

LITTLE
AL
OF THE
FBI

LITTLE

No. 11 10c
APRIL-MAY

AL FBI

OF THE

ANC



Flaming Drama
As Little Al Tackles
THE FIDDLER





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IN THE EARLY 1930s A WAVE OF LAWLESSNESS SWEEPED OVER THE NATION. BANK ROBBERY, KIDNAPING, MURDER AND MANY OTHER CRIMES OF VIOLENCE OCCURRED DAILY.

TO COMBAT THIS CRIME WAVE, J. EDGAR HOOVER ASKED FOR AND RECEIVED FROM CONGRESS AUTHORITY TO EXTEND HIS BUREAU'S ACTIVITIES TO COVER KIDNAPING, EXTORTION, BANK ROBBERIES, AND OTHER CRIMES.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE REACHED FOR YOUR GAT, PUNK!

SHAKE IT UP, CHOPPER--LET'S SCRAM OUTA HERE!



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

Mr. F.B.I.



HOOVER SELECTS HIS AGENTS WITH CARE. THEY ARE ALL SUPERB SPECIMENS OF MANHOOD. THEY MUST BE GRADUATES OF RECOGNIZED LAW SCHOOLS OR COLLEGE. POLITICAL CONNECTIONS ARE OF NO VALUE TO AN ASPIRING G-MAN--HE IS SELECTED ON MERIT ALONE. AS LONG AS THE FBI IS IN OPERATION WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT CRIME IN THIS NATION WILL NOT GET OUT OF HAND.

THE FBI ENGAGED IN AN UNRELENTING WARFARE THAT LASTED UNTIL THE MOBSTERS WERE TAKEN PRISONER OR KILLED. IN THREE YEARS OF THE GANGSTER ERA, HOOVER'S G-MEN BROUGHT ABOUT THE CONVICTION OF 11,153 PERSONS FOR VIOLATIONS OF FEDERAL LAWS.



THE End

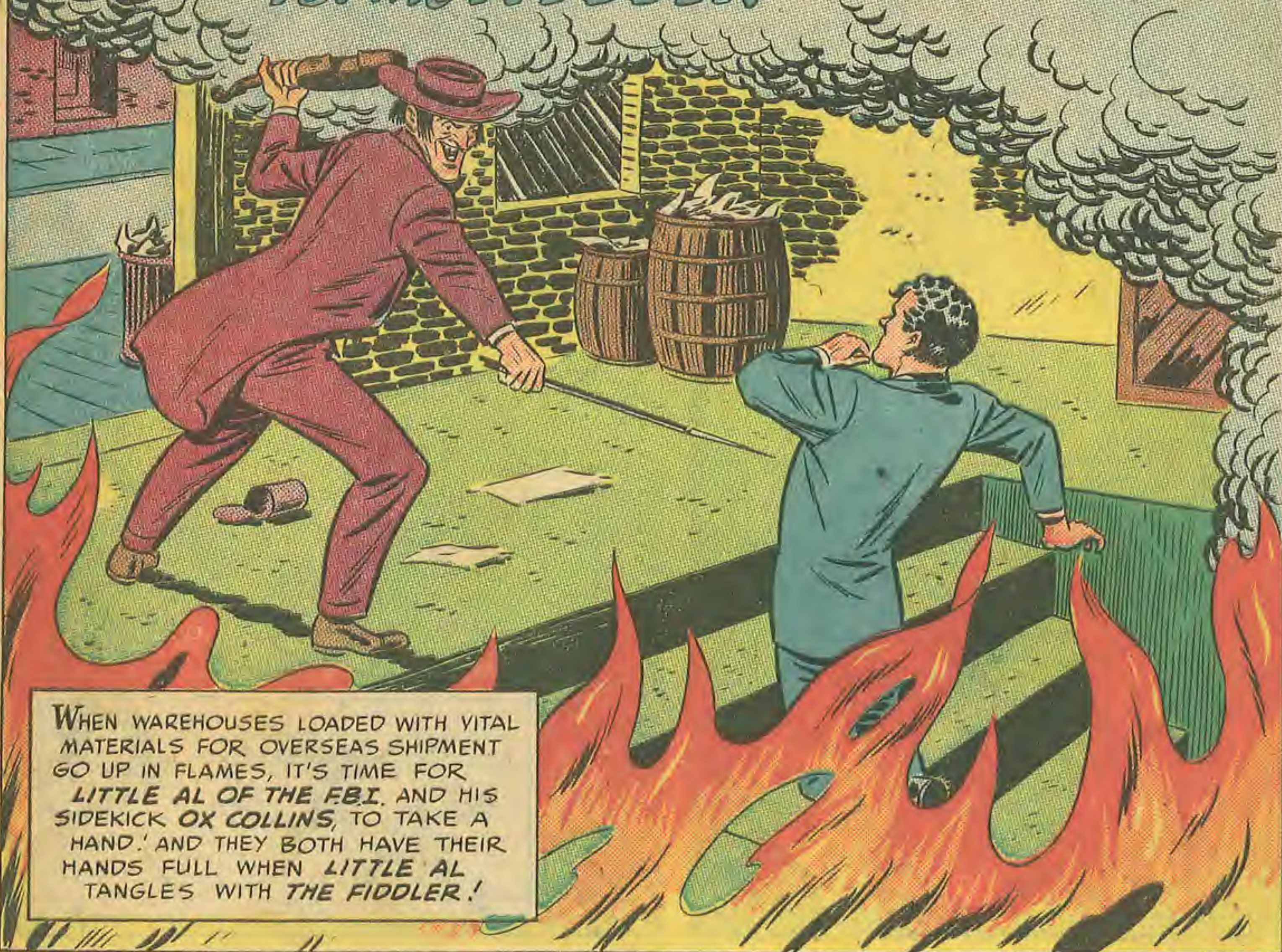
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Little Al of the **F.B.I.**

vs. "The FIDDLER"



WHEN WAREHOUSES LOADED WITH VITAL MATERIALS FOR OVERSEAS SHIPMENT GO UP IN FLAMES, IT'S TIME FOR **LITTLE AL OF THE FBI**, AND HIS SIDEKICK **OX COLLINS**, TO TAKE A HAND. AND THEY BOTH HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WHEN **LITTLE AL** TANGLES WITH **THE FIDDLER**!



THERE GOES THE WATCHMAN THESE CRAZY FIREBUGS MURDERED. YOU MAKING ANY PROGRESS, **LITTLE AL**, OR ARE THEY MAKING MONKEYS OUT OF YOU GUYS, TOO?

SO FAR WE HAVEN'T -- HEY! LISTEN!

THE STREET IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF VIOLIN MUSIC AND WILD LAUGHTER...



THAT MUSIC! THAT HYENA LAUGH! JUST AS YOU FIGURED, **THE FIDDLER** PUT THE TORCH TO THIS PLACE, TOO!

HO - HO!

HA - HA - HAH!

YEAH, IT GETS YOU, DOESN'T IT? BUT IN A FEW MINUTES THE COPS'LL FIND THE FIDDLER'S HIDDEN RECORD PLAYER AND SHUT THE THING UP!



LISTEN TO THAT CHARACTER! WHILE HE PLAYS THAT SQUEAKY FIDDLE, HE SINGS HIS OWN WORDS TO THE TUNE OF "GLOW, LITTLE GLOWWORM," TAUNTING THE F.B.I.!



HERE IT IS!

BETTER SHUT IT OFF QUICK BEFORE THOSE FEDS BLOW THEIR TOPS ALTOGETHER!



MAYBE THIS TIME WE'LL FIND A STRAY PRINT OR SOME KIND OF CLUE TO PUT US ON THE FIDDLER'S TRAIL. WE'LL GO OVER EVERY WIRE, EVERY PART! SOMETIME, THIS GUY'S GOIN' TO SLIP!



AS THE FIRE BURNS ITSELF OUT, LITTLE AL AND OX RETURN TO THEIR DISTRICT OFFICE.

"TRY, LITTLE G-MAN, TRY AND CATCH ME!"... HE'S TAUNTING... RAGGING ME PERSONALLY, OX, JUST BECAUSE I'M SMALLER THAN MOST BUREAU MEN. I'LL GET THIS GUY IF I HAVE TO WORK DAY AND NIGHT ON THE ASSIGNMENT!



THE HIGHLY GEARED FINGERPRINT DIVISION OF THE F.B.I. FINDS A FINGERPRINT ON THE FIDDLER'S RECORD PLAYER, AND IN A FEW HOURS...

GOT A LINE ON THE FIDDLER AT LAST. HIS NAME IS NERO MEEKER, A GOVERNMENT WORKER WHO WAS FIRED. RECORD SHOWS HE WAS WHACKY OVER VIOLIN MUSIC, GAVE LESSONS IN HIS SPARE TIME. THIS IS OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! HE'S BURNIN' DOWN THESE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AS REVENGE FOR BEIN' FIRED, HUH, BOSS?



I DOUBT IT, OX! ALL THOSE FIRES WERE PLANNED TO DO THE MOST DAMAGE TO THE U.S.'S EFFORTS TO REARM FRIENDLY NATIONS. I HAVE A HUNCH THIS NERO CHARACTER IS IN THE HIRE OF AN ENEMY POWER!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER THE WIRE-PHOTOS OF NERO MEEKER, ALIAS THE FIDDLER ARRIVE FROM WASHINGTON...

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE OUR DRAGNET LONG. EVERY MUSIC STORE CLERK IN THE CITY WILL HAVE HIS PICTURE. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL TRY TO BUY SOME FIDDLE STRINGS OR SOMETHING AND BE SPOTTED.

MEANWHILE, WE'LL BE CHECKING, PERSONALLY, TOO! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE SOME LUCK IN THIS PLACE, TOO!

Boulevard
MUSIC SHOP

SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT HE HASN'T BEEN HERE.

IF YOU SEE HIM, CALL THAT NUMBER I GAVE YOU, PRONTO!

AT THE SAME TIME A SMALL ARMY OF OTHER AGENTS ARE CANVASSING EVERY MUSIC SHOP IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA WITH THE FIDDLER'S PHOTO.

WE'VE VISITED FORTY SHOPS WITHOUT A NIBBLE, BOSS! HOW ABOUT CALLIN' IT A NIGHT?

YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA, THERE. I'M ONLY ABOUT A BLOCK FROM MARCIA'S HOUSE. BEEN BUSY WITH THIS FIDDLER'S CASE, HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN A WEEK. I'D BETTER STOP IN AND SAY HELLO OR FIND MYSELF A NEW GAL!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE PRIDE OF THE F.B.I.! ARE YOU SURE MR. HOOVER CAN REALLY SPARE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES?

AW, COME ON, KITTY! DON'T BE LIKE THAT! WHEN YOU HEAR ALL ABOUT THIS CASE I'M ON NOW, YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!

CASES! CASES! THAT'S ALL I HEAR FROM YOU! YOU'RE ABOUT AS ROMANTIC AS A...

OKAY, YOU WIN! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE KID CASANOVA HIMSELF! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

THIS IS THE GUY WE'RE WE'RE AFTER. CALLS HIMSELF **THE FIDDLER!** MOST VICIOUS MURDERER AND FIRE-BUG WE'VE ..

WHY, I- I KNOW THIS MAN! HE LIVES RIGHT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



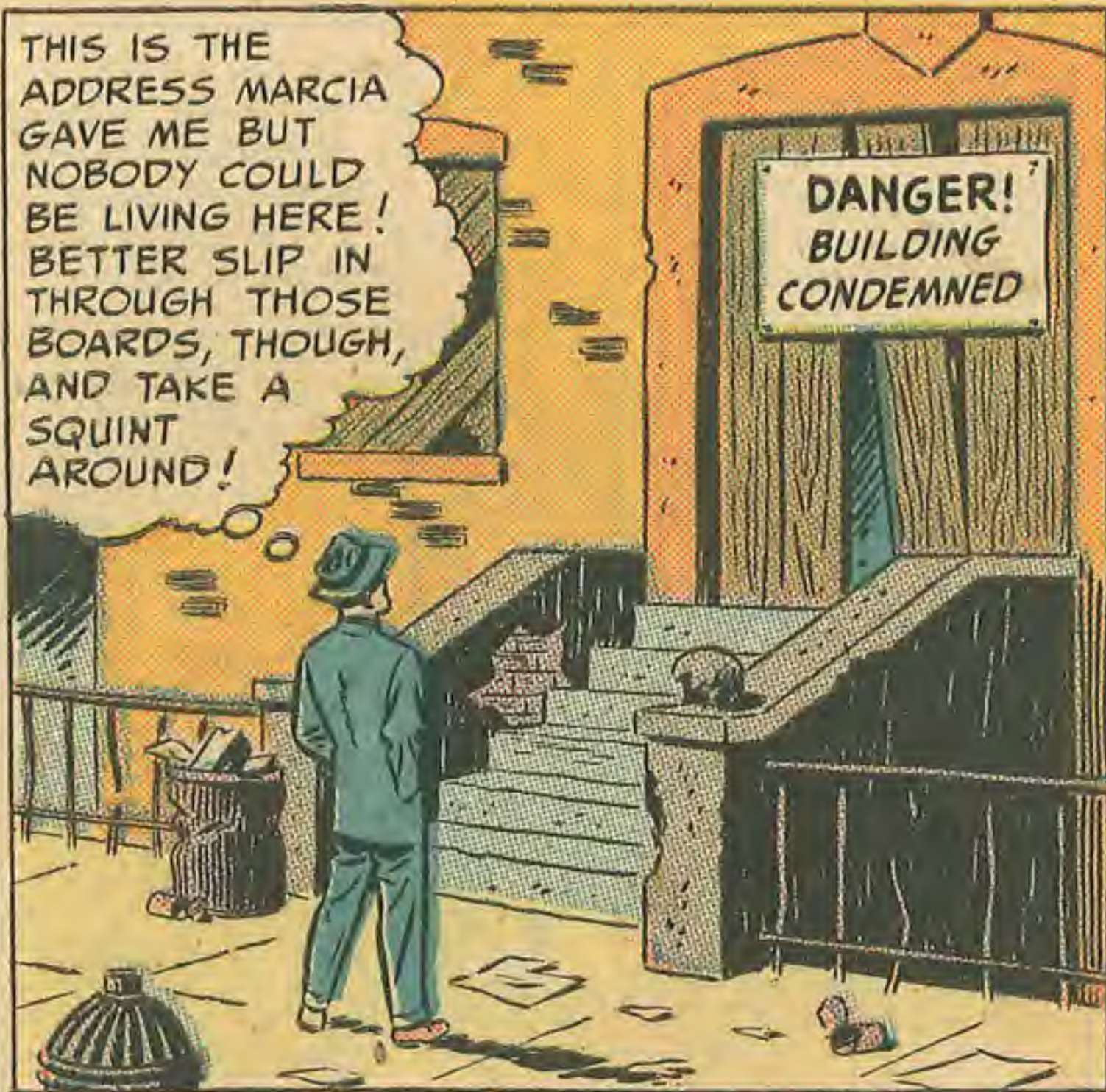
DON'T KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE! TELL ME MORE!

I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, NOBODY DOES. BUT THE KIDS ALL TEASE HIM BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE DRESSES. HE LIVES AT 130 MAYO STREET, I THINK!



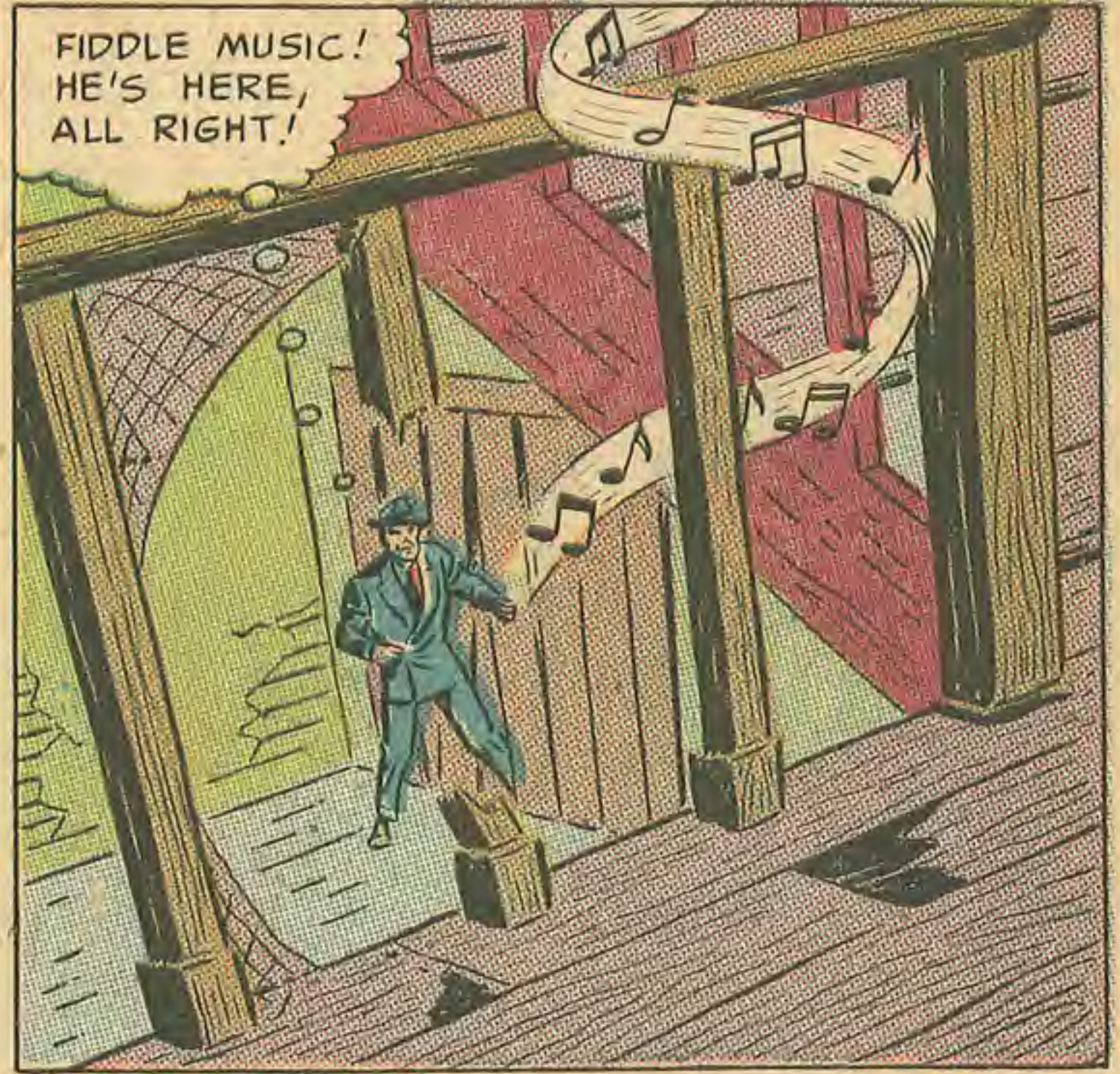
COME BACK LITTLE AL! YOU'RE OFF-DUTY NOW!

IT CAN'T WAIT, BABY!



THIS IS THE ADDRESS MARCIA GAVE ME BUT NOBODY COULD BE LIVING HERE! BETTER SLIP IN THROUGH THOSE BOARDS, THOUGH, AND TAKE A SQUINT AROUND!

DANGER!
BUILDING
CONDEMNED



FIDDLE MUSIC! HE'S HERE, ALL RIGHT!



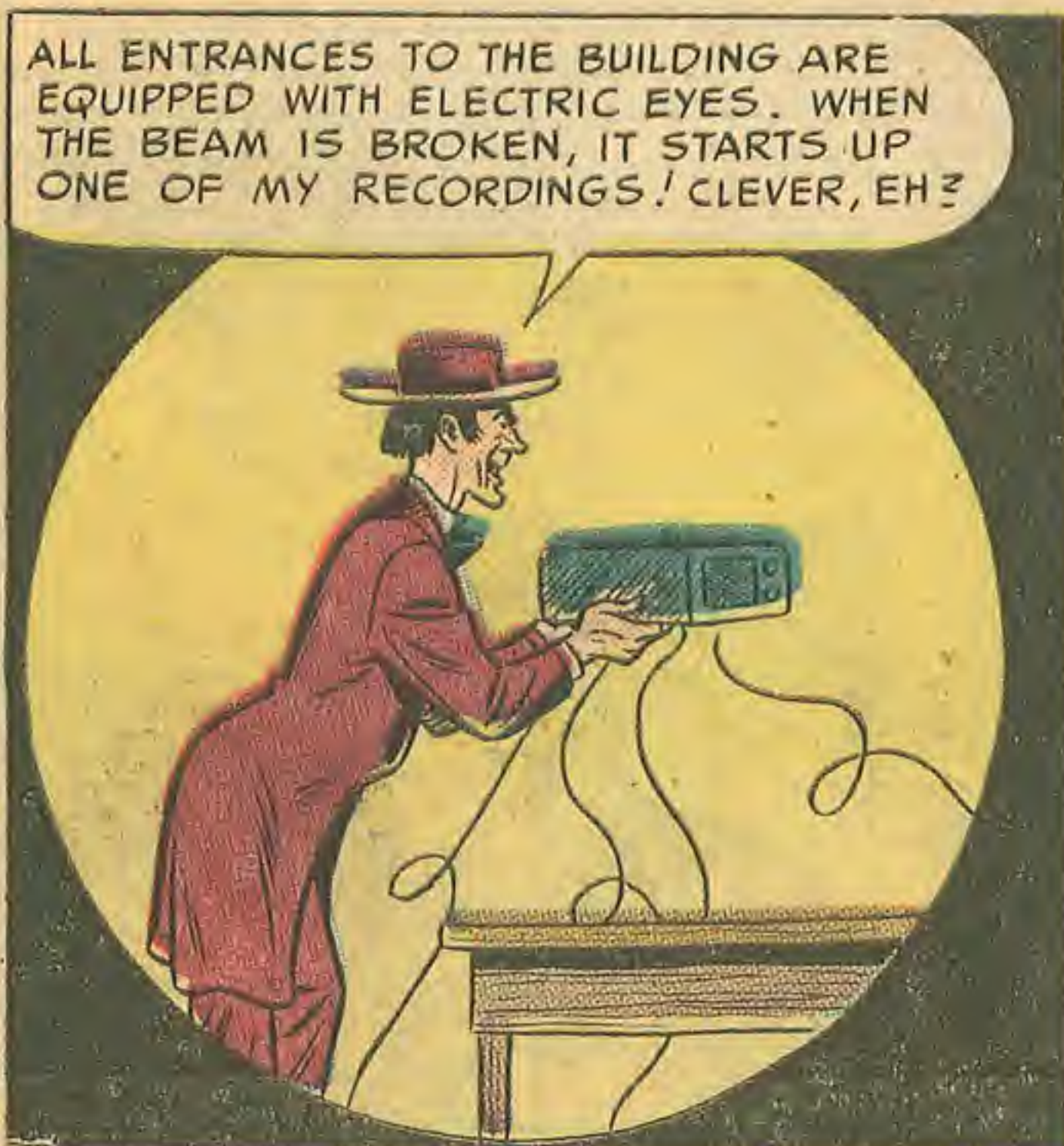
AS LITTLE AL CAUTIOUSLY MOUNTS THE ROTTING STAIRWAY, THE WEIRD VIOLIN MUSIC GROWS STRONGER.



