

CRIMES by WOMEN

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3 COMPLETE
TRUE CRIME
STORIES
of
VICIOUS FEMALE
KILLERS!
Featuring
BELLE GUNNESS..
MURDERESS!

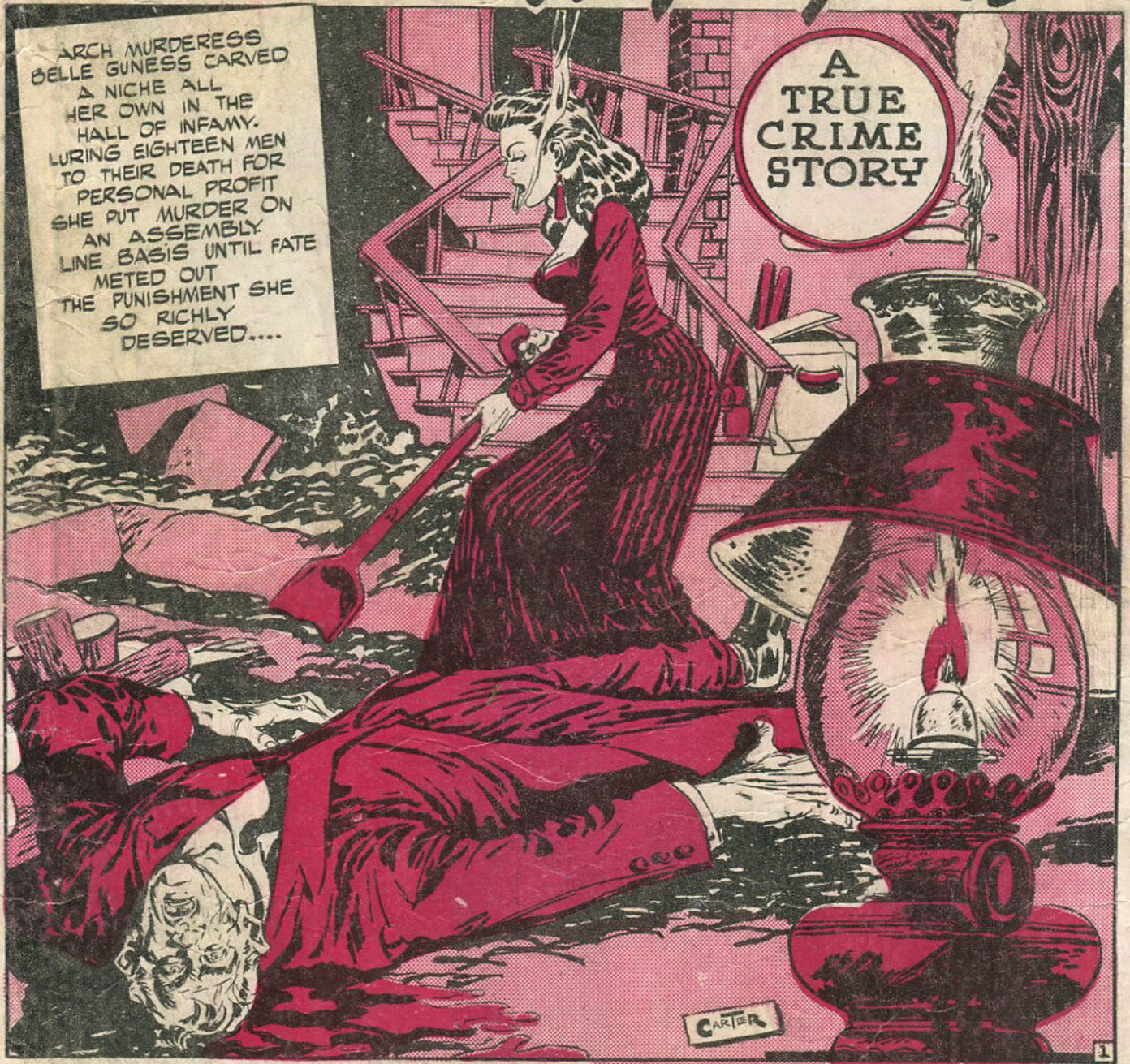


BELLE GUNNESS

The Monster of Laporte

ARCH MURDERESS
BELLE GUNNESS CARVED
A NICHE ALL
HER OWN IN THE
HALL OF INFAMY.
LURING EIGHTEEN MEN
TO THEIR DEATH FOR
PERSONAL PROFIT
SHE PUT MURDER ON
AN ASSEMBLY
LINE BASIS UNTIL FATE
METED OUT
THE PUNISHMENT SHE
SO RICHLY
DESERVED....

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE SORENSON HOUSE IN THE CHICAGO SUBURBS.....

YOU WORM! MUST YOU ALWAYS SIT THERE READING THAT PAPER! CAN'T YOU EVER TAKE ME OUT FOR A GOOD TIME ONCE IN A WHILE?

BUT BELLE I WAS ONLY RELAXING FOR A FEW MINUTES.

THAT'S ALL YOU EVER DO. NOW GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR AND RUN DOWN TO THE CLEANERS FOR MY DRESS. THEY SAID IT WOULD BE READY TODAY.

YES, DEAR. I'M GOING. ANYTHING TO KEEP THAT MOUTH SHUT!

IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT RID OF THAT MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A MAN AND NOW'S THE TIME TO DO IT.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER AS SORENSON RETURNS FROM HIS ERRAND.....

HERE HE COMES NOW, THE MOUSE, I'LL PROBABLY RUIN MY NEW DRESS, BUT IT'S WORTH IT.



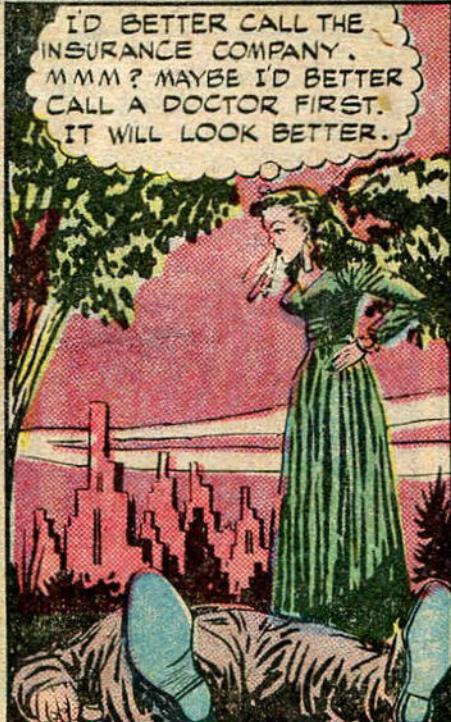
GOODBY FOREVER, YOU LIZARD!... BELLE. YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME A FREE WOMAN.



I'D BETTER GET DOWN AND MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD.



I'D BETTER CALL THE INSURANCE COMPANY. MMM? MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR FIRST. IT WILL LOOK BETTER.



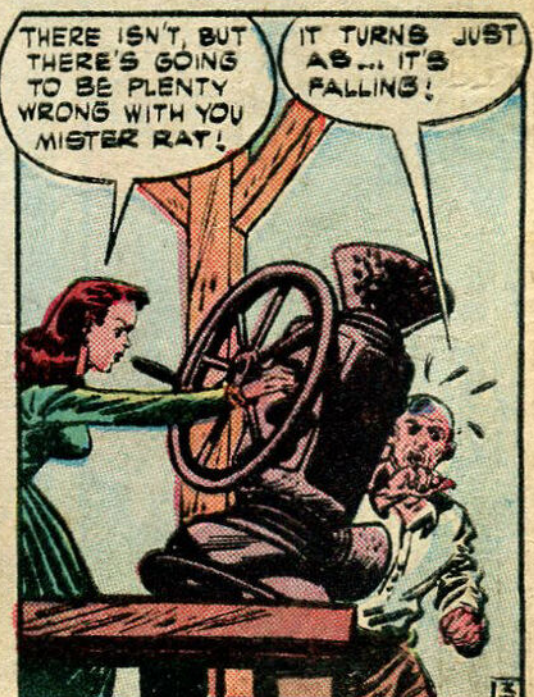
WITH HER INSURANCE MONEY SHE MOVED TO LAPORTE, INDIANA WHERE SHE MARRIED PETER GUNESS. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE FOUND SHE HAD MADE A BAD BARGAIN...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET WORK, YOU DRUNKEN LOAFER

WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE MORE CAREFUL? GUESS I'D BETTER GO TO TOWN AND ARRANGE FOR THE FUNERAL..



BELLE SOON DEVELOPED A NEW SCHEME. SHE BECAME A PATRON OF MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES....

LET'S SEE... MMMM... GOOD-LOOKING WIDOW IN LATE TWENTIES IN SEARCH OF COMPANIONSHIP. MAN MUST HAVE READY CASH. NO... THIS WAY BEREAVED WIDOW.....



A FEW WEEKS LATER IN A LAPORTE BARBER SHOP.....

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND BEFORE STRANGER IN TOWN?

YEP. I'VE COME TO MARRY BELLE GUNESS. SHE'S GOT A FARM NEAR HERE. WE AIN'T EVEN SEEN EACH OTHER, MET THROUGH ONE OF THEM MATRIMONIAL ADS.



OH! IN THAT CASE I BETTER DO A GOOD JOB, EH? GOT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON THE LITTLE LADY.

YEAH, FROM HER PICTURE SHE SURE LOOKS LIKE AN ANGEL.



LATER AT THE GUNESS PIG FARM...

I'M OLE BUNDER, I HOPE YOU GOT MY LETTER.

OH, YES I DID.. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. COME IN, COME IN.



YOU MUST BE TIRED AND HUNGRY. I'VE GOT SUPPER ALL READY. WE CAN TALK WHILE YOU EAT.

WELL, THAT'S RIGHT NICE. I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG ALL RIGHT.



GLORY BE, BELLE, YOU SURE CAN COOK GOOD. WHEN DO WE GET HITCHED?

SLOW UP A LITTLE OLE. WHAT ABOUT FINANCES? AFTER ALL I'M CONTRIBUTING THE FARM AND WE MUST HAVE CASH TO RUN IT



IF THAT'S ALL YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT, YOU CAN STOP NOW, I BRUNG MY LIFE'S SAVINGS, THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, SEE...

