



ALL-TRUE

10c
No. 3
JUNE · JULY

DETECTIVE CASES



A DATE
WITH DEATH
TERROR OF THE
CAPONE MOB
MACHINE GUN
KELLY

**AMAZING
OFFER**

FREE!

100 FOREIGN STAMPS
from all corners of the world
GUARANTEED WORTH \$1.00
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and Souvenir of World's Rarest Stamp

RUSH coupon at once. We'll send you by return mail this gigantic offer — 100 stamps from Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Near East and Far East. **GUARANTEED WORTH \$1.00** at Standard Catalog prices. No telling what you'll find. **NO COST TO YOU!**

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Rush me **FREE 100 FOREIGN STAMPS**, Rarest Stamp Souvenir and **STAMP COLLECTOR'S GUIDE**.

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

DILLINGER!

JOHN DILLINGER, PERHAPS THE GREATEST CRIMINAL TO COME INTO THE PUBLIC EYE IN MODERN TIMES, WAS INTERESTED IN ONLY TWO THINGS...BANKS AND BLONDES...BECAUSE BOTH REPRESENTED GOOD TIMES TO HIS WARPED MIND! BUT THE ONE DETAIL HE FORGOT WAS THAT EVENTUALLY THE FINAL PAY-OFF WOULD BE...

"A date with DEATH!"



OUR STORY BEGINS ON FEB. 14, 1933, THE DAY OF JOHN DILLINGER'S RELEASE FROM INDIANA STATE PENITENTIARY...

MOE, I'LL NEVER ROB ANOTHER GROCERY STORE AGAIN— BUT AS FOR SEEING YOU AGAIN... THAT'S ANOTHER THING!

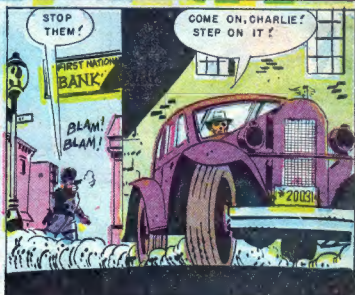
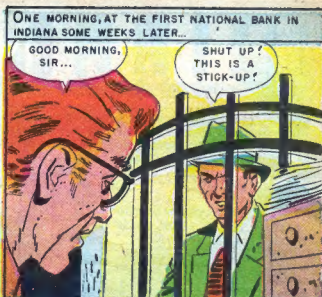


MOE HAMILTON AND THE REST DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT DILLINGER HAD A PLAN TO GET THEM TOGETHER AGAIN! BRIBING INSIDE AIDES, HE SMUGGLED GUNS INTO PRISON, AND, ONE NIGHT, JUST SIX MONTHS AFTER HIS RELEASE...

WE MADE IT, KID! I SURE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU!

HURRY-- GET IN THE CAR!





DILLINGER AND HIS NEWLY ORGANIZED GANG ROBBED BANK AFTER BANK! A NEW ERA HAD DAWNED UPON THE COUNTRY-- AN ERA OF VIOLENCE, MURDER AND CRIME ...!



AS DILLINGER EXPANDED HIS ACTIVITIES, HIS TASTE FOR FAST WOMEN AND GOOD TIMES INCREASED...

HEY, JOHN! HOW ABOUT PLAYING A HAND WITH US?

SOME OTHER TIME! I GOT A DATE!



DILLINGER LOOKED UP MARY LONGACRE, HIS ONE-TIME SWEET-HEART...

HELLO, BABY! MISS ME?

JOHNNIE! WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE TO ME?



WHAT WAS THE USE? IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS SINCE I ROBBED THAT STORE! REMEMBER? I'M GONNA MAKE THEM PAY FOR THAT, BABY!

WELCOME HOME, HONEY!

SUDDENLY...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DILLINGER!

SAY...WHAT IS THIS?

LUCKY FOR US, ONE OF OUR MEN SPOTTED YOU COMING UP HERE!

YEAH? WELL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HOLD ME LONG, COPPERS!

DILLINGER WAS RIGHT. FOR ONE NIGHT, AT THE LIMA, OHIO JAIL, WHERE HE HAD BEEN MOVED TO AWAIT TRIAL...

IT'S THE DILLINGER MOB! UNHHH!

POUR IT INTO 'EM, BOYS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

STOP, IN THE NAME OF THE...

DRY UP, FLATFOOT!

SO I WASN'T GOING TO BREAK OUT OF HERE?

WE'RE PAYING YOU BACK FOR GETTING US OUT OF THE PEN, BOSS! COME ON...

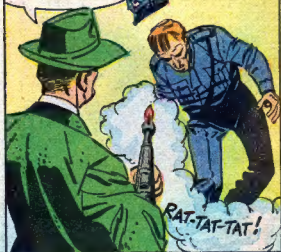
THEN, DILLINGER BEGAN ROBBING BANKS WITHOUT LETUP! THIS TIME, HE SHOWED ABSOLUTELY NO MERCY!

PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN...AND DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

WATCH THAT GUARD!



THAT'S ONE LESS BULL TO WORRY ABOUT!



OKAY! LET'S GO!

I... I'M HIT, JOHN! HELP ME...

SORRY, HARRY! YOU'RE DEAD WEIGHT!



LATER, WHEN THE GANG WAS BACK AT THEIR HIDEOUT... WE SHOULD'VE HELPED HIM, BOSS! HE WASN'T HURT BAD...

SHUT UP! FROM NOW ON...WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET HIT AT ALL!



YEAH? WE'LL WEAR BULLET-PROOF VESTS! I WANT EVERY GUN COMPANY IN THIS TOWN CASED UNTIL WE FIND ONE THAT MAKES THEM!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AT A GUN STORE IN PERU, INDIANA...

I'M A WRITER WORKING ON CRIME STORIES. CAN YOU TELL ME IF THOSE ARE REALLY BULLET-PROOF VESTS ONE HEARS SO MUCH ABOUT?

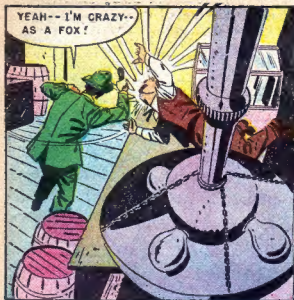
YES, AND WE'RE THE ONLY COMPANY THAT MAKES THEM...



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! CUT THE CHATTER AND UNLOCK THE CABINET!

I CAN'T DO THAT! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?





YEAH-- I'M CRAZY--
AS A FOX!



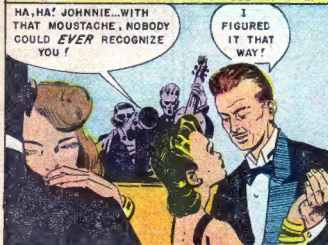
EVERYTHING
OKAY,
JOHN?

OF COURSE! BACK THAT TRUCK
UP TO THE DOOR!

ARMED NOW WITH ALMOST IMPENETRABLE ARMOR, DILLINGER RAPIDLY BECAME PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1! THEN, HE EMBARKED ON A SERIES OF "GOOD TIMES"...

HA, HA! JOHNNIE...WITH
THAT MOUSTACHE, NOBODY
COULD *EVER* RECOGNIZE
YOU!

I
FIGURED
IT THAT
WAY!



HYA, BOSS!
LOOK WHO I
BROUGHT WITH
ME!

WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT
THE CUTEST CHICK I
EVER SAW!

YOU'RE
NOT SO
HARD ON
THE EYES
EITHER!



LAY OFF JOHNNIE,
SISTER-- IF YOU
KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YOU!

CAN IT EVIE!
KEEP MOE
COMPANY WHILE
WE DANCE THIS
NUMBER!