THIS IS THE FLAT. NOW TO-HEY! I HEARD A FLOOR-BOARD CREAK!



BEFORE LITTLE AL CAN FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF THE TRAP, THE WHIZZING SAP DESCENDS AGAINST HIS SKULL...



THE FIDDLER'S HENCHMEN LEAP TO DEFEND THEIR LEADER. AS LITTLE AL, OUTNUMBERED THREE TO ONE, FIGHTS LIKE A WILD MAN, THE FIDDLER QUICKLY LOOSENS THE STRINGS FROM ONE OF HIS VIOLINS...



EVEN WHEN I'M NOT PLAYING IT, MY FIDDLE CAN MAKE A G-MAN TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!

HEY!



GIVE IT TO HIM!



HAUL OFF, HOODS! I'LL DROP THE NEXT MONKEY THAT RAISES A FINGER TOWARD LITTLE AL!

ONE LOOK AT OX AND HIS MURDEROUS COLT AND THE FIDDLER AND HIS MEN ARE QUICKLY SUBDUED...

-- SO I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE BOYS HAVING A LEAD ON THIS CHARACTER. I WENT TO MARCIA'S HOUSE TO FIND YOU AND SHE TOLD ME YOU'D COME HERE.

LET'S GET THESE TURKEYS TRUSSUP AND CART 'EM DOWN TO THE DISTRICT OFFICE!



THE REST OF THE THUGS ARE BOUND HAND AND FEET, BUT WHEN THEY START TO WORK ON THE FIDDLER HE TELLS THEM...

I HAD TO DO IT! I WANTED TO BE A CONCERT VIOLINIST. I PAID ENORMOUS FEES TO A WELL KNOWN MAESTRO FOR LESSONS! I WAS FORCED TO STEAL. LOST MY JOB WITH THE GOVERNMENT... HIRED MYSELF AS A SPY. THEY PROMISED, IF I'D DO ARSON JOBS, THEY'D MAKE ME A LEADING CONCERT VIOLINIST BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!



IT WAS ALL IN VAIN! DO ME ONE SMALL FAVOR, GENTLEMEN! LET--LET ME PLAY ONE FAREWELL NUMBER BEFORE YOU TAKE ME AWAY! PLEASE!

I NEVER SAW A GUY SO WHACKY ABOUT MUSIC. SHALL WE GIVE HIM A BREAK, BOSS?

OKAY, BUT MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET!

I GOT A BEAD ON HIM, BOSS, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY FAST TRICKS!

HALFWAY THROUGH THE MELODY, THE FIDDLER'S VIOLIN BURSTS INTO FLAME...

A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FIDDLE FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION, GENTLEMEN! STRINGS TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL WHICH IGNITES UNDER THE FRICTION OF THE BOW-- AND POOF!-- NERO FIDDLES WHILE THE G-MEN BURN!

I-I'M SORRY, BOSS. I DIDN'T KNOW HE...

--NEVER MIND THAT. JUST GET THESE FLAMES OUT BEFORE WE FRY LIKE CHICKENS!

WITH THEIR CLOTHES STILL SMOLDERING, THE TWO FEDERAL MEN RUSH OUT IN PURSUIT...

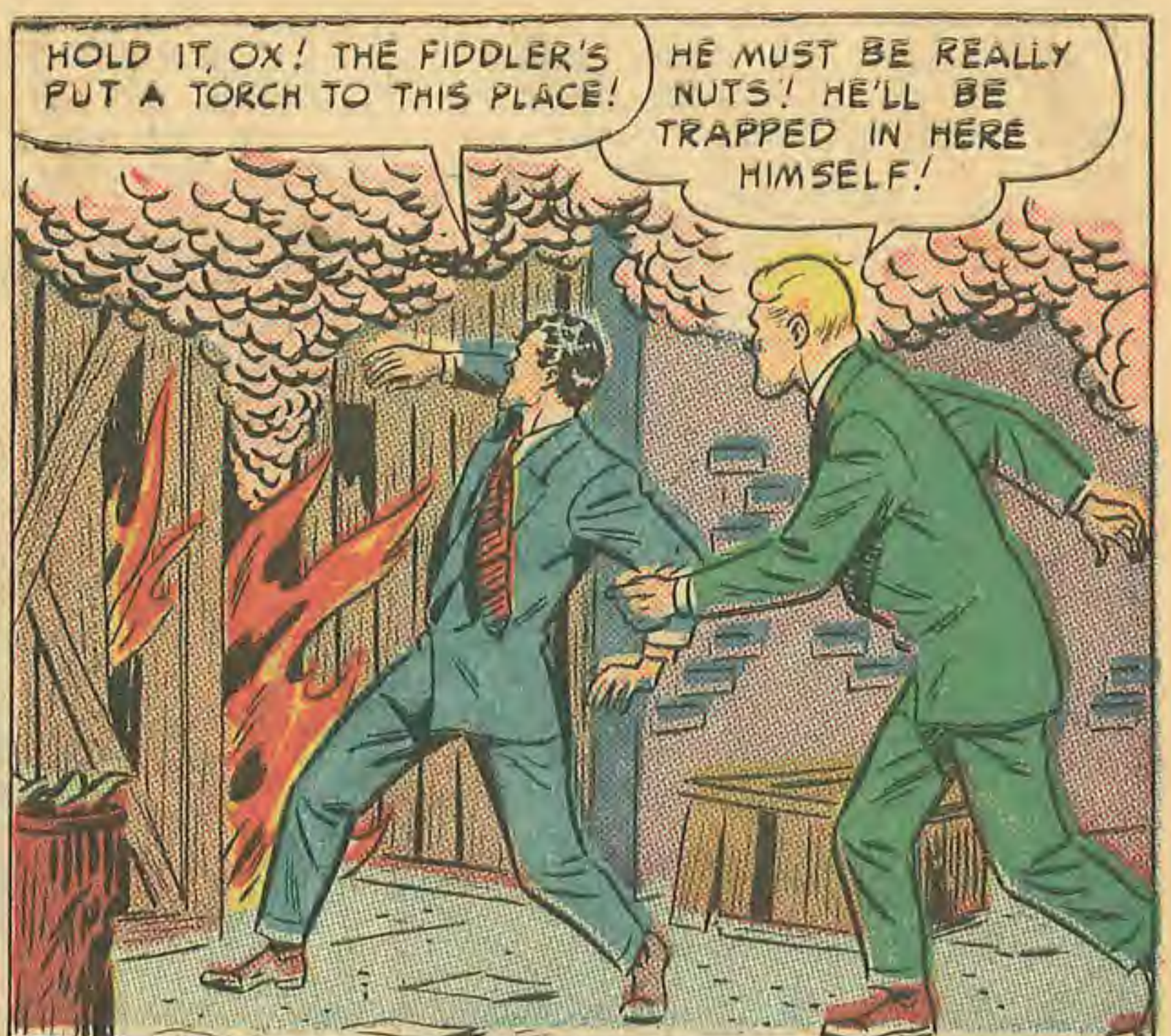
THERE HE GOES!

THAT GUY'S AS FLEET AS A GREYHOUND!

HE'S HEADING FOR THAT BIG ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!



THESE KEROSENE-SOAKED RAGS WILL MAKE A FURNACE OF THIS PLACE IN A FEW SECONDS! AND MY FED FRIENDS WILL BE MORE BURNED UP THAN EVER!



HOLD IT, OX! THE FIDDLER'S PUT A TORCH TO THIS PLACE!

HE MUST BE REALLY NUTS! HE'LL BE TRAPPED IN HERE HIMSELF!



THE REAR OF THAT BUILDING'S A SOLID BRICK WALL, BOSS, AND HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT THE FRONT WITHOUT US SEEIN' HIM! HE'S TRAPPED HIMSELF INSIDE, FOR SURE!

NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT INFERNO! LOOKS LIKE HE KNEW HIS NUMBER WAS UP AND FIGURED HE'D DIE THE SAME AS HE LIVED - BY FIRE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS A WALL OF THE WAREHOUSE CRASHES DOWN IN FLAMES, THE SWEET STRAINS OF VIOLIN MUSIC ONCE AGAIN FILLS THE STREET...



BOSS, LISTEN! FIDDLE MUSIC! HOW-HOW COULD IT BE? **THE FIDDLER** MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD TEN MINUTES OR MORE AGO, THE WAY THAT FIRE'S RAGING! IT-IT MUST BE **GHOST MUSIC!**



TAKE IT EASY, OX! **THE FIDDLER** ISN'T GOING TO HAUNT US NOW THAT HE'S DEAD! WHAT YOU HEAR IS THAT OLD STREET MUSICIAN!

OH, SURE -- (GULP!) -- BOSS! I KNEW IT ALL ALONG!



WE CAN WRITE THAT CASE OFF OUR BOOKS! TOMORROW I'LL BUY MARCIA A BIG DINNER FOR HELPING US OUT!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

A TRAP DOOR AND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL LEADING TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE THERE'S A BOAT WAITING! A WELL PLANNED RETREAT! I HAVEN'T PLAYED MY SWAN SONG, YET, G-GUYS! WAIT AND SEE!

The End

Little Al

in "ROSES ARE RED AS BLOOD"



LITTLE AL, THE SMALLEST BUT TOUGHEST AGENT IN THE F.B.I., HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW. FOLLOWING THREE SUSPECTS IN A DRUG SMUGGLING CASE, HE IS AMBUSHED IN AN ALLEY!

KILL HIM, RED!
BASH HIM!

WE GOTTA BEAT IT!
THE COPS ARE COMIN'!

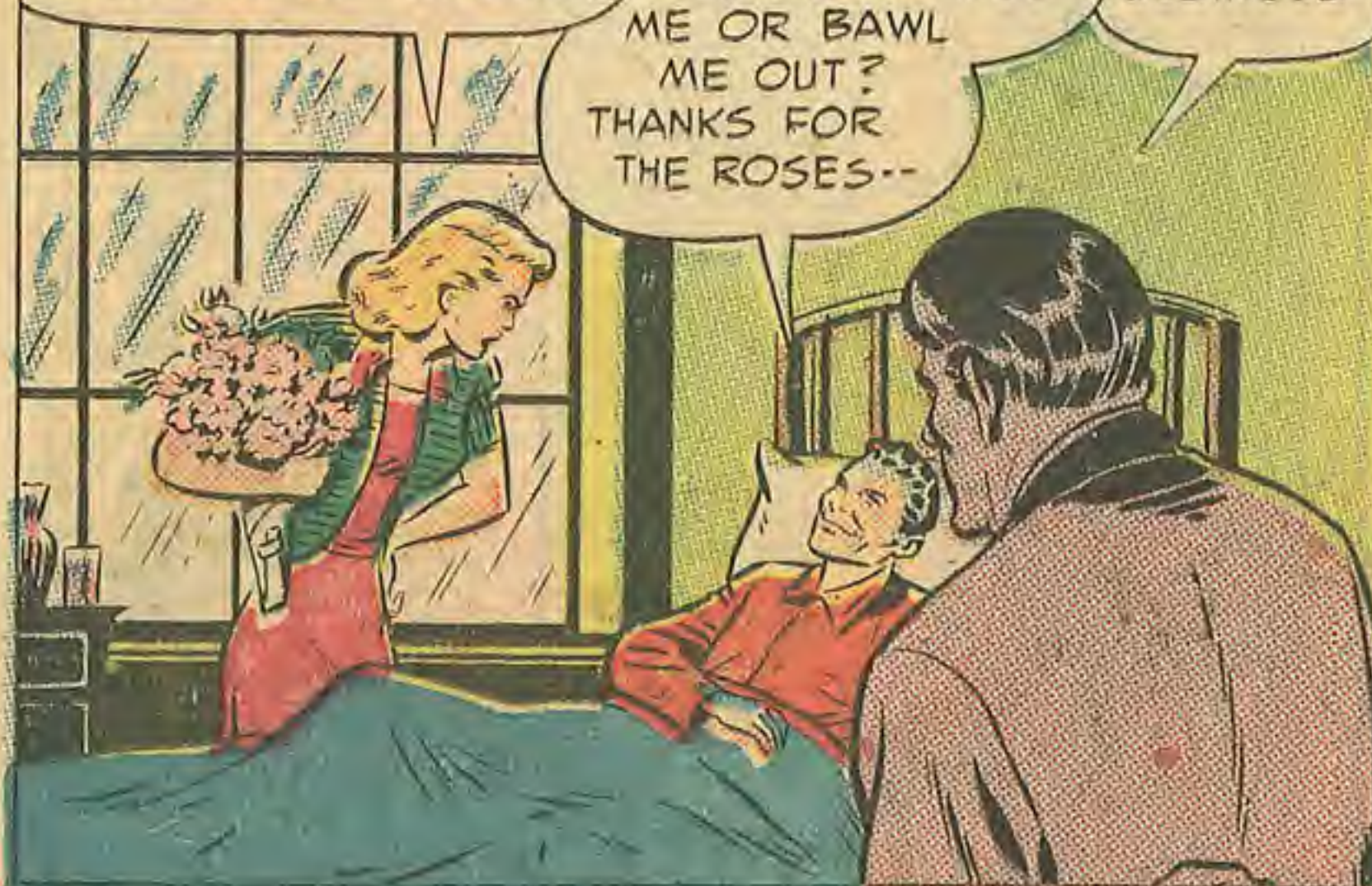


LATER, LITTLE AL ENJOYS A VISIT WITH HIS FIANCEE, MARCIA, AND WESLEY STEELE, HIS BOSS...

YOU CRAZY GALOOT!
CAN'T YOU EVER
STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?

MAKE UP YOUR
MIND, HONEY. ARE
YOU GONNA KISS
ME OR BAWL
ME OUT?
THANKS FOR
THE ROSES--

LET'S GET
DOWN TO
BUSINESS--

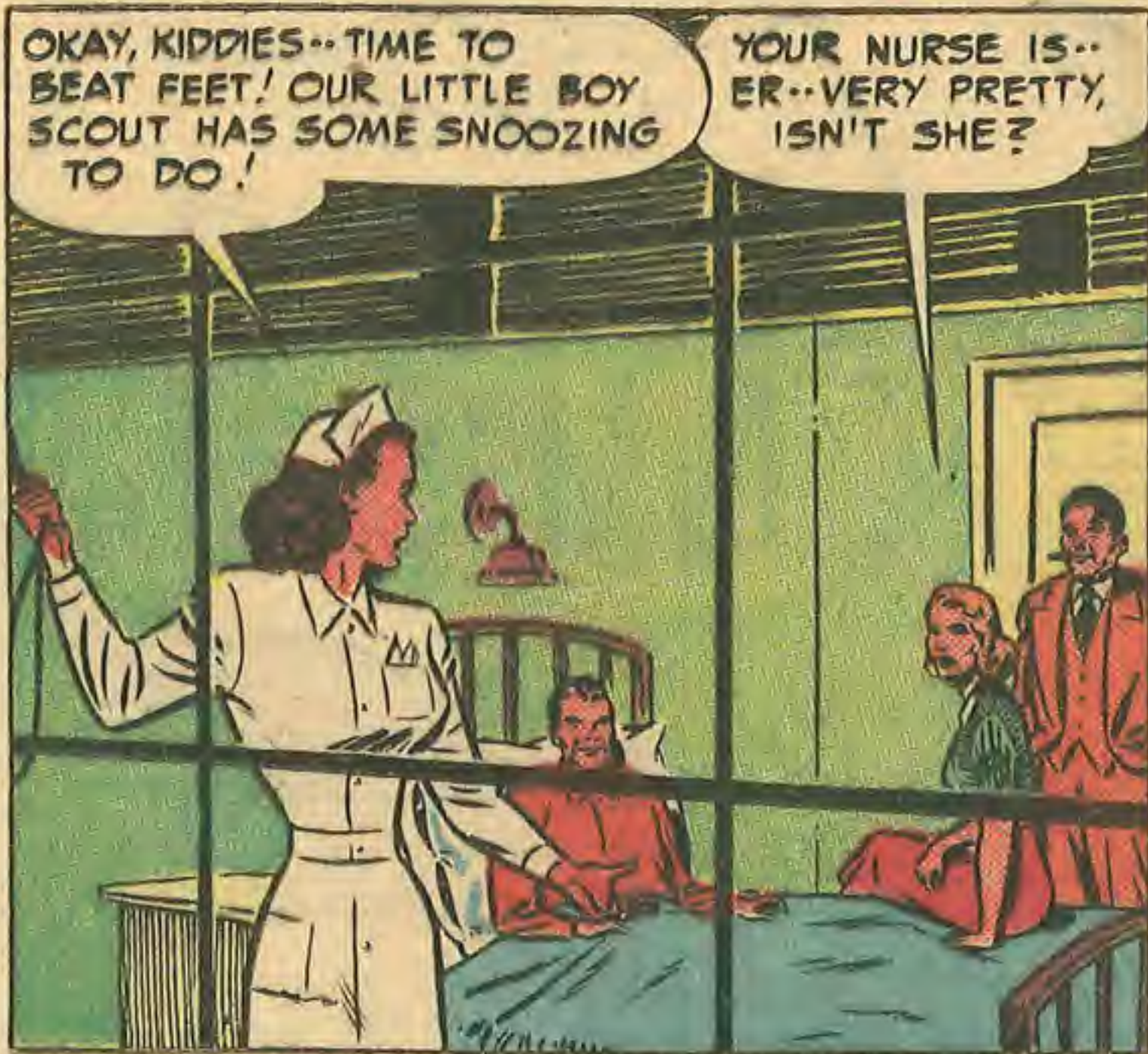


AL, WE'VE LEARNED THAT THE MORPHINE WE'VE BEEN TRACING IS NOW BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THIS VERY HOSPITAL! WHAT'S MORE, WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY SOUL GOING OUT OF

CONVENIENT ISN'T IT?
HERE I AM
RIGHT ON THE SPOT
TO DO SOME
DETECTING!

HERE THE LAST FEW
DAYS WITHOUT FINDING
ANYTHING-- BUT THE STUFF
IS STILL BEING PEDDLED--
SOMEHOW!





OKAY, KIDDIES--TIME TO BEAT FEET! OUR LITTLE BOY SCOUT HAS SOME SNOOZING TO DO!

YOUR NURSE IS--ER--VERY PRETTY, ISN'T SHE?



YUM-YUM! BUT SHE TALKS LIKE A CHARACTER STRAIGHT FROM BROADWAY. ANYWAY, SHE'S NOT MY TYPE--TOO TALL! I LIKE 'EM TINY AND SWEET! LIKE YOU!

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! GOOD NIGHT, DARLING!

