

CRIME DETECTIVE

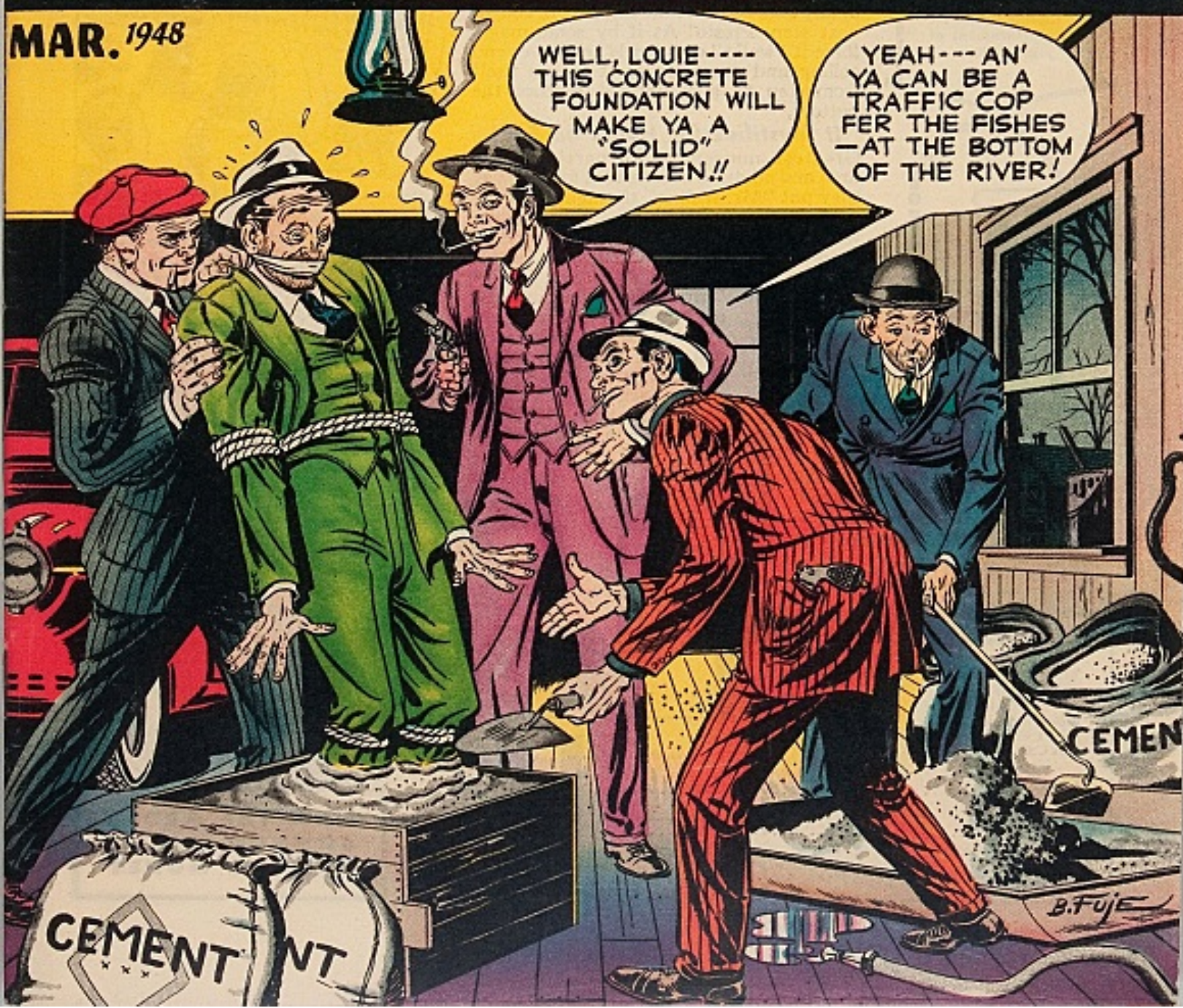
**REAL
POLICE
CASES**

10¢

COMICS

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

MAR. 1948



WELL, LOUIE ----
THIS CONCRETE
FOUNDATION WILL
MAKE YA A
"SOLID"
CITIZEN!!

YEAH--- AN'
YA CAN BE A
TRAFFIC COP
FER THE FISHES
-AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE RIVER!

CEMENT

CEMENT NT

B. F. UJE



HERE IT IS!



IT WALKS!
IT BOUNCES!
IT CRAWLS!

This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force-it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.

SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only \$1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

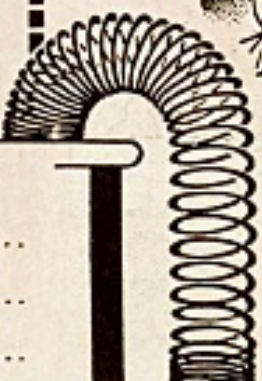
TRAVIS PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 349-C
224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me..... Mr. Walkers. On arrival I will deposit \$1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



The Amazing Toy You've Read So Much About in Satevepost, Popular Mechanics and other magazines. The editors have been utterly entranced by this uncanny toy. Children and grown-ups amuse themselves for hours with it.



**MAIL THE ORDER
COUPON TODAY
SEND NO MONEY**

THE MAD FRANK NASH

A TRUE
CRIME
STORY...



CRIME DETECTIVE COMICS, published bi-monthly by Hillman Periodicals, Inc., at 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Edward Cronin, Editor. Vol. 1, No. 1, March, 1948. Printed in the United States of America. Price 10c a copy, subscription rate 60c a year in the United States and possessions. Copyright 1948 by Hillman Periodicals, Inc. Application for second class entry pending.



YOU FORGOT TO DUCK!

BANG!



THE R-RAT...
GASP... THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

GREAT SCOTT—!



WHO SHOT YOU? TELL US, SON!

FRANK NASH AN' ME... WE HELD UP BENSON'S TAILOR SHOP... FRANK S-SHOT OLD MAN BENSON... THEN THE RAT SHOT ME!



WORTMAN'S DEAD! FIND NASH!

THAT WON'T BE HARD! NASH PROBABLY THINKS HE'S SAFE!



GET UP, NASH! YOU CAN SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE CATCHING UP ON SLEEP— IN STIR!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

YOU FELLOWS ARE MAKING A MISTAKE!...



YOUR NEXT MISTAKE IS YOUR LAST! NOW GET UP— BEFORE I PUT A SLUG IN THAT GENIUS MIND OF YOURS!

EEOWW!

AN OKLAHOMA JUDGE SENT FRANK NASH TO PRISON FOR LIFE, BUT IN 1916....

I'VE GOT YOUR MEDICAL REPORT, NASH! YOU'VE GOT TUBERCULOSIS!

TUBERCULOSIS! THIS IS THE FINISH! WAIT! MAYBE I CAN PLAY THIS INTO SOMETHING WORTH WHILE!



PLEASE, WARDEN... SEND ME TO THE HOSPITAL! IT'S NOT FAIR TO THE OTHER PRISONERS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, NASH!... I'LL RECOMMEND YOUR TRANSFER TO A PRISON HOSPITAL!

WHILE RECOVERING IN THE HOSPITAL, NASH BECAME INTERESTED IN WORLD AFFAIRS...

OH BOY! WHAT A CHANCE THIS IS! HERE'S WHERE LITTLE FRANK NASH BECOMES A HERO!



LATER....

HERE'S YOUR PARDON, NASH! AND HERE'S YOUR ENLISTMENT PAPERS!

THANKS, WARDEN! I WANT TO ATONE TO SOCIETY BY GIVING MY WORTHLESS LIFE TO UNCLE SAM!



BUT WHEN NASH GOT OVERSEAS...

NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS WAR—ONE LITTLE BULLET IN MY LEG WITH THIS LUGER, AND I'LL MAKE THE CASUALTY LIST!



SO FRANK NASH RETURNED TO AMERICA A FREE MAN-- AND WITH AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE IN HIS POCKET...

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME---WITH A .38 IN EACH HAND!



AND IN CALIFORNIA.....

THAT'S THE BANK, BOYS! I'VE "CASED" IT! I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN MISS!

IF YOU SAY SO, FRANK, OKAY! THEM TWO JOBS WE PULLED LAST MONTH WERE LULUS!



THE NEXT DAY...

COULD YOU SHOW ME HOW TO MAKE OUT THIS DEPOSIT SLIP, GUARD?

SURE, MISTER! YOU START ON THE TOP LINE WITH---



VERY INTERESTING!

REACH! THIS IS A STICK-UP!





SUDDENLY...

BANG!



F-FRANK!...THERE'S ANOTHER GUARD!

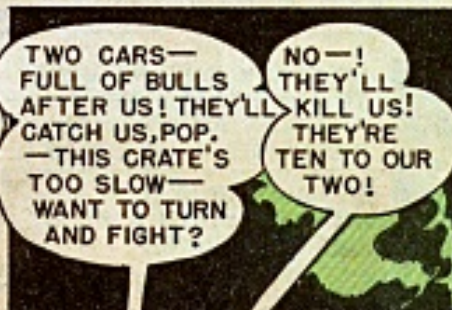
I SEE HIM!

**BAM!
BAM!**



I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WOULD BE THAT MUCH KILLING, FRANK!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T FIGURE, POP! WHO'D THINK THEY'D ADD ANOTHER GUARD?...



TWO CARS— FULL OF BULLS AFTER US! THEY'LL CATCH US, POP. —THIS CRATE'S TOO SLOW— WANT TO TURN AND FIGHT?

NO—! THEY'LL KILL US! THEY'RE TEN TO OUR TWO!



THAT SETTLES IT! I CAN OUTLIVE OR OUTSMART ANY RAP! WAVE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, POP!



TOO BAD YOU GAVE UP, NASH! WE'D HAVE LOVED TO BLAST YOU!

I USE MY NOODLE, COPPER! ONLY SAPS FIGHT WHEN THE ODDS ARE AGAINST THEM!

NASH WENT TO MCALESTER PEN FOR 25 YEARS. FOR 5 YEARS HE LOOKED FOR AN ANGLE-- ONE DAY HE FOUND IT ---

THEY GAVE ME 25 YEARS 'CAUSE I DID THE SHOOTING— BUT THEY'LL CUT MY SENTENCE IF YOU CONFESS YOU DID IT! I'LL SEE YOUR WIFE NEVER HAS TO STARVE, POP! I PROMISE!

IT'S A DEAL, FRANK! I'M A GONER ANYWAY!



LUCKY FOR YOU THAT BANK GUARD WILL LIVE!

IT'S CURTAINS FOR ME, FRANK! THE DOC SHOWED ME MY X-RAY! IN SIX MONTHS THEY'LL PUT MY WIFE IN THE POOR-HOUSE! SHE LIVES OFF THE MONEY I MAKE IN THE HANDICRAFT SHOP!

IT DON'T HAVE TO TURN OUT THAT WAY, POP!





SO, IN 1926... DON'T LET US SEE YOU AGAIN, NASH!

NOT A CHANCE, WARDEN! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. THERE'S A GOOD JOB WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE—WITH A HAY AND FEED FIRM!



THE HAY AND FEED FIRM TURNED OUT TO BE AL SPENCER'S GANG OF BANK ROBBERS IN THE OSAGE HILLS! THAT WAS REAL CASIN', FRANKIE BOY! YOU'RE THE BEST BRAIN-BOY I EVER WORKED WITH!

THANKS, AL, WAIT TILL YOU SEE ME HANDLE THAT JOPLIN JOB!



AS FOR POP—DIED LAST NITE, DOC—

NOTIFY HIS WIFE!

HERE'SH TO FRANK NASH, A REAL PAL, A REAL GENIUSH—(HIC!)—WHO SHOT UP 42 SHTRAIGHT JOBS IN TWO YEARSH—



SIT DOWN, AL. YOU'RE LOADED.

