



NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!



52 BIG
PAGES

MAY
NO. 5

BIG TOWN

STEVE WILSON,
BIG TOWN'S ACE
NEWSMAN, BATTLES
TO UNCOVER THE
MYSTERY BEHIND
THE HEADLINE
STORY OF THE
YEAR --

**"LOST--
STRAYED--OR
STOLEN--
ONE
MILLION
DOLLARS!"**

10c



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.

SPONSORED BY LEVER BROTHERS FOR RINSO AND SPRY

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.

SPONSORED BY LEVER BROTHERS FOR LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

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BIG TOWN



BIG TOWN

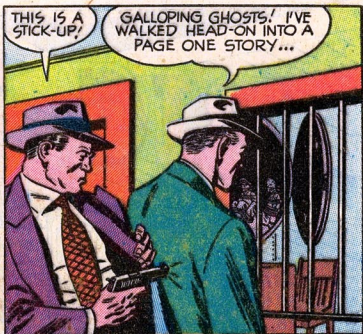
WHAT HAS A LION STATUETTE--SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION--TO DO WITH A SENSATIONAL BANK ROBBERY? WHY IS A GANG OF BANK BANDITS DESPERATELY TRYING TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE LION? AND, FINALLY, WHY IS STEVE WILSON--THE CRIME-BATTLING NEWSMAN OF **BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, ON THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS STATUETTE? ALL THESE TANTALIZING QUERIES AND MORE ARE ANSWERED WITH DRAMATIC IMPACT IN...

**"LOST--STRAYED OR STOLEN --
ONE MILLION DOLLARS!"**

WE'VE GOT TO
GET THIS CROCKERY
LION TO THE POLICE,
HARRY.

RUN, BOSS.
I'LL CLEAR
THE WAY
FOR YOU.





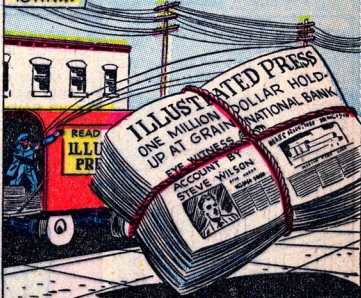
AFTER STEVE HAS COME TO... UNHURT...

'STOLE ONE MILLION DOLLARS!'

WHEW! GOT TO GET TO THE OFFICE! WE CAN SCOOP EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!



WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS--ALL OVER BIG TOWN...

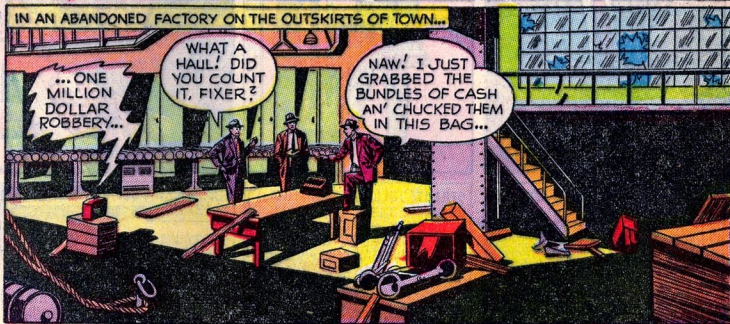


IN AN ABANDONED FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

...ONE MILLION DOLLAR ROBBERY...

WHAT A HAUL! DID YOU COUNT IT, FIXER?

NAW! I JUST GRABBED THE BUNDLES OF CASH AN' CHUCKED THEM IN THIS BAG...



DUMP IT OUT AN' LET'S COUNT IT. I NEVER SEEN A MILLION BUCKS IN ONE LUMP!

HERE SHE IS, FELLERS! FEAST YOUR PEEPERS ON THIS!



THEN--UNEXPECTEDLY...

\$4,000 IN SMALL BILLS! FIXER, YOU BETTER TALK FAST--AN' TALK GOOD!

G-GANG--WE'VE... WE BEEN **ROBBED!**



SWIFTLY, THE TRIO ARRIVES AT A PROBABLE EXPLANATION...

THAT NEWSPAPER MUG--STEVE WILSON! HE HAD A SATCHEL JUST LIKE OURS!

THAT'S IT! IN THE FIGHT WE MUST'VE **SWITCHED** SATCHELS! THAT MEANS **WILSON'S** GOT THE LOOT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...STEVE GOES THROUGH THE ROGUES' GALLERY FILE...

NOT HERE. THE GANG MUST BE OUT-OF-TOWNERS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN!

WELL, YOU'VE GIVEN US COMPLETE DESCRIPTIONS OF TWO OF THEM, STEVE! THAT WILL HELP!



AFTER A BUSY DAY, ONE NEWS-PAPERMAN, AT LEAST, IS GLAD TO GET HOME...

I NEVER DID GET A CHANCE TO MAKE MY DEPOSIT... HUH? SOMEONE IN MY APARTMENT? PROBABLY HARRY THE HACK-- HE SAID HE'D DROP IN TONIGHT...



THE BANK ROBBERS!!

HE'S STILL GOT THE SATCHEL!

HEIST 'EM, WILSON!



HASTILY, STEVE'S SATCHEL IS SEIZED AND OPENED...

\$4,500... 5,300... THIS AIN'T THE MILLION!



IT'S MY DEPOSIT. WHAT ARE YOU CROOKS TALKING ABOUT?

SPILL IT! TELL US WHERE THE 1000 G'S IS-- BEFORE FIXER COUNTS THREE!

ONE...TWO... LAST CALL COMING UP, WILSON--

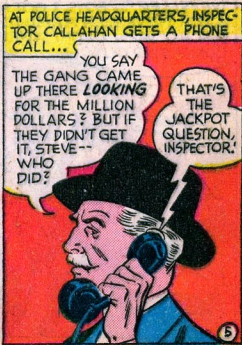


SUDDENLY...A BELATED VISITOR APPEARS...

SORRY I'M LATE, BOSS! TRAFFIC...OH! YOU GOT GUESTS! HOPE I AIN'T INTERRUPTIN'...

HARRY COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER IF HE'D BEEN ON CUE!







BUT NO SOONER DOES EGMONT DEPART, THAN HARRY THE HACK APPEARS AT THE COUNTER...

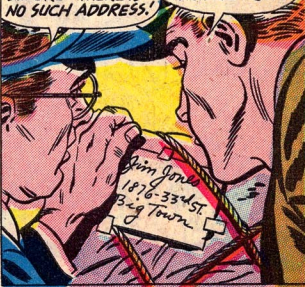
WAIT! THIS IS IMPORTANT, MISTER! COULD I HAVE A LOOK AT THE ADDRESS ON THAT PACKAGE?

WELL, IT'S HIGHLY IRREGULAR... BUT...



THIS IS ODD! I DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE--THERE IS NO SUCH ADDRESS!

HUH? BUT--WHAT HAPPENS TO THE PACKAGE NOW?



ALL UNDELIVERED MAIL IS OPENED AND ITS CONTENTS PUT UP FOR AUCTION AT THE END OF 30 DAYS! UNTIL THEN--NO ONE CAN TOUCH THIS PACKAGE!

I SEE! THANKS...



UNKNOWN TO HARRY, OTHER EYES HAVE WATCHED HIM!

FIXER, I'LL BET YOU A MILLION BUCKS OUR DOUGH IS IN THAT PACKAGE!

AN AUCTION--IN 30 DAYS! THAT AIN'T LONG TO WAIT--TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE!



AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS PASS...

EGMONT AIN'T MADE A SUSPICIOUS MOVE SINCE THE DAY HE MAILED THAT PARCEL, STEVE!

AND THE AUCTION IS TO-MORROW! IF HE ATTENDS IT, HARRY--WE'LL KNOW WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...IN ONE OF THE POST OFFICE LOFTS...

NOW, FOLKS, WHAT AM I BID ON THIS CROCKERY LION?

ER-- FIVE DOLLARS!

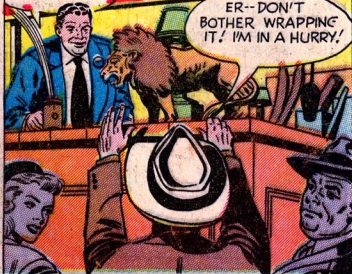
BOSS, EGMONT'S BIDDIN' FOR THAT LION!



SPIRITED BIDDING SHOVED THE PRICE OF THE LION UP SWIFTLY...



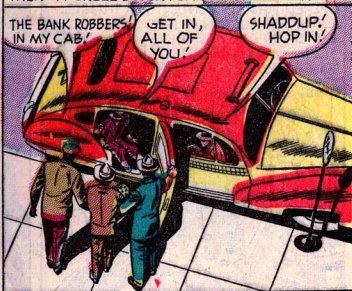
SOLD FOR \$50 TO THIS GENTLEMAN...



BUT AS THE TELLER EXITS WITH HIS PRIZE...



THEN--A CRUEL SHOCK FOR STEVE AND HARRY...

