

CRIMES by WOMEN

A N C

GET OUT OF THAT CAR... YOU CRUMB, OR I'LL SPLATTER YA!



CRIME NEVER PAYS!

Featuring the TRUE STORY of
BONNIE PARKER,
QUEEN of the GUNMOLLS!



A TRUE CRIME STORY

BONNIE PARKER, THE GREATEST OF ALL GUN MOLS AND HER COMPANION CLYDE BARROW BLAZED A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND MURDER WHEREVER THEY WENT. ONLY DEATH ITSELF COULD TEACH THE CIGAR SMOKING GUN GIRL THE MEANING OF JUSTICE.....



A CHEAP RESTAURANT IN DALLAS, TEXAS.....
I'M FED UP WITH THIS CRUMMY JOB. DIRTY DISHES, DIRTY CUSTOMERS! A GIRL LIKE ME NEEDS SOME EXCITEMENT!

**BONNY!
BONNY PARKER!**



CLYDE BARROW! WHEN DID YOU BLOW INTO TOWN?

A LITTLE WHILE AGO. COMM'ERE, I WANT YA TO MEET MY BUDDY, RAY HAMILTON.



HIYA, RAY... ITS BEEN A LONG TIME, CLYDE. WHAT'S THE NEWS?

I'LL GIVE IT TO YA STRAIGHT, BABY. RAY AND I ARE ON THE LAM.

YEAH, WE'RE HOT. WE JUST KNOCKED OFF SOMEBODY'S PAYROLL. WE GOTTA BLOW TOWN.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



NOW THERE'S THE JOB FOR US. FROM NOW ON BOYS, WE WORK IN STYLE.

TAKE IT EASY, LADY. DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD.

HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES THE OWNER.



SO WHAT? LEMME HANDLE THIS!..... THIS YOUR CAR MISTER?

YES IT IS. WHAT ABOUT IT?



WELL IT AIN'T NO MORE GIMME THE KEYS!

WH..WHAT? WHY YOU... YOU...

YA HEARD HER. HAND 'EM OVER.



OKAY, BOYS GET IN THE CAR. I'LL BE WITH YA IN A MINUTE. I GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

WH..WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



NOTHIN' MUCH, PALLY. I'M JUST GONNA SEE THAT YA KEEP YA TRAP SHUT ABOUT THIS, SEE?

AHHHH!



I GOTTA GIVE IT TO YA, BABY. YA SURE HANDLED THAT ONE ALL RIGHT.

THAT WAS NOTHIN'. NOW HEAD FOR GRAND PRAIRIE AND I'LL REALLY SHOW YA SOMETHIN'!



THE INTERURBAN STATION AT GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS.....

YA THINK SHE CAN PULL IT OFF ALL RIGHT?

AFTER WHAT WE SEEN BACK IN DALLAS, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING..... GET YA ROD READY, SHE'S ALMOST AT THE WINDOW.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

SHOVE OUT THE DOUGH, MISTER ALL OF IT. I AIN'T KIDDIN'

HUH? YOU.. YOU MEAN ME LADY? OKAY! OKAY!

WHO DO YOU THINK I MEAN, YOUR UNCLE? GET IT OUT.

HERE IT IS, LADY. HERE IT IS!.. A GIRL! A NICE LOOKING GIRL LIKE YOU A CHEAP CROOK. I.. I..

YOU SHOULDN'T OF SAID THAT, MISTER, YA TALK TOO MUCH.

ANYBODY THAT MOVES GETS A DOSE OF THE SAME!

BANG

EEYAH!

OKAY, I GOT IT. LET'S HIT THE ROAD.

HELP! A HOLD-UP!

YA DON'T HAVE TO KNOCK OFF EVERYBODY YA SEE, DO YA? COME ON LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.

NO! AAAGH!

SHUT UP!

NOW EVERY SHERIFF IN THE STATE WILL BE AFTER US. DID YA HAVE TO KILL 'EM?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, YA TURNIN' YELLOW? THAT WAS A THRILL! A REAL THRILL!

GRAND PRAIRIE

THERE THEY GO, THE DIRTY KILLERS!

THAT WAS THE MOST COLDBLOODED PIECE OF SHOOTING I'VE EVER SEEN!

THE KILL-CRAZY DOGS / THEY OUGHT TO BE HUNG!

GRAND PRA

MAN SHOT

Daily

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

AT THEIR HIDEOUT.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED BUCKS. NOT BAD.

YEAH. WHEN WE REALLY GET GOIN' WE'LL DO LOTS BETTER.

WE WILL IF YOU KEEP THAT ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER OF YOURS STILL.

AW, CUT IT OUT, CLYDE... HEY, GIMME ONE OF THEM CIGARS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YA NUTS? ONE OF THESE ROPES'LL PUT A DAME LIKE YOU OFF FOR A FEED FOR A WEEK.

CAN IT, BROTHER. A GAL AS TOUGH AS I AM CAN DO ANYTHING. WATCH ME.

YOU SURE ARE A CHARACTER, BONNIE. I DON'T GET IT.

ANYTHING FOR A THRILL, HUH, BABY?

THAT'S RIGHT, RAY. TAKE WHAT YA WANT WHEN YA WANT IT. THAT'S MY MOTTO... SAY THIS AIN'T BAD AT ALL. FROM NOW ON IT'S CIGARS FOR ME.

YOU SURE ARE A HARD NUMBER.

NEXT THEY TRIED BANK ROBBING. AS USUAL, BONNIE RAN THE SHOW. AT CEDAR HILL, TEXAS.....

NOW YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT TO DO, DON'T YA?

YEAH, WE GOT EVERYTHING SET. GO AHEAD.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, YOUNG LADY?

ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE GOT, YOUNG FELLOW. NONE OF YA SASSY REMARKS, JUST GET IT UP.

ARE YOU CRAZY? DO YOU.... OH..ER... GULP... THAT'S DIFFERENT.

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE THE LIGHT. GET MOVIN'! ANYTHING PHONY AND YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF WITH A SLUG THROUGH YOUR BACK.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



THAT ALL THERE IS?

YES MAM, THAT'S OUR TOTAL RESERVE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE DOLLARS.



IT BETTER BE!... COME ON, CLYDE, THE JOINTS CLEAN!

OKAY. HANG ON TO THAT DOUGH.



OHH! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS TO MY DYING DAY, ESPECIALLY THAT FACE!

HOLD IT A MINUTE, BOYS!



LADY, YOU AIN'T REMEMBERIN' ANYTHING FROM NOW ON. SO YOU DON'T LIKE MY FACE, HUH?