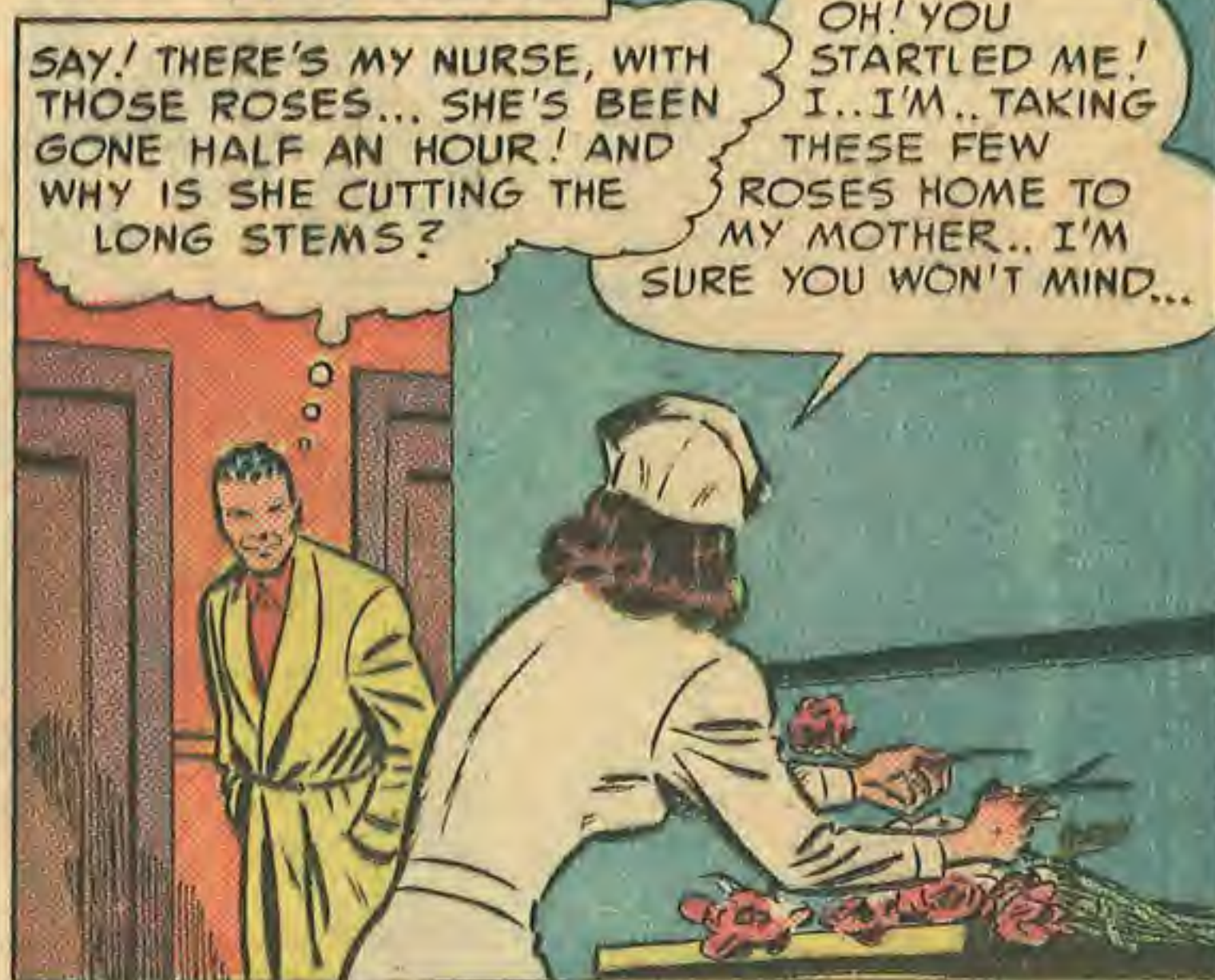
SEE YOU TOMORROW, LITTLE AL!



HELLO, JOYCE--ER--MISS WHITE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE PATIENT NOW.

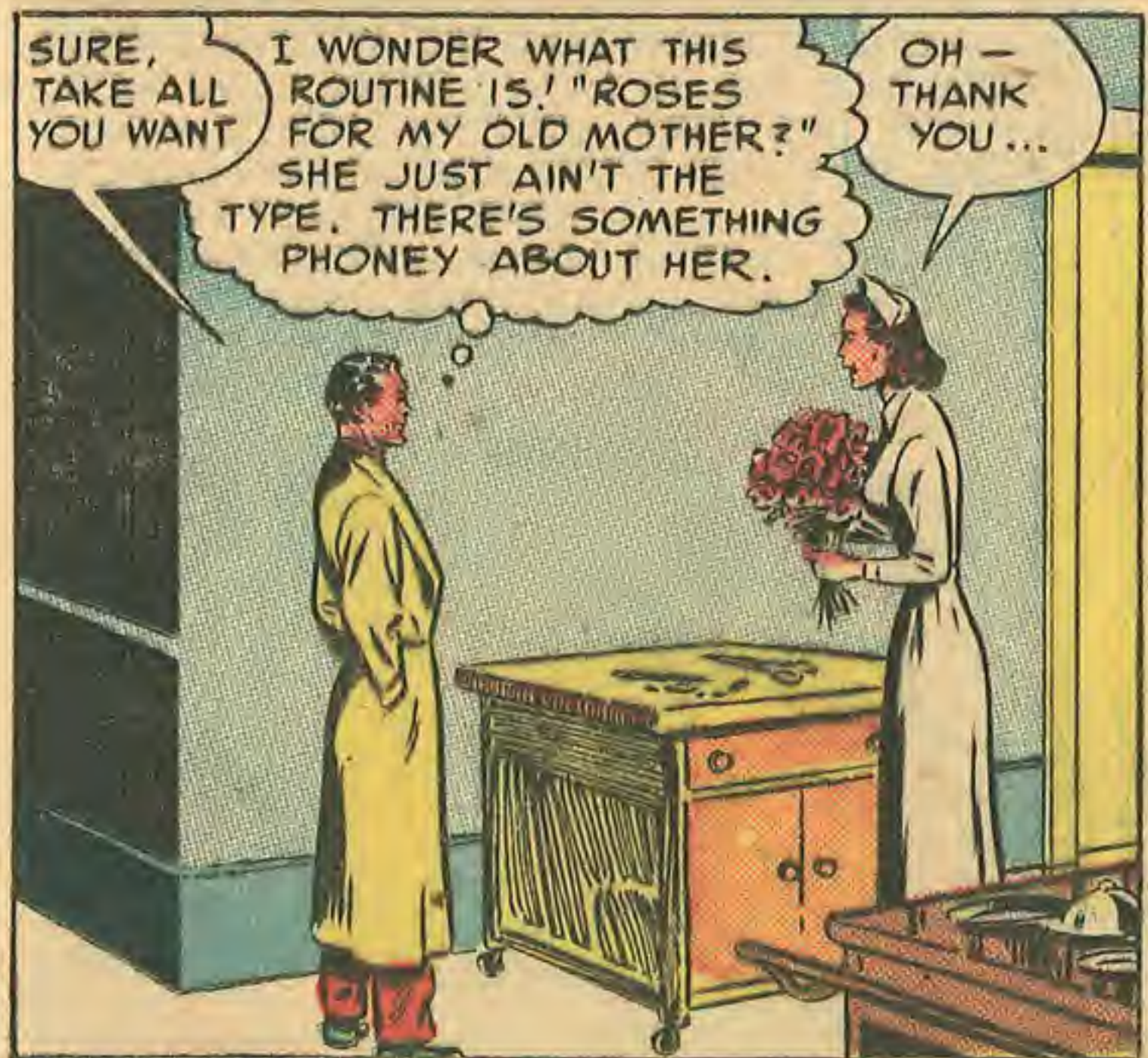
FINE, DOCTOR KAY! I'LL PUT THESE BEAUTIFUL ROSES IN FRESH WATER!

LATER, AS LITTLE AL GOES FOR A WALK IN THE CORRIDOR, HE SEES...



SAY! THERE'S MY NURSE, WITH THOSE ROSES... SHE'S BEEN GONE HALF AN HOUR! AND WHY IS SHE CUTTING THE LONG STEMS?

OH! YOU STARTLED ME! I..I'M..TAKING THESE FEW ROSES HOME TO MY MOTHER.. I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND...



SURE, TAKE ALL YOU WANT

I WONDER WHAT THIS ROUTINE IS! "ROSES FOR MY OLD MOTHER?" SHE JUST AIN'T THE TYPE. THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT HER.

OH--THANK YOU...



AND STILL LATER...

AHA, ROMANCE, YET! I THINK I'LL START DOING A LITTLE SNOOPING!

LITTLE AL WAITS A FEW MOMENTS, 'TIL ALL IS QUIET. AND THEN...

THEY'RE GONE. BUT--WHAT'S THAT ON THE DESK!? LOOKS LIKE-- CUT FLOWER STEMS!



AND THE PITH FROM INSIDE THE STEMS-- HMMM! LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER FOLLOW THAT AMAZON! JUST TIME TO GRAB MY SHOES AND PANTS--



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHE'S GOING INTO THAT DESERTED HOUSE! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!



QUIETLY, LITTLE AL CLIMBS THE RICKETY STAIRS TO THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE OLD HOUSE. HE FINDS A LIGHTED ROOM...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY'VE BEEN SMUGGLING OUT THE MORPHINE IN THE HOLLOWED-OUT STEMS OF FLOWERS! AND THOSE ARE THE SAME MUGS WHO TACKLED ME YESTERDAY! WELL, HERE GOES...



ALL RIGHT, BOYS-- GET 'EM UP!

THE SNOOPER AGAIN!





MMMMPH! YOU CERTAINLY PACK A PUNCH, SISTER!

SHUT UP, CRUMB! YOU'VE RUINED THE WHOLE SETUP!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, JOYCE?



GET RID OF HIM-- THEN WE BLOW TOWN! WE'LL TAKE THE DOPE WE'VE GOT AND THE DOUGH AND SCRAM!

WHAT ABOUT DOC KAY? HE'S SUPPOSED TO COME HERE TO GET HIS SPLIT!

I KNEW IT! HE'S THE BRAINS, HUH?



BRAINS NOTHIN'! HE'S JUST A POOR SAP WHO'LL DO ANYTHING I TELL HIM! COME ON, BOYS! LET'S BUMP THIS GUY SO IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT, AND--



WELL, I HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS! I THINK I'LL JUST TAKE THE MORPHINE AND THE MONEY MYSELF, AND LEAVE YOU WITH THE WELL-KNOWN SACK!

DOC!! I--AW, DOC! I--I WAS ONLY KIDDING THE BOYS! YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN--



SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU CHEAP LITTLE--- OHHHHH!

ALL RIGHT, DOG-- HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FOR!



NICE GOING, BABY-- NOW YOU HAVE A MURDER ON YOUR HANDS!

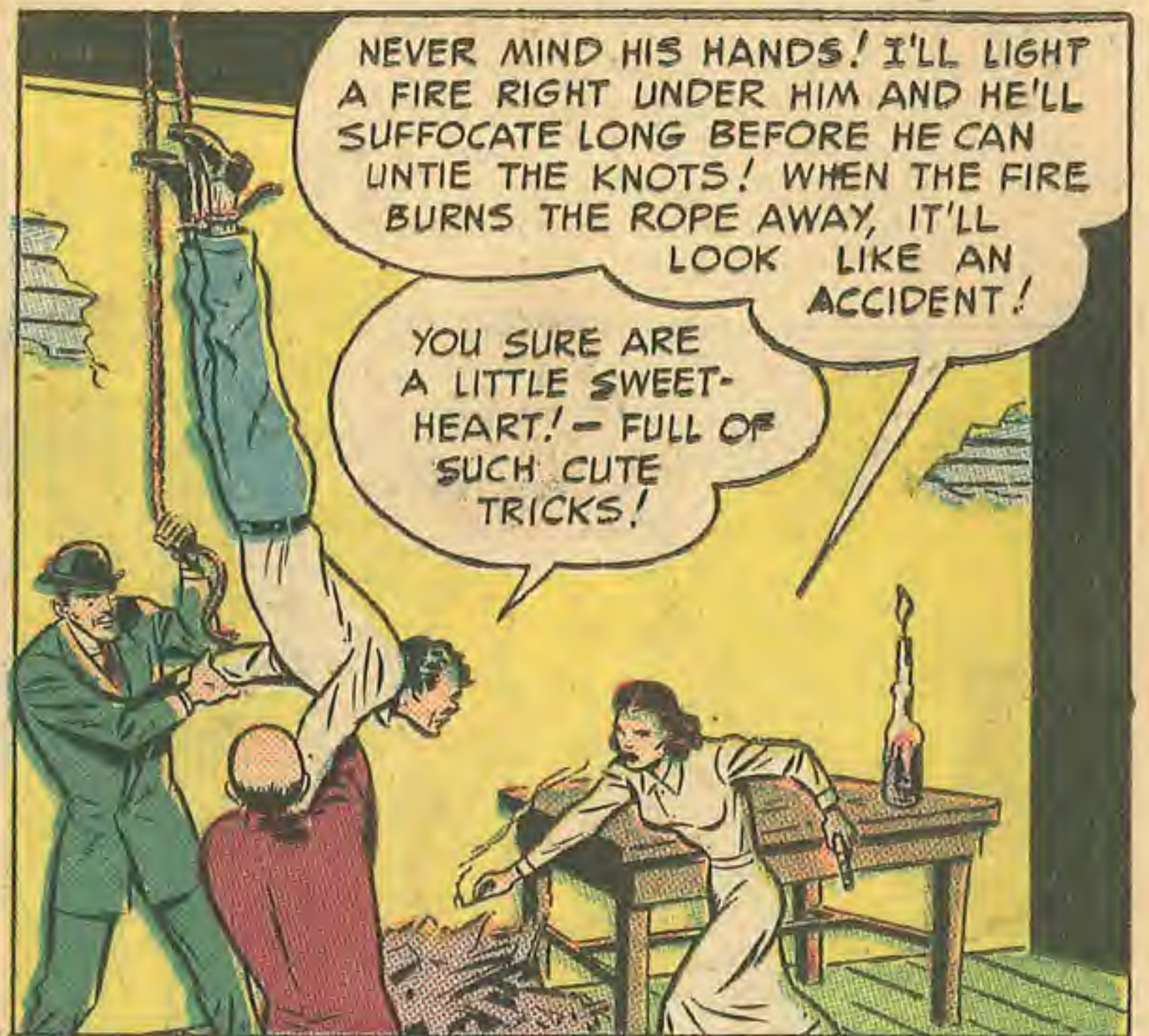
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, COPPER! SO NOW YOU DIE, TOO-- THE HARD WAY!

I'M--DYING! YOU DOUBLE CROSSING --DIRTY--OOHH!



WE'LL BEAT THE MURDER RAP YET, BOYS! COME ON-- TIE A ROPE TO THIS COPPER'S ANKLES, AROUND THE CUFFS OF HIS PANTS WHERE THE ROPE MARKS WON'T SHOW! THEN HANG HIM UP BY HIS FEET TO THAT BEAM UP THERE, WHERE THE PLASTER'S BUSTED!

WHAT TH--? LET GO, YOU APES!



NEVER MIND HIS HANDS! I'LL LIGHT A FIRE RIGHT UNDER HIM AND HE'LL SUFFOCATE LONG BEFORE HE CAN UNTIE THE KNOTS! WHEN THE FIRE BURNS THE ROPE AWAY, IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

YOU SURE ARE A LITTLE SWEET-HEART! -- FULL OF SUCH CUTE TRICKS!



I'LL LEAVE THE EMPTY GUN-- THEY'LL THINK HE SHOT DOC, AND DIED IN THE FIRE! SO LONG-- SUCKER! COME ON, BOYS, OUT THE BACK WAY!

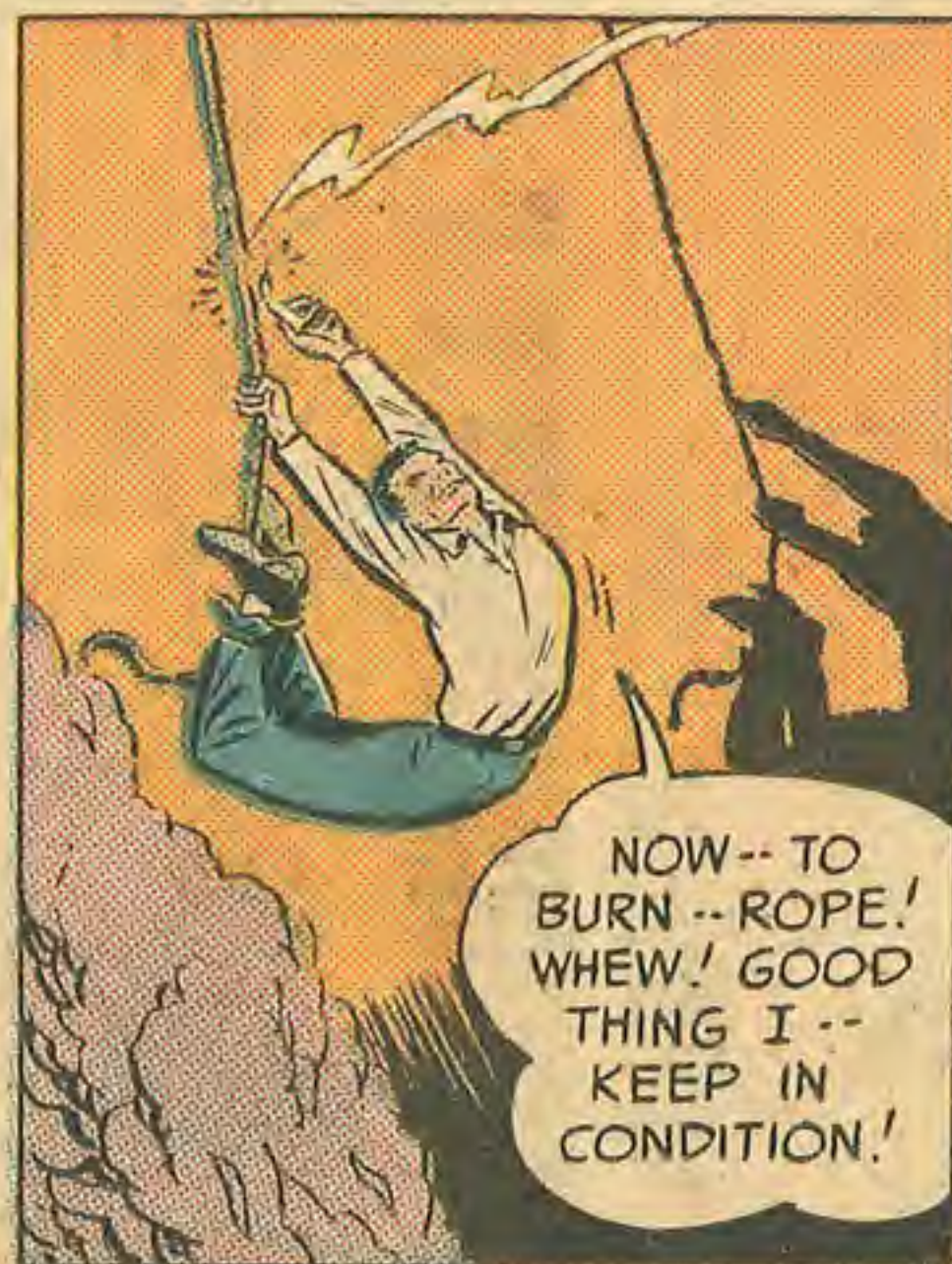
SHE'S RIGHT! I'LL INHALE TOO MUCH SMOKE BEFORE I CAN UNTIE THIS ROPE! BUT THEY LEFT THE CANDLE. IF I CAN JUST REACH--



GOT TO-- GET THE CANDLE! BUT I CAN'T LET IT GO OUT WHEN I GRAB IT! ONE MORE SWING AND I THINK--



GOT IT!



NOW-- TO BURN -- ROPE! WHEW! GOOD THING I -- KEEP IN CONDITION!



OOOOFFF!

LITTLE AL RACES TO THE BACK WINDOW OF THE SMOKE FILLED ROOM, AND ---



I'LL GET THEM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO. THERE THEY GO, DOWN THE BACK ALLEY! HAVE TO JUMP 'EM FROM HERE, OR THEY'LL GET AWAY!



A MOMENT LATER, IN THE ALLEY ---

IT'S HIM AGAIN! YA CAN'T KILL THE GUY!

AND THIS TIME I'M SURPRISING YOU, BOYS!



I'LL MURDER THE LITTLE PUNK --- UUUUFFFFFFFF!

I'M NOT DOING SO BAD FOR A GUY JUST OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, HUH?



AWRIGHT, SHORTY! A BUSTED SKULL OUGHTA STOP YA -- UGGGHHHHH!

DON'T CALL ME SHORTY! I GET ANNOYED!



OKAY, GIRLIE! COMING QUIETLY?

NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! AND NEITHER WILL THE REST OF THE COPPERS OUT THERE!



I'LL GET AWAY! YOU HEAR ME? YOU WON'T GET ME!

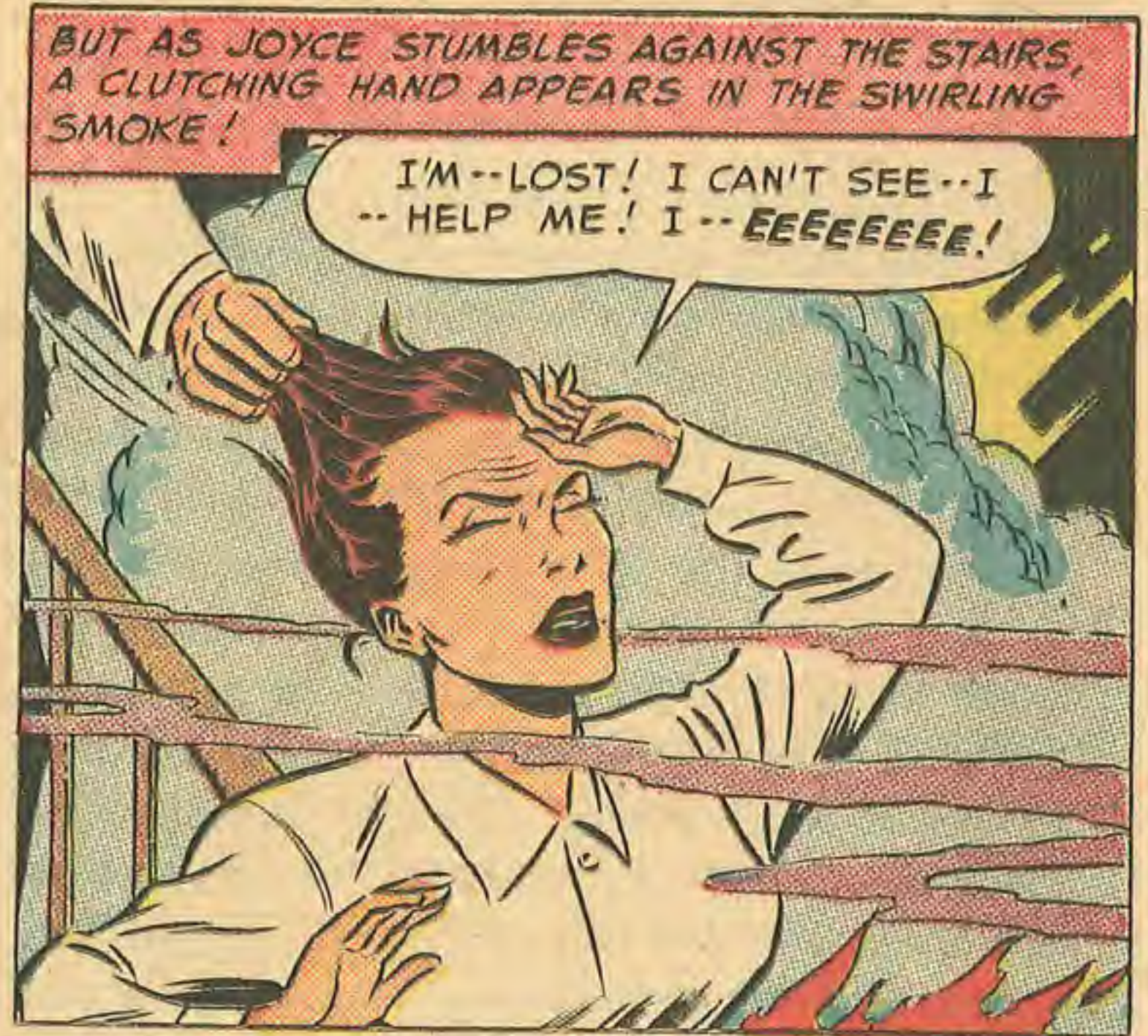
OH, YES I WILL, SISTER--IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW YOU TO CHINA!

