

VOL. 3 No 5

DECEMBER



# Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

10¢



52 PAGES of THRILLING  
DETECTIVE ADVENTURE



# COLE "CLUES"

## NEWS AND VIEWS

### NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

As usual, we enjoyed reading all your many letters this month! We wish we had room to print more of them.

The letters below are well thought out and have given us valuable criticism. Come on, reader-editors, let's have more constructive suggestions.

### THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Sirs:

I think that you will, and I hope you do like my letter.

I think that "Young King Cole" is the best in your comic and "Toni Gayle" comes next. However, I do think Toni is a bit too hot tempered.

"Dr. Drew the Zoo Man" is one of my favorites. He is very brave, and I think it was especially exciting when he fought the alligator. The only one that I do think is bad is "Dr. Doom." He is too brave for anything and is not real enough in the sense that he gets clues too fast. Well, I hope I get your next issue, and don't leave out "Dr. Drew" ever.

Your friend and fan,  
David Gilmour  
Hamilton, Ont.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I always have and know I always will enjoy YOUNG KING COLE comics. My favorite character is "Toni Gayle." Besides being exciting, Toni is always glamorous.

In my estimation, "Young King Cole" could never, never compare with Toni because it isn't exciting enough. I suggest that you annex another story of "Young King Cole" (since that is the name of the magazine) and pack them both with thrills, danger, and excitement.

A satisfied reader,  
Sally Miller  
Dayton, Ohio

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just read the latest issue of YOUNG KING COLE. In our neighborhood the kids "swap" comic books. When YOUNG KING COLE first came out, I wasn't too eager to "swap" for it, since I don't care for continued stories. I think this latest issue is a great deal more interesting than the earlier issues. I am now very eager to "swap" for YOUNG KING COLE.

I think the story of "Young King

Cole" would be improved if the cartoons weren't so crowded. One of the main reasons I like "Toni Gayle" is because the cartoons are clear and nicely drawn. The printing is also easy to read. However, I like the stories in both "Young King Cole" and "Toni Gayle."

Keep up the good work! I think you publish a very nice magazine!

A new fan of Y.K.C.  
Bunnie Jane Corlette  
Birmingham, Alabama

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the June YOUNG KING COLE, and I think it's a pretty good book. Personally, I think "Dr. Drew the Zoo Man" is the best character in the book. The drawings are good, too. Say, who draws "Dr. Drew," anyway? He or she is a good artist.

Next, I like Young King Cole. If I'm not mistaken, Dick Cole is his cousin. Jim Wilcox is a good artist. But I agree with a certain Anne Clarke that "Young King Cole" mysteries are too easy to solve. I think it would be a good idea if there were a book about Young King Cole and it would have all the stories about him only.

I cannot understand why so many people like "Toni Gayle." I don't ever read those stories. I can't seem to get interested in her. The artist, J. Valleau, is a good one, but he'd do much better with a different character. Lots of people like her better than "Dr. Drew" or "Young King," and that I can't understand.

All the other characters, "Heathcliff the Hobo," "Dr. Doom," "Homer K. Beagle," and "Boitram the Boiglar" are all right. That Art Helfant, drawer of "Boitram" and "Heathcliff," is a good artist. He should be allowed to make a story as long as "Young King Cole."

Milt Hammer is good, too.

Yours truly,  
Russell Doss  
Lafayette, Indiana

Dear Editors:

I am going to give you my opinion about your book. "Young King Cole" is all right in some stories, but he is not good enough for detective stories. I know you try to improve him, but you haven't got the right idea. You should think of how we are going to think about it—like "Toni Gayle" and especially Sam Spade on the radio on Sunday at 8:00 o'clock to 8:30. They are regular characters that get hurt, but are heroes at the end. "Young King Cole" never gets hurt and nothing exciting happens.

Sincerely yours,  
Jane MacDermott  
Dorchester, Mass.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

As soon as I buy my YOUNG KING COLE comic, I turn straight to "Toni Gayle." I am afraid I have to skip the main issue, "Young King Cole," as I think the plot's dull. "Dr. Doom," "Dr. Drew," and "Heathcliff the Hobo" are very good, especially "Heathcliff" which is very amusing.

My opinion is that all the scripts should have more suspects. In "Young King Cole," and in many other mystery comics, I've noticed that there is just one person who could possibly be the guilty one. I think that, as I said before, there should be at least two or three suspects. Then, at the end of the story, you would show the guilty person. This would make the stories more interesting. Now the main idea of the story is just the hero or heroine chasing after the killer, but he or she usually knows who did the killing.

These are just my ideas, which I think would make your comic more popular. Right now, I think YOUNG KING COLE is very popular with millions of children and grown ups, and also popular with me.

Sincerely yours,  
Nancy Pontius  
Warson Woods, Mo.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO YOUNG KING COLE, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

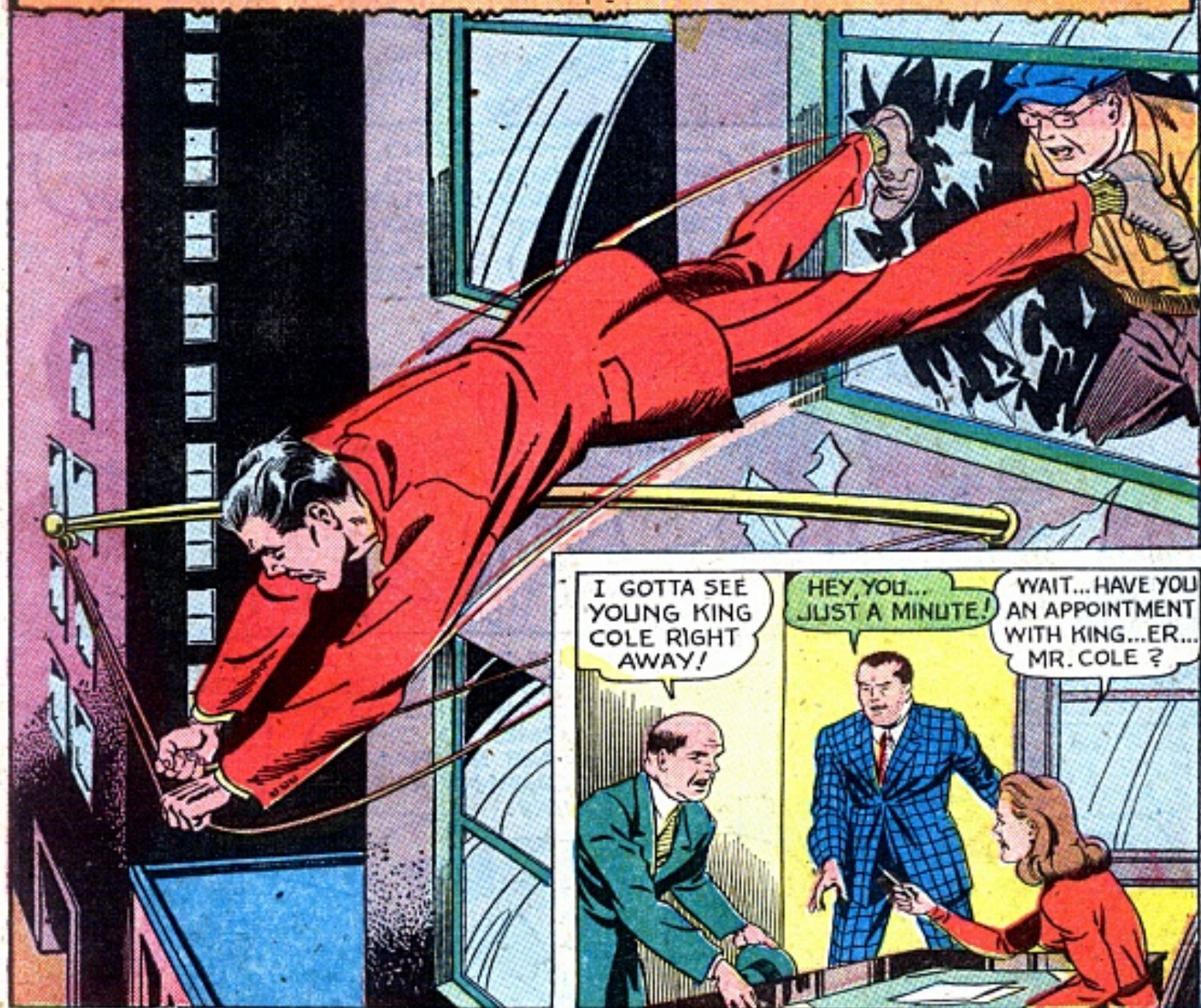
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.



# YOUNG King Cole



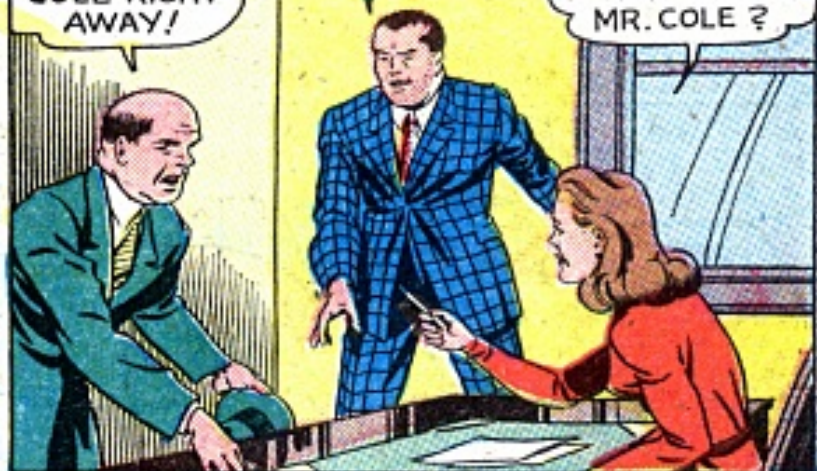
DETECTIVE AGENCY  
MASTER MIND



I GOTTA SEE  
YOUNG KING  
COLE RIGHT  
AWAY!

HEY, YOU...  
JUST A MINUTE!

WAIT... HAVE YOU  
AN APPOINTMENT  
WITH KING... ER...  
MR. COLE?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummins, Art Director  
Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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**THE BALD MAN BARGES INTO KING'S OFFICE.**

MR. COLE, I'M ROCKY BEMIS.  
YOU GOTTA HELP ME!

OH, YOU'RE ONE OF THE  
CONVICTS RECENTLY  
PARDONED BY GOVERNOR  
GRAY'S PRISON  
REFORM BILL!

**URSUS GRAHAM DASHES IN TO SEIZE BEMIS.**

SHALL I THROW HIM  
OUT, BOSS?

NO, LET'S HEAR  
WHAT HE HAS  
TO SAY, URSE.

ALL SIX OF THE CONS  
PARDONED WITH ME ARE  
BACK IN THE JUG ON  
FRAMED-UP CHARGES!  
I'M NEXT...I KNOW IT!

RELAX, BEMIS.  
HAVE YOU ANY  
IDEA WHO  
WANTS TO  
FRAME YOU?

NO, BUT I DON'T WANT  
NO TROUBLE. I'VE  
TURNED STRAIGHT! MY  
SON GAVE ME A  
PARTNERSHIP IN HIS  
RESTAURANT!

**MEANWHILE WHIP STEELE AND IRIS NORLAND HAVE ENTERED THE ROOM.**

WHIP ME, SOMETHING MUST HAVE  
JUST HAPPENED, BEMIS! WHAT  
WAS IT?

A PHONE CALL! A  
STRANGE VOICE  
TELLING ME TO  
COME TO THE  
AKME STORAGE  
COMPANY RIGHT  
AWAY.

YOU THINK A  
CRIME IS  
GOING TO BE  
PULLED OFF  
THERE IN  
WHICH YOU'LL  
BE INVOLVED?



YES. THE VOICE SAID MY DAUGHTER SLIPPED ON THE SIDEWALK AND WAS CARRIED INTO THE AKME COMPANY!

IF YOU THINK THE CALL'S A PHONY, WHY BOTHER?

BECAUSE IT *MIGHT* BE TRUE! MY DAUGHTER *MIGHT* BE SERIOUSLY INJURED!



URSE, YOU, BEMIS, AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT THE AKME STORAGE COMPANY TOGETHER. FIRST I'LL PHONE THE POLICE.

WHIP, GET THE STORY ON THE SIX OTHER PARDONED CONS. IRIS, TAKE CHARGE OF THE OFFICE. HELLO... POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PLEASE.



URSE, WATCH THE ENTRANCE HERE AND WAIT FOR THE POLICE.

AKME STORAGE COMPANY

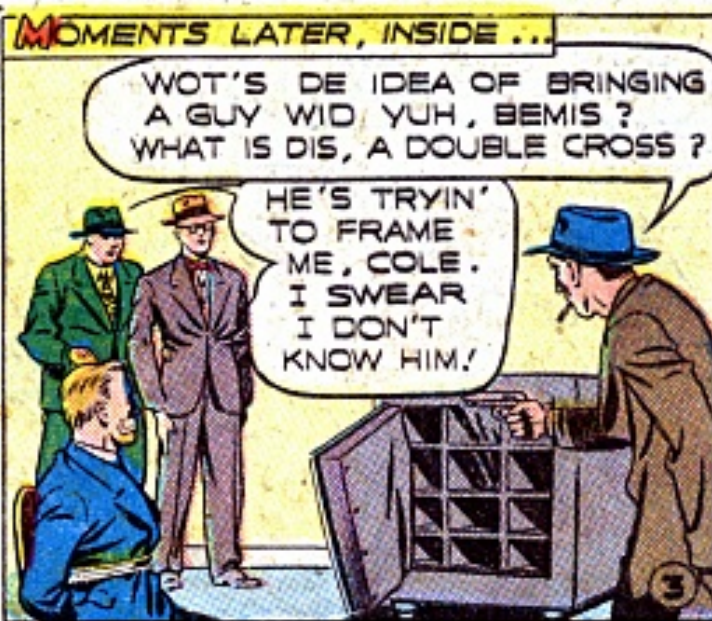
RIGHT, KING.



MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE...

WOT'S DE IDEA OF BRINGING A GUY WID YUH, BEMIS? WHAT IS DIS, A DOUBLE CROSS?

HE'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME, COLE. I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW HIM!





BEMIS, CUT A PIECE OF CORD OFF  
DAT BLIND AND TIE UP YER PAL!

NO! I WON'T  
DO IT!



YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN'  
RAT! I'LL TIE HIM  
UP MYSELF!



THE GUNMAN  
WHIRLS ON  
KING...



BUT KING MOVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.

PARDON MY  
RESTLESS  
FOOT!



KICK ME, WILL YUH!?  
OKAY, FOUR EYES,  
YOU ASKED FOR IT!



BEFORE THE  
CROOK CAN  
RECOVER FROM  
HIS ROUNDHOUSE  
SWING, KING  
USES A  
JUDO HOLD  
TO SLAM  
HIM TO  
THE FLOOR.

I MAY HAVE  
ASKED FOR IT,  
BUT YOU'RE  
GETTING IT!





KING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, URSUS. THIS CROOK GOES TO JAIL. BEMIS, TOO, FOR THE PRESENT.

YOUR FAKE ARREST MAY HELP US CATCH THE REAL CRIMINAL, BEMIS.

YEP, I GET IT. THE GUY WHO'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME WILL THINK HE'S SUCCEEDED!

YOU! WHO HIRED YOU FOR THIS JOB?

WHAT?  
OH, I GETCHA!

HUH! STILL BELIEVE IN SANTY CLAUS, DON'T YUH?  
YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT OUTTA ME, FOUR EYES.

URSE, SEE THAT BEMIS IS TREATED ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE.

OKAY, KING.



KING, THIS *STAR-SENTINEL* EXTRA HAS A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ROBBERY. IT MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING!

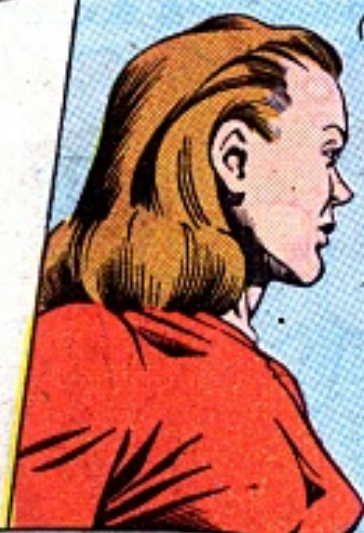
THAT'S ODD! HOW LONG SINCE YOU BOUGHT THAT EXTRA, IRIS?

WHY, ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO.

THEN, FIGURING THE TIME IT TOOK TO DISTRIBUTE THE EXTRA, THAT STORY MUST'VE BEEN WRITTEN BEFORE THE ROBBERY!



WHOEVER WROTE IT KNEW BEMIS WAS GOING TO BE FRAMED!



COME ON, IRIS. WE'RE VISITING THE *STAR-SENTINEL* TO FIND OUT WHO WROTE THIS STORY BEFORE IT HAPPENED!



LATER, AT THE *STAR-SENTINEL*...

SINCE NONE OF OUR REPORTERS WROTE THAT STORY, MR. COLE, OUR PUBLISHER, MR. STANDISH, MUST HAVE TURNED IT IN HIMSELF.

THEN IT'S STANDISH I WANT TO SEE.



KING GOES TO THE OFFICE OF MR. STANDISH.

WHERE D'YAH THINK YOU'RE GOIN', BUB?