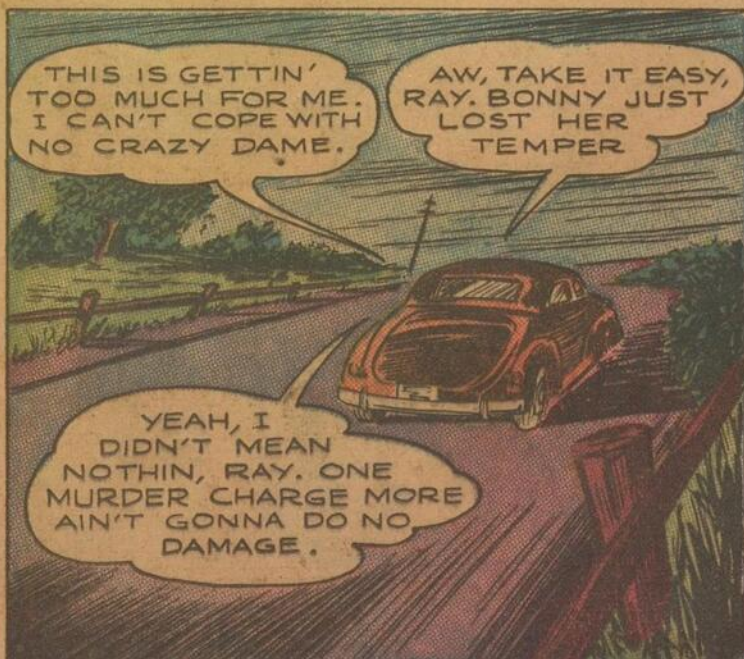
EEEEEE!



*@%#/ BONNY, CAN'T YOU CONTROL YASELF? I'M GONNA HAVE TO TAKE THAT GUN AWAY FROM YA.

WELL, SHE AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT MAKIN' REMARKS ABOUT ME.

WELL, I'LL BE!... WHAT A DAME!



THIS IS GETTIN' TOO MUCH FOR ME. I CAN'T COPE WITH NO CRAZY DAME.

AW, TAKE IT EASY, RAY. BONNY JUST LOST HER TEMPER

YEAH, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN, RAY. ONE MURDER CHARGE MORE AIN'T GONNA DO NO DAMAGE.



SOON AFTER, HAMILTON LEFT. HE HAD HAD ENOUGH. CLYDE AND BONNY CONTINUED THEIR MURDEROUS CAREER TOGETHER!! ONE NIGHT AT A DANCE HALL IN ALOKA, OKLAHOMA....

THIS IS FUN FOR A CHANGE. GIMME A CIGAR CLYDE.

YOU AIN'T GONNA SMOKE IT HERE, ARE YA?

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



SURE, HERE. WHERE DO YOU THINK, IN DALLAS? I FEEL LIKE A CIGAR, SO WHAT?

GEE, BONNY, EVERYBODY'S LOOKIN' AND HERE COMES THE BOUNCER.



I'M SORRY, LADY, BUT WE DON'T ALLOW SMOKING ON THE DANCE FLOOR, ESPECIALLY CIGARS.

I FEEL LIKE SMOKING ONE, WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO ABOUT IT?



TOSS YOU RIGHT OUT ON YOUR EAR. AND DON'T TELL ME YOU'LL CALL A COP BECAUSE THEY JUST CAME IN NOW. COME ON, BEAT IT!

GET YA MITTS OFFA HER!



THE LAW! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THEY AIN'T TAKIN' US!

LOOK OUT, GUNS!



I'LL GIVE IT TO THAT *O* RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

IF THEY GET US, IT'S THE CHAIR!

DROP THOSE GUNS OR...
EYAAH! AAAAGH



I'LL FILL THEM FULL OF LEAD! I'LL KILL 'EM, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.

OH! MY LEG! MY LEG! I'M SHOT!

HELP! EEEE! THEY'RE CRAZY!



COME ON, WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF TOWN FAST. THEY'LL HAVE A POSSE OUT IN NO TIME.

DON'T WORRY, THEY AIN'T GONNA GET US! WE'LL HEAD FOR CARLSBAD. WE CAN HIDE OUT WITH MY AUNT!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

SOON POLICE ALL OVER THE SOUTHWEST JOINED THE HUNT FOR THE TWO KILLERS. THEY HID OUT NEAR JOPLIN, MO.

TAKE IT EASY, CLYDE. THINGS'LL BLOW OVER IN AWHILE AND THEN WE CAN MOVE EAST.

NO IT WON'T. ONCE THEM *@#% COPPERS START... SEE! I TOLD YA! COPS, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE! LOOK!



*@#% SOMEONE MUST HAVE TIPPED THEM OFF. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, BUT HOW.... WAIT! I GOT IT. FOLLOW ME.

WHATEVER YOU GOT IN MIND, IT BETTER BE GOOD.



YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND? WHAT ARE YA DRAGGIN' ME TO THE GARAGE FOR?

SHUT UP! I'LL SHOW YA, JUST KEEP YA LID ON.



GET IN THE CAR AND GET READY TO MOVE IN A HURRY!

I HOPE YA KNOW WHAT YA DOIN'!



NOW START HER AND THEN RAM THROUGH THOSE DOORS WITH EVERYTHING SHE'S GOT. THEM FLAT-TIES WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM.



OKAY, HERE GOES NOTHIN'!

GIVE 'ER THE GAS! GIVE 'ER THE GAS!

LOOK OUT!



DUCK! DUCK FOR YOUR LIFE!

THE RATS ARE GETTING AWAY!

SHOOT THEM! THEY MUST BE STOPPED!



AIEEE! HELP!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

LET'S HEAD UP THROUGH THE WOODS. MAYBE THERE'S A FARM SOMEWHERE AROUND. WE CAN HIDE IN A BARN.

B..BETTER G...GET SOMEWHERE FAST. I'M D..DYIN' WWITH THE CCCOLD.

FOUR HOURS LATER

I'M THROUGH. I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP! I'M GOING TO... LOOK! A FARM!

YEAH, AND A CAR. LET'S GET IT! ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE STATE WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE.

A FEW MINUTES LATER..

HEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT? NO BUMS ARE WANTED AROUND HERE.. HOW'D YOU GET ON THE PROPERTY ANYWAY?

WE AIN'T BUMS, MISTER. WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

I'LL HAVE NO TRUCK WITH YOU. WHAT DO YOU WANT ANYWAY?

YOUR CAR, BUD! GET AWAY FROM THERE.

BY RIGHTS I OUGHTTA PUT YA ON A SLAB, YA LOUSY TIGHTWAD. WHEN YA COME TO, YA CAN TELL THE COPPERS YA WAS VISITIN WITH BONNY PARKER!

BONNY... UGHHH!

I HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH GAS TO REACH THE STATE LINE.

IF THERE AIN'T THERE'S PLENTY OF GAS STATIONS WE CAN HI-JACK FOR THE STUFF.

THE PAIR, NOW DESPERATE, MADE THEIR WAY INTO TEXAS AND ON MAY 24, 1934 WERE HEADING TOWARD ARCADIA.....

WE GOTTA GET SOME DOUGH FAST. WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.

WE'LL KNOCK OVER SOMETHING IN THIS BURG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

I REMEMBER THIS PLACE. THE BANK IS NO BETTER THAN A SARDINE CAN MAYBE WE...

WE BETTER HIT SOMETHING EASIER. WE AIN'T IN NO CONDITION TO BE PICKIN' ON BANKS. CLYDE, I'M BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.

WHEN SUDDENLY BE ON LOOKOUT FOR PAIR ON ROAD TO ARCADIA. SPOTTED LEAVING HIGHWAY TWENTY MINUTES AGO....

THAT'S US! HEY, JOE! LOOK AT THIS JALOP COMING!

IT'S GOT MISSOURI PLATES THAT'S THEM. GET READY; AND SHOOT TO KILL!

