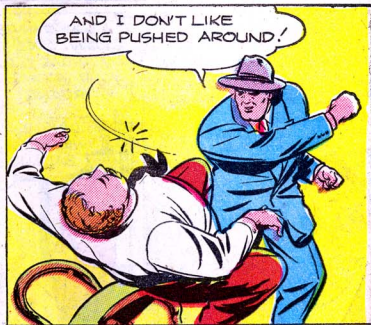
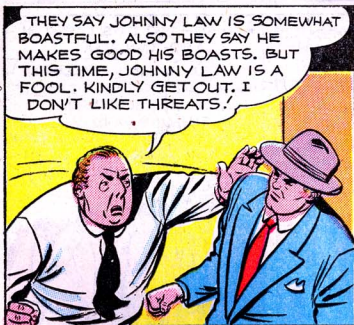
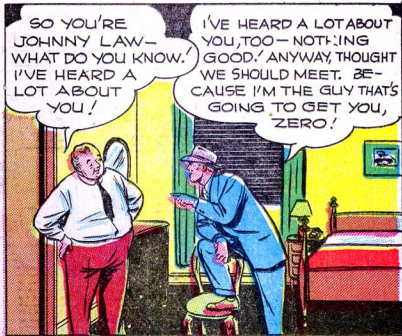
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS
GO OUT AN' MAKE A
COUPLE OF CONTACTS IN-
STEAD OF COMPLAININ'?

IN OUR BUSINESS THERE'S GOT TO
BE SLUMPS. WHATTAYA WANNA
DO- ADVERTISE? WE GOTTA
WAIT TILL SOMEONE
NEEDS US.

H-SSST-
SOMEONE AT
THE DOOR.









BIG TOWN



THAT EVENING, IN A SMALL, MID-TOWN RESTAURANT...

AH—THE AMBITIOUS MR. SNOW, BURDENED WITH AN UNNECESSARY PARTNER WHO TAKES HALF OF ALL YOUR HARD-EARNED PROFITS. YES—I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR DISLIKING HIM.

HUH? WHO ARE YOU?



AND HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT MY AFFAIRS?

I'M A ZERO, THE MAN WHO PHONED THIS MORNING. YOUR CASE INTERESTED ME. I INVESTIGATED. THEN, WHEN I WAS CERTAIN, I MADE THIS APPOINTMENT.



FIVE THOUSAND, EH? HALF NOW AND HALF AFTER YOU—UH—GET RID OF HIM. RIGHT?

NOW—NOW—I MERELY SAID YOUR PARTNER WILL BE INFLUENCED INTO WITHDRAWING. UNDERSTAND?



A SOUND INVESTMENT, SNOW. ONCE THIS—AH—OVERHEAD IS REMOVED, YOUR INCOME WILL SKYROCKET.

IN TWO DAYS, EH? VERY WELL, I'LL HAVE THE BALANCE READY



AND SO—TWO DAYS LATER IN A MID-TOWN AREA ...

KILLED INSTANTLY. NASTY ACCIDENT, EH, JOHNNY?

NASTY EXPLOSION, SERGEANT. I FIND IT A SOUND-RULE NEVER TO CALL ANYTHING AN ACCIDENT UNTIL IT'S BEEN PROVEN.



WHAT'S THERE TO PROVE? WHEN SEWER GAS EXPLODES, THAT'S AN ACCIDENT, ISN'T IT?

TRUE, SERGEANT. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE IT WAS SEWER GAS? FOR EXAMPLE, THIS TWISTED METAL FRAGMENT—



-- IT'S NOT SEWER PIPE MATERIAL AND IT WASN'T RIPPED FROM THE METAL COVER EITHER. MAYBE THE SCIENCE BOYS AT HEAD-QUARTERS CAN IDENTIFY IT.



LATER, AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...

IT'S SO TWISTED I CAN'T BE CERTAIN. BUT SOME TYPES OF DETONATOR CAPS ARE MADE OF THIS KIND OF ALLOY, JOHNNY. BURNS APPARENTLY CAUSED BY FULMINATE OF MERCURY, OFTEN USED FOR DETONATING PURPOSES...

THANKS, ED.



FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, INSPECTOR. THREE FREAK ACCIDENTS IN THREE DAYS--- A RECENTLY INSPECTED SIGN FALLS ON A GUY, A WHEEL COMES OFF A SPEEDING NEW CAR --- AND NOW THIS!

MEANING A ZERO, EH?



RIGHT- AND UNTIL I GET A SMARTER HUNCH, THAT'S THE ONE I'M PLAYING.

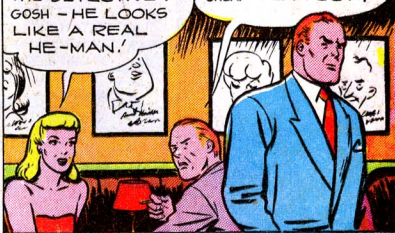
I'M NOT DISPUTING YOU, JOHNNY. YOU JUST GO AHEAD.



THAT EVENING IN AN EXCLUSIVE UPTOWN CAFE ...

VAN- ISN'T THAT JOHNNY LAW, THE DETECTIVE? GOSH - HE LOOKS LIKE A REAL HE-MAN!