INSIDE THE BURNING HOUSE, LITTLE AL FOLLOWS THE FEAR-CRAZED, HYSTERICAL MURDERESS THROUGH THE BLINDING SMOKE---



I'LL GET AWAY! I'LL-- GET OUT A WINDOW! I'LL-- NEVER BURN FOR MURDER!

COME BACK HERE, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL BURN ANYWAY, IN THIS PLACE!



BUT AS JOYCE STUMBLES AGAINST THE STAIRS, A CLUTCHING HAND APPEARS IN THE SWIRLING SMOKE!

I'M--LOST! I CAN'T SEE--I -- HELP ME! I -- EEEEEEEEE!



YOU -- KILLED ME! KILLED --- ME!

DOC! DOC! YOU'RE ALIVE! HELP ME, DOC! I LOVE YOU! HELP ME ---!

DOC! JOYCE! LOOK OUT!-- THE CEILING -- RIGHT OVER YOU!



DOC! LET GO! LET GO! THE CEILING --- EEEEEEEEEEE!

NO! GOING -- TO KILL YOU -- NOW---

RUN, DOC! JOYCE, GET OUT FROM UNDER--



LITTLE AL! LITTLE AL! ARE YOU IN THERE! I'M COMING FOR YOU!



NEVER MIND, BOSS-- I'M COMING OUT! IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE FUNERALS! SAY, TAKE ME BACK TO THE HOSPITAL, WILL YOU? I NEED A GOOD LONG REST! BUT FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, BOSS, NO NURSES -- PLEASE!

The End

BILL GETS HIS REVENGE

"Hey, stupid, tie my shoelace! What kind of service do you give in this dump, anyway?" Big Joe Burke shoved his foot onto Bill Dineen's knee, his heel grinding savagely into the bone, while Bill knotted his lace. Burke flipped a quarter contemptuously over to Bill and swaggered out of the foyer into the bar of Louis Lotz' Golden Slipper Cafe.

Bill, alone in the foyer where he was polishing the door in his capacity as porter, twirled the quarter in his hand for a second. Then he grinned wryly and slipped it into his pocket. For a second he thought in amusement that he had shown a clear profit of twenty-five cents, but this was income he would have to report on his income tax blank in addition to his salary as an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. His thoughts were interrupted by Burke's return, accompanied by Louis Lotz and his partner, Johnny Ajello.

"We talk here," said Lotz. "This is the only spot in the joint I'm sure ain't wired by the Feds. I don't trust the bar or my office."

"How about Dopey over here?" asked Burke, pointing to Bill.

Lotz and Ajello laughed loudly. "Don't worry about him," Lotz answered. "He's too dumb to know he's alive. I keep him here only for laughs. The last guy we had got picked up across the state line for rolling a drunk one night, and this dope showed up last week for work. So I put him on. I figure he's too dumb to get in any trouble—and he works for tips alone."

Burke grabbed Bill's right arm in a gorilla-like grip and twisted slowly and cruelly, forcing Bill down onto his knees. "Listen, slob," he gritted "maybe Louis thinks you're all right. But me, I don't take any chances. If you want to stay alive, you keep your trap shut about anything you hear or see around here. D'you get me?"

Bill, forced to the ground by the relentless pain of his arm twisted behind his back, nodded. He forced his voice to retain the thick overlay of stupidity which was his only disguise since coming to work at Louis Lotz' place, where the FBI had figured Joe Burke would eventually show up. Bill stammered: "Gee, Boss, you got muscles! Boy, I bet you're the strongest guy in the whole world!" And as Burke released his hold, Bill shuffled to his feet, forcing a vacant grin and mumbling: "Thanks, boss, for showing me that trick! That sure is swell!"

Lotz grinned at Burke and shrugged his shoulders. "See what I mean?" he asked. "He's too dopey to know you hurt him! He ain't right in the head. Now, Joe, what's on your mind? What's the caper?"

Burke leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette, while Bill busied himself with mopping the floor and dusting the walls. "Here's the deal, Louis," Burke said slowly. "I'm hot. Me and my boys got a little too enthusiastic last week, and we forgot all about state lines when we knocked off a couple of banks and heisted three cars for our getaway. They're watching every one of my spots across the river, so I got to find a new place to operate from and bring my boys. You and me being such good pals, you're elected. We'll use this place."

Lotz' face grew pasty and worried as he glanced briefly at Ajello before turning back to Burke and shaking his head. "That's bad, Joe," he said. "Crossing state lines makes this a Federal caper. I can handle the local Johnny Laws all right, but those FBI men, that's something different. You better find some other spot for yourself."

"Yeah," agreed Ajello. "We got a nice, clean deal here, Joe. We pay off the local boys and they don't bother us. We don't want nothing to do with no Feds. They're poison. You can't pay them off. They run you in!"

Burke nodded lazily. "I see. You don't want to play with me, huh? That's all right." Suddenly his massive arms snaked out and grabbed Bill Dineen, yanking him close. Savagely he slapped Bill's head back and forth with vicious rights and lefts before balling his right hand into a fist and clipping him with a murderous rabbit punch on the back of the neck.

As Bill dropped to the floor, his head roaring and his heart pounding from the suddenness of the unprovoked beating, he heard Burke's voice coming as if through a thick curtain: "It's all right with me if you guys don't want to do business with me. Only—you see what Dopey got? That ain't nothing to what you'll get if I have any trouble with you! We're coming in. And for as long as we want to stay, we'll let you keep on running the joint. We'll even let you keep a little cut on the profits. And if you behave yourselves, when we're ready to move on, we *may* let you take over again!"

"Now, now, wait a minute, Joe!" stammered

Louis Lotz, as the big hoodlum gripped his arm and Ajello's. "Don't get sore! If you think this is the place for you, why, Johnny and me'll be glad to have you! Ain't that so, Johnny?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Ajello agreed hastily.

"Good!" Burke laughed shortly "Glad to find you guys so friendly," he sneered "I figured you would be, though. I was so sure of it that I told my boys to be here at eight tonight. That's just about an hour from now. But right now I want to know, where's your safe, Louis? And what's the combination? As soon as the boys get here with their load of what we heisted from the banks, I'll need the safe." Linking his arms in Lotz' and Ajello's, Burke drew them out of the foyer, pausing only long enough to look down at Bill and growl: "Hey, Dopey, clean yourself up and stop looking like a slob. Now that I'm a partner here, this place has to look neat and clean!"

When Bill pulled himself to his feet after the three had left the foyer, and looked at his face in the mirror, he shook his head. His face was puffed and swollen, his eyes almost completely closed. He went into the washroom, where he managed to get most of the angry red finger-marks off his cheeks by liberal applications of cold water, combed his hair and put on a fresh porter's uniform jacket to replace the one which he had been wearing, which was now all dirtied by contact with the floor.

After he looked clean and almost presentable again, Bill sidled into the kitchen, where he ignored the chefs and nodded to one of the waiters standing idly there. "Jimmy," he said wheedlingly, "please cover for me for a couple of minutes, willya, huh? Mr. Burke was just showing me some tricks, and I guess I got tired. I want a cup of coffee. Cover for me, please, huh?"

The waiter nodded pityingly. "Okay, Dopey. Make it fast. I'll be getting busy in a couple of minutes." He strolled out.

Bill took a cup of coffee and ambled with it over to the back door of the kitchen. "Got to get some air," he mumbled. Nobody paid any attention to Bill as he seemed to have a little trouble with the door, which he opened and closed three times before he managed to pull it all the way open, releasing a flood of light into the night's darkness each time he opened the door.

Only Bill's ears, listening intently, caught the sound of a whippoorwill's call signalling from the thick tangle of trees which lined the outer side of the road, a call which was repeated in sequence

from the circumference of a large circle which completely surrounded the Golden Slipper. Bill, reassured, finished his coffee and shuffled back to the foyer.

At a few minutes after eight Bill was straightening the rugs at the entrance to the gambling room, empty except for two young blades who had just entered. Suddenly the door flew open, and Burke, Lotz and Ajello came in, accompanied by four other hoodlums. "Outside, muggs," growled Burke, roughly grabbing the two young fellows and shoving them through the door.

"Now," said Burke to Lotz, "you've got the picture, Louis. Runt, here, stays in your office all the time, so he can keep an eye on the safe. Me and my other boys move into your apartment upstairs, and any time you or Johnny want to come up, you telephone first. Okay?"

"Okay," nodded Lotz sullenly, as Bill shuffled over to the wall, pulled back the heavy drapes and yanked the window open, admitting a blast of cold air, and releasing a flood of light. "Hey, cut that out, Dopey!" he yelled. "You want to freeze us?"

Burke grabbed for Bill. "I'll teach you to do dumb things like that," he rumbled, pulling his ham-like fist back.

But this time Bill didn't stand still. He twisted in a judo break and brought the back edges of both palms swiftly down on the sides of Burke's bull-like neck. The giant hoodlum's face grew white and pasty and he swayed like a chopped tree before he toppled to the floor with a crash.

For a second the others were petrified with surprise. As they recovered and made a dive for Bill, there came the shrill sound of sirens from all sides of the inn, and a brassy voice boomed through a loudspeaker: "This is the FBI! The place is surrounded! Come out peacefully with your hands in the air, or we'll use tear gas! You've got one minute to come out! You're surrounded!"

"They went that way, boys," murmured Bill, pointing to the door of the gambling room, as he yanked out his forty-five and herded out the batch of hoodlums now thoroughly cowed by news that the FBI had caught up with them.

But Bill Dineen, being a thoroughly human being in addition to an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, couldn't resist the temptation to put one foot on the prone, unconscious body of Joe Burke, and very calmly tie his own shoelace before turning his prisoners over to the FBI!

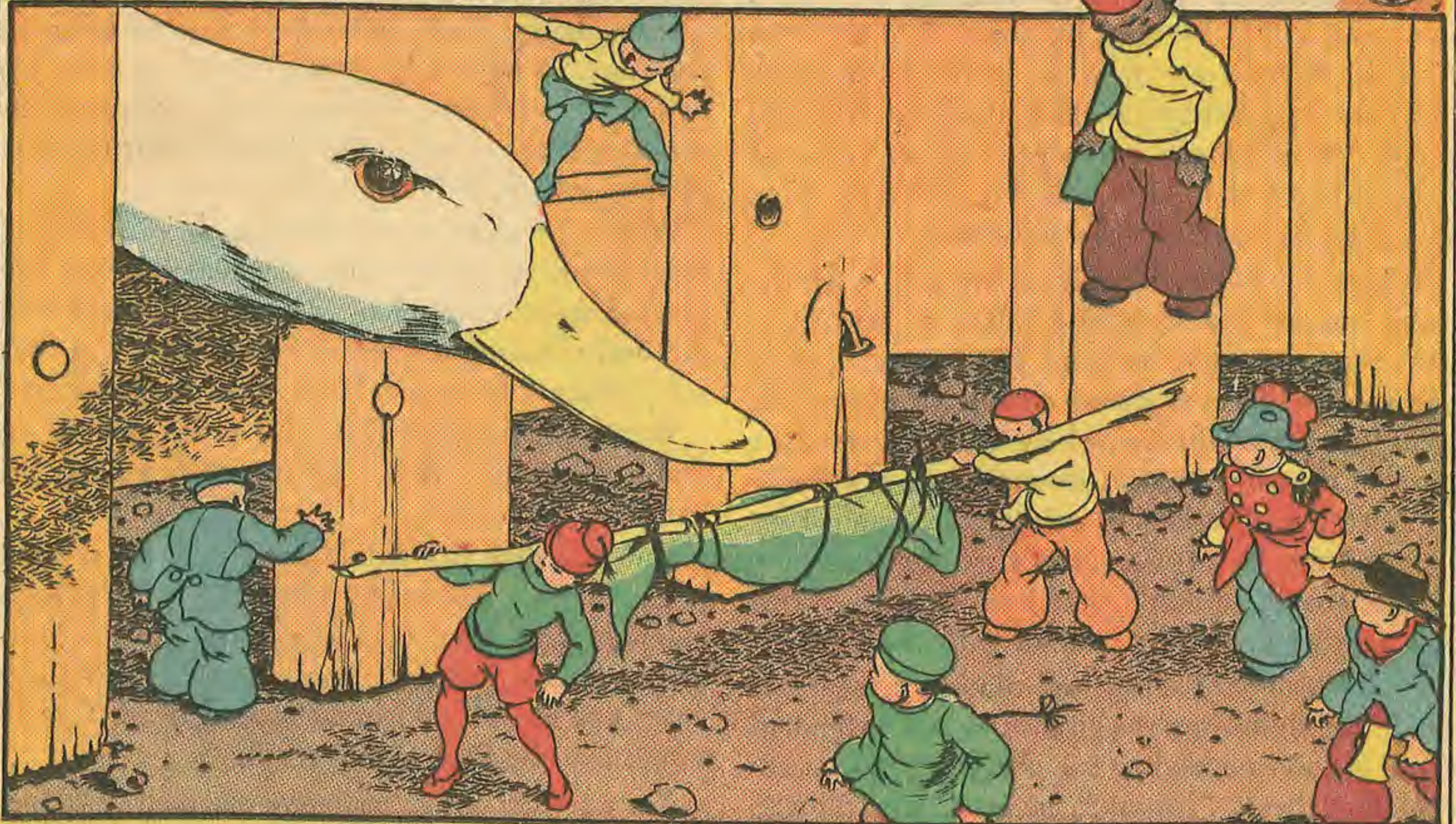
THE END











WOULD YOU CHANGE PLACES WITH

The TEENIE WEENIES!

NO. 11
NOW
ON
SALE!

BY WM. DONAHEY



Easter is just around the corner. The problem: NO EGG. The Chinaman,  master of fowl languages, persuades the duck to trade one for a fish. So Gogo  and the Turk  land the prize catch of the season—a minnow . But how can THE TEENIE WEENIES move the giant egg? The General  wanders. Neither the Cowboy  nor the Cook  knows. Not even the Policeman  has an idea. Can they leave it to the Dunce ? If you were one of these funny folk—barely knee-high to a grasshopper—what would you do? 

Read every one of these mad, merry adventures!

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PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES:
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in
AN ADVENTURE
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BASIL "the owl" BANGHART

IT WAS EARLY IN 1932 WHEN INTERNAL REVENUE AGENTS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH BASIL BANGHART, AND THEY SLAPPED HIM INTO A SMALL JAIL IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE-- TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR ILLEGAL TRANSPORTATION OF LIQUOR...



IN YOU GO, "OWL-EYES"! IF THE SERVICE IS BAD, JUST RING FOR THE BUTLER!

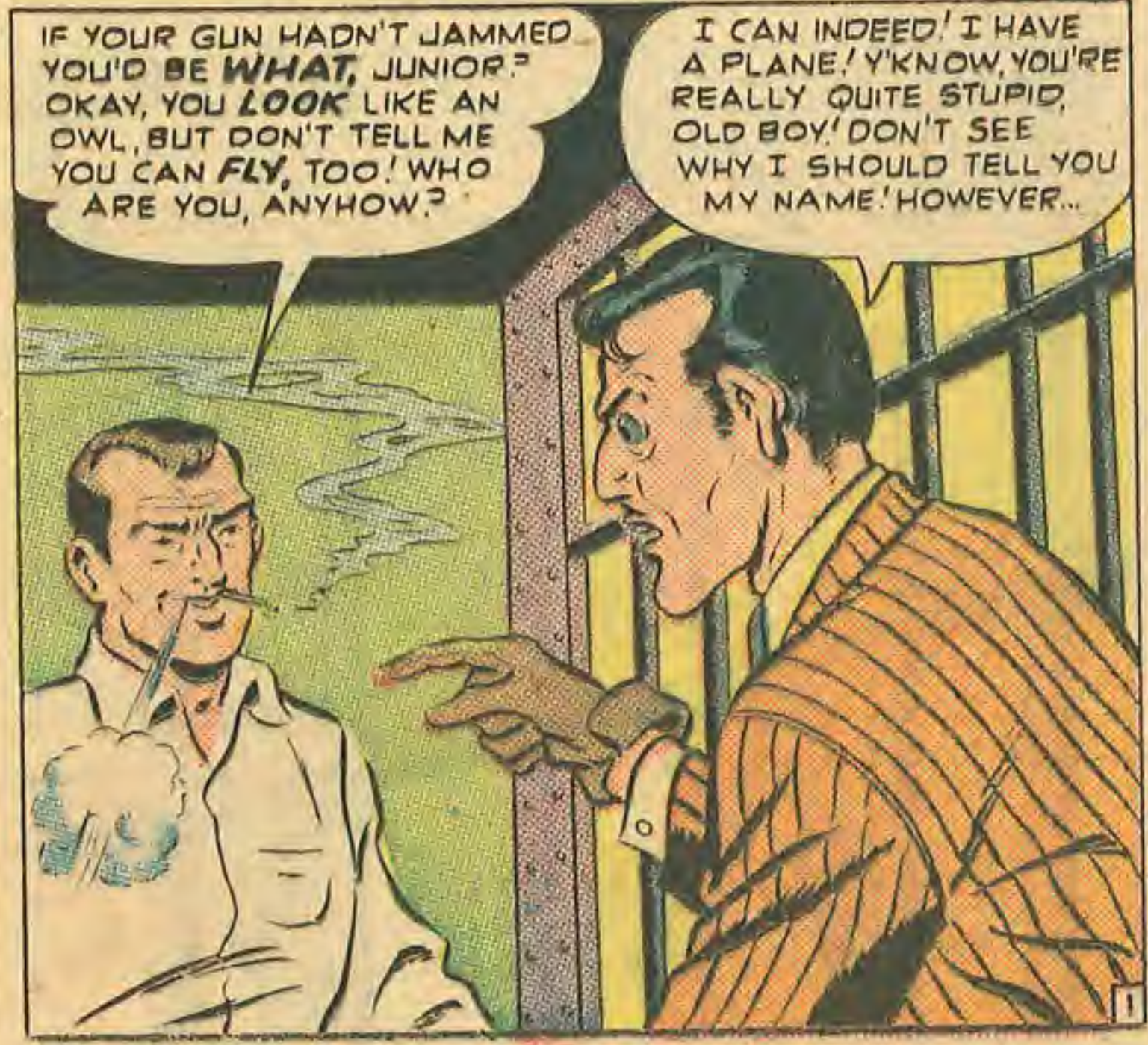
PLEASE DON'T SHOVE! OH, YOU'LL REGRET THIS GENTLEMEN! I SHALL TAKE THE MATTER UP WITH THE BRITISH CONSUL!

"OWL-EYES"! HA! WHERE'D THEY DIG THIS CHARACTER UP?



BRITISH CONSUL! MY WORD, OLD BEAN-- WHAT'D THEY PICK YOU UP FOR, DRIVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD?

LET ME TELL YOU, IF MY GUN HADN'T JAMMED I'D BE WINGING MY WAY BACK TO TORONTO RIGHT NOW!



IF YOUR GUN HADN'T JAMMED YOU'D BE **WHAT**, JUNIOR? OKAY, YOU **LOOK** LIKE AN OWL, BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN **FLY**, TOO! WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?

I CAN INDEED! I HAVE A PLANE! Y'KNOW, YOU'RE REALLY QUITE STUPID, OLD BOY! DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD TELL YOU MY NAME! HOWEVER...



I DON'T TAKE THAT KIND OF LIP FROM ANYBODY, FANCY-PANTS!

MY NAME IS BASIL BANGHART! MY FRIENDS CALL ME "OWL"... AND I'M GENERALLY CONSIDERED A RATHER TOUGH CUSTOMER, OLD CHAP!



