

Chester
CHESTER GOULD

THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY

DAILIES & SUNDAYS

1933-1935
VOLUME TWO

INTERVIEW WITH
CHESTER GOULD

THIS SECOND VOLUME OF THE
COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S
DICK TRACY INCLUDES NEARLY
600 STRIPS, FROM MAY 1933 TO
JANUARY 1935.



OH YOU
DON'T, EH?
YELL!
YELL!

OUCH
HELP
OW!

PERFECT
L'S EYES.

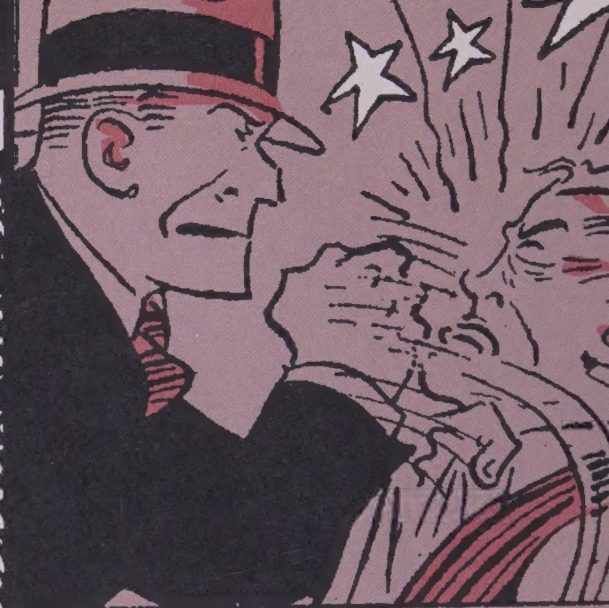
THRE
HITS
OF TH

kept up with the police reports in the newspaper, and I studied in the crime detection laboratory in Chicago, which was part of Northwestern. So I got a touch of lab work, as it was being performed in the city of Chicago. The police didn't have their own crime laboratory then. Later on it was made part of the police department, and pulled out of Northwestern."

-- Chester Gould on the early influences for Dick Tracy



ON YOUR TRAIL AGAIN- I'M
GOING TO SHOOT FIRST AND
INVESTIGATE AFTERWARDS.



WHERE'S THAT KID?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE B
DOUBLE-CROSSED
BREAK HIS NECK
WE CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH IT!

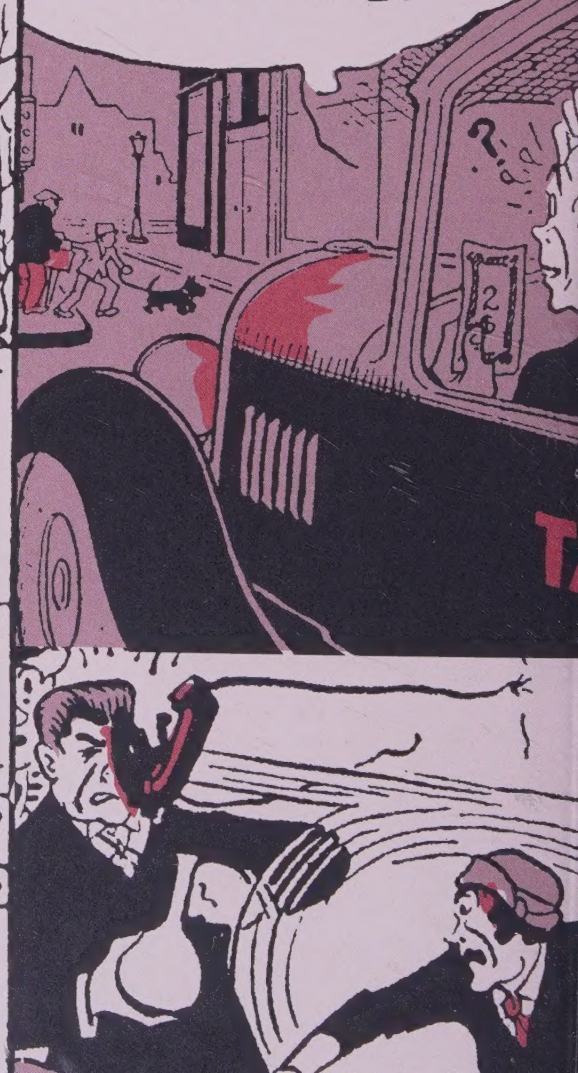


CHIEF! STAY
BACK OF
THE CAR!

IN FRONT OF ME,
BUDDY, OR
ELSE.



ORGAN GRINDERS MADE
DOUGH, BUT THAT'S THE
FIRST TIME I KNEW THEY
RODE TO WORK
IN A CAB.





THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY

IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



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THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S
**DICK
TRACY**[®]

DAILIES & SUNDAYS

1933-1935
VOLUME TWO

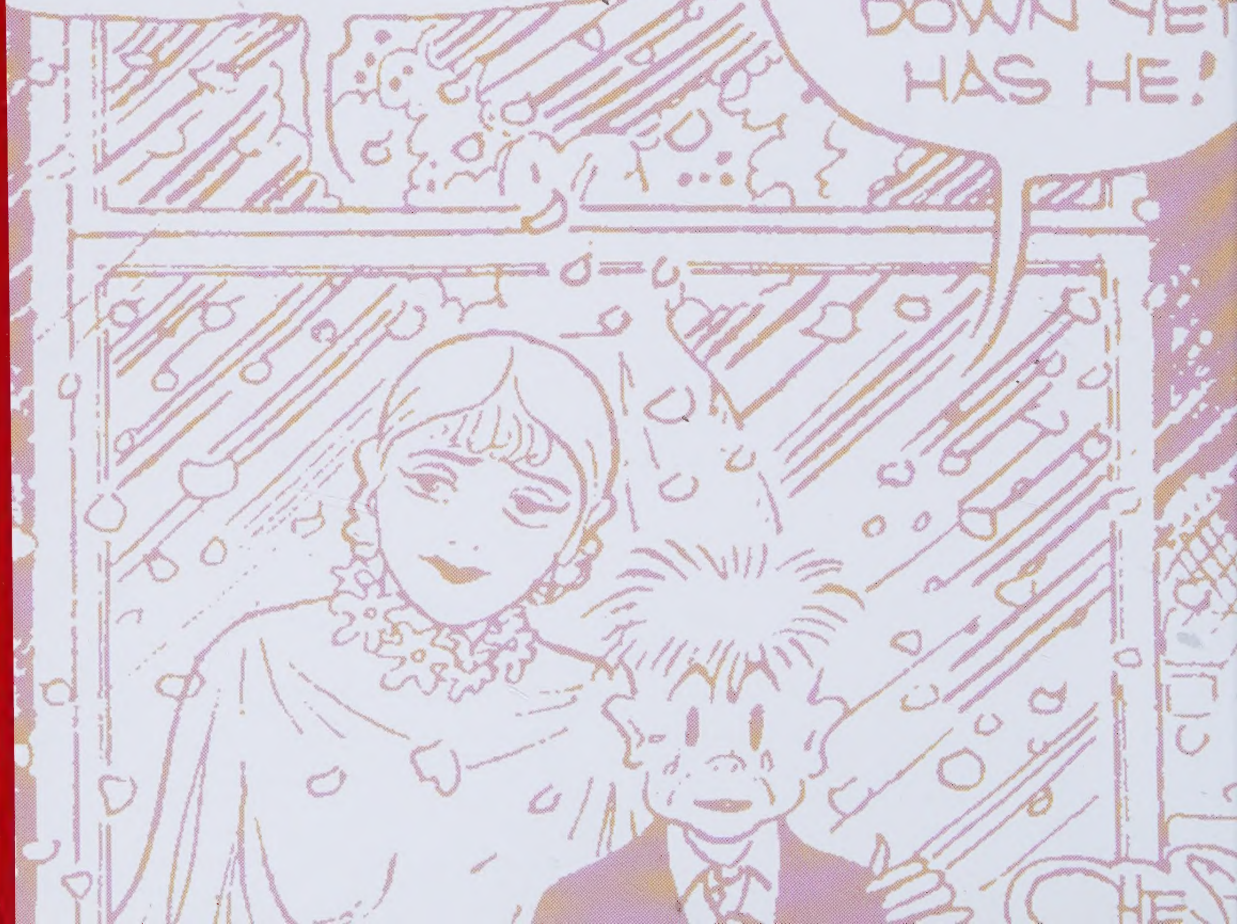


Shoot First

Introduction by Max Allan Collins

TRAIT OF TURNING UP
AT THE RIGHT PLACE AT
THE RIGHT TIME.. AND
I DON'T THINK HE'LL
FAIL US THIS TIME.

MISS TESS
TRACY WON
FAIL US.
HE HASN'T
EVER LET US
DOWN YET
HAS HE!



By May of 1933, Chester Gould was feeling his oats, writing and drawing his innovative detective strip, enjoying a healthy pay check and bushels of fan mail, and realizing his dream-come-true of helming a bigtime syndicated comics feature.

Dick Tracy had been around long enough to have a history, and the ramifications of earlier continuities were having a bearing on new ones—villains Steve the Tramp, Stogie Viller and Capone clone Big Boy were back for more mayhem (giving and receiving), while Tracy's girl friend, Tess Trueheart, and his kid sidekick, Junior, were creating as much emotional turmoil as any of the bad guys.

A major aspect of Gould's storytelling strategy was to combine in *Tracy* elements of soap opera, crime melodrama and slapstick comedy; this was a result of his experience creating several dozen (mostly unsold) strips in just about every then-popular comics genre over the first ten years of his struggling career.

Tracy, though thought of as an adventure strip, was always many things to many readers—B.O. Plenty and Gravel Gertie, minor hillbilly villains reformed into comic relief characters, were worthy of their own humor strip; and certainly Gould's grotesque villains were models of dark humor. Elements of sheer soap opera—from the kidnapping of Dick and Tess's baby Bonnie Braids in the '50s to the tempestuous romance between Junior and a girl from the moon in the '60s—were always key to Gould's narrative approach.

In the '33-'34 period, the sheer amount of energy, and a pace so lively as to be dizzying, reveal Gould at once hitting his stride and yet not entirely at the top of his form. He has begun to harness his characters, but not yet the bucking bronco of his creativity.

In these pages you will witness seemingly countless kidnappings of Tess and Junior and even Tracy himself, as well as frequent jailbreaks, often by the same miscreants. Gun battles and fist fights and tight scrapes and narrow escapes abound, as do outlandish coincidences that would embarrass God, had he and not Chester Gould been responsible.

These are not so much stories as episodes that hurl themselves headlong into each other, lacking the purity of such later classic Gould continuities as those centering around Flattop and the Brow (back-to-back 1944 continuities!) or his 1951 crime saga of "fiendish photographers" Crewy Lou and Sphinx, a yarn worthy of W.R. Burnett or Elmore Leonard.

Gould's imagination, and his excitement over creating a hit comic strip, are so unbridled in these early days that a story may wrap up before a reader has even had time to settle in—the saga of corrupt "Boss" Herrod (note the Biblical name) ends almost before it begins. Still, Gould has a novelist's bent even in these start-and-stop episodes, as characters and concerns continue through, underpinning the accounts of villains who come and go.

In mid-1933, Dick is chilly to the sometimes fickle Tess, and as the months roll by, their relationship remains rocky, even down to the appearance of a rival for Dick's favors in Jean Penfield. And the questions of Junior's paternity, and whether or not he will ever be able to live with Tracy as his son, provide a constant source of

conflict. By today's standards, these may seem like soap opera melodramatics (and they are), but Tracy's relationships with his future wife and adoptive son are the threads that tie together what otherwise would be cartwheeling episodes.

The rewards of Gould in this period are considerable, however, and any deficiencies can be written off to two factors: first, Gould is creating a new kind of comic strip, even a new kind of crime story (the police procedural); and second, real-life events are clearly overwhelming the young artist and challenging him to process them into narratives.

Gould always considered himself a newspaperman, and frequently said he was competing with the front page. Living in the Chicago area during the years of Al Capone, Frank Nitti and Eliot Ness, the young cartoonist was overloaded with competition—and material—from the first page of the paper. Steve the Tramp's two jailbreaks are both in part patterned after a similar famous one pulled by then-contemporary bank robber, John Dillinger. The cross-country journey of Steve and fellow returning bad guy Stooze Viller tears pages out of the Bonnie and Clyde playbook. And Tracy, ever-Ness-like, even takes on the political "fixers" of corrupt Chicago.

Tracy had such a wealth of real-life prototypes for his adversaries, it's no surprise that young Gould could hardly wait to jail or bump off one villain and rush another onto the stage. Gould was doing both the urban gangsters (Big Boy/Capone) and rural outlaws (Larceny Lu/Ma Barker); there's even a hint of international intrigue when master criminal Boris Arson—a name that invokes both Russia and Karloff—mounts an elaborate plan that prefigures James Bond's arch-villain, Goldfinger, and his plan to loot Fort Knox.

But it's not just Al Capone, John Dillinger and Ma Barker who wormed their way into Chester Gould's fertile imagination. Chief Morton of the Secret Service is undoubtedly J. Edgar Hoover, whose FBI was getting so much ink that it's no surprise Tracy would become a part-time G-man (in the Republic movie serials, Tracy would always be depicted as an FBI man, a seeming mistake that derives from these and other '30s continuities). Mad scientist Doc Hump clearly reflects the impact of Universal's successful horror films; and screen sex goddess Claudette Colbert is the obvious inspiration for the sexy, sometimes irresponsible author, Jean Penfield.

Gould was still learning in 1933 and '34—his repetitive use of the likes of Steve the Tramp, Big Boy and Stooze Viller would soon disappear, and he would only infrequently re-cycle any of his villains, no matter how much the public implored

him to bring them back. Even Flattop rated only a single storyline, though his juvenile delinquent son would follow in his father's bloody footsteps a dozen years later; and while Mumbles appeared twice, this was a rare encore, as in the later '30s Gould routinely began killing off his villains, often in spectacularly bloody, ironic fashion. One villain in these pages meets just such a terrible end; here's a hint: rabies.

As wonderful as it is to have *Tracy* collected in this fashion, we must be aware that the strip was designed to be read one day at a time. Newspapers of the '30s granted a comic strip a much larger slice of real estate than modern strips, and readers would view every day's episode of a story strip more as a chapter in a novel than, say, a page of one.

Gould's elaborate cross-hatched artwork invited lingering looks, and he made words themselves a visual element of his art, boldfacing for emphasis, and sometimes creating a simultaneous poetry of language and image; as Steve and Stooze contemplate jailbreak, narrator Gould shouts: **Escape! Escape!** in one caption, and **Freedom! Revenge!** in the next. When Steve the Tramp is stalked in the rain, a caption over his relentless pursuer's head poetically puns, **Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!**

And yet Gould's prose, while pungent and idiomatic, isn't clipped by any means—he even indulges in a chummy omniscience ("One or two very small tears rolled down those sun-burned cheeks that night...Maybe somebody had just a wee touch of home-sickness. Who knows?") that would likely have turned Dashiell Hammett's stomach. And when narrator Gould abandons Tracy to follow the paths and perils of the bad guys, he works up a Hitchcockian rooting interest in them.

Gould was more Dickens than Hammett, operating in serialized form and utilizing wild coincidence and unabashed melodrama. The gritty surface of the strip, and the contemporary references, make it seem to be the brother to Hammett's *Red Harvest* or Burnett's *Little Caesar*, when *Oliver Twist* or *Bleak House* is more like it.

That said, Gould's tough action rivaled anything the *Black Mask* pulp writers could dish up. Tracy's is a dark world of drug addicts and one-way rides, car thieves and protection racketeers, a place where the hero himself can slap a "dame." Tough action includes a gasoline-soaked Tracy duking it out with a torch-wielding fence, and a dead gangster, wrapped up mummy-style, delivered to Tracy's front door, a la James Cagney at the end of *Public Enemy*. When a mother stalks through an evocatively drawn rain-swept night to exact revenge on those who beat her son to near death, the sequence is as harrowing as anything in either Hammett or Dickens. And like both of those writers, Gould displays a chilling ease with knocking off sympathetic characters.

The impact this young strip would eventually have on popular culture is well on display in '33-'34. Gould's depiction of Capone as Big Boy as a raving lunatic, a spoiled brat bullying his men, prefigures many a Hollywood Capone portrait. The death traps that would become a staple of the *Tracy* strip and so many others, notably *Batman*, is developed herein, although it's often others so-entrapped (Junior soldered into a hot water heater, for instance). And the very phrase "death trap" appears more than once; perhaps Gould coined it.

Gould liked to play to a wide demographic. Junior, Tracy's one man Baker Street Irregulars squad, is clearly there for the kids. The heartache of Tracy and Tess's on-again-off-again love affair is for the females. And the flying bullets and explosions and fist fights are for the males, not to mention sexy stuff like Tess and Jean Penfield in undies and negligees, and in particular an uninhibited "hair-pulling match" between those same two women.

For all the melodrama and wild action, Gould continues to explore Dick Tracy as a scientific detective. Forensics plays a major role in Tracy's sleuthing, and in the pages ahead he's depicted at a microscope, comparing human hair and cotton fiber, and partner Pat Patton similarly analyzes sand from a trouser cuff. Tracy uses an X-ray machine to help reconstruct a damaged document, and makes a plaster cast of a footprint.

Still, it's the two-fisted Tracy, not the lab rat, who makes the most compelling figure. Gould gives one of his most famous (and most lifted) lines to Tracy in a jail-cell scene with the recaptured Stogie Viller: next time, Tracy says, "I'm going to shoot first and investigate afterwards." Just as impressive is Gould's comic-art storytelling: in one panel Stogie threatens Tracy, in the jump-cut next panel Stogie is already on the floor, counting stars.

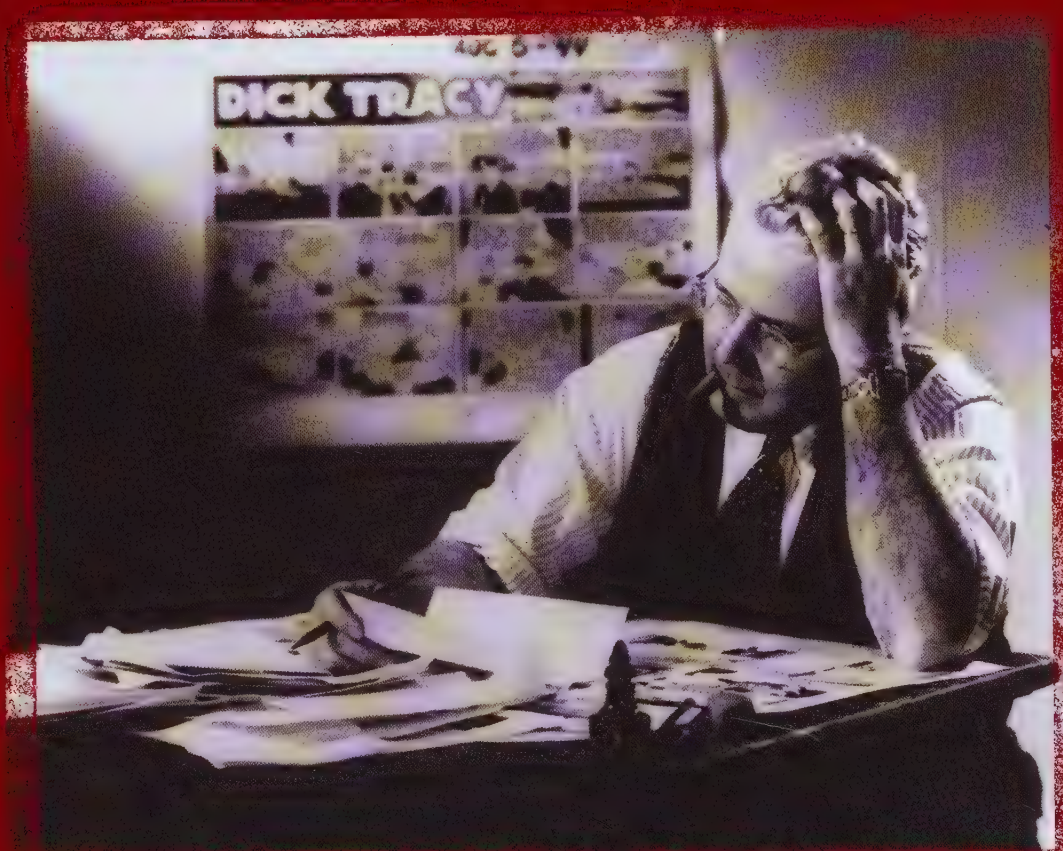
You may well feel cold-cocked yourself, by the pummeling of young Chester Gould's imagination as it runs wild in this second volume of the greatest detective strip of all time.

Hold onto your hat—presumably, a yellow snapbrim...

Max Allan Collins
February 20, 2007
Muscatine, Iowa

MAX ALLAN COLLINS took over the writing of the Dick Tracy strip from Chester Gould in 1977 and continued in the role until 1993. His other comics work includes Batman, Ms. Tree (which he created with artist Terry Beatty) and the New York Times–bestselling graphic novel, Road to Perdition, basis of the Tom Hanks film. His many mystery novels include the Shamus-winning Nathan Heller historical thrillers and the recent A Killing in Comics. Collins is a screenwriter and independent filmmaker in Iowa; his most recent film, Eliot Ness: An Untouchable Life, is based on his Edgar-nominated play.





Chester Gould Speaks, Part II

by Max Allan Collins with Matt Masterson

This Chester Gould interview was conducted by Max Allan Collins and Matt Masterson on September 19, 1980. It originally ran in *NEMO: The Classic Comics Library* #17 and was transcribed by Heidi MacDonald, and was edited by Collins and Rick Marschall.

COLLINS: Chet, after all of your efforts to get on the *Tribune*, *Dick Tracy* did not begin in the *Tribune*, did it?

GOULD: That's right, it didn't. Well, I want to tell you a little bit. Patterson spent most of his time in New York at the *News* in those days. I thought if I put all my samples in a grip, and could go down and sit with him personally and let him see what I can do, it might help. So I put everything that I thought was big-league—not the Junk from childhood but the stuff I thought had possibilities—in a black bag, and went down and he very graciously said to come in, and I showed him what I had, and then he looked through all of it. He didn't slight anything. He said “Well, you've done a lot of work here,” and he said, “We cannot use any of what you have, but whenever you get anything that you think could be worthwhile, send it to me.” And I came back and I was greatly heartened that he had looked at my stuff and he did say to me the last thing he said. “Right now, Mr. Gould, I'm looking for a cartoonist, an editorial cartoonist. You have some editorials here, but they're from Oklahoma and I can't tell too much about them.” They were clippings. So what I did—I didn't tell him—but I said I'll see if I can get something and send it to you, so I went right downstairs and subscribed for six months to the Sunday and Daily *News*, and I think that was around 50 bucks, to be sent to me in Illinois.

The *News* began to come, and I would read the editorial page, every damn line in the editorial, not the “Voice of the People” and all that, but the direct editorial, I read it every day. In fact, I cut them out and refreshed myself every so often. At the end of two weeks I hit on a plan. I was then going to Chicago six days a week. We were then living in Woodstock, this was when everyone worked until one o'clock, all the conventional people did. And I would do an editorial cartoon at night. I had envelopes that I had gotten at wherever I worked last time, that would just fit in a certain size I was drawing these cartoons. I would put a piece of corrugated wood in there, address it to J.M. Patterson, *New York Daily News*, 220 East Forty-Second Street, and every day for 30 days, including Sunday, I walked to the mail car of the Twentieth Century and

handed it to the guy, all stamped and ready to go, first class, and after a week or so they thought I was a big shot who was sending some goddamn important stuff to New York, and then, you know, it was “Hello” and “Hi” and “How Are You Doing Today,” and I sent that for 30 days.

I call that the greatest masterpiece of salesmanship I ever did. So every morning, Patterson came down, including Monday morning, and there was a cartoon by Gould. I didn't hear anything from him. And finally I got a package from Miss Higgins who was his secretary; it said that the Captain likes these very much but he doesn't seem to believe your style is what he's looking for. They made her hire C.D. Batchelor, that kind of breezy, sketchy—he was powerful, too, his stuff was great, and he wasn't yet hired. Well, about the next day after I got that, I got a letter from Patterson. It said, “I thank you so much for letting me see the cartoons which came in every day. They are not quite what I'm looking for but please see that I get any other material that you might think I would be interested in...” I told Edna, “I got a job!” [laughs]

COLLINS: You knew you were on the trail.

GOULD: “I'm hired!” I felt I was hired. I didn't think there was any question about it. I was hired, just by those words.

COLLINS: This was shortly before *Dick Tracy*.

GOULD: Yeah, he hadn't seen *Dick Tracy* yet. So this was in, I think, the spring of '31. I'm a little vague. It could have been—cold weather I think, the month I did that it was cold weather. But anyway I got the idea for *Plainclothes Tracy*.

COLLINS: I know this is a silly cliched question, but do you know how you got that idea? What springboarded it for you?



GOULD: Nothing sparked it. I was just a great follower of Sherlock Holmes on the radio for G. Washington Coffee. And a very good radio program, very thrilling, exciting. In fact I would say that in all America, it was the most highly thought-of dramatic show on the air. I said "Hell, I'm going to do a detective. I never sold the guy anything, he can't do any more than throw it out the window, so..."

COLLINS: What gave you the notion to make it a modern detective as opposed to the traditional Sherlock Holmes—

GOULD: I'm reading the *Daily News*, and it was the biggest circulated paper, over two million, and three million and a half Sunday, and I said anything that can draw that many subscribers or people or buyers, that's what I've got to have.

COLLINS: Let me simplify this a little bit. Would it be fair to say that the thing that really occurred to you was this: "What if Sherlock Homes were alive today and fighting Al Capone." Is that kind of the idea?

GOULD: Well, I used those very words. I said if Holmes were alive today as a young man, he wouldn't wear the two-peaked cap, and he'd have a snap-brim fedora and probably be wearing a camel's hair coat and that was the way I built Tracy.

COLLINS: So instead of Professor Moriarty, he took on the Chicago mob.

GOULD: Right. And this combined with the fact that Chicago was in the throes of death and gangsters. I said, "I'm going to make a detective. They've got fixed juries, they've got fixed judges, they've got all kinds of crooked business going on, they can't get a conviction, hoodlums come in the court after being involved in a murder and the lawyers get them out. They bring 'em in around 8:30 in the morning, and the lawyers have them walking the streets at 11:30."

COLLINS: Chet, it's well known that you were drawing a Persian rug, or an Oriental rug, when you got the telegram from Captain Patterson telling you that *Plainclothes*

Tracy had possibilities. Can you tell us a little bit about that first meeting with Captain Patterson and how that went? You followed up on that telegram...

GOULD: All my experiences with Patterson had been slowly getting better and I sent him these editorials and I sent one week of *Plainclothes Tracy* and it was just as if I had dropped off a cliff. Nothing, absolutely nothing. Well, August 18th,

did I tell you about Edna reading the telegram over the phone? She said, "I have a telegram here from Captain Patterson," and I was doing an Oriental rug, I was going over a silver-print of a rug for Ocean Silver Company. They're still in business, I guess; they're a big outfit. I said, "Read the telegram, I want to get my damn rug done. It's monotonous." She said, "BELIEVE PLAINCLOTHES TRACY HAS POSSIBILITIES. SEE ME IN CHICAGO THE TWENTIETH. CALL MY SECRETARY FOR TIME." ... or something like that. I said. "Well, for Chrissake, it took him long enough."

COLLINS: But you were pretty happy...

GOULD: I was fed up, I was really fed up. But all of a sudden I began to break out in a cold sweat and I got the shakes, and I got a little dizzy and I said, "Finally, it's here." I sat down to finish the rug and I couldn't do it. The pen was shaking. I told the artist, a guy by the name of Hatton, I said, "Can you finish this rug?" He said, "Sure." I went downstairs and I ordered a malted milk. I bought a cigar, I bought a package of gum, I had all this at the soda fountain and I could hardly drink the malted but I finally did get it down, and I began to calm down and went back upstairs. And this was all spontaneous—it hit me almost in a frightening sense. I said, "Surely this is not the thing I'd been looking for," but it had to be. So I went over and saw him. I bought a new suit, new shoes, new hat, and made the date to see Captain Patterson.

COLLINS: How was he dressed?

GOULD: When I walked in his office he gave me a cordial handshake and said "Hello. I've got these strips with me here." He had no necktie on, he was in shortsleeves, which was quite common for him, because I hardly ever saw him with a coat on, and he had



on some old army shoes, just plain old army shoes. I remember this well because I had dressed up, and he said, with no conversation at all, he said, "Frank Tracy, Charlie Tracy... Dick Tracy. Let's call this guy Dick. They call cops dicks; let's call him Dick." He said, "Do you think you can have two weeks by the first of September?" Well, it was then the 15th of August. If he'd said, "Do you think you can have two weeks by eleven o'clock tonight," I would have said, "Sure thing!" So I got out two weeks. I hardly slept for those two weeks.

COLLINS: Didn't the Captain have some ideas about what the first story should be?

GOULD: He said, "For a starter, why don't you have him going with this girl whose father owns a delicatessen, and they live upstairs over the store. And the old man customarily takes his day's receipts in a cigar box, puts them under the bed and that night, thieves start breaking into the house, and kill the old man and take the money. You take it from there." And I did. It was a whale of a start. A beautiful start.

COLLINS: Tracy wasn't a cop at the beginning of the story. Who in your mind was this guy Dick Tracy, before he was a cop? Was he wealthy, was he poor, was he an insurance guy, was he a college student...

GOULD: I never gave that one bit of thought.

COLLINS: Not one bit of thought?

GOULD: He was just a nice young guy.

COLLINS: Probably about 20 years old.

GOULD: Probably about, I'd say, 25.

COLLINS: Maybe working in an office someplace?

GOULD: Could be. Because after the hold-up, Tracy vowed over the body of the father lying on the ground that he would never stop until he found the killer.

COLLINS: Didn't you tell me once that when Patterson told you the story, didn't you think this was a bunch of corn? Didn't you tell me you thought that was a pretty corny idea for the way the story should start; you just went along with

him because he was the boss?

GOULD: Well, I never used the word "corny." It was a good basic story.

COLLINS: You liked it from the word go?

GOULD: It was a great jump off, springboard. It was a beauty.

COLLINS: How about when he said, "Dick Tracy" and you said, "that's fine with me." Were you just going along with him or did that name sound right to you?

GOULD: I was a great guy to have simple things, simple—understandable.

COLLINS: And that clicked for you?

GOULD: I was a little jealous that I didn't think of it myself. [Laughs]

COLLINS: It was a damn good idea?

GOULD: It was a brilliant idea. Dick Tracy. Tracy was a play on tracing, in my book.

COLLINS: It was kind of a pun, but it was a real name?

GOULD: Yes.



COLLINS: Well now, in those early days of the strip, you pitted him against gangsters who were very much reflective of the gangsters who were in the news. Didn't you actually look at the news and draw on that as a source of, it not ideas, inspiration for the kinds of character that you...?

GOULD: I kept up with the police reports in the newspaper, and I studied in the crime detection laboratory in Chicago, which was part of Northwestern. So I got a touch of lab work, as it was being performed for the city of Chicago. The police didn't have their own crime laboratory then. Later on it was made part of the Police Department, and pulled out of Northwestern.

COLLINS: In the '30s the villains that Tracy was pitted against were very much Dillinger types, Bonnie and Clyde types. Baby Face Nelson. The kind of gangster—in Capone, Big Boy—the kind of gangster that was existing in Chicago and the Midwest and all over the country. But by the end of the '30s and the early 1940s you started pitting Tracy against a different kind of villain, a larger-than-life kind of villain. How did that evolve? How did we go from Big Boy and Cutie Diamond and Zora Arson into Pruneface and B-B Eyes?

GOULD: Because I was trying to out-do every cartoonist in the business. My theory was “Stifle All Competition.”

COLLINS: Who in your mind was the first of the larger-than-life villains in Tracy?

GOULD: Oh, I think one of the very first ones I had with all his pictorial possibilities was the Mole. I think he was one of the early ones.

COLLINS: I think he was 1941?

MASTERSON: Little Face, even before the Mole.

GOULD: Little Face... then I had...

MASTERSON: B-B Eyes...

GOULD: And a guy that looked like Edward G. Robinson...

COLLINS: Oh, Stogie Viller.

GOULD: Stogie Viller was Number One of a new crop. He was Number One.

COLLINS: Something unusual about Stogie Viller with Chester Gould is that you used him a number of times, and you are not one to use a villain over. Do you know how many times you used Stogie?

GOULD: No.

COLLINS: Three times. Am I correct. Matt?

MASTERSON: Yes, three.

COLLINS: And there's no other villain that I can say that about. You must have liked that guy.

GOULD: Well, I don't remember whether I liked him or not, but he must have fit into my idea of a good story.

COLLINS: I very vividly remember reading the story where Tracy, fed up with this guy, beats Stogie up in his jail cell. Do you remember what he said to him? He said, “Next time I'm going to shoot first and investigate afterwards,” which is a line that has been appropriated by many, many detectives, or detective writers, I should say. You really, in the '30s, were one of the first writers—never mind cartoonists, but writers—to write about a tough detective hero. You and Dashiell Hammett and a few other people.

GOULD: I was ahead of Dashiell Hammett.



COLLINS: You were all working at about the same time, doing the same kind of thing. You popularized the idea of... I call it a trench coat, you call it a camel's hair coat, but you know what I mean... the collar and the look and the snap brim hat. Pretty soon, Hollywood was picking up on your kind of hero, and by the end of the '30s and into the '40s, *Dick Tracy* was in the movies. How did you feel about the *Dick Tracy* movie adaptations?

GOULD: I felt about it like everybody feels about the movies. They put a bunch of these little hack writers on it, and they put another writer on it, and when they got through it's worse than a committee job, it's a puzzle that's been put together. They hope it'll sell and fill the theaters. But we made good money out of it.

COLLINS: The first batch of them were serials, Saturday afternoon serials.

GOULD: Serials were first, then finally—features.

COLLINS: Did you watch all the chapters of the serials or did you just check out the first few?

GOULD: I never wrote any of the stuff—

COLLINS: Now, as far as going to them yourself, did you watch the whole thing?

GOULD: Oh, yes. I saw every one. Serials and the B-pictures they made.

COLLINS: The serials with Ralph Byrd were not very faithful to the strip, but the movies that were made in the mid-'40s and late '40s, with first Morgan Conway and then Ralph Byrd again, tried to be pretty faithful to the spirit of the strip.

GOULD: Yes, those are what I call B-pictures. They were passably good.

COLLINS: How did you like the two men who played Tracy?

GOULD: Well, as long as the check came in, I said, "They're all right."

COLLINS: Did you like either of them, frankly?

GOULD: I don't like Hollywood's interpretation of anything. I'm prejudiced, biased. They distort anything. They even distort... I'm afraid to say, I think if they had tried to make a desecration when they got through with it.

COLLINS: There are a lot of people who seem to feel that Ralph Byrd was a pretty good Dick Tracy.

GOULD: Oh, I think he was, I think he was the best of the lot I saw.

COLLINS: What did you like about Byrd?

GOULD: He seemed to be a good actor.

COLLINS: Uh-huh. He had a good jaw.

GOULD: But that's a mistake that's made. You can't find any human being who will look like a cartoon character. But the things that are written to be said, and plotting that they could do, could be very authentic. I think they tried to do that with Byrd's stuff.

COLLINS: And Byrd went on to make a TV show too in the early '50s. Do you remember that?

GOULD: On Tracy?

COLLINS: Yeah, in 1951, I think.

MASTERSON: I think it was the late '50s.

COLLINS: No, it was early, real early. Byrd made one year of *Dick Tracy* TV shows. Had that slipped your mind?

GOULD: Well, I don't recall a TV show, I thought [the adaptation] was merely the movies.

COLLINS: No, there was a TV show. They did all the villains, they did Flattop, and the Mole, and B-B Eyes and the Brow...

GOULD: Oh, is that right?

COLLINS: And then Byrd died. He died in '52 or '53. They only made one year of it, and then he passed away. But let's get into the '40s, which some people consider to be, if not the Golden Era, the era where you really bloomed. It always seemed to me that 1944 was kind of a special year. Undoubtedly you had many great stories throughout the run of the entire strip. But the thing about 1944 that was special was that you created, that one year, three of your all-time famous, greatest villains. Bing bing bing. You did Flattop, undoubtedly the most famous. Then the Brow. Then Shaky. Why were you cooking so in that year? What was special about it?

GOULD: That's easy to answer. The war made the Brow.

COLLINS: And Flattop?

GOULD: And Flattop. And Shaky? That was purely a bonus I threw in.

COLLINS: You were cooking on something special... was Edna feeding you some kind of special spinach that year?

GOULD: Well, I tell you the kind of fodder that fed me was looking at my bank account. I tell you that's a hell of an incentive. This business has to be war. It has to be war, you have to defeat everything that's in your way and is trying to take aim, spin off



any glory from you, and you have to out-maneuver and out-think everybody. And I say you have to, that's a necessity. This is an ugly term I'm speaking of. You simply have to be better than the competition.

COLLINS: The '40s were a very special period for *Dick Tracy*, though. You created your famous villains; that really jelled for the first time in the '40s. And you created B.O.

Plenty in that era. Where did B.O. Plenty come from? He is possibly, next to Dick Tracy, your most famous character.

GOULD: I felt that he would be a great comic relief. People would say, "Can't Gould draw anything but these funny crooks?" And I thought, "Yeah, I'll draw a funny hillbilly guy." So I remember back in Oklahoma as I told you, a lot of these farmers looked like B.O. Plenty in the spring and then they'd get a haircut, and all, and they'd look like ordinary people, for a while.

COLLINS: Once-a-year haircuts?

GOULD: Yeah, once a year, that's all. Because my dad used to cut hair. He used to cut my grandfather's hair; he cut it every spring. Grandpa'd come in about the end of February. Dad'd take him out in the yard and sit him in a chair and cut his hair, and that had better hold him until next year.

COLLINS: Would you say that B.O. was your personal favorite character?

GOULD: No, I wouldn't, but I'd say he was my greatest type.

COLLINS: Your greatest comic achievement?

GOULD: The greatest type. B.O. Plenty was a type that I thought had more exclusive typing perhaps than any of them.

COLLINS: Now I know that you do not like to say what your favorites are. I know

that you like to say that your favorite story is the one that you've just finished. But you've had some retirement now for a few years—although you've been as busy as ever with your business interests and so on. Now that you can reflect, do you have some favorites? Do you have a favorite villain?

GOULD: Well, I think that...

COLLINS: If you had to, if I were pinning you down...

GOULD: Well, if I had to be cornered I'd say The Brow was a good one. And Flattop of course. That was my big smash. This is when I started doing sketches and mailing them to myself. I had I think about five or six envelopes, and I said, "As soon as this stuff appears in the paper, they can be thrown away." That was my whole object. If some jerk in the engraving room told some of the cartoonists that Gould's got this guy called Flattop and he looks like this, and the fellow said, "Gee, I'm going to put this in my strip, I'll get it in there before his gets there."

I was very familiar and on very good terms with a state policeman in the radio department of the Omaha State Police. I came up with this idea of this two-way wrist radio, after the war, in '45—the war was just getting over, October. I had been called down to Allentown, Pennsylvania, where the Bell Telephone Laboratory is, where they develop all their stuff, you know. I was called down there to listen to and examine a two-way wrist radio. Well, the only "wrist" about it was the microphone on the wrist, and the speaker you carried stuffed in your front pocket. It was no more like Tracy's two-way radio than an ice cream cone. But they had a big dinner for me, and I came back, and I made a sketch of the two-way wrist radio as I conceived it, very similar to what it is now, or what it was when I last drew it. And also, I said to this guy, "They tell me television is coming in," and he said, "Forget television. Police work on words only. What can they do with a picture? It's going to be hard enough for your readers to believe that you can get a two-way wrist radio. Television they'd laugh at—it wouldn't even be a good story." Well, he was right, I absolutely agreed with him. Anyway, I drew these two things, and mailed them to myself, and that was in October.

COLLINS: '47?



MASTERSON: '45.

GOULD: October of '45.

COLLINS: '45, wow.

GOULD: And January of '46, the two-way wrist radio made its appearance. It had been dropped in the snow I believe by...

It's a little vague, but—

MASTERSON: Diet Smith's wife, Irma.

GOULD: Ohhhhhh yeah...

MASTERSON: The actual inventor of the wrist radio was Brilliant, the blind scientist. Blind inventor. It was actually disclosed afterwards that he was Diet Smith's son.

GOULD: Oh, I see, I see. By golly, I'd forgotten all that.

COLLINS: Another thing you're famous for is your so-called death traps, or cliff-hanging situations where Tracy is in a real jam. You used that all the way through the strip, from the first years to the very end of the strip. There is a story that you've told me more than once that I'd like to get in this interview which is the one time that Gould tried to step in and save Tracy with... well I don't want to spoil it...

GOULD: You must be referring to the time that I threw Tracy down... a bunch of thugs threw him down... a caisson.

COLLINS: Yes.

GOULD: Oh, about two feet in diameter, and it's a deep hole. Well, they rolled a stone on top of him, a hell of a big stone, and gravity was slowly pulling it through this clay, and the edge was just fitted enough so it didn't drop, it was going down slowly. As the stone descended, I was trying to figure out what to do. As I told you the other day, get

your characters in a corner where they can't get out, and when nothing can save them, then you have to save them. Well...

COLLINS: In other words, you would get him in a jam... and you wouldn't know how you were getting him out?

GOULD: Oh no, that would ruin the whole thing, if I tried to figure it out. Because you would say, "Well, I wouldn't do that, it's too hard."

COLLINS: The theory being that if you don't know what's going to happen next, neither will the reader.

GOULD: That's correct. So I said, "Well, I'll do something unique in all the history of comics. I'll have Tracy say, 'Gould, you've gone too far, what can you do?'" and show a hand and a piece of art gum erasing it. I thought, "Gee, this would be a first. Well, I got a call from Patterson, he said, "This last Sunday page you can't do. You'll have to redraw the finish. That will kill all your readers' faith and you won't have anything to hang on to if you do that." And I said, "Captain, I'll fix it, I'll change it," and he sent the strip, the page, back.

COLLINS: So you had to fix the thing up?

GOULD: So Tracy's heels made a hollow sound as he was stomping around and sweating blood, and he found out that he was walking on boards and the boards were part of the ceiling forming for concrete, so he managed to get the attention of one of the workmen down below, yelling, and they cut a hole out of this form, and the wood dropped down first and then Tracy dropped down, and then the stone dropped down. He was able to roll out of the way just in the nick of time. That's the way I did it.

MASTERSON: The caisson turned out to be a ventilator shaft?

GOULD: Yeah. It was a ventilator shaft for a new tunnel.



COLLINS: While we're talking about the '40s—and it's a very important era in *Tracy* and probably there's a lot of things that I should touch on that I haven't touched on—but one thing that I don't think I've heard you asked about publicly, was your experience in the late '40s with this special promotion that didn't run in all the newspapers. Now you'll have to help me here, Matt.

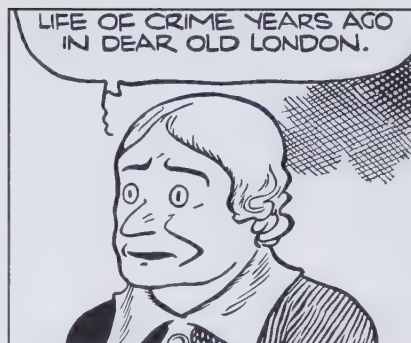
MASTERSON: Oh, about "The Black Bag Mystery," which was a promotion, a circulation booster.

GOULD: Oh yeah, that was purely a circulation promotion. That was just a commercial thing like they had you recommend canned corn or something. It was something more than a recommendation, a circulation stimulant for the strip.

COLLINS: It was a special little mystery that you did, and you had some help on it.

GOULD: That was the Crystal Lake artist that came over. I would pencil the stuff in rather crudely. I didn't want this to be of the same caliber as *Dick Tracy* on the comics page. He was a pretty good artist, it went along real good and they asked me what I wanted for doing that—extra money—and I said, "Not one cent. My reward has been in being in the *Chicago Tribune* and they have paid me over and over but I am proud and happy to do that, it's my own paper..." Well, one morning the production manager of the *Trib*, John Parker, came in and said, "Patterson wants you to come over with us to the garage at eleven o'clock and see some new equipment." When I got there, the rest of the *Tribune* directors were there, and I said, "What the hell is this?" It was dark in the garage; I mean fairly dark, but I could see a big tar-paper thing that looked like a house, and I looked at it a second time and there was kind of a handle on it, and about that time there was a roar of a motor—a rrrroooooowwwwr—and right through the paper came a Cadillac with Colonel McCormick behind the wheel. He stepped out and said, "It's all yours." That was the kind of guy he was.

COLLINS: Was that a special moment for you, Chet?



GOULD: Very much so. Very, very touching thing. McCormick was a very generous guy and very lovable fellow. He was determined to pay for that contest. They wanted to put on a hundred thousand circulation, but they did put on 50 thousand on that contest. The Colonel always said he'd pay a dollar [per thousand of new circulation] in any contest. That meant he would gladly pay \$50,000 for that contest. But I had a lot of excitement and wonderful years.

COLLINS: You had a great sense of loyalty to the *Chicago Tribune*, since that's where you got your start. Were you approached by the Field people about the same time that Milton Caniff was wooed away from *Terry and the Pirates* for *Steve Canyon*?

GOULD: That's right...

COLLINS: You didn't buy it, did you?

GOULD: No. It had a very strange beginning and had I known the facts at the beginning I would just have told the guy not to waste his time. But I got a phone call one day and the voice said, "Mr. Gould, I'd like to see you sometime," and I said, "What about?" and he said, "I can't tell you over the phone. I'm under strict orders not to tell you and I'd like very much to talk to you either downtown or in your home, anywhere." And I was suspicious as hell. I said, "If I don't know what you want to talk to me about, I'm not about to meet you, I don't understand what it can be that you can't tell me." And he said, "I think you'd be very happy to know—this is good news. But I cannot tell you." I was then making about \$40,000 or \$45,000 a year. And he called me again—the first call was downtown, the second call was downtown, the third was out here. It was a winter night; it was snowing. I'd just gotten home, I got home about quarter of seven on that train I rode, and Edna and I were having supper and the phone rang, this same guy. He said, "I'm in Woodstock, I'm the guy who's been trying to talk to you. I'm in Woodstock and I'm going to drive out to your place." I said, "Well, you can ride out if you want to, it's snowing. I have no idea what you have in mind, but if you want to come out, come right ahead." So I got my .38 snubnose and hid it under the cushion of the upholstered chair we had, and when the car came in Edna

said, "You stay there and I'll go see who it is." Well, it was a nice-looking fellow, well-built, apparently in his early 50s, with a camel's hair coat on, and galoshes, and she brought him in here... I was still sitting in the chair. He said, "My name is Smith Davis. I'm a finder for newspaper publishers on what to buy or sell. I just sold Frank Knox's *Daily News* to the next owner, Jack Knight. I have a message from Mr. [Marshall] Field [of the *Sun-Times*]."

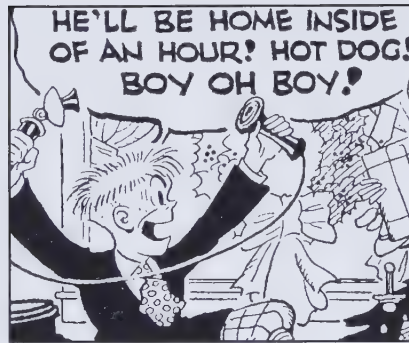
By this time Edna was hanging up his coat, and he was walking in, and I got up and said, "Well, I don't know you, but you look to me like you're a very, very brave guy to come this far in a snowstorm." He said, "It'd never have happened this way, Mr. Gould, if I'd had my way, but I was under orders from Mr. Field. He wants to hire you away from the *Tribune*." I said, "Gee, that's right interesting." And he said [Field] was ready to offer a hundred thousand dollar guarantee. "We've got Caniff. He's going to leave the *Tribune*." I said, "Well, I'm not leaving the *Tribune*."

He said, "Well, that's up to you. I took an oath I would follow through on this. Field wants Caniff and you." I said, "You tell Mr. Field, give him a big thank you—you tell him I'm working for the outfit that gave me the only break that I've had in my life. And a million dollars wouldn't get me away." He said, "I love that kind of talk, I appreciate it," and stuck his hand out. I said, "You need a drink," and he said, "Do I need a drink."

So we went into the little bar, I put out a bottle of Grandad, a brand-new bottle. I said, "Pour your own drink." He took a six-ounce straight-up glass that I had, about that high, and about so big around, and he poured it up about that far from the top with bourbon and took a big slug and a little water, and another slug, and we talked—we talked about the country out here and my early history with the *Trib*, and pretty soon he said, "You don't know how relieved I am. This has been a battle. I tried to convince Field that if I did it my way, we'd have it done weeks ago, but, no, he didn't want any word to go out over the phone." Smith Davis was his name, and I found out he was a tremendous big shot in the brokerage newspaper and bartering papers.

MASTERSON: That would have been 1946, '47?

GOULD: Yes. The war was just winding down or had wound down.



COLLINS: Chet, I'm assuming that they would have wanted you to do a strip similar to *Dick Tracy*, perhaps about another detective who was like *Dick Tracy*. Did you, in addition to your loyalty to the *Tribune*, have any sense that possibly lightning might not strike again? Did you have a sense that *Dick Tracy* was your vehicle and you wanted to stay with it?

GOULD: No. My thinking about the *Tribune* dominated everything—I would be a traitor.

COLLINS: I see.

GOULD: In my mind I would have been a traitor, I would have done everything that was considered evil in my book.

COLLINS: Well, let me come up one more time around on the other side of this. Wouldn't you agree that a *Dick Tracy* can only be created once? That it is difficult for someone, no matter how brilliant, to create another Tarzan or another Sherlock Holmes, or another Dick Tracy?

GOULD: Well, I think I've got what you're talking about now. I think, had I been fired for some reason, or was on the verge of losing my job... I think then I could have gone out and done another *Dick Tracy* under another name.

COLLINS: I have just a couple more questions for you, because I think we should wind this up. And then if Matt has anything he wants to touch on that we haven't touched on, I'll turn this over to him. You worked with a number of assistants but some of them went on to do other things. Your first assistant was Dick Moores; is that correct?

GOULD: Yes.

COLLINS: Or he was one of the first in the '30s. Who were some of your other assistants over the years?

GOULD: Well there was Dick Moores, then there was, oh...

MASTERSON: Russell Stamm?

GOULD: Russell Stamm.

COLLINS: Who went on to do *Invisible Scarlet O'Neil*.

GOULD: Yes.

COLLINS: Did Stamm do good work for you?

GOULD: He couldn't draw a straight line when he came with me, and his cousin Stanley Link tutored him and I went along with him, and he learned to rule and letter—no figures—but he did all my lettering eventually. He was a guy who was too anxious for his own good. He stayed with me two or three years. He went over to Field with this *Invisible Scarlet O'Neil*. I said to him, "You're going to have an awful hard time drawing an invisible character. What does it look like?" And of course—

COLLINS: Kind of like "Sawdust," huh?

MASTERSON: Or "Invisible Tribes?"

GOULD: Basically, he was a nice boy, he was just over-ambitious to get there quick. Then there was Locher...

COLLINS: Dick Locher.

GOULD: Dick Locher, and then right after Locher came Rick Fletcher.

COLLINS: You only—I'm trying to think—you really only had one lettering man over the years, other than your assistants, and that was your brother Ray. There's a great story which I've heard, but I'd like to get it on tape, about how Ray became your lettering man.

GOULD: Well, he was over in the South Pacific.

MASTERSON: New Guinea.

GOULD: New Guinea. And it was quite common that the boys would get these big coconuts with the whiskers on. About the size of a man's head, or bigger. They would letter, either with fountain pen, or any ink they could get, they would letter the address, and all they had to do was get stamps on that coconut, and they would deliver the coconut, right to the post office. And that's the way we got a coconut from Ray. But he had hand lettered it with white paint, he got ahold of some white paint. And beautiful lettering! I thought he'd had some kind of professional guy in the service letter it for him. And when he came back here after he'd mustered out, we had that coconut on the floor. I said, "Who put that lettering on there for you?" He said, "I did." I said, "Well, geez, that's damn good lettering. Do some samples on a piece of Bristol Board, and let me see it." And he did; I gave him some pens. That's the way he got in.

COLLINS: Now, his background was in printing, like your father had been a printer.

GOULD: Yeah, Ray had been a Linotype operator and that's where he learned the shaping of the letters—what they looked like and what they should look like.

COLLINS: So he worked with you from the late '40s, mid to late, on through until... well, really, until just a few years ago, until he died.



GOULD: Yeah.

COLLINS: You and he were very close, and you thought very highly of the work he did.

GOULD: He was a great guy. He was a real credit to this business. Ray was a quiet fellow and he was very capable. And I tried to coach him in art, and kind of carried on a little school for him, but he didn't take to drawing. It just wasn't in him, he didn't have the drawing desire, nor the ability to follow through. So he just did the lettering, and he colored the photostats of the Sunday pages, and he ruled out the Sunday pages and the daily strips, which in itself takes a lot of time. So we had a happy situation.

COLLINS: I have a question that's asked of me a lot, since I live in Muscatine, Iowa, which is a small town in the midwest. And I'm now writing the story of Dick Tracy, big-city police officer, and I'm constantly asked, "Why do you live in Muscatine, Iowa?" I'm wondering why did you live in Woodstock, Illinois, for all those years? Why not on the East Coast, or why not in Chicago? What brought you to a farm?

GOULD: I have the most practical reason that you ever heard. We had a big Depression in 1929. The economists, the financial advisors, all of the business people commented on it, and said, "Get yourself a farm. When the next depression comes, at least you can eat. You can raise vegetables and meat." And I have a very good friend, Al Lowenthal, who was my agent for years. Al bought himself a farm up near Waukegan. And he bought another one over near Merrington.

COLLINS: Excuse me for interrupting, but wasn't Lowenthal the inspiration for Sam Catchem?

GOULD: Yes, yes.

COLLINS: Visually.

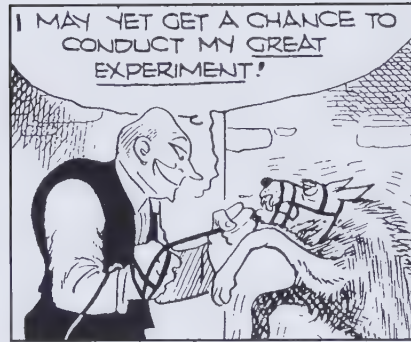
GOULD: Al told me, "You ought to have a Jewish detective in there," so I did. Anyway...

COLLINS: He'd bought the farm up near Merringo.

GOULD: He had the two places he had bought, and I said, "Where should we go, Al?" He said, "Get a farm. When the Depression comes, there'll be another one. You should have a farm and have milk and eggs and things for your table." I said, "Where should I go?" Go to Woodstock; there's a nice little place out in the valley east of Woodstock."

So we went to Woodstock, looked up the guy and we bought this place. It was all tumbled-down, it was a mess. These were all abandoned farms out here, because it's all gravel. The families, the fellows that owned it, they just couldn't make a living on these farms. And there were broken-down houses, and windows smashed and everything. We bought the thing, and we loved the hills and Edna thought it was beautiful and so did I. It's a very good story that follows up on that.

The good farmland in Woodstock was west and north of town. It was all flat. About the second time I was in the First National Bank, on the square, I saw a man come out from an office on the corner of the bank as I left. And he said, "I'm Frank Green, President of the First National Bank. I think you're Chester Gould, our new blood out here." I said, "Yes." He said, "Why did you buy in that damn valley?" I said, "We thought it was beautiful out there and we're going to put in a dairy and we are now constructing a barn, corn cribs, milk house, chicken house. We're putting in the works." He said, "You'll never raise a damn thing in that gravel. It's no good. You should have bought north or west of town." I said, "Gee, I feel terrible about that. You're making me feel pretty bad, Mr. Green." He said, "I know nobody told you but it's too late now, do the best you can with it. But that is not farmland." I said, "We like what's there, we've got a little brook down there to water the cattle and everything." That ended the conversation. We later got acquainted pretty well. So one evening Edna and I were having dinner at a little restaurant called the Lily Pond. And Edna had met Mrs. Green through the hospital, they were very active in the hospital. And as we were leaving the restaurant, the Greens were coming in, right at the door. We stopped just inside the



door and went through the ritual. "You look fine," "The food's good," "Don't eat yourself out of shape," that kind of stuff. Finally he took me by the sleeve and said, "Come over here, I want to talk to you." I thought, "What the hell is he going to say to me now? What have I done?" He said, "Do you remember I told you about that acreage you bought?" "Yes."

"Well, I'll tell you, you've got the damnedest, most expensive acreage in the country." [laughter]

COLLINS: I bet when he said that, you liked it, because he'd admitted it.

GOULD: They were too close to the forest to see the trees, which is common in a lot of cases.

COLLINS: Now one other story I'd like to pry out of you relating to this idea of the Depression and trying to make sure you can survive. You once told me a story about actually butchering a calf or cow.

GOULD: Oh yeah, well, we decided to have our own beef one year during the war, when meat was rationed, and you couldn't get it with ration coupons sometimes. So we had the only cattle that we fed up. And a farmer that did yard work for me at times said, "I'll help you butcher it." Well, we had a refrigerated house down here that Edna's brothers set up for us, and we had hooks in there on scaffolding and everything. So I got ahold of Fleming, the old timer, and he came over. And he said, "You get up on that sawhorse." I had a .38 revolver. He said, "Shoot this animal and when it drops I'll cut its throat." And that's what happened. He had arranged a pulley, and we put these hooks through the leaders right back here and the hind legs, and pulled it up. It was dead, of course. We skinned it and cleaned it, and gutted it, and we hung it in our little cold house for about a week. There was a freezer, a commercial freezer built in Woodstock, where we got a drawer and we got hold of the butcher in town, the meat man. I said, "Will you give me a diagram of an animal with all the cuts, the meat cuts?" He said, "Sure, I got one right here, take it along," and I said, "We'll butcher our own beef," and he said, "Well, good luck."



I bought a couple of meat saws and on this given morning I went out and carried half a steer in. Edna and I had our white enamel-top kitchen table, laid it on there and, using the diagrams of the animal, we began to cut up the different cuts. With saw and butcher knife we got both of those beef halves cut into their proper cuts, eight o'clock that night. We went 12 hours around the clock cutting that beef. The locker stayed open all hours, and as we finished we took the cuts in and put them in the drawer. Filled the drawer right up. There were a hundred and four cuts of meat on that animal. But the chart he gave me shows just one side, so the other side would have to be reversed. I stood this in front of a mirror to orient myself on the other half. We had that beef... that was our emergency beef until we could buy meat again.

COLLINS: Wasn't there bone dust on the floor?

GOULD: Bone dust, pieces and chips of meat. Brother, it was a mess.

COLLINS: Well, scarce as meat was, it still seems like a strange idea that here's one of the top cartoonists in the country, incredibly well paid, and he's carving up a cow. Now there had to be more motivation to it than just the scarcity of meat.

GOULD: Well, there was just absolute egotism and pride!

COLLINS: To show that you could do it and you could survive.

GOULD: And we did, we butchered our own animal and cut it up ready for the table.

COLLINS: It gave you a feeling of self-sufficiency.

GOULD: It's like any other advancement people make in their lives. You venture and you succeed and you're happy and you know you've got that in your mental bank, you've got that, "You can do it."

MRS. GOULD: I want to tell you something. There aren't many men who will take care of their families such as Chet. And now if it gets to the point where there was no meat, the people who didn't do what Chet did, they wouldn't have meat. They'd beg for meat. We didn't have to beg for anything.

GOULD: That's right.

MRS. GOULD: Chet takes care of his family, he doesn't have to go to anyone and say, "Oh I know you have meat, would you let me have just one pound." No, other people who never take care of themselves would have to do that, if they did it at all.

GOULD: We never complain about anything that we can help ourselves.

MRS. GOULD: Oh, I think it's great. That's why Chet has succeeded in everything he has done. Nothing daunts him.

COLLINS: That's a good conclusion. [To Matt:] Do you have any questions?

MASTERTSON: Well, I think we touched on everything except Tracy going to the Moon, Chet.

GOULD: I think that, still, that was one of the greatest series that I ever did and I'm very proud of it. I figured out that if you can travel 500 miles a day, you can circle the moon in any temperature you want, but its terrain is such that you'd almost have to use an aircar or something to do it. And you can subsist on the moon with just a little help from a container of oxygen, you don't have to go in the big iron-clad refrigerated suit with all the monkey business.

And another thing, you talk about commercial space flight. They'll never do it until they've been able to build some artificial gravity in a vehicle like an airplane or a space coupe or whatever. People cannot say, "Gee, we're going to the Moon this afternoon, and get there at half-past four." They'll get there, but they'll be in a sorry condition,

because when you go through weightlessness, you don't have any control. Anything can happen. And that's not going to make a whole lot of people anxious to go to the Moon.

MRS. GOULD: Like the airplanes that were not pressurized, and many people became deaf or had a hearing problem after flying. Anything can be overcome, even weightlessness in space.

GOULD: Yes, that weightlessness has to be overcome.

MRS. GOULD: And it will be. Men can do anything.

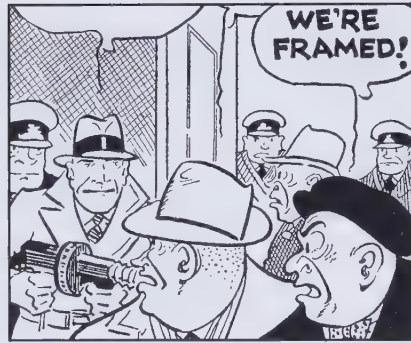
MASTERSON: Chet, when you first came out here, you described the house as being pretty beat up. I have a mental picture of Sunny Dell Acres.

GOULD: Well, it wasn't even as nice looking as Sunny Dell Acres.

MASTERSON: Does Sunny Dell Acres exist somewhere?

GOULD: I got that whole idea from Arlington, the town of Arlington, as you go by on the train when we first came out there—not now. It's all built up now. When we first came out here there was a little real estate office, with posts. They weren't leaning like Bill's. They were posts in front of the door to the real estate office. It was twisted posts and it was stucco, with a tile roof. Very much like B.O.'s place—that's where I got the idea for that. And that was there—we came out in '35—that was there until after the war. And then that subdivision that hadn't been built up at all, it just had a couple of stone gates at every entrance. There were several entrances to it, and they had these stone gates. That's where I got that.

MASTERSON: We've run through all your years with *Dick Tracy*. What's Chester Gould doing today? Now that you're not doing *Dick Tracy*?



GOULD: I did a cartoon for the [local] hospital; they're going to have some sort of a television show and they want me to moderate that, discussing the hospital drive. They want to raise \$5 million for the local hospital.

MASTERSON: So you're keeping your hand and mind active, and you're keeping samples ready if the time should come?

GOULD: I've never been so active in my life.

COLLINS: Well, *Check-Out Chickie* is one of several new strips that you've been developing since you left *Dick Tracy*. Do you have any plans to get back into the cartooning business full time?

GOULD: Never. Never. I went through that rat-race long enough.

COLLINS: So then your new projects are designed to be possibly sold to a syndicate or turned over to—

GOULD: I want to sell ideas and I want to contribute individual cartoons for causes and charitable things, and I want to keep active.

COLLINS: All right. Anything else, Matt?

MASTERSON: We can spread the news that if anyone's looking for a good idea, we can give them your phone number.

COLLINS: Right.
[All laugh]



A GENTLE HINT TO WISE
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ER OWN BUSINESS.



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ALREADY SIZING
UP THE SITUATION



AND TAKES DOWN
RECEIVER. . .

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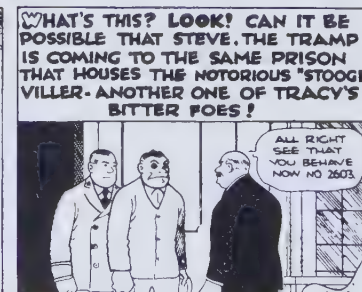
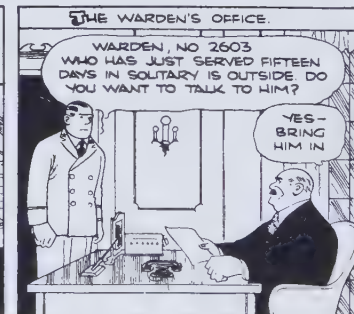
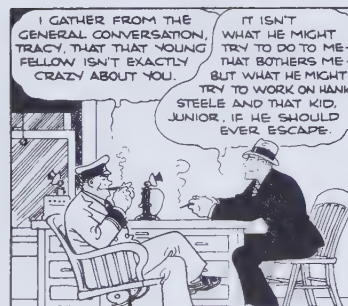
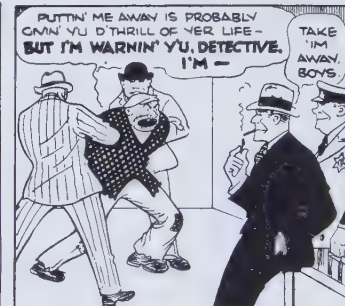
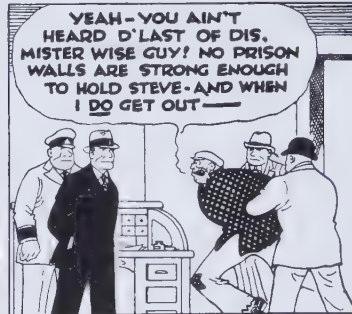
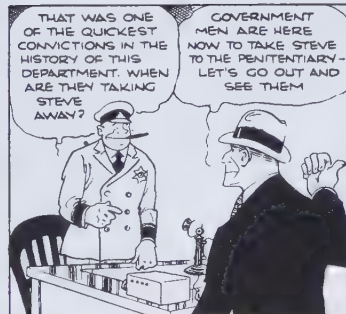


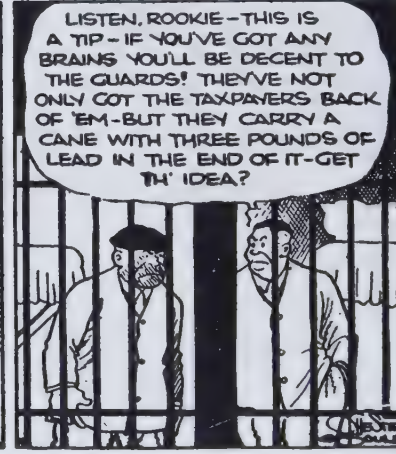
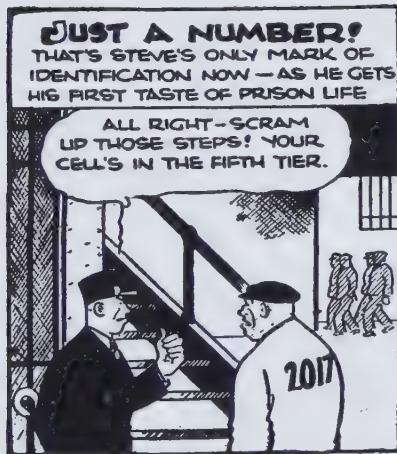
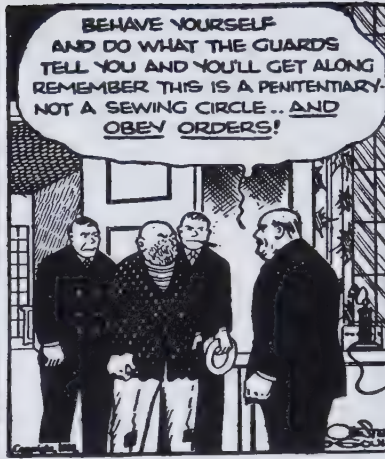
Dick Tracy

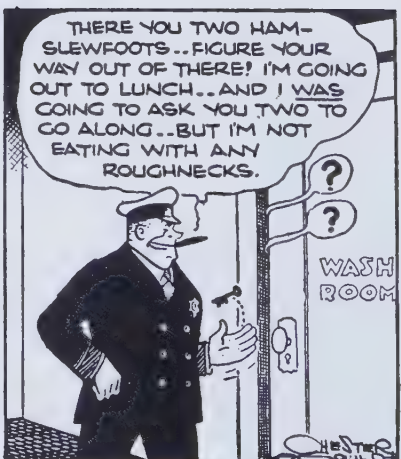
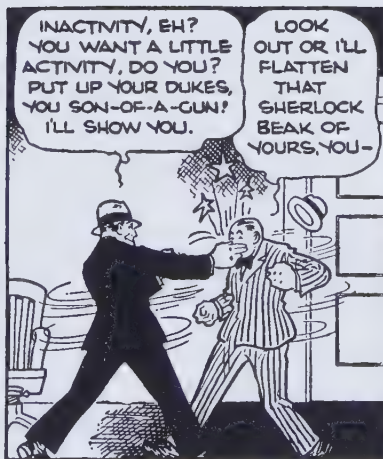
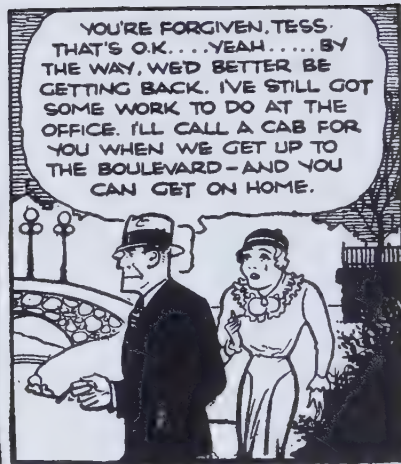
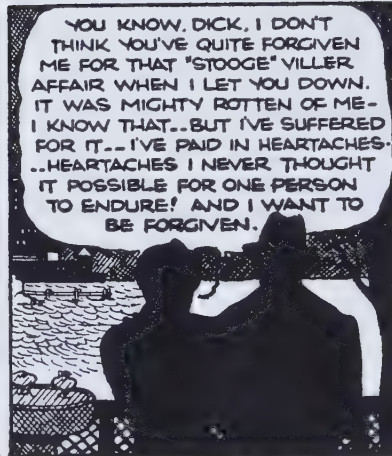
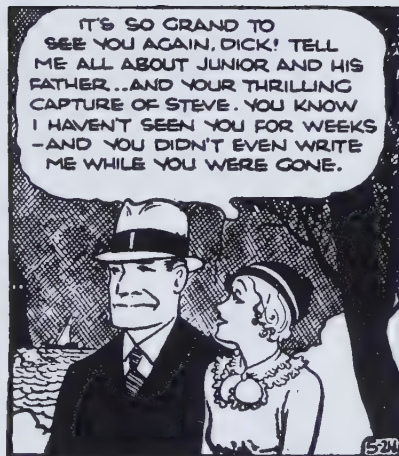
5/21/33 to 1/29/35

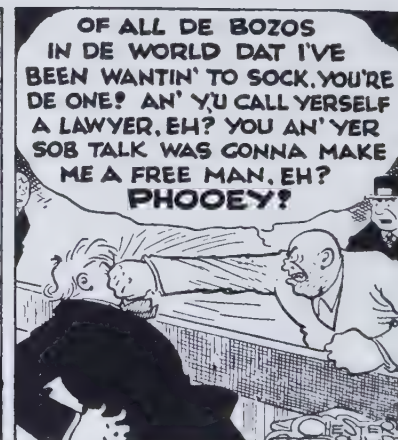
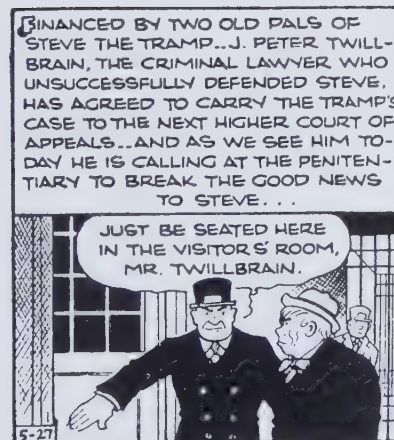
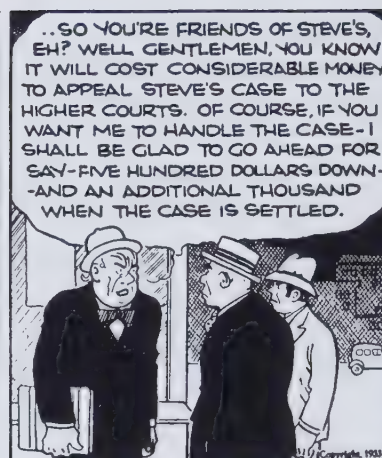
DICK TRACY

by CHESTER GOULD





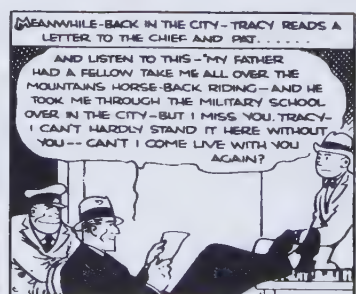
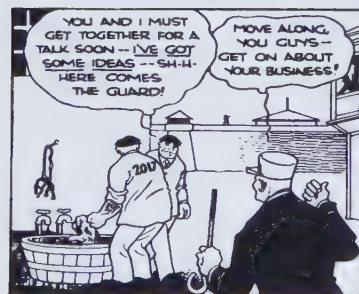
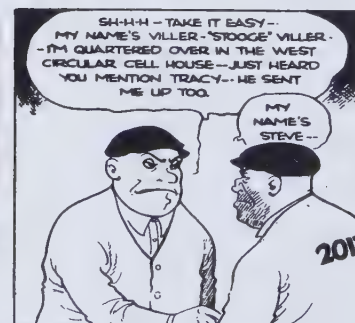
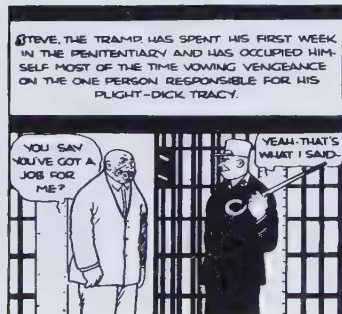


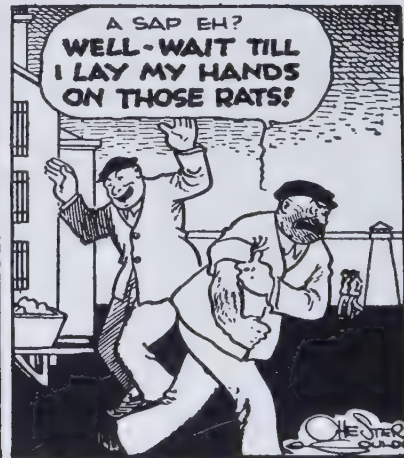
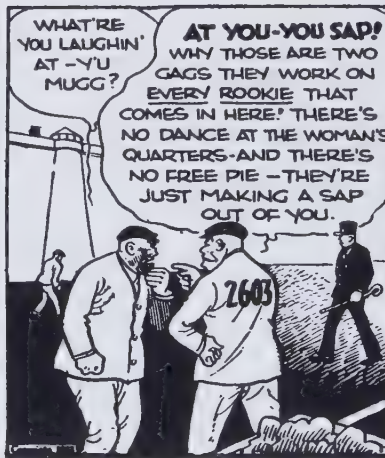
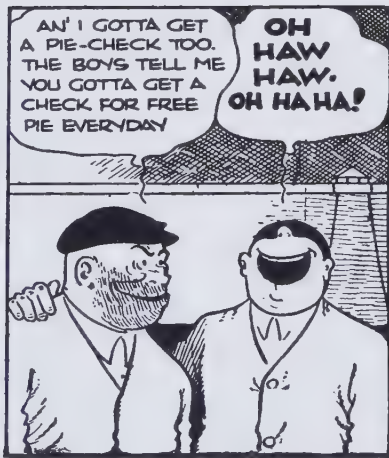
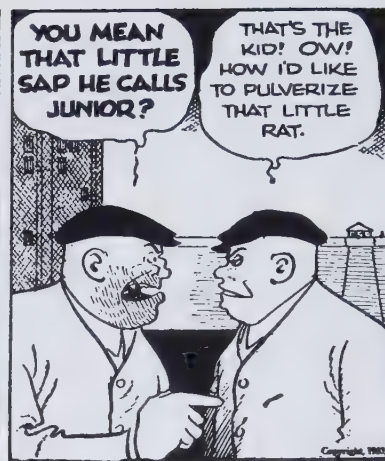
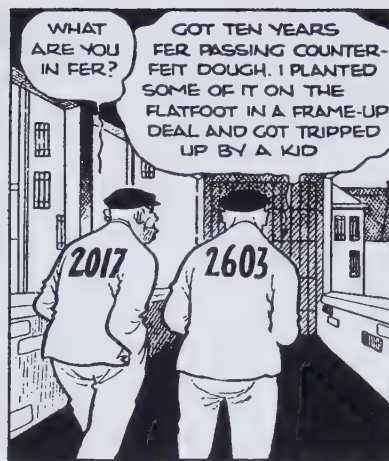
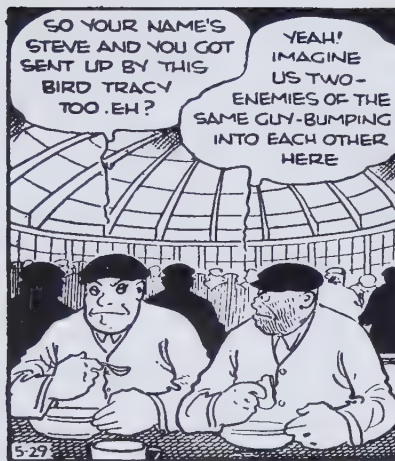


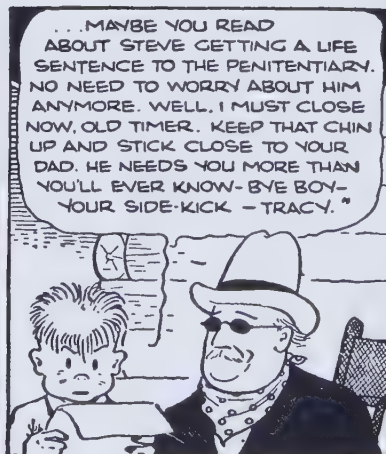
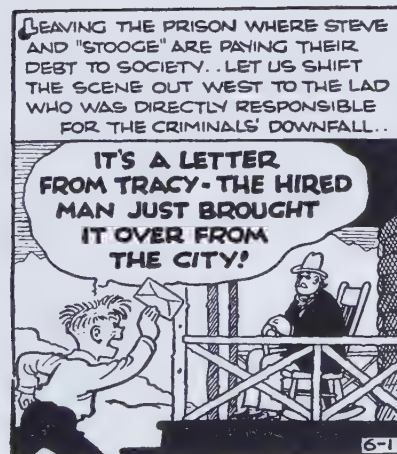
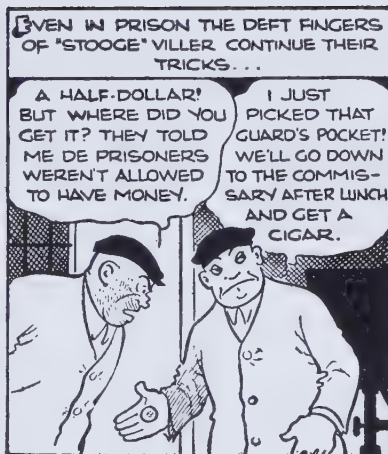
DICK TRACY

by HESTER GOLD

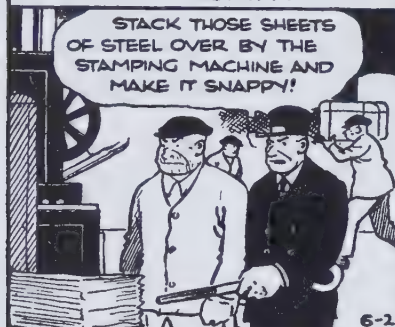
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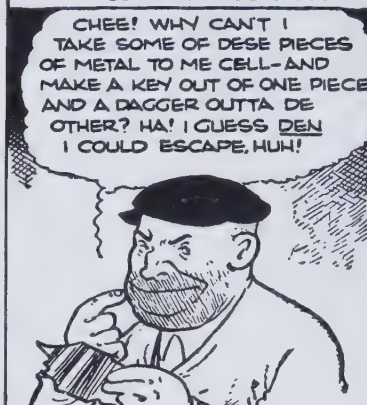
THIS MORNING STEVE IS ON DUTY IN THE PENITENTIARY AUTO LICENSE PLATE FACTORY WHERE THOUSANDS OF NUMBERED PLATES ARE STAMPED FROM SHEETS OF STEEL BY CONVICT LABOR...



AS THE MACHINE TRIMS THE METAL, SHARP IRREGULAR PIECES ARE THROWN OFF AS WASTE. SEVERAL ARE LAYING ON THE FLOOR.....



INTO THAT THICK-SKULLED HEAD COMES AN IDEA....



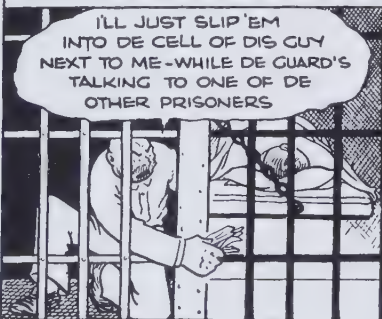
AN I WON'T SAY NOTHIN' TO DAT GUY "STOOGIE" ABOUT IT HE'D JUST MUSCLE IN AND RUIN EVERYTHING. ANYWAY WHY SHOULD I HELP HIM ESCAPE? LET 'IM FIGURE OUT HIS OWN TROUBLES. HEA BO!



SMUGGLING SOME PIECES OF METAL FROM THE AUTO LICENSE PLATE FACTORY INTO HIS CELL, STEVE BEGINS THE WORK OF FASHIONING A KEY AND A DAGGER WITH WHICH TO MAKE AN ESCAPE... BUT -



LOOKING INTO THE SMALL MIRROR SET UP NEAR THE DOOR OF HIS CELL, HE SEES A GUARD APPROACHING. HE LOSES HIS NERVE... HE BECOMES PANICKY! HE MUST GET RID OF THOSE SCRAPS OF METAL!



WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR THERE, FELLOW? WHAT? SAY, LISTEN - YOU! YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE STUFF LIKE THAT IN YOUR CELL!



THAT'S BAD BUSINESS IN THIS PEN! YOU'RE GOING TO THE WARDEN! THIS'LL PROBABLY MEAN SOLITARY FOR YOU FOR A FEW DAYS!



DICK TRACY

TRACY, I GOT A LETTER FROM THE PENITENTIARY WARDEN TODAY. HE SAYS YOUR TWO PETS STEVE AND 'STOOGE' ARE BEING KEPT PLENTY BUSY THERE IN THE BIG HOUSE.

YEAH? WELL-THE BUSIER HE KEEPS THEM THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT.



SCENE: THE SOAP FACTORY OF THE PENITENTIARY WHERE STEVE, THE TRAMP, AND 'STOOGE' VILLER ARE SERVING TIME.



SH-SH!
I GOT SOME NEWS.

SPILL IT! DEY AINT NO GUARD AROUND.

I'VE FOUND OUT HOW WE CAN ESCAPE...BY GOING UP THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE ROOF OF THE AUTO LICENSE-PLATE FACTORY--THE ROOF IS THE SAME HEIGHT AS THE PENITENTIARY WALL AND IT'S ONLY ABOUT A FIVE FOOT JUMP OVER TO THE WALL.



THE ONLY CATCH TO THE SCHEME IS THIS--I DON'T KNOW IF THAT TRAP DOOR CAN BE OPENED--AND WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT TILL WE KNOW THAT DOOR'S UNLOCKED. IF WE'RE CAUGHT MAKING AN INVESTIGATION I'LL MEAN SOLITARY--FOR TWO MONTHS.

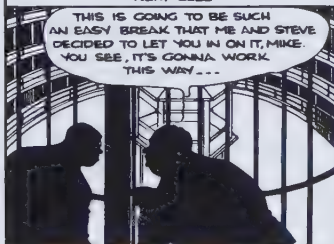


I GOT IT. LET'S GET SOME PUNK TO JOIN US IN ESCAPING--AND HAVE HIM GO FIRST! WE'LL TELL 'IM DE COAST IS CLEAR--DEN WE'LL HANG BACK AND WAIT. IF DE TRAP DOOR IS LOCKED AND HE'S CAUGHT--IT'S JUST TOO BAD!



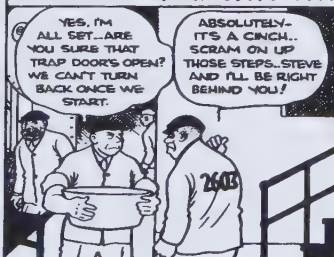
A GREAT IDEA, STEVE! SH-H--THERE'S THE GUARD!

THAT NIGHT IN THE CIRCULAR CELL HOUSE--'STOOGE' VILLER IMPARTS HIS 'ESCAPE PLOT' TO THE UNSUSPECTING OCCUPANT OF THE NEXT CELL.



THIS IS GOING TO BE SUCH AN EASY BREAK THAT ME AND STEVE DECIDED TO LET YOU IN ON IT, MIKE. YOU SEE, IT'S GONNA WORK THIS WAY...

NEXT DAY--IN THE LICENSE-PLATE FACTORY--EVERYTHING IS RUNNING ALONG SMOOTHLY--AND IN SHIPSHAPE, WHEN...



YES, I'M ALL SET--ARE YOU SURE THAT TRAP DOOR'S OPEN? WE CAN'T TURN BACK ONCE WE START.

ABSOLUTELY--IT'S A CINCH--SCRAM ON UP THOSE STEPS, STEVE AND I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



WHAT DO YOU SAY--VILLER?

WAIT!--SIT TIGHT! WE'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE!



ONE SIDE--YOU TWO!

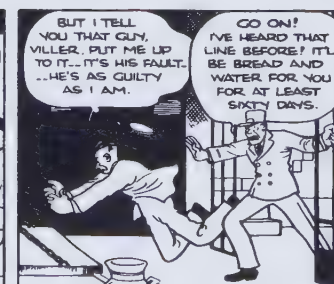
SO YOU WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE THROUGH THAT TRAP DOOR, EH? PLENTY OF 'EM HAVE TRIED THAT AROUND HERE. THAT TRAP DOOR HAS AN ELECTRIC SIGNAL CONNECTION THAT FLASHES A LIGHT IN THE CORRIDOR, WHEN IT'S TAMPERED WITH.



WHY, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'--



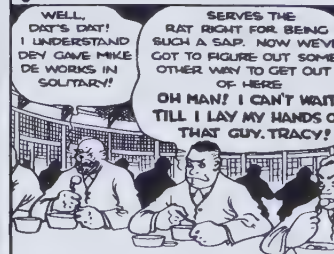
THE MAN MUST BE CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT.



BUT I TELL YOU THAT GUY, VILLER, PUT ME UP TO IT...IT'S HIS FAULT...HE'S AS GUILTY AS I AM.

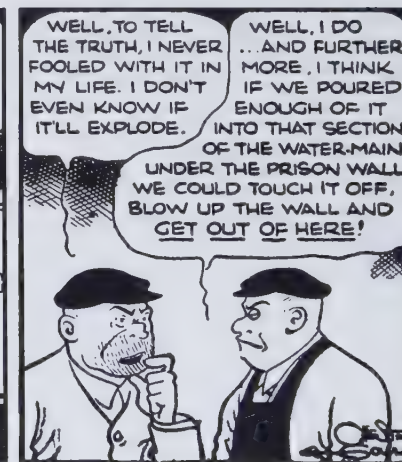
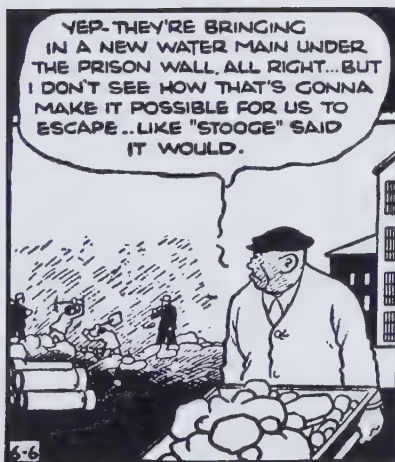
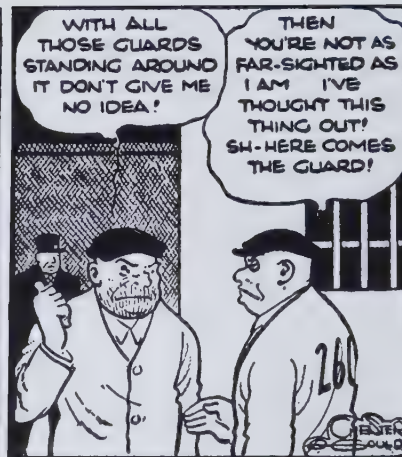
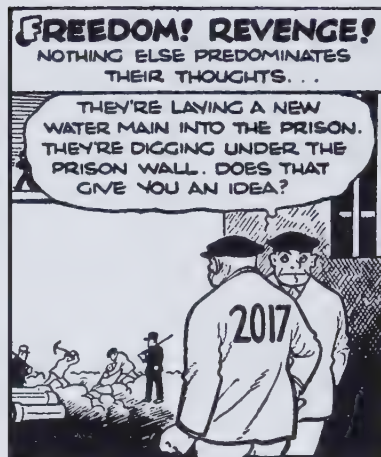
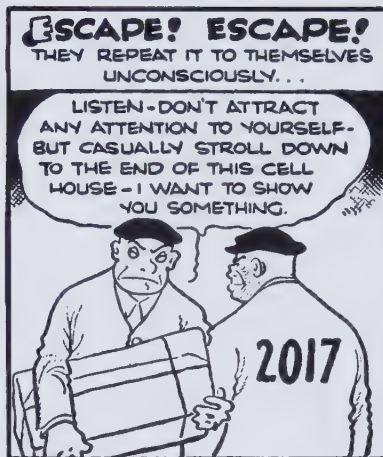
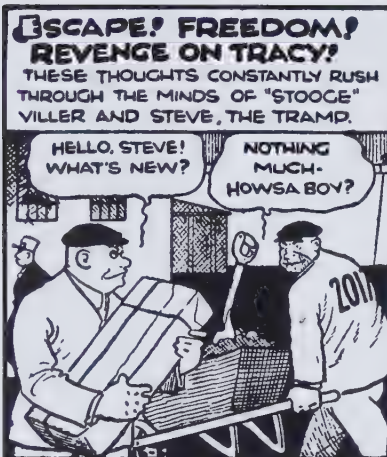
GO ON! I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE! I'LL BE BREAD AND WATER FOR YOU FOR AT LEAST SIXTY DAYS.