THE PAPERS SAY THE OLD WESTERN BADMEN GOT US BEAT, AL, BECAUSE WE NEVER HELD UP A TRAIN!



THEN BY GOSH WE'LL HOL' UP A TRAIN TOO!

NO, AL! DON'T LISTEN TO THE RAGS! THEY WANT YOU TO MAKE MISTAKES!



HOW STRANGE—POP SAID A MR. NASH WOULD HELP ME—BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD FROM HIM!



THE PAPERS SAY THE OLD WESTERN BADMEN GOT US BEAT, AL, BECAUSE WE NEVER HELD UP A TRAIN!



THE HOLD-UP OF THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS PROVED A DISASTER—



SHUT UP!—I'LL DO WHAT I WANT! (HIC)—WE'RE PULLIN' A TRAIN JOB!

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



THE HOLD-UP OF THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS PROVED A DISASTER—

AGHHH!

AL'S HIT!

THE FOOL DESERVED IT—NO BRAINS—JUST VANITY, IT'S THE END OF THE SPENCER GANG!



I WAS HOPING WE'D GET NASH, TOO.

WE'LL GET HIM! WE'LL COMB THE COUNTRY—



COME ON, NASH! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW!

YOU'VE GOT ME, MARSHAL, BUT YOU WON'T KEEP ME!



25 YEARS IN LEAVENWORTH IS TOO MUCH. THAT ADDS UP TO A PRISON BREAK—BUT A CLEVER BREAK—NO GUNS—NO TAKING CHANCES—A FORGED PASS WOULD DO IT



HERE'S THE PASS LETTIN' YOU OUT TO THE WARDEN'S HOUSE THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 19TH—FORGED YOUR PICTURE ON THE PASS TOO, NASH!

THANKS, KELLY! \$2000 IS CHEAP FOR THIS—



HMMM—EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER—PHOTOGRAPH CHECKS—OKAY—LET HIM THROUGH, MIKE—

SO BRAINS PAY OFF AGAIN! HEH—HEH!

TWO WEEKS LATER....

MENOMIE....



THE FEDS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU, FRANK.

TELL 'EM THEY CAN FIND ME IN THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMPANY OF VERNE MILLER AT THE KRAFT NATIONAL BANK OF MENOMIE, WISCONSIN!



SINCE YOU'VE BEEN SO RESTRAINFUL IN RESTRAINING YOUR EMPLOYEES FROM FOOLISH ACTS, MR. PRESIDENT—WE'RE TAKING YOU ALONG AS A HOSTAGE!

B-BUT--

GET MOVING!



Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT ME?

DEPENDS ON HOW THE COPS TREAT US!

FRANK! A POSSE FROM TOWN!

WE CAN'T OUTPACE THEM, FRANK! WE'RE TOO HEAVY!

THEN THIS'LL SOLVE TWO PROBLEMS! SPLITTING THE TAKE— AND MAKING THE CAR LIGHTER!

END OF THE LINE, MR. PRESIDENT!

HOW'S THAT FOR GETTING RID OF EXCESS BAGGAGE, VERNE!

NEAT, FRANK! NOW WATCH THE SPEEDOMETER JUMP!



A NATION-WIDE HUNT HAS BEGUN FOR THE FIENDS WHO KILLED THEIR OWN BUDDIES IN ORDER TO ESCAPE--

HERE'S TO US, VERNE! TWO SMART GUYS WHO KNOW WHAT WE WANT—DOUGH— AND WHAT WE DON'T WANT—SLUGS IN THE HEAD!

STOP PATTIN' YOURSELF ON THE BACK AND GET THIS NAIRBURY BANK JOB SET! WE'LL NEED SOME TRIGGER HELP-- WE BETTER CONTACT EARL CHRISTMAN!

THE ROBBERY OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NAIRBURY, NEBRASKA WAS A SUCCESS--- FOR NASH AND MILLER!

YAAA— M-MY SHOULDER!

STEP ON IT, FRANK! THERE'S A HUNDRED G'S IN THIS BAG!



GET A D-DOCTOR, FELLERS—(GASP!) I'M BLEEDIN' TO DEATH!

SORRY, EARL, SEEING A DOCTOR MIGHT LEAVE A TRAIL!

BUT I'M DYIN'!

YOU BET YOU ARE!

SO EARL CHRISTMAN, EX-BANK ROBBER, WAS BURIED IN A NEBRASKA WOOD----

TIME WE SPLIT UP, VERNE! I'LL GO DOWN TO HOT SPRINGS— YOU HIDE OUT IN KANSAS CITY, BUT KEEP IN TOUCH--

RIGHT, FRANK! IF EITHER OF US GETS IN A JAM, THE OTHER COMES TO THE RESCUE!



ONE JUNE AFTERNOON IN 1933
IN HOT SPRINGS ----

REACH, NASH!
DON'T TRY
ANYTHING—YOU
HAVEN'T A
CHANGE!

NOW I
HAVEN'T —
BUT WHEN
VERNE HEARS
ABOUT THIS,
IT'LL BE A
DIFFERENT
STORY!



IN KANSAS CITY...

THEY'RE
BRINGING
FRANK INTO
UNION STATION
TOMORROW.

DON'T WORRY,
BABY! I WON'T
LET FRANK
DOWN!
I'VE GOT
THE BEST
OPERATORS IN THE
BUSINESS TO HELP ME--
PRETTY BOY FLOYD
AND ADAM RICHETTI!

YOU SAID
IT, VERNE!
NASH DID
US LOTS
OF FAVORS!

OPERATORS IN THE
BUSINESS TO HELP ME--
PRETTY BOY FLOYD
AND ADAM RICHETTI!



MEANWHILE, ON THE TRAIN...

WITH THIS WIG ON YOUR
HEAD, NASH, YOUR BEST
FRIENDS WON'T RECOGNIZE
YOU— IF THEY HAVE ANY
FOOL NOTION OF
RESCUING YOU!

B-BUT--



WHEN NASH AND THE G-MEN ARRIVED
AT UNION STATION---

EVERYTHING LOOKS
CLEAR.....LOOK OUT--
THERE THEY ARE!

I DON'T
SEE
FRANK!

LET 'EM
HAVE IT, BOYS!



I'M FRANK!
VERNE, TELL
HIM I'M FRANK...
D-DON'T SHOOT--

WHAT A GAG, COPPER!
NASH IS BALD!



EEOOWW! YOU
TRIGGER-
HAPPY
CLUCK—IT
IS FRANK!
HIS WIG FELL OFF!

GOPS COMING!
BEAT IT!



SO FRANK NASH PERISHED WITH
FIVE G-MEN IN WHAT CAME TO
BE KNOWN AS "THE KANSAS CITY
MASSACRE". WHEN THE CHIPS
WERE DOWN, THE "FEDS" OUTSMARTED
THE SMARTEST KILLER OF
THEM ALL!



ONE BY ONE THE ASSASSINS WERE
EXTERMINATED. FLOYD SLEW VERNE
MILLER IN A QUARREL. G-MEN
TRAILED RICHETTI TO WELLESVILLE,
OHIO AND KILLED HIM. TWO MONTHS
LATER, THE LIFE WAS BLASTED
OUT OF MAD-DOG FLOYD BY THE
F.B.I. ...AND SO ENDED THE CRIMSON
CAREER OF FRANK NASH AND HIS
PALS..... AND THE HAND OF JUSTICE
SPIKED ANOTHER BAND OF FOOLS
WHO TRIED TO WIN AT CRIME!



"HOW MUCH FOR THE FIX PAPA YALE?"

a True Story

THE NAME JOHNNIE COLLINS IN THIS *TRUE* STORY IS FICTITIOUS ...AND IT IS SUBSTITUTED FOR THIS REAL CHARACTER'S TRUE NAME...

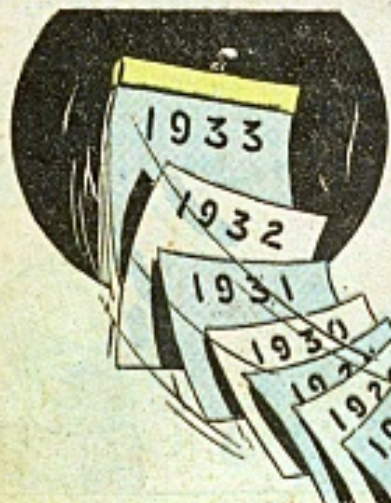
SOME YEARS AGO IN SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN AS TWO BOYS LEAVE HIGH SCHOOL ONE AFTERNOON...





THE YEARS PASSED—
AND IN 1933...

...AND IN THE HOME OF
JOHNNIE COLLINS...



HONEY! I GOT THE JOB!
THEY SIGNED ME ON AT
THE ELECTRIC COMPANY!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, DEAR!
YOUR COUSIN EDDIE'S BEEN
HERE AN HOUR! HE INSISTED
ON WAITING FOR YOU!

EDDIE?

HELLO, JOHNNIE BOY! THOUGHT
I'D PAY MY LITTLE
COUSIN A VISIT.

WHEN DID YOU
GET INTO TOWN? I
THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT
SUPERIOR FOR GOOD!

AW NO! YOU GOT ME WRONG! AFTER ALL,
WE'RE COUSINS, YOU KNOW. I HEARD YOU TELL
THE LITTLE WOMAN THE GOOD NEWS, SO YOU
GOT YOURSELF A GOOD JOB AT LAST!

THAT'S RIGHT!... AND
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
FOR A LIVING?

HA HA! RIGHT NOW LOW CARDS
AND SLOW HORSES HAVE KINDA
GOT ME DOWN, KID! COME ON!
I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK DOWNTOWN.

EDDIE'LL BE AROUND ALL
NIGHT IF I DON'T GET RID OF
HIM! I'LL TRY AND DITCH
HIM AND RETURN IN A HALF-
HOUR. WE'LL HAVE A LATE
SUPPER.

WHO LIVES *HERE*? I
THOUGHT WE WERE GOING
TO HAVE A DRINK?

JOHN! DINNER'S
NEARLY READY!

ALRIGHT! BUT
TRY TO HURRY
IT, DEAR!

HA HA! WE ARE,
JOHNNIE! COME
ON IN!



YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SPOTS, KID! HERE YOU CAN REALLY TAKE YOUR COAT OFF AND RELAX! PLAY THE HORSES, ROLL THE DICE... ANYTHING YOU WANT!

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, HAVE YOU, EDDIE? LET'S GET THAT DRINK! I'VE GOT TO GET HOME EARLY!



YOU KNOW, JOHNNIE, MAYBE I MADE A MISTAKE NOT LIVING THE GOOD LIFE! TAKE YOU, FOR EXAMPLE! A NICE HOME AND WIFE... JOB WITH A FUTURE... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT AT ALL!

RATHER LATE TO BE THINKING OF THAT, EDDIE! LET'S DRINK UP AND GET OUT! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN WATCHING US!



I BEEN LOOKING FER YA, EDDIE! YOU OWE ME FIFTY BUCKS FOR A YEAR NOW— AND I WANT MY PALM COVERED!

G'WAN! BEAT IT, BLACKIE, BEFORE I SLAP YOUR EARS OFF!



THEY ALWAYS TOLD ME YOU WAS A WELCHER!



I DON'T LIKE GUYS TO PUSH ME AROUND, BLACKIE! I GUESS MAYBE I'VE GOTTA PROVE IT TO YA!

EDDIE! DON'T! PUT THAT GUN AWAY!



EDDIE! YOU'RE CRAZY!

UGGGG



HE'S COLD TURKEY, EDDIE! DO YOU SQUARE UP FOR THIS— OR DO I CALL THE COPS?