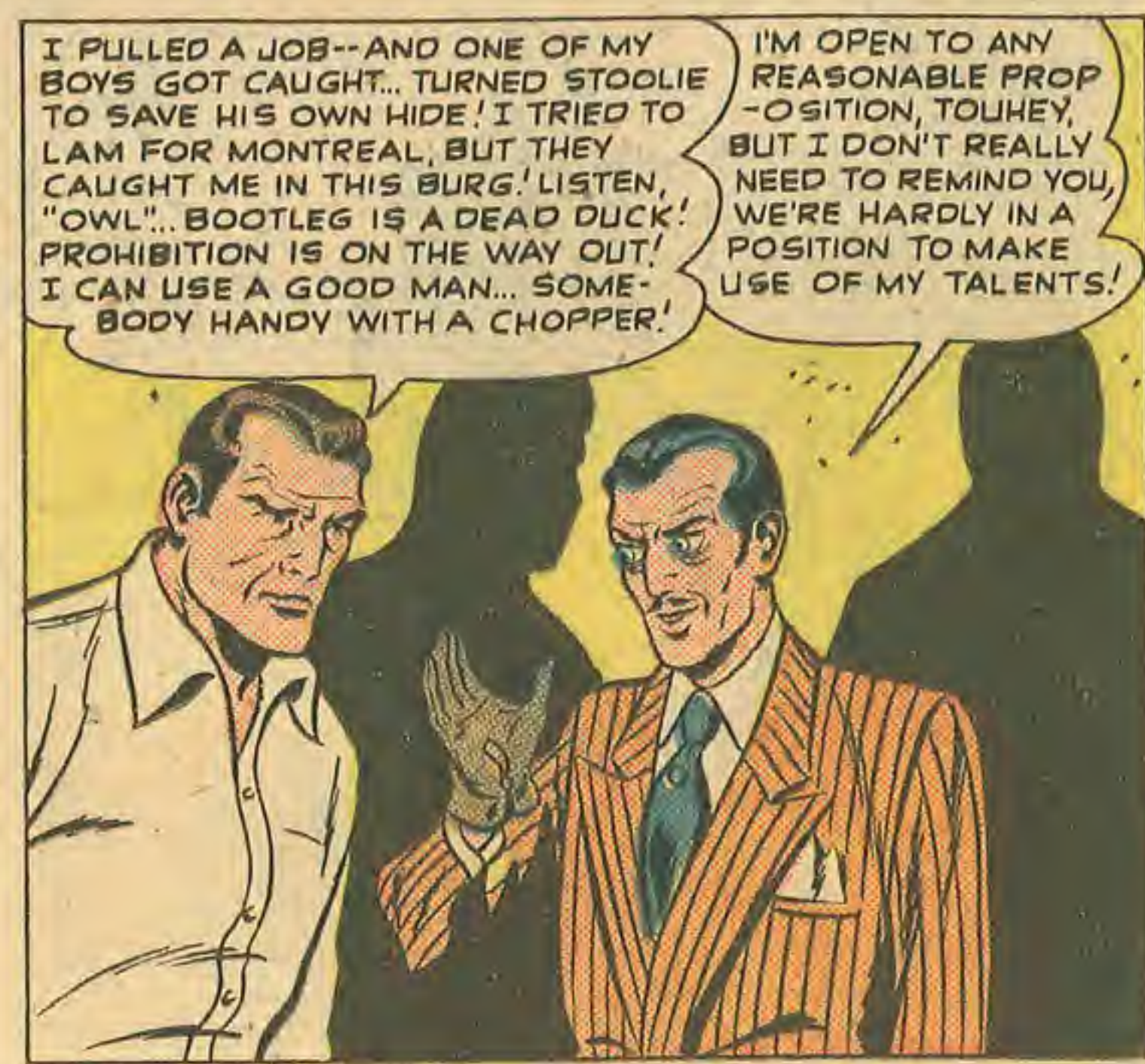
BANGHART? "OWL"? HOLY CATS... I'VE HEARD OF YOU, PAL! LOOK, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST SOME SMART KNUCKLE-HEAD! MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD MY NAME, TOO! I'M ROGER TOUHEY!

TOUHEY! REALLY, MY DEAR MAN... IS THAT A NAME OR A DISGUSTING HABIT?



OKAY, "OWL"... YOU CAN COME OFF IT NOW! WE'RE EVEN! SAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE GUY THE LAW COULDN'T LAY ITS MITTS ON! DID THEY CATCH YOU HUSTLING HOOTCH ACROSS THE BORDER?

PRECISELY! I BROUGHT MY PLANE DOWN WITH A LOAD OF FINE STUFF FROM CANADA... AND THE INTERNAL REVENUE AGENTS WERE THERE WAITING FOR ME! OH, THAT'S HAPPENED BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME MY MACHINE GUN JAMMED! AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS RURAL ALCATRAZ?



I PULLED A JOB--AND ONE OF MY BOYS GOT CAUGHT... TURNED STOOLIE TO SAVE HIS OWN HIDE! I TRIED TO LAM FOR MONTREAL, BUT THEY CAUGHT ME IN THIS BURG! LISTEN, "OWL"... BOOTLEG IS A DEAD DUCK! PROHIBITION IS ON THE WAY OUT! I CAN USE A GOOD MAN... SOMEBODY HANDY WITH A CHOPPER!

I'M OPEN TO ANY REASONABLE PROPOSITION, TOUHEY, BUT I DON'T REALLY NEED TO REMIND YOU, WE'RE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO MAKE USE OF MY TALENTS!



THAT WON'T STOP US! YOU DON'T THINK THEY COULD HOLD ME IN THIS JERK-WATER TANK! HEY, RUBE! SHERIFF! I GOT TROUBLE! "OWL"... FLOP DOWN ON THE BUNK, WILL YOU? MAKE LIKE YOU'RE CROAKING! I GOT AN ANGLE!

VERY WELL, TOUHEY! I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!



WELL, WHAT D'YA WANT, TOUHEY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BANGHART?

OHHHooo!

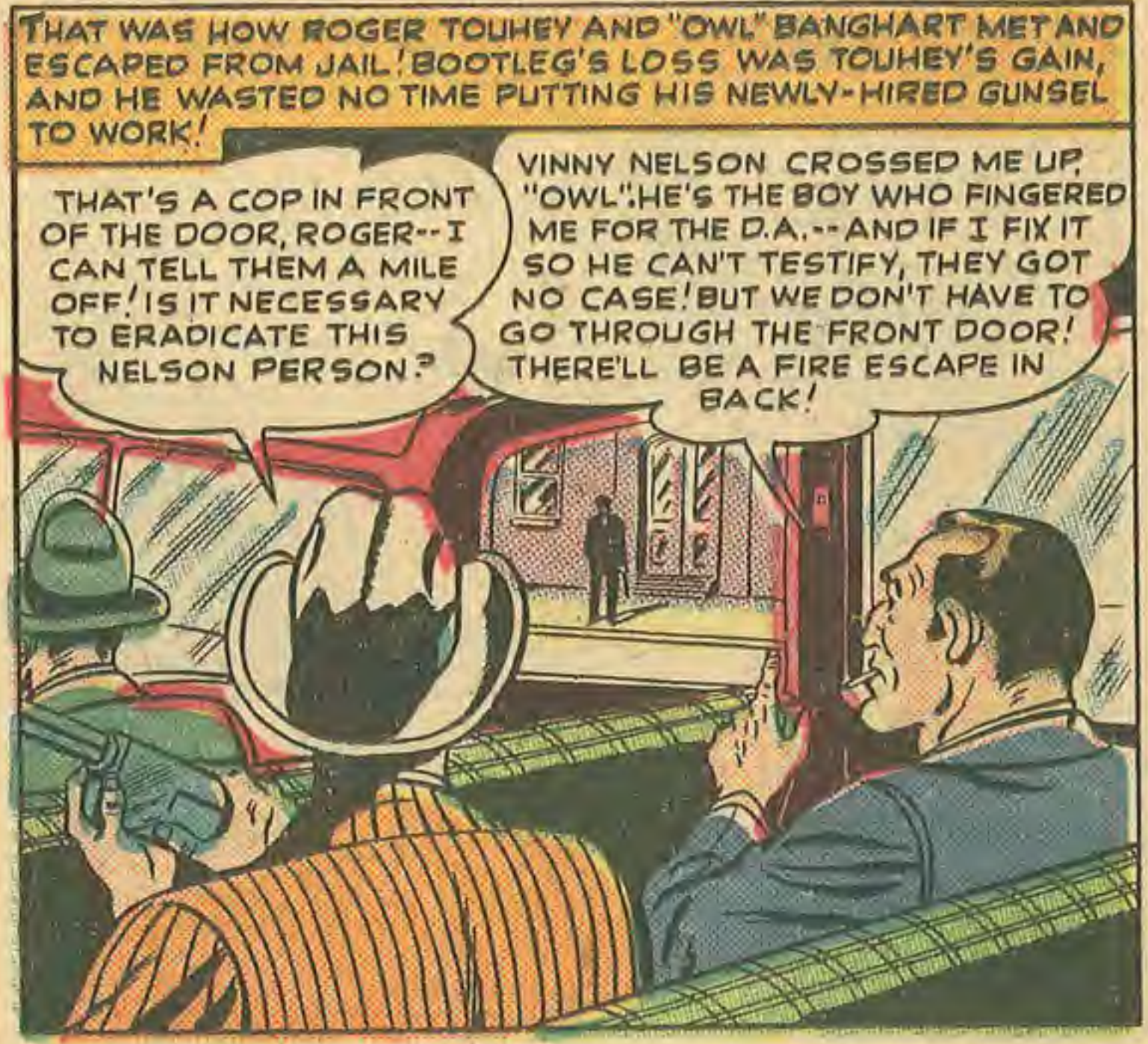
SEARCH ME, SHERIFF! BUT I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP WITH ALL THAT MOANING! WHY DON'T YOU COME IN AND TAKE A LOOK AT HIM?



OH, NO YOU DON'T! THINK I'M A... OWWW!

I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TAKE A NAP RUBE! HEY, "OWL"... REACH INTO THIS GUY'S POCKET FOR THE KEYS WHILE I HOLD HIM UP!

SPLendid! SPLendid!



THAT WAS HOW ROGER TOUHEY AND "OWL" BANGHART MET AND ESCAPED FROM JAIL! BOOTLEG'S LOSS WAS TOUHEY'S GAIN, AND HE WASTED NO TIME PUTTING HIS NEWLY-HIRED GUNSEL TO WORK!

THAT'S A COP IN FRONT OF THE DOOR, ROGER-- I CAN TELL THEM A MILE OFF! IS IT NECESSARY TO ERADICATE THIS NELSON PERSON?

VINNY NELSON CROSSED ME UP, "OWL". HE'S THE BOY WHO FINGERED ME FOR THE D.A.-- AND IF I FIX IT SO HE CAN'T TESTIFY, THEY GOT NO CASE! BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR! THERE'LL BE A FIRE ESCAPE IN BACK!



IT'S NO USE, BOSS! THIS WINDOW'S LOCKED! IF WE SMASH IT IN, HE'LL HEAR-- AND GET OUT BEFORE WE CAN REACH HIM!

YEAH! WELL, THERE'S A LEDGE WE CAN WALK ON! TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND LEAVE 'EM HERE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!



I SAY, THAT WAS EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN FLYING, ROGER!

W-WHAT THE...! T-TOUHEY!

GLAD YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF! AW, SIT STILL, VINNY... "OWL" HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU... FROM ME! DELIVER IT TO HIM BASIL!



RIGHT-O, ROGER!

NO! DON'T... ARGHH!



HEAD AROUND TO THE ALLEY, RYAN... SHOTS SOUNDED LIKE THEY CAME FROM BACK!





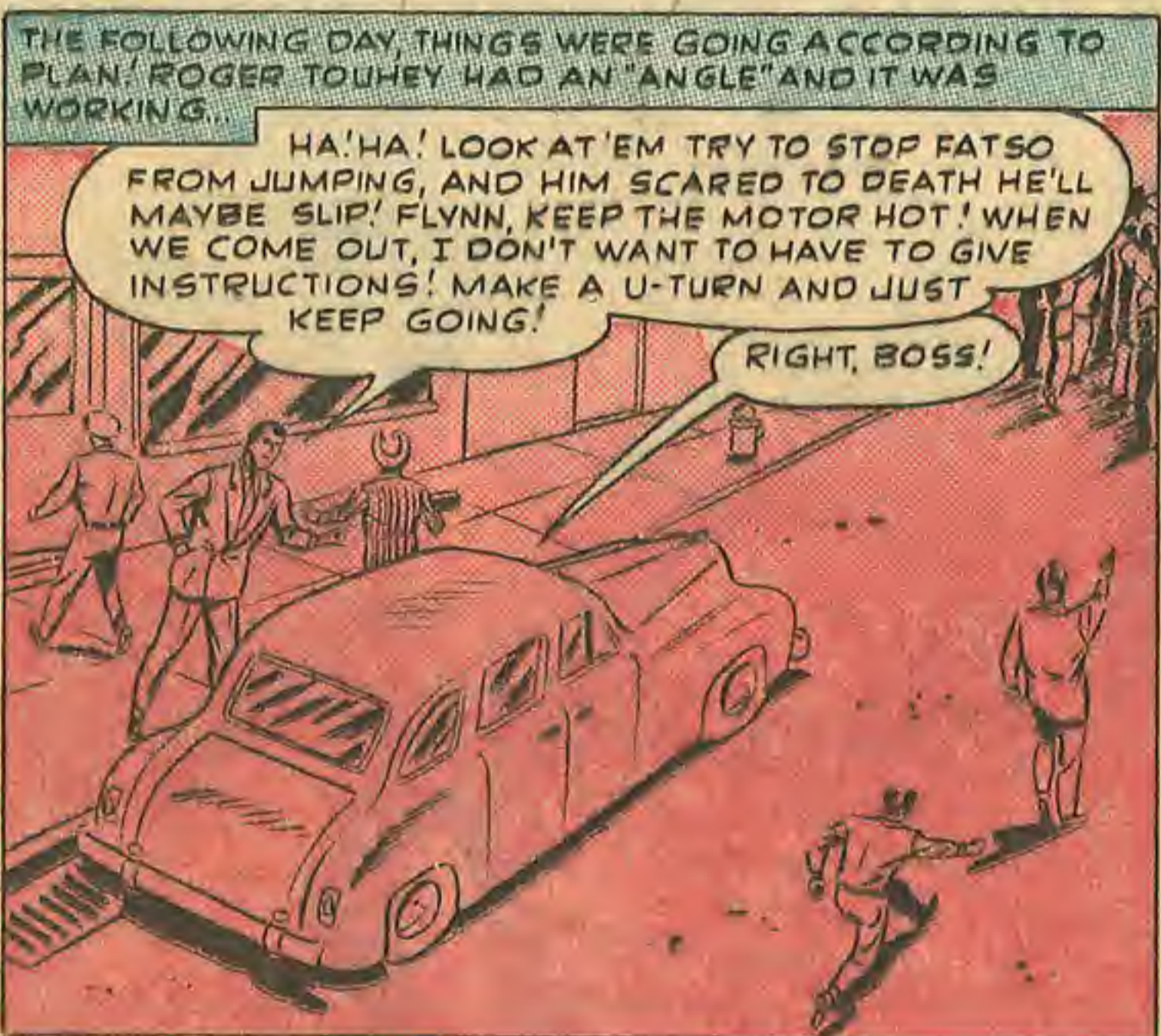
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A POST OFFICE! A LOT OF CASH GOES THROUGH THE BIG ONES IN A DAY, CHUBBY! DOWN THE STREET FROM THE P.O. THERE'S A BIG HOTEL... THE ARDSLEIGH! YOU'RE GOING OUT ON THE TENTH FLOOR LEDGE... IT'S PLENTY WIDE... AND MAKE LIKE A NUT-- LIKE YOU'RE THINKING OF JUMPING!

WHAT'S THAT FOR, RODGE? WHY FOOL AROUND WITH POST OFFICES? WE'LL HAVE THE "FEDS" DOWN OUR NECKS! AND IF I PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, THEY'LL TAKE ME TO A NUT HOUSE!



YOU DO LIKE I SAY, OR THEY'LL RUSH YOU OFF TO THE MORGUE, BUTTERBALL! KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN YOU'RE OUT ON THE LEDGE? THERE'LL BE CROWDS... NOISY CROWDS-- AND YOU'LL DRAW EVERY BRASS BUTTON FROM AROUND THAT POST OFFICE! WE HAVE A PUSHOVER! DOES THAT SINK INTO YOUR THICK HEAD?

OKAY, TOLUHEY, OKAY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THINGS WERE GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN! ROGER TOLUHEY HAD AN "ANGLE" AND IT WAS WORKING...

HA! HA! LOOK AT 'EM TRY TO STOP FATSO FROM JUMPING, AND HIM SCARED TO DEATH HE'LL MAYBE SLIP! FLYNN, KEEP THE MOTOR HOT! WHEN WE COME OUT, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO GIVE INSTRUCTIONS! MAKE A U-TURN AND JUST KEEP GOING!

RIGHT, BOSS!



SAY, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

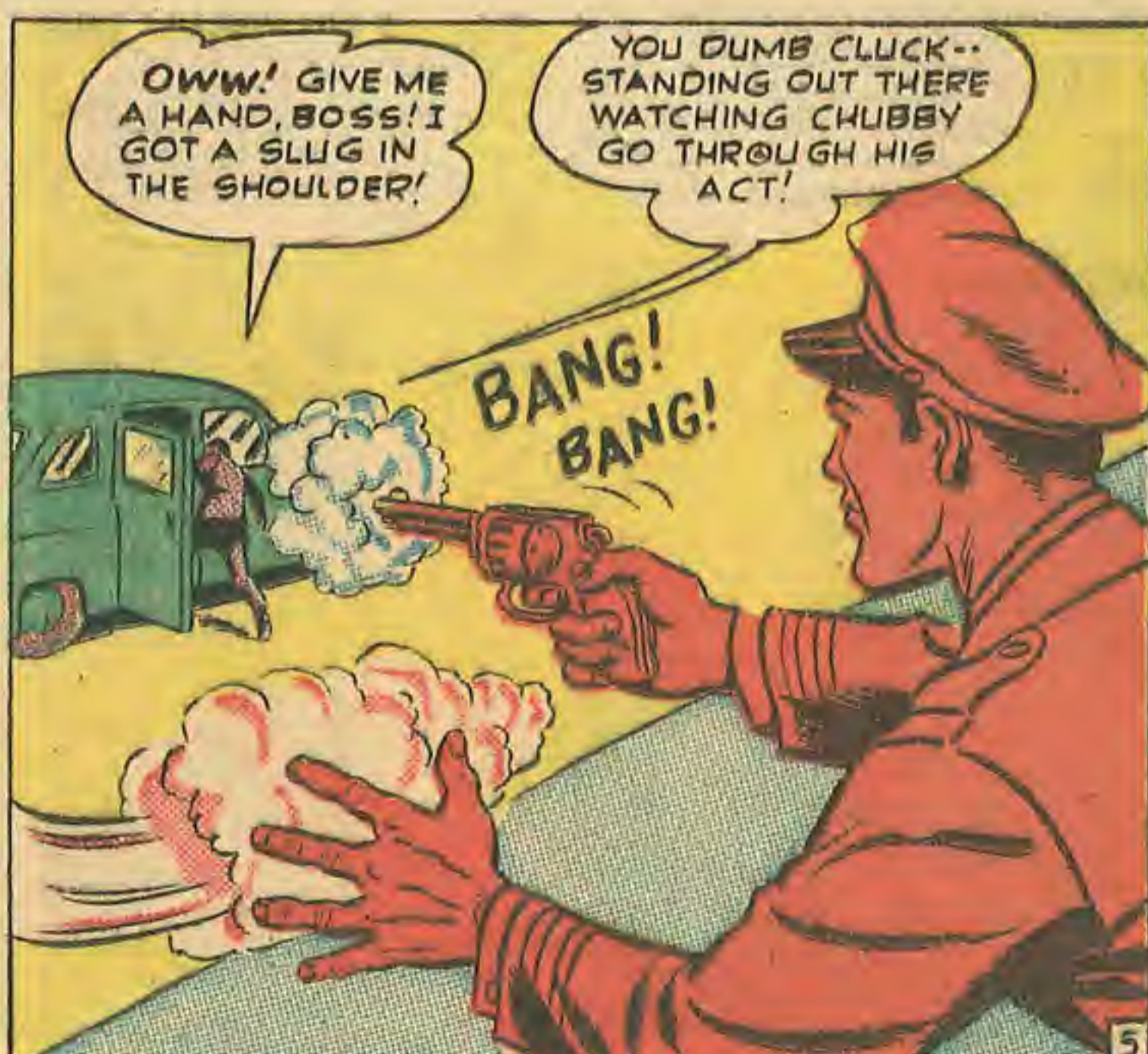
STAY PUT, MUG! ALL OF YOU... REACH, AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT! THIS IS A STICKUP! ONE PHONEY MOVE AND MY FRIEND STARTS PLAYING A TUNE ON HIS TYPEWRITER! HEINIE, JESS! LOAD ALL MONEY ORDERS... ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE DOUGH... INTO SMALL MAIL SACKS! SNAP IT UP!



IT'S COMING OFF FINE, "OWL"-- GIVE US TEN SECONDS TO REACH THE CAR, THEN SLAM THIS DOOR SHUT AND BLOW!