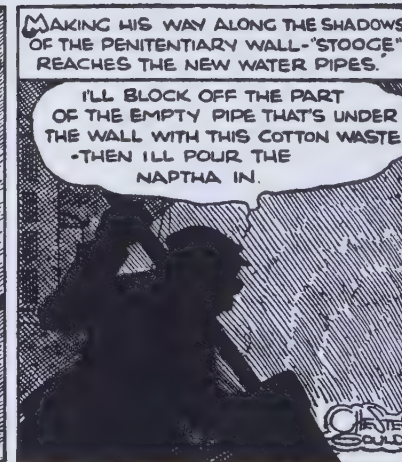
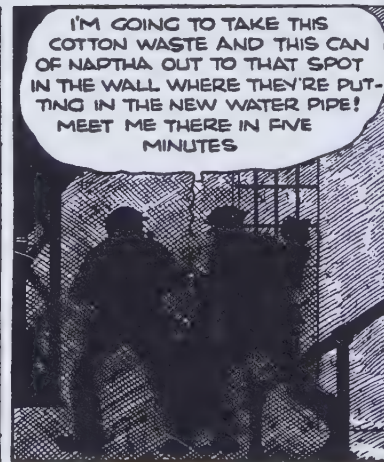
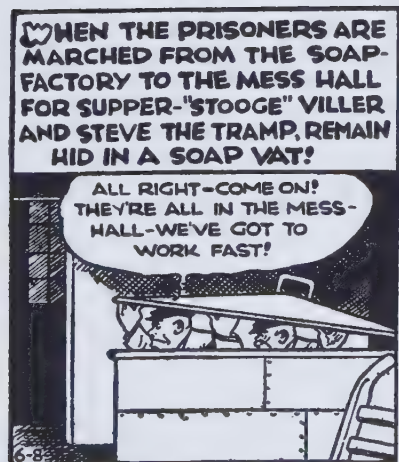
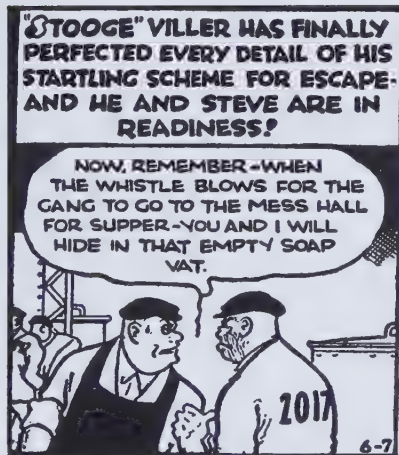
THAT NIGHT IN THE MESS HALL...

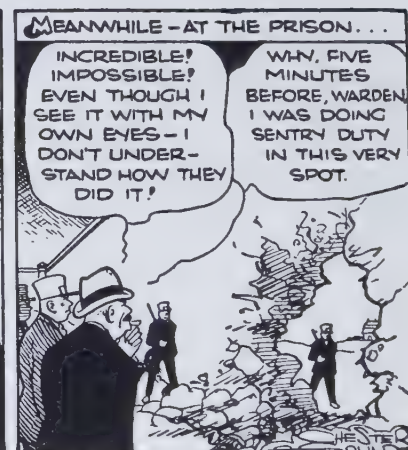
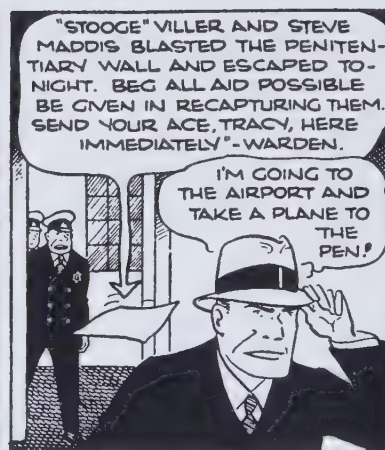
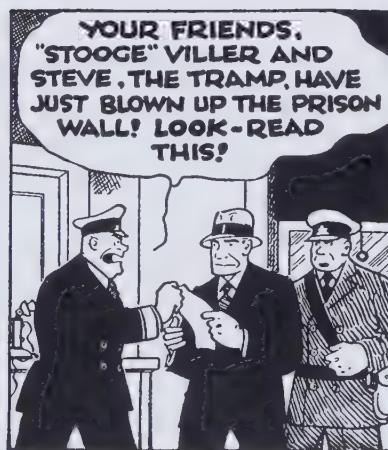
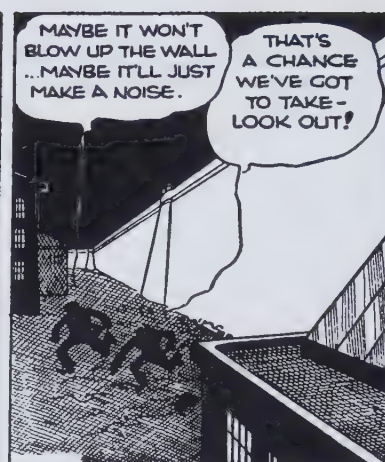
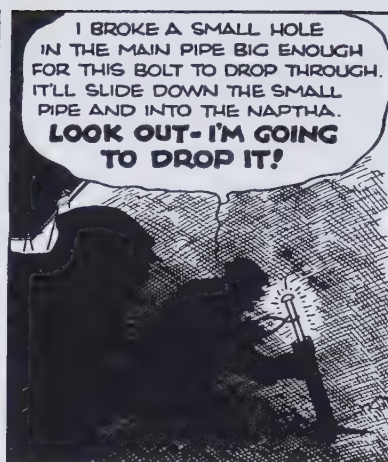
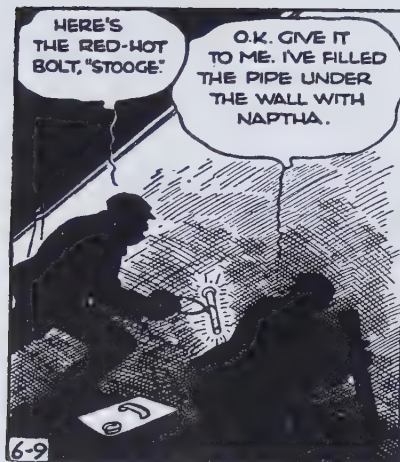


WELL, THAT'S DAT! I UNDERSTAND DEY GAVE MIKE DE WORKS IN SOLITARY!

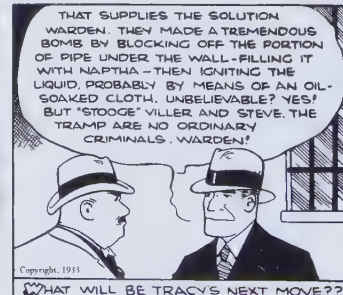
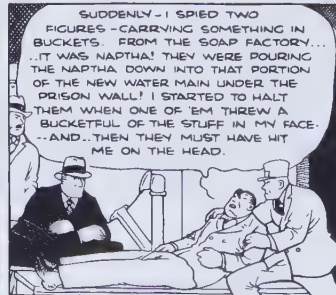
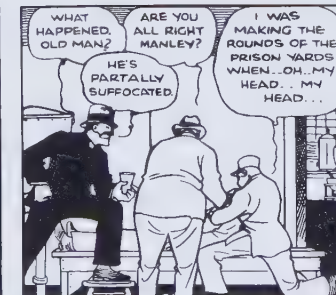
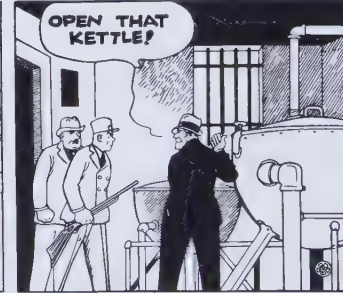
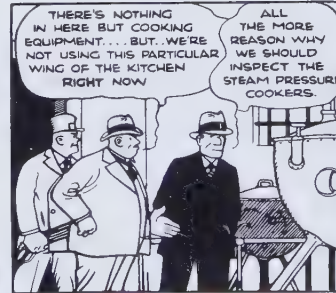
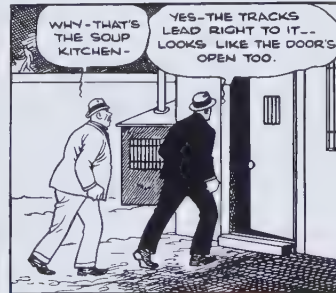
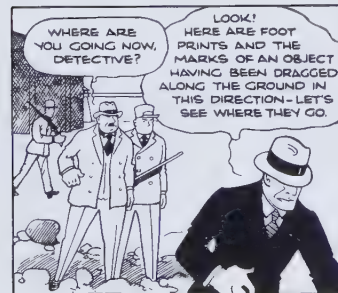
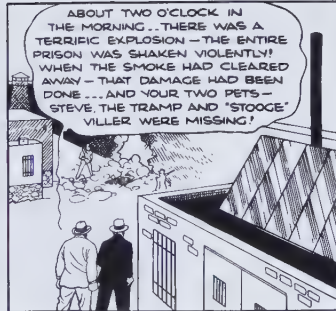
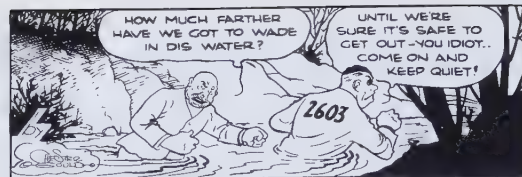
SERVES THE RAT RIGHT FOR BEING SUCH A SNAKE. NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME OTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE. OH MAN! I CAN'T WAIT TILL I LAY MY HANDS ON THAT GUY, TRACY!



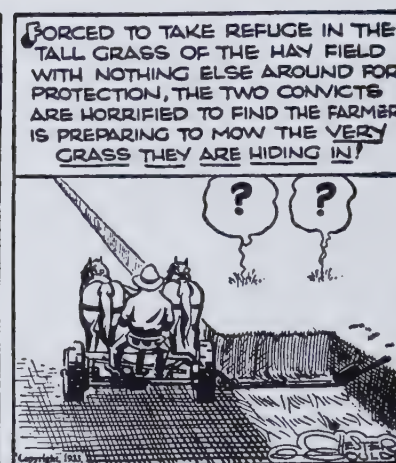
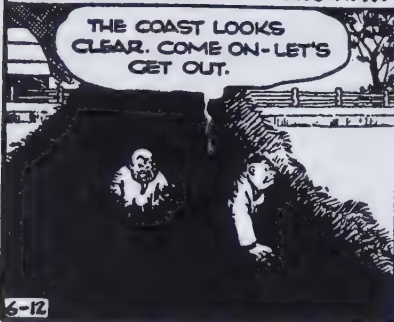




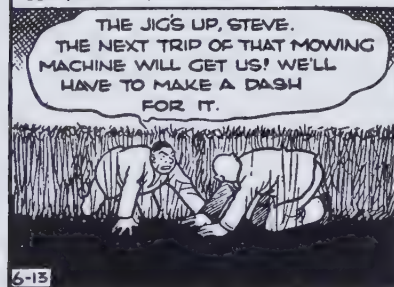
DICK TRACY



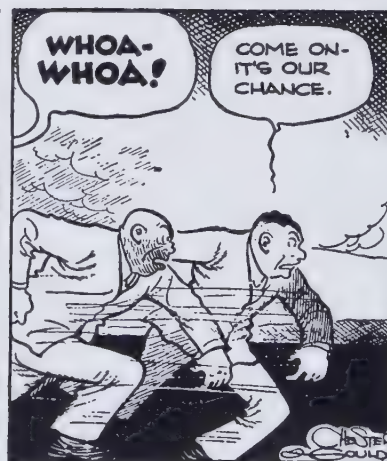
HAVING SPENT THEIR FIRST NIGHT OF FREEDOM HID IN A HAYSTACK-"STOOGE" VILLER AND STEVE, THE TRAMP, PREPARE TO RESUME THEIR WAY.



FORCED SUDDENLY TO TAKE REFUGE IN THE TALL GRASS OF A HAY FIELD-"STOOGE" AND STEVE ARE HORRIFIED TO FIND A FARMER IS PREPARING TO MOW THE GRASS! WITH EACH SWATH OF THE MOWERS, THE TWO CONVICTS CRAWL NEARER AND NEARER TO THE CENTER OF THE FIELD UNTIL.....

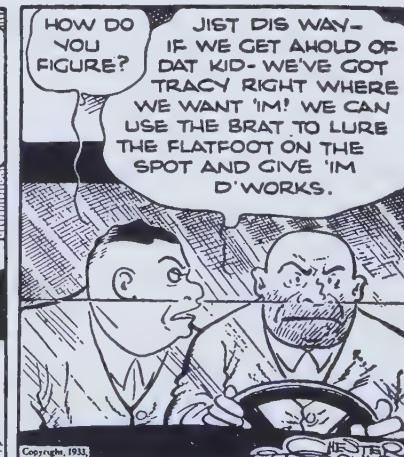
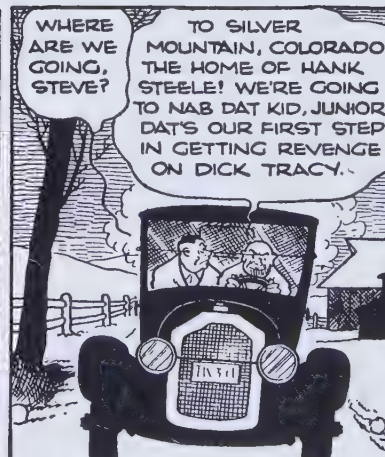
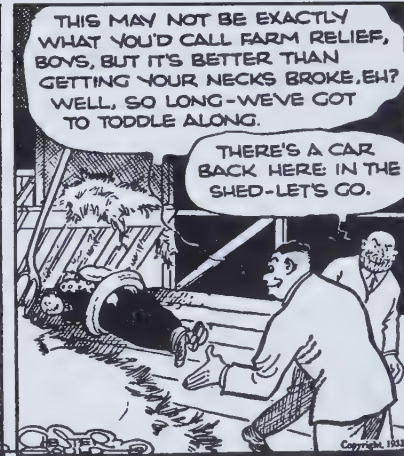
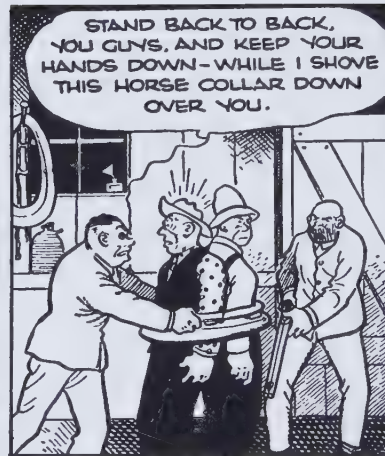


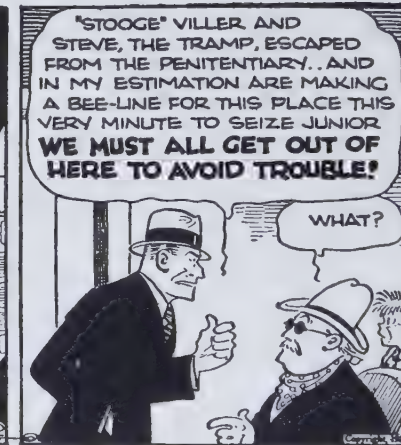
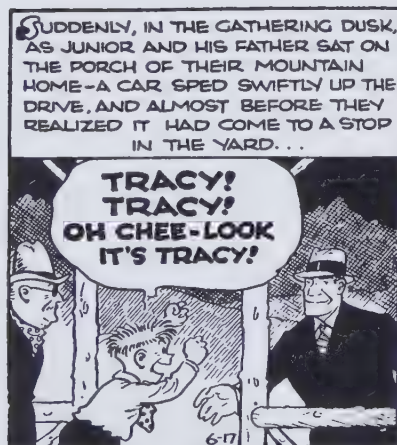
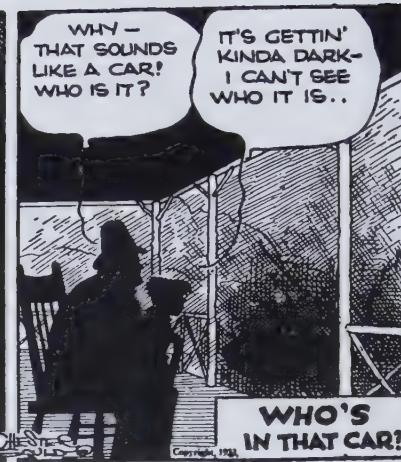
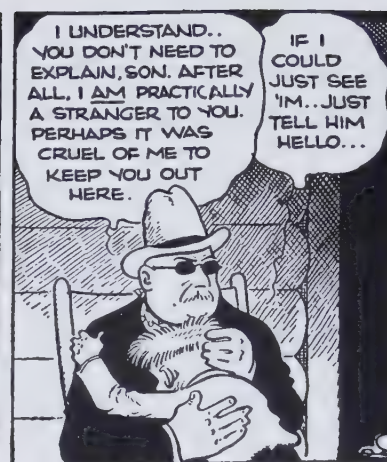
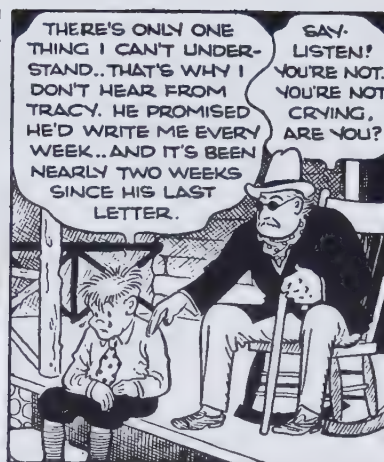
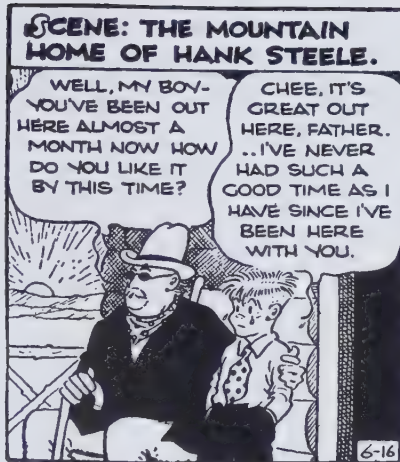
SPRINGING UP IN FRONT OF THE ONCOMING MOWER, THE CONVICTS' SUDDEN MOVEMENT FRIGHTENS THE TEAM OF HORSES... THEY REAR... AND TURN.



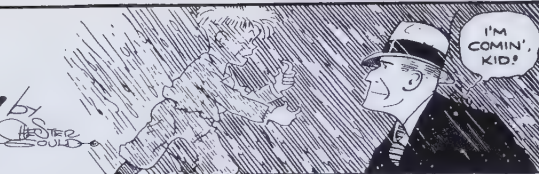
STAND WHERE Y'ARE, STRANGERS! I SEEN YE FROM UP ON THAT HILL-AND I FIGURED YOU WAS THEM TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS. SOON AS MY BROTHER GITTS THAT TEAM OF HOSSES CALMED DOWN-WE'LL DRIVE YOU TO THE SHERIFF.







DICK TRACY



SCENE - THE MOUNTAIN HOME OF HANK STEELE!

TRACY WAS JUST ARRIVED THERE IN A GREAT STATE OF EXCITEMENT...

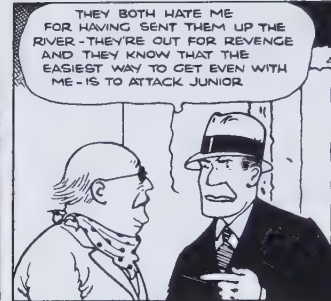


BUT...WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU AND THIS BOY MUST GET OUT OF HERE?

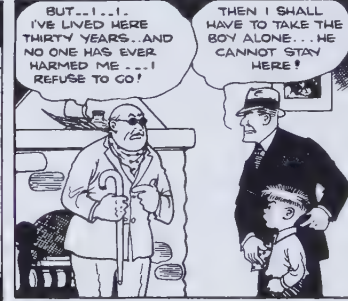
EXACTLY WHAT I SAID, MR. STEELE! YOU AND THIS BOY ARE IN GREAT DANGER!



YOU MUST COME AWAY WITH ME! STEVE, THE TRAMP AND 'STOOGE' VILLER HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE PENITENTIARY AND THE FIRST PLACE THEY WILL HEAD FOR WILL BE HERE - TO GET THIS BOY.



THEY BOTH HATE ME FOR HAVING SENT THEM UP THE RIVER - THEY'RE OUT FOR REVENGE AND THEY KNOW THAT THE EASIEST WAY TO GET EVEN WITH ME - IS TO ATTACK JUNIOR

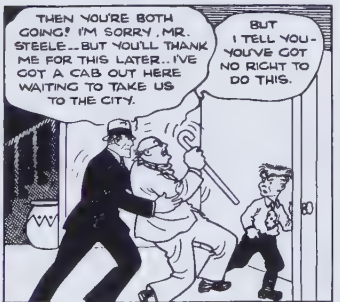


BUT...I...I... I'VE LIVED HERE THIRTY YEARS...AND NO ONE HAS EVER HARMED ME...I REFUSE TO GO!

THEN I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE THE BOY ALONE...HE CANNOT STAY HERE!

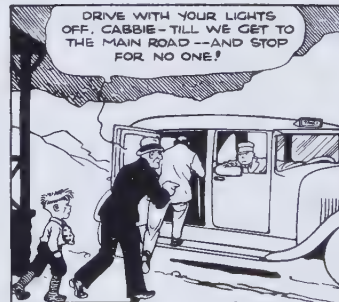


NO-NO-TRACY- YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE...HE'S MY FATHER- IF HE STAYS, I STAY!

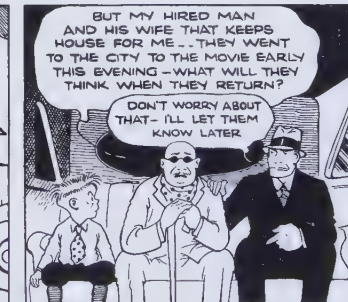


THEN YOU'RE BOTH GOING! I'M SORRY, MR. STEELE...BUT YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS LATER...I'VE GOT A CAB OUT HERE WAITING TO TAKE US TO THE CITY.

BUT I TELL YOU- YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO DO THIS.

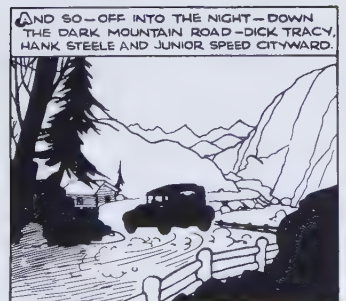


DRIVE WITH YOUR LIGHTS OFF, CABBIE- TILL WE GET TO THE MAIN ROAD -AND STOP FOR NO ONE!

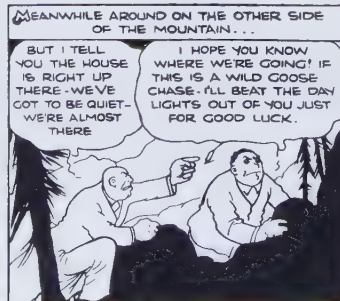


BUT MY HIRED MAN AND HIS WIFE THAT KEEPS HOUSE FOR ME...THEY WENT TO THE CITY TO THE MOVIE EARLY THIS EVENING -WHAT WILL THEY THINK WHEN THEY RETURN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT- I'LL LET THEM KNOW LATER

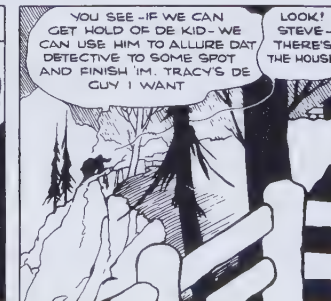


AND SO - OFF INTO THE NIGHT - DOWN THE DARK MOUNTAIN ROAD - DICK TRACY, HANK STEELE AND JUNIOR SPEED CITYWARD.



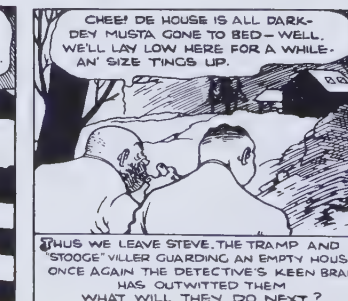
BUT I TELL YOU THE HOUSE IS RIGHT UP THERE - WE'VE GOT TO BE QUIET - WE'RE ALMOST THERE

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING! IF THIS IS A WILD GOOSE CHASE - I'LL BEAT THE DAY LIGHTS OUT OF YOU JUST FOR GOOD LUCK.



YOU SEE - IF WE CAN GET HOLD OF DE KID - WE CAN USE HIM TO ALLURE DAT DETECTIVE TO SOME SPOT AND FINISH IM. TRACY'S DE GUY I WANT

LOOK! STEVE - THERE'S THE HOUSE.



CHEE! DE HOUSE IS ALL DARK- DEY MUSTA GONE TO BED - WELL, WE'LL LAY LOW HERE FOR A WHILE - AN' SIZE TINGS UP.

THUS WE LEAVE STEVE, THE TRAMP AND 'STOOGE' VILLER GUARDING AN EMPTY HOUSE. ONCE AGAIN THE DETECTIVE'S KEEN BRAIN HAS OUTWITTED THEM. WHAT WILL THEY DO NEXT?

SAFE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF STEVE AND "STOOGIE"—AT LEAST TEMPORARILY. JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER SPEED EASTWARD UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF DICK TRACY WHO REALIZES THAT AS LONG AS THE TWO CONVICTS ARE AT LARGE, THE SAFEST PLACE FOR THE BOY AND HIS FATHER IS WITH THE DETECTIVE . . .



BUT TRACY—WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE US?

YOU'RE GOING EAST TO LIVE WITH ME UNTIL STEVE AND STOOGIE ARE SAFELY BEHIND BARS AGAIN.



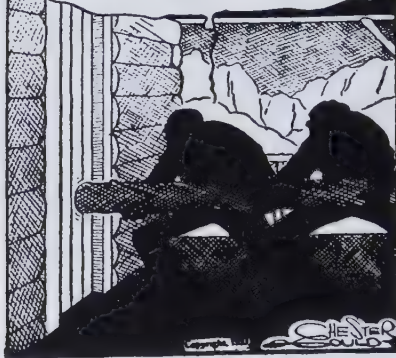
MEANWHILE—STEVE AND "STOOGIE" HAVING ARRIVED AT "HANK" STEELE'S HOUSE AND SEEING NO SIGNS OF LIFE—DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE. . .

I DON'T TINK NOBODY'S HOME, STOOGIE.

I TRIED THE WINDOWS AND DOORS AND THEY'RE LOCKED TIGHTER'N' A DRUM—I THINK THE PLACE IS EMPTY.



WELL, IF IT'S EMPTY, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. GRAB DIS LOG AND WE'LL RAM DE DOOR DOWN.



BREAKING INTO "HANK" STEELE'S HOME, STEVE AND "STOOGIE" MAKE A HURRIED SEARCH OF THE PREMISES.

THERE'S NOT A SOUL HERE. STOOGIE—DE PLACE IS DESERTED!

THEY'VE SKIPPED! THEY MUST HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING.



DO YOU SUPPOSE DAT GUY TRACY WAS OUT HERE—WHAT TH--?

HEY—YOU TWO—WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS HOUSE?



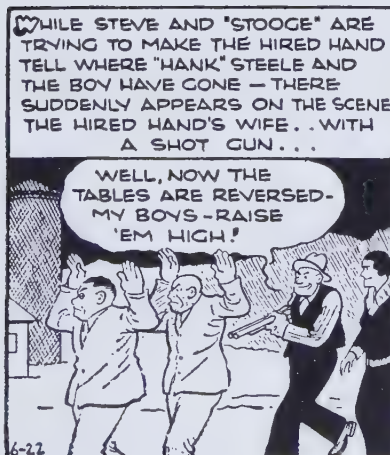
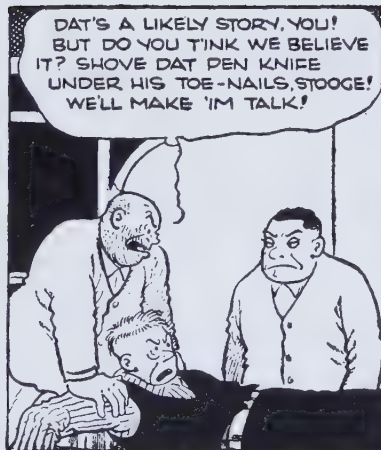
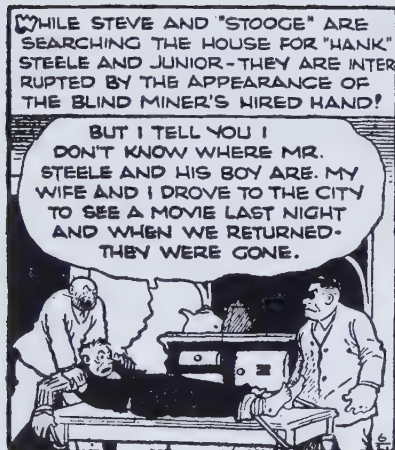
WHO WANTS TO KNOW, BUDDY?

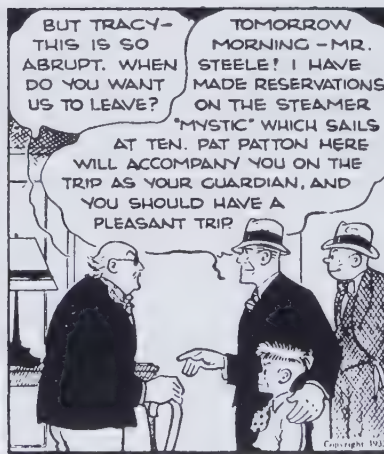
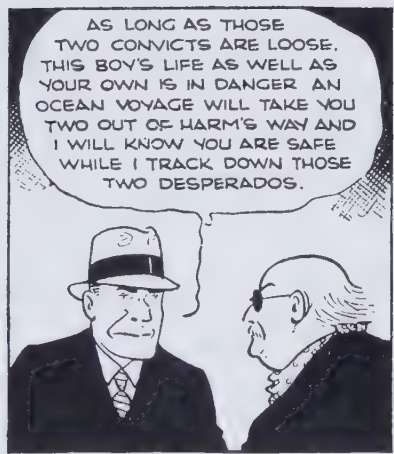
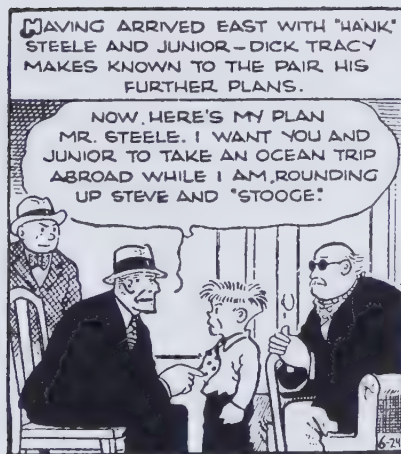
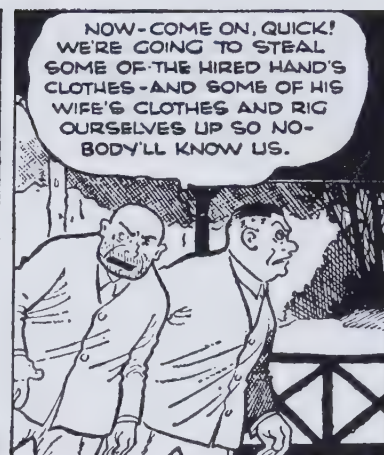
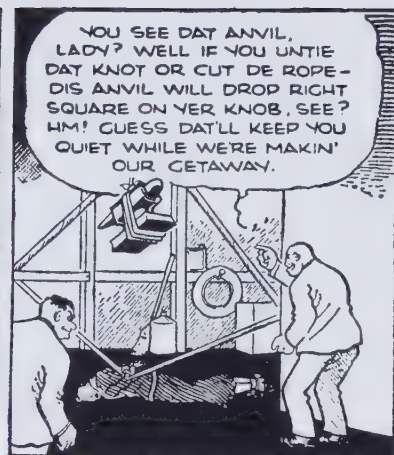
I DO! I'M HANK STEELE'S CARETAKER AND HIRED HAND—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

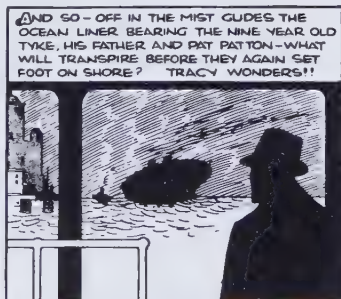
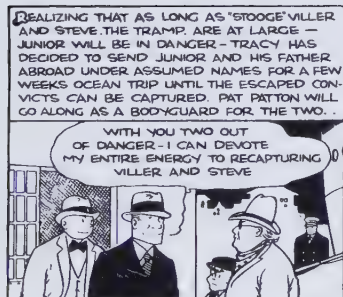


WHY JUST AT DE MOMENT I'M STICKING YOU UP WIT' DIS SIX-SHOOTER I FOUND UPSTAIRS IN A BUREAU DRAWER. NOW TALK FAST-FELLER, WHERE'S DE OLD MAN AND DE KID?



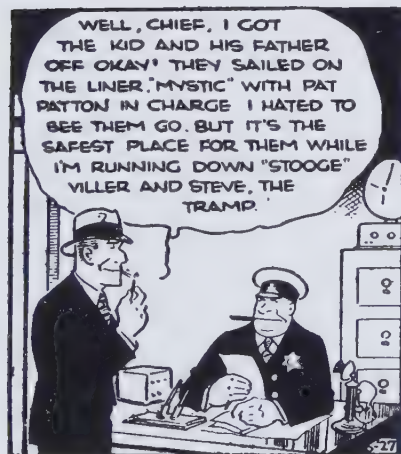
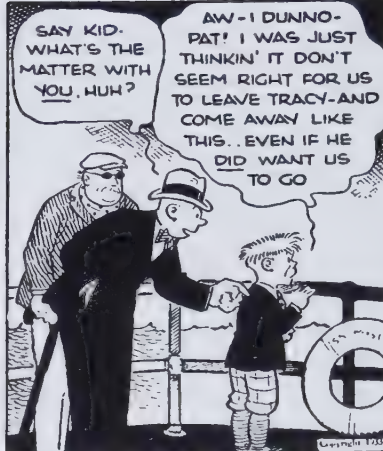
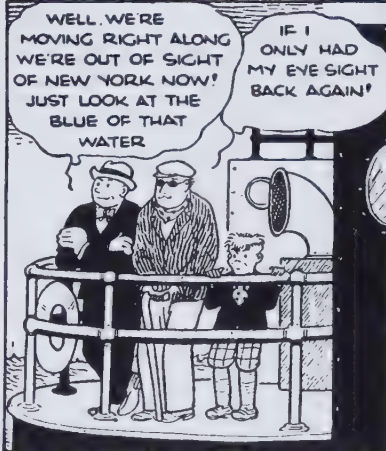


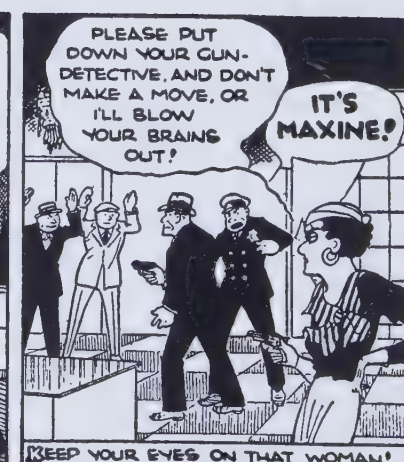
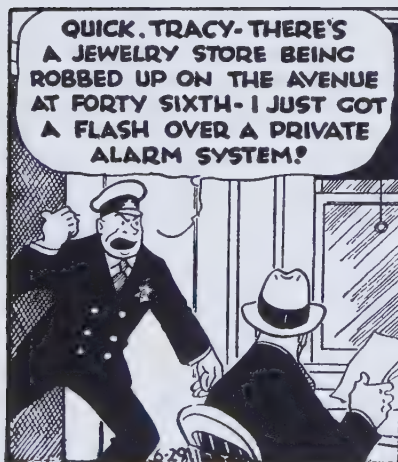


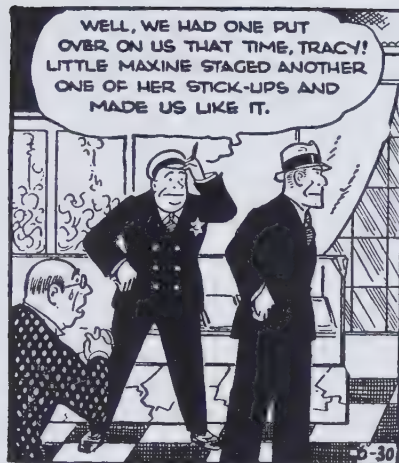


OFF ON A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER IN COMPANY WITH PAT PATTON HAVE BEEN SENT ON AN OCEAN TRIP BY TRACY WHILE THE DETECTIVE TURNS HIS ENERGY TO RECAPTURING THE TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS. "STOOGIE" VILLER AND STEVE THE TRAMP. . .



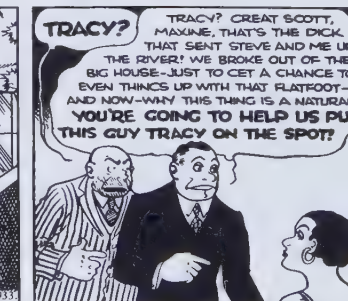
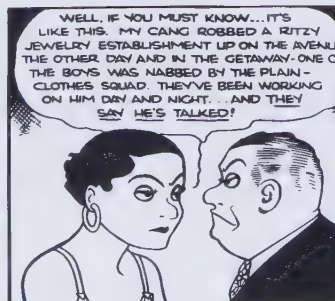




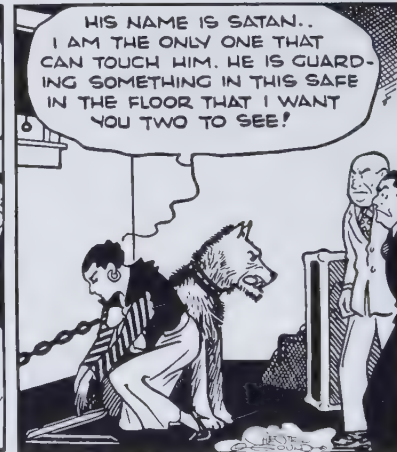
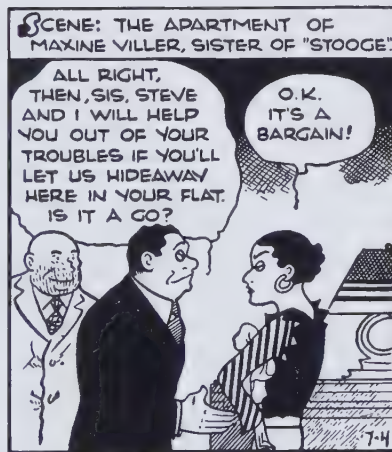
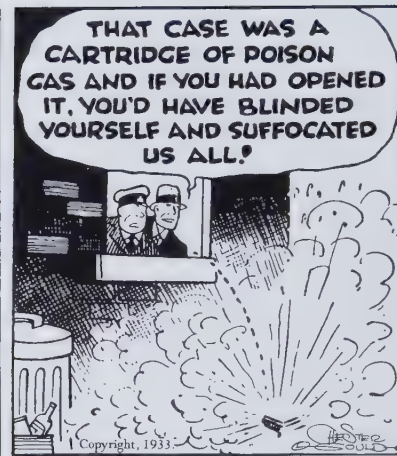
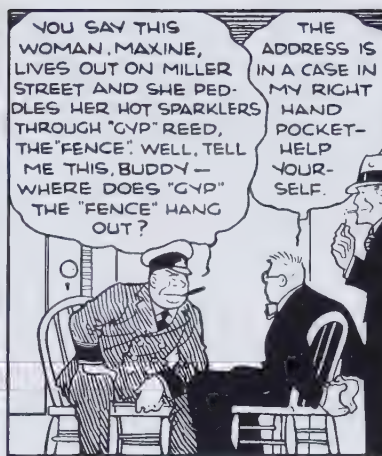
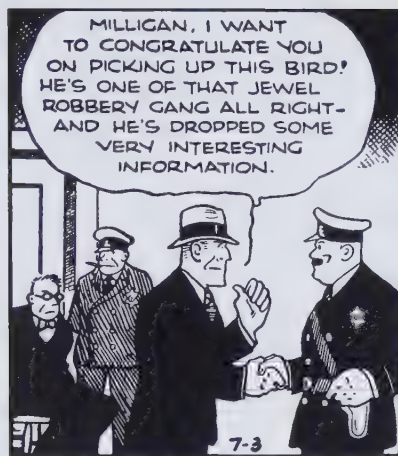
DICK TRACY



AT LAST—AFTER MANY DIFFICULTIES—AND MUCH SCHEMING TO KEEP FROM BEING CAUGHT—THE TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS—“STOOGIE” VILLER AND STEVE, THE TRAMP, ARRIVED IN THE CITY—AND AT “STOOGIE’S” SUGGESTION—SOUGHT REFUGE WITH “STOOGIE’S” SISTER, MAXINE VILLER, HERSELF A BRIGHT AND SHINING STAR OF THE UNDERWORLD...



Copyright, 1933



GOING TO A SAFE HIDDEN IN THE FLOOR-AND GUARDED BY A HUGE VICIOUS DOG-MAXINE VILLER REMOVES A PACKAGE AND UNWRAPS IT BEFORE THE EYES OF HER ASTONISHED BROTHER "STOOGIE"- AND STEVE, THE TRAMP. . .



WHERE'D YU GIT 'EM, MAXINE, HUH?

DON'T BE FUNNY! IT ISN'T WHERE I GOT THEM THAT'S GOING TO INTEREST YOU BIRDS-IT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO SEND THEM!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHY, THOSE SPARKLERS ARE NO GOOD TO ME LAYING HERE HID IN A SACK. THEY'VE GOT TO BE TAKEN TO "GYP" REED, THE 'FENCE', DOWN ON LOWER DOYLE STREET AND CASHED IN-AND ONE OF YOU BIRDS IS GOING TO TAKE 'EM!



MEANWHILE-ACROSS THE STREET- IN A CERTAIN HALL WINDOW..

BUT, TRACY- WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT FEMALE JEWEL SNATCHER LIVES IN THAT DUMP?

I DON'T KNOW, MILLIGAN, BUT I TELL YOU-THAT'S THE PLACE! WAIT! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING.



YOU SAY THAT DOG IS TRAINED TO GO BETWEEN YOUR APARTMENT AND "GYP" REED'S PLACE AND CARRY MESSAGES FASTENED IN HIS COLLAR.



EXACTLY! YOU SEE-I DARE NOT USE THE TELEPHONE. TOO MANY CHANCES OF TAPPED WIRES. COME ON, SATAN.



NOW GO, SATAN! GO TO "GYP'S" HOUSE - GO. OLD BOY!

WHILE ACROSS THE STREET-TRACY'S VIGILANCE HAS AT LAST BEEN REWARDED. . .

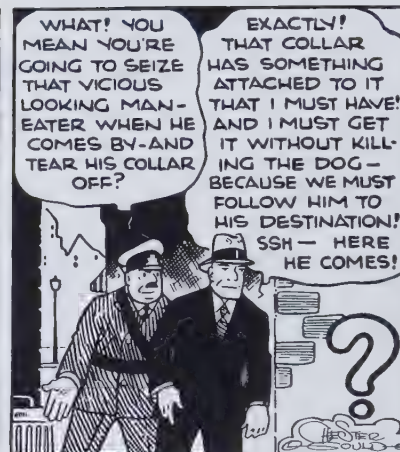
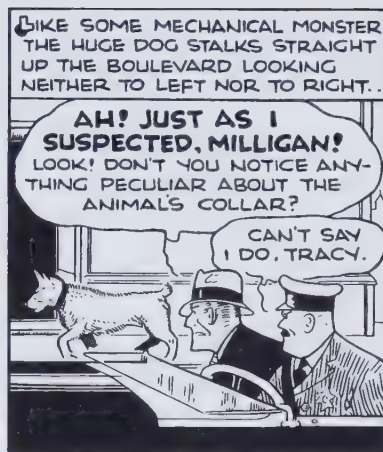
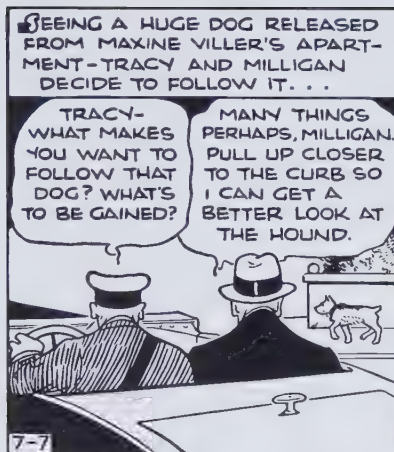
QUICK! MILLIGAN, LOOK! A WOMAN HAS COME TO THE DOOR OVER THERE! IT MUST BE-YES-IT IS MAXINE! SHE'S RELEASING A BIG DOG!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

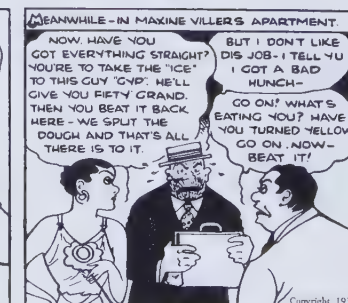
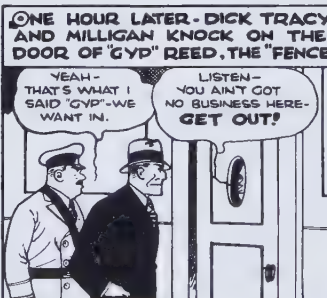
WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THAT DOG.

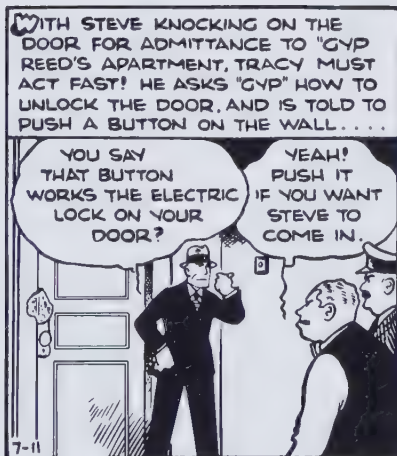
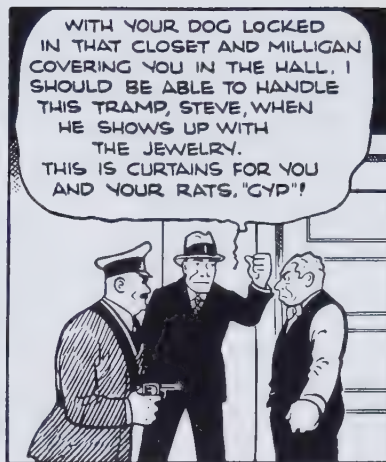
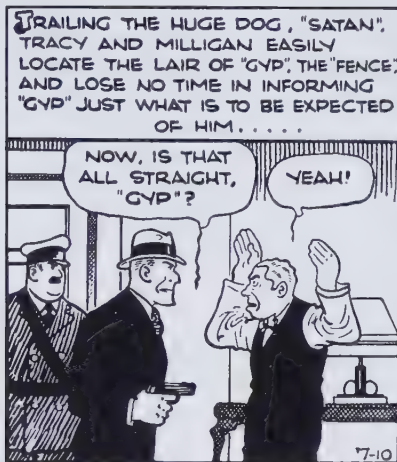


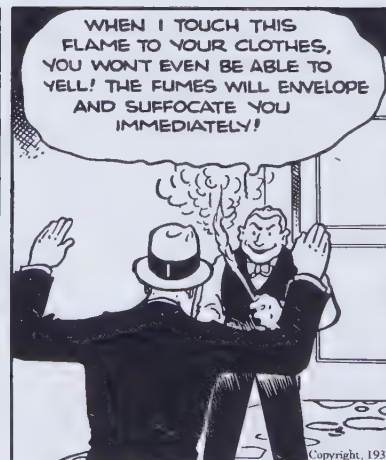
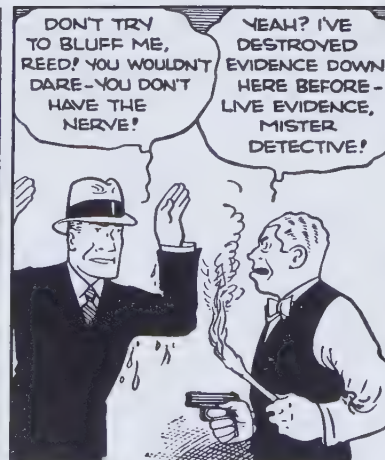
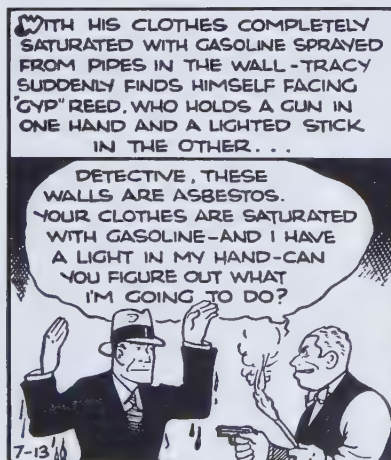
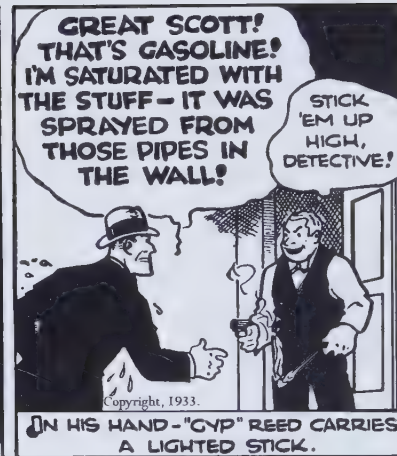
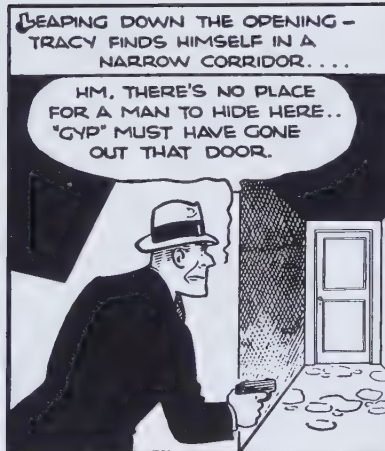


DICK TRACY

IT'S LUCKY, TRACY, THAT YOU ONLY GOT YOUR ARM INJURED! WHY THAT WAS THE MOST VICIOUS DOG I EVER SAW!







WITH HIS CLOTHES SATURATED WITH GASOLINE, DICK TRACY SEES "GYP" REED STOOP AND EXTEND THE LIGHTED FIRE BRAND. IN ANOTHER INSTANT - THE DETECTIVE WILL BE ENVELOPED IN FLAME-HE MUST ACT NOW! . . .

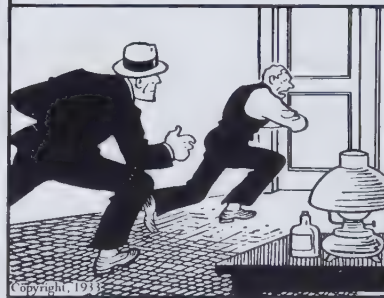


WITH LIGHTNING SPEED HE RAISES HIS FOOT AND THRUSTS IT DOWN ON THE FLAMING STICK OF WOOD.

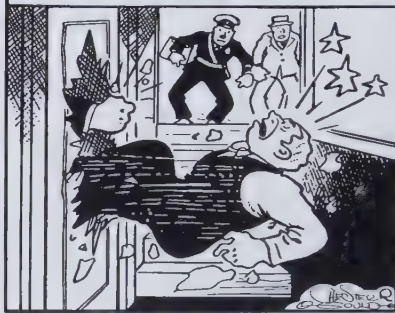


ONE SHOT-TWO SHOTS FIRED FROM THE CRIMINAL'S GUN GO WILD!

THE GUN IS KNOCKED FROM "GYP" REED'S HAND - HE DASHES FOR THE DOOR -



MILLIGAN, WHO MEANWHILE HAD NABBED STEVE, THE TRAMP, AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE, HAS MADE HIS WAY AROUND TO THE REAR BASEMENT DOOR JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A MOST INTERESTING SIGHT. . . .



WELL, NOW THAT THE GASOLINE HAS DRIED OUT OF MY CLOTHES, MILLIGAN, LET'S TAKE THESE BIRDS DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS.

OKAY! GEE, I CAN'T GET OVER THESE SPARKLERS! THAT AVENUE JEWELER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THESE AGAIN!



STEVE, YOU CAN IMAGINE MY DELIGHT IN GETTING MY HANDS ON YOU AGAIN! THE WARDEN AT THE PEN WILL THANK ME PLENTY, TOO-BUT WHAT DID YOU DO WITH "STOOGES"??

HUMPH!



WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST, MILLIGAN! JUST AS SOON AS WE GET THESE BIRDS LOCKED UP, WE MUST GO RIGHT OUT TO MAXINE'S APARTMENT AND NAB HER. IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, SHE'S THE KING-PIN OF THIS JEWELRY THIEF RING



MEANWHILE- IN MAXINE'S APARTMENT. .

BUT I TELL YOU, STEVE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY THIS TIME! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! WE'D BETTER FLAG OUTTA HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

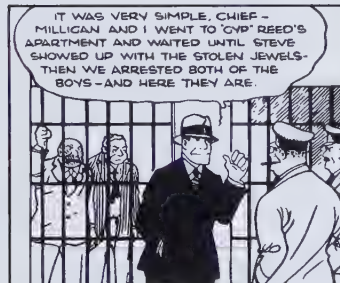
NOW LISTEN, SIS, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! STEVE WILL GET BACK, ALL RIGHT. I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN YOU DO. HE'S SLOW AND CAUTIOUS...HE TAKES HIS TIME-BUT HE'LL SHOW UP.



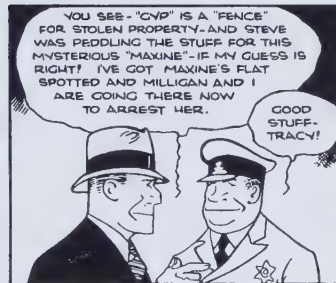
IF "STOOGES" KNEW THE FACTS!

DICK TRACY

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO I'D RATHER SHOVE INTO A CELL, STEVE, THAN YOU.

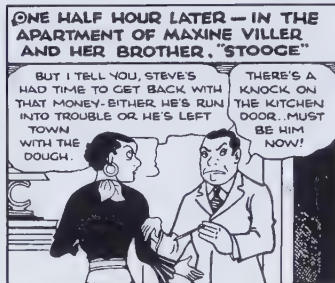


IT WAS VERY SIMPLE, CHIEF - MILLIGAN AND I WENT TO 'CVP' REED'S APARTMENT AND WAITED UNTIL STEVE SHOWED UP WITH THE STOLEN JEWELS - THEN WE ARRESTED BOTH OF THE BOYS - AND HERE THEY ARE.



YOU SEE - 'CVP' IS A 'FENCE' FOR STOLEN PROPERTY - AND STEVE WAS PEDDLING THE STUFF FOR THIS MYSTERIOUS 'MAXINE' - IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT! I'VE GOT MAXINE'S FLAT SPOTTED AND MILLIGAN AND I ARE GOING THERE NOW TO ARREST HER.

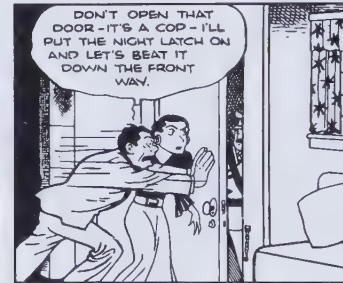
GOOD STUFF - TRACY!



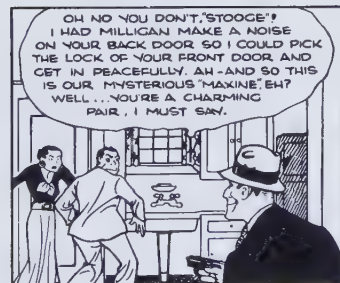
ONE HALF HOUR LATER - IN THE APARTMENT OF MAXINE VILLER AND HER BROTHER, "STOOGE"

BUT I TELL YOU, STEVE'S HAD TIME TO GET BACK WITH THAT MONEY - EITHER HE'S RUN INTO TROUBLE OR HE'S LEFT TOWN WITH THE DOUGH.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE KITCHEN DOOR - MUST BE HIM NOW!



DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR - IT'S A COP - I'LL PUT THE NIGHT LATCH ON AND LET'S BEAT IT DOWN THE FRONT WAY.



OH NO YOU DON'T, 'STOOGE'! I HAD MILLIGAN MAKE A NOISE ON YOUR BACK DOOR SO I COULD PICK THE LOCK OF YOUR FRONT DOOR, AND GET IN PEACEFULLY. AH - AND SO THIS IS OUR MYSTERIOUS 'MAXINE' EH? WELL... YOU'RE A CHARMING PAIR, I MUST SAY.



SAY, YOU TWO DON'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A BUNCH OF STOLEN JEWELRY OR A TRAMP NAMED STEVE OR A 'FENCE' NAMED 'CVP' REED, DO YOU?

HEY - LISTEN - WHAT ARE YOU TAKING OUT OF THAT DISH?



JUST A WALNUT. WONT YOU HAVE SOME?

OH, WALNUTS. EH? SO YOU'RE HUNGRY, HUH? SAY I DON'T MIND IF I DO HAVE A COUPLE, MYSELF.

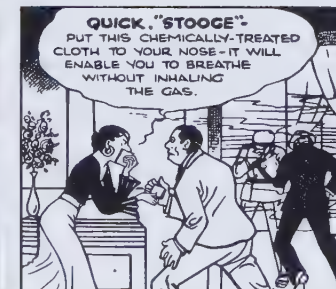


THE CRACKER?

NO - I'LL JUST POP 'EM WITH MY HAND - HEY! WHAT TH--?



MILLIGAN - YOU FOOL! THOSE ARE SMALL POISON GAS BOMBS MADE TO RESEMBLE WALNUTS - YOU'VE - OW - OW - MY THROAT -

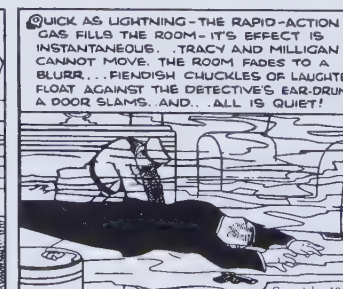


QUICK, "STOOGE" - PUT THIS CHEMICALLY-TREATED CLOTH TO YOUR NOSE - IT WILL ENABLE YOU TO BREATHE WITHOUT INHALING THE GAS.



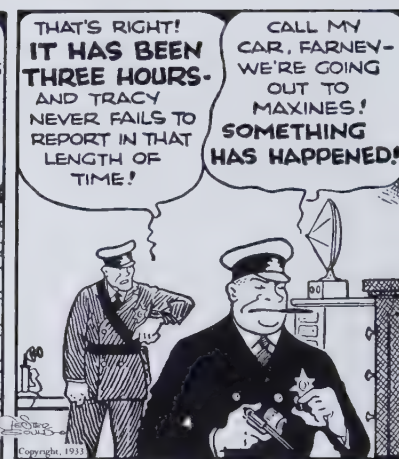
STAND WHERE YOU ARE - OR I'LL FIRE - OW - OH - OH - H - I CAN'T HOLD THE GUN... I'M -

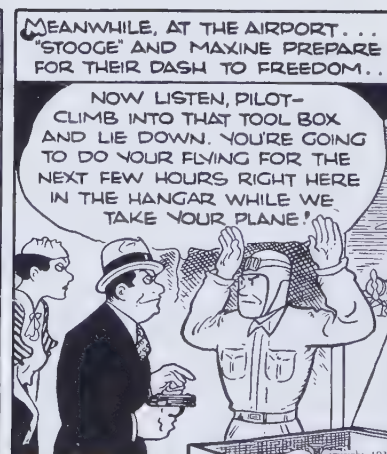
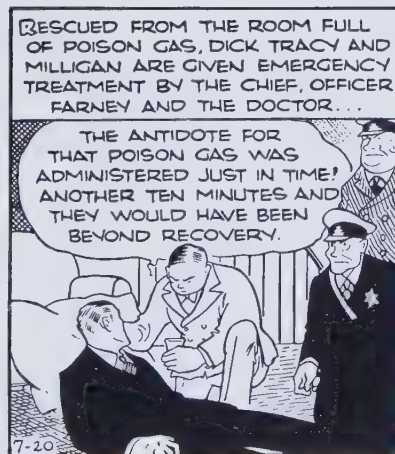
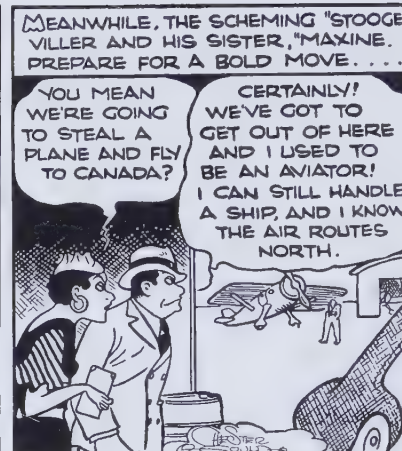
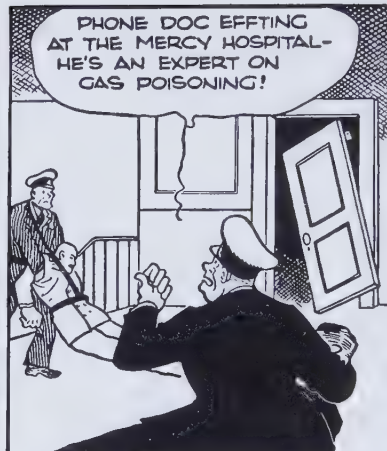
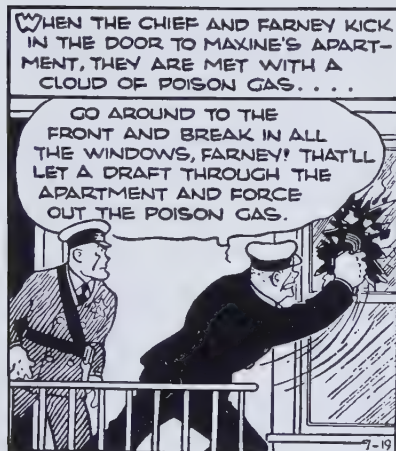
COME - "STOOGE" - HURRY!

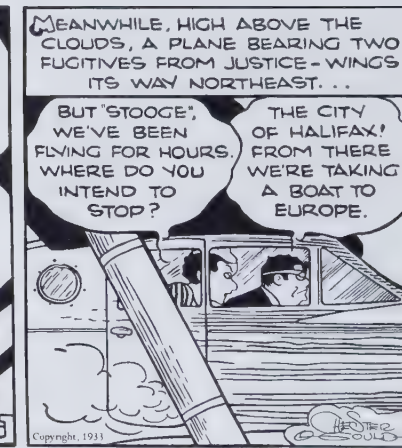
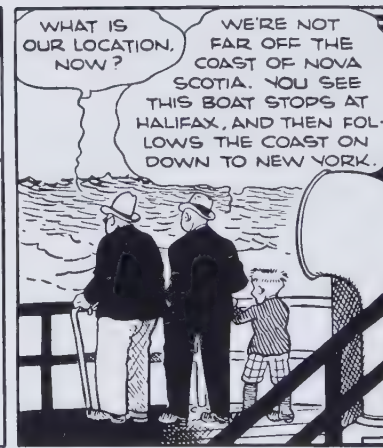
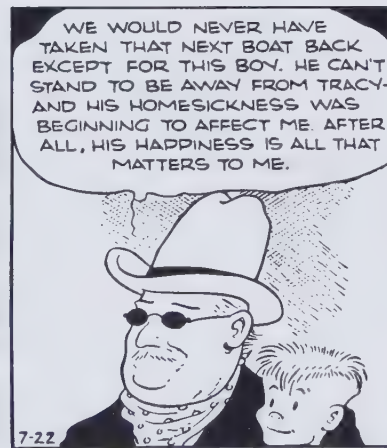
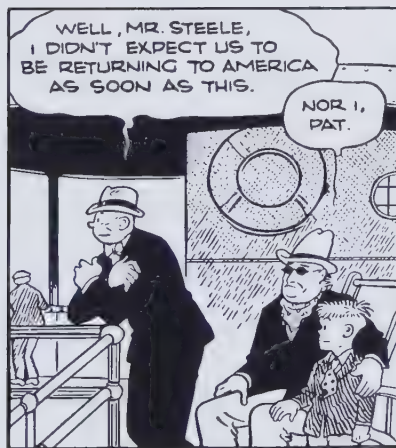
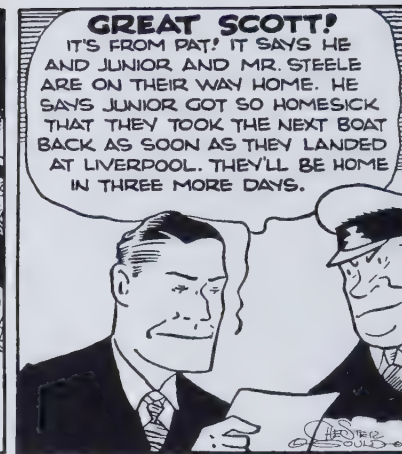
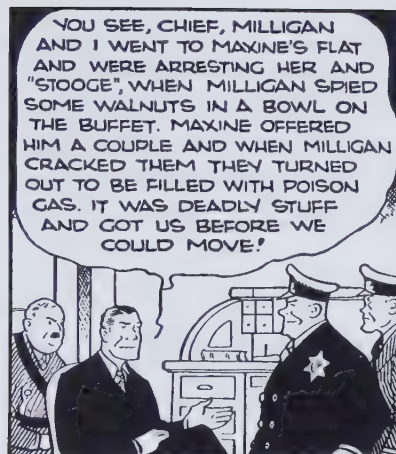


QUICK AS LIGHTNING - THE RAPID-ACTION GAS FILLS THE ROOM - ITS EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS. TRACY AND MILLIGAN CANNOT MOVE. THE ROOM FADES TO A BLURR... FIENDISH CHUCKLES OF LAUGHTER FLOAT AGAINST THE DETECTIVE'S EARS - DRUMS A DOOR SLAMS, AND... ALL IS QUIET!

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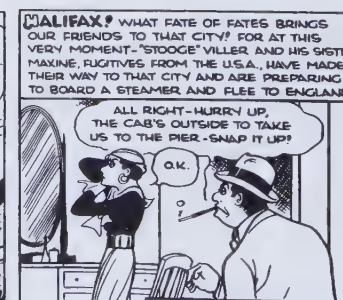
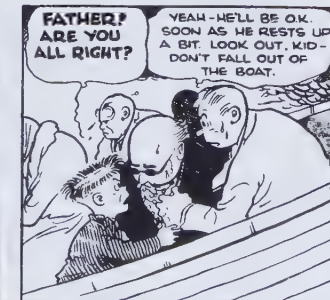
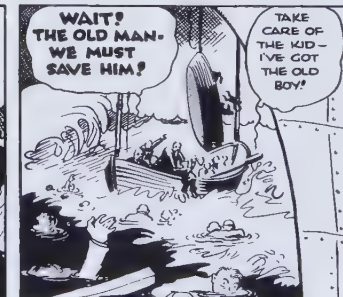
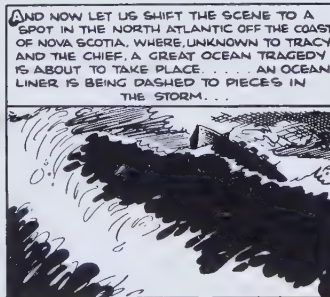
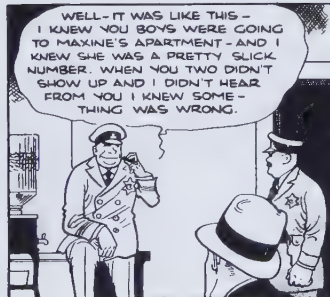




DICK TRACY

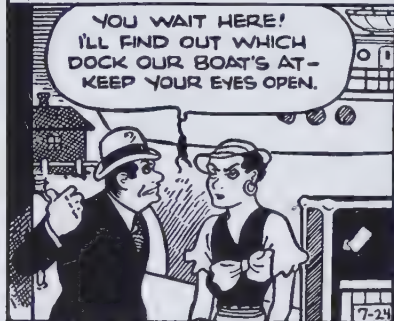
WHERE ARE WE NOW, "STOOGE"?

WE JUST PASSED THE BORDER. WE'RE OVER CANADA.



ON THEIR WILD FLIGHT TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW, "STOOGE" VILLER AND HIS SISTER, MAXINE, HAVE REACHED HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, AND ARE ON THE PIER READY TO SAIL. . . .

YOU WAIT HERE!
I'LL FIND OUT WHICH
DOCK OUR BOAT'S AT-
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.



7-24

HEY, "STOOGE"-
LOOK OVER THERE-THERE'S
EXCITEMENT OF SOME
KIND! -WHAT'S UP?

HOW
SHOULD
I KNOW?



YEAH-THERE WAS A
BIG LINER WRECKED ABOUT
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES OFF
THE COAST HERE LAST NIGHT IN A
SUDDEN STORM THAT CAME UP
FROM THE EAST-AND THEY'RE
JUST GOING OUT TO MEET
THE FIRST BOATLOAD
OF SURVIVORS.

A
SHIPWRECK,
EH?



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE
OUT-THE FIRST LIFE BOAT NEARS
SHORE. . . .

HEY! LOOK,
PAT! THERE COMES
A BOAT TO
MEET US!

YEAH-
IT'S A
COAST GUARD
BOAT-THANK
HEAVENS.
IT'S NEAR.

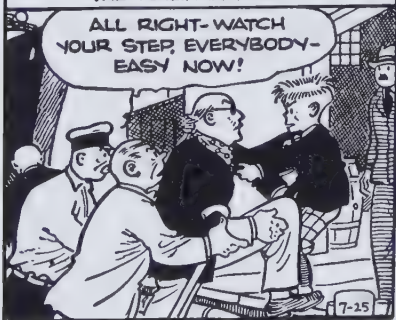


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WHAT A FINALE FOR THEIR
TRIP ABROAD-A SHIP-WRECK!

JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER AND PAT
PATTON ARE AMONG THE OCCUPANTS
OF THE FIRST LIFE BOAT TO REACH
THE HALIFAX PIER. .

ALL RIGHT-WATCH
YOUR STEP, EVERYBODY-
EASY NOW!



7-25

ARE YOU
COLD, MR.
STEELE?

YES-
COLD AND
WET- BUT
I'M ALL
RIGHT. HOW
ARE YOU,
MY BOY?

CHEE,
I'M ALL
RIGHT.
FATHER-
I FEEL
SWELL.



WE MUST WAIT HERE A
FEW MINUTES. THE SHIP
COMPANY OFFICIALS ARE
GOING TO TAKE US ALL
TO A HOTEL.

THANK
HEAVEN, WE ARE
ALL ALIVE AND
UNHARMED!
PROVIDENCE HAS
BEEN KIND
TO US.



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MEANWHILE, A FEW FEET AWAY.
"STOOGE" VILLER AND HIS SISTER
ARE PREPARING TO BOARD THE
BOAT WHICH WILL TAKE THEM TO
EUROPE-WHEN-

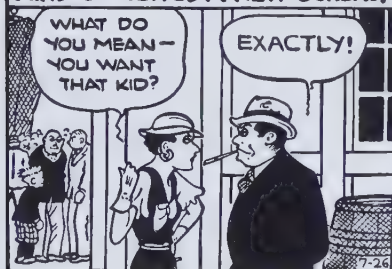
"STOOGE!"
WHAT IN THE WORLD
IS THE MATTER? YOUR
EYES LOOK LIKE
THEY'RE GOING TO
POP OUT OF YOUR
HEAD!

DO-YOU-
SEE-WHAT-
I-SEE?



AS JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER AND PAT PATTON CLIMB ONTO THE PIER FROM THE LIFE BOAT, THEY ARE SPIED BY "STOOGIE" VILLER AND HIS SISTER, MAXINE, WHO WERE JUST SAILING FOR EUROPE. . .

INSTANTLY THE MASTER CRIMINAL'S MIND CONCEIVES A NEW SCHEME!



DICK TRACY HAS DONE ME MORE INJURY THAN I CAN EVER FORGET. I SWORE I'D GET REVENGE ON HIM-AND THIS IS MY CHANCE! THAT BOY 'JUNIOR' IS TRACY'S PRIDE AND JOY-AND WITH HIM IN MY HANDS, I'LL HAVE THE DETECTIVE WHERE I WANT HIM



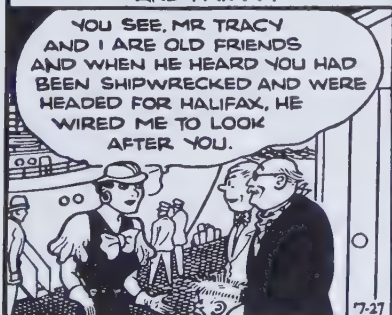
BUT YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU IDIOT! YOU KNOW THAT FLATFOOT WOULD HUNT YOU DOWN IF IT WAS THE LAST THING HE EVER DID YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



LISTEN, THERE'S A WAREHOUSE ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET DOWN THE PIER! YOU WALK OVER TO THE KID AND HIS FATHER AND PAT AND SAY YOU'RE A FRIEND OF TRACY'S, AND HAVE JUST RECEIVED A WIRE FROM HIM TO LOOK AFTER THEM WHILE THEY'RE IN HALIFAX THEN LEAD THEM DOWN TO THAT WAREHOUSE- I'LL DO THE REST.



ONCE AGAIN, THE FIENDISH SCHEMES OF "STOOGIE" VILLER ARE AFOOT! !! FORCED BY HER BROTHER TO ASSIST IN HIS LATEST, MAXINE VILLER APPROACHES JUNIOR, MR. STEELE AND PAT. . . .



WELL THIS REALLY IS MIGHTY NICE OF YOU, MISS JOHNSON, BECAUSE WE ARE PRETTY TIRED AND COLD OF COURSE WE DON'T WANT TO IMPOSE ON YOU, THOUGH.



TRICKED INTO FOLLOWING MAXINE VILLER, WHOM THEY BELIEVE TO BE A FRIEND OF TRACY'S, PAT PATTON, JUNIOR, AND MR STEELE FIND THEMSELVES IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE CONFRONTED BY THE VILLIANOUS "STOOGE" VILLER.



I'M TAKING THE BOY WITH ME-THAT'S ALL I WANT! I SWORE I'D GET REVENGE ON DICK TRACY AND THIS IS MY CHANCE I'M TAKING THE KID!



MY BOAT SAILS IN ONE MINUTE. NOW YOU TWO LINE UP AGAINST THAT WALL AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT! COME HERE, KID!



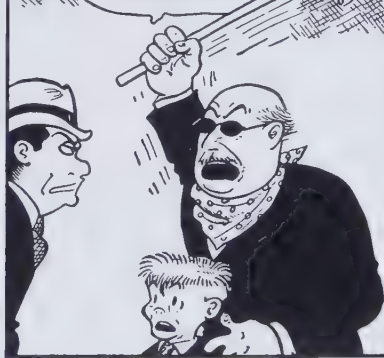
GRAB THE KID-MAXINE! DON'T YOU TOUCH THIS BOY!



PATTON'S KNOCKED OUT. WE DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HIM! QUICK, LET'S GRAB THE BOY AND GET ON THE BOAT!



YOU CAN'T TOUCH MY BOY!



LOOK OUT, FATHER!



DICK TRACY



SO SOONER HAD JUNIOR, HANK STEELE AND PAT PATTON LANDED ON THE PIER IN HALIFAX AFTER THE SHIP WRECK. THAN THEY WERE APPROACHED BY A WOMAN (STOOGIE VILLER'S SISTER, MAXINE) WHO SAID SHE WAS A FRIEND OF TRACY'S. AND WOULD DIRECT THEM TO A HOTEL. INSTEAD, SHE LED THEM TO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE WHERE THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY "STOOGIE" VILLER! WHEN VILLER STATED THAT HE INTENDED TO TAKE JUNIOR AS A REVENGE MOVE AGAINST TRACY—A FIGHT ENGUED.



JUNIOR-HEY-KID-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT IN--?

"STOOGIE" VILLER DID IT!
HE-HE SHOT MY FATHER... AFTER HE KNOCKED YOU OUT—FATHER ATTACKED HIM WITH HIS CANE—AND VILLER SHOT...



IS...IS HE ALIVE?

I DON'T KNOW, KID... I CAN'T TELL... WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE...



AND OUTSIDE ON THE PIER...

BUT I TELL YOU I DIDN'T MEAN TO PLUG THE OLD MAN... I JUST WANTED TO TAKE THE KID AWAY FROM EM BUT THE OLD BOY PUT UP A SCRAP AND...

NOW YOU'VE GOT US IN A SWELL MESS!



IT'S LUCKY THIS BOAT SAILS IN TWO MINUTES—AND WE HAVE TICKETS.

YEAH—LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY!



NO! NO! THIS IS WORSE THAN STAYING ASHORE! THERE'S A RADIO ON THIS SHIP... TRACY IS BOUND TO SUSPECT WE'VE SAILED AND HE'LL WIRELESS ORDERS FOR OUR ARREST AT SEA!

BUT WE'LL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!



ANYWAY—IT'S TOO LATE NOW—THERE GOES THE GANG PLANK!

NO—IT'S NOT TOO LATE!

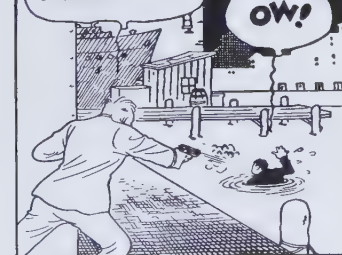


QUICK, OFFICER! TAKE THE OLD MAN... AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BOY... I'VE GOT TO GET THAT SHIP THAT'S JUMPING OFF THAT SHIP!



STOP—"STOOGIE" VILLER!

OW!



I GOT IM! GOT IM THE PRST SHOT! WELL, HE DESERVED IT—AND MORE TOO! I HOPE THE FISH DON'T LEAVE A SINGLE CRUMB OF YOUR WRETCHED SOUL—"STOOGIE" VILLER!



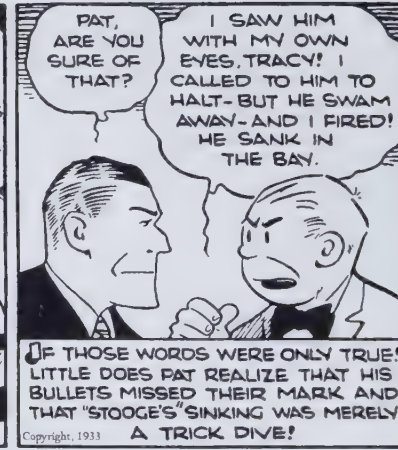
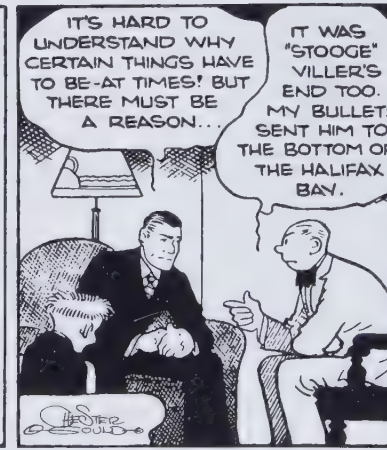
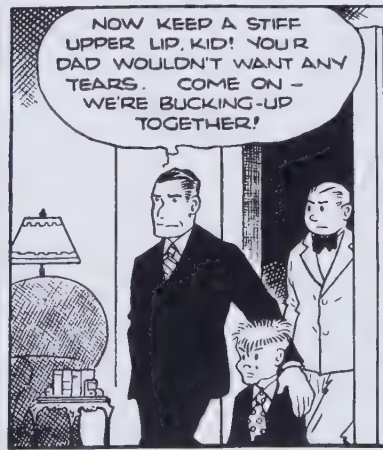
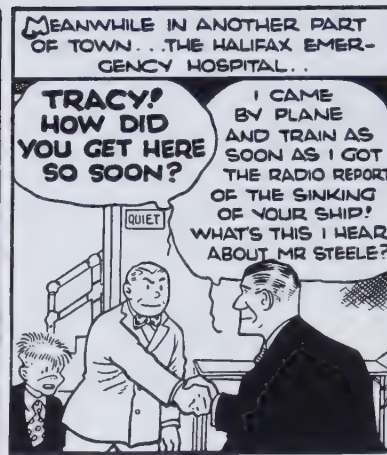
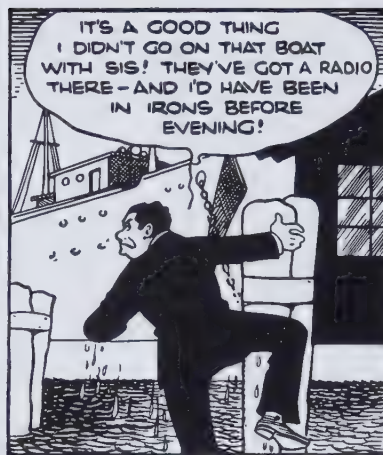
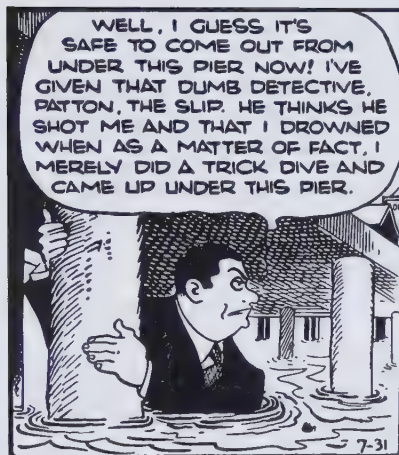
HUMPH! THAT FAKE YELL AND TRICK DIVE... FOOLED 'IM. HE THINKS HE GOT ME! WELL... I'LL JUST LAY LOW HERE TILL IT'S SAFE TO COME UP—THEN I'LL SCRAM UP WHERE IT'S DRY!

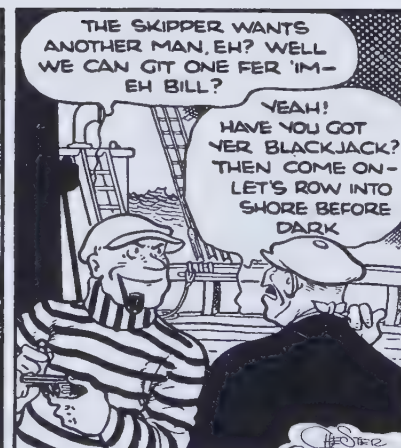
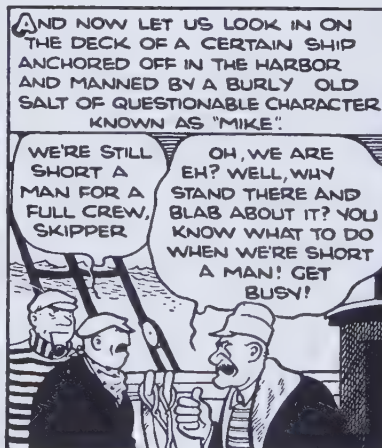
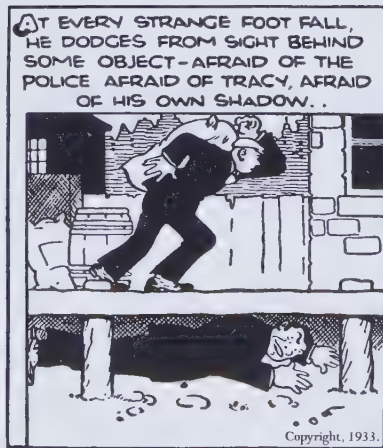
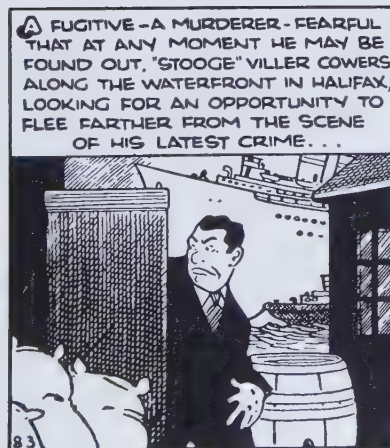
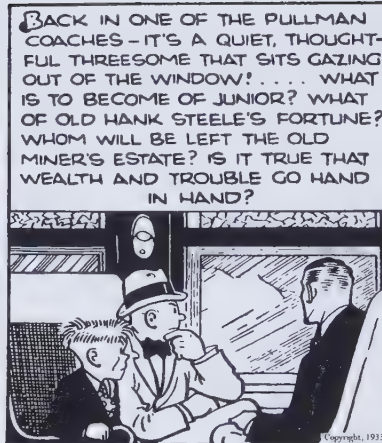
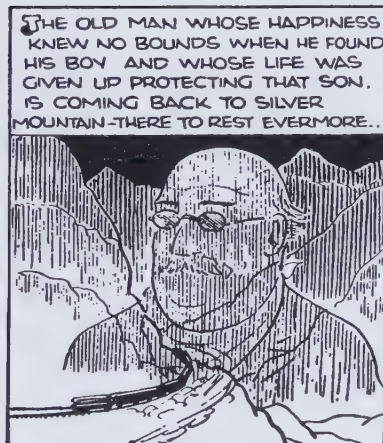
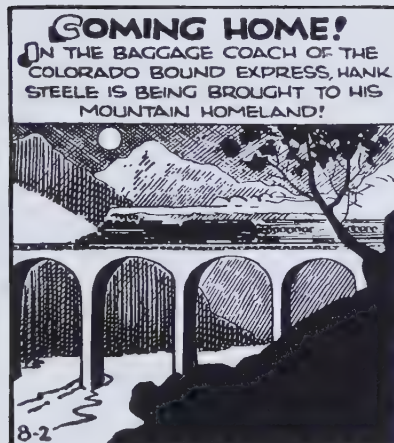


MEANWHILE, DICK TRACY, HAVING RECEIVED NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF THE SINKING OF THE SHIP THAT JUNIOR, HANK STEELE AND PAT PATTON WERE ON—BUT UNAWARE OF THIS TRAGEDY TO JUNIOR'S FATHER—SPEEDS TOWARD HALIFAX...

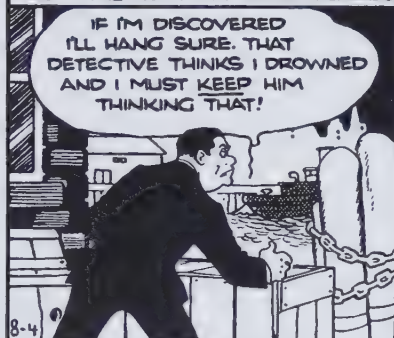
WHY DID I EVER LET THE KID OUT OF MY SIGHT? I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN! I'LL KEEP HIM AND HIS FATHER WITH ME FROM NOW ON. THEY CAN LIVE WITH ME. I WON'T LET 'EM GO BACK WEST.







BRINGING AND HIDING ALONG THE WHARF IN HALIFAX, "STOOGE" VILLER WATCHES FOR A CHANCE TO BOARD A BOAT AND AFFECT AN ESCAPE FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN SHORES



8-4

IF I'M DISCOVERED I'LL HANG SURE. THAT DETECTIVE THINKS I DROWNED AND I MUST KEEP HIM THINKING THAT!

SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND A PACKING CASE ON THE WHARF, A STRANGER SLIPS ACROSS STOOGE'S PATH...

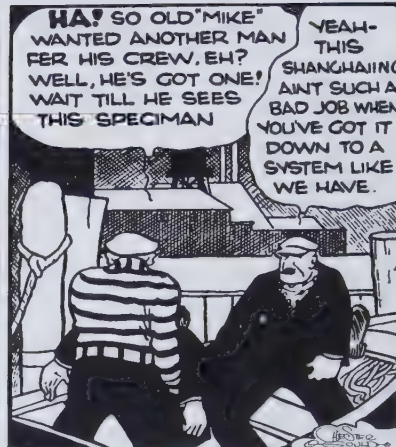


HAVEN'T GOT A MATCH, HAVE YOU, BUDDY?

A MATCH? - OH SURE.



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HA! SO OLD "MIKE" WANTED ANOTHER MAN FER HIS CREW, EH? WELL, HE'S GOT ONE! WAIT TILL HE SEES THIS SPECIMAN

YEAH- THIS SHANGHAIING AINT SUCH A BAD JOB WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT DOWN TO A SYSTEM LIKE WE HAVE.

SCENE: THE DECK OF OLD MIKE'S SHIP, "THE BAT", IN HALIFAX HARBOR.



8-5

WELL, SKIPPER, WE GOT A MAN FER YOU! NOW WE'VE GOT A FULL CREW

LET'S SEE 'IM.



WHAT? GREAT SCOTT, IF IT AIN'T VILLER! WHY- I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE WORKED A DIAMOND SMUGGLIN' ACT IN PORTO RICA!

OLD MIKE! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN THREE YEARS!



BOYS! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! WE CAN'T SHANGHAI THIS MAN HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE- TAKE 'IM BACK!

NO! NO! MIKE DON'T TAKE ME BACK! I WANT TO BE SHANGHAIED!