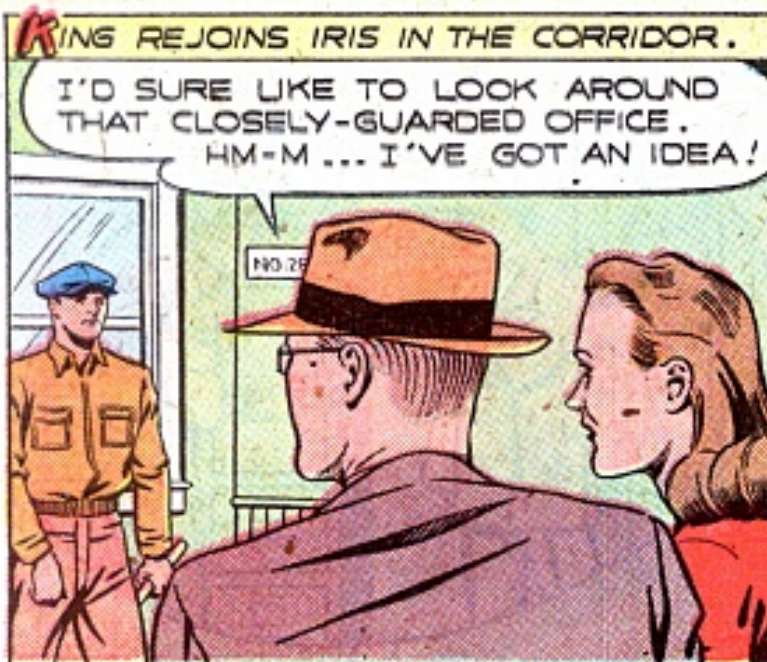
WILL YOU PLEASE TELL MR. STANDISH.

HE AIN'T IN. WE GOT ORDERS TO LET NOBODY IN HIS OFFICE, SO SCRAM!



QUESTION No. 3. From what poem is this? "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"







OH, I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU, MR. STANDISH.

IRISS'S VOICE! SHE'S TRYING TO WARN ME!

HEY, YOU! GET AWAY FROM MY DESK!

HELLO, STANDISH! JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR HEADLINE STORY IS SLIGHTLY INACCURATE.

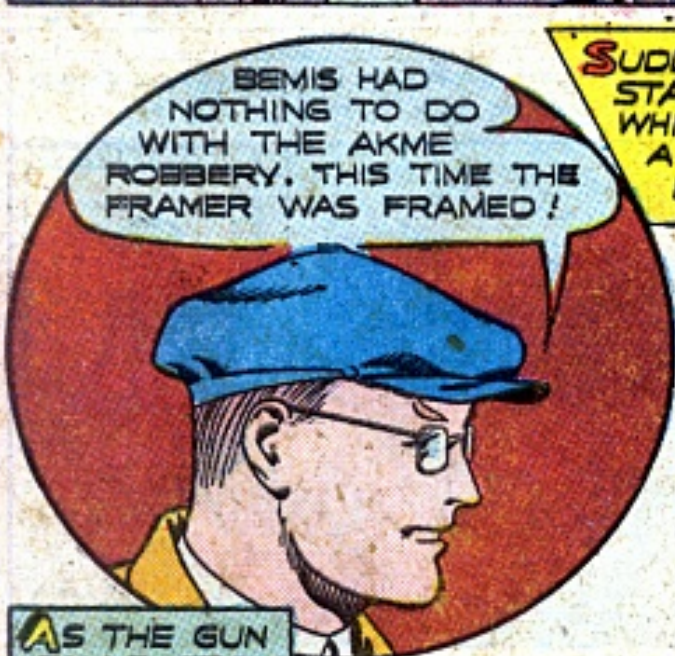


BEMIS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE AKME ROBBERY. THIS TIME THE FRAMER WAS FRAMED!

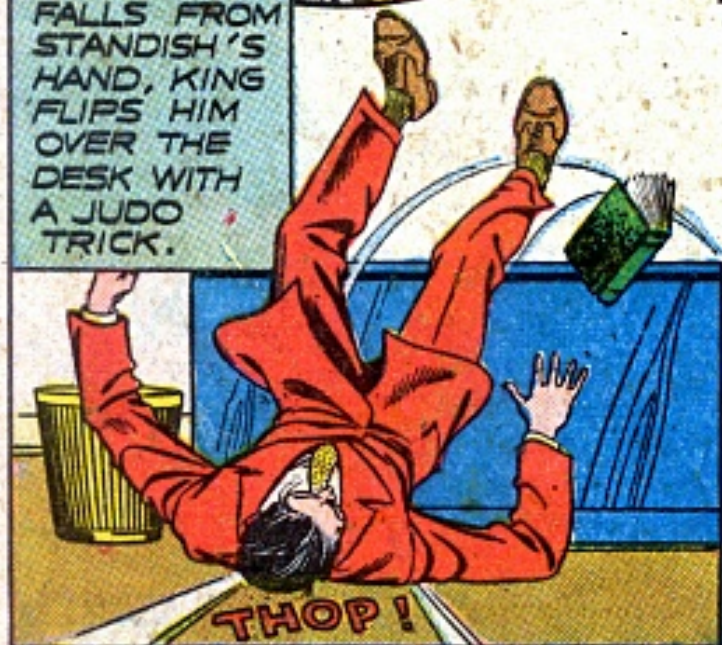
**S**UDDENLY STANDISH WHIPS OUT A GUN, BUT...

PISTOLS ARE DANGEROUS! DROP IT!

WHY, YOU-OUCH!



**A**S THE GUN FALLS FROM STANDISH'S HAND, KING FLIPS HIM OVER THE DESK WITH A JUDO TRICK.



WHY DID YOU FRAME THOSE PARDONED CONVICTS, STANDISH?

TO BRING ABOUT THE IMPEACHMENT AND POLITICAL RUIN OF...

GOVERNOR MICHAEL GRAY!





KING, I THINK  
STANDISH IS INSANE.

COULD BE, IRIS.  
I'M PHONING  
THE POLICE.



STANDISH!

STOP HIM! AIEEE!

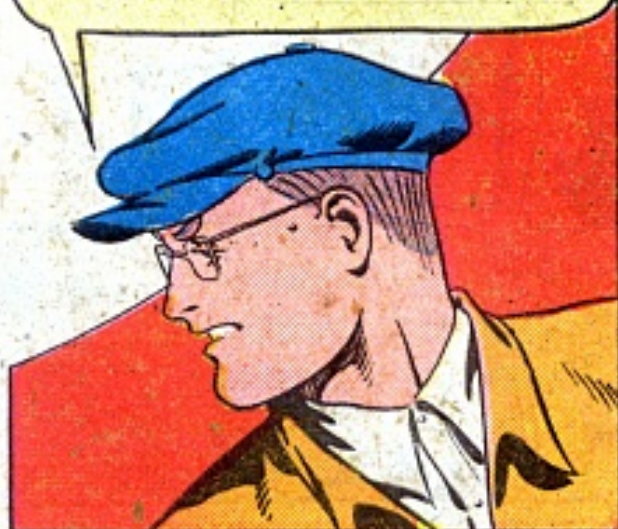


**S**TANDISH  
GRASPS

THE FLAGPOLE HALYARDS AS HE HURTTLES DOWN, SWINGS FAR OUT AND  
THEN BACK, TO CRASH THROUGH A WINDOW TWO FLOORS BELOW!



HE SWUNG THROUGH THAT  
WINDOW BELOW US! HE'LL  
PROBABLY MAKE FOR THE  
STREET! COME ON, IRIS!



**K**ING AND IRIS REACH THE STREET JUST  
AS STANDISH DRIVES OFF IN A CAR.

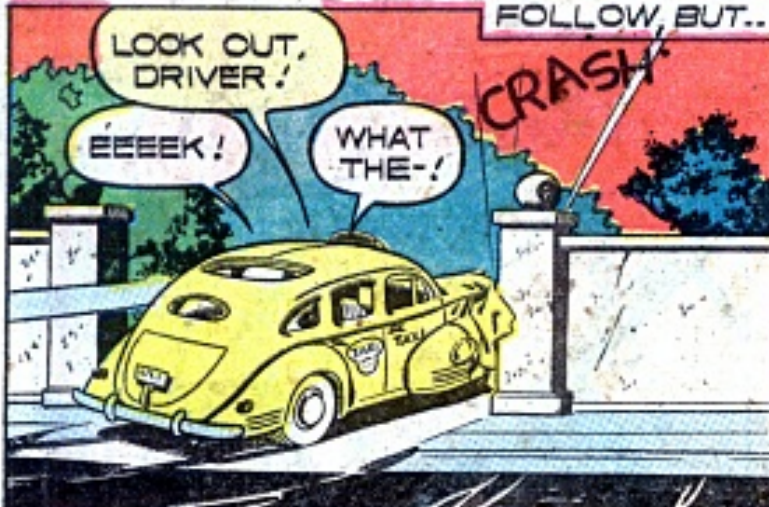
THERE HE GOES,  
KING. WE'LL NEVER  
CATCH HIM NOW!

WE MUST! THE  
GOVERNOR'S  
LIFE MAY DEPEND  
ON IT! ...HEY,  
TAXI!



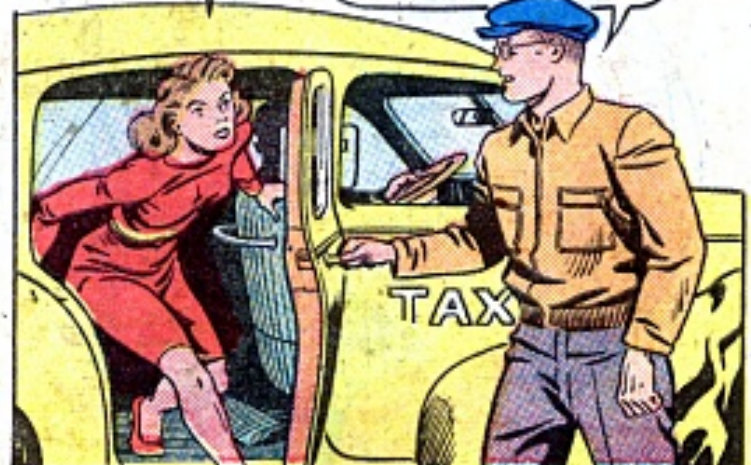


**A**FTER A BREATH-TAKING CHASE, STANDISH'S CAR TURNS INTO THE GROUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION. KING'S TAXI SWERVES TO FOLLOW, BUT..



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KING?

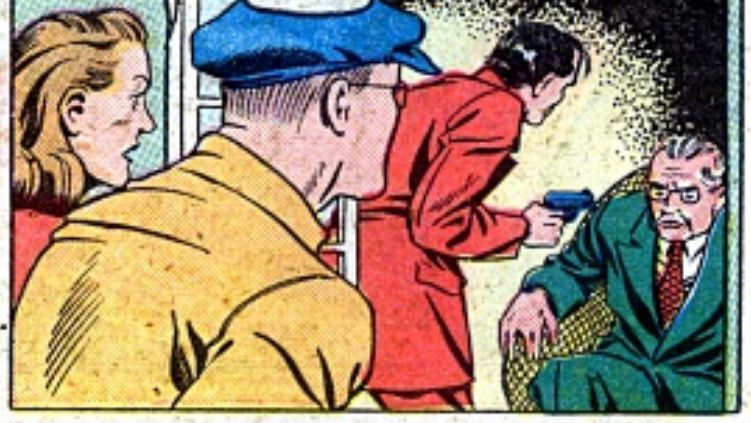
YES, IRIS, HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MADMAN BEFORE HE HARMS THE GOVERNOR.



**K**ING AND IRIS DASH ACROSS THE LAWN AND ONTO THE TERRACE.



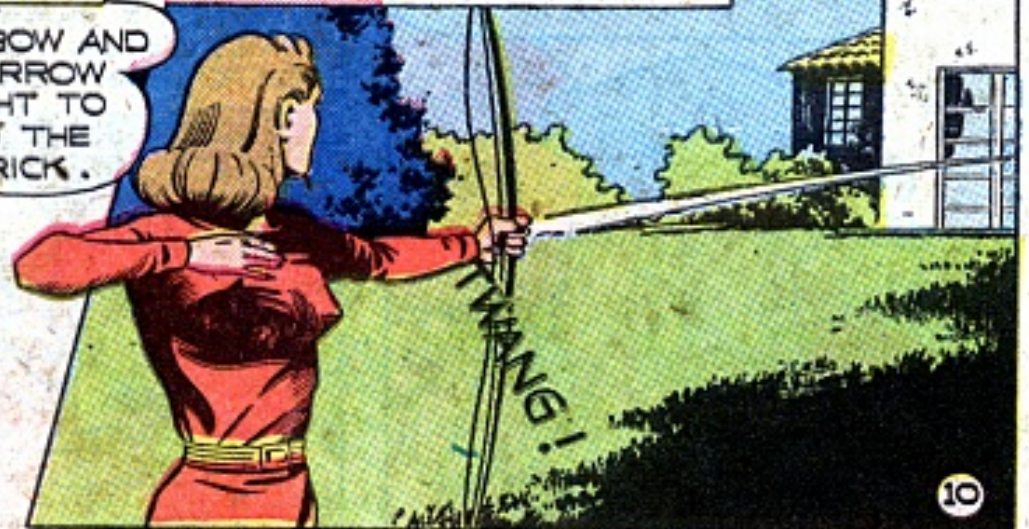
STANDISH MUST HAVE HAD ANOTHER GUN IN HIS CAR. WAIT, KING, I'LL DIVERT HIS ATTENTION BEFORE YOU RUSH HIM.



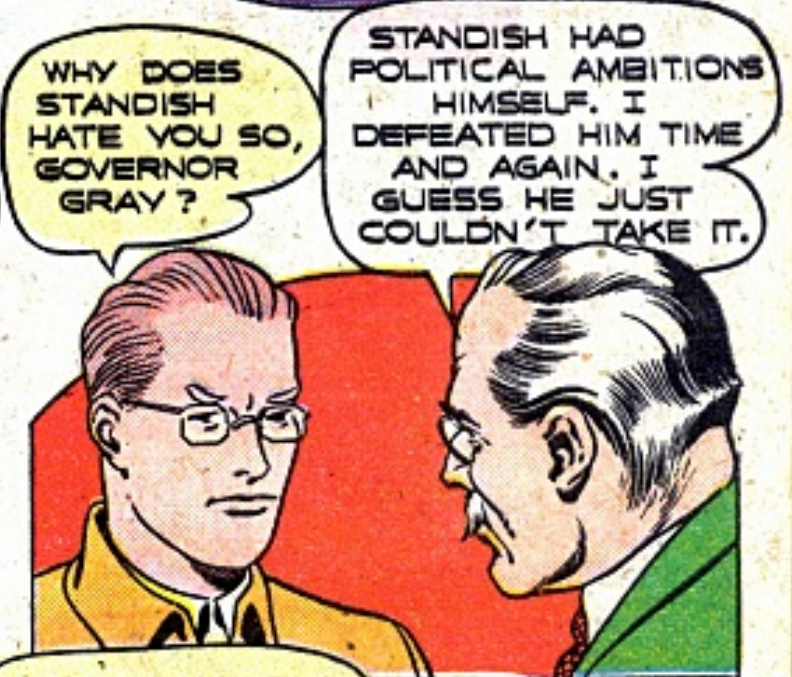
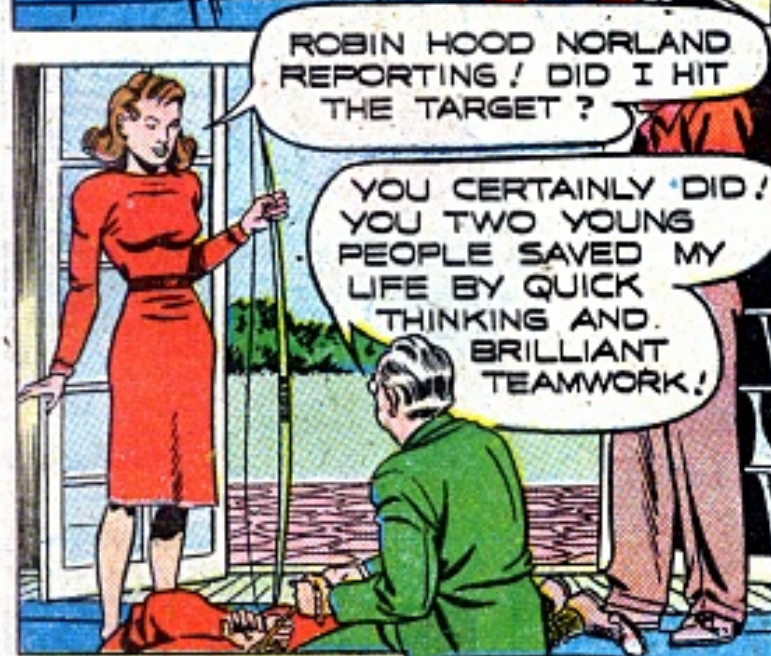
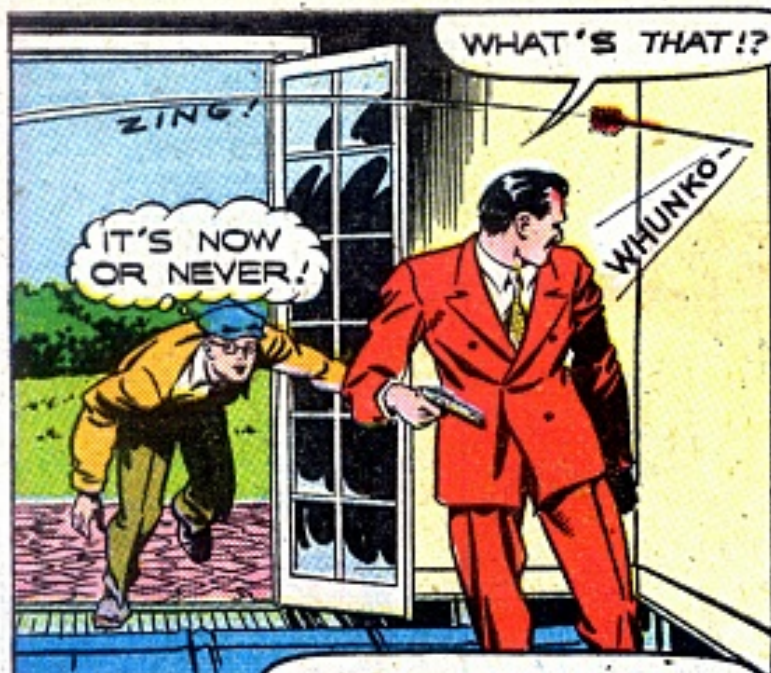
**I**IRIS RUSHES TO THE ARCHERY SET ON THE LAWN.