WHY YOU-- I DON'T CARE IF
YOU ARE THE GREAT JOHN
DILLINGER... I DON'T CARE
IF YOU ARE GOING TO ROB
THE BIGGEST BANK IN THE
CITY... YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME'

EVIE...
FOR
THE
LUVVA--



THIS'LL SHUT YOU UP!
SAY ANOTHER WORD AND
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU--
GOOD!



BUT EVIE'S OUTBURST HAD NOT GONE UNNOTICED AT THE CLUB, FOR, WHEN THE NOTORIOUS GANG DROVE UP TO THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN TUCSON, ARIZONA, THE INFORMED POLICE WERE WAITING FOR THEM...



GIVE UP, DILLINGER! YOU'RE SURROUNDED! YAAAH! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE.



WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL, DILLINGER. THOSE BULLET-PROOF VESTS WON'T SAVE YOU!

G-GIVE UP, JOHN! THE GOT ARMOR-PIERCING BULLETS.

OKAY...
OKAY... WE SURRENDER!



THE GANG WAS TAKEN BACK TO OHIO TO BE ARRAIGNED FOR PREVIOUS MURDERS, AND, A FEW WEEKS LATER...

YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC-CHAIR.



LUCKY FOR DILLINGER, DAME FORTUNE IS FICKLE! HE AND MOE HAMILTON WERE GIVEN A STAY OF EXECUTION AND SENT TO CROWN POINT JAIL FOR APPEAL OF A NEW TRIAL...

I'M GONNA BREAK OUT OF HERE!



DILLINGER MANAGED "SOMEHOW" TO GET A KNIFE AND A PIECE OF WOOD...HE WHITTLED A MAKESHIFT GUN, AND ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 3, 1934...

HAND OVER THOSE KEYS!

A-ALL RIGHT. D-DON'T SHOOT!



THANKS FOR A REAL GUN! NOW I CAN THROW THIS TOY AWAY!



WHILE A SHOCKED NATION READ ABOUT THE SENSATIONAL BREAK, DILLINGER LOST NO TIME IN RECRUITING MEMBERS FOR A NEW MOB!

WE'LL USE TWO DIFFERENT CARS...THE FIRST, WE'LL DITCH AFTER OUR HAUL!



BUT JOHN DILLINGER'S FACE HAD BECOME TOO WELL KNOWN! THUS, WHILE HE SAT IN A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE THE MERCHANT'S NATIONAL BANK AT SOUTH BEND, INDIANA...

IT'S DILLINGER AND HIS GANG! HURRY! THEY'RE GOING INSIDE THIS VERY MOMENT!



MOMENTS LATER...

SOME HAUL!
ULP! LOOK...
THE LAW!
UGH!

TH- THEY GOT MOE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



DILLINGER MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE, BUT HIS NUMBER WAS UP! HE HOLED UP IN A CHEAP CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM LIKE THE FRIGHTENED COWARD THAT HE WAS...

THE FEDS ARE LOOKING FOR ME...BUT I GOT TO HAVE SOME FUN... I GOT TO DATE A GAL AGAIN!



DILLINGER LOOKED UP A FORMER GIRL FRIEND OF HIS, BUT SHE PROMPTLY CALLED THE AUTHORITIES! AND ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 22, 1935, WHEN SHE AND THE DESPERADO WERE WALKING OUT OF A NORTH CHICAGO MOVIE HOUSE... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DILLINGER!

WHA... I'LL... GET HIM!



Y-A-A-A-A-H!



BLAM!
BLAM!

HE NEVER WAS LUCKY WITH WOMEN!



JOHN DILLINGER, THE KILLER WHO HAD ROBBED NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS FROM BANKS, LAY SPRAWLED FACE UPWARD IN A GARBAGE-LITTERED ALLEY. HE HAD KEPT HIS FINAL DATE... A DATE WITH DEATH!

THE END

GEORGE THOUGHT HE WAS DOING ALL RIGHT...BUT KATHY WANTED HIM TO BE SOMEBODY! WITH HER GOADING HIM ON, HIS NAME BECAME A *BLOOD-RED* SYNONYM FOR MURDER! BUT THEY DIDN'T CALL HIM GEORGE ANY LONGER...THEY KNEW HIM AS...

MACHINE-GUN KELL



GEORGE KELLY MET KATHY SHANNON ONE NIGHT IN 1927 IN OKLAHOMA CITY. GEORGE HAD STOPPED IN AT ONE OF THE SPEAKEASIES THERE....

SAY, MAIZY, WHO'S THE BABE DANCING WITH BUGSY KIEFER?

SEARCH ME, MR. KELLY.

A MOMENT LATER... HOW ABOUT IT, BUGSY? CUT IN?

WHADDYA MEAN BY THAT, KELLY?

IT'S A NEW WAY OF INTRODUCING YOURSELF, BUGSY.





WITH ONE EXCEPTION, THAT WAS THE LAST BUGSY KIEFER SAW OF KATHY. FROM THEN ON GEORGE KELLY GAVE HER THE RUSH. ONE NIGHT THEY ELOPED THEN SETTLED DOWN TO WEDDED BLISS...



KELLY BOUGHT
THE GUN...AND
IN THE CELLAR
OF THEIR HOME.

HEY, I LIKE
THE FEEL
OF THIS
THING!

SUPPOSE THAT WAS
A BANK! AND THOSE
BOTTLES WERE
COPS TRYING TO
STOP US!



KATHRYN
KELLY SET HER
PLAN INTO
ACTION...WITH
EXPENSIVE
NEW CLOTHES,
AND A NEW
CAR, SHE MADE
A BIG IMPRES-
SION IN A BANK
IN A MEDIUM
SIZED TEXAS
CITY

YES, MRS. BROWN.
WE'RE WELL GUARDED
AND WE CARRY INSUR-
ANCE TO PROTECT
OUR DEPOSITORS.



THE NEXT DAY...

THIS IS A STICK-
UP! AND THIS
MACHINE IN MY
HANDS IS AWFUL
EASY TO SET
OFF!

WHY, YOU
DIRTY...



ALL RIGHT, YOU
ASKED FOR IT!



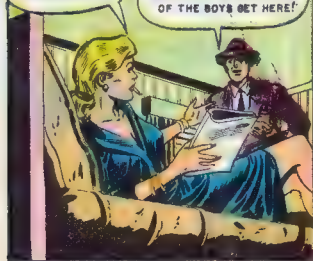
LESS THAN TWO MINUTES
LATER...

GET THE
LEAD OUT, YOU
GUYS!



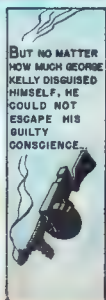
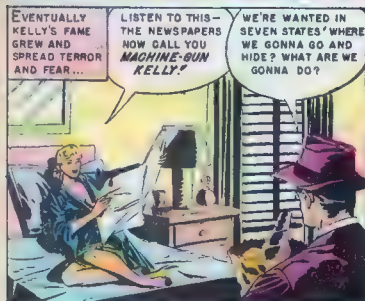
ALL RIGHT, HONEY!
HAND IT OVER!

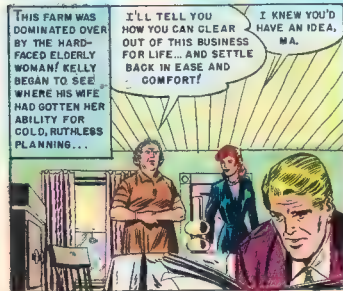
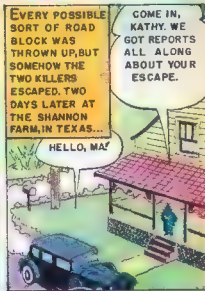
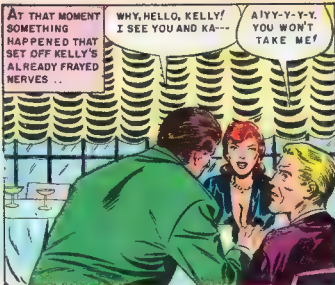
BUT, KATHY! WE CAN'T
DO THAT TILL THE REST
OF THE BOYS GET HERE!



THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, DARLING.
WHEN THEY GET HERE, THIS
MUCH OF THE PILE WILL
HAVE DISAPPEARED. NOW
GET THE REST OF IT BACK
INTO THE
SATCHEL!







ON THE NIGHT OF SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1933, MR. AND MRS. TOM CUSTER, AND MR. AND MRS. JAMES BROWNELL WERE ENJOYING ONE OF THEIR FRIENDLY GAMES OF BRIDGE...

TOM, IT'S LATE... WE'D BETTER STOP...

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MABEL. UH, WHAT IS IT, JIM?

SEEMS I HEARD SOMEONE JUST OUTSIDE THE SCREEN DOOR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WHICH ONE OF YOU MEN IS BROWNELL?



IN THE SHOCK OF THE MOMENT, NEITHER BROWNELL NOR CUSTER COULD UTTER A SOUND

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WON'T TALK... TAKE 'EM BOTH! WE'LL FIND OUT IN OUR OWN WAY!

NO, NO, PLEASE!

PIPE DOWN, OR WE'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT NOW!



ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY...

OKAY, SO NOW WE KNOW FROM THESE PAPERS! YOU'RE BROWNELL.

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT WITH ME?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, BROWNELL!



AFTER A NIGHT OF DISCOMFORT AND HORROR, THE PRISONER WAS BROUGHT INTO A ROOM LIT BY AN OIL LAMP...

"...THE SUM DEMANDED IS \$200,000 IN TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS."

TELL IN YOUR OWN WORDS, BROWNELL, THAT ANY TRICKERY WILL MEAN DEATH TO YOU, AND SIGN YOUR NAME TO THE LETTER!



NAME A FRIEND YOU
CAN TRUST... A MAN!
AND HE'D BETTER
NOT GO TO THE
POLICE!

LET ME SEE...
SAM THOMAS...
SEND IT TO SAM
THOMAS... IN
OKLAHOMA CITY.



THE LONG VIGIL
OF HOPELESS
WAITING WAS
GETTING THE
BEST OF CLARA
BROWNELL...
EVERYONE WAS
DOING THEIR
BEST TO COM-
FORT HER... AS
WAS JOHN
HOLLAND OF
THE F. B. I.

I CAN'T STAND
THIS WAITING,
MR. HOLLAND.

NOW, MRS. BROWNELL,
TRY TO BE
BRAVE!



THEN, SAM THOMAS GOT THE RANSOM NOTE...

CLARA! I HAVE WORD
FROM JIM! THOSE
RATS WANT TWO
HUNDRED THOU-
SAND DOLLARS!

OH, I DON'T
GARE ABOUT
THE MONEY.
IF ONLY JIM IS
SAFE!

THE F. B. I.
WILL KEEP
HANDS OFF
UNTIL MR.
BROWNELL
IS SAFE!



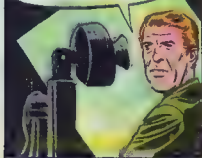
IN ACCORDANCE WITH LATER SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS,
SAMUEL THOMAS CARRIED THE MONEY ABOARD A
SPECIFIED TRAIN HEADED FOR KANSAS CITY.

BUT... THERE HAS BEEN
NO SIGNAL! LOOKS TO ME
LIKE THE KIDNAPERS HAVE
GROWN SCARED!



THERE HAD BEEN AN EXCEPTION
SPECIFIED IN THE NOTE, THAT IF
CONTACT WAS NOT MADE, THOMAS
WAS TO REGISTER AT A KANSAS
CITY HOTEL... HE SPENT AN
ANXIOUS NIGHT AND DAY, WAITING...

CLARA MUST BE HEARTSICK...
UH... THE PHONE! PERHAPS
ALL ISN'T LOST...!



THEN... HERE'S
WHAT YOU'RE TO
DO. CARRY YOUR
BAG ALONG THE
STREET, WALKING
WEST. DON'T TRY
ANYTHING
FUNNY!

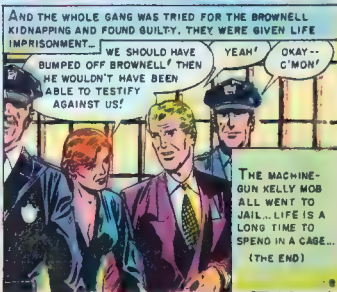
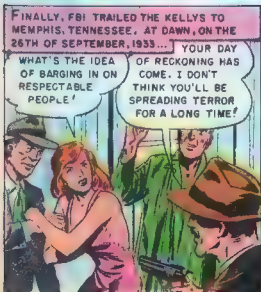
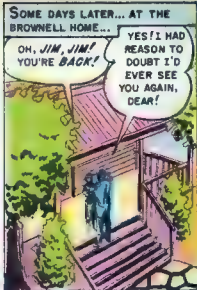
DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
ANY
TRICKS!



IT WAS A TENSE TIME. THOMAS
FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS TO THE
LETTER. SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND
HIM...

I'LL TAKE
THAT BAG, IF EVERY-
THING'S HERE, YOU
CAN EXPECT BROWNELL
IN A SHORT TIME!





Waxie Gordon!

PICKPOCKET, PETTY THIEF, HOODLUM, HE BEGAN LIFE AS PLAIN IRVING WEXLER... BUT UNDER HIS NEW NAME, "WAXIE" GORDON ROSE LIKE AN EVIL COMET TO BECOME KING OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD! THERE SEEMED NO LIMIT TO HIS GREEDY AMBITIONS, UNTIL HE, TOO -- LIKE CHICAGO'S AL CAPONE -- RAN AFOUL OF THE SAME TEAM OF STRAIGHT-SHOOTING T-MEN!

IT'LL GO A LOT EASIER WITH YOU IF YOU COME OUT NOW... THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, WAXIE!

YEAH? TRY AN' TAKE ME YOU DUMB BULLS!

BECKEN
N' ROCKE

IN CHICAGO, THE FEDERAL JUDGE HAD JUST FINISHED SENTENCING CAPONE, THE GANG LORD WHO LAUGHED AT THE LAW! OUTSIDE...

HOW ABOUT A STATEMENT FOR THE NEW YORK MOB? RIGHT! TELL MY PAPER! WHAT ARE YOU T-MEN GOING AFTER NEXT, THE NEW YORK MOB?

RIGHT! TELL YOUR READERS WE'RE LEAVING FOR NEW YORK, TONIGHT!

RULE OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD WAS DIVIDED BETWEEN MOB BARONS, DUTCH SCHULTZ AND WAXIE GORDON. EACH MADE MILLIONS IN BOTTLED BEER, EACH RULED LIKE A KILL-CRAZY CZAR --- AND NO ONE KNEW WHO WAS BIGGER...

G'WAN! THE DUTCHMAN'S PEANUTS COMPARED TO MY BOSS WAXIE

YOU'LL SWALLOW THAT CRACK FLAVORED WITH LEAD BIG-MOUTH!

GUT IT! WHAT'RE YA PROVING? WAXIE, DUTCH, THEY'RE BOTH BIG! DROP THE HEATERS!