WANT TO BE SHANGHAIED?

YEAH- I WANT TO BE SHANGHAIED! GET ME?

I GET YOU, "STOOGE" YOU'VE BEEN UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH?

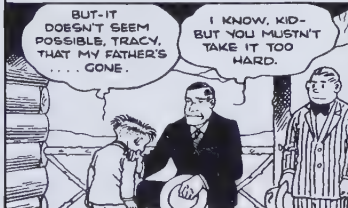
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DICK TRACY

by
E. J. SOUL



ONCE AGAIN, THE HAND OF "STOOGE" VILLER HAS BROUGHT SORROW INTO THE LIVES OF DICK TRACY AND DICK TRACY, JR. FATALLY WOUNDED BY THE EX-CONVICT VILLER, HANK STEELE, FATHER OF THE BOY, GAVE ALL IN HIS ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THE LAD HE LOVED.



IN RESPECT TO JUNIOR, THE CHIEF AND PAT ACCOMPANIED TRACY AND THE BOY WESTWARD TO SEE HANK STEELE LAID TO REST AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF HIS HOMETLAND.



FROM A LOWLY PROSPECTOR HANK STEELE ROSE TO FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE THROUGH A RICH STRIKE, BUT BECAME BLINDED IN A PREMATURE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION, AND LIVED HIS DAYS GRIEVING OVER THE LOSS OF HIS RUNAWAY WIFE AND YOUNG SON



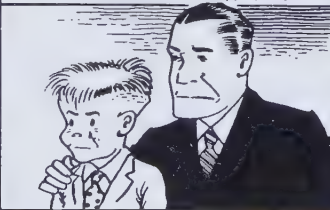
WHEN WHEN THAT SON WAS RETURNED TO HIM BY STEVE, THE TRAMP, WHO DID NOT KNOW THE BOY'S REAL IDENTITY-BUT WAS MERELY PLANNING TO OBTAIN A REWARD OFFERED BY HANK STEELE-THE BLIND MINER'S HAPPINESS KNEW NO BOUNDS.



HANK STEELE LOVED HIS SON WITH ALL HIS HEART... AND WHILE THE BOY'S NATURAL TIES OF AFFECTION WERE WITH DICK TRACY WHO HAD FIRST BEFRIENDED HIM... HE REALIZED HIS DUTY WAS TO HIS FATHER.



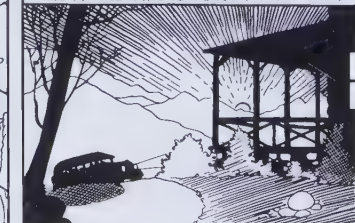
THE OLD MAN WAS AWARE OF THIS QUALITY OF DEVOTION AND SACRIFICE IN THE BOY AND IT MADE HIM DOUBLY PROUD... AND AS HE LEARNED MORE OF DICK TRACY, THE DETECTIVE, HE COULD SEE A REFLECTION OF THE DETECTIVE'S CHARACTER IN JUNIOR.



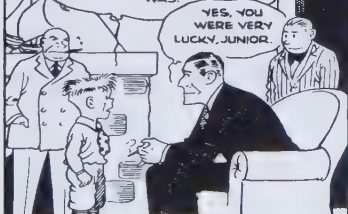
HE BREATHED HIS LAST WITH THE REALIZATION THAT THE BOY WOULD BE IN GOOD HANDS... BETTER HANDS THAN HIS OWN... HANDS THAT WOULD GUARD AND PROTECT AND LEAD...



TRACY HAS A REAL RESPONSIBILITY ON HIS HANDS NOW... AND TO HIM IT'S A HAPPY ONE. HE MUST REAR THIS BOY- HE MUST TEACH HIM... HE MUST BUILD HIM INTO A FINE STRONG MAN.



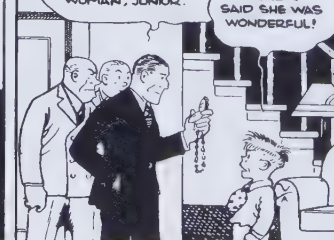
TRACY, I'M SURE GLAD I GOT TO MEET MY FATHER AND SPEND SOME TIME WITH 'IM- I GOT TO KNOW HOW REALLY KIND AND GOOD HE WAS.



AND HERE'S A LOCKET HE GAVE ME A WHILE BACK- LOOK AT IT. IT HAS A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER IN IT.

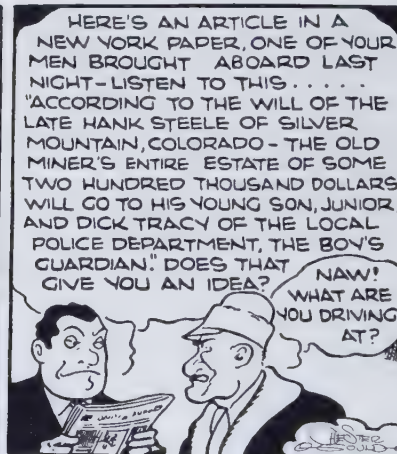
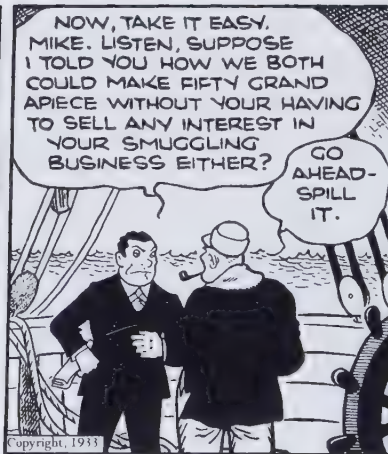
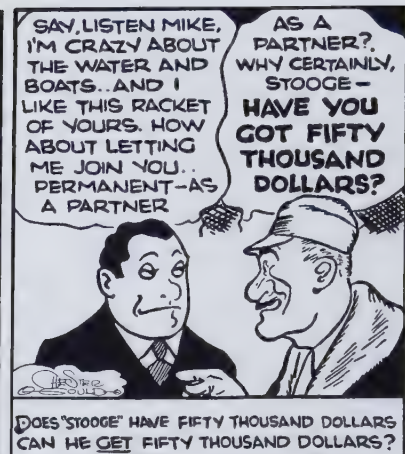
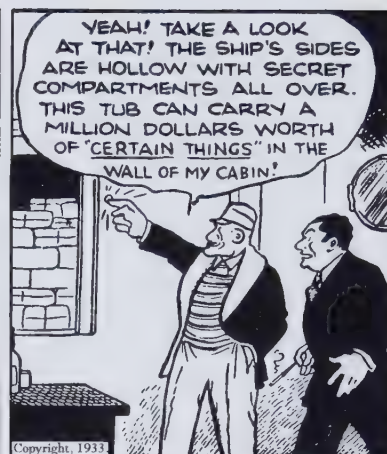


YOUR MOTHER? HM-M... SHE WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, JUNIOR.



HM... HIS MOTHER? ... I WONDER IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE... AND WHERE SHE IS... I WONDER. ??





HOMEWARD BOUND, AFTER SEEING HANK STEELE LAID TO REST IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE WEST, DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR DISCUSS THE FUTURE. . . .

WELL, JUNIOR, YOU'RE MY BOY FROM NOW ON! YOUR FATHER'S WILL NAMED ME EXECUTOR OF HIS ESTATE AND ALSO YOUR GUARDIAN. ARE YOU GLAD?



8-9

YOU KNOW I'M GLAD, TRACY! I'M GLAD AND HAPPY! HAPPIER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE... I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS. I WANT TO BE LIKE YOU, TRACY- MY FATHER SAID HE WANTED ME TO BE LIKE YOU, TOO.



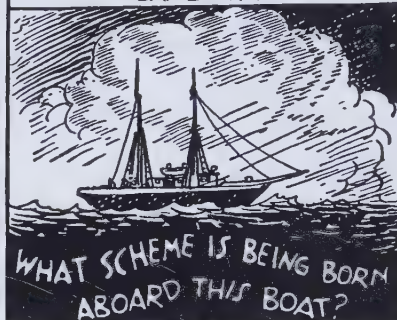
Copyright, 1933.

YOUR FATHER HAD A PRETTY HIGH OPINION OF ME KID - TOO HIGH, I'M AFRAID. I ONLY HOPE I DON'T LET HIM DOWN... I'M GOING TO TRY HARD TO KEEP YOU ON THE STRAIGHT ROAD AND BRING YOU UP RIGHT. BUT WE'LL BOTH HAVE TO DO OUR SHARE, KID.



Copyright, 1933.

MEANWHILE... AS TRACY AND JUNIOR SPEED EASTWARD BY RAIL... A CERTAIN SHIP SPEEDS SOUTH ALONG THE NORTHEAST COAST OF THE U.S. HEADED FOR THE SAME CITY.



WHAT SCHEME IS BEING BORN ABOARD THIS BOAT?

I TELL YOU IT'S A GREAT STUNT, MIKE... AND IT CAN'T GO WRONG!

UM- AT LEAST NOT UNTIL WE TRY IT! HUMPH!



8-10

BUT AS FOR YOUR DISGUIISING YERSELF... YOU'RE NO GOOD AT DISGUISES, ARE YOU?

OH NO?



LOOK HERE! THIS IS A SET OF FALSE WHISKERS I MADE FROM SOME DYED HEMP. THIS IS YOUR OWN OIL SKIN FISHING SLICKER AND CAP. NOW, TURN AROUND A MINUTE WHILE I GET 'EM ON.

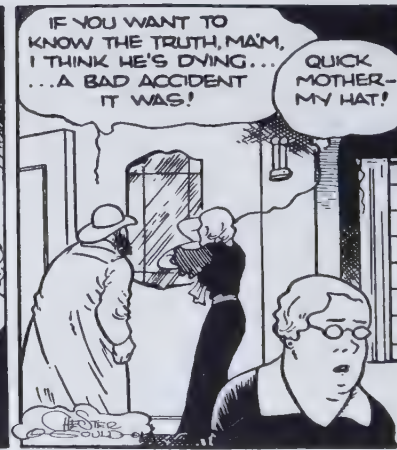
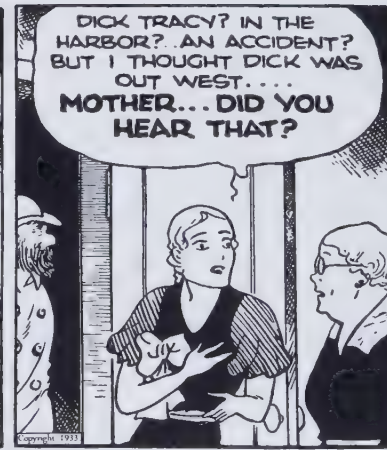
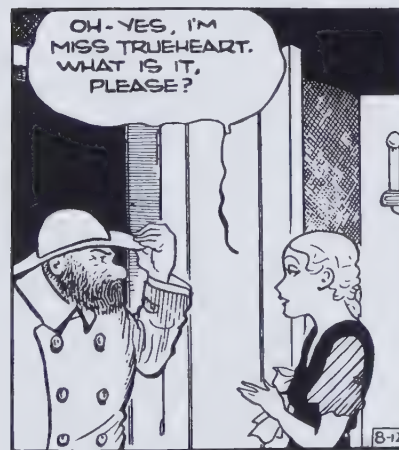
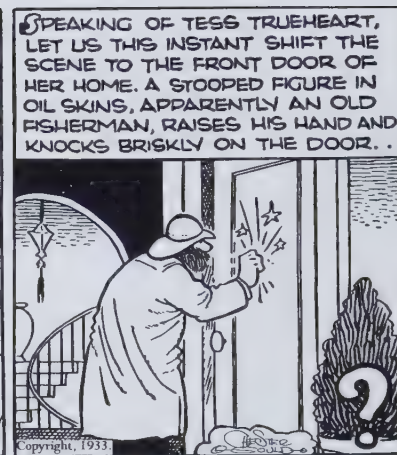
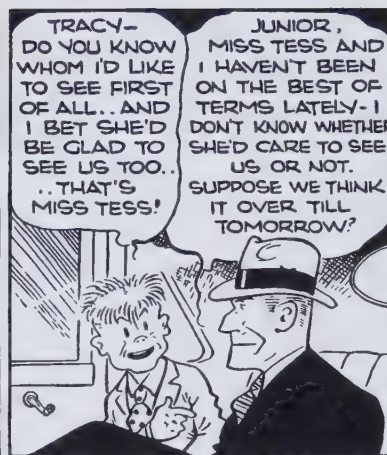
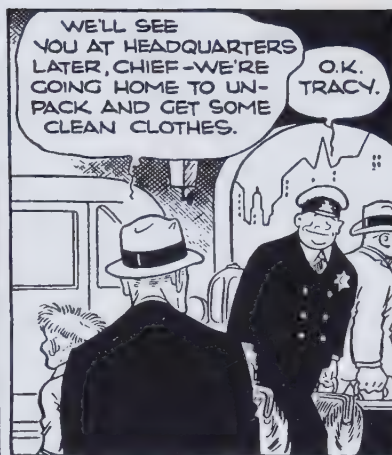


WELL I'LL BE NOBODY'D RECOGNIZE YOU IN A MILLION YEARS, "STOOGE"!

I TOLD YOU SO! HA! HA! SAY, THIS SCHEME OF OURS CAN'T FAIL!



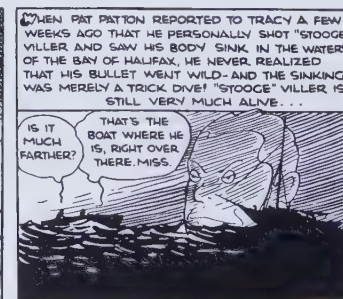
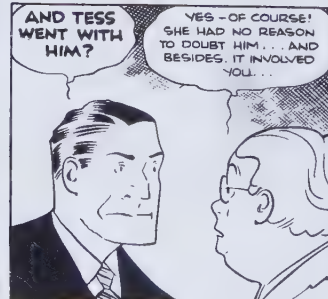
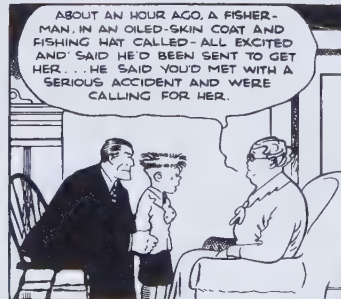
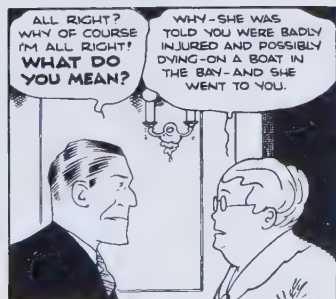
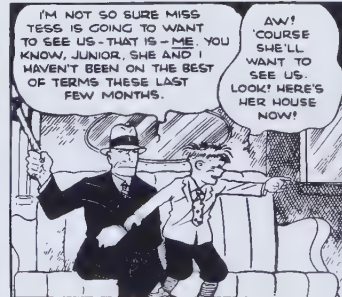
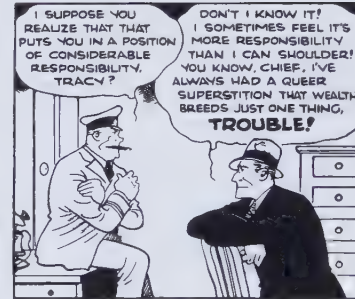
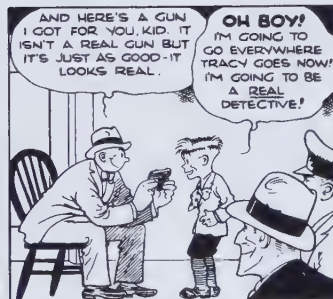
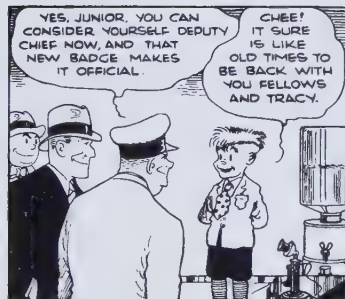
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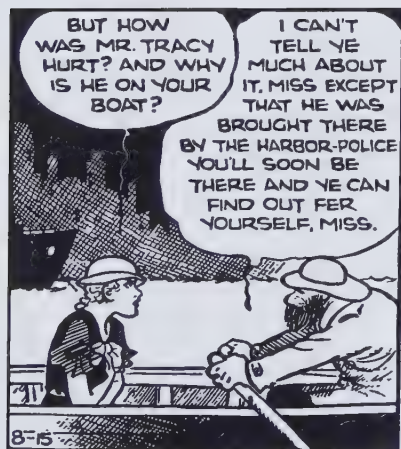
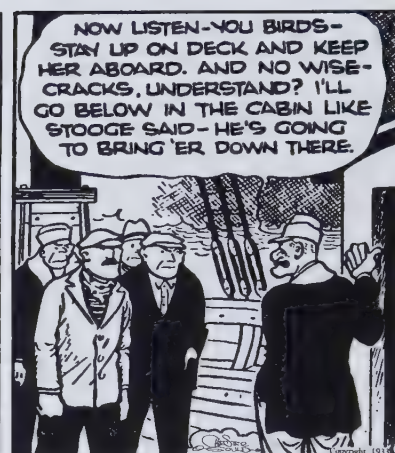
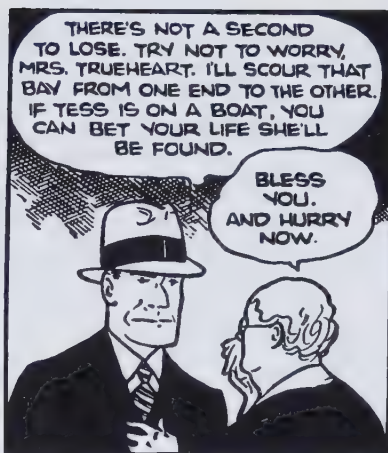
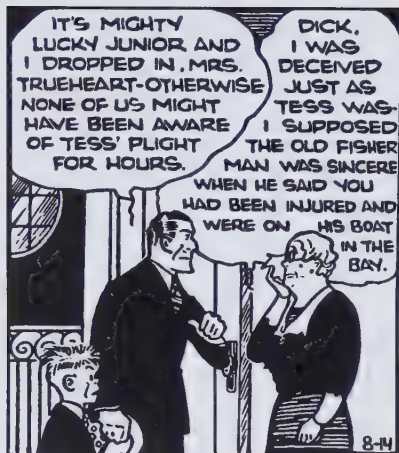


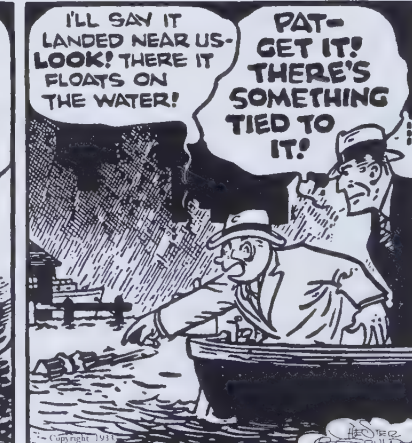
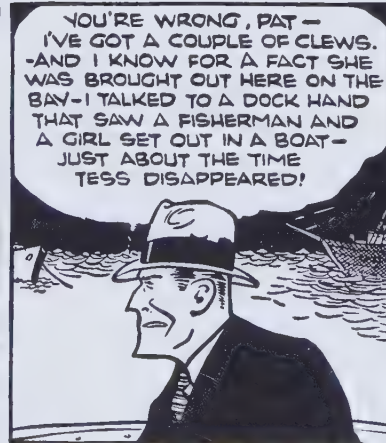
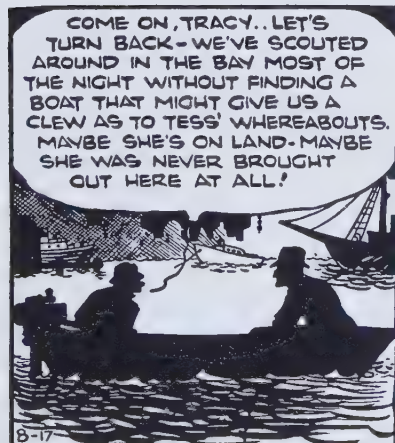
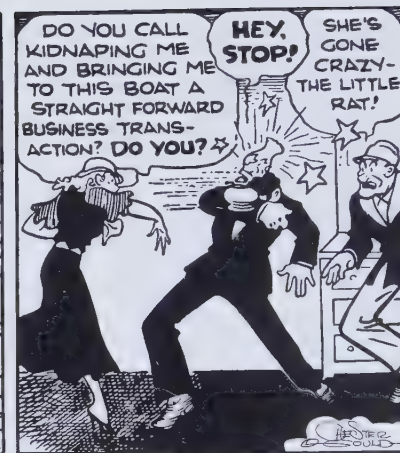
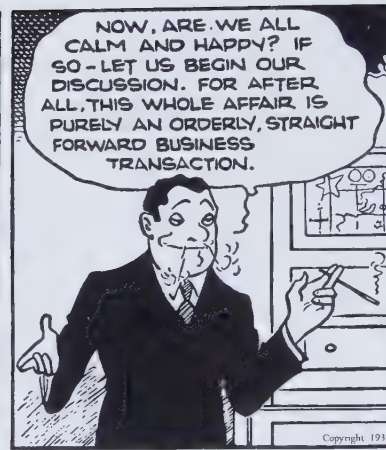
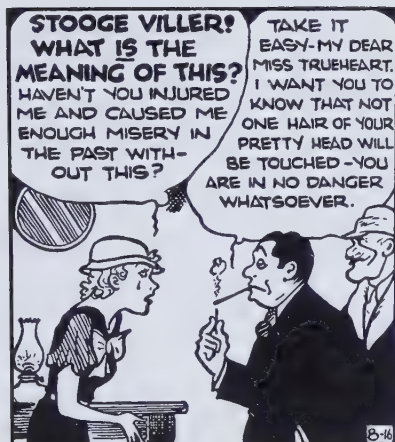
DICK TRACY

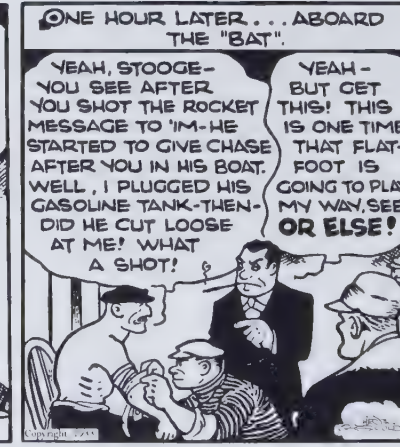
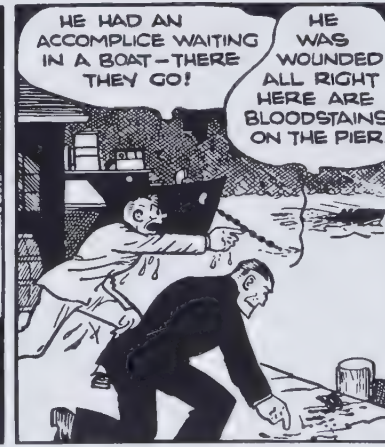
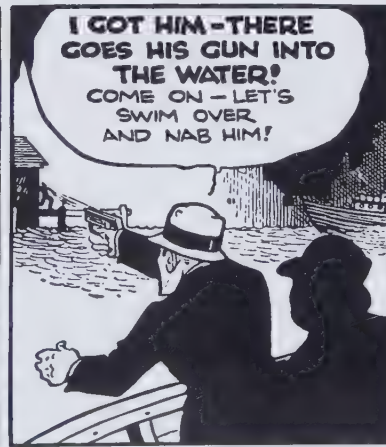
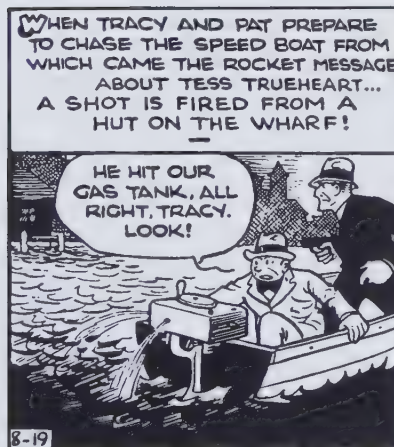
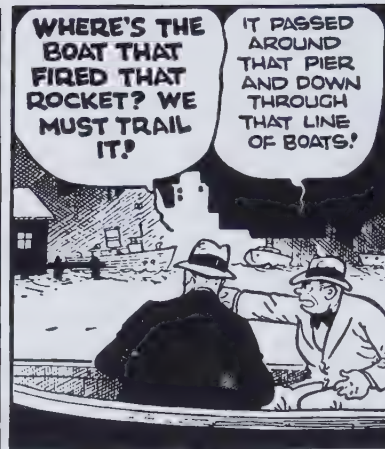
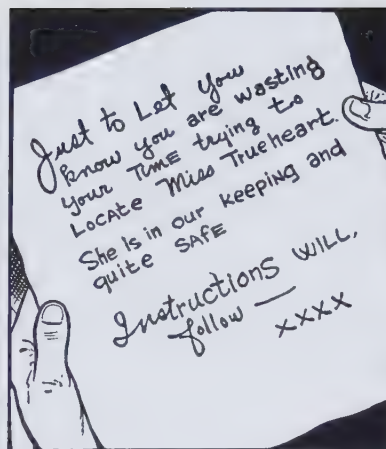
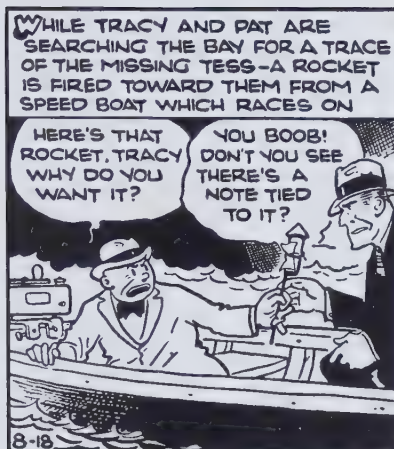
by
EDDY
SOL

DO YOU REALLY
MEAN THAT, CHIEF.
HUH?



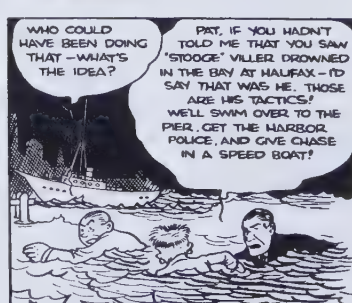
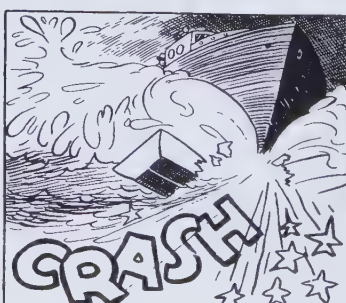
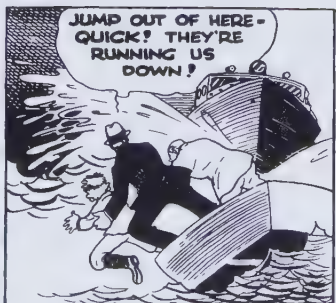
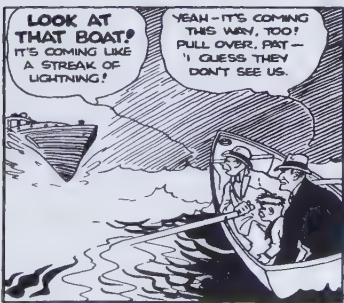
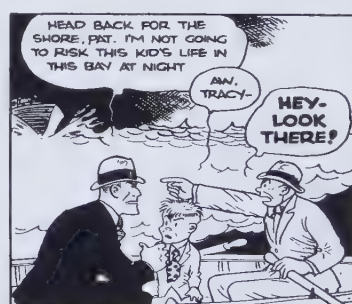
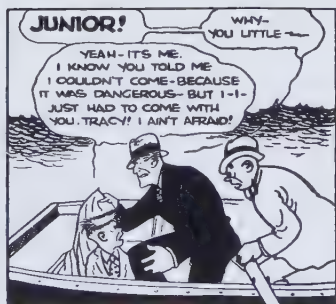
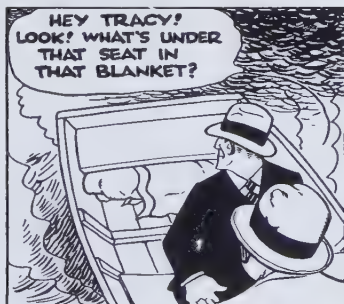
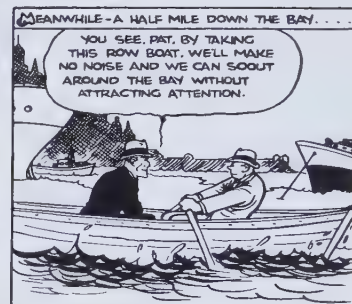
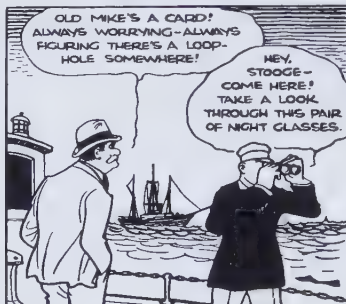


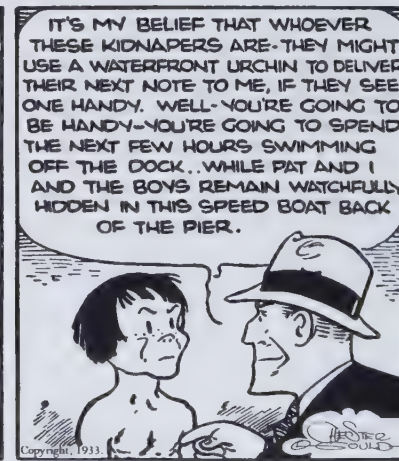
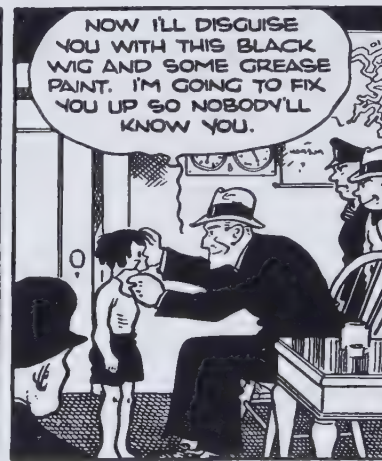
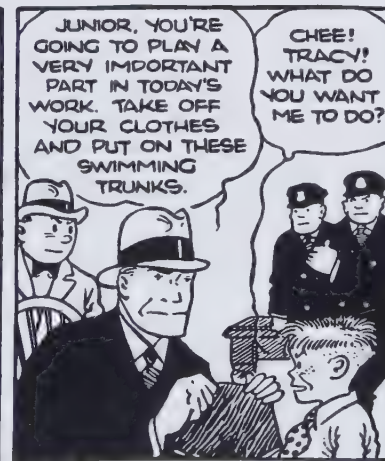
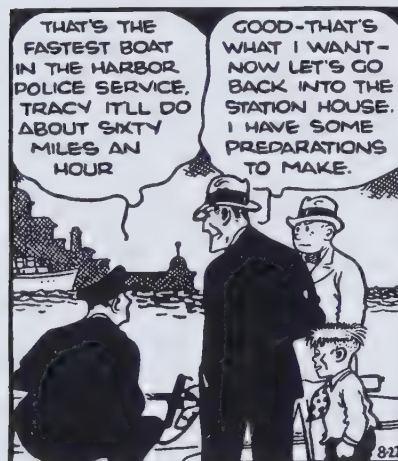
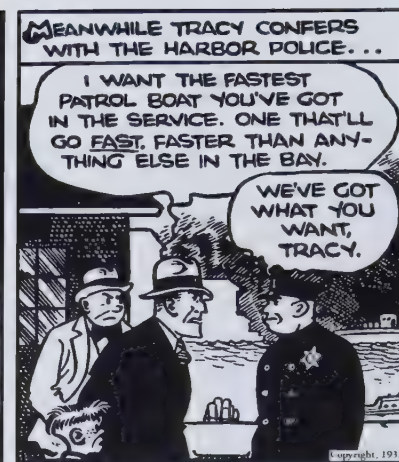
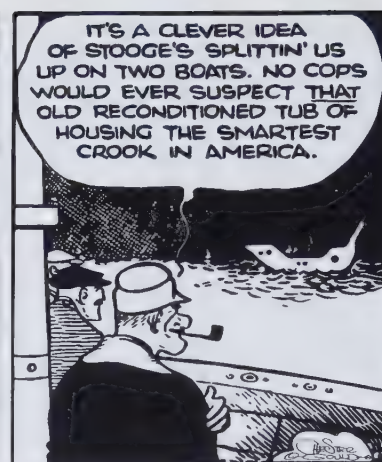
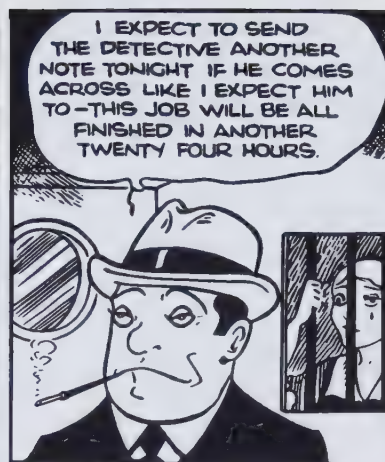


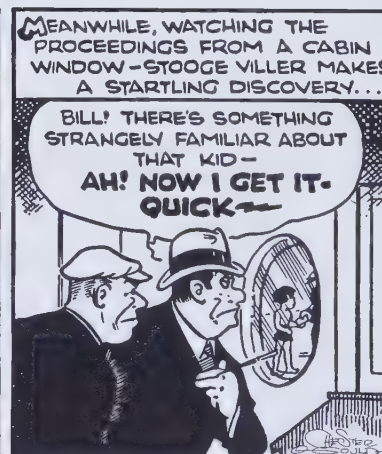
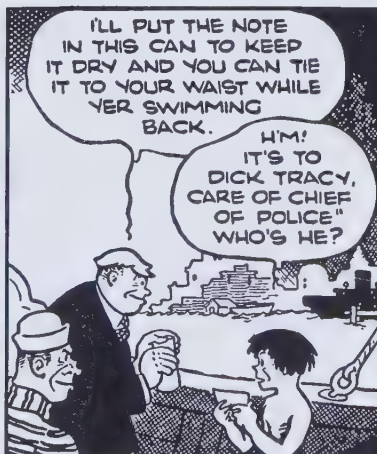
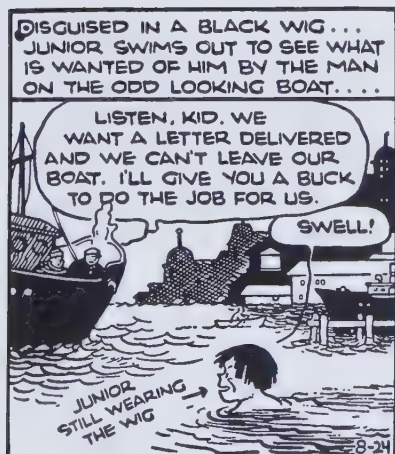
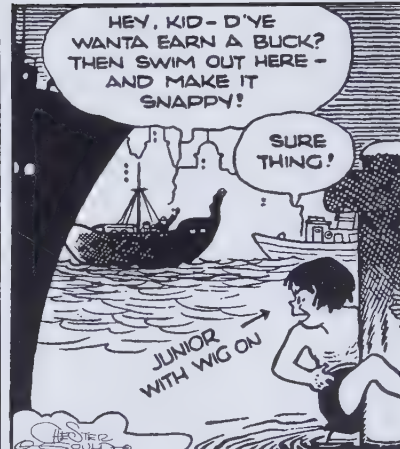
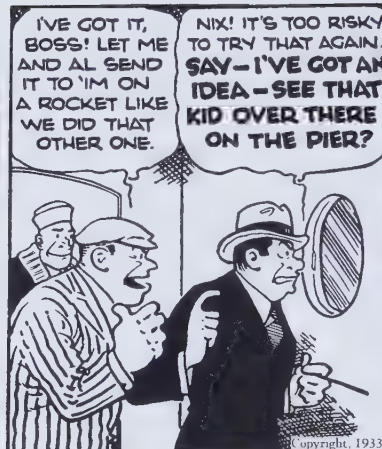
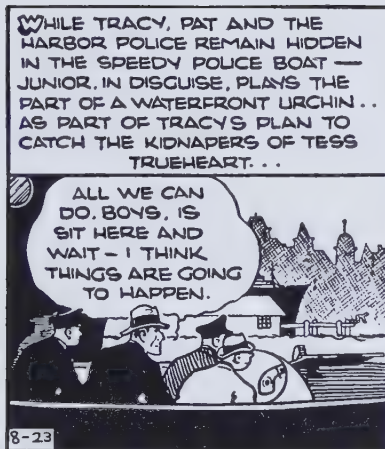


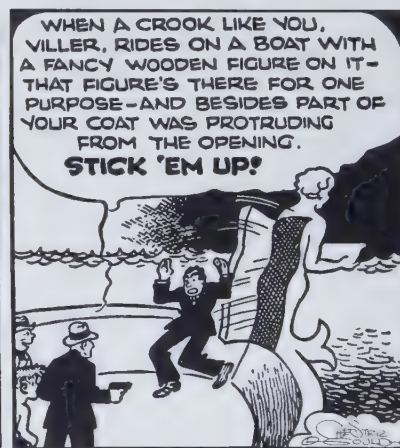
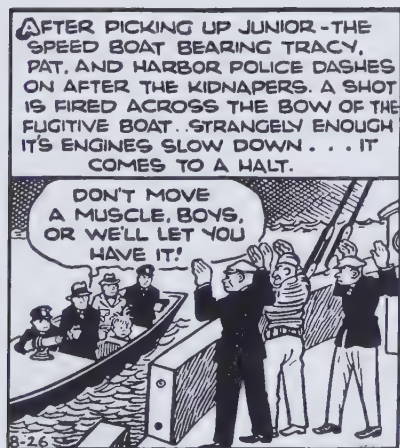
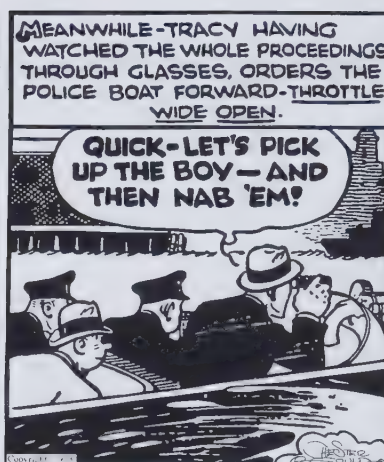
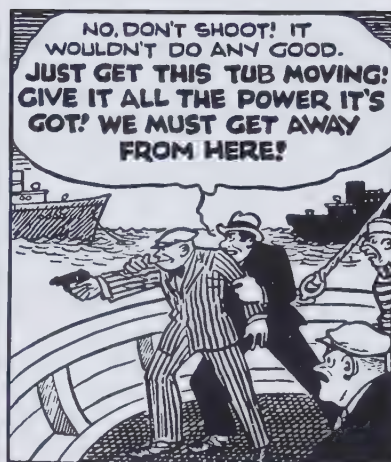
DICK TRACY

HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO KEEP YOU ON THIS BOAT? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, SISTER - JUST AS LONG AS THAT DETECTIVE OUTIE OF YOURS, TRACY, REFUSES TO FORK OVER FIFTY GRAND - THAT'S ALL!

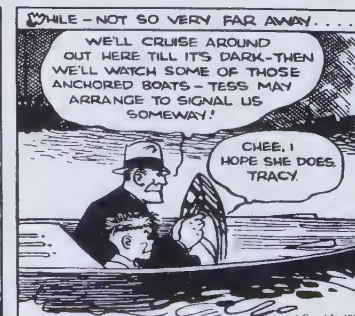
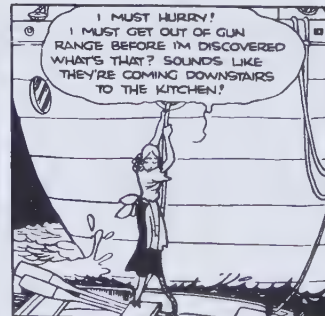
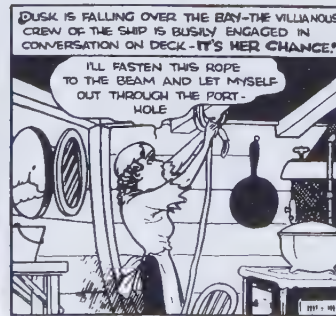
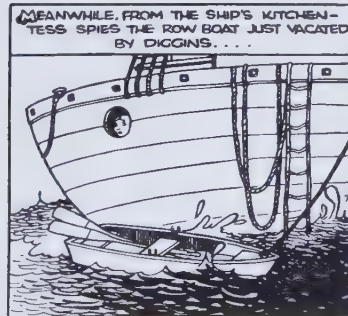
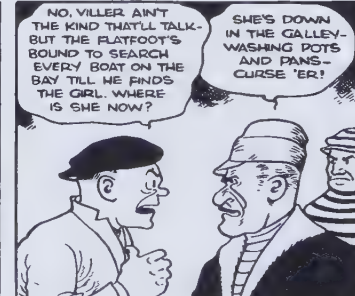
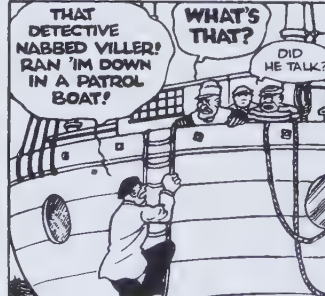
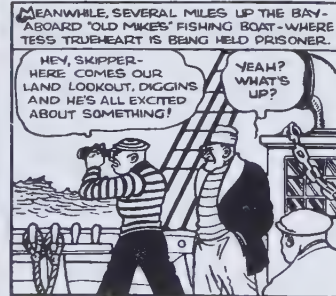
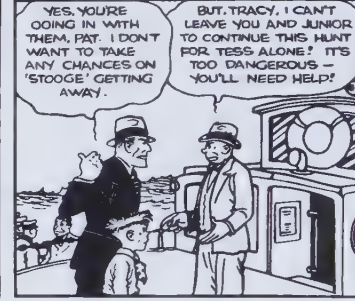
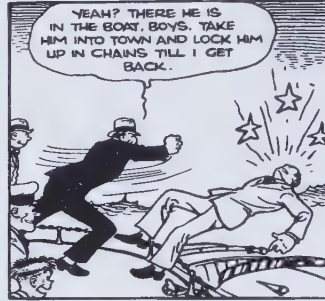
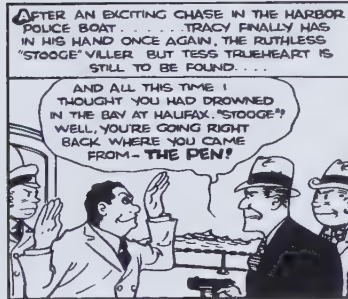


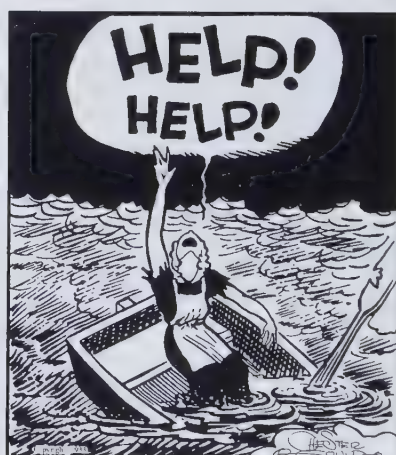
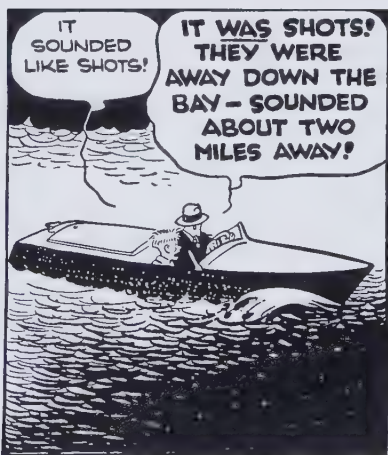
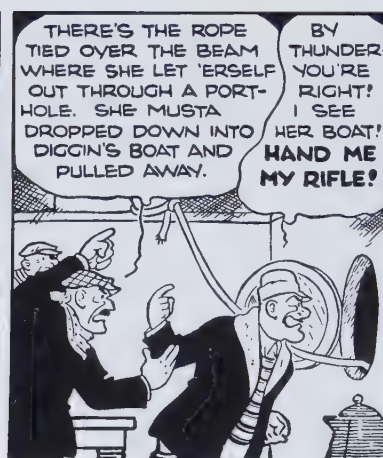
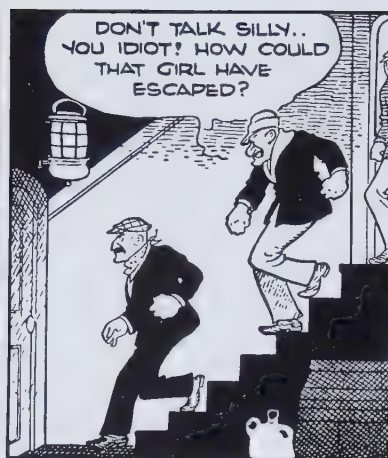






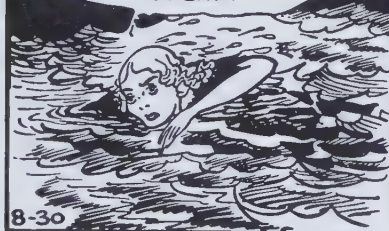
DICK TRACY





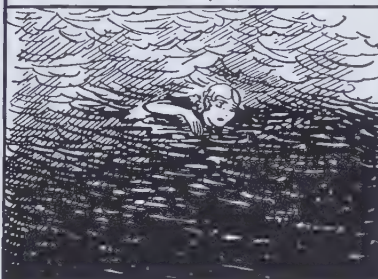
HER BOAT RIDDLED WITH BULLETS AND SUNK—TESS IS FORCED TO SWIM FOR IT IN THE DARK WATERS OF THE BAY....

ONLY A MIRACLE KEPT ME FROM BEING KILLED BY THAT GUNFIRE OH, IF I WERE ONLY NEAR TO THE PIER OR A SHIP!



8-30

ON AND ON THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, TESS SWIMS BLINDLY.... THROUGH HER MIND FLASH MANY THOUGHTS...HOW LONG CAN SHE HOLD OUT AGAINST THE CHOPPY WATERS? IS SHE SWIMMING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO REACH SAFETY?



MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY—TWO PEOPLE IN A BOAT SPY SOMETHING IN THE WATER...

YES, SIR—IT'S AN OVER-TURNED BOAT, ALL RIGHT!

AND RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES! LOOK, JUNIOR—THIS MAY BE A CLEW!



BUT AS DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR PULL SLOWLY DOWN THE BAY SEARCHING THE WATERS FEVERISHLY FOR THE MISSING TESS, THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY A SECOND BOAT BEARING TWO MENACING FIGURES..



WHAT NEXT?

IT WAS A GREAT BREAK WHEN OLD "BILGE" KENZIE HAPPENED ALONG AND LENT US THIS MOTORBOAT OF HIS. NOW WE CAN CATCH THE GAL AND RUN DOWN THAT DETECTIVE AS WELL!

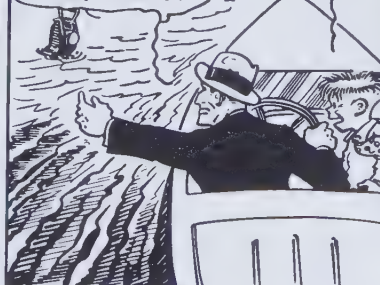


8-31

MEANWHILE....UP AHEAD—

LOOK! JUNIOR! WE'VE FOUND HER—LOOK OVER THERE!

YOU MEAN ON THAT...THAT HARBOR BUOY?



SURE ENOUGH...CLINGING TO THE BOBBING BUOY...IS THE WAVE-LASHED FORM OF A GIRL...



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TESS!

HEY, TRACY—SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US!



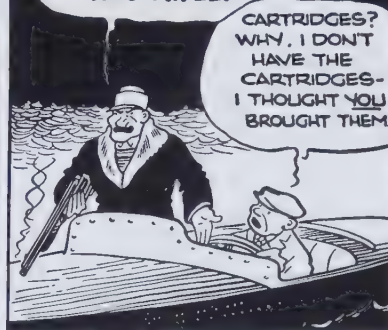
NO SOONER DO DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR RESCUE TESS FROM THE BUOY WHERE SHE HAD BEEN CLINGING - THAN THEY ARE AWARE OF A NEW DANGER...

THEY ARE BEING FIRED AT BY PERSONS IN ANOTHER BOAT WHICH IS SPEEDING TOWARD THEM!



H'M! THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY-DO THEY!

HA! HAND ME ANOTHER CLIP OF CARTRIDGES FOR THIS RIFLE!



WHY, YOU HALF-BRAINED IDIOT! NOW WE'VE GOT NO AMMUNITION! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN 'EM DOWN! OPEN THIS TUB UP AT TOP SPEED AND DUCK DOWN BEHIND THIS STEEL GUARD SO THE DETECTIVE CAN'T POP US WITH HIS ROD! WE'LL CUT THEIR BOAT WIDE OPEN!

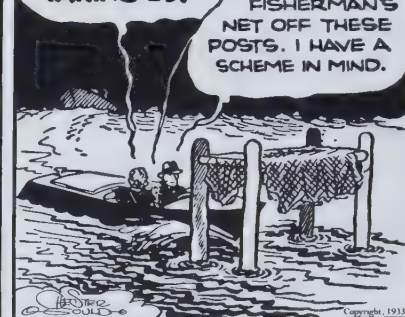


DICK-YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT THIS BOAT BEING THE FASTEST..

THEY'RE OVER- TAKING US!

WHY ARE YOU SLOWING DOWN, TRACY?

I WANT TO GRAB THIS FISHERMAN'S NET OFF THESE POSTS. I HAVE A SCHEME IN MIND.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT FISH NET YOU GRABBED OFF THOSE POSTS, TRACY?

YOU'LL SEE! REMEMBER, TESS, WHEN I SIGNAL - YOU TURN SHARPLY TO THE RIGHT!



THE BOAT CONTAINING OLD MIKE AND HIS HENCHMAN DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER... ANY MOMENT NOW IT WILL BEAR DOWN ON THE SLOWER BOAT - - - BUT LOOK! JUST AS IT SEEMS THEY WILL CRASH-TRACY HURLS THE FISH NET DIRECTLY BEFORE THE PURSUING BOAT!



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE BACK AT THE PROPELLER? WHY HAVE WE STOPPED? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE IDEA OF MINE AND IT WORKED! YOU SEE, THEIR BOAT PASSED OVER THAT FISH NET - THAT IS ALL OF IT EXCEPT THE PROPELLER... AND - WELL - FISH NETS AND PROPELLERS DON'T MIX!



DICK TRACY

WHAT A BREAK THAT WE FOUND YOU BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE, TESS! NOW TO RETURN YOU TO SHORE—AND NAIL THIS MAN "MIKE"!

WHEN HER BOAT CAPSIZED AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE KIDNAP SHIP, TESS TRUEHEART TOOK REFUGE ON A HARBOR BUOY, WHERE SHE WAS FOUND BY DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR. THE DETECTIVE IMMEDIATELY TOOK HER ASHORE TO HAVE HER RETURNED HOME WHILE HE PLANS TO GO BACK TO "BIG MIKE'S" SHIP TO CAPTURE HIM.

TESS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE SHIP SHE HAD BEEN KEPT PRISONER ON, AND IM GOING BACK TO CAPTURE ITS SKIPPER.

BUT, TRACY—WHY NOT LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE? —TESS IS BACK, SAFE AND SOUND.

PAT, FROM THE DESCRIPTION TESS GAVE ME—THIS MAN "MIKE" IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE MERE CAPTAIN OF A FISHING BOAT.

BUT, TRACY, NOW ARE YOU GOING TO CAPTURE HIM? IF HE SEES YOU APPROACH THE SHIP, HE'LL EITHER FIRE ON YOU OR ESCAPE.

NO—NOT THE WAY I'VE PLANNED THINGS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

PAT, IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT... "BIG MIKE" IS GOING TO HELP ME ONTO HIS BOAT WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

MEANWHILE—OUT ON THE INFAMOUS "BIG MIKE'S" SHIP...

WHAT? ME SORRY THE GIRL GOT AWAY FROM US? I SHOULD SAY NOT—IM GLAD! AFTER ALL—I WAS TALKED INTO THAT JOB BY "STOOGE" VILLER—AND NOW THAT HE'S BEEN NABBED—I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE MESS.

ANYWAY—REMEMBER, MEN—WE'RE SMUGGLERS, NOT KIDNAPERS! WE'VE GOT OUR OWN BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO—AND WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO KEEP OUR HANDS FULL!

WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB ON TONIGHT! PLENTY BIG! I JUST GOT A WIRE THAT "NICKY" DIGGO'S SHIP WILL PULL IN TODAY AND HE'S GOT A BIG CARGO OF STUFF FOR US.

YOU DON'T SAY!

THAT NIGHT... TWELVE O'CLOCK.

THERE IT IS, SKIPPER—THERE'S THE BARREL!

THAT'S RIGHT! OLD "NICKY" NEVER FAILS US! THAT BARREL'S FLOATING IN THE HARBOR JUST LIKE IT DOES EVERY TIME HE RETURNS FROM CHINA.

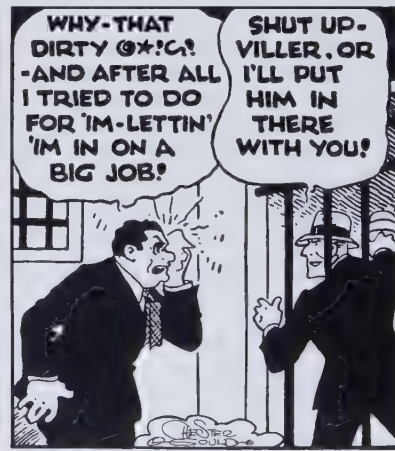
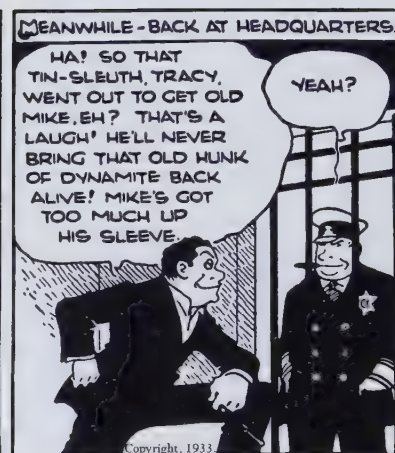
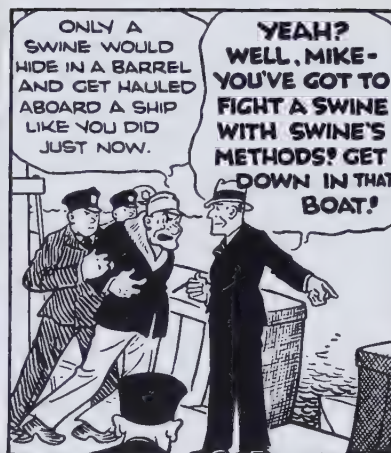
HEAVE HO, BOYS, AND BE CAREFUL! THAT CARGO'S PLENTY VALUABLE!

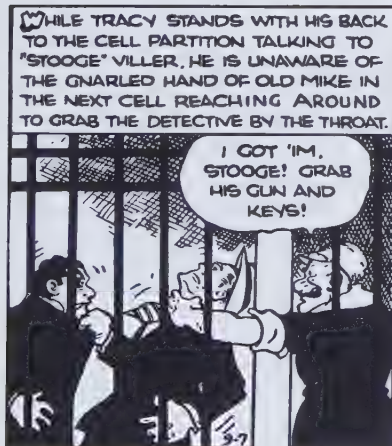
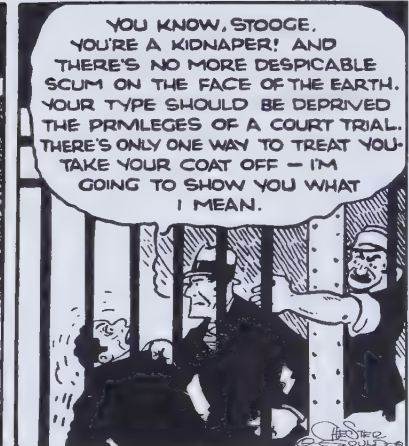
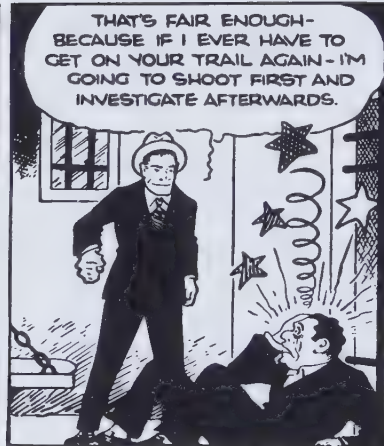
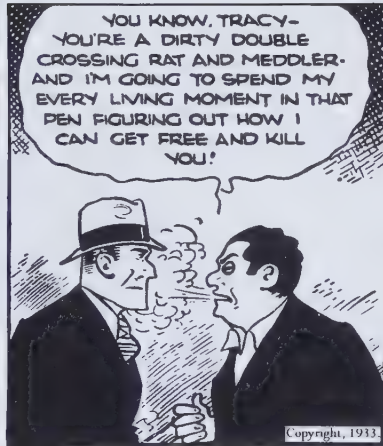
I'LL SAY IT IS, "BIG MIKE"—VALUABLE AND VERY GRATEFUL TO BE PULLED ABOARD YOUR BOAT WHERE I CAN ARREST YOU AND YOUR CREW OF OPIUM SMUGGLERS!

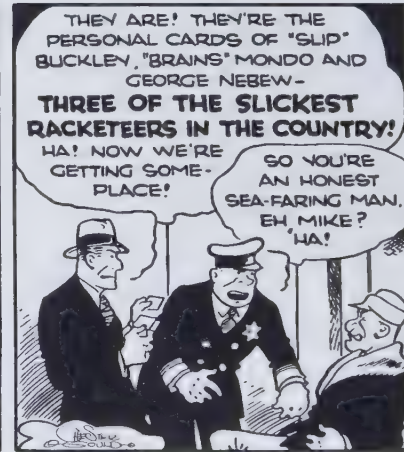
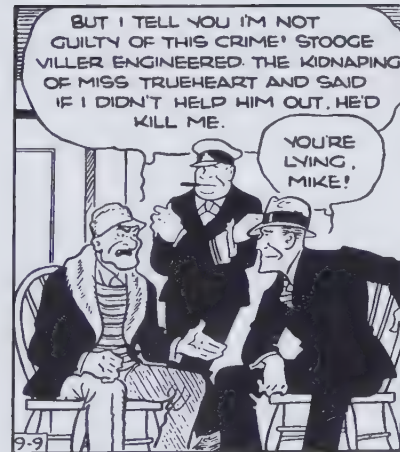
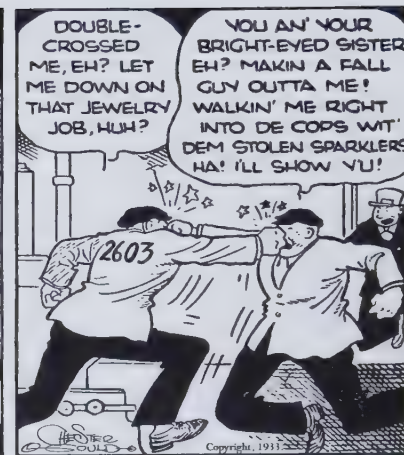
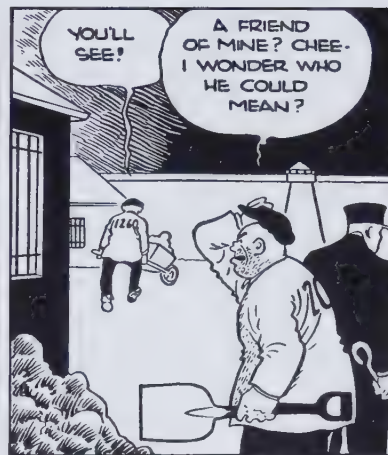
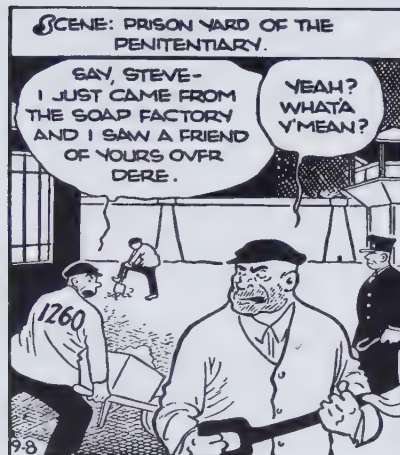
AUTHORITIES IN CHINA TIPPED US OFF THAT "NICKY" DIGGO WAS UNLOADING THE STUFF OVER HERE AND THEY TOLD US HOW. FROM WHAT MISS TRUEHEART TOLD ME OF YOU I DECIDED YOU WERE THE PARTY THAT "NICKY" WAS DEALING WITH, SO I SENT YOU THAT FAKE WIRE AND HAD MYSELF FITTED INTO THIS BARREL. JUST SO I COULD GET ABOARD THIS BOAT AND ARREST YOU FOR THE PART YOU PLAYED IN HER KIDNAPING.

HERE'S THE HARBOR POLICE! COME ON! GET 'EM AND TAKE 'EM IN!

WHY YOU—~~TOO~~—YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!



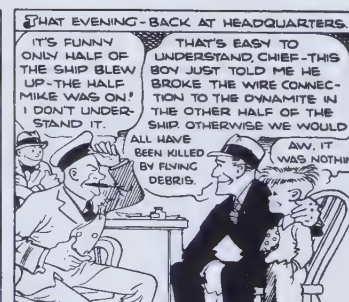
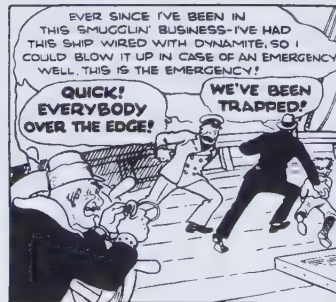
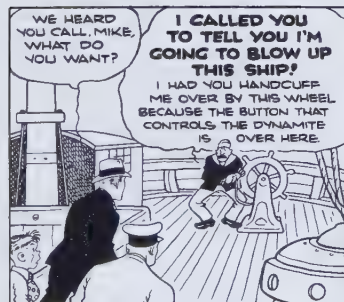
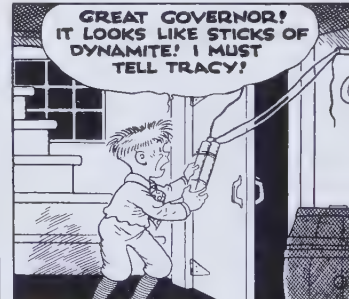
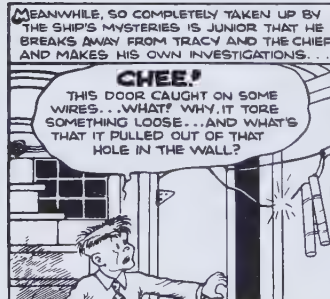
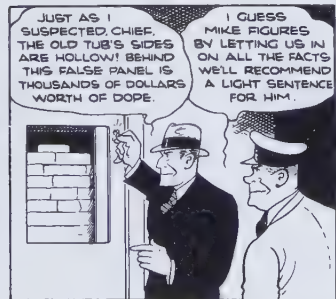
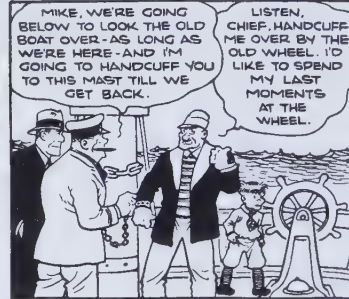
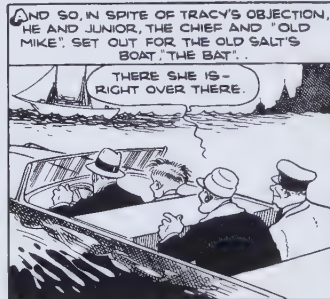
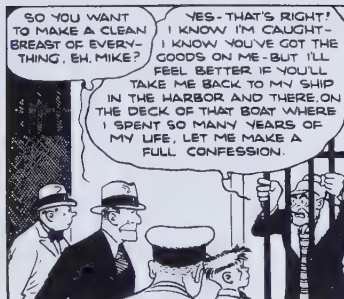


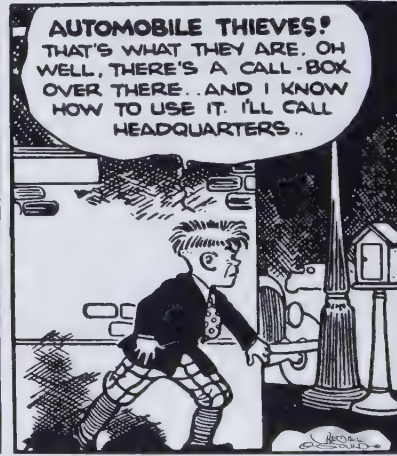
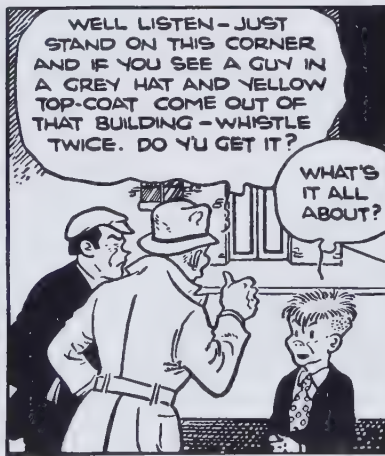
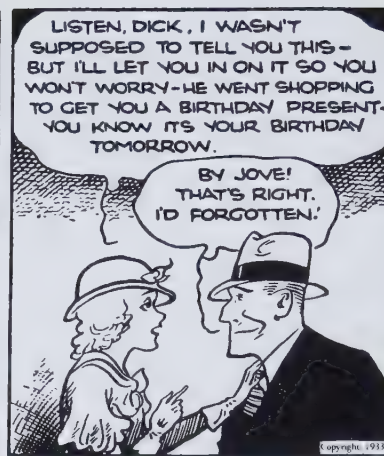


DICK TRACY

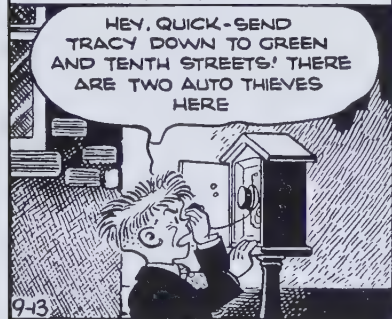
TRACY, I WAS JUST TALKING TO "OLD MIKE" BACK THERE IN HIS CELL AND HE SAYS HE'S READY TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION - HE'LL TELL EVERYTHING THERE IS TO TELL ABOUT HIS SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES.

GREAT!

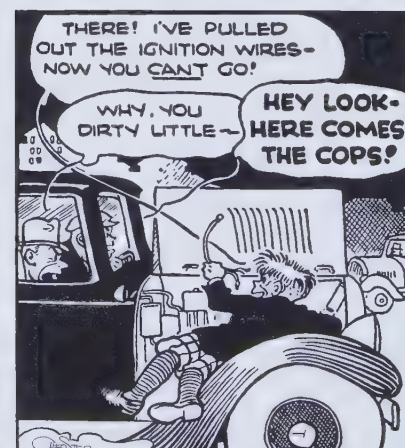
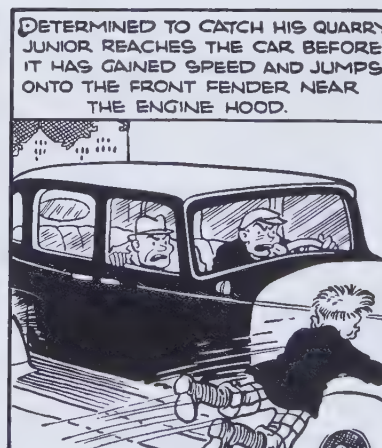
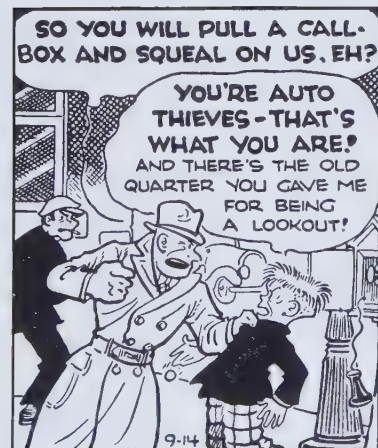
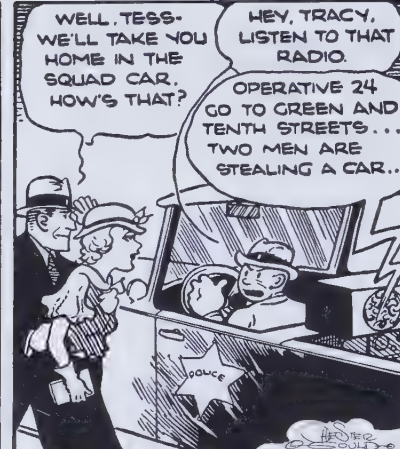
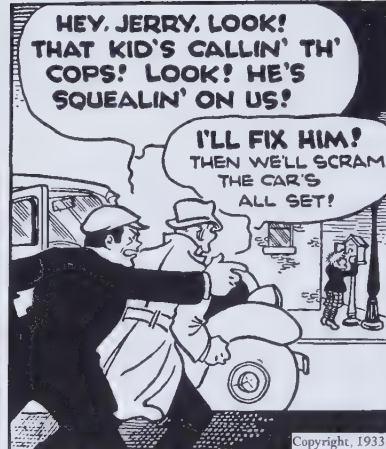
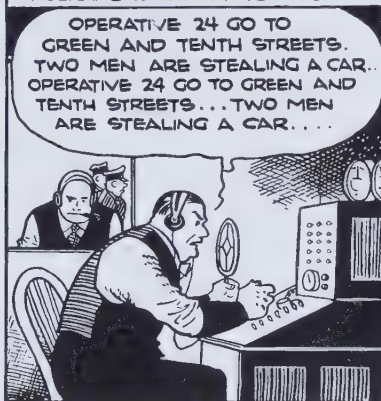


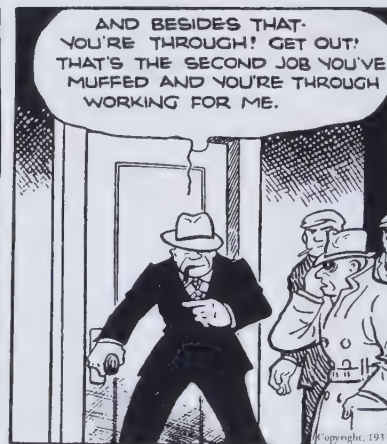
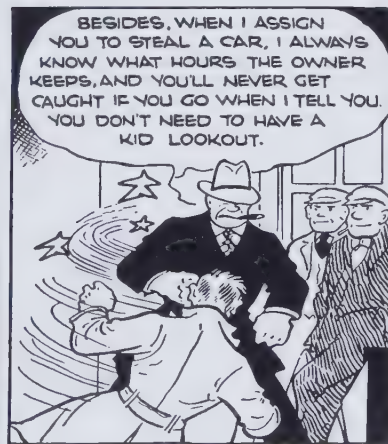
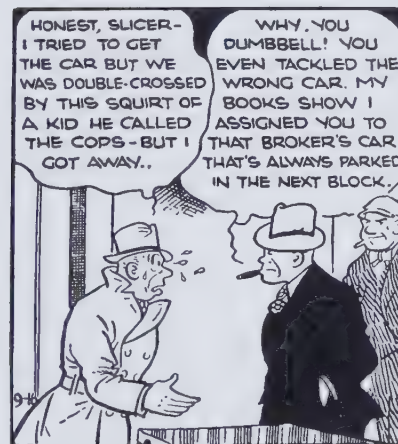


REALIZING THE TWO YOUTHS WHO ASKED HIM TO ACT AS LOOKOUT FOR THEM, ARE AUTOMOBILE THIEVES, JUNIOR RUSHES TO A NEARBY POLICE CALL-BOX AND TAKES DOWN THE RECEIVER. . . .



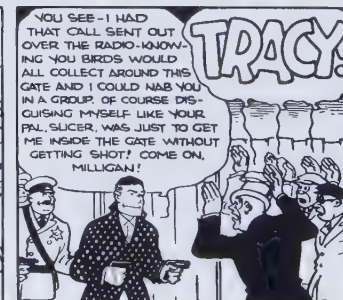
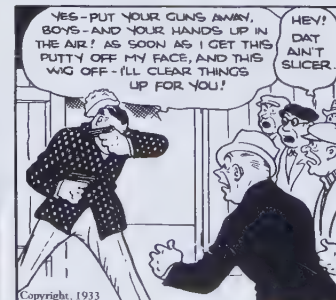
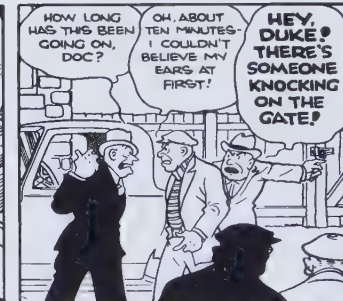
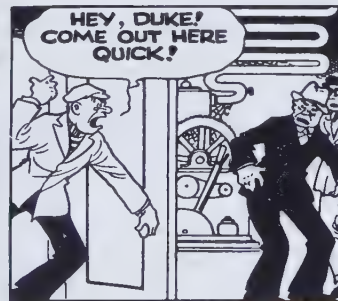
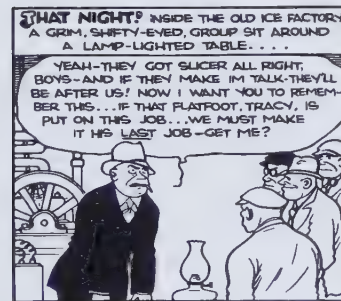
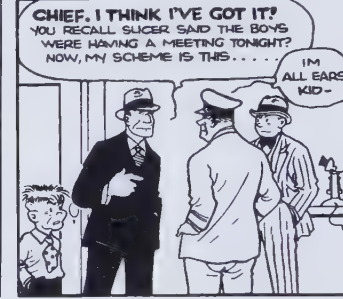
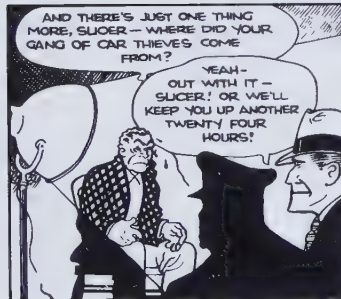
THIRTY SECONDS LATER-IN THE POLICE BROADCASTING ROOM.



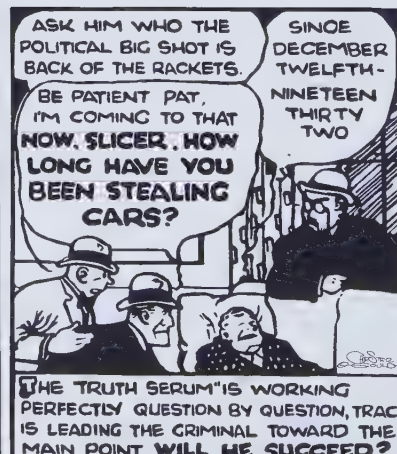
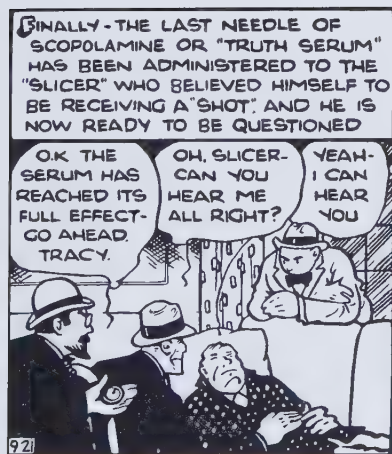
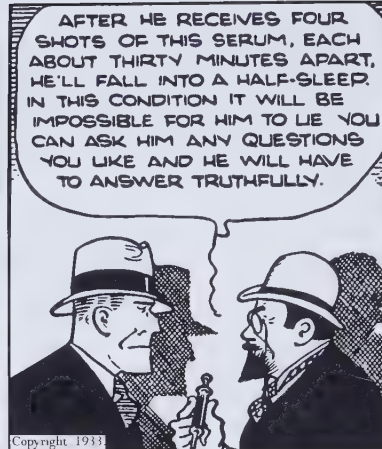
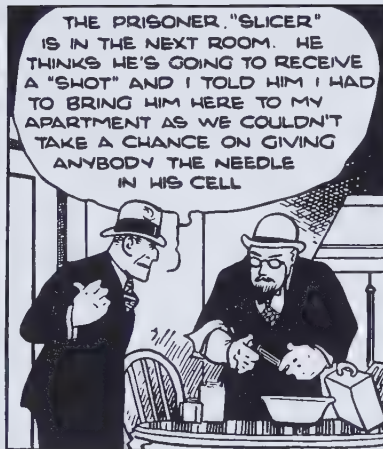


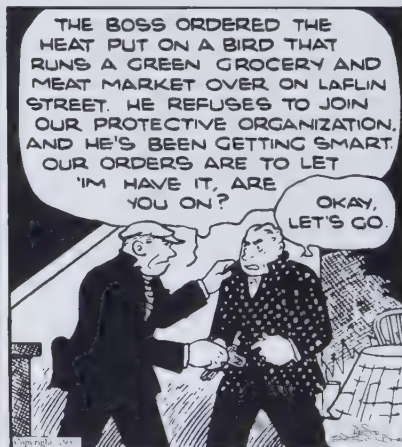
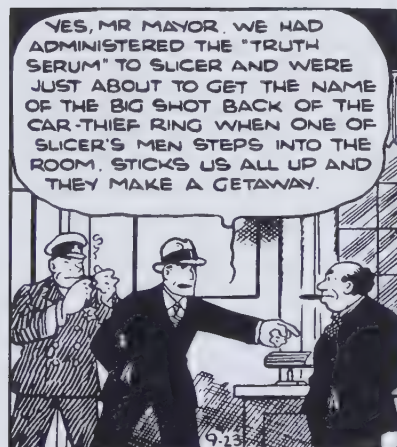
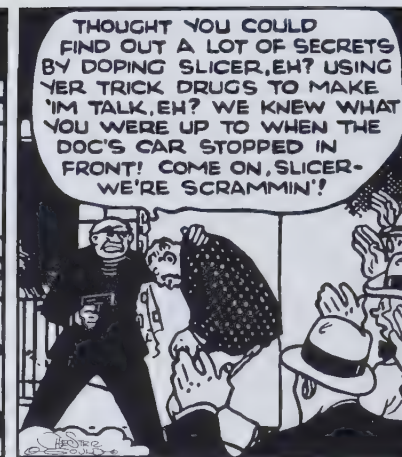
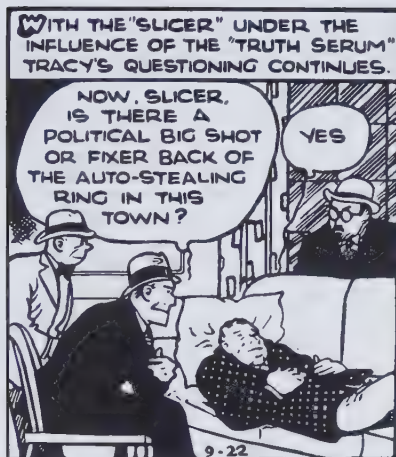
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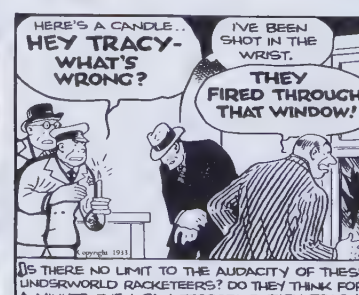
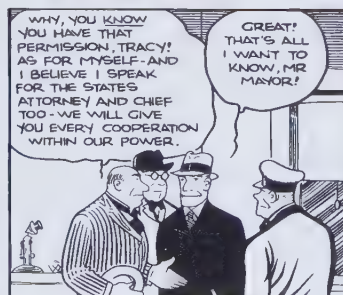
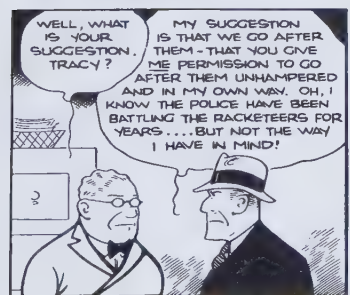
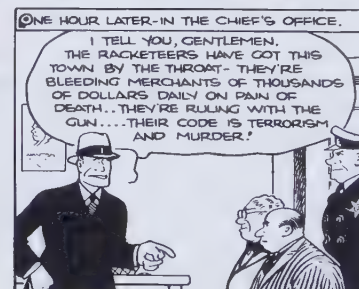
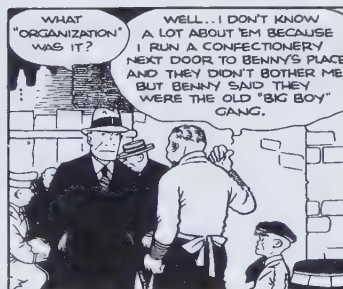
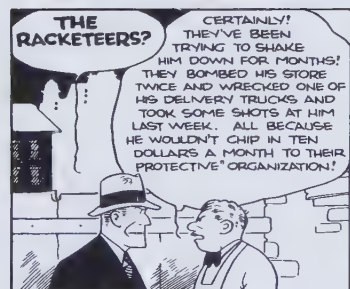
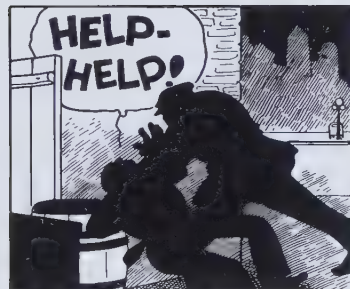
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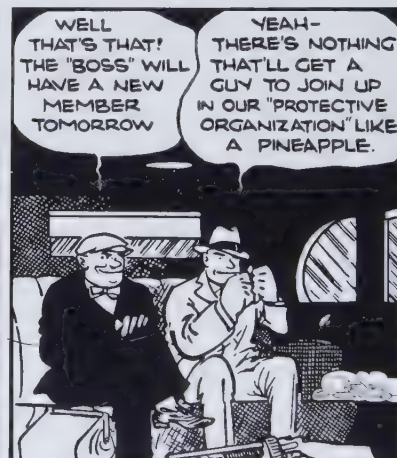
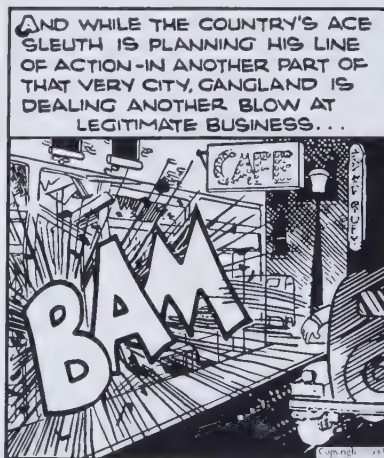
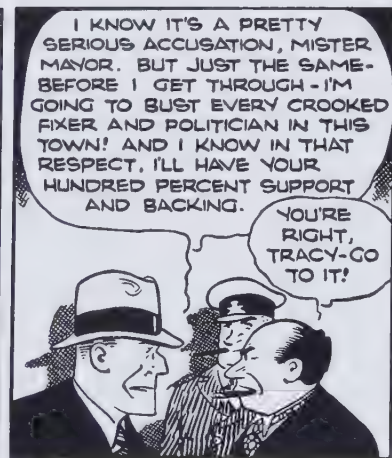
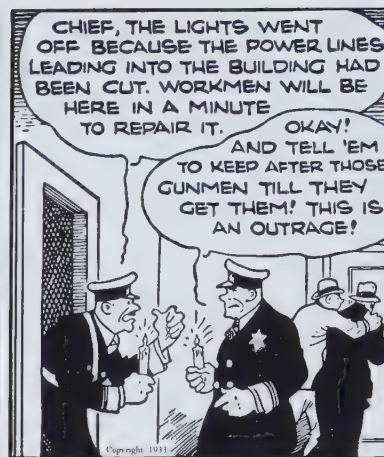
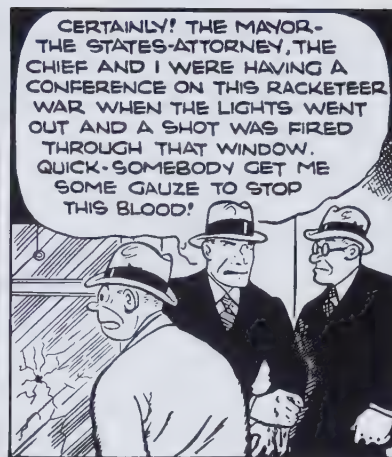


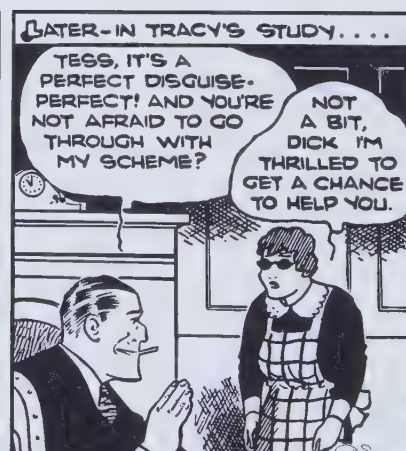
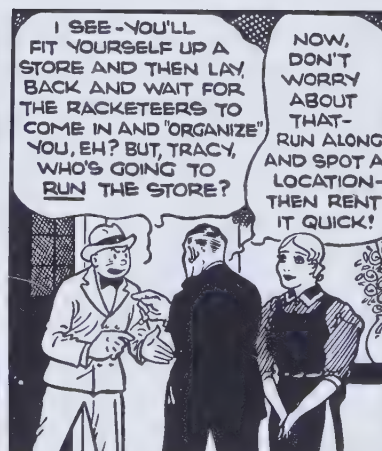
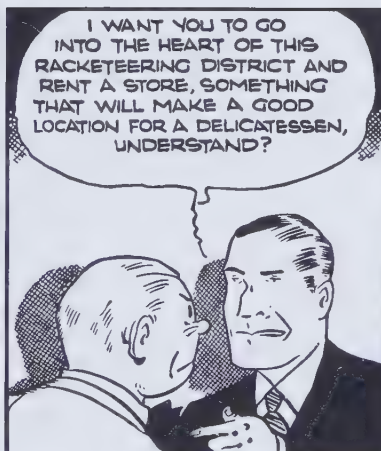
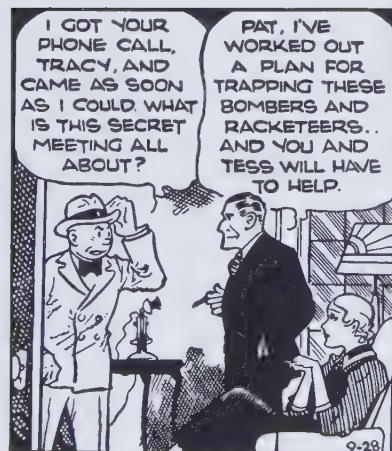
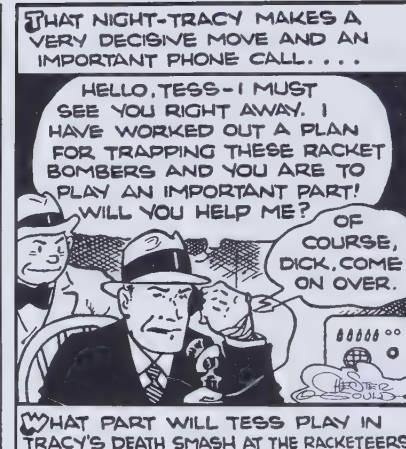
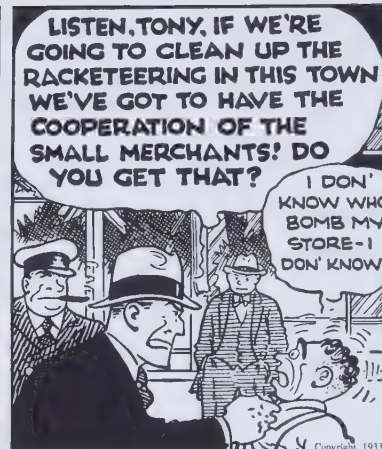
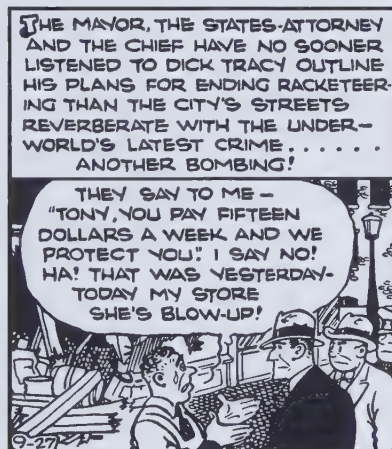
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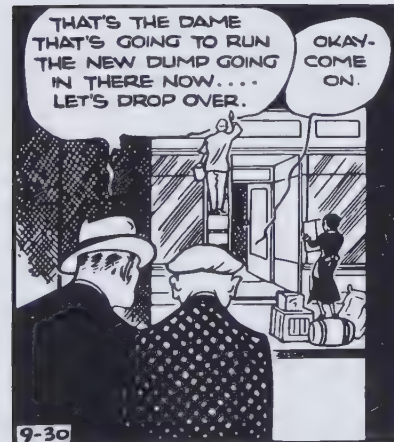
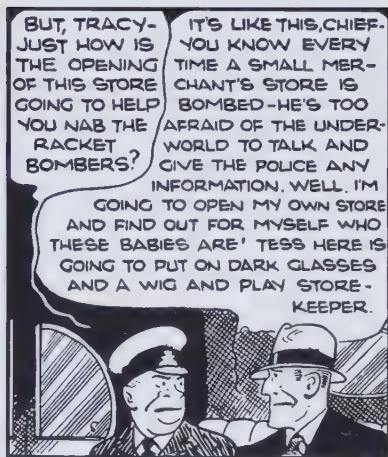