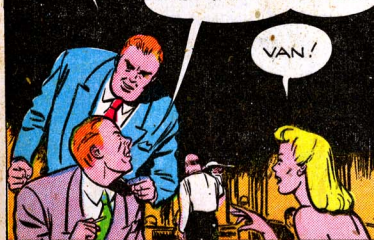
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? DON'T I RATE NEXT TO THAT CHEAP FLATFOOT?



DID I HEAR A CRACK?

YOU'VE GOT GOOD EARS, COPPER. SO WHAT? SCRAM OR I'LL HAVE YOU POUNDING A BEAT IN THE STICKS.

VAN!

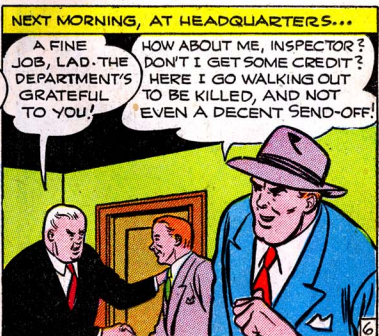
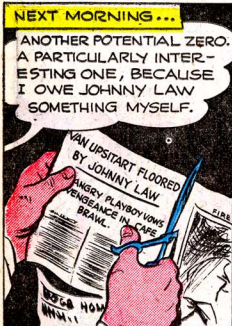
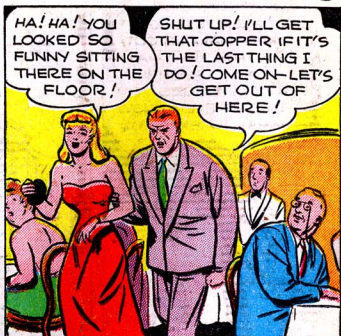
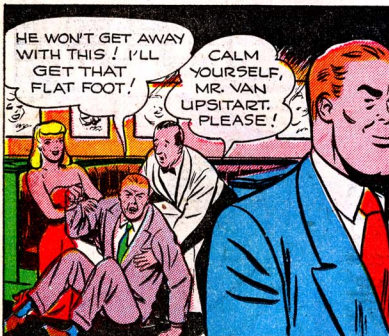


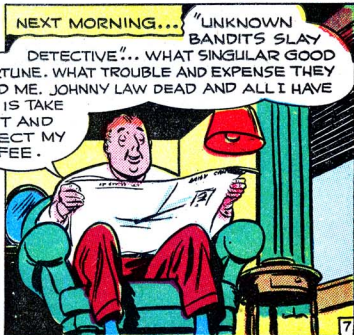
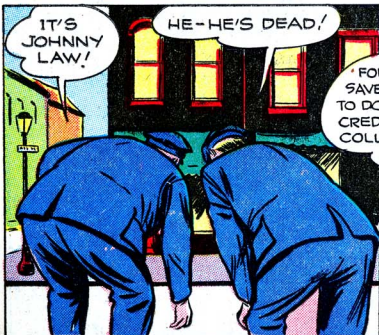
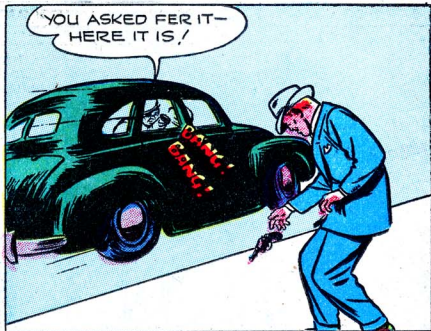
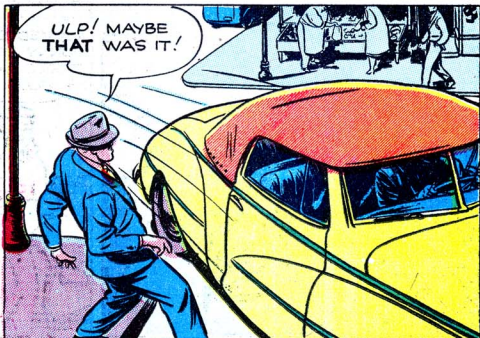
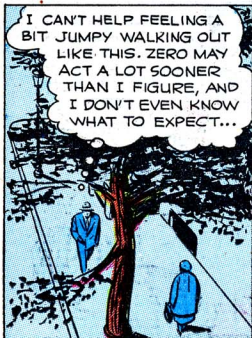
JUST FOR PRACTICE, I'LL TRY POUNDING YOUR JAW!





BIG TOWN





SOON-- A. ZERO RECEIVES A VISITOR...

UH--IT'S ME. YOUR "INFLUENCE" WORKED SO WELL, I'D LIKE TO PAY YOU A BONUS. BUT TELL ME--HOW WAS IT MANAGED?



AH--APPRECIATION. WELL--SINCE YOU'RE IN THIS TOO, A FRIENDLY EXPOSITION WOULD DELIGHT ME.



BUT IS THAT ALL? YOU JUST STAGED A PHONEY HOLD-UP?



YOU INSULT MY IMAGINATION. TAKE THE LUCAS JOB--A REAL MASTERPIECE. AN EXPLOSIVE PLANTED IN THE SEWER OPPOSITE LUCAS' OFFICE, A MAN WATCHING FROM A WINDOW WITH THE DETONATOR...