IT'S BAD, JOE... BAD! DUTCH VERSUS WAXIE... THE MOB BOYS ARE GETTIN' JUMPY! IT CAN'T KEEP ON THIS WAY! THERE'S MORE THAN BEER BREWIN' IN THE RACKETS... **TROUBLE'S BREWIN'!**



TROUBLE WAS BREWIN'! SUDDENLY IT CAME TO A HEAD...

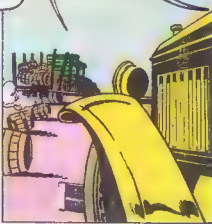
WHAT IN ? HI-JACKERS! DUTCH SCHULTZ'S MOB! STEP ON IT!

POUR IT INTO WAXIE'S WEASELS. THIS IS ONE LOAD WAXIE WON'T SELL!



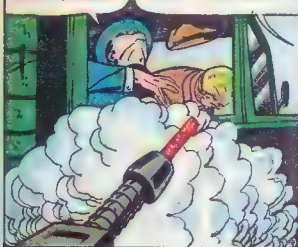
ZIGZAG! THEY'RE FIGURING TO CUT US OFF!

WATCH THEM FALLIN' BARRELS. NOW GIVE 'ER THE INK-- **PASS.**



I... I CAN'T KEEP AHEAD... **AAAAH!**

TAKE IT, JERKS, COMPLIMENTS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ!



IN WAXIE'S SWANK TIMES SQUARE OFFICE, SOON AFTER...

THE DUTCHMAN'S BOY'S. THEY JUST HI-JACKED A WHOLE LOAD, WAXIE!

SO SCHULTZ'S IS ON THE MUSCLE! HMM... WE WON'T TAKE THIS. CALL IN THE BOYS AND... EH?

SSH! TWO FEDS, BOSS --WAITING OUTSIDE! THEY WON'T GO AWAY!



THE (GULP) ...F... **FEDS?** OH MIGAWSH, WHAT'LL WE DO?

DO ASK THEM IN! WE CAN'T KEEP UNCLE SAM WAITING!



GORDON, YOU'RE MAKING MILLIONS! HOW COME YOU'VE PAID LESS THAN \$100 IN TAXES IN THE LAST THREE YEARS?

LOOK, BOYS! I KEEP NO BOOKS AND I NEVER SIGNED A CHECK IN MY LIFE! WHEN YOU GET FIGURES TOGETHER THAT PROVE SOMETHING, COME BACK! I'LL BE GLAD TO TALK TO YOU.



AFTER THE T-MEN LEAVE...

YOU PUT ON A GREAT ACT, WAXIE, BUT THOSE SAME FEDS JUST PUT CAPONE AWAY! HE DIDN'T SIGN NOTHIN', NEITHER! WE GOTTA...
OOOF!



GREAT ACT?

WHY YOU YELLOW BELLED SAP, I'M *NOT* SCARED! GET THE BOYS! I'M GOING AFTER DUTCH SCHULTZ!

LATER...

WE'LL TEACH THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN HE DON'T RUN THIS TOWN! HI-JACK ALL HIS TRUCKS! IF THEY FIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YUH HEARD THE BOSS, BOYS. BREEZE!



AN HOUR LATER, OUTSIDE SCHULTZ'S MANHATTAN BREWERY...

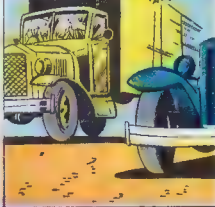
FOLLOW THOSE TRUCKS! WE'LL TAKE HIS WHOLE CONVOY, OVER BY THE RIVER!



HOLY...! WAXIE'S MOB! 1...YEA!

GIVE IT TO THE PUNKS!

RAT
TAT
TAT!



WATCH IT! HI-JACKERS...OHH!

REGARDS TO THE DUTCHMAN!

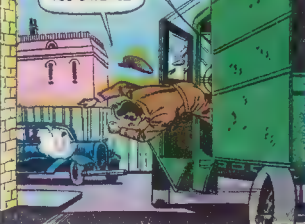
RAT A
TAT-TAT!



TRUCK AFTER TRUCK OF DUTCH SCHULTZ WAS TAKEN. ALL OVER THE CITY, THAT DAY!

LOOK OUT! BACK UP--IT'S A TRAP!

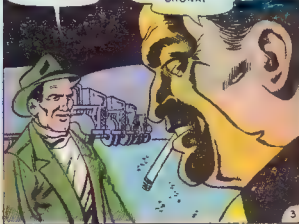
TOO LATE! I...



THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOBOKEN BREWERY'S GARAGE...

THIS MAKES FORTY TRUCKS WE JACKED TODAY, WAXIE.

GOOD WORK, BOYS! THIS OUGHT TO TEACH SCHULTZ TO STAY HOME IN THE BRONX.



AND WHEN THE NEWS REACHED

SCHULTZ...

WHAT? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND! WHAT DO YA MEAN COMIN' IN HERE, TELLIN' ME STUFF LIKE THAT! WHY, I'LL...

EASY, DUTCH! S-SOMEBODY HAD TO TELL YOU! (CHOKES)... YOU'RE STRANGLING ME!

GET ME LONG DISTANCE! CHICAGO! I'LL SHOW THAT RAT! I'LL BRING IN A HUNDRED CHI TORPEDOS! TWO HUNDRED! I'LL WIPE WAXIE GORDON DOWN TO A SMEAR!

WHILE IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING...

DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT? HERE WE SIT, FIGURING... FIGURING TO BUILD A CASE, WHILE WAXIE KEEPS RIGHT ON GROWING BIGGER!

CHIN UP, BUD! WE GOT CAPONE THIS WAY, DIDN'T WE? REMEMBER THE DEPARTMENT MOTTO: FACTS FIRST, THEN MOVE!

SEVEN DAYS LATER, ON APRIL 12TH, IN AN ELIZABETH, N.J. HOTEL...

WHO KNOCKED? EEYAH!

REGARDS FROM DUTCH, MAX! NOW FOR WAXIE, WE KNOW HE'S INSIDE!

I... I'M DONE FOR, WAXIE! LAMIT! I... I'LL HOLD THEM... OHH!

KICK HIM LOOSE! SMACK HIM OFF THAT DOOR! WAXIE'S GETTING AWAY!

AN HOUR LATER...

IMPORT OUT OF TOWN TRIGGERS TO GET ME, WILL HE? TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! I'LL BRING IN MURRAY MOLL FROM ST. LOUIS!

PERFECT, WAXIE! MOLL'S THE TOP TORPEDO IN THE COUNTRY TODAY!

AND WHEN THE ACE GANG AND EXECUTIONER MURRAY MOLL, ARRIVED...

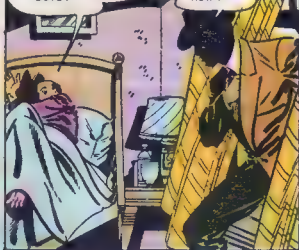
YOU WANT SCHULTZ, WAXIE? UMM YOU KNOW THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN'S CHICKEN! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST THROUGH HIS BODYGUARDS! THIS'LL COME HIGH, WAXIE...

HOW'S TWO GEES IN ADVANCE, MURRY? NAIL HIM, AND I'LL DOUBLE THAT!

TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN THE BRONX...

WHA...? MURRAY MOLL!
YEOWN! SAVE ME,
BOYS!

SAVE YOUR
BREATH, SCHULTZ! YOUR
BOYS CAN'T HELP YOU
NOW!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HICK! THIS AIN'T ST. LOUIS,
THIS IS THE BIG TOWN! BLAST HIM!



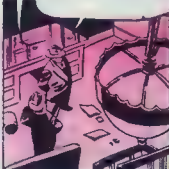
WAXIE,
TERRIBLE
NEWS!
THEY
JUST
GOT
MOLL!