I SURE DO LET ME FIX YOUR COFFEE.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

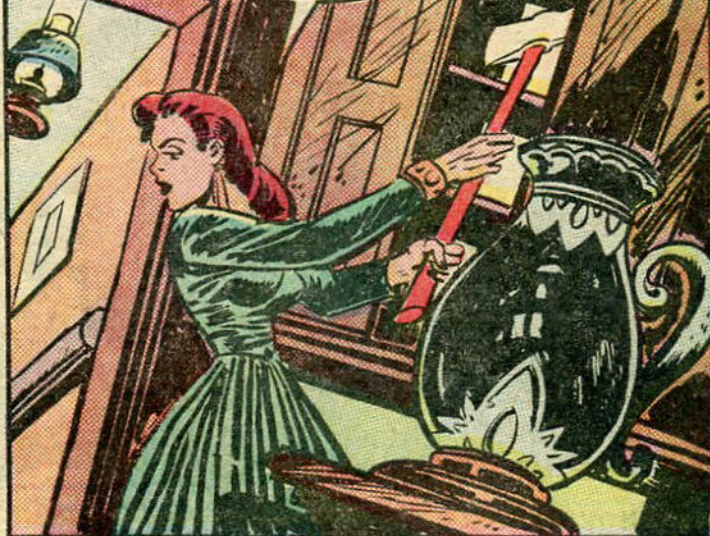
THAT NIGHT

I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND PREPARE YOUR ROOM I'LL CALL YOU WHEN IT'S READY.

THANKS, BELLE. IT'S JUST LIKE IT SAID IN THE AD. YOU'RE A REGULAR ANGEL.



OH, OLE, YOU CAN COME UP NOW. EVERYTHING'S READY FOR A NICE LONG SLEEP.



WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE, IT'S TOO DARK.

JUST COME STRAIGHT AHEAD. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE AFTER THIS.

BELLE, BELLE, BRING A LIGHT I ... AAAAGH!

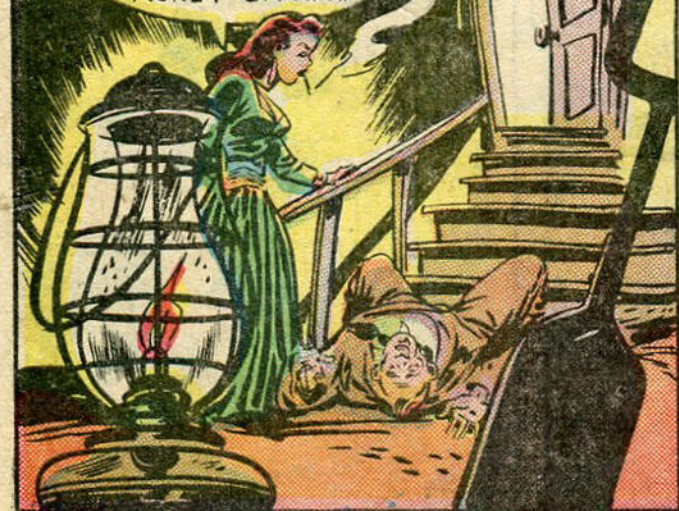
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ANY LIGHTS FROM NOW ON, BIG BOY.



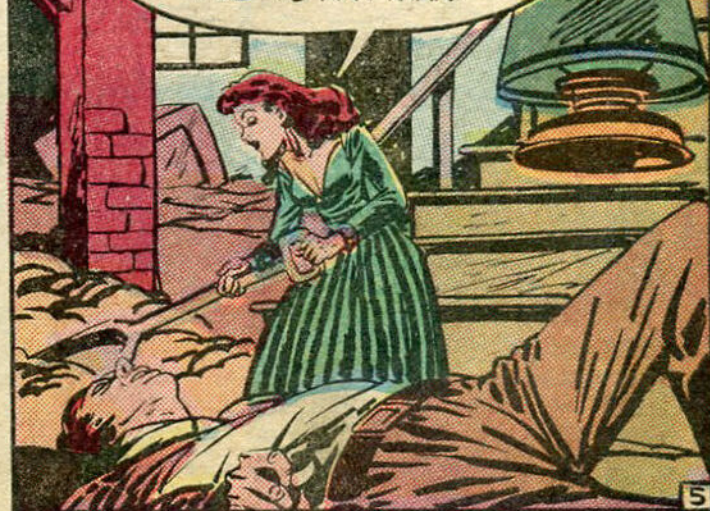
I'VE GOT A NICE PRETTY LITTLE SPOT IN THE CELLAR PICKED OUT JUST FOR YOU.



WHEW, HE MUST HAVE WEIGHED OVER TWO HUNDRED POUNDS. PLENTY OF GOOD MONEY ON HIM.

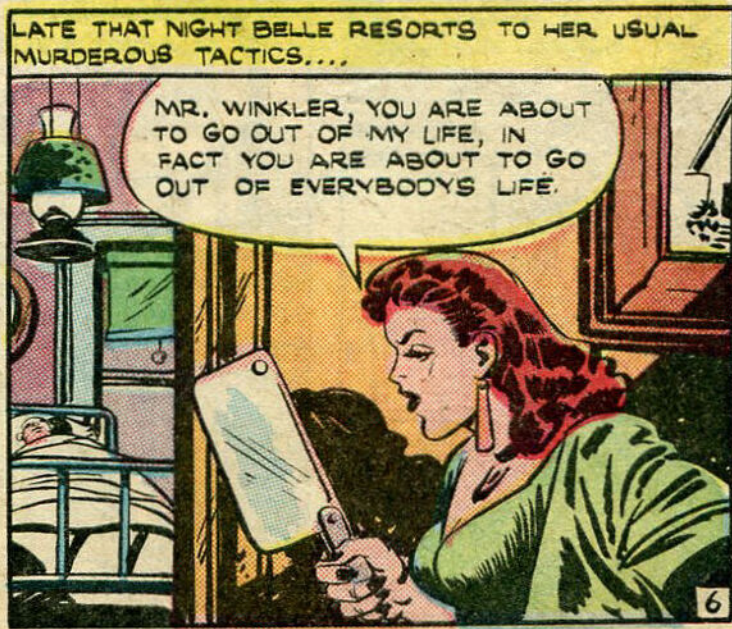


THIRTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND IN CASH TOO I'D BETTER ADVERTISE AGAIN AND FAST. THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING TIED TO ANY MAN.

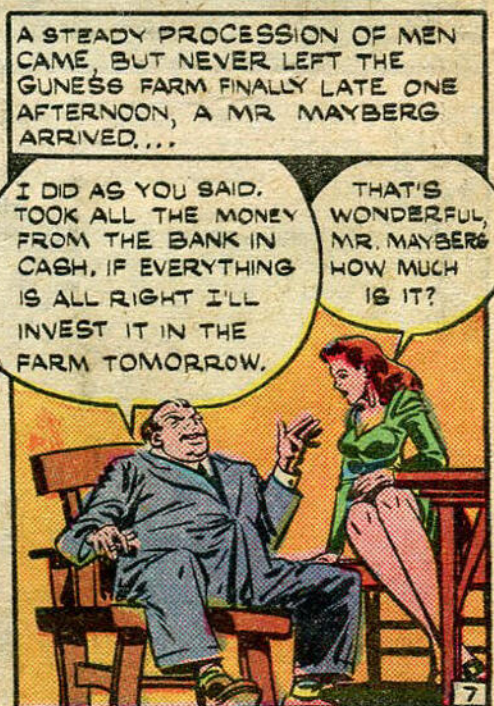
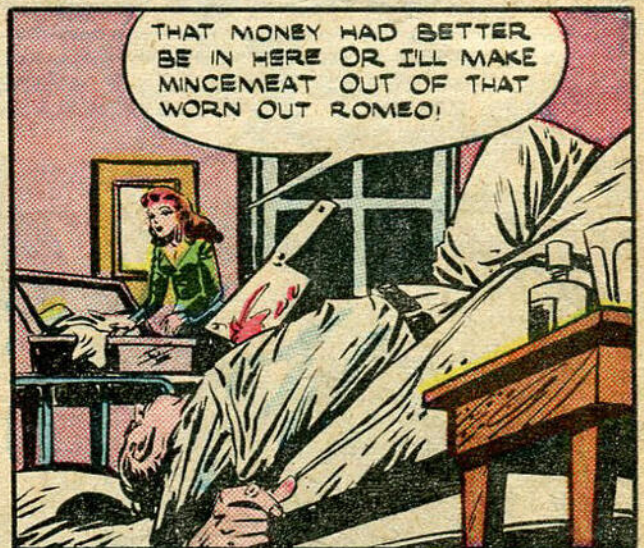
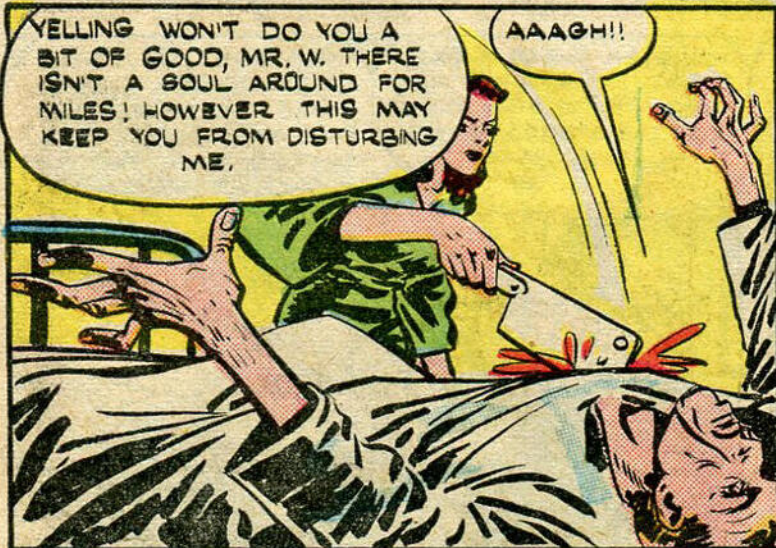


NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN LAPORTE.

SHERIFF! SHERIFF!
I JUST SEEN
MURDER DONE!

WHAT!?
WHERE,
SON,
SPEAK
UP!