THANKS, ZERO--THAT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED FOR NOW.

JOHNNY LAW! BUT--BUT YOU'RE DEAD. WHAT FOUL DECEIT IS THIS?

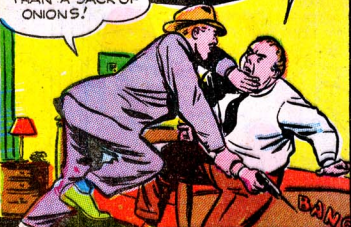


WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN LITTLE DECEPTION? TAKING CREDIT FOR THAT PHONEY HOLD-UP I PLANNED TO KEEP YOU FROM REALLY KILLING ME. BUT THE LUCAS INCIDENT IS ALL THE CREDIT YOU'LL NEED FOR WHERE YOU'RE GOING.



THIS TIME I WON'T BE TAKING UNDESERVED CREDIT...

IT'S TOO LATE FOR GUNPLAY, ZERO. BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT LESS MANEUVERABILITY THAN A SACK OF ONIONS!



GUESS IT'S ZERO FOR ME, IF I MAY VENTURE A FEEBLE PUN IN THE TEETH OF DISASTER.

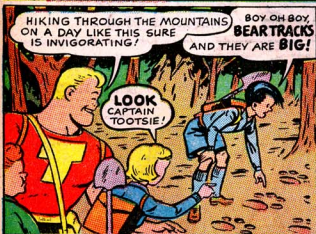
TO CONTINUE IN THE SAME VEIN, THESE LISTS OF YOUR CUSTOMERS AND HENCHMEN SHOULD CLEAR THIS AFFAIR UP FROM A TO ZERO.



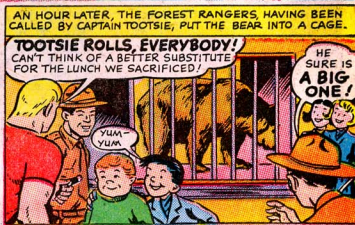
Captain Tootsie

IN THE **NORTH WOODS**

By BILL SCHREIBER



AFTER DIGGING A DEEP HOLE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS PALS PLACE TWIGS AND LEAVES OVER THE OPENING, USING THEIR LUNCH AS BAIT THEY PUT ALL THE FOOD ON TOP OF THE TWIGS



TOOTSIE POPS 2¢

CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

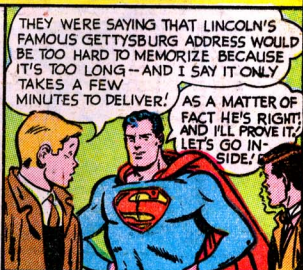
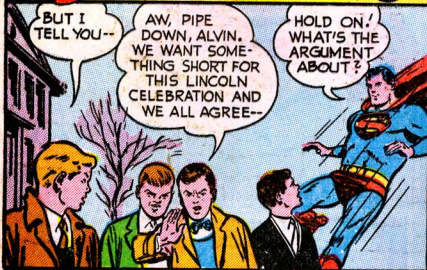
Tootsie Roll

INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

FOR A TREAT OF TREATS—DEE-LISH-US, CHOCOLATY, CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL!

Tootsie POPS 2¢ each

SUPERMAN "HUMAN RIGHTS says: for ALL!"



IN ONE OF THE CLASSROOMS, FINGERS MOVING FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, SUPERMAN WRITES THE ENTIRE SPEECH ON THE BLACKBOARD IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!

THERE! EXACTLY 267 WORDS! BUT THE POINT I WANT TO GET OVER IS THAT WHETHER ALVIN IS RIGHT OR WRONG, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO SPEAK! THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN, WHO FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S BILL OF RIGHTS!



"OTHER NATIONS FEEL THE SAME WAY. THE UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS PREPARED A DECLARATION IN WHICH THEY OUTLINED THIRTY RIGHTS EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD SHOULD HAVE -- LIKE THE RIGHT TO SAY, WRITE AND READ WHAT YOU CHOOSE, WORSHIP AS YOU WISH, VOTE THE WAY YOU WANT."

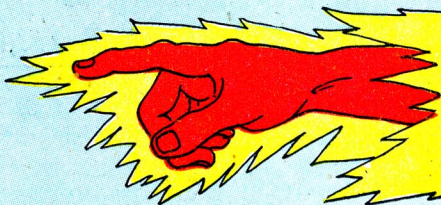
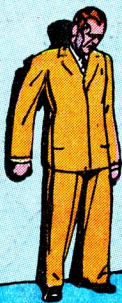
"IN 1948, 59 NATIONS PASSED THE DECLARATION WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE. NOW THE COMMISSION IS WORKING ON A COVENANT FOR NATIONS TO SIGN, AGREEING TO LIVE UP TO THE DECLARATION IN THEIR OWN COUNTRIES."



LET'S SEE TO IT THAT WE LIVE UP TO THIS IMPORTANT JOB AT HOME AND SUPPORT OUR UNITED NATIONS IN HELPING OTHER NATIONS TO LIVE UP TO IT, TOO. THAT WAY, THE WORLD CAN BE A SAFE AND HAPPY PLACE FOR *Everybody!*



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.