IF THEY DON'T STOP, POUR IT ON. THEY'RE TOO DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH.

RIGHT, CHARLIE. THOSE KIND SHOOT FIRST AND TALK LATER.

COPS! RAM THEM, CLYDE! RAM THEM

OKAY, HERE GOES!

NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT, WE GIVE UP! EEEEE!

DON'T KILL US! AAAGH!

IT'S JUST AS WELL, VICIOUS RATS LIKE THOSE ARE BETTER OFF DEAD.

THEY WERE TRYING TO RUN US DOWN! WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF A PAIR OF ROTTEN KILL-CRAZY RATS.

SEND FOR THE WAGON, JOE. AN AMBULANCE WON'T DO ANY GOOD.

THEY'RE THE WORST KILLERS THIS STATE HAS EVER KNOWN. GOOD RIDDANCE.

CRIME NEVER PAYS!

THUS ENDED THE CAREERS OF BONNY PARKER AND CLYDE BARROW, A PAIR OF RATS WHO LEARNED THE HARD WAY, THAT LAW AND ORDER ALWAYS PAYS OFF.....

MURDER WILL OUT

(A TRUE CRIME STORY)

THE wheels of justice, like those of progress, grind slowly, but exceedingly fine, as will be attested by one of the most unusual cases in the country's criminal history.

By the 18th of August, 1904, Warren Bray had practiced law in Elkton, Maryland, for well over thirty years. In that span of time a man acquires certain habits that become ingrained in his daily living. A solitary walk in the evening in the vicinity of his beautiful country home was one of the sixty-five-year-old lawyer's most steadfast matters of routine.

What was the old man thinking of in that walk that particular evening? Who knows? The time was when a person almost could guess what it might be. Some tricky problem that had arisen in a legal case he was pursuing. The political situation in Elkton, in Maryland, or in the United States itself. The cost of living, perhaps, ever a matter of importance to a man raising and educating a large family.

But that particular night the man's thoughts well might have been in retrospect. He had reached the age when he well could look back on his life with satisfaction. He was prominent in his own right. He had raised a family of six children, all of whom had done him credit. His own son, Charles, for instance, already was State's Attorney for the county, an accomplishment in itself of which he could be proud.

Suddenly his reveries, whatever they might have been, were rudely interrupted by a voice that said harshly, "Put your hands up!"

Warren Bray started visibly in the fading light. It was nearly seven-thirty. A man, several feet ahead of him, stood holding a leveled revolver. He had over his face a red

bandanna, and was crouched in an unnatural position, as if trying to avoid recognition.

Bray laughed nervously. Surely this was not happening to him! It was all some joke. Someone was trying to be funny. He began to walk toward the man with the gun. "I don't scare easily," he said, half laughing.

The gun in the man's hand cracked. A red spurt of flame preceded by only a split second the singing of a bullet, that grazed Bray's temple. The old man turned and started to run. The gun cracked out twice more. Bray fell to the ground, mortally wounded, a bullet in his spine.

Helpless, the lawyer lay still as the assailant approached cautiously. Bray was still conscious. "Why did you shoot me?" he asked weakly.

The other laughed. "Why?" repeated. "To rob you, naturally."

Bray said; "I have no money. Perhaps some small change on me,"

"I'll take that," said the thief, "and I'll take whatever jewelry you have, or your watch."

Bray fumbled in his vest, drew forth a monographed timepiece, tossed it away from him. The gunman reached down and picked up the watch. Bray looked on helplessly.

"Are you going to let me die here in the road?" he asked at last.

The crook shrugged. "I'm not going to take any chances on getting caught," he replied.

"At least go up the road and call to the people in one of those houses," Bray said with faltering voice. "Tell them to get me aid."

"Okay," said the other. Already darkness

had set in and the man disappeared into the shadows.

Less than ten minutes later a negro named Zander Billings ran up the road. Seeing the wounded man in the road, he called, "Is that you, Mr. Bray?"

Bray scarcely spoke aloud as he replied. The negro turned on his heel and ran toward the center of town. But the wife of Billings and a nearby neighbor approached and tried to comfort the then dying lawyer.

At the request of Zander Billings, who had made fast time into Elkton, police and citizens made tracks for the scene of the shooting and inside of a half hour Bray was on his way to the hospital.

Police under Sheriff Virgil Church at once began investigation. They obtained as much information from the stricken man as they could and immediately organized posses to scour the countryside. Results were nil. It was not until several arrests and releases had been made that the police turned their attention to the man who had reported the incident, Zander Billings.

Neither Billings, nor the friend of his, Xavier Abbott, who had been at the Billings place, could satisfy the police fully that they had had no part in the shooting. Billings, for instance, was able to say that the shots sounded as if they had come from a .38 calibre gun. The murder bullets and shells found near the scene, proved to be the size the Negro had *guessed* they would be. In addition, even in the near darkness, Billings had given a surprisingly detailed description of the supposed killer who had called to him. Furthermore, both Billings and his friend, Abbott, were reported to be excellent pistol shots.

Accordingly both Negroes were tried and, in spite of the suspicious circumstances, the judge, charging the jury, told them he considered there was not a shred of real evidence against the two men. Consequently they both were freed.

At this same time, shortly after the murder of Bray, for he had died some three days after being shot, the lawyer's son, Charles, had been appointed by the court to defend a horse thief, named Ernest Hall. The young man had received a sentence of about 10 years for his crimes. He had been placed in the same cell as the two Negroes for a short time.

So, after the release of Billings and Abbott, police, still believing they had let two criminals go, approached Hall. They asked him if he could remember any statements by either of the men that would indicate they had had any part in the murder of Bray.

The man waxed vehement in his denial of ever having heard anything about the crime from either of the two men. He became so indignant about being asked anything concerning the murder, the police said, "Say, this guy is trying so hard to know nothing, he could be hiding information. Let's look into his own doings."

They did and what they found amazed even themselves. Hall had claimed he had been in Philadelphia during the time of the murder. He had been in Philadelphia, all right, detectives found. They even discovered the room where he had stayed. But it had not been during the murder, they assumed. For in the room where Hall had stayed, they found a red bandanna, such as had covered the killer's face.

Searching further in the painstaking way that police have, they discovered the stolen watch in a pawnshop. It was a short time between the discovery of the watch and Hall's confession of the murder of Warren Bray.

It had been a wanton, useless murder of a fine man, for a mere pittance . . . a watch pawned for about ten dollars, and a bit of small change taken from the dying victim.

Thus justice, by refusing to convict innocent men without conclusive evidence, paved the way for the capture of the real killer, who was hanged by the neck until dead.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE HOOVER BROTHERS

Brother Rats

DON HOOVER,
BIGTIME RACKETEER
AND HEAD OF
A POWERFUL
UNDERWORLD ORGANIZATION
CONTROLLED AN
EMPIRE OF CRIME
BUT HE COULDN'T
CONTROL HIS WIFE
OR BROTHER.
THEIR FUED ENDED
IN HIDEOUS
M-U-R-D-E-R
WITH THE POLICE
DEALING THE
FINAL HAND.....

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY



SIoux CITY, IOWA, 1934 DON HOOVER GETS
A CALL FROM THE POLICE.....

