

CRIME DETECTIVE

**REAL
POLICE
CASES**

MAY-JUNE 10^c

COMICS

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

OH, GUS - YOU DARLING!!
... A DIAMOND NECKLACE
FOR LITTLE ME ??.....
WHERE IN THE WORLD
DID YOU EVER GET
SUCH A BEAUTY?

GUESS!

THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE PREVENTION OF CRIME. WE HOPE THAT WITHIN ITS PAGES THE YOUTH OF AMERICA WILL LEARN TO KNOW CRIME FOR WHAT IT REALLY IS: A SAD, BLACK, DEAD-END ROAD OF FOOLS AND TEARS.

EXTRA *Gotham Tab* FLAS
**DARING JEWEL
ROBBERY**
BANDITS BOLDLY WILF

THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck WEATHER FORECASTER

Do you want to
know tomorrow's
weather today?



Watch for balmy days ahead
when Mickey Mouse is out—
beware of rain when
Donald Duck's about.



More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

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There is no difficult mechanism to get out of order—nothing complicated to study. You'll love the whole beloved Disney clan—Figaro the Cat, the rooster weather vane and Pluto the Pup. The Mickey Mouse Weather House is sturdy, works indoors or out, is made of brightly colored plastic all hand painted.

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The Weatherman is so certain that you will be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer: pay your postman \$1.49 plus postage when your Weather House is delivered; test it for accuracy—watch it closely, see how it works. If you are not 100% pleased simply return it within ten days and your money will be refunded.

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THE WEATHERMAN

430 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago 11, Illinois

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Dear Weatherman: Please rush.....Mickey Mouse Weather Forecasters. Upon delivery I will pay the postman \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. I may return the Weather House within 10 days and get my money back if I am not 100% pleased.

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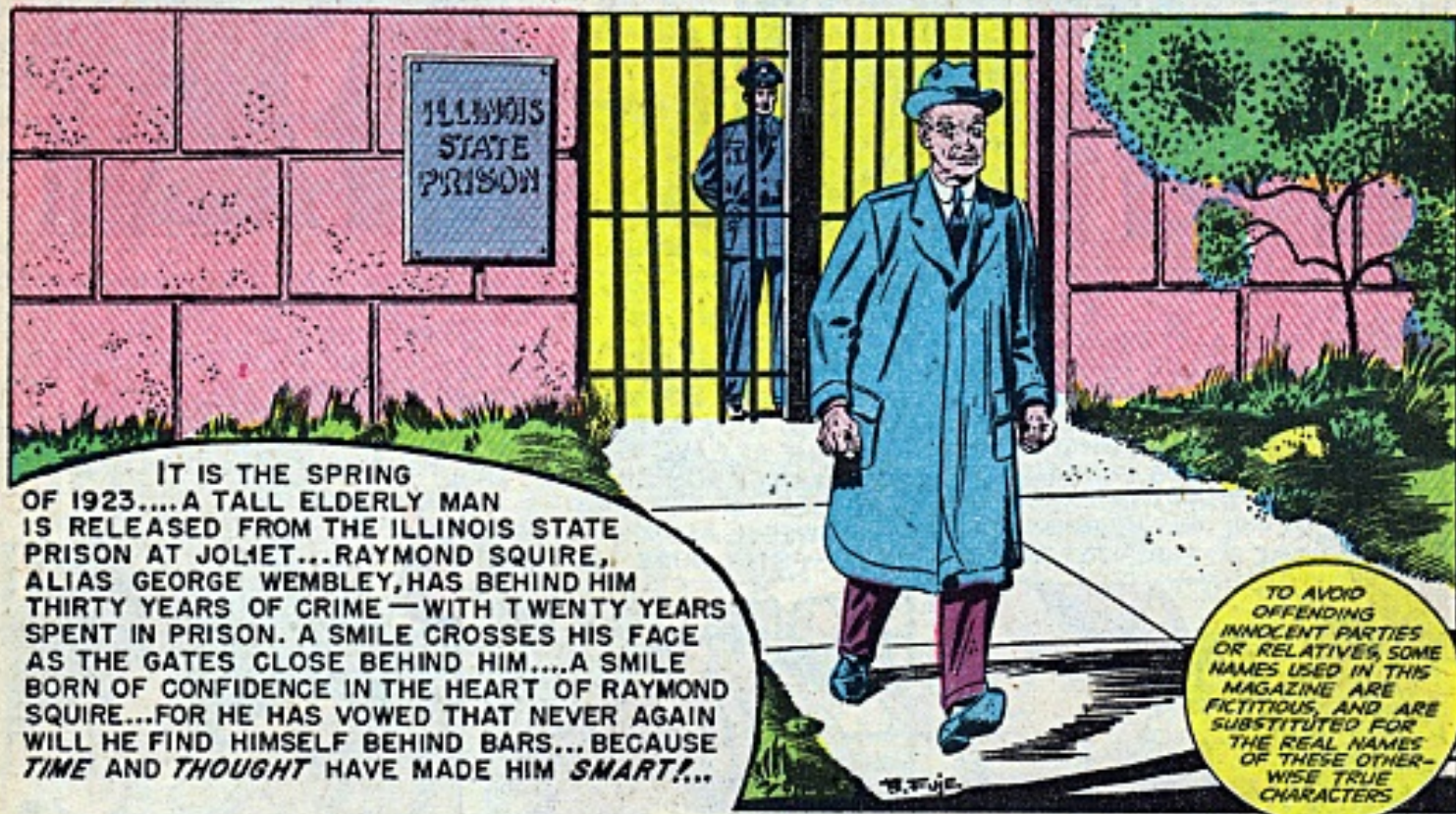
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THE OLD HAND

THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

THE TRUE STORY OF RAYMOND SQUIRE, "THE CLEVELAND FOX"



IT IS THE SPRING OF 1923....A TALL ELDERLY MAN IS RELEASED FROM THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON AT JOLIET...RAYMOND SQUIRE, ALIAS GEORGE WEMBLEY, HAS BEHIND HIM THIRTY YEARS OF CRIME—WITH TWENTY YEARS SPENT IN PRISON. A SMILE CROSSES HIS FACE AS THE GATES CLOSE BEHIND HIM....A SMILE BORN OF CONFIDENCE IN THE HEART OF RAYMOND SQUIRE...FOR HE HAS VOWED THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL HE FIND HIMSELF BEHIND BARS... BECAUSE TIME AND THOUGHT HAVE MADE HIM SMART!...

TO AVOID OFFENDING INNOCENT PARTIES OR RELATIVES, SOME NAMES USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS, AND ARE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE REAL NAMES OF THESE OTHERWISE TRUE CHARACTERS

NOW WE ARE AT A DANCE HALL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CLEVELAND.

GEE, ANDY—YOU SURE DANCE SWELL— BUT WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ANYWAY?

AW NOTHIN'!! C'MON—LET'S GET OUR COATS. AN' GET OUTA HERE!

YOU GIVE ME A PAIN, ANDY! WE NO SOONER GET IN A PLACE, THAN YOU WANTA LEAVE AGAIN!

OKAY!—IF YA DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'TCHA BLOW FROM ME— AN' TIE UP WITH ONE O' THEM OTHER CLOWNS ON THE DANCE FLOOR!!?

STICK 'EM UP! GIMME YOUR ROLL-- OR THIS THING MIGHT BITE'CHA!





HAIHAIHA! YOU'RE A RIOT, ANDY! YOU JUMPED LIKE YOU WERE GIVEN A HOT-FOOT!

WHAT'S SA MATTER, PAL? DID I SCARE YA? IT WAS ONLY A JOKE—BUT YOU SURE BIT! HA! HA!

WHY, YA OX-BRAINED MORON!

ANDY, CUT IT OUT! HE WAS ONLY KIDDING! ARE YOU CRAZY?

NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO HANG OUT WITH YOU MOPES ANY MORE!

AND WHEN ANDY GETS HOME...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GUY? CAN'T HE TAKE A JOKE? WHO IS HE ANYWAY?
AW, I DUNNO! I'VE BEEN SEEIN' THAT LUG THREE WEEKS AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVES OR WHAT HE DOES! HE'S PROBABLY SOME SAPPY MOTHER'S BOY THE WAY HE RUSHES HOME SO EARLY ALL THE TIME!

OH, SO YOU'RE FINALLY HOME, EH? DO YOU SEE THE CLOCK? IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AND I TOLD YOU TO BE HOME AT TEN!

YEAH, YOU TOLD ME! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' ME! I'M SICK OF LISTENIN' TO YOUR YAPPIN'! YA TAKE ALL THE DOUGH FROM OUR JOBS AND SLIP ME TEN BUCKS A WEEK! AND THEN I GOTTA STAY HOME TO PLEASE YA!

NOW TAKE IT EASY KID! YOU'RE GETTING EXPERT TRAINING FROM ME! I'M BREAKING YOU INTO THE EASY MONEY THE RIGHT WAY!

YEAH! AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART? YOU'RE SIXTY YEARS OLD AND WHAT HAVE YA GOT TA SHOW FER IT? THIS DUMP! I CAN DO BETTER'N THIS ON MY OWN!



OKAY, ANDY! HAVE YOUR FLING! BUT REMEMBER THIS, I KEEP YOU IN NIGHTS BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THE COPS TO EVEN HEAR OF US! THAT'S HOW WE GET AWAY WITH SO MANY STICKUPS! THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN TOWN THAT CAN FINGER US!

ISSAT SO? WELL, I'M STARTIN' OUT ON MY OWN TOMORROW!

THAT KID'S GOT EVERYTHING I NEED... PLENTY OF NERVE AND A GOOD THINKER! WITH A LITTLE TRAINING WE'LL BE A PERFECT COMBINATION! BUT FIRST HE'LL HAVE TO LEARN THAT HE NEEDS ME AS MUCH AS I NEED HIM!

THAT OLD COOT MUST THINK I'M A SAP TO GO ON ACCEPTING TEN BUCKS A WEEK FOR MY CUT! STILL HE'S A CLEVER OPERATOR... KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS! AW NUTS! I CAN DO A JOB ALONE!



NEXT EVENING...



THIS JOINT LOOKS LIKE A PUSH-OVER! I WISH I KNEW HOW MANY CLERKS WAS INSIDE THOUGH!... MAYBE I SHOULD'VE CASIED IT FIRST! AW, I'M JUST NERVOUS 'CAUSE SQUIRE AIN'T HERE!



OKAY, BOYS! GIMME THAT DOUGH OUTA THAT TIN CAN AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, YOUNG FELLA...



SHUT UP AND GIMME THAT DOUGH OR I'LL BLAST YA ALL!

GET HIM, JAKE! GET HIM!



RUSH 'IM! THE KID'S NERVOUS!

THE DUMB KID! I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

LEMME GO! LEMME GO!

WE'LL LET YOU GO ALRIGHT! WE'LL LET YOU GO WITH THE COPS!

AS ANDY STRUGGLES WITH THE GROCERY CLERKS, SQUIRE WATCHES FROM BEHIND A TREE.



ANDY! IT'S ME! THIS WAY QUICK!

SQUIRE!



I-I THINK YOU KILLED 'EM! HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING! WHEN WE GET TO THE CORNER, TURN LEFT AND TAKE A STREETCAR BACK TO OUR ROOM! I'LL MEET YOU THERE IN AN HOUR!



OKAY! DON'T SAY IT! I WAS WRONG! FROM NOW ON I'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY!

SURE, ANDY, SURE! YOU BETTER GET PACKED! WE'RE GOING TO ST. LOUIS TOMORROW UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER!

AN HOUR LATER...



NEXT MORNING....

THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!...

LET ME HANDLE IT, KID!



WE'RE FROM THE POLICE! SORRY TO BOTHER YOU BUT WE'RE CHECKING THE NEIGHBORHOOD! THE LANDLORD SAID YOU AND YOUR SON LIVE HERE, MR. COLLINS!

THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S HERE NOW! WE BOTH WORK AT THE CHEMICAL PLANT ON MAIN STREET!



WELL, YOU TWO LOOK ALRIGHT, MR. COLLINS! SORRY TO BOTHER YOU BUT TWO GROCERY CLERKS WERE KILLED AND ANOTHER WAS WOUNDED LAST NIGHT AND WE'RE JUST CHECKING AROUND!

THAT'S ALRIGHT!



LET THAT BE LESSON NUMBER ONE, ANDY MY BOY! IF I LET YOU HANG OUT IN LOCAL POOL JOINTS, THAT DICK WOULD HAVE SPOTTED YOU AND HAULED YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS ON SUSPICION!

YEAH! AND THAT CLERK THAT'S STILL ALIVE WOULD HAVE FINGERED ME SURE!

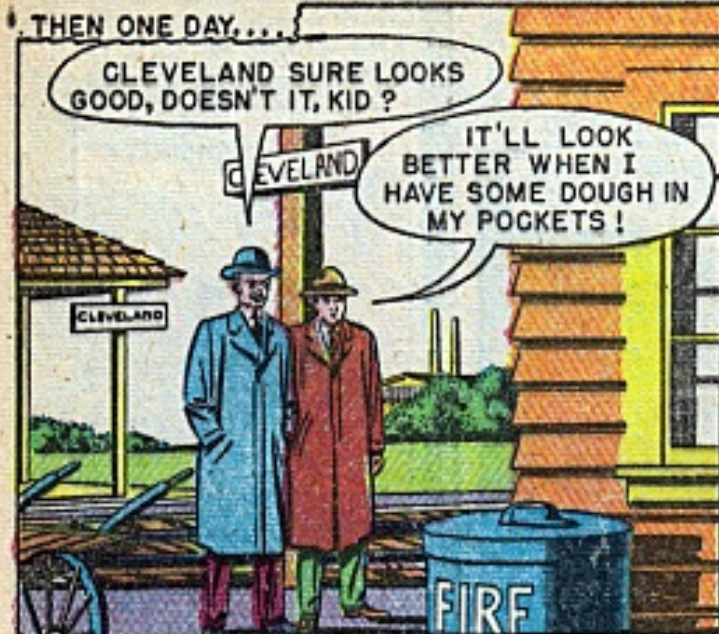


WELL, WE PACKED OUR BAGS LAST NIGHT, SO LET'S BLOW THIS FIRE TRAP QUICK! WE'LL KNOCK OFF A FEW JOBS IN ST. LOUIS AND MAYBE STOP IN PITTSBURG FOR A SPELL!

THAT SURE SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

FOR MONTHS RAYMOND SQUIRE AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, ANDY VERNE CONTINUED THEIR TOUR OF CRIME... IN ST. LOUIS, A BARTENDER FELL FROM THEIR GUNS, IN COLUMBUS AND PITTSBURG A WAVE OF ROBBERIES HAD THE POLICE BAFFLED....



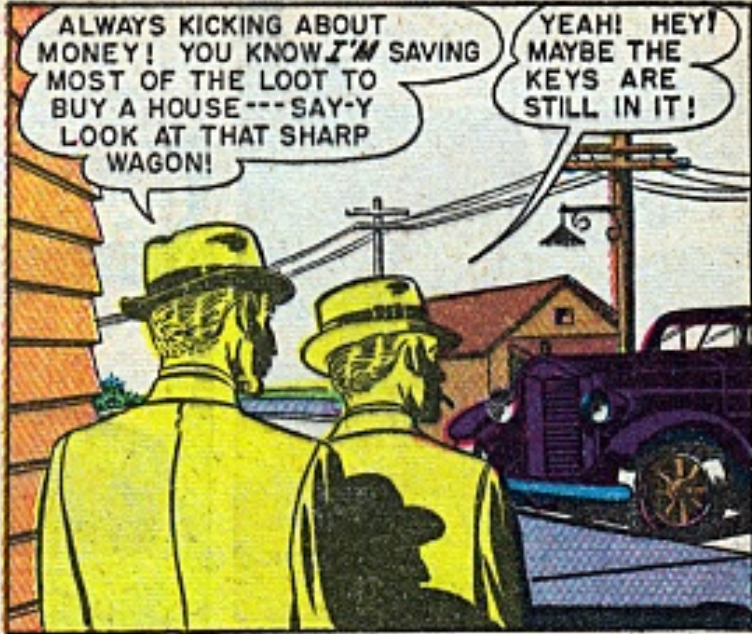


THEN ONE DAY...

CLEVELAND SURE LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT, KID?

CLEVELAND

IT'LL LOOK BETTER WHEN I HAVE SOME DOUGH IN MY POCKETS!



ALWAYS KICKING ABOUT MONEY! YOU KNOW I'M SAVING MOST OF THE LOOT TO BUY A HOUSE---SAY-Y LOOK AT THAT SHARP WAGON!

YEAH! HEY! MAYBE THE KEYS ARE STILL IN IT!



WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW? THE KEYS ARE IN IT! TAKE THE WHEEL, KID! THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR A JOB I'M PLANNING!



WE'LL CASE THE CITY SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, KID! IT'LL BE A NICE TAKE! I MIGHT EVEN GIVE YOU A THIRD CUT!

THAT'S MIGHTY WHITE OF YA! HEY! SQUIRE! THERE'S COPS BEHIND US!



STAY COOL! MAKE SURE THEY REALLY WANT US FOR SOMETHING BEFORE YOU MOVE!

YEAH! YEAH! HEY! PULL UP THERE!



GET OUT OF THAT CAR! I THINK YOU BOYS WERE A LITTLE CARELESS IN THE WAY YOU PICKED UP THAT CAR!



SORRY, COPPER! YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE STOPPED US!



I GOT THE OTHER ONE TOO, ANDY! THOSE BOYS AREN'T GOING TO CAUSE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!



TAKE THE NEXT RIGHTTURN AND WE'LL DITCH THE CAR THERE! THEN WE'LL GO INTO TOWN FOR A COUPLE OF DRINKS AND I'LL EXPLAIN THE BANK JOB TO YOU!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, SQUIRE! YOU SURE SWING A MEAN ROD!



GRAB A BOOTH AT THE END WHERE WE CAN TALK!



NOW THEN, THIS CITY SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY OUGHT TO HAVE AROUND FIVE GRAND HANDY WHEN WE HIT IT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.....

HELLO, SQUIRE!



WHAT HOLE DID YOU CLIMB OUT OF, CREEP? G'WAN! SCRAM! I'M BUSY!

THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TALK TO ME, SQUIRE! I THOUGHT WE WAS PALS! HOW ABOUT GETTING TOGETHER ON A LITTLE BUSINESS DEAL? I COULD USE A PARTNER!



ME TEAM UP WITH YOU!? YOU THINK I'M NUTS? IF I STAYED CLEAR OF GUYS LIKE YOU, I NEVER WOULD'VE SPENT SO MANY YEARS IN THE CLINK! BEAT IT, CREEP!

OKAY! OKAY! DON'T GET SORE!



SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT HANGING AROUND JOINTS, ANDY? YOU RUN INTO PEOPLE LIKE CREEP! HE'S A STUMBLE-BUM FROM WAY BACK! COULDN'T SWIPE AN OLD LADY'S PURSE WITHOUT GUMMING IT UP! C'MON! WE'LL TALK IT OVER AT A HOTEL!

OKAY, SQUIRE!



ON APRIL 10TH, 1929 A CAR STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE CITY SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY.

THAT'S THE SECRETARY OF THE COMPANY GOING IN NOW! HE OPENS UP ALONE! WE'LL HAVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GRAB THE DOUGH!

THAT'S FINE, MY MAN! JUST PULL OUT THAT CASH AND YOUR DAY'S WORK IS DONE!



A HOLDUP!...
HELP...

STRAP HIM UP GOOD WITH THAT ADHESIVE TAPE, ANDY, WHILE I UNLOAD THE CASH! I DON'T WANT HIM MOVING AROUND TOO SOON!

TALK ABOUT A SET-UP, THIS IS THE SOFTEST TOUCH YET!

IN A MOMENT, THE BUTT OF SQUIRE'S GUN 'SILENCED THE MAN...



REMEMBER WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE, WALK SLOWLY! DON'T RUSH IT!



RIGHT!



FIVE GRAND! NOT A BAD HAUL AT THAT! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, ANDY MY BOY! I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ONE GRAND ALL FOR YOURSELF THIS TIME!

AIN'T THAT NICE OF YOU! WELL, SQUIRE, I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU TOO!...



I'M CUTTIN' MYSELF IN FOR FIFTY PERCENT AS OF NOW! WE DON'T PLAY YOUR WAY NO MORE, SQUIRE!

WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE HEEL!



YOU'RE OLD, SQUIRE! ANOTHER COUPLE OF MONTHS AND YOU'LL BE FALLING ALL OVER YOURSELF! I'M GETTING OUT NOW WHILE THERE'S A CLEAR ROAD!

I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING YOU KNOW! YOU'LL NEVER GET BY WITHOUT ME!... YOU'LL SEE!



I CAN'T LET HIM RUN OUT ON ME WITH ALL HE KNOWS! CREEP! THAT'S IT!... I'LL GET CREEP TO RUB ANDY OUT-AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF CREEP MYSELF, LATER!



LATER...

SO THAT'S THE DOPE, CREEP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRUSH YOU OFF BEFORE! I WAS NERVOUS! YOU CAN NAIL THE KID IN CHICAGO! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED TO GO THERE!

I'LL GET 'IM, SQUIRE! SO HE SWIPED A LUMP OF THE BANK TAKE, EH? DOES THAT MEAN I CAN KEEP ALL I FIND ON HIM?

RIGHT! AND TO SHOW YOU I'M ON THE LEVEL, HERE'S A C NOTE FOR EXPENSES!... JUST REMEMBER, COME BACK TO MY HOTEL WHEN IT'S ALL OVER!

OKAY, SQUIRE! I ALWAYS WANTED TO WORK WITH A SMART APPLE LIKE YOU!

THE NEXT DAY...

HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW!... I BETTER TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS!

CREEP IS A FOOL BUT HE WAS THE ONLY ONE AROUND TO TAKE ON A SUCKER'S JOB!... AH, THAT MUST BE HIM AT THE DOOR NOW!

KNOCK KNOCK

YES? WHO IS IT?

CREEP!

BUT WHEN SQUIRE OPENS THE DOOR, TWO MEN FACE HIM...

SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

GET YOUR COAT ON, SQUIRE! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE CHARACTER NAMED CREEP DOWN AT HEAD-QUARTERS WHO WANTS TO FINGER YOU FOR THE CITY SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY JOB!

I'M NOT GOING!

DON'T TRY THAT, SQUIRE! WE WANT TO SAVE YOU FOR THE TRIAL! IT'S GOING TO BE A HUMDINGER!

BAM

AND SOON, AT HEADQUARTERS...

THAT'S SQUIRE! HIM AN' A KID NAMED ANDY ROBBED THE CITY SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY! NOW REMEMBER! GIMME A BREAK! I SQUEALED, DIDN'T I?

WE NEVER MADE ANY BARGAIN WITH YOU, CREEP! THAT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!

HOW DID YOU GET THAT IDIOT TO FINGER ME?

WE PICKED HIM UP ON A ROBBERY CHARGE AND HE VOLUNTEERED THE INFORMATION—FIGURING THAT IT WOULD HELP HIS OWN RAP!

YOU'VE BEEN AS BUSY AT MURDER AS A GRADE-A HATCHET MAN, SQUIRE! YOUR FINGERPRINTS CHECK WITH THOSE WE FOUND AT A COUPLE OF SPOTS! YOU'RE A SURE BET TO FRY!