GO AHEAD, OLD CHAP-- I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

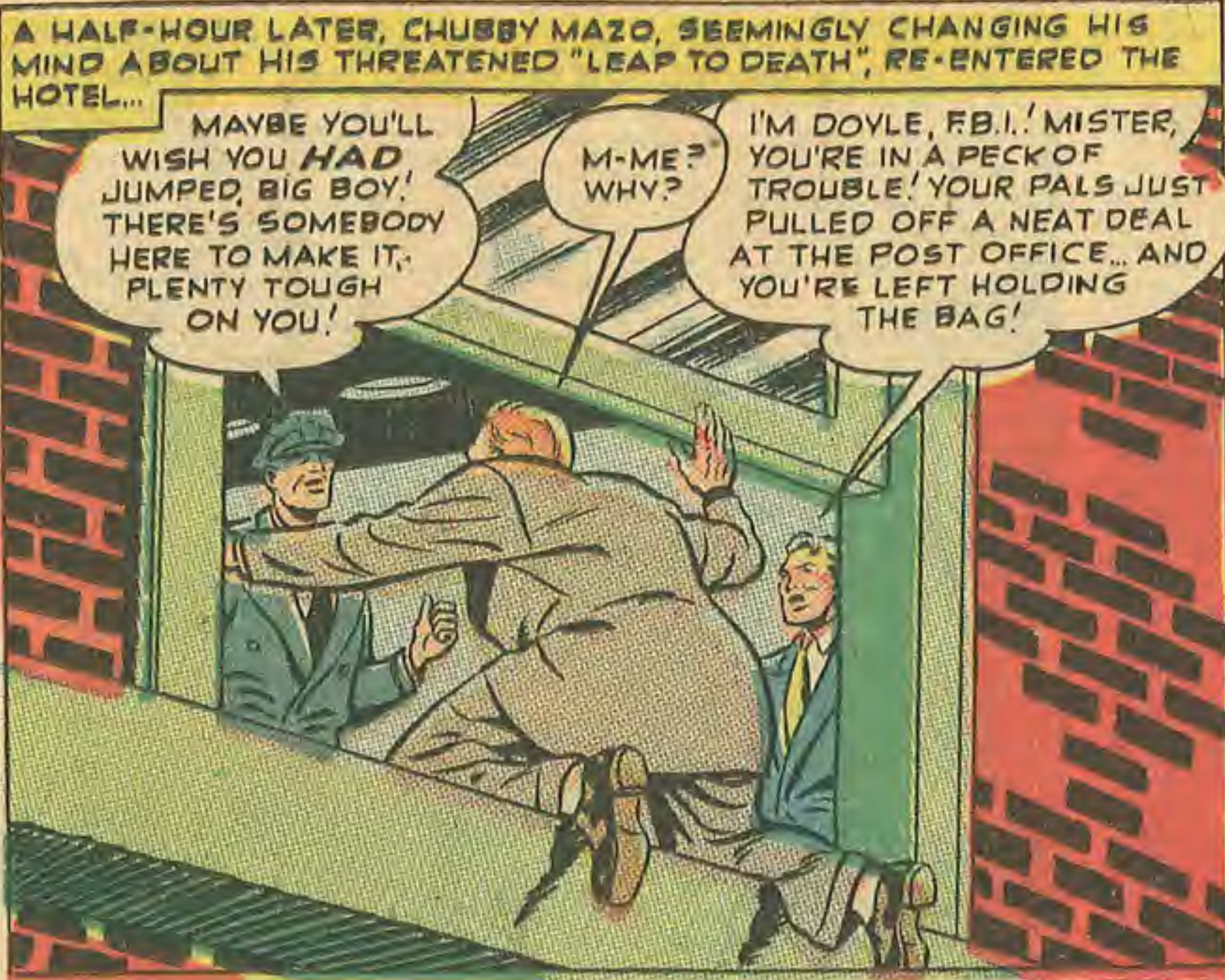
ENTRANCE FOR POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES ONLY



OWW! GIVE ME A HAND, BOSS! I GOT A SLUG IN THE SHOULDER!

YOU DUMB CLUCK-- STANDING OUT THERE WATCHING CHUBBY GO THROUGH HIS ACT!

BANG! BANG!

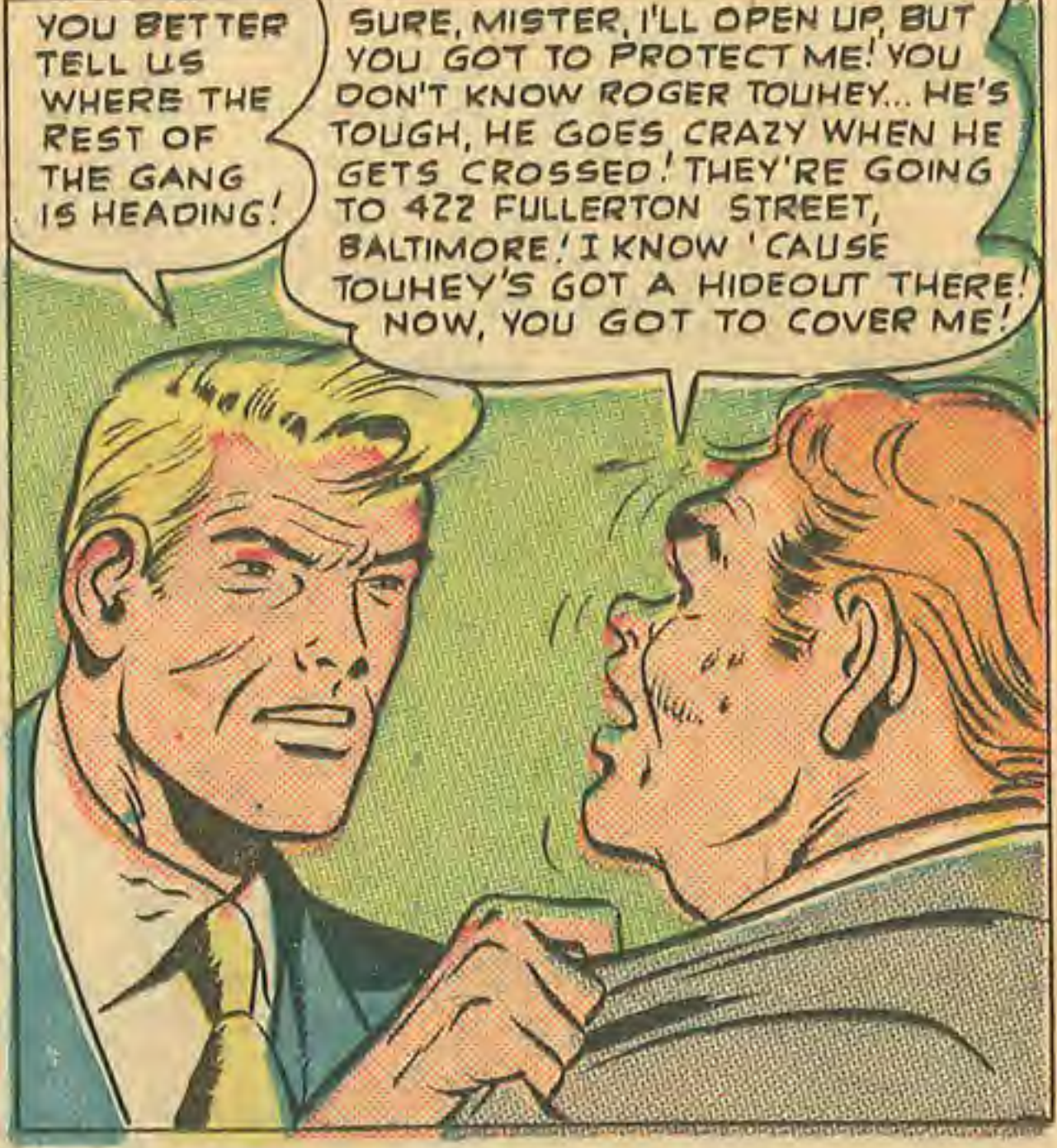


A HALF-HOUR LATER, CHUBBY MAZO, SEEMINGLY CHANGING HIS MIND ABOUT HIS THREATENED "LEAP TO DEATH", RE-ENTERED THE HOTEL...

MAYBE YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD JUMPED, BIG BOY! THERE'S SOMEBODY HERE TO MAKE IT, PLENTY TOUGH ON YOU!

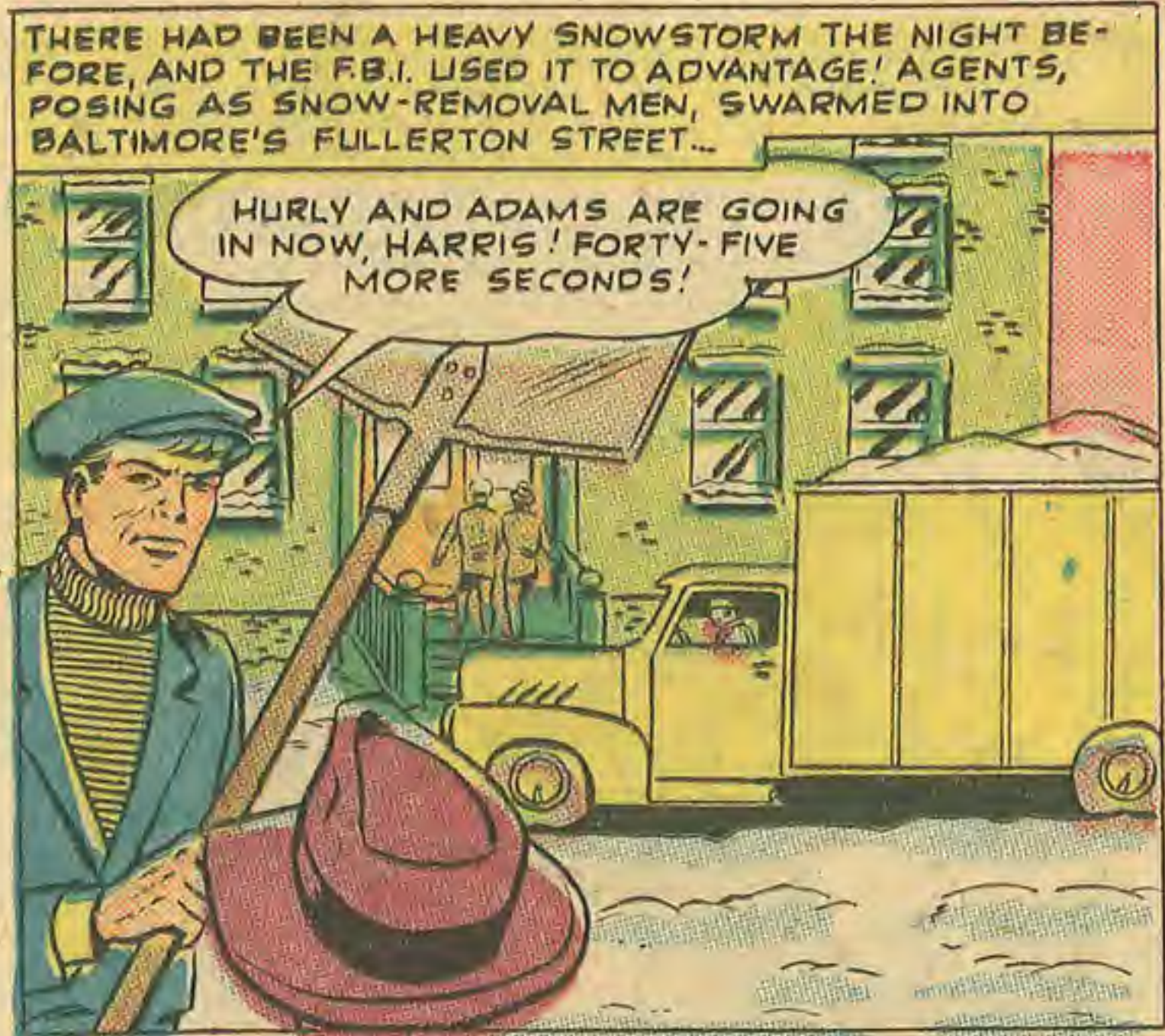
M-ME? WHY?

I'M DOYLE, F.B.I.! MISTER, YOU'RE IN A PECK OF TROUBLE! YOUR PALS JUST PULLED OFF A NEAT DEAL AT THE POST OFFICE... AND YOU'RE LEFT HOLDING THE BAG!



YOU BETTER TELL US WHERE THE REST OF THE GANG IS HEADING!

SURE, MISTER, I'LL OPEN UP, BUT YOU GOT TO PROTECT ME! YOU DON'T KNOW ROGER TOUHEY... HE'S TOUGH, HE GOES CRAZY WHEN HE GETS CROSSED! THEY'RE GOING TO 422 FULLERTON STREET, BALTIMORE! I KNOW 'CAUSE TOUHEY'S GOT A HIDEOUT THERE! NOW, YOU GOT TO COVER ME!



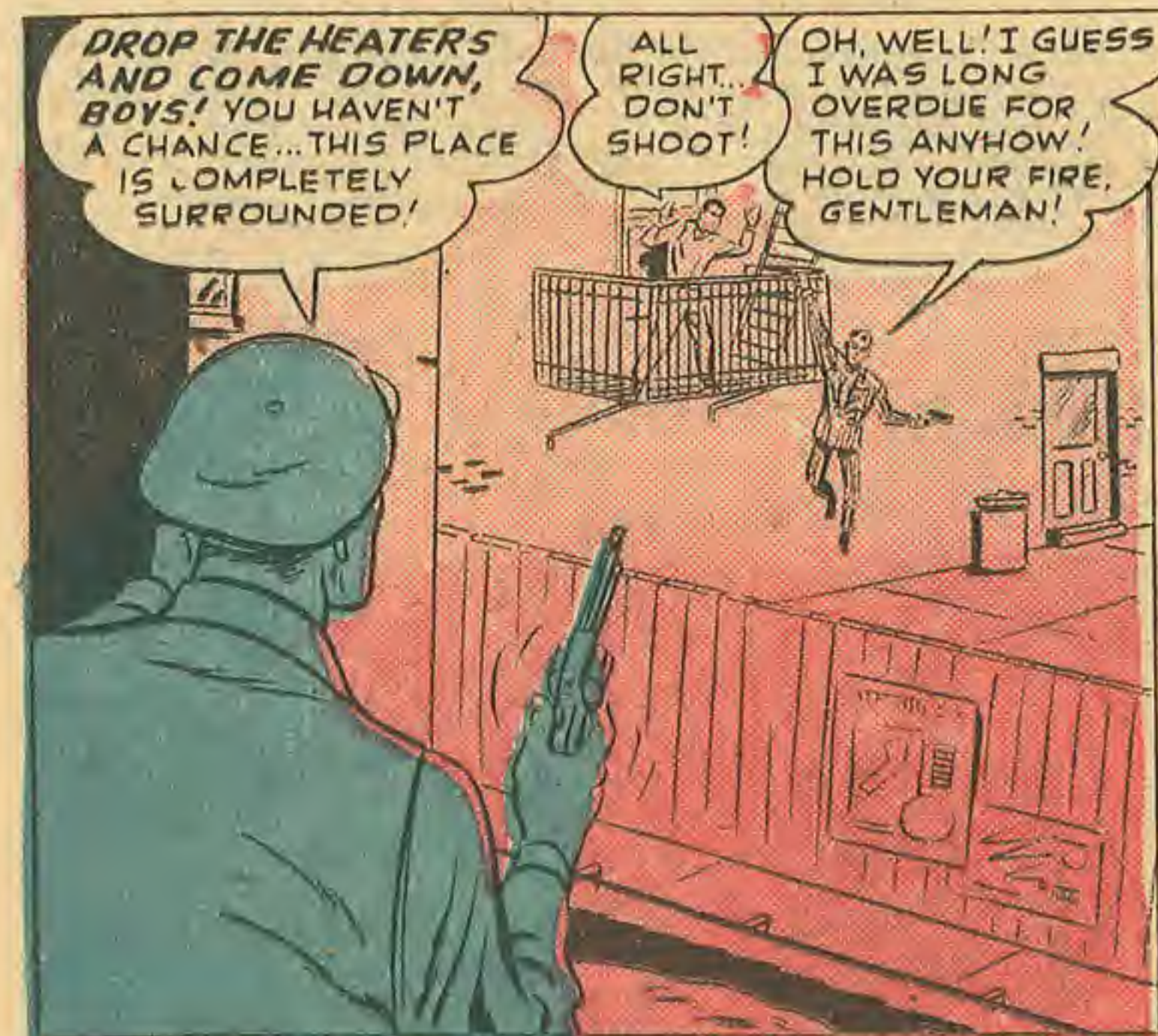
THERE HAD BEEN A HEAVY SNOWSTORM THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND THE F.B.I. USED IT TO ADVANTAGE! AGENTS, POSING AS SNOW-REMOVAL MEN, SWARMED INTO BALTIMORE'S FULLERTON STREET...

HURLY AND ADAMS ARE GOING IN NOW, HARRIS! FORTY-FIVE MORE SECONDS!



STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE... THIS IS THE F.B.I.

YAAH! WHAT'D I TELL YOU, "OWL"? THAT STUFFED RAT MAZO... I KNEW WHEN HE DIDN'T SHOW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! HE SANG FOR THE G-MEN!



DROP THE HEATERS AND COME DOWN, BOYS! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE... THIS PLACE IS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

ALL RIGHT... DON'T SHOOT!

OH, WELL! I GUESS I WAS LONG OVERDUE FOR THIS ANYHOW! HOLD YOUR FIRE, GENTLEMAN!



THEIR TRAIL WAS SPEEDY, A JURY IN THE UNITED STATES COURT BROUGHT IN A VERDICT OF GUILTY, AND TODAY, ROGER TOUHEY AND BASIL "THE OWL" BANGHART ARE SERVING LONG SENTENCES...

AND I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU EACH TO SERVE A MINIMUM OF NINETY-NINE YEARS IN PRISON!

THE END

Little Al of the

F.B.I.

VS. "The DRONE"

TOUGH LUCK, OX! WE ALMOST GRABBED THEM! BUT THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

AND OUR FRONT TIRE SHOT FLAT AS A FLOUNDER SO WE CAN'T CHASE 'EM!

ON THE TRAIL OF A VICIOUS GANG OF INTERSTATE TRUCK HI-JACKERS, F.B.I. SPECIAL AGENT **LITTLE AL CONWAY** AND HIS AIDE, OX, FOLLOW A HUGE TRAILER TRUCK, HOPING TO TRAP THE GANG WHEN THEY STRIKE NEXT, BUT THEY ARE CAUGHT WHEN THEY MEET "THE DRONE!"

AFRAID WE CAN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD, BUT LET'S GET THE POOR DRIVER OUT OF THIS INFERNO!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S COVERED WITH BEE-STING WELTS! ANOTHER ONE OF "THE DRONE'S" JOBS!

WATCH OUT! SOME OF THOSE PESKY BEES ARE STILL FLYING AROUND!

"THE DRONE" PLANTS A BEEHIVE IN A TRUCK CAB, WITH A TIME-BOMB ATTACHED, JUST BIG ENOUGH TO BURST THE HIVE AND ANGER THE BEES. THEY SWARM OVER THE DRIVER WHO GOES MAD WITH PAIN, LET'S GO THE WHEEL - AND BANGO!

PRETTY TRICKY, ALL RIGHT! THEN "THE DRONE" AND HIS GANG, FOLLOWING, TRANSFER THE LOAD TO THEIR OWN TRUCK!

WE'LL FLAG DOWN THIS CAR AND HAVE HIM STOP AT THE STATE POLICE STATION, SEND SOME TROOPERS DOWN HERE TO TAKE OVER, WHILE WE FIX OUR FLAT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK AT THEIR F.B.I. DISTRICT OFFICE ...

SO YOU THINK THE BEST BET IS FOR YOU TWO TO TAKE A RUN WITH ONE OF THOSE ROAD WAGONS, YOURSELVES, POSING AS TRUCK DRIVERS? OKAY. IT'S WORTH A TRY!

THANK YOU, SIR! WE'LL START ARRANGEMENTS IMMEDIATELY!

THE NEXT DAY...

ONE OF OUR DRIVERS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE TRIED TO OUTSMART THIS DRONE CHARACTER! UGH! YOU GUYS ARE TAKIN' AN AWFUL CHANCE!

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER, EH, OX?

PLEASE, BOSS, LET'S NOT JOKE ABOUT IT!

WORD HAS BEEN SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN THAT WE'RE CARRYING A CARGO OF SILKS WORTH ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THAT!

YEAH! BUT I HOPE THESE NETS AND GLOVES RESIST THE BEES' ATTACK WHEN IT COMES!

LET'S GRAB OFF SOME COFFEE, OX!

BEST IDEA YOU'VE HAD SINCE WE LEFT THE TERMINAL A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO!



YOU BOYS OFF OF THAT BIG RED WAGON, OUT THERE?

THAT'S US, BLONDIE!



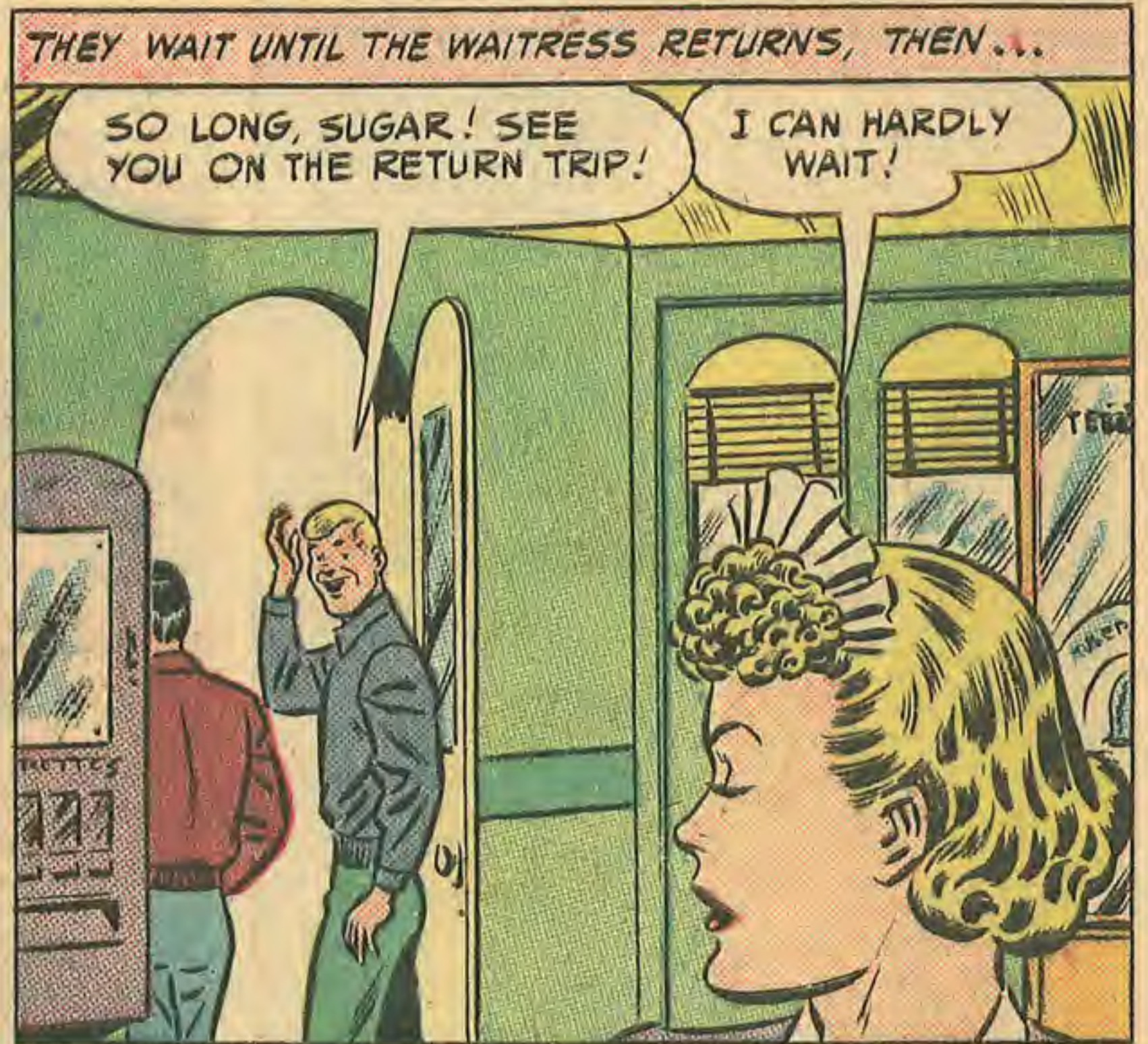
NO KIDDIN', HONEY, I COULD GO FOR YOU IN A --

THAT'S WHAT HE TELLS ALL THE BABES, GOLDILOCKS!... C'MON, OX, WE HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!



WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THAT BLEACH JOB WAS TOO INTERESTED IN OUR -- OH-OH! SHE'S SLIPPING OUTSIDE, WHILE WE'RE GONE -- JUST LIKE I FIGURED!



THEY WAIT UNTIL THE WAITRESS RETURNS, THEN...

SO LONG, SUGAR! SEE YOU ON THE RETURN TRIP!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



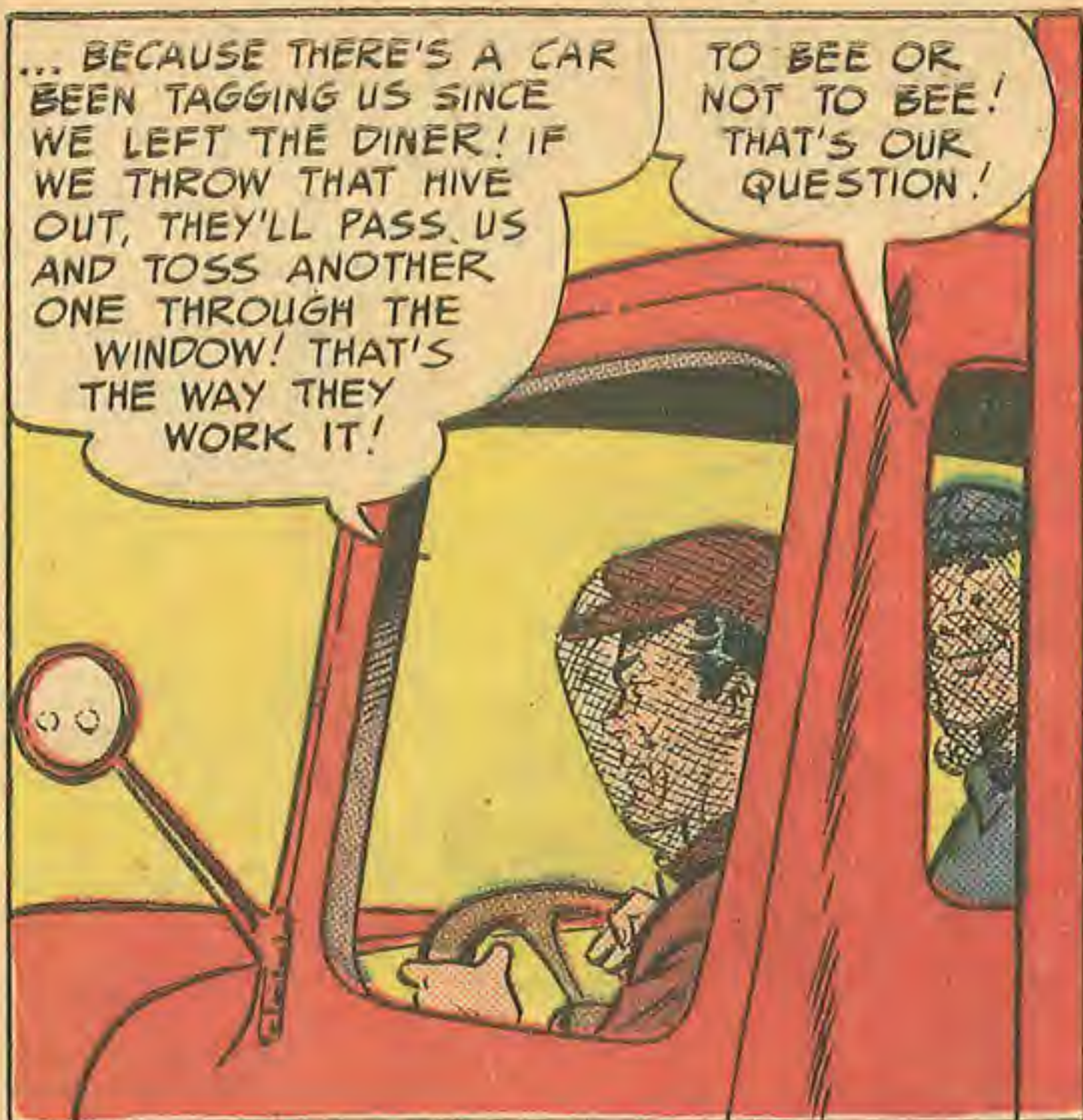
BLONDIE WAS WATCHING US FROM THE DOOR OF THE DINER AS WE PULLED OUT! LOOK CAREFULLY AND I THINK YOU'LL FIND A BEEHIVE PLANTED IN HERE, OX!

I'VE SEARCHED THE BACK OF THE CAB. UNLESS IT'S --- AHHHHH!



THAT'S IT! **QUICK!** GET THAT BEE-PROTECTION EQUIPMENT ON!

WHY CAN'T WE JUST TOSS THIS THING OUT OF THE WINDOW!



... BECAUSE THERE'S A CAR BEEN TAGGING US SINCE WE LEFT THE DINER! IF WE THROW THAT HIVE OUT, THEY'LL PASS US AND TOSS ANOTHER ONE THROUGH THE WINDOW! THAT'S THE WAY THEY WORK IT!

TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE! THAT'S OUR QUESTION!

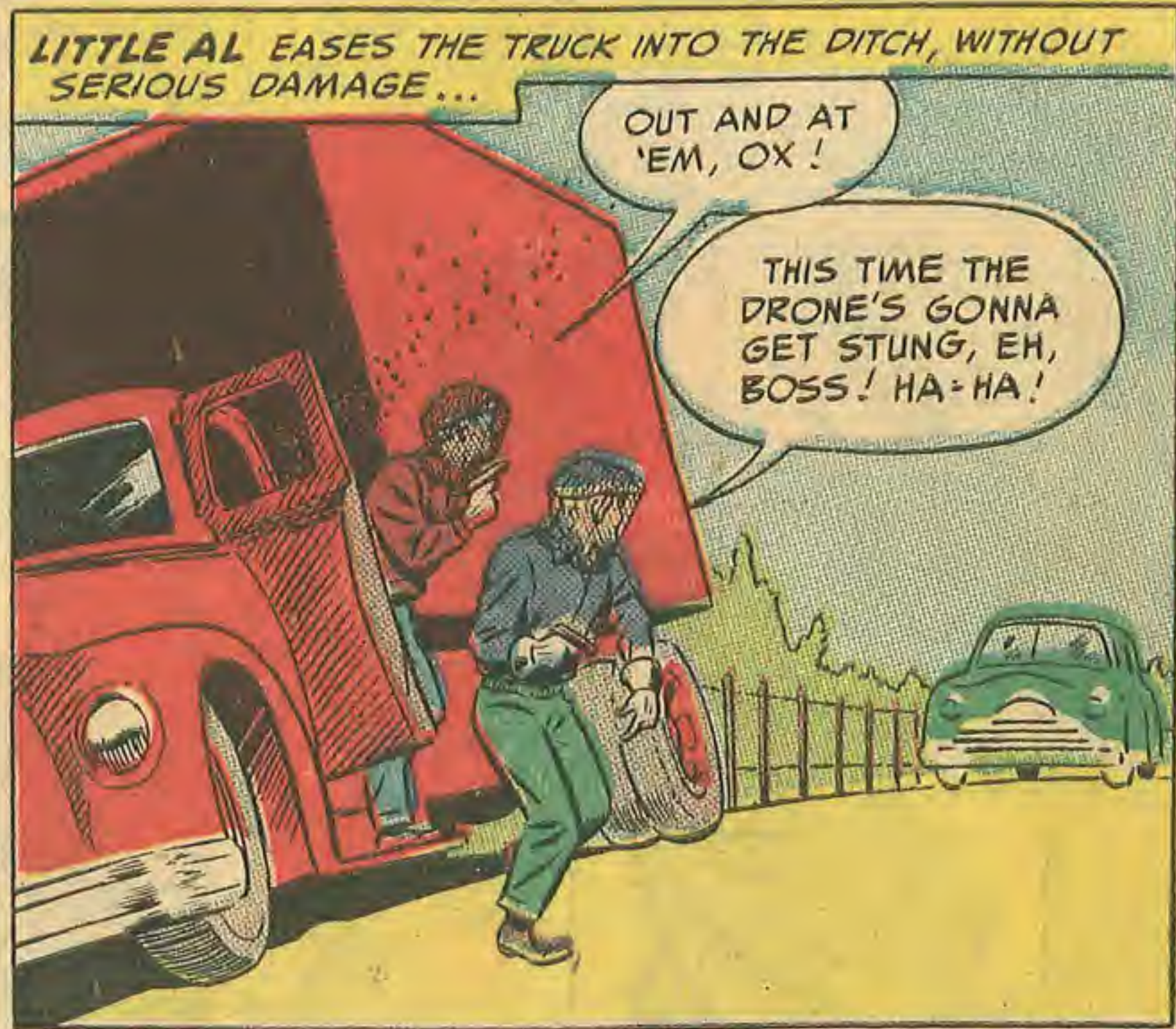


THERE IT GOES!

TAKE IT EASY, OX! THOSE BEES WON'T BE HALF AS DANGEROUS AS THE BULLETS THAT ARE GOING TO BE BUZZING AROUND OUR HEADS IN A FEW MINUTES!



HOLD IT TIGHT, OX! TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL TO THOSE HIJACKERS TRAILING US, I'M GOING TO RUN THIS WAGON INTO THE DITCH!



LITTLE AL EASES THE TRUCK INTO THE DITCH, WITHOUT SERIOUS DAMAGE...

OUT AND AT 'EM, OX!

THIS TIME THE DRONE'S GONNA GET STUNG, EH, BOSS! HA-HA!



COME OUT OF THERE, GRABBING FOR SOME SKY! WE'RE F.B.I. MEN!

HUH? F.B.I.?



WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU FEDS! GIVE US A BREAK AND WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE BIG-SHOT'S HIDEOUT - TO "THE DRONE," HIMSELF! WE AIN'T TAKIN' ANY RAP FOR HIM!

OKAY. BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS...



PSST, OK! THAT WAS TOO EASY. THEY'RE TAKING US INTO A TRAP BUT WE'LL RIDE ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THE "DRONE'S" PLACE IS ONLY A FEW MILES DOWN THIS ROAD!



THIS IS THE "DRONE'S" PLACE! HE POSES AS A RETIRED MILLIONAIRE WHO RAISES BEES AS A HOBBY!

WOW! SOME LAYOUT, EH, LITTLE AL?

INSIDE THE ESTATE, AS THE CAR REACHES A HUGE MANSION, IT BRAKES TO A JARRING HALT, THROWING THE F.B.I. MEN TO THE FLOOR HELPLESS...

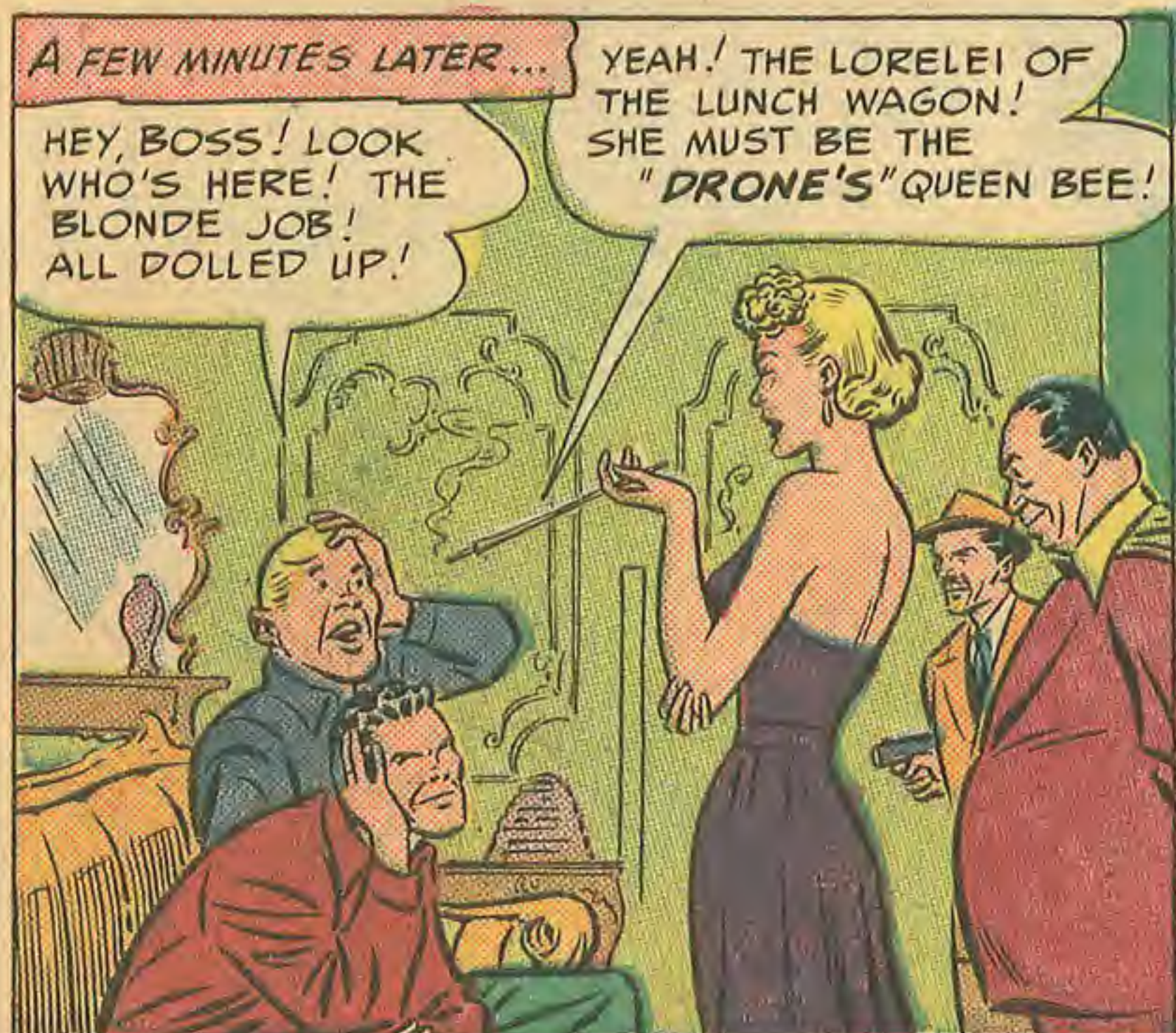


THAT SUDDEN STOP DID IT, GUYS! WE'VE GOT 'EM! THE "DRONE'LL" GIVE US A BONUS FOR THIS!



HERE ARE YOUR G-MEN, CHIEF! OUT COLD AS CODFISH!

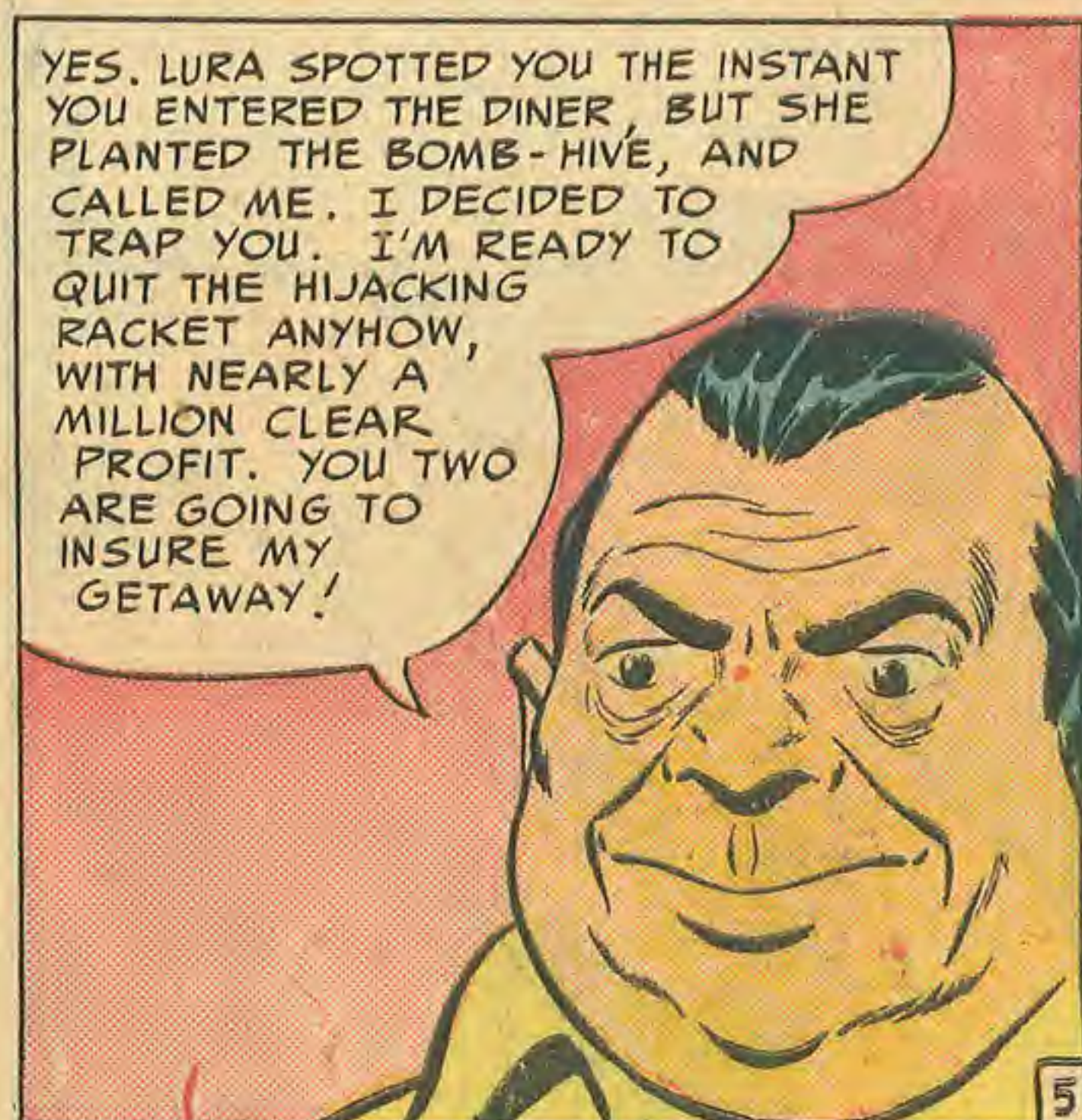
EXCELLENT! GET THOSE NETS OFF OF THEM AND BRING THEM TO. I WANT TO TALK TO THEM.