THAT AIN'T THE HALF
OF IT! I BEEN INDICTED
BY THE GRAND JURY!
I'M BLOWING THIS
PLACE!



THAT SAME DAY...

BY NOW HE'S
GONE!
HE'S
TAKEN
IT ON
THE
LAM!
ON THE LAM FROM
PRACTICALLY EVERY-
BODY! ALERT ALL
LOCAL POLICE OFFI-
CIALS! WE'LL NEED
HELP TO CATCH THAT
SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT!



TEN DAYS LATER...

ATTENTION,
FEDERAL OFFICERS, CAR 29!
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SHER-
IFF REPORTS SUSPICIOUS
SPEED BOAT ACTIVE AT
NIGHT ON WHITE LAKE!
THIS MAY BE YOUR MAN!

WAXIE
USED TO
VACATION
IN BETHEL!
THAT'S RIGHT
NEAR WHITE
LAKE! LET'S
GO!



THERE'S THAT SPEEDBOAT! IT'S KIND OF
LATE FOR JOY-RIDING! FOLLOW HIM! IT'S
WORTH CHECKING!



THIS MAY BE A WILD-GOOSE CHASE,
BUT IT CALLS FOR A CLOSER
LOOK!

LOCALS UP
HERE DON'T STAY
UP THIS LATE! LET'S
MOVE IN ON THE HOUSE.



BUT AS THE T-MEN
STALK CLOSER...

OOF! THAT
DID IT! I
MADE
ENOUGH
NOISE TO
WAKE UP
THE DEAD.

QUIET!
LOOK AT
THE HOUSE
NOW! DARK,
EVERY
LIGHT
SNAPPED
OUT!



HONEST PEOPLE
MAY STAY UP LATE,
BUT THEY DON'T
DOUSE THEIR
LIGHTS WHEN
THEY HEAR A
NOISE! LET'S
GET IN CLOSER!



LOOK OUT!
THEY'VE
OPENED FIRE!
GIVE IT TO
THEM!

I'LL CUT
OFF THEIR
ESCAPE,
AROUND
IN BACK!

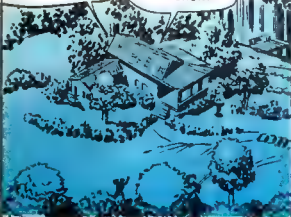
WE'RE TREASURY AGENTS,
WAXIE! DROP YOUR
GUNS! COME OUT PEACE-
FULLY! YOU HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!

BLAST
THEM!



THEY'VE CUT US OFF
FROM THE SPEED-
BOAT! MUST BE A
DOZEN OF THEM!

MAKE THEM EARN THEIR
PAY! YOU HEARD WAXIE'S
ORDERS! WE DON'T
SELL OURSELVES OUT
CHEAP!



BUT HOODLUM BRAGGADACIO SOON WILTED IN
THE FACE OF THE DEADLY T-MEN'S FIRE...

THEY GOT ME,
WAXIE... AYAHH...

W... WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I
DO? HELP ME, BOYS... HELP
ME! EVERYBODY'S AGAINST
ME!



ONLY TWO OF MY BOYS
LEFT! T...THEY'RE RIGHT!
I... I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

WE'RE COMING
IN, WAXIE!



DON'T SHOOT! I AIN'T WAXIE GORDON!
I'M WILLIAM PALINSKI... IN THE TOBACCO
BUSINESS! THEM'S MY FRIENDS,
JOSEPH BLOOM AND HERMAN
PETERS!

FINE! WE'RE
TAKING YOU
AND YOUR
FRIENDS TO
JAIL! CUFF
THEM, BILL!



BUT I
TELL
YOU
I'M
PALIN-
SKI,
AND...

LOOK, WAXIE, YOU
OUGHTN'T TO KEEP
SAYING YOU'RE
PALINSKI AND WALK
AROUND IN SILK SHIRTS
WITH I.W. EMBROIDERED
ON THEM! I.W. MEANS
IRVING WEXLER, YOUR
LEGAL NAME, WAXIE!

AND YOUR FRIENDS MR.
HERMAN PETERS IS 'MYMIE
PINKUS WHO USED TO
PICK POCKETS WITH
YOU BEFORE YOU GOT
TO BE A BIGSHOT,
WAXIE! AND 'JOSEPH
BLOOM' IS GOOD OLD
'FLEA-BAG JOE' AARONT,
WANTED IN NEW
YORK! KEEP
MOVING!

LISTEN, YOU TREASURY GUYS
CAN'T PROVE NOTHING AGAINST
ME! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THEM
INCOME TAX CHARGES STICK!
I GOT BIG LAWYERS, BIG
DOUGH, SEE?

GETTING GOCKY
AGAIN, EH, WAXIE,
NOW THAT
YOU'RE SAFE
FROM DUTCH
SCHULTZ? YOU'LL
NEED YOUR MOUTH-
PIECES WHEN WE GET
YOU INTO COURT!



BAIL FOR WAXIE GORDON WAS SET AT \$75,000,
AND ON NOV. 20, 1933, THE TRIAL BEGAN--DISTRICT
ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY PROSECUTING!

YOUR HONOR, I CHARGE
IRVING WEXLER, ALIAS
WAXIE GORDON, WITH
CHEATING THE GOVERN-
MENT OF OVER ONE HALF
MILLION DOLLARS IN TAXES
FOR 1930 AND 1931! WEXLER,
TAKE THE STAND!

YOU'RE
WASTING
YOUR TIME,
TRYING ME!
HUM? THE
STAND...?
ME?

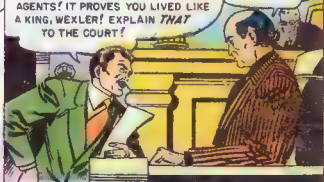
TAKE
THE
STAND,
'BIGSHOT'!



WAXIE ADMITTED HE HAD BEEN A SOMEWHAT WAYWARD
CHILD, BUT IN 1916 HE CLAIMED HE HAD TURNED 'HONEST'.
HE'D PAID ALL HIS TAXES, HE INSISTED--IN FACT, HE
CLAIMED HE'D ALWAYS OVERPAID!

YOU TURNED HONEST IN 1916? HERE
IS THE LIST OF YOUR EXPENSES
SINCE THEN, GIVEN ME BY TREASURY
AGENTS! IT PROVES YOU LIVED LIKE
A KING, WEXLER! EXPLAIN *THAT*
TO THE COURT!

WHY, I... I
WON \$100,000
ON THE HORSES
IN 1910!



HERE IS THE POLICE RECORD
FOR 1910, WEXLER! PERHAPS
YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY YOU
BOOTHERED TO PICK POCKETS
FOR QUARTERS WHEN YOU
HAD \$100,000 IN CASH!
EXPLAIN *THAT* IF YOU
CAN, WEXLER!

WELL, I...
WHY, I... I...



IT TOOK THE JURY ONLY 40
MINUTES TO FIND WAXIE GOR-
DON GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS,
THAT DAY IN LATE 1933!

I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN
YEARS IN PRISON, PLUS A
\$20,000 FINE, PLUS ALL
COURT COSTS! TAKE THIS
MAN AWAY!



WAXIE SERVED THE TIME, LESS GOOD
BEHAVIOR, AND RETURNED IN 1941 CLAIMING
HE WAS A CHANGED MAN, AN HONEST MAN!
BUT...

WAXIE GORDON! F.B.I.!
I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR DIVERTING
30,000 POUNDS OF WARTIME
SUGAR TO THE BLACK-
MARKET! COME
ALONG!