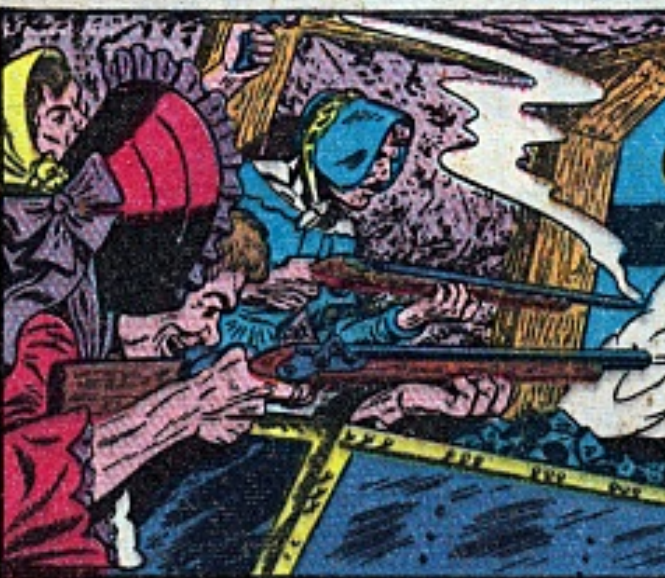
AND RAYMOND SQUIRE, THE OLD HAND AT CRIME, WENT THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR!..... WHILE HIS FORMER PARTNER, ANDY VERNE, GOT LIFE IMPRISONMENT.....

POWDER KEG OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE TRUE STORY OF THE AMAZING MOLLY MAGUIRES

TO AVOID OFFENDING INNOCENT PARTIES OR RELATIVES, SOME NAMES USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS, AND ARE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE REAL NAMES OF THESE OTHERWISE TRUE CHARACTERS

WE QUOTE FROM THE DICTIONARY:
"MOLLY MAGUIRE, ONE OF A SECRET SOCIETY THAT TERRORIZED THE COAL REGIONS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA (1867-'77)
2. ORIGINALLY, ONE OF A SECRET SOCIETY IN IRELAND (1843) ORGANIZED TO PREVENT EVICTIONS BY TERRORIZING OFFICERS OF THE LAW."



AND NOW IT IS IRELAND.....AN IRISH LAND AGENT GETS HIS ORDERS FROM HIS SUPERIOR...

WHAT?? A BIG STRAPPIN' MAN LIKE YOU AFRAID OF AN OLD WOMAN LIKE MOLLY MAGUIRE?? NONSENSE!!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HER, SIR! THE LAST TIME I SHOWED UP SHE NEARLY BLASTED ME HEAD OFF!



LISTEN!! YOU GO ALONG AND TELL THAT OLD HARRY THAT EITHER SHE PAYS HER RENT--OR OUT SHE GOES!

IT'S TO ME DEATH YOU'RE SENDIN' ME, SIR!



THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

MOLLY! THAT FELLA YE MADE SUCH SHORT WORK OF IS AROUND AGAIN! HE'S GOT ANOTHER AGENT WITH HIM THIS TIME!

BAD LUCK T' THEM AND ALL THE OTHER LAP-DOGS FOR THE ENGLISH! VERY WELL, SEAN....



COME NO FURTHER, YE SCOUNDRELS! -OR I'LL USE THIS GUN WITH SAD EFFECT T'THE BOTH OF YA!!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, WOMAN! PAY YOUR RENT PEACEFULLY-- OR THE LAW WILL SEE YOU OFF THIS LAND-- BAG AND BAGGAGE!



I GAVE YA FAIR WARNIN'-- DO YA GO?

SHE'S GONNA SHOOT, MAC-- SURE AS YOU'RE ALIVE!



SHE WOULDN'T DARE! COME ON! THIS IS THE FIRST STEP-- PUTTING HER OUT!



AND MOLLY'S BLOW WAS THE SIGNAL FOR ORGANIZED RESISTANCE AMONG THE IRISH WHO FELT THAT THEY TOO LONG HAD SUFFERED BRITISH-OWNED LAND INJUSTICES. A MAN NAMED MICHAEL ARMSTRONG WAS PICKED AS A LEADER...

AND WE COULDN'T CHOOSE A BETTER NAME THAN THE "MOLLY MAGUIRES"!

IT'LL STRIKE FEAR IN THE HEART OF EVERY BLASTED LAND AGENT!

AND IF IT'S BULLETS THEY WANT-- THEY'LL GET 'EM IN GOOD MEASURE!



THUS, MOLLY MAGUIRE DISTRICTS GAVE AN UNEASY FEELING TO LAND AGENTS PURSUING THEIR DUTIES...

MEANWHILE THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, DRESSED AS WOMEN IN HONOR OF MOLLY HERSELF, NOW PLOT A NEW THRUST.



AND THEN AT O'TOOLE'S TAVERN!

LATER.. A TOAST IS DRUNK...

THEN SOME OF THE MOLLIES EMGRATED TO AMERICA... AMONG THEM WAS THE LEADER, MICHAEL ARMSTRONG...



AYE! THAT WE WILL! AND THE ORGANIZATION WILL BE STRONGER THAN EVER! TELL ME, BROTHER - WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

KEHOE... AND PROUD I AM TO SHAKE THE HAND OF MICHAEL ARMSTRONG!



AND SO... THOUGH IRELAND HAD IN THE PAST MADE SOME FINE CONTRIBUTIONS IN MANHOOD TO AMERICA, THE MOLLY MAGUIRES HARDLY SEEMED DESTINED TO UPHOLD THE STANDARD. NEVERTHELESS, THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY... AND NEXT WE HAVE A STREET SCENE IN AUDENRIED, PENNSYLVANIA IN JUNE, 1862....



IT'S A DISGRACE THE WAY THESE RUFFIANS CARRY ON IN THIS TOWN! SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE...

SHHH... THEY'LL HEAR YOU...



OH! PRETTY FANCY DUDS THERE, MISTER! I COULD USE A COAT LIKE THAT!

STOP! STOP!



LOOK OUT, YOU WILDCAT! I'LL...

TAKE THAT YOU BULLY! AND...



YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, YOU BULLYING WINDBAG!



AND SO-NEWS OF THE MEETING IS PASSED ALONG THE NEXT DAY...

AND THAT NIGHT...



BROTHERS! SOME OF OUR MEMBERS HAVE BEEN INSULTED BY FRANK RIORDON OF AUDENRIED! YOU KNOW WHAT **THAT** MEANS! WE CAN'T LET OTHERS GET THE IDEA THAT WE CAN BE PUSHED AROUND



LET ME DO THE JOB, BROTHER ARMSTRONG!! LAWYER RIORDON LOST A CLAIM CASE FOR ME-- I HAVE NO USE FOR HIM ANYHOW!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE! WE'RE IN AMERICA NOW-- WE'RE DOING THINGS DIFFERENT HERE! THERE'LL BE NO WOMEN'S CLOTHES!-- THAT STUFF DOESN'T FIT IN WITH OUR PLANS!

ALSO, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE OUR NAME MORE DEADLY AND MYSTERIOUS THAN EVER BEFORE. NO ONE MAN WILL DO ANY JOB ALONE! FIVE MEN GO ON EACH ASSIGNMENT! WE'LL MAKE THEM **SHAKE** WHEN THEY HEAR THE NAME MOLLY MAGUIRE!

WELL SAID, ARMSTRONG!

THE FIVE MEN WILL BE CHOSEN BY **LOTS** FROM A DOZEN WHO ARE NOT **KNOWN** BY THE VICTIM-- AND **SECRECY** WILL BE THE RULE OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!

HOW LUCKY WE ARE TO HAVE A LEADER LIKE ARMSTRONG!

NOW I'LL PRINT A WARNING MESSAGE FOR MR. RIORDON!

C'MON, MEN-- PUT YOUR NAMES IN THE HAT!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!!

SOON....

THESE FIVE MEN WON THE DRAW, ARMSTRONG !!

AN' WE'RE READY TO DO OUR DUTY AS WE SEE IT!

GOOD! AND THERE'S PLENTY OF DUTIES TO BE DONE IN THIS SECTION! JUST HAVE PATIENCE!

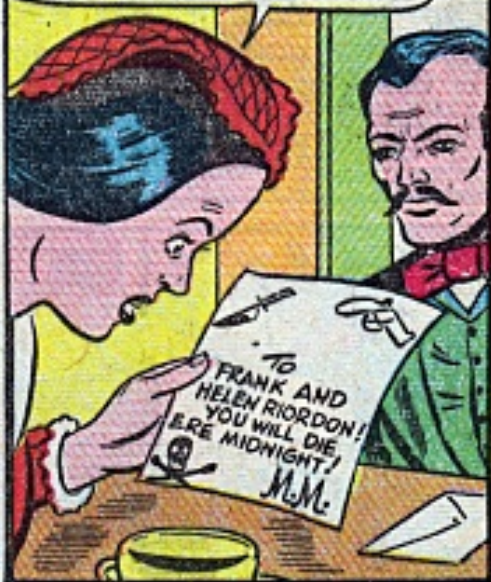


THE MORNING OF JUNE 14, 1862-- RIORDON IS AT BREAKFAST....

HMM... HELEN... TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT CAME IN THE MAIL !!



OH!! WHAT A GHASTLY THING!-- WHY, THEY'RE MURDERERS!



TO FRANK AND HELEN RIORDON! YOU WILL DIE HERE MIDNIGHT! M.M.

WHAT CAN THESE INITIALS "MM" STAND FOR?

HMM... THAT'S WHAT I'M WONDERING-- AND THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT!



AND THAT NIGHT AT RIORDON'S DOOR...



KNOCK! KNOCK!

AHH... I HEAR HIM COMIN'...



FRANK!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, LADY RIORDON!!

YEAH-- WE ALL GOTTA GO SOMETIME! --THAT'S ONE WAY OF LOOKIN' AT IT!



NO! NO! YOU'RE MADMEN! YOU'RE MONSTERS! YOU'RE ...

SHUT UP!! WHO D'YA THINK YA ARE T'BE SQUAWKIN' SO MUCH..?



THERE...
LET'S BE
OFF!



IT'S A CLEAN JOB WE DID,
BOYS! THERE ARE NONE
THAT WILL STAND UP T' THE
MOLLY MAGUIRES FOR
VERY LONG!

AYE!



THE NEXT MORNING AT THE
RIORDON HOUSE---

I FOUND THIS
THREATENING
NOTE, MEN. IT'S
SIGNED "M.M."

WHY COULD
THEY HAVE
BEEN KILLED??
THE RIORDONS
WERE THE FINEST
PEOPLE IN
AUDENRIED!

AS TIME PASSED, MORE MURDERS OCCURRED
TO BAFFLE THE AUTHORITIES---



NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD
MY JIM HAD-- AN' NOW HE LIES
COLD IN HIS GRAVE!

HE GOT A
THREATENIN'
LETTER FROM
M.M. TOO!

WHO IS M.M.?
NO ONE'S
SAFE
ANYMORE!



MEN DIED ON THE HIGHWAYS,
SHOT FROM AMBUSH....

MEN DIED IN THEIR OFFICES...EARLY IN THE MORNING
OR AT CLOSING TIME WHEN VISITORS WERE FEWER--



...OR IF VISITORS WERE PRESENT THEY WERE
DISPOSED OF VERY QUICKLY ---



TOO BAD YE MEN WERE HERE,
BECAUSE WE'LL HAVE TO GET
RID OF YE TOO!!

OH!!

A MAN RARELY KNEW WHEN HE WAS OFFENDING A MOLLY MAGUIRE...



DEATH WAS ALWAYS SWIFT AND SURPRISING ---

SOMETIMES A MAN WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STEAL A MOLLY'S SWEETHEART....



TWO DAYS LATER...