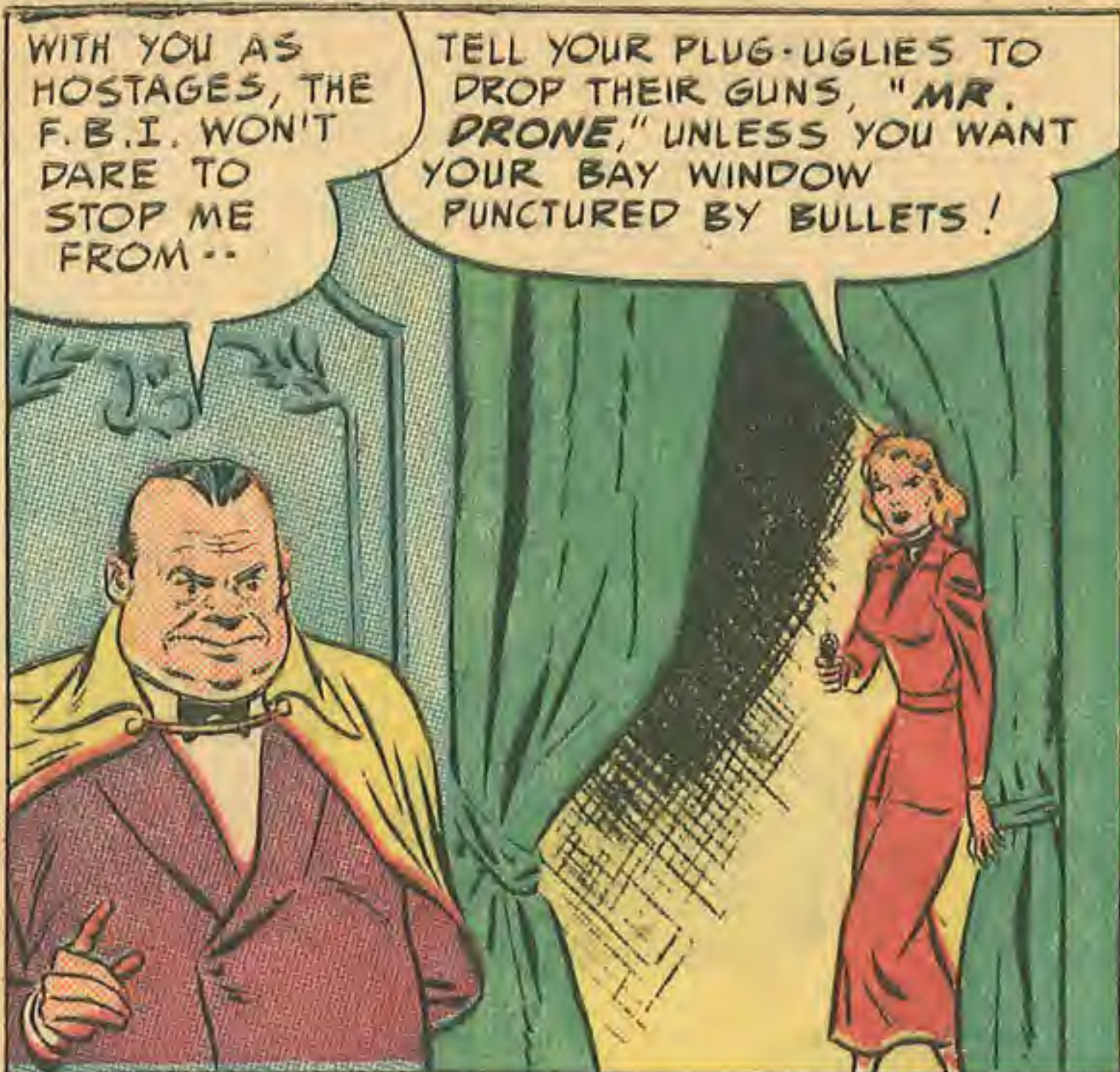
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, BOSS! LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE BLONDE JOB! ALL DOLLED UP!

YEAH! THE LORELEI OF THE LUNCH WAGON! SHE MUST BE THE "DRONE'S" QUEEN BEE!

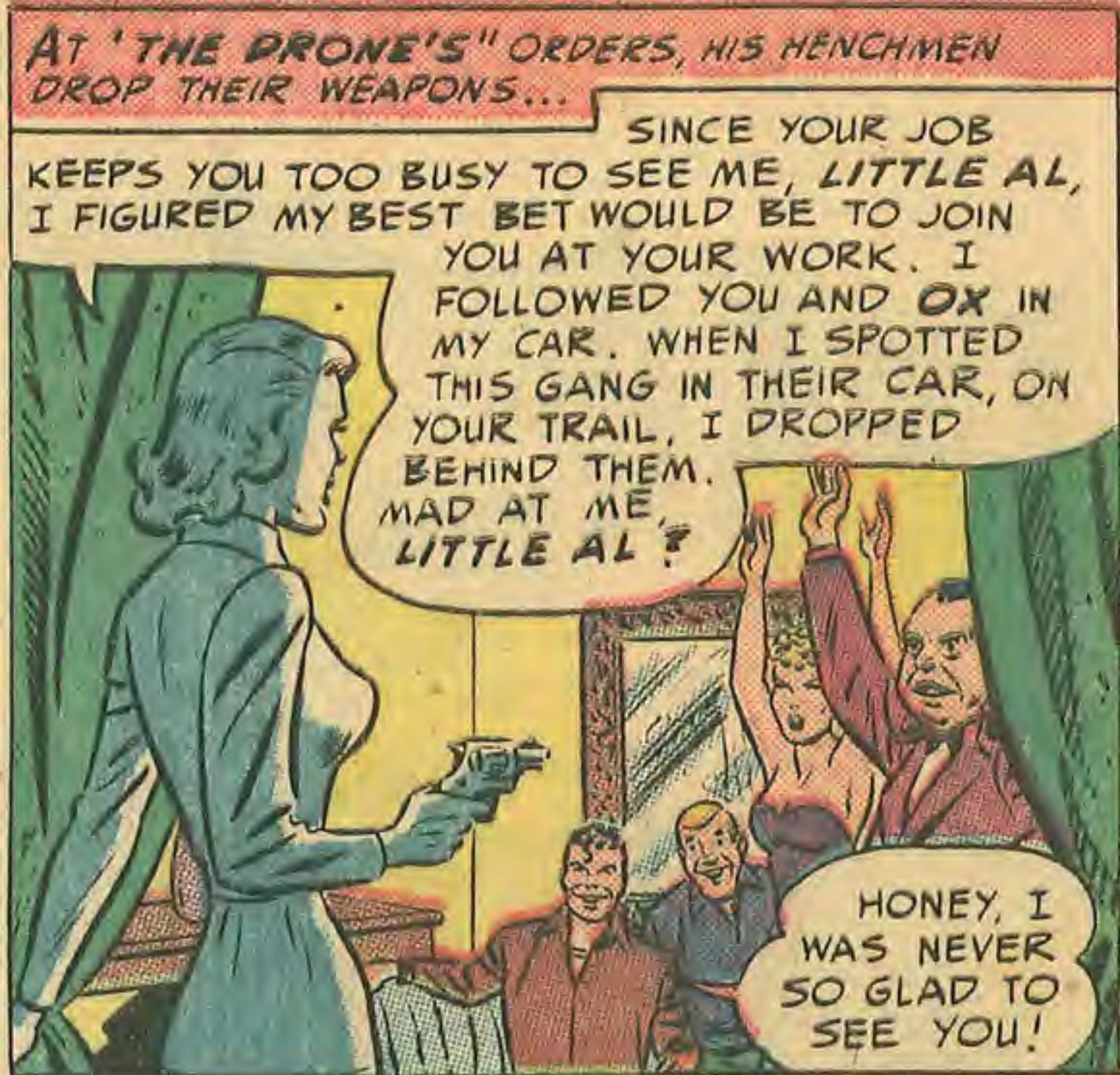


YES. LURA SPOTTED YOU THE INSTANT YOU ENTERED THE DINER, BUT SHE PLANTED THE BOMB-HIVE, AND CALLED ME. I DECIDED TO TRAP YOU. I'M READY TO QUIT THE HIJACKING RACKET ANYHOW, WITH NEARLY A MILLION CLEAR PROFIT. YOU TWO ARE GOING TO INSURE MY GETAWAY!



WITH YOU AS HOSTAGES, THE F. B. I. WON'T DARE TO STOP ME FROM --

TELL YOUR PLUG-UGLIES TO DROP THEIR GUNS, "MR. DRONE," UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BAY WINDOW PUNCTURED BY BULLETS!

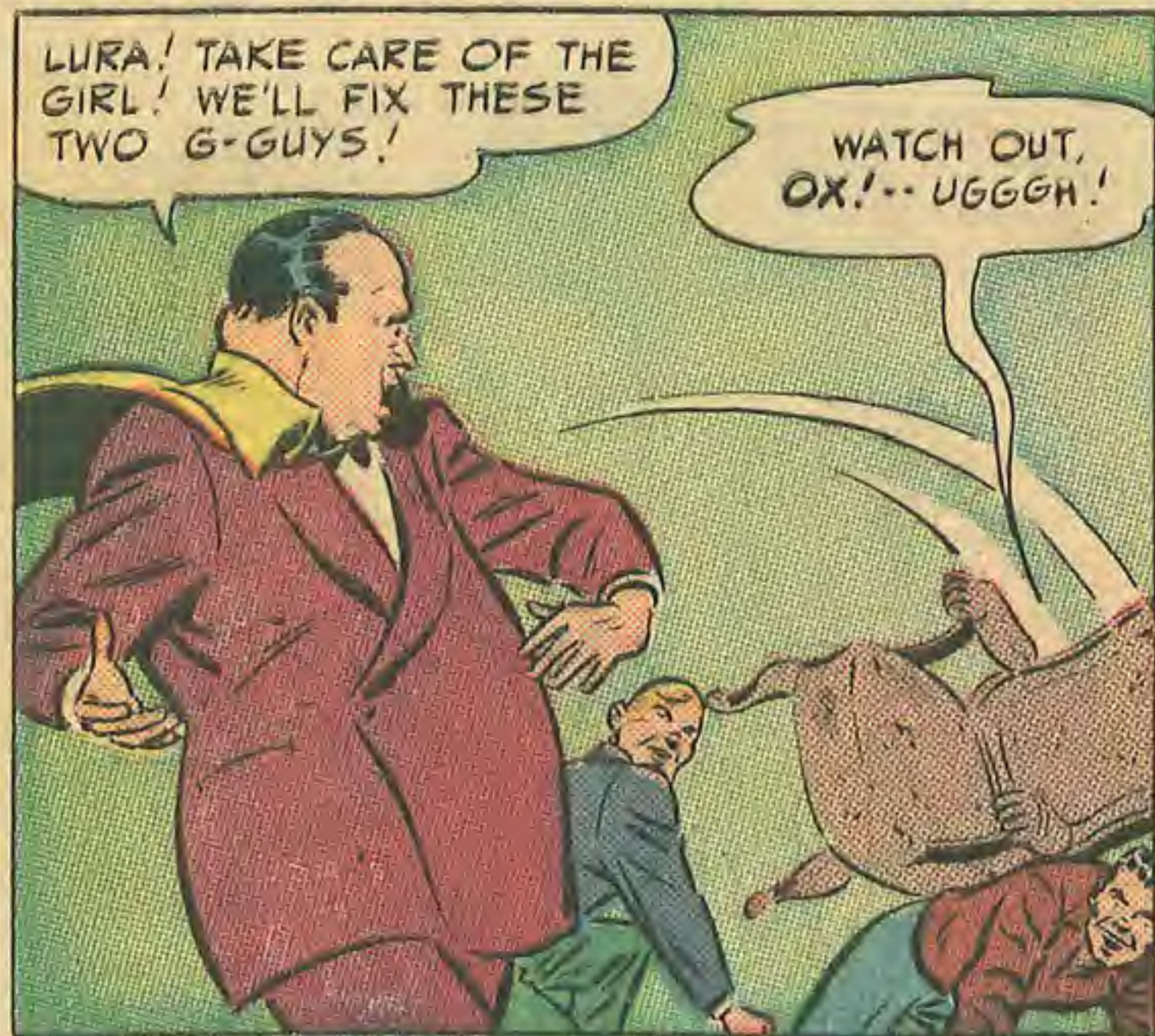


AT 'THE PRONE'S' ORDERS, HIS HENCHMEN DROP THEIR WEAPONS...

SINCE YOUR JOB KEEPS YOU TOO BUSY TO SEE ME, LITTLE AL, I FIGURED MY BEST BET WOULD BE TO JOIN YOU AT YOUR WORK. I FOLLOWED YOU AND OX IN MY CAR. WHEN I SPOTTED THIS GANG IN THEIR CAR, ON YOUR TRAIL, I DROPPED BEHIND THEM. MAD AT ME, LITTLE AL?

HONEY, I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

AS THE F. B. I. MEN STOOP TO PICK UP GUNS "THE DRONE" SWIFTLY SLINGS A CHAIR AT THEM, DESPERATELY TRYING TO TURN THE TABLES...



LURA! TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL! WE'LL FIX THESE TWO G-GUYS!

WATCH OUT, OX!-- UGGGH!



GOT THE GUN, ANYWAY! MAYBE THIS'LL EVEN UP THE ODDS A LITTLE!

HE - ARRGH! I -- I'M HIT!



WHILE THE GUN FIGHT RAGES BETWEEN THE MEN...

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, SISTER! THINGS COULD BE WORSE - AND WILL BE!



I'VE STILL GOT AN ACE IN THE HOLE!

WATCH IT, OX! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!



WORKING BEES ALWAYS HELP "THE DRONE" AND THIS TIME YOU WON'T BE PROTECTED AGAINST THEIR STINGS!

HE MUST SELL THIS HONEY AS A SIDELINE. I WONDER--



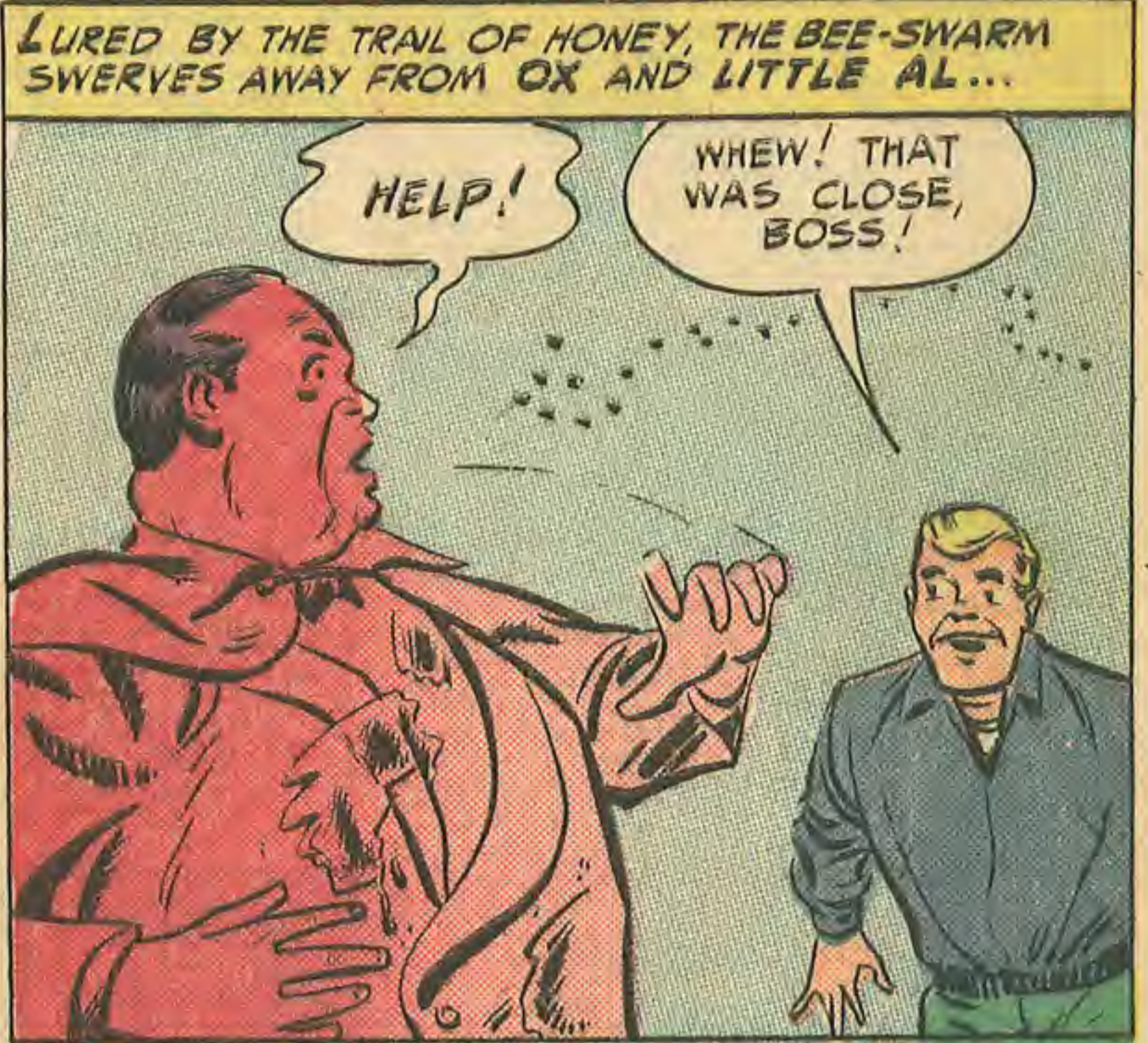
BEES, BOSS! MILLIONS OF 'EM! WE - WE'RE LICKED!

NOT IF I CAN GET THE CAP OFF OF THIS JAR IN TIME!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT HONEY?

THE BEES WILL SHOW YOU THE POINT OF THIS TRICK!



LURED BY THE TRAIL OF HONEY, THE BEE-SWARM SWERVES AWAY FROM OX AND LITTLE AL...

HELP!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE, BOSS!



QUICKLY DONNING THEIR PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT, LITTLE AL AND OX DRIVE THE SWARM OF BEES AWAY FROM THE HELPLESS "DRONE"...

OOOOOOH! THEY'LL KILL ME!

AFRAID NOT, CHUM! YOU'LL LIVE A LONG, LONG TIME - IN THE FEDERAL PEN!



THEN AFTER LITTLE AL HAS CALLED THE LOCAL POLICE AND HIS OWN OFFICE...

NOW THAT I'VE SHOWN YOU BIG, BAD G-MEN HOW TO DO YOUR JOB, I EXPECT TO BE REWARDED WITH A SOLID WEEK OF DATES!

THAT'S A DEAL, MONEY!

PLEASE, BOSS, DON'T USE THAT WORD!

The End

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



The Champion
Super Special Quality—a sure winner! Amazing! Real massive, manly! Solid Gold color effect. Big pseudo Diamond in centre flanked by 2 others. ~~4.95~~ 4.95

The Ritz
Large 1 Karat Stone—real sparkle! Very low priced for quick sales. Refined, impressive, smooth. Men—get this handsome ring now! Bargain! ~~1.98~~ 1.98

Commando "5"
5 big, impressive Pseudo Diamonds of fiery brilliancy. Extra-heavy weight, natural Gold color, with \$750.00 appearance. Manly! Commands respect! 3.95

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**BANG IT!
DROP IT!
THROW IT!**

NOW **7.97**

The special, patented PROTEKT-O-BALANCE feature every active man and boy has waited for. Now you can DROP IT, BANG IT, HIT IT and never worry. UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS—You never pay one red cent for skilled labor costs! Accurate Swiss jewel movement! Red Sweep Second Hand! Numerals glow at night. Rich looking silver color case. Unbreakable crystal. Modern design! Supply limited due to international crisis. Get yours NOW while you can. Special price ~~7.97~~ 7.97



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Enchanting ring for smart ladies. 20 small Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe are hand set in twin clusters. Very feminine... dainty... refined! Only ~~2.94~~ 2.94

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10 glistening brilliants to resemble diamonds featured in Loyale Wedding Ring set. Gorgeous gold color... fashionable! Compare! Both rings ~~2.84~~ 2.84

Royal Peacock
13 Rhinestones in blazing rainbow hues: Ruby-red, Emerald-green, Sapphire-blue and Diamond-white colors. Exquisitely designed, so dainty! ~~1.98~~ 1.98

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"ELBORADO"—the watch for active men—last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around the dial. Solid Gold color effect, chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Luminous hands. Large sweep-second hand. Rugged case, built to take the "golf." Imported Swiss movement gives dependable service. UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS—never a penny for skilled labor cost! Formerly 24.95. Special SALE PRICE, only 9.99—not a penny more. 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. Your money back quick if not delighted. RUSH COUPON NOW!



NOW **9.99**



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TERRIFIC VALUE! While they last, you can have this glamorous DIAMOND LOCKET at an unbelievably low price! Rich, solid gold color effect, gorgeous design. Has special frames inside for two photographs of loved ones! Complete with chain, yours for ~~2.95~~ 2.95

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18 dazzling brilliants made to look like precious diamonds. They sparkle with a 1000 rays of light at parties, winning attention and admiration. Stylish starlight design, fabulous Hollywood appearance. Add glamor to your ensemble! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back! Only ~~1.65~~ 1.65

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Pictures and words can't do justice to the wonderful quality of our merchandise. So we allow you 10 whole days to see, try, enjoy any article—right in your own home—without risk! FULL PRICE BACK QUICK if not thrilled! Write desired articles in coupon and rush at once! Pay price, plus postage, on delivery. Enjoy 10 days at OUR risk! It pays to deal with this reliable company.



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Complete 3-piece outfit for cutting hair at home. Set includes: Hair Clippers, Tapered Barber Comb and Scissors, and easy directions. Saves time and money for the whole family. Special low price for 3 pieces, all for ~~2.90~~ 2.90

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Less than 4 inches tall! Has own powerful battery current—no plug-in needed. Press switch to light. Ideal for nursery, bedroom and during storms. Beautiful, jewel-like appearance. Complete with dainty shade and tiny bulb. 98¢

Men's INITIAL Ring



Your own INITIAL in Raised Gold color effect firmly set on a BLOOD-RED stone. Flanked by 2 sparkling pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. Ring made in 14 Karat Rolled Gold plate, very fashionably designed, rich in appearance

WEAR IT WITH PRIDE!

Enjoy a lifetime it's so handsomely masculine so distinctive! Mention letter desired and send strip of paper for size. Bargain price ~~2.97~~ 2.97

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Place near window—see color changes like magic! RED allegedly indicates rain, storms; BLUE—fair and sunny; PURPLE—changes coming! Amazes everyone! Beautiful, decorative. Flower pot given. 98¢

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Special!

A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. So feminine and petite, yet so accurate too! 10-DAY MONEY BACK Guarantee and conditional free service certificate. Bargain price ~~7.97~~ 7.97



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Gentlemen: Please rush the articles below. I will deposit price shown with mailman on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Anytime I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on cash orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

PLEASE! Send ring slips on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

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NOW you can own and enjoy Rocket's most POWERFUL and very BEST FIELD GLASS at a special LOW PRICE! Well made of rugged metals and has specially ground magnification lenses. Such TERRIFIC POWER you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature... the sky at night... the birds, mountains, etc.

GO PLACES AND SEE THINGS!

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Special SALE price, only ~~3.96~~ 3.96



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Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music and the words to 200 of your favorite songs—songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model manufactured by the WM. KRATT CO., makers of the world's finest harmonicas. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. *You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay.* Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. *Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune—and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable!* Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the \$1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy guarantees that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

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You get all this for only \$1.69!**

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Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

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