THE HOBBY MAN

“HOLD IT!”

Benson whirled at the command, then slowly raised his hands from his vest. Stepping through the French doors that led to the garden, a masked man gestured at Benson with a small, deadly automatic.

“Not a peep out of you. I know that this is your servants’ day off. I’ve worked this out very carefully so that I won’t be interrupted,” said the masked man as he walked over to the radio and turned it off.

“I have no intention of arguing with a man who holds a gun,” commented Benson quietly.

The other chuckled. “That’s being smart. And now to get to work.”

“You’ll find some money in the desk.”

“Thanks—but that won’t be enough. You ought to know what I’m after.”

“You’re rather well informed.”

“Why not? When a man goes in for hobbies it gets about. Particularly when a man has as many hobbies as you have, Benson. Mind you I’m not complaining about the way you spread your money around . . .

I’m sincerely grateful for it,” the gunman ended with another laugh.

“You’re well spoken for a thief.”

“I prefer to be known as a gentleman of fortune. Sit in that chair and don’t make a move.”

Taking a slim, hooked length of steel from an inner pocket, the intruder went to work expertly on various drawers. Every so often his eyes flicked at Benson, but the latter made no incautious move.

Grunting with pleasure, the man in the mask emptied the contents of the drawers onto a table. “I can get twenty thousand for these stamps,” he murmured. “And these matched black pearls. . . A-ah! For these beauties I can name my own price!”

Ever watchful of Benson, he continued pawing about. His eyes glinted behind the mask as he looked down at some bits of jade whose size belied their value. “Give me a rich man with hobbies every time. It makes my work so much simpler.”

After carefully stowing his loot in a chamois bag, the thief carefully wiped off

all places where he might have left fingerprints. He had just finished when Benson sprang.

With the tenaciousness of desperation, Benson clung to the other man's gunhand. Breathing hard, the two battlers swayed back and forth across the room. A large, artificially heated tank of tropical fish hit the floor with a crash.

Putting all his strength into the effort, Benson twisted away at the other's wrist. There was a dull plop as the gun hit the floor. Benson bent swiftly—and felt great waves of pain go coursing through him.

As he sat on the floor holding his aching head, the masked man levelled the recovered gun at him. "You fell for an old trick, Benson. When I pretended to lose control of the gun you went for it and forgot me. That knee you got in the head was only a taste of what's to come."

"You're going to kill me," Benson said tiredly as he got to his feet.

"I am. Nobody plays rough with 'Silk' Folley and lives to talk about it."

"Since there's nothing I can do about it, how about putting your bullet right here." Benson's hand covered a portion of his vest. "It'll hurt that much less."

"Glad to oblige," mocked "Silk." Almost imperceptibly his finger tightened. The gun coughed and Benson's legs went out from under him. He lay quiet.

Through the French doors went the other without a backward look. No fingerprints and no witnesses. A good, clean job that couldn't possibly backfire on him.

Three hours later the police picked him up.

Blustering in vain, he was hauled down to Headquarters. Inside, his torrent of words suddenly dried. There, sitting calmly, was Benson . . . a very much alive Benson.

"How . . . how . . ."

"You shouldn't pick on a man who goes in for hobbies," reproved Benson.

"I never saw you before," "Silk" managed to get out.

As if he hadn't heard him, Benson continued: "You put yourself into an airtight trap. When you entered my home the radio was going. I was timing a certain song with this." In Benson's hand now lay a battered, heavy watch.

"It's a stop-watch. I slid it into my vest pocket before raising my hands. It was a natural movement and you didn't object. It was heavy enough to stop your bullet without giving me more than a bone-bruise."

"It's only your word against mine."

"No . . . not precisely. Remember, I am a man of many hobbies. Timing that song was only one of the things that I was doing when you intruded. I like that particular song and intended hearing it many times more."

"So what?"

"So *you* convicted yourself, Mr. Folley. Every word of our conversation—including your mentioning your name—is on record."

Folley knew he was finished when Benson removed from his pocket a small *wire-recorder*.



BIG TOWN



LENS-MAN

DICK SARNO IS ONE OF THE BEST NEWS CAMERAMEN EXTANT. DICK GOT A PHOTO OF THE MURDERED LINDERGH BABY THAT WAS USED AT THE FAMOUS TRIAL. LATER HE HID IN A TRUCK AND GOT THE FIRST PHOTO OF ANNE LINDBERGH AND HER SECOND CHILD—ALL DESPITE MANY GUARDS.



DICK SARNO

TWO MOVIES WERE BASED ON HIS DEEDS. ONCE, A SHIP WAS BURNING AT SEA. THE WEATHER WAS TOO BAD FOR A PLANE SO DICK HIRED A SPEED BOAT. HIS HANDS WERE FROZEN, ALMOST RUINED, BUT HE GOT THE PHOTOS!

GIVE IT THE WORKS, PAL.

HE HAS BEEN IN PLANE CRASHES, AUTO CRASHES AND WAS BLOWN SKY-HIGH DURING A SUBWAY BLASTING.

UP'SA, DAISY!

AT A CIRCUS, DICK TOOK PICTURES OF A FAMOUS KNIFE THROWER TOSSING KNIVES AT HIM—GOT A PHOTO OF A KNIFE IN FLIGHT!

