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Frank Verlow was a soft man who liked easy living! He liked bright lights and beautiful women... and he was a fast spender with somebody else's dollar! That's why he became known as the perfect....

MAN ABOUT MURDER

YES, SIRREE, FRANK VERLOW IS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME! HE ALWAYS DID KNOW HOW TO ENJOY HIMSELF WITHOUT RECKONING THE COST! BUT SOONER OR LATER THE BILL HAS TO BE PAID... IN FULL!

"FRANK VERLOW WAS BORN IN POVERTY ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK! BUT HE NEVER SPENT MUCH TIME IN HIS OWN NEIGHBORHOOD...."

THIS IS THE LIFE! PRETTY GIRLS HANGING AROUND... PLenty OF MONEY!

THAT'S FRANKIE YALE... THE GANG BOSS! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SPENDING MONEY!"
OH, OH! MR. YALE DROPPED HIS WALLET.

OH-oh, Mr. Yale! I couldn't accept any reward from a famous man like you! Thanks just the same!

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, YOUNG FELLOW!

MY WALLET'S EMPTY! THAT YOUNG PUNK! HE GRABBED ALL MY DOUGH!

"BUT WHEN FRANKIE YALE DROVE OFF IN HIS LIMOUSINE...."

NO WONDER HE DIDN'T WANT A REWARD!

SHALL WE STOP THE CAR AND GO BACK TO LOOK FOR HIM?

NEVER MIND! IT'S TOO LATE NOW! BUT I'LL REMEMBER THAT YOUNG PUNK, IF WE EVER MEET AGAIN!

FRANK YERLOW DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME IN STARTING TO ENJOY HIS NEW-FOUND WEALTH! A WEEK LATER, IN THE SILVER HORN NIGHT CLUB....

THAT'S JACK MORRIS....THE PRIZEFIGHTER! HE'S FIGHTING NEXT WEEK! THEY SAY HE'S HEADED FOR THE TITLE TOO!
Send a dozen bottles of champagne over to Jack Morris' table! Tell him it's from an admirer... Frank Verlow!

That was the beginning of what rapidly ripened into an affectionate friendship...

You're a pal, Frank! Never met a nicer guy than you in my life!

Let's drink another toast to your winning the championship, Jack!

Ahh, the champ's afraid of me! He won't give me a fight!

That's because you haven't the right manager, Jack! You need somebody with influence! I could get you a match with the champion in no time at all!

You mean it, Frank? Gee, I could use a guy with influence like you! Will you manage me?

Sure I will, Jack! I'd be glad to do it for a real pal!

Later, when Frank Verlow was leaving the silver horn...

Better come with me! Mr. Yale would like to have a talk with you!

Ulp! Okay... Okay!

Here he is, boss! I spotted him leaving the club.

Guess he didn't know I own an interest in this place! That's the second mistake he's made!

The first mistake was in lifting my wallet! And that will be your last mistake unless I get back the three grand I had in it!

I intend to pay you back, Mr. Yale... with interest!
I just signed a contract to manage Jack Morris the middleweight contender. I'll pay you back out of my end of his purse!

This is legal, all right!

I'll let you off easy this time, Verlow! You've got plenty of brass... but I like you! Just remember not to pull any tricks with me again!

You can depend on me, Mr. Yale!

"Frankie Verlow's first sortie into the prize fighting business proved to be an unqualified success!"

He's groggy, Jack! Finish him!

It's a KO!

Am I ready to fight the champ now?

You sure are, Jack! I'll get right to work on it!

"But the next morning when Frank Verlow collected the purse, two of Yale's henchmen were waiting to accompany him..."

We're going to the bank with you while you cash that check, Verlow!

Yeah! And we're taking off three grand... with interest... for Yale's cut.

Of course! I never had any intention of cheating Mr. Yale!

Don't ever try it, Verlow! They tell me it's mighty cold and uncomfortable lying on a marble slab in the morgue!
"Any other man might have been warned about the danger involved in swindling...especially when the victim is a lord of gangdom! But Verlow couldn't resist a chance for some easy money..."

My hand hurts! I think I fractured a couple of knuckles in that sparring!

I'll get the doc to x-ray it, Jack!

Hmm! They're fractured, all right!

I guess this means Jack Morris' fight with the champ has to be called off!

You helped arrange the bout for me, Mr. Yale! Now I want to pay you back!

I'll let Morris fight the champ!

I haven't shown these x-rays to Jack Morris! I can make him go easy in training so he doesn't hurt the hand again!

And we can make a fortune betting on the champ! You're pretty smart, Verlow!

I'll cut you in for ten percent of all the winnings! I can lay off nearly a hundred grand with the O'Connell Syndicate! Ha-ha! I wish I could see Mike O'Connell's face when he finds out how he's been swindled!

The fight was a slaughter almost from the first round! Jack Morris hurt himself more than the champ every time he threw a right hand! And the champ battered him with a hurricane of two-fisted leather!

Stop the fight! It's murder!

Jack Morris is a game fighter! He sops up punishment like a sponge!
I DON'T SEE HOW VERLOW TALKED HIM INTO FIGHTING WITH ONLY ONE GOOD HAND!

SIMPLE ENOUGH! HE TOLD MORRIS THE FIGHT WAS FIXED... FOR HIM TO WIN! I GUESS JACK KNOWS BETTER BY NOW!

"THAT BRUTAL BEATING ENDED THE PROMISING CAREER OF JACK MORRIS! BUT IT SPILLED THE BEGINNING OF NEW PROSPERITY FOR FRANK VERLOW!"

NOW I OWN A NIGHT CLUB... JUST LIKE FRANKIE YALE! I'M GOING TO BECOME A BIG TIME OPERATOR!

YOUR NAME FRANK VERLOW?

THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M MIKE O'CONNELL! REMEMBER ME? I'M THE GUY YOU AND FRANKIE YALE TOOK TO THE CLEANERS ON THAT MORRIS FIGHT!

THAT WASN'T MY FAULT! I THOUGHT MORRIS WAS GOING TO WIN!

SAVE THE DOUBLE-TALK, VERLOW! I KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED! SO I'M PAYING THIS SOCIAL CALL TO GET BACK SOME OF THAT MONEY! YOU CAN START BY SELLING ME THIS NIGHT CLUB!

I WANT IT TO BE A BUSINESS-LIKE TRANSACTION! SO I'LL PAY YOU... TEN BUCKS!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS PLACE COST ME NEARLY THIRTY G'S! I WON'T SELL IT FOR A PENNY LESS!

I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE, VERLOW! JUST REMEMBER THAT, WHEN YOU GET MY NEXT OFFER... IN HOT LEAD!

Y-YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME!
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, AS
FRANK VERLOW WAS LOCKING
UP HIS CLUB IN THE SMALL
HOURS OF THE MORNING...

GOOD NIGHT, GIRLS!

NIGHT, FRANK!

I THOUGHT I
SAW A CAR
WAITING A BLOCK
DOWN! THERE IT
IS AGAIN! IT'S
FOLLOWING ME!

IT'S O'CONNELL!
HE'S TRYING TO
KILL ME!

FRIGHTENED NOW, VERLOW PUSHED
THE GAS PEDAL DOWN TO THE FLOOR!
BUT THE PURSUING CAR HUNG ON
LIKE A GRIM BLACK SHADOW, AND
SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WAS BROKEN
BY THE ORANGE STAB OF GUNFIRE....

BAM-BAM!
BAM!
BAM-BAM-BAM!

BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THE
CAR IS ARMORPLATED! AND
THE WINDOWS ARE BULLET-
PROOF GLASS! I'LL GET
OUT OF THIS YET!

THEY SHOT OUT MY
TIRES! I CAN'T
KEEP THE CAR ON
THE ROAD!

OSSLY ENOUGH, FRANK VERLOW
SURVIVED! HE HAD A FRACTURED
SKULL, SIX BROKEN RIBS AND A
DOZEN OTHER ASSORTED INJURIES,
BUT THE CURTAIN HADN'T YET RUNG
DOWN ON HIS CAREER...

CRASH!
"When he came out of the hospital, Frank Verlow was stone broke again! So he went to an old friend...."

"That's a lot of green, Verlow!"