**I**IRIS TAKES CAREFUL AIM. THE BOWSTRING TWANGS.







SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HOURS, ROCKY BEMIS AND HIS WAITERS GIVE A TESTIMONIAL DINNER AT BEMIS'S RESTAURANT.

SINCE THE REST OF THE...ER... FORMER CONS ARE NOW WORKIN' FER ME AS WAITERS...

WE CAN ALL SAY IT'S THANKS TO MR. COLE WE'RE SERVING MEALS NOW INSTEAD OF SERVING TIME! HAW, HAW!

THANK YOU, BOYS!  
HAW, HAW, HAW!  
HA, HA, HAW!





HOW COME YOUR  
SISTER PUT AN  
EGG BEATER IN  
HER HOPE CHEST?

BECAUSE SHE SAYS  
THAT A WIFE MUST  
BE A GOOD  
MIXER!!

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No Pictures sent C. O. D.  
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1633 Milwaukee Ave  
Chicago 47, Illinois

WHY D'YA SAY THAT I  
REMINDE YOU OF A  
CLIFF??

OUCH! OH, 'CAUSE  
YOU'RE JUST A  
BIG BLUFF!!!

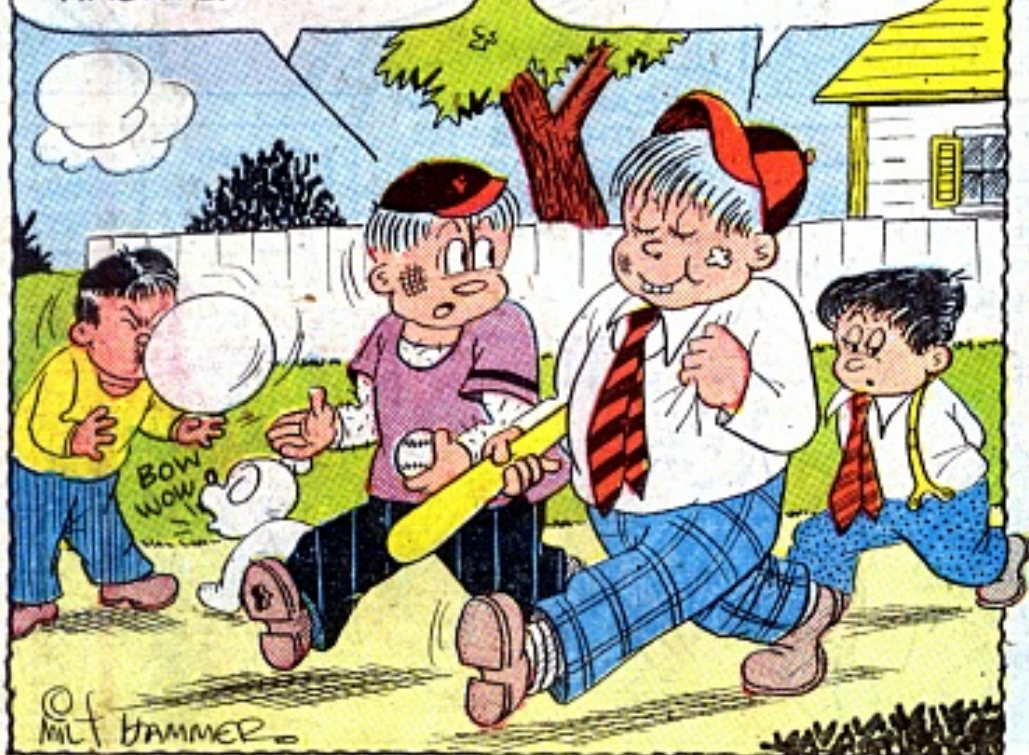


WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
YOU'RE GOING TO GET  
A JOB AS BASEBALL  
MASCOT IN A  
HAUNTED HOUSE??

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M  
GONNA TAKE CARE  
OF THE BATS!!

WHY IS A NOBLEMAN  
LIKE A BOOK, HUH?

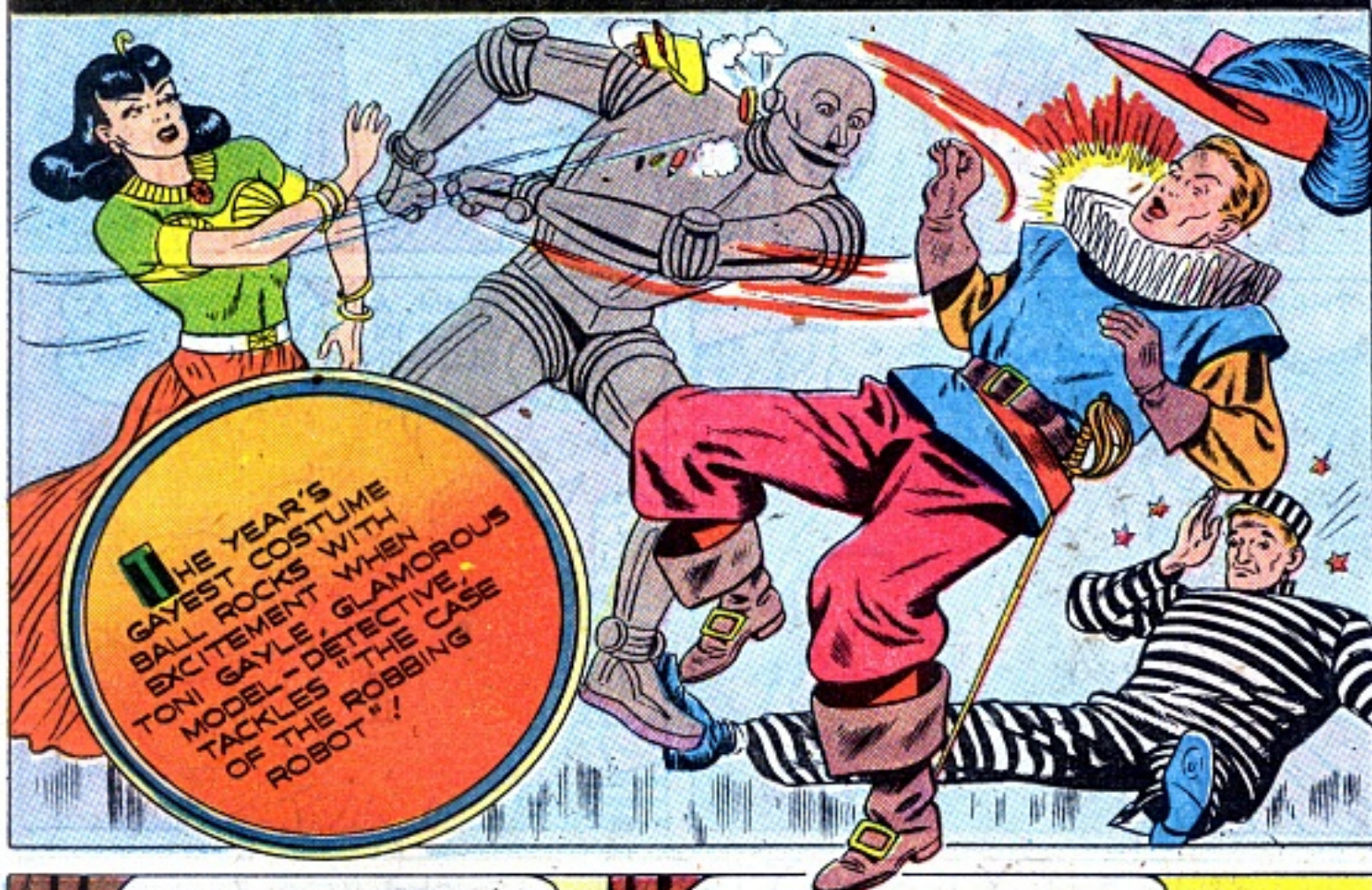
ER-'CAUSE THEY  
BOTH HAVE  
TITLES!!



YOUNG KING COLE



# Toni GAYLE



I WISH YOU WEREN'T  
SHOWING OFF THE  
CLEOPATRA RUBY, TONI.  
IT'S RISKY TO CARRY  
A FORTUNE AROUND  
YOUR NECK!

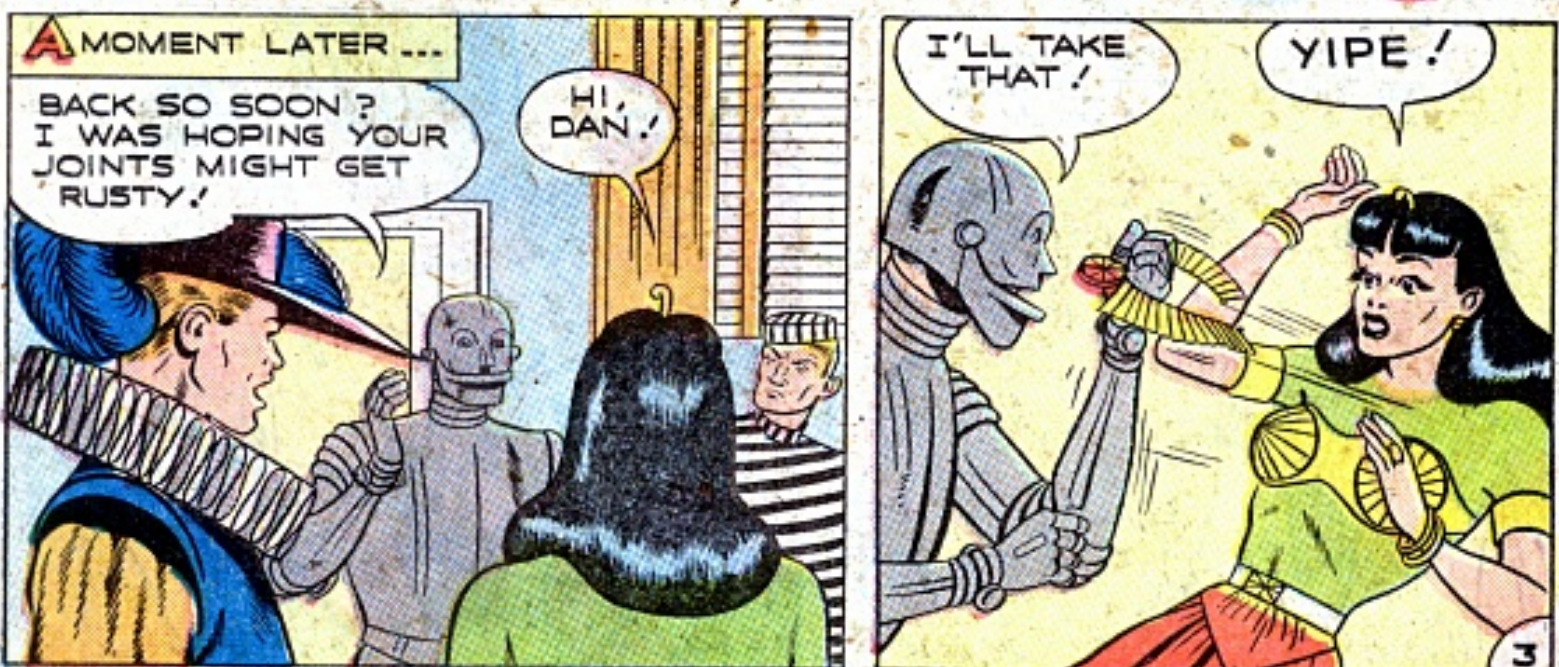
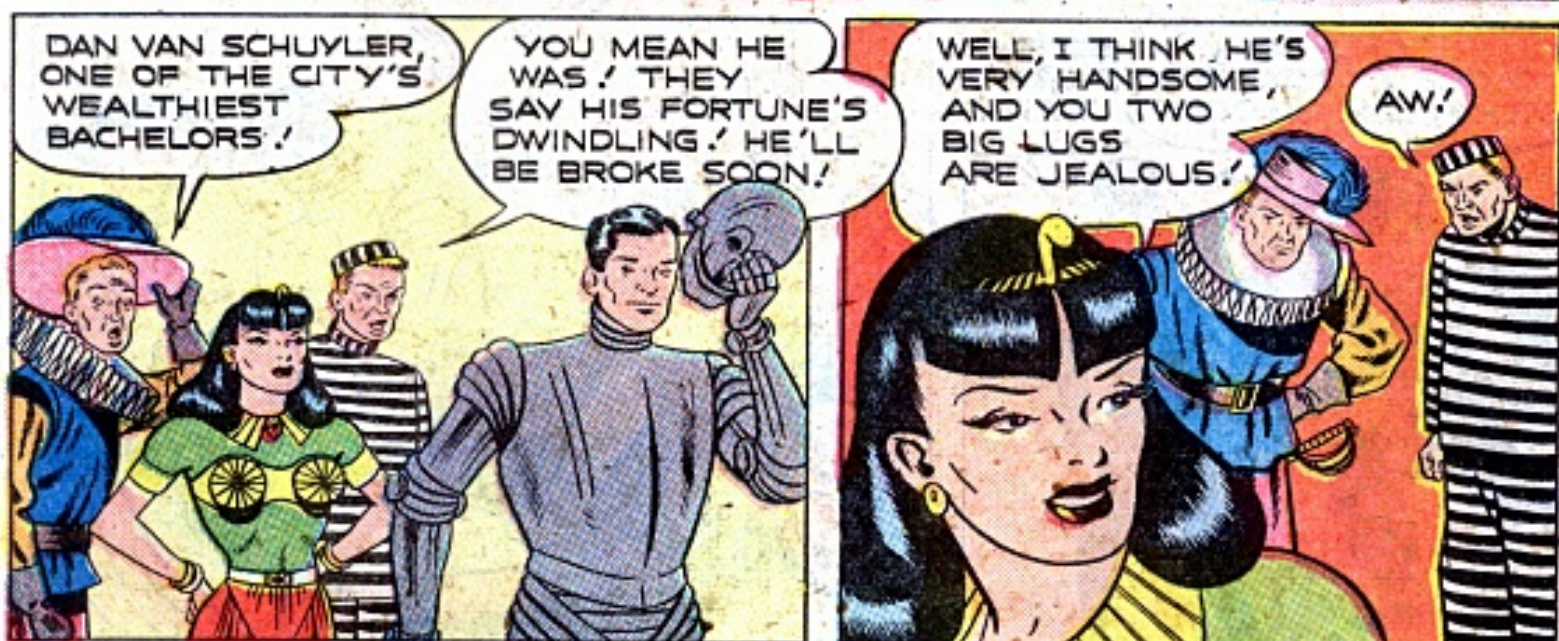
RELAX, TY. WITH YOU  
AND BIFF ON GUARD, I'M  
SAFE. BESIDES, THE FABER  
JEWELRY COMPANY DOESN'T  
TAKE ANY CHANCES!



