

VELDA'S **detective files**

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING

DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •

JAN **10** CENTS



Murder on Vacation



THE GIFT SUPREME FOR MOTHER, BRIDE OR BRIDE-TO-BE!

Nationally Famous Tableware To Treasure SERENITY SILVER PLATE

**TRIPLE PLATED
with
PURE SILVER**

On Nickeled Reinforced Steel Base

**Exquisite
24-PIECE
Service For Six**

\$12⁹⁵
TAX
FREE

A Bargain Thrill To Cherish!

To be able to offer glorious Serenity Silver Plate in the face of a decided scarcity of tableware that has sent prices skyrocketing is a thrill in itself—but to offer it at a *bargain price*, a price far below the cost of inferior tableware is an exciting thrill that you who appreciate Serenity Silver Plate's distinctive design, superb quality, shimmering beauty and enduring charm will be quick to share with us.

Hurry! Our Supply Is Limited!

Remember! Serenity Silver Plate is a top ranking favorite of brides of any year, and the rush for our supply will be sudden and stupendous. Better order your sets today before the sell-out! It's tableware you'll be proud to own—proud to give as a gift.

**FREE
Rogers
Silver
Polishing
Cloth**



Yes, we'll include a Rogers polishing cloth Free and prepay all charges besides if you send cash with order.

Includes
**ANTI-TARNISH
LEATHERETTE CASE**



**SEND NO
MONEY**
*Mail
Coupon
Today*

SEND NO MONEY—Just pay postman upon delivery. And when you feast your eyes on this fine table service of real quality and character, if you don't say it's the biggest bargain thrill of the year—return it immediately for a complete refund. We guarantee you absolute satisfaction.

NATIONAL NOVELTIES—Dept. SS15
608 South Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush the Serenity Silver Plate checked off below complete with Anti-Tarnish Leatherette Case. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Check One


24-Pc. SERVICE For 6 @ \$12.95 32-Pc. SERVICE For 8 @ \$16.50

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$12.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. | <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$16.50 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I am enclosing \$12.95. Send Postpaid and include FREE Polishing Cloth. | <input type="checkbox"/> I am enclosing \$16.50. Send Postpaid and include FREE Polishing Cloth. |

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Smartly Modern

ELASTI-GLASS

ELASTI-GLASS, the miracle material of modern science, brings new smartness to men's accessories. It has 100% stretching, yielding comfort... light weight plus unusual durability... and is highly resistant to perspiration, water, oils and acids.

ELASTI-GLASS Braces, Clip or Button and in newest Sport Ties... \$1

ELASTI-GLASS "Stratton" Belt, ribbed design in choice of attractive colors... \$1

*ELASTI-GLASS is an organic glass and although of almost living elasticity contains no silica or rubber. (*Trade Mark registered U. S. Pat. Off.) Made from Vynylidene Chloride Acetate. (Trade Mark Reg. U. S. P. O. & T. M. O.) Covered by U. S. Pat. No. 2,888,315.

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888

Factory: 1737 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.
Dealers: Get in touch with our New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or Honolulu offices. Display material and stocks on hand.

CONTENTS

December, 1954

VELDA'S detective files

Dudley Witherspoon, Editor

Roger Waxroth, Carlotta Bean, Associate Editors

Otto Freuh, Art Director

Velda Investigates.....	Velda Bellinghausen	5
The Whole Truth.....	Ralph Wertloo	6
Wanted!.....		7
No Vacation for Murder!.....	Velda Bellinghausen	8
The Killer Wanted Pie.....	Bruce Blackstone	9
No Noose is Good Noose.....	Capt. Gerald Splin	10
Just Around the Coroner.....	George L. Ackle	12
The Blonde and the Cleaver.....	Rodney Phalanger	23
One Head Too Many.....	Smiley Granger	34

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York.

VELDA'S DETECTIVE FILES, Volume 2, No. 3, December, 1954. Copyright 1954 by D. Witherspoon. Published monthly. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N.J. Executive, editorial and subscription offices, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in the USA. Single copy price ten cents. Subscription in the United States \$1.00 a year. Canadian subscription \$1.20 a year, foreign subscription \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter January 15, 1953, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N.J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Cover Kodachrome by Sidney Carlton

Velda's Detective Files is a periodical for the dissemination of technical information and crime-prevention news to police officers, county coroners, district attorneys and and jurists.

Velda Investigates

IN MANHATTAN, Wilmer J. Fibula, 22, got a bit curious as to what he future held in store for him. So he put a penny in a fortune-telling machine. Out popped a card reading, "The law is not favorable to you---you can expect some trouble." Next day, young Mr. Fibula was picked up by FBI agents and accused of illegally wearing an Army uniform that bore plenty of decorations! He probably won't have to do any more worrying about his future for quite some time.

"YOUR MAG is a big dime's worth," writes H. Q. Whottleby of Oatmeal, Neb., "and I read it from cover to cover every month. When I am through with it I pass it along to the hands on the farm here. They can't read it but they sure do like the pictures!" As to the type of cases he likes best, Mr. Whottleby puts in first place yarns about insurance fraud investigations. Tales of New York's finest are his No. 2 choice with tales of the Pinkertons ranking third.

VELDA'S SHORT SHORTS: Who said the big apple was wicked? Major crimes in New York City declined 13 percent in 1953 from the 1952 figure . . . Unusual thief down in Georgia. He stole 500 queen bees . . . In Brooklyn police collared a youth who told his draft board, "I'll get all of you! I'll get a machine gun and mow you all down!" All they need to do is drop this boy on the Commies and they'll think twice about fooling around with America! . . . What to do with

wife beaters? Flog them in public! said Judge Hortense R. Crabbe, in an interview granted as she started her 35th year on the bench in Chillicothe, O . . .

IT WAS "GOODNIGHT NELLIE" for Randolph Quill when he invaded the home of millionaire industrialist Norman J. Normandy. His search for a few bucks in loose change and maybe a stray jewel or two went "gang aglay" as the immortal R. Burns put it when Mrs. Normandy, famed woman shot put champion, hurled her prize pomeranian, Chuckles, into the face of the sneak thief. Who was more surprised, do you think? Quill or Chuckles? Well, you can be sure that Quill is not getting many more chuckles doing twenty years of hard labor in Sing Sing.

I WAS RECENTLY INVOLVED in a very mysterious case of kidnapping and murder. Called in by Lt. Holmes of the NYPD---who often turns to me whenever things get a little too dark and murky for him---I quickly found myself embroiled in a dangerous intrigue of double-dealing, embezzlement, betrayal, assault and slander, involving many of the most familiar names in the social register of New York. Needless to say, I found a way out of the whole mess, though not without considerable risk to my own life and shapely limbs, and send away one of the most despicable gangs to ever terrorize the streets of the Big Apple. Unfortunately, due to the sensitive nature of the case and the danger of scandal, I am unable to reveal any of the details.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

By Ralph Wertloo

• **Warden Lewis E. Lawes, perhaps this country's best known prison official, first set foot in a pen as a guard 40 years ago. Rookie Lawes was assigned to the night shift, a 14-hour hitch, seven days a week. His weekly paycheck came to exactly \$12.50. Today he makes a much more respectable \$22.35.**

• When a Japanese girl gets into trouble that may reflect dishonor on her family she is respectfully requested by her older brother



to commit suicide. According to Nipponese custom and tradition the poor girl has no choice but to comply.

• **Chicago Police Chief Charles Fitzmorris gave his men something to talk about as they pounded their local beats back in the year 1901. The head of the Windy City force took a trip around the world to clip seven days from the existing globe-trotting record. Chief Fitzmorris set a new time of 60 days, 13 hours and 29 minutes.**

• One of the best attended necktie parties ever presided over by a U. S. marshal took place on Bedloe's Island—where the Statue of Liberty now stands—on Friday, July 13, 1860. Excursion boats brought over some 2,000 ladies and llentlemen to witness the event. Albert W. Hicks, the guest of honor, was strung up in a silk pirate costume donated by P. T. Barnum. The astute showman later put the clothes on exhibition and charged admission to see them.

• **Favorite Biblical text of fingerprint experts everywhere is from the seventh verse, thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Job—*He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work.***

• Imperial whims: The criminal code under Edward I, kind of England, forbade the burning of cats in London under penalty of death. Smoke got in his eyes. . . And it was a

close shave for 50 million Frenchmen when Francois I, king of France, issued an edict dealing out capital punishment to any wretch in the realm sporting more than four moustaches.

• **The moisture which produces fingerprints is exuded from a couple of hundred sweat glands on each fingertip. The tell-tale perspiration is an acid made up of salt, potassium, iron, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, lactic acid, mayonnaise and urea.**

• Crime did pay under the old Quaker law in Pennsylvania but it didn't pay the crook; it paid the victim. A convicted arsonist was required to give double indemnity to the person whose property he had destroyed. In cases of breaking and entering, burglars got the choice of making four-fold restitution or having an extra two hundred years tacked on their sentence.