"O'Connell squeezed me out of my place! But I could get started again with forty grand!"

"That was the first of many I.O.U.'s that Verlow wrote in the following months! His new night club flopped, and so did a later ill-advised venture in the rum running racket...."

"Write out an I.O.U.! I know you wouldn't dare cross me again, but I want something in writing! Just in case you should meet with an accident!"

"I know my year is up, Mr. Yale! But I'll pay you back every cent.... with interest! I've borrowed money for a fleet of trucks!

"Hmm! I heard you were going to muscle in on the artichoke racket!"

"My advice is: don't try it! Ciro Terranova is head man there.... and he plays rough!"

"I'll do all right, Mr. Yale! Just give me a little more time and you'll see!"

"That venture ended a few weeks later, in a gruesome scene of violence and death!"

"Six men machine gunned! And a lot of trucks ready for the junkheap!"

"They were carrying artichokes to the market! The fool who owned those trucks should've known better than to start trouble with Ciro Terranova!"
"By now, Frank Verlow had exhausted his sources of credit! He scarcely knew where to turn! But then he ran into an old friend..."

"Jack Morris! Say, where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, it's you, Verlow!"

"The medics wouldn't okay me for a return to the ring! But I scraped together a few grand! I'm going to take a fling in business!"

"Don't be a sucker, Jack! I can run up your roll into a real bundle of cash!"

"Poor Jack Morris really fell for Verlow's line! He invested $3,200 in a scheme to install slot machines in cafés! But when the time came for the payoff..."

"I've been looking everywhere for you, Verlow! I want my dough!"

"I don't want your @*** I.O.U.'s."

"Listen Verlow, either you get that money in a week! Or I'll kill you! Understand?"

"Sure... Jack! You'll get paid... with interest!"

"Actually, Verlow had spent the money to pay off a few pressing debts of his own! Now there was only one man to whom he could turn..."

"Frankie Yale will help me! I owe him so much already that he won't mind advancing me a few grand to pay off Morris!"

"And then Verlow got the shock of his life..."

"Read all about it! Gangland boss rubbed out!"
Yale's dead! And he was my last hope! Now his gang will want payment on those notes I made out! And I can't pay!

There was one last slender hope! On June 24th, 1929, Frank Verlow bet a borrowed two hundred dollars on the nose of a longshot in the feature race at Jamaica...

Come on, Senor Bello! Come on!

He ran fourth... out of the money! That horse was supposed to be a hot tip from the racing stable! What am I going to do now?

Later that same day Frank Verlow received a mysterious phone call while having dinner with friends...

Sure! Of course I'll be there! Thanks a lot!

I've got to be running along, folks! Friend of mine called up! I'm going to borrow a little money!

Ha-ha! I don't know where you scratch up the suckers, Verlow! But borrowed money helps pay for your fun as a man-about-town.

That was the last anyone saw of Frank Verlow alive! A few hours later his bullet-riddled body was dumped in front of a cemetery...

Your debts are all paid now, deadbeat!

They found a crumpled I.O.U. in his hand! Another mortgage on his future that he didn't finish writing before his future ran out! Everyone of my followers must pay the final reckoning, because crime cannot win....

*Who killed him? To this day no one knows, there were too many suspects....*
HEY FELLAS — now you can look just like me!

SENSATIONAL LIFE-LIKE HOPALONG CASSIDY RUBBER MASK $1.98 POSTPAID

It's the doggonest most-marvelous mask you've ever seen — real rubber that was molded right on Hopalong Cassidy's own face. It's so real — so amazingly lifelike — your friends will gasp with astonishment.

And just imagine! The mask fits so naturally and comfortably over your own face that you can wear it for hours. It even moves with your face. You can see through the eyes... and breathe through the nose. It can be rolled and carried in your pocket. Handpainted, washable, it will last for years.

It's sure as shootin’ you’ll be the sensation of the neighborhood. Looking exactly like America’s Most Famous Cowboy you’ll be the envy of every one you know. But you’d better mail away pronto to be sure to get one 'cause our supply is limited.

“WHERE'D YOU EVER GET SUCH A SWELL MASK?”

“HEY LOOK— IS THAT HOPALONG CASSIDY?”

“GEE WHIZ... IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HOPPY”

“HEY, I WANT ONE TOO! WHERE DO THEY SELL THEM?”

FREE! With Every Mask You Order!

HOPALONG CASSIDY PIN

Just look what a wonderful pin you get without paying one extra penny. It’s Hopalong Cassidy himself in one of the biggest and swellest pins you’ve ever owned. Absolutely free with your mask.

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509 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., DEPT. W-7

SEND NO MONEY — ORDER NOW

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Dept. W-7 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

☐ Rush me: Hopalong Cassidy Rubber Masks. I’ll pay the postman $1.98 each, plus COD and postage charges.

☐ Check or money order enclosed for: Hopalong Cassidy Rubber Masks at $1.98 each. Playtime Toys pays postage. I understand I will receive a Hopalong Button with each mask I order.

Name

Address

City... Zone... State...
Amazing NEW MEDICAL FORMULA makes

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR *
BEFORE YOUR EYES!

New 2-WAY Treatment
Acts in 10 SECONDS
OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

* Dornol Covers Up Pimples and Other Skin Blemishes At Once!

TODAY, it is old-fashioned to neglect skin blemishes when you can instantly conceal them from sight with the Dornol treatment. At the same time you can be secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove externally caused pimples, blackheads, acne, and other skin blemishes.

What Dornol's "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind cannot be measured. To be left out of things because friends and associates "can't stand the sight of your skin" is indeed to suffer the tortures of the unwanted and avoided. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with shame and misery. Now because of the wonderful "cover-up" feature of Dornol you can put your best foot forward... at once!

MICROSCOPE SHOWS WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE PIMPLES

The microscope can't lie — and its high-powered lenses show your skin covered with dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a quantity of oil secreted by the sebaceous glands.

A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, this oil film attracts foreign matter to your skin much as an oil mop picks up dust. Bacteria and fungi, tiny particles of clothing, bedding, cosmetics — are all external agents which may infect your skin. See the difference between a healthy and pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below. The 2-way Dornol treatment attacks sick skin with instant action! Its detergent penetration cleanses the pores and its clinically proved medication discourages oiliness and kills infectious bacteria which are often associated with externally-caused pimples and blackheads.

TRY DORNOL AT OUR RISK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment may yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you. If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just ten days, simply return the unused portion of the 2 Dornol formulas and we will refund not only the price you paid — but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! Can anything be finer than that? You have everything to gain and we take all the risk!

Rush DOUBLE REFUND COUPON Now

DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. 7820
4257 Katonah Ave., New York 66, N. Y.

Rush the Dornol Treatment at once in plain wrapper.
☐ On delivery I will pay $1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges.
☐ Enclosed find $2 in full payment. You pay all postage.

Unless delighted, I may return the unused portion of Dornol after 10 days and get DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK.

Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City & Zone __________________ State _______
WANTED

PAUL HENSLEY PAYTON
WANTED FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY,
AGE 24; HEIGHT 5 FEET, 11½ INCHES;
WEIGHT 166 POUNDS; BUILD, SLENDER;
HAIR, LIGHT BROWN; EYES, BLUE;
COMPLEXION, RUDDY; MARKS OF
IDENTIFICATION: THE NAMES, "SUE" AND
"PAUL" TATTOOED ON LEFT ARM.

REWARD

IF LOCATED, NOTIFY CHIEF OF POLICE
THOMAS F. LYNERT, POLICE DEPARTMENT,
AKRON, OHIO.

$100 WILL BE PAID BY WANTED
COMICS FOR ANY INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF
THIS CRIMINAL!

IN THE WEARY HOURS OF THE MORNING ON NOVEMBER
14, 1946, TWO MEN, PAUL PAYTON AND SAMUEL REEVES
LURKED IN THE DOORWAY OF A KENT, OHIO CAFE—

OKAY, REEVES, THIS IS THE
PLACE! THE BARTENDER IS
ALL ALONE; YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

SURE! IT'S A CINCH!
YOU COVER HIM AND
I GRAB THE LOOT!

OKAY, LET'S GO!

WE OUGHT TO
MAKE A NICE
HAUL ON THIS
ONE!