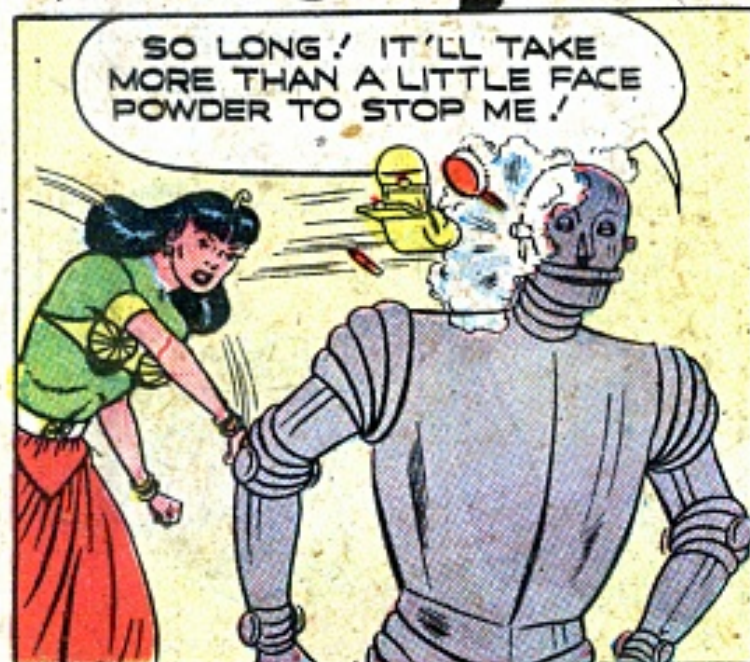
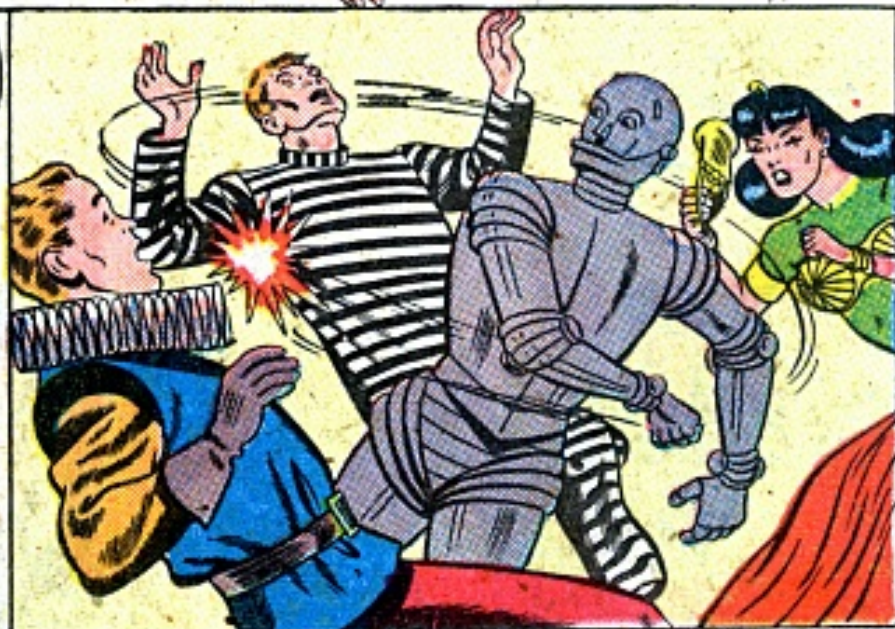
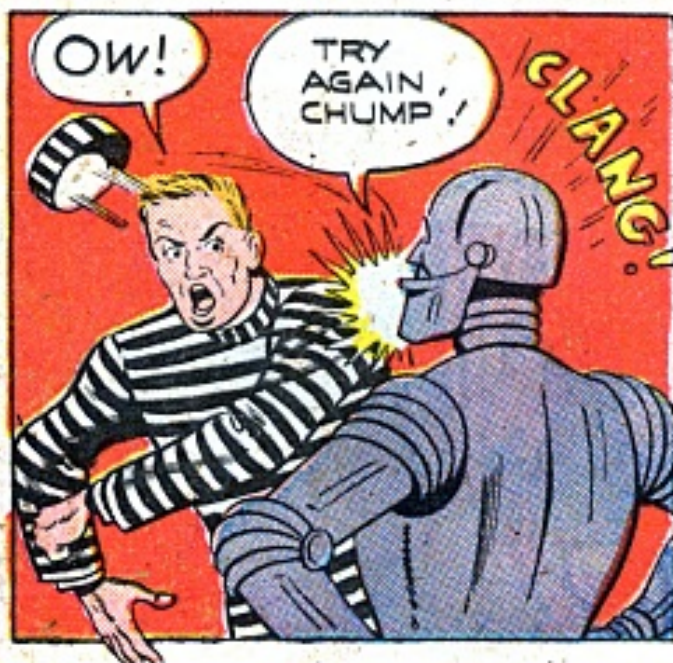












**QUESTION** No. 7. Is this from the Bible or from Shakespeare? "The price of wisdom is above rubies."



**A FEW SECONDS LATER --**

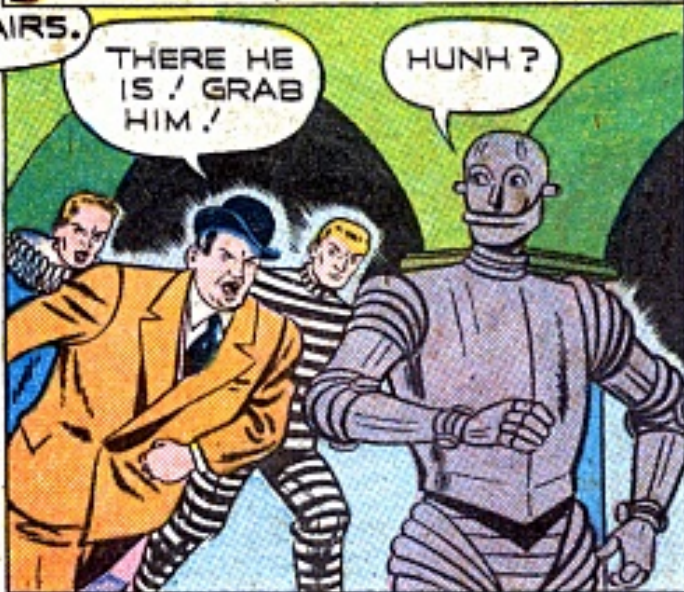
HE MUSTA  
RUN DOWNSTAIRS.  
IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY OUT !



**DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE LOBBY--**

THERE HE  
IS ! GRAB  
HIM !

HUNK ?



HAND OVER  
THE RUBY, VAN  
SCHUYLER !

I HAVE NO RUBY ! WHAT'S  
THE GAG ? SOMEBODY  
GOT ME OUT OF THE  
BALLROOM WITH A  
PHONY PAGE CALL .

HMM... NONE  
OF MY FACE  
POWDER HERE .  
AT LEAST A FEW  
GRAINS WOULD  
HAVE STUCK !

YOU CAN'T  
TALK YOURSELF  
OUT OF IT,  
VAN SCHUYLER.  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE ROBOT  
SUIT LIKE THIS  
IN THE WORLD..  
RIGHT ?



RIGHT .

WELL, HUNDREDS OF  
PEOPLE JUST SAW  
SOMEBODY IN A ROBOT  
SUIT SNATCH THE RUBY.  
IT HAS TO BE YOU !

NO, TY ! HE DIDN'T  
DO IT !



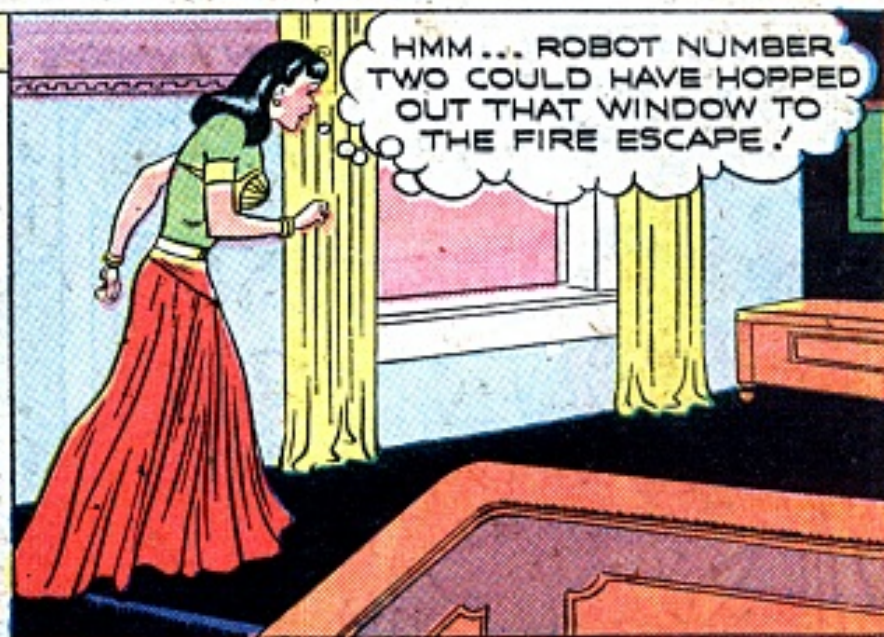
DON'T BE A BLIND  
LITTLE IDIOT, TONI,  
JUST BECAUSE HE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
MOVIE STAR !

HE MUSTA DONE  
IT ! PROBABLY  
THREW AWAY HIS  
FORTUNE AND  
NEEDS CASH !

BUT, LISTEN...







**Q** QUESTION No. 8. Name two kinds of powder which wouldn't make very good cosmetics.



INSIDE —

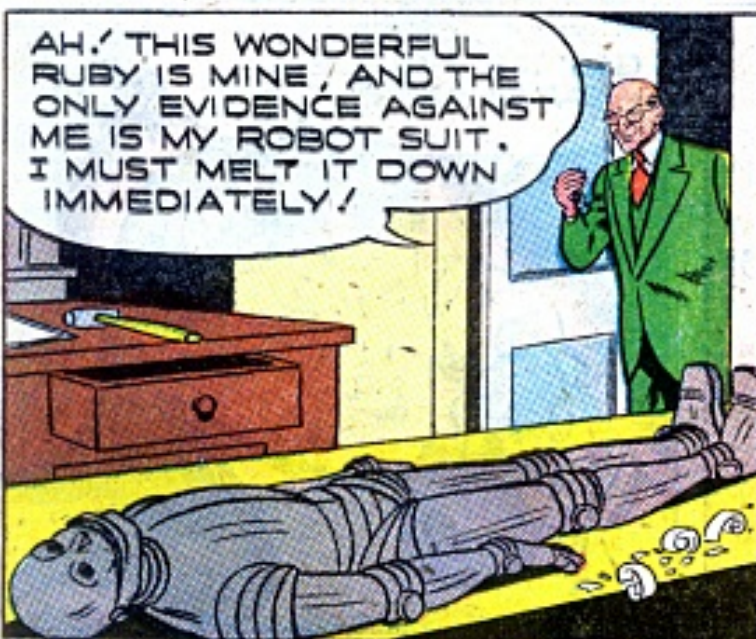
ANOTHER ROBOT SUIT ... THIS ONE HAS MY POWDER ON IT! --- OH-OH! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



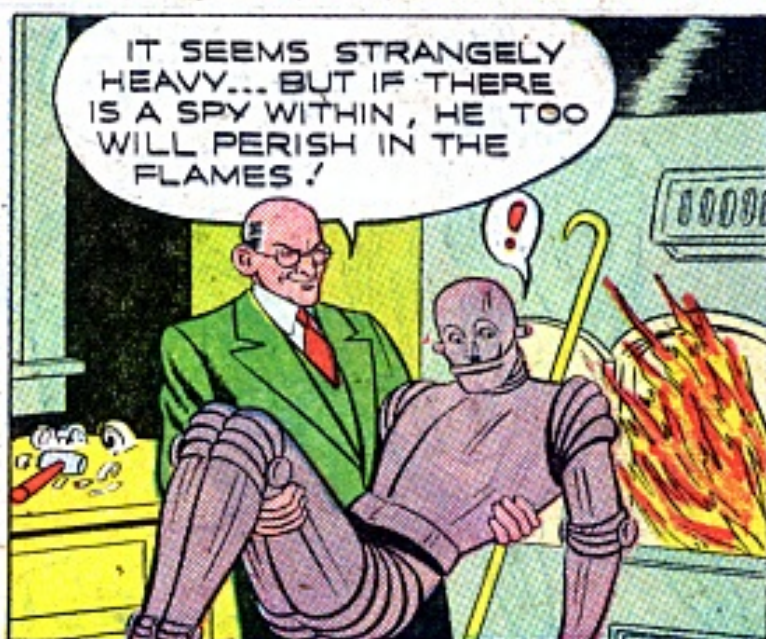
NO PLACE TO HIDE... EXCEPT IN THE SUIT.



AH! THIS WONDERFUL RUBY IS MINE, AND THE ONLY EVIDENCE AGAINST ME IS MY ROBOT SUIT. I MUST MELT IT DOWN IMMEDIATELY!



IT SEEMS STRANGELY HEAVY... BUT IF THERE IS A SPY WITHIN, HE TOO WILL PERISH IN THE FLAMES!



UH-UH! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BAKE THIS COOKIE!

UGH!



TONI TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT THE METALSMITH CORNERS HER!

ONE BLOW WILL CRUSH EVEN THAT METAL- AND YOU!







TONI BLOWS METAL SHAVINGS INTO CARTER'S EYES.





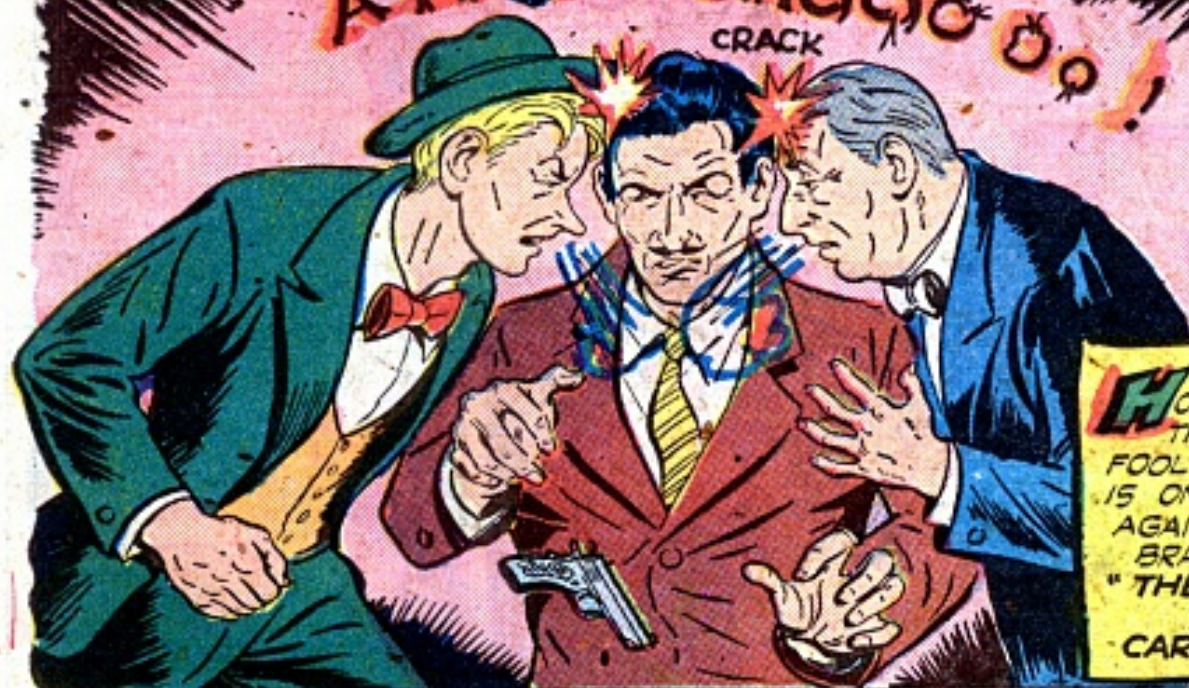
# Homer K. BEAGLE

The  
DEMON DETECTIVE

ART BY Harvey Fuller



AH-A-CHOOO!  
CRACK



**H**OMER K. BEAGLE,  
THE FEARLESS  
FOOL OF DETECTION,  
IS ON THE TRAIL  
AGAIN, BLUNDERING  
BRAVELY THROUGH  
"THE CASE OF  
THE  
CARELESS COUSIN!"

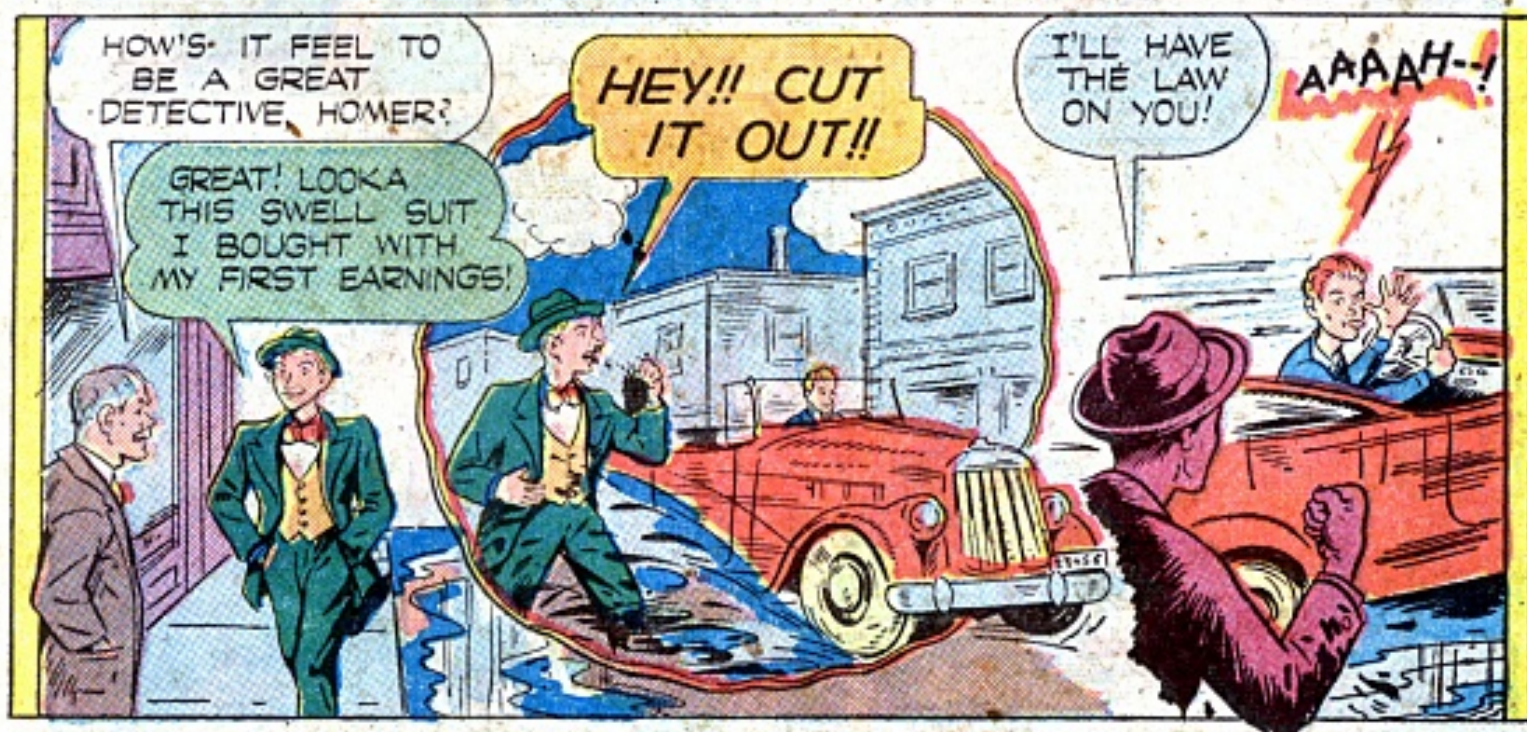
HOW'S IT FEEL TO  
BE A GREAT  
DETECTIVE, HOMER?