• **The law under the reign of Richard the Lion-Hearted: "Whosoever slays a man on land shall be bound to the dead man and buried in the earth. Whosoever slays a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead man and mocked."**

• Fantastic as it may sound, certain leading psychologists are of the opinion that the reason a slayer sometimes returns to the scene of. his crime is that he wants to get caught! The behavior specialists explain that slayers may become haunted by the same kind of guilty feeling that leads a child to confess having stolen a penny from a piggy bank even though he knows he will be punished. In the same way, say the experts. certain types of slayers drift back to where "X marks the spot" and hang around until they are picked up as suspicious characters, after which they confess.

• **They certainly went in for local color in the Massachusetts state prison at Charlestown just a century ago. Fresh fish were dressed in red and blue, repeaters sported red, yellow and blue jumpers, while third-termers blossomed**



out into red, yellow, blue and black. To top off these weird sartorial combinations, cons who stepped out of line had to wear a

yellow cap with a pair of duck wings attached.

• Detectives investigating petty neighborhood thefts know that when a boy steals he frequently makes a present of part of his loot to a pal of his, but in the case of girls turning thief, they are rather more likely than not to send part of the haul to Frank Sinatra.

• **"What am I offered for the foot of Joaquin Murietta, the California Robin Hood, and two fingers of "Three-fingered Jack", his henchman? These court exhibits pickled in alcohol and preserved for identification purposes are now up for auction at this sheriff's sale.**



Murietta and Three-fingered Jack were captured by Captain Harry Love and his rangers.... Do I hear \$36? Thank you, sir.

Going, going, gone!" The strange sale was transacted at San Diego, Cal., in August, 1857.

• Cons sentenced to hard labor in New York State were formerly put to work as construction gangs on cellblocks and outer walls. Inmates quarried the stone, dressed it and then hauled it to the site of construction where buddies took over the actual building. The state, however, took over the supervision so the boys wouldn't accidentally leave any wide open spaces in what were supposed to be maximum security bastilles.

WANTED!



ERNEST CUMMERBUND---alias Honest Ernie, Friendly Ernie, Ernie the Pal. Wanted for parole violation in Arkansas and draft evasion. He is 38, 5 feet 11 inches, weighs 225 pounds, has thin-

ning brown hair and green eyes, which are also thinning. Has grade school education and works as chauffeur, cotton candy vendor and turtle masseur. Has large scar on back of neck spelling "Portage Elementary School, 1932". Tip of right forefinger is amputated. Two front teeth are gold, the remainder missing.



MEYER ELIAS BEIDERMEYER---various aliases. Indicted in New York for bank robbery, auto theft and unlicensed window glazing. He is 33, 4 feet 5 inches, weighs 82 pounds, has one black hair, the re-

mainder brown, brown eyes. Has public school education and has worked as a pinboy, soda jerk and aquarium manager. Has scar on right cheekbone, mole on left earlobe and tattoo on right knee reading "I may be crooked but I look straight to Mom." Is proficient in use of firearms of all kinds.



PERCY ALLAN WANKLER---A dangerous bank robber and cat abuser. He escaped from Leavenworth in 1951 while serving a 10-to-50-year term for malicious loitering. He is also under federal sentence for illicit

mouse fighting. Wankler is 42, 5 feet 10 inches barefoot, 5 feet 3 inches in shoes. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He has a small cut scar on the left corner of his mouth, a V-shaped scar on his forehead and an appendectomy scar. He is considered dangerous.

Are you an "Ideal" male?

SCORE YOURSELF

- A "he-man"—but not a "cave-man" (20 points)
- Good-natured (with sense of humor)—but not a "good time Charlie" (15 points)
- Ambitious—but not a grind (15 points)
- Sociable—a good talker and mixer (10 points)
- Good looking—but not too handsome (15 points)
- Most important—a well-groomed appearance . . . with hair kept neat without messy goo* (25 points)

What do women say about men—in the privacy of their own dressing rooms? 100 models—real "pin-up" girls—gave the answer. To be an "Ideal Male," they said, demands the qualities at left. Score yourself! If you have *all* these qualities, you score an "Ideal" 100.



***Amazing new "no grease" discovery keeps hair neater than gooey oils and creams—keeps hair and scalp cleaner, too!**

Here's how to "up" your score as an "Ideal" Male! Use Fitch Ideal—the hair tonic that makes it easier to keep hair good-looking, neat all day . . . and cleaner at the same time!

Fitch Ideal's magic grooming ingredient helps keep hair and scalp cleaner because—not being oily, sticky or creamy—it won't trap dirt to clog scalp pores! And its tingling tonic action relieves itching, acts to

keep scalp free of flaky dandruff. At drug counters. And ask Barbers for professional applications.

FITCH Ideal® HAIR TONIC



It's a fistful of aces when you deal yourself TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES
Authentic, action stories of the OLD WEST

NEXT ISSUE on sale MAY 19

Price 35¢ a copy. Subscription price \$4.00 for 12 issues in U. S., Possessions and Canada, \$6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. A Fawcett Publication.

Another thrilling *TRUE TALE OF DETECTION* from *VELDA'S PRIVATE CASE FILES*



No VACATION for MURDER!

There's no time off for Velda when a holiday by the sea turns into a desperate fight for life!

I was excited about winning the beauty contest . . . but at the time I had no idea that it would put me on the trail of a cold-blooded murderer!

Harriet's friends were worried about the pretty young art student . . . and with good reason as it turned out.

By Velda Bellinghausen

I NEEDED A VACATION.

It's not that I was overworked. I was hardly working at all. Which was exactly the point. I was getting tired of hanging around the apartment, the front steps of the Zenobia or even Joe's place, for that matter, no offense meant to Joe. My leisure was just a never-ending reminder of the progress I was making as a private detective, which is to say hardly any progress at all. A change of scenery, I figured, might go a long way toward axing my mood, which might in turn inspire bright ideas about how to make some money. Just one good idea would do.

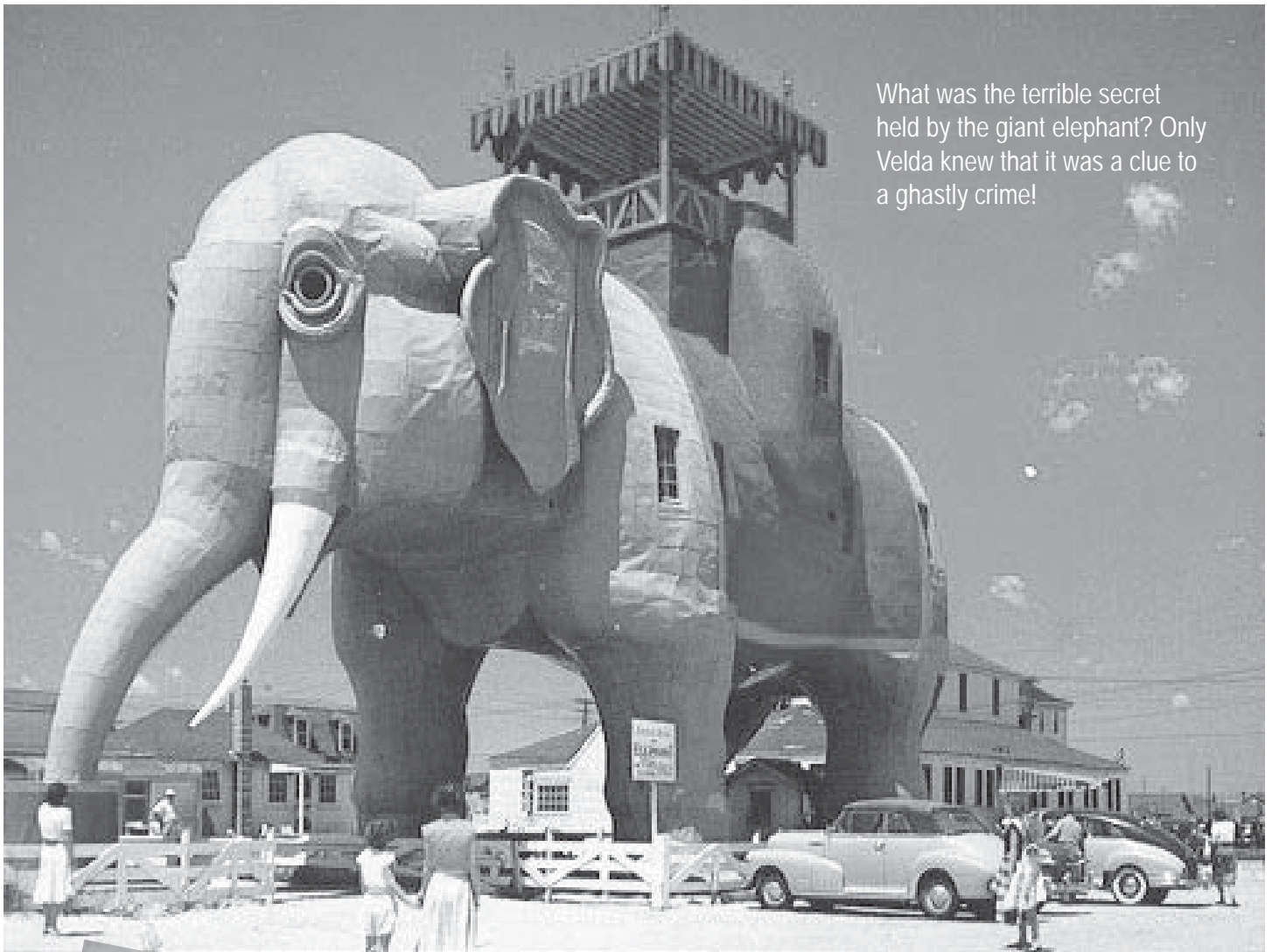
Of course, no work meant no money for vacations so I there I was, stuck in an irony.