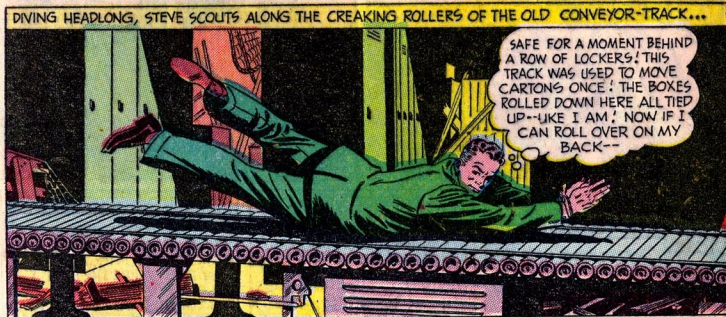


WITH A GUN IN HIS RIBS, THE HACKIE IS FORCED TO DRIVE AND OBEY ORDERS...



SOON AFTER... IN THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...





A HUMAN PILEDRIVER HURTTLES DOWNWARD WITH SHATTERING FORCE...



CLUBBING HIS TIED HANDS, THE DOUGHTY HACKIE JOINS THE FRAY!



AFTER THE GANG--AND J. HARVEY EGMONT--HAVE LANDED BEHIND BARS, STEVE CONTACTS HIS REWRITE MAN...

...AND EGMONT HAD PLANNED FOR A LONG TIME TO ROB THE BANK! IN FACT, HE HAD THE MILLION DOLLARS STASHED AWAY IN HIS CAGE ON THE VERY DAY WHEN THE ROBBERS STAGED THEIR HOLD-UP! THE GANG DIDN'T TAKE TIME TO COUNT THEIR LOOT!



... THEY GRABBED ALL THEY SAW AND RAN! THEN EGMONT COOLY ANNOUNCED THEY HAD STOLEN THE MILLION DOLLARS! AND AFTERWARDS, HE SIMPLY WALKED HOME WITH THE MONEY!



LATER... IN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S OFFICE...

YOU'VE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF THE DEPARTMENT, STEVE!

DON'T FORGET HARRY! HE UNCOVERED EGMONT'S PLAN TO HIDE THE LOOT TILL THE HEAT WAS OFF...

AW, BOSS! YOU KNOW HOW MODEST I AM...



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"SABOTAGING THE
SABOTEURS"



AS AN
ARMY PLANE
TAKES OFF,
CARRYING
SECRET
JET-BOMBER
DESIGNS,
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS
OVERHEAR...

WELL, OUR JOB'S
DONE, LUKE! THAT
PLANE WILL NEVER
REACH WASHINGTON.
LET'S GO--

HMMM...
DON'T LIKE
THE SOUND
OF THAT!

ROYAL AND THE BOYS FOLLOW THE MEN TO A
HIDEOUT AND LISTEN, AS LUKE REPORTS TO
THE BOSS...

IN 30 MINUTES, THE
TIME-BOMB WE PLANTED ON THAT PLANE
GOES OFF AND--BOOM!--GO THE JET DESIGNS!

I HOPE THE BOYS GET BACK
WITH THE POLICE BEFORE
THOSE RATS ESCAPE...AND
I HOPE I GET TO THAT
FLIGHT-TOWER IN TIME!

THANKS TO ROYAL'S SUPER-SPEED,
SOON--INSIDE THE DOOMED PLANE--

--AND IS TIMED
TO EXPLODE IN
5 MINUTES!

HURRY! DUMP
IT WHILE WE'RE
OVER THE OCEAN!

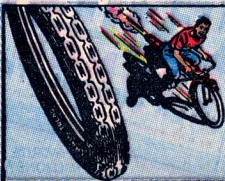


LATER, WITH THE SABOTEURS UNDER ARREST,
AND THE JET DESIGNS SAFE IN WASHINGTON...

WE CERTAINLY OWE A LOT TO
YOU BOYS--AND TO YOUR
FAST ACTION. THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
SUPER-BIKING!

NOTHING TO
IT WHEN YOU'RE RIDING
ON SUPER-BIKE-TIRES--
LIKE U.S. ROYALS!
RIGHT, FELLAS?

SPEED THE SAFE WAY, FELLAS--
GET U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR
BIKE. THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN REALLY GRIPS AND
HOLDS THE ROAD--IN
ANY WEATHER!



FOR SAFE, FAST STOPS--
LONGER WEAR--AND
EASY PEDALING, YOU
CAN RELY ON U.S. ROYALS,
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. TRY THEM
AND SEE!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



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BIG TOWN



ADVERTISEMENT

The Hit of the Lot!



Neddy Nestle overthrows —
Hits a friend instead of foes!



He squares it with a bar of **CRUNCH**.
Biggest hit with Neddys bunch!

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY
GOODNESS...





BIG TOWN



BIG TOWN



TO THE PEOPLE OF **BIG TOWN**, A
POLICEMAN WAS A HERO—BUT WHAT
DID THEY KNOW ABOUT THE WORRIES
OF HIS WIFE AND FAMILY? HOW-
EVER, STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWS-
MAN OF THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**,
CARED! HE CARED ENOUGH TO CARRY
HIS FIGHT TO THE FRONT PAGE—
AND TO DEFEY THE RACKETEERS
WHO THREATENED TO KILL—TO

"STOP THE PRESSES!"



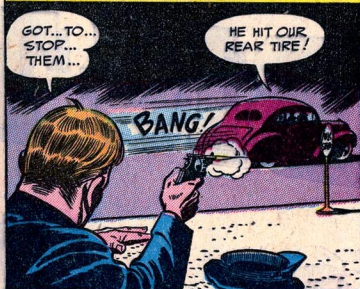
BIG TOWN



IN **BIG TOWN'S** TEEMING THEATRE DISTRICT, THUGS ATTEMPT A DARING ROBBERY...



THE WOUNDED POLICEMAN CARRIES OUT HIS DUTY WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH!



AS POLICE CLOSE IN ON THE TRAPPED BANDITS, DUSTY MILLER, ACE CAMERAMAN FOR THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, TAKES THE PICTURE OF A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE...

WHAT A MAN! STOPPING THOSE BANDITS AFTER HE'D BEEN WOUNDED! WAIT TILL STEVE HEARS ABOUT THIS!



LATER, STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING NEWSMAN FOR THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE INJURED PATROLMAN IN A FRONT-PAGE STORY...



YOU TURNED OUT A GREAT STORY, STEVE!

NO MORE THAN A MAN LIKE OFFICER THOMAS DESERVES, LORELEI! I WANT FOLKS TO KNOW WHAT HEROES THE COPS ON THE BEAT REALLY ARE!



HEROES! WHAT DO YOU TWO KNOW ABOUT HEROES?





BIG TOWN



I'M MRS. THOMAS! I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOUR 'HERO' FOR TWENTY YEARS! TWENTY YEARS OF WONDERING EACH NIGHT IF - IF I'LL EVER SEE MY HUSBAND ALIVE AGAIN!

BUT YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF HIM, MRS. THOMAS! HE'S DONE A WONDERFUL JOB! **BIG TOWN NEEDS MORE MEN LIKE HIM!**

I NEED HIM, TOO - AND SO DOES MY SON, LANNY! BUT I HAVE TO STAND BY AND SEE HIM RISK HIS LIFE DAY AFTER DAY! I WANT A LIVE HUSBAND... NOT A DEAD HERO! PUT **THAT** IN YOUR PAPER, MR. WILSON!

ALL RIGHT, MRS. THOMAS, I WILL! THE POLICE FORCE IS A VITAL PART OF **BIG TOWN** - AND I'M GOING TO CAMPAIGN TO MAKE IT THE **STRONGEST, BEST PAID FORCE POSSIBLE!**

THANKS, MR. WILSON! BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR CAMPAIGN WON'T BRING MY HUSBAND BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL ANY SOONER! LET'S GO, LANNY!

SURE, MOM, IN A MINUTE!

I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU, MR. WILSON - I'M PROUD OF MY DAD, AND OF YOUR STORY, TOO! ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS CAMPAIGN?

YOU BET I AM, LANNY - STARTING TODAY!

STEVE WILSON'S FRONT-PAGE DEMAND FOR A STRONGER POLICE FORCE SOON BECOMES THE TALK OF **BIG TOWN** - INCLUDING ITS UNDERWORLD! AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF RACKETEER VINCE MULOC...

"DOUBLE POLICE FORCE!" **"BIG TOWN COPS UNDERPAID!"** "MORE MEN NEEDED TO STOP RACKETS!" "AIN'T THAT STEVE WILSON EVER GONNA SHUT UP?"

WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, BOSS? THE COPS CAN'T PIN NOthin' ON YOU, ANYWAY!



BIG TOWN



MAYBE NOT—AND I MEAN TO KEEP IT THAT WAY! I BETTER HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH THIS WILSON GUY!



AW, I DON'T MIND LAYIN' OUT THE DOUGH! GET ME? THAT IS, IF YOU'LL DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR IN RETURN! YOU KNOW THOSE ARTICLES YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING ABOUT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT... WHY NOT... JUST DROP 'EM...