GREAT! LOOKA  
THIS SWELL SUIT  
I BOUGHT WITH  
MY FIRST EARNINGS!

HEY!! CUT  
IT OUT!!

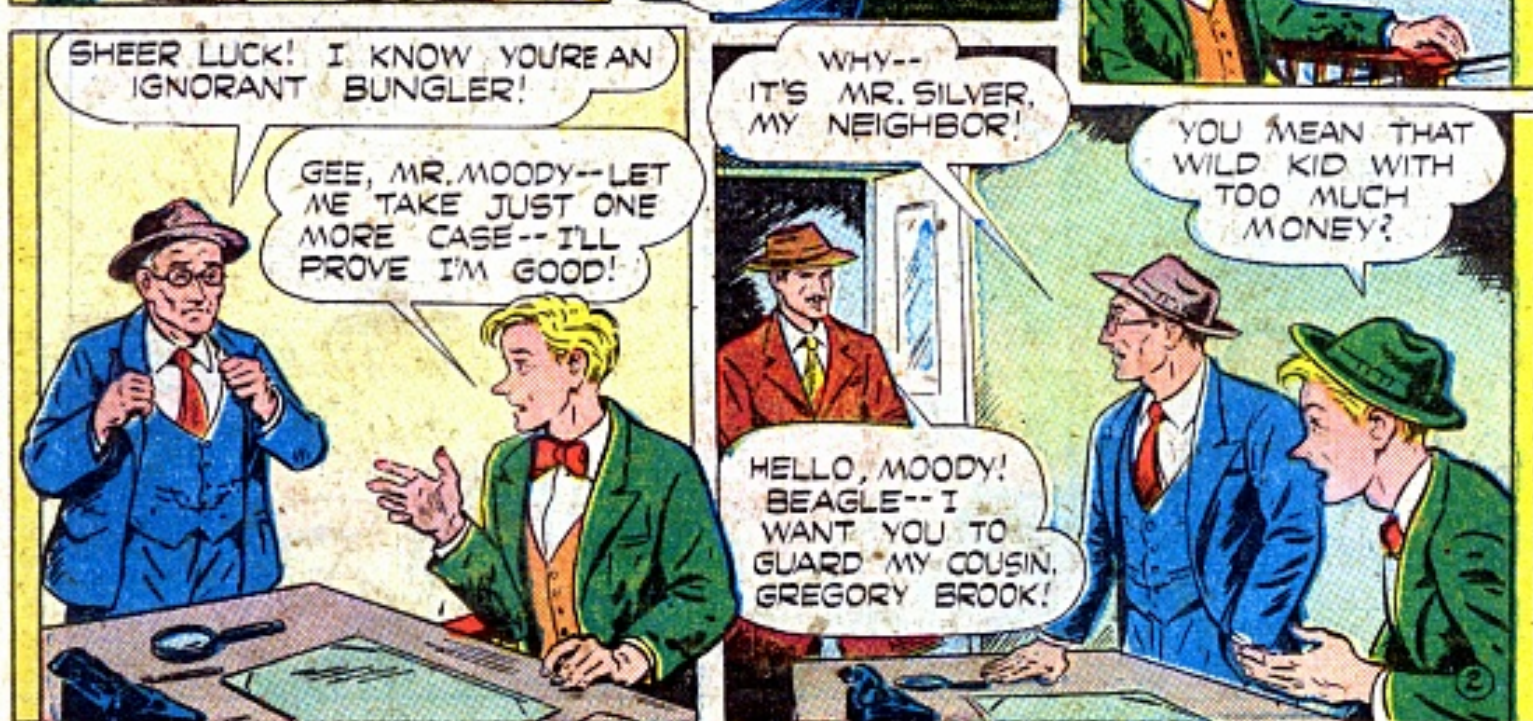
I'LL HAVE  
THE LAW  
ON YOU!

AAAAH-!



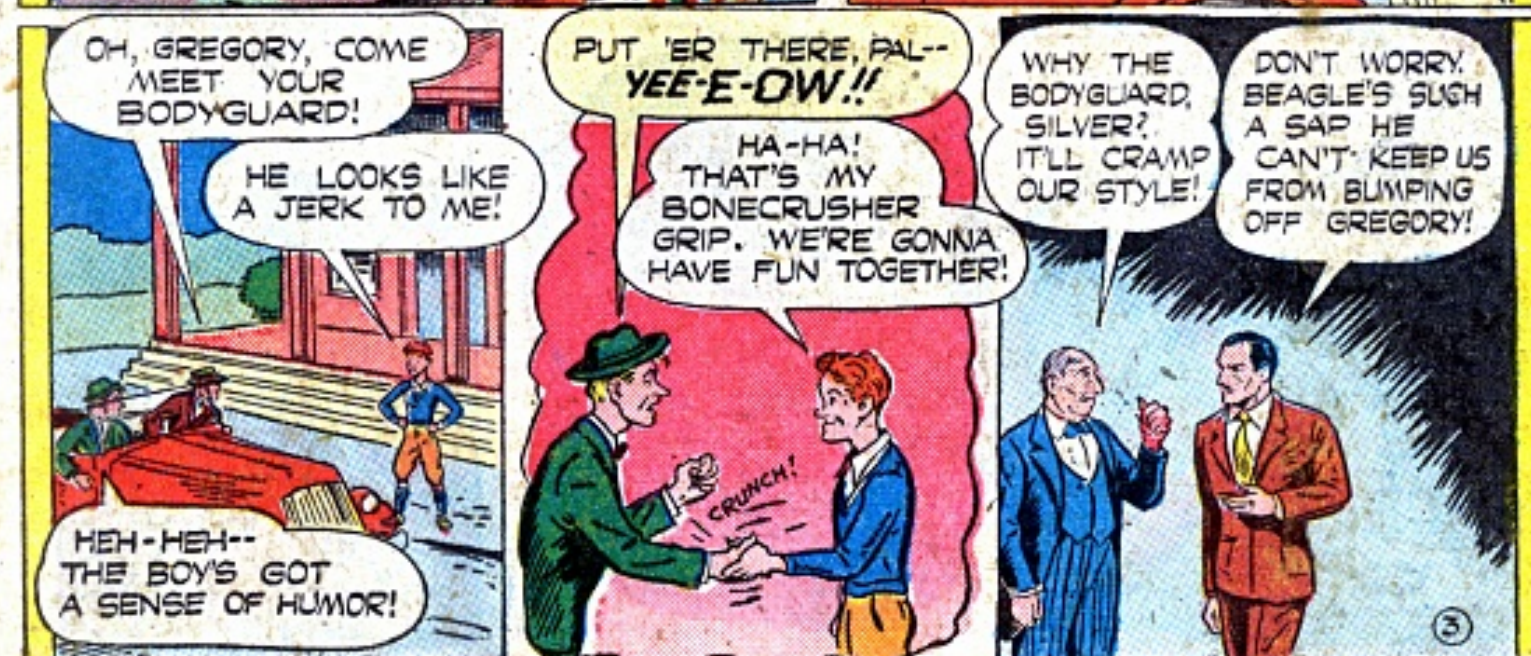
YOUNG KING COLE



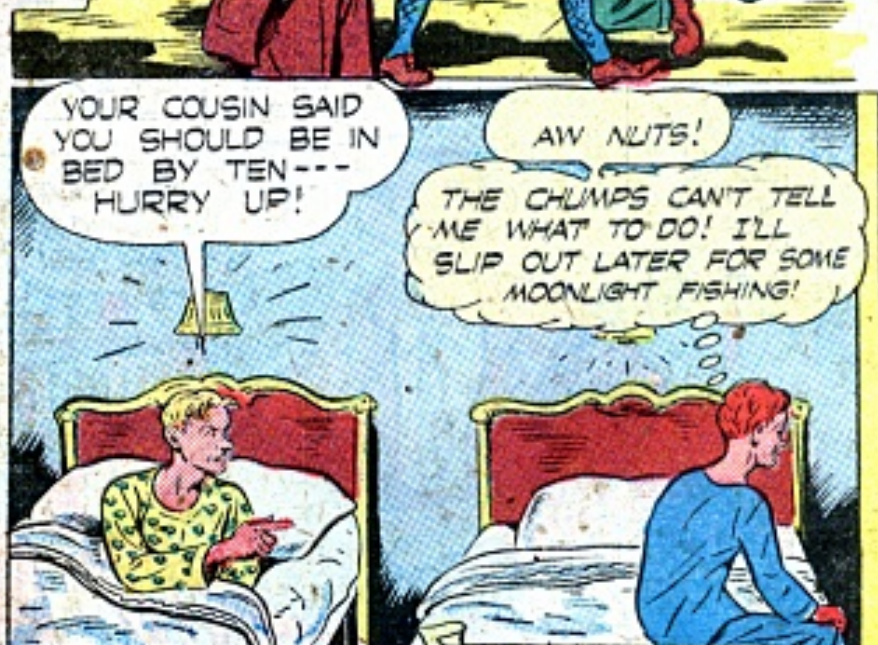


QUESTION No. 9. What relation to you is your father's sister's daughter?









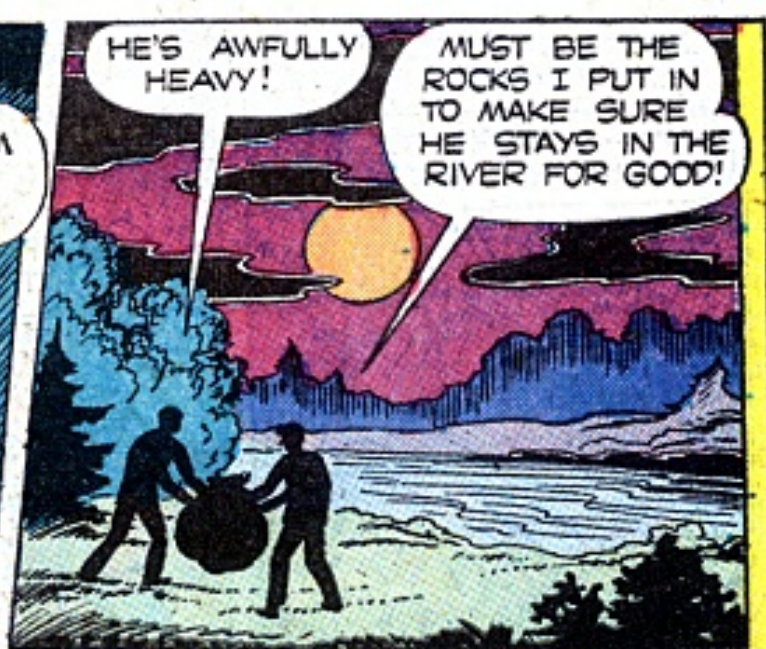




UGH-FF!

I DIDN'T  
REALIZE HE  
WAS SO BIG!

LET'S GET HIM  
OUTTA HERE  
IN A HURRY!



HE'S AWFULLY  
HEAVY!

MUST BE THE  
ROCKS I PUT IN  
TO MAKE SURE  
HE STAYS IN THE  
RIVER FOR GOOD!



BYE,  
BYE,  
BRAT!

AIN'T IT A SHAME--  
THERE GOES YOUR  
LAST LIVING RELATIVE!

WE'VE JUST MADE  
A COUPLE OF  
MILLION BUCKS!

**HOMER**, RAPIDLY  
SUFFOCATING, IS ROLLED  
BY THE RIVER'S CURRENT.

LET'S GO BACK AND  
CELEBRATE -- AND WILL  
THAT DUMB DICK BE  
SURPRISED!

BLUB BLUB  
BLUB

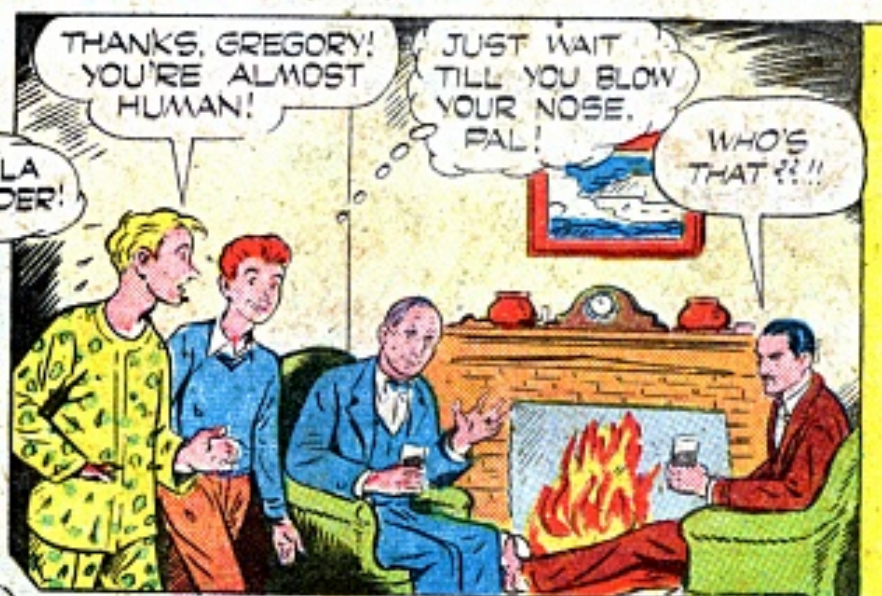


WOW! I GOT  
A BITE --- A  
TREMENDOUS BITE!



I DIDN'T KNOW  
THEY CAME  
THIS BIG!!







THAT CLUCK IS MORE CAPABLE THAN I THOUGHT!

BRR-RR--  
WISH I HAD  
A HOT DRINK!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
HIM, AND THIS TIME  
WE'LL MAKE SURE  
OF THE BRAT!

ALLOW ME TO  
SERVE YOU  
SOMETHING, SIR!

CONK

SO YOU'RE AFTER  
MY MONEY!  
DON'T FORGET I  
GOT A  
BODYGUARD!

WE  
DIDN'T!

GEE-- ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
KILL ME?

CERTAINLY--BUT IT'LL  
LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!  
EVERYBODY KNOWS  
HOW YOU SNATCH MY CAR  
AND DRIVE LIKE A FOOL!

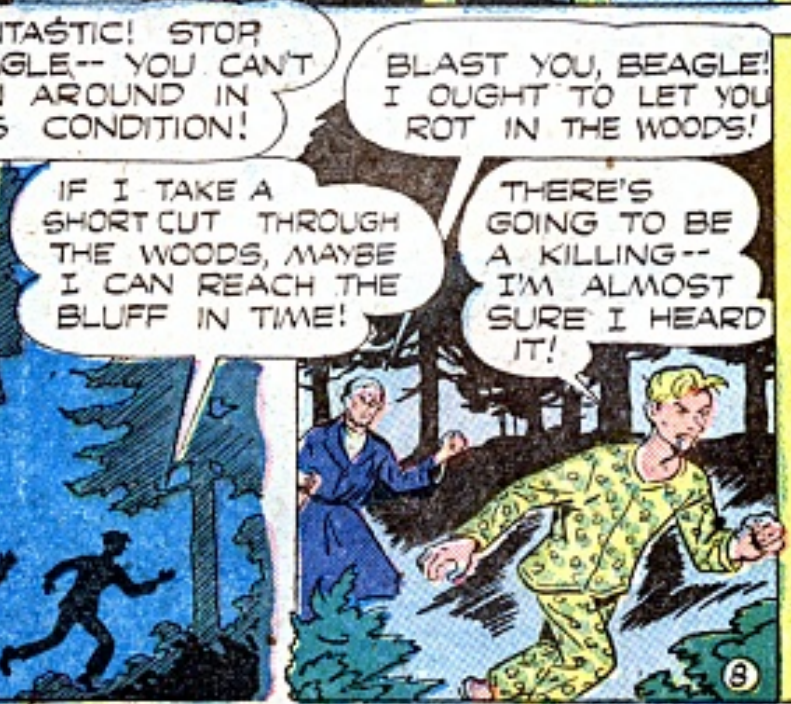
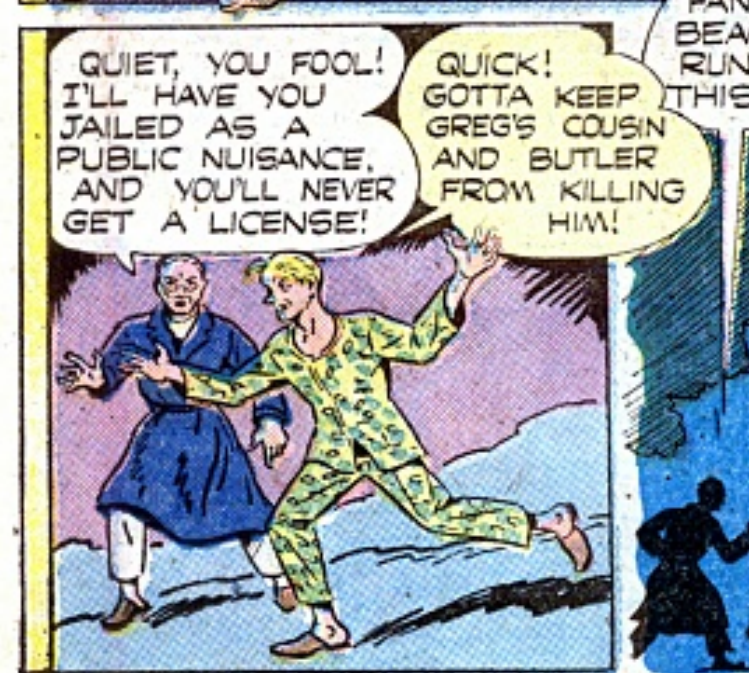
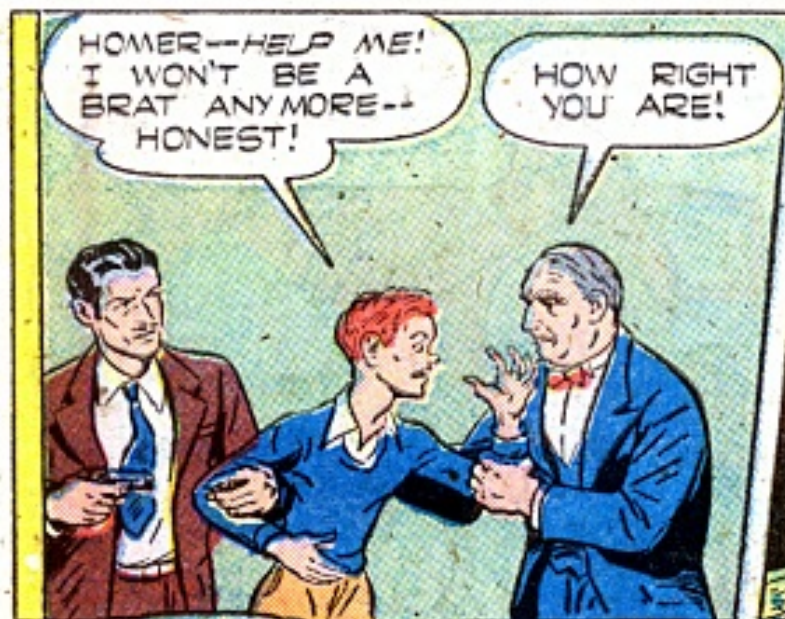
THIS TIME YOU'RE  
RIDING OVER "DEAD  
MAN'S BLUFF"--WE'LL  
SEE TO THAT!