AND SOON AFTER---



OF COURSE I'VE HEARD OF YOUR "M.M." KILLER, MR. MAYOR, AND I AGREE WITH YOU WHEN YOU SAY YOUR LOCAL POLICE CANNOT HANDLE THE CASE PROPERLY! I SHALL ORDER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION MYSELF!

THANK YOU, GOVERNOR!

ARMSTRONG HEARS OF THE INVESTIGATION....

BROTHERS, THE COAL DISTRICTS SWARM WITH THE GOVERNOR'S SPIES TRYIN' TO LEARN OUR SECRETS! THERE ARE TWO OF 'EM LODGED AT THE SUMMIT HILL HOTEL... YE KNOW WHAT TO DO!

AND AT THE HOTEL, THE GOVERNOR'S TWO INVESTIGATORS DISCUSS THEIR PROGRESS...

THERE'S BEEN TWENTY KILLINGS HERE IN HALF A YEAR--AND NOT ONE CLUE CAN WE FIND!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR BILL! I'M BUSY-- YOU ANSWER IT!

GREETIN'S, SPIES! WE'VE COME TO SOLVE YER MYSTERY!

G-GREAT SCOTT!

WHAT IS IT, BILL?

"M.M." STANDS FOR MOLLY MAGUIRE--A SECRET YOU'LL TAKE TO THE GRAVE WITH YOU!

BAM

BAM

THE NEXT DAY...

AND **NOBODY** AT THE HOTEL CAN IDENTIFY THESE KILLERS?

THEY'RE AFRAID TO, GOVERNOR! WE'RE DEALING WITH A TERRORIZED COMMUNITY!

ONE NIGHT IN 1864, A MOLLY MAGUIRE NAMED ROONEY HAD A DROP TOO MUCH AT A BAR IN TAMAQUA, PA

THESE JAMES BOYS SURE ARE KILLERS! WHY, THEY'VE KILLED TEN MEN ALREADY AND...

ROT!!--IT'S US MOLLY MAGUIRES THAT BEAT THE JAMESES AT KILLIN'! (CHIC)...

KNOW WHO'S DOIN' THESE KILLIN'S..(CHIC)? .. US MOLLY MAGUIRES, THASH WHO!.. THASH WHAT "M.M." STANDS FOR! YE F-FOOLS!.. (CHIC)

ARE YE TELLING THE TRUTH, ROONEY?

GET OUTSIDE QUICK! SHOOT THE DRUNKEN IDIOT THROUGH THE WINDOW BEFORE HE BETRAYS THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION.

AND WHILE ROONEY REVEALS THE SECRETS OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, A MOLLY AIMS A GUN AT HIM FROM THE WINDOW....



WHO ARE THESE MOLLY MAGUIRES?? SPEAK UP!

I'M ONE AN' SO'S..... EEEEE!!!



HE GOT AWAY WHOEVER IT WAS!

WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW THE NAME OF THESE KILLERS, THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!

BUT KNOWING THE NAME DIDN'T PREVENT FURTHER ATROCITIES... FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, FROM 1862 TO 1876, THE MOLLIES WENT THEIR MURDERING WAY WITHOUT A SINGLE ARREST...

ON DEC. 2, 1871, MARTIN DOWELL, MINE BOSS, WAS SHOT DEAD AT SUMMIT HILL, PA.--THE REASON-- DISCHARGING A MOLLY....



YE ALL SAW NOTHIN', UNDERSTAND? --UNLESS YE WANT THE SAME AS DOWELL!!

W-WE WON'T SAY A WORD...

I'M SORRY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TESTIFY! I HAVE A WIFE AN' CHILD! I'D BE NO GOOD TO THEM DEAD!

...AND EVEN THE **MAYOR** OF SUMMIT HILL WAS A MOLLY!



THE MEN WHO WILL KILL WILLIE KEVIN HAVE BEEN PICKED, BROTHER ARMSTRONG! HOW WILL THEY DO IT?

THERE'LL BE A PICNIC AT SHENANDOAH ON SUNDAY! KEVIN IS THE BEER-DRAWER FOR THE PICNIC! WHEN IT'S DARK, CALL FOR BEER! THEY'LL KNOW THE REST!



THE EVENING OF AUGUST 24, 1872...



HEY, KEVIN! FIVE BEERS OVER HERE!

COMIN'!



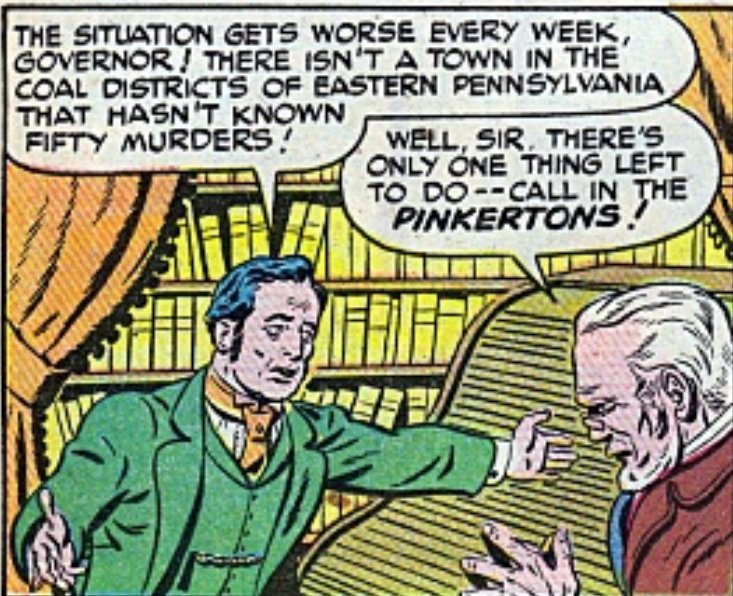
WHERE ARE YOU?

RIGHT HERE!



THAT'S FOR TAKIN' FIRST PRIZE FOR DANCIN' FROM A MOLLY!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



THE SITUATION GETS WORSE EVERY WEEK, GOVERNOR! THERE ISN'T A TOWN IN THE COAL DISTRICTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA THAT HASN'T KNOWN FIFTY MURDERS!

WELL, SIR, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO--CALL IN THE PINKERTONS!

THE NEXT DAY... AT THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY IN PHILADELPHIA....



HERE'S A WIRE FROM THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA, MCPARLAN! HE WANTS US TO BREAK UP THE MOLLY MAGUIRES! I THINK YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

WHY ME, MR. PINKERTON?

PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY



WE NEED SOMEONE TO WORK FROM THE INSIDE... TO JOIN THE MOLLIES. LEARN WHO THEY ARE AND HOW THEY OPERATE! YOU'RE IRISH, MCPARLAN! YOU CAN DIG AND YOU CAN JOKE! YOU'VE GOT THE WIT TO TRAP THESE MAD KILLERS! IT TAKES THE BEST TO CRACK 'EM! YOU'RE BEST, MCPARLAN!

WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, SIR, HOW CAN I REFUSE?

JAMES MCPARLAN CAME TO TAMAQUA, PA. IN APRIL, 1875 WITH A PLAN....



CONROY, I WANT A JOB AMONG YOUR TOUGHEST MINERS... THE REAL TROUBLE-MAKERS - THE SLACKERS! I FIGURE I MIGHT FIND A MOLLY AMONG THEM! THEN A WEEK AFTER I'VE BEGUN WORK, PICK A QUARREL WITH ME...

I UNDERSTAND, MR. MCPARLAN!

A WEEK LATER....



HOW ABOUT A SWIG, PAL?

WHO'S THE NEW BOY, ARMSTRONG?

MCPARLAN! LOOKS LIKE A BULLY LAD!... HE HAD A FIGHT WITH SUPERINTENDENT CONROY LAST WEEK... ALMOST HIT HIM!



OH-OH!.. HERE COMES THE SUPER HIMSELF! -- THERE'LL BE TROUBLE, ARMSTRONG!

YOU'LL DO YOUR DRINKING IN TAVERNS, MCPARLAN!.. NOT HERE!

SAYS YOU, LOUD-MOUTH! I'LL DRINK WHERE I PLEASE!



GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE! I'VE STOOD ENOUGH OF YOUR GAFF!

SO IT'S TROUBLE YE'RE LOOKIN' FOR! WELL, YE FOUND THE RIGHT MAN IN JIM MCPARLAN!



THAT MCPARLAN HAS NERVE! HE'D MAKE A GOOD MOLLY!



Y-YOU'RE FIRED! GET OUT OF THIS SHAFT!

YE'LL REGRET THIS, CONROY! I'M A BAD MAN TO CARRY A GRUDGE...



IF ONLY I COULD JOIN THE MOLLIYS, ARMSTRONG! I'D FIX THAT SUPER FOR GOOD!

MAYBE I CAN FIX IT FOR YE TO ATTEND A MOLLY MEETIN', MCPARLAN! THE MOLLIYS NEED MEN OF YER STRIPE...

THAT NIGHT AT THE MEETING PLACE OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, MCPARLAN RECEIVES A SURPRISE ---



NOW I CAN REVEAL MYSELF TO YE, MCPARLAN! I'M THE LEADER OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!

YOU?? ARMSTRONG!



NOW THAT YE KNOW WHO WE ARE, YE'VE GOT TO JOIN US!

I'M GLAD TO JOIN YA! THE ONLY THING I WANT IS TO BE CHOSEN TO KILL CONROY!

YOUR WISH IS GRANTED, BROTHER MCPARLAN! CONROY DIES TOMORROW!

AND LATER... GET YOURSELF TRANSFERRED TO THE WESTERN MINES IMMEDIATELY, CONROY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO KILL YOU TOMORROW!

I'LL DO THAT, MCPARLAN!
 WHEN CAN WE NAB THE WHOLE MURDERING CREW, MCPARLAN?
 I'M ITCHING TO SEE THEM DANGLING FROM THE GALLOWS!



I'M AFRAID IT'LL BE A WHILE, SIR! MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS IF THEY KNEW MY TRUE IDENTITY—AND IF THEY EVER DID FIND ME OUT, A NEW UNDERCOVER MAN COULD NEVER CRACK THEIR SOCIETY AGAIN! THEY'D BE TOO SUSPICIOUS!

VERY WELL, MCPARLAN! DO WHAT YOU THINK BEST!



THE NEXT DAY---

DID YE HEAR THE BAD NEWS, MCPARLAN? CONROY WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE WESTERN MINES!
 PLAGUE TAKE THAT CONROY! WE'VE LOST OUR CHANCE, ARMSTRONG!



ONE EVENING, MAY 2, 1875, WHILE MCPARLAN WAS IN PHILADELPHIA CONFERRING WITH MR. PINKERTON...

MCPARLAN HEARS OF IT WHEN HE COMES BACK....

AS A COURTESY TO BROTHER MALLOY, JOHN P. KANE, MINE BOSS OF THE CARBON COUNTY PRISCILLA MINE, WILL DIE TOMORROW ON HIS WAY TO WORK! BROTHERS BOYLE, KERRIGAN AND KELLY WILL DO IT!



KANE THE MINE BOSS IS GETTIN' HIS JUST ABOUT NOW, MCPARLAN!
 NO KIDDIN'? WHO'S DOIN' THE JOB?



AT THAT MOMENT...

STOP, KANE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? YOU MEN YE'RE GOIN' NO FURTHER!
 I'M ON MY WAY TO WORK--I'M CARRYING NO PAYROLL!

IT'S NOT MONEY WE'RE AFTER, KANE....



MCPARLAN'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE!
 NOT TOO LATE TO CATCH THE SCOUNDRELS THAT DID IT! MCPARLAN GAVE US THE NAMES!



THAT NIGHT AT THE MOLLY MAGUIRE MEETING ...

ALL THE BOYS THAT DID KANE IN HAVE BEEN ARRESTED! THE MOLLIES ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW WHO THEY WERE! LADS! THERE'S A TRAITOR AMONG US!