It was a depressingly hot day in late August and I didn't know which was most oppressive, sweltering in my apartment, which at least had the advantage of being dark, or sweltering outdoors, which didn't seem to have any advantage at all. At least I could be naked inside, which

was just what I was while sipping a cold martini in my shady living room with all the windows open. My apartment is laid out like a railroad car with all four rooms in a line. If I open the windows in the living room and bedroom, I can encourage a little air to move through.

I was draped over my big arm chair like a melted candle, staring at the glaring white rectangle which was the front window but looked like an open glass-maker's

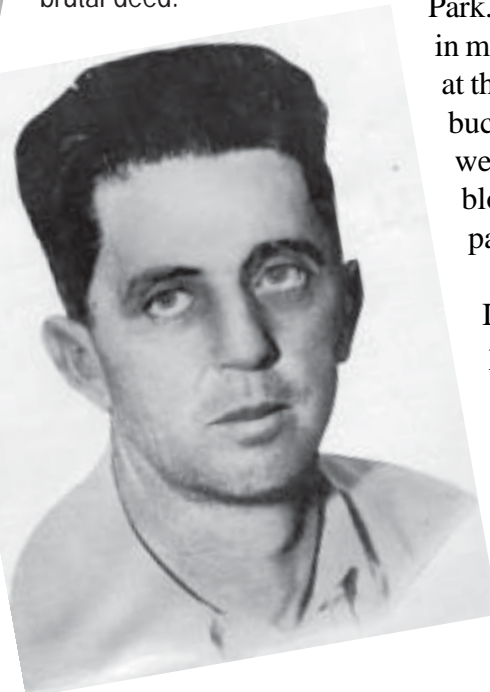




What was the terrible secret held by the giant elephant? Only Velda knew that it was a clue to a ghastly crime!



The killer showed no remorse for his brutal deed.



Who was the mysterious "doctor" and what role did he play in the fate of poor Harriet?

furnace. The radio was on which is how I happened to hear the announcement about the Miss Methylated Oil Seed competition being held over in Farragut Park. It sounded like a good excuse to run around in my bathing suit while maybe winning a prize at the same time. Even the runners-up'd get ten bucks, which would buy me groceries for the week. So I pulled on my new red Jantzen, a blouse and jeans and hied myself over to the park.

Well, the upshot of the whole thing is that I did a lot better than runner-up. I got first place. I was Miss Methylated Oil seed of 1952! Oh, there was some squawking about my having once been a professional and all, but adjudges would have none of that. A generous distribution of fine Methylated Oil Seed products quieted the other girls as I graciously accepted my honors, which included not only a hundred dollars cash—hot dog!—but an

all-expenses-paid weekend in Margate, New Jersey.

A free weekend at the beach!

So I had my picture taken for the newspapers and the company house organ ("The Monthly Methylator") and told everyone how much better my life was because of mentholated oil seed and got back home as fast as I could and started packing. Not that I needed much. I mean, it was nearly a hundred degrees and I was going to spend two days at the beach so what did I need besides my swimsuit and shorts? Well, all right, I did take along a nice little yellow sun dress I'd picked up a few weeks earlier at a Gimbel's basement sale, a red playsuit and a really nifty skirt and peasant blouse because, after all, one never knew who one might meet.

I was on my way to Grand Central within the hour and soon after that I was on the Atlantic City Special.

The Methylated Oil Seed Company had booked a room for me at the Ocean Breeze Grand Hideaway Hotel. It wasn't the biggest place on the beach, I guess, but it seemed pleasant and clean. The manager greeted me personally and told me there'd be no need for such a special guest to *register*. Even though I only had the one little bag, he snapped his fingers for a bellboy, who appeared my suddenly as though he had risen through a trap door.

"Charles, please escort Miss

Bellinghausen to room 312—our best room with an excellent view of the ocean," he added in an aside for my benefit. The manager reminded me a lot of Franklin Pangborn, but that was okay because I'd always thought he was really funny.

"Miss Bellinghausen, Charles, is Miss Methylated Oil Seed of 1952."

"Well, ain't that just sumthin'," said Charles, showing just how impressed he was. He picked up my bag and I followed him to the elevator.

"Say," he said, once he'd slid the door shut, "what the hell's a methylated oil seed?"

"Beats the hell out of me."

"That's just what I figgered."

The elevator let us out at the third floor and as the bellhop fumbled with the keys to my room he said, "Say, ain't you the same dame I onct saw at Slotsky's?"

"Maybe."

"Yeah, I thought so. I never forget a, ah, face. If you get what I mean."

I slid past him into the room. It was nice. Not very big or fancy, but sunny and, as the manager promised, had a nice view of the ocean even though the beach was a couple of blocks away. There was also a pretty bouquet on the dresser draped with a ribbon reading "Welcome Miss Methylated Oil

Seed of 1952", which was very thoughtful.

"Say, you need anything, anything at all, you get what I mean? You just ask for Charlie, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks, Charlie." He looked awfully expectant so I handed him a quarter. I don't think this is what he'd had in mind but the hell with him.

The Ocean Breeze was no great shakes, I suppose, but it was the best hotel I'd ever stayed at . . . in fact it was the *only* hotel I'd ever stayed at. It was only a short walk from the beach and had a nice little restaurant, so it was all okay so far as I was concerned. I had three nights and two full days—meals included!—and a hundred bucks to spend. It was already getting kind of late, though, so I thought I'd just wander out and look around the neighborhood before dinner. I changed into my sun dress and went down to the lobby. It was still light when I got to the street though the sky in the east was already purpling with dusk. I headed toward the beach which was only a couple of blocks over and when I got there I saw the most amazing thing I've ever seen. It was an *elephant*. And not just your common or garden variety elephant but an elephant the size of an office building.

As I got closer, I saw that it *was* a building. There were windows in its sides and even its enormous, staring eyes were just a pair of big portholes. On its back was a kind of Indian pagoda thing, a *hookah* or *howdy* or whatever they call them. Even in the deepening twilight, I could see that the big animal was shabby and obviously long in disrepair. A chainlink fence surrounded it, doing, so far as I could tell, a piss poor job of keeping vandals away. But the setting sun painted with it with golden light and I got a glimmering

WIN NEW, LIVE MINIATURE MONKEY

Everyone can win this real, live Miniature Monkey that is so tiny you can carry it in a pocket or hold it in one hand. To win, simply hand out only twenty coupons to friends to help us get acquainted with new customers and I'll send you, at no cost, this lovable, live Miniature Monkey when the coupons are used as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own tiny pet so much that I'm sure you'll love one, too.

Please send your favorite picture for a beautiful 5 by 7 inch enlargement in a "Movietone" frame. You can tell about our hand colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Send today and pay postman only forty-nine cents and a few cents for our c. o. d. service plus postage on arrival. Your original returned. Also include the color of hair and eyes with your picture so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement hand colored in oils for greater beauty, sparkle and life. Send name, address and please enclose your favorite picture. Our supply of such tiny Miniature Monkeys is limited. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager



DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. M-41, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

EAR NOISES?



If you suffer from those miserable ear noises and are **Hard-of-Hearing** due to catarrh of the head, write us **NOW** for proof of the wonderful, palliative relief many people have reported after using our simple home treatment. **NOTHING TO WEAR.** Many past 70 reported such relief in hearing and ear noises. **SEND NOW FOR PROOF AND 30 DAYS TRIAL OFFER.**

THE ELMO COMPANY
DEPT. 3DM1, DAYENPORT, IOWA

A POSTCARD CAN PUT YOU IN A FINE BUSINESS!