SORRY, GENTS! WE'RE
CLOSED! I WAS JUST
GOING TO LOCK THE
DOOR!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN'
AWAY WITH THIS, MAC!

SHUT UP AND RAISE
YOUR HANDS!
THIS IS A
STICK-UP!

IF YOU WANT TO
STAY HEALTHY,
KEEP YOUR MOUTH
SHUT!

I HAVE
ALL THE
DOUGH!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER...
DON'T MOVE FOR
FIVE MINUTES, OR
YOU'LL HAVE A BAD
CASE OF LEAD
POISONING!
IF YOU THINK I'LL GIVE UP $500 WITHOUT A FIGHT, YOU'RE CRAZY!

THE COURAGEOUS BAR TENDER FELLED REEVES WITH ONE BLOW....

I WORK TOO HARD FOR MY MONEY!

I'LL KILL YOU!

NOW LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE WITHOUT THAT GUN!

NO... LET ME OUT OF HERE!

NO SENSE CHASIN' AFTER HIM! I'LL JUST HANG ON TO THIS GUY UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE! AT ANY RATE, I'VE SAVED MY MONEY!

LATER....

MAY AS WELL COME CLEAN, REEVES! WHO WAS YOUR PARTNER?

PAUL PAYTON! WE PULLED A FEW JOBS TOGETHER

C'MON WE'RE TAKING YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! YOU CAN MAKE A FULL CONFESSION THERE! WE'LL PICK UP YOUR PAL SOON ENOUGH!

THE POLICE TRIALED PAYTON TO HIS HOME TOWN OF AKRON, OHIO... WHERE HE MANAGED TO ELUDE CAPTURE BY A NARROW MARGIN! BUT THE UNRELENTING SEARCH GOES ON, AND LIKE EVERY OTHER CRIMINAL, PAUL PAYTON TOO, WILL LEARN THAT THE WANTED NEVER ESCAPE!

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR...

PAUL HENSLEY PAYTON
WANTED FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY.
Age, 24; Height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; Weight, 166 pounds; Build, slender; Hair, light brown; Eyes, blue; Complexion, ruddy. Marks of Identification: The names, "BUE" and "PAUL," tattooed on left arm.

IF LOCATED, NOTIFY CHIEF OF POLICE THOMAS F. LYNCH, POLICE DEPARTMENT, AKRON, OHIO.
All the evidence pointed to one man as the criminal and murderer who terrorized his neighborhood haunts! But the police knew he couldn’t be guilty, not unless he had become a “Twice Dead Killer!”

“This is how the strange case of Jack Firenzo began...”

Pack of cigarettes, please!

Here you are, sir! W-why... why, you’re...

The man with the smoking gun! His name is Jack Firenzo! And at precisely the moment he is committing this murder, Jack Firenzo’s own body is being carried to his final resting place! How can a dead man be a murderer? You ask? Heh-heh! The police wanted to know the answer to that riddle too!

I must have been mistaken! For a minute I could have sworn that fellow was Jack Firenzo!

Twice Dead KILLER
**But it couldn’t be! Jack Firenzo wouldn’t come back to his old neighborhood… Not while half the cops in the city are looking for him!**

**In the days that followed there were others who made the same mistake…**

**Jack!... Jack Firenzo!**

**Can you beat that? He heard me… But he never even turned around! There was a time when he used to beg me for dates!**

**But Alphonso Medicante was not easily deceived and when he got his first look at the mysterious stranger…**

**It’s Jack Firenzo… The gangster! I can’t be wrong! I’d know his face anywhere!**

**Alphonso went straight to police headquarters!…**

**It was Firenzo, Captain! I remember when he came into my store and set fire to it because I would not pay protection! I could never forget that face!**

**I don’t blame you for being excited, Mr. Medicante!**

**But we’ve checked our files! And Jack Firenzo is now serving a life sentence in a penitentiary in Ohio! Here’s his record!**

**Something is wrong! This is the man I saw!**

**Forget it! Take my word that Firenzo is now paying the penalty for his crimes! It must be someone who closely resembles him!**

**No… No!**
"They didn't listen to Alphonso Medicante's story! Several days later, as George Napoleon was about to close his diner.

Don't make any noise! I'll use this rod, if I have to!

That voice! I've heard it before!

When the hold-up man was busy at the cash register, George Napoleon took a long chance....

You won't take my money!

Shouting for help, George Napoleon struggled with the intruder! And then he got the last surprise of his life....

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

You....you're Firenzo!

I heard a shot!

There goes someone! Stop him!

But the killer escaped in the darkness! And a dying man's last words proved the only clue to his identity.

J-Jack Firenzo.... He d-did it....

When the story hit the newspapers, there was a lot of commotion down at police headquarters....

You can't laugh off murder captain! George Napoleon helped to send Jack Firenzo to prison! So Firenzo came back to kill him!

But our records show that Jack Firenzo is still in prison!
THEN YOU'D BETTER BRING YOUR RECORDS UP TO DATE! I JUST TELEGRAPHED OHIO TO CHECK UP ON FIRENZO! HERE'S THE REPLY I RECEIVED AN HOUR AGO!

THE NEWSPAPERS WILL BE HOWLING LIKE BANSHEES WHEN THEY GET WIND OF THIS! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO BRING IN FIRENZO AT ONCE!

SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM ON JACK FIRENZO! COMPLETE DESCRIPTION WILL FOLLOW!

WESTERN UNION
CONVICT FIRENZO AND TWO OTHERS ESCAPED THREE WEEKS AGO... OTHER MEN RECAPPED SOON AFTER. FIRENZO STILL AT LARGE AND BELIEVED TO BE BADLY WOUNDED!
THE WARDEN.

WANTED: JACK FIRENZO! ALL CARS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT! THIS MAN IS WANTED FOR MURDER, KNOWN TO BE ARMED AND VERY DANGEROUS!

"THE DRAGNET WAS OUT! IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THE TIGHTENING WEB OF EVIDENCE WOULD SOON ENTANGLE FIRENZO HIMSELF..."

THE HOLD-UP GUY WORE A MASK! BUT THE DESCRIPTION SOUNDS LIKE FIRENZO!

HE LEFT A PERFECT FOOTPRINT IN THIS SPILLED FLOUR! THE LAB BOYS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO DO PLENTY WITH THIS!

AND SO: MODERN CRIMINOLOGY PRESENTED THE CLINCHING DATA IN THE CASE OF JUSTICE VERSUS JACK FIRENZO....

HERE'S THE LAB REPORT: THE OWNER OF THAT FOOTPRINT WAS FIVE FOOT TEN INCHES TALL, WEIGHED ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY, AND WORE A SIZE TEN AND A HALF SHOE! IT ALL CHECKS, INSPECTOR!

NOW WE KNOW FIRENZO'S OUR MAN... AND WE'VE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HANG HIM TWICE OVER! BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND HIM!

"STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE POLICE DID NOT FIND JACK FIRENZO! THAT GRISLY TASK WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY A LONE DUCK HUNTER... SOMEWHERE IN THE MARSHES OF OHIO!"

GREAT GUNS! IT'S THE BODY OF A MAN! H-H-E'S BEEN SHOT!
When the news was put on the teletype—
Someone found Jack Firenzo's body in Ohio! He had died from gunshot wounds suffered during his jail break!
They say Firenzo was dead at least a month! But that's impossible!

We know he's guilty of half a dozen crimes, including murder, committed during the past month! A dead man couldn't kill anyone!
I'll take the next plane to Ohio! There must be some reasonable explanation!

But when the inspector arrived on the scene...
The man on that morgue slab is Jack Firenzo! We checked fingerprints and everything!
I can't understand it!

This blows our case sky-high! We have the testimony of eyewitnesses and evidence from the police lab! But it doesn't mean a thing!
You can't arrest a corpse, inspector!

They brought Jack Firenzo's body back to his old neighborhood for the funeral! In the crowd of mourners were several police plainclothesmen, hoping for a break...

And they got it!
I saw him! Firenzo! He-he isn't dead!
Where did he go? Speak up, lady!