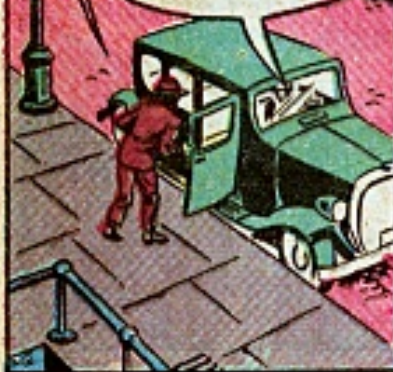
WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY "SQUARE UP," EDDIE? THE MAN'S DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM! W-WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

REST EASY, KID! HOW MUCH FOR THE FIX, PAPA YALE?



I'VE TOLD YOU TO LET ME ALONE. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU!

I SAID **GET IN!!!** THE LID'S BLOWN OFF OUR KILLIN'!



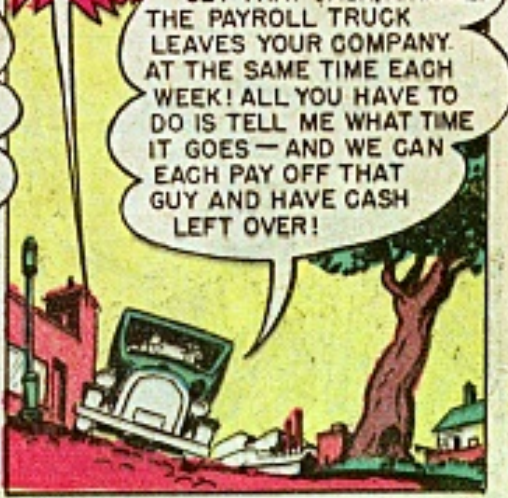
WHAT DO YOU MEAN...**OUR KILLING?** I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

YOU AND I KNOW THAT— BUT THE COPS MIGHT BELIEVE THE BARTENDER. HE SAYS WE BOTH PLANNED IT! HE'S GOING TO SQUEAL LOUD AND LONG UNLESS WE PAY HIM **FIVE GRAND!**



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!

I KNOW A WAY WE CAN GET THAT CASH, JOHNNIE! THE PAYROLL TRUCK LEAVES YOUR COMPANY AT THE SAME TIME EACH WEEK! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TELL ME WHAT TIME IT GOES— AND WE CAN EACH PAY OFF THAT GUY AND HAVE CASH LEFT OVER!



ROB THE PAYROLL TRUCK? NO! **NO!** I WON'T HELP YOU DO THAT!



NOW LISTEN, KID! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! NEXT WEEK YOU TAKE THAT DAY OFF THAT THE PAYROLL CAR GOES TO THE BANK! WE'LL WAIT IN MY CAR— AND YOU POINT IT OUT TO ME! THEN, YOU CAN GO HOME AND FORGET IT!...OKAY, JOHNNIE?



I-I DON'T KNOW...I... ALRIGHT, ED! ALRIGHT!

...AND SO, THE NEXT WEEK...

THERE IT IS, EDDIE! OVER THERE! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THE MONEY. JUST STAY AWAY FROM ME FROM NOW ON!

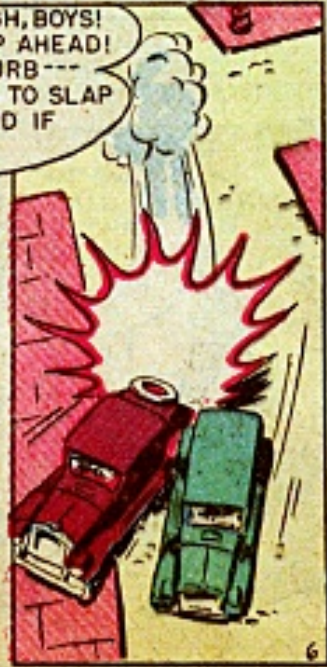
OKAY, KID! MY PALS AND ME WILL BE OUT OF TOWN FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THIS HAUL. YOU CAN REST EASY! BUT REMEMBER...OPEN YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THIS—AND YOU GET WHAT BLACKIE GOT!



JUNIOR CAME THROUGH, BOYS! THAT'S THE WAGON UP AHEAD! EASE OVER TO THE CURB— AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO SLAP A FEW SLUGS A JUND IF THEY GET TOUGH!



RIGHT, EDDIE!



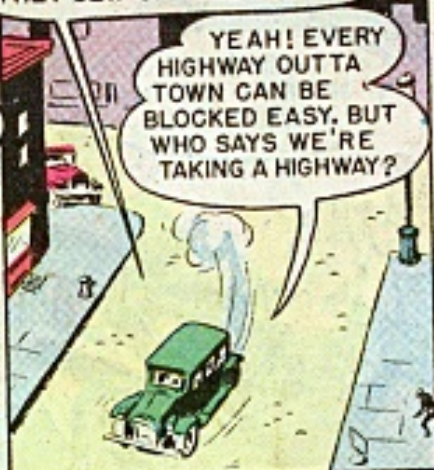
YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! EVERY ROAD IN TOWN WILL BE BLOCKED IN TWENTY MINUTES! BETTER FORGET IT!

STOP IT! YOU'LL HAVE ME IN TEARS! STEP ON IT, BOYS!



WHAT DID HE MEAN ABOUT BLOCKING THE ROADS? CAN THEY SEW UP THIS TOWN?

YEAH! EVERY HIGHWAY OUTTA TOWN CAN BE BLOCKED EASY, BUT WHO SAYS WE'RE TAKING A HIGHWAY?



JUST KEEP GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD, CHICK. THIS FARM ROAD IS OLD 'GETAWAY LANE' FOR ME! IT BRINGS US OUT PAST THE STATE LINE!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, EDDIE! NOT MANY GUYS CAN WORK SUCH A SLICK JOB!



YOU KNOW WHAT TICKLES ME, BOYS! THE GUY WHO MADE ALL THIS POSSIBLE IS AN HONEST SAP! THE POOR JERK IS PROBABLY SCARED TO DEATH RIGHT NOW!



JOHNNIE! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS WRONG WITH YOU? WHY DID YOU TAKE THE DAY OFF FROM THE OFFICE?

GET OUT AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I JUST DIDN'T FEEL LIKE WORKING! DON'T BOTHER ME!



A FEW DAYS LATER IN JOHNNIE'S OFFICE...

THIS YOUNG LADY TELLS US YOU DIDN'T REPORT TO WORK THE DAY OF THE PAYROLL ROBBERY, COLLINS! WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS!

Y-YES! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!



AT HEADQUARTERS THE POLICE LISTENED TO JOHNNIE'S CONFESSION...

... AND THAT'S HOW IT ALL HAPPENED. HE MADE ME DO IT. EVEN THREATENED TO KILL ME! I-I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN, IF YOU PLEASE WON'T ARREST ME!



SO, THIS ED NEARY IS A KILLER, IS HE? COLLINS, I BELIEVE YOU! SOONER OR LATER NEARY WILL TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU AGAIN! LET US KNOW—AND WE'LL PROTECT YOU!

IT WAS TWO YEARS LATER THAT NEARY DECIDED TO COME HOME! A PAL GAVE HIM THE NEWS...

YEAH! THAT COUSIN OF YOURS, JOHNNIE COLLINS, SPILLED EVERYTHING! THE COPS HAVE HUNTED YOU DOWN FER MONTHS!



WHY, THAT TWO-BIT OFFICE WORKER! I TOLD HIM I'D SKIN HIM IF HE SQUEALED—AND I WILL!

WAIT! DON'T GO TO HIS HOUSE! THE COPS ARE GUARDING HIM! BESIDES, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE AND HIS WIFE ARE OUT FOR THE EVENING!



THANKS! I'LL SHOW THIS TOWN THAT IT CAN'T FOOL WITH ED NEARY!! THAT GUY'LL BE CHEWIN' GRAVE DIRT WHEN I FINISH WITH HIM!

WILD WITH RAGE, NEARY RECKLESSLY BLASTED HIS WAY THROUGH THE LOCAL CLUBS...



H-HONEST! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL EVENING!

PLEASE—HE JUST LEFT HERE! I THINK HE'S AT THE RITZ!

OKAY!

AND JUST SO YOU DON'T HAVE A HATFUL OF COPS WAITING THERE FOR ME, I BETTER PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

MEANWHILE THE POLICE WERE COVERING EVERY CLUB IN TOWN...



IT'S NEARY—HE'S GONE KILL-CRAZY!



HOLD IT, NEARY! YOU'RE COVERED!



OH YEAH? I... OWWW...



IS HE...?

GOT HIS JUGULAR VEIN! DEAD AS A DOORNAIL, JOHNNIE!



LET'S GET HOME, HONEY! I THINK MAYBE I CAN SLEEP WELL TONIGHT...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWO YEARS!

IRENE SHRADER... PRINCESS OF CRIME



IRENE SHRADER WAS A MEAN GAL!...AND YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN WITH **BULLETS!!!** ...FOR THIS WOMAN WHO 'COOKED' WITH A .45 OUTDISTANCED HER SISTERS OF CRIME IN THE BUSINESS OF WRITING AMERICAN HISTORY WITH GUNFIRE...AND WITH IT ALL, SHE WON CRIME'S HIGHEST AWARD...THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!





NEITHER DID I! THERE'S NO USE TRYIN' TO CLIMB ANY FARTHER!

IT'S FUNNY, GLENN, I WAS JUST THINKING OF WHEN WE FIRST MET BACK IN WHEELING!



I'M AWFUL SORRY, MISS!- DID I HURT YOU?

NO! I'M ALRIGHT!



AND AFTER THAT YOU STARTED TO COME TO THE RESTAURANT WHERE I WORKED... IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER WE WERE MARRIED THAT I FOUND OUT THAT YOUR INSURANCE JOB WAS JUST A FRONT FOR CONFIDENCE RACKETTS!

I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT ME TO STOP, BUT YOU WERE IN A HURRY TO GET PLACES! AND YOU DIDN'T CARE HOW YOU GOT THERE!

"REMEMBER THE FIRST GUNS WE BOUGHT?... BIG AS CANNONS, BUT WE COULDN'T AFFORD ANYTHING GOOD!"



WHY DON'T YOU BUY ONE GOOD REVOLVER INSTEAD OF TWO CHEAP ONES?

NO! WE NEED 'EM BOTH... FOR PROTECTION AROUND THE FARM!

"OUR FIRST JOB WAS THAT LITTLE GARAGE OUTSIDE WHEELING... THE GARAGE MAN WAS SO STIFF WITH FRIGHT THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM..."



ONLY ELEVEN BUCKS IN THE TILL, IRENE!

THAT CAR WILL UP THE ANTE! LET'S TAKE IT!



"WE WENT BACK TO THE PAWN SHOP..."

WHAT D'YA WANT NOW?

HERE'S ELEVEN BUCKS... LET'S HAVE TWO GATS THAT DON'T HAVE TO BE MUZZLE-LOADED!



READY, IRENE? HERE WE GO AGAIN!

NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW, GLENN! LET'S GO!

HOLD YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD AND BEAT IT INTO THE BACK ROOM!

SEE WHAT'S IN THE CASH BOX WHILE I TIE "SKINNY" UP, IRENE!

ONLY FORTY BUCKS, GLENN! ... BUT IT'S A START!

I'M WORRIED! IF SKINNY EVER GETS FREE BEFORE WE'RE OUT OF THIS STATE... WE'LL BE EASY MEAT FOR THE HIGHWAY POLICE!

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU HAPPENED ALONG, LEM!

THERE, SAM- I GOT THE STATE POLICE!



THEY'RE DRIVIN' A SLOW CAR--- COULDN'T DO MORE THAN 25 AN HOUR WITH- OUT BUSTIN' A GASKET!