YEAH THIS IS HOOVER..
WHAT!? THAT NO GOOD
BUM. I'LL BE DOWN
RIGHT AWAY!



WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
YA LOOK HOT UNDER
THE COLLAR!

AH THAT STUPID BROTHER
OF MINE IS IN THE COOLER
AGAIN. I DON'T CARE ABOUT
HIM, BUT IF WE AIN'T CAREFUL
HE'S GONNA LOUSE US UP.



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

LATER....

FIVE HUNDRED SMAKERS TO GET A WORTHLESS NO ACCOUNT LIKE YOU OUT OF THE COOLER AIN'T YOU GOT NO BRAINS BONEHEAD?

AW WHY DON'T YA LAY OFFA ME. YA ALWAYS GIVIN' OUT WITH THE NEEDLE.

NEEDLES, HUH? MAYBE AFTER A GOOD WORKIN' OVER YA'LL LEARN TO KEEP YA NOSE CLEAN!

OWWW!!

OH!! LAY OFF ME YA RAT OR I'LL KILL YA, SO HELP ME I'LL K LL YA!

AIN'T YOU TOUGH? GET UP OTT TA THERE BEFORE I REALLY GIVE YA SOMETHIN' TO YELL ABOUT.



DIDN'T YA HEAR ME? I SAID GET UP! FROM NOW ON YA WORKIN' FOR ME. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YA

I'LL GET YA FOR THIS IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE.

UNDER DON'S GUIDANCE BUD DID A LITTLE BETTER...

I'M GONNA SEND YA OUT ON A JOB, STUPID, SEE THAT YA DON'T LOUSE IT UP.

YEAH? I'LL SHOW YA. I'M AS GOOD AS YOU ANYTIME!



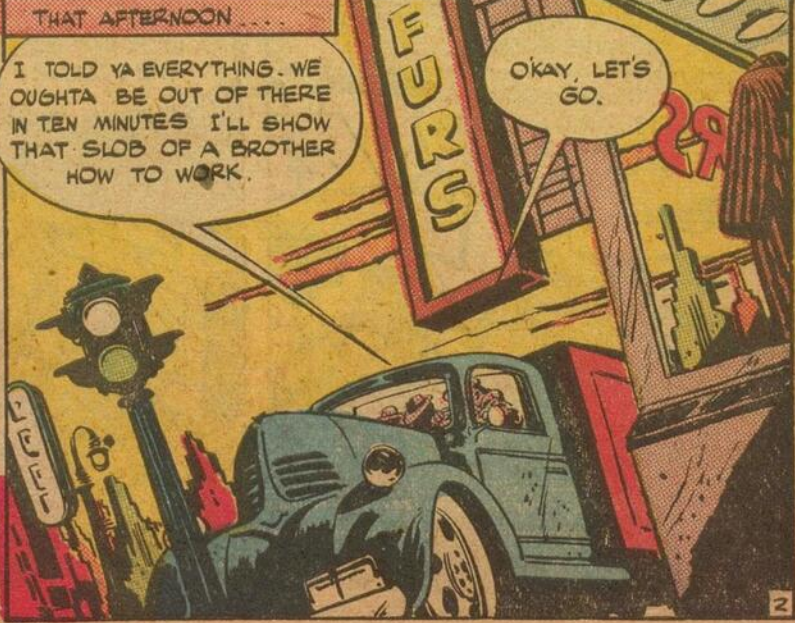
... AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT. YA GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT?

SURE, SURE. THERE AIN'T NOthin' TO STICKIN' UP A CRUMMY FUR STORE. BE SEEN' YA, BIG SHOT.

THAT AFTERNOON...

I TOLD YA EVERYTHING. WE OUGHTA BE OUT OF THERE IN TEN MINUTES I'LL SHOW THAT SLOB OF A BROTHER HOW TO WORK.

OKAY, LET'S GO.



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY, KEEP THEM TRAPS SHUT AND YA WON'T BE HURT. ANY NOISE AND I'LL DRILL YA. GOT ME?

EEE... OH! THIEVES!

STAND AGAINST THE WALL AND DON'T GET ME NERVOUS I DON'T LIKE IT AND I'M LIABLE TO GET TRIGGER HAPPY, SEE... OKAY, BOYS START CLEANIN' UP.

WHY DON'T YOU PIPE DOWN. WE KNOW WHAT TO DO.

OHHH! A HOLDUP!



IF ONLY THEY DIDN'T SEE ME! I'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE!



YES, THEY'RE STILL HERE, THREE OF THEM. THEY DON'T KNOW I'M CALLING. YES... ALL RIGHT.



HEY BOYS, GET A LOAD OF THIS. WHAT A MONEY. HUH?

WE GOT THE STUFF, COME ON LET'S BLOW

YEAH, LAY OFF THE DAMES AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE



AW WE GOT PLENTY OF TIME! TAKE IT EASY... COMMERE, GIMME A LITTLE KISS.

EEEEEE! TAKE YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF ME.

NOW I KNOW WHAT YA BROTHER MEANT WHEN HE CALLED YA A FATHEAD, COME ON.



I AIN'T GONNA HURT YA, COME ON GIMME A KISS.

YOU BEAST! YOU HORRID BEAST! M MPH!

OKAY WISE GUY, WE'RE LEAVIN'. YA CAN STAY IF YA WANT.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



ALL RIGHT I'M COMIN'.. SO LONG, BABY AND.. WHAT'S THAT?

EEEEEEEEE!!!

COPPERS! I KNEW IT!



LOUIE! GET THAT TRUCK MOVIN'! HURRY!

DON'T WORRY.

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?



LOUIE! COME ON! THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US

I'LL BE KILLED! GET GOIN'!



YA COULDN'T COME WHEN WE WANTED YA TO. WAIT TILL DON HEARS ABOUT THIS!

AW, EVERYTHINGS ALWAYS MY FAULT!



BACK AT DON'S HEADQUARTERS..

.. AND THEN THE FLATTIES SHOW. I COULDN'T HELP.. HEY!

YOU BIRD BRAINED HALFWIT! I LOST THIRTY GRAND ON YOUR STUPID BUNGLING!



LEMMIE GO, YA KILLIN' ME! AAAAAWK!

I'D BE BETTER OFF IF I DID! IF I DON'T YA GONNA LAND ME IN THE JUG SURE AS I'M STANDIN' HERE.



NOW GO ON BEAT IT! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AROUND AGAIN. SCRAM!

YA TRIED TO KILL ME! I'LL GET EVEN. YOU WAIT AND SEE!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

BUD WENT OUT ON HIS OWN AND TWO MONTHS LATER IN JANUARY 1935....

YA SURE THIS ARMORED CAR PASSES HERE EVERY WEEK?