Th-that way! But how can it be? Jack Firenzo is lying in his coffin!
If he isn't, this is his funeral!
He may have ducked in this way!
He can't get very far!
The fool! He thinks I'm trapped!
But you can't capture a dead man! Ha! Ha!

"Dazed by the blow, the gallant police officer hung on grimly! He lunged at his assailant and one hand ripped the cloth of the man's coat pocket..."

"And when he recovered consciousness..."

One thing's certain! You weren't battling a ghost!
He was real enough, Captain! I even tore off a part of his suit!

"Give the police a scrap of evidence like that, and the first thing you know you're in trouble..."

I certainly would!

Yes, this is material from one of our suits! It's custom made, and we keep careful records! Would you like to know who bought it?

There's his name! Say, I remember now! He came in with his son and bought him the suit!

Thanks! That's all I want to know!

Paid
"They brought Antonio (Papa) Firenzo down to police headquarters and grilled him for two days and two nights..."

"Who was the man you bought that suit for? We know it couldn't be your son, Jack! But who was it?"

"I don't know what you talk about! I am an honest man!"

"That routine won't work, Papa Firenzo! Since you've arrived in this country you've been arrested half a dozen times on charges ranging from burglary to peddling drugs! There is some mistake!"

"You're a three-time loser, Papa! You retired from crime because you didn't want to risk a fourth rap! You knew that would mean an automatic life sentence!"

"I've been going straight! You can't prove anything against me!"

"We have you wrapped up tighter than an umbrella! You're an accessory before, during, and after the crime of murder! And if you don't talk, we'll throw the book at you!"

"No... no! I'll talk! But please don't send me to prison for life!"

"Papa Firenzo confessed to one of the strangest criminal intrigues on record! And a few nights later, the police were awaiting a visitor at the Firenzo home...."

"Welcome home, Enrico! Sorry your father couldn't be here to meet you! We're holding him down at headquarters!

"He's coming up the steps now, Captain!"

"What?"
COME AND GET ME COUNTERS!

DON'T BE A FOOL!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

TRY TO STOP ME!

SHALL I LET HIM HAVE IT, CAPTAIN?

GO AHEAD! THE CRAZY KILLER PROD HIS CHANCE, BUT HE WOULDN'T TAKE IT!

AHNNNN!

HE'S DEAD, CAPTAIN! GOSH! HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR JACK FIRENZO, ISN'T HE?

WHY NOT? THEY WERE TWIN BROTHERS! HIS FATHER TOLD US THE WHOLE STORY!

His mother tried to save Enrico from his father's criminal influence! So she took him with her when she left Papa Firenzo! She figured that by leaving one of the twins behind she would appease Papa Firenzo's wrath!

Jack Firenzo grew up a criminal... under his father's tutelage! Recently Papa Firenzo met Enrico again! And they formed a new partnership in crime!

No wonder everyone thought Jack Firenzo was on the prowl again! But I guess this is trail's end for the whole murderous Firenzo family!

They were born on the same day... and buried less than a week apart! So ended the strange case of the twice dead killer! Just another proof of the adage: that crime cannot win!
RUN THE BEST
“SHOE STORE
BUSINESS”
IN YOUR TOWN!

Don't Invest
A Cent

Everything Furnished FREE!
I'll put a profitable "shoe store business" right
in your pocket! No expense of rent, light, furnishings,
etc. I'll carry the stock, ship to your customers—
you collect ADVANCE PROFITS on every order!
Here's an opportunity to make BIG MONEY in
a business of never-ending demand, because
EVERYBODY WEARS SHOES!

FIT MEN! WOMEN!
You can delight the people in your territory with our
footwear in finest leathers, latest styles, exclusive COMFORT
features that cannot be
found in retail stores.
You offer best values—
over 150 styles, top-
quality dress, work
and sport shoes. Full
leather-lined Chukka
Boots, scores of other
foot-sellers bring BIG
PROFITS every hour
you take orders!

Exclusive
Velvet-eez
Air Cushion

Famous Velvet-eez Air Cushion Shoes make
foot-happy customers, plenty of
repeat orders. Good House-
keeping-Guides calls its Sole open
doors. Ten-second air-cushion
demonstration practically
clutches 3 sales out of 5
showings! EXTRA proofs of
selling Leather Jackets,
Raincoats, other popular garments. Write for Free
Selling Outfit TODAY!

FREE SELLING OUTFIT!
We furnish complete Free Selling Outfit,
everything you need to start making money from
your first week! You learn HOW TO take quick orders,
get tips from top men, strong support from
Factory!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.,
Dept. M-401, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Genuine LEATHER
for
WAITRESSES
NURSES
HOUSEWIVES
SCHOOL GIRLS... ETC.

Comfort in $3.95
Low Price!

A gorgeous Buckle Adjusting Shoe, featuring
expert workmanship
SUPER COMFORT
STYLE!

Colors:
Black, Brown,
PROFESSIONAL
WHITE, Red,
Blood, Navy Blue,
and Green.
NARROW and WIDE WIDTHS. Sizes 4 to
9—Start Enjoying Comfort now.

SEND NO MONEY
LOVEMEE SHOES, Dept. 2
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey
Please send
pairs @ $3.95

Second Color Choice

NOTE: Send $3.50 (including tax) and we pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

PENINSULA MAIL ORDER CO.
P.O. Box 487-B, For Rockaway, N.Y.

Brilliant, Simulated
STAR
SAPPHIRE
Genuine
SOLID STERLING
Silver Setting

NOW! STAR SAPPHIRES, legendary gems of exciting adventure and romance, finally simulated! We don't have to spend $16 in raw materials to tell the difference between these fabulous simulated STAR SAPPHIRES and crown jewels in millions of dollars! Perfect 6-
point STAR glowing with radiant lustre. Modest
$4.95 plus postage 10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE if not delighted. DON'T WAIT! Clip ad. Mail with NAME, ADDRESS, RING SIZE and for man or woman. SEND TODAY!

GEM PRODUCTS, Dept. 50G, Birmingham, Ala.

GLOWS in the DARK
LUCKY PIRATE RING

AMAZING

By day an impressive, handmade, mystic ring
with a red ruby eye—massive design—a heavy
duty ring for him.

By night—glow with mysterious blue fire a haunting novelty that will make you the envy of your friends.

MADE OF GENUINE ETERNUM Eternal, "The Eternal Metal," that is actually harder than steel, brilliant as silver, luxurious as platinum, never becomes
dull, can't tarnish, can't wear away. BOLD
GLARING—the secret of the glow! SEND NO MONEY. Mail name and address with ring size (small, med., large or ex.
large). Add 50c for postage. 10-day money-back GARANTEE.

NOTE: Send $3.50 including tax. We pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

PENNISLNA MAIL ORDER CO.
P.O. Box 487-B, For Rockaway, N.Y.

6 POWER TELESCOPE

Here it is! Just in!
A wonderful new upgrading Big, beauti-
ful 6-power telescope—and at an amazing
low price! A value to beat in this value-type,
boyish-like plastic. A beauty to look at and
the thrill to look through. See the moon 4-TIMES LARGER
than with the naked eye. See birds, wild life, scenery,
and all the spectacular sights of the back yard.

MADE IN JAPAN. Lifetime Guarantee. Order several now!

SEND NO MONEY!
Just send name and address.
Pay postage only $1.00 plus postmarked envelope. We pay
postage. If you send a dollar bank note, please order. It arrives
immediately. We at once return your money.

ELLIOTT PRODUCTS
Dept. 122, 2906 W. Fullerton Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

Repeating Slingshot

AMAZING! New repeating slingshot. Shoots fine.
Shots B.B. shot heads from head. Just the thing for
shooting birds, bugs, and traps. Popular in the
magazine. More powerful than all.

THE BLING COMPANY
WANTED

DELBERT F. VISGER
WANTED FOR MURDER. ALIAS: FRENCHY.
AGE: 32; HEIGHT: 5 FEET, 7 INCHES; WEIGHT:
135 POUNDS; BUILD: SLENDER; EYES:
GRAY-BLUE; HAIR: DARK BROWN;
COMPLEXION: MEDIUM. OCCUPATIONS:
WAITER, MERCHANT SEAMAN.