Rush Card Today for Free Selling Outfit!
It is highly profitable, direct-from-factory, guaranteed shoe business! You don't leave a cent—make profits from \$10 to \$75, on each of 1000 monthly job in spare time. Sell something like Air-Union, comfort shoes to friends, relatives, neighbors, fellow workers. Great 100 styles for men and women, including Air-Union Nylon Mesh shoes, from sports, work and dress for men. Easy to sell—no experience necessary! Send card TODAY for FREE SELLING KIT!

CONSOLIDATED SHOE SYSTEM
Chippewa Falls, Wis.



Box CD-108

BECOME AN EXPERT IN TRAFFIC

Traffic men earn \$4,000 to \$10,000 and up. Thousands of firms need experts on rates, tariffs, regulations. We train you directly in spare time at home for executive level jobs. Personal training under master traffic men. Placement guaranteed and help. Write for free 40-page book "Traffic Management"—The Fast Growing Profession."

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 1487 Chicago 5, Ill.

How to MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

FREE BOOK

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 510 Pleasant Hill, Ohio



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

MEN AND WOMEN, 18 TO 40.
Many Swedish Massage therapists make big money. Large full time incomes from doctors, dentists, beauticians, etc. Others make good money in spare time. Prepare for future security by learning all facets and qualifying for Diplomas, American Certificates and 22-page Illustrated Book, PRICE—None!
The College of Swedish Massage
Dept. 318A, 41 E. Pearson, Chicago, Ill.



GO PLACES

LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE

IN 20 MINUTES A DAY

World's-Standard **CONVERSATIONAL METHOD**
FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
JAPANESE
NORWEGIAN
29 LANGUAGES available

AT HOME. Learn another language—easily, quickly by LINGUAPHONE. You LISTEN—you hear native men and women speak—you understand—YOU SPEAK! World-wide educational endorsement: a relief how easy students.

WHITE TODAY for FREE BOOK.
State if Korea Veteran.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
601 NEER, Rock, Plaza N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SHADE TREE GROWS 10 FT. FIRST YEAR



TREE OF HEAVEN!—sensation of nature! Why wait years for pleasure of a shade tree? Tree of Heaven, unsurpassable in beauty, produces six foot branches, blooms in great clusters of colored blossoms, after established. "Mrs. C. Green, of Rosewood, Cal. says: 'Tree of Heaven I planted grew ten feet in 4 months.'" Ideal for new homes and to replace smaller trees around older homes. Shipped seeds for an orchard of flowering trees—\$1 postpaid. Grows anywhere or in pots. Ask for Western World Products, Dept. 333, 2511 Tilden Ave., Los Angeles 94, Calif.

PEE WEE BATTERYLESS "LIFETIME" RADIO

(American Made) GUARANTEED—FOR YOUR LIFE! AS LONG AS YOU OWN IT! NO TUBES, BATTERIES, TRANSISTORS OR ELECTRICAL PLUG-INS NECESSARY! Will never run down or burn out! SMALLER THAN A PACK OF CIGARETTES! RECEIVES LOCAL RADIO STATIONS—A S. T. V.—AND WHERE YOU GO! Easy to use! No DANGLING EAR-STRINGS! PINNED! Black and plastic colored, semi-conductor wave detector. NOT IMPORTED, MADE AND GUARANTEED BY AMERICANS.

SEND ONLY \$2.00 (incl. P.S. and ins.) and pay postman \$4.00 C.O.D. (package on arrival or send \$4.00 for postman delivery. SHIP COMPLETE READY TO LISTEN—NOTHING EXTRA TO BUY EVER! FREE LONG DISTANCE ANTENNA if you order now. Available only from: MURRAY COMPANY Dept. WFL-7 KENNESAW, WASH.

Party Records FOR ADULTS ONLY

THEY'RE TERRIFIC! Brand new series of exclusive records. Racy ditties and song parodies about those spicy, intimate subjects. Really shocking, but so much fun for you and your guests. Complete set of EIGHT DIFFERENT SELECTIONS on finest quality 78 or 45 r.p.m. records (state choice), sent postpaid in plain sealed package for \$4.95 (incl. P.S. and ins.). SPECIAL OFFER: Two Different Sets of 16 Recordings for only \$9.95. For a thrilling adventure in adult entertainment, order yours today!

NATIONAL, Dept. 28-F, Box 5, Sta. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course! Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now, Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Founded 1890 Dept. 78 Chicago 1, Illinois

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in a short weeks for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay! Full-time job—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET! YOUR OWN PAY, YOUR OWN SCHEDULE, NO OTHERS! NO BUD. Thousands of successful students! Send now for free copy (Illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. J. Approved NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. 8-22, Toledo 9, Ohio.

"Jesus," said Betty, "don't let any a them Joe Colleges over there hear that!"

I told that I wasn't about to.

Then my meat loaf came and I ate it and went upstairs and went to bed. It'd been an exciting day.

The next morning at breakfast, one of the girls I'd met the night before came over to my table. It was Betty Lou, the one who'd done all the talking.

"Excuse me ma'am," she said, "but you did say you're a detective?"

"Well, that's what my license says at any rate. Why?"

"Well, I—me and my friends, we're awful worried about Harriet."

"Harriet?"

"She's been staying with me and the other girls. She's an art student, too."

"So what's worrying you?"

"Well, Bill Whiffler, he's Harriet's boy friend, he's been calling for her almost every day but no one's seen her."

"So?"

"She's been gone from her room since Wednesday and she hasn't shown up at work either. I don't get it. Bill says they had a date last night and it's not like her to stand him up. That's when I started to really get worried."

"You say this wasn't the sort of thing she'd do. How well do you know this Harriet?"

"Well, I can't say I really know her all that well. She's been living here for more'n a month, but none of us's seen much of her. She usually only shows up to pay her rent."

"She keep her clothes here? And you might as well sit down. I'm getting a pain in my neck talking like this."

"Thanks. Just a few things. To be honest, I always had the impression she had another place to live besides

here."

"I don't imagine there's really anything to worry about. Tell you what, let me finish my breakfast and I'll come up and take a look. Maybe there's something in her room that'll tell us where she is."

Betty Lou gushed her thanks like a seltzer bottle and left me to finish the chilly dregs of my scrambled eggs and ham.

The hotel had been generous with the girls, providing them with an entire three-room suite. Four of them shared two of the rooms while Harriet—being a cash rent payer—had one to herself. There was a common living room and a little kitchenette. The place was small and would've been cramped under the best of circumstances, but Harriet's room was clean and tidy. I leaned on the window sill and saw that it overlooked a little garden bright with bowers. Why in the world was Harriet not making use of a nice place like this? Was it just a blind to mislead someone, her parents probably? She had to be living *somewhere*. There was a small closet and a second-hand dresser, but neither contained anything like a complete wardrobe.

She must have her things stashed someplace else, I figured, and that was probably where she was.

I was alone in the room, so I poked around some more and this time I found Harriet's bankbook. She'd been depositing small amounts every week steadily since the end of June. After that, however, the account showed only withdrawals, until the balance had been reduced to nearly nothing. The girls told me that Harriet had met Whiffler at the end of last month, which seemed significant to me—but of what I wasn't sure.

I went back to the living room where Betty and Dot—the only two

with the morning off—were fidgeting.

“What do you know about this boyfriend of Harriet’s?”

“Not too much,” Betty answered first, as usual. “Just that his name’s Bill and she told us once that if we ever needed to reach her we could get in touch through him.”

“But he’s not seen her,” I said. Or at least that’s what he’d been claiming. Those missing clothes had to be somewhere and I figured there was probably no better place than the boyfriend’s. So I got the address and directions to Bill’s apartment from the girls and headed on over there.

It was only four or five blocks and it was a nice morning for a walk anyway. Bill’s place was a two-and-a-half-room flat on the top floor of an old house that’d been broken up into separate apartments. I knocked and the door swung open almost immediately. Behind it was a tall, lanky, good-looking kid maybe only three or four years younger than me, which is to say maybe about twenty-five or six, thereabouts. I thought he looks a little like Montgomery Clift—kind of manly and poetic at the same time. He gawked at me like I was covered in twenty-dollar bills and nothing else. I showed him my license (which is really only good in New York but I didn’t see any immediate need to explain that) and told him that some of Harriet’s friends were worried about her. He looked a little disappointed but invited me in anyway.

He had a pretty comfortable layout. Typical I guessed, of a bachelor with kind of studious tastes. One entire wall of the living room was covered with books, mostly poetry and philosophy, I noticed. There were even books and magazines in French, Spanish and German, so I figured he was something of a linguist, too.

“I’m very fond of poetry,” he said. “I dabble in it some myself.”

“You read all these things?” I asked, picking up one of the foreign magazines.