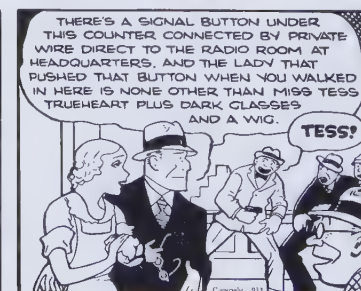
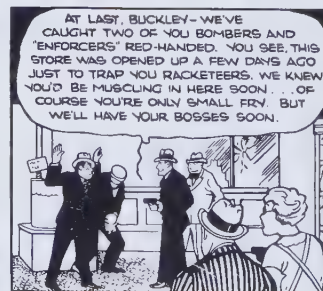
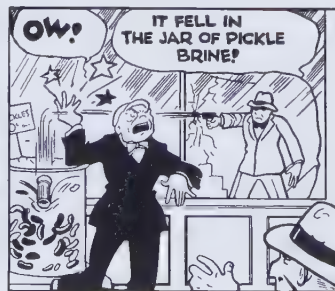
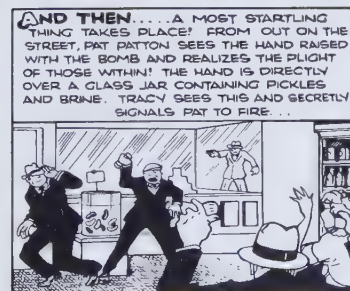
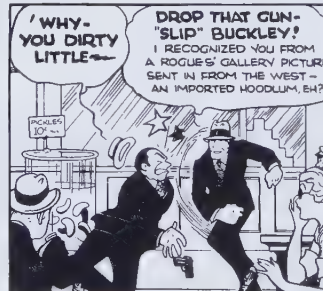
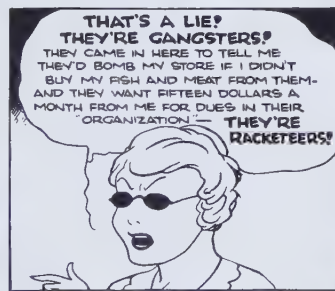
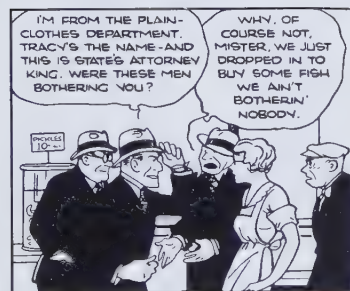
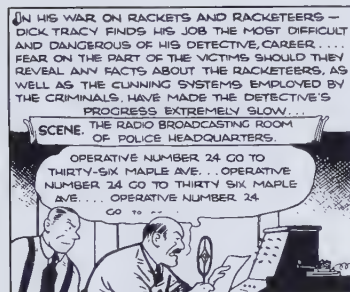
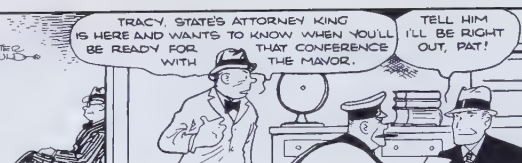


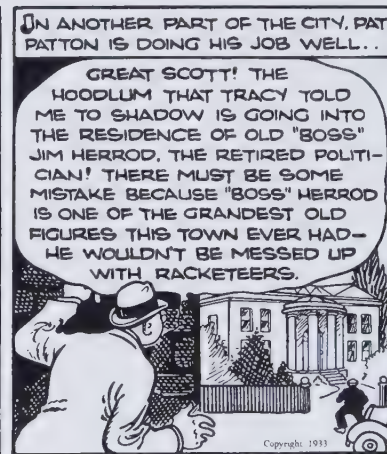
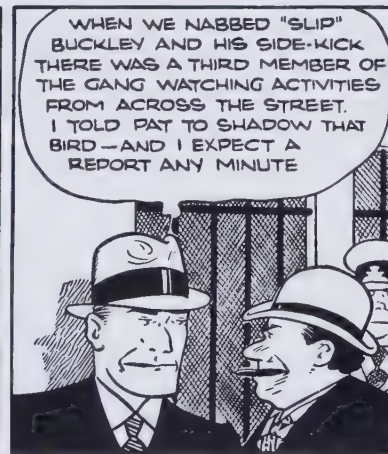
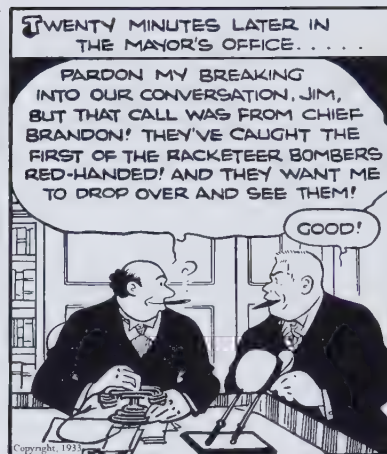
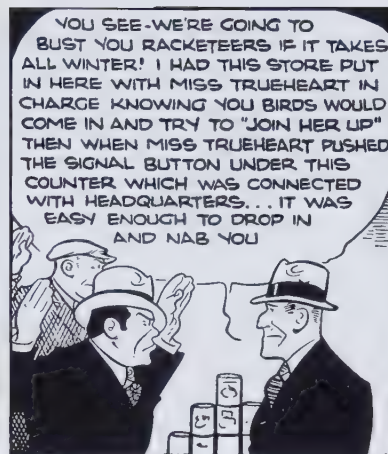
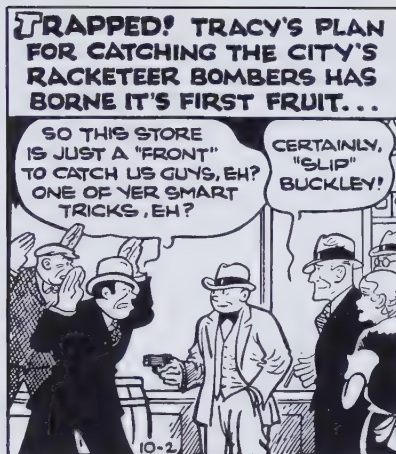


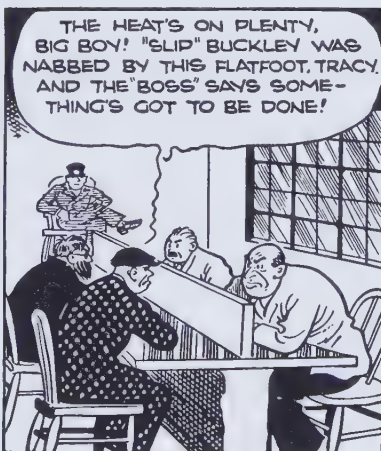
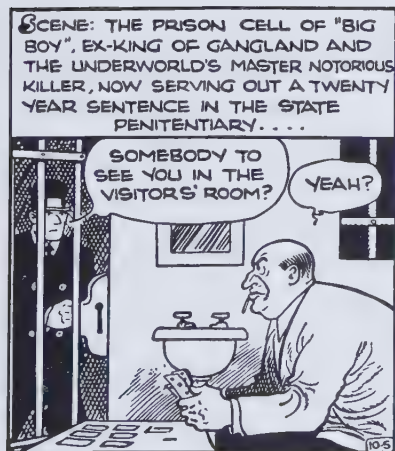
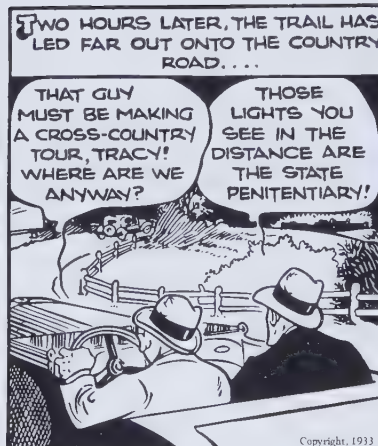
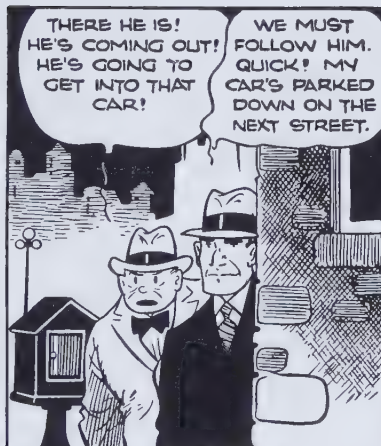
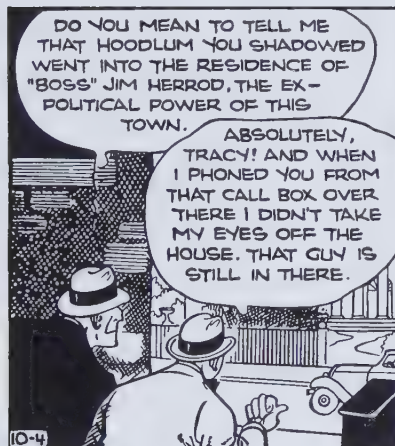


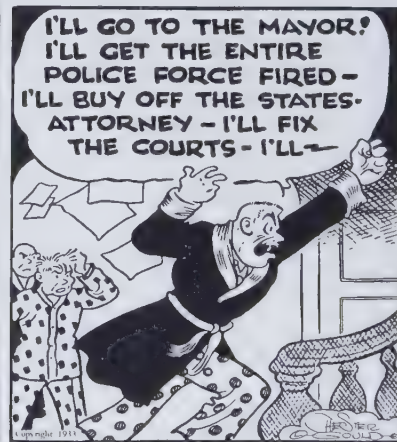
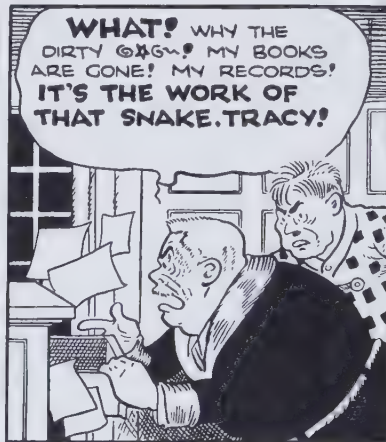
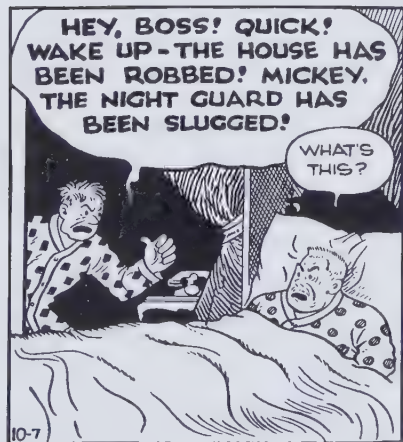
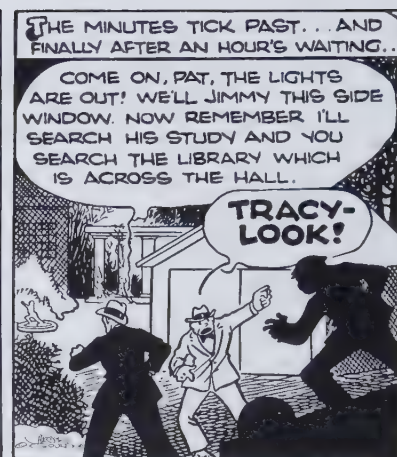
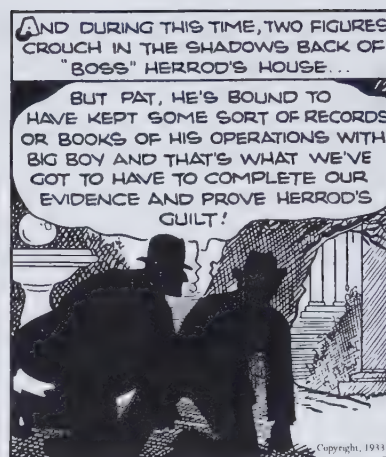
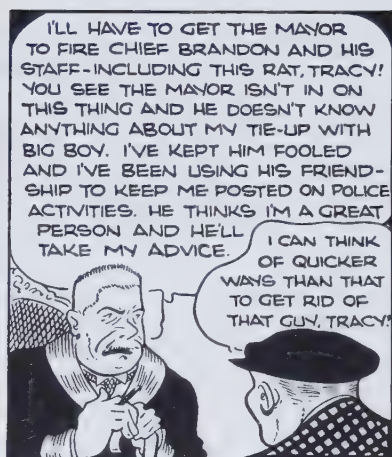
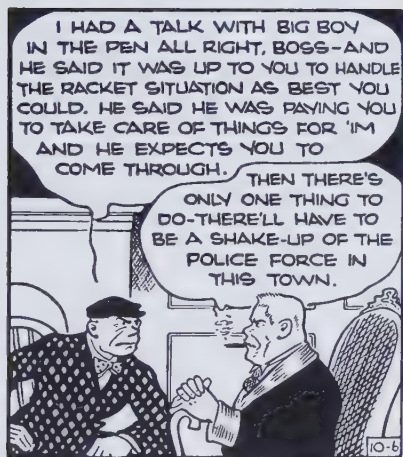


DICK TRACY

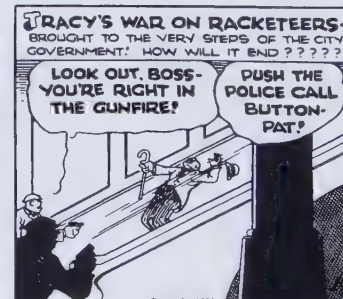
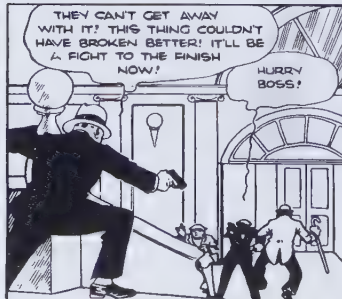
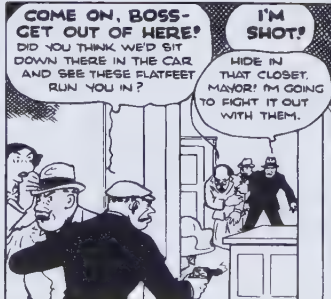
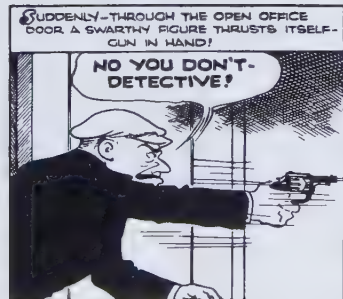
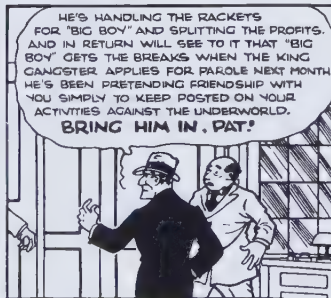
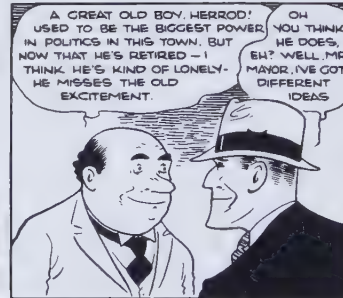
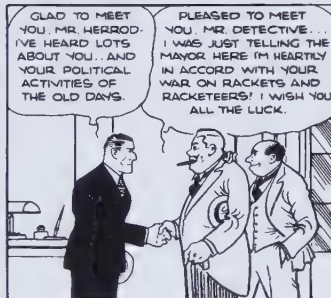


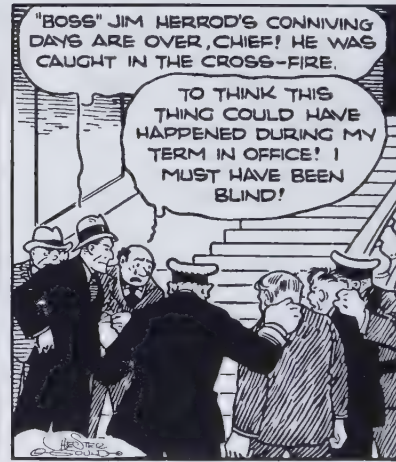
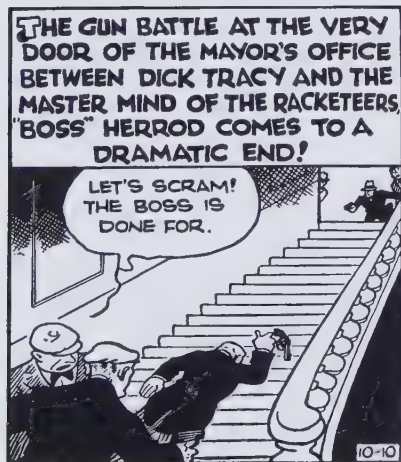
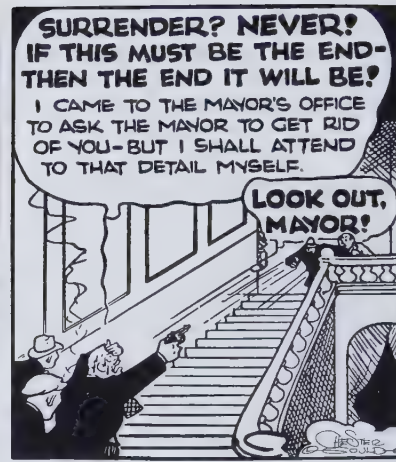
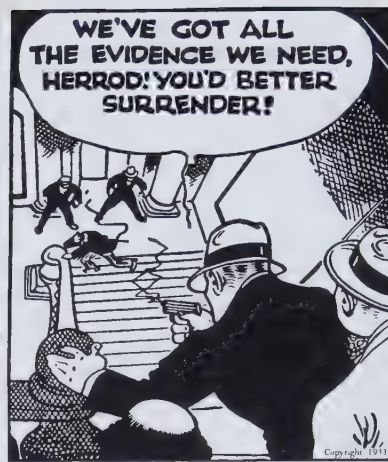
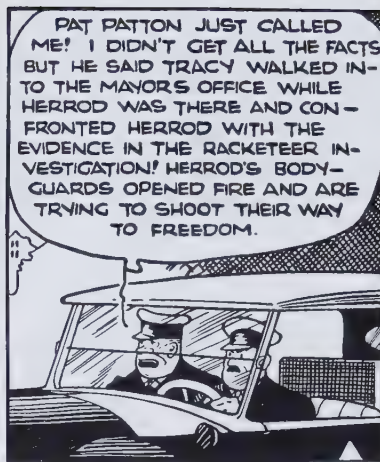
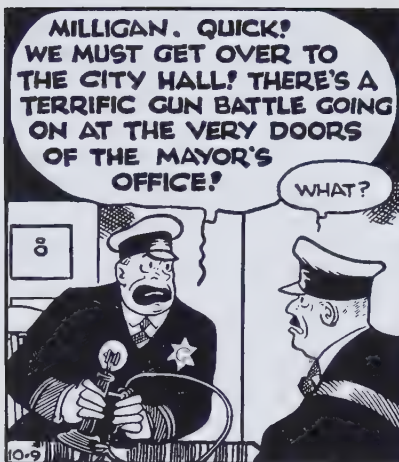


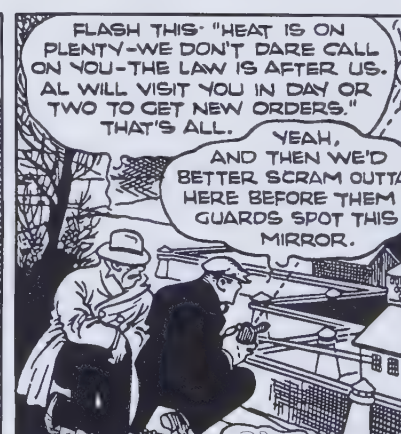
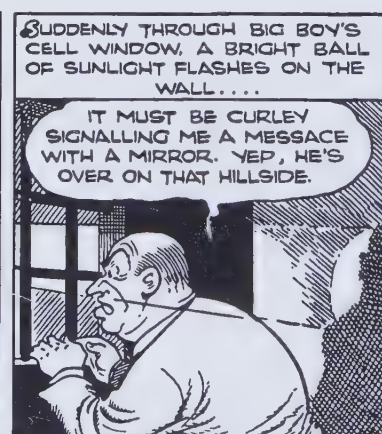
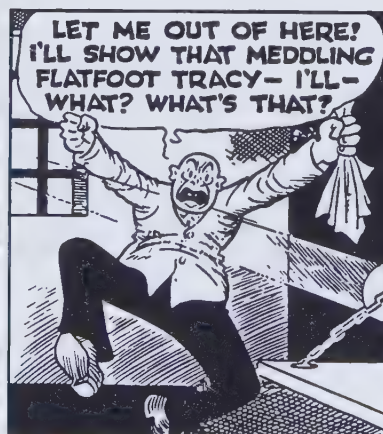
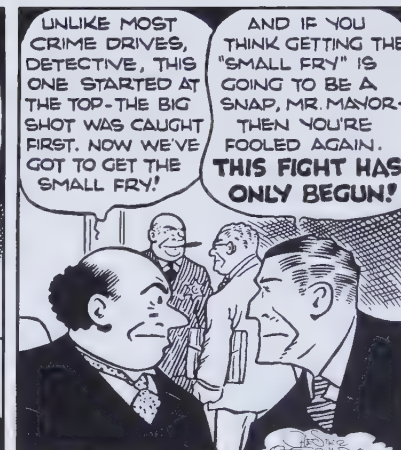
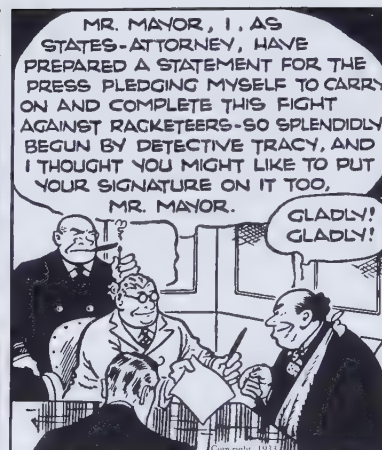
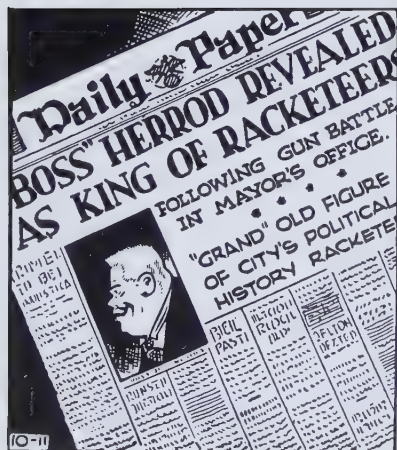


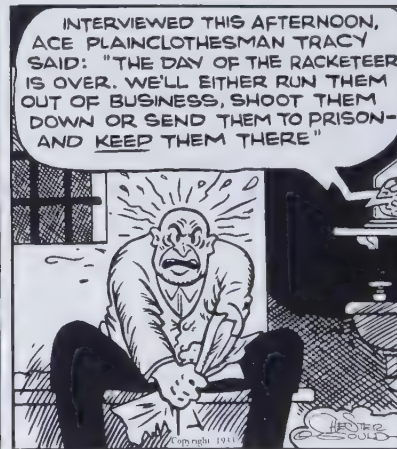
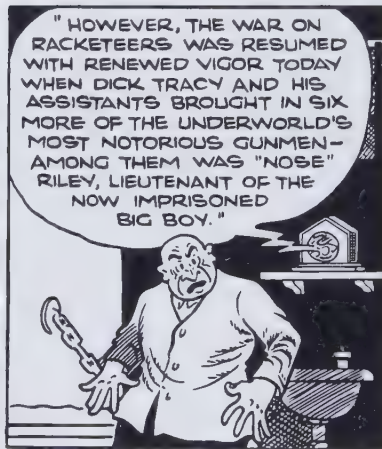
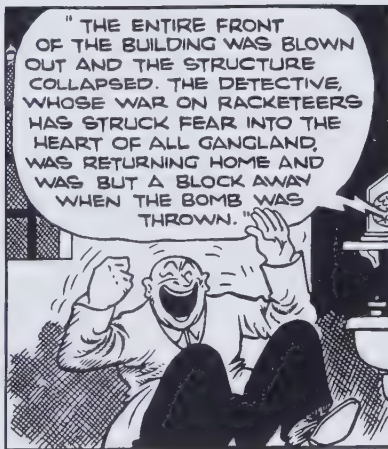
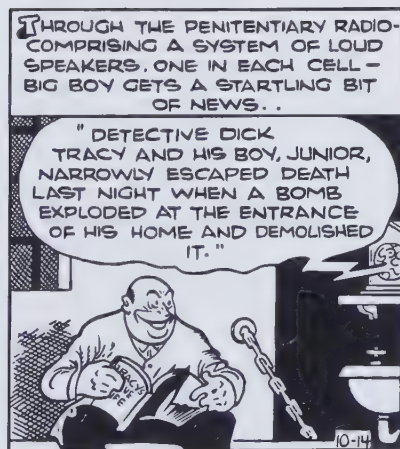
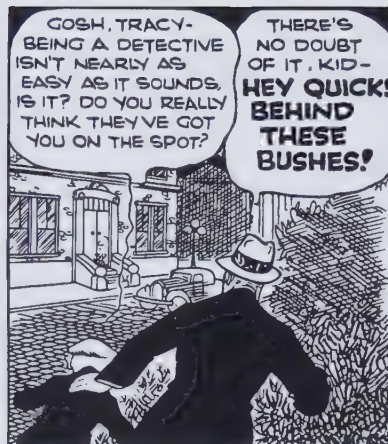
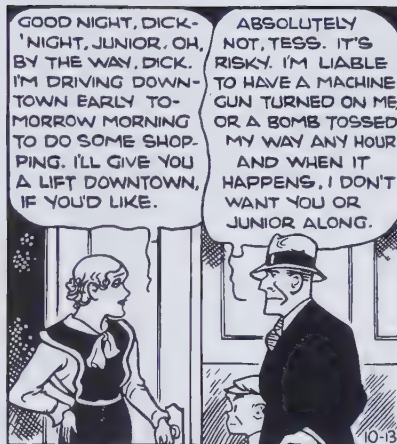


DICK TRACY

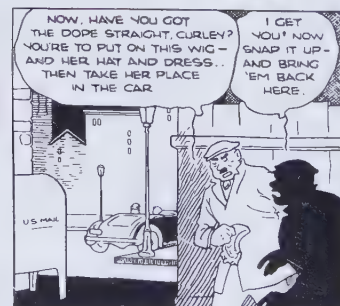
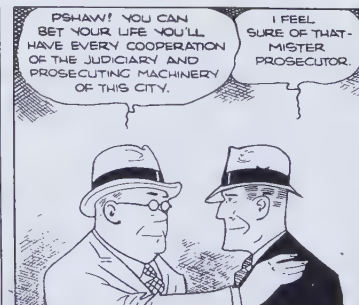
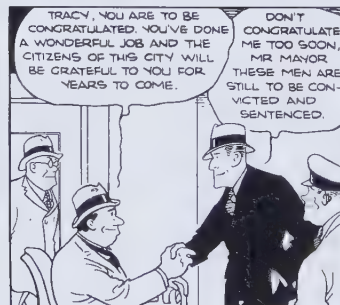
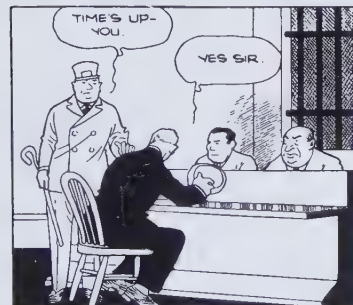
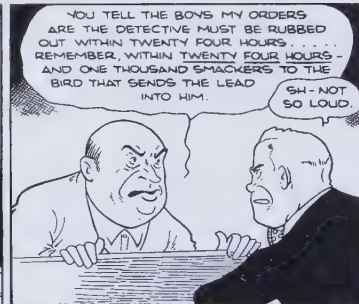
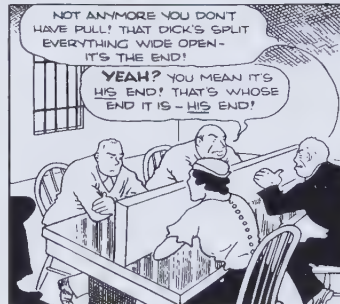
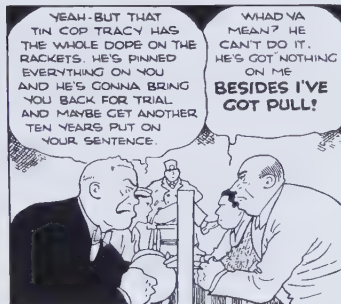
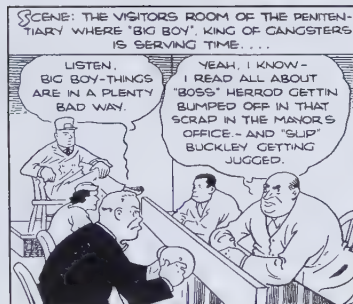


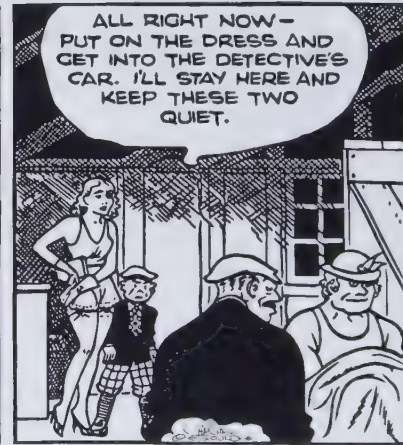
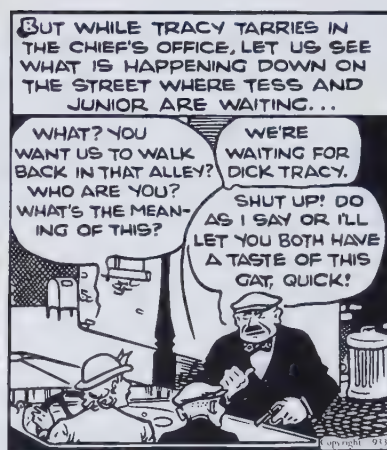


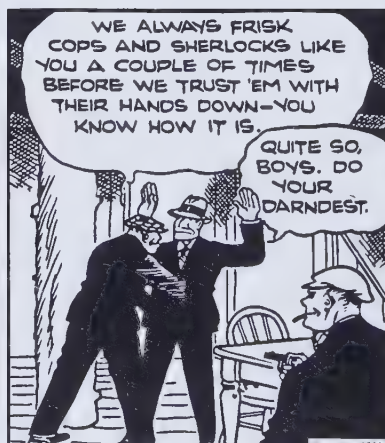
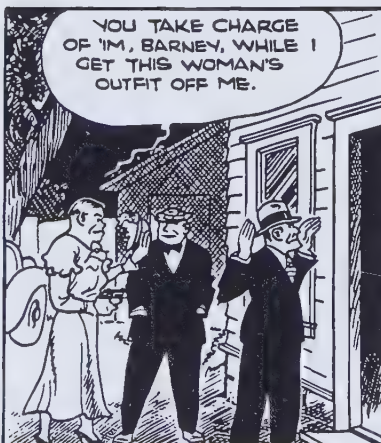




DICK TRACY







LEAVING DICK TRACY FOR A FEW MOMENTS, LET US SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO TESS TRUEHEART AND JUNIOR AFTER THEY WERE LEFT UNDER GUARD IN THE ALLEY SHED. . . .



AFTER DARKNESS HAS FALLEN - A CAR DRIVES UP CLOSE TO THE SHED DOOR AND THE TWO PRISONERS, AT THE POINT OF A GUN, ARE ORDERED TO CLIMB INSIDE. . . .



AND OUT AT THE SHACK WHERE TRACY IS BEING HELD. . .



WHAT? YOU'VE GOT THE KID AND THE GIRL AND YOU'RE BRINGING 'EM OUT HERE? FINE! WE'LL WAIT TILL YOU GET 'EM HERE.



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US? YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO DO THIS. WAIT TILL TRACY FINDS OUT.

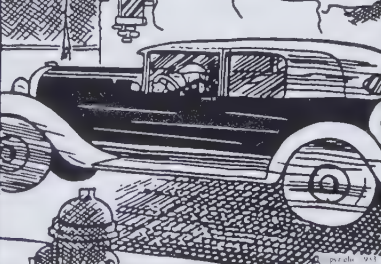
HA HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE. JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE YOUR DETECTIVE PAL.



DON'T LET THAT KID YELL LIKE THAT, DUKE. SOCK 'IM!

DRY UP, YOU LITTLE FOOL!

I WON'T!



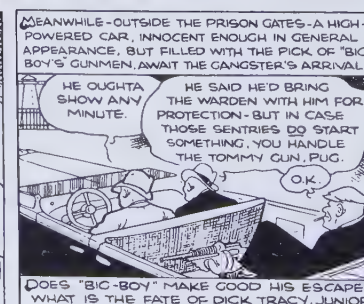
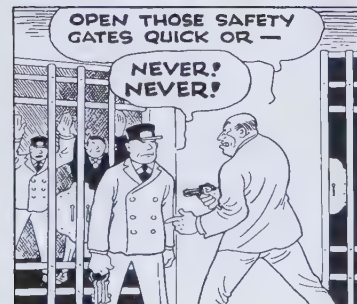
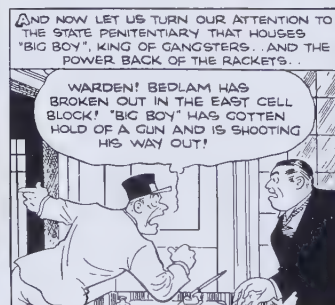
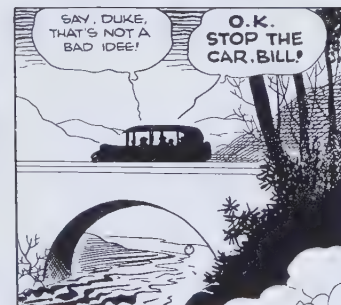
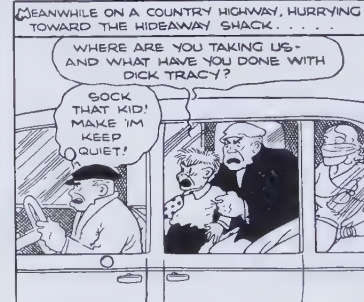
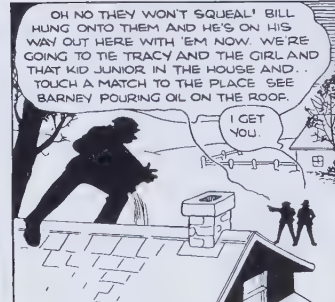
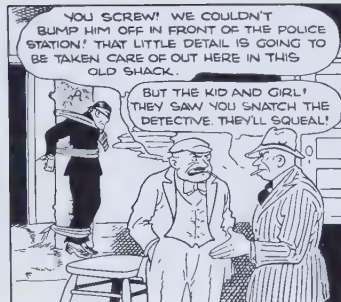
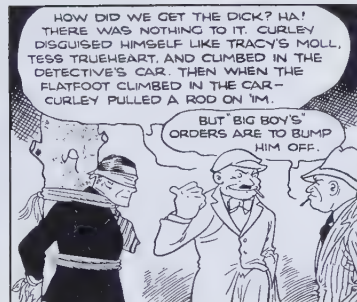
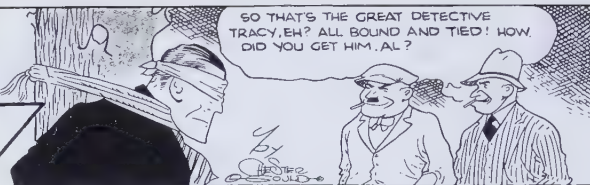
HELP-HELP!

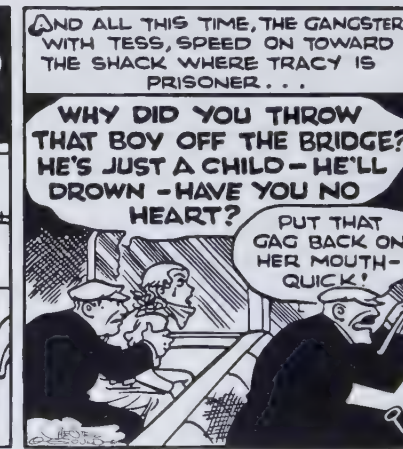
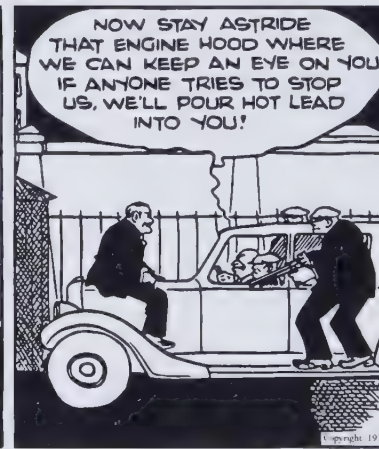
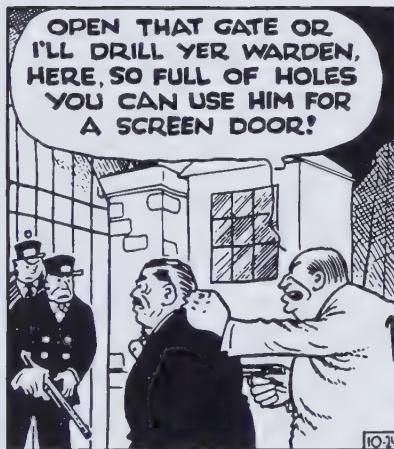
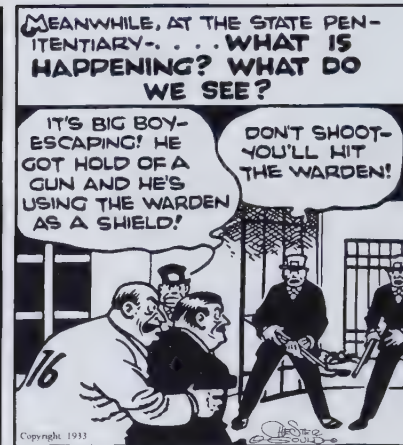
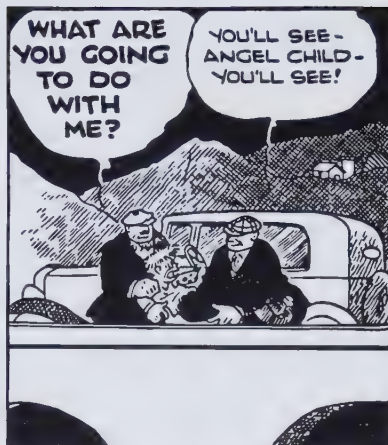
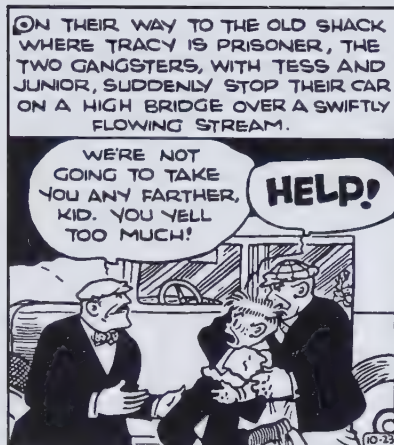


KNOCKED ALMOST INTO INSSENSIBILITY BY THE BLOW, THE BOY FALLS TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAR, SOBBING CONVULSIVELY - LITTLE DREAMING WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HIMSELF, TESS TRUEHEART AND DICK TRACY WHEN THE CAR REACHES ITS DESTINATION.



DICK TRACY





AFTER BEING THROWN OFF THE BRIDGE INTO THE SWIRLING STREAM, WHAT HAPPENED TO JUNIOR?

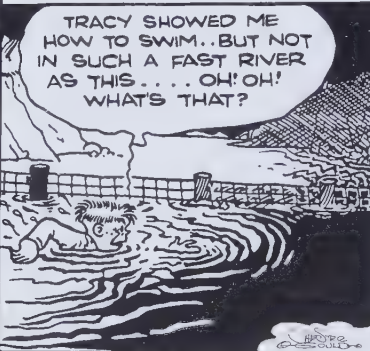


10-25

WITH THE WIND KNOCKED FROM HIS BODY BY THE IMPACT OF THE FALL... IT IS A FEW INSTANTS BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO ACT...

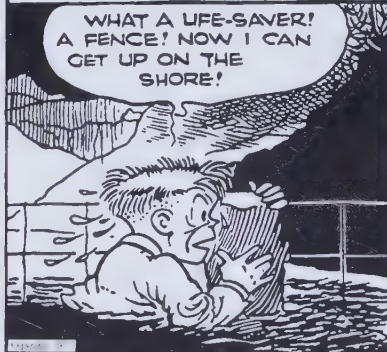


THE CURRENT OF THE FAST FLOWING WATERS MAKE PROGRESS TOWARD SHORE IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL...



TRACY SHOWED ME HOW TO SWIM... BUT NOT IN SUCH A FAST RIVER AS THIS... OH! OH! WHAT'S THAT?

FINALLY A FARMER'S FENCE, BUILT ACROSS THE STREAM, WHEN THE WATER WAS NOT SO HIGH, COMES INTO VIEW, AND...



WHAT A LIFE-SAVER! A FENCE! NOW I CAN GET UP ON THE SHORE!

WELL, GIRLIE, HERE WE ARE- UPSIE DAISY.. AND GET IN THE HOUSE THERE WITH YER BOY FRIEND.



10-26

TESS!

TAKE 'ER GAG OFF, CURLEY. NOBODY CAN HEAR 'EM NOW!



WHERE'S JUNIOR? WHAT DID THEY DO WITH HIM?

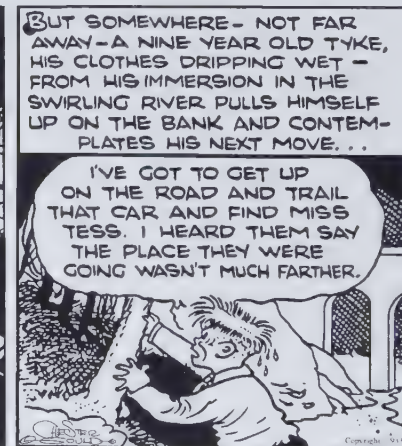
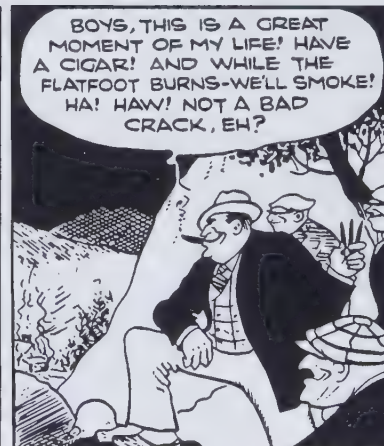
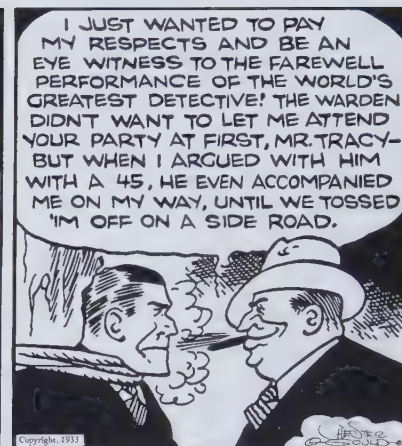
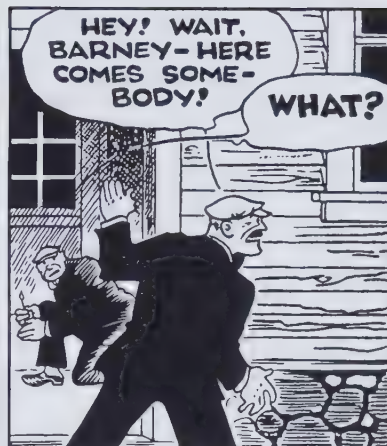
OH DICK- I CAN'T TELL YOU- IT WAS HORRIBLE.



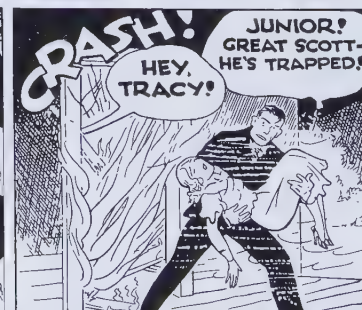
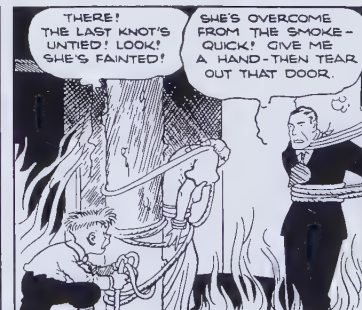
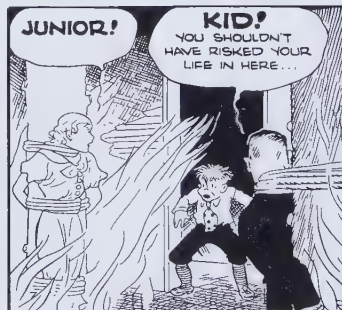
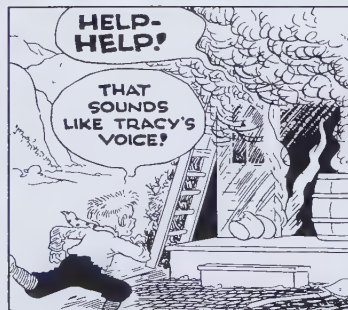
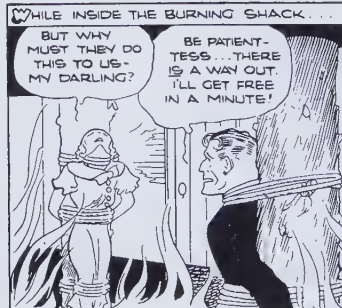
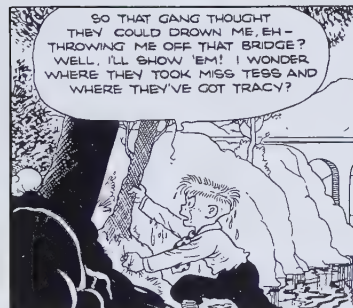
IF THEY'VE HARMED A HAIR OF THAT KID'S HEAD- I'LL-

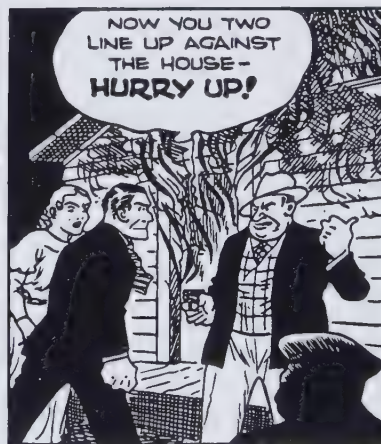
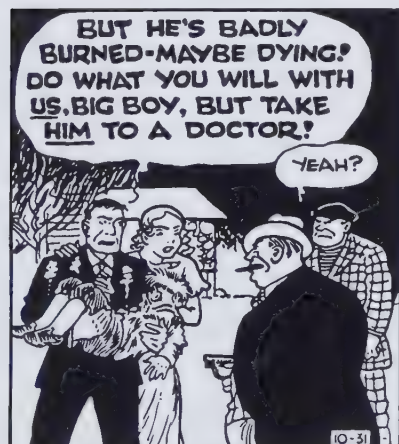
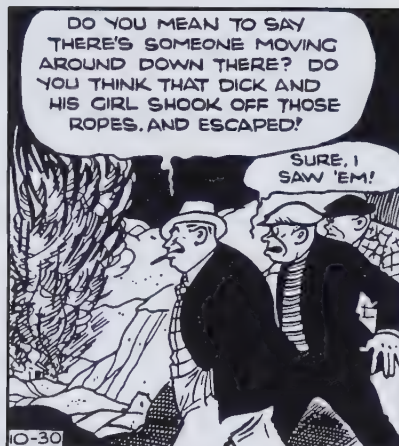
YOU'LL DO NOTHING AT ALL- COP! WE TOSSED YER KID INTO THE RIVER.. AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU AND YER MOLL THE WORKS! TELL BARNEY TO GET READY TO FIRE THE PLACE, CURLEY.

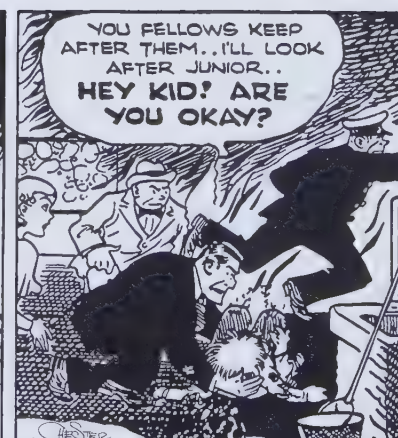
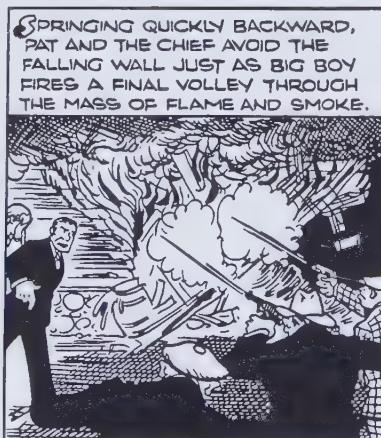
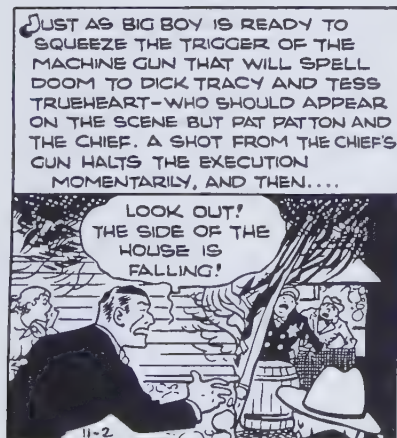
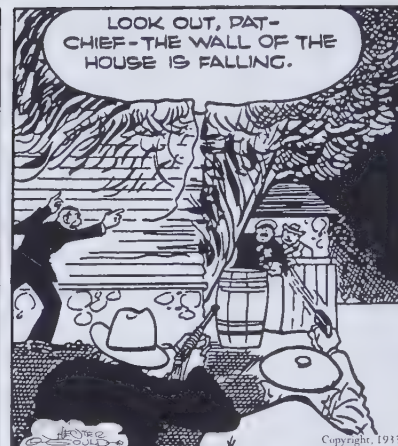
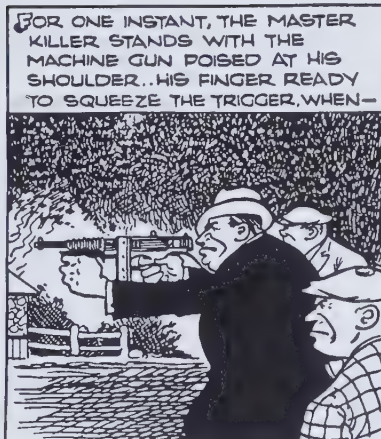


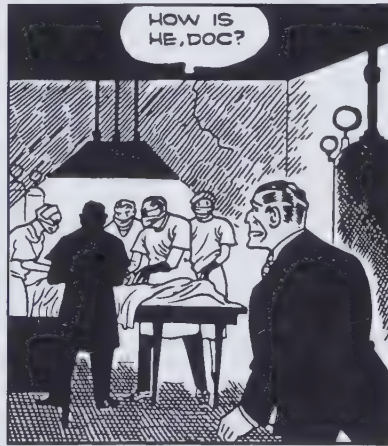
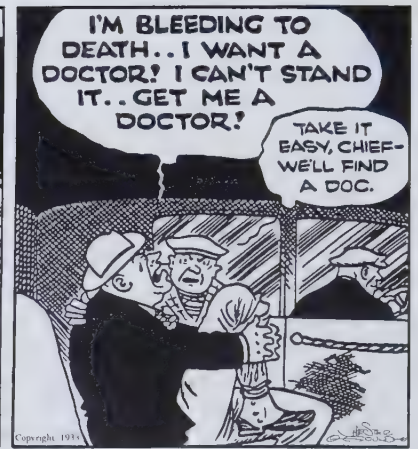
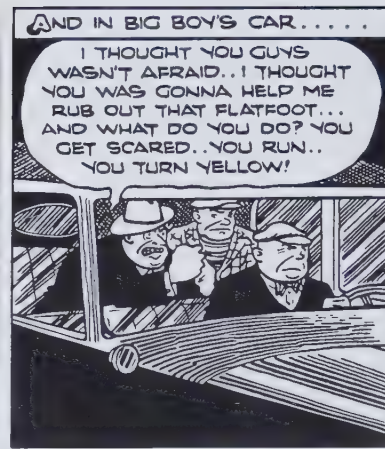


DICK TRACY









DICK TRACY



FOLLOWING HIS SUCCESSFUL FREED OF DICK TRACY AND TESS WHO WERE BOUND IN THE BURNING SHACK... JUNIOR IN TURN WAS TRAPPED BY A FALLING TIMBER AS HE ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW TRACY AND THE GIRL TO SAFETY. AFTER TRACY REENTERED THE FLAMING SHACK AND RESCUED THE BOY, THE CHIEF AND PAT ARRIVED ON THE SCENE AND THE THREE DROVE OFF BIG BOY AND HIS MEN IN A GUN BATTLE AFTER WHICH JUNIOR WAS SPEEDED CITYWARD FOR MEDICAL CARE....

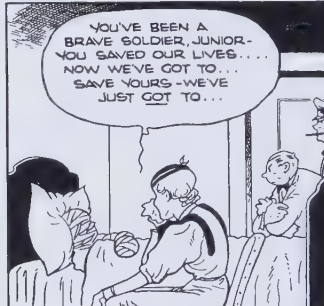


I'VE DONE ALL I CAN DO, TRACY. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT JUST TO WAIT.

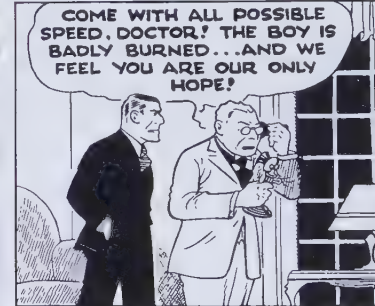


BUT ISN'T THERE A SPECIALIST OR SOMEONE WE CAN GET? THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEBODY, DOC, SOMEWHERE?

WAIT! THERE IS A SPECIALIST IN THE NEXT TOWN - DOC OILER! I'LL PHONE HIM NOW!

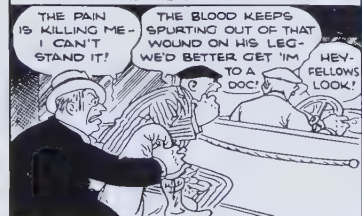


YOU'VE BEEN A BRAVE SOLDIER, JUNIOR - YOU SAVED OUR LIVES... NOW WE'VE GOT TO... SAVE YOURS - WE'VE JUST GOT TO...



COME WITH ALL POSSIBLE SPEED, DOCTOR! THE BOY IS BADLY BURNED... AND WE FEEL YOU ARE OUR ONLY HOPE!

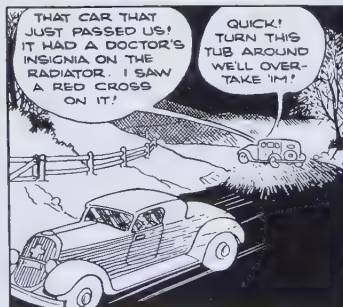
MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE COUNTRY ROAD, BIG BOY AND HIS MEN ALTHOUGH HAVING COME OUT SECOND BEST IN THE GUN BATTLE ARE THANKFUL TO HAVE ESCAPED WITH THEIR LIVES FROM THE ENRAGED DETECTIVE AND HIS FRIENDS....



THE PAIN IS KILLING ME - I CAN'T STAND IT!

THE BLOOD KEEPS SPURTING OUT OF THAT WOUND ON HIS LEG - WE'D BETTER GET 'IM TO A DOC!

HEY - FELLOWS, LOOK!



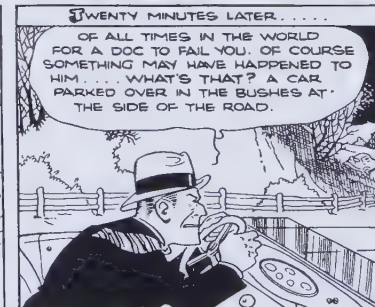
THAT CAR THAT JUST PASSED US! IT HAD A DOCTOR'S INSIGNIA ON THE RADIATOR. I SAW A RED CROSS ON IT!

QUICK! TURN THIS TUB AROUND - WE'LL OVERTAKE 'IM!



DOC OILER SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO.

I TELL YOU, SOMETHING'S WRONG. IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE WE CALLED HIM AND THE DISTANCE FROM THE NEXT TOWN IS ONLY FIFTEEN MILES. I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER....

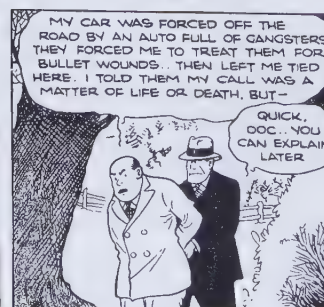
OF ALL TIMES IN THE WORLD FOR A DOC TO FAIL YOU, OF COURSE SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM... WHAT'S THAT? A CAR PARKED OVER IN THE BUSHES AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.



IT'S HIS CAR, ALL RIGHT. AND HERE ARE TRACKS... THE GRASS HAS BEEN TRAMPLED DOWN! HAH! THE TRAIL GOES IN THIS DIRECTION!

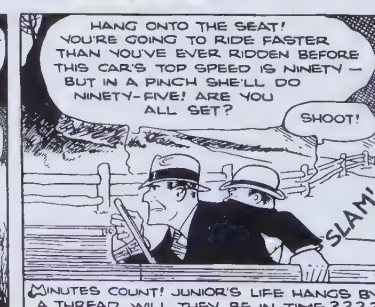


ARE YOU DOC OILER?



MY CAR WAS FORCED OFF THE ROAD BY AN AUTO FULL OF GANGSTERS - THEY FORCED ME TO TREAT THEM FOR BULLET WOUNDS. THEN LEFT ME TIED HERE. I TOLD THEM MY CALL WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH, BUT -

QUICK, DOC... YOU CAN EXPLAIN LATER



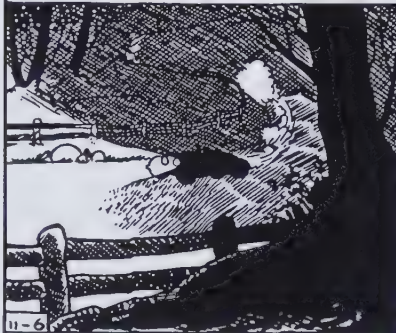
HANG ONTO THE SEAT! YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE FASTER THAN YOU'VE EVER RIDDEN BEFORE THIS CAR'S TOP SPEED IS NINETY - BUT IN A PINCH SHE'LL DO NINETY-FIVE! ARE YOU ALL SET?

SHOOT!

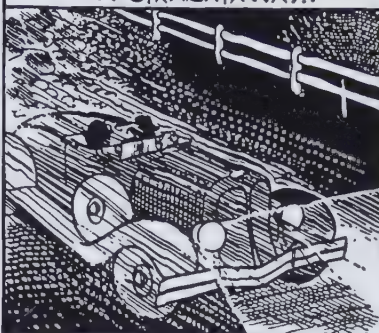
SLAM!

MINUTES COUNT! JUNIOR'S LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD WILL THEY BE IN TIME ???

DOWN THE CONCRETE HIGHWAY
STREAKS A HIGH-POWERED
ROADSTER-THROTTLE WIDE OPEN..
ITS EXHAUST SPURTING A STREAM
OF FLAME...



NINETY...NINETY THREE...NINETY
FIVE MILES PER HOUR REGISTER
ON THE FACE OF THE SPEED-
OMETER AS THE CAR TAKES TO
A STRAIGHTAWAY..



ACROSS AN OPEN COUNTRY..
THROUGH THE VALLEY...UNDER
A VIADUCT...INTO THE CITY'S
OUTSKIRTS...THROUGH THE PARK..
ONTO A SIDE STREET FLANKED
WITH "QUIET" SIGNS... THEN TO THE
ACCOMPANYING GRIND OF RUBBER
ON GRAVEL, BRAKES SET AND
THE CAR HALTS...



THIS IS DOCTOR OILER,
THE SPECIALIST. HAS THE
BOY'S CONDITION
CHANGED?

HE'S MUCH
WORSE. COME IN,
DOCTOR.



SO YOU MUGS WERE
GOING TO GET RID OF THAT
FLATFOOT FOR ME, EH? THAT'S
A HOT ONE! WHY, YOU BUTTER-
BRAINED RATS COULDN'T GET
RID OF A SACK OF TWO-DAY
OLD CATS! YER YELLOW
AND YER DUMB!



YOU TOSSED THAT KID
IN THE RIVER AND THOUGHT
YOU WAS RID OF HIM. THEN YOU
TIED THE DICK AND HIS MOLL
IN THE OLD HOUSE, SET IT
AFIRE AND THOUGHT YOU
WERE RID OF THEM
**AND WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT HAPPENED?**

NOW, TAKE IT EASY,
CHIEF- HERE, HAVE A DRINK-
YER NERVES ARE ON EDGE!

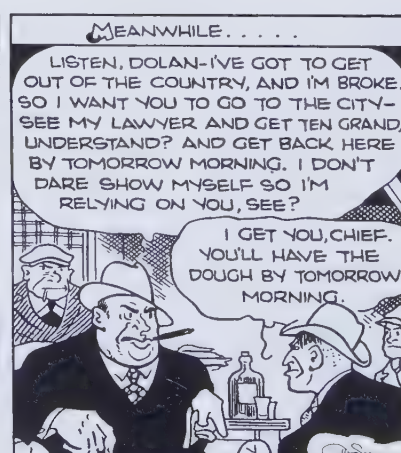
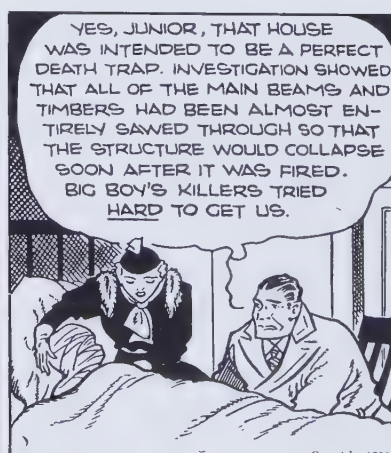
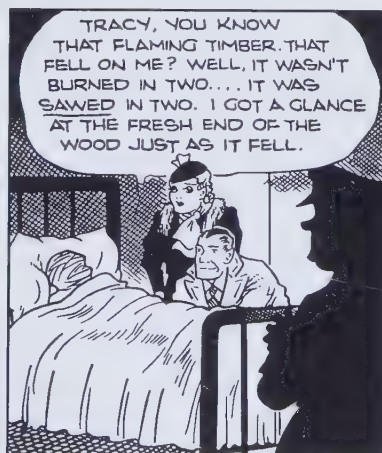
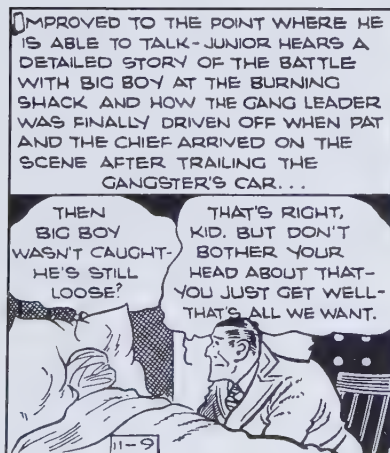
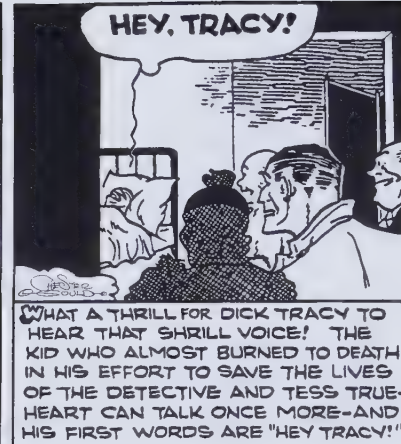
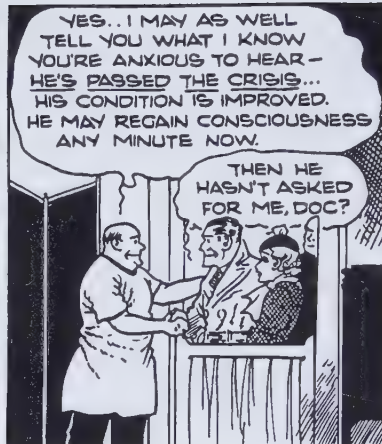
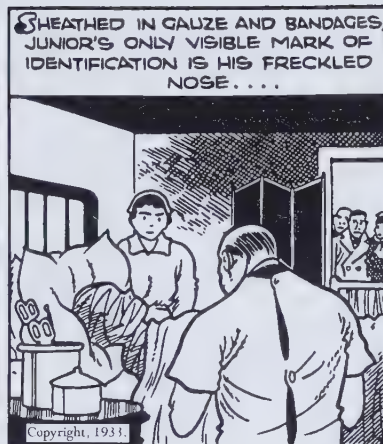


WHY
YOU?

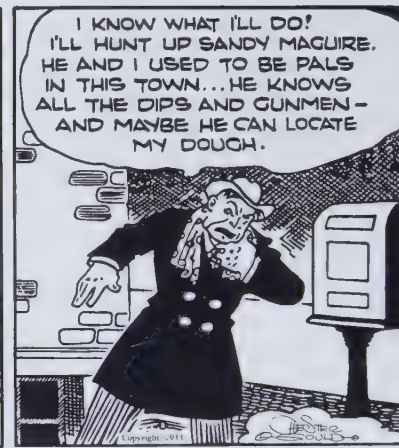
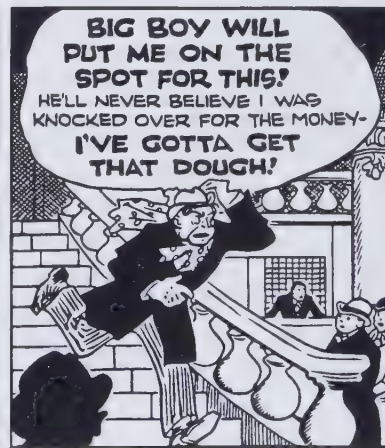
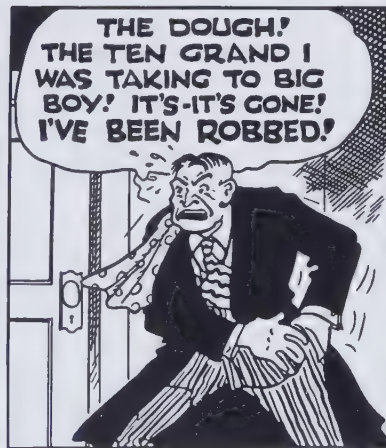
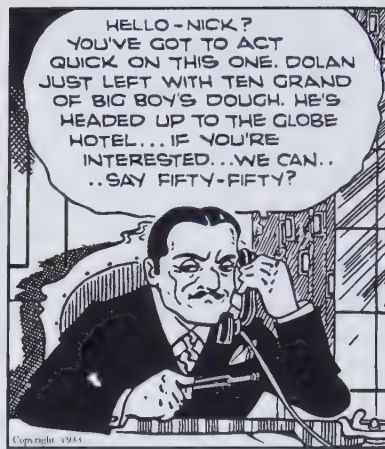
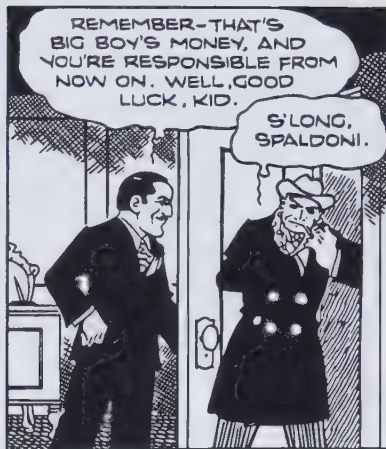


MY NERVES ARE ON EDGE, EH?
ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO ARGUE
THAT POINT WITH ME?
**GET OUT! UNDERSTAND?
THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU-
GET OUT!**





A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE WITHOUT FUNDS, BIG BOY SENDS HIS EMISSARY, "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN, INTO THE CITY TO SEE HIS LAWYER AND SECURE MONEY
SCENE: THE OFFICE OF ATTORNEY BEN SPALDONI...



DICK TRACY



AFTER SECURING THE SERVICES OF DR. OILER, THE SPECIALIST, JUNIOR WAS REMOVED TO A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - WHERE UNDER EXPERT CARE THE BOY HAS PASSED SAFELY THROUGH THE CRISIS AND IS NOW WELL ON HIS WAY TO RECOVERY FROM THE BURNS HE RECEIVED ALMOST TWO WEEKS AGO. . . .

KID, YOU'RE SNAPPING OUT OF IT FINE. THE DOC SAYS YOU'LL BE GETTING OUT OF HERE SOON.

WE MUST GO NOW, JUNIOR. WE'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW - SLEEP TIGHT!

O'NIGHT, MISS TESS.



HE'S DOING SPLENDIDLY, FOLKS. MUCH BETTER THAN I EXPECTED. HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT HAS SAVED HIS LIFE.

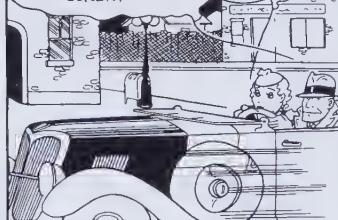
WE'VE GOT YOU TO THANK FOR HIS GOOD CONDITION, DOC. THOSE BURNS WERE TERRIBLE - YOU'VE ALMOST PERFORMED A MIRACLE.

WELL, GOOD BYE, DOCTOR. WE'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.



WELL, TESS, THE KID'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT - THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! I WAS AFRAID FOR AWHILE HE WAS A GONER!

OH, I'M SO HAPPY, DICK, THAT HE'S OKAY!



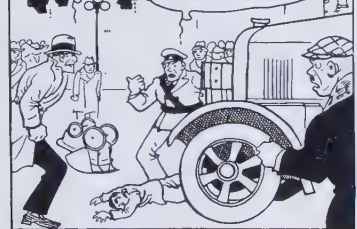
BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THE LATEST REPORT ON BIG BOY? HAS HIS TRAIL BEEN PICKED UP ANYWHERE?

NOT A TRACE OF HIM YET, TESS - SAY! LOOK! WHAT'S THAT EXCITEMENT?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, OFFICER?

THIS BOY WAS PUSHING THE BABY BUGGY AND JUST WALKED INTO THE PATH OF THIS BIG TRUCK HERE.



HE STEPPED FROM THE CURB SUDDENLY - MISTER, PUSHING THE BUGGY - AND I JUST COULDN'T STOP! THAT BIG CRATE OF MINE WAS TOO HEAVY!

HE'S BREATHING - HE'S ALIVE. NABED SOME BROKEN BONES THOUGH!



WHAT ABOUT THE CHILD IN THE BABY CARRIAGE - IS HE OKAY?

CHEE! WE HAVEN'T LOOKED IN THE BUGGY YET!



SAY! THE KID MUST STILL BE SLEEPING! THERE'S NOT A SOUND. . . AND. . . WHY IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S STILL COVERED UP - OH! OH!



LOOK! THERE'S NO BABY IN THE BUGGY, TRACY! THE BUGGY'S FILLED WITH. . .

SECURITIES!



BONDS! UNDOUBTEDLY STOLEN BONDS! ABOUT TWENTY GRAND WORTH!

SAY - THIS THING'S GETTING MORE INTERESTING EVERY MINUTE!



GET THE KID TO THE HOSPITAL! I'LL TAKE THE SECURITIES AND THE TRUCK DRIVER DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND GET A STATEMENT FROM HIM - THEN WE'LL QUESTION THE BOY LATER.

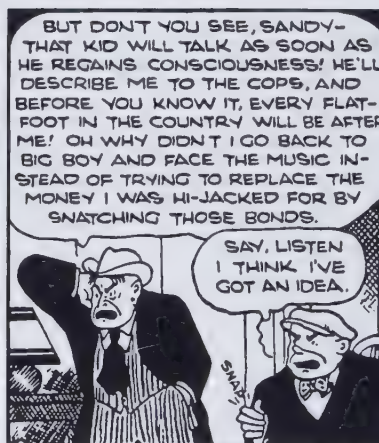
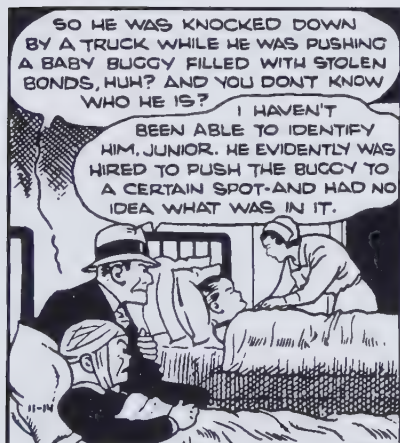
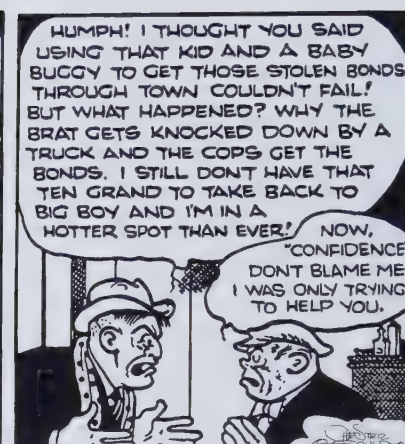
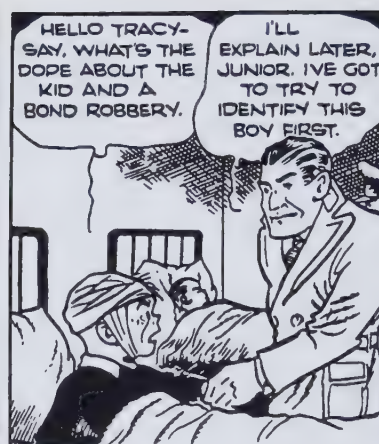
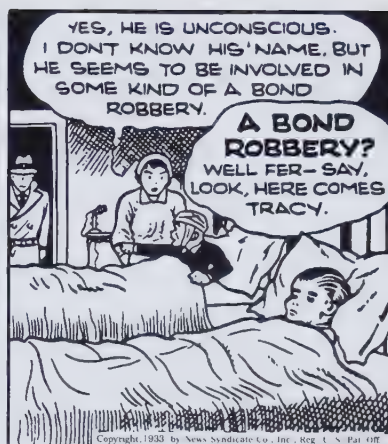
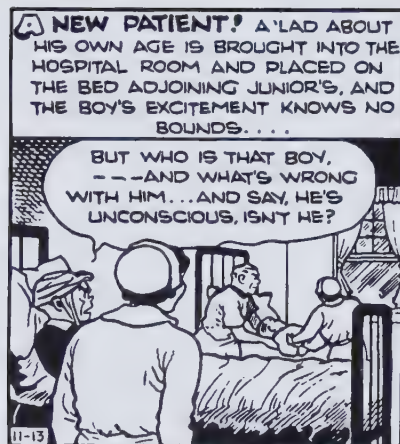
OKAY, TRACY.

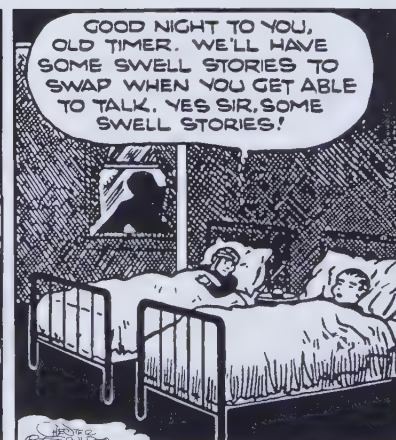
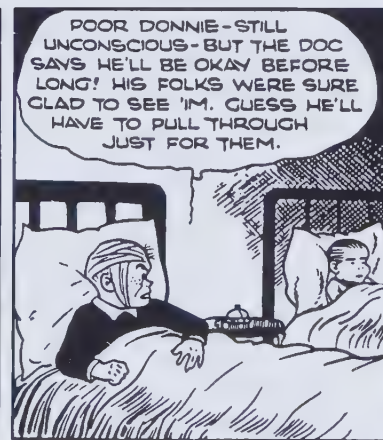
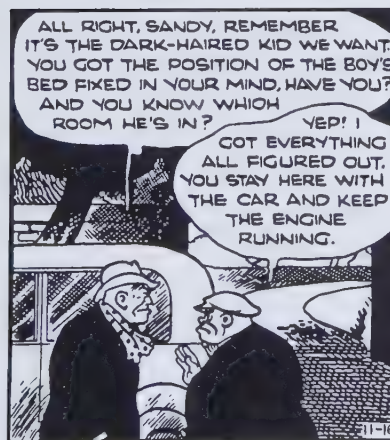
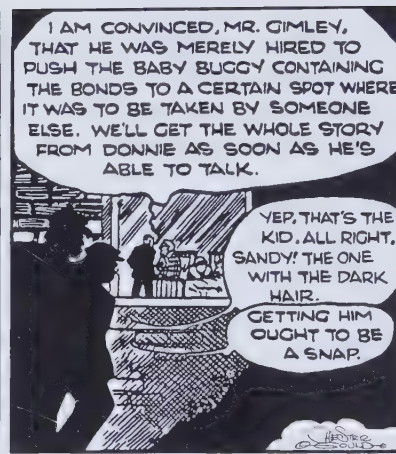
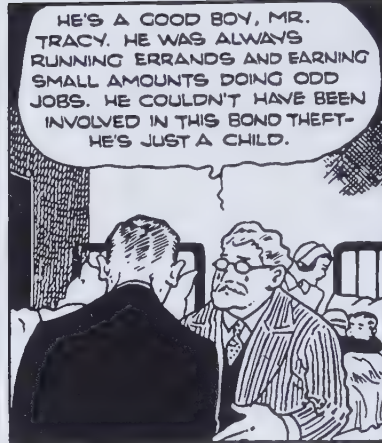
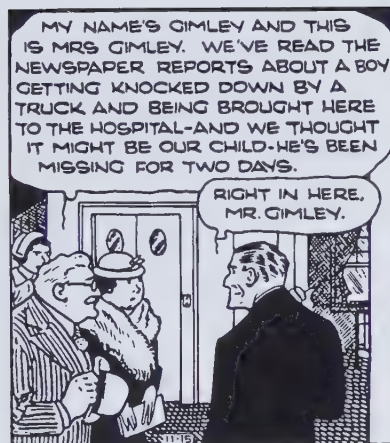


THAT EVENING, JUNIOR CURIOUSLY PROPS HIMSELF UP ON ONE ELBOW BETTER TO SEE THE NEW PATIENT WHO IS BROUGHT IN VERY PALE AND QUIET TO BE PLACED ON THE ADJOINING BED. . .

WELL - I WONDER WHO THAT KID IS - AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HM-M??





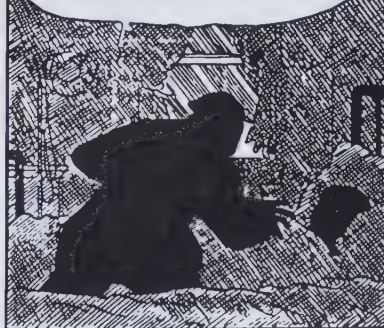


SCENE: THE HOSPITAL ROOM WHERE DONNIE AND JUNIOR LIE SLEEPING..
A SHADY FORM RAISES THE WINDOW AND STEPS NOISELESSLY INTO THE ROOM...

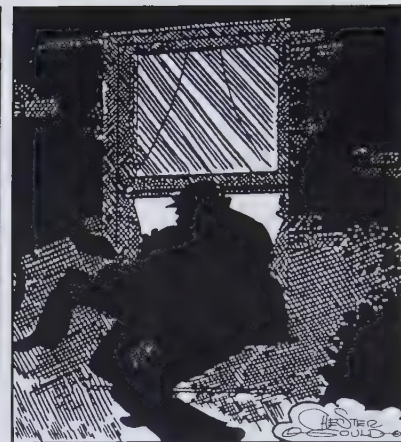
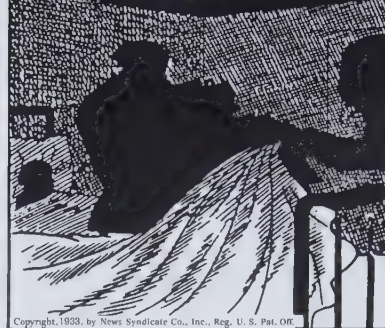
LET'S SEE... I WANT THE KID WITH THE DARK HAIR... HIS BED WAS ON THE LEFT.



OR WAS IT TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WINDOW? NO. NO YES... IT WAS THE...
CONFOUND THE DARKNESS-
YES, THIS IS IT.



SAY-
UB...
LUB-
UB..



WITH THEIR YOUNG PRISONER "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN AND SANDY MAGUIRE MAKE THEIR WAY TO SANDY'S ROOM...

QUIT YER KICKIN', YU PUNK!

HANG ONTO 'IM, SANDY! WATCH OUT FOR THOSE ARMS!



HOLD 'IM, "CONFIDENCE."

THAT'S IT. GIVE 'IM A TASTE OF THE STICK TILL WE GET 'IM INSIDE.



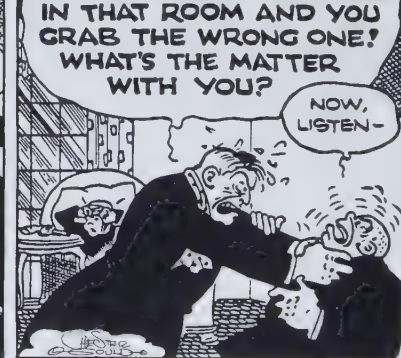
WHAT'S THIS - WHAT? WHY, THAT AIN'T THE DARK-HAIRED KID! YOU GOT THE WRONG KID! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE!

WHAT?



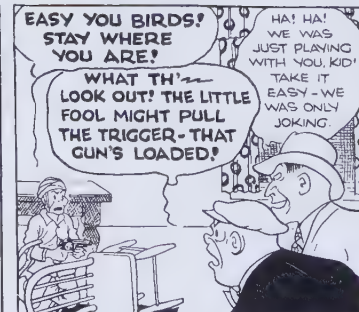
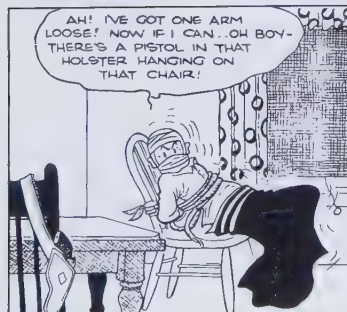
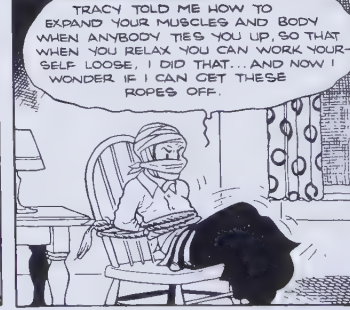
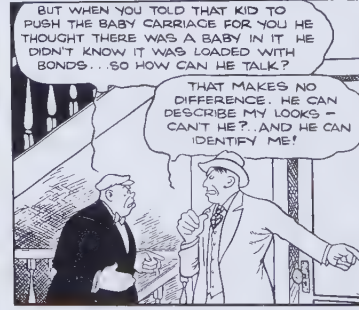
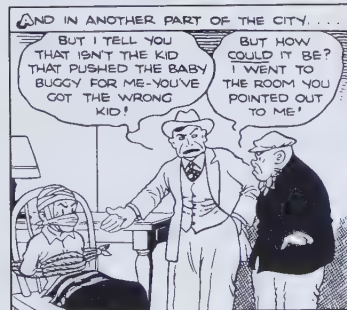
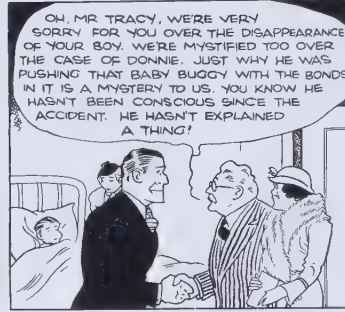
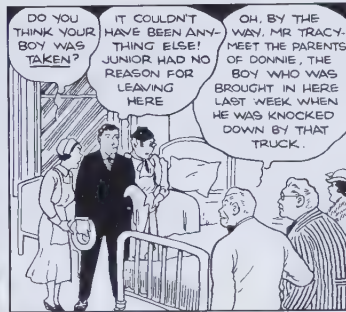
WHY, YOU BRAINLESS BLUNDERER! YOU BONE-HEADED DOPE! TWO KIDS IN THAT ROOM AND YOU GRAB THE WRONG ONE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

NOW, LISTEN -

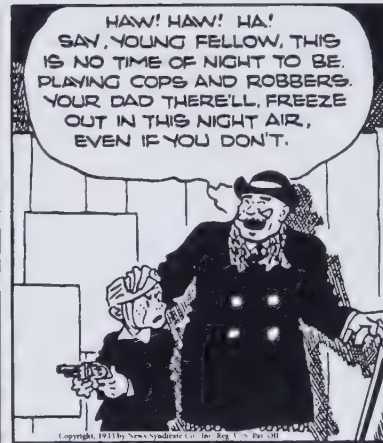
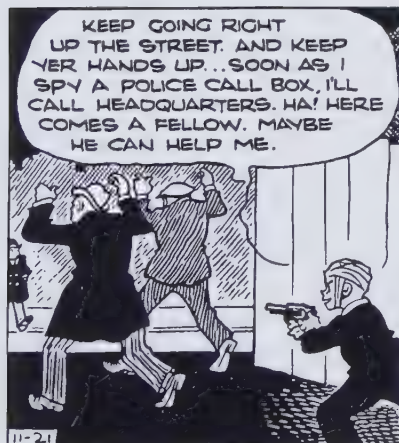
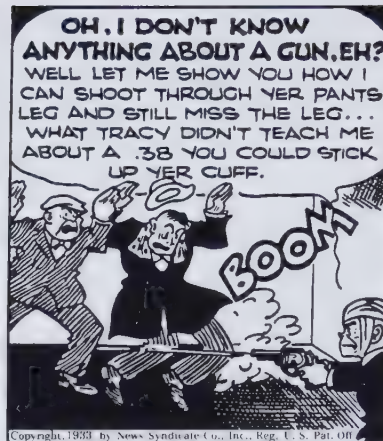
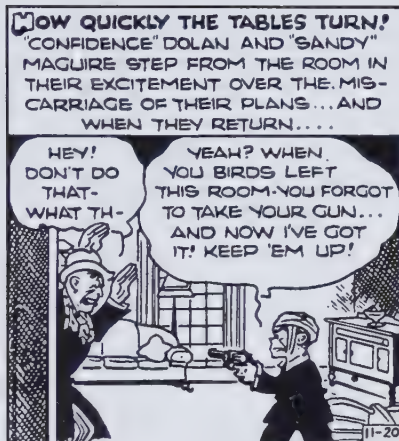


DICK TRACY

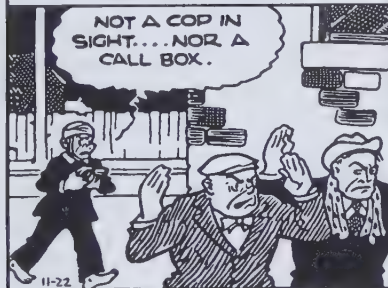
IT'S A MYSTERY TO ALL OF US, MR TRACY- WE NEVER IMAGINED SUCH A THING COULD HAPPEN



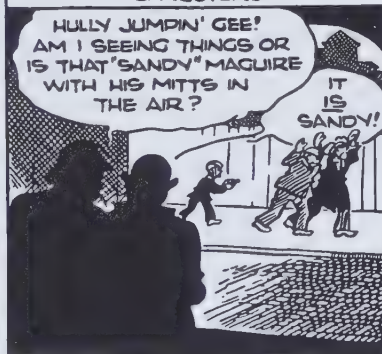
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DOWN DIMLY LIGHTED STREETS OF A STRANGE NEIGHBORHOOD - JUNIOR WALKS HIS PRISONERS. JUST WHAT SHOULD HE DO NEXT? IN SPITE OF THE LATE HOUR, SURELY HE WILL MEET SOMEONE WHO WILL LEND HIM A HAND...



BUT IN A DARKENED DOORWAY ACROSS THE STREET, TWO LURKING FIGURES RECOGNIZE ONE OF THE GANGSTERS...



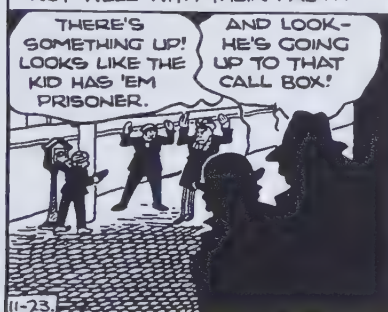
BUT THAT'S JUST A KID... WHAT IN? IS "SANDY" PLAYING A GAME?



HA! A CALL BOX AT LAST, AND IT'S OPEN! WON'T HEADQUARTERS BE SURPRISED TO HEAR FROM ME? I'LL SHOW 'EM I HAVEN'T HUNG AROUND DICK TRACY ALL THESE MONTHS FOR NOTHIN'!



JUST AS JUNIOR NEARS A POLICE CALL BOX WITH HIS GANGSTER VICTIMS... HE IS SPIED BY TWO FRIENDS OF "SANDY" MAGUIRE WHO IMMEDIATELY SENSE THAT ALL IS NOT WELL WITH THEIR PAL...