IN OTHER WORDS,  
YOU'RE GOING FOR  
A RIDE!

"DEAD MAN'S  
BLUFF"...WHAT  
ARE THEY  
TALKING  
ABOUT...OH,  
MY HEAD....

WE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THIS  
CHUMP DETECTIVE  
LATER.







HERE'S THE BLUFF (PUFF)--WHERE'S THE KILLING?

SH-H-H--THEY MIGHT HEAR YOU!

FOR ONCE YOU'RE RIGHT, BEAGLE!

STICK 'EM UP! WE HEARD YOU PLOWING THROUGH THE WOODS, 50 YARDS AWAY!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS--I'M THE COMMISSIONER OF LICENSES!

YOU CAN FILE YOUR PROTEST FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BLUFF!

BEAGLE! DO SOMETHING--YOU'RE A DETECTIVE!

NOT WITHOUT A LICENSE!

SAVE ME AND I'LL RECONSIDER!

AND I WON'T BE A BRAT ANY MORE!

HOP IN! I GUARANTEE A QUICK DEATH!

I HAVE ONE LAST REQUEST TO MAKE!

WHAT??!!

WELL--NOW I GOT SOMETHIN' TO WORK FOR, AND NOTHIN' TO WORK WITH!

**H**OWER BLOWS HIS NOSE WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF SPRINKLED WITH BNEEZE POWDER!

HA-CHOO!!

I'M CATCHING COLD--PLEASE LET ME BLOW MY NOSE!

WHAT A SCREWBALL! GO AHEAD!



SORRY, GENTLEMEN!

WHAT'S THIS POWDER?  
UGH! IT TICKLES  
MY NOSE!

MINE TOO!  
WHAT KIND OF  
TRICK IS THIS?

I'LL PLUG YOU  
FOR THAT-- OH!



AH-CHOO-OO!!  
CLUNK!

OUCH! MY HEAD!  
BUT IT MUST BE  
HARDER THAN THEIRS!



IT MAY BE JUST DUMB-  
LUCK, OR IT MAY BE  
QUICK THINKING. WHAT-  
EVER IT IS, YOU GET  
THE LICENSE!

THANKS!

I OWE YOU  
PLENTY  
FOR PUTTING  
THOSE CROOKS  
IN JAIL!

WHEW! A  
THOUSAND  
BUCKS!  
I'LL BUY  
ME AN  
AUTO!

HA, HA--I CAN'T  
REFORM COMPLETELY  
IN ONE DAY, HOMER!

DOGGONE!  
NOW MY HAND'S  
SO CRUNCHED I  
CAN'T ENDORSE  
THE CHECK!



YOUNG KING COLE



LOOK - I JUST  
BOUGHT A  
NICKEL  
ERASER!!

GEE-WOULDN'T  
A RUBBER ONE  
BE BETTER?

I WONDER IF  
AVIATORS PUT  
THEIR MONEY  
IN AIR  
POCKETS?

?!?

HOW DO THE  
BEES GET RID  
OF THEIR  
HONEY, HUH?

THEY CELL  
IT, OF  
COURSE!!

GLASS

WHY DO YOU  
CALL HIM  
X??

'CAUSE HE'S  
EQUAL TO  
ANYTHING!

MILT HAMMER

YOUNG KING COLE



# FOG

by John Graham

**T**HE fog was heavy and oppressive over the entire waterfront. Out on the river, a whistle moaned sadly as if aware of the sinister purpose that caused the dapper little fat man to loiter in the protective shadow of the alley.

Fats Feeny was at the one time hunted and hunting. He had broken from the death house to avenge himself on his ex-partner, Eddie Poe. And now he had found him! He cursed at the thought of Poe — who had betrayed him to the law after the last job. Poe, who had caused immaculate Fats Feeny to wear prison garb. But Poe would pay for this humiliation! Yes, he'd pay, for a deadly Fats Feeny was only a few feet away from him now.

He began to move toward, and suddenly stumbled, pudgy little hands darting out in front of him to break his fall. He pulled himself to his ridiculously tiny feet and aimed a kick of an expensive shoe at the box over which he had fallen. Confound this fog, this fog that cloaked and obscured everything so that a man couldn't see where he was going! He chuckled slightly. No, he didn't mean

that. The fog was friendly to Fats Feeny. How else would he have been able to sneak out of hiding on his errand of murder?

Poe had been smart to retreat to the lonely little house on the waterfront street. It was scarcely the place you'd expect to find a big-time gangster, but inadvertently he had played directly into the murderous hands of Fats Feeny, who had promised to kill him. True, there was no one here to tip Poe's hiding place, but neither were there any policemen assigned to patrol this deserted neighborhood. There was nothing to save Poe from Fats—nothing.

Ordinarily it was dangerous for Fats to be out. There were sharp-eyed detectives who had sworn to restore him to the death house, and his huge body and short stature made identification easy. Tonight's fog, however, had changed all that. It was impossible to see but inches before you, and Fats was free to move and murder.

The fog seemed to grow deeper and more protecting as he ran across the street to the ramshackle house where Poe was lodged. He

paused, breathing hard, his great bulk straining under the slight effort of the run. Yet his agility was surprising as he reached up and seized the fire escape ladder. Quickly and with enormous strength he began to pull himself up.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he dragged himself up the rungs of the ladder. Caution was in order. Poe was a dangerous and resourceful opponent; it wouldn't do for Fats Feeny to end with a bullet in his head. He was determined to do all the killing—kill Poe and grab the money he knew was secreted somewhere in the room.

Panting on the fire escape, he darted a look into the room. He was in luck! Poe sat counting the money — the money they had stolen together. Strain must be taking its toll of Poe, Fats thought. Why else should a man get up from bed in thin pajamas to count money in the dark of night?

Glass suddenly tinkled into the room and Fats sprang in to greet a startled Poe. Poe reached for his gun, but abandoned the idea when he beheld the revolver that was in Feeny's unwavering clutch.



"Everything check all right, Poe?" Feeny asked, grinning. "Or maybe you'd like to count it once more before I knock you off?"

"Look, Fats, you got me wrong," Poe said desperately, his eyes hunting frantically for a means of escape. "I didn't frame you. See, I've been saving your split all along for you. You got me wrong, Fats. You—"

Feeny was not taken in by the plea, but neither was he quite prepared for the quick thrust of Poe's hand that swept the lamp from the table and plunged the room into darkness. Fats cursed silently as he hit the floor. How could he have been fooled by an old dodge like that? The situation was changed now. He had held all the cards a moment ago and now he was trapped in the little room with a desperate Poe who would kill him if he could. Only one man was going to emerge from this room—and it had to be Fats Feeny.

Fog seeped in through the broken window, dampening the room and filling it with an even more ominous quiet. Feeny fought to control the slight noise of his breathing that seemed to sound like thunder in the little room. One false move would betray his position and result in death from the gun of Poe. Fats shivered at the thought.

How could he get to Poe? How did he know that even now the other man wasn't creeping toward him? Taut

nerves screamed silently. He couldn't stand this much longer. He'd have to make a break. Better to go down shooting than to crouch here waiting for Poe to kill him. He gripped the gun ever tighter and found his chubby palms damp. This was maddening! He'd cry out! He'd tell Poe to split the money! He couldn't stay here and wait to be shot! And across the room there was nothing — nothing but silence.

Again, though, the fog proved his benefactor. A sneeze sounded suddenly in the darkened room and Feeny directed a hail of lead toward it. He held his last shot in the event that Poe might be playing possum and crept slowly toward the lamp. He didn't trust Poe, although the scream that had answered his shots seemed genuine enough.

His fumbling, fat, fingers finally managed to get the lamp going and the room was once more full of light. He dove sideways, then laughed when he beheld what had happened. Fats Feeny really enjoyed murder and this was a particularly good one. Poe was dead, slumped in a corner, his useless revolver still in his hand. All of Fats' shots had found a mark, but the fog had actually helped in the death. The combination of broken window and Poe's light attire had resulted in the fatal sneeze.

The fat killer was in surprisingly high spirits as he

stuffed his wallet with the money Poe had been counting and headed for the door. There was no need for the fire escape now. He could march right out into the fog—the fog that had been so good to him.

His step was gay up the sidewalk, when he heard the rustling behind him. What was this thing that seemed to creep slowly after him? Ghosts? Fats Feeny didn't believe in anything like that! He drew his gun and waited for whatever it was to appear.

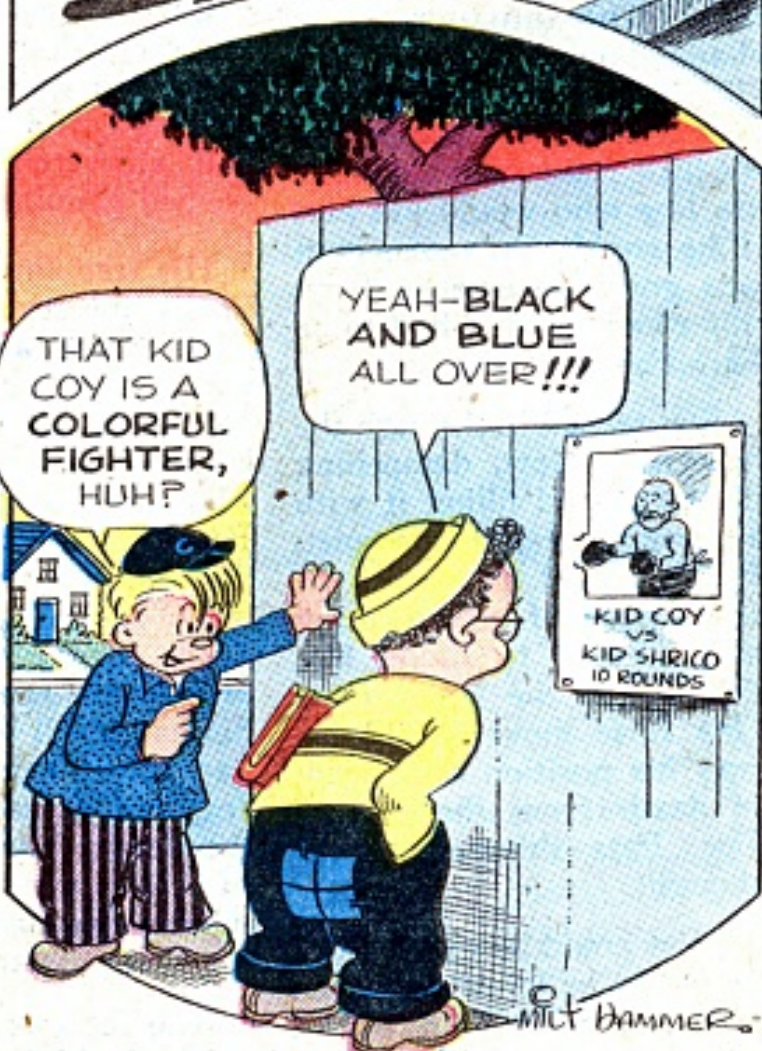
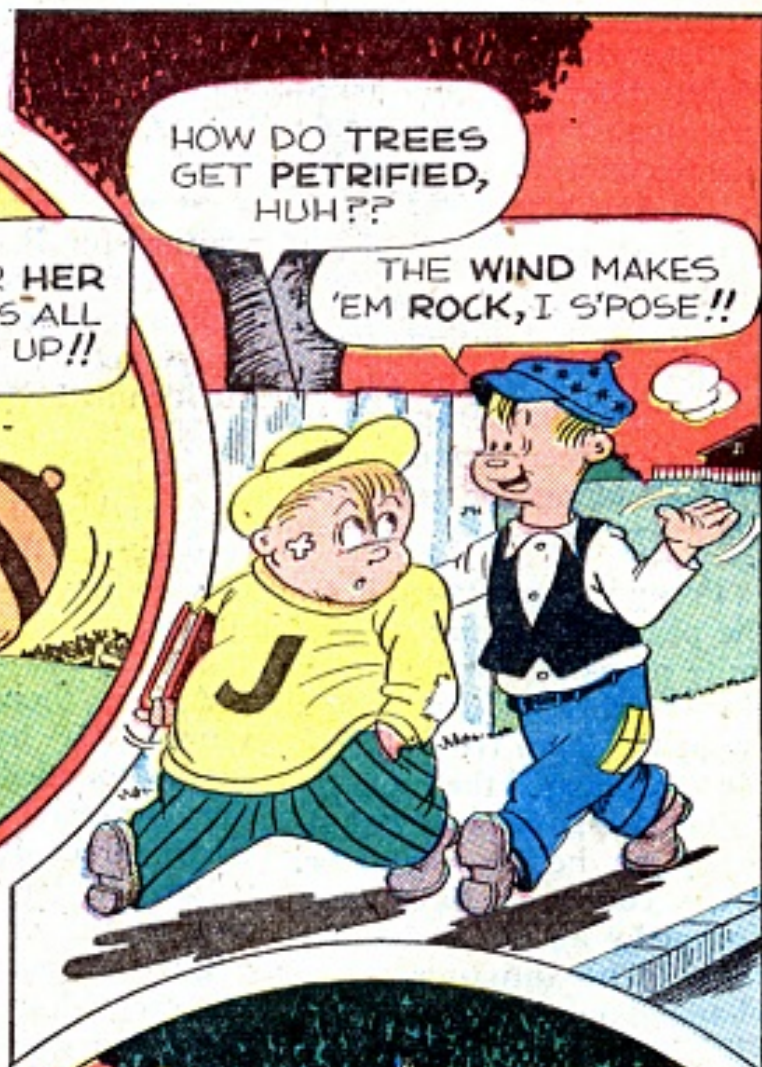
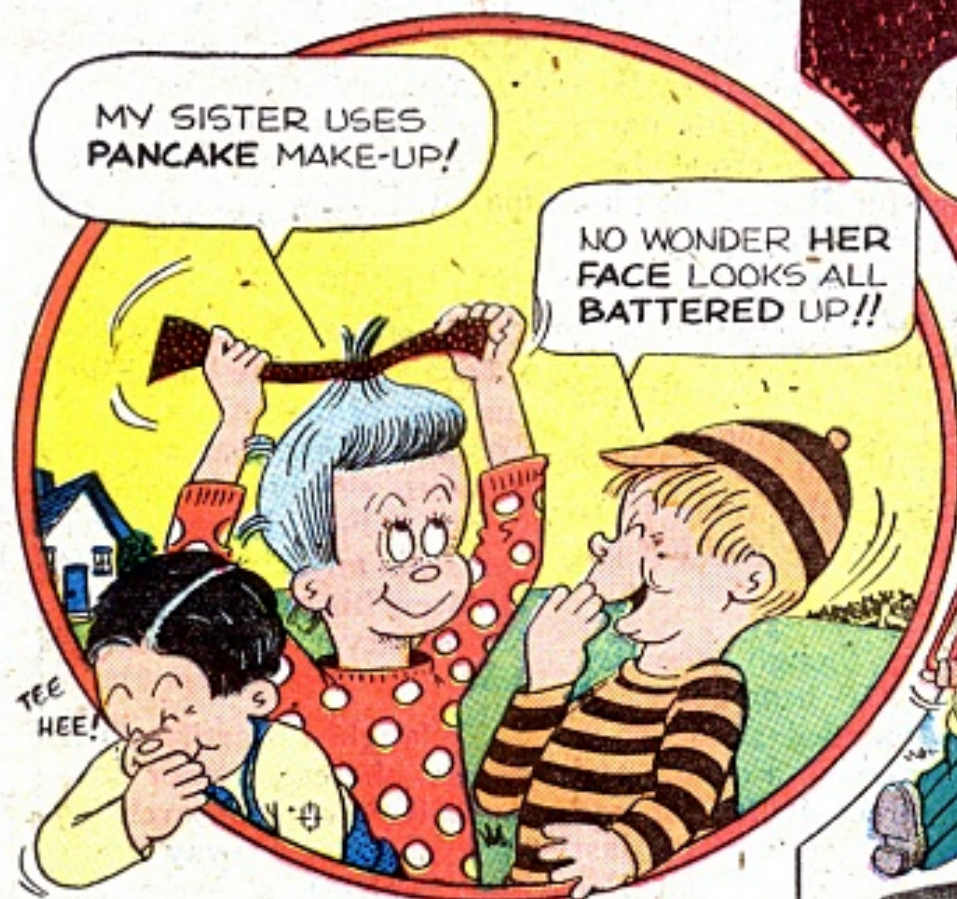
He laughed heartily when he saw the cat, a poor forlorn alley creature, arch its back and draw away from him. Hah! this fog could really play tricks on a guy. Imagine a tough gent like Fats Feeny staring into the murk waiting for a cat to appear. But he had no squawks! The fog had been good to him. Hadn't it helped him to find and kill Poe? Sure, the fog was entitled to a little joke at his expense.