GLENN! TWO HIGHWAY POLICEMEN! THEY'RE STOPPING US!

I'LL GO OUT AND TALK TO THEM. IF THEY TRY TO KEEP ME, YOU GRAB THE WHEEL AND BEAT IT! THAT'S AN ORDER, IRENE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

CLIMB INTO THE BACK, BOTH OF YOU! COVER THEM, ERNIE, WHILE I TAKE THE WHEEL! THEY'RE THE ONES, ALRIGHT!



I GOT ONE, GLENN! QUICK-GET THE OTHER ONE!

OWWWW

ARGGHHH!

WE'LL HAVE TO DITCH THE CAR! THEY'LL BE SEARCHING THE WHOLE STATE FOR IT!

"SO WE STOPPED A CAR ON THE HIGHWAY ---"

GET OUT! WE'RE SWAPPING CARS!



"WE PICKED UP TWO HITCH-HIKERS BECAUSE THE POLICE WOULD ONLY BE LOOKING FOR ONE MAN AND A WOMAN..."

"BUT THE SHINY NEW CAR HAD TO BE ABANDONED, TOO! WE STOLE OTHER CARS - AND DITCHED THEM! WE COULDN'T TAKE CHANCES ENTERING TOWNS - SO WE SLEPT IN THE WOODS, IN HOBO JUNGLES..."

WE'LL PICK ON SMALL FILLING STATIONS AND ONE-MAN STORES! DON'T WORRY, BABY! WE'LL GET BY!

I MISS THE TOWNS, GLENN! ONE NIGHT - NO MATTER WHAT - WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN... SEE THE LIGHTS... THE PEOPLE...



HOP IN, BOYS!

THANKS, MISTER!



WHAT'LL WE DO FOR MONEY, GLENN? THE CITIES ARE OUT! WE'RE STILL HOT! WE KILLED TWO COPS!



"ONE NIGHT WE DID! NO SOONER DID WE PARK, WHEN..."



HEY, YOU! STOP! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT CAR?

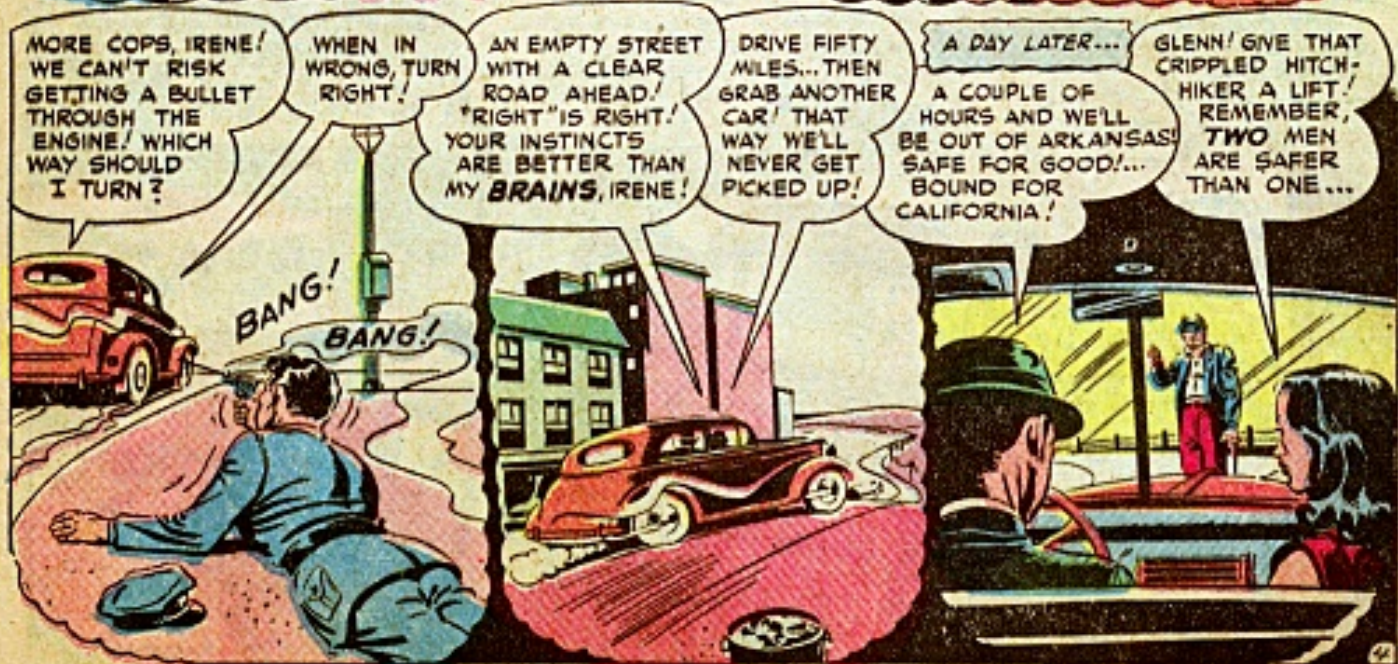
GLENN...!

LEAVE THIS TO ME!



WHERE'S YOUR LICENSE?

HERE! LIKE IT?



MORE COPS, IRENE! WE CAN'T RISK GETTING A BULLET THROUGH THE ENGINE! WHICH WAY SHOULD I TURN?

WHEN IN WRONG, TURN RIGHT!

AN EMPTY STREET WITH A CLEAR ROAD AHEAD! "RIGHT" IS RIGHT! YOUR INSTINCTS ARE BETTER THAN MY BRAINS, IRENE!

DRIVE FIFTY MILES... THEN GRAB ANOTHER CAR! THAT WAY WE'LL NEVER GET PICKED UP!

A DAY LATER... A COUPLE OF HOURS AND WE'LL BE OUT OF ARKANSAS! SAFE FOR GOOD!... BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA!

GLENN! GIVE THAT CRIPPLED HITCH-HIKER A LIFT! REMEMBER, TWO MEN ARE SAFER THAN ONE...

BANG! BANG!



GOING FAR?

AS FAR AS MY CLUB-FOOT WILL TAKE ME! I AIM TO HIT CALIFORNIA IN TIME FOR THE LETTUCE PICKING!

WELL, IF WE DON'T QUARREL, WE MAY TAKE YOU ALL THE WAY!



LATER

THE LIAR! HE'S NOT LIMPING NOW!

ALL RIGHT, STRANGER! SPIT IT OUT! WHAT'S THE PITCH? YOU'RE NOT LAME!

YOU'VE GOT SHARP EYES, SISTER! - SURE! I'M NOT CRIPPLED ... KINDA LEFT PRISON WITHOUT OFFICIAL LEAVE!



THAT'S RICH! SO ARE WE KIND OF-WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT?

THE LESS I KNOW ABOUT, THE LESS I KNOW IF I'M ASKED! THE NAME IS JOE - JOE WELLS-

ALL RIGHT, JOE! SINCE WE'RE IN THE SAME BOAT, WE'LL ROW TOGETHER!

"IN ARIZONA WE LEARNED WE WEREN'T SO SMART. OUR TRAIL HAD BEEN FOLLOWED CLEAR THROUGH TEXAS. WE HIT A TOWN CALLED FLORENCE. WE STOPPED FOR WATER WHEN..."



OKAY, SISTER-WHERE'S YOUR BILL OF SALE FOR THE CAR?

WHY W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

AIN'T IT SURPRISING? A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A BILL OF SALE IS? MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!



COME ON!

REACH, COPPER!

YOU WIN-FOR NOW, FRIEND! BUT EVERY SHERIFF IN ARIZONA HAS YOUR DESCRIPTION! YOU'RE BOUND TO GET CAUGHT!

LIKE NOW, I SUPPOSE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! CLIMB IN, FLATFOOT!





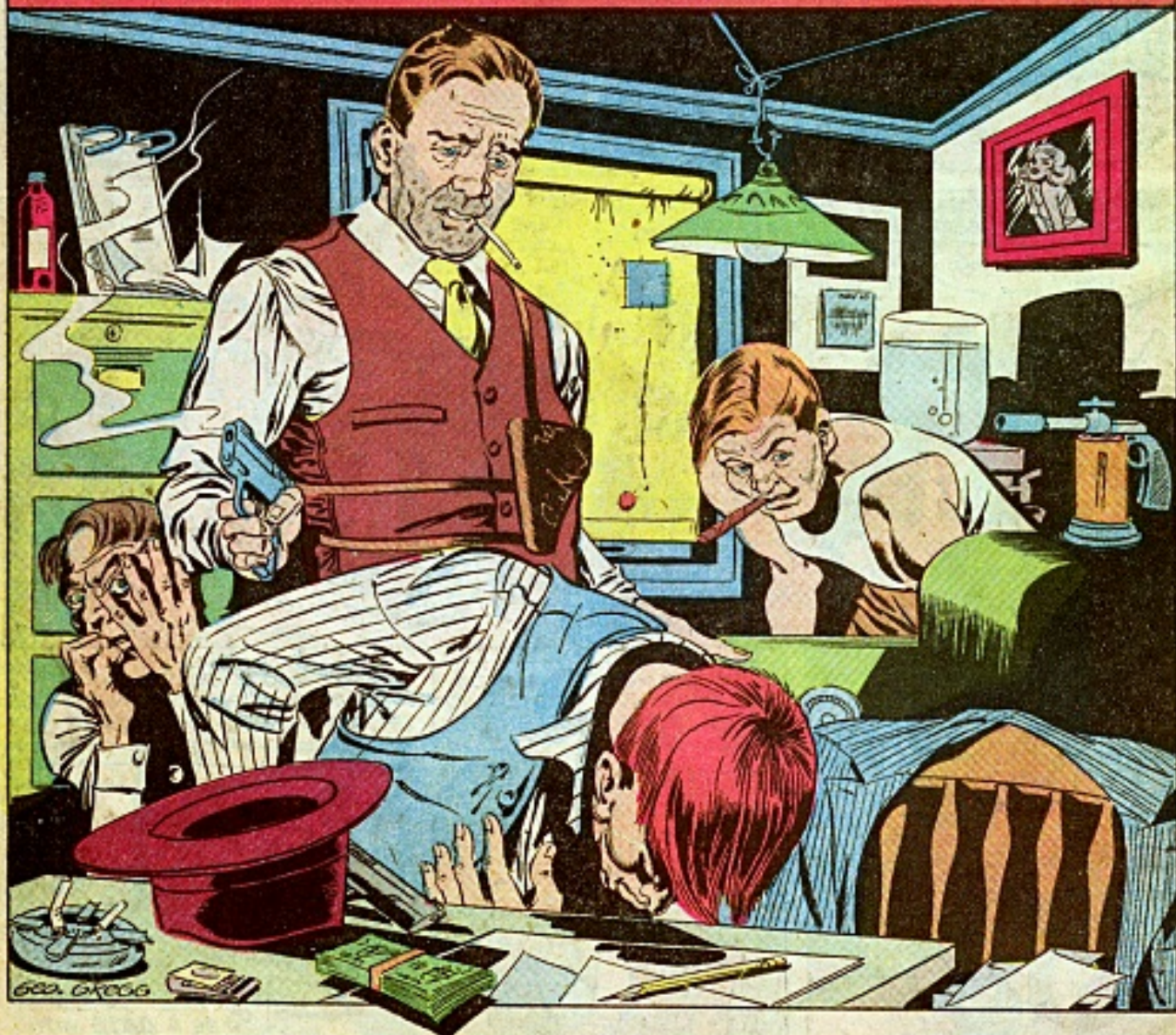
"MEANWHILE THE MANHUNT STARTED NEAR KINGMAN, ARIZONA..."