ARMSTRONG BETTER CATCH HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THEN CAME THE EVENING OF JULY 4TH, 1875.... FRANK KIRK, A POLICEMAN IN TAMAQUA, PA. MADE A FATAL MISTAKE!

STOP THAT STONE THROWING! MOVE ON BEFORE I RUN YOU ALL IN!

A COPPER CAN'T TALK TO A MOLLY LIKE THAT-- WE'LL FIX HIM LATER!



THE SAME NIGHT, FOUR MOLLIES SPRING ON KIRK FROM THE SHADOWS...



CONGRATULATIONS ARE DUE TO BROTHERS HUGH McMAHON, JAMES BOYD, JAMES DARROLL AND STEVEN DUFF FOR THEIR NEAT KILLIN' OF THAT BOTHERSOME TAMAQUA COPPER, FRANK KIRK!

HEAR-HEAR! GOOD RIDDANCE!

I'LL SEND THEIR NAMES TO THE TAMAQUA POLICE CHIEF TONIGHT...



AGAIN THERE WERE ARRESTS... AGAIN THE MOLLIES WERE BAFFLED AT THEIR STREAK OF ILL- LUCK AFTER 14 YEARS OF GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER-- THEN ARMSTRONG BEGAN TO GET SUSPICIOUS

HMM-- ALL OUR TROUBLES STARTED SINCE MCPARLAN JOINED US!

ARMSTRONG'S LOOKING AT ME ODDLY--- I WONDER--



THE BREAK IN MCPARLAN'S INVESTIGATION CAME ON SEPT. 11, 1875! THOMAS MARTIN, INSIDE BOSS AT THE MAUCH CREEK COLLIERY, AND HIS FRIEND WILLIAM DUNN WERE SHOT DEAD IN THE STREET BY MOLLIES



THAT NIGHT WHILE MCPARLAN TRIED TO GET INFORMATION ABOUT THE MURDERS, ARMSTRONG PLANNED AN INVESTIGATION OF HIS OWN

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, KEARNY! FOLLOW MCPARLAN! SEE WHERE HE GOES TONIGHT AND REPORT BACK TO ME!

WE SURE FIXED THAT MARTIN RAT, MCPARLAN!!

WHO DID IT, CHARLIE?



KEARNY FOLLOWS MCPARLAN TO THE POLICE STATION

ARMSTRONG'S RIGHT! MCPARLAN'S A SPY-- THE DIRTY RAT'S FINGERIN' THE LADS WHO KILLED MARTIN! JUST WAIT TILL HE SHOWS UP AT OUR MEETIN' TONIGHT!



YEP, MCPARLAN! ARMSTRONG HAD YOU SHADOWED ALL RIGHT-- YOUR SHADOW'S ON HIS WAY NOW TO THE MOLLY'S MEETING AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL TAKE HIM!

FINE! I'M GOING TO ATTEND THAT MEETING-- AND SO WILL YOU, CAPTAIN!-- IN THE NICK OF TIME!



AT THE MEETING ...

THIS IS THE RAT WHO SOLD US OUT! I SAW HIM AT THE POLICE STATION WITH ME OWN EYES!

MOLLIES!-- YOUR DAY'S DONE! YOU'RE LICKED!! YOU'RE GOING TO SWING FOR YOUR VICIOUS MURDERS!

YE MEAN YE'LL SWING, MCPARLAN!! GET THAT ROPE OVER THE BEAM!!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MOLLIES!-- THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED AS IS EVERY MOLLY MAGUIRE'S HOUSE IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA!

W-WHEW!-- THIS'S WHAT I CALL THE NICK OF TIME!



A HUNDRED MOLLIES WERE ARRESTED

A HUNDRED MOLLIES WERE TRIED...

AFTER THE MASS EXECUTIONS IN POTTSVILLE, PA., ON JUNE 21, 1877...

THIS MURDER RING IS UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY FOR ITS FEROCITY! THEY DIDN'T KILL FOR MONEY OR GLORY... BUT FOR THE SENSATION OF POWER! ONE REMARK, ONE GLANCE, ONE ACTION THEY DIDN'T LIKE--AND THE OFFENDER WAS DOOMED TO DEATH!

TWENTY MOLLIES HANGED AND EIGHTY MOLLIES JAILED!-- A HAPPY ENDING FOR THE LAW, MCPARLAN!.. AND YOU MADE IT POSSIBLE!



THANKS, GOVERNOR! MAY THE COUNTRY NEVER SEE THE LIKE OF THEM AGAIN!!



The QUARTET of CRIME



WHAT D'YOU GARE? YA WANTA GET OUTA HERE, DONTCHA? SO WHAT IF HE DOES HAVE AN ANGLE? LEAVENWORTH AIN'T EXACTLY HEAVEN TA ME YA KNOW, DUSKIN!

MAYBE HE THINKS WITH ALL THE JOBS WE PULLED BEFORE GETTIN' SENT UP, WE GOT A PILE HID AWAY-HUH, BLAYER?

HAH! YOU TELL ME WHEN JELLY DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MOOLAH TO SATISFY HIMSELF! NO!! THAT AIN'T IT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... AND FRANKLY, I DON'T CARE!!

THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

MEANWHILE
JUST
OUTSIDE
CHICAGO...

HI, JELLY! HOW
ABOUT KNOCKIN'
OFF NINE HOLES?

SURE, STEVE!
HELLO, TESS!

GO AHEAD, BOYS!
I'LL GO HAVE SOME-
THING TO EAT AND
MEET YOU LATER!..
OH! OH! HERE COME-
YOUR BARGAIN
BASEMENT
SPECIALS, JELLY!

IT'S GUBER AND HATTON!
THOSE GUYS ARE NOTHIN' BUT
TROUBLE! YOU'RE RUNNIN'
THIS SHOW, JELLY-BUT I'VE
HAD ALL OF THOSE GUYS
THAT I CAN TAKE!



SEE YA
LATER,
BOYS!

OKAY, TESS! LOOK, JELLY!..
YA KNOW THEY'RE ALWAYS
SHOOTING OFF THEIR
MOUTHS... AND REMEMBER
HOW THEY ALMOST MESSED
UP THAT CLEVELAND JOB?

ASSUMIN' YER
RIGHT, STEVE... WHO'D
YA SUGGEST TO FILL
THEIR PLACES? YA
CAN'T OPERATE
WITHOUT A FULL
GANG!

I KNOW! I KNOW!
THERE AIN'T A
DECENT ROD MAN
IN A THOUSAND
MILES THAT'S FREE!
BUT FRANKLY, I'D
RATHER TRY OUT
A COUPLE OF
INEXPERIENCED
KIDS!

YEAH? AND
JUST SWEEP
GUBER AND
HATTON UNDER
THE DOOR? DO
THAT, AND ALL THE
JOBS WE'VE PULLED
WITH THEM WOULD GET
MORE PUBLICITY
THAN WE WANT!



I'LL LET YOU IN ON A
LITTLE SECRET,
STEVE! I'VE BEEN
THINKIN' ABOUT
THIS FOR A LONG
TIME! AND I THINK
I'VE GOT A
SOLUTION!

HEY, JELLY!
STEVE! HOW
ABOUT TAKIN'
ME AND FRANKIE
ON?

WHADDYA SAY?
FIVE BUCKS A
HOLE! WE'LL
TOSS FER WHO
SHOOTS FIRST!

SURE! WE'LL
TAKE YA
ON!

LATER...

HEY, FRANKIE-LET'S
STEP OUTSIDE! I
GOTTA TALK T'YA!

YEAH! OKAY!
WAIT'LL AFTER
I GIVE TESS A
LITTLE WHIRL ON
THE DANCE FLOOR!





WHAT? ME DANCE WITH YOU? HA!! BEAT IT, UGLY! I CAN'T WASTE MY TIME!

OH! GETTIN' TA BE A WISE DAME, HUH? LISSEN! I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WAS SLINGIN' HASH IN THE BRONX!



'LO, BABY! HAVIN' SOME TROUBLE!

JUST BRUSHIN' OFF A COCKROACH!



WE SHOULDA HAD OUR GAB BEFORE YA STARTED BEATIN' TIME! I COULDA TOLD YA SHE'D GIVE YA A FREEZE-UP!

AAH! CUT IT! WHAT'CHA WANTA GAB ABOUT?



LET'S YOU AND ME GET SMART, FRANKIE! WE AINT GETTIN' NO PLACE WITH JELLY! AND THEY AIN'T GOT NO LOVE FER US!

SO WHAT? OUR SLICES OF THE JOBS AIN'T EXACTLY CHICKEN FEED!



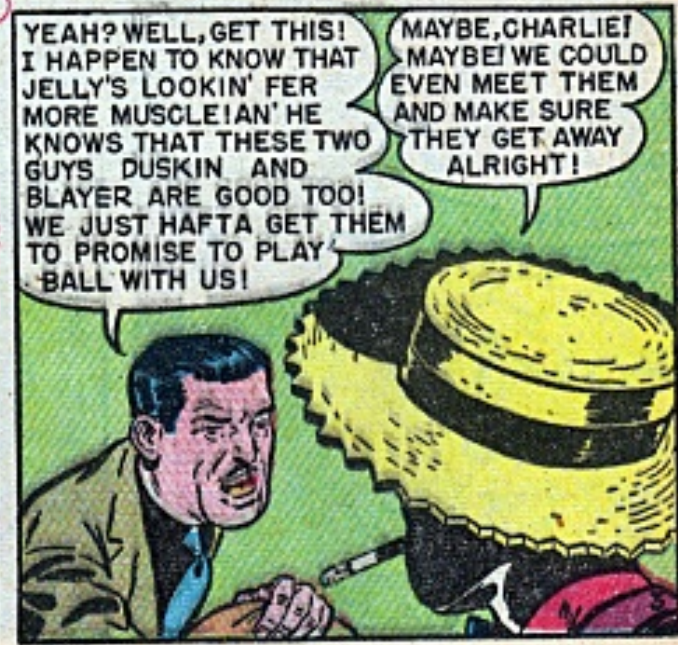
SURE! THE DOUGH'S SWELL... BUT IF WE HAD A FEW BOYS OF OUR OWN, OUR CUT WOULD BE STILL BIGGER... AND WE'D BE THE BOSSES!

HA! THERE'S YER RUB! ALL THE SMART HEISTERS ARE TIED UP ELSEWHERE!



YEAH! AN' I KNOW TWO WHO'RE TIED UP IN STIR! NOW... IF WE COULD GET JELLY TO SPRING 'EM AND THEN LINE 'EM UP ON OUR SIDE, WE'D BE OFF TO A GOOD START!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? JELLY WOULDN'T DO THAT FER US... OR THEM EITHER!



YEAH? WELL, GET THIS! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT JELLY'S LOOKIN' FER MORE MUSCLE! AN' HE KNOWS THAT THESE TWO GUYS DUSKIN AND BLAYER ARE GOOD TOO! WE JUST HAFTA GET THEM TO PROMISE TO PLAY BALL WITH US!

MAYBE, CHARLIE! MAYBE! WE COULD EVEN MEET THEM AND MAKE SURE THEY GET AWAY ALRIGHT!



AND THE NEXT DAY IN MENOMIE, WISCONSIN...



THE BIG DAY ARRIVED...DECEMBER 9TH,1931...AND CARL BLAYER AND OLIVER DUSKIN WERE PREPARED...

THE GOODS ARRIVED THIS MORNING...AND I GOT A TIP THAT HATTON AND GUBER WERE BUMPED!

HAH! THEM PUNKS! WHAT SAPS THEY WERE TO THINK WE'D PULL A CROSS ON JELLY! G'MON! LET'S GET THEM GUNS!

FROM AN INNER TUBE HIDDEN INSIDE A CAN OF SHOE PASTE, THE WEAPONS WERE PROCURED...

GUNS! PLENTY OF AMMO! EVERYTHING! JELLY DIDN'T MISS A TRICK! GOT THEM FORGED PASSES READY?