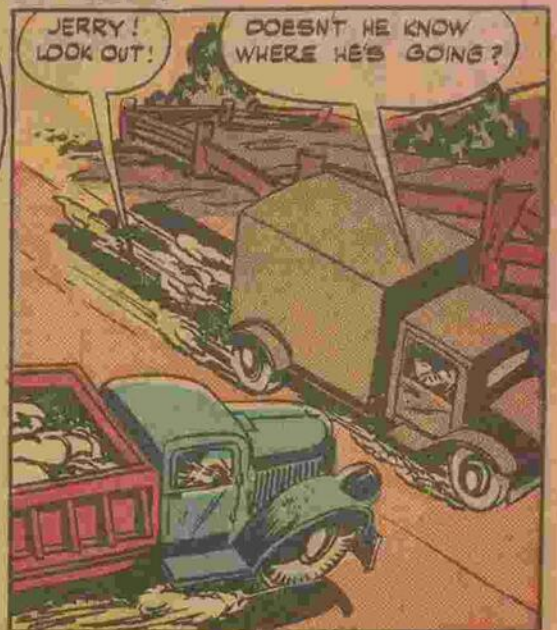
YEAH! I'M TELLIN' YA THEY CARRY A THIRTY GRAND PAYROLL. LISTEN I'M RUNNIN' THIS JOB. I DONT NEED THAT ROTTEN BROTHER OF MINE. WATCH AND SEE.

SEE, THERE SHE COMES NOW JUST LIKE I SAID. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DONT YA?

SURE! THAT THING WONT EVEN PUT A DENT IN A JOB AS HEAVY AS THIS. JUST HOLD THAT'S ALL.

JERRY! LOOK OUT!

DOESNT HE KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING?



HELP! AIEEE!

YOUR BRAKES! PUT ON YOUR BRAKES!



OHHR! I'M HURT! MY LEG, MY LEG!

IT WORKED! DIDNT EVEN SHAKE ME UP. LET'S GET INTO THAT CRATE..

THIRTY GRAND! HOLY SMOKE.



THERE SHE GOES! LET ME AT THAT DOUGH!

YEAH, LET'S BREEZE OUTTA HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES ALONG AND SPOTS US.



IT'S ALL THERE, I GUESS THIS'LL SHOW THAT SLOB DON WHAT'S WHAT?

MONEY, MONEY! LEMME AT IT!

HELP ME! OHHR! I'M HURT! HELP ME!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



DON'T GO!
HELP ME!
HELP ME!

TAKE CARE OF
THIS STUFF. I'LL
HELP THAT COPPER!

YA AIN'T GONNA
BUMP HIM?

NAW, I'M JUST GONNA
PUT HIM TO SLEEP FOR
AWHILE... HERE, PALLY,
THIS'LL QUIET THAT
YAMMERING DOWN.

FOR CRYIN' OUT
LOUD, BUD, YA
DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO THAT
DID YA?



NOW THAT I GOT
DOUGH, I'LL
START SHOWIN'
THAT BROTHER
OF MINE WHAT'S
WHAT.

GEE, YOU
SURE HATE
THAT GUY,
DON'T
YA?



BUT AS USUAL, BUD COULDN'T KEEP HIS
MOUTH SHUT AND BEFORE LONG...

DOUGH DON'T MEAN
NOTHIN' TO ME. I'M
LOADED. WHY I GOT...
...WHO'S THERE?
COME ON IN!

YOU'RE A SMART
HOMBRE, SWEETIE.
I REALLY GO FOR
YOU IN A BIG WAY.



THAT'S
MIGHTY
NICE OF
YOU
SISTER
WE GO
FOR HIM
TOO.

DON'T MOVE HOOVER,
YOU'RE COVERED.
GET OFF THAT LAP
LADY. WE'RE ALL GOING
DOWN TOWN FOR A
LITTLE QUESTIONING.



YOU KNOW, HOOVER,
YOUR MOUTH LEFT A
BETTER TRAIL THAN
FINGERPRINTS. YOU
CERTAINLY AREN'T
MUCH OF A BRAIN

YOU SAID IT, MISTER.
I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THIS AND I AIN'T
HANGING AROUND
NO LOUDMOUTH.



THEN IN APRIL 1935...

CAVANELL HOOVER YOU ARE
HEREBY SENTENCED TO TWENTY-
FIVE YEARS IN THE FEDERAL
PENITENTIARY.

GULP!
TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! IF DON HADN'T BOOTED ME OUT THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. I'LL GET OUT SOMETIME, THEN I'LL KILL HIM.

TEN YEARS LATER IN 1945, BUD WAS RELEASED ON PAROLE, HE STILL HADN'T FORGOTTEN HIS HATRED FOR DON...



I WONDER WHAT THAT RAT WILL SAY WHEN HE SEES ME? THIS TIME I'M GONNA EVEN THE SCORE.



WELL, IF IT AIN'T JUGHEAD, WHEN DID THEY SPRING YOU?

TWO DAYS AGO. WHEN DID YOU BUY THE HOTEL? MAKES A PRETTY GOOD COVER UP FOR THE RACKETS, HUH?



SO WHAT? ... THIS IS MY WIFE, VIOLET. WE BEEN MARRIED FOR TWO YEARS. SHE MARRIED ME FOR DOUGH, BUT IT AIN'T DOIN' HER NO GOOD, IS IT BABY?

HI YA

HELLO, MY FRIENDS CALL ME RUSTY.



JUST GET THIS INTO YOUR THICK SKULL, BUD AIN'T NO FRIEND OF YOURS AND VICE VERSA. NOW BEAT IT!

YOU DIRTY ROTTEN SCUM, I HATE YOU!



HATE ME, HUH? I'LL GIVE YA SOMETHING TO HATE FOR!

OHhhh!



NOW GO ON UP TO YA ROOM LIKE I TOLD YA SCRAM!... AND NOW THAT HALFWITTED.

OKAY, CHUM I GET IT! I'M BLOWIN' THANKS FOR NOTHIN'!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE NEXT DAY BUD CALLED RUSTY AND THEY FREQUENTLY MET AT A NEARBY TAVERN.....

LISTEN, RUSTY, IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT. WE GOTTA KILL HIM THEN WE CAN SPLIT HIS DOUGH UP AND LIVE LIKE KINGS.

YEAH, YEAH, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE YOU'RE RIGHT. WE BOTH HATE HIM WORSE THAN POISON.



THEN YOU'RE IN WITH ME?

OKAY, THAT MISERABLE NO GOOD RAT DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE. I GOT A PLAN LISTEN..



THREE DAYS LATER....

WHERE DID YOU GET THE SHOTGUN?

I GAVE A GUY FIFTY BUCKS FOR IT LIKE YOU SAID I SHOULD. WHEN'S HE COMING HOME?



THAT'S HIM NOW! HURRY! GET BEHIND THOSE DRAPES!

OKAY! BABY, THIS IS IT! WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR TWELVE YEARS.



WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'S BOTHERIN' YA? YA HIDIN' SOMETHING?

WHO..WHO ME? I--I THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG.

LISTEN, BABY, YOU COME CLEAN OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A BLOODY PULP. WHAT ARE YA HIDIN'?

ME! BROTHER!

YOU! WHY.. EEEYAHH!

YOU AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT ROTTIN' FROM NOW ON.. GOODBY BROTHER!

OHH!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



HE'S DEAD AND I'M GLAD! WE BETTER GET RID OF HIM RIGHT AWAY!

YEAH, I GOT AN IDEA. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



I SEEN THIS IN THE BACK HALL. WE CAN GET HIM OUT IN THIS. HIS CAR IS OUTSIDE, AIN'T IT?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT ALL THESE BLOOD STAINS. THE FLOOR AND WALLS ARE COVERED WITH IT. THE RUG IS RUINED!