“Sure. Knowing several languages helps me a lot in my job. I’m a clerk at a place that does a lot of business with South American and European big shots.”

“What sort of business is that?”

“It’s a harness company.”

“Pardon?”

“Sure. We make pretty swank stuff for the horse set. Lots of money it.”

“I took his word for that and said, “Nice place you got here.”

“Thanks. Harriet helped me with the paint. I wasn’t so sure about those light blue walls, but she was right. Makes the place look brighter and bigger. She’s good about things like that. Say, can I make you a drink or something? It’s kind of early, I know, but with this heat . . .”

“No, thanks.” “Jesus, was the guy coming on to me? I mean, maybe I was only being a little conceited but I don’t think I was misunderstanding the leer. Harriet sure wouldn’t be very flattered to see it. “You haven’t seen Harriet for—what’s it been? Three days? Four now? When did you last see her?”

“Harriet? Tuesday night. We had dinner together here.”

“Did you take her home?”

“No.”

“Why not? Wouldn’t she have expected you to escort her back to the hotel?”

“Because that’s when she disappeared.”

“Pardon me? Are you trying to tell me she just dropped out of sight while you were with her?”

He ran his fingers nervously thorough his thick black Vitalised hair. “I know it sounds incredible, but

BLACK BEAUTY
Italian Stiletto

IMPORTED FROM ITALY

This fabulous BLACK BEAUTY imported from Italy, made of high test carbon steel, is NOW available in the U.S.A. This collector's PRIZE is famous on the Continent for its startling speed in desperate hunting and fishing emergencies. It is faithfully trained by sportsmen all over Europe.

LOOKS SHARP! STAYS SHARP!
OPENS EVERY TIME . . .

This precision-engineered NEW BLACK BEAUTY is not a switchblade knife. It's GUARANTEED to open every single time. No side screws lost . . . no messy buttons . . . no broken springs. Open blade LOCKS into position with a clicking sound. Razor to handle. Hammer-sharp cutting edges. ACT NOW. Send Money Order, check or cash. SAVE—buy both sizes for only \$8.75. Refund in 5 days if not thrilled. Florida residents add 3%.

FLORIDA IMPORTS, DEPT. 04
Bachman Bldg., Jacksonville 2, Fla.

3 SIZES
When Open
5½ in. \$4.70
7 in. \$4.95

CLOSES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED

CATALOG 25¢ Free WITH KNIFE ORDER

WHAT IF YOUR FALSE TEETH BREAK?

Good News! Now you can repair them at home in 10 minutes. **\$1.98**

* NO EXPENSIVE REPAIR BILLS
* NO WAITING AT DENTAL OFFICES

Amazingly easy PLATE-WELD repairs broken plastic (clear or pink) and replaces teeth. Simply flow on broken edges and put together. So dependable this material used by dentists. Enough for many repairs. No special tools needed. Full instructions. Money back guarantee. Order PLATE-WELD now and get at no extra cost plate cleaner and polish. All 3 items sent day order received. Send \$1.98 (no C.O.D.) to

HOME DENTAL AIDS
Box 1781 Dept. F Bakersfield, Calif.

Free Book on Arthritis And Rheumatism

HOW TO AVOID CRIPPLING DEFORMITIES

Explains why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the causes; tells all about a specialized non-surgical, non-medical treatment which has proven successful since 1919. Write for this 36-page FREE BOOK today.

Ball Clinic, Dept. 587, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

PARTY PAX
UNUSUAL FUN PACKAGE

12 POCKET SIZE CARTOON BOOKLETS
8 CALENDAR GIRLS
30 FUN & GAG CARDS
8 GLAMOUR PHOTOS
4 "HOT SHOTS" SLICKETS
PLUS MEMBERSHIP CARD
AND SPECIAL GIFT WITH EACH ORDER. ALL THIS

\$1

PARTY PAX P.O. Box 1898
DEPT. 7 Hollywood 28, California

ASTHMA
WRITE FOR NO-COST TRIAL OFFER!

IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAROXYSMS, from coughs, gasping wheezing . . . write quick for daring No-Risk, No-Cost Trial Offer. No matter if you consider your case "hopeless"—Write Today!

NACOR, 41-F State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.

YOUR BOOK CAN BE PUBLISHED

Our high royalty—low subsidy complete publishing plan can help you join Comet's widely recognized and successful authors. Send for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book.

COMET PRESS BOOKS
Dept. 377, 260 Varick St., N.Y. 14

JOBS ON SHIPS

MEN WANTED (18-35)
HIGH PAY. Earn while you Travel to foreign lands. Experience not required. Choice jobs: merchants, yachts, luxury liners, freighters, etc. Adventure!

Write for FREE information.
WORLD-WIDE SEAMEN'S SERVICE
Dept. F, G.P.O. Box 1445, New York 1, N. Y.

He offered me a gin and tonic and this time, since he seemed oblivious of my looks, let alone my sex, I accepted the drink. He also confirmed Bill's story about Tuesday night.

"I dropped in unexpectedly to leave a book for Bill that he'd been asking about. Spryly on the Lithuanian Existentialists and Their Influence On the Socialization of the Linoleum Industry. A seminal work. You must read it some time. I was pleased to see Harriet there and we visited for about three-quarters of an hour. I left around ten thirty, I believe."

"Did you notice anything at all unusual about Harriet?"

"Well, the atmosphere seemed a little strained and I could see it was costing her some effort to be gracious. I can't quite put my finger on it, and I know this sounds strange, but it seemed as though she were frightened of something. To tell you the truth, I felt very worried about her as I left. But for the life of me I couldn't say why."

I thanked the professor and was just getting ready to leave when he stopped me.

"I just remembered something . . . It's probably nothing, but—well, just after Harriet first arrived in Margate City, back around the beginning of June, I met her on the street and saw that she was very upset. When I asked her what was wrong, she told me a burglar had broken into Bill's apartment. All the furniture and clothing had been slashed to ribbons."

"That would certainly be pretty scary."

"Well, I think she was mostly upset because so many of the clothes were hers. She didn't have much money, you know, and couldn't afford to get new things to replace them."

Well, well! Why did Bill tell me she didn't keep any clothes at his

place? Vandalism like that sounded like a jealous woman—and Bill looked like just the sort of guy who might have a jealous woman or two on his hands. If Harriet's somewhere alive and well, there would've be no danger in admitting he had her clothing at his place. But why would he deny it, or worse, get rid of the things? Unless, of course, he had some reason for thinking she wasn't coming back.

I was becoming worried about Harriet.

I went back to Whiffler's place, but he wasn't there. The tenant who lived downstairs was, though, which was even better. He immediately recognized my description of the girl.

"Sure," he said, "she was here all the time, practically living with Whiffler, she was. Saw her just about every morning when I was leaving for work."

"You say she was here practically every day?"

"Didn't say so, but that's about it."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"Dunno. Maybe three-four days ago, I guess. Tuesday night I suppose."

"Did you see her Wednesday morning?"

"No, now that you mention it."

Even though it was Saturday, I thought it wouldn't hurt to see if there was anyone to talk to at United Harness, which Whiffler's neighbor told me was only a few miles away. It meant a cab ride, but I still had most of my hundred bucks so what the hell.

There were people working, I was glad to see. I had been afraid the place would be closed on a weekend. I went to the office first. There was no one there but a Mr. Rubblya, the assistant manager, who was just who

New FALSE PLATE
for OLD
IN 24 HOURS
Low As Only
\$18.50
Wonderful New Scientific Method Transforms OLD, LOOSE, Cracked or Chipped Plates into
LUSTROUS BEAUTY-PINK DUPONT PLASTIC PLATES
NO IMPRESSION NEEDED
Why envy beautiful false teeth of others? We will transform your old, loose, cracked or chipped plate into a beautiful new, lightweight DuPont Beauty-Pink Plastic Plate, using your own teeth. All missing and broken teeth matched and replaced. Your cost amazingly low; actually save many dollars. No impression needed under our new scientific False Plate Method. 24-hours Service Perfect fit guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY Enter life again, and save money on beautiful, new, natural-looking plastic plate. Much more, address for full details sent FREE. If your plate is loose, we show you how to make it comfortable, tight-fitting before duplication.
WEST DENTAL LABORATORY
127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. T-26, Chicago 2, Ill.



Old Druggists PILE OINTMENT
FREE TRIAL Formula left me to my Druggist grandfather, 40 years ago. Lead salesmen by it. Now available to pile sufferers everywhere. BY MAIL. Try **HEMOINT** at my risk. Send name & address—**NO MONEY**—for dollar trial. If completely satisfied, pay in 7 days, only one dollar. Otherwise, you don't owe me a penny. Fair enough?
HILL PRODUCTS, Carterville 1, Ill.