STEADY! DON'T BE NERVOUS NOW.

DURING THE WAR, DICK TOOK THE FAMOUS PHOTO OF F.D.R., CHURCHILL, AND STALIN AT YALTA, THE ONLY ONE ALLOWED! HE HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY RACE HORSES, AND THREATENED BY GANGSTERS.

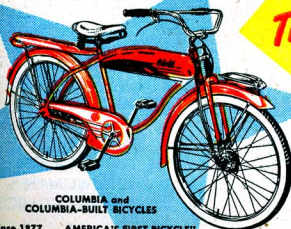
A PAINT BRUSH IS MY PASS.

NEW YORK PAPERS WERE TRYING TO GET PHOTOS OF A NOTED GANGSTER IN A HOSPITAL. THE HOSPITAL SOUGHT TO PREVENT THEM. DICK PUT ON A PAINTER'S OUTFIT, GOT IN AND TOOK A SNAP!

A FELLOW NEEDS 9 LIVES!

HE RISKED INJURY FROM FLYING BRICKS, POLICE CLUBS, AND TEAR GAS TO GET SENSATIONAL STRIKE PHOTOS. ONE DAY, HE HAD 4 CAMERAS SMASHED.

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Stops "B.O." Before It Begins! Stops "B.O." Up to 48 Hours!

Guard your popularity! In 10 day bath tests, doctors proved Lifebuoy with its purifying ingredient gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap. That's why it deodorizes best!

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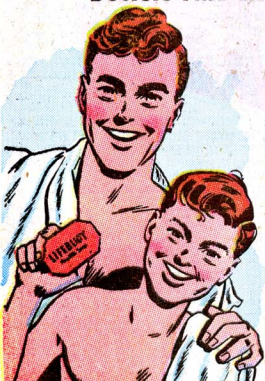
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3. Lifebuoy stops "B.O." up to 48 hours because Lifebuoy gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap.

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BIG TOWN

I'M GUILTY!

I'M THE KILLER!

ARREST ME!

I DID IT - I CONFESS!

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM - I'M THE GUILTY ONE!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS AFTER EVERY MURDER, WILSON - AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE CATCHING THE REAL CRIMINAL!

TO THE POLICE, 'CRAZY HAMLET', WITH HIS CONFESSIONS OF MURDER, WAS JUST ONE MORE BATTY CHARACTER IN *BIG TOWN*! BUT STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING NEWSMAN OF THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*, HAD TO RISK HIS LIFE TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FANATICAL STRANGER WHO KEPT INSISTING.....

"ARREST ME-I'M A MURDERER!"

MIDNIGHT — LONG AFTER WORKING HOURS FOR MOST MEN, BUT NOT FOR STEVE WILSON OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AS HE PLANS TOMORROW'S HEADLINES..



THAT'S RIGHT, LORELEI! BRING ME THE COMPLETE FILES ON THE GROLIER CASE! IT'S TIME TO RIP THAT STORY WIDE OPEN AND I'M STARTING RIGHT NOW!

THE GROLIER CASE IS DEAD — AND IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL KEEP IT DEAD! OTHERWISE — THEY'LL BE WRITING **YOU** UP — IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! HAND OVER THAT STORY!



HELP YOURSELF! I'M NOT ARGUING WITH THE OPEN END OF A GUN! BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE FILE COPY, TOO!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'LL GET IT MYSELF!



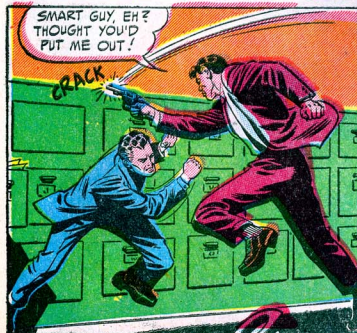
SURE YOU'LL GET IT, MISTER... RIGHT WHERE IT DOES THE MOST GOOD!

THUD



SMART GUY, EH? THOUGHT YOU'D PUT ME OUT!

CRACK



STEVE... WHAT HAPPENED?

THIS CHARACTER HAD HIS OWN IDEAS ON STOPPING THE GROLIER STORY! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!





BIG TOWN



INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S QUESTIONING OF THE PRISONER STEVE BRINGS IN REVEALS...

I TRIED TO STOP WILSON FROM REOPENING THE GROGGER CASE BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LATCH ONTO ME FOR BEING THE FENCE THAT GOT RID OF THE GROGGER JEWELS!

YOU DON'T THINK A HOOD-LUM LIKE YOU COULD STOP STEVE WILSON FROM REVEALING THE TRUTH, DID YOU?



AND SOON AFTER, STEVE WILSON WITNESSES AN AMAZING SCENE!

BUT YA GOTTA ARREST ME... I'M A MURDERER! I KILLED JIM SHELTON FOR THE DOUGH IN HIS WALLET!

SURE, HAMLET... SURE! WE KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!



BUT IT'S THE TRUTH, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! AFTER I CHASED HIM INTO HIS HOTEL ROOM, I FIRED THREE SHOTS...

YOU SAID THAT ALREADY! HOW DID THE BLOODSTAINS GET ON THE RUG?