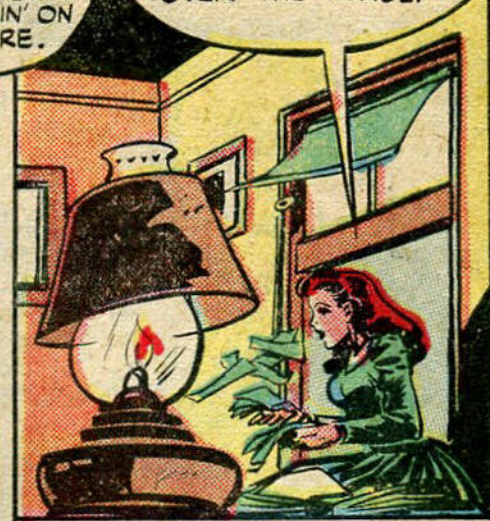
IT'S TRUE, I SEEN BELLE
GUNESS PUSH SOME GUY
OUT OF HER SECOND
STORY WINDOW. YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEEN
THE LOOK ON HER FACE

TOM, ROUND UP
THE OTHER DEPUTIES
WE'RE GONNA
PAY MRS. GUNESS
A LITTLE VISIT...
I ALWAYS
THOUGHT THERE
WAS SOMETHIN'
WRONG GOIN' ON
OUT THERE.



TWO HOURS LATER AT
THE GUNESS FARM.

FOURTY THOUSAND EIGHT
HUNDRED AND TWENTY...
DARN THAT WINDOW
THEY'LL BE MONEY ALL
OVER THE PLACE.



WHY DOES A BREEZE HAVE TO...
WHO'S THAT?... THE SHERIFF! HE
CAN'T COME IN HERE. I'VE
GOT TO HIDE THAT MONEY.



WHAT COULD HE HAVE
FOUND OUT? THEY COULDN'T
SUSPECT OR COULD THEY?
WHAT'LL I DO?...



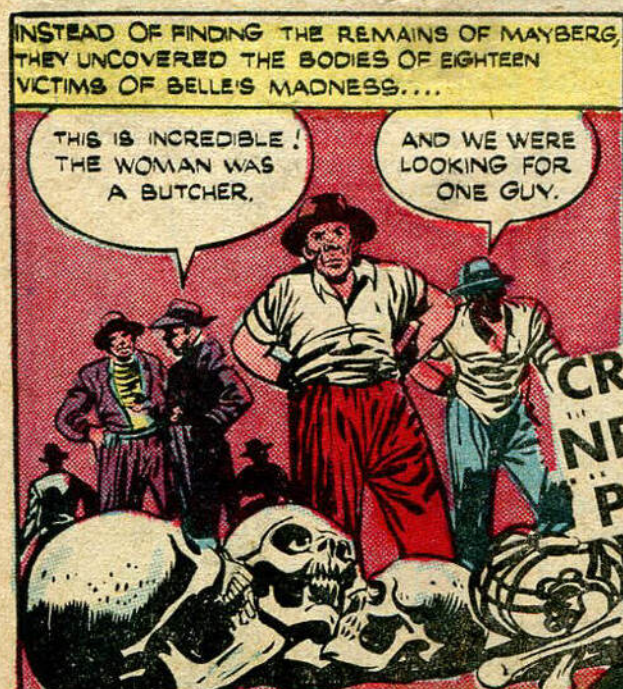
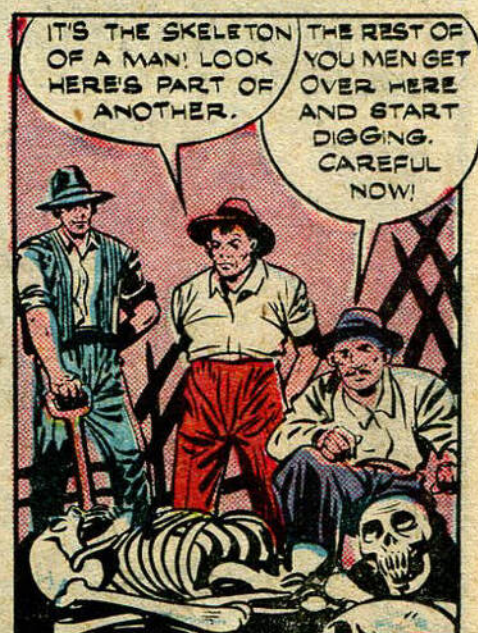
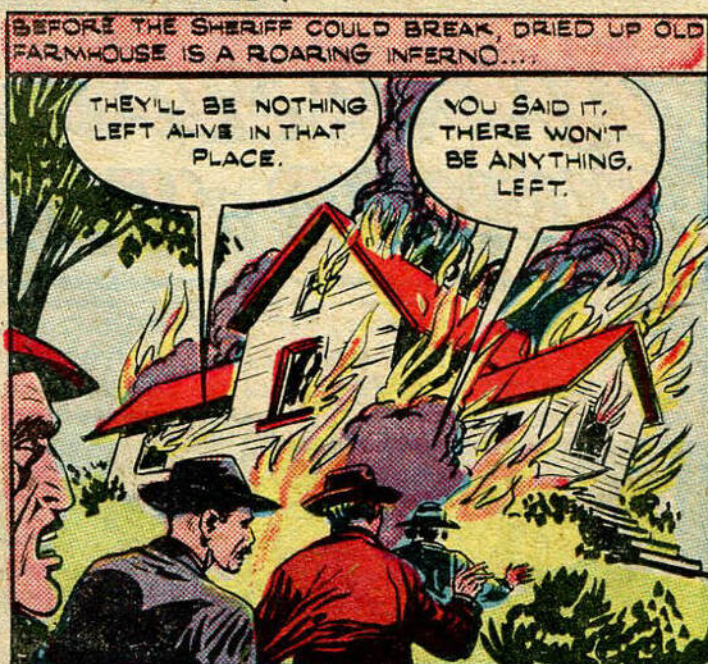
I'LL HIDE IT IN THE
CHIMNEY, THEY'LL...
EEEE! THE LAMP!



THEY'LL BE AT THE DOOR
IN A SECOND! I'VE GOT
TO HURRY! THEY MUSN'T
FIND A TRACE OF ANYTHING.



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



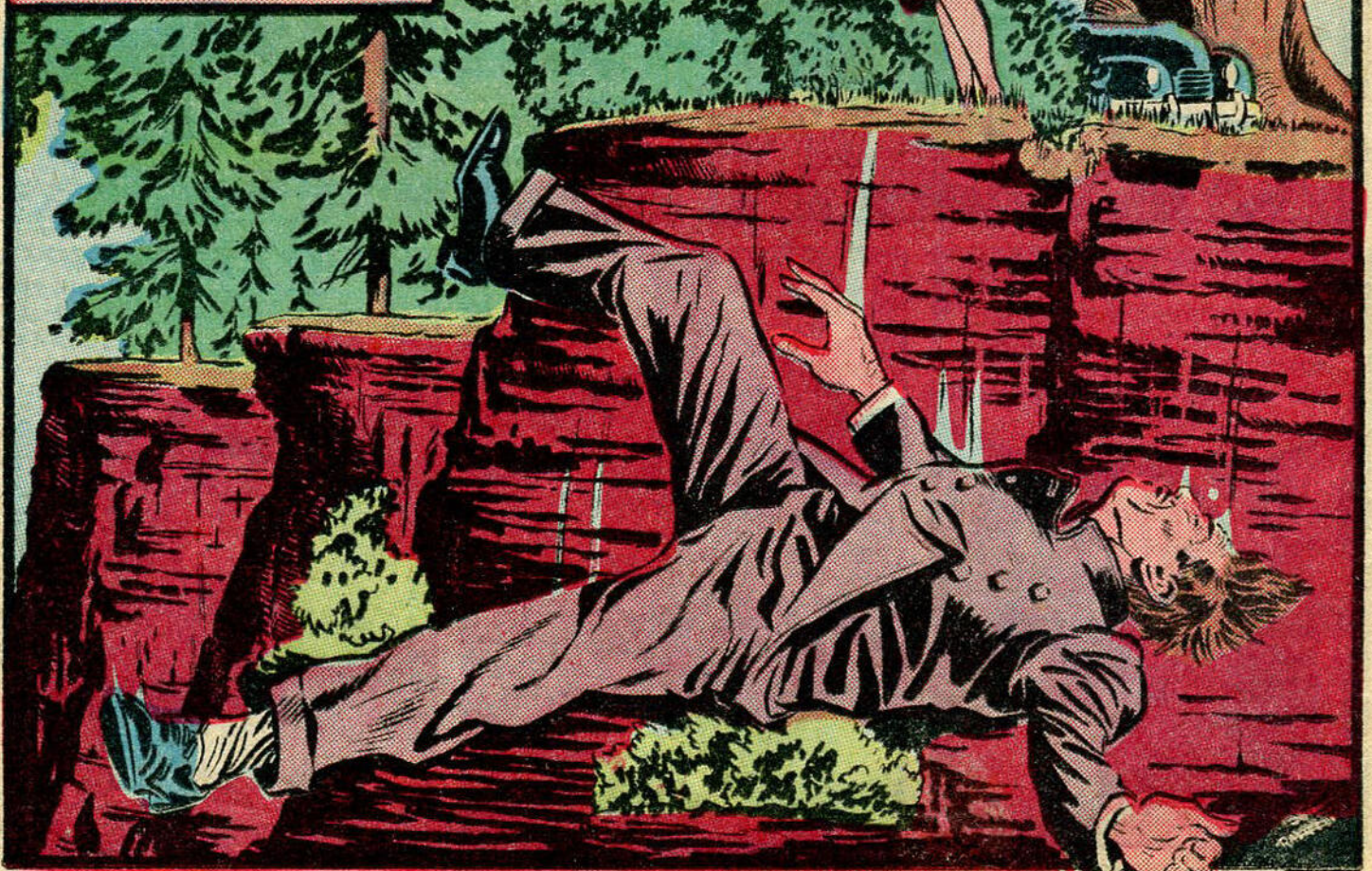
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'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

ANNA SLAYNE FLOWER of EVIL

ANNA SLAYNE WANTED A LIFE OF EASE AND LUXURY, EVEN AT THE PRICE OF TWO MEN'S LIVES. WEAVING A DIABOLICAL MURDER PLOT SHE NEARLY FOOLED THE LAW AND A SMART INSURANCE DETECTIVE...

A
TRUE
CRIME
Story



THE LUXURIOUS SLAYNE HOME
IN THE SUBURBS OF BOSTON..

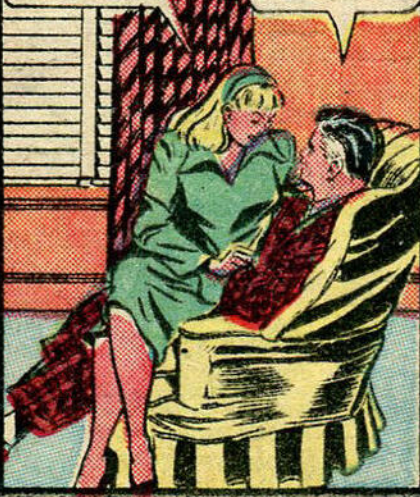
JOHN, PUT DOWN
THAT PAPER. I WANT
TO TALK TO YOU.