I wanted to see. He seemed glad to see me, too, no kidding, so I had no trouble at all getting him to talk about Bill. His opinion of the young man couldn't have been higher. In the year he'd been working for the company, he'd gotten three raises and was being groomed for the position of district salesman. He got on very well with the wealthy clientele, who were impressed by Bill's manners and education and the ease with which he spoke several languages. Hard-working, ambitious, tactful and capable was how Rubblya summed him up.

Nobody could be that good.

I asked if I could talk to some of Bill's co-workers and Rubblya said, sure, go ahead, the place was about to close for the afternoon anyway.

I got an entirely different opinion of Whiffler from his fellow



employees. They described him as a self-described lady's man, always on the make, though smart enough to stay away from the customers. He was always bragging about his conquests and had been boasting about his relationship with Harriet, whom he said had been living with him.

And that she was pregnant.

Well, well, indeed.

I COULD SEE JUST TWO possibilities, since I had been growing more and more convinced that the girl was no longer with us. It was just a baseless gut feeling, but it was there nevertheless. Whiffler had either killed her because she was going to have a baby, or she'd died as the result of a botched abortion. It was an old story.

But that still left me with the original question: *where was Harriet?*

I thought about calling in the police but hesitated. What was I going to tell them? The girl'd only been missing a few days and, besides, it wasn't exactly as though the facts painted her in the best light. A New York art student living openly with a man she wasn't married to—obviously a girl whose comings and goings were suspect in the first place. It certainly wouldn't cut any ice with the cops if I told them I suspected Bill Whiffler of murdering his girlfriend. What evidence did I have? Besides, where was the body, assuming there even was one?

I didn't know what to do.

It was time for dinner. I went back to the hotel so I could eat in the restaurant. Not that the food was all that hot, but it didn't have to come out of my hundred dollars. But if I had any hope of eating in peace, it must've been wishful thinking.

"Say, I heard you're interested in Bill Whiffler."

"Yeah?" I said, looking up at the speaker, who proved to be a husky-looking guy in his early thirties.

"Yeah," he agreed, apparently taking my ambiguity as an invitation to sit, which he did. He held out a big greasy paw for me to shake.

TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"!

\$1,756 to \$3,021 FIRST YEAR

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Veterans Get Special Preference

Many other Government Jobs, City and Rural Carriers — Postoffice Clerks — Mail Inspectors — Stenographers — Typists—etc. Prepare now for next Examinations.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. M90, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me, without charge, copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job," list of positions, and full particulars telling how to prepare for them.

Name.....

Address.....

Vet?.....

"My name's George. George Pipples. The girls told me you been interested in what Bill's been doing, so I thought I'd come around and tell you that Bill called me the other day and asked if I'd hold a couple a suitcases for him. Don't know why, since he had plenty a room in the basement of his places but I owed 'im a couple a favors so I figured what the hell, you know?'"

"A couple of suitcases, huh?"

"Yeah. A couple a suitcases. Well, when I heard about you looking around for Harriet, I remembered these things looked more like something a girl would own. So I went downstairs and opened 'em up."

"You did, huh?"

"Yup. And you know what I found?"

"Harriet's clothes?"

"Aw, jeez! How'd you know that? I ain't told no one else yet!"

"It's okay. I'm a licensed detective. I'm supposed to know things like that."

"Oh yeah, I guess that's right. I didn't think a that."

"You know anything about Whiffler? Who his friends are? Who he hangs out with?"

"Sure. We ain't exactly bosom pals ourselves. Bill's kinda snobbish about hanging out at the places I like, you know. But I know him well enough I guess."

"I'd like to know if there's anyone, well—funny, you know what I mean? Anyone out of the ordinary he's friends with?"

"I dunno . . . he'd been running around the last couple a weeks with this wop sawbones what I ain't ever seen around here before."

"A doctor?"

"That's what he called himself anyway."

"You remember his name?"

"I dunno. Some greaser name. Pee-wan. something like that. Little bitty

fella, 'bout this high." He held his hand about five feet above the floor.

"He got an office around here or anything like that?"

"Beats the hell outta me."

The phone book in the lobby didn't list any Pijuans, but when I called the local hospital I was told they didn't know of any doctors by that name, but they had a male nurse and orderly named Leo Pijuan. By pretending I was doing a credit check it was no sweat wheedling his home address. When I asked if he was at work now, the receptionist said yes, he was, he had just started his shift. Could she page him for me? I said no, thanks.

It was just getting dark so I decided to heigh myself over to Pijuan's place and see what I could see. It turned out to be a dinky basement apartment in a shabby building halfway between the hospital and Whiffler's place, which was interesting in itself, I supposed. The front door was locked, of course, but I found a window in the back that wasn't latched. I slipped through and dropped to the floor. It wasn't easy to see but I didn't want to take a chance by turning on the lights. I wished I'd thought of bringing along a flashlight. I don't smoke so I didn't have a lighter, either. Damn my clean-living habits.

I looked around the best I could and found that the longer I waited, the easier it was to see as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. I was standing in a little kitchenette. There was a sink, a old-fashioned icebox, a hot water heater, a table and a couple of chairs and a range. The latter ran of kerosene—there were three or four big cans of the stuff under the window—so it only took a minute to find a box of matches nearby. Igniting one at a time, I found my way into the next room.

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



There's a Thrill
in Bringing a
Crook to Justice
Through Scientific
**CRIME
DETECTION**

We have taught thousands of men and women this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. Let us teach you, too, in your own home. Prepare yourself in your leisure time to fill a responsible, steady, well-paid position in a very short time and at very small cost. What others have done, you too, can do.

**Over 800 of All American
Identification Bureaus**

employ students or graduates of I.A.S. This fascinating work is easy to learn and the training is inexpensive. You, too, can fit yourself to fill a responsible crime detection job with good pay and steady employment. But don't delay—get the details now. Let us show you how easily and completely we can prepare you for this fascinating work, during spare time in your own home. You may pay as you learn. Write today for free Crime Book.

**Be A
FINGER
PRINT
Expert**

FREE! "THE BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"
It's a thriller. Tells about the most interesting crimes—how they were solved by methods taught by I.A.S. Send now. No salesman will call.
INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
(A Correspondence School Since 1896)

Dept. 731B 1920 Sunnyside Ave. Chicago, Illinois

NEW-WHIRLING HYPNO-COIN



**HYPNOTIZE
OTHERS IN
MINUTES!**
FASCINATING POCKET-SIZE INVENTION.
Hold the plastic HYPNO-COIN in front of the person you want to hypnotize. Then, make the hypnotic pattern whirl by gently vibrating the coin. This whirling motion is so fascinating, so eye-arresting . . . it captures and holds your subject's gaze. Now—you are ready to hypnotize. Get this amazing hypnotic aid plus a free revealing booklet of secrets and instructions. It tells you what to say and do, how to command, how to re-hypnotize with the snap of a finger. Also—entertaining facts that will thrill and amaze them at parties. Both the COIN and booklet—only \$9.95 ppd. Sent in plain wrapper. Your money back if not delighted.
**GUARANTEED!
99¢**
HYPNOTIC AIDS • Dept. 7D, 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10

SIGN PAINTING

Home-Study Course—Only \$5.95

Teaches you commercial sign painting and sign building as it is being done TODAY in leading shops all over the country. Complete practical course for self-instruction. Shows latest methods of truck lettering, office doors, wood letters, reflecting signs, plastic, sprayed signs, gold leaf, silk screen process, up-to-date alphabets, money-making business information, etc.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR REFUND!
Contains all the instruction of a high-priced correspondence course. Full price, only \$5.95, postpaid. Or C.O.D. plus postage. No risk—order today. Satisfaction or money back! Order "Sign Painting Course."

NELSON-HALL CO., 216 S. Clinton St., Dept. 2GR-49
Chicago 6, Ill.

**MASS PRODUCTION MAKES
THESE PRICES POSSIBLE!**

Only world's largest boat
kit maker can deliver such quality at reasonable
such prices! Write for free color catalog: **\$59.50**
log. kits from \$42.00. Freight included.

YAFT MARINE WOODCRAFT
Dept. 7-150 536 29th Ave. N.E. Minneapolis 21, Minn.

SAVE \$11.00

NORELCO "Speedshaver" Men's Electric
Shaver. Latest model, brand new, fully
guaranteed and complete with travel case.
Regularly retails at \$24.95. Now on sale for
\$13.95 plus \$1.00 mailing costs. All orders filled
within 24 hrs. Your money back if you are not fully
satisfied. Send check or M.O. for \$14.95 to:

JOHN BROOKS, Dept. 54, Box 212, St. Louis 66, Mo.