BLOODSTAINS? YEAH, INSPECTOR, I NEARLY FORGOT! SHELTON FELL OVER... THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THERE!

SO YOU'VE GOT SHELTON'S MURDERER! FAST WORK, INSPECTOR! THIS'LL MAKE THE FIVE STAR FINAL!

RELAX, WILSON!

YOU SEE, WILSON, THERE WAS NO RUG IN SHELTON'S ROOM... NOW BE A GOOD BOY, HAMLET, AND GO HOME! WE HAVE OUR HANDS FULL TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE REAL KILLERS!

I'M GOIN', BOSS! ONLY... I WISH YA'D BELIEVE ME.



WHUE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, INSPECTOR?

HAMLET? WHO KNOWS! HE CONFESSES TO EVERY CRIME HE READS ABOUT IN THE NEWSPAPERS! BEEN AT IT FOR A YEAR! HE'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

HE EVEN CONFESSED TO THE HUNTLEY ROBBERY... WHILE THE F.B.I. FOUND THE REAL CROOKS IN MEXICO! AND THERE HE GOES, SMOKING CIGARETTE BUTTS AS USUAL, WHILE HE WAITS FOR A CHANCE TO CONFESS TO THE NEXT MURDER IN BIG TOWN!

I GUESS YOU GET USED TO EVERYTHING IN BIG TOWN!





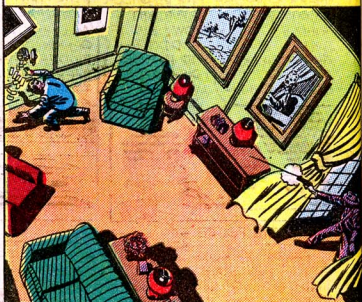
BIG TOWN



YES, EVERYTHING HAPPENS IN **BIG TOWN**... FUNNY, SAD, TRIFLING, AND DEADLY...



BUT THE PHILANTHROPIST ISN'T AWARE OF THE MENACING FIGURE IN THE WINDOW!



SOON AFTER, STEVE IS INFORMED OF THE SHOOTING, AND THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** GOES INTO ACTION...

MILLIONAIRE JOHN PENNINGTON'S BEEN MURDERED AND ROBBED! MIKE, HOLD PAGE ONE! MILLER, CHECK THE FILES FOR PENNINGTON'S PHOTO! LORELEI, GET THE STORY!



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE VAST PRESSES GRIND OUT THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF THIS BRUTAL MURDER... AND BY MORNING...

STEVE... YOU DID A GREAT JOB, LORELEI! WE'VE SCOOPED THE TOWN! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER EDITION DUE TONIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S FOUND OUT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...

WELL, IF IT ISN'T HAMLET AGAIN! ...THEN I SHOT HIM IN THE BACK! I GRABBED THE DOUGH, AND... IN- SPECTOR, YOU AIN'T EVEN LISTENING!

HUH...? OH, GO ON, HAMLET... GO ON!



THE DOUGH WAS IN WADS, FASTENED WITH PAPER TAPE! I REMEMBER THEM YELLOW CURTAINS BLOWIN' AT ME WHEN I SLIPPED OUT... HEAR THAT? **YELLOW CURTAINS!** STRAIGHT OUT OF MY STORY IN THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS!**





BIG TOWN



SUPPOSE I TOLD YA WHERE I HID THE DOUGH? SUPPOSE I SAID IT WAS BURIED BY THE FOUNTAIN IN GRIFFON PARK? THEN YOU'D BELIEVE ME, HUH?

FAIR ENOUGH! WE'LL CHECK UP RIGHT NOW! BUT IF WE DON'T FIND IT, THEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE AND STAY OUT!



AND TWO HOURS LATER, AT GRIFFON PARK...

IT'S THAT CRAZY HAMLET AGAIN! HE GAVE INSPECTOR CALLAHAN A HOT TIP THAT PENNINGTON'S DOUGH WAS HIDDEN HERE! BUT THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF IT!

C'MON! LET'S TELL THE INSPECTOR THAT THIS IS JUST ANOTHER WILD GOOSE CHASE OF HAMLET'S!



BACK AT THE POLICE STATION...

YOU HEARD THE BOYS, HAMLET! THEY DUG FOR HOURS... AND FOUND NOTHING! NOW, GO HOME AND DON'T COME BACK! AND DO ME A GREAT FAVOR... STOP READING MURDER STORIES!

OKAY, BOSS! BUT YA'LL BE SORRY YA DIDN'T LISTEN...



BUT AS HAMLET SHUFFLES OUT...

WHAT'S WRONG, STEVE? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST!

MAYBE I HAVE! LORELEI, DID YOU NOTICE THAT HAMLET WAS SMOKING A WHOLE CIGARETTE, FROM A FULL PACK?



WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T HE HAVE BOUGHT OR PANHANDLED A FULL PACK OF CIGARETTES FOR A CHANGE! COME ON... I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO READ MY STORY IN PRINT!

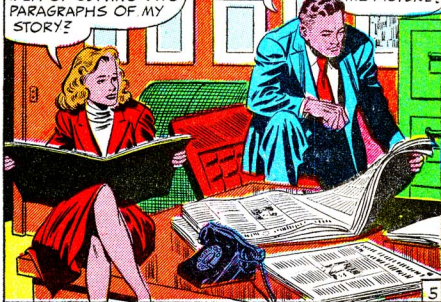
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE GETTING NO PLACE FAST HERE!