LISTEN, BRIGHT EYES, WHAT DO YOU THINK YER DOING?

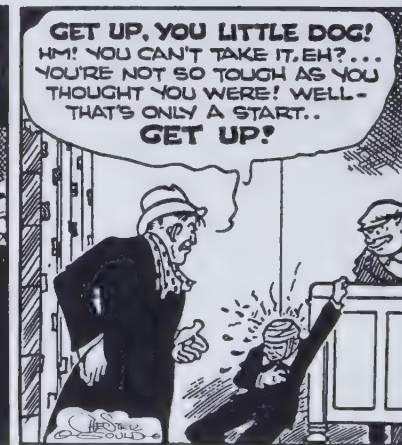
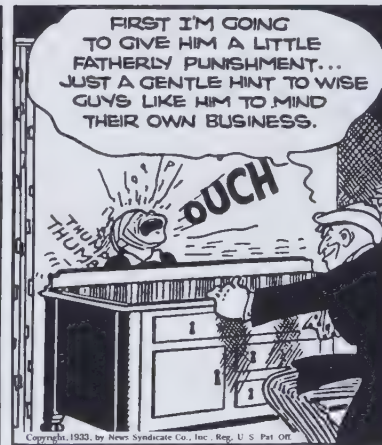
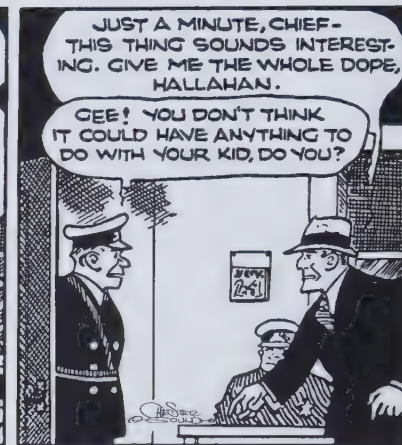
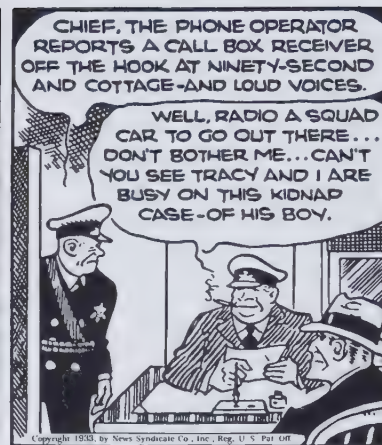
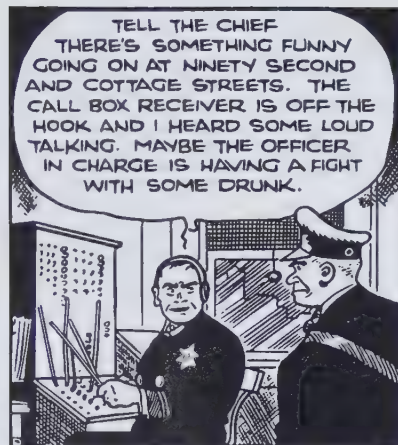


HEY, YOU!



WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE RAT, YOU! YOU WOULD TRY TO TAKE US IN, EH?





DICK TRACY

TRYING TO BE A SMART ALEC DETECTIVE LIKE YER FLATFOOT FOSTER-FATHER, TRACY, EH? YOU WOULD TRY TO PULL A CAT ON US, EH?

OUT-MANEUVORED BY THE CUNNING CROOKS, JUNIOR SUDDENLY FINDS THE TABLES REVERSED AND HIS FLIGHT EVEN MORE PRECARIOUS THAN BEFORE. WHAT WILL BE THE DESPERADO'S NEXT MOVE?

HM! DID YOU THINK FOR A MINUTE A LITTLE SUD OF A KID LIKE YOU COULD TAKE IN CONFIDENCE? DOLAN? HAH! THAT'S A HOT ONE!

HE'S A SMART LITTLE BRAT, SANDY. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY—ENTIRELY OUT OF THE WAY, UNDERSTAND? WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES—HE'S TOO WISE.

COME DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, DOLAN—I'VE GOT AN IDEA. IT'S PRETTY RAW—BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET THE KID OUT OF THE WAY—

THAT'S WHAT I SAID—OUT OF THE WAY!

THERE'S AN OLD HOT WATER HEATER—IT'S BEEN ABANDONED FOR TWO YEARS. IT'S HEAVILY INSULATED TO KEEP IN THE HEAT... BUT IT WOULD ALSO KEEP IN SOUND! GET IT?

YEAH—I THINK SO.

YOU SEE BY KNOCKING OFF SOME OF THESE RIVETS—THE BOTTOM COMES OUT.

I'LL HURRY UPSTAIRS AND GET THE KID!

YEAH—GET 'IM—QUICK! I WANT TO GET THIS THING OVER WITH.

MEANWHILE DICK TRACY LISTENS TO DONNIE GOLEY RETELL WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE BABY CARRIAGE FILLED WITH BONDS...

AND THE FELLOW GAVE ME A DIME AND ASKED ME TO PUSH THE BABY BUGGY DOWN TO THE NEXT CORNER WHERE HIS WIFE WAS WAITING—I DIDN'T KNOW THE BUGGY HAD BONDS OR WHATEVER IT WAS IN IT.

AND OF COURSE THE TRUCK HIT YOU WHILE YOU WERE CROSSING THE STREET.

WHAT KIND OF A LOOKING MAN WAS THIS FELLOW WHO ASKED YOU TO PUSH THE BABY CARRIAGE?

HE HAD KIND OF ROUND EYES AND HIS HAIR HUNG DOWN ON HIS FOREHEAD.

THAT DESCRIPTION TALLIES EXACTLY WITH THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE STOLEN BONDS—THAT MAN WAS "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN AND IN KIDNAPING JUNIOR FROM THE HOSPITAL, THE THIEVES MADE A MISTAKE, THINKING THEY WERE GETTING DONNIE, WHOM THEY WANTED TO KEEP FROM TALKING.

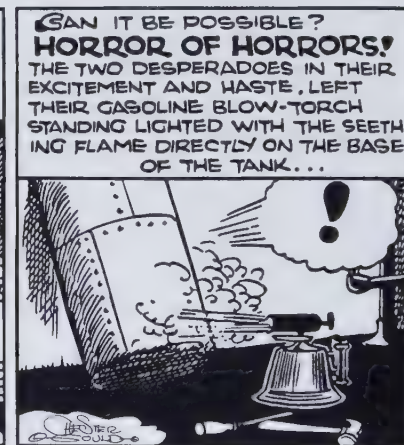
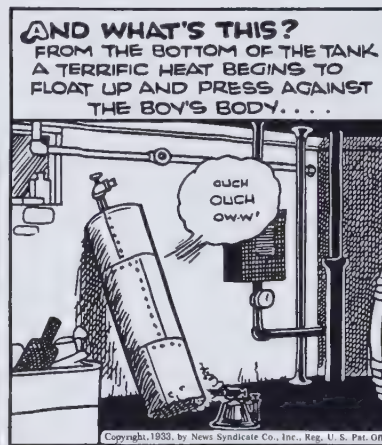
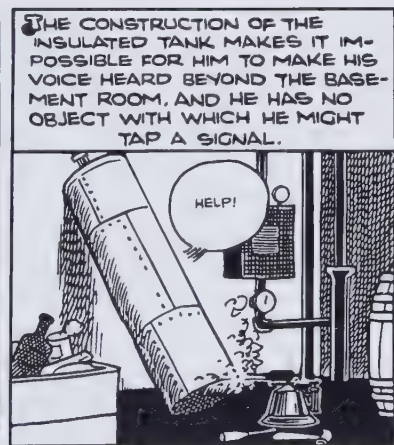
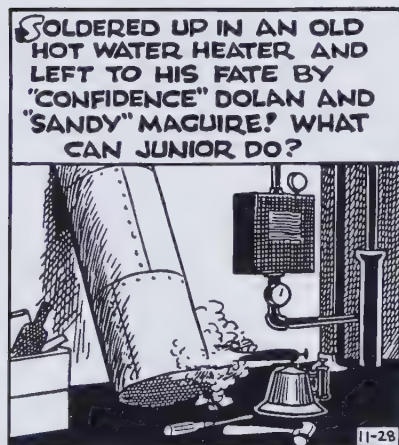
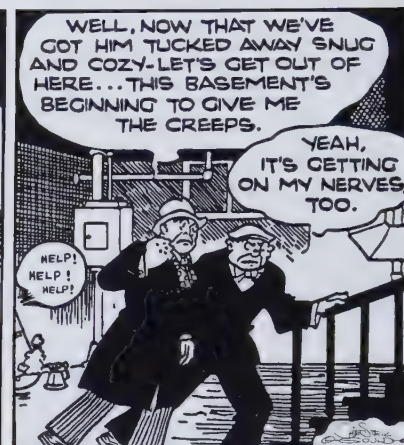
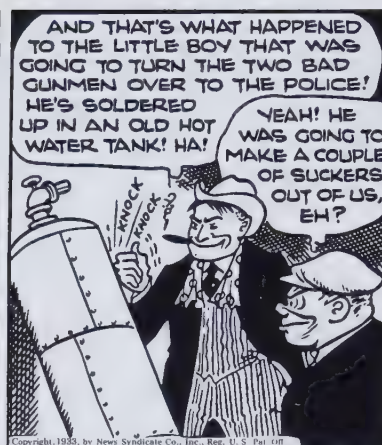
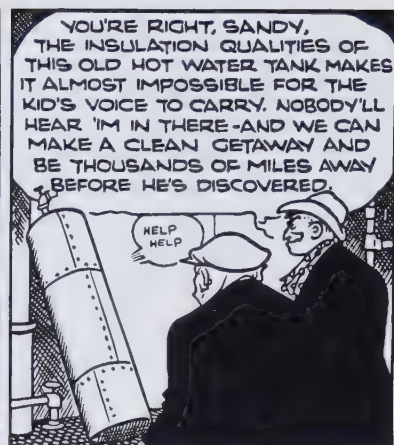
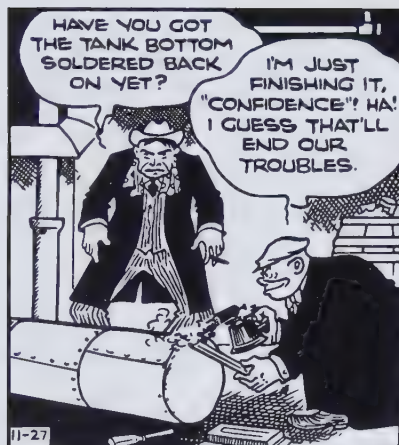
WE MUST LOCATE "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN IN ORDER TO FIND JUNIOR!

ALL RIGHT—LET'S GET HIM UP IN THERE!

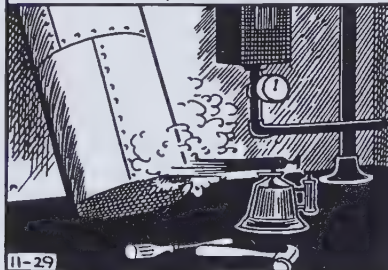
OW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? OUCH!

PUSH 'IM UP IN THERE—COME ON!

NOW GIVE ME THAT BLOW TORCH... I'M GONNA SOLDER THE BOTTOM BACK IN THIS TANK. WHEN THEY FIND THIS KID WE'LL BE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM HERE AND THE BRAT WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK.



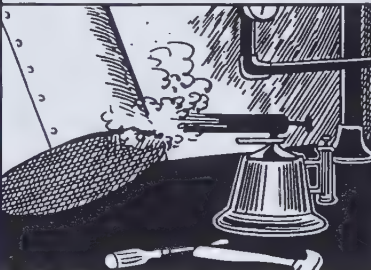
SOLDERED UP IN THE OLD HOT WATER TANK WAS BAD ENOUGH - BUT TO INCREASE THE PRECARIOUSNESS OF JUNIOR'S POSITION - WE FIND THE ABANDONED BLOW - TORCH BEATING A BLUE HOT FLAME AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THE TANK



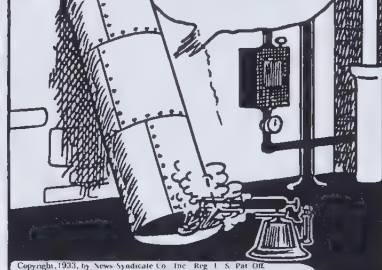
11-29

BUT, AH - THE DESPERADOES' CARELESSNESS MAY BE THEIR UNDOING!

THE FLAME BEGINS TO MELT THE NEWLY APPLIED SOLDER FROM AROUND THE TANK'S BOTTOM!

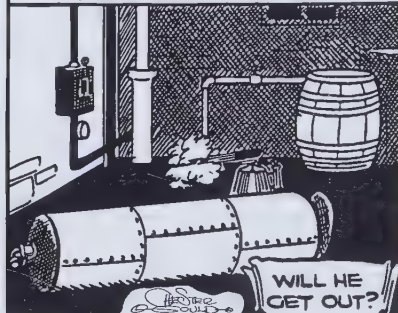


WHY, I CAN SEE LIGHT DOWN THERE. . . MAYBE I CAN KICK THAT BOTTOM OFF - YEP! MY FOOT'S THROUGH! OUCH!



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WRIGGLING HIS BODY WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, JUNIOR DISLODGES THE TANK FROM ITS POSITION AGAINST THE WALL, AND IT ROLLS OUT OF RANGE OF THE BLOW-TORCH FLAME.



WELL, IF YOU'D LISTENED TO ME, WE'D HAVE BEEN ON OUR WAY OUT OF TOWN IN A TAXI INSTEAD OF TRYING TO START THIS CAR OF YOURS - BESIDES, I TELL YOU I HEARD A NOISE BACK IN THE HOUSE - SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING FELL.



11-30

YOU DON'T THINK FOR A MINUTE THAT KID COULD ESCAPE OUT OF THAT HOT WATER HEATER? IF YOU DO, YOU'RE CRAZY.

I DON'T KNOW - BUT I'LL FEEL BETTER IF WE CHECK UP - THEN TAKE A CAB AWAY FROM HERE.



HERE, TAKE THIS KEY AND GO IN THE FRONT WAY - I'LL GO IN THE BACK.



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WHILE IN THE HOUSE

HOT DOG! MAYBE I MADE A LOT OF NOISE DOING IT, BUT I GOT OUT OF THAT TANK JUST THE SAME! NOW TO GET UPSTAIRS AND OUT OF THE HOUSE.



AS "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN PREPARES TO ENTER THE FRONT DOOR, AND "SANDY" MAGUIRE THE REAR DOOR TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THE RECENT NOISE WITHIN THE HOUSE, A VERY STARTLING THING IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. . . .



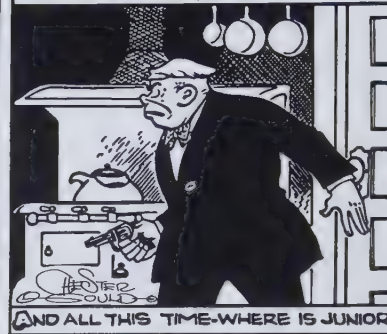
12-1

A SHADOWY FIGURE SUDDENLY LEAPS OUT OF THE BUSHES AND ONTO THE FRONT STEPS BEHIND DOLAN. . . .



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MEANWHILE, SANDY WHO ENTERED THE REAR DOOR, REACHES THE KITCHEN WHEN HE HEARS THE DETECTIVE'S VOICE, AND HALTS IN HIS TRACKS. . . .



AND ALL THIS TIME-WHERE IS JUNIOR?

WELL, DOLAN, AS LONG AS THERE'S NO TELEPHONE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO STEP TO THE NEAREST CALL BOX. I PREFER TO HAVE HELP WITH ME WHILE I'M SEARCHING THIS DUMP OF YOURS. IT'S NO JOB FOR ONE MAN.

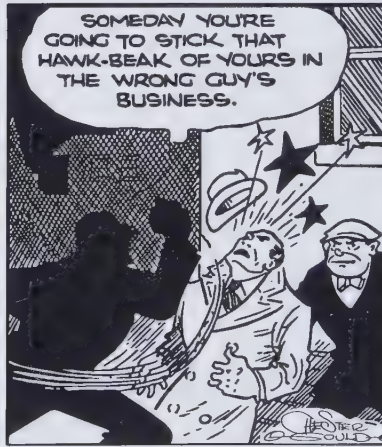


12-2

DROP THAT GUN, DETECTIVE, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT IN THE BACK!



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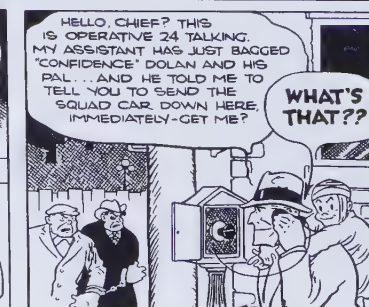
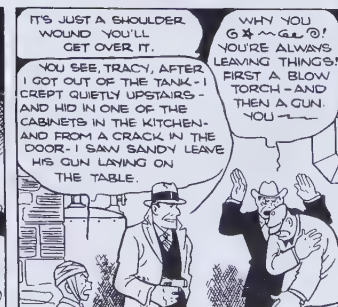
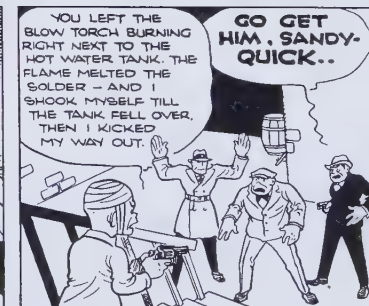
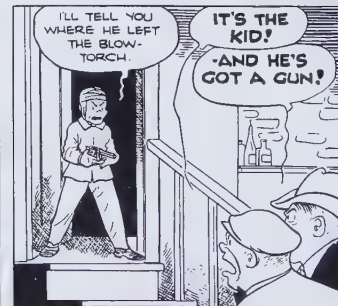
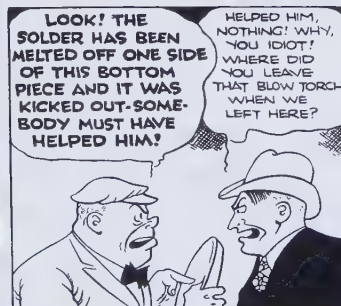
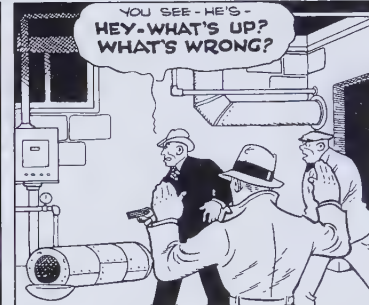
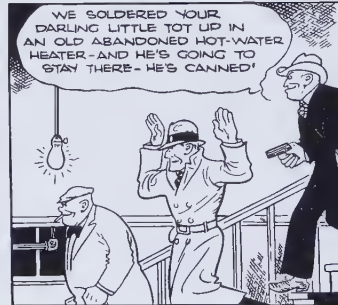
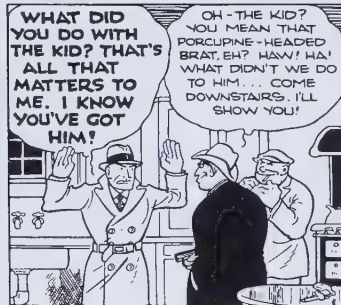
OH NO YOU DON'T! STAND WHERE YOU ARE, OR WE'LL BURN LEAD HOLES RIGHT THROUGH YOUR MIDDLE, AND I AIN'T KIDDIN' YOU.

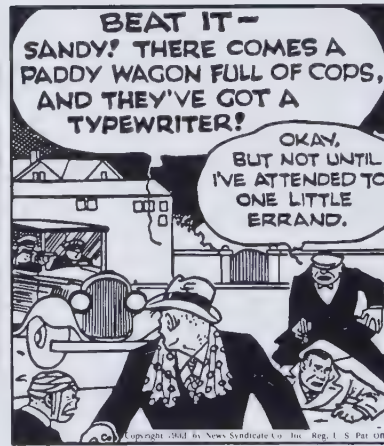
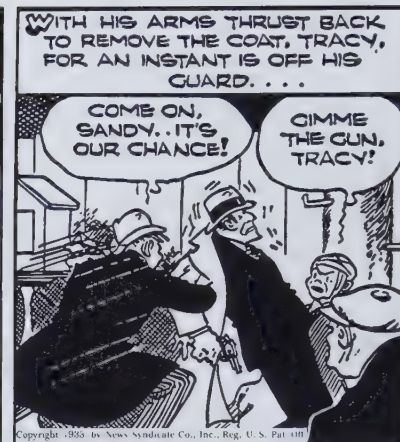
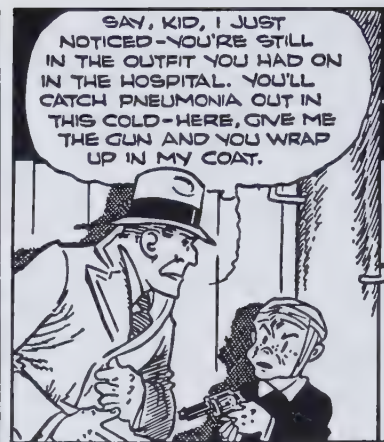
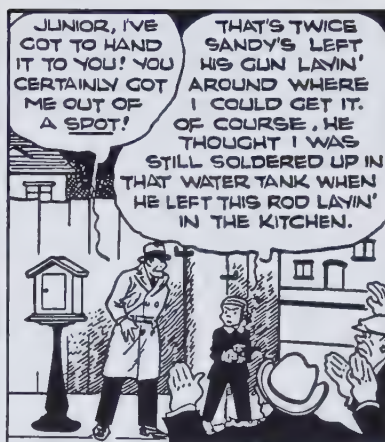
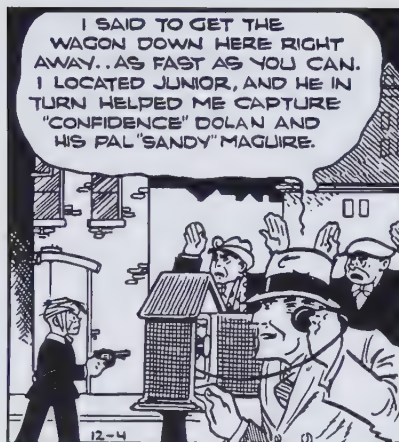


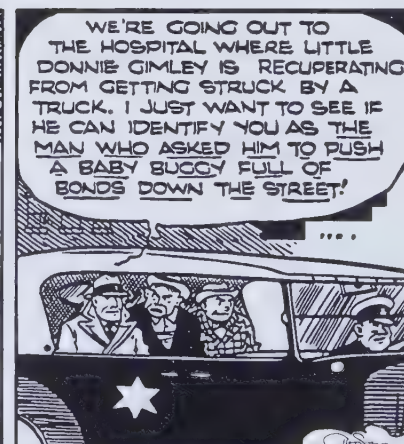
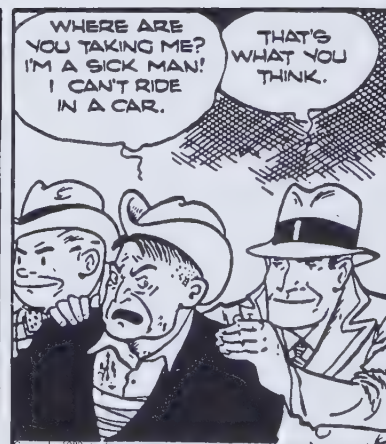
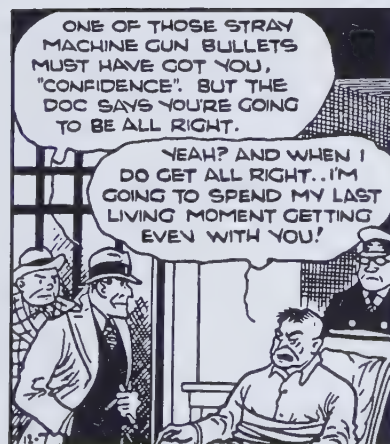
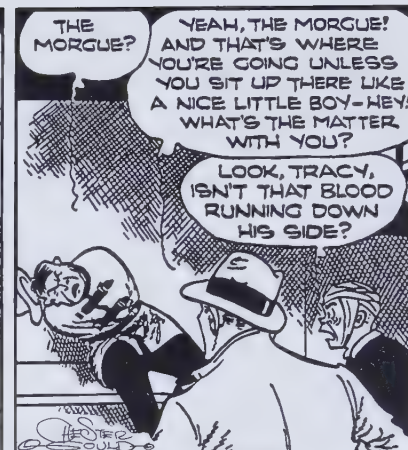
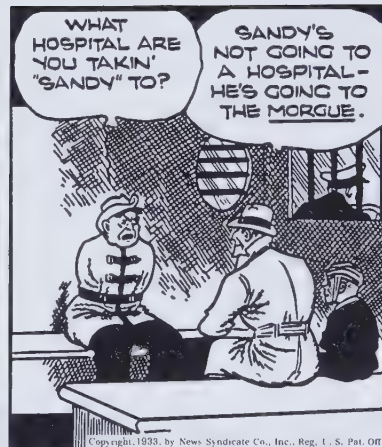
AND THROUGH THAT WINDOW TO THE RIGHT A PAIR OF SHARP EYES SURVEY THE SITUATION WHILE THEIR OWNER TRIES TO FIGURE OUT WHAT MUST BE DONE.

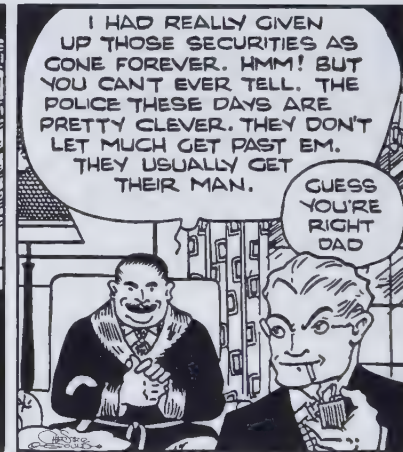
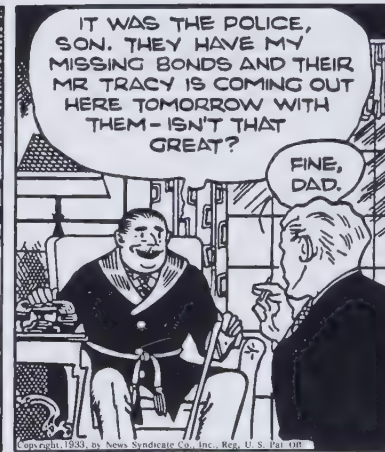
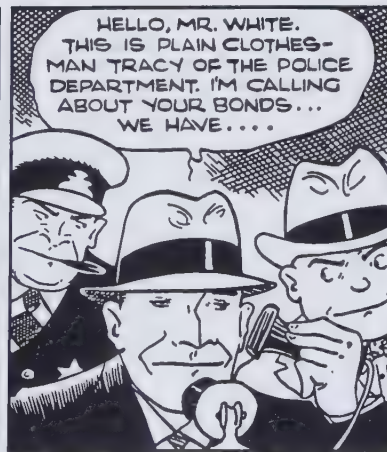
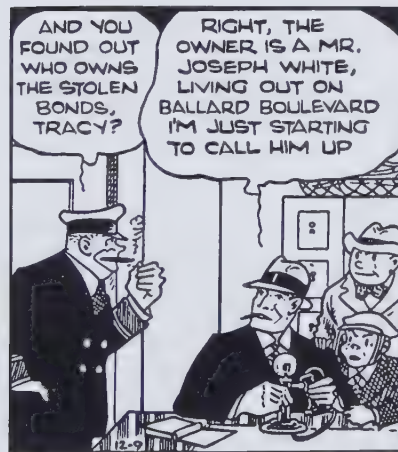
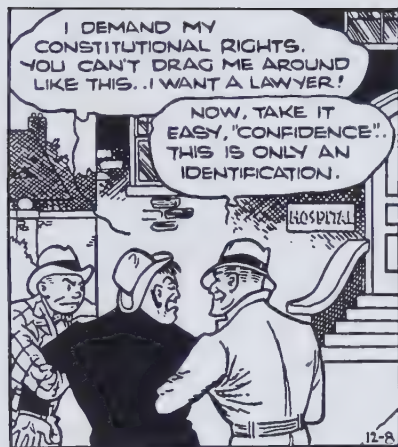
DICK TRACY

AND KEEP EM UP - DETECTIVE!



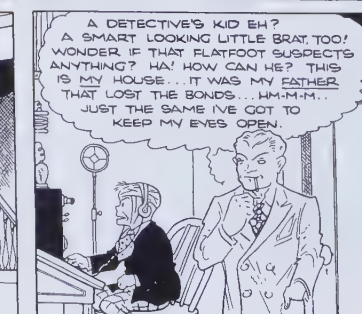
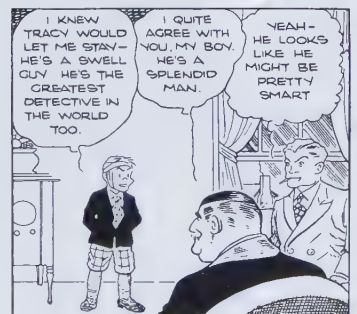
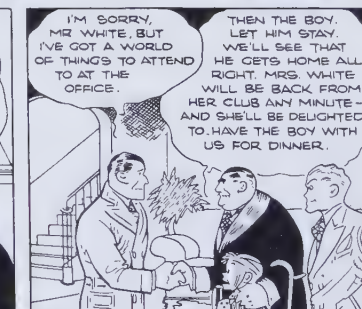
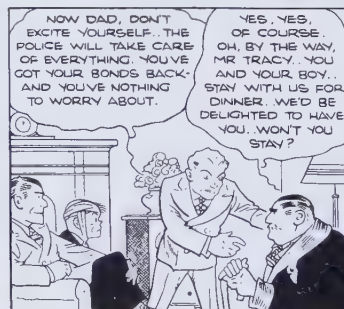
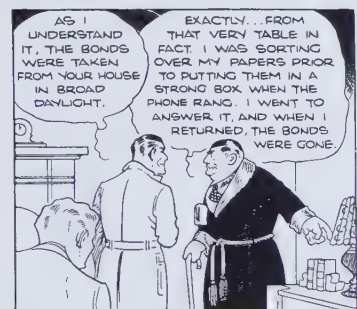
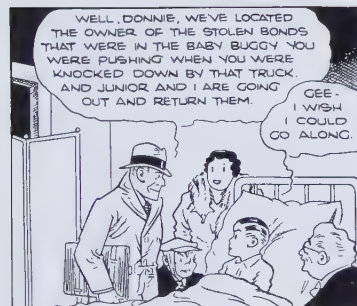


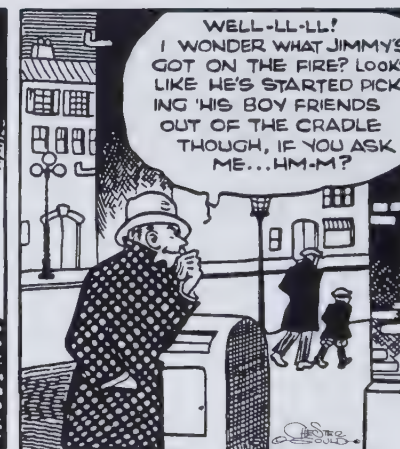
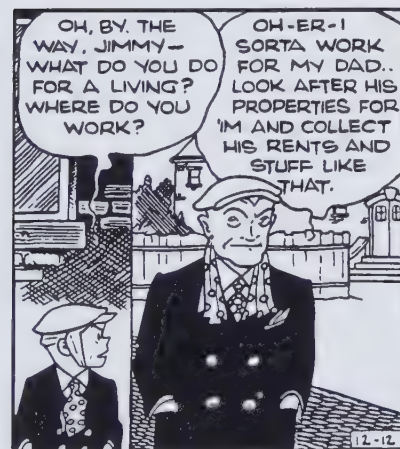
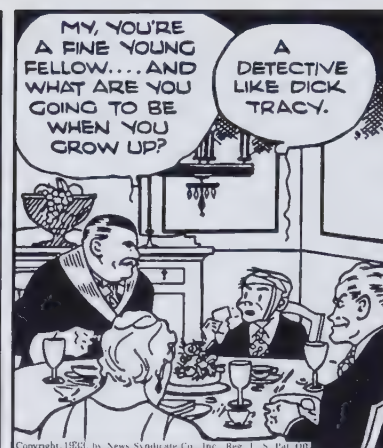
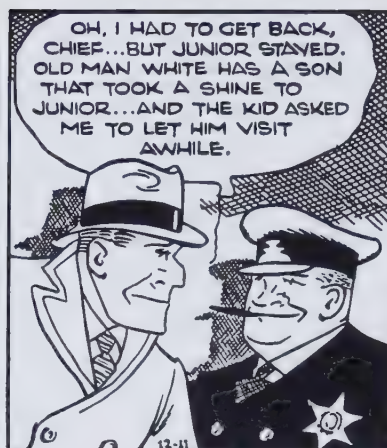
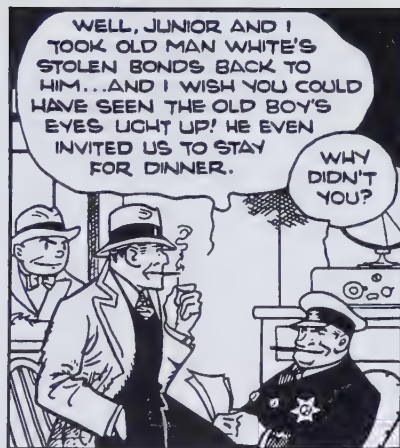


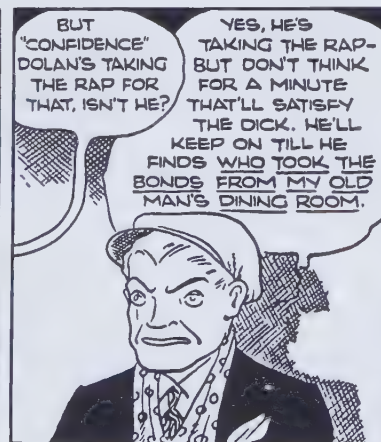
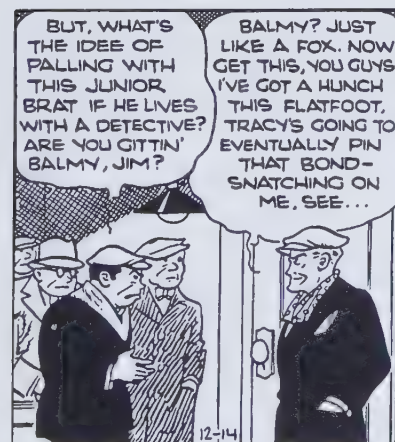
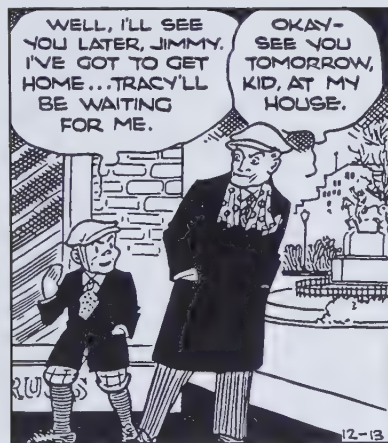


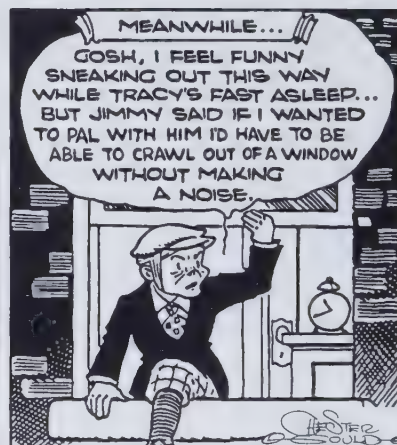
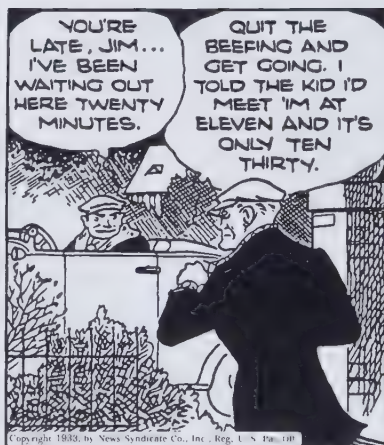
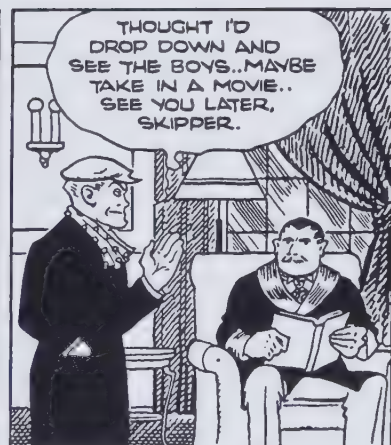
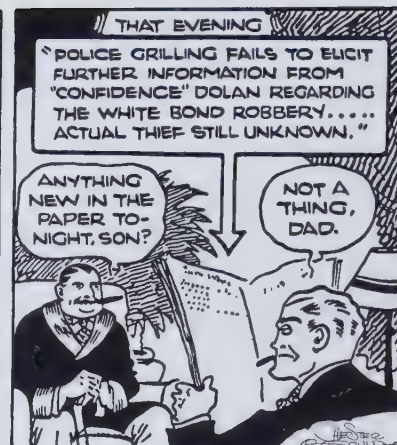
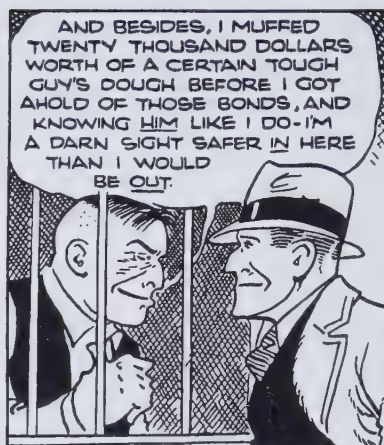
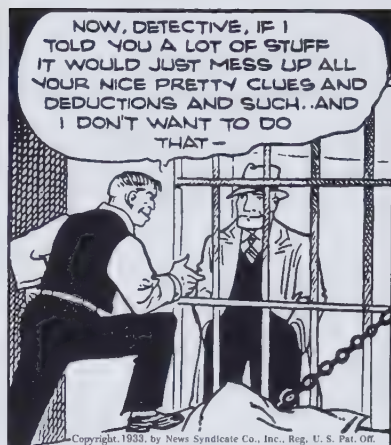
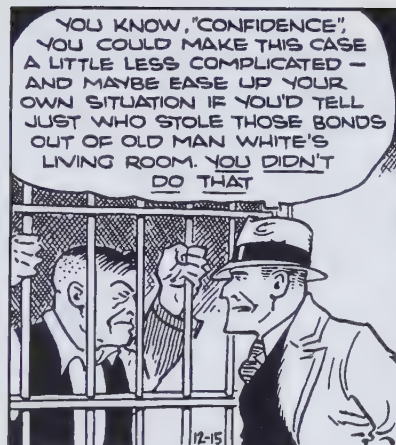
DICK TRACY

THIS IS DONNIE'S ROOM RIGHT DOWN HERE - I BET HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE US TOO









DICK TRACY



JIMMY WHITE, THE SON OF COLONEL WHITE, OWNER OF THE STOLEN BONDS WHICH DICK TRACY RECENTLY RECOVERED, HOLDS A STRANGE FASCINATION FOR THE BOY, JUNIOR, AND JUNIOR SEEMS TO HAVE CLICKED UNUSUALLY WELL WITH JIMMY - SO MUCH SO, IN FACT, THAT THE OLDER BOY HAS INVITED THE KID TO VISIT HIS SECRET CLUB. ...



"YOU'RE SURE DICK TRACY DIDN'T HEAR YOU LEAVE?"

"CERTAINLY! TRACY'S SOUND ASLEEP."



"YOU SEE, ONE OF THE REQUIREMENTS OF OUR CLUB IS THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT OF A WINDOW WITHOUT MAKING ANY NOISE BECAUSE WE ONLY HAVE OUR MEETINGS AT NIGHT."

"GEE, JIMMY, YOU'RE A SWELL GUY. YOU'D MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE. I BET."



"TWENTY MINUTES LATER - WE'RE ALMOST THERE - IT'S JUST UP THESE STAIRS AND DOWN THE HALL... HELLO DAVE... DAVE'S ONE OF OUR LOOKOUTS."

"WHY DO YOU CALL IT THE '25' CLUB?"



"WE CALL IT THE '25' CLUB BECAUSE ALL OF US HAVE MADE A RESOLUTION TO BE RICH BY THE TIME WE ARE TWENTY-FIVE. WELL, THIS IS IT."

"O.K. COME IN, JIMMY."



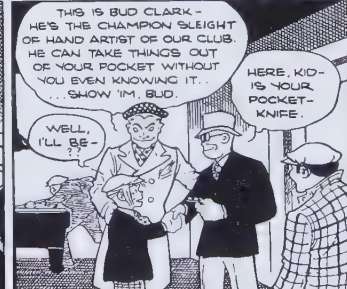
"FELLOWS, I WANT YOU TO MEET A REGULAR GUY - THIS IS JUNIOR TRACY."



"THIS IS BUD CLARK - HE'S THE CHAMPION SLEIGHT OF HAND ARTIST OF OUR CLUB. HE CAN TAKE THINGS OUT OF YOUR POCKET WITHOUT YOU EVEN KNOWING IT... SHOW 'IM, BUD."

"HERE, KID - IS YOUR POCKET-KNIFE."

"WELL, I'LL BE--"



"SHAKE HANDS WITH 'SNIPS' MOORE. HE CAN HIT A WALNUT AT FIFTY PACES WITH A .32 REVOLVER, SIGHTING BACKWARDS INTO A MIRROR."

"GEE, THAT'S SWELL. I WISH I COULD DO THAT."



"THIS IS 'KNOCKOUT' NEBBLY. WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT JU JITSU YOU COULD PUT IN YOUR EYE. HE CAN TAKE A TWO HUNDRED POUND COP AND TOSS HIM OVER HIS HEAD LIKE NOTHING."

"BOY! THAT'S GREAT. YOU GUYS ARE SURE SWELL."



"JIMMY WAS TELLING US YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN OUR CLUB - WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

"GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO EXCEPT I KNOW ALL THE POLICE OFFICERS AND THE CHIEF - AND I LIVE WITH THE GREATEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD - DICK TRACY."



"BAY, KID - IT'S GETTING LATE. YOU'D BETTER GET BACK HOME BEFORE TRACY DISCOVERS YOU'RE GONE. REMEMBER, THIS IS A SECRET CLUB. DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT TO ANYBODY."

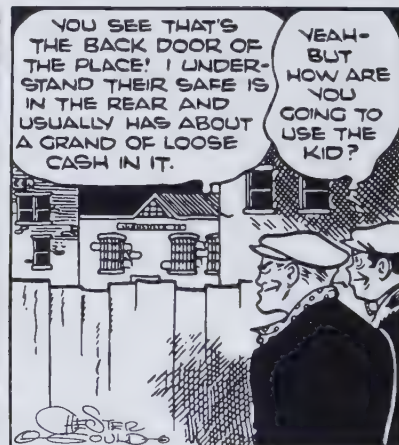
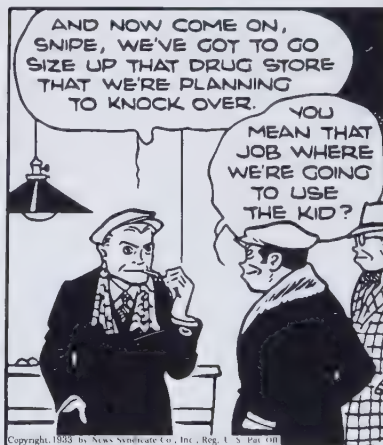
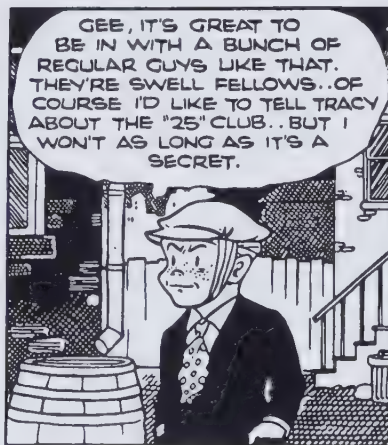
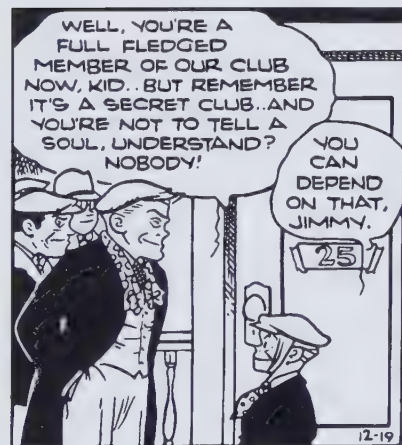
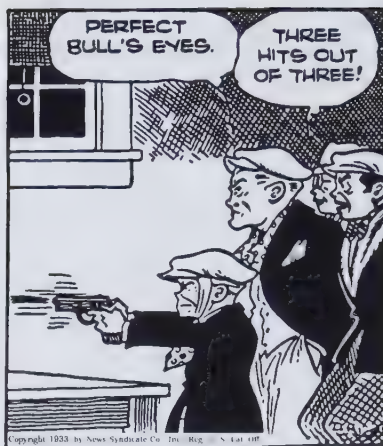
"DON'T WORRY - JIMMY. I WON'T SAY A WORD."

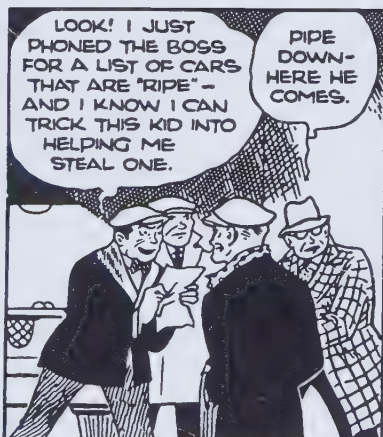
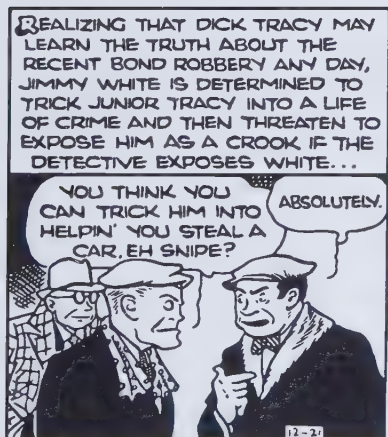
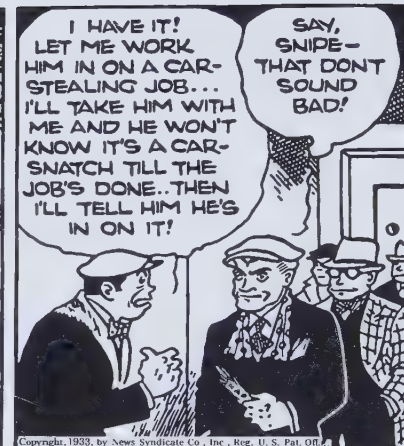
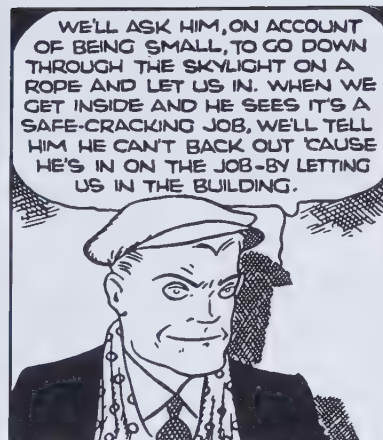
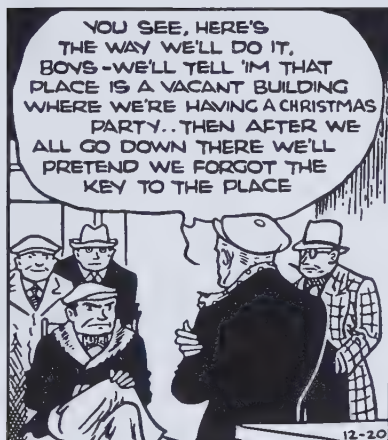


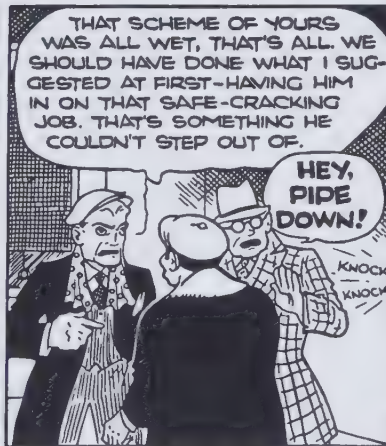
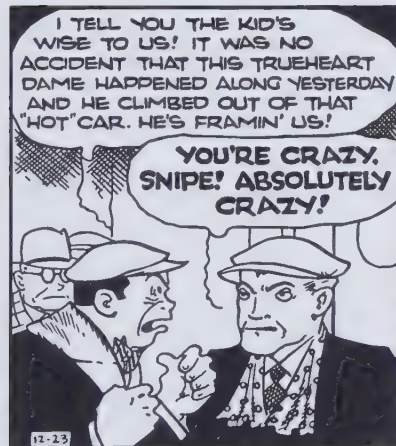
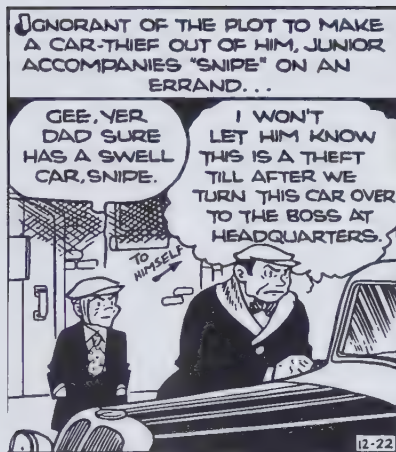
"JIMMY, HE'S JUST THE KID WE NEED FOR THAT JOB - BUT ISN'T IT DANGEROUS USING A DETECTIVE'S KID?"

"LISTEN, I KNOW THAT KID'S TYPE! HE'LL KEEP A SECRET. HE THINKS OUR CLUB'S ON THE LEVEL. AND HE'S JUST THE KID WE NEED FOR THAT SAFE-CRACKING JOB!"

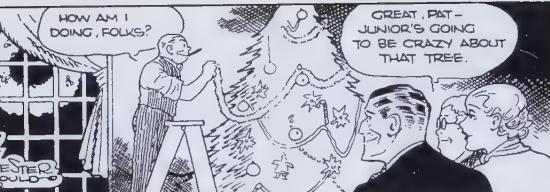




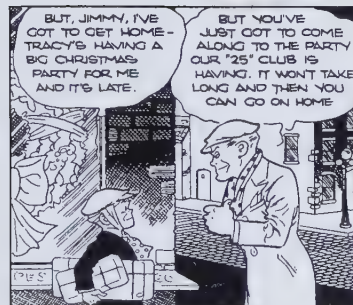




DICK TRACY



GREAT, PAT - JUNIOR'S GOING TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT TREE.



BUT YOU'VE JUST GOT TO COME ALONG TO THE PARTY OUR '25' CLUB IS HAVING. IT WON'T TAKE LONG AND THEN YOU CAN GO HOME



OH, YOU'LL ENJOY IT - ICE CREAM AND CAKE AND EVERYTHING. YOU SEE WE'RE HAVING OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY IN A DIFFERENT ROOM THAN OUR CLUBROOM. IT'S RIGHT AROUND THAT BUILDING.



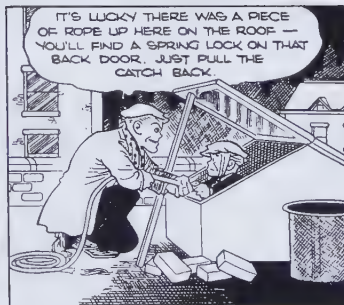
HYA JIM.
HELLO JUNIOR.
HEY, JIMMY. HAVE YOU GOT YOUR KEY?



I HAVEN'T GOT THE KEY - I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT. NOW HOW'LL WE GET IN?



OKAY, SURE! LET'S GO



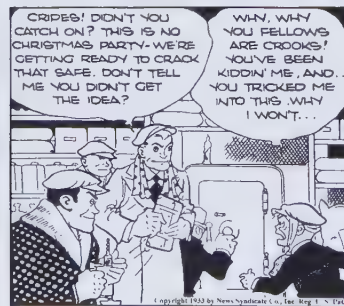
WELL, EVERYTHING'S ALL SET, SAY. THAT'S A GOOD LOOKING CHRISTMAS TREE, TRACY, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.



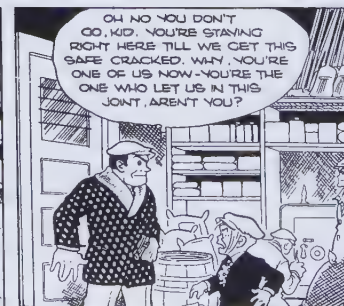
NOW DICK, DON'T GET EXCITED. HE TOLD ME HE HAD SOME LAST MINUTE SHOPPING TO DO - AND, PERHAPS HAD TROUBLE GETTING WAITED ON IN THE STORE.



NOT SO LOUD - YOU LITTLE SAPI! SURE IT'S THE BACK OF A STORE - AND LOOK, THERE'S A SAFE OVER THERE.

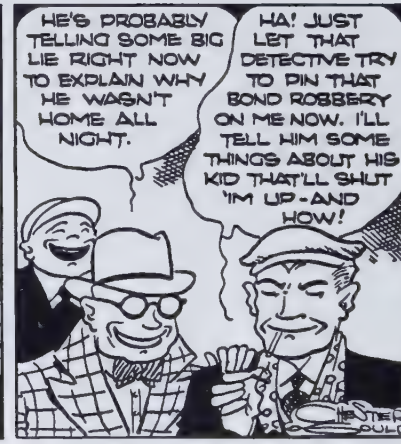
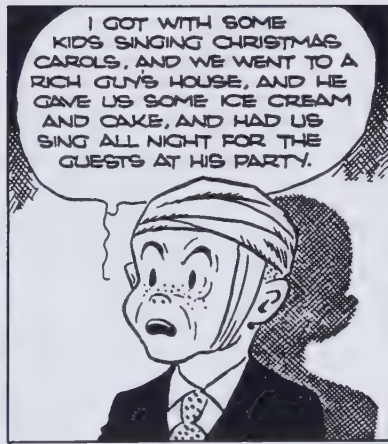
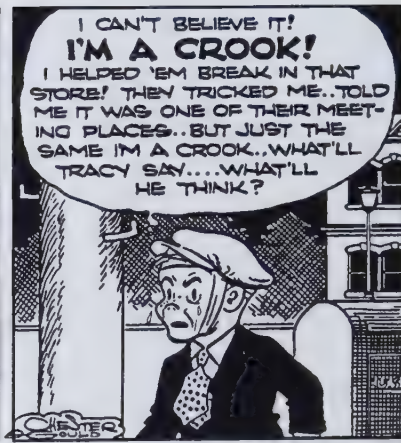
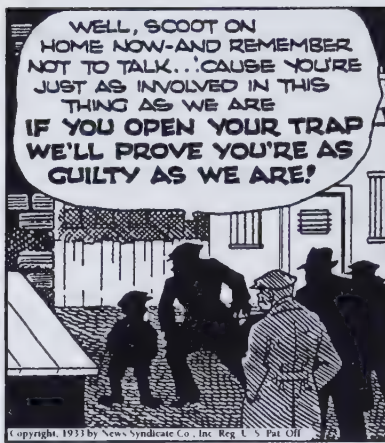
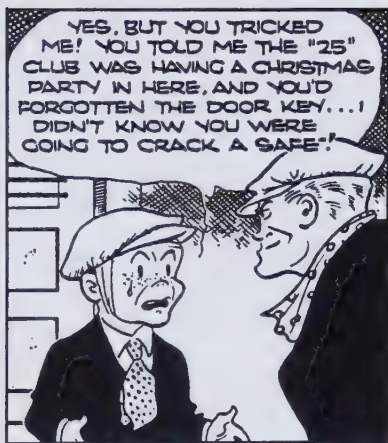


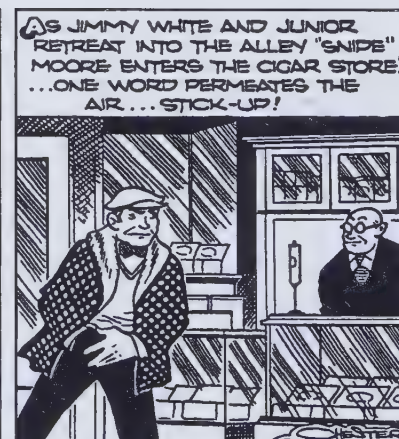
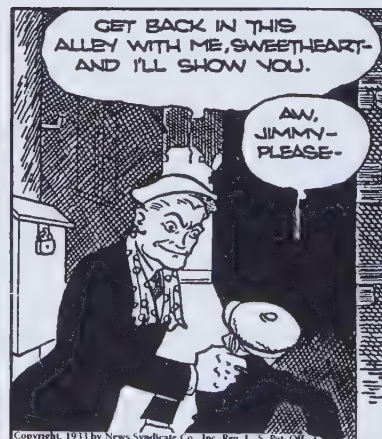
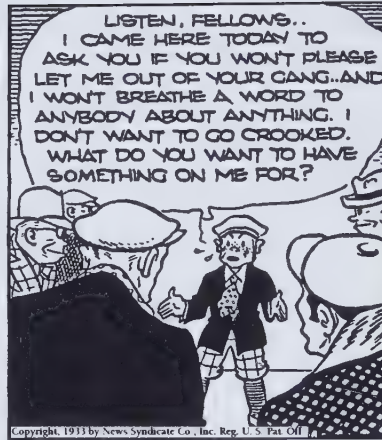
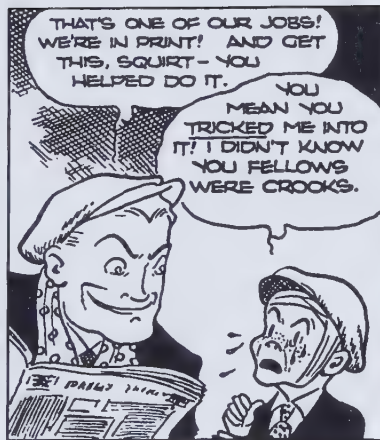
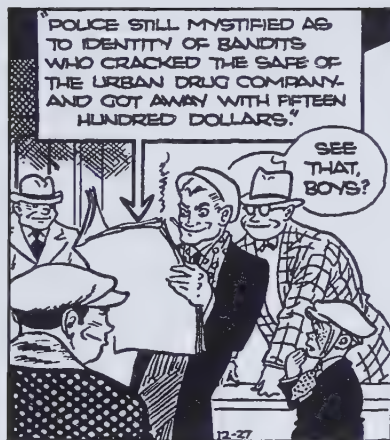
WHY, WHY YOU FELLOWS ARE CROOKS! YOU'VE BEEN KIDDIN' ME, AND... YOU TRICKED ME INTO THIS. WHY I WON'T...

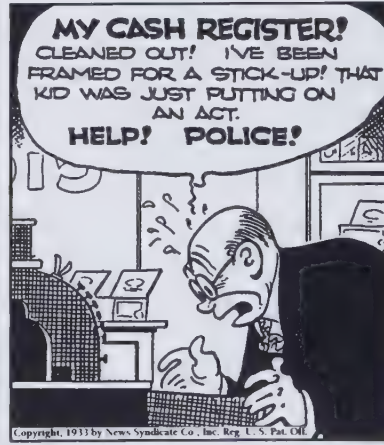
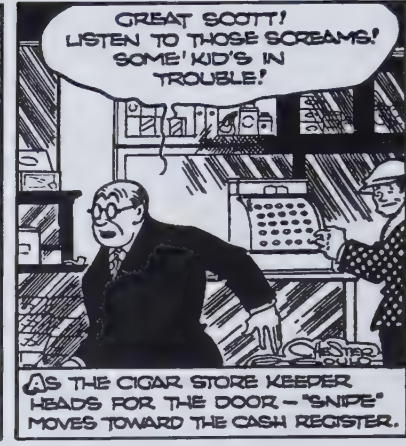
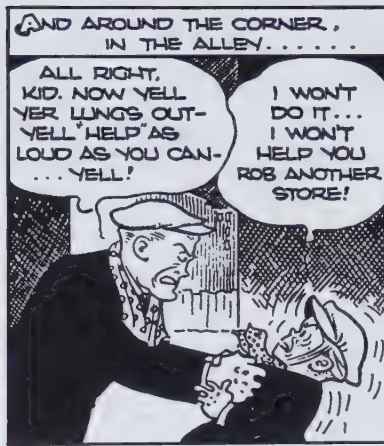
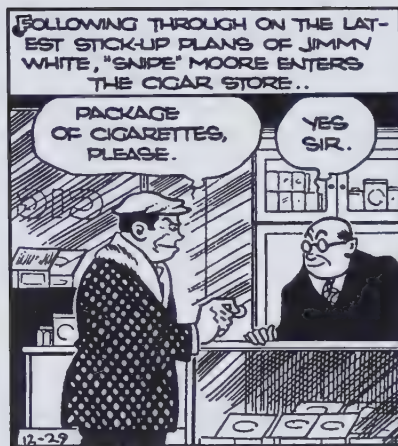


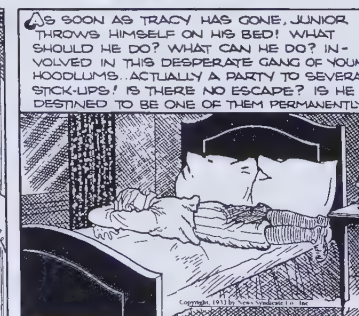
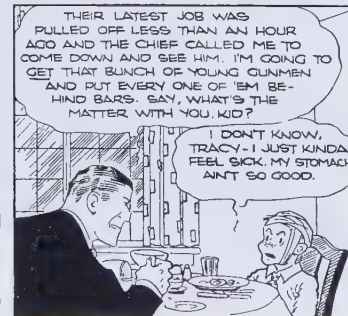
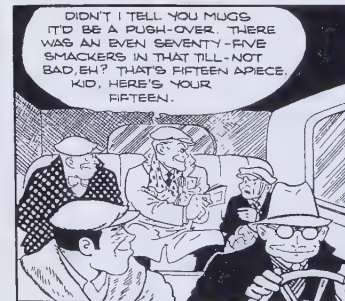
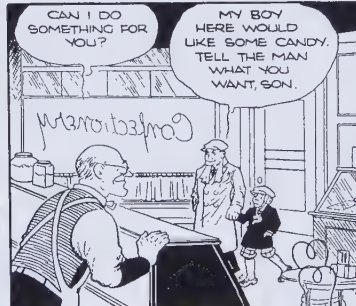
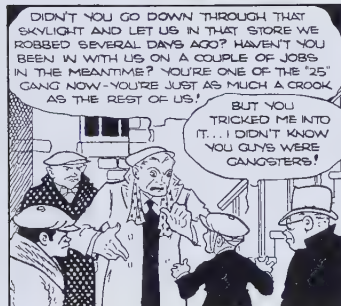
LET 'M HAVE IT - SNIDE!

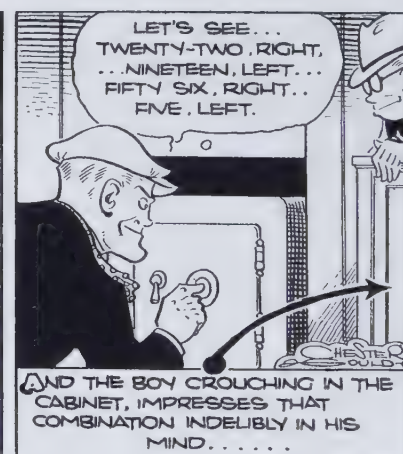
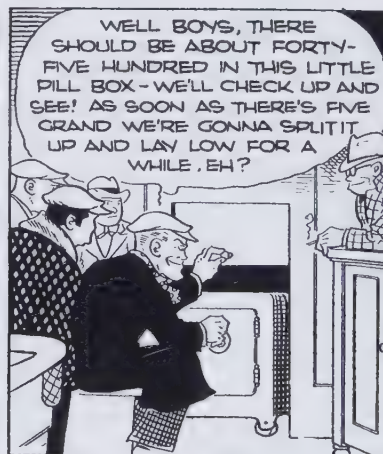
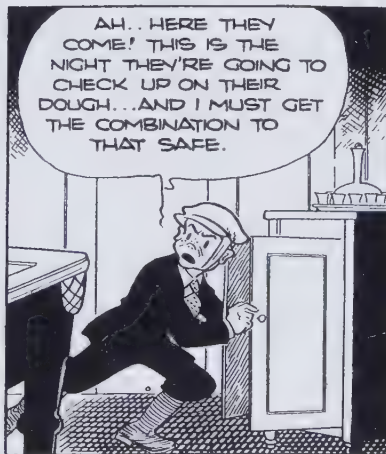
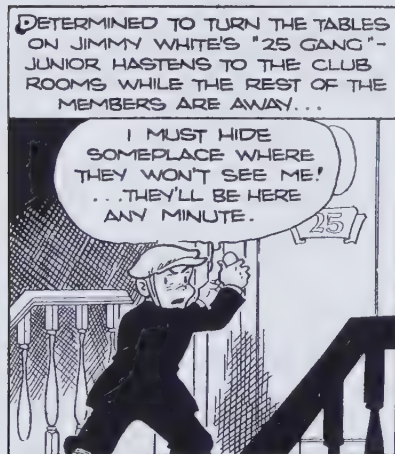
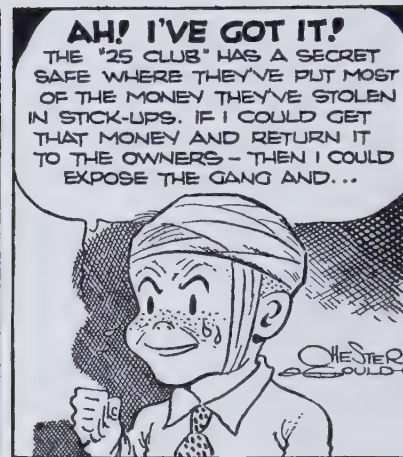
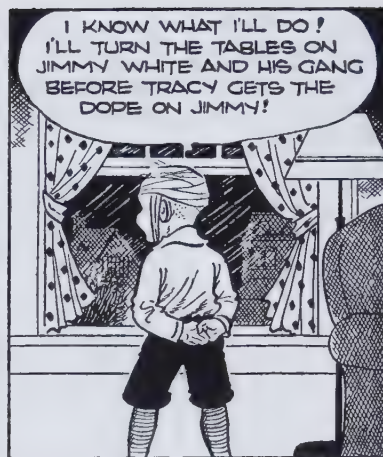
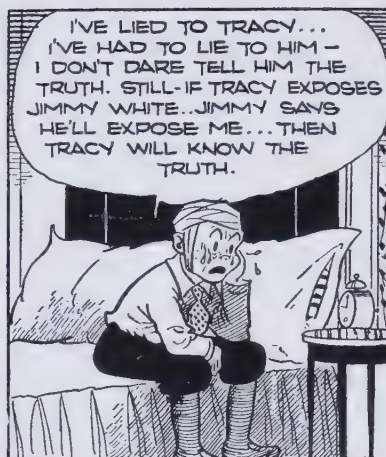
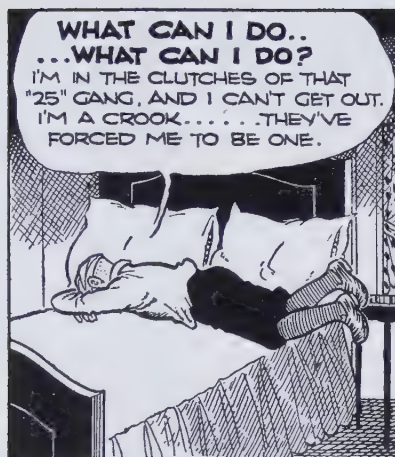
CHRISTMAS EVE! TRICKED BY THIS GROUP OF YOUNG GANGSTERS INTO HELPING COMMIT A ROBBERY. WHAT CAN JUNIOR DO?

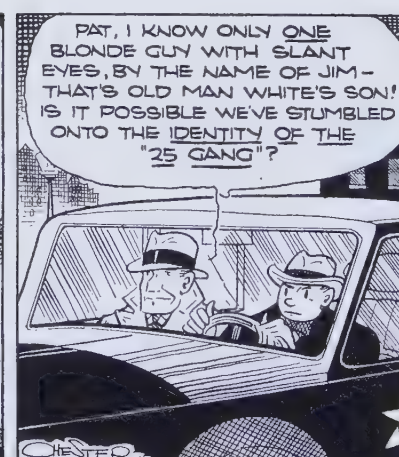
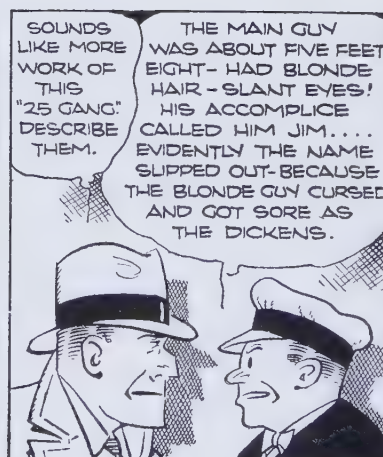
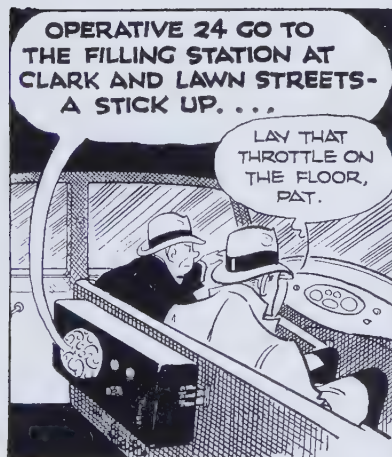
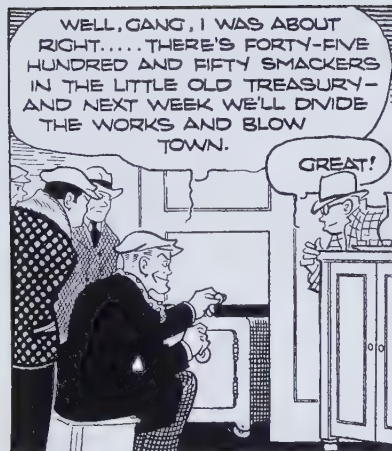


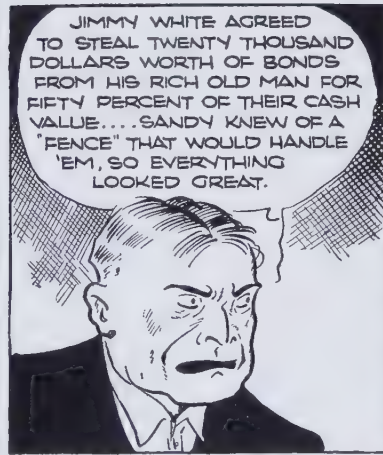
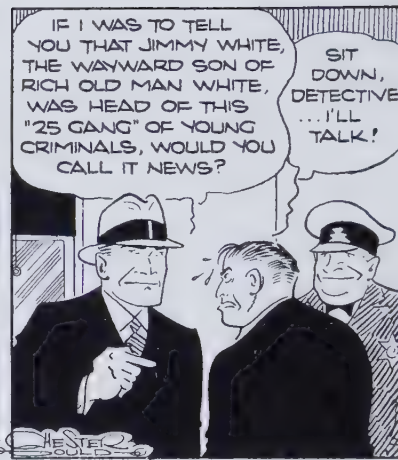
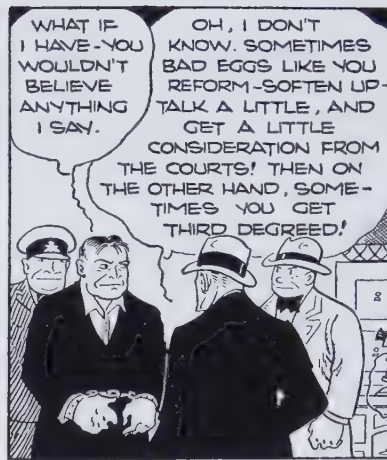
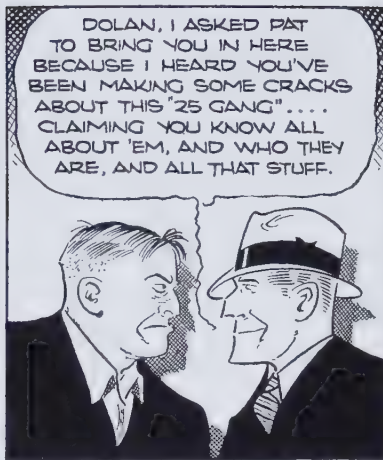






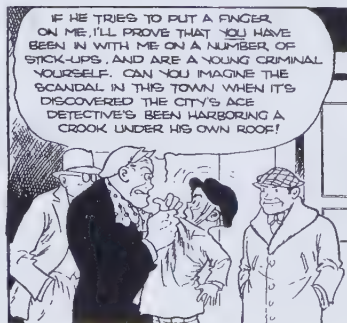
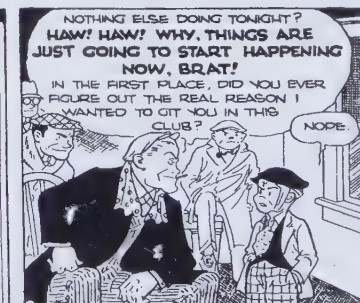
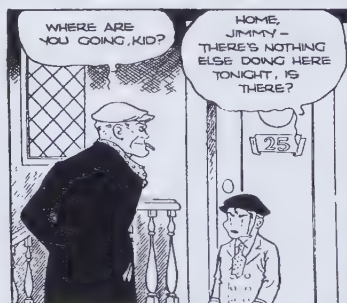
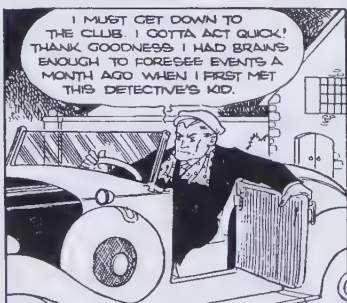
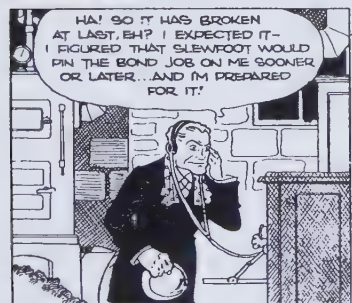
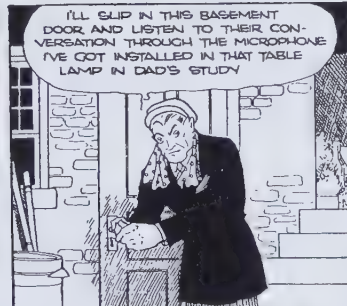
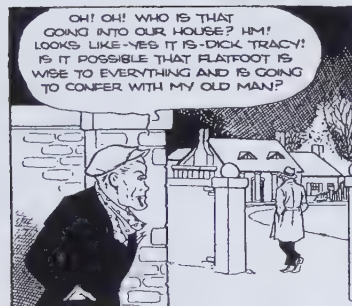


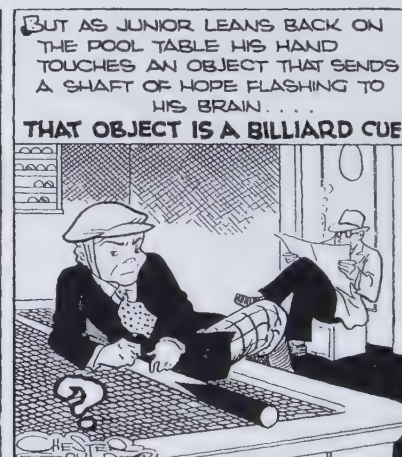
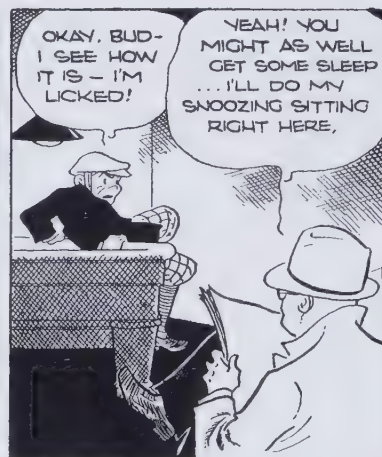
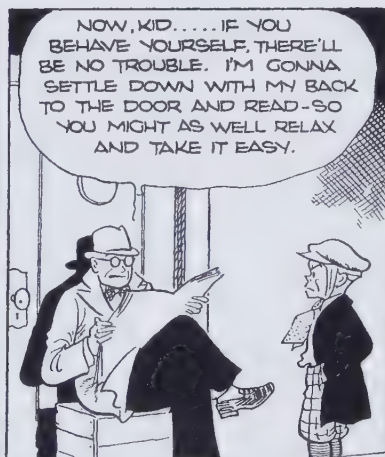
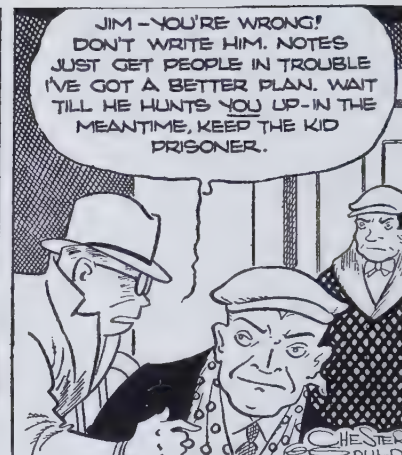
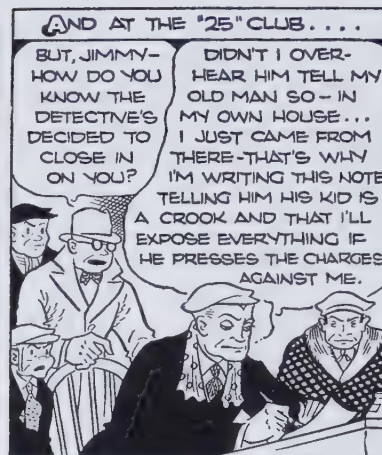
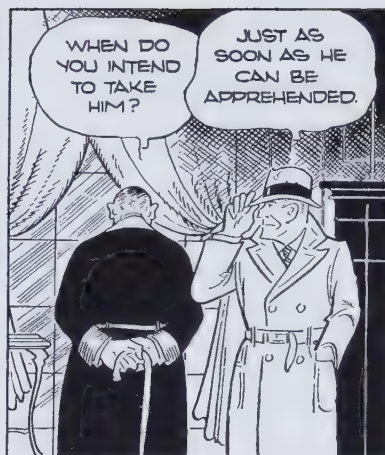


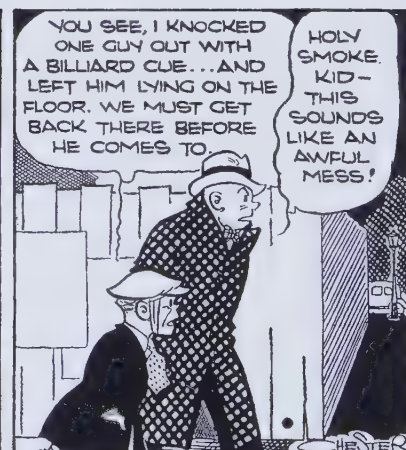
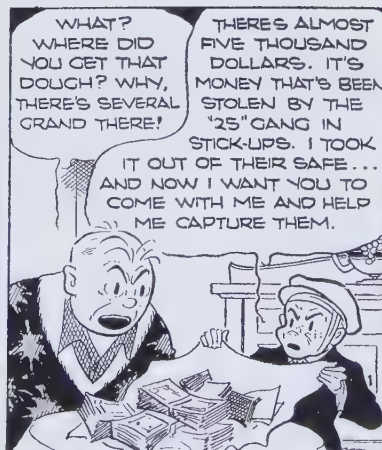
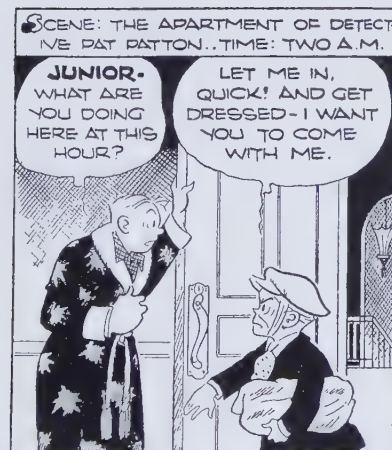
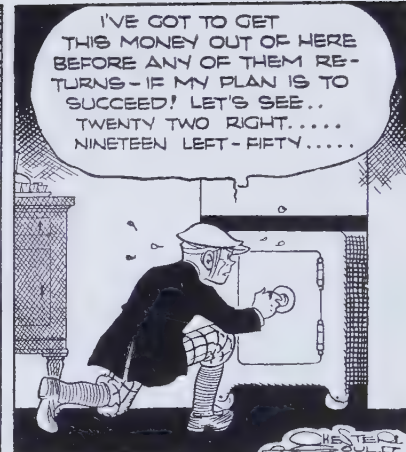
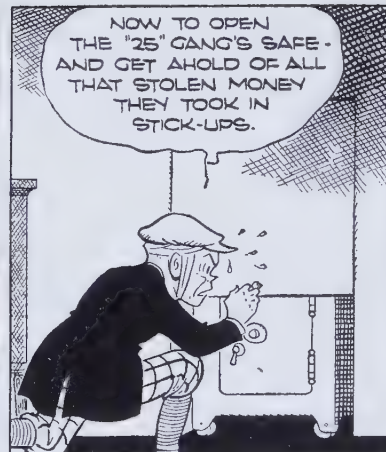


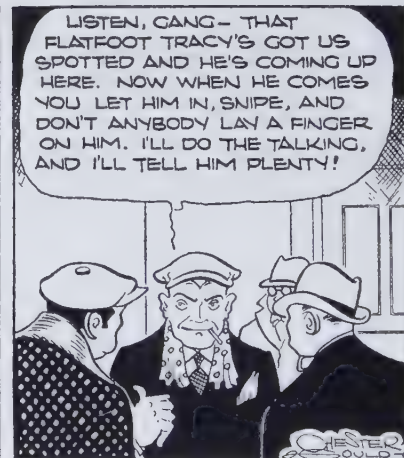
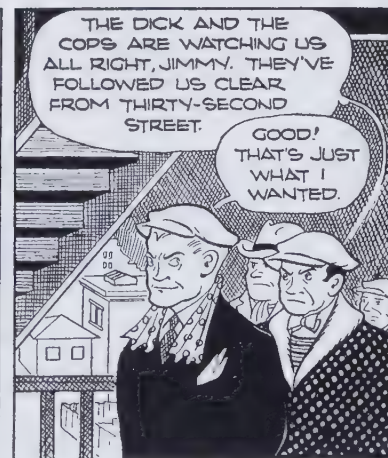
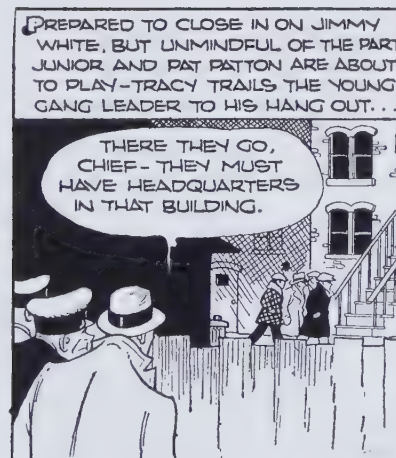
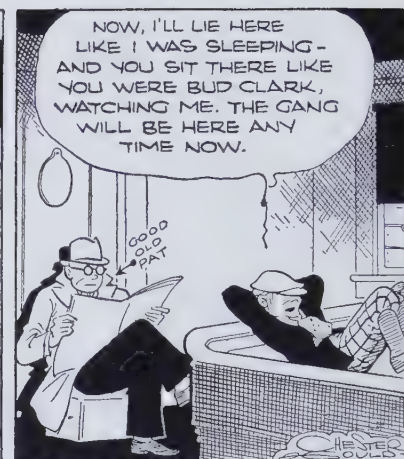
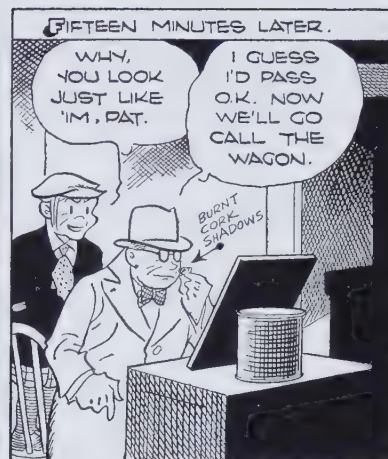
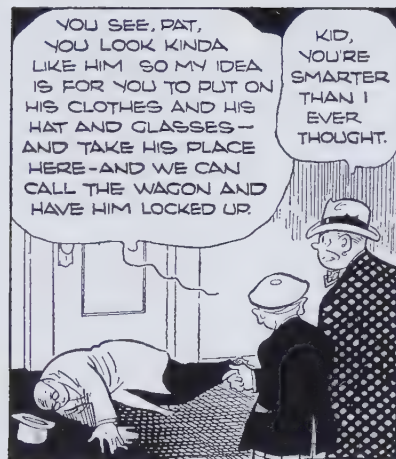
DICK TRACY

THIS IS RATHER A TICKLISH MISSION I'M ON, TELLING OLD MAN WHITE HIS SON'S A CROOK, BUT... THE SOONER THIS THING IS CLEARED UP, THE BETTER.

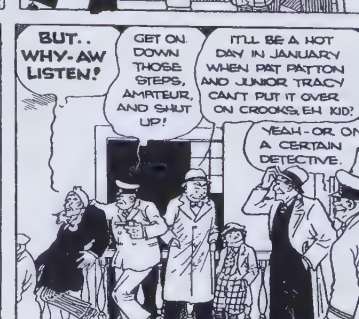
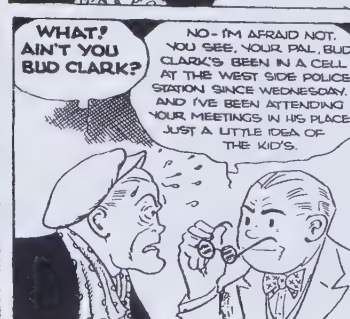
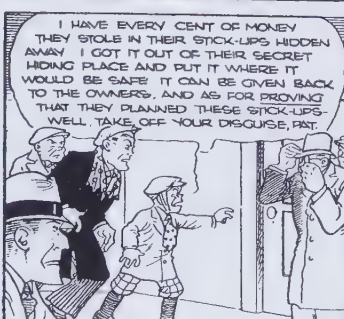
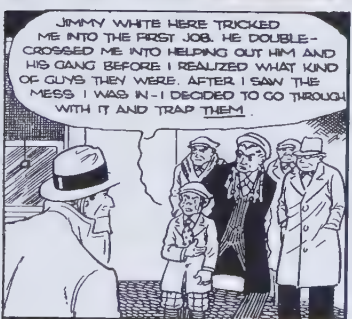
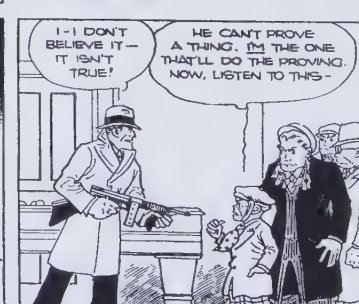
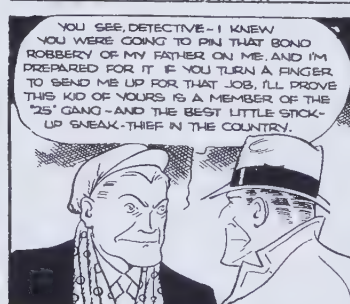
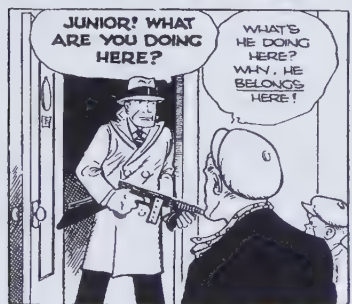
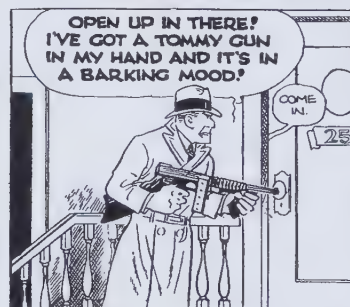
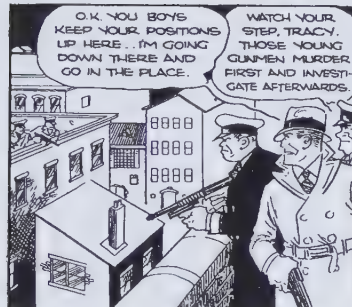








DICK TRACY



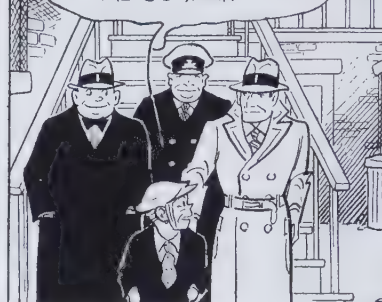
JIMMY WHITE'S GREAT PLAN FOR PROTECTING HIMSELF THROUGH JUNIOR TRACY CRUMBLES TO DUST AS THE KID SPRINGS ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER...



IT'S TRUE, TRACY - ALL THE MONEY THE "25" GANG TOOK IN STICK-UPS IS SAFE AND SOUND IN PAT'S HOUSE...AND PAT IS MY WITNESS AGAINST THIS GANG-HE HEARD JIMMY ADMIT HOW THEY HAD PLOTTED EVERY-THING TO GET ME IN A SPOT.