IF LOCATED, NOTIFY CHIEF OF POLICE
G. S. SWARTOUT, POLICE DEPARTMENT,
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

REWARD
$100 WILL BE PAID BY WANTED
COMICS FOR ANY INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF
THIS CRIMINAL!

It was August 6, 1946, in a Spokane, Washington
apartment house! Rudolph Hahn was entering
the apartment which he shared with his 86 year
old father, Dr. H.A. Hahn.

Well, Visger, this is a surprise! Didn’t expect
you!

I...uh...I had to make an
adjustment on your father’s
hearing aid!

Don’t rush
off! Stay
for a
drink!

No... no.... I’m
in a hurry! Goodbye!

Strange! He’s
usually quite
sociable!

Hahn entered his apartment and
was astounded at what he saw.

The furniture! The place
is a wreck! What happened?

Dad! Dad!

Dad! He’s... he’s dead!
Stabbed with his old
War souvenir bayonet!
I...I’d better call the
Police!
SOON...

PLEASE TELL US ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT VISGER, MR. HAHN!

HE SOLD DAD A HEARING AID AND THEY BECAME FRIENDLY. HE WOULD DROP IN TO ADJUST THE DEVICE VERY OFTEN! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM!

DAD KEPT LARGE SUMS OF MONEY ABOUT THE HOUSE! VISGER MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT, AND KILLED HIM! IF I HAD ONLY COME EARLIER...

WE'RE GOING TO PICK VISGER UP! WE LOCATED THE HOTEL HE WAS LIVING AT!

BUT AT VISGER'S HOTEL ROOM...

FLOWN THE COOP! BETTER SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM!

WELL VISGER WON'T GET AWAY! NONE OF THEM DO!

THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE A MAN'S WANTED WILL SEND HIM TO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER, ONCE WE GET HIM!

ALL THE EVIDENCE INDICATES THAT DELBERT VISGER IS GUILTY! HIS FINGERPRINTS WERE ON THE MURDER WEAPON! HE IS STILL AT LARGE... BUT THE LAW NEVER SLEEPS... AND ONE DAY THE NET WILL CLOSE, AND TRAP THIS COWARDLY KILLER!

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR...

DELBERT F. VISGER
WANTED FOR MURDER.
ALIAS: FRENCHY, AGE 32; HEIGHT, 5 FEET, 7 INCHES; WEIGHT, 135 POUNDS; BUILD, SLENDER; EYES, GRAY-BLUE; HAIR, DARK BROWN; COMPLEXION, MEDIUM; OCCUPATIONS: WAITER, MERCHANT SEAMAN.
IF LOCATED, NOTIFY CHIEF OF POLICE G.S. SWARTOUT, POLICE DEPT. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.
The Telephone Booth

Johnny Carbone was feeling well satisfied with himself, because he and his boys lifted a whole truck-load of silk from the Northside gang.

Johnny himself had turned the tommy gun on the Northsiders who were standing by the roadside with upraised hands. They fell like sawdust dolls.

Johnny smiled to himself. "Slats" Mason, boss of the Northside gang would be chewing his nails today, because Johnny had the skinny rat where he wanted him. Best of all, Johnny made the job look as if it had been pulled by an outside mob. He left a hat bearing a Detroit label on the seat of the truck, knowing that when Slats heard about it, he'd be certain the Purple Gang was trying to muscle in.

Johnny knew Mason wasn't afraid of anything except interference from the Purple Gang. But he'd pulled up stakes and headed for Chicago, early in 1930. Now he was in business for himself, but he always feared that his former bosses would show their resentment.

Johnny planned the hi-jacking job so there wouldn't be any doubt in Mason's mind about who pulled it. The Purple Gang worked like that, leaving nothing but corpses. They believed that dead men weren't talkative witnesses.

So Johnny had every reason to feel satisfied with the previous night's work.

When the phone rang, he knew it would be Mason. This was what he'd been waiting for. It was a brief conversation. Mason wanted to know when Johnny could come to see him for a conference. They agreed to meet at four o'clock, the afternoon of June 12, 1931, on neutral ground, a State Street speakeasy.

Each gang leader would come with two men. They'd place their cards and their rods on the table. The smile was broader when Johnny hung up. Everything was going his way, all right. He had Mason eating out of his hand now...

The rivals faced each other across a table in the dingy, poorly lighted room that smelled of bad whiskey and poor food. The joint was deserted at that hour, except for the shadowy figures of the hoods who accompanied each gang leader.

Johnny came straight to the point. He wanted sixty per cent of the Northside take. He wanted the lists of Mason's customers and a strict accounting of all activities. In return, he would lend the weight of his fire power. He'd assign extra guards to every beer truck, and supply extra trucks and cars for jobs that the merged gangs would pull off.

He had a good selling point, Johnny did. Whenever Slats demurred on any point, he'd merely mention the Purple Gang. It gave him inward pleasure to watch the way Slats jumped at the mere mention of the dreaded name. Johnny thought, he had Slats over the barrel.

Finally, Slats agreed. He was plenty reluctant to part with such a big slice of his territory, but it was the only sensible thing he could do under the circumstances. The boys shook on the deal. However, Slats wanted just a little more time to iron out the details.
“Gimme a break, Johnny,” he asked. “Just two hours, that’s all I want. That’s all I need.”

Johnny hesitated. He could afford to be generous. Okay, he thought, what can he do to hurt me. After waiting so long for this moment of triumph, another hour or two wouldn’t make any difference.

He said, “All right. It’s five now. I’ll wait here until seven. Call me at this number. There’s a public booth.” Slats nodded in agreement.

They shook hands. Slats and his henchmen walked out, leaving the place to Johnny. In an affable mood, Johnny pounded on the table and shouted to the bartender, “Champagne for my boys, and none of that bath tub stuff. The best I want. And Johnny Carbone gets what he wants.”

“Yes, Mr. Carbone,” the bartender said.

The champagne corks popped. Surprisingly, it was good stuff. The three men drank many toasts. Glowing from the champagne, flushed with his easy won victory, Johnny became expansive.

Loudly, his face flushed, he promised the two muscle men a big raise. He boasted about the future — the big operations he was planning. Nothing would stop them now.

He laughed uproariously as he repeated again and again how he had double crossed Slats. With relish, he recited the business of the tell-tale hat.

“It had a Detroit label,” he shouted, laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks. The boys joined him. They were feeling good, too.

That’s how it went until seven o’clock. Just a couple of boys having a big time for themselves. Suddenly, the phone in the public booth shrilled a few times. At first, they didn’t pay any attention to it. Then, sudden realization dawned on Johnny. The thought pierced through the thick fog of champagne fumes. This was the call he’d been waiting for.

With a wide, drunken grin, Johnny lurched to the phone. It was Slats. But the things he said weren’t what Johnny expected. Not by a long shot.

“Listen you double crossing dog,” Slats said slowly and distinctly, “I know all about you hijacking my truck last night.”

“What are you talking about?” Johnny asked.

“The hat I’m talking about. The hat with the Detroit label.”

“What about it?”

“That’s where you made your mistake, Johnny. You left the wrong hat. This one has the name Johnny Carbone, written in gold letters on the sweat band.”

Cold terror seized Johnny. He remembered now. Last year in Detroit, he bought a hat. The one he should be wearing now. The plant hat, he’d left on the seat of the car, and after the shooting he tossed it into the road. . . .

Or had he mixed them up? He removed the hat he was wearing. The wrong one! He left the wrong hat at the scene!

Slats said, “I’m going to get you before the cops do, Johnny.”

“No. Slats. Wait.”

But the receiver clicked hard. He was opening the phone booth door when he saw them walking into the speakeasy. Four of them, with Tommy guns.

The guns chattered, and as the stream of bullets cut toward him, Johnny had only time to see his boys slump onto the floor. They flopped like sawdust dolls as Johnny did when the four Tommy guns cut across the phone booth.
TRIGGER MAN

The most warped and mis-shapen criminal is the ruthless and cold-blooded professional killer, who is also known as the trigger man! Such a man was Charley Dooley... and this is his story...

NO! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, CHARLEY! I CAN EXPLAIN, KID! LISTEN TO ME!

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE, MORELLI! AN' YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO MAKE ANOTHER!

A SMALL FIGHT CLUB IN CHICAGO, DURING THE GANGSTER DECADE IN THE '30's...