YES DEAR.
WHAT IS IT
NOW?



I WANT A CHECK
FOR FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS. THERE'S A
FUR COAT I SAW IN
TOWN THAT I SIMPLY
MUST HAVE!

BUT YOU JUST
BOUGHT A FUR
COAT ONLY TWO
MONTHS AGO!
THAT WAS FIVE
THOUSAND TOO!



ANNA, THIS HAS
GOT TO STOP! I'M
NOT MADE OF MONEY.
YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERY-
THING YOU SEE.

DON'T HAND
ME THAT! YOU
GOT PLENTY,
BUT YOU HATE
TO PART WITH IT!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

AFTER MUCH BICKERING ANNA FINALLY GOT HENRY TO AGREE AND ONE NIGHT A WEEK LATER...

LET ME POUR YOU SOME COFFEE, DEAR.

AH...ER THANK YOU, ANNA.



TWO LUMPS OF SUGAR, DEAR?

OF COURSE. I ALWAYS HAVE THEM, DON'T I?



IN A FEW MINUTES THE DRUG ADMINISTERED BY THE MURDEROUS ANNA TAKES EFFECT...

I...ANN... OHH! FINALLY! I THOUGHT IT WOULD NEVER WORK...HENRY, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.



PHEW, THAT STUFF IS POTENT! HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING, GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM.

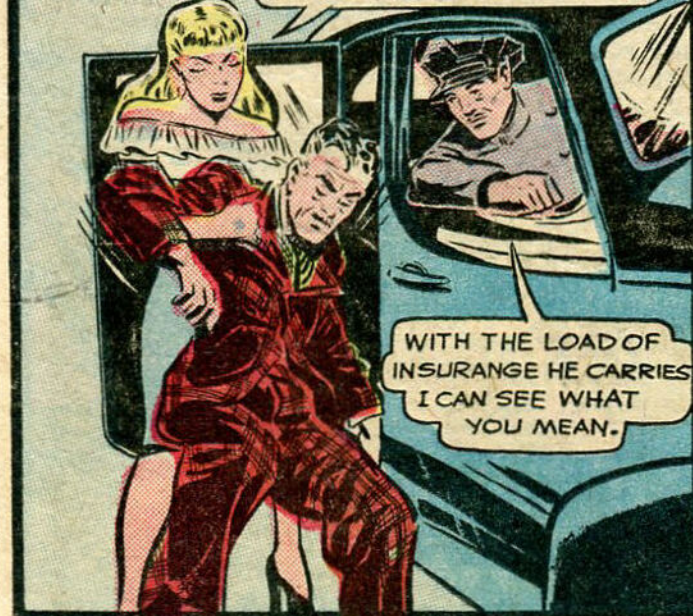


I DON'T LIKE THIS. SUPPOSING SOMETHING GOES WRONG?

WRONG! HAVEN'T I SHOWN YOU A MILLION TIMES WHEN WE GET THROUGH IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT?



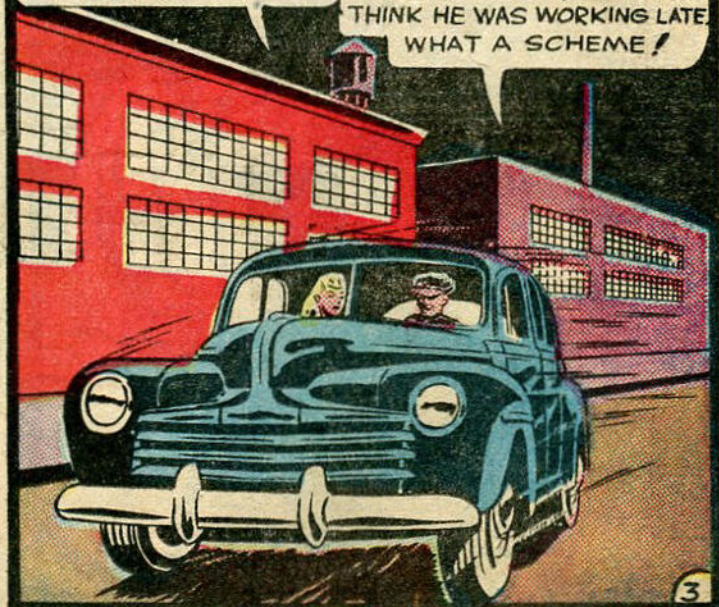
IN THE GARAGE... OH HOW GLAD I'LL BE TO GET RID OF THIS BORING MISER!



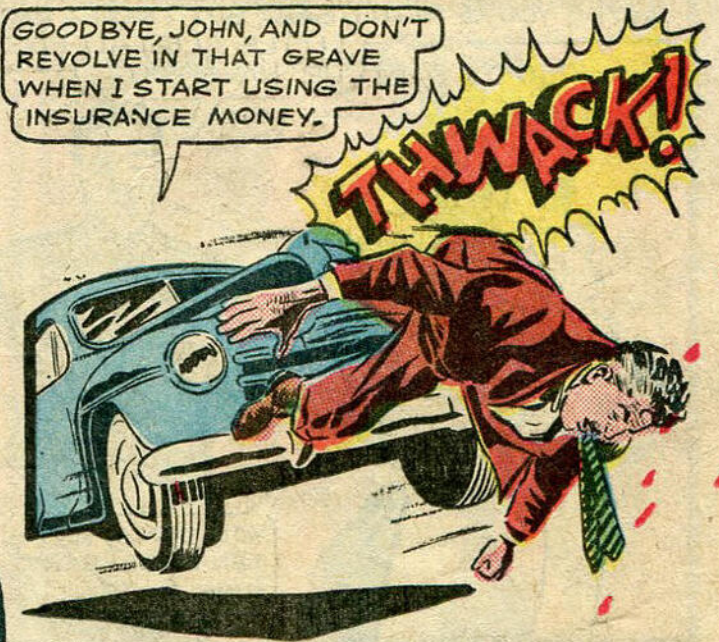
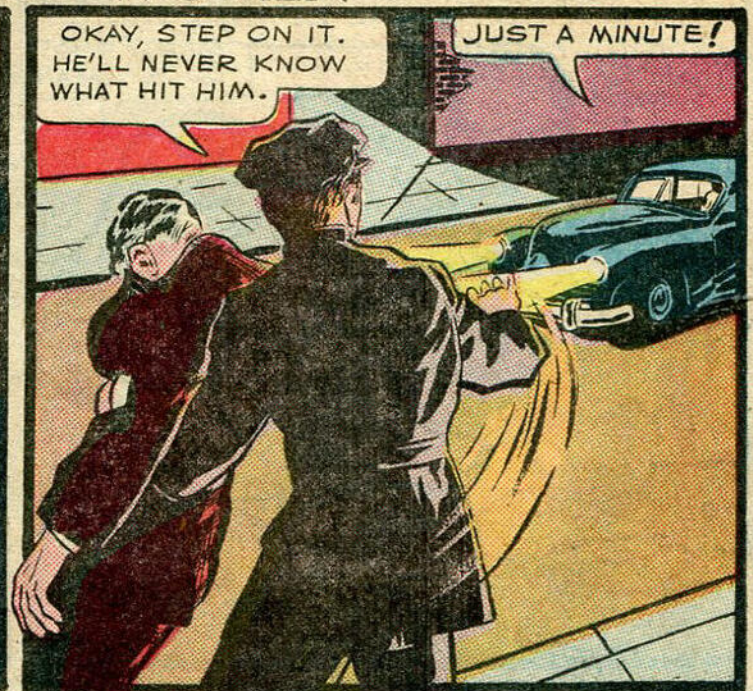
WITH THE LOAD OF INSURANCE HE CARRIES I CAN SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

HOW MUCH FURTHER HAVE WE GOT TO GO?

THE NEXT BLOCK. WHEN THEY FIND HIM, THEY'LL THINK HE WAS WORKING LATE. WHAT A SCHEME!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

A FEW DAYS LATER ANNA'S MURDEROUS PLAN WENT INTO EFFECT...

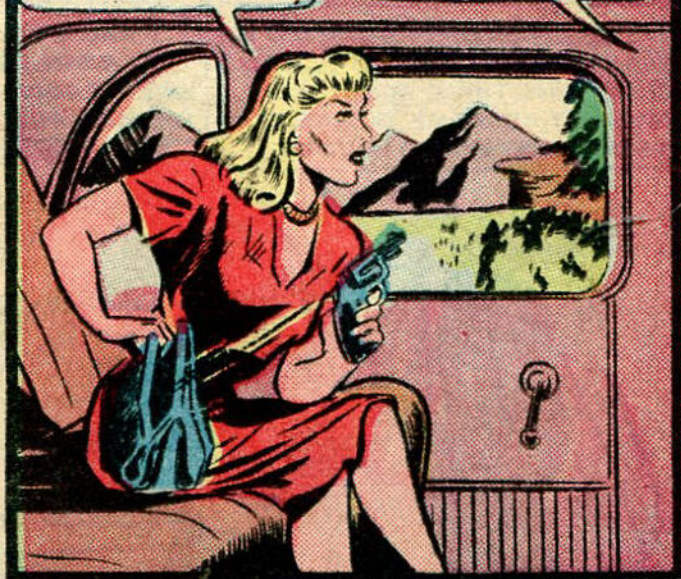
ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL DAY, HENRY? DRIVE ME UP TO THE TOP OF EAGLE ROCK. I'D LIKE TO SEE THE VIEW.

OKE! I KINDA LIKE IT UP THERE MYSELF.



STOP HERE, HENRY. I'D LIKE TO GET OUT FOR A WHILE.

RIGHT! THE VIEW IS CERTAINLY TERRIFIC!



YOU KNOW, BABY, I'M KINDA GLAD WE...

HEY! NO!--DON'T!