JUST WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, MULOC?



AND AS THE RACKETEER IS DRIVEN AWAY BY HIS HENCHMEN...

WELL, BOSS, HOW DID IT GO?

HE HAD HIS CHANCE, THE STUBBORN FOOL, AND HE TURNED IT DOWN! FROM NOW ON, WE DO THINGS OUR WAY!



THAT SAME DAY, MULOC PAYS A "BUSINESS" CALL TO THE ACE NEWSMAN...

I WANT TO TAKE HALF A DOZEN FULL PAGE ADS IN THE **PRESS!** ADS FOR THE COMMUNITY CHEST, THE HOSPITAL FUND—EVERYTHING TO HELP **BIG TOWN!** I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH IT'LL COST ME!

THANKS, BUT OUR AD RATES ARE FIXED! YOU'LL BE CHARGED NO MORE THAN ANY-ONE ELSE!



WELL, ALL THAT FUSS ABOUT THE COPS JUST STARTS A LOT OF TROUBLE! IT DON'T DO THE CITY ANY GOOD...IF YOU WANT MY BUSINESS, YOU'LL HAVE TO—

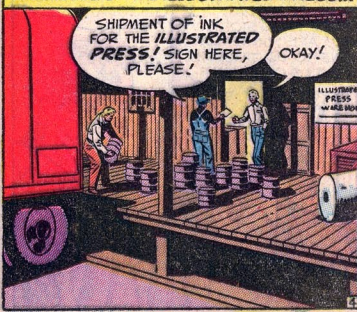
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!



THE NEXT DAY, A "DELIVERY" IS MADE TO THE WAREHOUSE OF THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**...

SHIPMENT OF INK FOR THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS!** SIGN HERE, PLEASE!

OKAY!

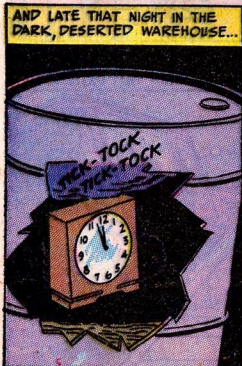




BIG TOWN



BY MIDNIGHT, STEVE WILSON WILL BE SORRY HE THREW ME OUT OF HIS OFFICE!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE DARK, DESERTED WAREHOUSE...



NEWS OF THE DISASTER REACHES STEVE AND LORELEI AS THEY PREPARE TOMORROW'S HEADLINES...

STEVE, THERE'S BEEN AN EXPLOSION IN THE WAREHOUSE! ALL OUR PAPER FOR TOMORROW'S EDITION IS RUINED!

EXPLOSION! SOUNDS LIKE MULOC'S WORK! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



MULOC? WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH IT? EVERYTHING -- IF ONLY WE COULD PROVE IT! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO STOP US! THERE'S STILL SOME PAPER RIGHT HERE IN THE PRESSROOM! WE'RE PUTTING OUT TOMORROW'S EDITION IF WE HAVE TO PRINT IT POST-CARD SIZE!



AND THE NEXT DAY, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS APPEARS IN THE SMALLEST, MOST COURAGEOUS EDITION IN THE HISTORY OF BIG TOWN...





BIG TOWN



WILSON'S HEROIC SPECIAL EDITION BRINGS HIM THE SUPPORT OF EVERY RIGHT-THINKING CITIZEN OF **BIG TOWN**—INCLUDING YOUNG LANNY THOMAS...

YES, EVERYTHING WAS UNDER CONTROL EXCEPT MULO'C'S FURY AS HE PLANNED HIS NEXT STEP...

THAT'S IT! WHO CARES IF WILSON GOES ON WRITING HIS STUFF—AS LONG AS HE CAN'T GET IT TO THE PEOPLE! WE'LL STOP HIM FROM THE DISTRIBUTION END! TRUCKS, DELIVERY MEN, NEWSIES—WE'LL GET 'EM ALL! PETE, ROUND UP ALL THE "BOYS" IN TOWN!

GOSH, THANKS, MR. WILSON, DAD AND I THOUGHT YOUR SPECIAL EDITION WAS TOPS! ISN'T THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP?

LANNY, BUT THE POLICE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL NOW!

WE BURN UP HIS PAPER—AND HE PUTS OUT THIS PINT-SIZED SHEET TO MAKE HIMSELF THE HERO OF **BIG TOWN**! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT WILSON *SOMEHOW*!



AND MULO'C'S WORDS BEGIN A REIGN OF TERROR SUCH AS **BIG TOWN** HAS NEVER SEEN—AS HE AND HIS VICIOUS CREW START THEIR UNDECLARED WAR AGAINST THE MEN AND MACHINES THAT DELIVER THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**...



AS THE TOLL OF DESTRUCTION MOUNTS—

I **KNOW** MULO'C'S BEHIND THIS ATTACK—BUT I HAVEN'T A SHRED OF EVIDENCE!

WELL, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! WE'VE LOST FOUR TRUCKS THIS WEEK!

MR. WILSON! PLEASE, MR. WILSON...!

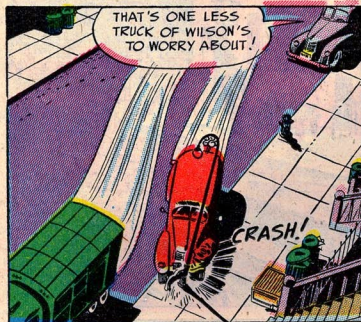
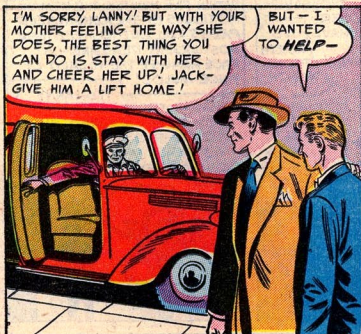
LANNY THOMAS!

MR. WILSON, DAD SAYS YOUR POLICE CAMPAIGN IS THE BIGGEST THING HE EVER SAW! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING—ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP!





BIG TOWN





BIG TOWN



AN HOUR LATER IN POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS...

EVERY COP IN **BIG TOWN** IS
LOOKING FOR LANNY— EVERY
ROAD OUT OF THE CITY IS
BLOCKED! IT MAY BE HOURS,
BUT WE'LL GET WORD!

OH,
MY
BOY...
MY BOY...!



INSPECTOR, I'VE A THOUSAND
NEWSBOYS ALL OVER
TOWN— MEN WHO HAVE
STUCK WITH ME
THROUGH EVERYTHING!
WHY NOT ALERT
THEM ABOUT
MULOC?

IT'S
WORTH
TRYING,
WILSON.



WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, THE REMAIN-
ING TRUCKS OF THE **ILLUSTRATED
PRESS** ROLL OUT TO MEET THEIR
MOST URGENT DEADLINE— A
RACE AGAINST THE VILLAINY OF
VINCE MULOC!

IT'S LANNY
THOMAS! PATROLMAN THOMAS'
KID! HE'S BEEN CAPTURED BY
MULOC AND TWO
OF HIS GANG,
DRIVING A GREY
SEDAN!

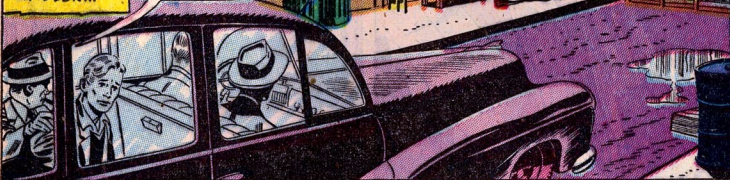
I'LL KEEP
MY EYES
OPEN!



SO HOURS PASS—
AS, THROUGH
BIG TOWN, A
NETWORK OF
MEN WAIT
TENSELY FOR
MULOC'S FIRST
MOVE... THEN,
AT DUSK...

BIG TOWN'S TOO HOT
FOR US WITH THE KID—
BUT WE'LL HAVE HIM
A HUNDRED MILES
DOWN THE RIVER
BY MORNING! ARE
YOU SURE THERE'S
NO COPS AROUND?

POSITIVE!
JUST AN OLD
NEWSIE PEDDLIN'
HIS PAPERS!
LET'S GO!



SAY— THOSE GUYS GETTING
INTO THAT BOAT! LOOK LIKE
THE BUNCH WILSON'S
AFTER! LET'S SEE—
THEY SAID TO PHONE
HIM AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS—



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S A NEWSIE ON WATER
STREET! HE THINKS HE
SAW MULOC AND THE
REAST GETTING INTO A
SPEEDBOAT! I'LL RADIO
THE RIVER PATROL
AT ONCE!