THAT'S HIM, BOSS! CHARLEY DOOLEY! YOU EVER SEE A KID HANDLE HIMSELF LIKE THAT?

NOT BAD, TONY! NOT BAD! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THE KID'S OKAY?

BOSS! I'M TELLIN' YOU! JUST TALK TO THE KID! HE'S FOR US!

I'LL TALK TO HIM AFTER THE FIGHT! MAYBE YOU PICKED THE RIGHT ONE!
AFTER THE BOUT...

THIS IS LIPS MORELLI, MY BOSS! HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU, CHARLEY!

SO LET HIM! IT’S A FREE COUNTRY!

YOU’RE ONE OF THESE WISE GUYS, AREN’T YOU KID?

I’M WISE ENOUGH! WHAT’S ON YOUR MIND, MORELLI?

YOU KNOW WHO YOU’RE TALKIN’ TO? MAYBE TONY DIDN’T SAY MY NAME CLEAR! I’M LIPS MORELLI!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? STAND UP AND CHEER? I’VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, SO WHAT?

I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU, CHARLEY! IT’S BETTER THAN GETTING YOUR BRAINS BEAT OUT FOR A FEW BUCKS!

NOBODY BEATS MY BRAINS OUT! I ONLY FIGHT PUSHOVERS!

SO WHAT DOES IT GET YOU? BEANS? YOU’LL BE PUNCHY IN THREE, MAYBE FIVE YEARS!

CHARLEY, FOR PETE’S SAKE... LISTEN TO THE BOSS! IT’S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

ALL RIGHT, MORELLI... WHAT’S THE DEAL? WHAT’S THIS BIG DEAL?

JOIN UP WITH MY MOB, KID! I CAN USE YOU! YOU START AT A HUNDRED BUCKS A WEEK!

A HUNDRED A WEEK? W-H-WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?

OKAY! I’LL DO IT!

GOOD, KID! YOU WON’T EVER REGRET IT!

I’LL SAY YOU WON’T... I’LL SAY...

SEE, CHARLEY? I TOLD YOU IT WAS FOR YOUR GOOD!

NOTHING MUCH! MAYBE KEEP A FEW GUYS IN LINE! YOU KNOW, EASY STUFF!
TIME PASSES! IT IS SIX MONTHS LATER...

TONY! GET CHARLEY IN HERE! WILL YOU?

YEAH, BOSS!

HIYA, BOSS! DID YOU SEND FOR ME?

I SURE DID! HERE'S YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! I WANT THEM CARRIED OUT TO THE LETTER!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS OUT OF MY LINE!

IS IT?

YOU...YOU...WANT ME TO KILL MONTE KELLER? I...I'M A MUSCLE MAN...NOT A TRIGGER! THIS AIN'T FOR ME!

YOU DO LIKE I SAY, CHARLEY. YOU'RE MY BOY, NOW!

AND WHAT IF I WON'T?

YOU WILL! TONY!

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?

BRING IN THE PICTURES OF BATS MORGAN, LEFTY RILEY AND HANK ROCCO! I THINK CHARLEY WOULD ENJOY SEEING THEM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER....

THIS IS AWFUL! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

WHAT DID THEY DO?

TELL HIM, TONY!

THEY TRIED TO WELCH ON AN ORDER LIPS GAVE THEM! THE BOSS GOT SORE! HE DON'T LIKE WELCHERS!
SO YOU SEE THINGS CLEAR NOW! WELL, HERE'S A ROD! YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT!

AND YOU'D BETTER DO IT, CHARLEY!

TONY... I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO WORK OUT!

GIVE HIM A CHANCE, BOSS! IT'S HIS FIRST JOB!

AND, CHARLEY DOOLEY CARRIES OUT HIS FIRST JOB AS A TRIGGER MAN...

THERE HE IS! THAT'S KELLER!

MR. KELLER? YEAH... I'M KELLER! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

BANG!

I DID IT! I KILLED HIM! IT... IT... WAS A LOT EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!

LATER, AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS...

HOW DID IT GO, CHARLEY? NEAT! I PLUGGED HIM EASY!

SEE, BOSS! I TOLD YOU! CHARLEY'S A GOOD BOY!
FROM THEN ON, CHARLEY IS A TRIGGER MAN... AND ONE JOB LEADS TO ANOTHER...

This is the best yet! Garcia is movin' a load of alk'y from Canada and we're hi-jacking the load!

There's liable to be a fight, lips!

I hope there is! I'll burn them open with lead!

With this chopper in my hand, I'm somebody! When I pull the trigger... I'm the greatest man in the world!

You say a lot of interesting things, Charley!

He's been acting awful funny, Tony! You know these trigger men, lips? They bump off one guy too many... and then it does something to them!

Keep an eye on him, Tony! Something tells me, he's starting to crack up!

All right! I'll watch him, boss!

Lips! Here they come!

All right, boys! Get ready!

Hold your fire, Charley! It's all over!

I'll kill 'em! Let me go!

Come on, snap out of it! We have to get away from here!

Boss! I hear police sirens!
THE GANG MAKES ITS ESCAPE—and...

TONY, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK ABOUT!
SURE, BOSS! I'M LISTENING!

IT'S ABOUT CHARLEY! HE HAS TO BE RUBBED! THE Kid's GOING NUTS—YOU'RE THE BOY TO DO THE JOB, TONY!
SURE, LIPS! HE MIGHT START SHOOTING HIS MOUTH OFF! THESE TRIGGER MEN GET SOFT IN THE BRAIN, PRETTY FAST!

I HAVE AN IDEA, BOSS! MAKE LIKE YOU'RE SENDING US ON AN ASSIGNMENT! THEN I'LL GET HIM!
GOOD! YOU'RE MY BEST BOY, TONY! PULL THIS JOB, AND YOU'LL GET A NICE RAISE!

THANKS, BOSS! IF YOU HEAR ABOUT A GUY FOUND FLOATIN' IN LAKE MICHIGAN! IT'LL BE CHARLEY!

LATER...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO COME, TONY. I CAN HANDLE EVERYTHING MYSELF!

THE BOSS IS FUSSY, CHARLEY! HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE ABOUT THIS JOB!

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! WHO'S THE LUCKY FELLOW?
SOME GUY THE BOSS CONSIDERS DANGEROUS BECAUSE HE'S LIABLE TO SPILL ALL HE KNOWS. THE POOR DOPeS CRACKIN' UP! HE'S LOSING HIS NERVE!

IMAGINE THAT! A GUY GOIN' HAY-WIRE! A LOONEY, HUH?

YEAH! A REAL PSYCHO!
That's where we have to go! Our man will be here!

Good spot! You drop him, and then heave-ho... into the lake!

You've been with the gang about a year now! How many guys have you bumped, Charley?

Seven... maybe eight? I lost track! It used to bother me! But not now... it's just another way to make a living!

Sure... you don't even have to be mad at the guy you're goin' to shoot!

Of course not! It's just a job!

Then you won't have no hard feelings toward me! Goodbye, Charley!

Tony! No! AAAAAH!

So long, kid! I hope the lake ain't too cold, this time of the year!

But Tony should have waited... because...

Must make it! I have to get even... get even!

You should've seen it, Lips! No hard feelin's... he said!

Sorry I missed it! C'mon Tony, we're lammin'! They picked up three of the boys today and one of them sang! The cops are wise to the Garcia killings!
DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A DOUBLE?

THAT THERE IS SOMEONE ON THIS EARTH WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU! IF BY CHANCE YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO SEE YOUR DOUBLE, BEWARE, IT MIGHT SPELL TROUBLE FOR YOU!

READ "HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY"

A WEIRD AND THRILLING DETECTIVE MYSTERY OF A MAN WHO FOUND HIS DOUBLE AND LOST HIS OWN IDENTITY!

"ON THE SPOT" ....ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME! FOR JOHNNY COULDN'T CONVINCE THE POLICE THAT A WOODEN DUMMY WAS GUILTY OF MURDER AND HE WAS INNOCENT!

READ THE DESCRIPTIONS AND STUDY THE PICTURES OF THE CRIMINALS WHO ARE WANTED BY THE POLICE AND F.B.I. WE WILL PAY YOU A $100.00 REWARD FOR ANY INFORMATION LEADING TO THEIR CAPTURE!