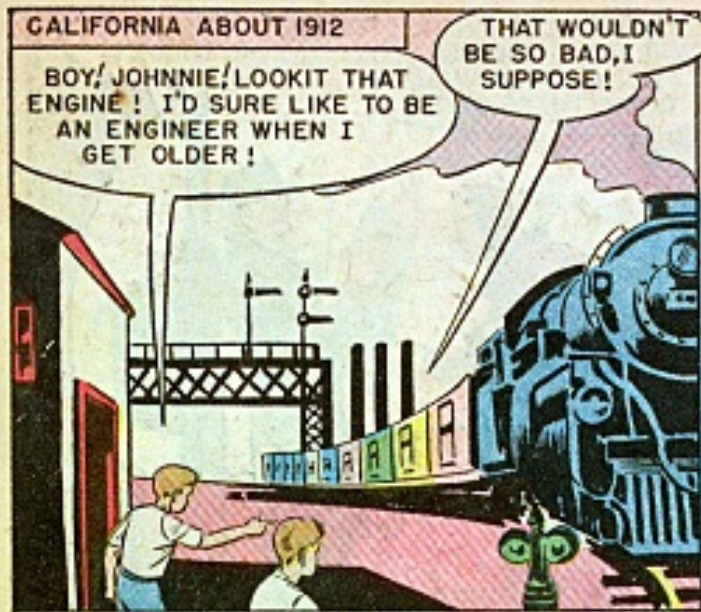


CRIME CRAZY

A
TRUE
STORY



NOT ALL THE BADMEN OF CRIME WERE AS NATIONALLY KNOWN AND PUBLICIZED AS THE JOHN DILLINGERS, BABY-FACE NELSONS AND THEIR BREED... AND THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE LITTLE-KNOWN PUBLIC ENEMIES WHO MADE HIS SHARE OF GORY HISTORY BEFORE DROPPING A DECISION TO THE LAW... AS USUAL!!





A LITTLE LATER, JOHNNIE MEETS HIS ASSISTANT...

HOWDY, JOHNNIE!
I'M HELPING YOU ON
THIS NEXT JOB!

OKAY! SAY, YOU'RE
KINDA YOUNG
LOOKING!



YEAH, BUT I
MANAGE TO
GET ALONG!

HEY! HERE'S A GUY FOR YA!
BABY-FACE NELSON! HE'S
DUCKED THE COPS FOR YEARS!
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH THAT
BOY!



I DON'T KNOW, JOHNNIE!
THEY'VE REALLY GOT
THE HEAT ON
HIM NOW!

DON'T KID YOURSELF!
HE'S TOO SMART! HE'S
JUST TEASING THEM
ALONG!



IT'S OKAY, BABY-FACE!
THE BULLS ARE LOOKING
FOR YOU UP NORTH!

BABY FACE
???



Y-YOU'RE BABY-FACE
NELSON?? GEE!

YEAH, JOHNNIE,
THAT'S ME!
YOU KNOW, I LIKE
YOUR SPIRIT! FROM
NOW ON YOU WORK
FOR ME!

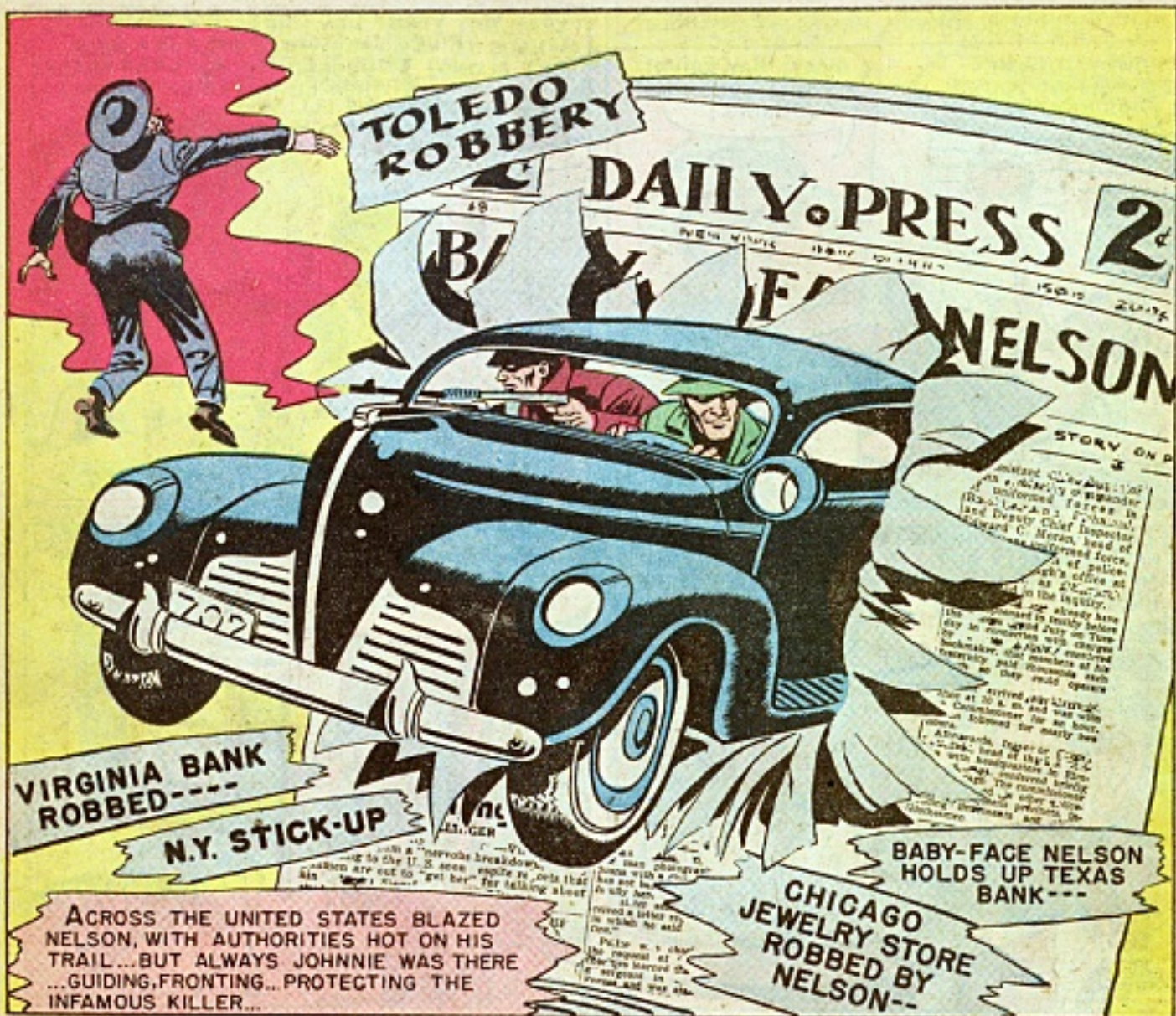


THUS BEGAN JOHNNIE CHASE'S JOB WITH
BIG-TIME CRIME...

I'M TOO HOT TO BE SEEN
AROUND, JOHNNIE! NOBODY
KNOWS YOU FROM ADAM, SO
YOU'LL FRONT FOR ME! BUY
THE RODS... MAKE THE
CONTACTS... TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING I NEED!

YOU BET, BABY-
FACE! YOU BET!







YES, JOHNNIE WAS REALLY IN THE 'KNOW' NOW... HE WAS REACHING THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER.

YOU GOT GOOD STUFF, KID! BULLETS DON'T PUNCTURE THOSE VESTS!

THAT'S SWELL, BABY-FACE!



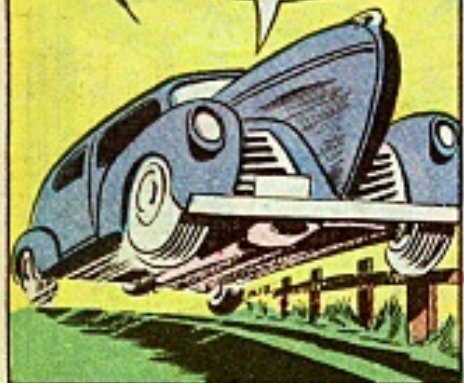
ALRIGHT, JOHNNIE, NOW LISTEN CLOSE! WE START TRAVELING WEST! KNOCK OFF A COUPLE OF BANKS AND SWING BACK EAST!

GOTCHA!



MOST OF THE HEAT'S ON DILLINGER RIGHT NOW, KID, BUT WE STILL GOTTA KEEP MOVING FAST! IT'S SAFER!

YEAH! SURE, BABY FACE! I CAN SEE THAT!



BUT A BOMBSHELL WAS SOON THROWN INTO NELSON'S PLANS...

JOHNNIE! THEY GOT 'IM! THEY SHOT DILLINGER!

GOSH! LUCKY WE WEREN'T WITH 'IM, HUH, BABY-FACE!?



WE'RE NOT LUCKY, YOU YOUNG FOOL! EVERY 'FED' IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER ME NOW!



GET DRIVING! I'VE GOT TO HIDE OUT AND KEEP HIDDEN FOR A LONG TIME!



BUT THE HOT BREATH OF THE LAW WAS BLOWING DOWN NELSON'S NECK...

I DON'T CARE HOW TOUGH NELSON IS! HE'S TOO HOT FOR ME TO HIDE FOR ANY PRICE!

WHY, YOU HEEL!



NELSON'S UNDERWORLD COMPANIONS WOULD HAVE NO PART OF HIM NOW... HE WAS HEAD MAN ON THE FBI LIST...

THE YELLA-LIVERED RATS! I GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! I GOTTA!

SAY, BABY-FACE, HOW ABOUT THAT RESORT WE WENT TO LAST SUMMER!



YEAH! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! IT'S OUT OF SEASON NOW-- THERE WON'T BE MANY PEOPLE AROUND! HEAD FOR IT, JOHNNIE!



BUT NELSON HAD MADE HIS ONE MISTAKE AT LAST... FEDERAL MEN HAD REMEMBERED THAT NELSON ONCE STAYED AT A CERTAIN RESORT! THEY HAD WAITED MONTHS HOPING HE WOULD RETURN.....

THAT'S THE CAR! NELSON'S IN IT!



THERE ARE COPS IN THAT CAR BACK THERE! GRAB A GUN, JOHNNIE!

G-GOPS!



JOHNNIE AND HIS BOSS FOUGHT A BATTLE THAT DAY... TWO FEDERAL MEN WERE KILLED, BUT...

WE GOT 'EM, BABY-FACE!



HELP ME IN THE CAR! I'M HIT BAD!

NEXT DAY NELSON'S LIFELESS BODY WAS FOUND INSIDE A CEMETERY...

WELL, HERE'S THE GREAT BABY-FACE NELSON!... DEAD!

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUY WHO WAS WITH HIM!



THE "GUY", JOHNNIE CHASE, THOUGHT HE WAS FREE... BUT SOME WEEKS LATER AT MOUNT SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.....

OKAY, CHASE!! --NEXT MOVE IS UP TO YOU-- THAT'S IF YOU WANTA GO THROUGH THE CHOPPER!

OKAY--OKAY, LET'S GO!



AND SO--ANOTHER "UNGLAMORIZED" PAGE WAS TURNED IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME--WHEN CHASE WAS GIVEN A LIFE SENTENCE AT ALCATRAZ.....

SPIDER MAN OF DENVER

IT was nine months since kindly Phil Peters, 73-year-old railroad auditor, had been bludgeoned to death in his bungalow on West Moncrieff Place, in Denver, Colorado. Nine mysterious months had passed without a trace of the slayer. It was now July, 1942... the hottest July night on record... and the maddening heat didn't help the tempers of the two men watching the bungalow from behind a tall lilac hedge across the street.