Deep in his reverie, he walked directly into the path of the radio police car and was knocked flat on his back. Dazed, he blinked into the searchlight that one of the anxious patrolmen turned on him.

"Hurt, mister? Sorry, we didn't see you. Well I'll be—Hey, Eddie, this guy is Fats Feeny. And to think we would never have caught him if we hadn't gotten lost in the fog."

THE END





YOUNG KING COLE

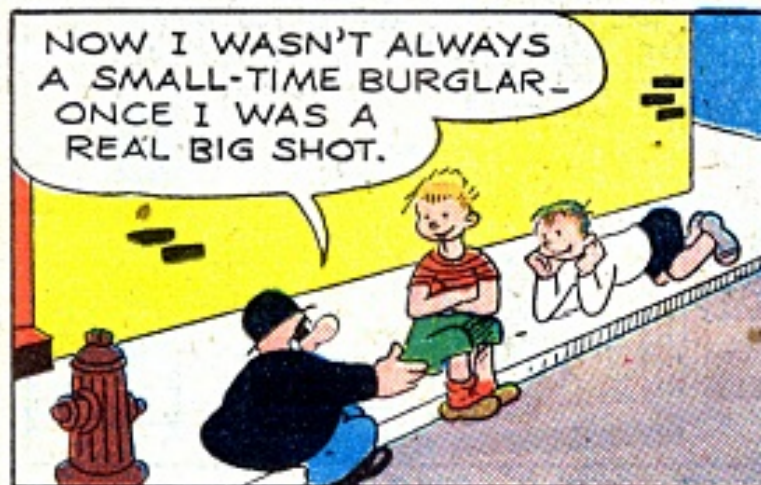
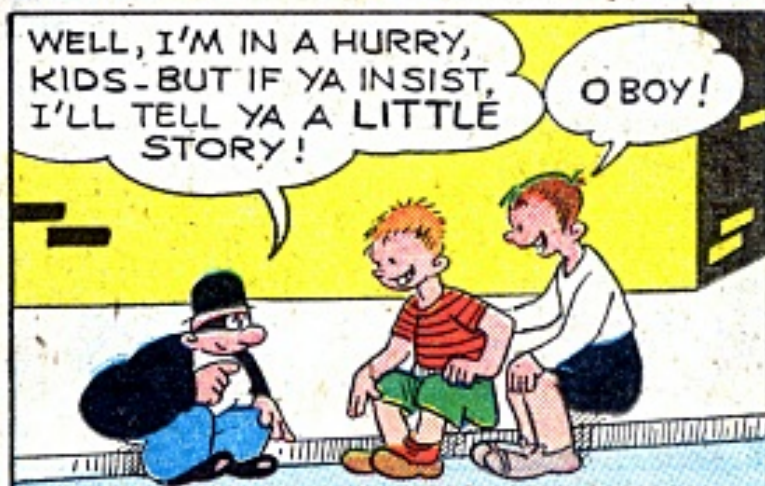
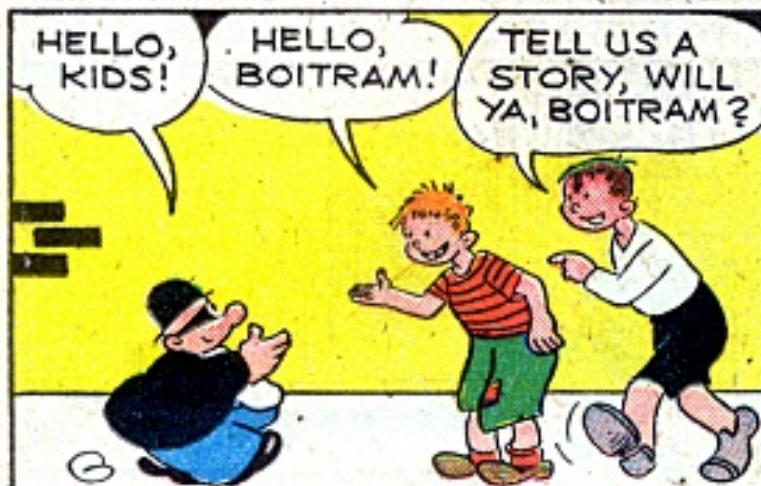


# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

## IN "TWO-GUN BOITRAM"

BY ART HELFANT

BANG!  
BANG!



YOUNG KING COLE



ONE DAY THE FAMOUS JESSE JAMES  
CAME TO SEE ME.

ARE YOU  
BOITRAM?

Y-YES!

HE HAD AN INTERESTING JOB FOR ME..  
HE WANTED ME TO ROB A BANK.

GET THAT  
DOUGH, SEE?

WHO,  
ME?

I ACCEPTED MR. JAMES'S PROPOSITION  
ENTHUSIASTICALLY!

AND MAKE  
IT SNAPPY!

BANG!

I WENT TO THE BANK WITH CONFIDENCE!

BANK  
HOURS  
9-12

CLOSED  
SUNDAY

TO ME THE JOB WAS JUST ANOTHER JOB.

GULP!

BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SCARED  
OF ME. THE DOORS WERE BOLTED.

BANK  
HOURS  
9-12

CLOSED  
SUNDAY

I FORCED THEM TO OPEN UP,

THE BANK IS OPEN  
NOW, SIR! DID YOU  
WISH TO COME IN?

BANK  
HOURS  
9-12

-ER.. A.. NOT  
ESPECIALLY!

AND I BOLDLY TOLD THEM WHAT  
I WAS AFTER!

-ER.. CAN I ROB  
THIS BANK?

PLEASE!

TELLER



THEY ALL FELL TO THE FLOOR IN TERROR !!!

HAW. HAW!

HA, HA, HA!

HEE, HEE!

HA, HA!

?!

BOW WOW!

HAW, HAW, HAW!!

TELLER

SO I HELPED MYSELF - THERE WAS \$3,000,000.00!

I AIN'T GOT TIME TO COUNT IT ALL.

HAW! HAW!!

I'LL TAKE \$2,999,999.00 -  
HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR  
YOU!

THANK  
YOU!

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF MY STORY!

THAT WAS A SWELL STORY!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY, BOITRAM?

...ER.. I GAVE IT ALL BACK TO THE BANK!!

?!?

YES, SIR! I GAVE IT ALL BACK! EVERY CENT OF IT!!

I WAS ONLY KIDDING!!!

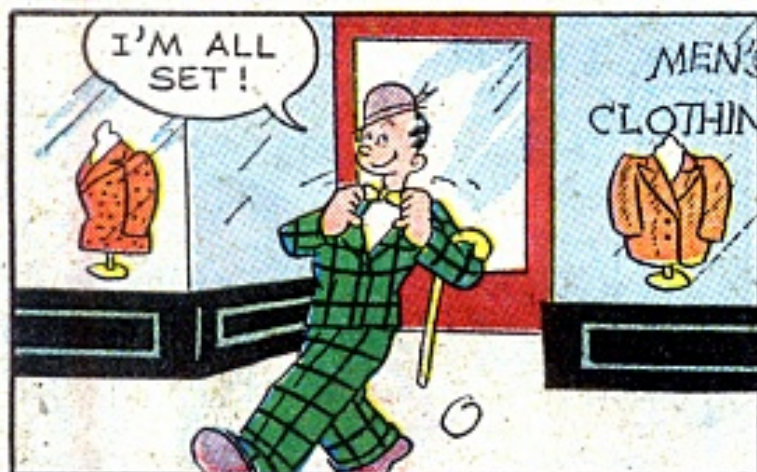
TAP! TAP!

3



# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT

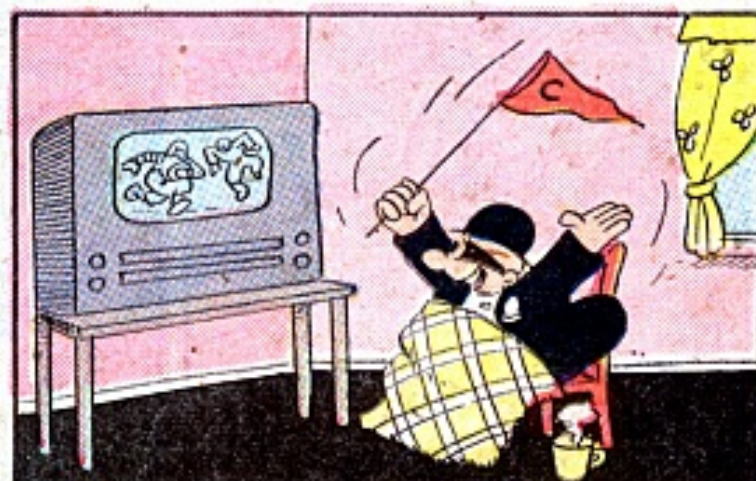
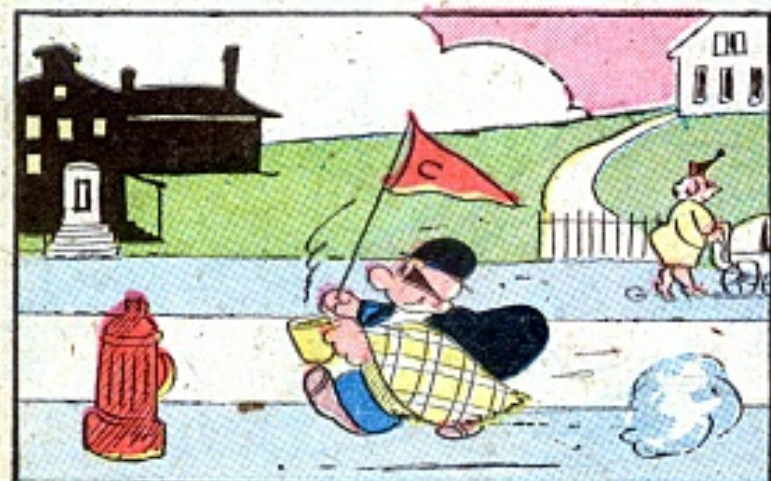
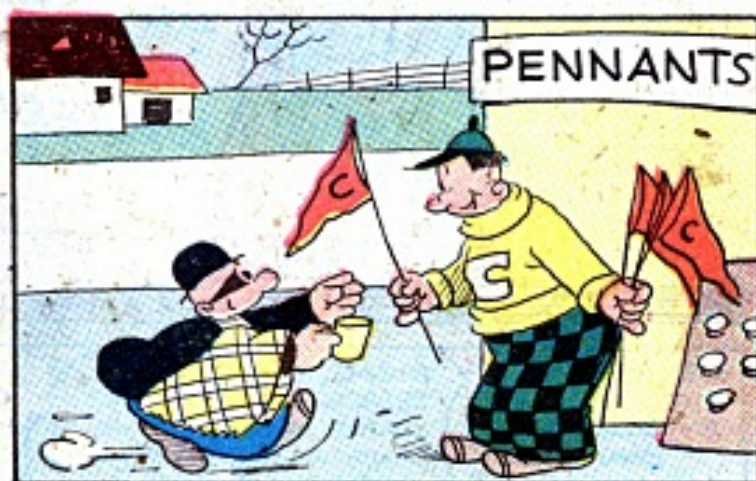
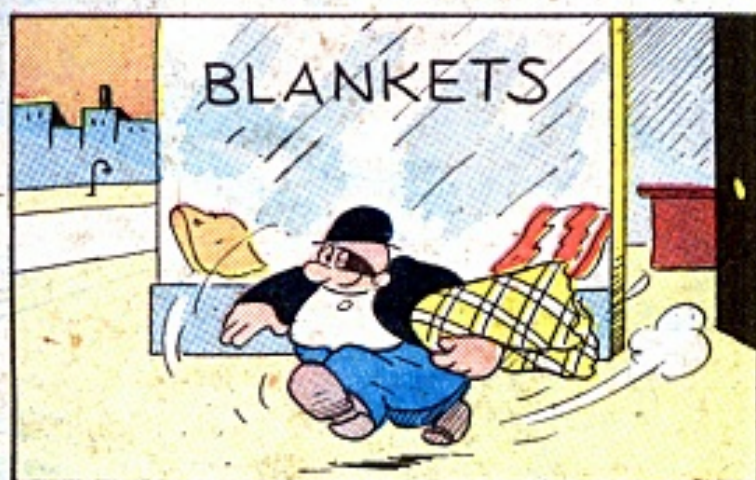
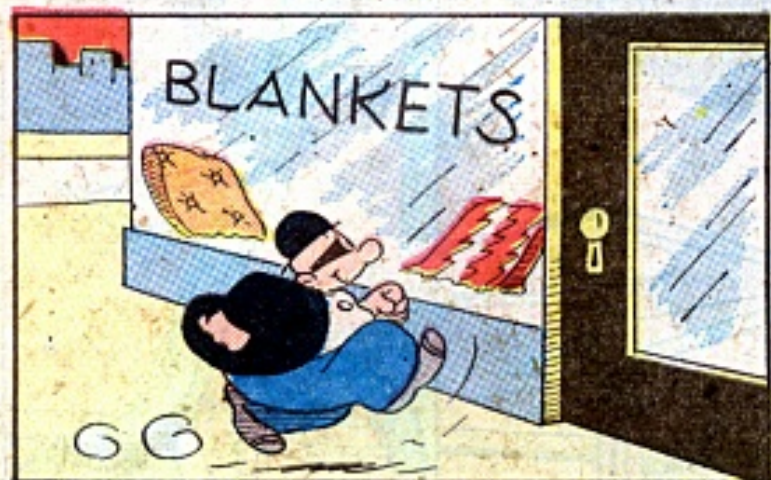


YOUNG KING COLE



# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

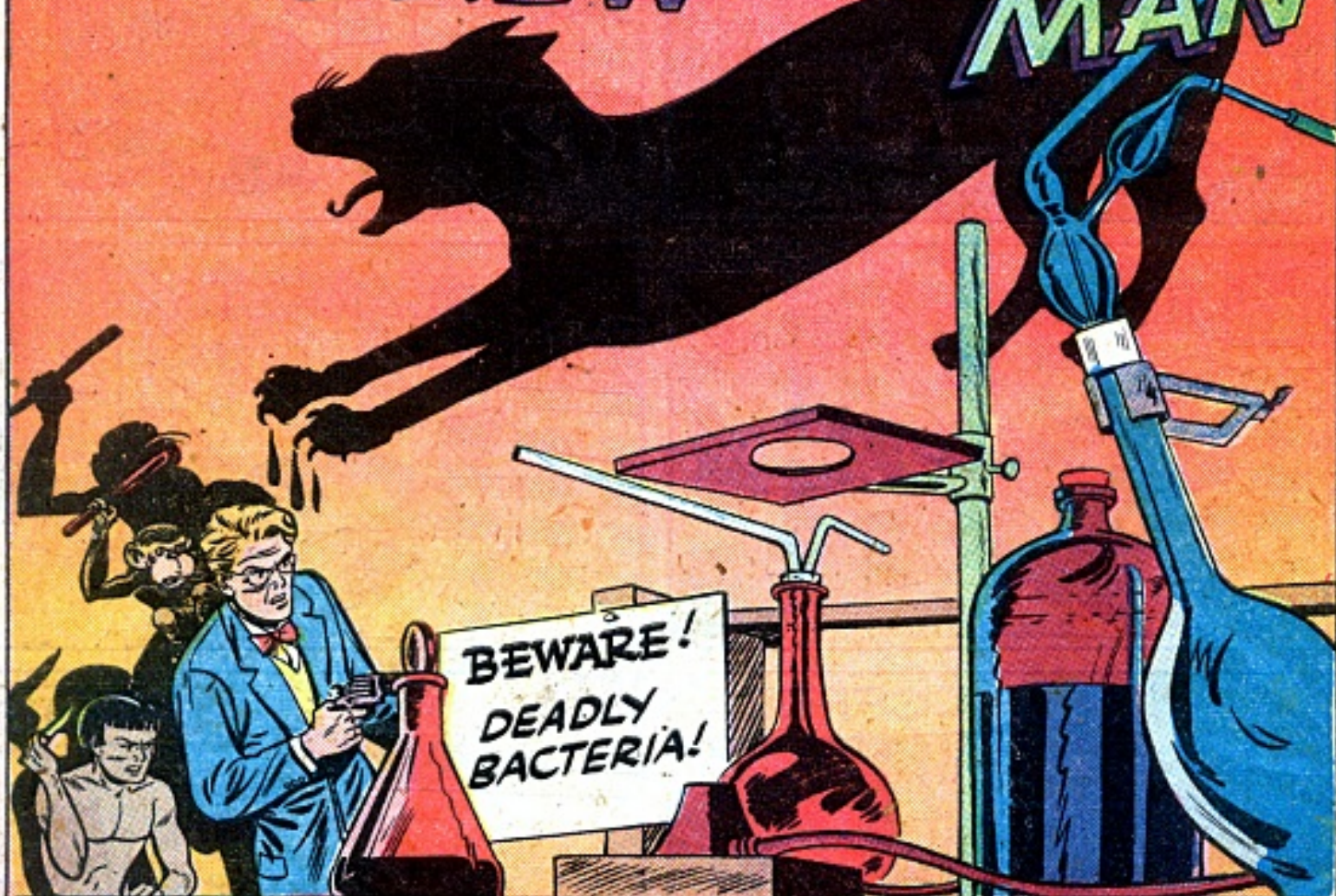
BY ART HELFANT



YOUNG KING COLE



# DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

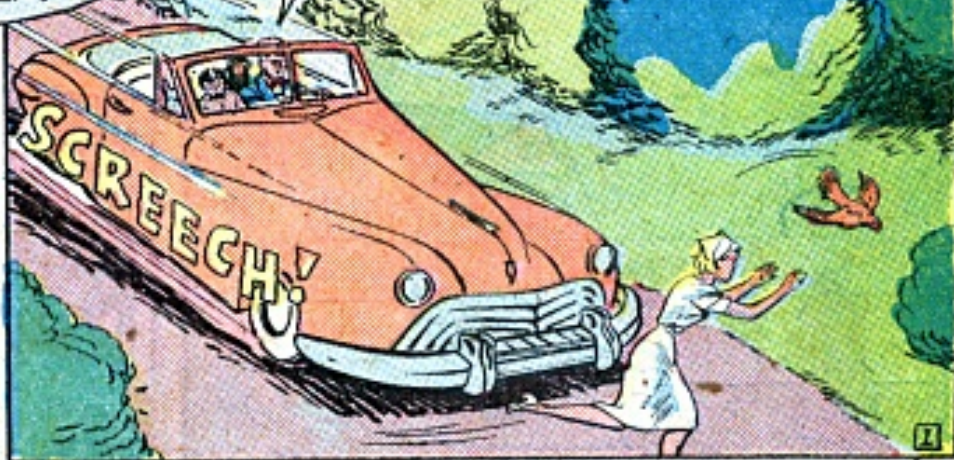


ART BY JOE CERTA

REVERE IS  
MAN KILLED  
BY SCRATCH  
OF SIAMESE  
CAT, WHISPER?