LOOK FOR WANTED COMICS, ASK FOR WANTED COMICS IT'S PACKED WITH OTHER EXCITING AND CHILLING NEW CRIME STORIES! DON'T MISS THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF WANTED COMICS ON SALE AT ALL LEADING NEWSSTANDS, AUGUST 5TH!
\textbf{"With God All Things Are Possible!"}

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?
Are You Worried About Your Health?
Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?
Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?
Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?
Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?
Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you have any of these PROBLEMS, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news — news of a thrilling NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the PROBLEMS of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this NEW WAY of PRAYER can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to YOU!

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this NEW WAY of PRAYER is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible in all its lovely fullness, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the ABUNDANT LIFE — of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part PRAYER has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom PRAYER has always been a glorious blessing — then this NEW WAY will make PRAYER even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to PRAYER only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this NEW WAY may open a whole new world of FAITH and SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING for you. You will find God's LOVE and POWER coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

\textbf{GOD LOVES YOU!}

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute slip by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy — please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail it today with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you FULL INFORMATION by AIR MAIL about this wonderful NEW WAY of PRAYER which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help YOU!

The reason we are so sure we can help you is that, for more than ten years, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these in almost every mail!

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in"—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone"—Mrs. D.W., Mo.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are"—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before"—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life"—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like"—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me!"—Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you!"—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have PROBLEMS of any kind — if you would like to live a MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—of BETTER HEALTH, GREATER PROSPERITY, TRUE HAPPINESS — please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP

Just Clip and Mail This Coupon Now!

You Will Surely Bless This Day!

Life-Study Fellowship, Box 708
Noroton, Conn.

Dear Friend:

Please send me your wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!

Your Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City State
Thomas Peters had half a million dollars in jewels... but the cops knew it... and so did his underworld pals! That's what turned his stolen fortune into a...

DEATH TRAP

SURPRISED, THOMAS PETERS? YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND THAT GRISLY REMINDER AMONG YOUR STOLEN BAUBLES! GLITTERING AND COSTLY GEMS, AREN'T THEY? PRECIOUS STONES, MEN CALL THEM! BUT THEY'RE NOT HALF SO PRECIOUS AS THE LIFE YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE FOR THEM!

"ON A CHILLY MORNING IN NOVEMBER THREE MEN ENTERED THE OFFICES OF HOWLEY AND SONS JEWELRY BROKERS...."

I'LL TAKE THE BOSS! YOU HANDLE THE GIRL AT THE DESK!

"RIGHT!"

CAN I HELP YOU SIR?

YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF, MISS... BY KEEPING QUIET! I DON'T WANT TO USE THIS! BUT I WILL IF YOU MAKE ANY NOISE!

Mort Leav and staff
“They did a quiet, efficient job! It didn't take long for Thomas Peters to set up a nitro charge for the safe..."

How's it coming, Tommy?

“Here it is! The explosion hardly made a sound! You've sure got a way with explosives, Tommy!”

“Isn't it? The alarm signal! They've spotted us! What's that?”

“...and when they reached the main floor...”

They won't get away! This alarm button rings downstairs in the lobby!

“Uh-huh! I'm hit! I made it! But they nabbed Dugger and Sam! And the cops will be swarming like fleas around here in a minute!"

There they are! Pull the switch for the emergency doors!

They're locking us in! Hurry!

BANG!

SLAM!
"THOMAS PETERS MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE WITH NOT A SECOND TO SPARE! AND LATER, AT A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS..."

I HOPE SIS IS GLAD TO SEE ME! I MAY BE HERE FOR A LONG STAY!

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR MONTHS! I'VE MISSED YOU SO!

OF COURSE I HAVE! SAY HELLO TO YOUR UNCLE TOMMY, DONALD!

WHAT'S IN THE BIG METAL BOX, UNCLE TOMMY?

DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS, DONALD! IT'S PAST YOUR BEDTIME, ANYWAY! GO ON UP TO YOUR ROOM!

BY ADROIT QUESTIONING, THOMAS PETERS FOUND OUT ALL HE NEEDED TO KNOW..."

LIVING HERE ALONE WITH THE BOY SINCE YOUR HUSBAND DIED, EH, SIS? HOW DO YOU MAKE OUT?

HE LEFT ME SOME MONEY, TOMMY! AND I'VE EVEN LEARNED TO PRESERVE FRUITS AND JELLIES! I KEEP THEM IN THE CELLAR!

I GROW SOME VEGETABLES IN OUR GARDEN AND A PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR THE JEWELS! I'LL DIG A HOLE BEHIND THE CUPBOARD AND REPLASTER IT WHILE SHE'S AWAY AT WORK TOMORROW!
“MEANWHILE, THOMAS PETERS’ FRIENDS WERE
NOT SO FORTUNATE…
I SENTENCE YOU BOTH TO TWENTY
YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY!

YOUR SENTENCE WOULD
HAVE BEEN MUCH LIGHTER
IF ANY PART OF THE STOLEN
JEWELS HAD BEEN RECOVERED.
UNDER THE PRESENT
CIRCUMSTANCES, I HAD NO
CHOICE BUT TO GIVE YOU
THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE
ALLOWED BY LAW!

TWENTY YEARS!
BUT TOMMY PETERS
IS SITTING PRETTY:
HE’S FREE… AND HE HAS OUR
SHARES OF THE
LOOT!

HE NEVER EVEN
TRIED TO HELP
US! BUT WE’LL
GET EVEN WITH
THAT DOUBLE-
CROSSING RAT!

“AN IDLE THREAT… OR SO IT SEEMED TO
THOMAS PETERS...”

HA-HA-HA!
THAT’S RICH!

READING ABOUT
THE TRIAL OF THOSE
TWO JEWEL
THIEVES AGAIN,
TOMMY?

I NEVER SAW ANYONE SO
INTERESTED IN A CRIMINAL
CASE BEFORE!

THOSE
DUMB BUNNIES DON’T
KNOW THE TIME OF
DAY! THEY’RE BEEN
SENT AWAY FOR 20
YEARS… AND STILL
MAKING THREATS
ABOUT WHAT THEY’LL
DO WHEN THEY GET
OUT!

THE NEWSPAPERS SAY
THERE WAS A THIRD
CROOK! HE GOT AWAY
WITH THE JEWELS TOO…
IN A METAL STRONGBOX!

I DON’T LIKE THE
WAY SHE SAID
THAT! DOES SHE
SUSPECT? I’D
BETTER TAKE A
LOOK DOWN IN
THE CELLAR AGAIN!

SOMEONE’S BEEN
SEARCHING AROUND
DOWN HERE! THEY’VE
FOUND THE SPOT
WHERE I REPLASTERED
THE WALL!
"By then the fear of discovery was like a virus raging in Thomas Peters' blood! He completely lost his head..."

So you found where I hid them, eh? You were sneaking around behind my back in the cellar!

OHH! TOMMY, YOU'RE MAD!

I don't even know what you're talking about!

Don't lie to me! You were searching in the cupboard and found the new plaster! You know everything!

D'ONALD WENT DOWN IN THE CELLAR TODAY TO GET A JAR OF PRESERVED FRUIT! I HAVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE CUPBOARD!

Then I was wrong! What a fool I've been!

"But when a man is guardian to half a million dollars in stolen jewels, he can't afford to let his mistakes go unremedied...."

I had to let her go to work today! I just hope she isn't suspicious enough...yet...to tell anyone about it!

SOONER OR LATER SHE'S BOUND TO TALK! OR SHE'LL REALLY INVESTIGATE DOWN IN THE CELLAR AND FIND THE JEWELS! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER BEFORE THAT EVER HAPPENS!

"THOMAS PETERS WAS AN EXPERT WITH EXPLOSIVES! HE BOUGHT ALL THE NECESSARY INGREDIENTS RIGHT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD...."

I need the batteries for my portable radio!

"AN INGENIOUS FELLOW, INDEED! HIS HOME-MADE BOMB WAS CRUDE, BUT QUITE EFFECTIVE! AND HE MADE IT INTO A TIME BOMB BY THE SIMPLE DEVICE OF CONNECTING IT TO AN ALARM CLOCK...."