AND BACK AT THE OFFICE, LORELEI INDULGES IN THE FAVORITE PASTIME OF ALL JOURNALISTS... READING THEIR OWN STORIES...

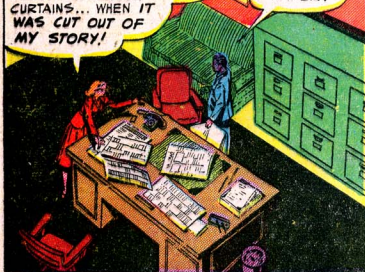
STEVE... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CUTTING TWO PARAGRAPHS OF MY STORY?

SORRY, LORELEI! IT HAD TO BE DONE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE PICTURE!



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS, STEVE? THAT HAMLET CHARACTER TOLD CALLAHAN ABOUT THE YELLOW CURTAINS... WHEN IT WAS CUT OUT OF MY STORY!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE MUST'VE READ IT IN ANOTHER PAPER!



NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU FORGOT I SCOOPED THE TOWN ON THAT STORY! COME ON! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE INSPECTOR!

WHAT FOR? SO HE CAN DECIDE YOU'RE AS NUTTY AS HAMLET? CALLAHAN IS NO NEWSPAPER MAN! HE BELIEVES IN FACTS! WE CAN'T GO RUNNING TO HIM WITH EVERY FAR-FETCHED HUNCH!



REMEMBER... AS FAR AS CALLAHAN'S CONCERNED, HAMLET'S ALREADY CONFESSED TO EVERY MURDER IN BIG TOWN FOR THE PAST YEAR... SO HOW CAN WE TELL HIM WE THINK HAMLET REALLY KILLED PENNINGTON? BESIDES, THE POLICE MIGHT HAVE THE REAL KILLER BY NOW!

LET'S FIND OUT!



SO LORELEI AND STEVE KEEP THEIR FANTASTIC HUNCH TO THEMSELVES AS THEY AGAIN INTERVIEW INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...

I ADMIT THE KILLER DIDN'T LEAVE ANY CLUES. BUT WE STILL HAVE OUR WAYS OF TRAPPING HIM! WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ALONG AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES?

GREAT, INSPECTOR!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT BIG TOWN'S RACE TRACK...

PAST EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN US THAT ANYBODY'S WHO'S MURDERED FOR MONEY IS USUALLY EAGER TO SPEND THAT MONEY. AND \$60,000 TAKES A LOT OF SPENDING! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO CHECK ON ANY NEW-COMERS FLASHING THEIR BANKROLLS! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE HERE EXCEPT THE REGULARS!

RACE POOL

5 BENT	9
6 MICK	10
7 GARD	11



THAT EVENING THE TRIO CONTINUES ITS HUNT IN BIG TOWN'S CROWDED NIGHT SPOTS...

...OR THE MURDERER MIGHT TURN UP IN A NIGHT CLUB! WE'VE ALERTED ALL JEWELERS, REAL ESTATE MEN, TRAVEL AGENCIES!

CRIMINALS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE-UP AGAINST WHEN THEY FIGHT THE POLICE!





BIG TOWN



BUT AS THE DAYS PASS WITHOUT THE MURDERER BEING DISCOVERED...

I'VE BEEN THINKING, LORELEI... A TRAMP LIKE HAMLET MIGHT NEVER EVEN THINK OF WANTING JEWELS AND NIGHT CLUBS! A PACK OF CIGARETTES, A FULL MEAL, IS HIS IDEA OF A SPLURGE... THE WAY THE INSPECTOR'S WATCHING FOR HEAVY SPENDING IN **BIG TOWN'S GAY SPOTS** MIGHT WORK IN SHANTYTOWN, TOO!



TAKING HARRY THE HACK INTO HIS CONFIDENCE, STEVE REVEALS HIS PLAN...

HARRY, YOU GO EVERYWHERE, KNOW EVERY ONE! IF YOU HEAR OF ANY BIG SPENDING IN SHANTYTOWN, JUST LET ME KNOW! WORK IT QUIET BUT GET THE STORY!

I CATCH IT, BOSS! STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!



MEANWHILE, IN SHANTYTOWN, A GAUNT, RESTLESS MAN PACES HIS ROOM... TRAPPED BY HIS OWN LAWLESSNESS...



\$60,000... AND I CAN'T EVEN BUY MYSELF A NEW SHIRT TILL THE HEATS OFF! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL REALLY GO CRAZY!

IMAGINE ME, BEING STUCK IN THIS HOLE WITH \$60,000! WHY EVEN THAT NO-GOOD TRAMP DOWN THERE, WITHOUT A DIME TO HIS NAME, CAN STAND IN THE STREET AND WATCH TELEVISION WHILE I...