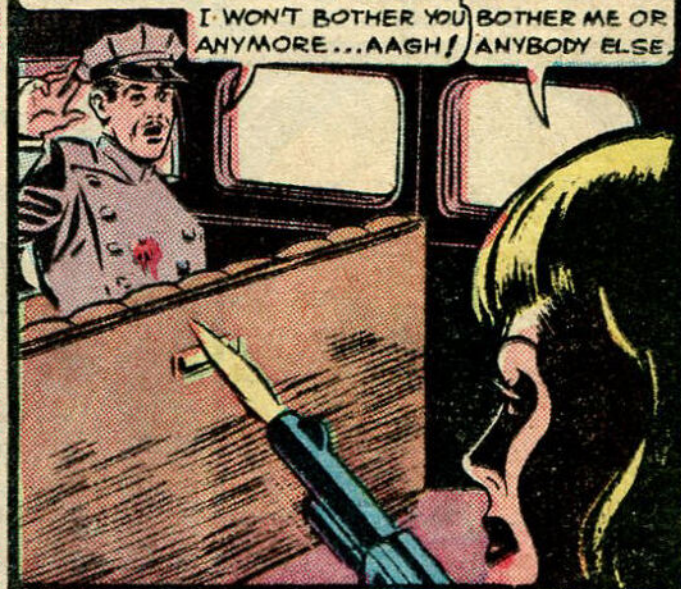
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BLACKMAIL ME, HEY HENRY? WELL HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT NOW?



I WAS ONLY KIDDING. I'LL GO A- WAY FOR GOOD. JUST LET ME LIVE.

THAT'S RIGHT HENRY, YOU WON'T

I WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE...AAGH! BOTHER ME OR ANYBODY ELSE.



THEY WON'T FIND HIM DOWN THERE FOR MONTHS. BY THAT TIME I'LL HAVE A GOOD ALIBI. I CAN EVEN ACCUSE HIM OF STEALING FROM ME AND RUNNING AWAY.



GOODBY, HENRY, YOU WERE A GOOD CHAUFFEUR BUT A ROTTEN CROOK.



NOW TO FIND A WAY TO GET THAT TEN THOUSAND BACK. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM HAVE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

MEANWHILE SUSPICIOUS INSURANCE AGENTS CHECK SLAYNE'S BANK ACCOUNT...

WE'RE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH THE WAY SLAYNE DIED. I'D LIKE TO CHECK HIM. THERE MIGHT JUST POSSIBLY BE SOME BUSINESS REASONS THAT COULD HAVE ER..

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, I'LL HAVE THE ACCOUNT BROUGHT IN.

LATER

LOOK AT THIS! TEN THOUSAND TO HENRY ALLARD FROM MRS. SLAYNE. THAT'S QUEER. HE'S THE FAMILY CHAUFFEUR.

I SHOULD SAY IT IS. CHAUFFEURS DON'T USUALLY COLLECT THAT KIND OF MONEY.

SMELLS LIKE BLACKMAIL. MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HOT. I THINK I'LL CHECK ON HENRY ALLARD.

AT THE SLAYNE HOME..

OH..ER..HOW DO YOU DO. I'D LIKE TO SEE HENRY ALLARD.

OH, HE'S NOT HERE ANYMORE HE'S GONE.

GONE! THAT'S ODD. I THOUGHT HE STILL WORKED FOR MRS. SLAYNE.

OH IT'S VERY PECULIAR. HE WENT AWAY AND LEFT ALL HIS BELONGINGS. MRS. SLAYNE SAYS HE STOLE SOMETHING & RAN OFF.

DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT LEAVING OR GETTING HIS CLOTHES?

NO, HE JUST LEFT. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT ABOUT HENRY. HE WAS SO NICE. ALL HE LEFT ME WAS HIS PICTURE.

PICTURE? I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT. I'M A DETECTIVE FROM AN INSURANCE AGENCY. HERE'S MY BADGE.

OH! WHY..WHY OF COURSE. I'LL GET IT RIGHT AWAY!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

HERE IT IS. IT'S A VERY GOOD LIKENESS. WHAT DID HE DO? COMMIT MURDER?

NOW, NOW, DON'T GET ALL EXCITED. IT'S JUST A ROUTINE CHECK. GOODBY, KID.

LATER AT HEADQUARTERS...

I'D LIKE TO LOOK THRU THE ROGUES GALLERY AND SEE IF THIS GUY'S PICTURE IS IN THERE!

HEY, HOW DID YOU GET THIS? THEY JUST BROUGHT HIS BODY IN A FEW MINUTES AGO. HE WAS FOUND SHOT AT THE BOTTOM OF EAGLE ROCK BY SOME BOY SCOUTS.

WHAT? THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING. LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW, MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE SOME SENSE OUT OF IT.

OKAY, SHOOT ...I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE MORGUE.

...AND THAT'S THE STORY AND THERE'S THE GUY. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I THINK WE'D BETTER GET AN ORDER TO EXHUME JOHN SLAYNE'S BODY. AN AUTOPSY WOULD BE IN ORDER, DON'T YOU THINK?

IN A FEW DAYS...

I HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO LEARN A LOT FROM THIS.

ME TOO. THERE'S TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS ABOUT THIS THING TO SUIT ME.

SLAYNE

THEN IN THE POLICE LAB...

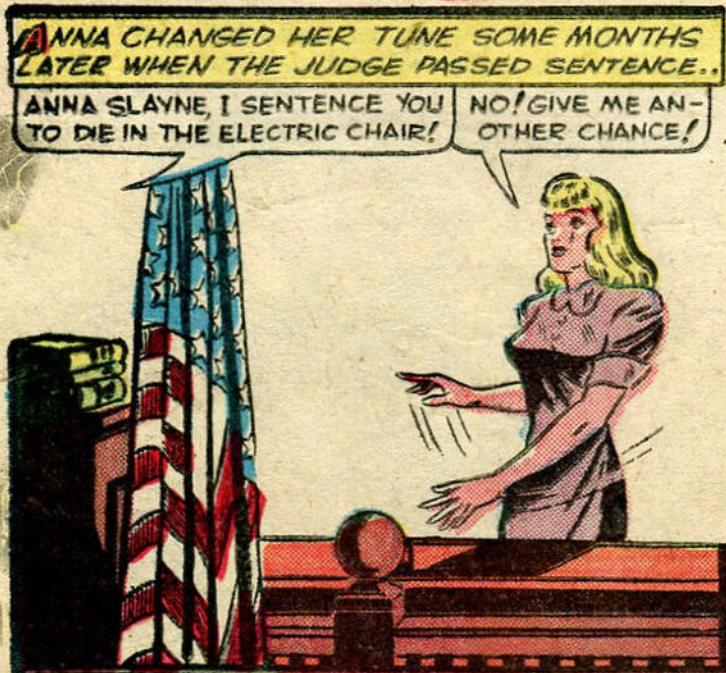
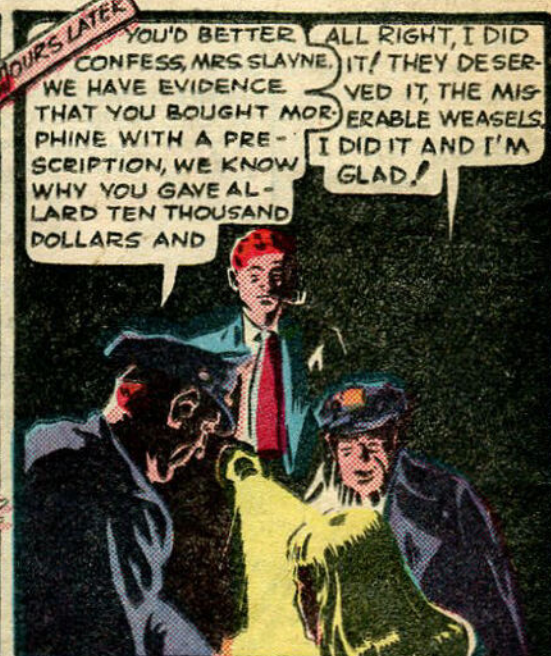
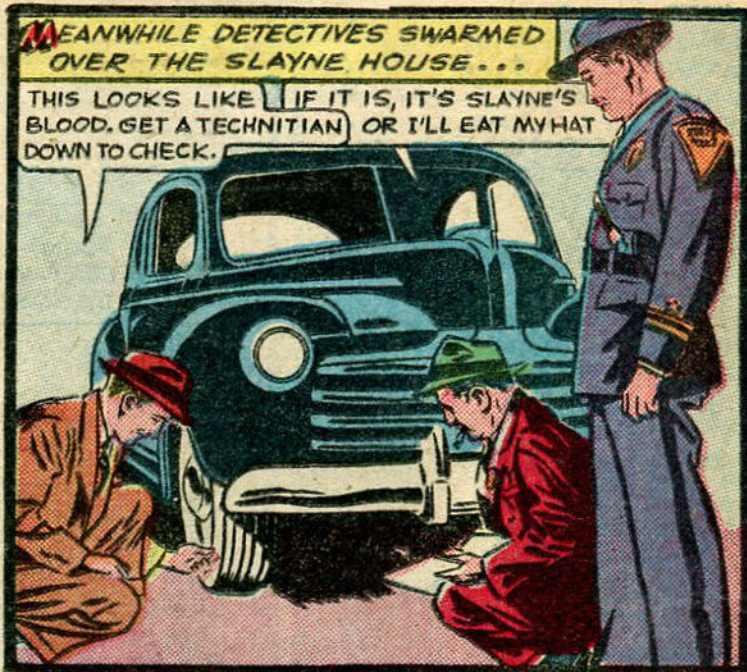
HOLY SMOKE! WAIT TILL THE LT. HEARS ABOUT THIS! GET HIM, QUICK!

RIGHT! I'M ON MY WAY.

LT., WHEN THIS MAN MET HIS DEATH HE WAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A POWERFUL NARCOTIC. HE COULD NOT HAVE MOVED A MUSCLE.

ANOTHER MURDER! NOW TO CONNECT THEM!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES BY WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE MIDGET MURDERER



(A.C. HOLLINGSWORTH)

ANDRE CHATEAU WAS BORN OF NORMAL PARENTS BUT DID NOT GROW MORE THAN FOUR FEET IN HEIGHT THROUGHOUT HIS CRIMINAL LIFE! HERE IS HIS TRAGIC STORY.....

THE POLICE SUSPECTED ANDRE FOR MANY MONTHS AND FINALLY APPROACHED A CIRCUS DWARF FOR AID...

AND WE THINK THAT A PRETTY WOMAN CAN GET HIM TO TALK! YOU UNDERSTAND OUR PLAN, DON'T YOU, MISS WILLOIS?

YES, I THINK I DO!!



MISS WILLOIS BECAME FRIENDLY WITH ANDRE AND EVENTUALLY HE BEGAN TO BRAG ABOUT HIS CRIMES TO HER...