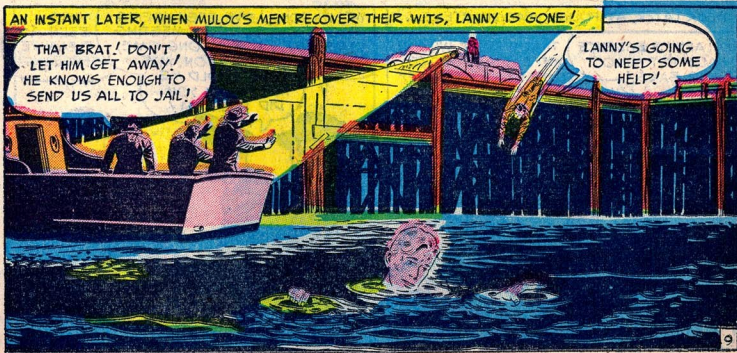
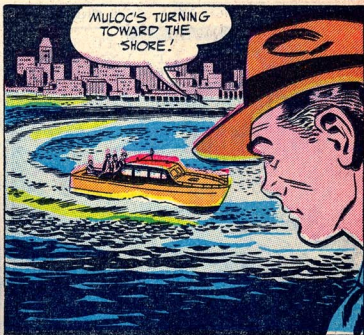
WE'LL DRIVE
DOWN AND
FIND OUT!
THIS IS
ONE STORY
I'M COVER-
ING MYSELF!



TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE WATERFRONT, WILSON TRIES TO CALM THE HORRIFIED MRS. THOMAS AS SHE WATCHES THE RIVER PATROL RACE MULOC'S SPEEDBOAT FOR HER SON!

OH, HURRY—HURRY! CAN'T THEY GO ANY FASTER?

THE POLICE ARE GAINING ON MULOC EVERY MINUTE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



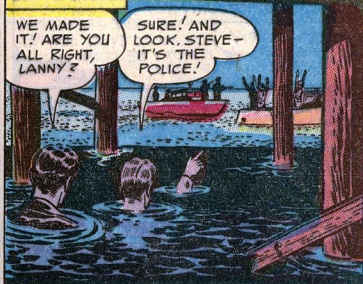
SWIFTLY SWIMMING TO LANNY, STEVE FINDS HIM FLOUNDERING...



STEVE-I-I HURT MY LEG DIVING OVER... CAN'T SWIM!

I'LL HOLD YOU! IF WE CAN MAKE IT UNDERWATER TO THE WHARF, WE'LL BE SAFE!

THE TWO STRUGGLE THROUGH THE THICK, MUDDY WATER FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, BUT AT LAST...



WE MADE IT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LANNY?

SURE! AND LOOK, STEVE-IT'S THE POLICE!

AND AS THE RIVER PATROL DESCENDS ON MULOC, LANNY'S MOTHER WEEPS TEARS OF JOY...



YOU SAVED MY BOY'S LIFE, MR. WILSON-AND I'LL NEVER FORGET IT AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU'RE A REAL HERO!

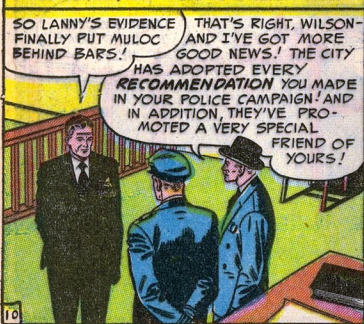
NO MORE THAN YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. THOMAS!

IT TAKES COURAGE AND UNSELFISHNESS TO FIGHT CRIME - IT ALWAYS WILL! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE **BIG TOWN** THE KIND OF CITY WE WANT IT TO BE!



YES, I SEE THAT NOW! I USED TO RESENT MY HUSBAND'S JOB - BUT TONIGHT, I'M THE PROUDEST WOMAN IN TOWN!

A WEEK LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



SO LANNY'S EVIDENCE FINALLY PUT MULOC BEHIND BARS!

THAT'S RIGHT, WILSON-AND I'VE GOT MORE GOOD NEWS! THE CITY

HAS ADOPTED EVERY RECOMMENDATION YOU MADE IN YOUR POLICE CAMPAIGN! AND IN ADDITION, THEY'VE PROMOTED A VERY SPECIAL FRIEND OF YOURS!



MR. WILSON, MEET SERGEANT THOMAS!

I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR THIS MEETING FOR A LONG TIME, MR. WILSON! MY WIFE'S TOLD ME HOW MUCH YOU DID FOR 'EM!

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE, SERGEANT!

The End



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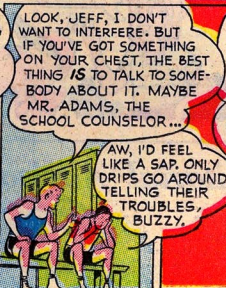
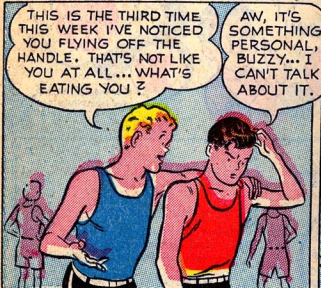
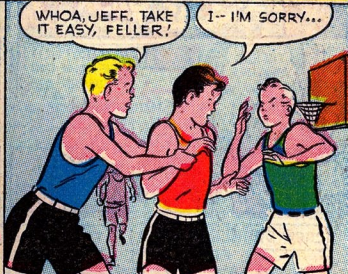
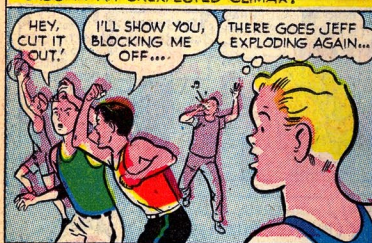
ACTION COMICS
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BATMAN
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BOB HOPE
BUZZY
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

BUZZY says **GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!**

A TIGHTLY FOUGHT SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME ENDS IN AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX!



NEXT DAY...



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



BIG TOWN



Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

HE'S TOUGH! HE'S CONCEITED!
BUT HE'S ALSO THE FASTEST
THINKER AND SHREWDEST DE-
TECTIVE ON THE FORCE—THAT'S
JOHNNY LAW! AND INSPECTOR
MORRISON, DESPITE HIS PEREN-
NIAL GRUMBLING, KNOWS THAT
THERE'S NO CASE TOO TOUGH
FOR THE HARD-HITTING, SHARP-
WITTED JOHNNY LAW— A
FACT BEST PROVED BY READ-
ING THE FOLLOWING BRAIN-
TWISTING TALE OF --

"The PERFECT ALIBI!"



POLICE HEADQUARTERS... AS INSPECTOR MORRISON TAKES A LONG DISTANCE CALL...

SEEMS LIKE YE MIGHT HAVE KEPT HIM THERE
ON SOME PRETEXT. YE KNOW HIS
COMING HERE MEANS TROUBLE.
AYE—ALL RIGHT. THANKS FOR
THE TIP. WE'LL BE
WATCHING.





BIG TOWN



WHAT'S YOUR SCOTCH BLOOD BOILING ABOUT NOW, INSPECTOR?

THERE'LL BE TROUBLE IF YE DON'T TAKE YER ILL-LOOKING CHEEK OUTA HERE AND FIND JOHNNY LAW. WHERE IS THAT OIL-TONGUED BRAGGART?

INSIDE--HOLDING FORTH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRESS ON WHAT MAKES HIM THE WORLD'S BEST DETECTIVE. WHAT'S ON THE FIRE?

PLENTY! DARBER LOKIE IS COMING TO TOWN!

-- AND THE THING THAT MAKES A GOOD DETECTIVE IS OBSERVATION--ATTENTION TO SMALL DETAILS. THAT'S HOW I WORK, GENTS.

PULL IN YOUR LIP, JOHNNY. IT'S THE INSPECTOR.

WIPE THAT BLATHER FROM YER CHIN AND COME IN HERE, JOHNNY LAW!

THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE, MORRISON--WHO'S BEEN DOING YOU DIRT?

WRIGHT CITY JUST PHONED THAT DARBER LOKIE TOOK A TRAIN FROM THERE LAST NIGHT. IT'S DUE HERE THIS MORNING. KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

SO--DARBER'S FINALLY COMING TO PAY OFF MOXIE GALE FOR RATTING ON HIM LAST YEAR, AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A WIDE-OPEN GANG-WAR ON OUR HANDS!

THEN WHAT'S KEEPING YE? GET ALONG, AND WHEN DARBER COMES OFF THAT TRAIN, DINNA YE LET HIM OUT OF SIGHT A SECOND.

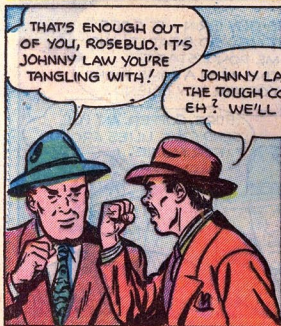
IT'S A BREEZE, MORRISON. I'LL HUG HIM LIKE A BAD CONSCIENCE!