THUS ENDED THE CAREER OF ANOTHER
MOB BARON WHO, LIKE CAPONE, 'LAUGHED
AT THE LAW'! AND ALTHOUGH DUTCH
SCHULTZ WAS NUMBER 3 ON THE T-MEN'S
LIST, A GANGLAND ASSASSIN'S BULLET
ENDED HIS CAREER BEFORE THE FEAR-
LESS TREASURY AGENTS COULD BRING
HIM BEFORE JUDGE AND JURY! --END--

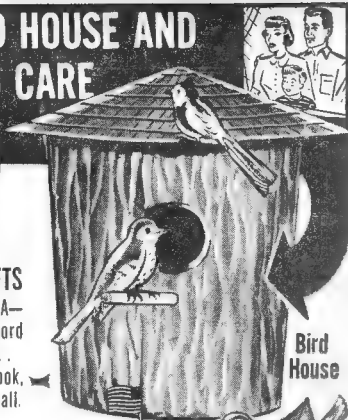
CHARMING BIRD HOUSE AND COMPLETE BIRD CARE STATION

only
\$1⁶⁹

**PLUS
FREE**

PHONOGRAPH RECORD and GIFTS
from THE BIRD FRIENDS of AMERICA—
Unbreakable Vinyl phonograph record
of 18 authentic reproductions of . .
Bird Calls and Songs, Bird Picture Book,
Bird Food, and Double Throat Bird Call.

Whether you live in country or
city, you can get new pleasure
and thrills from this amazing com-
plete outfit. Besides you will be
performing a needed service for
our feathered friends and Ameri-
can wildlife.



**Bird
House**

BIRD FEEDER



BIRD BATH



**BIRD CALL
RECORD**



BIRD BOOK



**DOUBLE
THROATED
BIRD
CALLER**



Now for the first time ever, you can get this amazing complete outfit. Bird house, bird bath, feeding station, all made of fine rust-proof sheet aluminum embossed and decorated so that the birds will love to use them, plus • Free bird food • Easy to use bird caller • Bird picture book and • Unbreakable vinylite hi-fidelity record of 18 bird calls and songs — all for the amazing low price of \$1.69.

In a few minutes you can set up your outfit on your own window-sill, perch, or tree. Birds will flock to your feeding station, take baths in your bird bath and sing and chirp to your record or your own bird calls. Soon, too, some birds will make their home in your bird house, lay their eggs and start to raise a family. All your friends will envy your wonderful new pets, and your ability to imitate their calls. Parents and teacher will be amazed at how children know and learn to do so many new things.

YOU GET ALL THIS:

- Sheet aluminum bird house, in natural colors
- Stimulated leaf bird bath
- Bird feeding station
- Bird food
- Bird call imitator
- Book of 30 bird pictures
- American flag
- Unbreakable vinyl phonograph record with 18 authentic bird calls

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Just because we know you will love this wonderful bird-care station, we make this offer. Just fill in the coupon below. We will rush your whole outfit by return mail together with the free bird caller, record, bird food, and bird picture book. Set it up and use it for 10 days. If you are not delighted, just return the aluminum house, feeder and bird bath for a refund of the complete purchase price. And keep all the rest as a gift from us. But rush now and be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful outfit.


BIRD FRIENDS OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT 22 94-1
35 Withers St., Lynbrook, New York

- ☐ Rush me my complete Bird House, Care Station, Bird Bath, Bird Food, Record and Caller for only \$1.69. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the outfit after 10 days free trial, for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.69 upon delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE MYSTERY OF SUITE No.13!



GET A LOAD
OF THAT
CHASSIS, MIKE!

IT'S TIME TO GET
BACK TO THE
HOTEL FOR
DINNER, YOU
WOLVES!



IT WAS JUST AN
ORDINARY
HOTEL SUITE
ON THE
FRENCH RIVIERA...
NO DIFFERENT
FROM MANY OTHERS
IN SIZE AND
SHAPE... BUT THIS
WAS A ROOM
THAT WAS MARKED
FOR DEATH!
AND TO MAKE THE
PICTURE MORE
COMPLETE, MICHAEL
STRONG, ACE
PRIVATE EYE, WAS
THE OCCUPANT
OF...
**SUITE NUMBER
13!**

MINUTES LATER... BACK AT THE HOTEL...

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU CHARACTERS DOIN' WIT OUR STUFF!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING, MONSIEUR... WE ARE CHANGING YOUR SUITE!

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, SHE DOESN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY ABOUT LOSING OUT ON THIS SUITE!

YOU SEE, THE BARONESS MELLUTZ ALWAYS TAKES THIS SUITE... AND THE RESERVATIONS GOT WHAT YOU CALL MIXED UP! BUT DO NOT FRET... WE WILL GIVE YOU A BETTER SUITE!

I'M QUITE SATISFIED IN THIS ONE... AND TAKE THAT STUFF BACK... QUICK! THE BARONESS WILL DO WITHOUT THIS SUITE... AND YOU CAN TELL HER SO!

SO DAT'S THE BARONESS! SOME CHICK, EH, MIKE?

A THOUSAND PARDONS, MR. STRONG... OR SHOULD I SAY... MIKE! AH, YES... YOU ARE KNOWN TO ME! BUT YOUR SUITE... I SIMPLY MUST HAVE IT! FOR ME, THE FRENCH RIVIERA IS NOT THE SAME... UNLESS I STAY IN THESE ROOMS! YOU WILL OBLIGE ME... YES!

SORRY, BARONESS... BUT IT'S STILL NO! YOU SEE, I LIKE THESE ROOMS... AND I JUST HATE MOVING!

YOU ARE NOT A GENTLEMAN! TAKE ZATI!

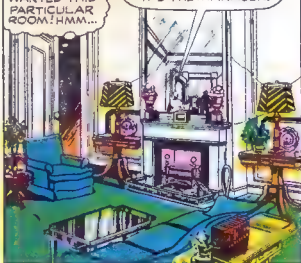
SLAP!

AND YOU ARE NOT A LADY!

HOW DO YOU LIKE DAT BABE? JUST LIKE DAT... BECAUSE WE AIN'T MOVIN' FOR HER! IF SHE WUZN'T A BEAUTIFUL BABE... I'D...!

I WONDER WHY SHE WANTED THIS PARTICULAR ROOM! HMM...

HEY, MIKE... MORE COMPANY! DIS TIME IT'S THE MANAGER!



YOU AMERICANS ARE ZE STUBBORN ONES, NO? YOU MUST GET OUT... IT IS MINE!!



TAKE THAT, PEEG!



YOU'RE SENDING MY BLOOD PRESSURE UP, COUNT! ON YOUR WAY, OR I'LL...

I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL, MONSIEUR! I SHALL HAVE MY SATISFACTION! EXPECT MY SECONDS IN THE MORNING!



MONSIEUR STRONG... FORGIVE OUR STUPIDITY! BUT YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE WRONG SUITE! IT WAS RESERVED FOR COUNT DE CHAMORON HERE! I'M AFRAID WE MUST MOVE YOU ELSEWHERE!

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A GAME... BUT I'M IN NO MOOD FOR PLAYING! WE'RE NOT MOVING! NOW TAKE YOUR FRIEND AND RUN ALONG, I'M READY FOR MY SHOWER!



WHY DIDN'T YOU SOCK HIM ONE? NOW YOU GOTTA FIGHT A DUEL WITH THAT CRUMB!

I TRUST I REMEMBER MY FENCING DAYS! I WAS ONCE PRETTY ADEPT WITH A FOIL! BUT RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHY EVERYBODY WANTS SUITE NUMBER 13!