Rhapsody in Nude
A PICTORIAL APPRECIATION
of
American
NUDIST
CAMPS
Price \$7.50

Art Book Size
8"x11"
157 Pages
with
132 Photographs

HARRISBURG BOOK CLUB
Box 1141 Harrisburg, Pa.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
SELL UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES
BUILD STEADY REPEAT BUSINESS
No Investment . . . No Experience
Advertising Book Matches bring daily profits. Be
a direct factory representative of the World's Largest
exclusive UNION LABEL Book Match Manufacturer.
Prospects everywhere. We feature BETTY
Glamour Girls, LAWSON WOOD almost
human series, GABRIEL'S Hobbies—
Double books—Jumbo books—nearly
100 color combinations. New 1950 por-
tfolio, 224 pages of selling dynamite FREE.
Make big profits QUICK—Daily com-
mission in advance. Write today.

SUPERIOR MATCH COMPANY
Dept. H639, 7428 S. Greenwood, Chicago 16, Illinois
5401 Coast Salinas, Suite Box 1507, San Jose, California

**LEGSQUISITE
PHOTOS**
of
Luscious Lovelies
that are
Teasy ON THE EYES!
EYE-FILLING • BREATH-TAKING

Deluxe Pocket Size • 18 Thrilling
Pages for \$1.00 or 45 for \$2.00

FREE GIFT with EACH \$2 ORDER
Send Cash or M.O. no C.O.D. Please
TERRY THORNE
P. O. Box 15535, Dept. H. G., Los Angeles 8, California

Well, well, well.

In the flickering match the place looked like a set from a horror movie. In the middle of the room was one of those articulated tables like chiropractors or gynecologists use. Hanging over this was a bank of floodlights. The walls were lined with wooden, glass-fronted cabinets. I looked in these and in the drawers below them. They were filled with surgical instruments. Hundreds of them. I recognized scalpels, hemostats, bone saws, lancets, probes and all of the other

awful-looking things doctors use in carving up the human anatomy. I shuddered. I have this thing about sharp objects. They give me the fantods in a serious way.

I didn't find a sign of blood anywhere, not that I really expected to find any. The place was as clean as, well, as an operating room. I was pretty sure though that Pijuan wasn't collecting all this stuff as hobby.

"SO, WHAT DID YOU DO with the body?" I asked Bill as he let me into his place. He didn't seem particularly surprised to see me there and even less so at my question.

"I'll tell you right now I didn't kill her," he said, right off. "She killed herself."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. She kept nagging at me to marry her. I didn't want to and kept telling her so, but she just wouldn't listen to me. We got in a big fight last Tuesday. I lied to you about that. I got pretty hot and went into the bathroom to throw some water on my face and calm down a little. When I came back out she was laying on the floor of the kitchen with a carving knife sticking out of her stomach. I-I couldn't wake her up. I was sure she was dead."

"So what did you do with here?"

He wrapped her up in paper, he said, and then shoved her into a flowered garment bag she'd left in his closet. Then he took her down to the street. He caught a cab that took him and his burden over to the river. After dismissing the taxi, he carried the body down to the water, where he dropped it over the seawall onto the rocks below.

"I jumped down after it, filled the bag with rocks and rolled it into the water. I know I did the wrong thing, panicking like that, but I didn't did kill her. I swear to that."

"Are you kidding me? That's the stupidest story I've ever heard. You never loaded a body into a cab or carried it through the streets. You'd never have gotten away with it."

"Well, I was pretty sure you wouldn't believe me but I figured it'd be worth a shot anyway."

"I told you it was a stupid story," said a voice behind me and then there was a sound just like someone hitting a very hollow skull with a hammer.

"I'VE BEEN BEEN HERE before," I said, looking around Leo Pijuan's operating room. All the lights were on and the glare made my eyes squint and water. It didn't do my headache any good either. "I don't suppose you have any aspirins among all that junk do you?"

"We've got something that'll soon cure your headache a lot more permanently than an aspirin," said the "doctor", fingering a stainless steel saw with a suggestiveness that would have been comically melodramatic under other circumstances I thought better of laughing at the gesture. Especially since I just then realized the my arms tied behind the chair I was sitting in. I also realized they'd stripped me, which I thought was carrying things a bit too far.

Leo was just the runt Pipple'd described. He looked like that little creep in the Charles Addams cartoons, the one with the weird family. I'd love to hear his Peter Lorre impersonation. With him was Whiffler, looking a bit greenish but resolute. The kid had a cute little .22 pistol in one hand but I think he'd forgotten that he was holding it.

"Jesus, lady," he said, but you got an awful big nose."

"I assume you mean that figuratively," I said, "because all my friends think it's cute."

"Who asked you to butt in,

anyway? Those dumb clucks Harriet used to hang out with?"

"That's privileged information."

"Don't make me laugh."

"I suppose this is an abortion mill run by Dr. Frankenstein over there?"

"I resent that," said the runt.

"The abortion was Harriet's idea," said Bill. "She put up half the money, a hundred dollars, herself."

"So what happened? Dr. Kildare here not know which way was up?"

"Say, look—"

"He gave her anesthetic, a thousand cc's of sodium pentothal."

"**P**ARDON? EVEN I KNOW that's enough to kill a horse, for God's sake! What did he think, that 'cc' means 'cups'?"

"And I suppose *you've* never made a mistake?" Pijuan said.

"I guess you're right because after a few minutes Harriet stopped breathing. Leo said she was in a coma. He called a friend of his, a Dr. Milagro. He's an assistant resident over at the hospital. When he got here, he thought the girl was already dead. He gave her some stimulants anyway but nothing revived her. He said she was a goner."

"Why didn't he call the police? That's the law."

"He's a Mexican citizen with a Mexican medical license. He's just here on a visitor's visa, as an exchange. We told him the law here didn't require him to notify the police. He believed me when I told him it was our responsibility to do that. He told us to make sure we did so and left. We ignored his advice, of course."

"Of course."

"Well, that left us with the problem of what to do with Harriet's body. I mean, our options were pretty limited as I'm sure you'll agree."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"I-I-I don't like to think too much about it but, well, there was nothing else to do but cut her up."

As I felt sicker every minute, he went on to tell me in more detail than I really needed to know how Pijuan dissected Harriet with Bill lending a hand whenever necessary. Each piece—nearly fifty of them by the time they finished—was neatly wrapped up in paper. Christmas wrapping as it turned out since that was all they could find around the apartment."

"So who got all of these happy little presents?"

"It's taken us days, doing it a little at a time, but we've hidden it all in the elephant."

"In the elephant?"

"If you're going to talk her to death," interrupted Pijuan, "I might as well go home."

"But you *are* home and I'm through talking. I just wanted her to know that it wasn't really my fault. What else could I have done?"

"Yeah, yeah. Now we feed her to the elephant too, no?" He even *sounded* like Peter Lorre.

"All right, all right. Let's get it over, then."

Whiffler dropped his gun into a pocket but the little ghoul held a razor-edged scalpel on me while Whiffler fumbled with the cords that bound my wrists to the back of the chair. He hauled me to my feet with my hands still tied behind my back.

"Okay, over there by the table," Pijuan ordered, "and no funny stuff."

I stood by the table and let Whiffler untie me. He pushed me and I sat back onto the hard black leather cushion. He took out his little pistol and held it on me while Pijuan filled a syringe from a little bottle. It was probably sodium pentothal and I knew how cavalier he was with dosages.

"We don't want to hurt you, Miss Bellinghausen—"

\$44.95 WILL PUT THIS Magnificent NEW 1951

MIDWEST TELEVISION

RADIO-PRIMO CONSOLE
in Your Home for 30 DAYS TRIAL



FACTORY TO YOU **EASY TERMS**

MAMMOTH 19½-inch PICTURE TUBE
AM-FM Radio and 3-Speed Phonograph

Be your own judge! See and hear Midwest Television in your own home. Then decide whether to keep it or have your money refunded. Low Factory Prices. Factory authorized service available.

Also Available on 30 DAYS TRIAL!
The Sensational New 5-Band
World-ranging 1951 Model
MIDWEST RADIOS




SEND THIS COUPON ON A POST CARD FOR NEW 1951 FREE COLOR MIDWEST CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
Dept. 23-B, 909 Broadway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE



IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

when you know how!

WANT the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try Hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction! You'll find it entertaining and gratifying. The Master KEY TO HYPNOTISM shows all you need to know. It is put so simply, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

SEND NO MONEY

FREE ten days' examination of this system is offered to you if you send the coupon today. We will ship you our copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, return it in 10 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, Dept. H2018, 113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. H2018
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send material. If not delighted, I will return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Canada & Foreign—\$1.50 with order.

Thank God I'd found a kid's bicycle propped against the fence behind the house. I don't think I'd have relished running through the streets in my bare feet and practically bare ass. Fortunately, it was three o'clock in the morning so there hadn't been anyone to see me as I pedaled the four blocks that separated Pijuan's place and the directly up through the back of the

elephant. I could hear Whiffler clambering above me. I swallowed hard and followed.