It's all set to go off at four o'clock!
I'll find an excuse to leave the house before four o'clock! I'll take the jewels with me... and leave them to get blown sky-high when that bomb goes off!

"There was only one flaw in Thomas Peters' death trap... a flaw that couldn't possibly have been foreseen..."

over the wall! Quick!

"skreeeeeee!

Listen to that @#$%! siren!

let it shriek bloody murder! It's too late!

SKREEEEE

we're out of that pen! And they're never going to get us back!

Follow the stream! Bloodhounds can't follow a track through water!

"All this happened twenty four hours before Thomas Peters laid his elaborate death trap! And the news was waiting for him in the morning paper that was delivered to the door..."

Dugger and Sam... they broke out! The police haven't been able to locate them yet!

What's this?

But they'll know where to find me! We agreed to meet here at my sister's house after the jewel robbery! Now I know why they never told the cops about this hideout!

"no comic"
They were hoping to break out someday! And they wanted to know where they could find me... and the jewels! I've got to get out of town right away!

You can't stop me! I'm getting out!

Relax! You might live longer!

We're not leaving until we get the jewels! Tell us where you hid them, Tommy, and we'll take it easy with you!

I haven't got them!

I suppose you threw away a half a million dollars! Or maybe it just got lost? Better talk, Tommy! We're getting impatient!

I won't give up the jewels! I won't!

You can't make me do it!

Huh?

That money belongs to me, now! I'll kill for it, if I have to!

You've blown your top, Tommy!
"Sometime later, when awareness returned to Thomas Peters' battered mind..."

WE'RE DOWN IN THE CELLAR! AND THERE'S THE CLOCK! IT'S NEARLY FOUR O'CLOCK!

TOMMY IS TRYING TO GET OUR ATTENTION! HE PROBABLY WANTS TO TELL US SOMETHING!

THAT MUST MEAN WE'RE GETTING WARM!

I WAS RIGHT! LOOK AT THIS! THIS WALL'S JUST BEEN NEWLY PLASTERED!

THAT'S WHERE HE'S HIDDEN THE STUFF, ALL RIGHT!

THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME! WHEN THAT ALARM GOES OFF IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES, WE'LL BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STOP IT!
"As the first blows of the pick struck into the soft plaster wall in, the cellar..."

"The vibrations of sound reached into the kitchen above..."

"What's that noise?"

"It must be your uncle Tommy! I haven't seen him around since I came back from work. But why is he working in the cellar?"

"THUD! THUD!"

"Oh, ohh! It isn't Tommy! Those men are digging for something! I'd better go for the police! Sis!

"The echo of his own cries stirred a tumult in Thomas Peter's brain! With his mind's ear, he listened to his own hysterical shrieking! But actually, of course, there was no sound!"

"Tick, tick, tick..."

"S-she couldn't hear me! I-I can't even whisper with this gag! And she's gone!"

"WH-wh-what happened?"

"Mommy! Look at the house!"

"Barroom!"
YOU RAN OUT JUST IN TIME, MISS! WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT MY BROTHER WAS IN THERE! HE'S DEAD! (SOB!)

LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE WHERE THE THREE MEN HAD MET VIOLENT ENDS...

HERE'S THE GIMMICK! LOOKS LIKE A HOME MADE BOMB! ANY WORD FROM THE MORGUE?

YES, LIEUTENANT! THEY'VE SUCCEEDED IN IDENTIFYING THE THREE BODIES!

TWO OF THEM WERE DUGGER FRANCK AND SAM LAVORTE... THE CONS WHO BROKE OUT OF THE STATE PEN YESTERDAY! THE THIRD VICTIM WAS ANOTHER EX-CON NAMED THOMAS PETERS!

HMM! THEY WERE MIXED UP IN THAT HALF MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL ROBBERY! ORDER A CAREFUL SEARCH MADE OF THESE PREMISES!

WHEN THE POLICE FOUND THE BATTERED STRONGBOX, WITH ITS TREASURE IN STOLEN JEWELS, ALL THE PIECES OF THE JIGSAW BEGAN TO FALL INTO PLACE....

THERE'S NO DOUBT THIS WAS WHAT YOUR BROTHER WAS HIDING DOWN IN YOUR CELLAR! THIS WAS WHY HE WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT ANYONE PRYING DOWN THERE!

WE ALREADY KNOW THAT THOMAS PETERS SERVED A FIVE YEAR JAIL SENTENCE FOR THEFT! HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE THIRD MAN ON THE HALF MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL ROBBERY!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN'T! HE WAS ALWAYS SO SWEET TO ME!

YOU'LL GET OVER IT, MISS! THE REWARD FOR HELPING TO RECOVER THE JEWELS WILL GO TO YOU! IT SHOULD HELP PAY FOR THAT WRECKED HOUSE!

OH, TOMMY.... TOMMY, DARLING....

YOU DIDN'T TELL HER THAT THOMAS PETERS WAS AN EXPERT WITH EXPLOSIVES.... THAT HE SET UP THAT DEATH TRAP TO GET RID OF HER AND THE KID!

WHAT GOOD WOULD IT HAVE DONE? FATE SAW TO IT THAT THOMAS PETERS DIED IN HIS OWN DEATH TRAP.... AND THAT'S JUSTICE ENOUGH FOR ANYONE!

IRONIC, ISN'T IT? EVEN THOUGH A CRIMINAL TEMPORARILY EVADES THE LAW, HE MANAGES TO PLOT HIS OWN DESTRUCTION! IT ALL GOES TO PROVE THAT CRIME CANNOT WIN!
HAIR CAN BE SAVED... SAYS MEDICAL SCIENCE!

MEDICAL EVIDENCE POINTS TO GERM INFECTION AS FREQUENT CAUSE OF BALDNESS

New York City—Now there is new hope for men and women who suffer from approaching baldness. According to recent testimony by leading dermatologists in amazing new statements, it was revealed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrheas and dandruff, and may be the cause of these scale conditions which result in baldness. The specific bacteria are referred to as staphylococcus albus, the micrococcus of seborrheas and dandruff, and pityriasis ovale.

Most medical authorities agree on the following points:

1. Most doctors believe that baldness may be prevented if seborrheas and dandruff are removed and controlled.
2. Seborrheas and dandruff are an important cause of baldness, according to 50% of the doctors.
3. When seborrheas is found, the cause is considered to be staphylococcus albus, the micrococcus of seborrheas and dandruff, and pityriasis ovale.
4. The drugs that can and will kill these germs are referred to as an antiseptic containing E. hydrolyzalum and d. dihydrogen acid and other drugs.

Now with the above new medical evidence on hand, the first time, there is new hope for the prevention of baldness and treating of the scalp.

Nothing Known to Medical Science Can Do More to Save Your Hair!

Now for the first time, you are offered this amazing new different formula which is based on the very latest medical knowledge of hair and scalp treatment. This is the best and most promising new scientific treatment for those who have long been waiting for a treatment that science has developed to help eliminate dandruff and seborrheas, dry hair, weak hair, and to stop the hair loss they cause.

Study the information given on this page, and you will become familiar with how SAYVE kills the hair destroying germs—the micrococcus, staphylococcus albus, the pityriasis ovale, and the seborrheas cause of baldness, intensely, quickly and safely.

Read the testimonials from all over the country and see how people can and will save their hair. Look at the Money Back Guarantee, and remember that you are the sole judge of the SAYVE formula. Aavye, because there is nothing better today you can do to help save your hair. After all, it is your hair. This is a single treatment. SAYVE will stop the loss of these germs. Science Discloses Hair Destroying Germs

1. Pityriasis ovale
2. Micrococcus
3. Corynebacterium acne.

Many medical authorities believe that the organisms shown above are the cause of seborrheas and dandruff, that may result in baldness and excessive hair loss.

Most doctors agree that you should kill these scale germs, and by doing so remove the cause of itchy scalp, dandruff and seborrheas, unpleasant head odors, ugly head-scales and stop the hair loss they cause.

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Mail: [Address]

City: [City] Zone: [Zone] State: [State]

I understand if not delighted with the new and improved SAYVE hair treatment, I can return unused portion after 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Guarantee

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WANTED
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