I'VE STOLEN A LOT OF MONEY, RUBY... BUT I...



THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW, ANDRE!

BORN IN FRANCE OF AMERICAN PARENTS, ANDRE DEVELOPED AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX DUE TO HIS HEIGHT.....

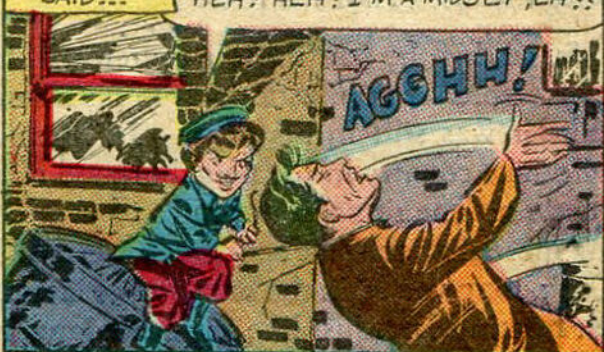
I'M WARNING YOU, JACK... I'LL KILL YOU!!

SURE SHORTIE... HA! HA!!



ANDRE CAME TO THE U.S. AND SOON PEOPLE FOUND OUT THAT ANDRE WAS QUITE SERIOUS IN WHAT HE SAID...

HEH! HEH! I'M A MIDGET, EH!?



ANDRE WAS GIVEN LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR THE MANY MURDEROUS CRIMES THAT HE BRUTALLY COMMITTED! HIS WARPED MIND LEARNED HIS MISTAKES TOO LATE!!!



CRIME NEVER PAYS! IF I ONLY HAD KNOWN...

MURDER OUT OF SEASON

THE desperate criminal character of Steve Cook may be judged from the fact that he had been convicted while a mere boy—of murdering a farmer who caught him stealing chickens. Because of his youth, Cook was pardoned and allowed another chance at living decently among men. He had served sixteen years of that sentence when pardoned. That had been in the year 1914.

Cook was out of jail only somewhat more than a year when he was arrested for burglary and sentenced to jail for from one to fifteen years. Of that sentence he served five years. It was quite a record. Cook was forty-two and had served twenty-one of his years behind prison walls. Half his life!

Since then he had made a pretense of being respectable. But injustice was in his brain and murder was still in his heart. In Michigan's wild lake country in the neighborhood of Marquette no one respects the rules of game hunting more than the true sportsmen. But to Steve Cook, long versed in the breaking of laws, rules for hunting were just like any other laws, made to be broken.

So, on the night of September 29, 1926, Steve Cook called on his friend, Philip Lemonier, and said: "Come on with me. I will show you a spot where the deer are plentiful and easy to get."

Lemonier was an honest man, who had no knowledge of Cook's criminal record. He frowned. "Tonight?" he asked. "It is dark already."

"We will just watch tonight," said Cook craftily. "Tomorrow we will hunt."

Lemonier did not like the sound of the proposition, but a friend is a friend. You do not distrust him. Furthermore good places for finding game are dear to the heart of a hunter. He followed Cook to the latter's car. He did not take his gun with him and Cook did not ask

him to do so. Afterward he thanked his lucky stars that he had not.

It was quite dark when the two men reached the Pickerel Lake region. Near the shores of the lake Cook stopped his car.

"I don't like this," Lemonier said. "You look to me as if you were going to hunt by headlight."

Cook grinned. "So what?" he replied.

Lemonier got out of the car. "Not for me, Steve. That's against the law and I don't want any part of it."

"Shut up, you fool!" exclaimed Cook. "Listen!"

Close to the shore there was the brush of leaves. In a flash Cook switched on his headlights. There at the water's edge a startled deer turned, stood hypnotized, terrorized by the blinding lights from the car. Cook, who had stepped from the vehicle, had raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Hold it!" cried a voice from the darkness. "Don't fire that gun!"

The frightened animal, distracted by the sound of another voice, sprang on sinewed legs, became a shadow and then blended with the darkness. Two game wardens walked toward the car from the depths of the evergreens. They were Gunnar Youngman and Charles Parsons.

"We've been on the lookout for skunks like you two!" he said with rasping tones. He had a love of sportsmanship and such tactics made his blood boil. "You're riding into town with us."

"I tell you," began Lemonier, "I did not want to come here. I did not know! I did not bring my gun!"

"You will have a chance to tell your story," retorted the game warden. "Get into our car. It is parked over this way."

The two men followed the game warden, but seething in the mind of Cook was a rage, not at losing the game, but at the thought of being told what he could and what he could not do.

"Why you," he began. The warden turned toward him, then stopped, reached for his holster. The gun cracked.

"Steve, don't!" cried Lemonier. "You are a fool!"

The gun fired again. Both wardens lay dead upon the ground.

"I think I should kill you, too!" exclaimed Cook to Lemonier. The other stood still in terror and Cook fingered the rifle and wavered as if trying to decide.

"Steve, you cannot do that!"

"Then help me get rid of these bodies!" Cook demanded.

Lemonier shook his head. "That I will not do, even though you kill me. I want no part of this murder."

Cook stared a long moment at his companion. One flick of his trigger finger would seal Lemonier's lips forever. But he hesitated. At that moment Cook's landlady and her two daughters were visiting at Lemonier's. He had taken them there himself. Cook would have to explain away Lemonier's absence if the killer should murder his friend. That would be more difficult than forcing Lemonier to keep his trap shut.

"All right, get moving. And remember, Lemonier, one word of this to ANYBODY and you will not live to testify!"

Cook watched Lemonier walk away down the trail in the direction of his home. Then he hoisted the two bodies into his car. With his corpse-cargo, Cook drove slowly along the trail until he struck the main highway. Then he stepped on it and reached Marquette some time later. Driving to the waterfront, now dark and deathly still, he stopped the car. Carefully watching his way, he lifted first one

warden, then the other, carrying each to the shadows of a warehouse dock.

Then tying stones to the bodies, he pushed the corpses into Lake Superior. It was done. This killer had repeated the pattern of murder that once had sent him to jail for life. This ruthless senseless killing proved Cook's wanton disregard for the rights of others. His wanton deed would make it all the harder in the future for other *deserving* prisoners to obtain consideration from the authorities.

It was the hard egotism of the man that made him believe he would seal Lemonier's lips. In fact he did do just that for a while. Lemonier was shocked, horrified and very much scared. Youngman, one of the deputies, had a pretty wife and two small children. Mrs. Youngman, alarmed when her husband did not return the night of his death, reported him missing. Police soon were on his trail. They found Youngman's car near the lake. They found blood on the ground.

Investigation followed, questioning of all residents in the vicinity. Lemonier at first, fearful for his life, did not tell what he knew. Later he summoned courage and told of the killing. Cook was arrested. He accused Lemonier.

But truth somehow comes out in constant questioning. Finally Cook broke, eventually showed the police where to find the bodies. Confirmation of belief of Cook's guilt was reflected in the jury's decision of "Guilty Of Murder In The First Degree!" On December 14, 1926 Cook was sentenced to life imprisonment, the maximum punishment allowed by law in the State of Michigan.

(Note: Space limitation has required condensing of some incidents into one representative incident. In consideration of innocent persons and innocent relatives of those guilty, all names used are fictitious. Basic facts are true, however.)

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

JEAN TORSON

SATAN'S DAUGHTER

COLD, RUTHLESS, AND TRIGGER-HAPPY, JEAN TORSON AND HER KILL-CRAZY HUSBAND, SHOT THEIR WAY ACROSS THE MIDWEST, KILLING AND ROBBING AS THEY WENT; EVERY SECOND BROUGHT THEM NEARER TO THE GRIM JUSTICE THEY DESERVED...

A
**TRUE
CRIME
STORY**



THE TORSON HOME IN TOPEKA, KANSAS...

HELLO, FRED, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL AFTERNOON?

NEVER MIND, BABY, JUST GET DRESSED. WERE LEAVIN' TOWN.

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN! WHAT'S THE MATTER THIS TIME?

AW, NOTHIN' MUCH! I JUST BEAT A GUY UP, THAT'S ALL! WITH MY RECORD, THEY'D CLAP ME BACK IN THE JUG. IT'S BETTER TO BEAT IT!

OKAY! I'LL START PACKIN'! YOU AIN'T EVER GONNA GET ANYWHERE LIKE THIS, HONEY. WE'VE BEEN MARRIED TWO YEARS, AND IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME!

I KNOW IT. SO I GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YA!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

GUNS! YOU... YOU MEAN...?

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! WE'RE GONNA GET IN THE BIG TIME! NO MORE PIDDLING AROUND FOR LITTLE FREDDIE. IF I GOT TO GO TO JAIL, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE FOR SOMETHING BIG!

THE PAIR FLED TO A WISCONSIN RESORT WHERE FRED TAUGHT JEAN HOW TO SHOOT!

OKAY, BABY! LET'S SEE YA PLUG IT RIGHT THROUGH THE GUT!

THAT'S A CINCH!

WOW! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE! KID, YOU'RE ANOTHER ANNIE OAKLEY!

AW, THAT AIN'T NOTHIN! WATCH THIS!

SEE, NOTHIN' TO IT! WHEN DO WE GO TO WORK?

OKAY, HONEY. WE'RE READY. I GOT A JOB CASED FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS. A BANK IN MINNESOTA. WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW.

STANESBURG, MINNESOTA, TWO DAYS LATER...

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! JUST DON'T GET EXCITED AND BLOW YOUR LID.

ME EXCITED? DON'T GIVE ME A LAUGH! YOU WAIT AND SEE!

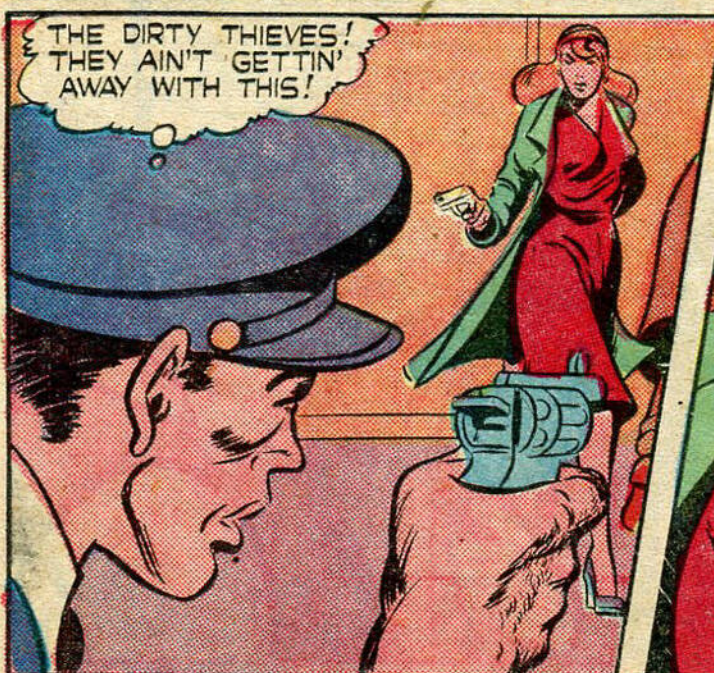
IF JEAN COMES THROUGH, THIS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH. IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

STANESBURG TRUST CO.