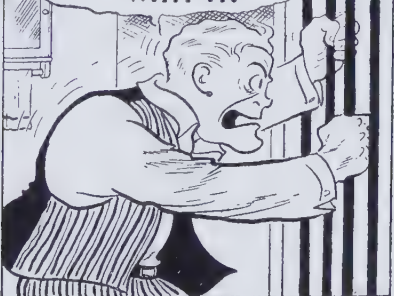
THEY'VE HAD ME IN THEIR GRIP FOR THREE WEEKS, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU ANNYTHING ABOUT IT TILL I'D GOTTEN THE DOPE ON THEM, AND PAT HELPED ME DO THAT!



AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE DETECTIVE IN THIS FAMILY!



WHERE'S THAT KID? WHERE'S THAT LITTLE BRAT THAT DOUBLE-CROSSED ME? I'LL BREAK HIS NECK! HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



I'LL GET OUT OF HERE...THEY CAN'T HOLD ME IN HERE! I'LL GET A GUN..AND I'LL SHOOT MY WAY OUT- I'LL--



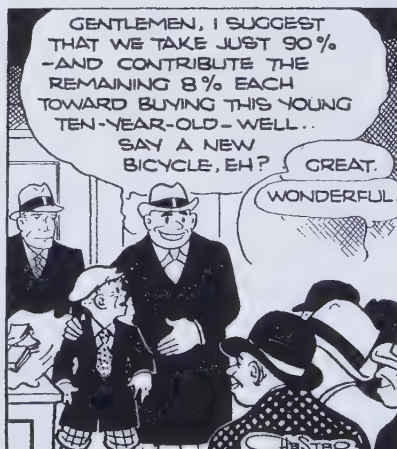
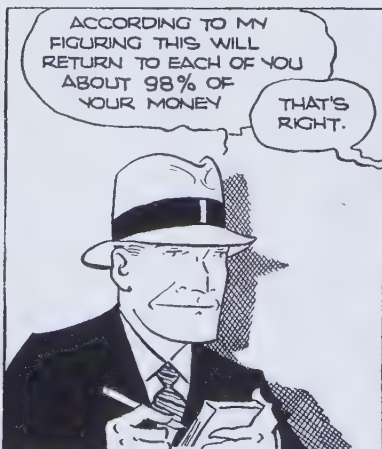
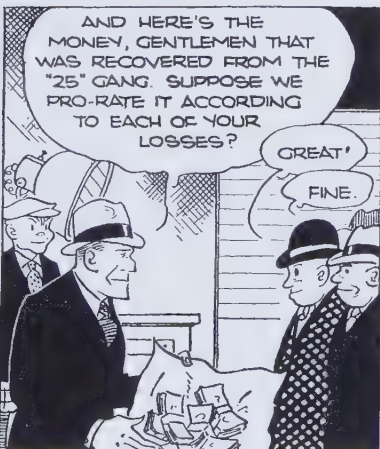
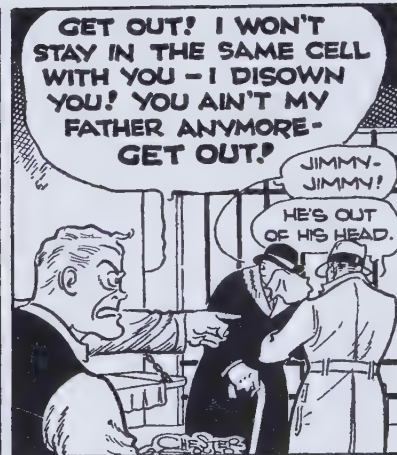
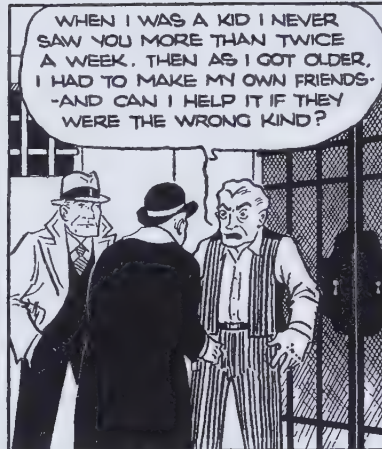
SNAP OUT OF IT, WHITE...YOU'RE GOING NUTS.

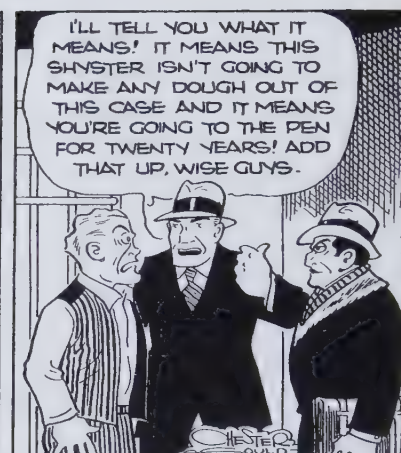
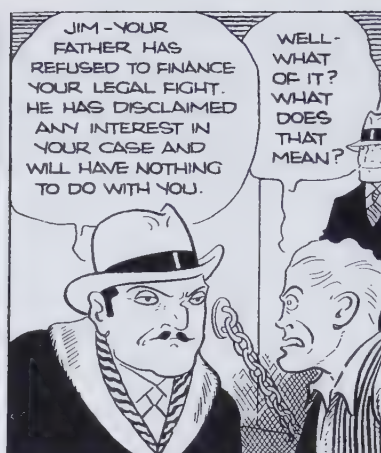
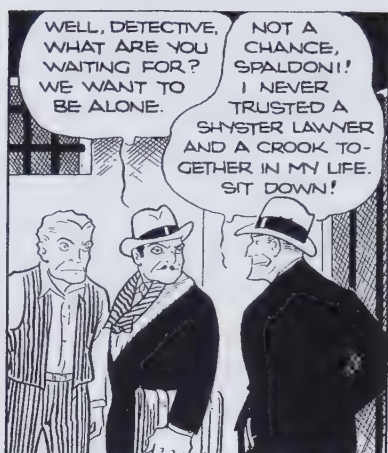


BESIDES YOUR FATHER'S OUT HERE- HE'S BROKEN-HEARTED...HE'S COME TO TALK TO YOU!



NO! NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO 'IM! I CAN'T FACE HIM- DON'T LET HIM IN HERE!



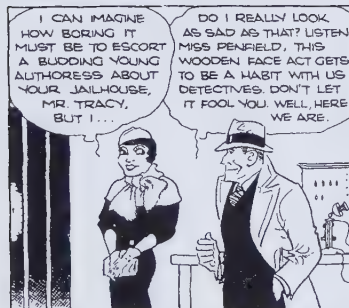
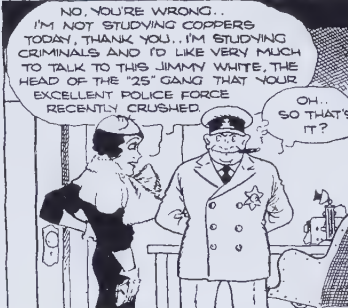


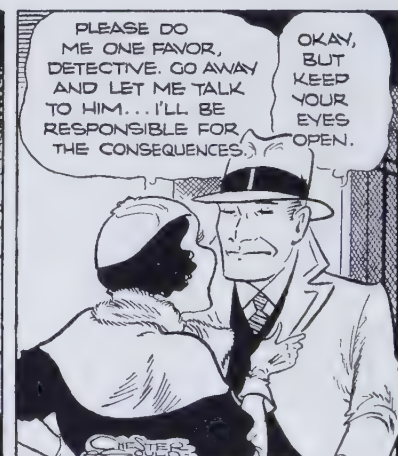
DICK TRACY

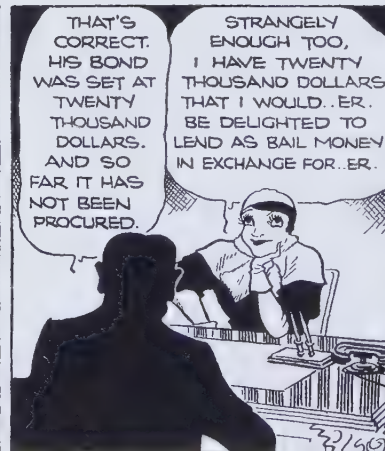
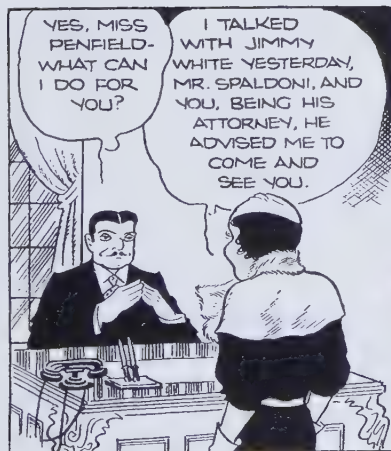
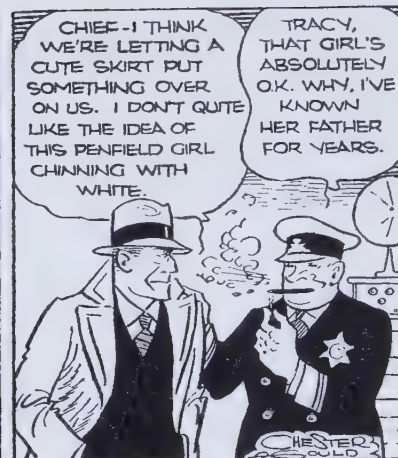
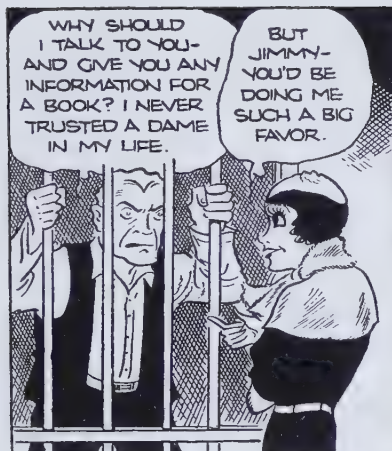
WHY, JEAN PENFIELD! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE NIGHT YOUR FATHER PUT MY NAME UP FOR CHIEF OF POLICE.

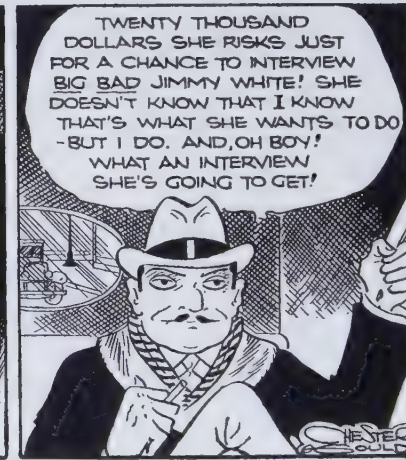
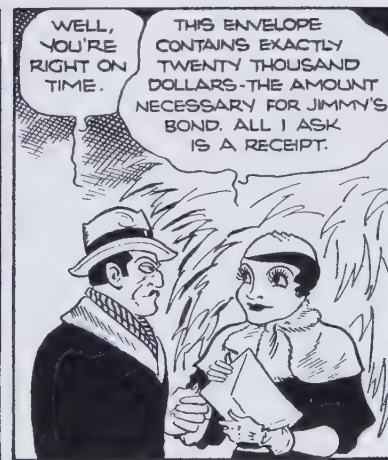
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME - HASN'T IT? MY, YOU'RE LOOKING FINE, CHIEF.

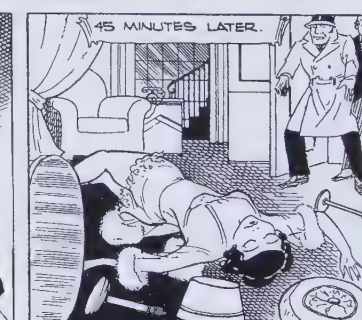
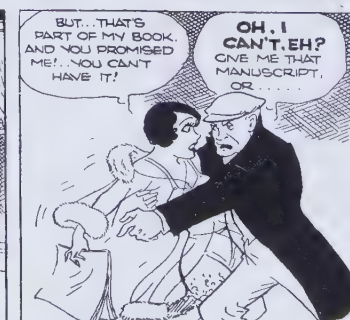
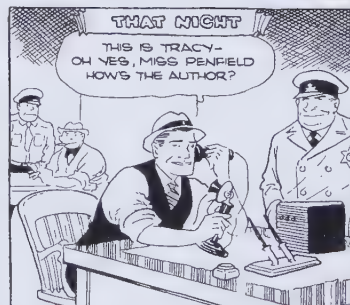
RAY
CHESTER
GOLD

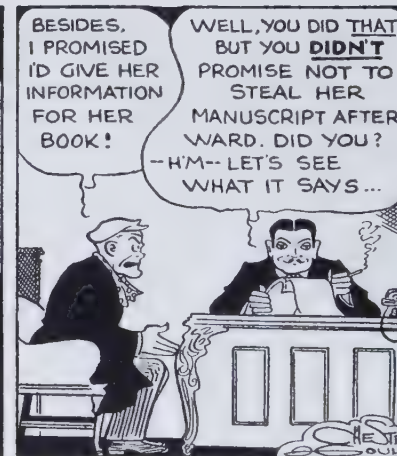
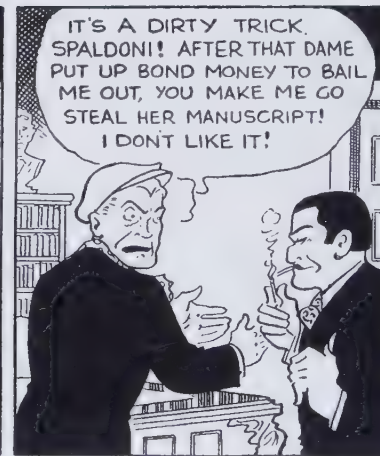
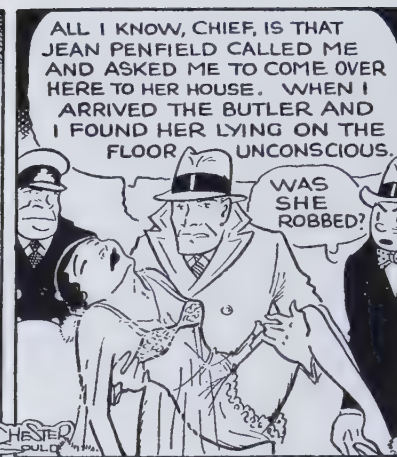


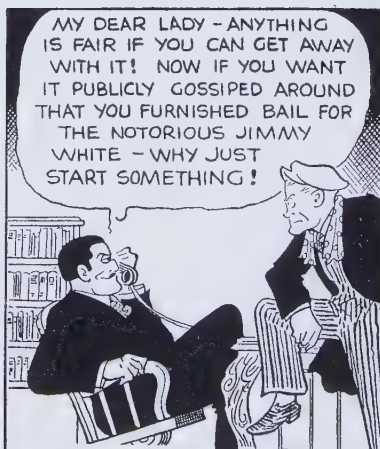
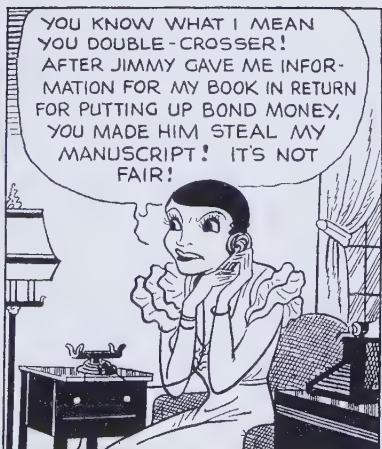
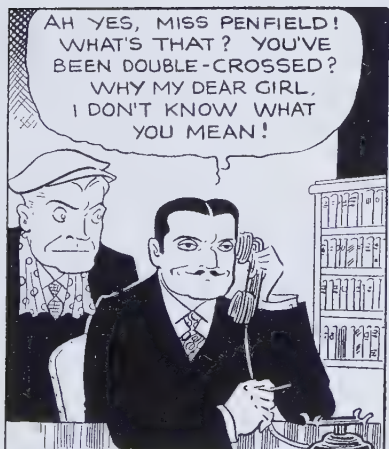
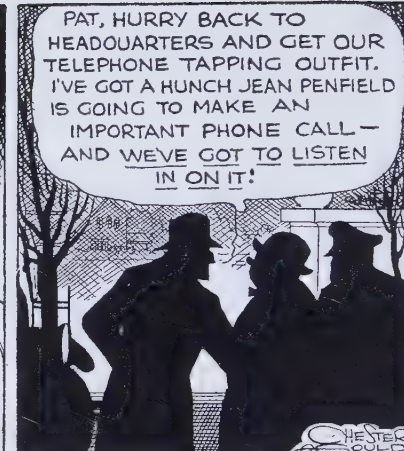
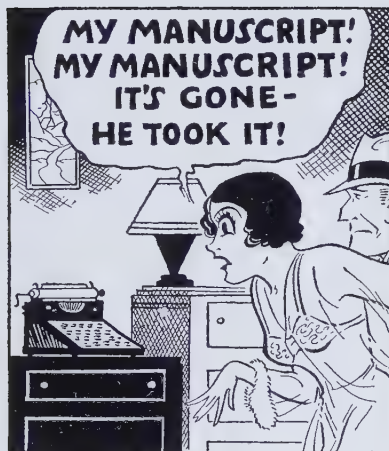


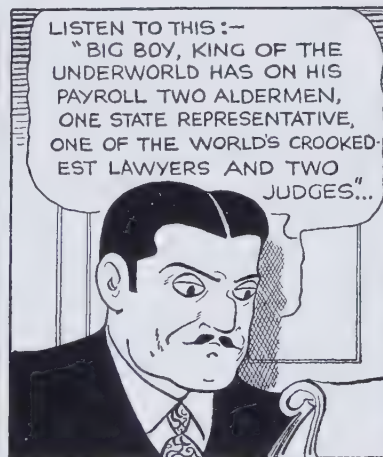
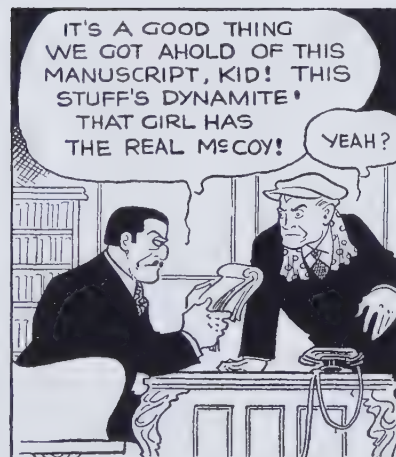




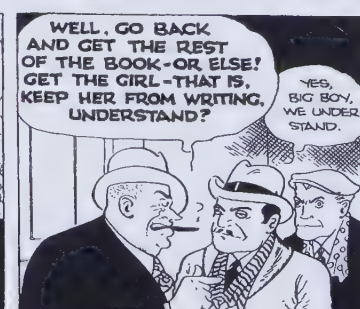
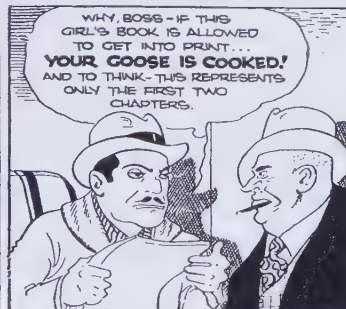
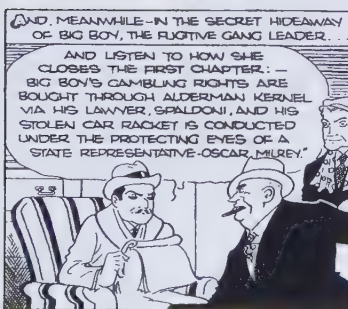
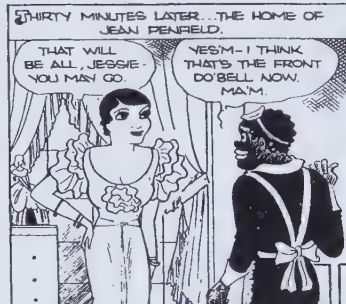


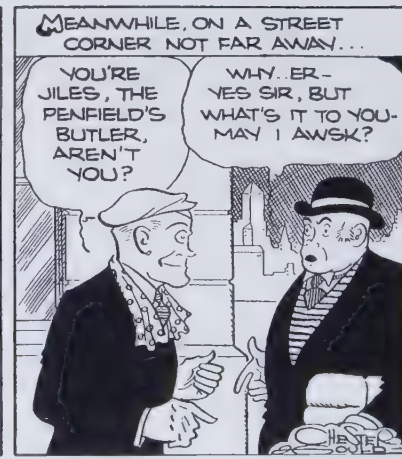
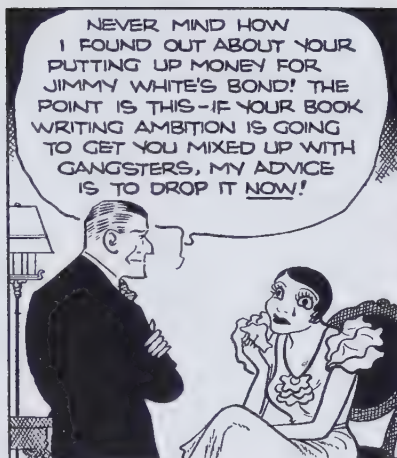


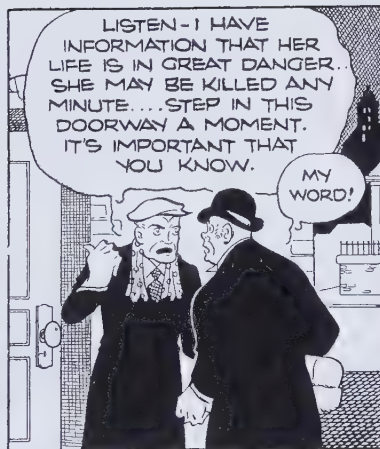
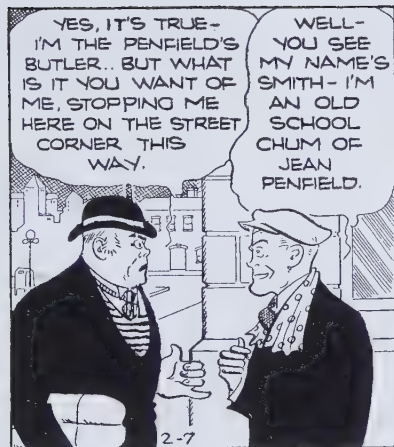


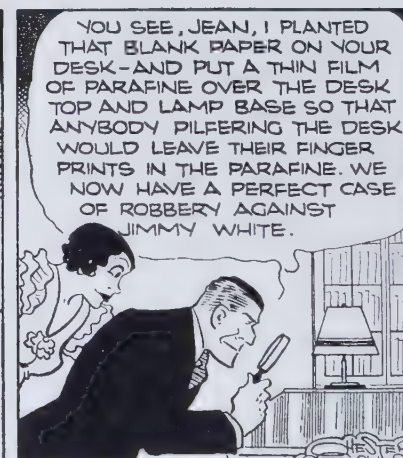
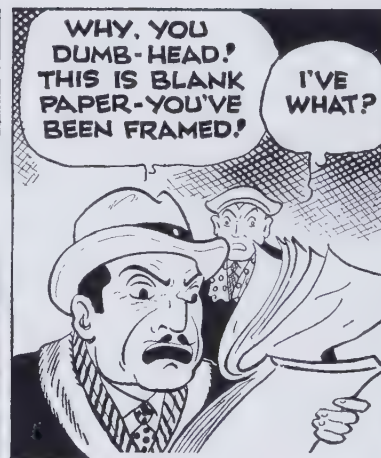
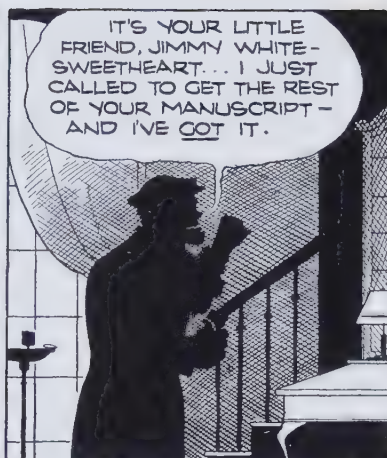


DICK TRACY

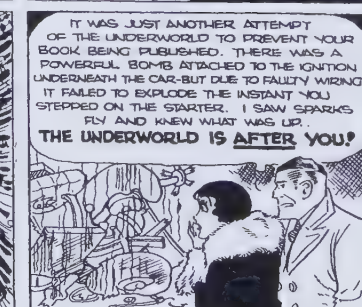
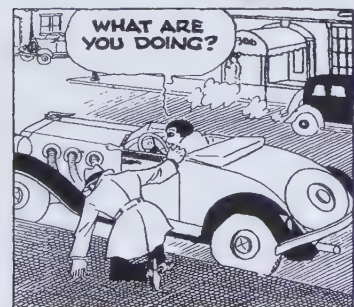
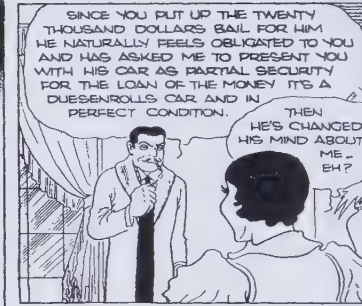
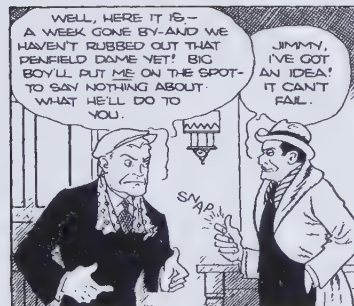
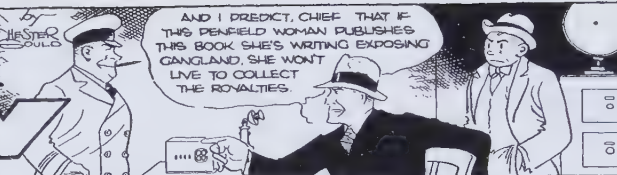


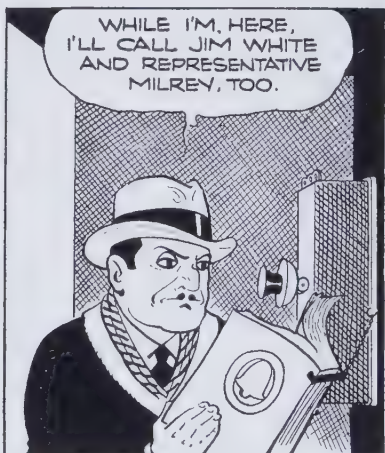
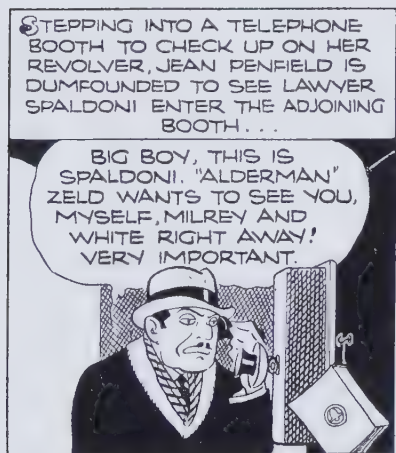
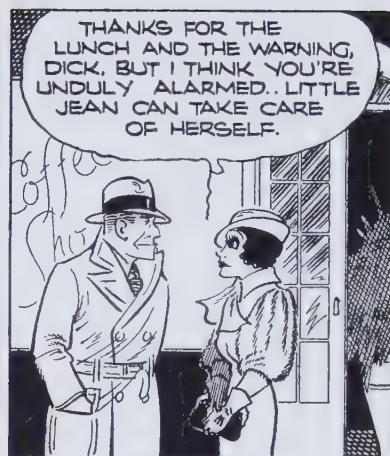
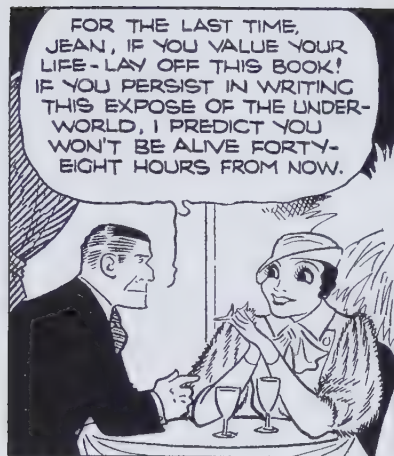




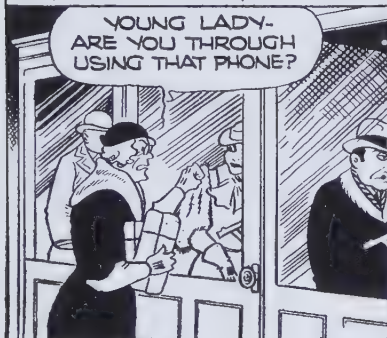


DICK TRACY





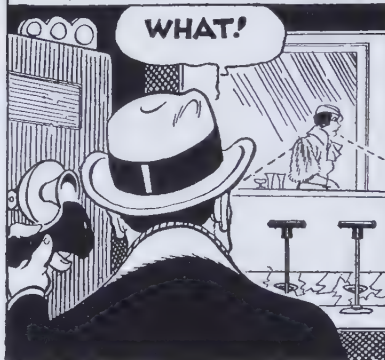
WHILE JEAN PENFIELD LISTENS IN ON LAWYER SPALDONI'S CONVERSATION FROM THE ADJOINING PHONE BOOTH, A PORTLY PATRON RAPS ON THE DOOR...



TELEPHONE BOOTHS ARE FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO PHONE. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SLEEP IN THEM!



AS JEAN PENFIELD HASTENS FROM THE BOOTH, SPALDONI'S EYE CATCHES A REFLECTION IN THE SODA FOUNTAIN MIRROR.



IT'S THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING GIRL AUTHOR! SHE'S BEEN LISTENING TO EVERYTHING I'VE SAID- I MUST CALL BIG BOY- THE MEETING IS OFF!



HELLO - JIMMY - THE MEETING IS OFF! THIS PENFIELD DAME WAS LISTENING IN AND SHE'LL TELL THE COPS - BUT I CAN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH BIG BOY!



WHAT? YOU CALLED BIG BOY BACK TO TELL HIM THE MEETING WAS OFF AND YOU GOT NO ANSWER?

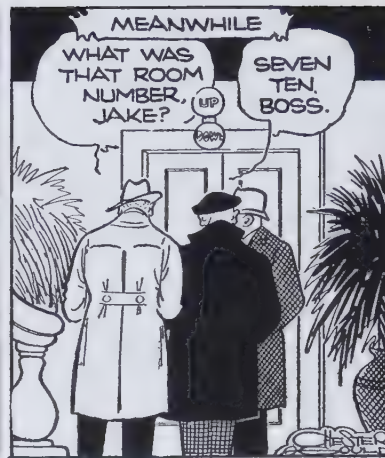
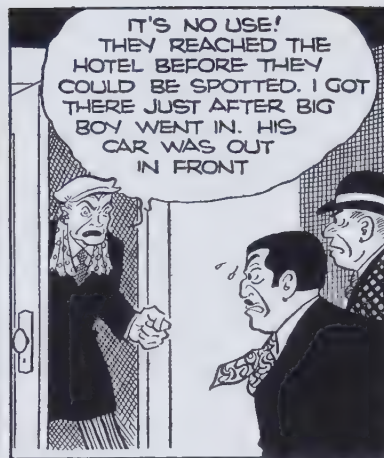


YEAH - BIG BOY AND HIS MEN MUST HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE RIGHT AFTER I MADE THE FIRST CALL - THEY'RE WALKING INTO A TRAP! WE MUST STOP THEM!



JEAN, THIS IS THE GREATEST TIP-OFF SINCE I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE - THAT IS, IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT DOPE.

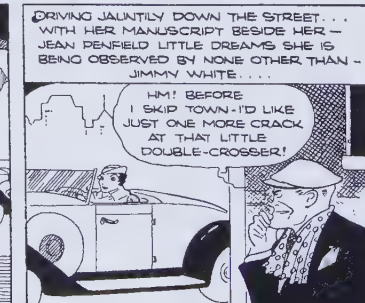
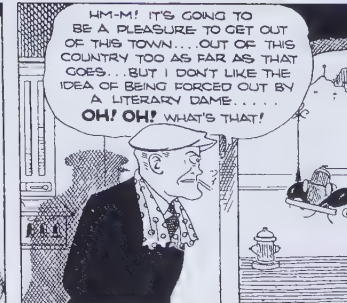
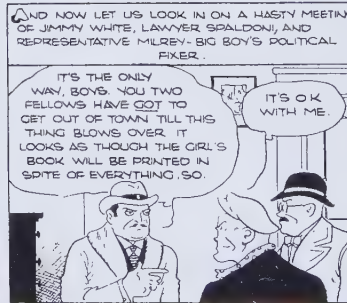
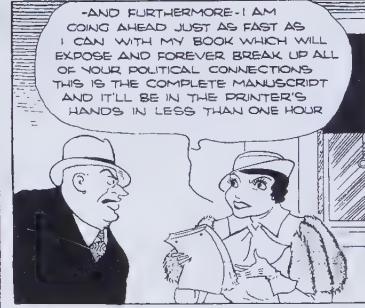
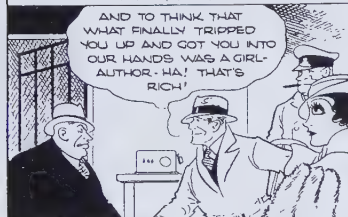


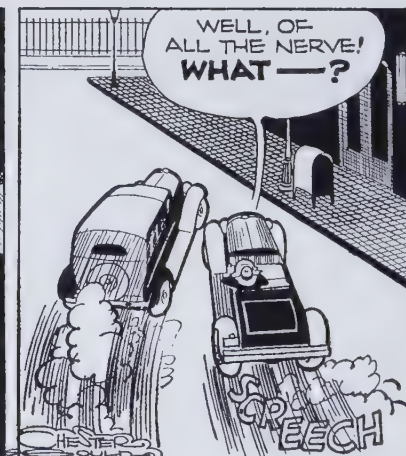
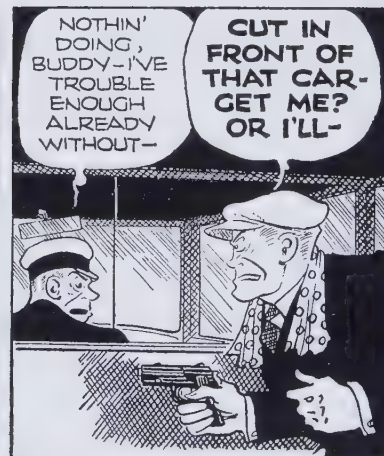
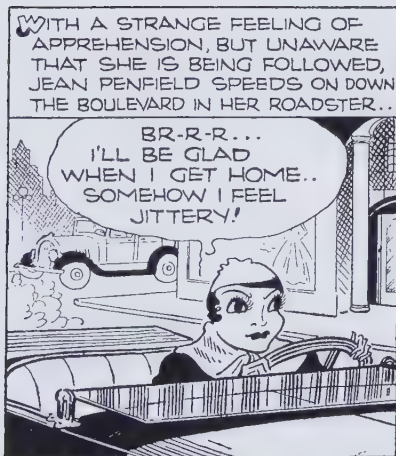
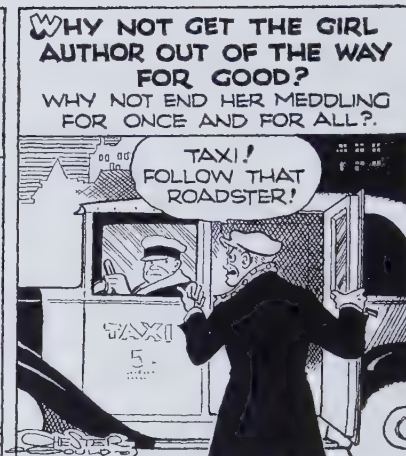
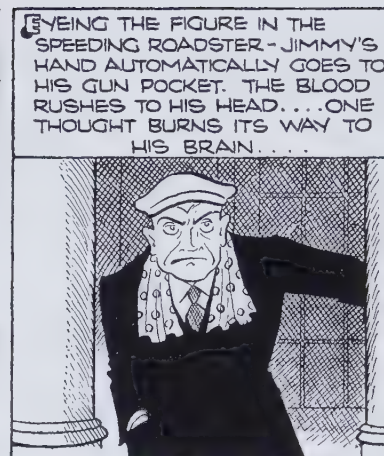
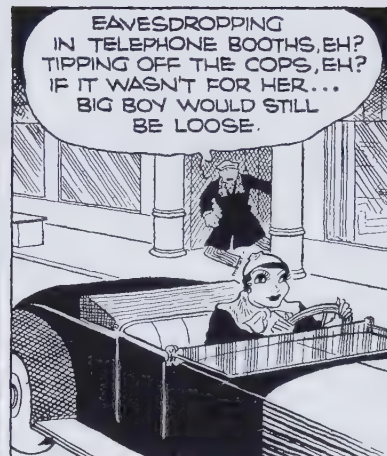
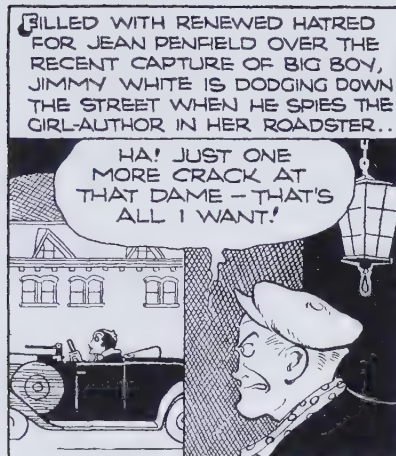


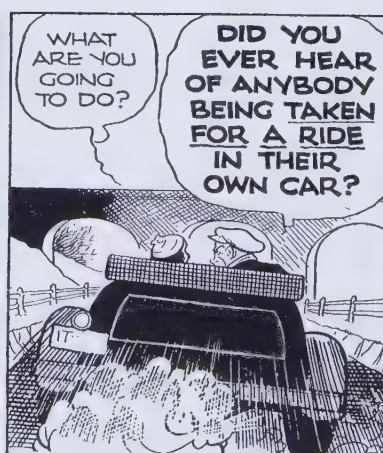
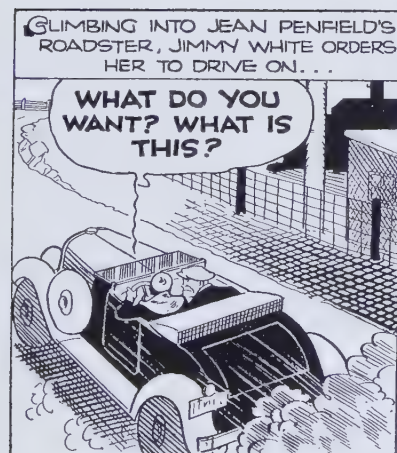
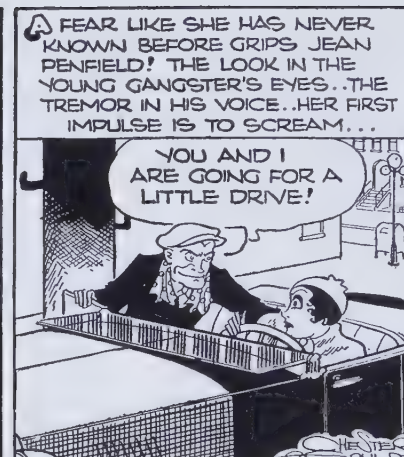
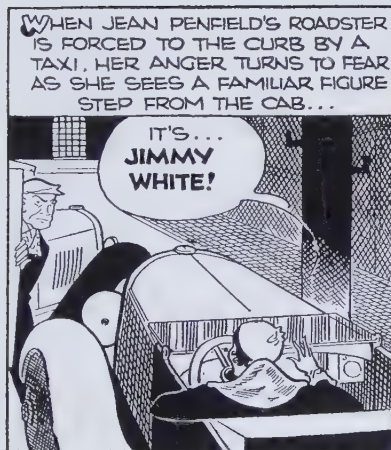
DICK TRACY



A GREAT DEAL HAS HAPPENED DURING THE PAST WEEK. AND AS OUR SCENE OPENS TODAY, WE SEE THE NOTORIOUS AND MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER "BIG BOY" UNDERWORLD KING, SECURELY SHACKLED AND IN THE HANDS OF DICK TRACY. . . .



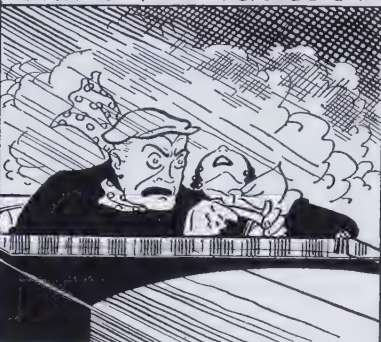




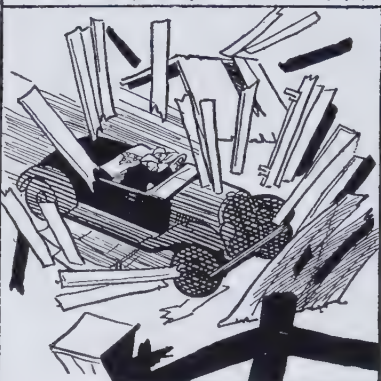
WHEN JEAN PENFIELD HEADS HER ROADSTER, TROTTLER WIDE OPEN, STRAIGHT INTO THE CONCRETE WALL OF THE VIADUCT, JIMMY WHITE GRABS THE STEERING WHEEL...



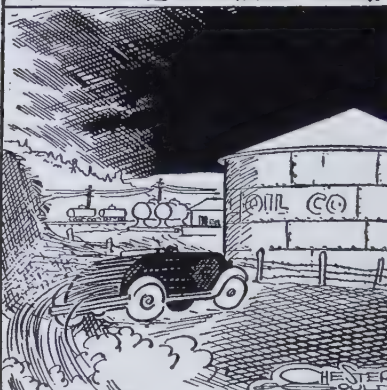
TURNING THE CAR IN TIME TO MISS THE VIADUCT, JIMMY NEVERTHELESS IS UNABLE TO DISLodge JEAN'S FOOT FROM THE THROTTLE - THE CAR SPEEDS ON!



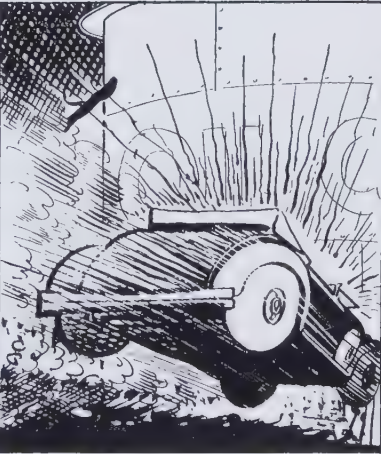
CRASHING THROUGH A SMALL SHACK, THE ROADSTER BRUSHES A HAYSTACK, AND.....



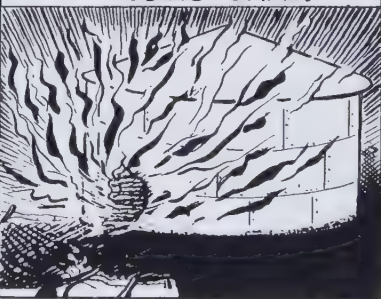
..RACES STRAIGHT TOWARD A GASOLINE STORAGE TANK!



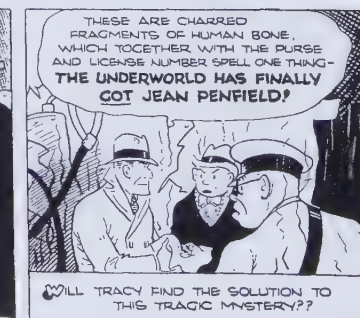
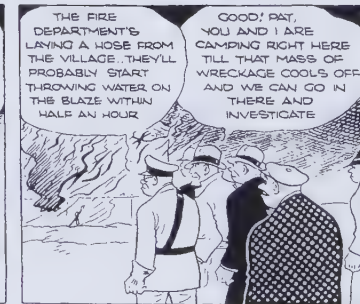
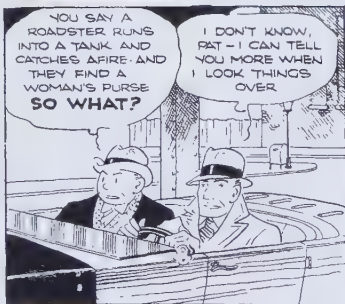
ENTIRELY OUT OF CONTROL... JEAN PENFIELD'S ROADSTER DASHES STRAIGHT FOR THE HUGE STORAGE OIL TANK...



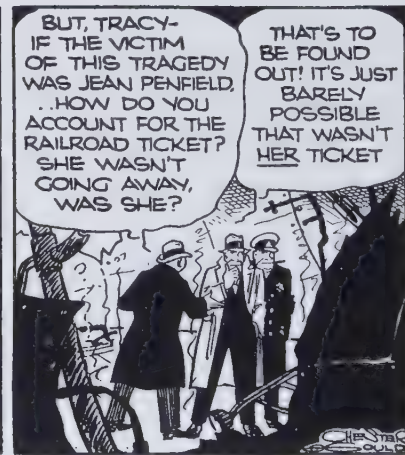
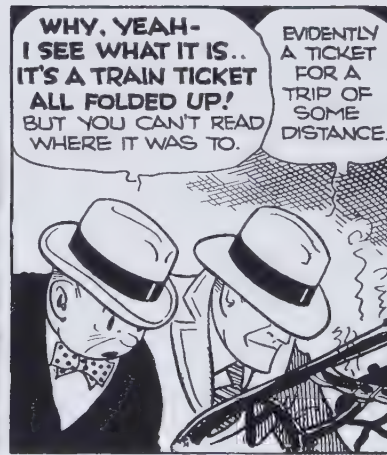
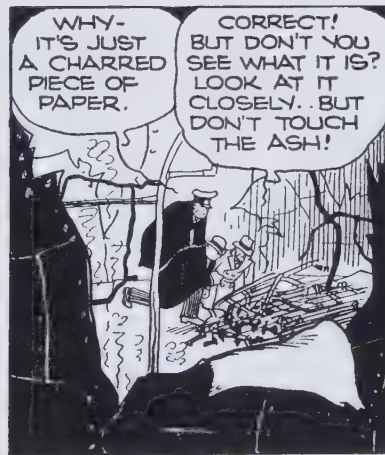
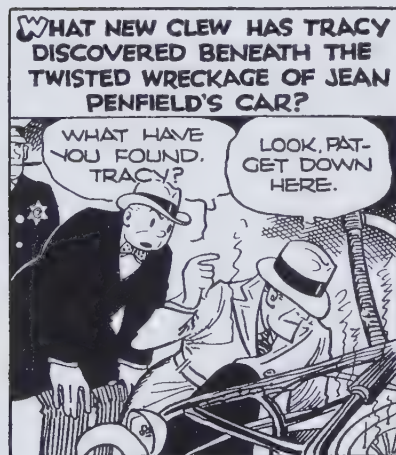
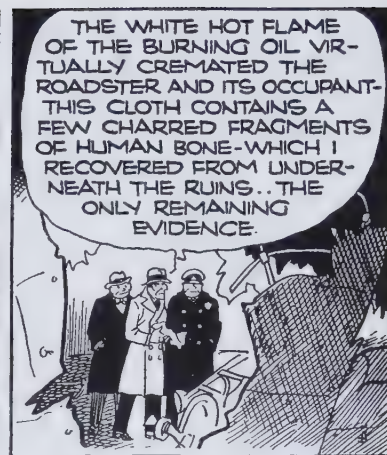
CRASH! THE METAL SIDE OF THE TANK CRUMPLES INWARD AS THE CAR DISAPPEARS WITHIN! A DEAFENING EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR FOLLOWED BY HISSING FLAME!



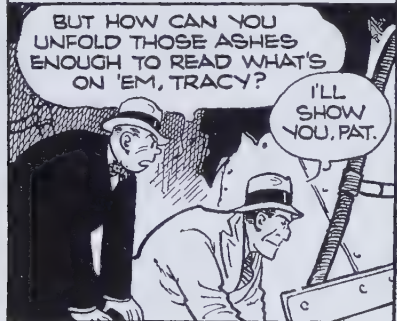
DICK TRACY



WILL TRACY FIND THE SOLUTION TO THIS TRAGIC MYSTERY??

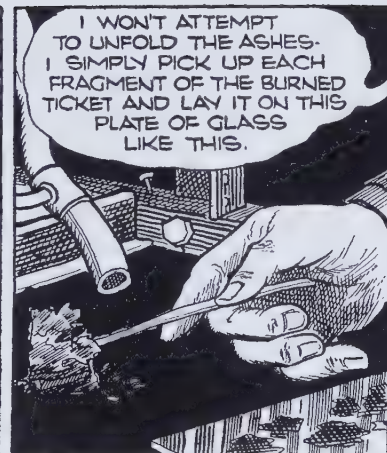


TRACY HAS DECIDED HE MUST RECOVER THE ASHES OF THE CHARRED RAILROAD TICKET AND DECIPHER THE DESTINATION THEREON IF HE IS TO FURTHER PIERCE THE MYSTERY OF THE OIL TANK TRAGEDY...

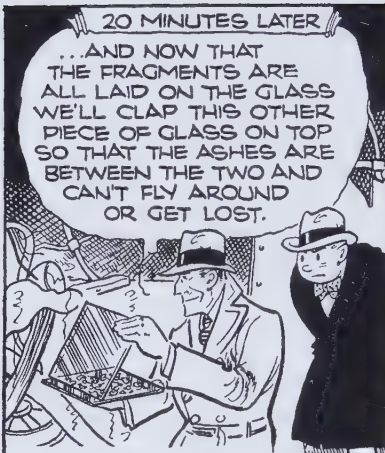


BUT HOW CAN YOU UNFOLD THOSE ASHES ENOUGH TO READ WHAT'S ON 'EM, TRACY?

I'LL SHOW YOU, PAT.

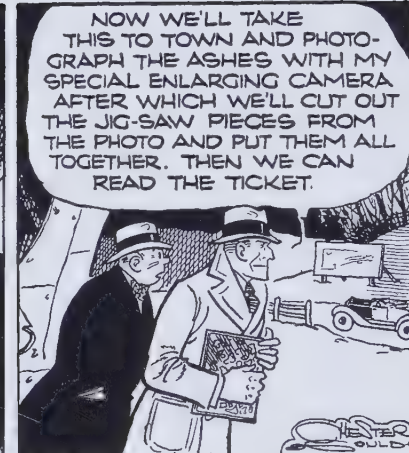


I WON'T ATTEMPT TO UNFOLD THE ASHES. I SIMPLY PICK UP EACH FRAGMENT OF THE BURNED TICKET AND LAY IT ON THIS PLATE OF GLASS LIKE THIS.



20 MINUTES LATER

...AND NOW THAT THE FRAGMENTS ARE ALL LAID ON THE GLASS WE'LL CLAP THIS OTHER PIECE OF GLASS ON TOP SO THAT THE ASHES ARE BETWEEN THE TWO AND CAN'T FLY AROUND OR GET LOST.



NOW WE'LL TAKE THIS TO TOWN AND PHOTOGRAPH THE ASHES WITH MY SPECIAL ENLARGING CAMERA AFTER WHICH WE'LL CUT OUT THE JIG-SAW PIECES FROM THE PHOTO AND PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER. THEN WE CAN READ THE TICKET.

WITH THE PIECES OF CHARRED RAILROAD TICKET HELD FIRMLY BETWEEN TWO SHEETS OF GLASS, TRACY PHOTOGRAPHS THE ASH AND PREPARES TO ASSEMBLE IT...



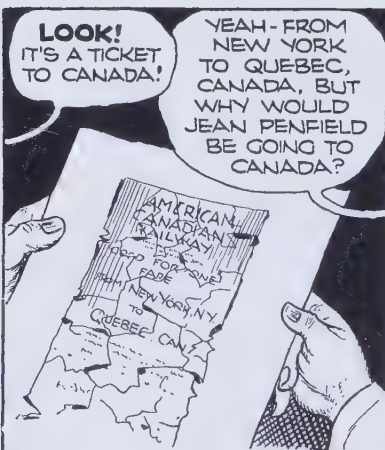
NOW TO DEVELOP THE PHOTO, MAKE A PRINT AND CUT OUT THE LITTLE PIECES.



ONE HOUR LATER

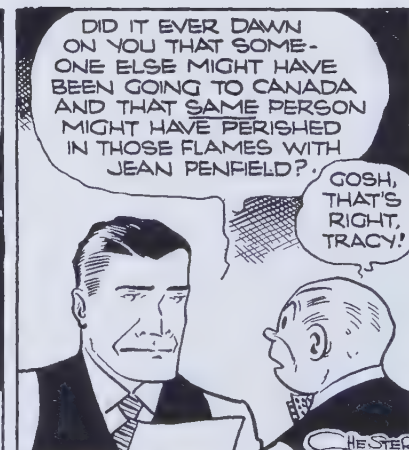
THERE, TRACY- I'VE GOT THE LAST PIECE CUT OUT.

AND I'VE GOT MOST OF THE PIECES ASSEMBLED.



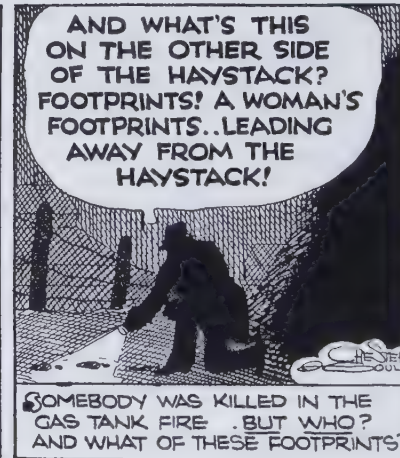
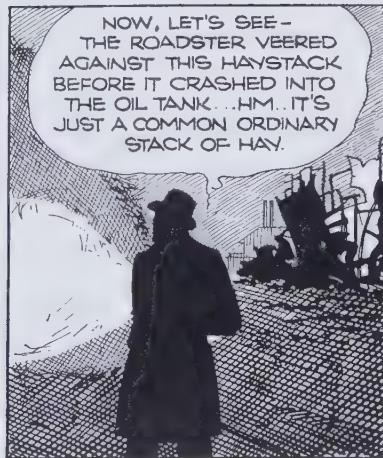
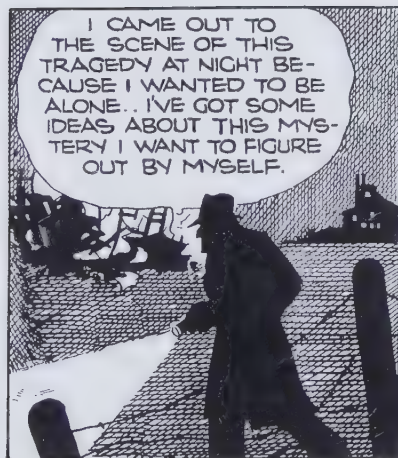
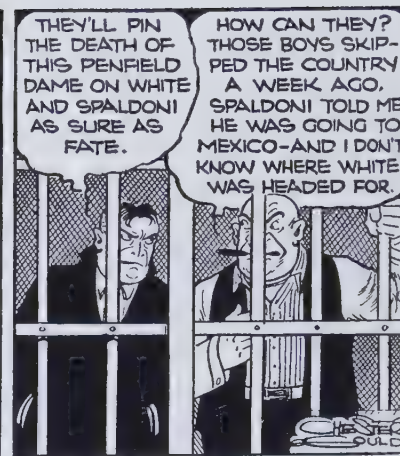
LOOK! IT'S A TICKET TO CANADA!

YEAH-FROM NEW YORK TO QUEBEC, CANADA, BUT WHY WOULD JEAN PENFIELD BE GOING TO CANADA?

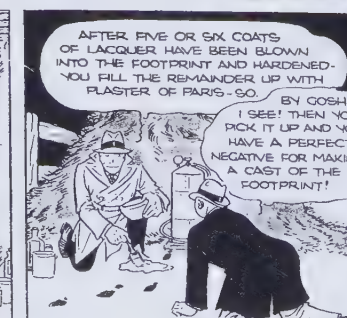
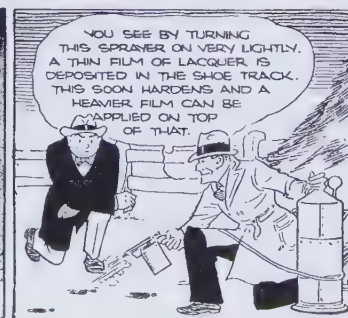
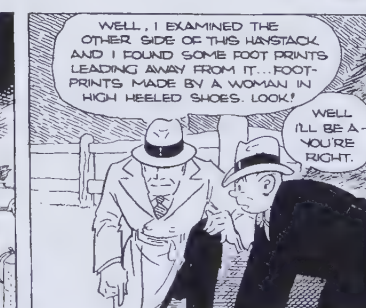
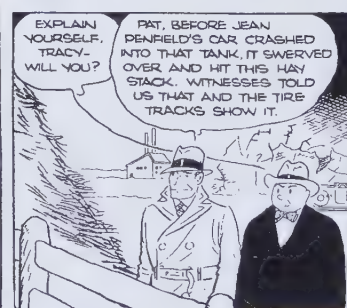
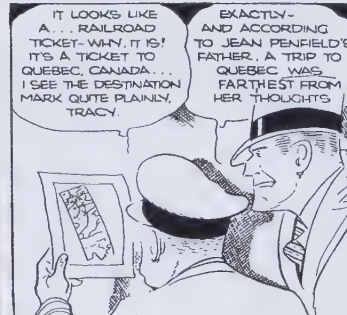
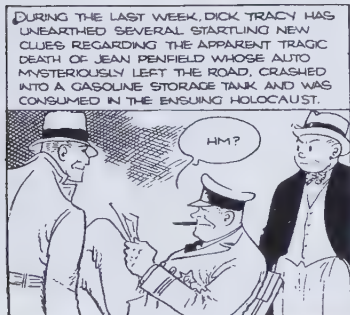


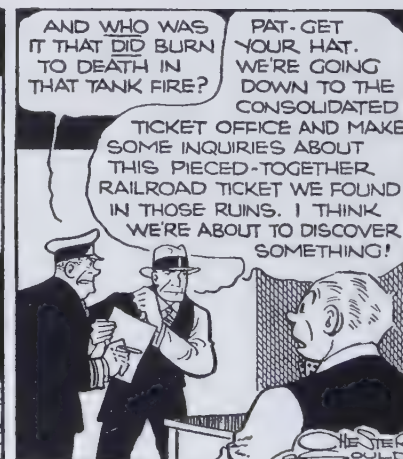
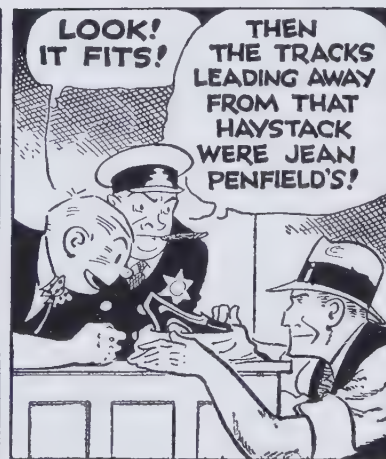
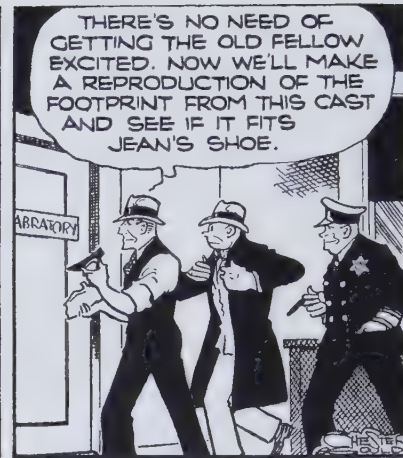
DID IT EVER DAWN ON YOU THAT SOME- ONE ELSE MIGHT HAVE BEEN GOING TO CANADA AND THAT SAME PERSON MIGHT HAVE PERISHED IN THOSE FLAMES WITH JEAN PENFIELD?

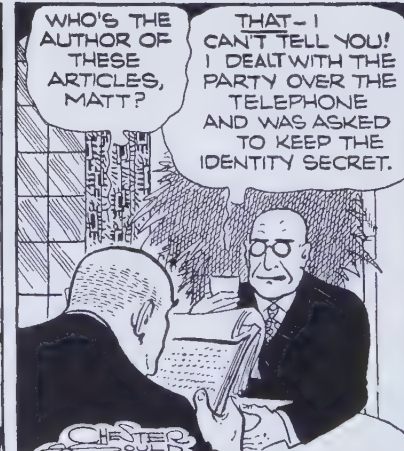
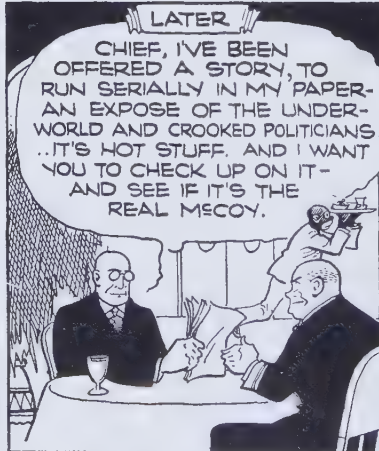
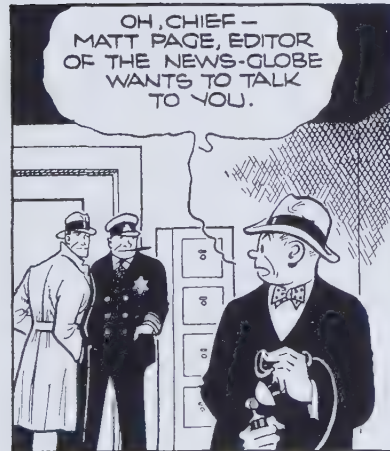
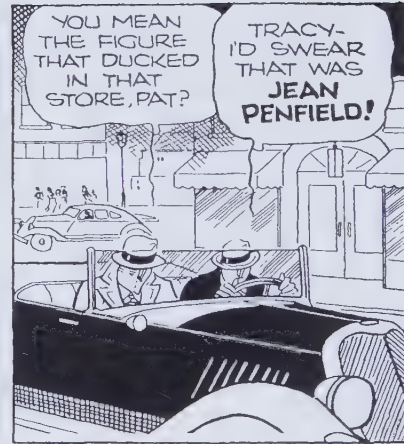
GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT, TRACY!

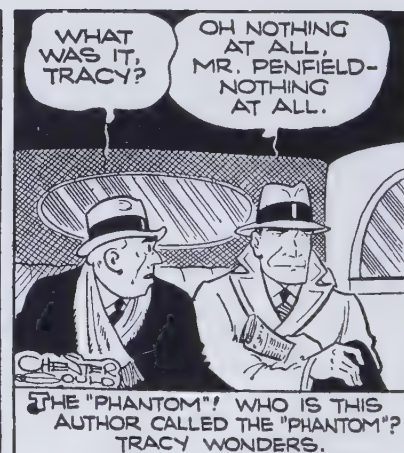
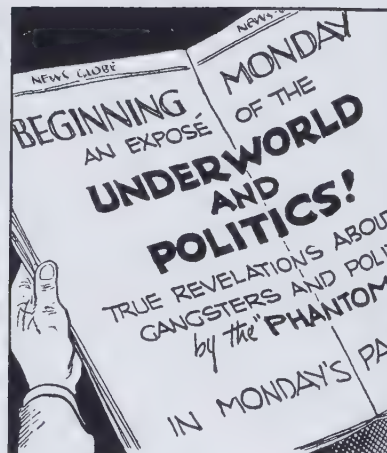
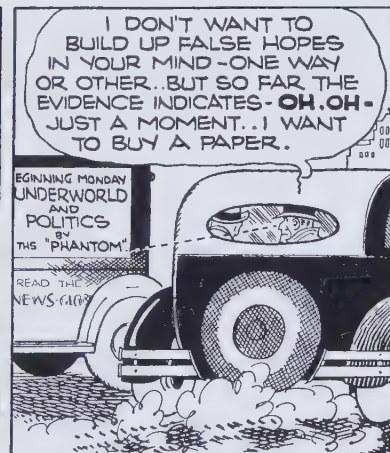
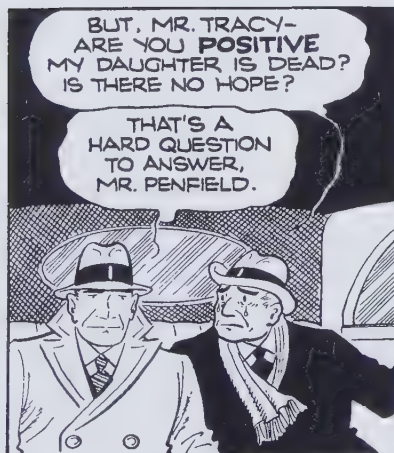
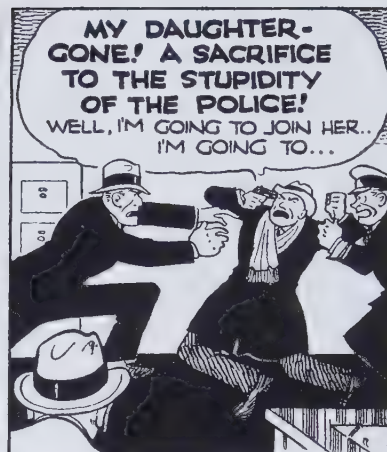
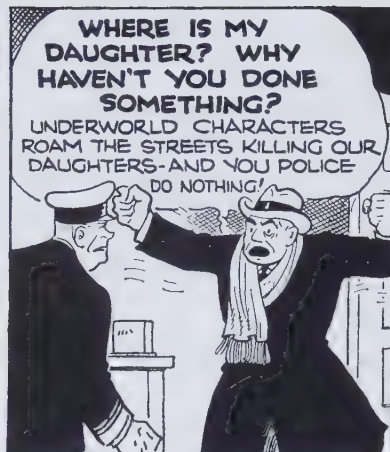
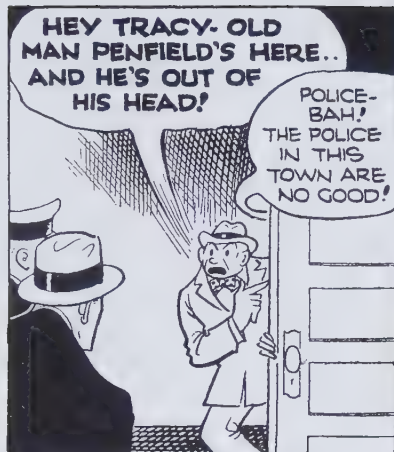


DICK TRACY









DICK TRACY

TRACY, THE MYSTERY AROUND THE JEAN PENFIELD CASE MAY BE CLEARING UP FOR YOU - BUT THIS NEWSPAPER AD ONLY MAKES IT WORSE FOR ME!

ALTHOUGH ALMOST CERTAIN THAT JEAN PENFIELD STILL LIVES, DICK TRACY HAS YET TO FIND HER AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF HER DISAPPEARANCE!

YES SIR, PAT, THIS FULL PAGE AD IN THE MORNING NEWS-GLOBE ANNOUNCING A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES, MAY BE A CLEW.

"BEGINNING TOMORROW!
AN EXPOSE OF THE
UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS
TRUE REVELATIONS
ABOUT GANGSTERS,
POLITICS, AND THE
POLICE BY PHANTOM."

OH, OH!
THERE'S THE
PHONE.

OH YES, MR. PENFIELD....
WHAT? YOU THINK YOU'VE
DISCOVERED A CLUE PERTAINING
TO YOUR DAUGHTER? GREAT!
WE'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

BRING MY CHEMISTRY
KIT, PAT. WE'RE GOING
TO PENFIELD'S
HOME! IT MAY
BE IMPORTANT.

ONE HALF HOUR LATER.

IT'S ONLY A DRESS, MR. TRACY.
THE MAID FOUND IN
JEAN'S CLOSET
THIS MORNING...
...WITH

STAINS
ON IT!

YOU'RE
RIGHT!
THEY LOOK
LIKE...

BLOOD?

THAT'S WHAT I'LL
HAVE TO DETERMINE.
MR. PENFIELD
PAT, HELP ME PREPARE
FOR A BENZIDINE
BLOOD-TEST.

A BENZIDINE
BLOOD-TEST?
WHAT IS THAT,
DETECTIVE?

BENZIDINE
SOLUTION IS A
CHEMICAL MIXTURE
USED TO PROVE
THE PRESENCE
OF BLOOD.

THE SOLUTION THAT PAT IS
PREPARING CONSISTS OF
SODIUM PERBORATE, WATER,
ACETIC ACID AND BENZIDINE
IN GLACIAL ACETIC ACID.
THESE ARE MIXED IN PROPER
PROPORTIONS.

NOW I'LL CUT OUT A SMALL,
STAINED PORTION OF THE DRESS
AND LAY IT ON A PIECE OF
FILTER PAPER
ON THAT SAUCER.

NOW WATCH CLOSELY! IF THAT
STAIN IS BLOOD, SMALL BLUE
STREAKS WILL RADIATE OUT
ONTO THE FILTER PAPER THE
INSTANT THIS BENZIDINE
SOLUTION TOUCHES IT!
WATCH!

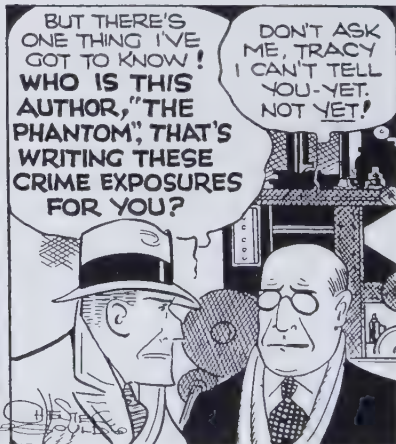
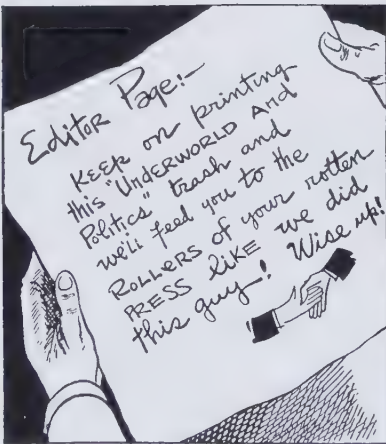
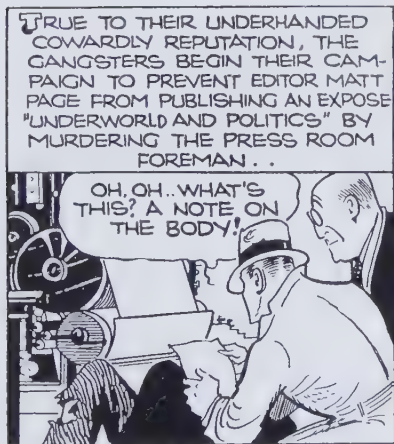
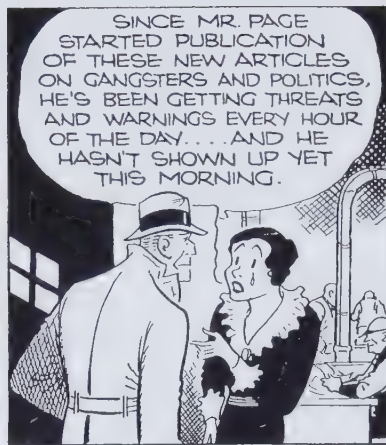
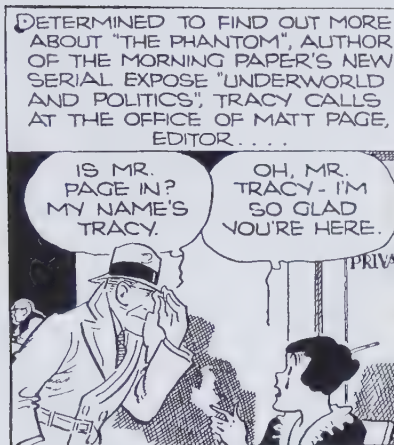
THERE
ARE THE
BLUE
STREAKS!
IT'S BLOOD!

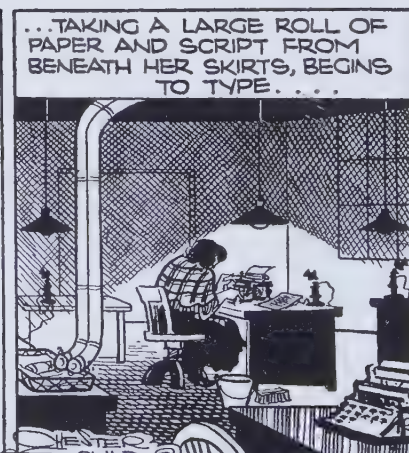
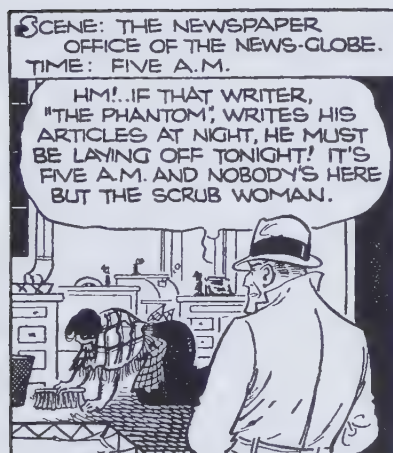
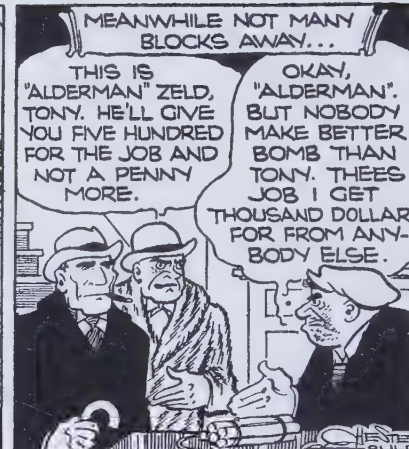
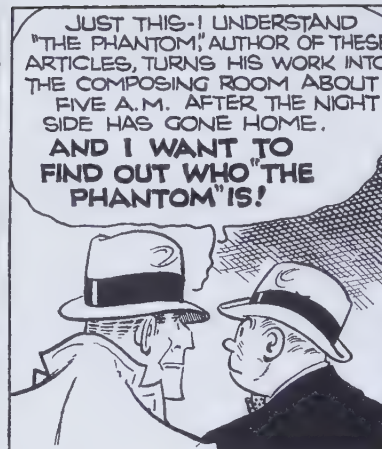
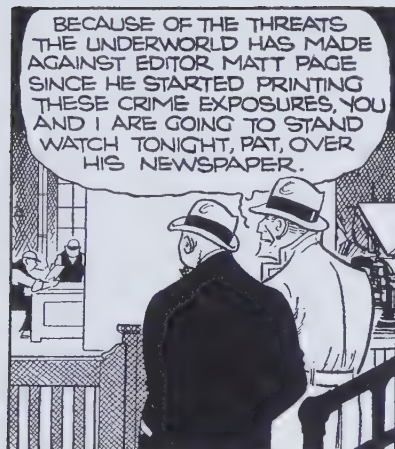
BUT - HOW
DID THAT BLOOD
STAINED DRESS
GET BACK IN
MY DAUGHTER'S
CLOSET - IF
SHE...

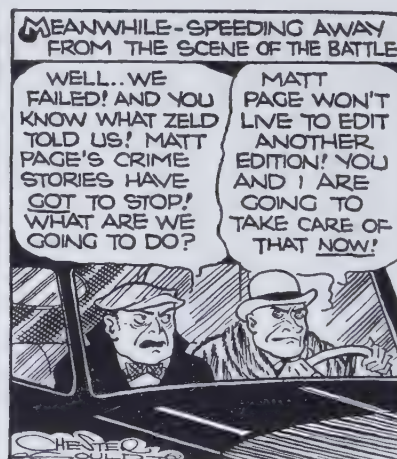
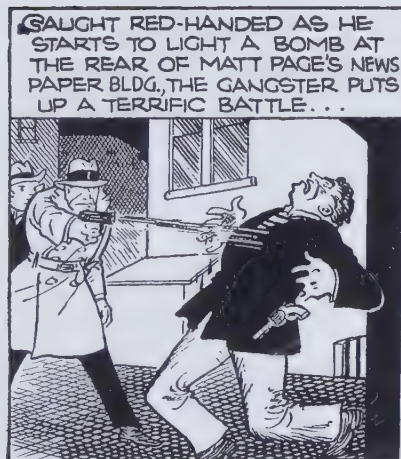
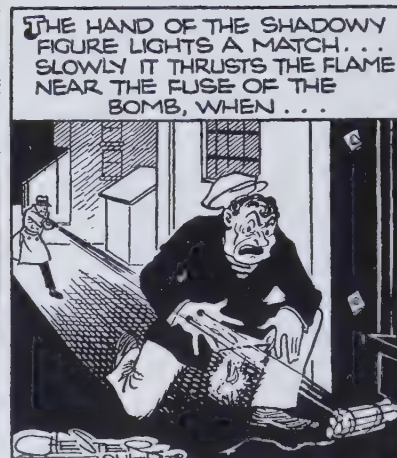
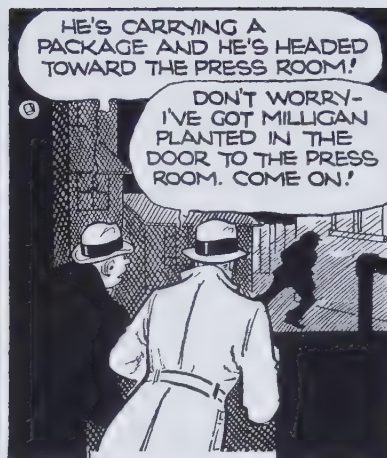
YOUR DAUGHTER
HUNG IT
THERE
HERSELF!
SHE IS STILL
ALIVE!

SOMEBODY ELSE - **NOT** JEAN -
WAS BURNED TO DEATH IN THAT
GASOLINE TANK FIRE. SHE, I BELIEVE,
WAS THROWN CLEAR OF THE CAR BEFORE
IT REACHED THE TANK AND PROBABLY CUT
OR SCRATCHED - HENCE THE STAINS.
THEN WISHING, FOR SOME REASON,
TO MAKE IT APPEAR SHE WAS THE
VICTIM, SHE SLIPPED HOME, CHANGED
HER CLOTHES AND DISAPPEARED!

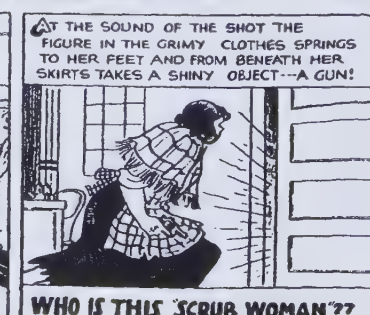
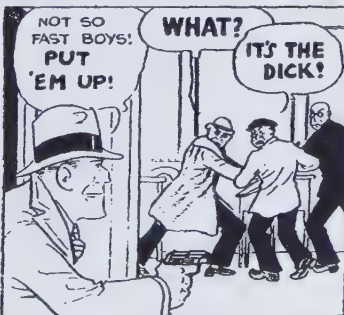
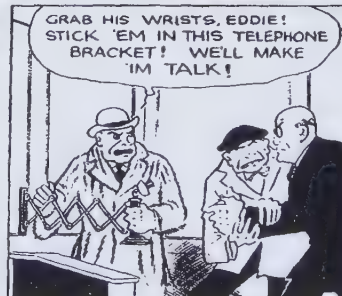
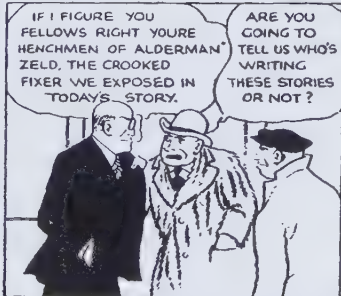
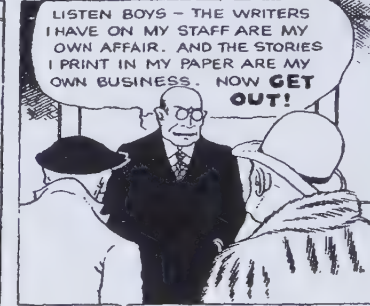
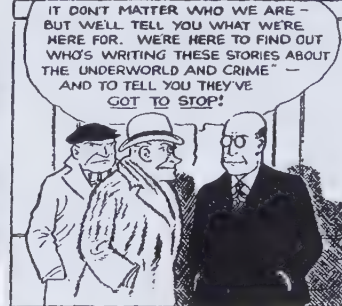
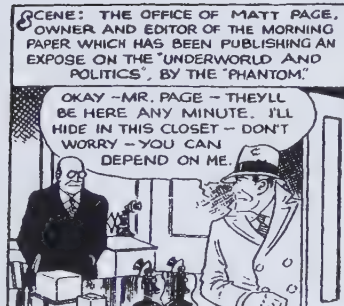
BUT WHERE IS
SHE?







DICK TRACY



AFTER THE FAILURE OF THEIR BOMB SATURDAY, "ALDERMAN" ZELD'S HENCHMEN SET OUT TO "GET" EDITOR MATT PAGE... **THEY FIND HIM IN HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE!**



BUT THEY ALSO FIND DICK TRACY THERE AHEAD OF THEM... HID IN A CLOSET- TRACY APPEARS. THE CROOKS GIVE BATTLE.....



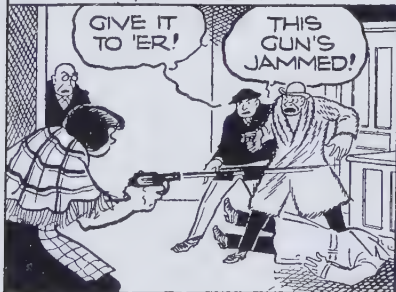
SHOTS THAT MISS THEIR MARK ARE EXCHANGED. TRACY IS ON THE RECEIVING END OF A HAYMAKER IN THE FORM OF A TELEPHONE...



THE FLOORED DETECTIVE IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A BAPTISM OF LEAD WHEN THE OFFICE DOOR FLYS OPEN... A SHOT RINGS OUT... **THE GUN THAT SHOOTS IS HELD BY THE SCRUB WOMAN!**



TO THE RESCUE.... OF THE OVERPOWERED EDITOR AND DETECTIVE COMES NONE OTHER THAN THE LOWLY SCRUB WOMAN! WHO IS SHE AND WHAT INTEREST HAS SHE IN THE CASE?



LET'S BEAT IT OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE KILLED!



TRACY OPENS HIS EYES. THE SCRUB WOMAN GIVES HIM A GLASS OF WATER...

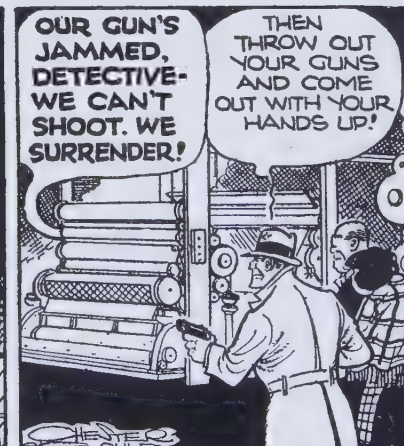
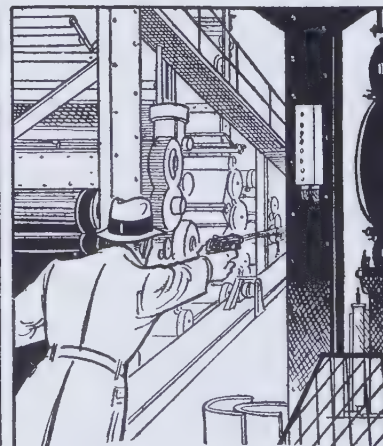
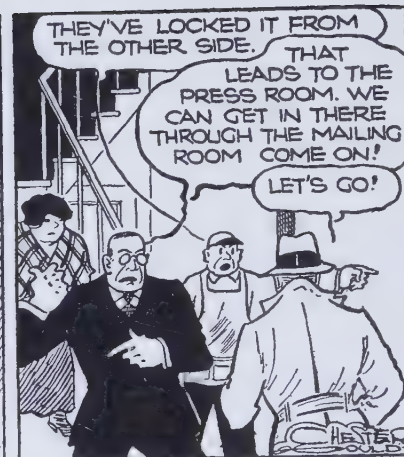
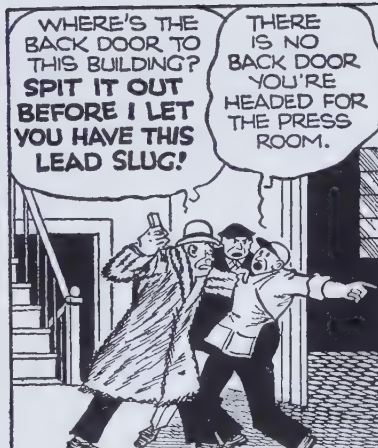


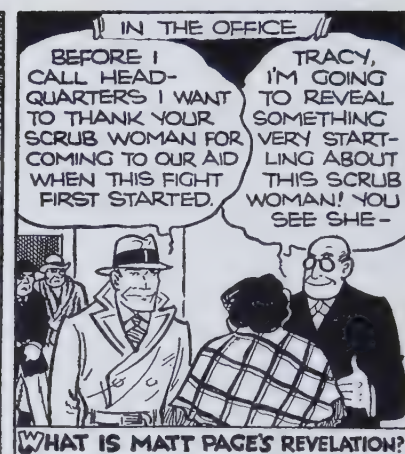
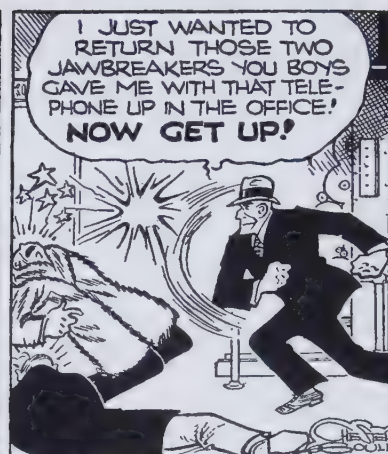
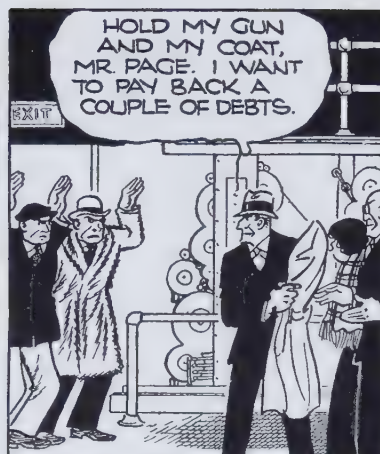
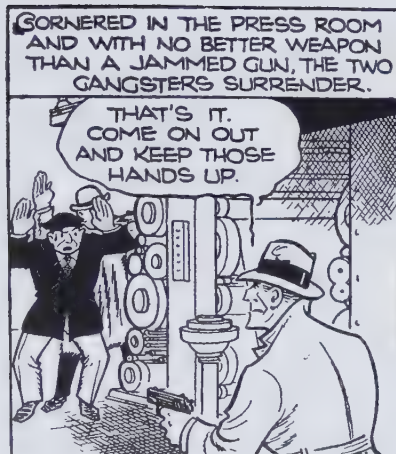
NOT CARING TO WAIT FOR AN ELEVATOR-OR USE THE STAIRWAY, AND THUS FACE THE POLICE GUARD IN THE BUILDING LOBBY.. THE GUNMEN RACE DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND INTO THE COMPOSING ROOM..



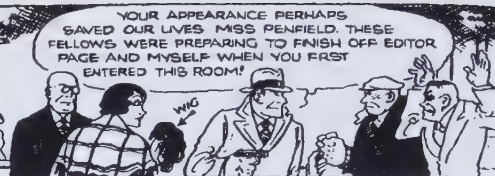
THERE MUST BE A BACK STAIRS TO THIS PLACE!

GRAB A COUPLE OF THESE LEAD SLUGS THEY'RE BETTER 'N NOTHING!





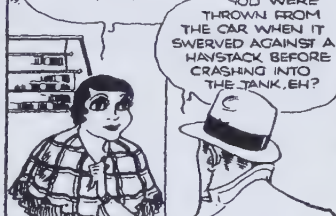
DICK TRACY



AS DRAMATICALLY AS SHE DISAPPEARED SEVERAL WEEKS AGO-JEAN PENFIELD HAS REAPPEARED! DISGUISED AS AN OLD SCRUB WOMAN IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE..SHE REVEALS ALL..



WHEN MY CAR WAS FOUND BURNED TO A CRISP IN THE RUINS OF THE OIL TANK- I KNEW THE ASSUMPTION WOULD BE THAT I HAD PERISHED WITH IT.



RIGHT! YOU SEE JIMMY WHITE TRIED TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE IN MY OWN CAR-A SCUFFLE ENSUED AFTER WE REACHED THE COUNTRY- THE MACHINE WENT OFF THE ROAD, STRUCK THE TANK AND JIMMY WHITE PAID WITH HIS LIFE.



IN ORDER TO WORK CLOSE TO EDITOR PAGE WITHOUT ANYONE BEING THE WISER.. I SUGGESTED THE SCRUB WOMAN ROLE AND HE AGREED. I DID MY TYPING AT NIGHT AFTER EVERYONE WENT HOME AND LIVED IN A FURNACE ROOM DOWN IN THE BASEMENT.



I'LL CALL PAT AND HAVE HIM COME UP AND GET THESE PRISONERS.



TEN MINUTES LATER AT HEADQUARTERS. OH HELLO TESS- I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO THE NEWS-GLOBE OFFICE TO GET A COUPLE OF PRISONERS TRACY WAS UP THERE.



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



I'LL MARCH THESE BIRDS OUT INTO THE HALL, TRACY- AND GET THEM STARTED ON THEIR WAY.



JEAN.. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT.. THAT IS.. I'M.. I'M VERY HAPPY TO KNOW YOU'RE SAFE.