JUST THEN...

MAY I COME IN?

BY ALL MEANS! EVERYBODY ELSE HAS BEEN HERE TONIGHT! DO YOU WANT ME TO TURN MY OTHER CHEEK?



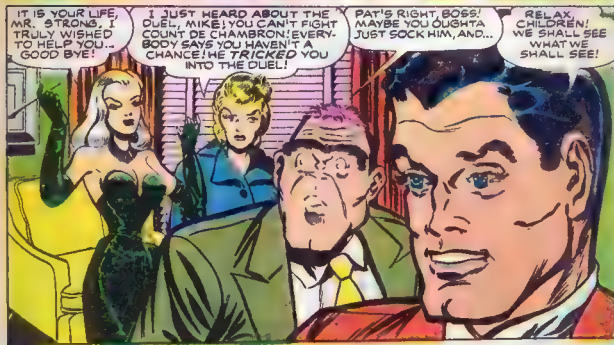
FORGIVE MY UGLY TEMPER! I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU! THE COUNT IS THE FINEST SWORDSMAN IN ALL FRANCE! I HEARD HIM CHALLENGE YOU... YOU DO NOT STAND A CHANCE! HE WILL KILL YOU... LIKE THAT... PUFF!

WELL, WELL!



BUT YOU HELP ME... AND I SHALL HELP YOU! GIVE UP YOUR SUITE FOR ME... I CAN NOT REST ELSEWHERE! IN EXCHANGE, I SHALL SPEAK TO ZE COUNT, AND ASK HIM TO WITHDRAW HIS CHALLENGE! IT EES A BARGAIN... YES?

NO!

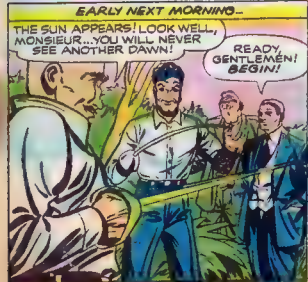


IT IS YOUR LIFE, MR. STRONG, I TRULY WISHED TO HELP YOU... GOOD BYE!

I JUST HEARD ABOUT THE DUEL, MIKE! YOU CAN'T FIGHT COUNT DE CHAMBRON! EVERYBODY SAYS YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! HE TRICKED YOU INTO THE DUEL!

PAT'S RIGHT BOSS! MAYBE YOU OUGHTA JUST SOCK HIM, AND...

RELAX, CHILDREN! WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THE SUN APPEARS! LOOK WELL, MONSIEUR... YOU WILL NEVER SEE ANOTHER DAWN!

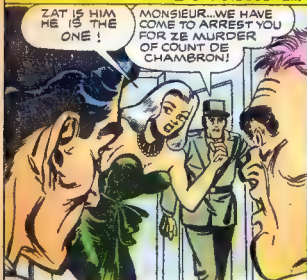
READY, GENTLEMEN! BEGIN!



I WILL... MAKE ZE MINCE MEAT... FROM YOU... PUFF...



ONE HOUR LATER...THERE IS A LOUD KNOCK
ON THE DOOR OF MIKE'S HOTEL SUITE...



ZAT IS HIM
HE IS THE
ONE!

MONSIEUR...WE HAVE
COME TO ARREST YOU
FOR ZE MURDER
OF COUNT DE
CHAMBRON!

HIS BODY WAS FOUND IN
THE GARDEN OUTSIDE THE
HOTEL A FEW MINUTES
AGO! ZE BARONESS HAS TOLD
US OF ZE DUEL YOU FIGHT
WITH HIM! YOU DO NOT
DENY THIS, NO? THERE
WAS BAD BLOOD
BETWEEN YOU, YES?

TRUE ENOUGH
ABOUT THE
DUEL... BUT I
CERTAINLY
DIDN'T
KILL HIM!



I DETECT THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL
BARONESS BEHIND ALL THIS, SANDY! WE
ARE BEING WHAT YOU CALL "FRAMED"...
IN ORDER TO RELIEVE US OF OUR SUITE!
SINCE I DON'T FANCY FRENCH JAILS, I
SUGGEST WE TRY OUR ROUTINE NUMBER
SIXTY-SIX!!

GOTCHA,
BOSS!



ZE PREFECT OF
POLICE WILL DECIDE
THAT! COME...YOU
AND YOUR FRIEND!

IT IS TOO BAD, STRONG,
YOU SHOULD HAVE
LISTENED TO ZE
BARONESS!

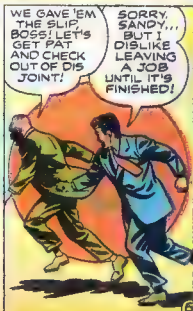


SORRY, OLD
CHAP! BUT
THIS CALLS
FOR DRASTIC
MEASURES!



HEAD FOR THE
WOODS, SANDY!
ON THE DOUBLE!!

WAP!



WE GAVE 'EM
THE SLIP,
BOSS! LET'S
GET PAT
AND CHECK
OUT OF DIS
JOINT!

SORRY,
SANDY...
BUT I
DISLIKE
LEAVING
A JOB
UNTIL IT'S
FINISHED!

BUT DEY'RE
TRYIN'
TO PIN A
MURDER
RAP ON
US, BOSS!

EXACTLY! AND
I'M DETERMINED
TO SEE THAT IT'S
PINNED ON THE
GUILTY PARTY! I
HAVE A PRETTY
GOOD IDEA WHO
DID IT, BUT WE'LL
HAVE TO WAIT FOR
NIGHTFALL TO
MAKE SURE!



WHAT NIGHT...IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOTEL...

PSST...
LOOK,
BOSS! A
LIGHT IN
OUR
ROOM! IT'S
A FLASH-
LIGHT!

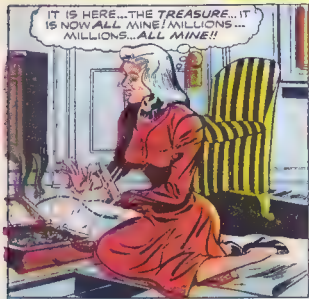
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE,
TOO! I'M GOING UP
THERE, SANDY, BY
USING THAT TRELLIS
AS A LADDER!
YOU GO AROUND
THE FRONT AND
KEEP AN EYE OPEN
FOR UNEXPECTED
DEVELOPMENTS!



AAAAH...THE BARONESS!
AND OBVIOUSLY LOOKING
FOR SOMETHING!



IT IS HERE...THE TREASURE...IT
IS NOW ALL MINE! MILLIONS...
MILLIONS...ALL MINE!!



You!

I CAN VERY WELL UNDERSTAND
YOUR ANXIETY TO GET THIS SUITE
NOW BARONESS! THAT'S A TIDY
FORTUNE YOU'VE UNCOVERED



AND I DARE SAY
THE COUNT WAS
AFTER THE SAME
THING...UNTIL YOU
REMOVED HIM
PERMANENTLY
AND FIXED
SUSPICION ON
ME... RIGHT?

YES...IT IS SILLY TO TRY
AND DENY IT! BUT THE
COUNT WAS A FOOL! HE
DID NOT DESERVE THIS
FORTUNE! YOU SEE, WE
BOTH BURIED IT HERE
JUST BEFORE THE AMERICAN
ARMIES ARRIVED! AS MEM-
BERS OF THE VICHY
GOVERNMENT, IT WAS NOT
HARD TO TAKE
WHAT WE WANTED!



THE GOVERNMENT FOUND IT NECESSARY TO
JAIL US FOR A FEW YEARS AS COLLABORATORS...
BUT WHEN WE WERE RELEASED, I
KNEW I DID NOT WANT TO SHARE IT WITH
THE COUNT! HOWEVER, THERE IS ENOUGH
FOR BOTH OF US! YOU
SHALL HAVE THE
COUNT'S SHARE!