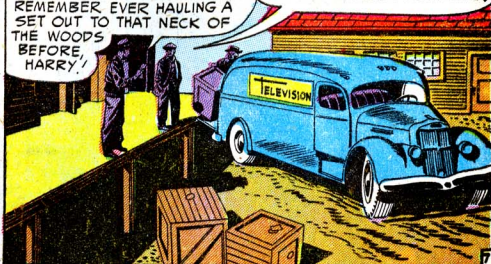
TELEVISION... THAT'S IT! AT LEAST IT'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO KILL TIME WITH WHILE I'M COOPED UP IN HERE... YEAH... I'LL HAVE 'EM SEND ME THE BIGGEST SET THEY GOT!



AND SHORTLY, AT A TELEVISION WAREHOUSE...

"ONE DELUXE MODEL, PAID IN ADVANCE TO 220 ASH STREET, SHANTYTOWN... FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER HAULING A SET OUT TO THAT NECK OF THE WOODS BEFORE, HARRY!"

THANKS FOR THE TIP, JOE! I BETTER SEE THAT STEVE WILSON HEARS ABOUT THIS!



TELEPHONE WIRES BUZZ ACROSS **BIG TOWN**...AND TWO HOURS LATER ...

SO AFTER WE MAKE DELIVERY, MR. WILSON, WE'LL LEAVE WHILE YOU INSTALL THE SET! OKAY...BUT REMEMBER TO WATCH THOSE MAIN WIRES! THEY MIGHT "SHORT" IF YOU MAKE CONTACT!

THANKS, BOYS! I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND!

I SAID SCRAM! WHAT ARE YA HANGIN' AROUND FOR?

I'M HERE TO INSTALL THE SET! NO CHARGE... IT'S PART OF OUR SERVICE POLICY!

NOT SO FAST, WILSON! YA CAME HERE TO DO A JOB, AND YA'RE GONNA DO IT BEFORE I GET RID OF YA! NOW GET THAT SET INSTALLED, AND MAKE IT FAST! NO CHARGE... REMEMBER? HA-HA!

AND IN THE SHANTYTOWN DWELLING...

JUST PUT THE SET DOWN AND CLEAR OUT!

STEVE WILSON... THOUGHT YA FOOLED ME, HUH? TRYING TO PASS YOURSELF OFF AS A TELEVISION REPAIRMAN!

YA'RE A SMART ONE, WILSON... BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH! AND WHO'LL EVER BELIEVE CRAZY HAMLET KILLED STEVE WILSON... ANY MORE'N THEY BELIEVED ME ABOUT PENNINGTON!

THIS GUY'S LOCO!

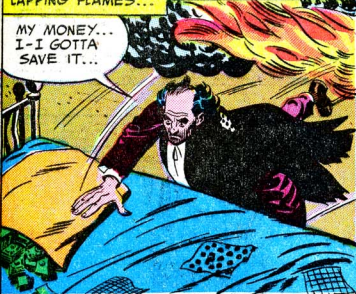
AND AS STEVE'S MIND RACES AGAINST TIME, HE RECALLS THE TRUCKMAN'S WARNING...

I'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE AGAINST THAT CRAZY HAMLET... THAT'S A LAUGH! I OUT-GUN... WITH MY BARE HANDS! I TOOK ME THREE YEARS TO PLAN THE PENNINGTON JOB, WITH ALL THOSE PONEY CONFESSIONS... BUT IT BROUGHT ME ALL THE DOUGH I'LL EVER WANT!



AND AS THE CRAZED KILLER SEES THE LAPPING FLAMES...

MY MONEY... I-I GOTTA SAVE IT...



NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW! NOT WHEN I FINALLY GOT EVERYTHING I WANT!



BUT STEVE'S DESPERATE PLAN SUCCEEDS BETTER THAN HE KNEW, AS SPARKS FROM THE WIRE HE SHORT-CIRCUITS, SETS THE WINDOW DRAPES ABLAZE!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER GRAB ONTO THAT MONEY BEFORE IT GOES UP IN SMOKE!



YOU BETTER SAVE IT! IT'S THE EVIDENCE THAT'LL SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!



BUT THE SHOT GOES WILD, AND THE DEADLY DUEL CONTINUES...

YOU DID BETTER WITH PENNINGTON, EH, HAMLET?





BIG TOWN



AND SO, OVERCOME BY STEVE, THE MADDENED KILLER CRASHES DOWN THE STAIRS AS THE LOOT FOR WHICH HE KILLED FLUTTERS USELESSLY ABOUT HIM...



WHAT'S GOING ON? I SAW THE FLAMES UPSTAIRS AND - IT'S STEVE WILSON AND HAMLET!

HOLD ONTO HIM! HE'S THE PENNINGTON MURDERER... AND THERE'S THE LOOT ALL AROUND HIM!



AND AS CRAZY HAMLET MAKES HIS LAST CONFESSION...

ALL THOSE PONEY CONFESSIONS WERE CAMOUFLAGE TO COVER UP HAMLET'S ONE REAL MURDER! HAMLET COUNTED ON BEING TAKEN FOR A POOR, HARMLESS FOOL - BUT HE WAS CRAZY ONLY IN THINKING HE COULD BEAT THE LAW!



YOU DID A GREAT JOB, STEVE, ROUNDING HIM UP! ALL OF **BIG TOWN** IS GRATEFUL!

THANKS, INSPECTOR! BUT NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME - I'VE GOT A SPECIAL EDITION TO PUT OUT!



The End

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