"Darn fool idea," muttered one of them, the tall one. "Headquarters must be nuts," he growled as his shorter companion kept his eye glued to the peephole in the hedge. "So some kids saw funny faces in the windows. So a couple of maids on their night off saw flickering lights. So maybe it was only their imagination. YOU don't believe in ghosts, do you?" he inquired, jostling the short detective with his elbow.

"They tell me to watch haunted houses. I watch 'em. I know from nothing. Relieve me at this peephole, will you? I need a smoke." The smaller detective moved aside, digging for his cigarettes.

★ ★ ★

"A heck of a way to spend the taxpayers' money—playing peek-a-boo with a spook," muttered the disgruntled detective. He peered long at the "A" of the roof, the curtained windows, the silent doors, the weed-fettered garden... "Nothin'," he grunted and spat to one side, disgustedly. "Nothin' but a coupla goofy

dicks watchin' an empty house."

He didn't see the curtains flutter at the front window. He didn't see eerie claws open a crack between the curtains.

But his companion did. From the corner of his eye he saw a ghastly face at the drapes. "There it is!" he screamed, and both tore across the gutter.

★ ★ ★

Blowing their whistles like mad, the two men thundered up the Peters porch. Two brawny shoulders hit the door at the same time and the front door went down with a crash. Each pulled a gun. Each felt his hair stand on end as they caught a glimpse of a wraith-like figure screeching its way up the stairs.

"I don't believe what I'm seein' but I'm catchin' that spook just the same!" gasped the taller detective as he raced up the steps three at a time. Pale as moonlight, the short one followed right behind.

"There he goes!" The tall man yelled. They saw a white foot dart into a bedroom. Grunting like bulls, the two plainclothesmen sprinted down the hallway. They bounded into the bedroom but were stopped cold by the most unearthly sight they'd ever encountered.

"Good heavens!" gasped the tall one, staggering back, overcome.

"It's like a wild animal lived here for a year—without his cage cleaned out!" groaned the short one, his teeth set on edge by the horrifying smell. But they stop-

ped only for a moment. The tall detective sprang into the bedroom just in time to see the closet door swing shut. He reached the closet in one bound and wrenched it open.

In the malodorous murk within, two bare feet kicked frantically. Both cops grabbed the legs, an action which set off hair-raising howls. "Once again—together—PULL!" muttered the tall fellow. A terrific wrench and down tumbled a scrawny figure with a sound like a cork being pulled from a bottle. The shape groaned twice, twitched, then grew silent. The short detective turned his flashlight on the trophy. An emaciated, bearded skeleton of a man about sixty lay in the disc of light. The creature was indescribably filthy and the smell of him was well-nigh unbearable.

All the tall man could gasp was, "It's the ghost! Call Headquarters!"

★ ★ ★

A half hour later the Peters' Cottage teemed with policemen and reporters. Jim Childers, veteran captain of Denver detectives, tried to piece the puzzle together.

Swallowing hard, Childers stood on a chair and stuck his head through the hole in the closet through which the "ghost" had tried to wriggle. Childers saw a space just under the "A" of the roof, no larger than a coffin. The overpowering animal smell of the hot hole made him drop to the floor. "A man would have

to be a SPIDER to live up there," he gasped.

Meanwhile, the "spider" was returning to consciousness under the sharp eye of a police surgeon, who looked up at Childers bewilderedly. "This is the most unbelievable case of malnutrition I've ever seen. He's scarcely eaten in EIGHT MONTHS!"

Childers nodded and motioned to the stretcher bearers. "Take the spook down to headquarters, feed him, and get him ready to talk."

Two hours later, Childers listened to a tale even more incredible than the capture of the creature. The association between the murdered man, Phil Peters, and the near-dead "ghost" stemmed from a meeting in 1899 of the West Moncrieff Mandolin Club to which both Peters and the spider-man belonged. The spider-man was seventeen the night he sobbed over his mandolin in the Peters' garden because doctors had told him he'd be dead before he was eighteen of a dread disease. Phil Peters and his wife, Helen, had heard the sobbing, came out into the garden, and comforted the lad. Ever since then, the Peters became his special friends. He visited them often; even dined with them twice a week. "M-My only friends..." croaked the near-corpse as he lay on Childers' couch in headquarters and cried. The cops waited for the weeping to subside.

★ ★ ★

"Go on," Childers said gently. "You were saying—"

"A funny thing happened," the spider-man reminisced. "I didn't die." Nor did he die for many years afterwards. But they were lean, miserable years, full of worry lest his disease should finally claim him, shunning the world and hating all people except the Peters couple. The spider-man didn't work. He considered himself too sick. So he became a hobo and sweltered in the summer and shivered in the winter. Once in 1919, he was

tempted to look up his old friends, the Peters, but he was ashamed to show them he'd become a bum. So he wrote post-cards to them, from Florida in the winter, from Maine in the summer, occasionally asking for loans and never being refused.

"If Peters was so good, why did you kill him?" asked Childers. "Why did you hide in that hole under the roof? How did you stand the heat or the cold without food or water... I don't get it."

★ ★ ★

The spider-man stared at the ceiling and said nothing for a time. Then he sighed and resumed.

Each year found the frail hobo less able to stand the rigors of "jungle" life. One night, while he was coughing badly under a bridge in Oakland, he decided he'd never live through another winter of cruel exposure. He must find shelter. So he bummed his way back to Denver, home of his youth, to the Peters' Cottage, where dwelt the only friends he had in the world. He hung around the Peters garage for days, debating whether to reveal himself to Peters. One day in late September, 1941, he saw his chance... an open window! The Peters had gone away for the day. He crawled over the sill and looked for a place to hide. He found the five-by-two crevice in the closet ceiling and made it his home. For a month he listened while Peters and his wife moved about below. He lived by stealing from the icebox. He'd never take much—that would only arouse suspicion. So he systematically starved himself. Peters caught the grippe in October and encamped himself in his bedroom day and night for three weeks while the spider-man starved, afraid to come out of his hiding place. One day, the first day Peters went downstairs, the invisible boarder could contain his hunger pangs no longer. He stole downstairs while Mrs. Peters was out shopping and Peters dozed on the couch in the living room.

The yellow lips of the "ghost" trembled as he spoke. "Peters must've heard me at the icebox, because he woke up, saw me, and charged at me with a poker. He never recognized me or gave me a chance to say who I was. He kept hitting me with the poker. I went mad with pain. So I tripped him, grabbed the poker, and beat him till he lay still. Then I hid in the hole again. Two hours later, when Mrs. Peters got home, I heard her scream. I heard the police come in and search the place. I even heard what they said about it being impossible for someone to enter the house, murder Peters, and then leave all the doors and windows locked from the inside. They never knew Peters was killed by his life-long friend!"

★ ★ ★

After he said this, the spider-man broke into sobs and Childers couldn't question him for an hour. During that hysterical sixty minutes, Childers turned over in his mind all the stories that had come in for eight months of kids reporting noises in the house, and neighbors giving circulation to the theory that poor Mr. Peters had been the victim of a blood-crazy ghost who still dwelled in the house. Childers thanked his lucky stars that he HAD listened to that neighborhood gossip!

When the spider-man finished weeping, Childers asked him how he'd endured the eight months. "Drank water and ate grape preserves in the cellar. That's all—I don't know HOW I lived," the skeleton murmured. "Knowing I'd killed my best friend I wanted to kill myself a hundred times. But I hadn't the nerve. I was afraid to die—like I was when I was seventeen." The spider-man fell silent and Childers saw no reason to press him further. The tragic tale was finished.

Theodore Edward Coney, the Spider Man, was sentenced to spend the rest of his life in prison, to think over the manner in which he repayed the kindness of the only friend he had in the world!

The End

The Invisible

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE INVISIBLE 6 WERE REALLY GOING TO MAKE CRIME PAY!----- BUT HOW DID THEY KNOW THAT A MERE KID WOULD "BLOW THE WHISTLE" ON THEM??

6



PANIC RULES
COSMO CITY..
TRAFFIC IS
SNARLED....



TRAINS ARE WRECKED,

FERRIES COLLIDE...



WHILE AT COSMO CITY HEADQUARTERS, THE MAYOR
RAGES...

CRIME SWEEPS
CITY IN WAKE
OF DISASTERS

CITY-WIDE
ACCIDENTS CONTROLLED
BY MASTER CRIMINAL

BANKS, STORES
ROBBED AS CITY
AUTHORITIES
REMAIN
POWER-
LESS

YOU CALL YOURSELF
THE CHIEF OF POLICE?
WHY YOU INCOMPETENT
NUMBSKULL, IF YOU
DON'T SHOW A LITTLE
ACTION YOU'LL
BE KICKED
OUT OF
OFFICE!

I DON'T NOTICE
YOU DOING
ANYTHING
CONSTRUCTIVE!



AND NOT FAR AWAY THE MAN WHO
IS CAUSING THE CITY'S DILEMMA
MAKES MORE PLANS...

OUR PLANS ARE GOING WELL, NUMBER
6 HAS DISABLED THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS-
AND IS ON HIS WAY TO DO THE SAME
TO THE POWER SYSTEM, NUMBER 4 IS
GOING OVER TO THE TELEPHONE BUILDING
TO WRECK THE MAIN SWITCH-
BOARD SO WHEN NUMBERS
3 AND 5 GET TO THE BANK,
THEIR JOB WILL BE A CINCH!

BOSS, THIS INFRA-RED
LIQUID YOU DEVELOPED
TO MAKE US
INVISIBLE IS A
GOLD MINE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF YOUNG DAN
TAYLOR...

GOLLY, IT TOOK ME
LONG ENOUGH TO
DEVELOP THESE
INFRA-RED LENSES
..I'LL LOOK OUT
THE WINDOW
AND SEE IF I
CAN SEE ANY
INFRA-RED RAYS!



BUT WHEN DAN DOES LOOK OUTSIDE HE SEES TWO MEN WALK BY IN ODD ATTIRE

SAY, WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? I COULDN'T SEE THEM WITHOUT THESE INFRA-RED LENSES SO THEY MUST WORK! I WONDER WHY THOSE MEN ARE INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE?



AND AS THE MEN WALK ON, DAN FOLLOWS THEM . . .

WITH THE BANK ALARM SHUT OFF, WE'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL SET-UP! WE'LL BE ABLE TO WALK OUT WITH THE WHOLE VAULT AND NOBODY WILL SEE US!

YEAH! WITH THAT INFRA-RED LIQUID ON THIS MONEY-BAG NOBODY WILL SEE THE MONEY, EITHER!

INFRA-RED LIQUID? SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!



BUT WHEN THEY GET TO THE BANK, DAN IS STOPPED BY THE GUARD-BUT THE MEN CONTINUE INTO THE CASHIER'S CAGE . . .



YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE, SONNY!

GEE, I FORGOT, HE CAN'T SEE THEM!

INVISIBLE TO THE CASHIER, THE MEN PACK THEIR BAG FULL OF MONEY



THIS IS THE EASIEST JOB WE EVER PULLED! . .

SH-H-H! THEY CAN'T SEE US, BUT THEY CAN HEAR US!

OKAY, NUMBER 5, I'LL TAKE THE MONEY BACK TO THE BOSS! YOU GO TO THE POLICE STATION AND GET THOSE RECORDS OUT OF THE FILES!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONEY I HAD IN THAT BOX?



WHAT A RACKET THEY'VE GOT! BUT IT'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! AND SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN SEE THEM, I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!



BUT A STRAY PIECE OF PAPER BLOWS OVER DAN'S FACE TO BLOCK HIS VISION . . .

DARN IT! I HOPE I DON'T LOSE THEM!



OH! THERE'S NUMBER 5, THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO THE POLICE STATION! I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THE OFFICERS UPSTAIRS, SIR! MAY I GO UP?

SURE, GO RIGHT AHEAD, SON!