"ONE FATAL MISTAKE!"

THE BELL over the door tinkled. Bud Chalmers, roving feature reporter of a Chicago Newspaper, stepped inside the fashionable *Fifth Avenue Doll Shoppe* in New York. He peered through the dimly lit store at the fantastic array of dolls that lined the shelves all around the store.

A door in the back of the shop opened. The proprietress, Tamira Doomer, came out of the work room and walked up to him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she said.

Bud Chalmers grinned sheepishly. "I want to buy a doll for my girl back in Chicago," he said. "Something cute she can use as a paperweight, a heavy doll!"

Tamira Doomer's eyebrows lifted. "A heavy doll?" she questioned in a strange, tense voice.

"Yes," Bud said. "For a paperweight. Maybe one of those Russian dolls, a *nujich* peasant girl with red hair, wearing a dirndl! My girl looks a little like that!"

"Just a moment," Tamira Doomer disappeared into the work room at the back of the shop. She tapped her husband on the shoulder and he left his work bench. Together they studied Bud Chalmers through a peep hole.

"He had the right code message," Tamira said. "He asked for a *heavy* doll."

Her husband wearily turned away from the peephole. "Then what are you worried about?" he said. "He's the courier. Give him the lead-lined doll containing the micro-film."

A minute later, Tamira Doomer handed a very heavy doll to Bud. The doll had red hair and was wearing a peasant costume. "This is just right," Bud said. "And it's heavy enough."

Tamira looked at Bud strangely. "For a moment," she said, "I wasn't sure if you were one of them or not. But now I'm sure!" Bud wondered what she was talking about. He thought, *This woman seems a little queer!* Bud paid for the doll and hurried out of the shop.

That night, as Bud Chalmers packed his bags for the return trip to Chicago, the phone rang. Bud picked up the phone, and he heard a harsh, rasping voice speaking.

"Mr. Chalmers?"

"Yes, Speaking."

"My name is Marek. I have been informed that you bought a doll today that I had ordered originally. The shopkeeper made a mistake. I would like to reimburse you and get my doll back."

"I'm sorry," Chalmers said, "but I'm leaving for Chicago in a few minutes, and I can't stay over in New York because of some mistake about a doll! I'm sure you can get another one exactly like it from the doll shop! Good-bye!"

Bud checked out of his hotel that night, and left a forwarding address in Chicago. He taxied to LaGuardia airfield, and from there flew home.

Shortly after Bud Chalmers left the hotel, a short, squat man appeared at the desk and asked for Bud's room number. Learning that Chalmers had checked out earlier that night, the stranger identified himself as Mr. Marek and asked for and received Mr. Chalmers' forwarding address.

A few days later, the strange hunt for the doll given to Bud Chalmers by mistake began in earnest. The hunt began with a phone call that was put through at the moment when Bud Chalmers was giving the doll to his fiancée, Mary Daley, a society reporter on the same paper. Bud picked up the phone and once again heard the harsh voice of Marek.

"Mr. Chalmers," Marek said, "I have come to Chicago for the express purpose of straightening out the matter of the doll. I have had an exact duplicate made of your doll. Will you accept it in a trade?"

Bud put his hand over the phone and looked at Mary. "This joker," he said, "wants me to trade dolls with him."

"Oh, go ahead," Mary said. "Let's find out what this is all about!"

Marek made an appointment to meet Bud Chalmers at twelve noon the next day at the Eastwood Avenue Station of the subway. Together, Chalmers and Mary Daley kept the date.

The subway platform was crowded when Mary and Bud arrived, carrying the doll wrapped in heavy, brown paper. A short, fat man,

accompanied by two tough-looking men, approached them. "I am Marek, is that the doll, he said pointing to the package."

Bud felt strange at Marek's appearance and wondered about the two thugs that were with him. Just then a train rumbled into the station, pulling to a stop.

At that moment, two men stepped out from behind subway pillars and moved towards the group clustered around the doll. There were guns in their hands. One said, "It's those spies we've been trailing all right! And it looks like they've met their contact agents, a man and woman! Let's get them with the goods!"

Bud gripped Mary's arm tightly as out of the corner of his eye he saw two men moving towards them with guns drawn. He drew in his breath sharply.

"Get 'em up!" one of the men shouted. "We're F.B.I. agents, and we've got you espionage men with the goods! A gun fired, answering back. Bud realized that Marek and the two men were shooting at the F.B.I. agents. The panic-stricken crowd in the subway scattered, men and women dropping to the floor. Suddenly one of the two men roughly shoved Bud and Mary into the subway just before the doors slammed shut. As the train pulled out of the station, they saw blue streaks of flame as the gun fight flared in the subway.

Silently Mary and Bud rode on, station after station. Bud clutched the doll tightly, not realizing that he held it in his hands. Finally, Mary spoke first.

"What do you think we ought to do, Bud?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," Bud said. "Somehow this doll has gotten us mixed up with foreign agents. Let's talk to the F.B.I!"

Together, Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley went to the F.B.I. office in Chicago. The doll was forwarded to the counter espionage laboratory where it was discovered to contain a hollow lead core that held undeveloped microfilm records of the gamma rays given off by the trigger mechanism of the atom bomb. The counter espionage chief told Chalmers and Mary Daley that the microfilm was probably on its way to Russia via Alaska, and that apparently Bud Chalmers had been mistaken for a contact in the underground railroad, and had unwittingly smuggled the precious film on the first leg of its journey. Bud Chalmers was the first real contact the counter espionage service had in its attempt to crack down on the spy ring. For exclusive rights to the story, Bud Chalmers and

Mary Daley offered to serve as clay pigeons in a trap set to capture the enemy agents.

The man known as Marek next contacted Bud Chalmers two days later, and their phone conversation, recorded by dictaphones of the F.B.I., went something like this:

Marek: "Chalmers, you're no fool! You know that doll is valuable and the government wants it!"

Chalmers: "I don't want any part of this business! I don't want to risk my neck again!"

Marek: "Would you risk your neck for one hundred thousand dollars? That's the price I'm willing to pay for the doll!"

Pretending to go along with Marek, Bud Chalmers arranged a rendezvous at the information booth in the busy Union Railroad terminal. The counter espionage service promised to provide armed protection.

Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley kept their appointment with possible death. They waited long past the scheduled meeting time. Nervous and tense, they finally gave up, and walked out to the sidewalk to wait for a cab. A taxi pulled up. An arm reached out and swiftly jerked Mary and Bud into the cab. The taxi roared away! The two reporters had been tricked by the suspicious enemy agents, who had feared a trap. The lives of Mary and Bud hung by a thread.

At a lonely spot in the suburbs of Chicago, the cab pulled to a stop. "Get out," Marek ordered. Bud and Mary stood in the dark shadow of a tree as the doll was wrenched from Bud's hands. Marek pointed to one of the thugs that covered them with an ugly pistol. "Meet," he said, "the real messenger who was supposed to pick up the doll in New York!"

Marek leveled his gun at Bud's chest. "You know us now," he said. "Therefore you both must die!"

There was a loud screech of tires as two cars braked to a stop. Men poured out of the cars. There was the sharp bark of gunfire. Marek and his men scattered only to be cut down by the chattering tommy-guns of the F.B.I. The heart and brains of the enemy underground railway had been shot out.

The same day in New York, a raid was carried out on the doll shop of Tamira Doomer and her husband, and they were both captured. That night Chicago newspapers carried the story of the heavy doll, and the mistake the foreign agents made — under the byline of Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley.

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