YEAH! RIGHT HERE! LET'S GO!



USING THE FORGED PASSES, DUSKIN, BLAYER AND ANOTHER CONVICT PASSED THROUGH AN INNER GATE AND BURST INTO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

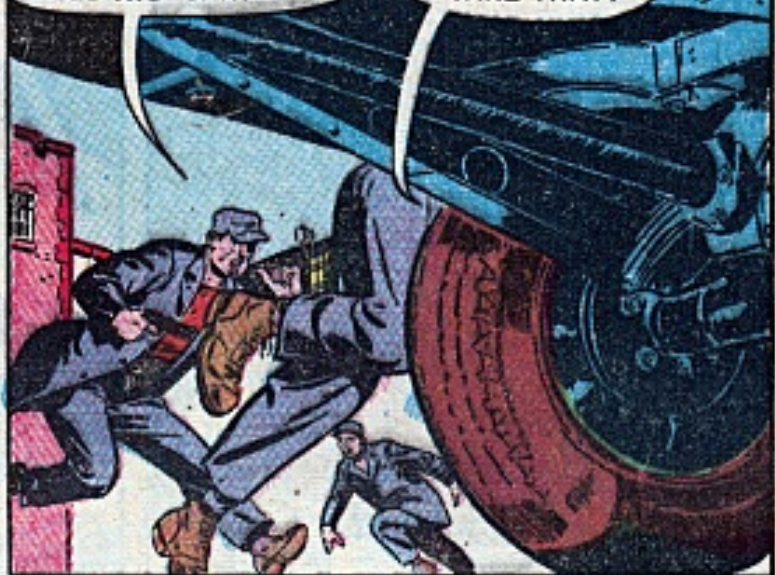
OKAY, WARDEN! WE GOT THE KEYS TO THE GATE! NOW FOR THE KEYS TO YOUR CAR OUTSIDE! I'M NOT BLUFFIN'!

I HAVEN'T GOT THEM! THEY'RE IN MY OTHER OFFICE!



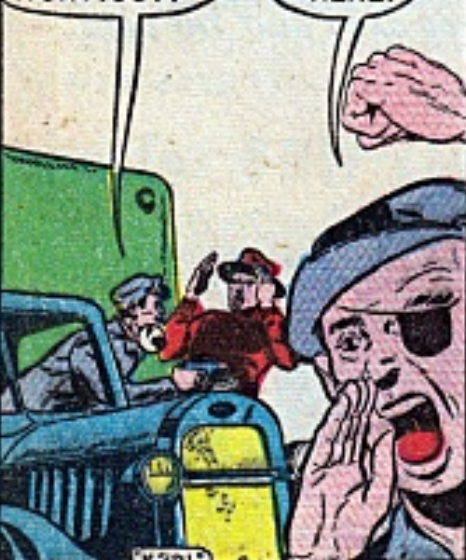
NEVER MIND! WE WON'T NEED HIS CAR!

A TRUCK! LET'S TAKE THAT!



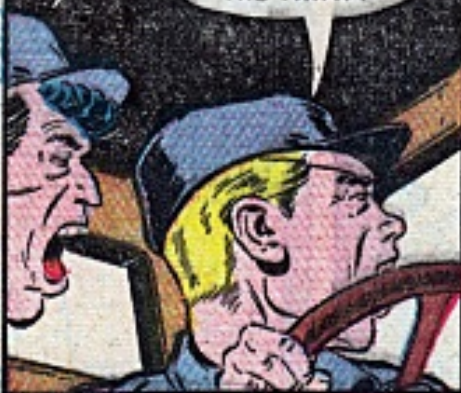
G'WAN, BUDDY! MY FINGER'S ITCHY! OUT!

G'MON! PILE IN HERE!



LISSEN! SIRENS! WE TOOK TOO LONG-AN' WE GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE OUT!

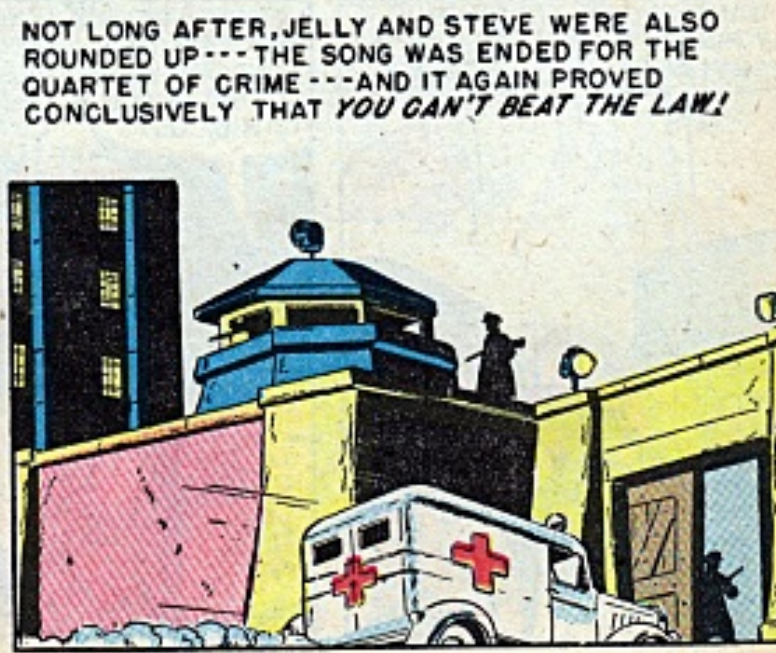
YEAH! JELLY SHOULDN'TA RUBBED THEM TWO GUYS OUT 'TIL AFTER THEY PICKED US UP AND HAD US HID AWAY!



OUR BEST CHANCE WILL BE TO HIDE THE TRUCK! THE ROAD'LL BE BLOCKED!

LET'S TRY TA MAKE A STAND AT THIS OLD FARMHOUSE !!





New!...

A LAUGH RIOT!

WOW THE WOMEN
WIN NEW FRIENDS!

BEAUTIFUL TIE!
AMAZING TRICK!
IDEAL GIFT!

SENSATIONAL
READY-MADE ELECTRIC

BOW-LITE Tie

Surprises them All!

FLASHES ON

at Touch of
CONCEALED

Magic Lever

in Your
Pocket!



Yours
FOR ONLY
\$1.98



FELLOWS, here's a swanky, ready-made bow tie that'll win you new friends everywhere you go! The BOW-LITE TIE is new and different—equipped with 2 miniature bulbs, cord and a concealed battery. Flashes on at the touch of a lever hidden away in your pocket! Smart looking, richly patterned bow tie you'll wear with pride everywhere! Think of the fun you can have at your next club meeting or evening out. You'll be the "light" of the party—an instant hit with the ladies! Order your BOW-LITE TIE today—order several for gifts to your friends.

Send for BOW-LITE Today!

SENT ON APPROVAL

Clip the coupon and mail today. Then pay postman just \$1.98 plus COD and postage on delivery. Try the BOW-LITE TIE on your family and friends. If you don't find the BOW-LITE TIE as handsome a tie as you've ever worn—AND—as clever a trick as you've ever seen anywhere—return it within 7 days for a full refund.
NIRESK—430 N. Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY!

NIRESK, Dept. 88
430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Rush _____ BOW-LITE ties complete with batteries and bulbs. I'll pay the postman \$1.98 plus COD and postage for each complete tie set. If I am not 100% delighted I may return within 7 days for refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Ship COD I enclose \$1.98—ship postpaid



INDIAN STICK-UP MAN



JIMMY!!
SKID!!
SEE THAT TRAIN?—
IT IS *PAYROLL*
TRAIN—IT IS *ONE*
WAY TO BECOME
RICH!

THE BIG
GUY IS NUTS,
'IMMY!—
THE *HEAT'S*
GOT 'IM!!

I'LL SAY, SKID!!
— WHEN HE STARTS
GETTIN' HIS
RED-EYE ON
PAYROLL
TRAINS ...

IT WAS THE SIGHT OF OIL
THAT GOT BIG INDIAN JOE ...
IT WAS LIKE SEEING LIFE'S PLEASURES
JUMPING OUT OF THE GROUND!! ...
AND NOW AS THE FABULOUS
BLACK GOLD GUSHED TO THE
SKIES, THIS MAD GOLIATH GOT
AN IDEA!
IT WAS AN AFTERNOON IN
1928 IN TEXAS....



DON'T
LAUGH!!
I DON'T
KNOW WHY
I NEVER
THINK OF IT
BEFORE!

WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL
ABOUT THAT
TEXAS AND
PACIFIC
TRAIN
T'DAY
JOE?



I FIGURE WAY
TO *HOLD UP*
TRAIN SO
NOBODY
CATCH US.
YOU LISTEN,
JIMMY—YOU
GET RICH!

QUIET,
JOE!
THE
FOREMAN'S
COMIN'!
TELL
US AT THE
SALOON
TONIGHT!



FOR YEARS
I WAIT FOR
THIS BIG
CHANCE!
TODAY I SEE
HOW TO GET
MONEY BAGS!

FORGET
IT, JOE!
WE'RE
SURE TO
GET
CAUGHT
OR
KILLED!



LISTEN, JIMMY—
I CHANGE YOUR
MIND!

"WE GO TO FORT WORTH!...
WHEN TRAIN LEAVES FORT
WORTH YARD, I JUMP INTO
EXPRESS CAR FROM BOX-
CAR ON
NEXT
TRACK..."

"I COVER MESSENGER WITH GUN..."



"I TIE HIM UP AND GET MAIL BAGS WITH MONEY IN THEM READY..."



"WHEN TRAIN PASS WATER TANK THREE MILES OUT, I KICK OUT BAGS TO YOU AND SKID, WHO WAIT IN DARK..."



"THEN I CLOSE EXPRESS DOOR AND CUT MESSENGER'S THROAT..."



"WHEN TRAIN GO UPGRADE TWO MILES LATER, I DROP OFF AND JOIN YOU AT HIDEOUT IN WOODS... I KNOW GOOD PLACE NEAR LAKE WORTH..."



"WE SPLIT \$100,000 OIL FIELD PAYROLL! WE GO AWAY RICH MEN! NOBODY CATCH US! WHAT YOU SAY?"

"W-WELL, OUR PART AIN'T TOUGH— BUT YOUR JOB IS GONNA BE HARD TO DO, JOE!"

"YOU NO THINK JOE CAN CUT MESSENGER'S THROAT, EH?"

"YEAH, SURE YOU COULD, JOE! GET THAT STICKER AWAY FROM ME!"

"THEN IT'S A DEAL! WE GO TO FORT WORTH WEDNESDAY!"

"RIGHT! HERE'S TO US— THREE FUTURE MILLIONAIRES!"

"I'LL DRINK TO THAT! IN FAC, I'LL DRINK SHIC TO ANYTHIN'!"



THAT NIGHT IN JOE'S ROOM, . . .



I MAKE KNIFE SHARP! IT CUT MESSENGER'S THROAT LIKE PAPER!

AND IN JIMMY HARKINS' ROOM...



CAN'T SEE HOW THE INJUN'S PLAN CAN MISS! NO SIR!

BUT FATE FROWNEED OVER SKID BARCLAY'S FLOPHOUSE BED-FOR SKID TALKED IN HIS SLEEP...



ZZZZZ THE NIGHT OF SEPT 14TH--- INJUN JOE CUT THE MESSENGER'S THROAT---ME AND JIMMY--- ZZZZZZ...WE GRAB THE MAIL SACKS---ZZZZZZ...NEAR THE WATER TANK---ZZZZZZ

JUMPIN' BLAZES! THE POLICE BETTER HEAR OF THIS!

LATER AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE----



AND THAT'S THE WHOLE PLAN AS I OVERHEARD IT, SIR!

THE F.B.I. WILL NIP THIS SCHEME IN THE BUD!