JUST LIKE A DAME, WORRIED ABOUT THE RUG. WE'RE GONNA BURN IT AND THEN RE-DECORATE THE ROOM.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M THINKIN' WHERE WE GOING TO TAKE HIM... IT!



I KNOW A BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN THE MISSOURI! THE FISHES WILL ENJOY A CHANGE OF DIET.

WONDER WHERE THEM TWO ARE GOING WITH THAT ASHCAN? WELL, SHE OWNS IT, I AIN'T GONNA CRY ABOUT IT!



A LONELY BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE MISSOURI.....

THERE HE GOES, THE DIRTY BULLY NOW WE CAN START ENJOYING LIFE.

OH! HOW I HATED THAT MAN. I WANTED HIS MONEY, AND NOW I'VE GOT IT!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER HOOVER'S BODY WAS DISCOVERED BY TWO TURTLE HUNTERS.

HE'S PRETTY FAR GONE WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.. SAY! WAIT A MINUTE! THERE IS SOMETHING TUCKED UNDER THE BELT.



IT'S A LIQUOR PERMIT ISSUED TO DON HOOVER!

THE RACKETEER! LOOKS LIKE A GANG KILLING. WE'D BETTER REPORT RIGHT AWAY!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

ONCE IDENTITY WAS ESTABLISHED POLICE BEGAN SLOW CAREFUL QUESTIONING OF EVERYONE WHO KNEW HOOVER.....

I TELL YOU HE WANTED TO LEAVE ME. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN FOUR WEEKS.

I SEE. SAY, HASN'T THIS ROOM BEEN PAINTED AND RE-DECORATED RECENTLY?



WELL ALL I KNOW IS I SEEN THE TWO OF THEM LOAD THIS HEAVY ASHCAN INTO THE CAR TRUNK. IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT AND.....

THAT'S ALL WE NEED. LET'S GO BREAK THE LITTLE LADY DOWN!



TWO HOURS LATER.....

AND THEN YOU TOOK THE CAN TO THE RIVER AND DUMPED THE BODY! COME CLEAN, MRS. HOOVER!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SO WE DID! HE DESERVED IT!

WE DID, WHO'S THE MAN? ... SPILL IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE MEAT PACKING PLANT WHERE BUD WORKED

I AIN'T HEARD FROM RUSTY THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS. I WONDER WHAT'S UP.... OH! OH! COPPERS!



DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY HOOVER JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY.

A FEW THINGS WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS

I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHIN' PHONY!



PROVEN GUILTY THE TWO WERE BROUGHT TO TRIAL AND SENTENCED.....

VIOLET HOOVER I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER AND YOU CAVANELL HOOVER TO FORTY YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY.



FORTY YEARS! NO! NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'LL GO CRAZY! NO! NOT AGAIN!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT. LET ME GO! NO! NO!



CRIME NEVER PAYS!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE

BROOKLYN BUTCHER

FRANKIE YALE

A TRUE CRIME STORY



A CORRUPT POWER IN BROOKLYN RACKETS AND A VICIOUS KILLER, FRANKIE YALE WAXED FAT IN HIS CONEY ISLAND STRONGHOLD, ONLY VENTURING OUT TO COMMIT SOME MONSTEROUS CRIME UNTIL HE WAS DESTROYED BY THE EVIL HE HAD DONE ...

CONEY ISLAND IN THE EARLY TWENTIES...

ONE OF THESE DAYS, ROCCO, I'M GONNA RUN THIS JERNT. Y' WAIT AND SEE.

HEY, BIG SHOT, HERE'S A CHANCE TO SHOW YOUR STUFF! AIN'T THAT YOUR DAME OUT WITH TORRIOS MUGS?

YEAH! BUT NOT FOR LONG!

YOU PUNKS KNOW THAT THIS IS MY DAME?

SO WHAT, CHUM? GO PEDDLE YOUR PAPERS ELSE WHERE!

LEMME ALONE, FRANKIE!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



YA HEARD ME!
THAT'S ME
GIR... UGH!

I TOLD YA
TO BEAT IT!
SCRAM! YA
WANTA GET
HURT?

EEE!

WHY YA DIRTY
☆#--@*?! I'M
GONNA KNOCK
YA CRUMMY
TEETH DOWN
YA THROAT!

LAY OFF
FRANKIE,
THEM
HOODS'LL
PLUG
YA!

COME ON, PUNK,
SO I CAN GIVE
IT TO YA
GOOD!

CRACK



YA YELLOW SCUM!
JUST LEMME
GET MY MITTS...
AAGHH!

HERE, STUPID,
TRY THIS ON
FOR SIZE!

**EEEE!
FRANKIE!**

WHAT DID YA
HAVE TO USE
THE ROD FOR?
LET'S GET
OUTTA HERE
BEFORE THE
COPS COME!

SO LONG,
FRANKIE,
I AIN'T
EVEN
SEEN
YA!

GRAND



LATER AT THE HOSPITAL...

HI'YA, KID!
MY NAME'S
JOHNNY TORRIO!
I HEARD
ABOUT YA
ACCIDENT
AND I
COME TO
SEE YA!

GEЕ ...
JOHNNY
TORRIO!
HEAD OF
THE RACKET!
LISTEN... IT
WAS YOUR
GUYS WHO
TOOK MY
GAL!

YEAH, I KNOW! THEM
BUM'S IS BEING
TAKEN CARE OF!
THEY AIN'T GETTIN'
ME IN BAD WITH
THE DISTRICT...
Y'KNOW KID,
YA GOT
NERVE?

I JUST DROPPED
IN TO TELL YA
I MIGHT BE
ABLE TO USE
A GUY LIKE YOU!
HERE'S SOME-
THING FOR YOUR
TROUBLE!

AW, IT
WAS
NOTHIN',
MR.
TORRIO!

THANKS,
MR. TORRIO!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THAT'S THE KIND OF GUY I'M GONNA BE! PLENTY DOUGH, LOTS A POWER! EVERYTHING I WANT! YESSIR, THAT'S FOR ME!

THE FIRST THING FRANKIE DID WHEN HE GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL WAS TO USE TORRIO'S MONEY TO PURCHASE A GUN...

WITH THIS UNDER MY ARM, I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THEM CHEAP PUNKS GET WISE! FROM NOW ON NO ONE TOUCHES LITTLE FRANKIE!

THERE YA ARE, KID! A GOOD SOLID ROD! AND NO NUMBERS ON IT TO GET YA IN TROUBLE!

OKAY, THERE IS THE FIFTY BUCKS, WEEPY!



WITH THE GUN CAME GANGSTER'S COURAGE AND FRANKIE BEGAN TO ORGANIZE THE CONEY ISLAND TOUGHS...

FRANKIE! FRANKIE! SOME LOUSE FROM NEW YORK HELD UP OLD SAM WHO RUNS THE HIGH STRIKER DOWN THE STREET AND CLIPPED HIM FOR EVERY CENT!

YEAH? TELL ME MORE!

HE LOOKS LIKE A HARD GUY AND HE'S STILL AROUND! HE'S LOOKIN' FOR MORE!