OPEN 9 AM. TO 5 PM.

THE FIRST WORD OUT OF YOU IS YOUR LAST. IF YA WANT TO KEEP BREATHING JUST DO AS I TELL YA!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

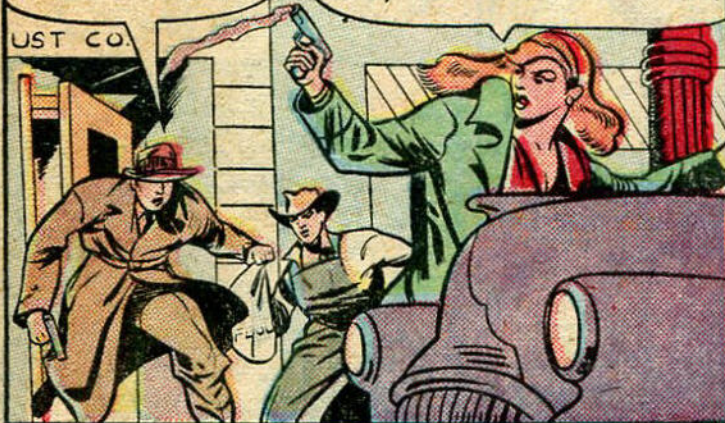


'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

GET IN THE CAR. THEY'LL BE AFTER US LIKE WOLVES AFTER A RABBIT.

LET 'EM COME. I'LL BLAST THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM! AS LONG AS I'VE GOT A ROD, THEY CAN'T TOUCH US.

UST CO.



AIM FOR THE GAS TANK! THE RATS ARE GETTING AWAY!

YA STILL THINK I'LL BLOW MY TOP ON THE JOB?

NOT ME, BABY. THEY DON'T COME NO COOLER THAN YOU--NOT EVEN IN ICELAND!



IN A WEEK THE PAIR WERE AT IT AGAIN. THIS TIME AT ELSON, NORTH DAKOTA.

THE STANESBURG HAUL WILL BE PEANUTS COMPARED TO THIS HEIST.

I HOPE SO. FOURTEEN HUNDRED AIN'T MUCH OF A TAKE.



GET 'EM UP, EVERYBODY--HIGH! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY PHONY MOVES!

OKAY, FRED, I'LL DROP THE FIRST ONE WHO GIVES US ANY TROUBLE. GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR--ALL OF YOU!



GET THAT VAULT OPEN, BUD. STALL, AND I'LL PUT A PLUG IN YA!

B-BUT I CAN'T. IT'S ON A TIME LOCK! IT WON'T OPEN UNTIL NINE THIRTY.

THAT'S TEN MINUTES YET. WE'LL WAIT... STAY WHERE YOU ARE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE SUCKERS AS THEY COME IN!

BOY, THIS TAKES THE CAKE! ROBBIN' A BANK AND WAITIN' FOR THE VAULT TO OPEN. FRED, YOU GIVE ME A LAUGH!



GOOD MORNING, CHUMP. JUST GIVE THE DOUGH TO STUPID OVER THERE. HE'LL DEPOSIT IT TO OUR ACCOUNT. THEN YA CAN LIE DOWN AN' TAKE A REST.

I'M AFRAID YOU BETTER DO AS SHE SAYS. THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE SHE GOES--
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
GO BACK THERE WITH
MR. MONEYBAGS
AND DO A LITTLE
CLEANING
FOR HIM.

LET'S
GO,
MISTER,
AND NO
STALLING
AROUND!

BBBRRRANGG

START PULLING THE
STUFF OUT. IT BETTER
BE GOOD, TOO, IF YA
DON'T WANT THIS
TO BECOME YOUR
MAUSOLEUM.

I'LL
GET
IT..
I'LL
GET
IT!!

LOOK AT YA, YA SQUIRMING
RATS! OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO
BLAST THE WHOLE LOT OF YA!
MOVE, ONE OF YA! WHY
DON'T YA MOVE?

EEEE! I CAN'T STAND IT!
I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME
OUT!

GET DOWN, SISTER!
GET DOWN OR I'LL KILL
YA!

ALL RIGHT,
LADY, YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

EEEEEE!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

TAKE IT EASY, PAL.
JUST A DAME THAT
THOUGHT I WASN'T
TALKIN' LIKE I
MEANT IT!

YOU-- YO'!
KILLED
MRS. STOKELY!

THAT'S RIGHT,
BUDDY, AND IF
YOU'RE NOT
CAREFUL,
YOU'RE NEXT!

JUST PULL THAT
ALARM IN THE NEXT
TEN MINUTES, AND
WE'LL BE BACK,
MISTER-- TO
TAKE CARE OF
YOU!

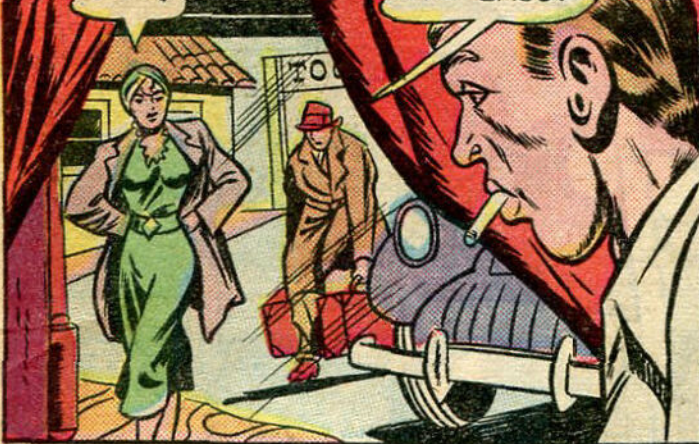
NEXT ISSUE--CRIMES by WOMEN--ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

WITH POLICE IN FIVE STATES ALERTED AND THE F.B.I. ON THEIR TRAIL, THE TWO HID OUT IN A TOUREST CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

WHAT'S THE GUY IN THE NEXT CABIN GIVIN' US THE EYE FOR?

AW, PROBABLY NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO. COME ON, GIMME A HAND WITH THE BAGS!



IN THE NEXT CABIN...

NOW WHERE DID I SEE THEM TWO BEFORE? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE PAPERS... OH, OH -- PAPER IS RIGHT! I BETTER CALL THE COPS.



....YEAH, OF COURSE I'M SURE. IT'S THE SAME TWO WHO ROBBED THE BANK! I GOT EYES, AIN'T I? YOU'RE SENDIN' A RADIO CAR, GOOD!



I WISH THOSE COPS WOULD GET HERE ... HEY, WHAT DO YOU WANT? DON'T... DON'T SHOOT ME!

SO, YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE?

YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA SHOOT YA? WE JUST WANTED TO BORROW SOME SUGAR!



THE LAME-BRAIN GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

DON'T TOUCH ME! PLEASE DON'T!

LET'S GET RID OF THIS SLOB AND GET OUT OF HERE. THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.



SO LONG, BLABBERMOUTH!

NO! NO! AAGH!

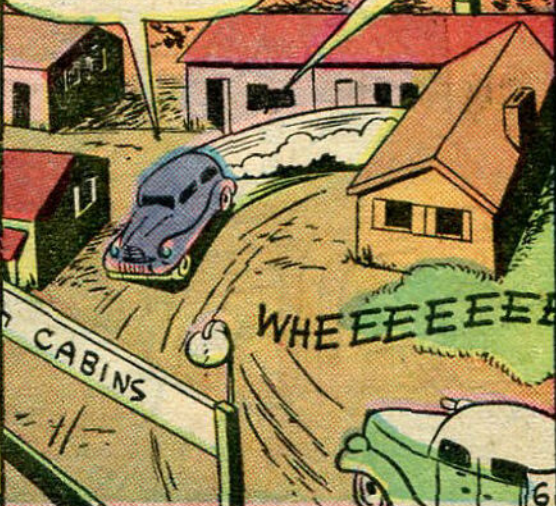
LET'S GET THE BAGS IN THE CAR AND BLOW. HE MIGHT HAVE CALLED THE COPS.