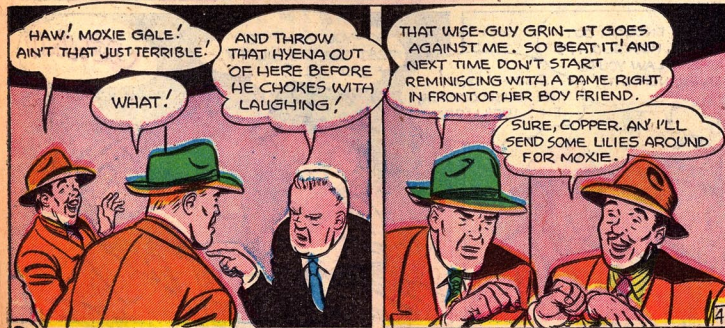
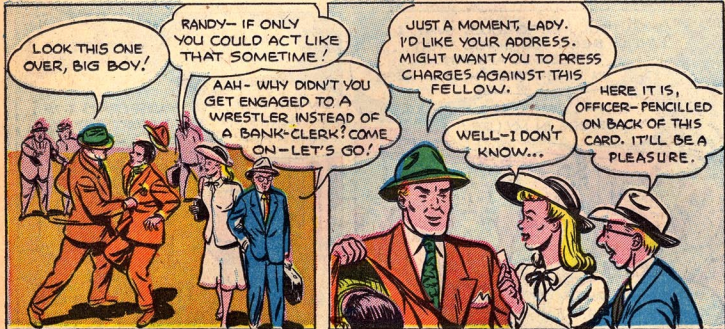
SHORTLY AFTERWARD--AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL...

OH, RANDY--HOW NICE OF YOU TO MEET ME.

WELL, WHY SHOULDN'T I MEET YOU? AREN'T WE ENGAGED?

HMM--LUCKY FELLOW--HAVING A PRETTY DOLL LIKE THAT! BUT--BETTER KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR DARBER.







BIG TOWN



MOXIE WAS FOUND IN HIS ROOM - SIX SLUGS. CORONER SAYS HE GOT IT THREE HOURS AGO.

WRIGHTVILLE COPS SAW DARBER HOP HIS TRAIN 12 HOURS AGO. I SAW HIM GET OFF A HALF HOUR AGO.



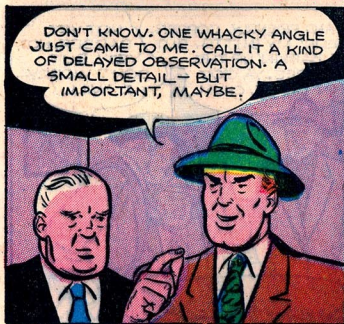
WHY MUST MY LIFE BE SO COMPLICATED? WHY DON'T I RETIRE AND LIVE IN THE COUNTRY?

YEAH - IT KILLS ME THE WAY DARBER LAUGHED IN OUR FACES.

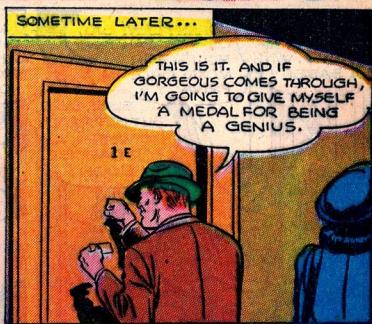


WHAT AN ALIBI! COULDN'T PLAN IT BETTER IF HE TRIED. PLAN - ? SAY!

YE KEN SOMETHIN', JOHNNY? WHAT GOES NOW?



DON'T KNOW. ONE WHACKY ANGLE JUST CAME TO ME. CALL IT A KIND OF DELAYED OBSERVATION. A SMALL DETAIL - BUT IMPORTANT, MAYBE.



SOMETIME LATER...

THIS IS IT. AND IF GORGEOUS COMES THROUGH, I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF A MEDAL FOR BEING A GENIUS.



HELLO, BEAUTIFUL. HATE DOING IT, BUT BECAUSE OF POLICE BUSINESS CONCERNING YOUR FRIEND, DARBER, I MUST TALK TO YOU ABOUT HIM.

OH - YOU! DARBER? IS HE THAT AWFUL PERSON WHO ANNOYED ME AT THE STATION?



I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU - BUT, REALLY -- I NEVER SAW THAT MAN BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

THANKS, SISTER YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. YOU COULDN'T BE ACTING! NOT THAT GOOD!



BIG TOWN



FROM ME TO YOU, BABE, FOR VERIFYING A VERY IMPORTANT BIT OF OBSERVATION. WHEN I GET TO BE COMMISSIONER, YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIEND GET FREE TICKETS TO THE POLICEMAN'S BALL - FOR LIFE!

WELL!



DARBER LOKIE IS MY MAN, ALL RIGHT. BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME PROOF TO SHOW HOW HE COULD HAVE BUMPED OFF MOXIE AND STILL BE ON THAT TRAIN. I'LL DROP IN ON HIS OLD CROWD AND NOSE AROUND.



HELLO, SPOT. DARBER LOKIE WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE HERE SAYING HELLO TO THE BOYS, WOULD HE?

HE WOULD.

BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YA GOTTA INTERRUPT OUR CELEBRATION. DON'T YOU COPPERS EVER GET TIRED?



HEY, DARBER - YA GOT COMPANY... WITH A BADGE!

JOHNNY LAW! SAY, COPPER, CAN'T WE MOURN FOR MOXIE GALE IN PRIVACY?

SURE, SURE BUT GET READY TO WEEP FOR DARBER SOON!



NICE AND FRIENDLY, COPPER, CHISELIN' MY BUTTS. BUT YOU'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE. YA GOT NOthin' ON ME, CHUM.

NOT YET, DARBER, NOT YET! BUT DON'T WORRY - I WILL!



HMM... YES, I WILL, DARBER, SOONER THAN I THOUGHT....

MIND IF I MOOCH YOUR WHOLE PACK OF CIGARETTES? I'M ALL OUT OF BUTTS.

GO AHEAD, CHISELER. IT'S A GIFT.



THANKS. AND NOW - SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE BOYS. I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR THE MURDER OF MOXIE GALE!

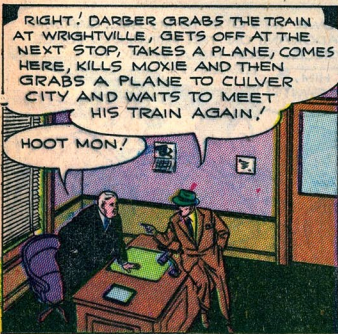
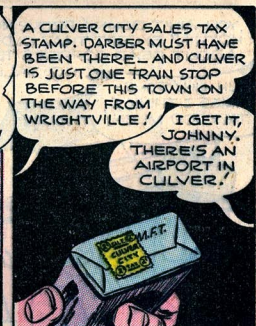
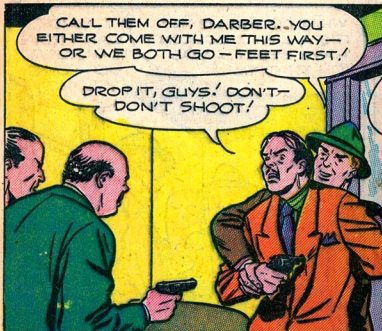
WHAT!







BIG TOWN



SOCIETY PHOTOG

FOR 23 YEARS HANDSOME TONY SARNO HAS BEEN SCOOPING THE FIELD WITH NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOCIETY—ALL BECAUSE THE LADS AND LASSES OF THE INTERNATIONAL SET ARE FOND OF HIM. TONY IS ONE OF FIVE BROTHERS, ALL FAMOUS AS NEW YORK NEWS-CAMERAMEN.



TONY SARNO

TONY WAS THE ONLY CAMERAMAN INVITED TO MURIEL VANDERBILT'S WEDDING AND GOT MANY EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF THE ASTORS.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

MRS. GRAHAM FAIR VANDERBILT SENT FOR TONY WHEN HER SON WAS KILLED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT. ALL OTHER NEWSMEN WERE EXCLUDED.



WHEN ENZO FIERMONTE, A PRIZE FIGHTER, MARRIED MRS. ASTOR DICK, THERE WERE NO PHOTOS OF THE TWO TOGETHER. TONY CAUGHT THEM IN FLORIDA. ENZO THREW A PUNCH. TONY CALMLY HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS CASE AND THE FIGHTER POSED!

MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!



HI-YA, PRINCE.

A GREAT FRIEND OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, TONY IS OFTEN THE ONLY NEWSMAN INVITED TO VISIT THE DUKE WHEN HE VISITS AMERICA.



HI, TONY!



ONE OF HIS SOCIETY PALS INVENTED A "BULLET PROOF" GLASS. IT HAD NEVER BEEN TESTED. TONY GOT BEHIND THE GLASS TO GET A PHOTO. THE GLASS DIDN'T STAND THE TEST.....

WOW!

THE FIRST SHOT KNOCKED HIS HAT OFF!



ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT! WHAT HAPPENED?



I'M THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE THIS AIN'T SABOTAGE—JUST A DEFECTIVE BOILER.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHARLIE—HE'S THE LAW!

LAW! HAW!