I wasn't too keen about sticking my head into the open and with good reason, too. As soon as I tried to get a glimpse of the inside of the howdah-thing, the wood in front of my face exploded into splinters. I stuck my hand into the air and snapped off a couple of shots. Whiffler jumped back and I popped from the top of the stairs like a startled prairie dog. Whiffler was standing about four yards away, clutching a two-by-four like some scrawny caveman.

"Drop it, Whiffler," I ordered.

"The hell with you!" he answered, swinging the club at me like a baseball bat. I ducked as it spun over my head, lifting hairs as it passed. I heard it splinter the low railing behind me. I squeezed another shot at him, but the hammer only snapped on an empty chamber. The idiot hadn't even had a fully loaded gun. I threw it at him, but he only brushed it aside. The dinky thing wouldn't even have bruised him, anyway. It flew over the side and a second later I heard it clatter on the pavement below.

Given his cowardly actions so far, he took me entirely by surprise by suddenly rushing me like a linebacker. His shoulder took me in the middle of my chest. My wind exploded from me as I tumbled backwards through the broken railing. I found myself rolling over the smooth, curved back of the elephant and scrabbled for one of the splintered balusters. Using the momentum of my fall, I swung myself back onto the platform. In spite of having some trouble breathing, I was halfway ready for the goon when he rushed me again. This time I caught him on his cheek with my fist as I stepped to one side. As

he stumbled off balance, I clubbed him on the back of his neck with both fists. He didn't quite go down, but caught the railing and swung himself around. I kicked him square in the stomach and he did a complete somersault over the railing.

"Jesus Christ!" he yelled and I went over to the railing to see what was up. He was hanging by one hand from one of the balusters. "I give up! Help me!"

"Are you kidding? You ruined my vacation, you louse," I said and stepped on his fingers. He gave a little high-pitched yelp and a moment later there was a satisfying crunch as he slammed into the pavement.

IT TOOK ALMOST ALL of Sunday morning to finally get everything square with the cops, which let me with only half a day before I had to return to Manhattan. The girls were disconsolate over the loss of their friend, and in such a horrible fashion, too. The management of the Ocean View was noticeably cooler toward me, as though my presence somehow tainted the gentility of its reputation. Perhaps it had something to do with the photos in the morning paper, taken before someone had finally thought to find a blanket for me. So between avoiding the hysterical teenagers and the chilly glare of the staff, there wasn't much left to do but lounge on the beach. That was all I'd come for anyway, so that was okey dokey by me.

That's when it started raining.
I need a vacation.

LEG SORES ?

LEG-EZE is praised by thousands. Amazing 20-year-old proven method for relieving the misery of varicose leg ulcers, cramps and painful swelling, due to venous congestion.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED
... to bring relief or money refunded. Easy-to-apply home application. Enjoy life again.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET
LEG-EZE COMPANY, Dept. DM-65
4710 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 43, Calif.

BE SURE NOT TO MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILL-PACKED ISSUE!



- ★The Case of the Pie-Eyed Piper
- ★No Bier for a Chaser
- ★Never Flirt at Midnight
- ★The Cat and the Killer
- ★"Hang Me Higher!"
- ★The Corpse Came Calling
- ★"I Can't Stop Killing!"
- ★The Dismembered Blonde
- ★Who Poisoned Uncle Bill?

And all of the regular features
you look forward to seeing
in every exciting issue of

VELDA'S detective files

On sale at newstands everywhere.

Dear Velda . . .



Present your case to Velda. Write to:
Velda's Detective Files, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



DEADLY TEENAGERS

. . . I just don't understand today's teenagers. Why, when I was a young man, my pals and I got all the fun we could want from tipping cows and setting fire to the black boy who delivered the groceries. Nowadays, with hot rods and rock and roll, it is no wonder that the youth of this country are going wild.

---Ralph Lunger, Oatseed, Ok

have seen Dillinger many times since his alleged death. I have heard many times that he is really still alive. Can you prove that he isn't? I will be looking for your answer.

---Barton Bloot, Saliva Springs, Ark.



You got us, Barton. Dillinger has been working as our office boy since 1951. We do not know what he was doing before that.---VB

Many readers have expressed a concern similar to yours. I guess all I can say is that you can take some comfort from knowing you will be dead soon.---VB

FAILURE OF NERVE

If all so-called law abiding people were made to carry guns I believe that crime would be eradicated overnight.

---Mrs. D.L. Spore, Chicago, Ill

Your idea would do wonders for the overpopulation problem, too. ---VB

A PECULIAR QUESTION

. . . my family wants to know: Is Dillinger really dead? My relatives

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Most of the crimes in our neighborhood have been committed by someone who looks just like me, but is not me, of course. Needless to say, this is getting me in bad with the wife. Any suggestions?

---L. Ron Blubber, Horehound, R.I.

No, I can't say that I help you there. Sorry---VB



**No wonder it's
Kentucky's own
Favorite Straight
Bourbon Whisky!**

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO.
Louisville 1, Kentucky

NOW AT MY RISK!

I want you to read the
WARNER SUCCESS PLAN



It shows you how to ...
METALIZE BABIES
AND OTHER KEEPSAKES

- how you can start in spare time with your home as headquarters.
- how to build—step by step—to big profits and personal independence.

This is the famous Warner Success Plan—the Plan for Personal Success in your own fascinating business that many men, married couples credit with freeing them from the limits of a pay check and from the drudgery of a time clock.

It gives the exact step by step instructions for starting a business in spare time—without risking the job or steady pay. It shows with pictures, photographs, and drawings exactly how to Metalize Baby and other keepsakes. It shows how to get the orders coming in—how to expand—how to get others working for you—how to be SURE of at least twice your present pay before you give up your job for a life of personal independence.

15 Million Prospects

There are 15 MILLION Babies in the country right now ready to be Metalized. Last year alone, more than THREE MILLION more babies were born.



WE SUPPLY ALL MATERIALS

You don't have to go "hunting" when Warner is behind you. We supply all materials, all mounts, chemicals, and metals. And you get the low prices made possible by our big quantity purchases and our own manufacture. You send for just what you need and never have any big investment tied up in stock.

There's not one of these mothers who doesn't want her baby preserved forever. The Business is tremendous . . . and never ending.

The Warner Success Plan shows you how to turn this exciting opportunity into cash. Shows exactly how to prepare the Baby, how to put on it a coating of genuine gold, silver, or bronze metal by simple Warner Electroplating process. Shows how to get the business coming in, how to start in spare time, how to pyramid profits. Shows you how the whole family can have fun while building for an independent future. My own Shop here in Chicago does a Big Business by the very secrets I will now unfold to you.

Read The True Facts

Don't say "Yes" now. You must have ALL THE FACTS. Then decide. First, I want you to read the entire Plan—at my risk. After investigating—after discussing it with your family—then and only then do you decide whether to use the plan and make the small investment necessary to start.

MAKE 12 TIMES YOUR MATERIAL COSTS

Remember, the Warner Process is not a cheap imitation "PAINT" process. It is the genuine METALIZING through real Electroplating. And in spite of being the best, your materials cost so little that your profits are 12 Times your material cost. Then, when mothers order the shoes mounted as book-ends, as pictures, as ash-trays or pen sets, you make the BIG EXTRA PROFITS on the beautiful mounts.

WARNER-ELECTRIC CO.
1512 Jarvis Avenue
DEPT. 9-5
Chicago 26, Illinois



\$5.00
An Hour PROFIT

Yes, even in spare time it is possible for a man to finish enough work to pay \$5.00 an hour for his time. Think what this can pyramid into when the family helps.

3¢ MAY START A FORTUNE

Today I want you to do only one thing. Send the coupon. Let me give you all the facts. Remember, what I send you does not cost you a cent beyond the postage you put on your letter to me. With an opportunity like this, a man who has a serious interest in his future MUST investigate. MAIL the COUPON TODAY and see for yourself why so many families have called the WARNER SUCCESS PLAN a "godsend".

DON'T SEND A PENNY JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Raymond E. Brandell, Mgr., WARNER ELECTRIC CO.
1512 Jarvis Ave., Dept. 9-5 Chicago 26, Ill.

As long as it doesn't cost me a cent, I am willing to read the facts, investigate, then give you my decision. Send the facts by next mail. Everything you send now is FREE!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

2 ways to say:

"Merry Christmas...
pleasant smoking!"



R. J. Barnhill Tobacco Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Camel

AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR CIGARETTE

They come in a colorful Christmas carton. Write your greeting on the built-in card — and it's ready to give. No wrapping. It's sure to please your favorite cigarette smokers.

Prince Albert

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR
SMOKING TOBACCO

The 1 lb. tin comes in a gay Christmas box with a space for your greeting. Give Prince Albert to pipe-smokers—or roll-your-owners.