BANG BANG

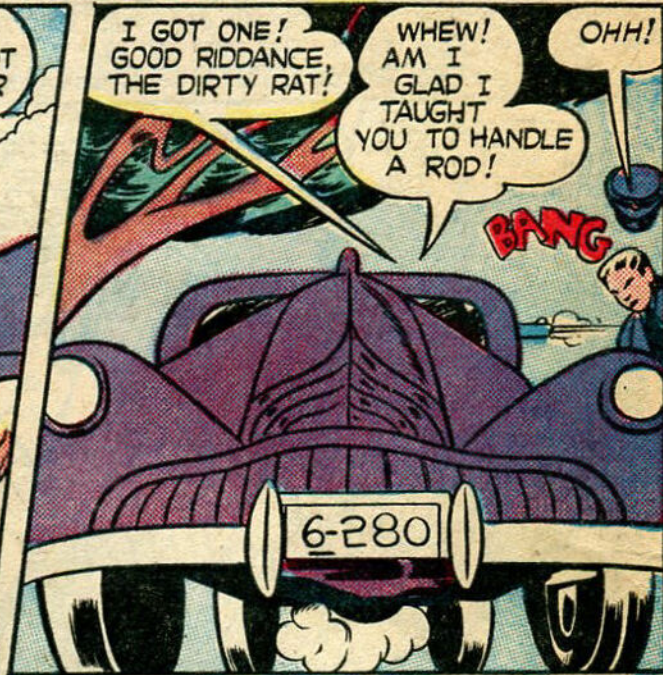
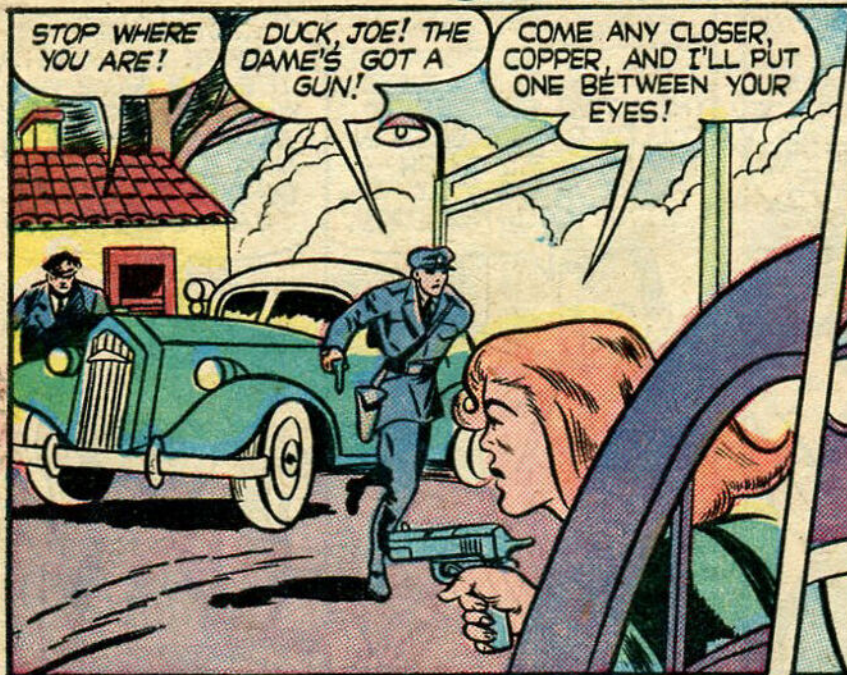


HE DID CALL THE FLATFEET! GET THE CAR GOING, FRED. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

WE SHOULD'VE LEFT WHEN YOU SPOTTED HIM!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THAT WAS FAST. HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. WORRY ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE. WE BETTER HEAD ACROSS COUNTRY.

AS THEY NEARED ST. LOUIS A MOTOR-CYCLE COP PICKED THEM UP...

STEP ON IT, FRED. THERE'S A COP BEHIND US!

YEAH, LISTEN TO THAT SIREN. WE GOT TO SHAKE HIM!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHAKE HIM... PERMANENTLY.

HE AIN'T NO EASY TARGET. MAYBE I'D BETTER TRY TO OUTPACE HIM.

TAKE IT EASY, FREDDIE. JUST WATCH THIS. IT'S JUST LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS IN A GALLERY!

GOT HIM! THAT'S ONE COPPER THAT AIN'T GONNA BE INTERESTED IN MAKING ANY REPORTS FOR A WHILE!

AAAGH!

THAT FINISHES HIM OFF. THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. ONE THING I DON'T WANT TO GET PICKED UP ON IS COP KILLING!

THE TWO GUESSED WRONG AND THE COP LIVED TO REPORT TO THE F.B.I.

THAT'S ALL I CAN REMEMBER.

TAKE IT EASY, OLD MAN. THAT'S ENOUGH. WE'LL HAVE THE PLATE NUMBERS AND DESCRIPTION OF THE CAR ON THE WIRES IN A HALF HOUR!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

FEELING PERFECTLY SAFE, THE KILLERS HID OUT IN ST. LOUIS, UNAWARE OF THE SEARCH GOING ON FOR THE STOLEN CAR...

WE KNOW THAT THEY DIDN'T LEAVE THE CITY. EVERY PATROLMAN HAS BEEN ALERTED TO WATCH FOR THE CAR.

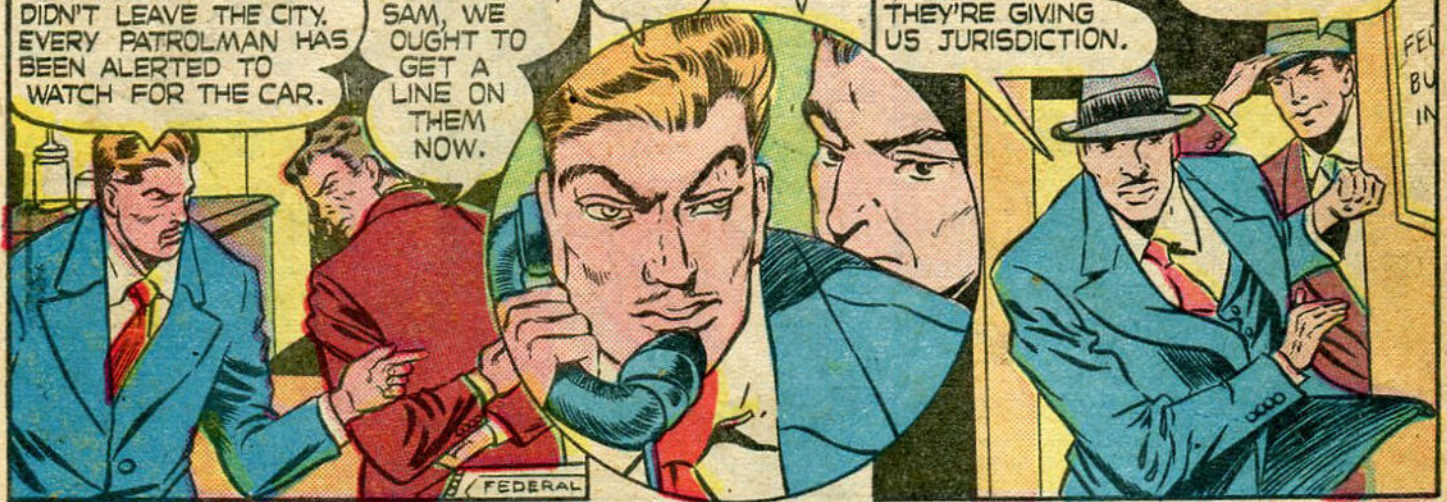
GOOD WORK, SAM, WE OUGHT TO GET A LINE ON THEM NOW.

WHAT? GOOD! GOOD! WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.

IS THAT THE WORD, WILL?

SURE WAS. THE LOCAL POLICE SPOTTED THE TWO GOING INTO A MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. THEY'RE GIVING US JURISDICTION.

GREAT, THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE THEM FOR THE BANK ROBBERIES.



MINUTES LATER, AT THE INDIAN-HEAD BAR AND GRILL...

I'M NERVOUS, FRED. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO GUYS WHO JUST WALKED IN!

AW, TAKE IT EASY, AND EAT YOUR GRUB. NO ONE KNOWS US HERE!



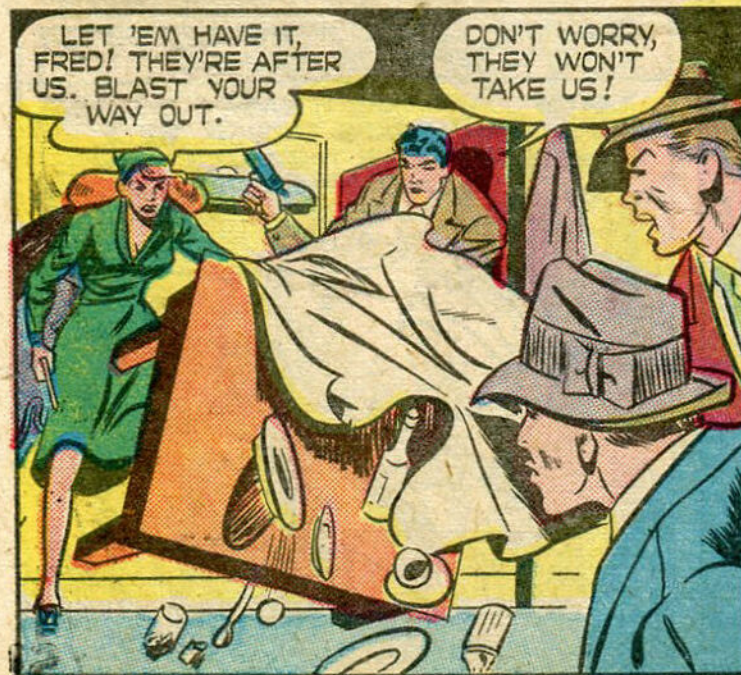
THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY. THEY'RE COPS, I KNOW IT! I CAN SMELL THEM A MILE AWAY!

WELL, IF THEY COME THIS WAY THEY'LL GET A DOSE OF HOT LEAD!



LET 'EM HAVE IT, FRED! THEY'RE AFTER US. BLAST YOUR WAY OUT.

DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T TAKE US!

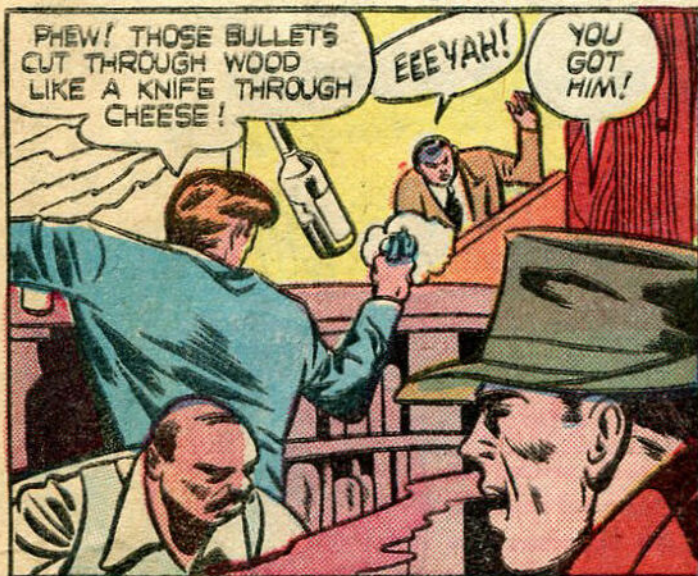


THEY SPOTTED US! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

PLUG THE TABLE! THAT'LL STOP 'EM. WATCH OUT FOR CUSTOMERS!



'CRIMES BY WOMEN'



CRIME NEVER PAYS!

NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

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WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE!

JOE PALOOKA vs HUMPHREY!

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Try this new FILMATIC yourself. You and your pals enjoy the PALOOKA fight film for 5 days free! Just send coupon with \$1.00. If not delighted with both FILMATIC and movie, return in 5 days for full refund — but KEEP the picture of Palooka as your GIFT! Nothing to lose. Lots to gain. So ACT now!

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