OFFICER, THERE'S A CROOK AT YOUR FILES, STEALING YOUR RECORDS!

NOBODY IS IN THIS ROOM BESIDES YOU AND ME! NOW GET ON DOWN WITH YOU!

NOW HOW DID THAT KID SEE ME? WELL, I'LL FIX HIM!

NUMBER 5 KICKS THE OFFICER WHO THINKS THAT DAN DID IT. . . .

OW! SO, RESISTING AN OFFICER, ARE YOU? I'LL TEACH YOU!

NOW YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BUT OFFICER, THAT CROOK IS GETTING AWAY!

THAT'LL SHOW THE LITTLE MEDDLER!

BUT AS THE CROOK RUNS OUT OF THE DOOR HE COLLIDES WITH TWO OFFICERS

HOLY HANNAH! WHAT'S KNOCKING US DOWN?

STOP HIM, MEN!

WHILE THE POLICE LOOK ON IN ASTONISHMENT, DAN KNEELS DOWN AND TAKES PAPERS FROM SEEMINGLY NOWHERE

HERE ARE THE RECORDS HE STOLE! IF YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, COME HERE AND TOUCH HIM! HE'S REAL ENOUGH!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!

THROW HIM IN JAIL, BOYS! AT LEAST YOU CAN SEE THE ROPES AROUND HIM!

THIS GUY'S PALS MUST BE AT THE POWERHOUSE! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

STAND BY- POWER WAS DISCONNECTED IN COSMO CITY AND SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG AGAIN!

AND DAN HURRIES TO THE POWERHOUSE...

SO YOU'RE MESSING UP THE POWERHOUSE AGAIN NUMBER 6, EH? WELL, YOU'RE THROUGH!

OH, YOU SEE ME, DO YOU? THIS HAMMER WILL QUIET YOU!

OWWW! HE GOT MY ARM!

AS THE TWO STRUGGLE, NUMBER 6 IS KNOCKED OFF ONE OF THE LANDINGS.

I WANTED TO GET HIM ALIVE BUT IT WAS HIS OWN FAULT! I'D BETTER GET OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND GET THIS ARM FIXED UP!

OWOO!

LATER AT THE HOSPITAL...

YES, DOCTOR!

PREPARE THE X-RAY MACHINE, NURSE!! IT'S POSSIBLE THE ARM IS BROKEN!!

GOOD HEAVENS, ANOTHER INVISIBLE MAN? I CAN'T BOTHER WITH MY ARM NOW! SEE YOU LATER, DOC!

HEY! THERE'S A SNOOPER IN BACK OF NUMBER 4-AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE SEES HIM!

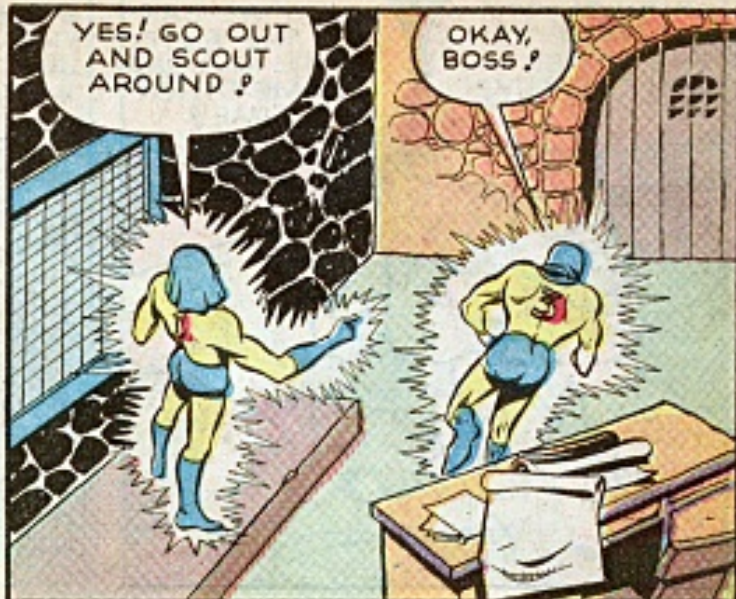
AH, THIS SKELETON KEY FITS- AND I CAN GET THE RADIUM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWER, NUMBER 1
SCENTS DANGER

SOMETHING'S WRONG! NONE OF THE
MEN HAS RETURNED YET. . . .



SHALL I GO
AFTER THEM
BOSS?



YES! GO OUT
AND SCOUT
AROUND!

OKAY,
BOSS!

AND BACK AT THE HOSPITAL

I'D BETTER KNOCK HIM
OUT—JUST IN CASE HE
CAN SEE US!



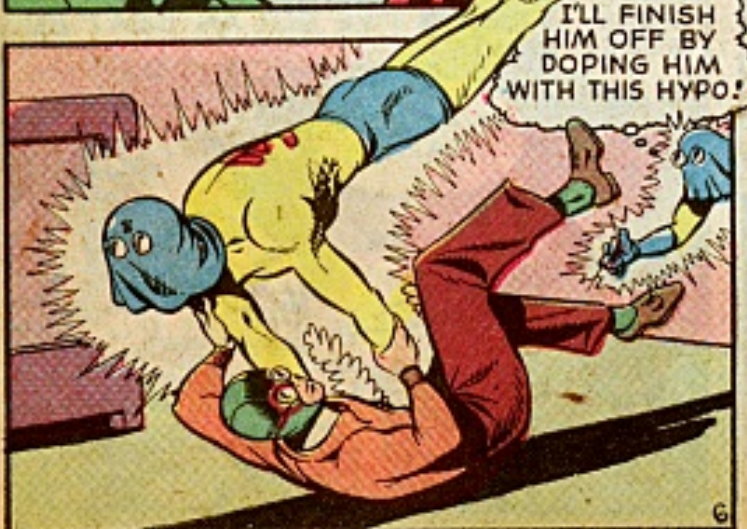
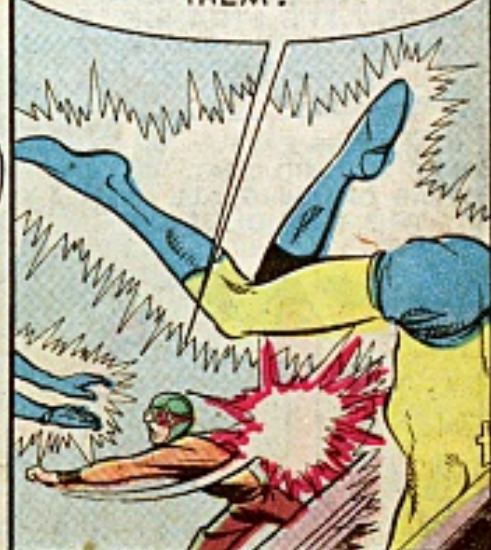
HERE'S THE RADIUM..
..IN THE SAFE!

DROP IT,
NUMBER 4!

JUST AS I THOUGHT,
HE CAN SEE US!
IT WON'T DO ANY
GOOD THOUGH!



GOLLY! ANOTHER ONE! I'LL
TRY A LITTLE JIU-JITSU ON
THEM!



I'LL FINISH
HIM OFF BY
DOPING HIM
WITH THIS HYPO!



NOW I
CAN..HEY?
I-I-I..

THAT'LL
BE ALL
FOR YOU,
WISE
GUY!



C'MON, 3! LET'S GET BACK TO THE TOWER WITH THIS GUY!

OKAY! WE CAN GET THE REST OF THE RADIUM SOME OTHER TIME!



STAND HIM UP SO THAT PEOPLE WILL JUST THINK HE'S STAGGERING!

HE OUGHT TO BE OUT OF IT IN A SHORT TIME! THE BOSS WILL WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM!



AT THE TOWER

WELL, NUMBER 2 SHOULD BRING ME SOME NEWS SOON! IT'S STRANGE...I THOUGHT THIS SCHEME WAS FOOLPROOF!

HEY, BOSS! WE GOT THE KID THAT WAS CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE!



HOW DID ALL THIS HAPPEN? CAN'T YOU FOOLS BE SMART?

I TELL YOU, BOSS... HE CAN SEE US!

YEAH! I THINK WE OUGHT TO KNOCK HIM OFF!

WHERE AM I?



YOU'RE GOING TO TALK, JUNIOR-OR ELSE GET YOURSELF TOASTED, SEE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT POKER?



WE WANT TO COAX SOME INFORMATION OUT OF YOU! NOW, HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO SEE US?

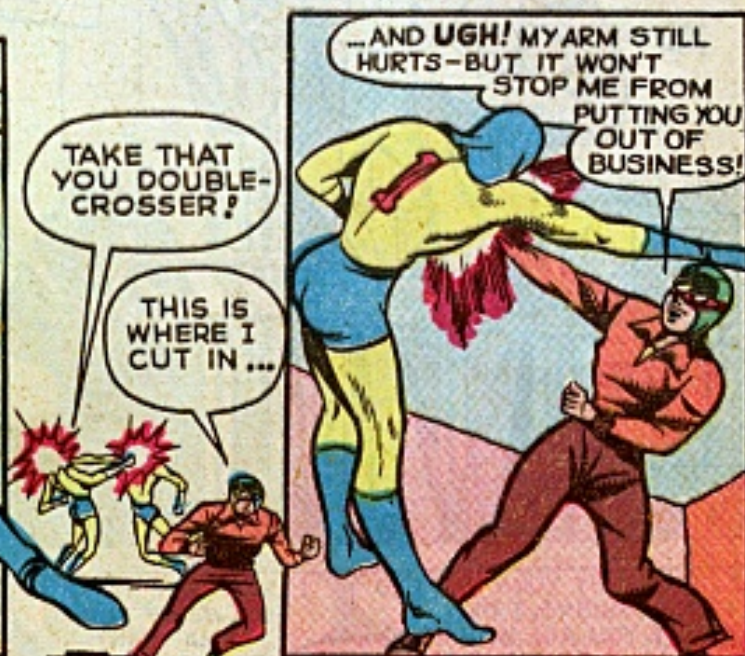
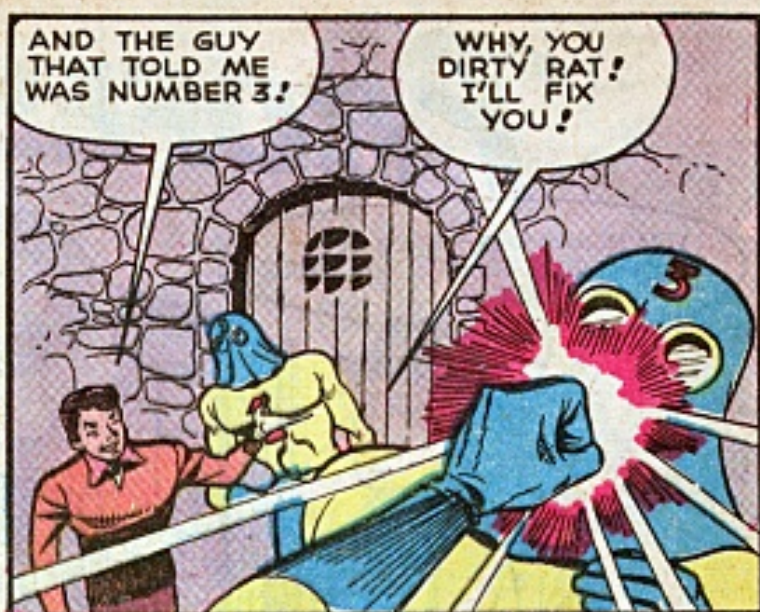
GET AWAY FROM ME!



HERE GOES!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WAIT! I'LL TALK!



PROFESSOR OF CRIME

YOU HEARD ME!— OPEN UP!—
I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE THIS HOLE
SOME CLASS!