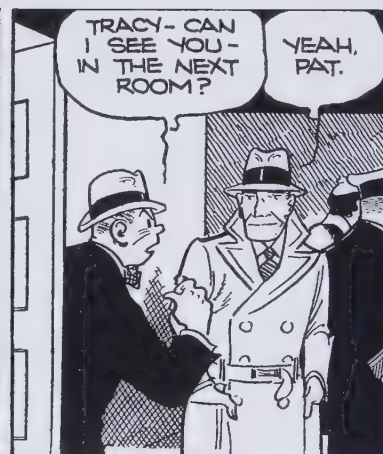
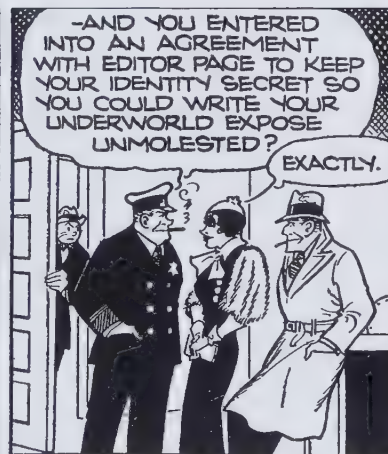
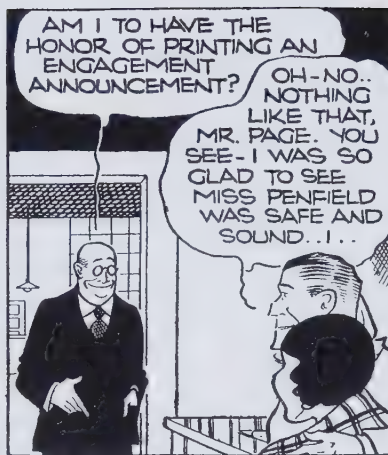
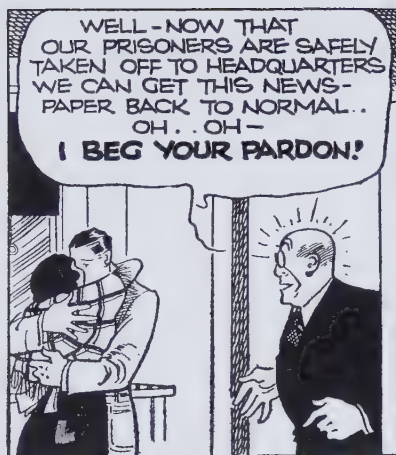


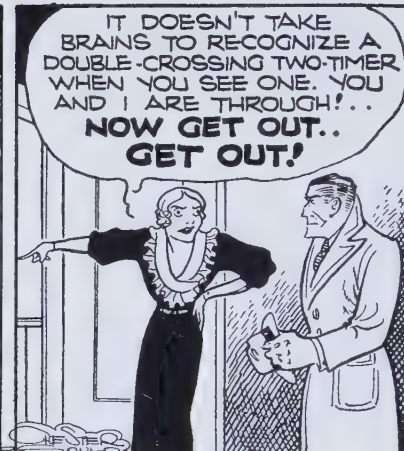
OH YES, MISS TRUEHEART-YOULL FIND TRACY THERE IN MY OFFICE

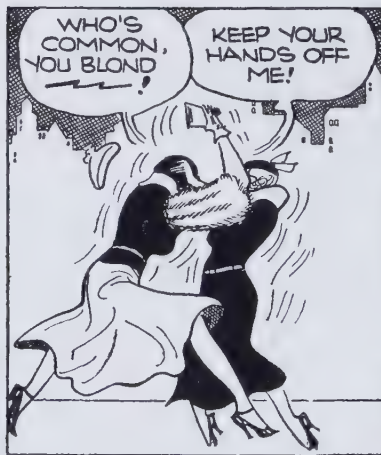
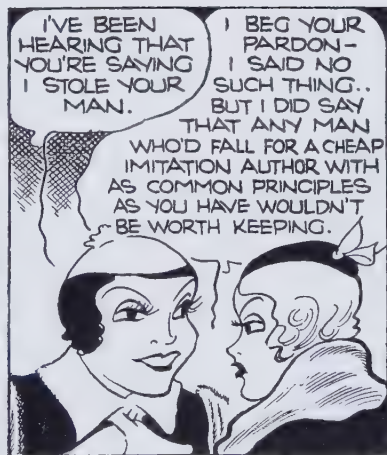
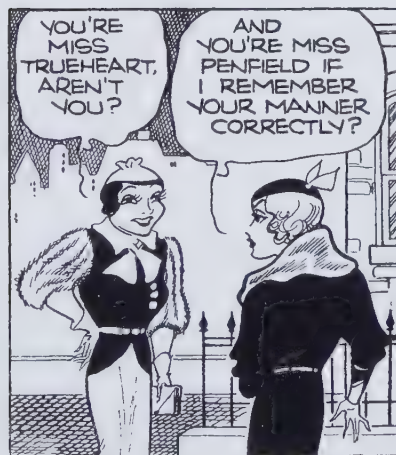
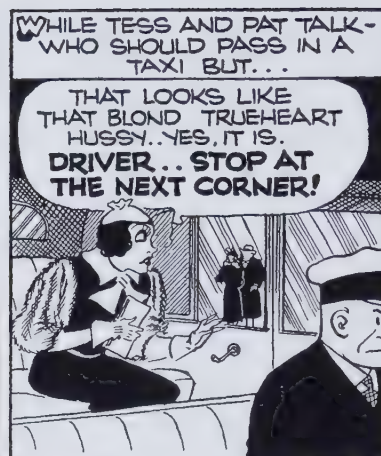
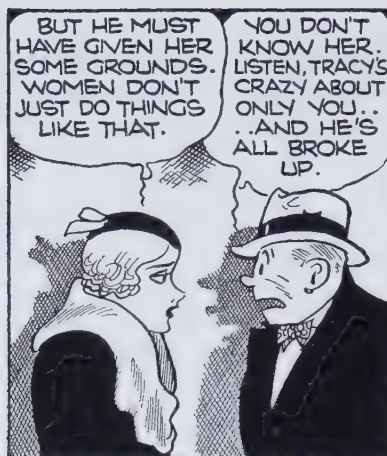
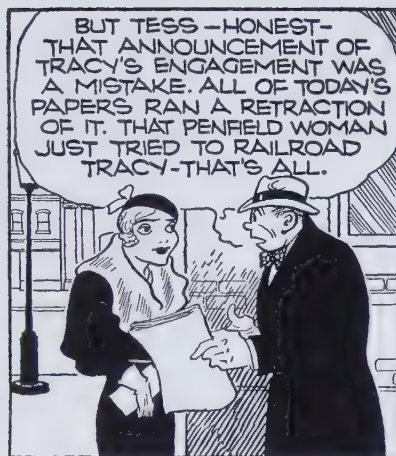


AW, TESS-DON'T DO THAT.. TRACY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING- THAT PENFIELD GIRL'S NOTHING TO HIM...NOW LISTEN-



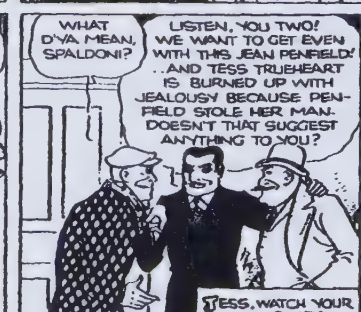
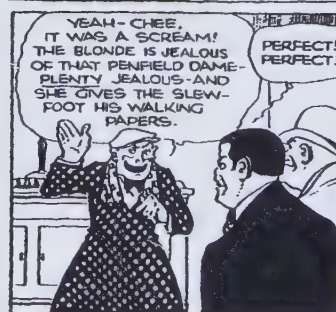
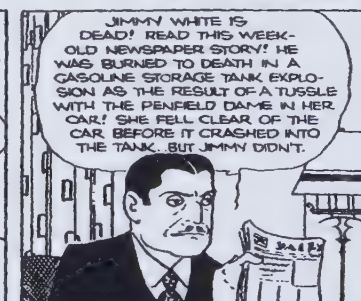
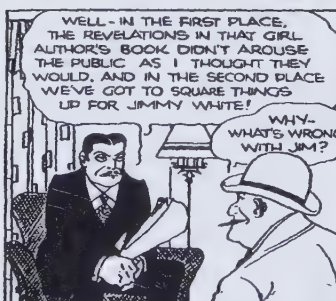
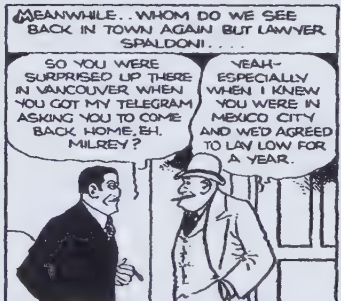
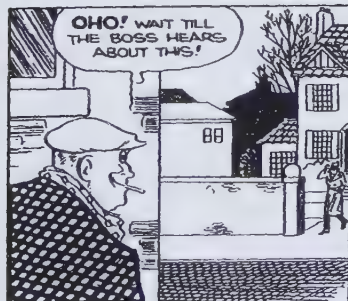
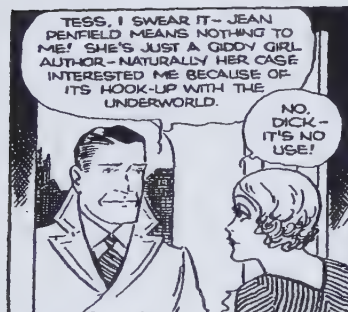


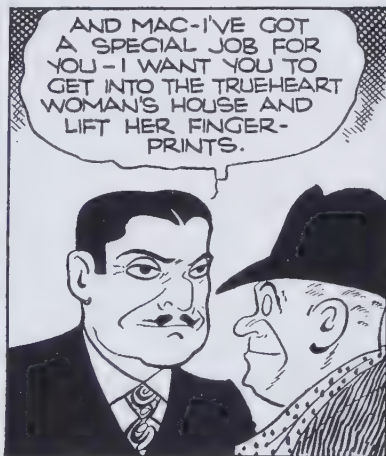
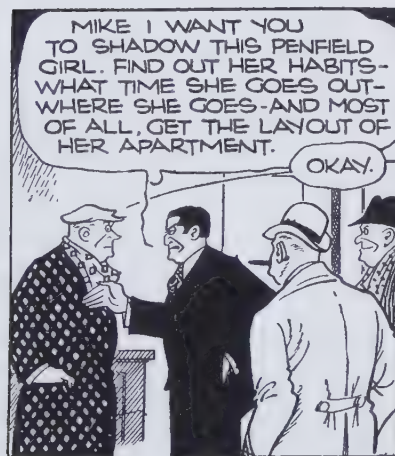
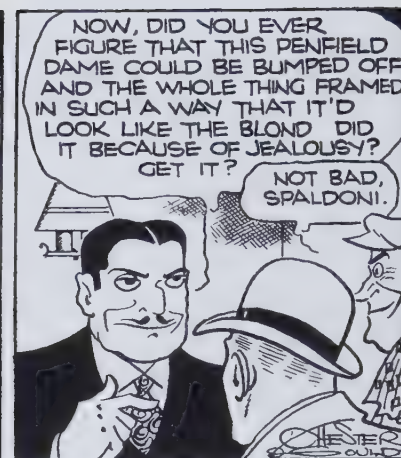
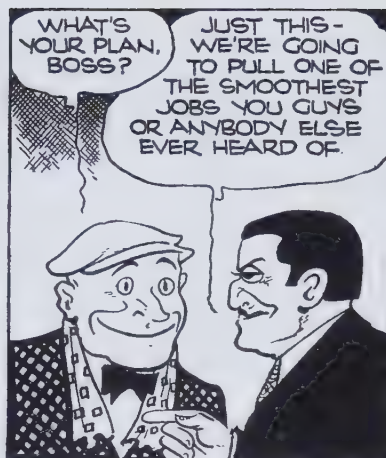
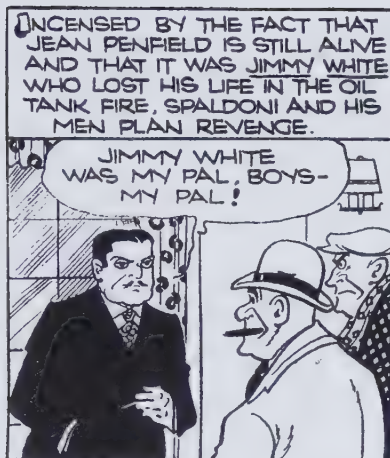


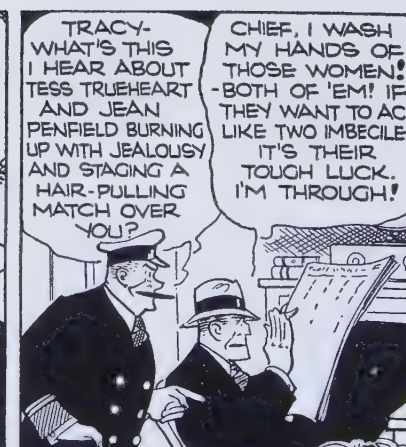
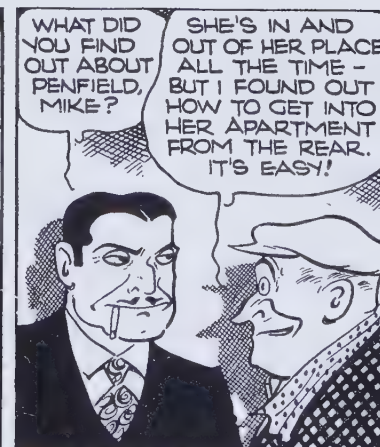
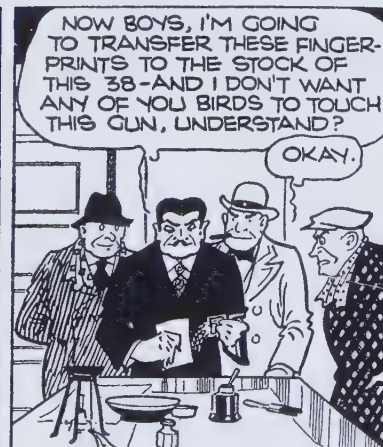
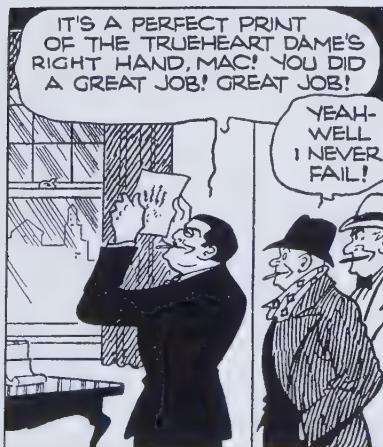
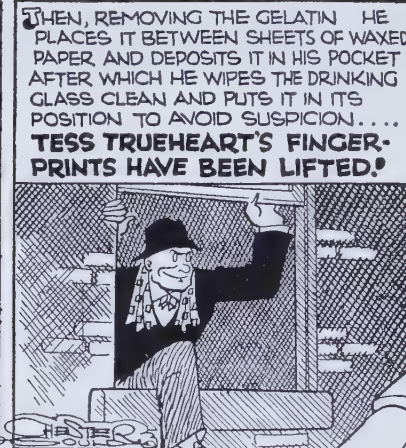
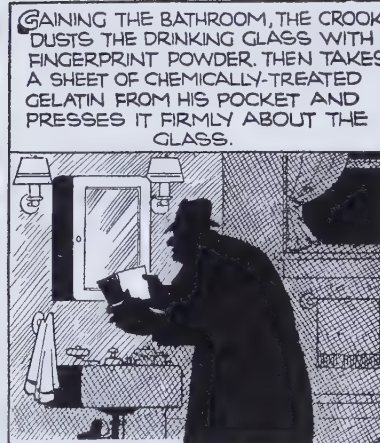
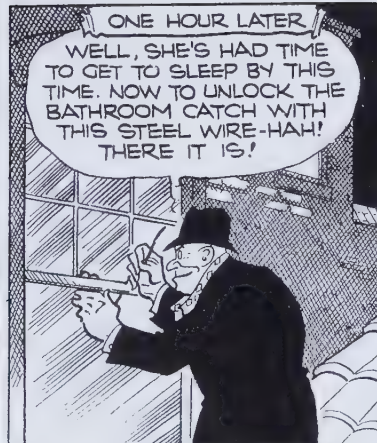
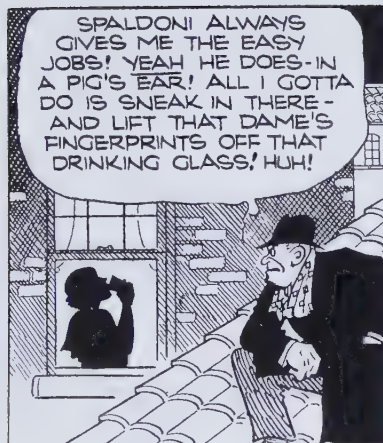


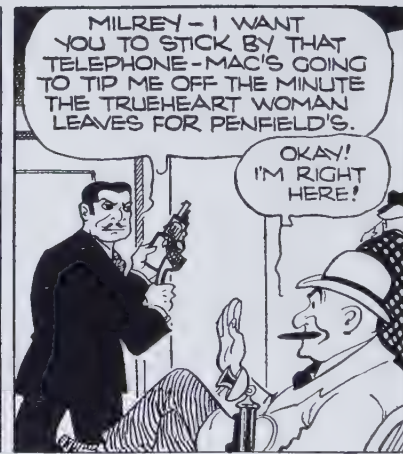
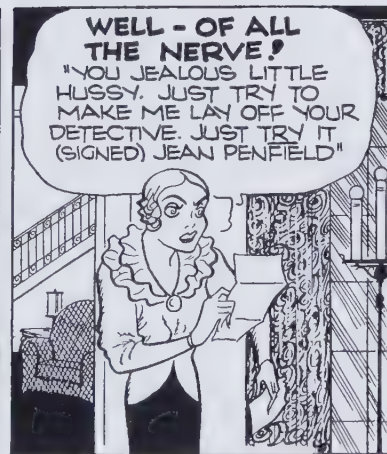
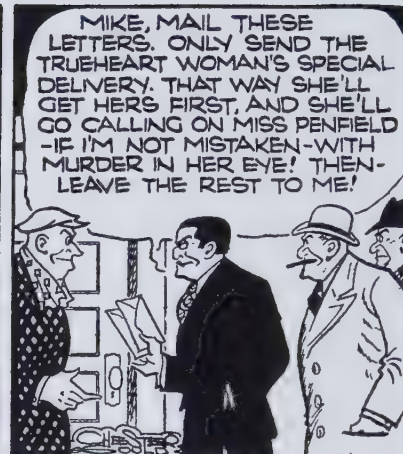
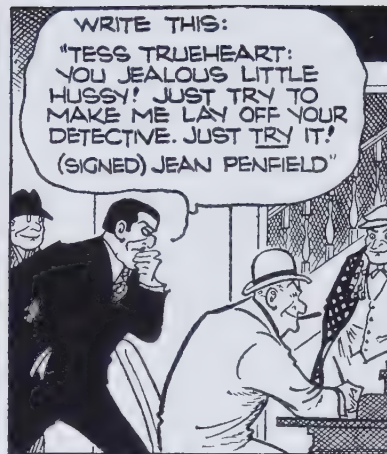
DICK TRACY

YOU'RE MY TRILLI-
TE!
SO SHE CLAIMS I'VE
STOLEN HER MAN, EH?
WHY, JEAN - HOW
COULD YOU - HOW
COULD YOU?

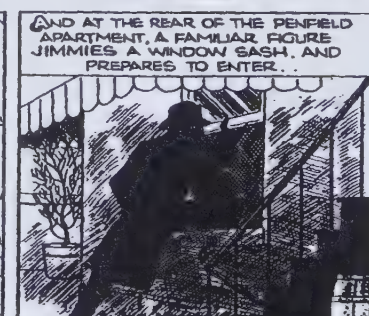
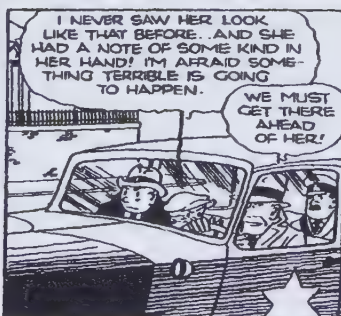
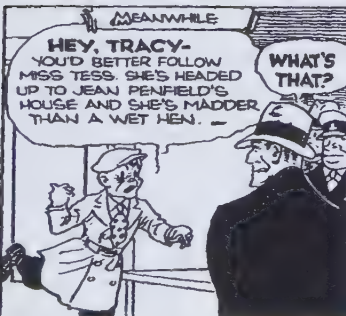
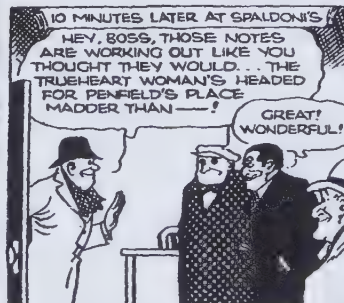
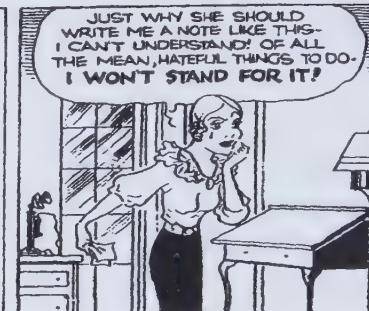
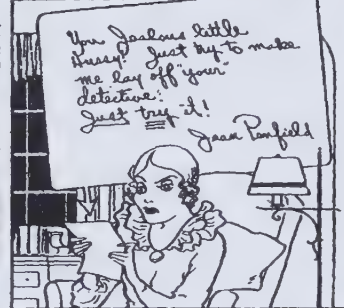
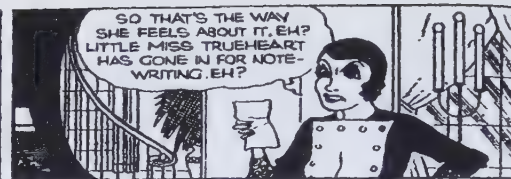


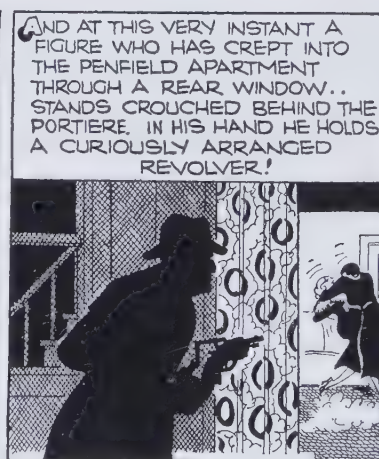
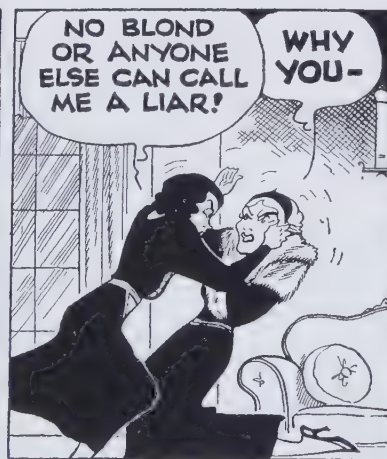
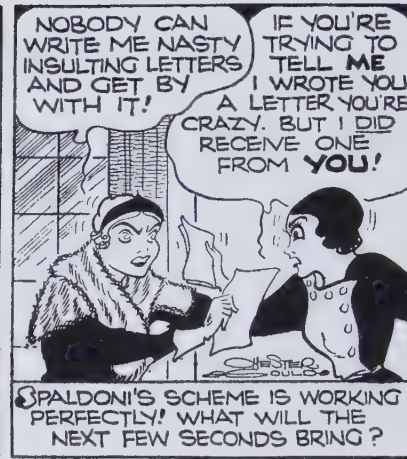
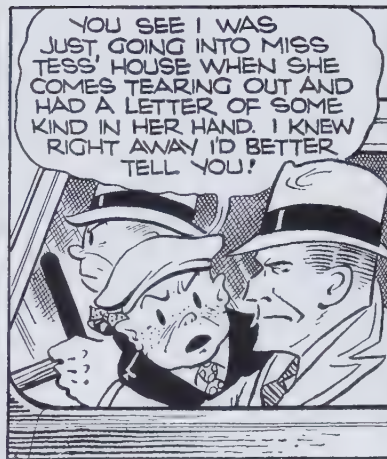
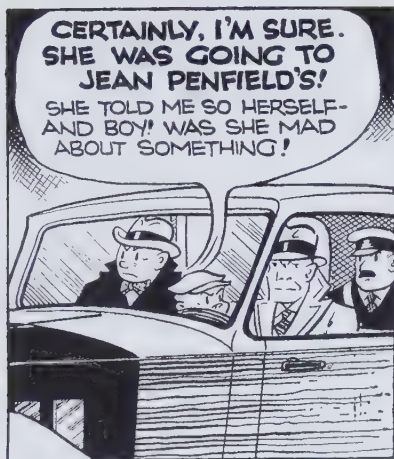


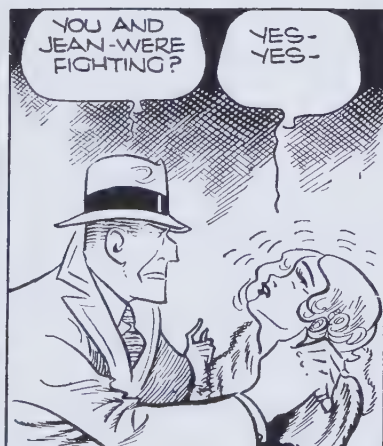
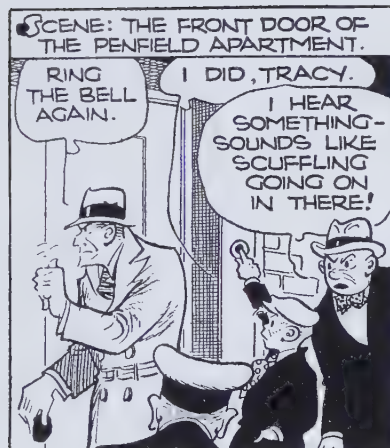


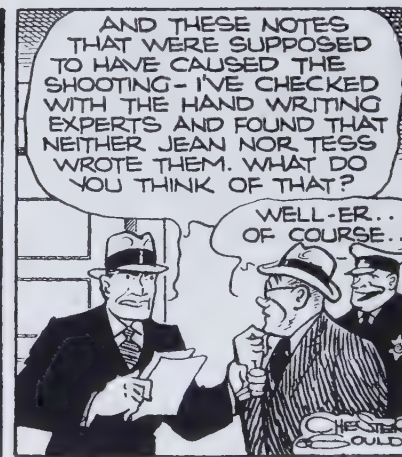
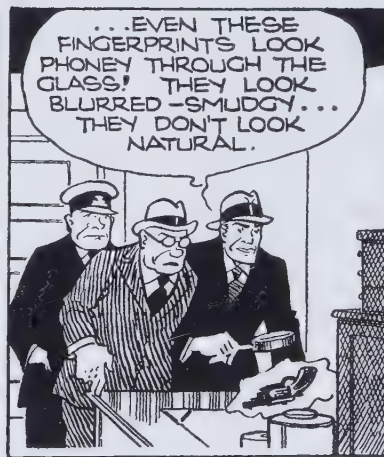
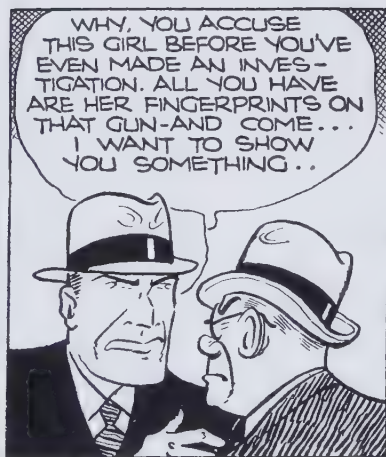
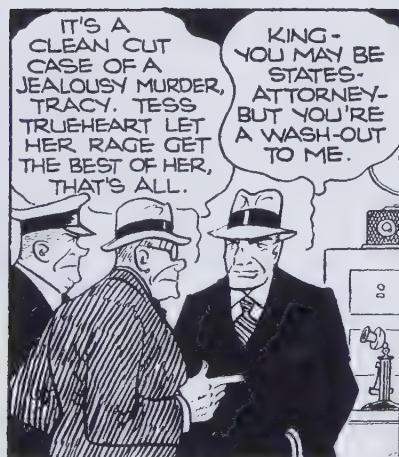
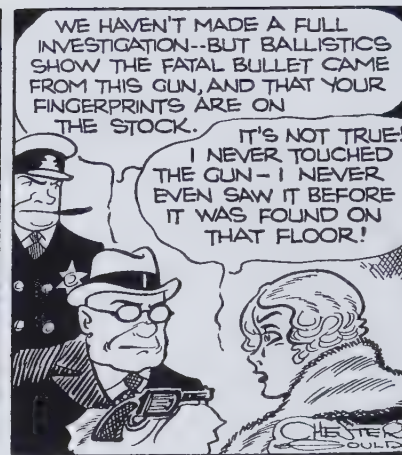
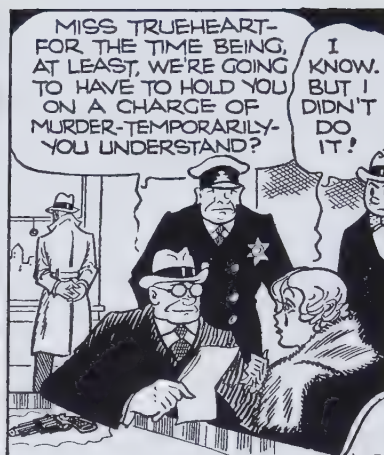
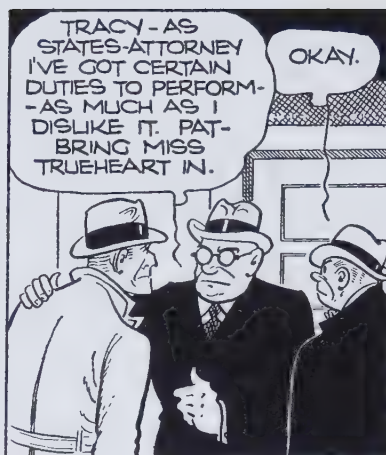
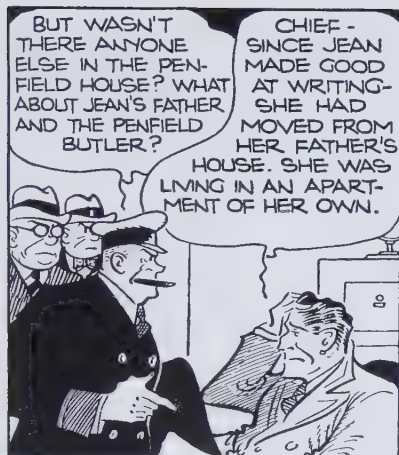


DICK TRACY







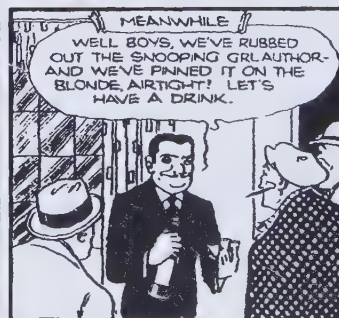
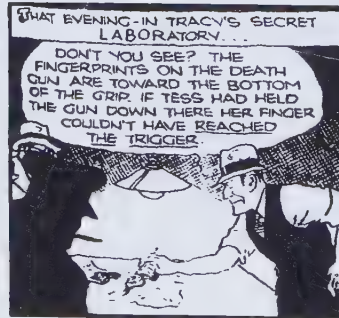
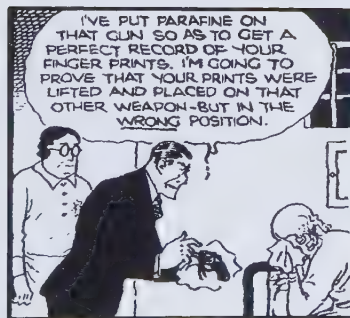
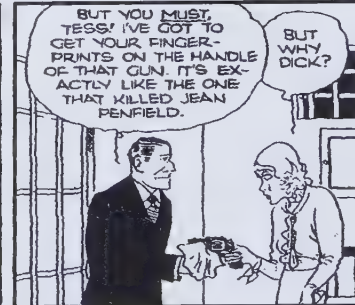
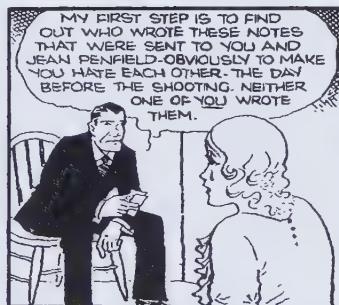
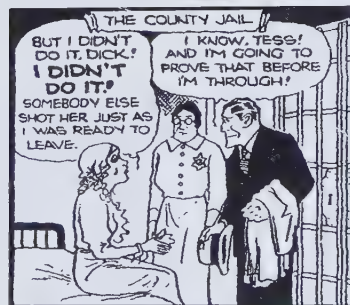
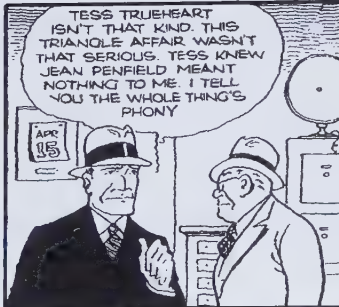


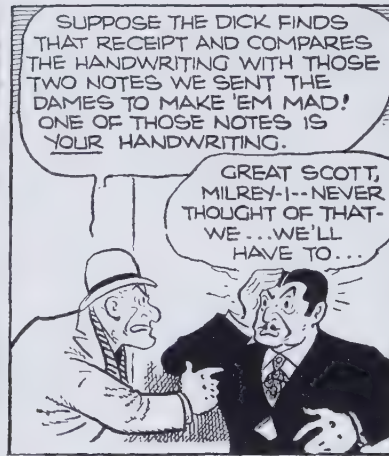
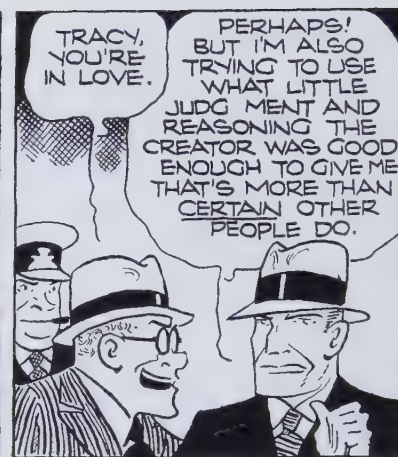
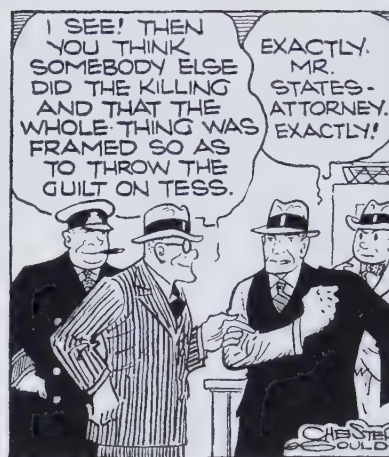
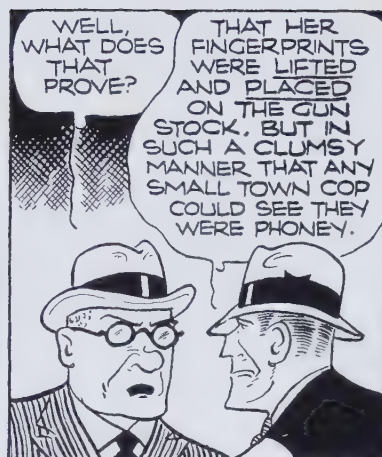
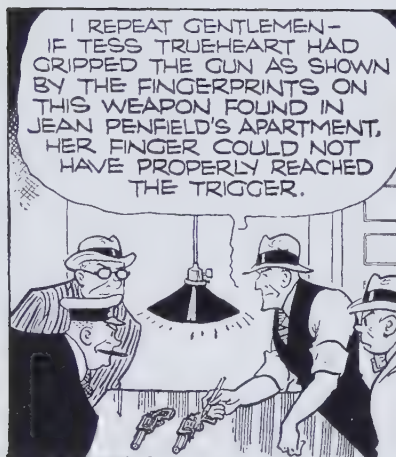
DICK TRACY

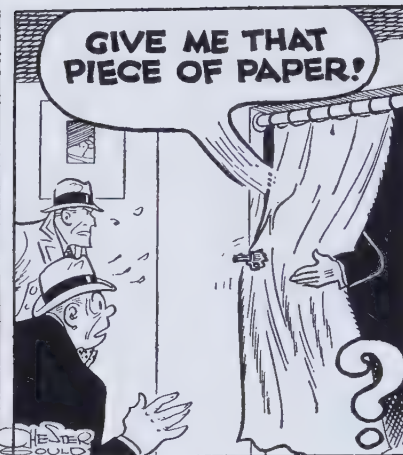
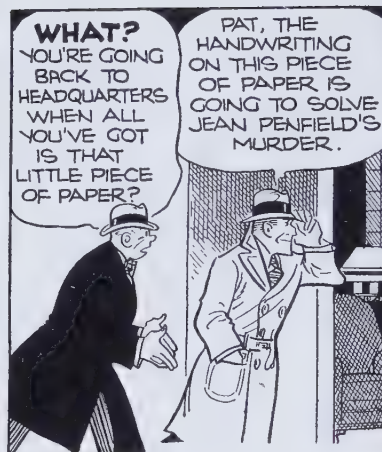
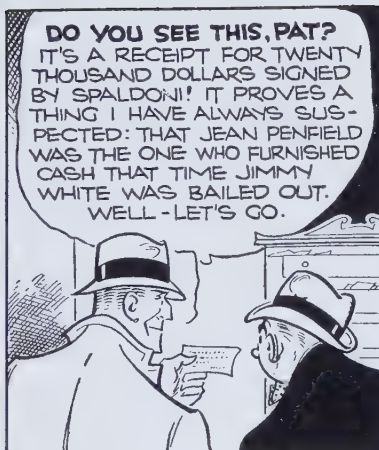
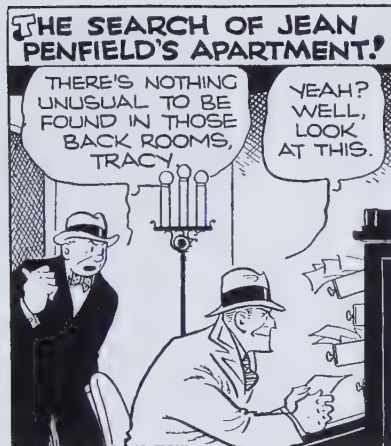
By
ALBERT
GOLD

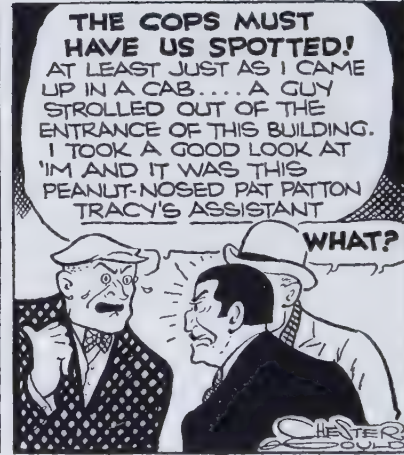
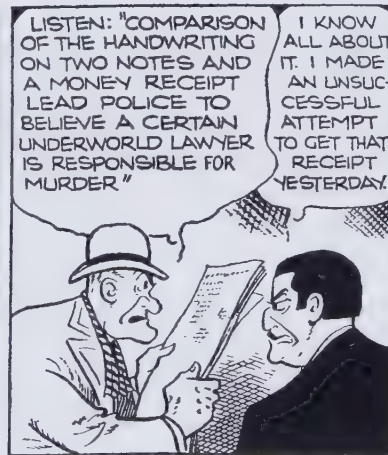
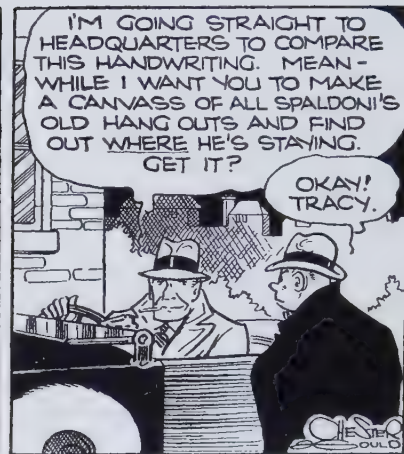
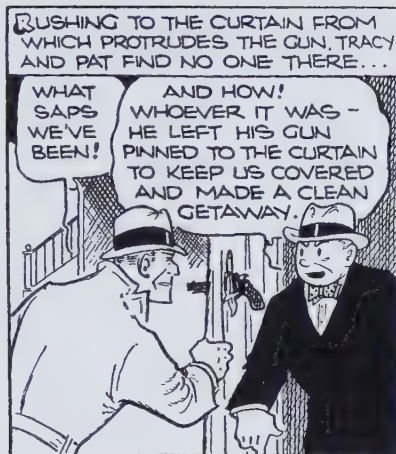
THE DAILY POPPER
YOUNG AUTHORESS SLAIN
BY JEALOUS RIVAL!

NO MATTER
WHAT THEY SAY
I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT MISS TESS
WOULD DO IT!
SHE COULDN'T
HAVE.



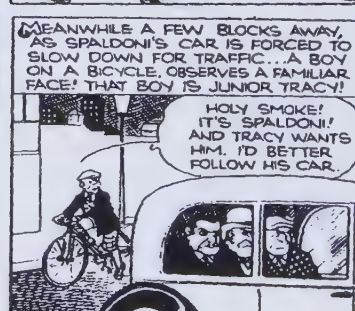
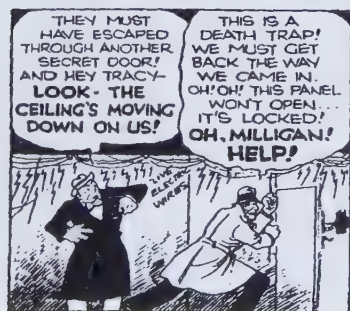
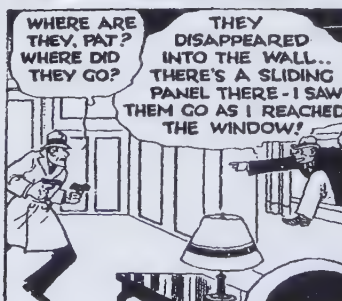
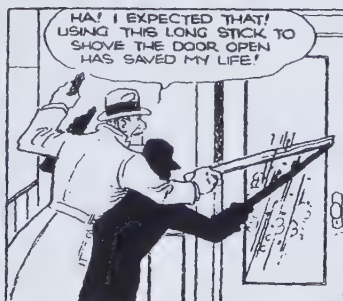
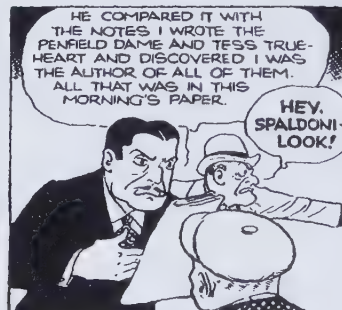


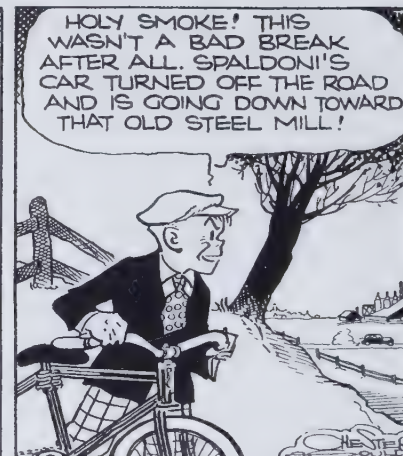
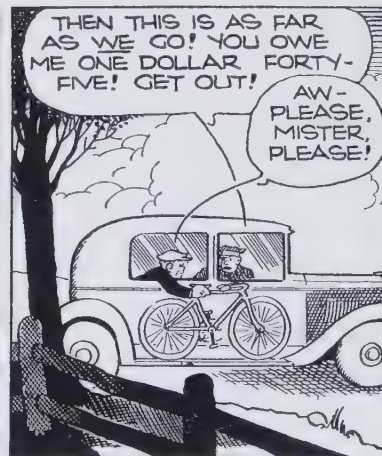
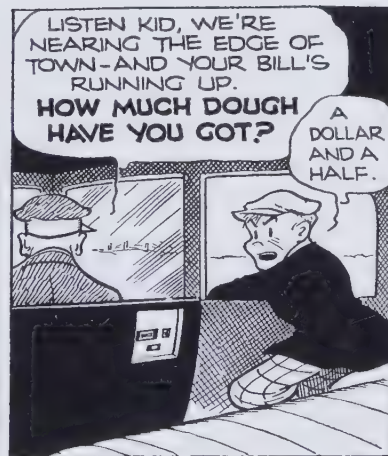
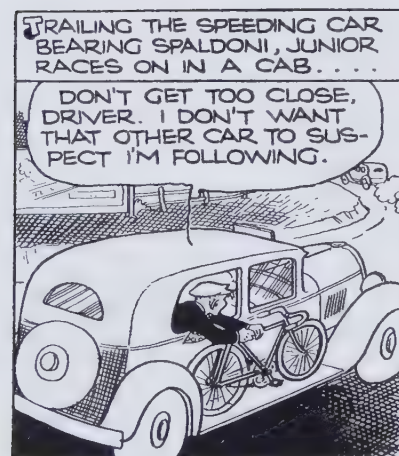
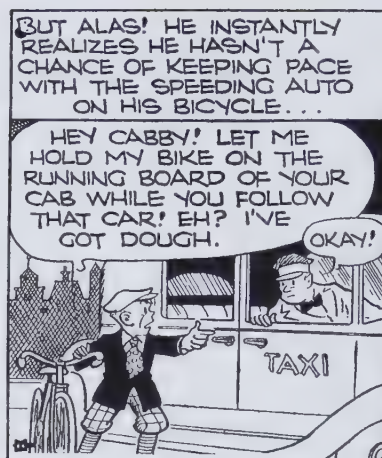
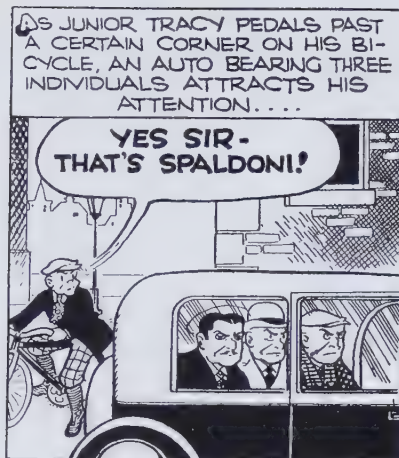


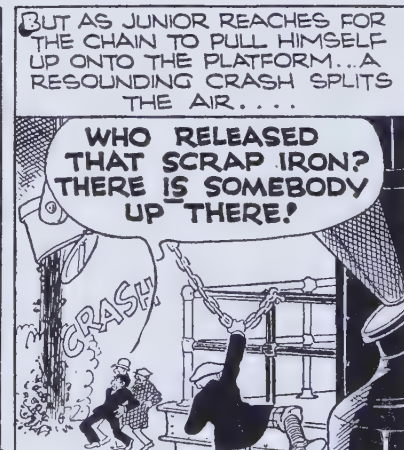
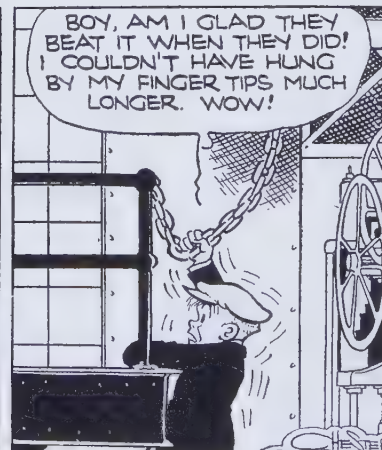
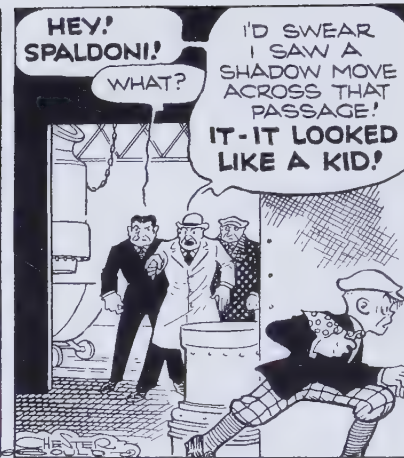
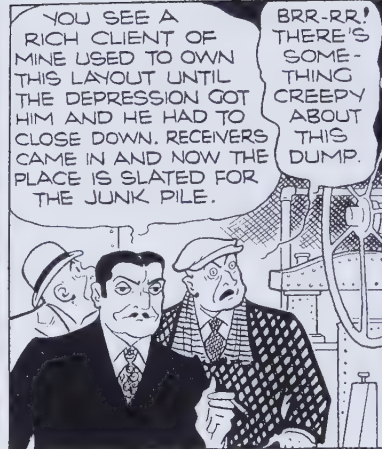
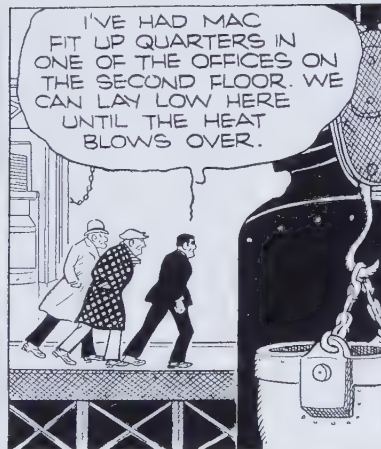
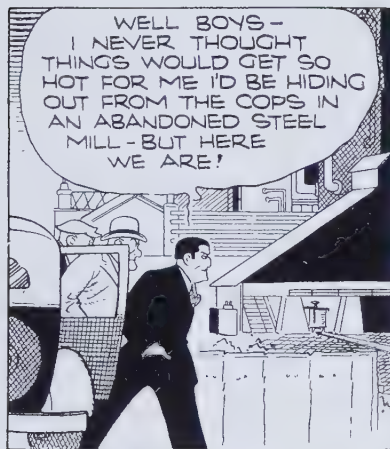


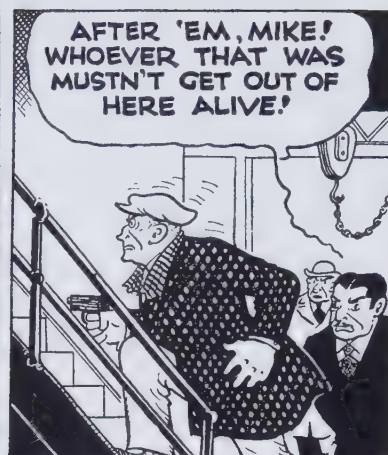
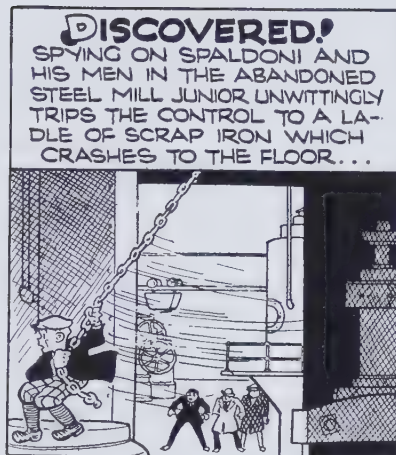
DICK TRACY

THIS IS THE PLACE, BOYS. GO AROUND TO THE BACK, MILLIGAN - PAT. YOU GO UP THE FIRE ESCAPE. AND I'LL ENTER THE FRONT.









DICK TRACY

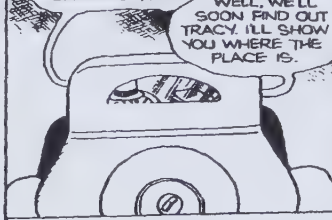
AFTER TRAILING SPALDONI, FIRST ON HIS BICYCLE THEN IN A TAXI CAB, JUNIOR DISCOVERED THE CROOK-LAWYER'S HEADQUARTERS TO BE AN OLD ABANDONED STEEL MILL AT THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS. WHEREUPON THE BOY RETURNED TO TOWN AND SUMMONS TRACY....



YES SIR, TRACY! SPALDONI AND HIS GANG HAVE A SECRET HIDEOUT IN AN OLD STEEL MILL AND I HEARD SPALDONI SAY HE WAS THE ONE THAT KILLED JEAN PENFIELD!



THE QUESTION IS, WHERE ARE THEY NOW? IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY THAT THEY WENT TO THE STEEL MILL ONLY FOR A TEMPORARY MEETING BEFORE SKIPPING TOWN.

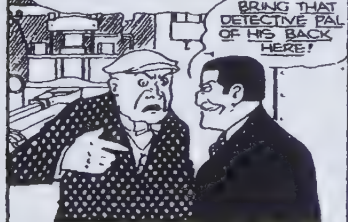


MEANWHILE, ALTHOUGH JUNIOR THINKS HIS SHADOWING OF THE CROOKS WENT UNNOTICED... CONVERSATION AT THE OLD STEEL MILL PROVES QUITE THE OPPOSITE...

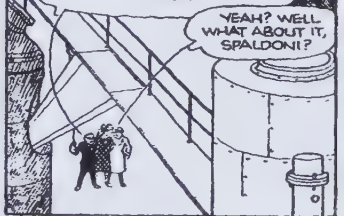
BUT, SPALDONI, WHEN WE HEARD THAT NOISE, AND SAW THE KID CREEP OUT FROM BEHIND THOSE FURNACES AND BEAT IT, WE KNEW HE'D DISCOVERED OUR HIDEAWAY. DIDN'T WE?



THEN WHY DID YOU INSIST ON LETTING HIM GET AWAY? HE'LL BRING THAT DETECTIVE PAL OF HIS BACK HERE, AND—



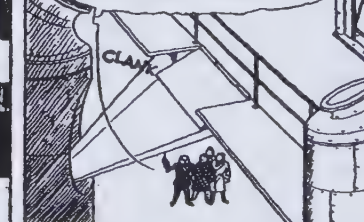
DO YOU SEE THE CAT WALK ABOVE THAT OLD FURNACE? WELL, THERE'S A TRAP DOOR RIGHT AT THE MOUTH OPERATED BY THIS LEVER.



WHEN THE DETECTIVE COMES IN HERE... I WANT ONE OF YOU BOYS TO LET HIM GET A GLIMPSE OF YOU—THEN RUN ACROSS THAT CAT WALK AND HIDE BEHIND THOSE FURNACES.



AS THE DICK GOES AFTER YOU AND PUTS HIS FOOT ON THE TRAP DOOR, I'LL PULL THIS LEVER—HE'LL TUMBLE INTO THE FURNACE AND... NOW LOOK!



BY PULLING THAT RELEASE ROD FIVE TONS OF SCRAP IRON WILL DROP FROM THAT CONVEYOR LADE RIGHT IN AFTER HIM, SEE? WHAT? HEY MILREY—DON'T PULL THAT!



GEE, SPALDONI—I DIDN'T MEAN TO DUMP IT!

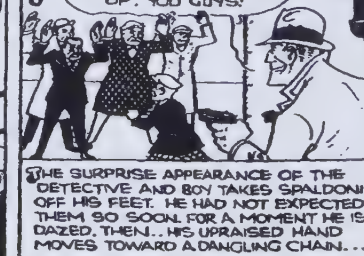
WHY, YOU DUMBBELL! NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO UP TO THE CHARGING ROOM OF THE FURNACE AND RELOAD THAT LADE WITH SCRAP IRON!! COME ON!



EASY, BOYS! I HEARD YOU WERE HERE... AND THOUGHT I'D CALL. I CAME IN THROUGH THE CAST HOUSE AND OVER THE ROOF OF THE INGOT SHED. STICK 'EM UP HIGH!



SEARCH THEM, JUNIOR... TAKE THEIR GUNS! AND KEEP 'EM UP, YOU GUYS!



SO SPEEDILY DID JUNIOR RETURN TO TOWN AND TELL TRACY OF SPALDONI'S HIDEOUT IN THE ABANDONED STEEL MILL AND SO QUICKLY DID THE DETECTIVE SPEED TO THE SCENE THAT THE DESPERADOS WERE CAUGHT COMPLETELY OFF GUARD.



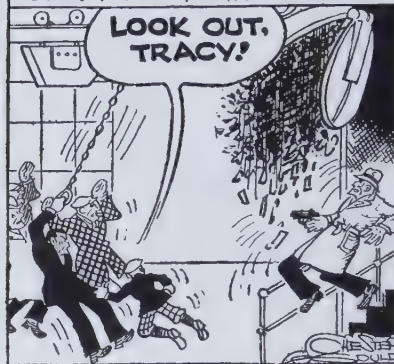
YEAH-I KNOW YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME SO SOON.. BUT MY SYSTEM OF CATCHING CROOKS IS TO ACT FAST AND SURPRISE 'EM!
SEARCH THEM, JUNIOR!



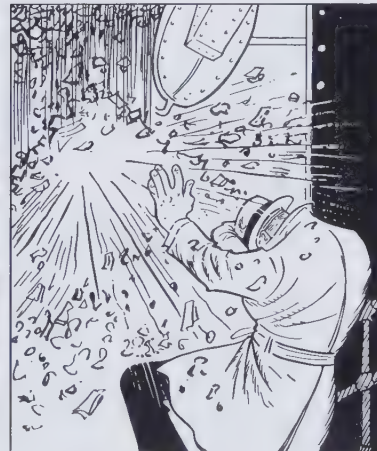
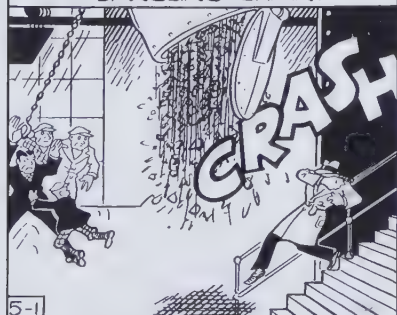
WHILE JUNIOR FRISKS THE CROOKS-TRACY FAILS TO NOTICE SPALDONI'S HAND DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A DANGLING CHAIN....



A CLICK-THEN A RESOUNDING CRASH AS TONS OF SCRAP-IRON ARE RELEASED DIRECTLY OVER THE DETECTIVE'S HEAD..



JUST BY INCHES..
DICK TRACY AVOIDS TONS OF FALLING SCRAP IRON RELEASED OVER HIS HEAD WHEN SPALDONI JERKS A DANGLING CHAIN.



**COME ON-
YOU LITTLE RAT!
YOU'RE GOING TO
WORK FOR US NOW!**



SHIELD YOURSELF BEHIND THE BOY, MIKE- AND FEED THE DICK HOT LEAD WHILE MAC, MILREY AND I GO ON UPSTAIRS AND GET THINGS ALL SET FOR 'IM UP THERE!

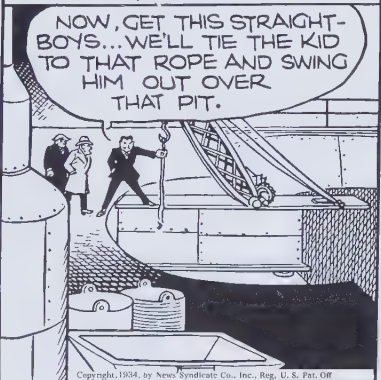


USING JUNIOR AS A SHIELD-
SPALDONI'S HENCHMAN, MIKE,
HOLDS TRACY AT BAY DOWN
ON THE LOWER FLOOR OF
THE FURNACE ROOM....



5-2

WHILE UPSTAIRS THE LAWYER-
GANGSTER PLOTS THE DE-
TECTIVE'S END....

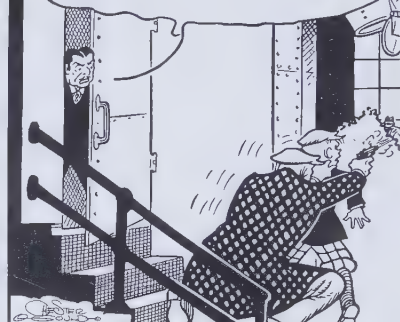


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THEN WE'LL HIDE
BEHIND THAT CUTTING
MACHINE AND LET THE
DICK COME IN. WHEN HE
STARTS OUT ON THE
CRANE TO RESCUE THE
KID-WE'LL LET 'IM
HAVE IT!



MIKE, KEEP THE
KID IN FRONT OF YOU
AND BACK UP THE STAIRS
THEN CLOSE THIS STEEL
DOOR, AND HOLD IT SHUT
SO THE DICK CAN'T GET UP!



MIKE'S HOLDING THE
STEEL DOOR SHUT TO
KEEP THE DICK OUT TILL
EVERYTHING'S SET!
COME ON- LET'S
TIE THE KID.



5-3

YOU'RE GOING
TO TAKE A LITTLE
RIDE, SON. OUT OVER
THAT PIT! BUT YOUR
DETECTIVE PAL
WILL RESCUE YOU.

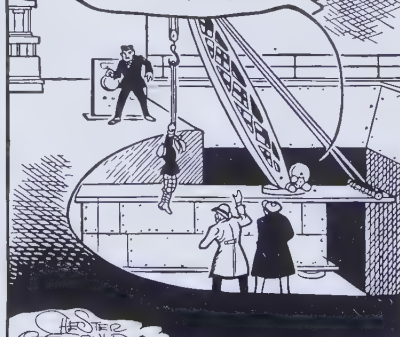


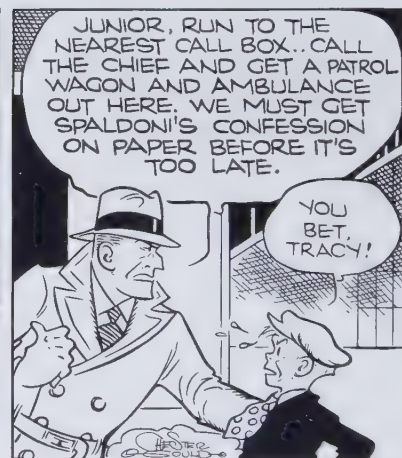
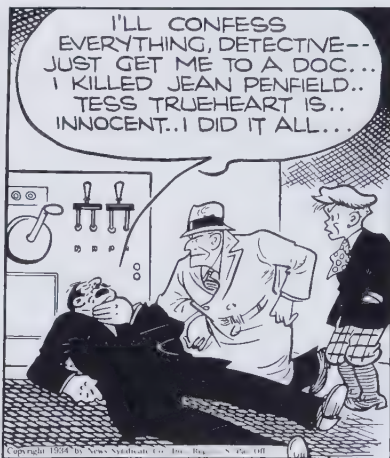
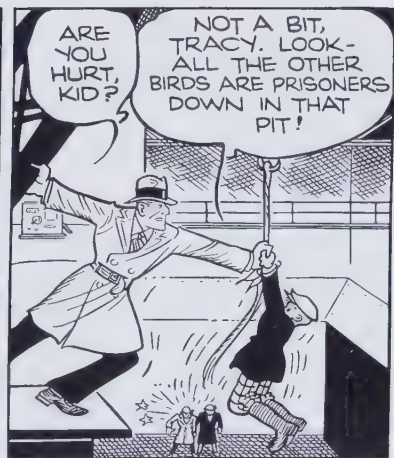
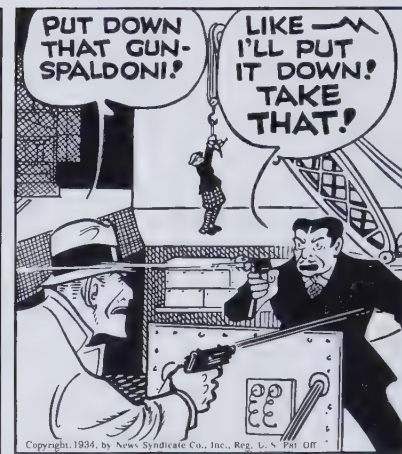
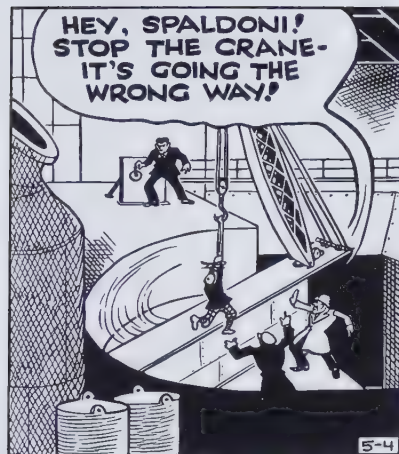
HURRY UP-
YOU GUYS.. I CAN'T
KEEP THIS FLATFOOT
OUT MUCH LONGER.
OW!

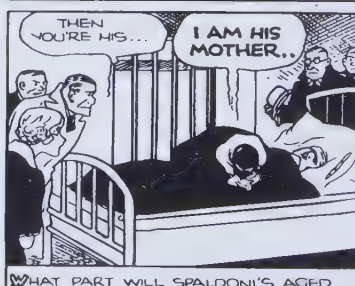
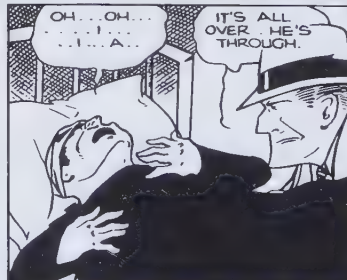
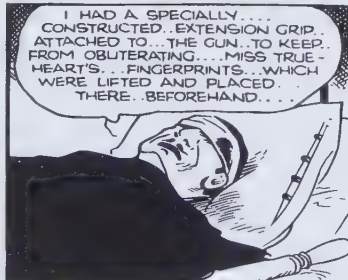
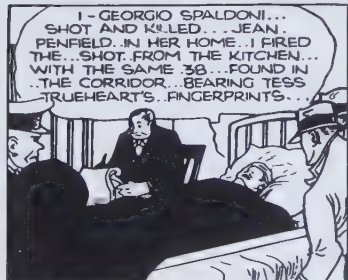
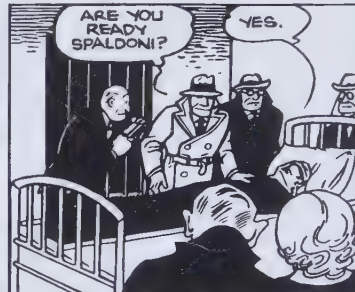
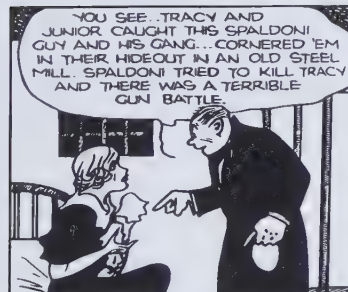


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OKAY, SPALDONI-
TURN ON THE MOTOR
TO SWING THE
CRANE!







WHAT PART WILL SPALDONI'S AGED MOTHER PLAY IN OUR FUTURE STORY?

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BARELY MOMENTS BEFORE HE EXPIRES..
 SPALDONI IS BROUGHT INTO TESS TRUEHEART'S CELL - WHERE, BEFORE WITNESSES, HE CONFESSES THE MURDER OF JEAN PENFIELD...

COME ON IN-CHIEF. I EXPECTED YOU SOONER.

5-7

SPALDONI CONFESSED EVERYTHING- AND CLEARED TESS. HERE'S THE CONFESSION

TESS- YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY THIS MAKES ME! CONGRATULATIONS

BUT WHO'S THE OLD LADY?

SPALDONI'S MOTHER. SHE CAME IN JUST AFTER HE HAD BREATHED HIS LAST.

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SPALDONI'S MOTHER?

TRACY-SHE'S FAINTED!

POOR THING- QUICK... LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE. GET A GLASS OF WATER SOMEONE.

SPALDONI'S MOTHER!
 CREATING AN ANTI-CLIMAX - FOLLOWING SPALDONI'S SENSATIONAL CONFESSION THAT FREED TESS TRUEHEART, THE AGED MOTHER OF THE LAWYER-CRIMINAL APPEARS ON THE SCENE...

SHE JUST FAINTED.

HERE'S SOME WATER

5-8

THERE-THERE-MRS. SPALDONI, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! YOU HAVE OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY- OUR VERY DEEPEST SYMPATHY!

OH-WHERE... AH!.. NOW I'M ALL RIGHT! YES-I'M ALL RIGHT. SO I FAINTED, DID I? H'M- I HAVEN'T DONE THAT IN YEARS.

YOU'RE REALLY THE MOTHER OF SPALDONI?

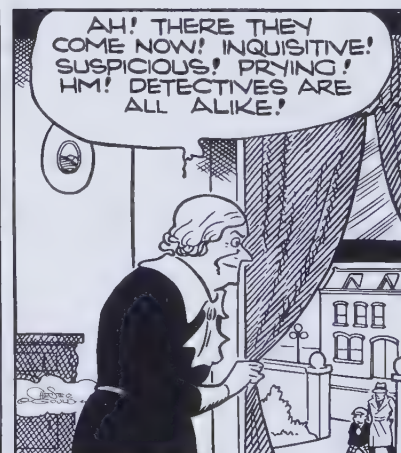
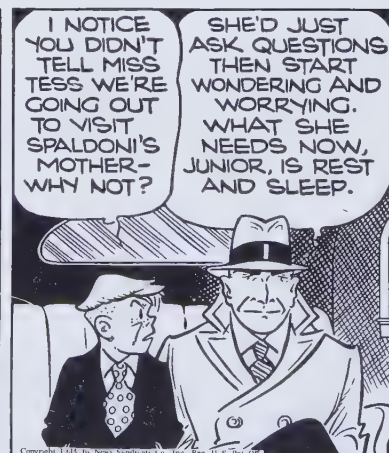
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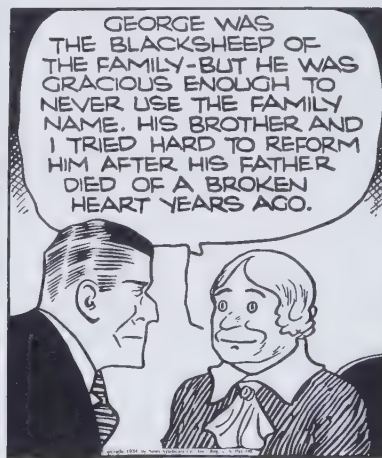
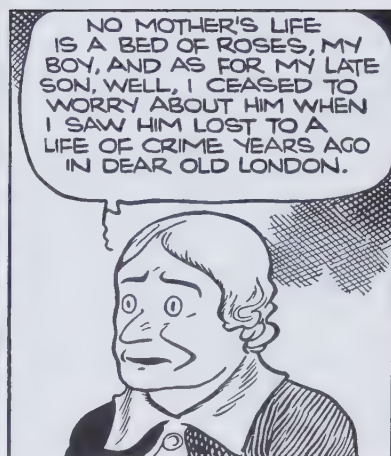
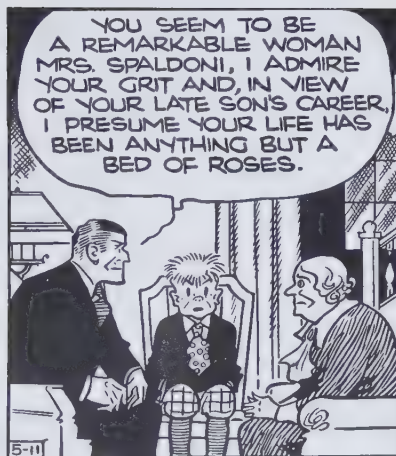
OF COURSE I'M HIS MOTHER! MERCY ME! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'D CLAIM TO BE THE MOTHER OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL IF I WASN'T REALLY THE MOTHER, DO YOU? WELL, GIVE ME MY THINGS - I MUST GET ALONG.

WHAT MANNER OF WOMAN IS THIS??



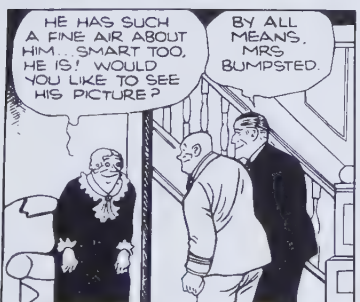
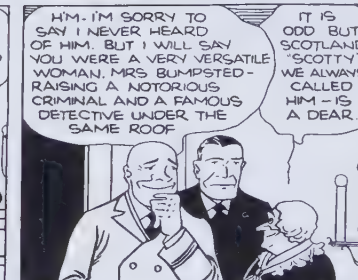
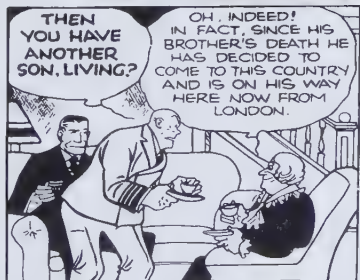
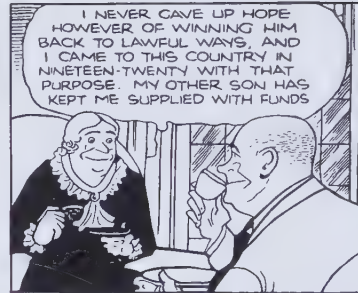
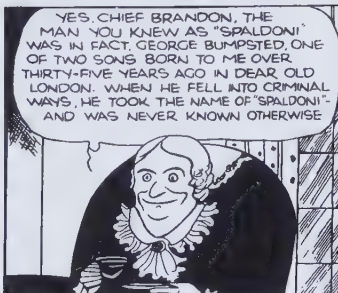
THE KID THAT REALLY PUT THE SKIDS UNDER SPALDONI WEEPS FOR JOY! ONCE AGAIN HE, TESS AND TRACY ARE TOGETHER AND ALL IS WELL.

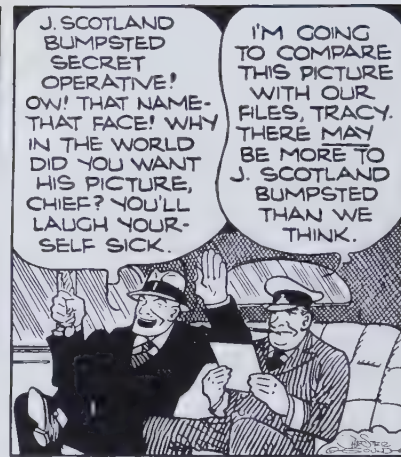


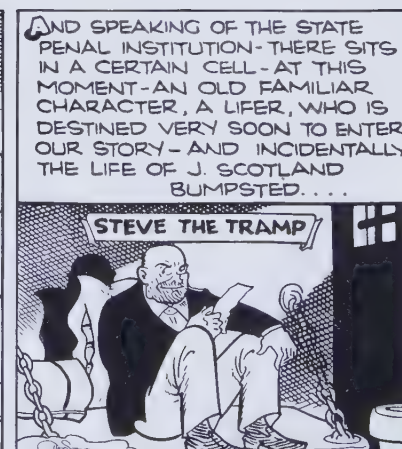
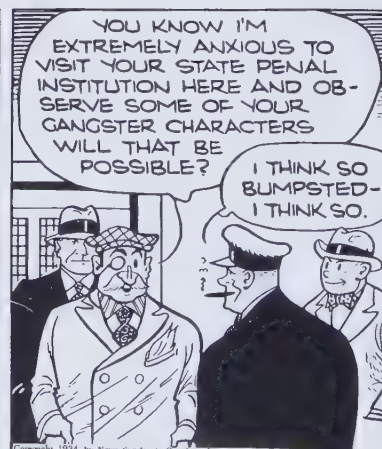
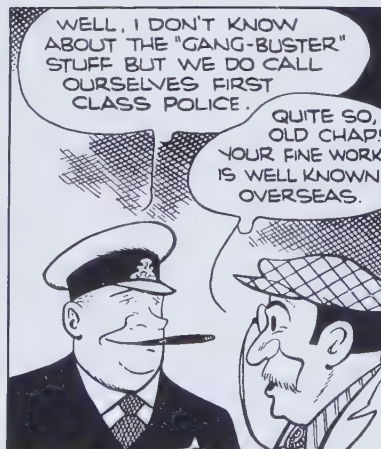
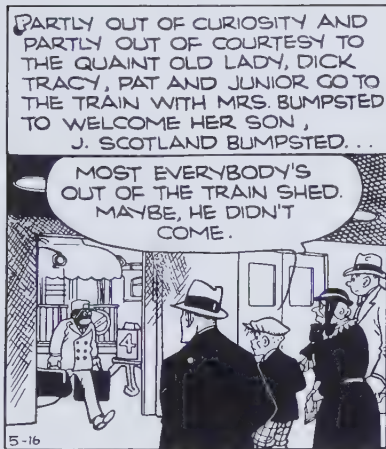


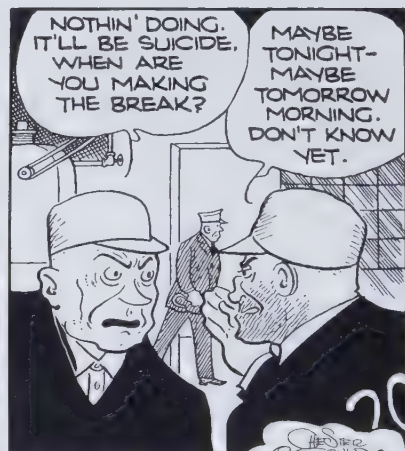
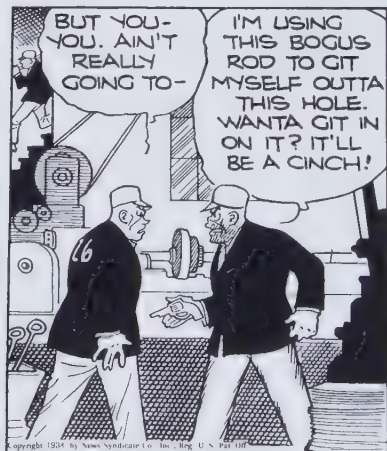
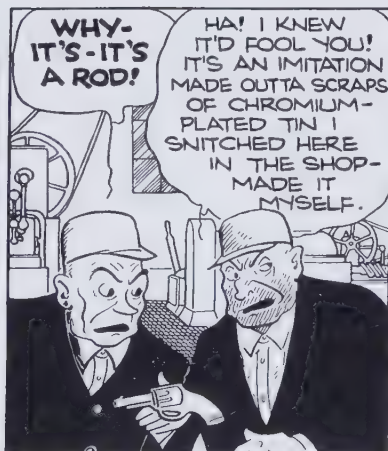
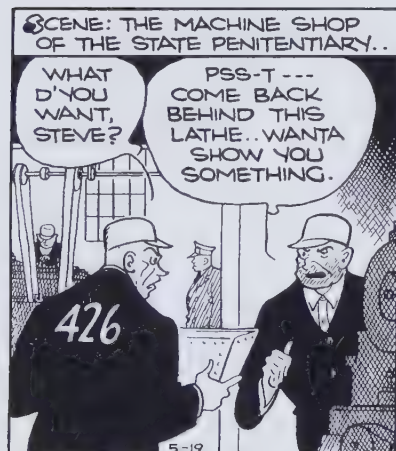
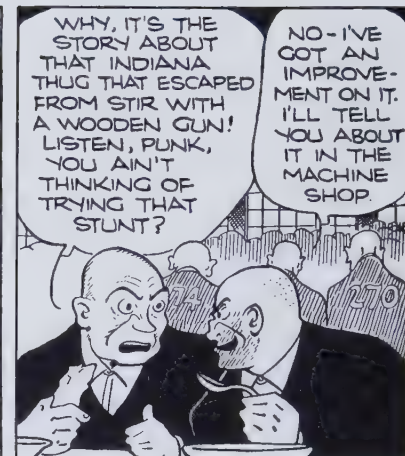
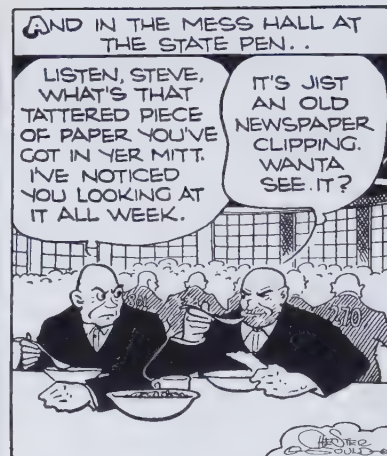
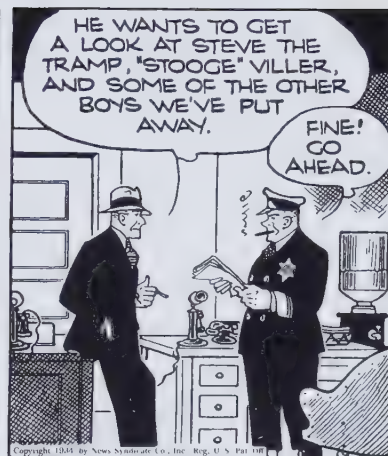
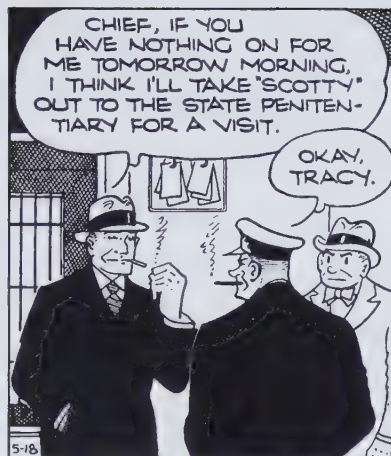
DICK TRACY

J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED, SECRET OPERATIVE, EH?