BUT, INSPECTOR, NO ONE CAN BE ARRESTED FOR A CRIME THEY HAVEN'T COMMITTED YET!

THEN WHAT DO WE DO? LET THEM SLIT THE MESSENGER'S THROAT, SKIP WITH THE MONEY... THEN GO CRAZY TRYING TO FIND THEM?

OF COURSE NOT! I HAVE A PLAN! LISTEN CAREFULLY!

THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1928--NEAR FORT WORTH.



SEE THAT SKID NO DRINK TOO MUCH OR HE SPOIL PLAN!

DON'T WORRY, JOE! WE'LL BE RIGHT HERE WHEN YOU BOOT THAT MAZOOMA TO US!

WHAT A PLAN! THEY WON'T EVEN MISS US AT THE OIL FIELDS TOMORROW! IT'S OUR DAY OFF!

AT 11:30 THE TRAIN GATHERS SPEED OUT OF THE FORT WORTH TRAIN YARDS-----



AFTER TONIGHT INDIAN JOE LIVE LIKE KING.... ME BIG FOOL... I WASTE LIFE WORKING ...THIS WAY MUCH EASIER, QUICKER!...



GET 'EM UP! QUICK!

S-SURE! DON'T SHOOT!

AS THE TRAIN FINALLY GOES PAST THE WATER TANK, THE MAIL BAGS CONTAINING \$100,000 FLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS...

NOW, JOE WILL KILL THE MESSENGER AND THEN JOIN US AT THE HIDEOUT!

THAT INJUN... SHIC SURE HAS BRAINS... WE'LL PULL LOTS MORE SHIC JOBS WITH HIM... ALL EASY LIKE THIS!



NOW, PALEFACE! I TAKE CARE OF YOU!

NO YOU DON'T, JOE!! DROP THAT KNIFE!



AS JOE WHIRLS AROUND, PACKING CASES OPEN TO REVEAL F.B.I. MEN!!...

IS A TRAP!!

LET 'IM HAVE IT!



CAN'T MISS A TARGET THAT BIG!

AT THE WATER TANK....



DROP THOSE SACKS!

TRY AN' MAKE ME!

NO, JIMMY! GOPS! YEOWWW!



GAAAAAAA

D-DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP!



IS JOE D-DEAD?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT INDIAN!! HE WAS AS BIG AS ANY TWO GUNMEN!

--AND AS DUMB AS ANY TEN!!!... AND HE'S EXTRA BIG PROOF THAT CRIME STILL ISN'T PAYING!

AFTER DARK

IT was a blustery night in March, and the young cop was proud of his brand new uniform and the highly polished hickory stick he carried. This was his first night on solo patrol.

For more than ten days he had gone his rounds in company with an older officer. Now he was on his own, and everything he'd learned at the Police Academy, plus the authority he packed as a full-fledged policeman, would be all that mattered for him.

He stood six-feet three inches tall, and weighed more than one ninety. His cold blue eyes in his heavy-jawed face spelled trouble for anybody who wanted it. He walked jauntily, swinging his club, completely at ease.

★ ★ ★

For the first fifteen minutes of his night tour in the tough stockyard district of the city, everything was quiet. He felt that he was in for an uneventful night. But just as the thought crossed his mind, he heard a piercing scream from a tenement.

He raced across the street toward the hallway from which the scream came. Inside he saw a frightened woman, her eyes

wide with fear. She screamed again and again in complete hysteria.

The young cop finally calmed her enough to understand her excitement. "Upstairs," she wailed. "A man with a knife and a gun. He's threatening to kill anybody who comes near him."

Some stuff, the young cop thought, fifteen minutes on the job and he was tangling with a kill-crazy maniac. He turned to the people who had crowded the hallway.

★ ★ ★

"Clear out of here, somebody's liable to get hurt."

The crowd reluctantly moved back. He drew his revolver and started slowly up the stairs. It was dark on the landing and he could scarcely see, but he was painfully aware of the light from the hall below which silhouetted his figure.

"All right up there," he shouted. "Come on down, with your hands up!"

He paused, crouching against the wall, waiting for some sign from the man on the landing.

"Don't come any closer," a hoarse voice croaked, "I don't

want anybody near me! I'll kill ya!—D'ya hear?"

The young cop's eyes were now accustomed to the half-darkness, and he could make out the man on the landing above. He could see him well enough to hit him with a shot—but that certainly was NOT his purpose.

The poor guy's "off his rocker," the policeman thought—and the job here was to bring him in without shooting, if possible.

Cautiously, the patrolman moved up the stairs, and all the while he kept talking to the man, pleading, cajoling. He was met by only silence from the landing. Suddenly there was a crack and a bullet smacked into the wall near his head. Casting discretion aside, the patrolman charged up the few remaining stairs, his revolver barking. Once on the landing, he swung hard with his nightstick. He heard the man grunt. A revolver clattered to the floor, because the nightstick had caught him across the forearm, paralyzing it.

★ ★ ★

The officer followed up his advantage—and soon had the man under control.

Breathing heavily, he mopped his brow. He had been on patrol only twenty minutes, and already had subdued an armed killer. Life was far from dull at the moment.

A short time later, after the prisoner had been bundled off in the patrol wagon, and he had filed his report, the young patrolman was continuing his rounds—when the second half of the evening began its drama.

Making a routine call to the station-house, he was informed that a gang of young hoodlums were creating a disturbance—and the location given was on his beat. He knew the quality of the young toughs of this neighborhood. And he knew they were mean customers. Many of them had police records, and they were always out for trouble.

★ ★ ★

It wasn't more than a few minutes later when the young cop spotted the gang. There were six of them, and right now two were in the act of elbowing a man off the sidewalk. One look told the young patrolman that these babies weren't going to be too easy to handle. They had fooled themselves into believing that they were "tough guys."

He approached the group, with his nightstick dangling from his wrist. His nonchalant expression hid the tension he felt. Half-a-dozen husky muggs against one cop! Well, he thought, I can't stand here waiting for help.

I've gotta do something—and do it fast—for already the nasty derisive grins were on the faces of the young gangsters.

The officer knew that if there was going to be any roughhouse, he'd have to get in the first blow. This was no time for hesitancy—or he knew he was doomed.

"All right," he commanded, "break it up!"

★ ★ ★

The biggest and meanest looking of the gang snarled, "Did anybody hear anything?" His little pig eyes squinted narrowly at the young cop, and he hissed, "Well! Well!—fer the luvva Pete! Look what the cat dragged in!"

The others laughed heartily and began spreading out—all the while trying to get positions behind the patrolman. They were automatically adopting the tricks of their fighting style. "Ganging up" on a man came to them naturally. The young patrolman knew that he had to act before they struck. He also knew that they could use knives. But he too had something on his side—his stick and gun! What's more, he had taken his oath to defend the citizens of his city against hoodlums such as these.

He lashed out and hit the leader on the chin with a powerful left hook. The bully went down on his hands and knees, stunned. Before the other surprised hoodlums knew what was happening, his nightstick had felled another, who lay full length on the sidewalk.

In the next few seconds his nightstick swished with telling effect. But then, with a concerted rush his opponents brought him down under the overwhelming weight of their bodies. His stick

fell from his hand as he went down, but his arms were working like pistons, and his powerful punches went home with jarring effect.

Suddenly he caught the gleam of a knife in the light of the street lamp. The thugs were reverting to type. Somehow the young cop got to his feet, and turned to grapple with the knife wielder, just as the blade was flashing downward.

A deft judo grip and the knife hand opened, the weapon clattering to the sidewalk. The patrolman swung a right cross to the tough's jaw, and he went down hard. Then he whipped his revolver from his holster and covered the remaining hoodlums.

They knew what it would mean to make a wrong move now—and four pairs of hands went up. The other two were stretched helpless on the pavement. They all heard the wailing of the police siren, and the young patrolman breathed easier as a squad car pulled up and two husky detectives, with drawn guns, leaped out.

★ ★ ★

He turned his prisoners over to them. The detectives grinned at the young cop as they surveyed the battered faces of the hoodlums.

"You did a nice job, officer," said one.

"They wouldn't play it my way," was the calm answer.

Once again that evening the young cop watched the patrol wagon roll away with his prisoners. "Quite an evening!" he mused to himself. "Seven arrests and two tough fights!—I guess you can just never tell!"

The End

LEROY "THE OWL" BARNHOUSE



PRISONS ARE MADE FOR MEN WHO BREAK THE RULES OF SOCIETY--MEN WHO PREY ON THEIR FELLOWS LIKE BEASTS. SUCH MEN MUST BE PLACED WHERE THEY CAN DO NO HARM! THIS IS THE STORY OF LEROY "THE OWL" BARNHOUSE, ONCE AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE UNDERWORLD--TODAY, A NAMELESS NUMBER IN ALCATRAZ, SERVING A NINETY-NINE YEAR SENTENCE----

JANUARY 2, 1943... A FEDERAL COURTROOM...



NINETY-NINE YEARS? HAH! NO PRISON CAN HOLD THE "OWL!"

G'MON, BARNHOUSE! THERE'S A PRIVATE ROOM WAITING FOR YOU AT ALCATRAZ!

ALCATRAZ... THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY WHERE THE MOST HARDENED CRIMINALS PAY THEIR DEBTS TO SOCIETY... *IN FULL!*



HAW! LOOK, FELLAS! THEY FINALLY GOT BARNHOUSE !!

G'WAN, YOU PUNKS! NO BARS CAN HOLD ME!

YOU'RE IN FER GOOD, OWL! YOU'VE MADE YOUR LAST BREAK!

SURE, BARNHOUSE! YOU GOT LOTS A TIME TO FIGURE ANGLES... NINETY-NINE YEARS!

THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

..... THAT WAS 1943.....
AND PROBABLY BARNHOUSE AT THE START OF HIS
SENTENCE REFLECTED EVERY STEP THAT HAD
LED HIM TO ALCATRAZ...

NINETY-NINE YEARS... I GUESS I KNEW ALL
ALONG IT WOULD END UP LIKE THIS... EVEN
WHEN I FIRST STARTED BACK IN 1925 FLYING
BOOZE FROM CANADA!



"AND WHAT DID I GET FOR BEING SMART AND
COCKY?"

I NEVER DID LIKE THAT
THAT GUY'S SMUG ATTITUDE!
AN' THE CUT HE'S TAKIN'!
JUST BECAUSE HE'S FLYIN'
THE STUFF! WELL, I'LL
COOL HIM OFF ALRIGHT!



OKAY, OWL-EYES! YOUR
FLYIN' DAYS ARE
OVER!

FEDS! B-BUT
HOW DID YOU---



WELL, BARNHOUSE...
HAVE YA GOT THE
STUFF?

YA DON'T KNOW ME
VERY WELL, DO YA?
I NEVER MISS!



"AND ON MY NEXT TRIP..."

THERE'S MY
SIGNAL! NOW TO
JUST SETTLE HER
DOWN!



ONE OF YOUR PALS, BARNHOUSE!! YOU OUGHT TO
BE MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU PICK YOUR FRIENDS!



*AND THEN, AFTER TWO YEARS IN ATLANTA PEN...

HEY, AL! I'M GONNA BREAK FOR IT INTO THE DITCH! KEEP QUIET AND COVER ME, HUH?

OKAY! LOTS A LUCK, OWL!



HAH! MADE IT! THEY WON'T MISS ME 'TIL AFTER CHOW!



"I HID ALL DAY..."

LOOKS LIKE HE MADE A CLEAN BREAK, BOYS! WE'LL HAFTA SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL HEAD NORTH!... GET INTO A GOOD MOB!



"IN CH' I SHOT FOR THE TOP!... ROCKY EWALD WAS RIDING HIGH-SO..."

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE A CHOPPER? YA LOOK LIKE A COLLEGE PROF WITH THEM OWL EYES! I SURE NEED AN EXTRA MAN... BUT I DUNNO!