OH—
OKAY,
CHAPMAN—
BLACKIE AN'
EDDIE ARE
WAITIN' FER
YA!

a
TRUE
Crime
Story

GERALD CHAPMAN
WAS LIVING PROOF THAT
"YOU CAN'T JUDGE A
BOOK BY ITS COVER"!
---FOR HIS SUAVE COVER
WAS THAT OF THE MAN WHO
MIGHT BE RESPECTABILITY
ITSELF---BUT IF YOU LIFTED
HIS FLASHY "HOOD" YOU'D
FIND A CRIMINAL "MOTOR" OF
CUNNING, BRUTAL GREED AND
TERROR! MONEY TO HIM RAN
ONLY IN "TELEPHONE NUMBERS"
— AND LITTLE PEOPLE WERE
HIS PET HATE

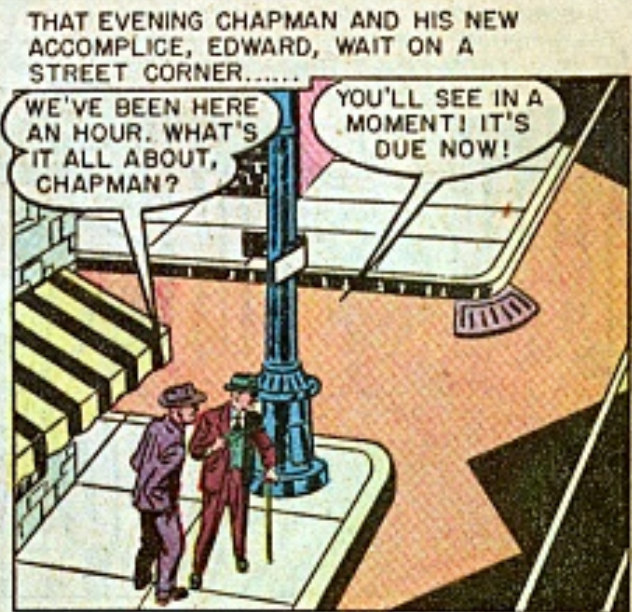
JUDGING BY YOUR MORONIC
EXPRESSIONS, I DEDUCE
THAT YOU ARE WORRIED
ABOUT SOMETHING!

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'
TO **CHEER** ABOUT,
CHAPMAN!

AH, BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE
WRONG! THE USUAL, WAITER! I HAVE
NEARLY FINISHED MY PLAN FOR A
MOST SENSATIONAL THEFT! **ONE
MILLION DOLLARS**, TO BE EXACT!



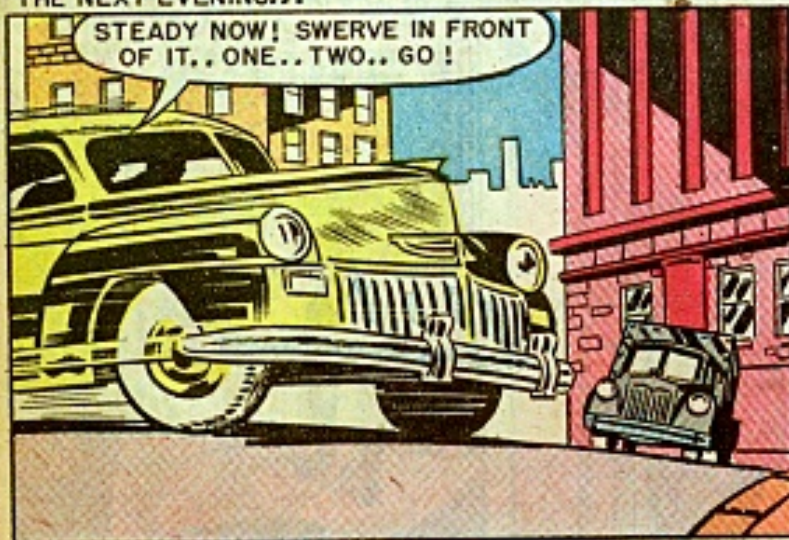




THE WEEKS WENT BY—AND CHAPMAN WAITED PATIENTLY TO STRIKE ...



CHAPMAN, POISED AND READY, STRUCK LIKE A SERPENT THE NEXT EVENING...



WITH WELL OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN HIS STOLEN CAR, CHAPMAN SPED TOWARD FREEDOM...

THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE BLOCKING THE WAY!

DON'T STOP, YOU FOOL! RUN THEM DOWN!



LATER...

HERE'S YOUR SLICE OF THE TAKE, EDWARD! NOW WATCH YOUR STEP!

BOY OH BOY! I NEVER SEEN SO MUCH CASH IN ALL MY LIFE!



I'LL GET ME SOME GLASSY CLOTHES—JUST LIKE CHAPMAN! THEN MAYBE I'LL TAKE ME A LONG TRIP!



THEN MAYBE I'LL-- B-BLACKIE!

YEAH... BLACKIE! YOU DIRTY TWO-BIT...



BAM! BAM!

J-JUST WHEN I HIT THE TOP!... IT AIN'T RIGHT... I G-GUESS THIS BUSINESS N-NEVER PAYS OFF--I-I--AARGH...

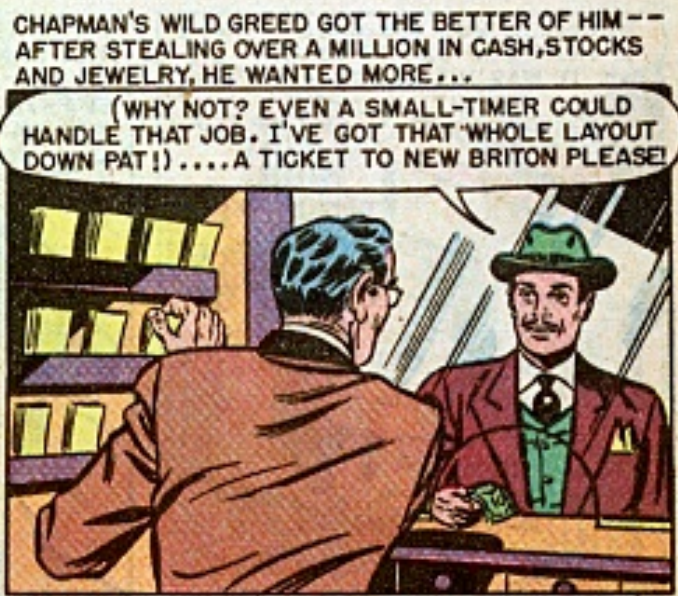


RESTLESS AND OVER-CONFIDENT AFTER HIS SUCCESS WITH THE ARMORED CAR, CHAPMAN DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP.

NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GERALD?

JUST A LITTLE TRIP! I'LL BE BACK!





BUT THE JOB THAT WAS SO SIMPLE HAD A CATCH IN IT!! ... AT NEW BRITON...





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. K
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



The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!

You Get them

BOTH for

Only **\$1.98**
PEN and BILLFOLD



Retractable Point at a Flick of the Button

You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN
This Coin Holder
Pass Case
BILLFOLD



Your Permanent Engraved Identification and Social Security Tag

Clear-View CELLULOID PASS LEAVES

COIN HOLDER IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-in COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. Ballpoint pens have been selling for more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

SENSATIONAL FEATURES!

THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Re-load cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Defies as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with attached pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

NO DEPOSIT! NO MONEY!—To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2620
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 28, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

To save shipping charges I am enclosing \$2.18 (\$1.98 plus 10¢ Fed. Tax.) Please ship my order all postage charges prepaid.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER _____

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

December 05, 2013

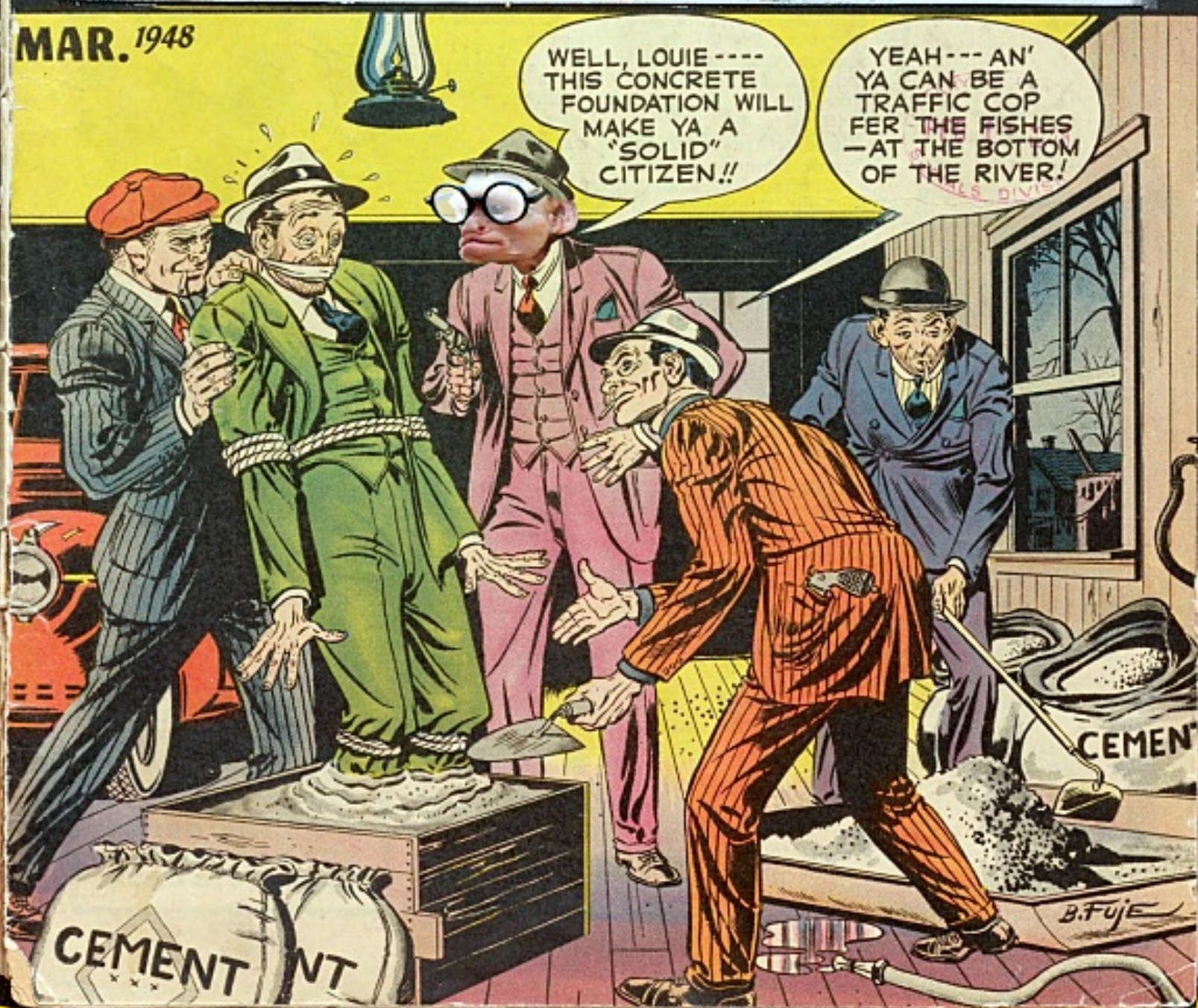
CRIME DETECTIVE



**Yoc Edit
No. 260**

A Soothsayr Scan

MAR. 1948



WELL, LOUIE ----
THIS CONCRETE
FOUNDATION WILL
MAKE YA A
"SOLID"
CITIZEN!!

YEAH--- AN'
YA CAN BE A
TRAFFIC COP
FER THE FISHES
-AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE RIVER!

CEMENT

CEMENT NT

B.F. JUE