TELL THE BOYS TO PICK HIM UP AND BRING HIM TO LOUIE'S! I AIN'T WORRIED ABOUT OLD SAM I JUST DON'T LIKE 'MUSCLIN' IN!



A HALF HOUR LATER IN AN EMPTY CONCESSION BOOTH...

WHERE ARE THEM BONEHEADS? I AIN'T WAITIN' ALL DAY!

HERE THEY ARE NOW, BOSS!

WELL IF IT AIN'T THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES? WHAT DO YA THINK YOU'RE GONNA DO, TOUGH BOY?

I'LL SHOW YA... HOLD HIM, BOYS!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE TORRIO, NOW A POWER IN CHICAGO, SENT FOR FRANKIE ...

WELL, FRANKIE SINCE I LAST SEEN YA, YA SURE CHANGED PLENTY!

YEAH, IT WAS YOU WHO DONE IT, JOHNNY, THAT DAY IN THE HOSPITAL! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I GOT A BIG JOB FOR A GUY WITH A LOT OF NERVE AND WHO AIN'T KNOWN IN CHICAGO! I WANT BIG JIM COLESIMO KNOCKED OFF! I'M OFFERIN' PLENTY!

COLESIMO HUH? SO YA TAKIN OVER THE WORKS, OKAY, I'M YOUR MAN, HOW MUCH?

FIVE GRAND! AND TO SHOW YA I TRUST YA, HERE IT IS NOW!

THANKS, JOHNNY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT TONIGHT!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

SO LONG CHUM, HAPPY LANDINGS!

AAAGHH!

BANG BANG BANG

BUT THE NEXT DAY...

THAT WAS THE EASIEST FIVE GRAND I EVER MADE! MY ONLY EXPENSE WAS CARFARE AND THE PRICE OF THE SLUGS! OUTTA MY WAY PUNK!

THAT MAN SHOT MR. COLESIMO! HELP!

GATER... RIGHT, THAT'S THE FIFTH TIME YOU TOLD ME! JUST REMEMBER IT FOR THE TRIAL!

YESSIR! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE! LIKE I SAID, I WAS STAND...

COMMERE, YOU! WE GOT BUSINESS TOGETHER!

WE HEAR YA SPILLIN' YA GUTS TO THE COPPERS!

I... I... NO... I... NO!

YOU BETTER FORGET WHAT YA SEEN, OR WE'LL HACK YA INTO DOG MEAT!

YEAH, HE'LL LOOK GOOD STARIN' UP FROM A SLAB!

GULP! I SEEN NOTHIN'... MISTER, NUTHIN', SO HELP ME!

THE PORTER SUDDENLY LOST HIS MEMORY AND THE POLICE LOST YALE! FRANKIE WENT BACK TO CONEY ISLAND.

BOSS, WE THOUGHT YA WAS NEVER COMIN' BACK!

YA DID? THEM COPPERS AIN'T HOLDIN' FRANKIE YALE! NOT ME THEY AIN'T!

FRANKIE BEGAN TO REALLY TAKE OVER AND A REIGN OF TERROR BEGAN IN BROOKLYN ...

THAT'S FOR GUYS WHO DOUBLECROSS FRANKIE YALE!

BANG! BANG!

EEEYAHH!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

NO! NO! I AIN'T GOT THE DOUGH! LEMME GO! AIEE!

FRANKIE'S RIGHT! THEY AIN'T NEVER GONNA FIND THAT RAT IN THERE!

NAW, THE WATER RATS AND CRABS'LL HAVE HIM CLEAN BY MORNING!

MEANWHILE FRANKIE WAXED HOTTER AND HOTTER... THEN CAME ANOTHER CALL FROM CHICAGO...

COME IN FRANKIE! EVERY TIME I SEE YA, YA LOOK BETTER!

I'M DOIN' ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY, WHAT DO YA WANT THIS TIME?

IT'S DION O'BANNION! HE'S GETTING INTO MY HAIR! HE AND HIS BOSS CAPONE ARE TRYIN' TO MOVE IN!

I'LL KNOCK HIM OFF, JOHNNY! HOW MUCH?

THE SAME AS BEFORE, FRANKIE, AND IF YA DO A GOOD JOB I'LL GIVE YA SOME RACKETS IN BROOKLYN!

IT'S A DEAL! GIVE ME A COUPLE OF HOODS TO TAKE WITH ME! I MAY NEED 'EM!

THE NEXT DAY AT O'BANNION'S FLOWER SHOP...

YES, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'D LIKE TO SEE SOME WREATHS! FUNERAL WREATHS! SOMEONE WE KNOW IS ABOUT TO PASS ON!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE? IT'S INEXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL!

REST IN PEACE

I LIKE IT FINE! JUST HOLD IT FOR A SECOND!

HA-HA... FRANKIE YOU'RE A SCREAM!

AIN'T HE A PERFECT SET-UP GUYS? DON'T SAY WE NEVER GAVE YA NOTHIN' BUD!

AAGH!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

WAIT TILL TORRIO HEARS ABOUT THIS! HE WON'T HAVE TO SEND A WREATH TO THE FUNERAL!

I GOTTA ADMIT, HE PICKED A BEAUT!

BY LIBERAL BRIBING FRANKIE MANAGED AN ALIBI...

WE KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE YALE! COME CLEAN?

YOU KNOW I WAS ON THE TRAIN WHEN IT HAPPENED! ARE YOU TRYING TO FRAME ME?

ARE YOU SURE THAT YALE WAS ON YOUR TRAIN THE DAY THAT O'BANNION WAS KILLED?

YES, SIR! I REMEMBER HIM VERY WELL!

BUT FRANKIE FORGOT ONE THING, O'BANNION'S HENCHMEN! ONE NIGHT IN ONE OF HIS CLIP JOINTS...

NINE THOUS--... WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?

YOU, FRANKIE! WE COME A LONG WAY TO SEE YA! CHICAGO TO BE EXACT!

O'BANNION'S BOYS! AIN'T YOU A BRIGHT GUY, YOU DIDN'T GIVE O'BANNION TIME TO EXPLAIN, DID YA?

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! LEMME EXPLAIN!

NAH, AND I AIN'T GIVING YOU ANY EITHER! DROP THEM RODS!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? NOW TAKE IT EASY, FRANKIE!

FIX THESE SLOBS UP WITH CEMENT AND DUMP 'EM IN THE DRINK!

WE GOTCHA, BOSS!

NO, FRANKIE, NO! WE'LL GET OUT! WE WON'T DO NOTHIN' WE PROMISE! NO! NO!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

LATER THAT NIGHT ...

THE BOSS SURE DON'T TAKE NO CHANCE! THEM GUY WERE KNUCKLEHEADS FOR TRYIN' TO KNOCK HIM OFF!

YEAH, HE SURE IS SLICK!

EEEE! AAGHH!

MEANWHILE, THE BRIBED CONDUCTOR GOT THE JITTERS AND REVISITED THE POLICE ...

I-I-I GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT YALE BEING ON THE TRAIN! MY... MY MEMORY ISN'T AS GOOD AS IT WAS!

NIETHER IS YOUR COURAGE! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME CLEAN BEFORE, MAYBE A LITTLE BRIBE, HEY?

SEND OUT AN ORDER! GET YALE!

SO WE FINALLY GOT THE GOODS ON HIM? HE WAS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER!