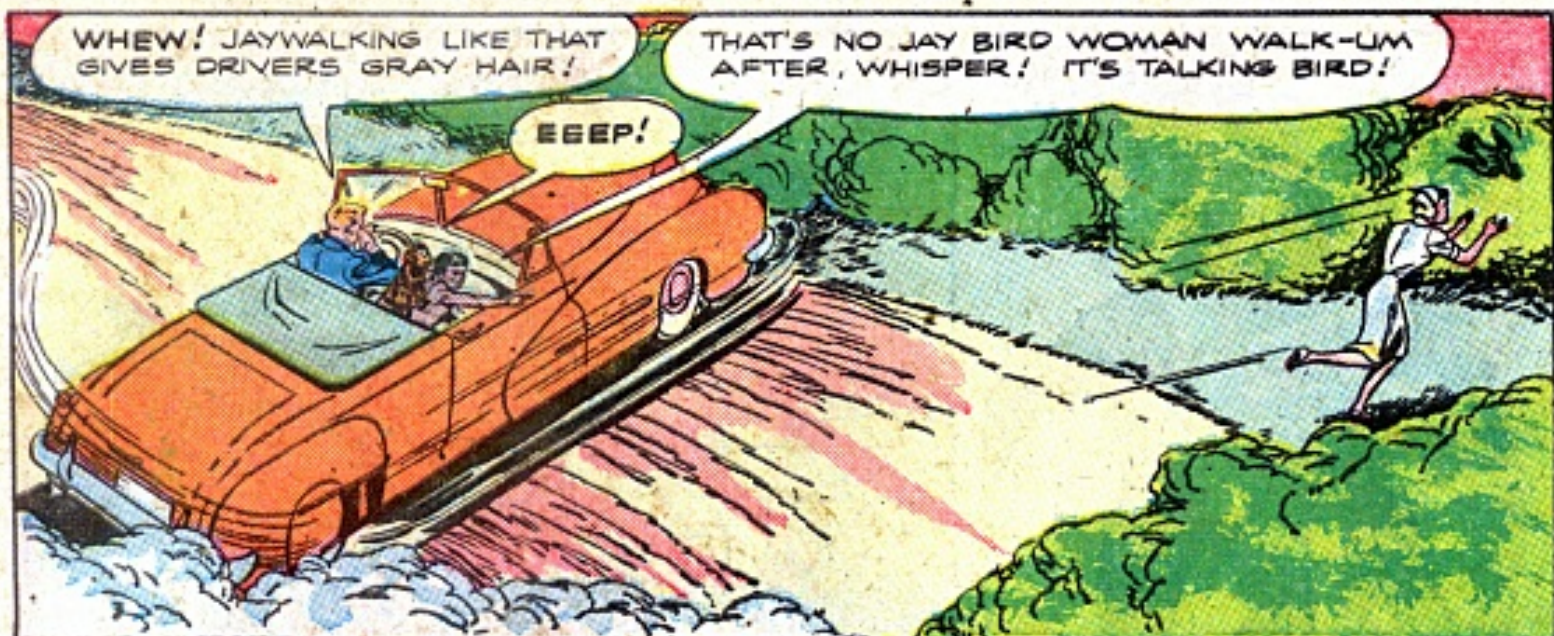
RIGHT, ZAN! AND  
SINCE I KNOW THE  
LANGUAGE OF THE  
ANIMALS, OUR FRIEND  
DETECTIVE SNOUPE  
WANTS MY HELP!

SNOUPE CALLED US HERE  
TO SEE IF REVERE'S PET CAT  
IS REALLY VICIOUS ----  
HEY, LOOK OUT THERE!



QUESTION No. 14. Are all bacteria harmful?









QUESTION No. 15. Name the first Secretary-General of the United Nations.

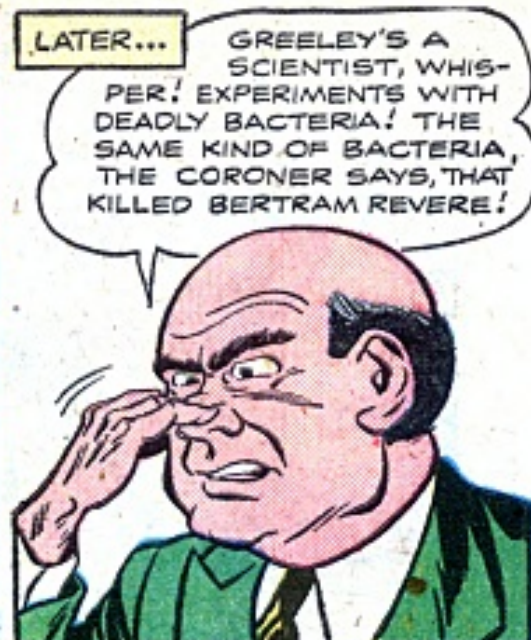




I'M NOT SURE I TRUST THOSE TWO, ZAN! LET'S SEE WHAT SNOUPE KNOWS ABOUT GREELEY!

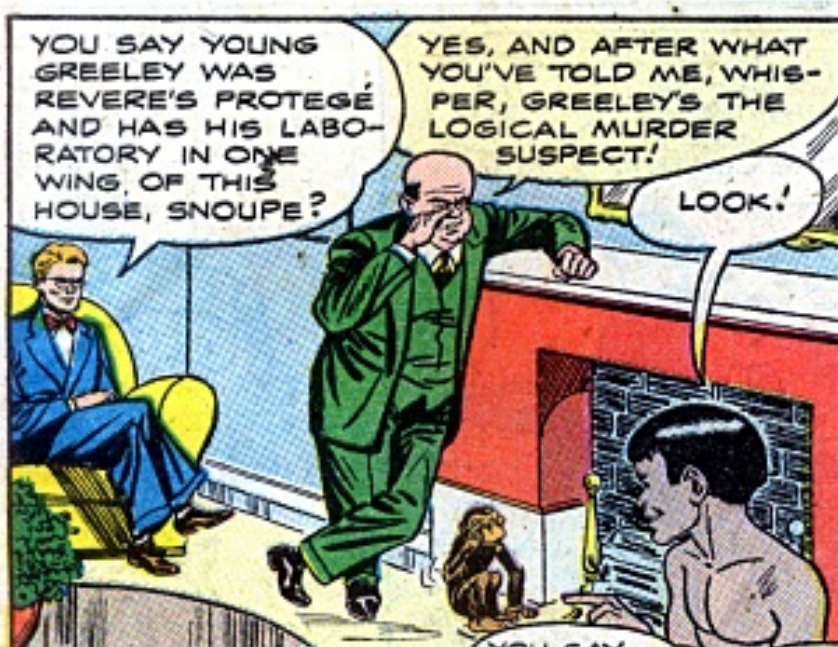
MIKKO NO LIKE MULLET AND MISS GIMPLE, WHISPER!

CHHHHHHT!



LATER...

GREELEY'S A SCIENTIST, WHISPER! EXPERIMENTS WITH DEADLY BACTERIA! THE SAME KIND OF BACTERIA, THE CORONER SAYS, THAT KILLED BERTRAM REVERE!



YOU SAY YOUNG GREELEY WAS REVERE'S PROTEGÉ AND HAS HIS LABORATORY IN ONE WING OF THIS HOUSE, SNOUPE?

YES, AND AFTER WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, WHISPER, GREELEY'S THE LOGICAL MURDER SUSPECT!

LOOK!



MIKKO SUSPICIOUS TOO! HE SCRATCH-UM NOSE LIKE YOU DO, SNOUPEE!



THAT ☆@\*!!?# ANIMAL'S TRYING TO MAKE A MONKEY OF ME! COME ON, LET'S VISIT GREELEY!

EEEP! EEEP!

HA, HA, HA, HA!



YOU SAY GREELEY TOLD YOU OVER AN HOUR AGO HE WAS GOING TO HIS ROOM, SNOUPE?

YES! HIS DOOR'S LOCKED. (SNIFF) I SMELL GAS! QUICK, LET'S FORCE THE DOOR!

KNOCK! KNOCK! RATTLE!



GREELEY - A SUICIDE! (COUGH) (COUGH) OPEN THE WINDOW, WHISPER!

RIGHT. (COUGH). TURN OF THE GAS HEATER, SNOUPE!



HE'S BEEN DEAD SOME-  
TIME! HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN TRYING TO ESCAPE  
THE CHAIR FOR MURDER-  
ING REVERE!

BUT YOU HAVE ONLY  
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVI-  
DENCE TO PROVE  
HIS GUILT, SNOUPE.



NONSENSE!  
THE CASE IS  
AS PLAIN AS  
THE NOSE ON  
MY FACE!

ODD THAT  
GREELEY'D HAVE  
A CUP OF TEA  
BEFORE COMMIT-  
TING SUICIDE!



LOOK! THAT  
BRUISE BEHIND  
GREELEY'S EAR!  
HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN UNCON-  
SCIOUS WHEN  
THE GAS WAS  
TURNED ON!

SEE! I  
FIND-UM THIS  
UNDER GAS  
HEATER, WHISPER!  
A WOMAN'S EAR-  
RING! LISTEN--  
SOMEONE COMES  
SOFTLY!

PSSST! QUICK, ZAN,  
DUCK BEHIND  
THAT DESK!  
I'LL HIDE IN  
THE CLOSET!

ME  
DO!



LOOKING FOR THIS EARRING YOU  
DROPPED IN THE STRUGGLE WITH  
GREELEY, MISS GIMPLE?

WHY, YES,  
I... THAT  
IS I MEAN...  
..YOU STARTLED  
ME!

INTO ADMITTING  
THAT YOUNG  
GREELEY DID  
NOT COMMIT  
SUICIDE - BUT  
WAS MURDERED!

ME GET  
SNOUPPEE,  
HUH, WHISPER?





BACK INSIDE, YOU!  
MY WIFE ADMITTED  
NOTHING THAT'LL DO  
YOU TWO ANY GOOD!

SO YOU AND MISS GIMPLE  
ARE SECRETLY MARRIED,  
EH, MULLET?

THAT OLD FOOL REVERE  
WOULDN'T HIRE A MARRIED  
COUPLE! ANNA, HOLD THIS PISTOL—  
I'LL TIE THEM!



WHY DID  
YOU AND  
YOUR WIFE  
MURDER  
REVERE?

BECAUSE HE  
PUT US IN HIS  
WILL, THEN  
SAID HE WAS  
GOING TO CUT  
US OUT OF IT!

HE SAID WE WERE  
CRUEL TO HIS  
BELOVED PARROT  
AND SIAMESE  
CAT WHEN HE  
WASN'T AROUND,  
SO....

..MULLET BENT THE  
WIRES LIKE CAT'S  
CLAWS AND DIPPED  
THEM IN BACTERIA  
IN GREELEY'S  
LAB!



I SCRATCHED  
THE OLD FOOL'S  
ARM WITH THE  
WIRE CLAWS  
WHILE HE SLEPT!  
I'M GLAD  
HE'S DEAD!

SHUT UP, ANNA!  
YOU TALK TOO  
MUCH!

T-W-E-E-T!

EEEK!  
THE DOG!

GRRRRRR!

BANG!







QUESTION No. 17. In what part of the ship is the cargo stored? Hint: Look at Picture 3.



MULLET\*DIVES FOR THE PISTOL AS ZAN LIFTS THE DESK OFF WHISPER AND GRAY,

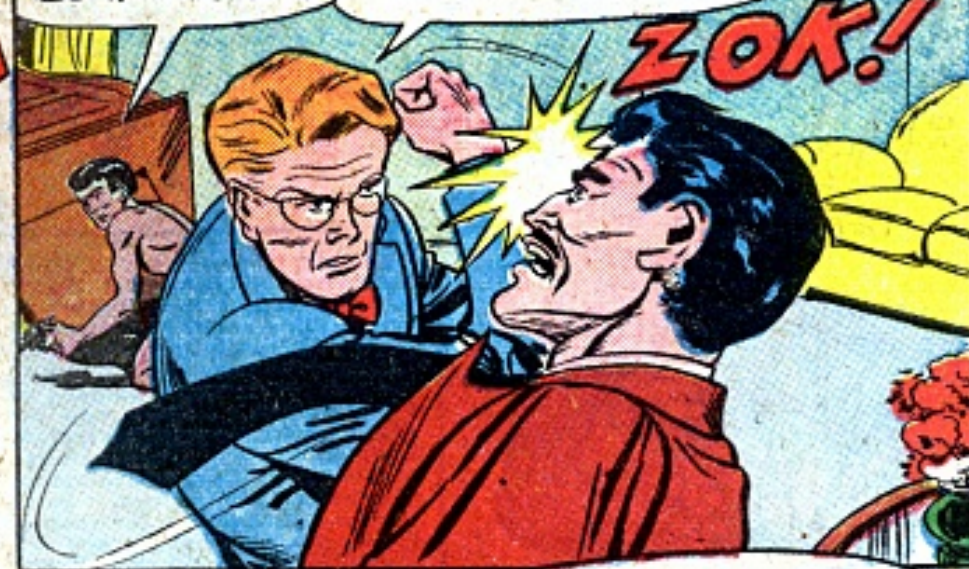


BUT ZAN IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.



ME GOT-UM GUN, WHISPER!

GOOD! I'LL SWAP MULLET MY FIST FOR IT!



LATER...

OW! MY HEAD! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE MULLET'S WANTED TO KILL THE PARROT?

THAT'S EASY! THEY WERE AFRAID THE BIRD KNEW TOO MUCH AND WOULD TALK!

PURR!



AHHH! THE LITTLE RASCAL'S RUBBING MY HEAD. HE'S GOT MORE SENSE THAN I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR!

EEEP! EEEP!





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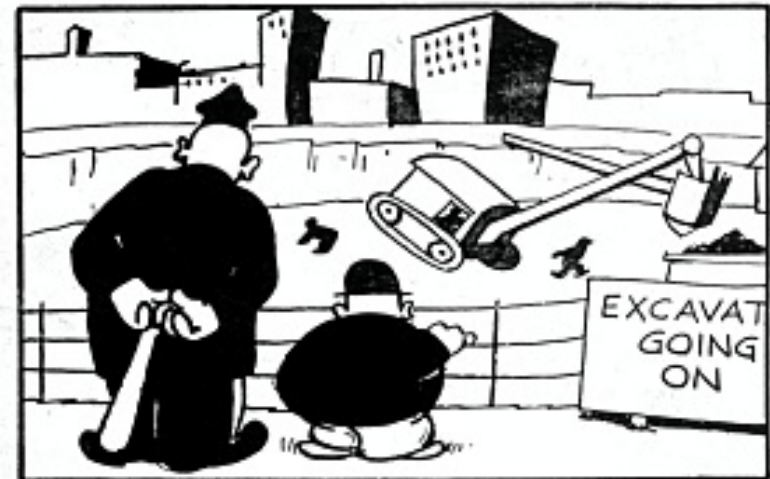
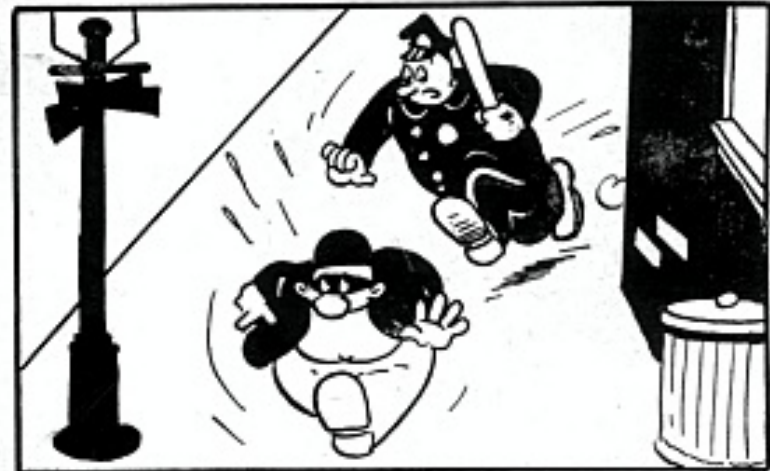
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# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

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YOUNG KING COLE



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