CHARLIE—HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T A REAL DETECTIVE?

SIMPLE! A DETECTIVE NEVER WEARS HIS BADGE ON HIS COAT! BESIDES, HIS HAIR IS SLOPPY! A GOOD DETECTIVE IS ALWAYS NEAT—ALWAYS USES WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!



Can your scalp pass the F.N. TEST?

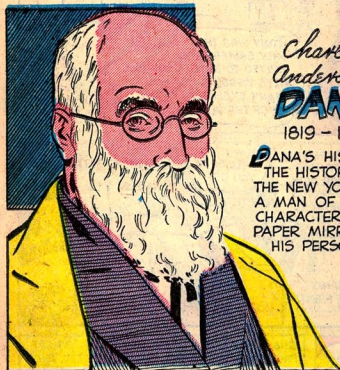
1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. 2. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS OR LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF... 3. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC AND CONTAINS LAMOLIN. GET IT TODAY IN THE BOTTLE OR HANDY TUBE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

AS LITTLE AS 29¢ PER TUBE



HEADLINE HEROES



*Charles
Anderson*
DANA

1819 - 1897

DANA'S HISTORY IS THE HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK SUN. A MAN OF FORCIBLE CHARACTER, HIS PAPER MIRRORED HIS PERSONALITY.

IN 1847, HORACE GREELY BROUGHT DANA TO NEW YORK AS CITY EDITOR OF THE **TRIBUNE**, A POSITION HE CAPABLY FILLED FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS.

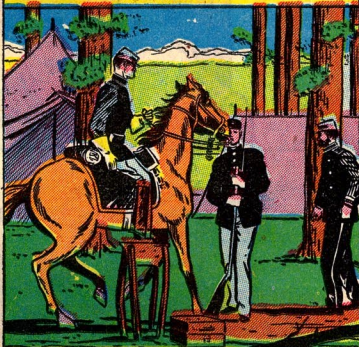


BECAUSE OF STRONG DIFFERENCES OF OPINION WITH GREELY, DANA RESIGNED AND SOON AFTER ACCEPTED A POST IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT. IN 1863, HE WAS APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CABINET.

HERE ARE THE LATEST SECRET WAR REPORTS, MR. SECRETARY!

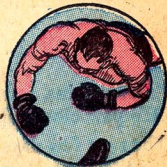


DANA SERVED AS A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER AT GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, WHERE HE REPORTED DAILY ON MILITARY OPERATIONS. HE PLAYED A MAJOR ROLE IN ENABLING THE ADMINISTRATION TO MEASURE ACCURATELY GRANT'S CAPACITIES.



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, DANA PURCHASED THE NEW YORK **SUN** AND UNDER HIS SUPERVISION IT BECAME SUCH A LIVE, WITTY AND SPARKLING PAPER THAT IT WAS REFERRED TO AS "THE NEWSPAPER MAN'S NEWSPAPER!"

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT



"THIS is going to be my last fight, Daley . . . and then I'm finished."

Daley almost choked on his morning coffee as his incredulous eyes focussed upon the smiling giant across the table. "You're going to *what*?"

"Retire, I believe, is the word."

"But you can't do—"

"I can! I've saved enough money to buy the dude ranch I've always wanted. I'll be able to make a decent living without ending up punch-drunk and walking on my heels. My mind's made up."

"Hey! What about *me*?"

Young Custer looked at his manager with manifest surprise. "Why, you'll get yourself another boy. At that, you won't even have to hurry. After all, you did get one-third of my earnings right off the top, which is more than other—"

"Yeah, I know," Daley interrupted hastily, "Of course I got you matches nobody else could . . ." But he didn't continue. Young Custer had a peculiar look in his eye that prevented Daley from further self praise.

Not that the young prizefighter ever would suspect that he, Daley, really wasn't necessary . . . and he wasn't. The kid was dumb. He had to be to give up a third of his earnings.

As the saying goes, Daley had been flat—really flat—on his back when he'd run across Young Custer in the out of the way gym. One glance at the stal-

wart lad had told him all he wanted. Each lithe, faultless movement spelled out class. The kid hadn't even wanted to be a fighter—had laughingly explained he was just fooling around for the exercise—but Daley had fast-talked him.

Another session of pleading with the matchmaker of a small club who held some of his I.O.U.'s . . . and the rest was ring history.

Everybody and anybody clamored for Young Custer. More offers came in than could be handled. And Daley rode the gravey train. Didn't that prove the kid was dumb?

So ran Daley's thoughts as he rode across town to where Bombshell Burke was training for his match with Young Custer.

A half hour later he was closeted with Bombshell and his manager. "It'll be a cinch, I tell you. We'll all clean up—make a sure killing."

"How you figure it, Daley?"

"Nothing the commissioner will notice. My boy will come in healthy. But, between rounds when he gargles . . ."

"I get it," said Bombshell's manager. "Stuff that'll slow him up for us."

"Yeah—and here are my six lucky quarters," said Daley extracting the coins. "If you slip 'em between Bombshell's big fingers before you tape his hands, the referee won't feel them—but Young Custer *will*!"

“Lucky coins, huh? Gimme.” Bombshell’s paw closed about the coins.

The next few days were spent by Daley in placing scattered bets through intermediaries so that his own name wouldn’t be out in the open. Every cent he had went into betting *against* Young Custer. There wasn’t too much left at that, of the huge amounts he’d made off his dumb meal ticket. Gambling and other forms of foolishness had taken most of his easy money. However, he silently gloated, with the odds he was getting he would recoup better than plenty.

You’re smart, Daley, he exulted as he followed the robed form of Young Custer down the aisle of the arena on fight night. He smiled inwardly as he looked at the water bucket he carried and its precious contents . . . the contents that would slow up his man.

Bombshell Burke came out fast at the bell, patently confident. He threw a long left that Custer slid inside and they pummeled each other at close quarters.

At the end of the round, Daley’s fighter had generous welts along his ribs. “Burke’s developed quite a punch since I fought him last,” commented Young Custer. “Both hands, in fact.”

Daley grinned as he offered the water bottle. It was pushed away. “Thanks. I don’t want any.”

Before Daley could speak, the bell announced the second round. Every time Bombshell connected, Custer winced. Daley’s boy was absorbing a beating.

Then it happened. Supremely confident of victory, Bombshell threw a long careless right. Like a flash, Young Cus-

ter took advantage of his opportunity. His both hands took turns digging into his opponent’s stomach.

The human body can take just so much punishment and, as the crowd roared, Bombshell dropped his guard to protect his stomach. Then Young Custer’s fists machine-gunned against the target he wanted . . . Bombshell’s chin.

The referee droned out his count—but Bombshell had clearly lost interest in *all* proceedings.

In his corner, Young Custer spoke to Daley. “My last fight, but I didn’t take it the easy way. I took a bad beating, Daley—but I wanted to win. I guess I must be awfully dumb.”

Daley looked into the fighter’s eyes. What he saw there made him back away. Too late he saw that he’d underjudged badly . . . the same mistake made by Bombshell.

And, thinking of Bombshell, Daley scurried to the beaten gladiator’s dressing room. Daley wanted his six lucky quarters—he *needed* them. They were all he had left, the rest of his money having gone down the betting drain.

He entered the defeated man’s room and stuck out his hand. “Tough luck,” he consoled, “and now hand over my quarters.”

“Glad to,” the other said—and swung.

Daley awoke some time later. The dressing room was empty . . . as his pockets continued to be. He was flat on *his back . . . right back where he’d started from!*



BIG TOWN



WAS IT GUILT OR FEAR THAT MADE ALEX TATE PREFER DEATH TO SURRENDER? IT WAS STEVE WILSON'S SELF-CHOSEN DUTY TO FIND THE ANSWER! AND WHILE A DESPERATE CITY HUNTED THE FUGITIVE BY NIGHT, **BIG TOWN'S** BATTLING NEWSMAN STROVE TO BRING INTO DAYLIGHT THE HIDDEN FACTS SURROUNDING...

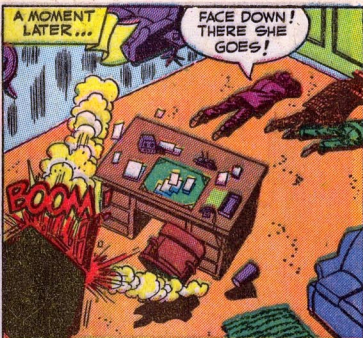
THE **STAMP** OF **GUILT!**



BIG TOWN



ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON, THE QUIET OF **BIG TOWN'S** RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, CARLTON MEWS, IS ABOUT TO BE DISTURBED AS...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, AN ILL-FATED POSTMAN IS ABOUT TO MAKE A DELIVERY AT THE HOME OF MRS. JANICE PHILLIPS WHEN...



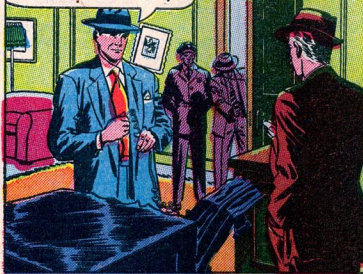
OUTSIDE, THE CRIMINALS HURRY INTO A WAITING CAR...



WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF **BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, IS AT THE PHILLIPS RESIDENCE WITH INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...



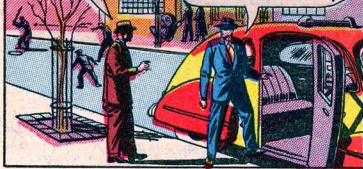
HM-M--IT WAS CERTAINLY A HIGH-CLASS JOB, CALLAHAN! THIS DETONATING WIRE HAS BEEN FUSED TOGETHER PERFECTLY! ANY FINGERPRINTS?



AS STEVE AND CALLAHAN LEAVE...

I'LL CHECK THE RECORDS AT HEADQUARTERS, STEVE! AN EXPERT SAFECRACKER WHO PREFERS THE CLIP TECHNIQUE IS A RARITY THESE DAYS!

ANOTHER OF THE CRIMINAL'S CHARACTERISTICS WILL BE AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER. THAT UNFORTUNATE POSTMAN DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!



THE CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE CAUSE STEVE TO CALL HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT...

LORELEI! COME HERE, QUICK!

WHAT IS IT, STEVE?



ONLY AN EXPERT COULD ESTIMATE THE QUANTITY OF EXPLOSIVE NECESSARY TO BLAST THE DOOR OUT AND STILL NOT MAKE A MESS OF THINGS! HELLO, WHAT'S THIS JOINING THE WIRES-- LOOKS LIKE A CLIP OF SOME SORT!

CLIP? WHY I HAVEN'T HEARD OF THAT FOR YEARS! OLD-TIMERS USED TO USE CLIPS TO SPlice WIRES, PREFERRED THEM OVER SOLDER!



RETURNING TO THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**, STEVE WILSON BEGINS TO POUND OUT THE STARTLING STORY WHEN ...

MR. WILSON! SOME CHARACTER SAID I SHOULD GET THAT ENVELOPE TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU,



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MORT, CATCH!

LORELEI! THAT'S A PICTURE OF ALEX TATE! HE'S THE MASTER JEWEL THIEF WE HELPED CONVICT OVER TWO YEARS AGO!



I'M A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER AND GOT THIS SHOT OF A GUY ENTERING THE PHILLIPS APARTMENT JUST BEFORE THE ROBBERY AND KILLING! I AM YOU INTERESTED?
Joe Collins



BIG TOWN



TATE'S IN JAIL! HOW COULD HE HAVE COMMITTED THE ROBBERY?

HE WAS PAROLED TWO WEEKS AGO FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR! LORELEI--DIG UP ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER, JOE COLLINS! I'M GOING TO SEE ALEX TATE!



LATER... AT THE EX-CONVICT'S HOME ...

STEVE WILSON!



GOT YOUR ADDRESS THROUGH THE PAROLE BOARD FILES, ALEX! MIND IF I COME IN ?

ALEX, WHERE WERE YOU THIS AFTERNOON AT 3:30 ? BETTER GIVE ME A STRAIGHT ANSWER-- FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

WHY SHOULD I LIE, WILSON? I'VE NOTHING TO HIDE NOW.. I GOT A PHONE CALL ABOUT A JOB UPTOWN! THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN ALL DAY!



OKAY, THEN ACCOUNT FOR THIS PHOTO TAKEN AT THE SCENE OF A THEFT AND KILLING IN CARLTON MEWS THIS AFTERNOON! IF YOU WERE UPTOWN, WHO INTERVIEWED YOU ?

W-WHY THAT'S ME! BUT IT CAN'T BE, WILSON -- I WAS UPTOWN! B-BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY! THERE WASN'T ANY ADDRESS LIKE THE PHONE MESSAGE SAID!



WAIT--NOW I REMEMBER! I WAS AT CARLTON MEWS... BUT IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! THAT WAS ANOTHER WILD GOOSE HUNT FOR A JOB TOO!

MAYBE THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS! BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE INSPECTOR CALLAHAN THIS PHOTO AS EVIDENCE -- YOU UNDERSTAND!



I'M CLEAN--I SWEAR IT! I--I'M ON PAROLE! I'LL BE SENT BACK ON EVIDENCE LIKE THAT! IT'S A FRAME!

EASY, ALEX! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!





BIG TOWN



BUT THE INFURIATED EX-CONVICT CANNOT BE CALMED...

AN EX—
CON CAN'T TRUST ANYONE!
YOU'RE IN ON THE FRAME!
DON'T TRY AND STOP ME!

TATE!
WHAT--



THIS IS WHAT I GET
FOR GOIN' STRAIGHT!
HAULED DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS ON
A FRAME! YOU
WON'T GET
ME AGAIN!



DON'T BE A
FOOL! I
WANT TO
HELP YOU!



STEVE!
WHERE'S
TATE?

HE JUST JUMPED
INTO A TRUCK
MOVING OUT OF
THE BACKYARD!



WE'LL GO RIGHT AFTER HIM!
BY THE WAY, THOSE STEEL
CLIPS YOU FOUND AT THE
SCENE OF THE ROBBERY
CHECKED WITH
TATE'S STYLE OF
SAFEBREAKING!
I JUST DROPPED
IN TO QUESTION
HIM, BUT HIS RUN-
OUT LOOKS BAD
FOR HIM!



THEN, STEVE HURRIES TO A
WALL PHONE...

TATE'S PLEA
THAT HE WAS INNOCENT CERTAINLY
SOUNDED GENUINE!
BUT THIS PHOTO OF HIM AT
THE SCENE OF THE CRIME IS
DAMAGING---GREAT THUNDER-
THERE'S SOMETHING ODD
ABOUT THIS PICTURE!





BIG TOWN



STEVE CALLS HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT ...



LORELEI ? STEVE ! DID YOU GET ANYTHING ON JOE COLLINS, THE SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SENT ME TATE'S PICTURE ?

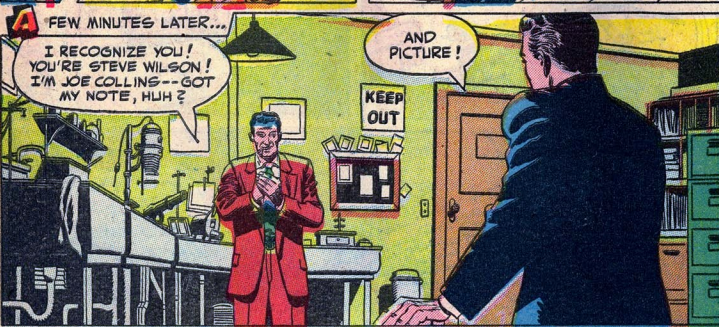
YES, STEVE ! HE LIVES AT 452 LARTON STREET. BASEMENT APARTMENT ! HE'S BEEN A LICENSED PHOTOGRAPHER FOR ONLY TWO MONTHS !

RACING OUTSIDE, THE FIGHTING NEWS-MAN HAILS HIS HACKIE DRIVER...



TWO MONTHS ! THE TIME TATE HAS BEEN OUT ON PAROLE !

HARRY ! 452 LARTON STREET !



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I RECOGNIZE YOU ! YOU'RE STEVE WILSON ! I'M JOE COLLINS--GOT MY NOTE, HUH ?

AND PICTURE !

KEEP OUT



WHY DO YOU SEND ME EVIDENCE TO CONVICT TATE ?

HE CHEATED ME YEARS BACK !

WELL, YOU'RE GOING ABOUT AN ODD WAY TO GET EVEN ! YES--YESTERDAY, I NOTICED THERE WASN'T A LEAF ON THE TREE OUTSIDE THE PHILLIPS PLACE ! BUT IN THIS PHOTO YOU SUPPOSEDLY TOOK OF TATE THEN, THE TREE IS FULL OF LEAVES ! WHAT HAPPENED ?

100 % RIGHT, COLLINS ! THEY **DID** BLOW OFF ! THE DAY **BEFORE** YESTERDAY ! THE DAY OF THE HURRICANE ! THAT'S WHEN YOU **ACTUALLY** TOOK TATE'S PICTURE --THE DAY **BEFORE** THE JEWEL THEFT ! AND A PHONEY CALL TO TATE, ON THE PRETENSE OF OFFERING HIM A JOB AT A CARLTON MEWS ADDRESS, GOT HIM TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME !

I...ER... T-HEY MUST HAVE BLOWN OFF !

YOU'RE CRAZY !





BIG TOWN



AS THE BATTLING NEWS-MAN CONTINUES, COLLINS' HAND DARTS TOWARD A DRAWER ...

... BUT YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE **BIG WIND** STORM WE HAD THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CRIME, DID YOU, COLLINS? YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT-- BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO RUIN YOUR FRAME ON TATE AND HANG YOU!

NOT BEFORE I DRILL YOU!



YOU'RE IT, COLLINS! BUT YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH TO RUN THE SHOW-- WHO'S BEHIND THIS JOB? START TALKING!