LET ME MAKE UP YER MIND FOR YA! HAND ME THE TOMMY!



NOW TOSS A DIME UP IN THE AIR!

YA BETTER BE GOOD! I DON'T LIKE TA WASTE TIME ON PUNKS, BARNHOUSE!



WOW! LOOKIT THAT, ROCKY! HE'S IN, HUH?

IT'S REALLY A SHAME I'M NOT IN GOOD FORM!



"THINGS SURE WENT SMOOTHLY WITH ROCKY AND ME FOR FIVE YEARS! BUT ONE DAY IN 1925..."

"IT WASN'T MUCH OF A DEAL! JUST A ROUTINE RUB-OUT JOB! I GOT TO SOUTH BEND BUT I NEVER FINISHED THE JOB!"



GOTTA JOB FER YA IN SOUTH BEND, OWL! BUT TAKE IT SLOW AND EASY! THE BULLS AIN'T FORGOT ABOUT ATLANTA!

LOOK ROCKY! I'M THE OWL... WISE, SEE? WHAT'S THE DEAL?



HEY, PAUL! THAT GUY WITH THE FIDDLE CASE! DOES HE LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU?

HUH? HOLY HANNAH! IT'S OWLIE BARNHOUSE! — HE'S WANTED FOR A BREAK FROM FIVE YEARS BACK!



HELLO, OWL! YOU'RE LATE FOR OUR DATE, AIN'T YA? ABOUT FIVE YEARS, I'D SAY! THE BOYS IN ATLANTA ARE JUST DYIN' TA SEE YOU!

YEAH! AN' LET'S HAVE A GANDER AT YER STRADIVARIUS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU LIKED MUSIC!



MY! WHAT FINE WORKMANSHIP! BOOKED FOR A CONCERT IN TOWN, WERE YOU?

YEAH! SO SMART THAT YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF!

NEVER MIND THE COMEDY, HICK! I'LL SHOW YOU I AIN'T LICKED YET! I'M SMART!



"THEY BOOKED ME AT THE COUNTY JAIL FOR THE TIME BEING..."

GUARD! THIS PRISONER GOES INTO CELL BLOCK NINETEEN! BUT FIRST TAKE HIM OUT TO THE MESS HALL FOR HIS CHOW!

SURE, CHIEF! C'MON, BUD!

GOTTA GET OUTA THIS BEFORE THE BOYS FROM ATLANTA COME TO PICK ME UP!



"THE MESS HALL! MY ONLY OPPORTUNITY FOR ESCAPE..."

HMM... THE PEPPER... YEAH! THAT'S IT!



I'M SURE YOU HAVE A LOVELY MEAL PREPARED... BUT TELL THE COOK I JUST COULDN'T WAIT!

PEPPER! YEOW! MY EYES!!



"I SURE DIDN'T WASTE TIME GETTING BACK TO ROCKY....."



"WE SNATCHED KASTOR! IT WAS EASY...NOT A HITCH..."



"ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE... THE AMOUNT...THE PLACE...THE TIME..."



"KASTOR DID TALK... AND PLENTY! WE WERE SAPS TO LET HIM GO! ROCKY AND I FLED TO CHARLOTTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA WHERE WE HID OUT FOR WEEKS!"



"WE TOOK OUR TIME ON THIS ONE... CASED THE POST OFFICE AND FOUND OUT WHICH TRUCK CARRIED THE REGISTERED MAIL... THEN..."





I DON'T THINK THEY'LL PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT, BOYS! THERE'S ONLY THE TWO OF THEM!



ALRIGHT, FELLAS! LET'S GO TO JAIL ... AND PEACEFULLY TOO! MY BOYS CAN BE JUST AS TOUGH AS YOU WANT 'EM!

OKAY! W-WE WON'T M-MAKE NO TROUBLE!

EWALD, YOU NEVER MADE A MORE CLEVER STATEMENT!

"THAT WAS IN 1935, WE WERE SENTENCED TO A TERM IN ILLINOIS STATE PRISON TO BE FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER TERM OF NINETY-NINE YEARS IN ALCATRAZ..."



STOP THAT MUTTERING, YOU JERK! YOU'LL GO STR-CRAZY!

NINETY-NINE YEARS... NINETY-NINE YEARS! I GOTTA GET OUT... I GOTTA! NINETY-NINE YEARS!

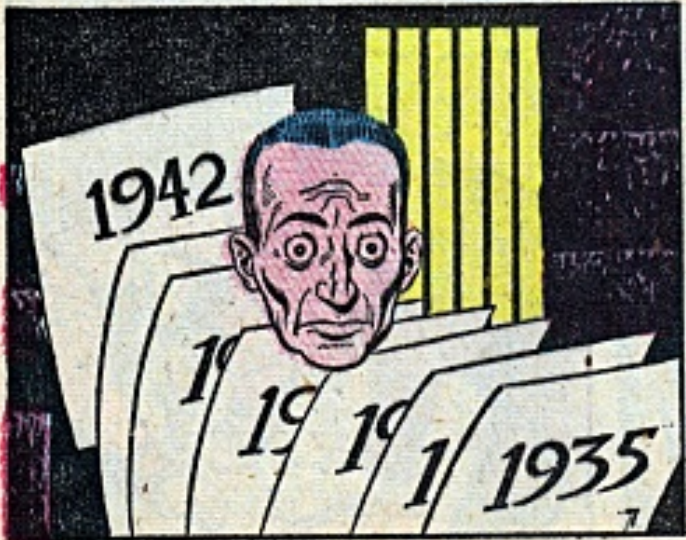
"I ESCAPED FROM ATLANTA PEN ONCE! WHY NOT DO IT AGAIN...HERE!"



AAAAGHHH! MY ARM! MY ARM!

PULL A FAST ONE WITH ME, WILL YA? NEXT TIME IT'LL BE YER HEAD, BARNHOUSE!

"TIME WAS OOZING ALONG...DAYS...WEEKS... MONTHS...YEARS!!! THE THIRTIES WERE GONE! I HAD TO GET OUT...I HAD TO GET OUT!! ESCAPE...ESCAPE...ESCAPE... ESCAPE ...ESCAPE... ESCAPE...ESCAPE..."



"THEN...OUR BIG CHANCE...OCTOBER 9, 1942..."



HERE Y'ARE, OWL! THEY WERE SMUGGLED IN! THE BIG BUST COMES TONIGHT!

AT LAST...AT LAST! GIMME IT! IT'S A DREAM COME TRUE!



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF EWALD AND BARNHOUSE, THE ESCAPED CONVICTS HAVE BEEN APPREHENDED! EVERY AVAILABLE MAN IS TO BE USED IN TRACKING THEM DOWN! AS CHIEF OF POLICE I APPEAL TO EVERY CITIZEN TO BE ON THE ALERT!

"AGAIN IT WAS THE GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK... AND ROCKY AND I WERE *IT!*"



WHAT'CHA LOOKIN' AT, POP?

UH...NOTHIN', SIR! NOTHIN' AT ALL!

IT'S THEM! I'D KNOW BARNHOUSE BY HIS EYES ALONE!
RELAX, ROCKY! YER AS JUMPY AS A CAT! HE'S OKAY!

"AND I WAS WRONG AS USUAL! IT SEEMS I WAS WRONG ALL ALONG THE LINE!"



OKAY, CHIEF! EVERYTHING'S SET! THE MEN ARE ALL POSTED!

GOOD! THIS OUGHT TO FLOOR THEM!

"AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT..."



EWALD! BARNHOUSE!! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR WE'LL BLAST YOU! THE POLICE ARE POSTED ALL AROUND YOU! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

HEY, OWL! IT'S THE BULLS!

CAUGHT! WE'RE CAUGHT!



D-DON'T SH-SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!

WE WON'T SHOOT! YOU BOYS OWE A LITTLE DEBT YOU HAVE TO PAY! NINETY-NINE YEARS!

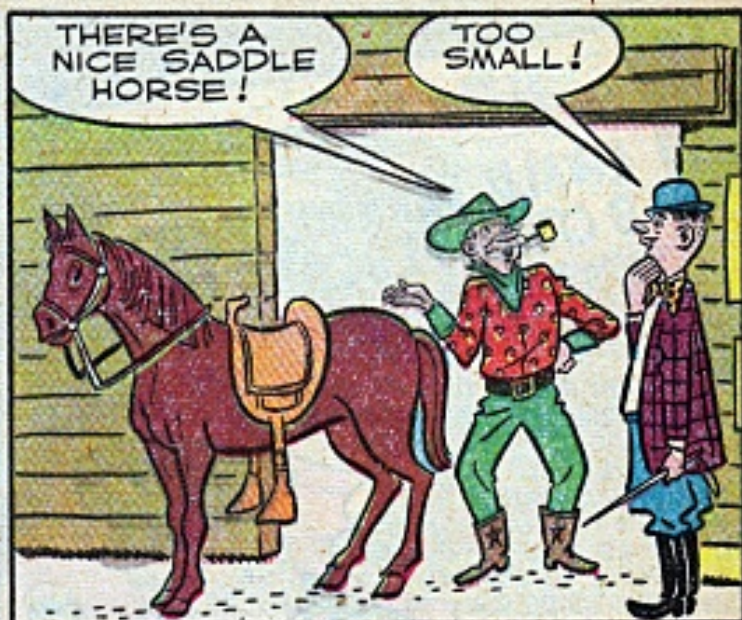


FUNNY THING, GUS! BARNHOUSE NEVER ASKS US THE TIME LIKE THE OTHER PRISONERS!

YEAH! I WONDER WHY?

NINETY-NINE YEARS!
NINETY-NINE YEARS!
NINETY-NINE YEARS!
NINETY-NINE YEARS!
NINETY-NINE YEARS!

Tally-Ho!



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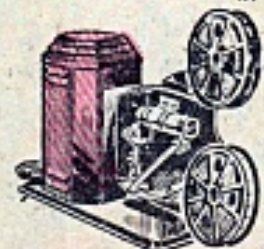
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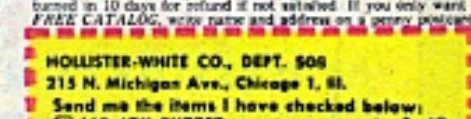
If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.



Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently in pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon.



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ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

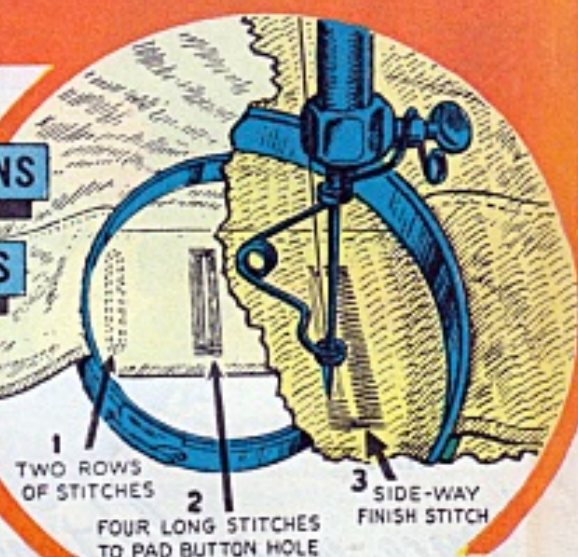


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LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 408-E
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or 3 for just \$2.50 plus postage! (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 408-E, 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

CRIME DETECTIVE

MAY-JU

COVER

ZOLNE*

THE OLD HAND

POWDER KEG OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE QUARTET OF CRIME

INDIAN STICK-UP MAN

LEROY "THE OWL" BARNHOUSE

TALLY-NO!

VI:2

N. 1948

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|----------------|----|
| BOB FUJE* | 8 |
| AL BARE §? | 15 |
| MIKE SUCHORSKY | 7 |
| RUDY PALLAIS | 4 |
| AL BARE §? | 8 |

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