THE POLICE WORKED FAST!

WE'VE GOT A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST, YALE! BETTER COME QUIETLY!

OH, FRANKIE, WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO?

DON'T WORRY, KID, I'LL BE HOME AS SOON AS I POST BAIL!

IN COURT

I SET YOUR BAIL AT \$10,000!

THAT'S PEANUTS! IF YA WORRIED ABOUT ME, I'LL GIVE YA MORE!

HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT ALL THE DOUGH IN THE WORLD ISN'T GOING TO HELP HIM!

DIRTY RATS LIKE THOSE LAST SO LONG AND ... SNAP!

WHILE THE LAW REACHED FOR FRANKIE, SO DID HIS ENEMIES, O'BANNION'S FRIENDS ...

I WANT YOU TO GET THAT SKUNK BEFORE THE COPPERS, GET ME? AND NO SLIP UPS! I DON'T CARE IF IT TAKES A MONTH!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'LL GET HIM!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

SO LONG, BOSS, WE GOT SOME HOT MUSIC TO PLAY FOR YALE!

YEAH, RED, HOT! THE KIND THAT GOES RAT TAT, TAT, TAT!

THE NEXT FEW DAYS FOUND A CONSTANT TAIL ON FRANKIE ... AND ...

THERE'S THE #!!#@!! SKUNK NOW AND ALONE!

THIS IS IT! LET'S GET HIM AND BLOW! I'M GETTIN' HOMESICK FOR CHICAGO!

GET YOUR VIOLIN, LEFTY! WE'LL GET HIM AT THE END OF THE BLOCK!

RIGHT! BETSY AIN'T PLAYED IN A LONG TIME!

AS SOON AS I GET OUT OF THIS O'BANNION RAP I'M REALLY GOING TO TAKE OVER BROOKLYN!

YEAH, I'M GONNA ... EEEYAH!

WELL SO LONG, FRANKIE, YOU AIN'T GONNA STICK YOUR BEAK INTO ANYBODY'S BUSINESS ANYMORE!

OKAY LET'S DUMP THE TRUCK AND BLOW!

THEM COPPERS GONNA BLOW THEIR TOPS WHEN THEY FIND WE CUT 'EM OUT!

CRASH!

FUNERAL PARLOR

CRIME NEVER PAYS!

THUS ANOTHER VICIOUS CHARACTER ENDED HIS LAWLESS CAREER! IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE KILLERS WERE APPREHENDED AND PAID THE LAWFUL PENALTY YALE HAD ESCAPED!



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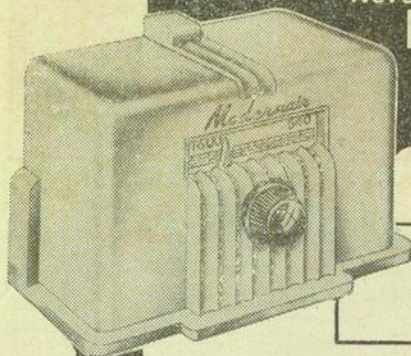
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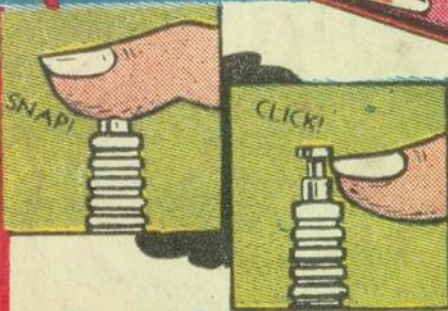


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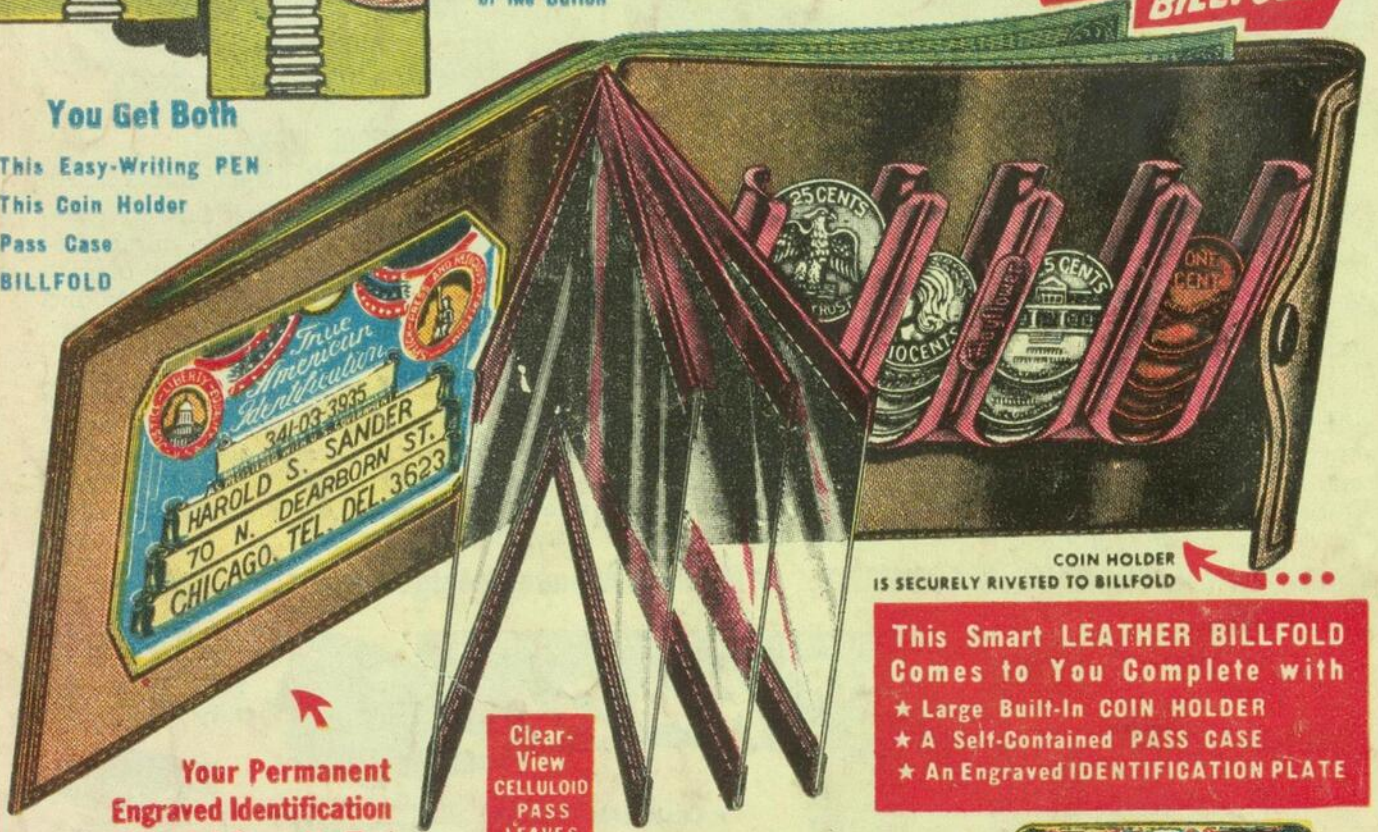
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