NO!
NO!



COLLINS WON'T EVER TALK AGAIN!

BANG!
BAM!

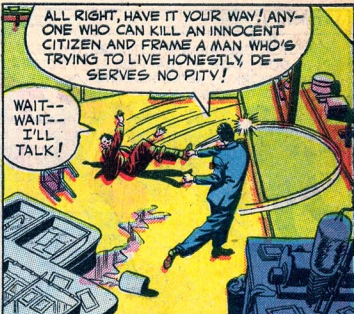


GUESS AGAIN, COLLINS!



ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY! ANYONE WHO CAN KILL AN INNOCENT CITIZEN AND FRAME A MAN WHO'S TRYING TO LIVE HONESTLY, DESERVES NO PITY!

WAIT--
WAIT--
I'LL TALK!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

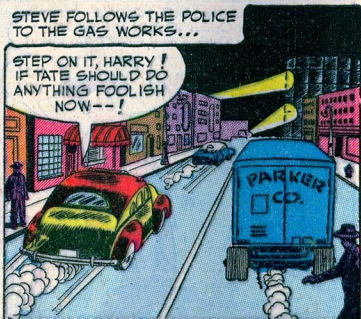
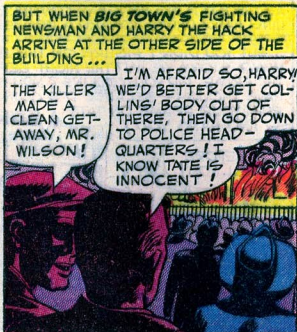
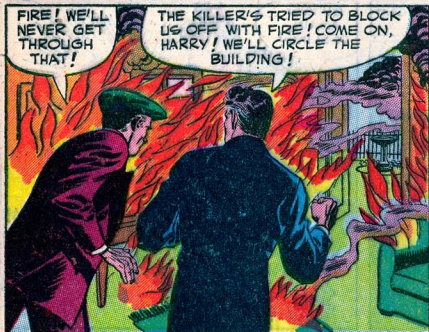
MR. WILSON--THOSE SHOTS? WHAT'S UP?

FOLLOW ME, HARRY!



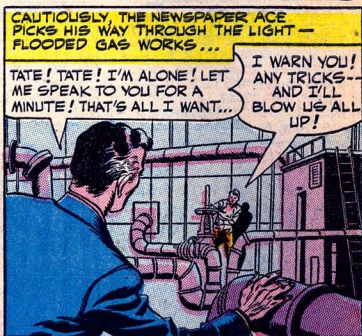


BIG TOWN





BIG TOWN





BIG TOWN



AT HEADQUARTERS...

THERE CAN'T BE TOO MANY OF YOUR FORMER CRONIES WHO KNEW YOUR STYLE OF SAFE-BLOWING LIKE THOSE THUGS DID, TATE! I WANT YOU TO IDENTIFY EVERY ONE OF THEM!

SURE, MR. WILSON! WELL, THERE WAS FLIP MADDEN, AND PETE FISK...



LATER AT 452 LARTON STREET...

THAT'S MR. POWERS. ALL RIGHT! I'M SURE OF IT, MR. WILSON! I NEVER DID LIKE HIS LOOKS!

GOOD GIRL! IF I'M LUCKY, YOU'LL BE IN THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** TOMORROW!



AT 11:30 THAT EVENING, PETE FISK ENTERS HIS APARTMENT, WHEN...

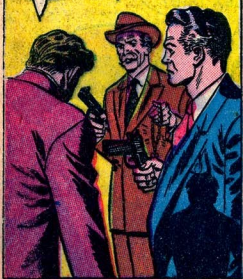
WELCOME HOME, FISK! WE WERE SHOPPING AROUND FOR GEMS AND THOUGHT WE'D LOOK IN ON YOUR COLLECTION!



SO YOU TRIED TO JUMP INTO THE BIG TIME, FISK! YOU SURE MADE IT! YOU'RE NECK DEEP IN MURDER NOW!

CALLAHAN! I'LL BET MY BY-LINE THE BULLETS FROM THIS GUN CHECK WITH THE BALLISTICS REPORT ON THE DEATH BULLETS!

WHO RATTED? I'LL-



LATER, A HAPPY REFORMED CITIZEN STEPS FROM HIS PRISON CELL... A FREE MAN...

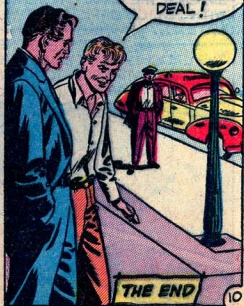
YOU SEE TATE, COLLINS' LANDLADY IDENTIFIED PETE FISK AS THE CHARACTER POSING AS A MR. POWERS IN THE APARTMENT NEXT TO COLLINS! FISK KILLED COLLINS WHEN HE THREATENED TO SQUEAL TO ME!

BUT WHY'D THEY WANT TO PIN IT ON ME, MR. WILSON?



YOU WERE A NATURAL, TATE! JUST PAROLED AND A FORMER SAFE-CRACKER! FRAMING YOU FOR THE CRIME WOULD HAVE CLOSED THE CASE AND LEFT THEM FREE TO OPERATE!

GOSH! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU AND THE POLICE FOR GIVING ME A SQUARE DEAL!

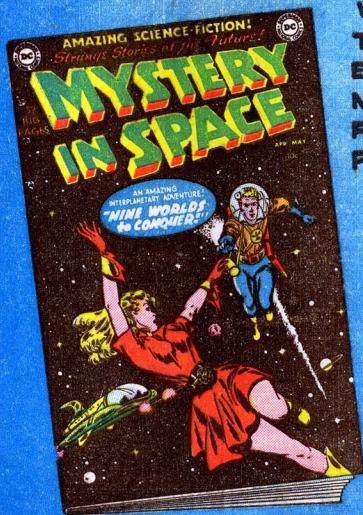


THE END



YOU'VE GOT A COMET BY THE TAIL

WHEN YOU ROCKET INTO
THE UNKNOWN WITH
EVERY ISSUE OF THE TWO
MOST EXCITING SCIENCE-
FICTION COMIC MAGAZINES
PUBLISHED ON EARTH!



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DC - SUPERMAN
SYMBOL - THE BRIGHTEST
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FIRMAMENT!



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Amazingly mild soap
deodorizes your
entire body because
it gets skin cleaner,
doctors find.

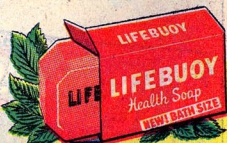
**Stop "B. O."
Before It Begins!
Stop "B. O."
Up to 2 Full Days!**

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!

Stops "B. O." 3 Ways at once!

1. Lifebuoy Health Soap stops "B. O." where "B. O." begins—on all 13 parts of your body.
2. Lifebuoy stops "B. O." before it begins because its purifying ingredient helps your skin build up its own resistance to "B. O."
3. Lifebuoy stops "B. O." up to 48 hours because Lifebuoy gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap.

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 Bright Red Plastic!
 • A COLORFUL THEATRE
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 COMPLETE RUBBER WONDERSKIN

Any boy child can draw the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite movie to live on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Screen, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage C.O.D. plus postage.



NEW! SENSATIONAL NU-BORN BABY DOLL..

- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES — SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll's heart, that her, speak her, saddle her — she coo — she cries. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human wonderful arms, legs and head of rubber WONDERSKIN, photograph pink skin, light blue eyes — closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightgown and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in woolly bedding with a ribbon tie for throwing off to the "nursing periods." **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY 3.98 COMPLETE
 RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS.
NURS-A-DOLLY
 • the drinks, the want!
 • Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
 • 22 pc. complete — dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll, drinks, and wants her diaper — comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including electric rack, nipple jar and bottle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples — ready to use! Made of soft, lifelike WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only 3.98 Complete
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

hello! I'm SANDY!
 I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL is washable rubber WONDERSKIN with lifelike hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with... plastic curlers, rubber waving bands, plastic comb and bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

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FREE! With Every Bank
HANTERS OF SPECIAL BANTERS

PEANUT BANK
 NEW! SAVES MONEY! PEANUTS!

• 7 1/2" HIGH!
 • HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, Dimes!
 • DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!
 Latching saving bank serves parents while you save pennies. Hanters of special banters with top hat, ducking mouth, or in parent's opinion, one of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Deep in a coin and flip back the new — out pops a generous amount of peanuts! Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDOR-BANK is ideal to plant the kiddies saving habits upwards of \$20 in cash! Wonderful for parties, water-tight, family fun. Easy to refill. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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LET'S THE AIR
IN, LIKE A
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RUGGED MOCCASIN
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CLEAR 'ROUND
THE SHOE.

SEE THAT
GROOVED TANK
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HEFTY DOUBLE-
THICK SOLE, TOO!

AND A SWELL
ROOMY WALL
TOE. IT'S
REINFORCED!

CATCH A
LOOK AT THAT
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