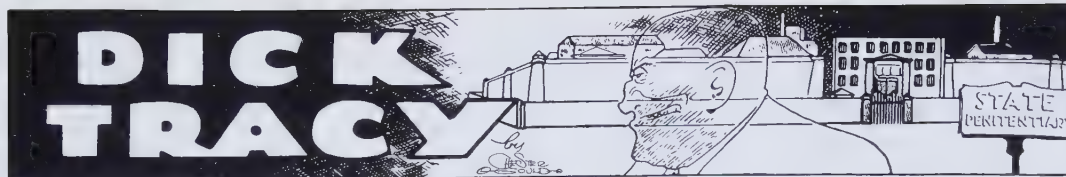




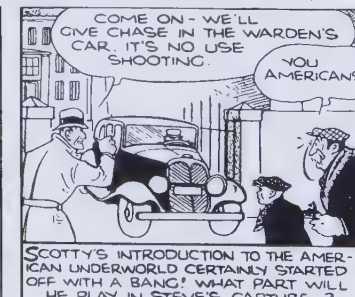
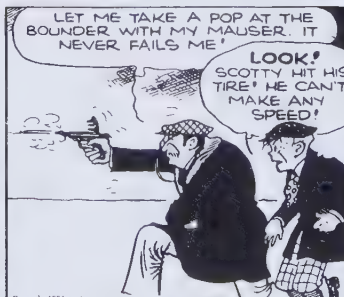
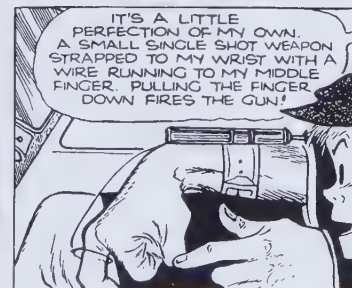
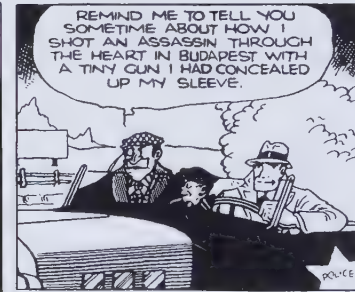
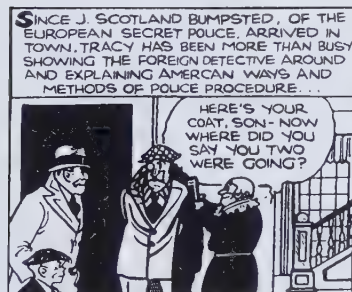


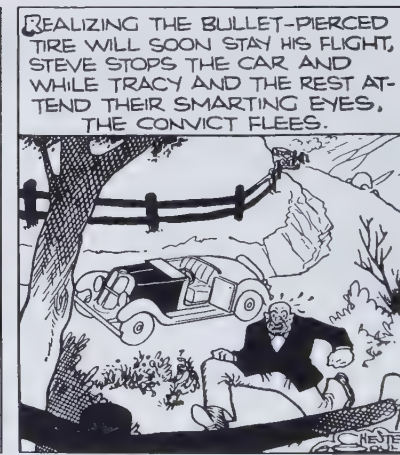
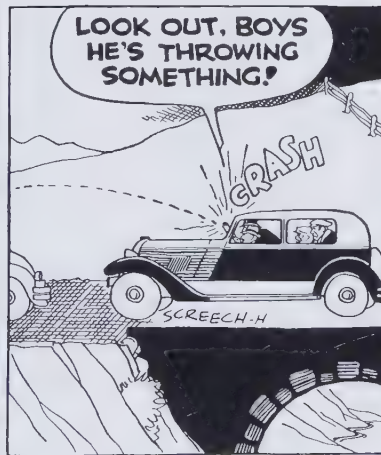
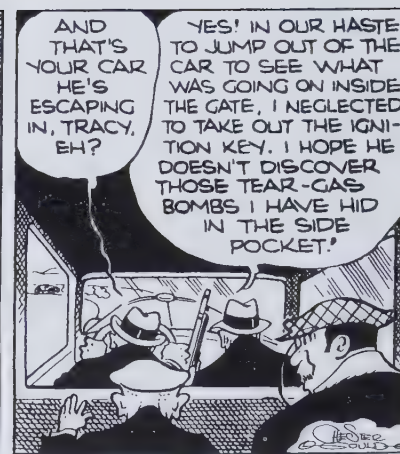
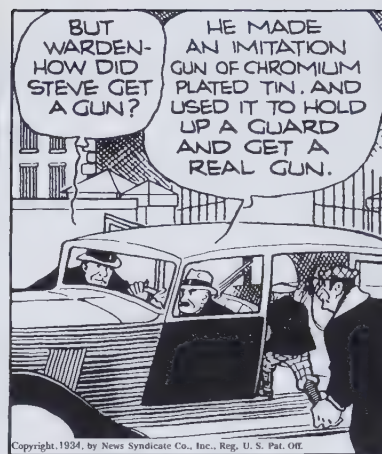
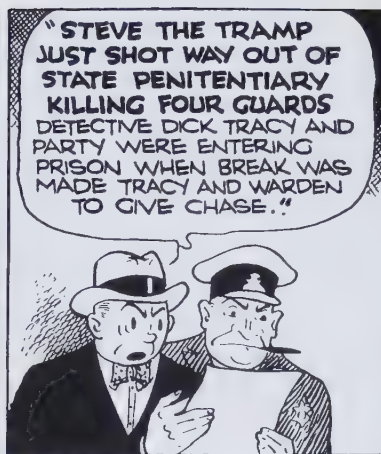


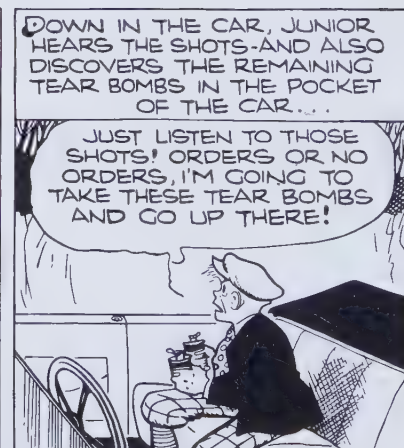
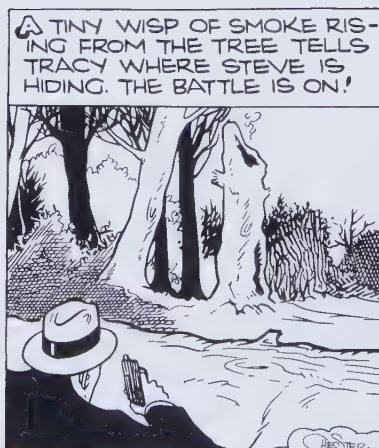
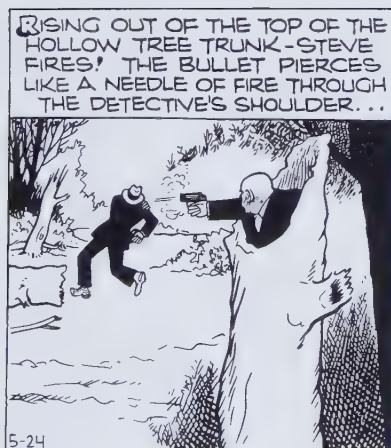
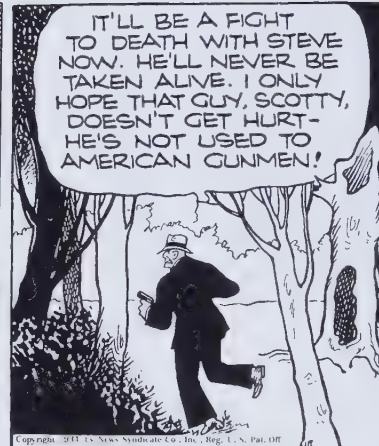
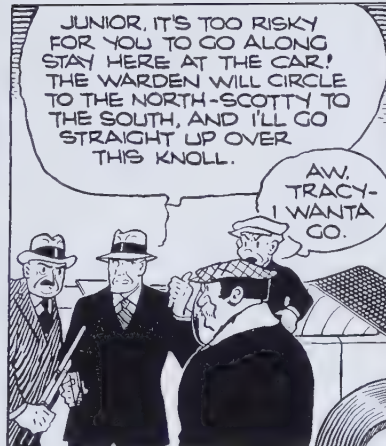
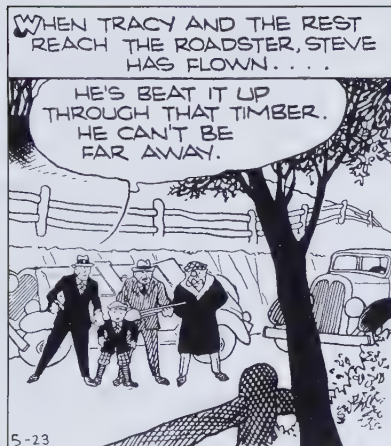
DICK TRACY

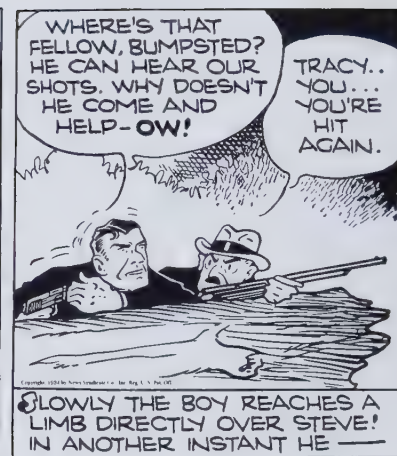


STATE PENITENTIARY

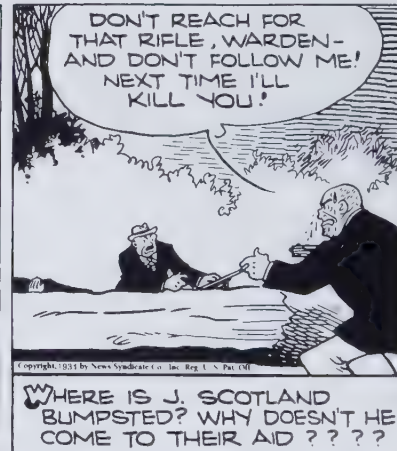
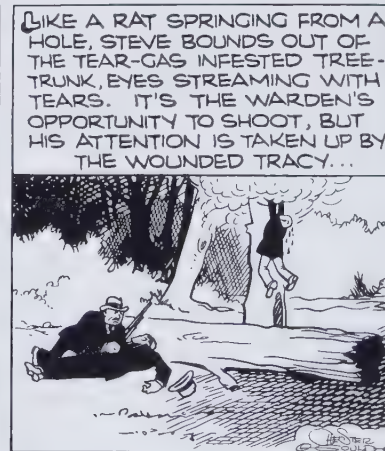








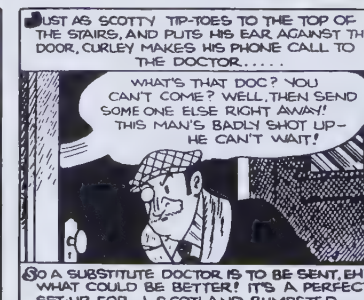
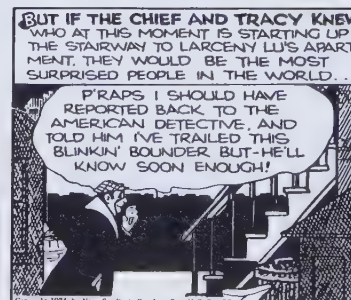
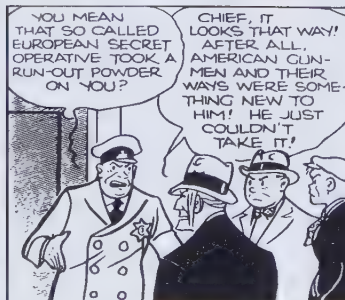
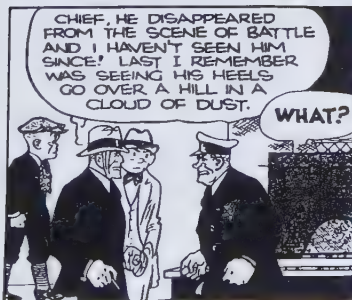
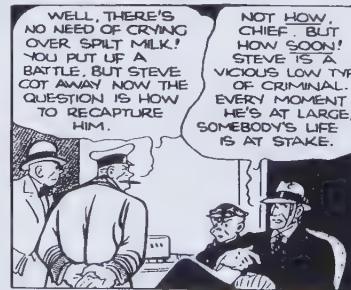
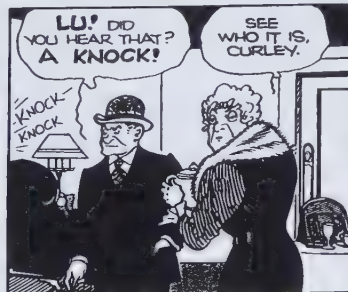
SLOWLY THE BOY REACHES A
LIMB DIRECTLY OVER STEVE!
IN ANOTHER INSTANT HE —



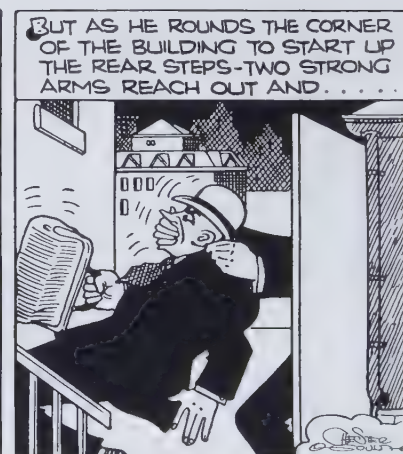
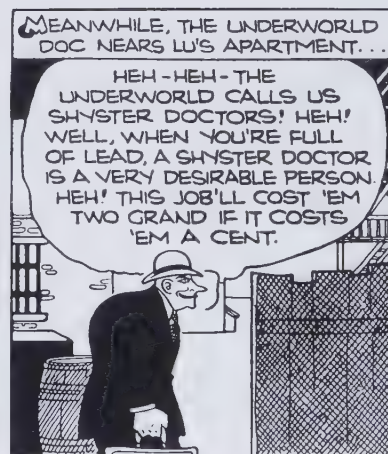
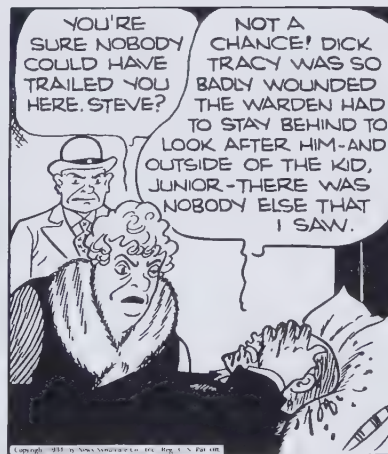
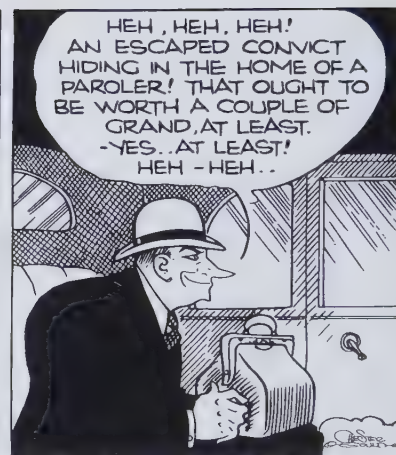
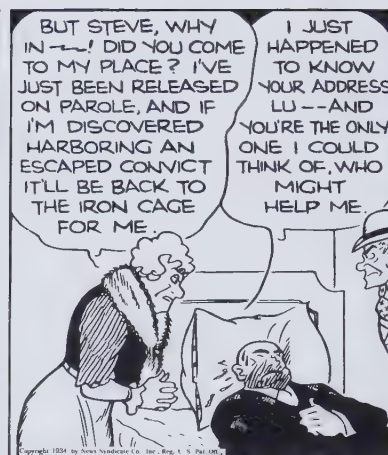
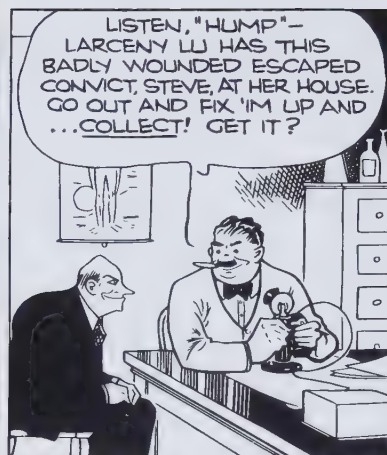
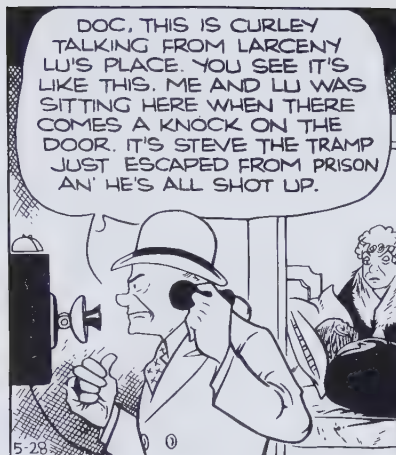
WHERE IS J. SCOTLAND
BUMPSTED? WHY DOESN'T HE
COME TO THEIR AID ????

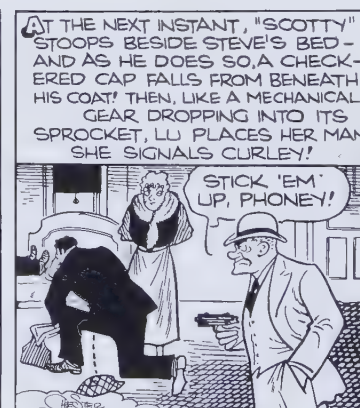
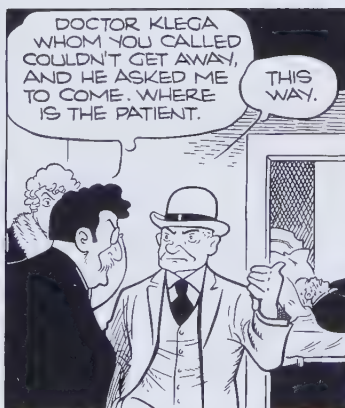
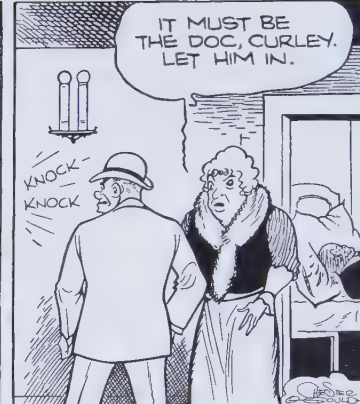
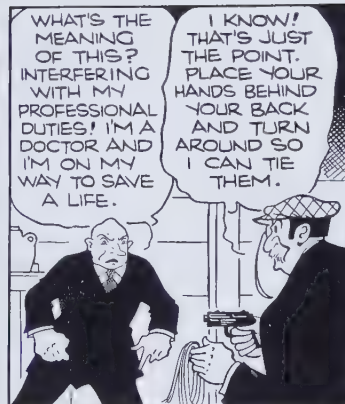
DICK TRACY

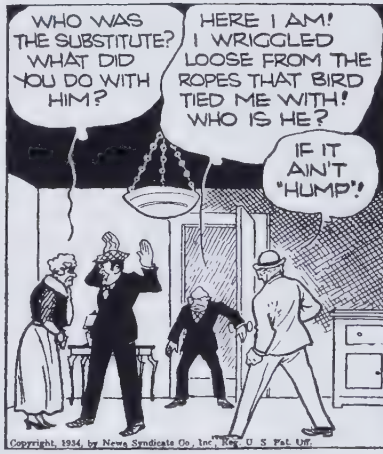
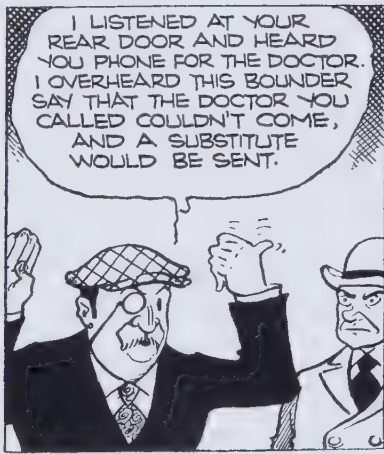
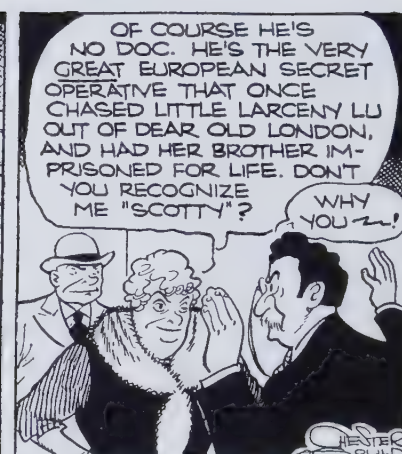
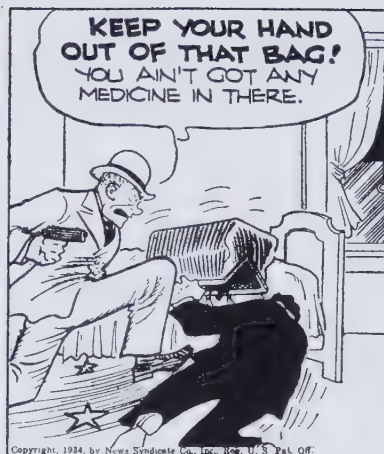
STUMBLING BLINDLY DOWN AN ALLEY, THROUGH THE DARK, A BLEEDING, BATTERED FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY.



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DICK TRACY

SO YOU OVERHEARD US PHONING FOR A DOCTOR, WAITED AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS TILL HE SHOWED UP- AND SLUGGED HIM, THEN TOOK HIS MEDICINE CASE, DISGUISED YOURSELF AND THOUGHT YOU'D COME IN AND ARREST US, EH?

RIGHTO

HE CERTAINLY GAVE ME A NASTY RAP ON THE HEAD, LU, WHEN HE STOPPED ME DOWNSTAIRS! WHO IS HE?

I'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS, DOC. HE'S J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED, "SUPER-DETECTIVE" - HE CALLS HIMSELF.

HE'S JUST A PLAIN SNOOPIN' FLATFOOT-A MEMBER OF THE EUROPEAN SECRET POLICE. MANY'S THE TIME HE MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME IN DEAR OLD LONDON YEARS AGO. THAT'S WHY I LEFT ENGLAND.

SO! WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO WITH THE FISH FACE, LU?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!

WHAT'S THAT, DOC?

TURN HIM OVER TO ME. IT JUST CAME TO ME THAT HE COULD BE USED AS A... ER... WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL... LABORATORY SUBJECT... FOR CLINICAL PURPOSES AND EXPERIMENTATION.

YOU'RE SURE THAT'D BE BETTER THAN...

OH, MUCH BETTER - MUCH BETTER, WHAT WITH MY DISSECTING ROOM AND CREMATORY!

SCOTTY'S HANDS ARE RETIED BEHIND HIS BACK AND HE IS ORDERED INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR. THEN, AFTER A THIRTY MINUTE RIDE...

THAT'S THE PLACE, CURLEY... IN THROUGH THIS ALLEY.

A CHARMING OPERATING ROOM YOU HAVE HERE, OLD CHAP...

OH - YOU LIKE IT. DO YOU? GEE, THAT'S GREAT!

UNTIL HIS HANDS AND GET HIM UNDERESSED, CURLEY - WHILE I GET THE CHLORFORM READY.

OKAY, DOC! ALL RIGHT SHERLOCK, GET YER DUCK OFF, BUT DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY MOVES 'CAUSE I'VE GOT YOU COVERED.

AH! CIGARS! NICE HAVANA CIGARS - MY FAVORITES.

YOU'LL FIND A MATCH IN MY COAT POCKET.

ALL RIGHT - BRIGHT-EYES - OFF WITH THE DUDES! YOU HEARD WHAT THE DOC SAID - WHAT TH--

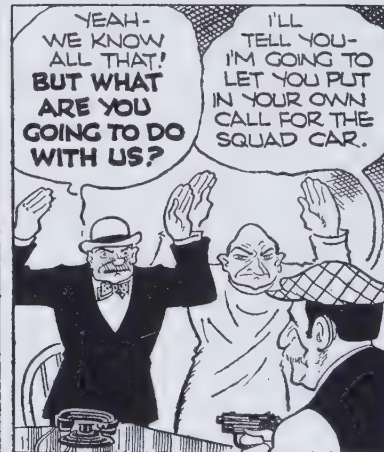
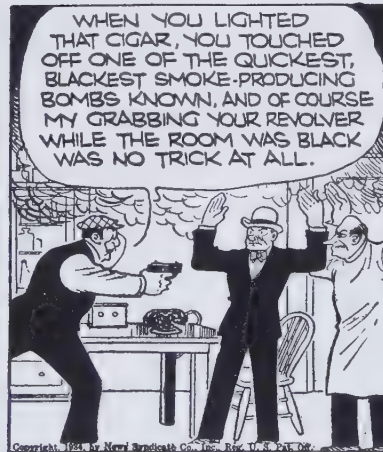
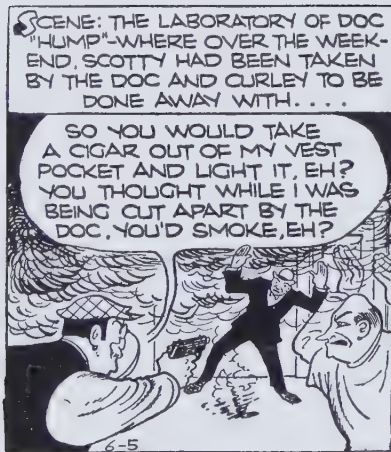
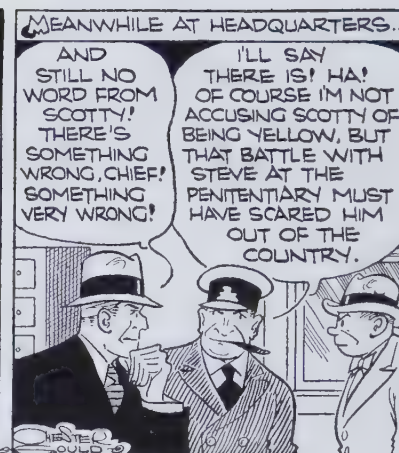
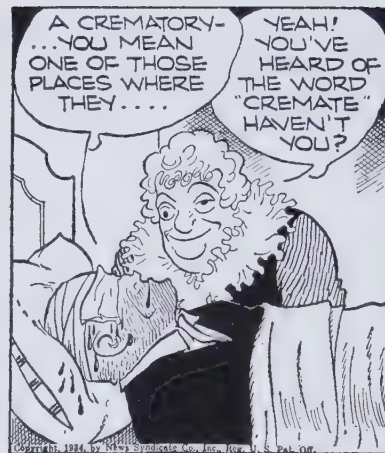
QUICK, CURLEY! OPEN A WINDOW SO THE DRAFT WILL BLOW THIS SMOKE OUT OF HERE!

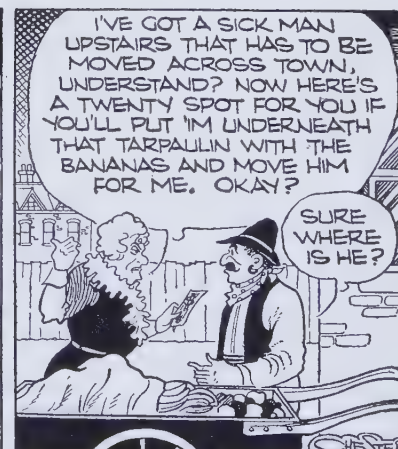
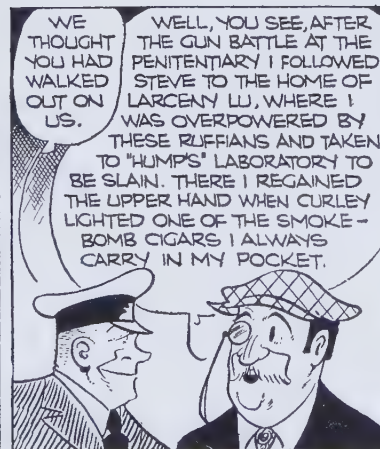
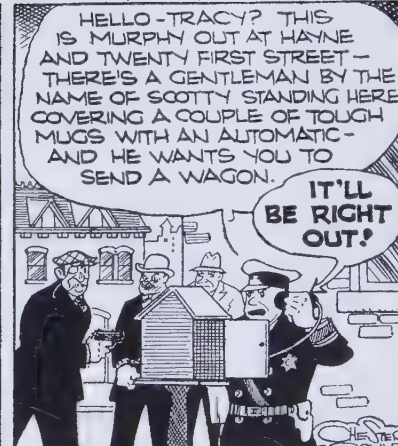
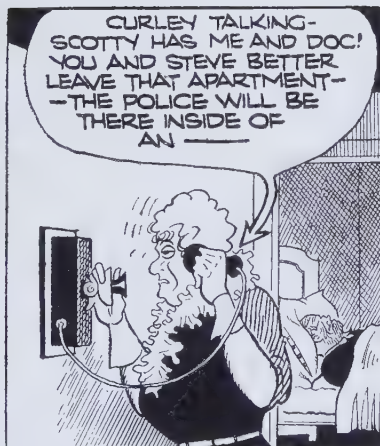
HEY! WHERE'S MY GUN? LOOK OUT, DOC - WE'RE FRAMED!

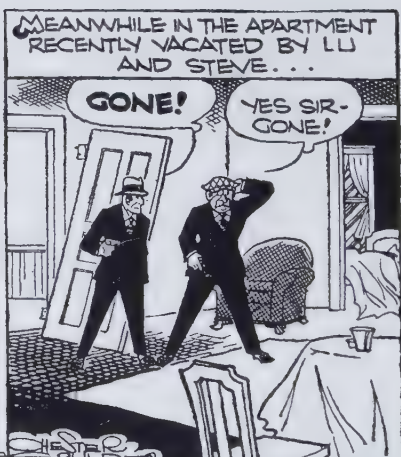
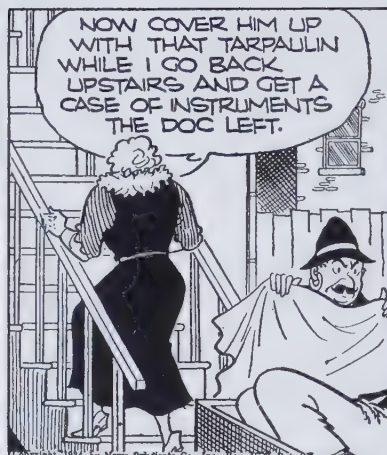
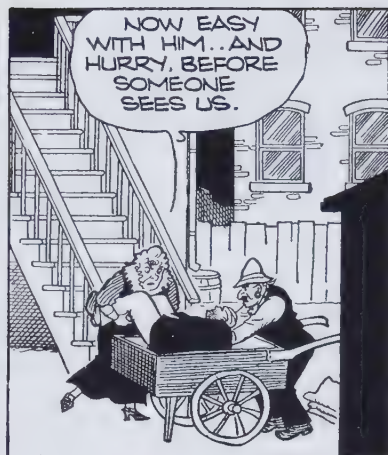
NOW KEEP THEM UP, YOU BOUNDERS!

WHY THE DIRTY ~ @ * YU -! THAT WAS A SMOKE-BOMB!

SCOTTY'S SMOKE-BOMB CIGAR HAS TURNED A TRICK FOR HIM! NOW IF HE CAN GET THESE TWO TO HEADQUARTERS!







DICK TRACY

KNOWING THAT J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED WILL REVEAL HER HIDE-OUT AND THUS CAUSE HER ARREST FOR HARBORING THE ESCAPED CONVICT STEVE, LARCENY LU BRIBES A BANANA PEDDLER FOR THE USE OF HIS CART AND MOVES STEVE TO A NEW ABODE....



MORTIMER, YOU'LL HAVE TO LET US IN - WE'VE GOT A MAN THAT'S DYING, AND THE COPS HAVE RUN ME OUT OF MY PLACE.



LUCKILY, DOC LEFT HIS CASE OF INSTRUMENTS AT MY PLACE WHEN HE AND CURLEY TOOK THAT EUROPEAN DETECTIVE AWAY - NOW GET ME TWO PANS OF BOILING HOT WATER.



OH, I CAN'T... WHO SAYS I CAN'T OPERATE? THIS MAN'S DYING - AND WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO GO PHONING AROUND FOR A DOC.



I'VE SEEN SAWBONES TAKE BULLETS OUT OF MUGS LIKE THIS TILL I KNOW IT BY HEART.



WHEN I ASK YOU FOR ONE OF THOSE LITTLE GADGETS, GIVE IT TO ME... AND HOLD HIS ARMS - WE'VE GOT NO ANESTHETIC.



AND AT HEADQUARTERS...

YES, CHIEF - SCOTTY TOOK US TO LU'S HANGOUT - BUT SHE HAD FLOWN AND TAKEN THE BADLY WOUNDED STEVE WITH HER.



EXACTLY, GENTLEMEN! SHE MOST CERTAINLY DID HAVE HELP! AND MY NEXT OBJECTIVE SHALL BE TO FIND WHO HELPED HER.



OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THAT'LL BE A VERY SIMPLE THING IN A CITY LIKE THIS OF SEVERAL MILLION PEOPLE.



ALREADY I HAVE A SORT OF CLEW. IN THE DIRT AT THE FOOT OF THE REAR STEPS, I DISCOVERED TRACKS OF A SMALL VEHICLE - A TWO-WHEELED VEHICLE ABOUT THREE FEET WIDE.



IT'S BARELY POSSIBLE THIS BOUNDER STEVE WAS SPIRITED AWAY ON A SMALL WAGON OR CART, IS IT NOT?



THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF LEAD IS OUT... AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, STEVE. OLD FELLOW. I'VE SAVED YOUR LIFE -- AND FROM NOW ON THAT LIFE IS GOING TO BE MINE! YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHAT I TELL YOU!



LARCENY LU'S FIRST ACT, AFTER GETTING HERSELF AND STEVE SETTLED IN THEIR NEWEST HIDEAWAY IS TO OPERATE ON THE TRAMP'S HEAD AND NECK AND REMOVE THE LEAD SLUGS...



GIVE ME THAT LITTLE KNIFE WITH THE ROUND BLADE.

IT'S A GOOD THING DOC "HUMP" LEFT HIS CASE OF INSTRUMENTS AT YOUR PLACE, EH, LU?



YOU SAID IT! IT WAS EITHER A CASE OF MY OPERATING ON THIS BIRD OR LETTING HIM DIE, BECAUSE WITH THE COPS ON OUR TRAIL WE COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF CALLING A LEGITIMATE DOC!



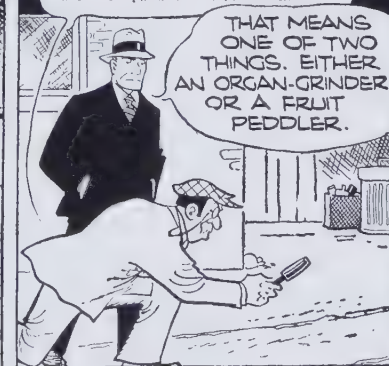
LOOK AT THAT! SEVEN BULLETS ALTOGETHER WE REMOVED FROM HIS SHOULDERS AND NECK. NOW GIVE ME THAT NEEDLE. I'LL HAVE TO SEW A COUPLE OF STITCHES IN THIS ONE.



SCENE: THE REAR STEPS OF LARCENY LU'S RECENTLY VACATED APARTMENT



THEY ARE TRACKS OF A SMALL TWO-WHEELED VEHICLE WITH NARROW IRON-TIRED WHEELS.

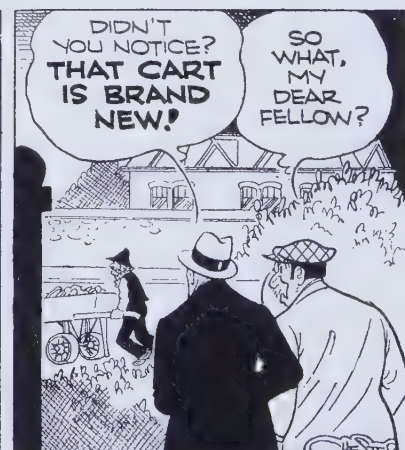
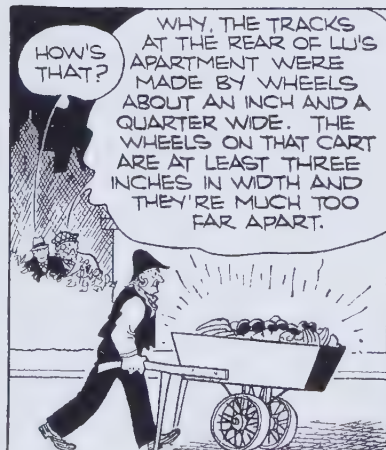
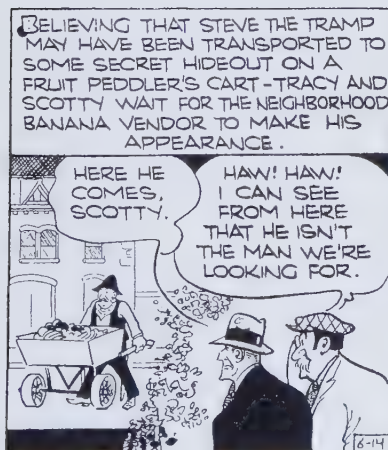
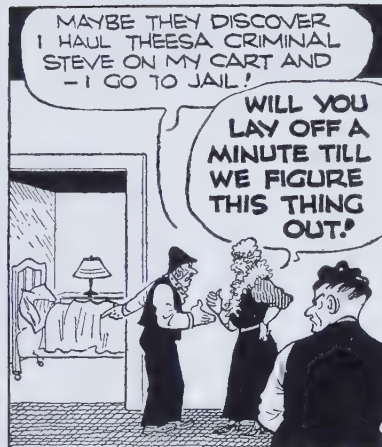


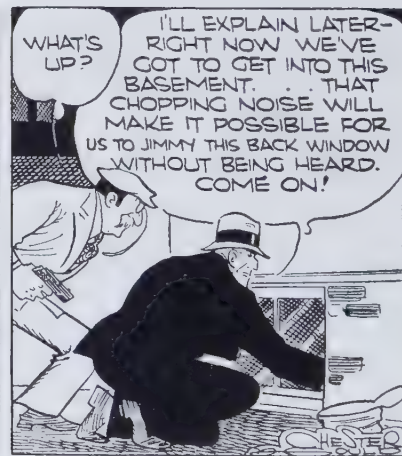
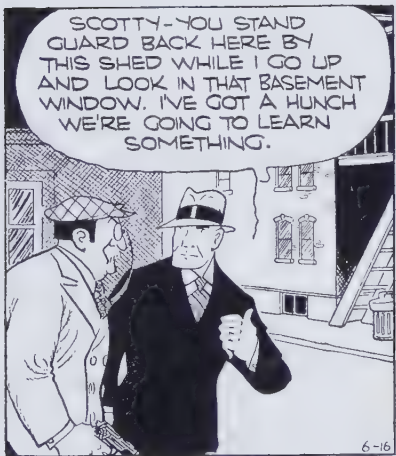
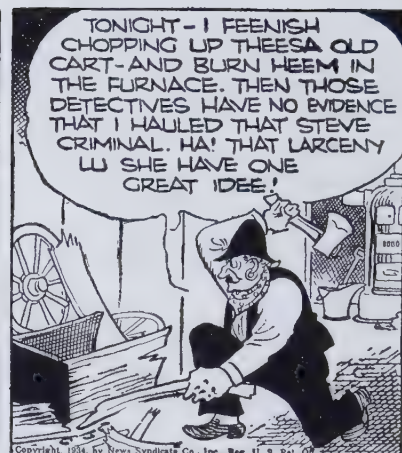
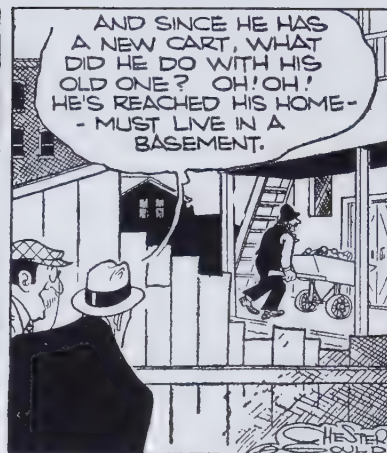
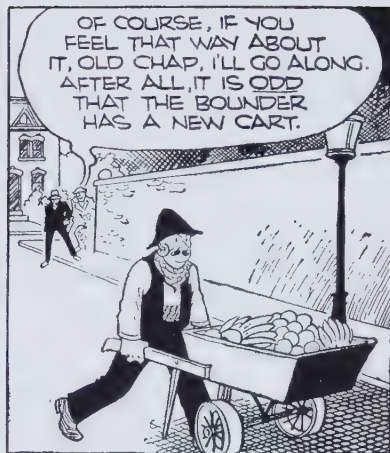
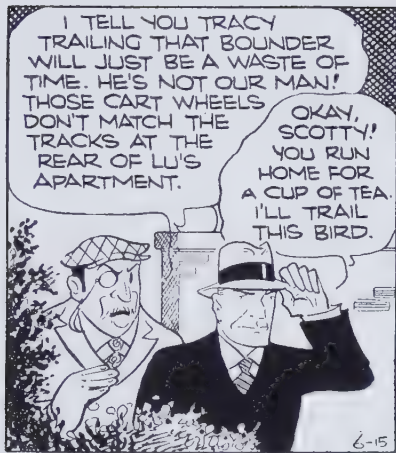
AND IT'S A CERTAINTY THE CHAP WASN'T TRANSPORTED AWAY ON A HAND-ORGAN! HAW! HAW!

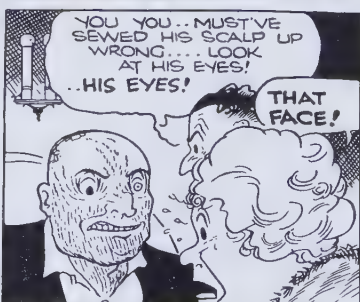
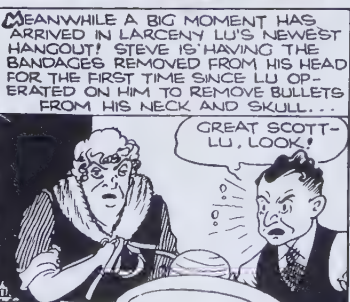
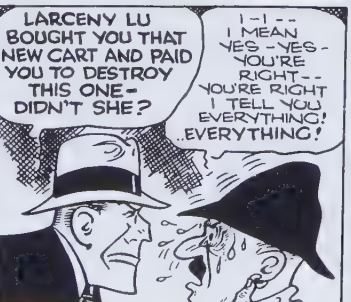
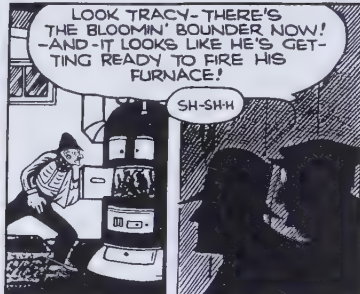
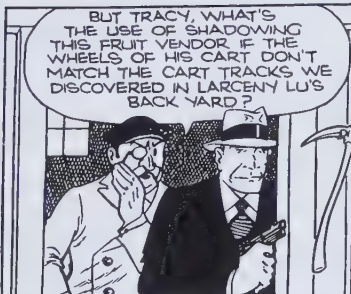
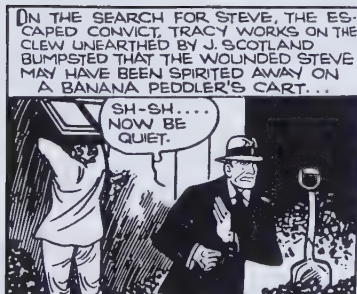


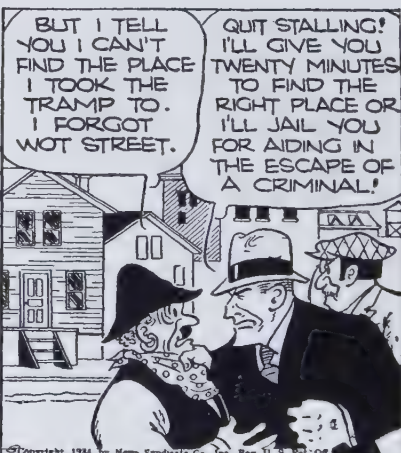
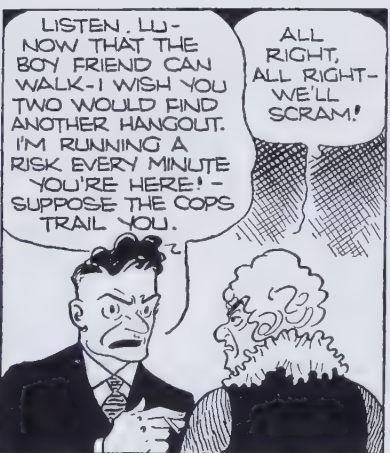
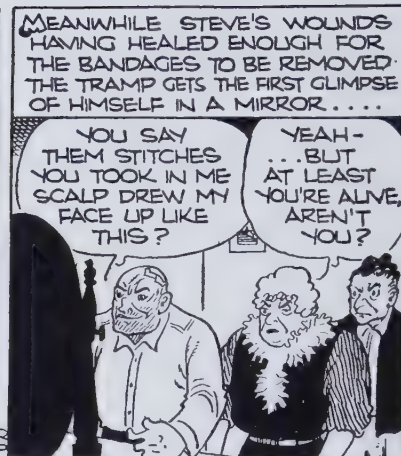
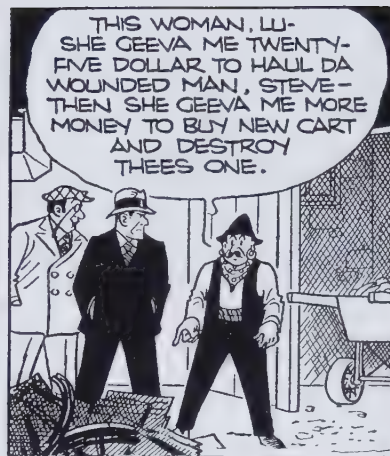
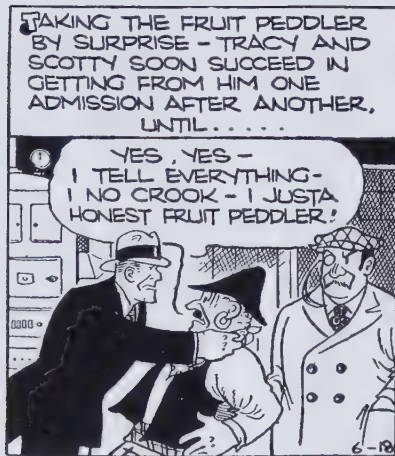
A HALF HOUR LATER AT LARCENY LU'S...

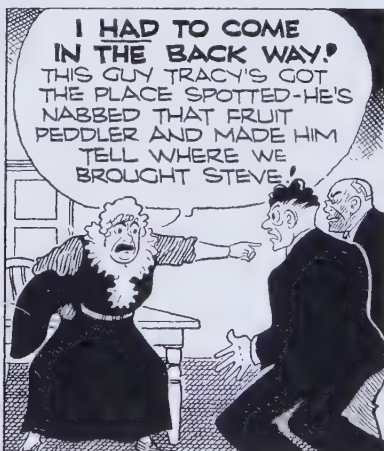
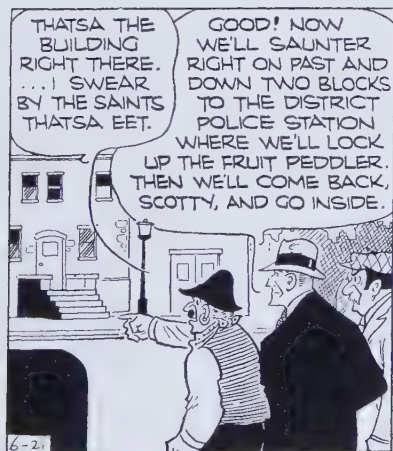
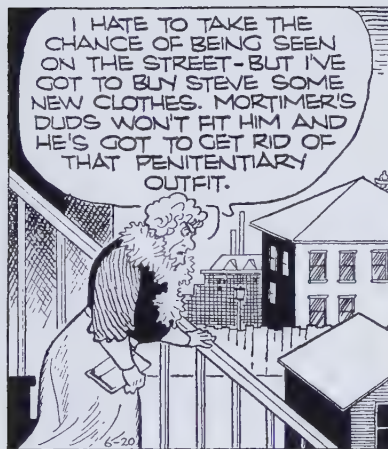


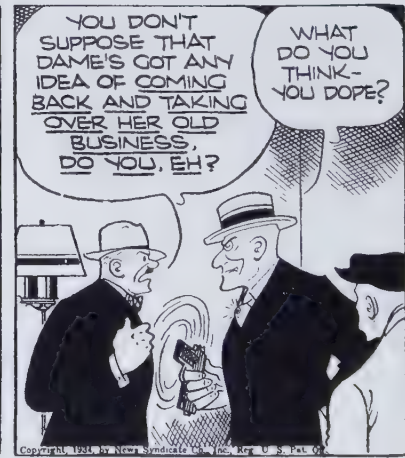
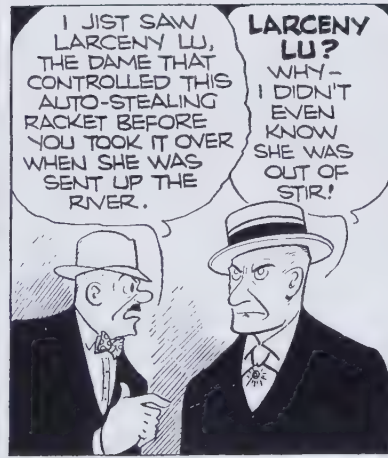
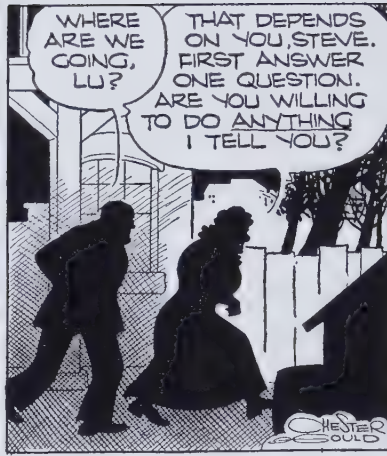












DICK TRACY

OKAY -
COME ON!

FOLLOWING UP INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM THE FRUIT PEDDLER, TRACY AND "SCOTTY" LOCATE THE NEWEST HIDEAWAY OF LARZENY LU AND STEVE THE TRAMP ONLY TO FIND THAT ONCE AGAIN THE TWO CRIMINALS HAVE FLED.

BUT WE KNOW THEY CAME HERE, MORT! YOU'RE NOT KIDDING US. STEVE WAS HAULED HERE ON A FRUIT PEDDLER'S CART.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT EM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

I'VE SEARCHED THE ROOMS, TRACY. THERE'RE NO SIGNS OF THE BOUNDERS HAVING BEEN HERE.

LISTEN, MORT CONNERS - I KNOW YOU'RE LYING! LU AND STEVE WERE HERE AND LEFT - I KNOW THAT WE CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON YOU NOW - BUT TAKE IT FROM ME - WE WILL!

MEANWHILE - LARZENY LU AND STEVE CONTEMPLATE THEIR NEXT MOVE . . .

NOW - WILL YOU STICK WITH ME? WILL YOU DO ANYTHING I SAY?

ANYTHING, LU! YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO DO.

ALL RIGHT THEN - HERE'S THE PLACE. I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT. UP THIS STAIRWAY. COME ON.

OKAY! GO AHEAD. I'M WITH YOU.

AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, LU KNOCKS ON A BULLET-PROOF DOOR . . .

HELLO JERRY - OPEN UP.

IT'S YOU - LU!

I SUPPOSE YOU BOYS ARE SURPRISED TO SEE ME, EH?

WHY, YEAH, LU - WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WAS OUT OF STIR. WHO'S THE MUG WITH YOU?

THIS IS MY FRIEND STEVE. HE AND I HAVE COME BACK TO TAKE OVER MY AUTOMOBILE "BUSINESS" THAT YOU BOYS INHERITED WHEN I WENT UP THE RIVER.

NO KIDDIN'?

NOW LISTEN, LU - DON'T GET SORE - BUT THERE'S NO PLACE IN THIS CAR-SNATCHING OUTFIT FOR YOU. THIS AIN'T YOUR BUSINESS ANY MORE AND BESIDES WE DON'T WANT A SKIRT IN THE MOB, SEE?

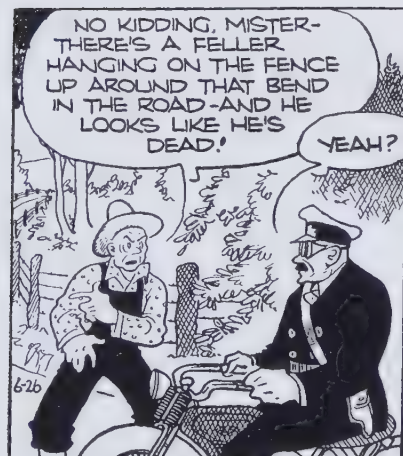
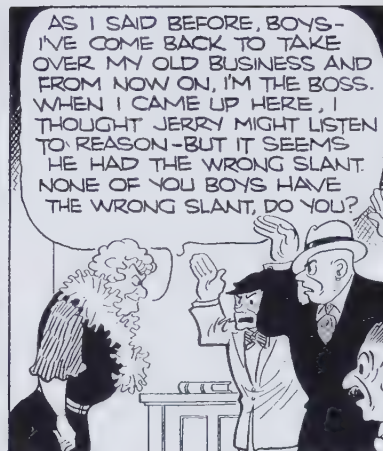
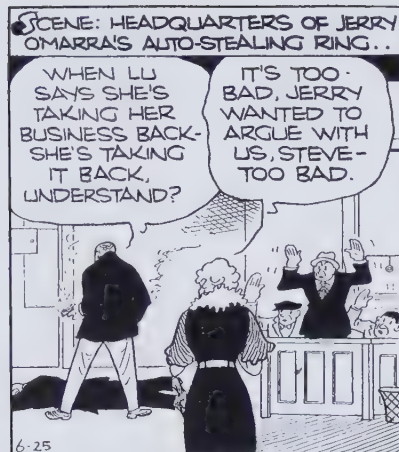
OH YOU DON'T, EH? WELL, JUST THE SAME, I'M MUSCLING IN!

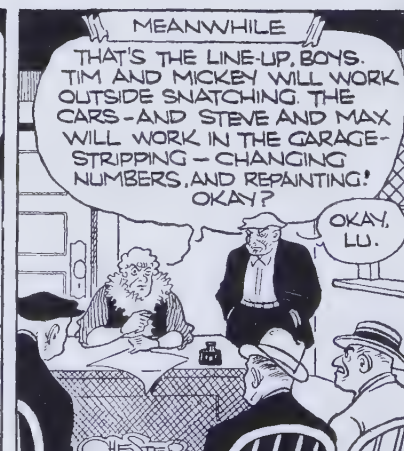
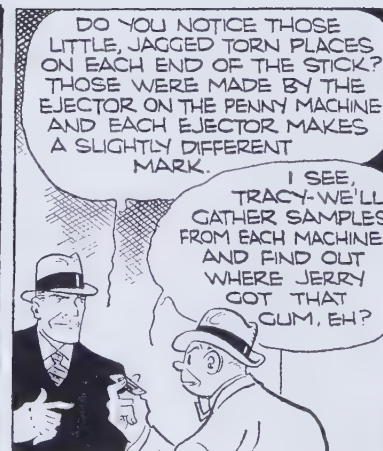
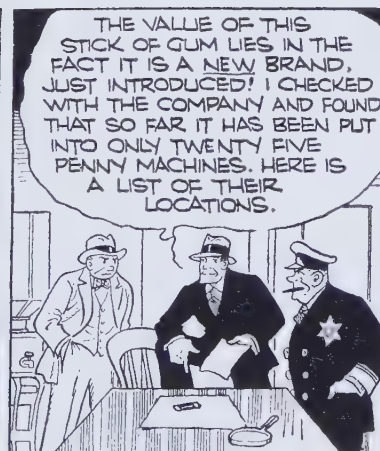
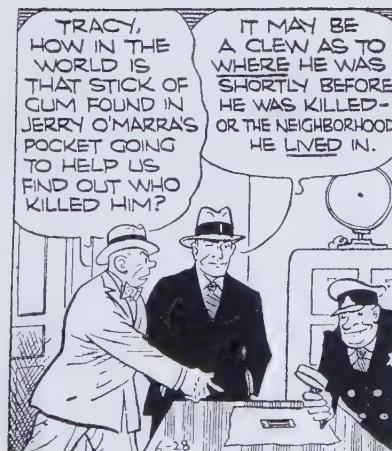
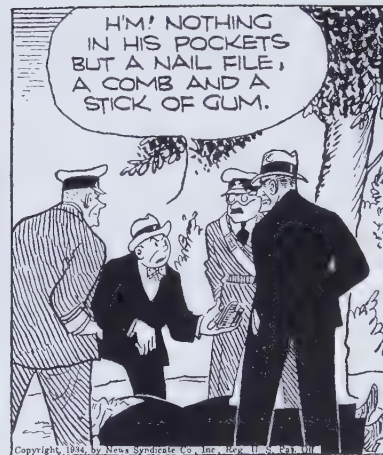
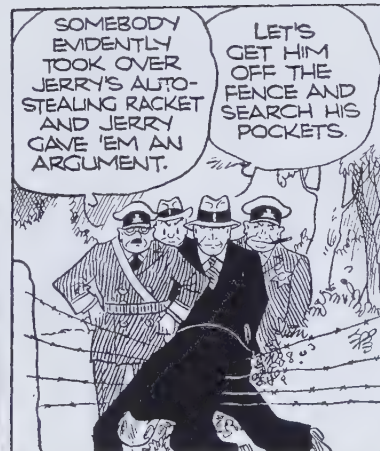
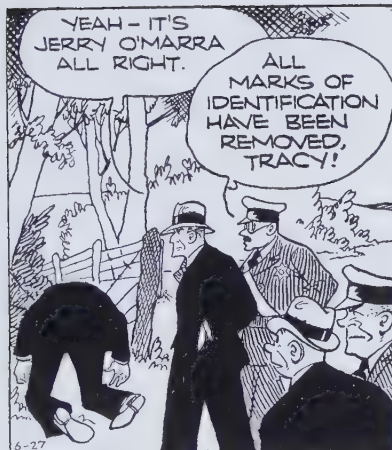
YEAH - SHE'S MUSCLING IN!

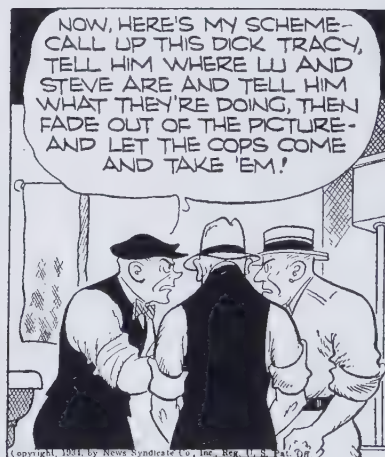
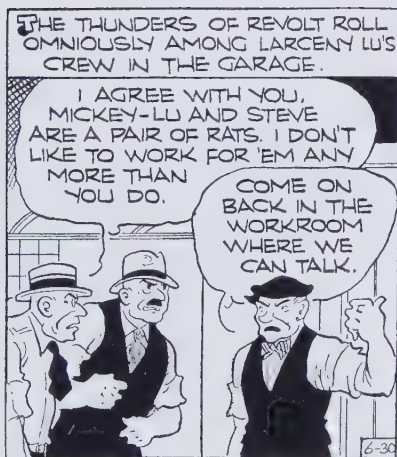
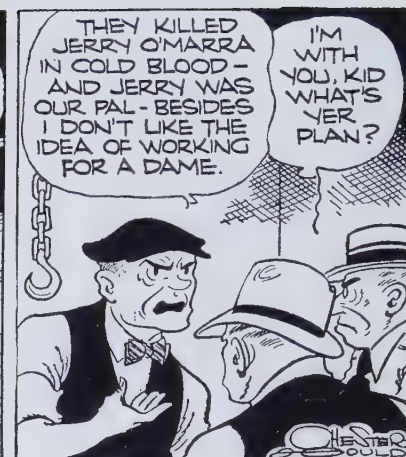
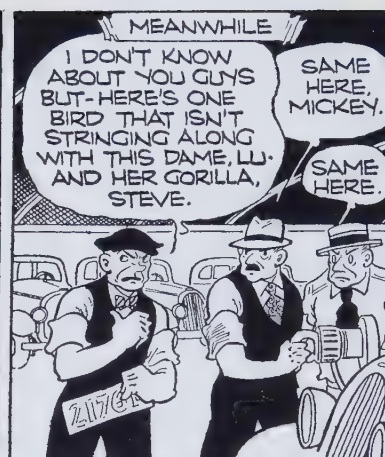
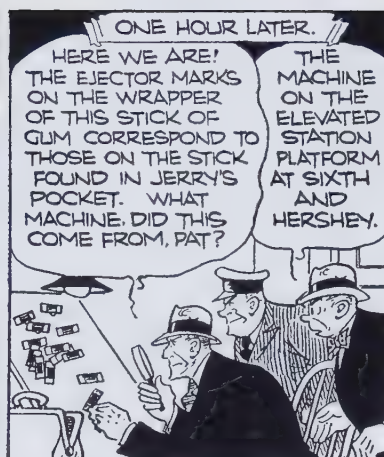
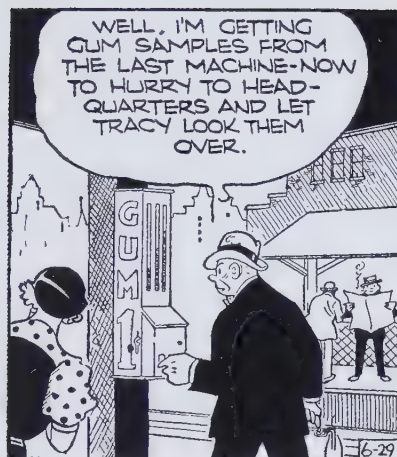
SHE'S WHAT?

YOU HEARD 'ER! SHE'S MUSCLIN' IN!

I THINK YOU BOYS UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN, DON'T YOU? YOU SEE I WAS IN THE AUTOMOBILE-SNATCHING BUSINESS WHEN MOST OF YOU WERE JUST INFANTS - SO YOU SEE I'LL BE A BIG HELP TO YOU. FROM NOW ON - I'M BOSS!



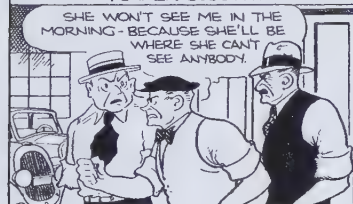




DICK TRACY



SCENE: THE GARAGE WHERE LARCENY LU'S AUTO-THIEF RING BRINGS THEIR STOLEN CARS TO CHANGE THE MOTOR NUMBERS, ETC. CONSIDERABLE RESENTMENT HAS ARISEN OVER LU'S AND STEVE'S COLD-BLOODED KILLING OF JERRY, THE CAR RING'S FORMER BOSS....



MICKY: ARE YOU REALLY GOING THROUGH WITH WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT TIPPING OFF TRACY AS TO WHERE LU AND STEVE ARE LIVING?

ABSOLUTELY! JERRY WAS MY PAL... AND WHEN THAT DAME HAD HIM SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD - I SWORE I'D GET EVEN. I'M GONNA PHONE THE DICK TONIGHT.



STEVE, THE REASON I ASKED YOU TO HURRY AWAY FROM THE GARAGE WITH ME SO EARLY IS THAT WE-I MEAN YOU-HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO. STEP INTO THIS HALLWAY AND I'LL EXPLAIN.



LU! YOU DON'T MEAN IT!

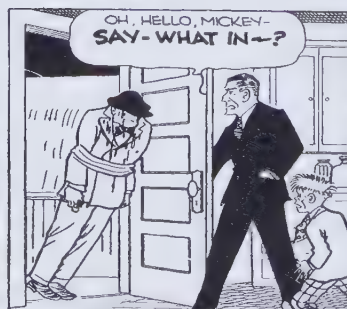
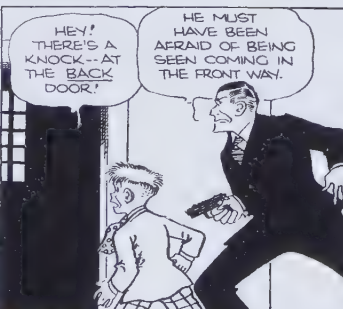
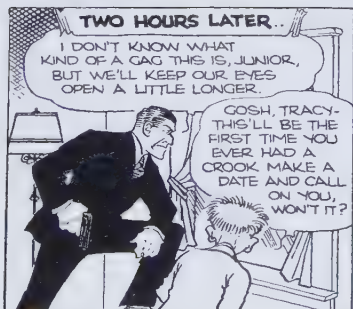


TEN MINUTES LATER IN A NEWLY RENTED HOTEL ROOM...

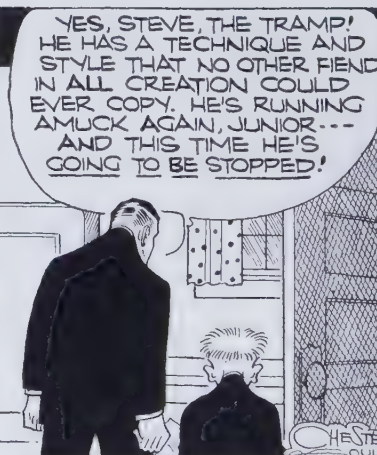
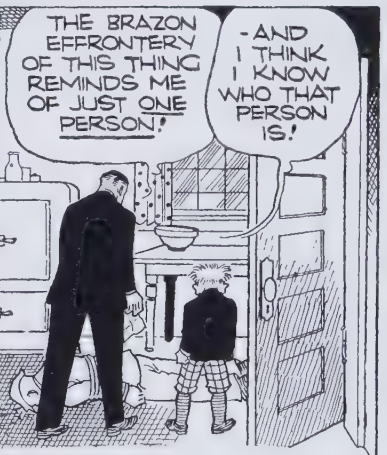
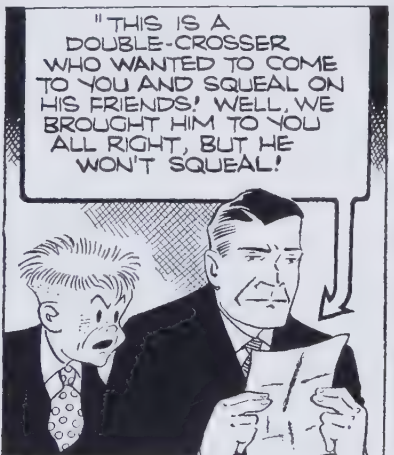
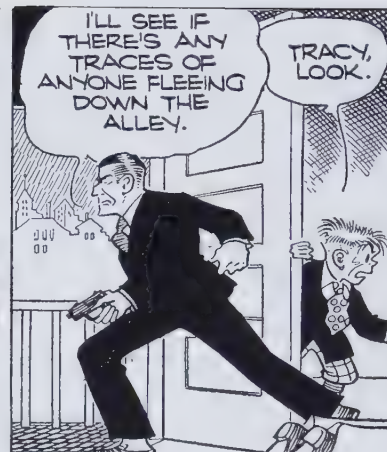
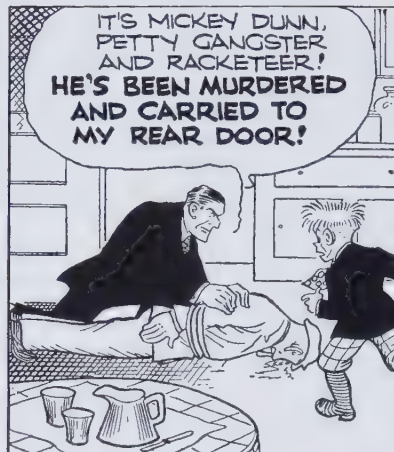
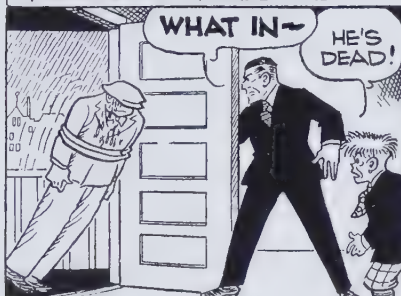
NOW CALL TRACY AND TELL HIM YOU'VE DECIDED NOT TO TALK TO 'IM OVER THE PHONE, BUT TO COME UP TO HIS APARTMENT AND SEE 'IM! GO AHEAD, PUNK!

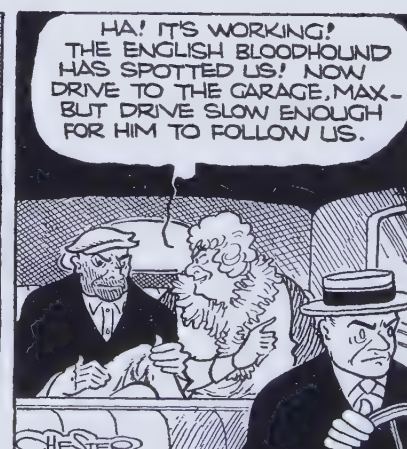
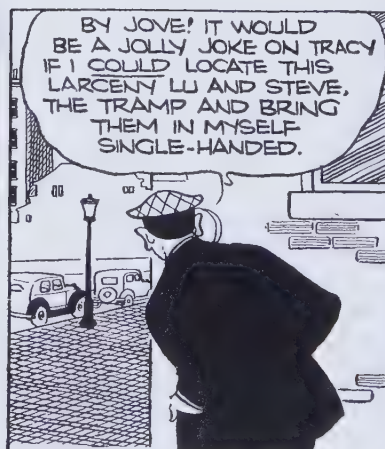
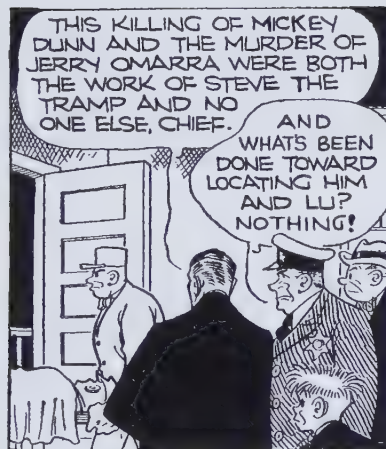


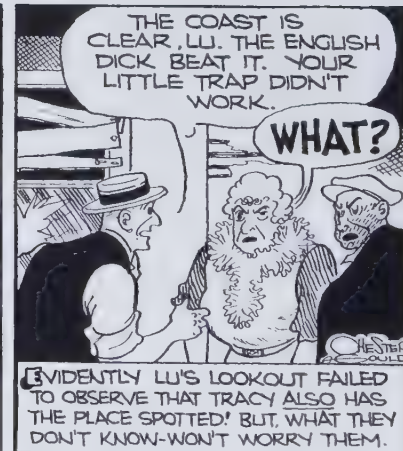
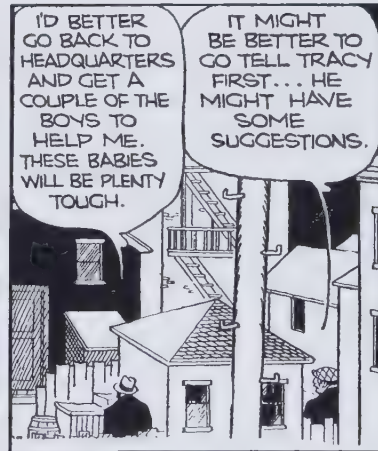
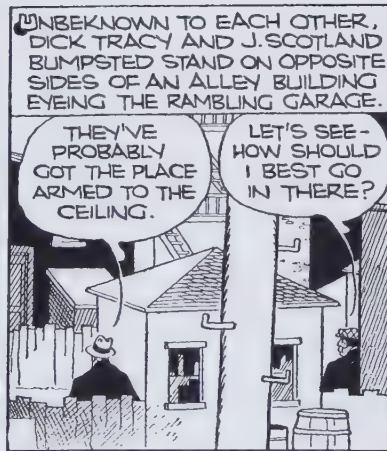
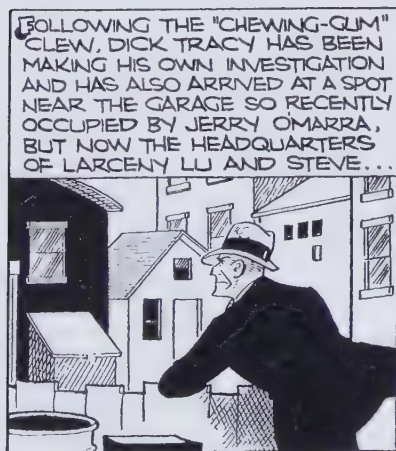
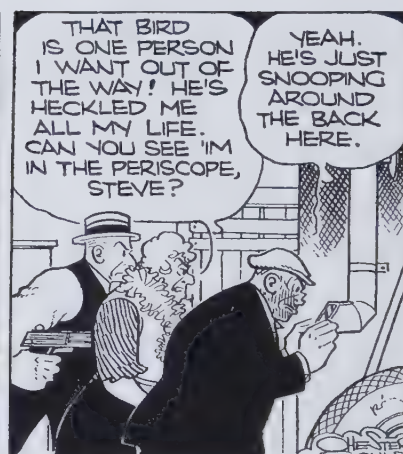
YEAH, THIS IS TRACY-- WHAT? IT'S MICKY DUNN-- AND YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME ABOUT STEVE, THE TRAMP, AND LARCENY LU? OKAY, COME ON-- I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU.



A KNOCK AT THE REAR DOOR OF DICK TRACY'S APARTMENT BRINGS THE DETECTIVE AND JUNIOR TO THE KITCHEN... THE DOOR IS OPENED AND —





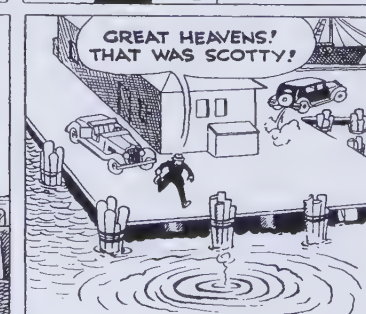
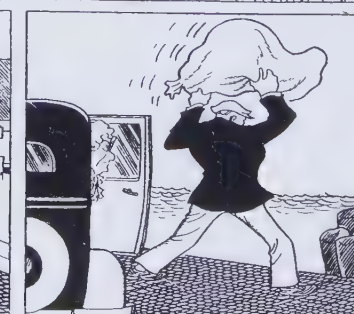
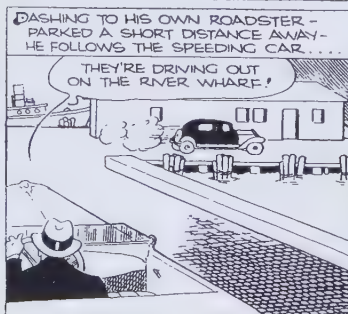
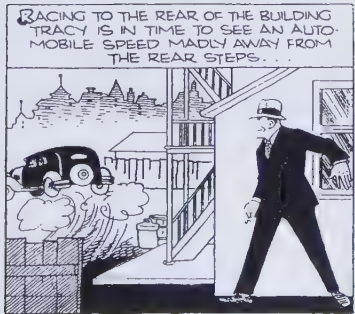
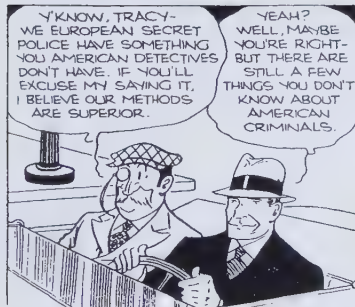


DICK TRACY

by
HESTER GOULD

YES, I'VE LOCATED THE GARAGE WHERE THE RING KEEPS ITS STOLEN AUTOMOBILES. AND...IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF AN HOUR OR TWO BEFORE LARCENY LU AND STEVE THE TRAMP WILL BE IN YOUR HANDS, CHIEF.

THAT'S FINE WORK, SCOTTY! YOU'RE DOING GREAT. JUST KEEP 'T UP



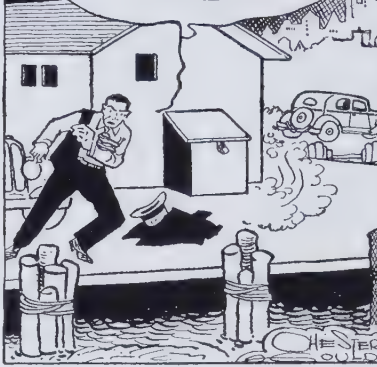
FOR OUR READERS WHO MAY HAVE MISSED THE SUNDAY CARTOON LET US SAY THAT SCOTTY AND TRACY MET AT HEADQUARTERS AND DECIDED TO RETURN TO LARCENY LU'S GARAGE FOR FURTHER RECONNOITERING. **AGAINST TRACY'S WARNING SCOTTY WENT INSIDE TO ARREST LU AND STEVE SINGLE HANDED!**



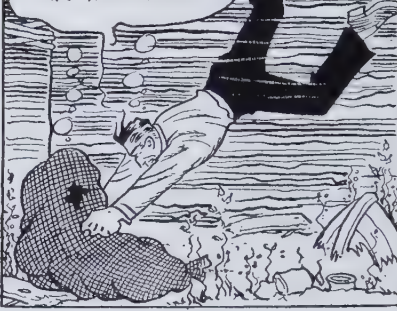
SUDDENLY, FROM THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, A ROARING CAR SPEEDS INTO THE STREET AND MAKES FOR THE RIVER PIER! TRACY, FOLLOWING IN HIS ROADSTER — RECOGNIZES STEVE, THE TRAMP, STEP FROM THE CAR, RAISE A BULKY OBJECT ABOVE HIS HEAD AND HURL IT INTO THE WATERS.



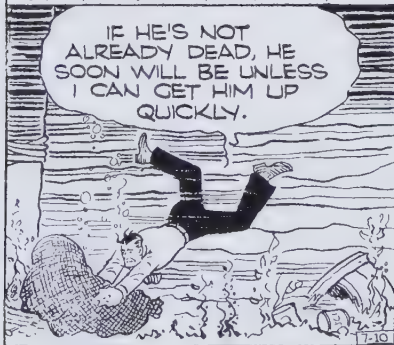
IT'S BARELY POSSIBLE I'M WRONG — BUT STILL, I'D BETTER MAKE SURE!



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! IT'S SCOTTY!
I SEE HIS COAT THROUGH THAT HOLE IN THE SACK!



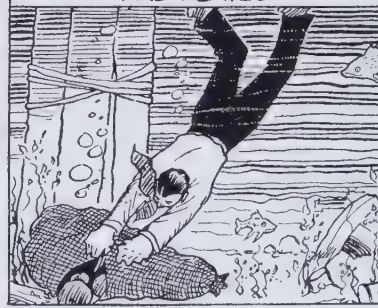
DIVING INTO THE RIVER, TRACY QUICKLY VERIFIES HIS FIRST BELIEF THAT THE BURLAP-WRAPPED OBJECT HURLED INTO THE WATER BY STEVE, CONTAINS SCOTTY.



FUG AS HE WILL, THE OBJECT WILL NOT BUDGE! EXAMINATION SHOWS IT IS WEIGHED DOWN WITH HEAVY STONES INSIDE THE SACK.



WITH HIS LUNGS FAIRLY BURSTING FOR WANT OF AIR, THE DETECTIVE SEIZES HIS POCKET KNIFE! TWO QUICK SLITS IN THE SACK — THEN WITH A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT HE GRASPS THE BUNDLED OBJECT AND HEAVES!



UP — UP .. IT SEEMS AN ETERNITY — BEFORE THE SURFACE IS REACHED. CAN HE ENDURE IT ANOTHER SECOND? WILL THE OCCUPANT OF THE SACK BE LIVING OR —



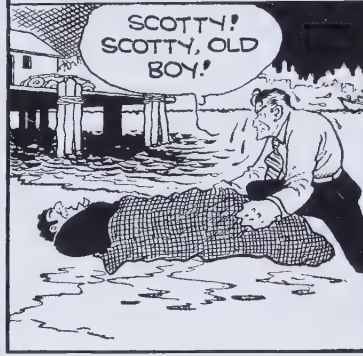
AT LAST! THE DETECTIVE REACHES THE WATER'S SURFACE WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN! FILLING HIS LUNGS WITH FRESH AIR- HE LOOKS ABOUT DESPERATELY FOR A PLACE TO LAND HIS LOAD...



FEELING FOR THE HEAD OF THE VICTIM IN THE BAG- HE HOLDS IT ABOVE WATER AND STARTS FOR THE BEACH...

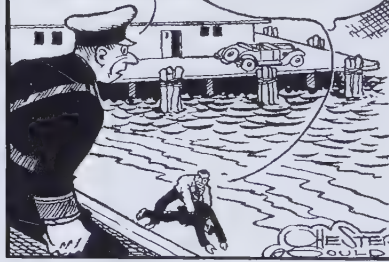


REMOVING THE SACK FROM ITS CONTENTS-TRACY'S WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED!!



HEY- DOWN THERE! WHAT'S UP? OH! IT'S YOU, TRACY?

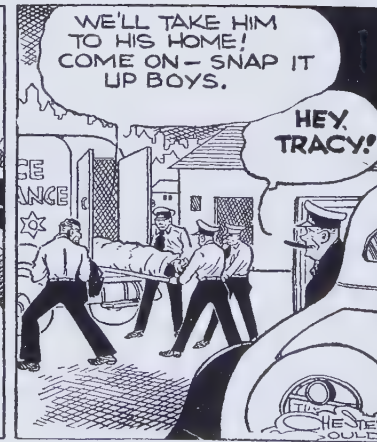
QUICK- BOYLE! GO TO THE NEAREST CALLBOX AND PHONE FOR THE PULMOTOR SQUAD!



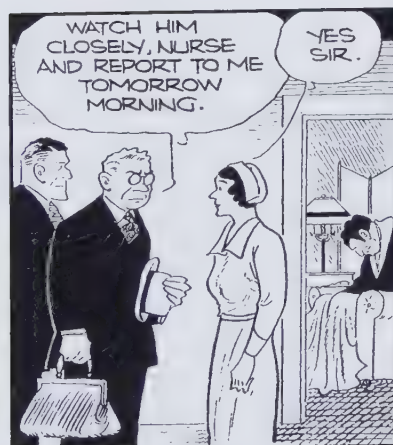
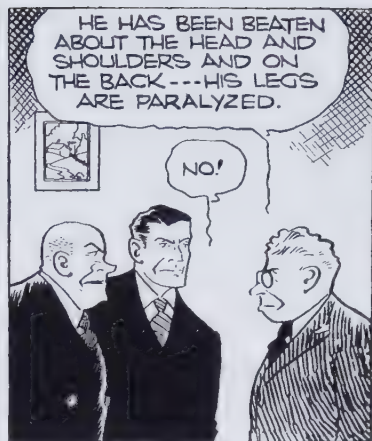
KEEP IT UP, BOYS TILL WE'RE SURE HE'S OKAY.



WE'LL TAKE HIM TO HIS HOME! COME ON- SNAP IT UP BOYS.

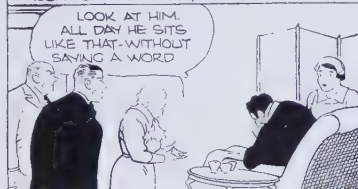


I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW AS WE GO TO HIS HOME, CHIEF LET'S GO.





AFTER DIVING INTO THE RIVER AND RESCUING "SCOTTY", WHO HAD BEEN BADLY BEATEN, TIED UP IN A SACK AND HURLED INTO THE COLD WATER, DICK TRACY TOOK HIM TO THE HOME OF HIS MOTHER, WHERE IT WAS DISCOVERED THE EUROPEAN DETECTIVE HAD SUSTAINED INJURIES WHICH LEFT HIM PARALYZED.



HIS EYES ARE OPEN, BUT HE DOESN'T SEE... HE WON'T ANSWER WHEN HE'S TALKED TO - HE'S JUST LIKE A DEAD MAN.



IT'S TERRIBLE, CHIEF! THOSE BLOWS ON THE HEAD LEFT HIS MIND A BLANK - AND THE LOWER HALF OF HIS BODY HAD TO BE PUT IN A PLASTER CAST! WHY, OH WHY DID I EVER LET HIM GO INTO THAT HANG-OUT OF LU'S ALONE!



HE'S ALL I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD - GENTLEMEN... HE'S GOT TO PULL OUT OF THIS! I HOLD YOU TWO - AND YOU TWO ALONE - RESPONSIBLE. IT WAS YOUR FAULT!



MRS. BUMPSTED - EVERYTHING THAT SCIENCE AND SPECIALISTS CAN DO WILL BE DONE FOR HIM, AFTER ALL, IN THIS PROFESSION THERE ARE CERTAIN RISKS AND CHANCES THE AVERAGE DETECTIVE HAS TO TAKE



BUT WHAT OF THE CRIMINALS THAT DID THIS THING? THAT VULTURE, LU - AND HER DEGENERATE COMPANION, STEVE - WHY HAVEN'T YOU CAUGHT THEM?



THEY WILL BE CAUGHT, MRS. BUMPSTED. REST ASSURED OF THAT. THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



BAH! YOU AMERICAN POLICE NEVER GET YOUR CRIMINALS. YOU PLAY HIDE AND SEEK WITH THEM. YOU'RE STUPID AND YOU'RE COWARDLY.



AMERICA! HAH! WHAT DOES AMERICA MEAN TO ME? A SLAUGHTER HOUSE FOR MY SONS. ONE SHOT DOWN BY THE POLICE - THE OTHER A VICTIM OF GANGSTERS - I'LL... I'LL...



REALIZING THE OLD LADY'S PRESENT FRAME OF MIND IS BEYOND ANY REASONING - TRACY CATCHES THE CHIEF'S EYE, AND SIGNALS FOR THEM TO LEAVE...

THE NURSE WILL BE WITH YOU TONIGHT - AND AT EIGHT TOMORROW MORNING I WILL BE BACK WITH THE SPECIALIST.

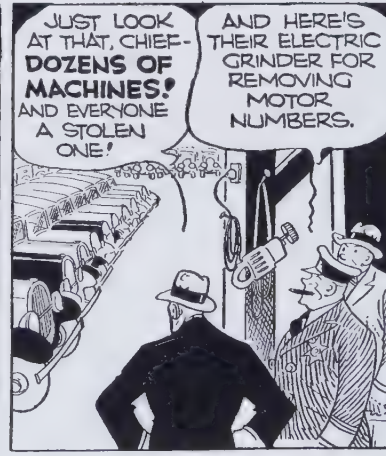
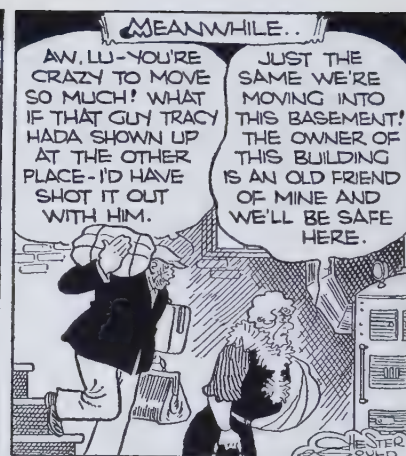
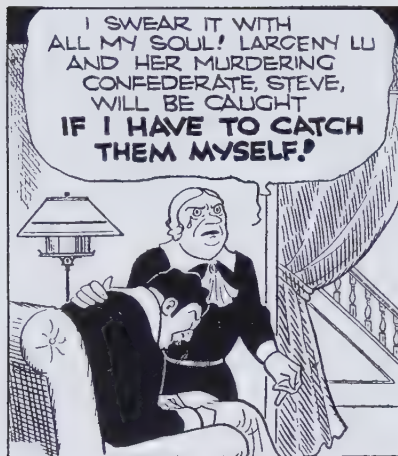


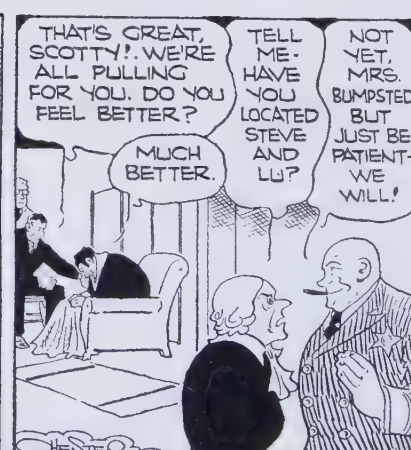
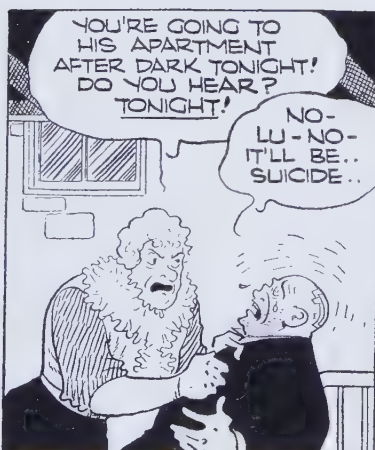
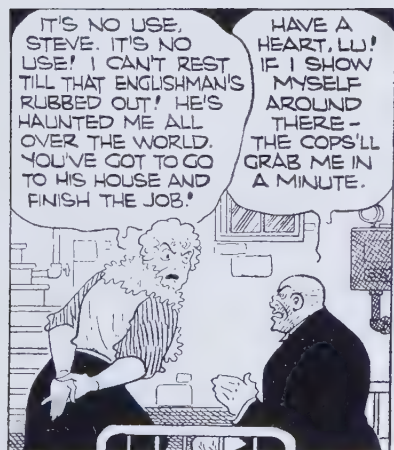
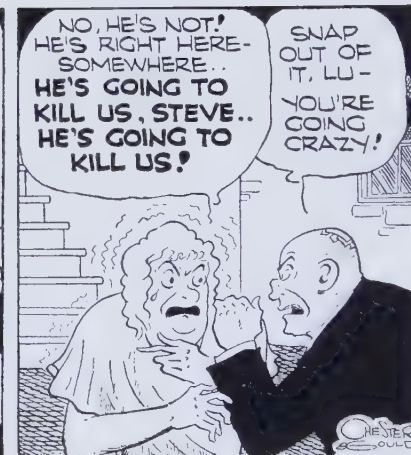
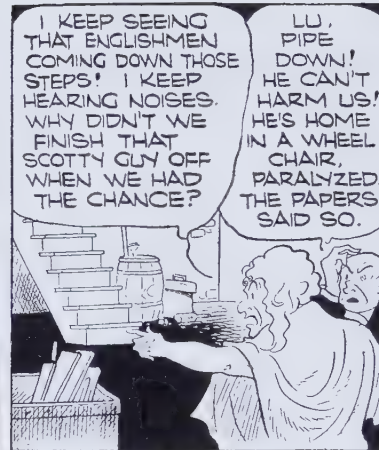
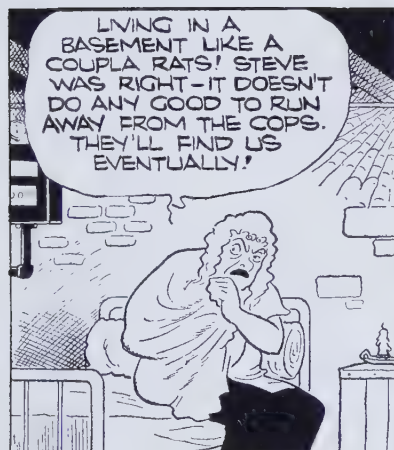
CHIEF - THIS IS THE WORST ORDEAL I EVER WENT THROUGH. I NEVER EXPECTED THINGS TO TAKE A TURN LIKE THIS.

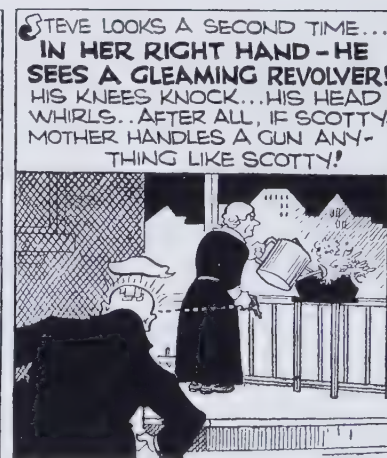
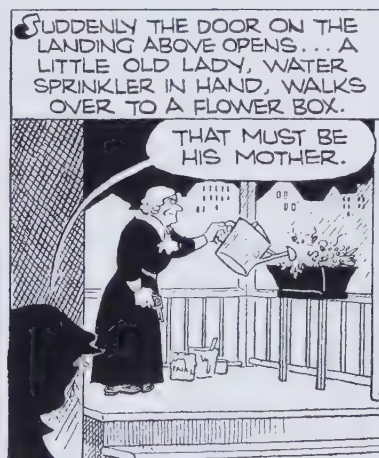
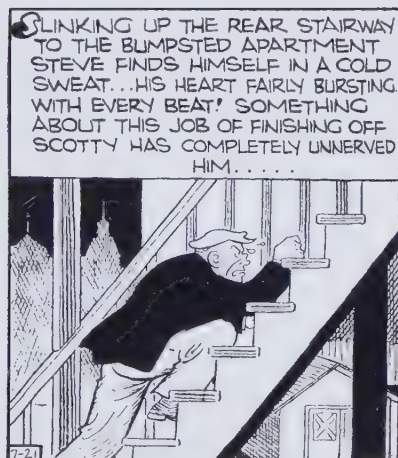
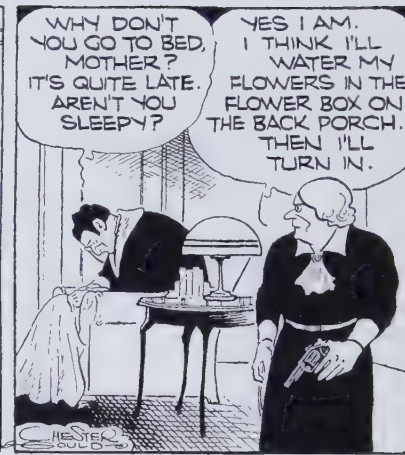
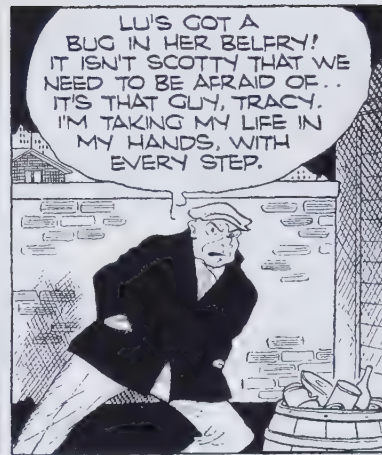
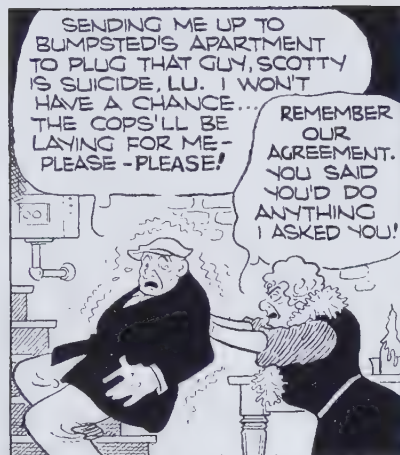


THEY WILL BE CAUGHT, CAUGHT AND KILLED THIS LARCENY LU AND HER MURDERING PAL STEVE! THEY WILL BE CAUGHT - IF I HAVE TO CATCH - THEM - MYSELF!





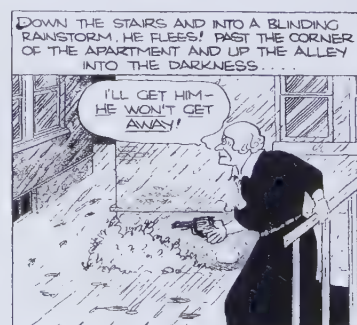
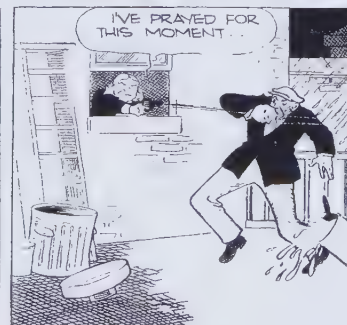
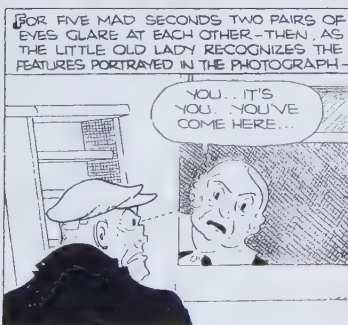
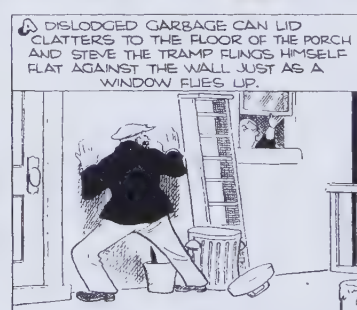
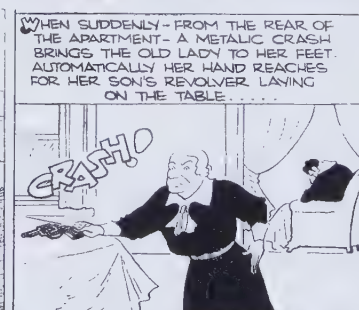
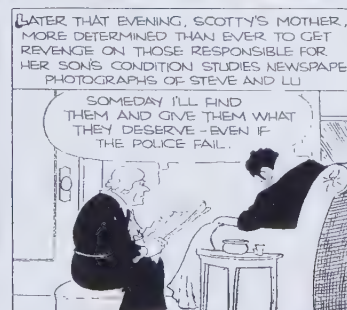
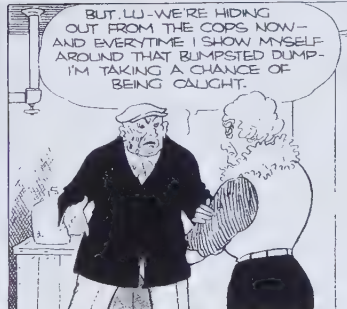




DICK TRACY

by
CHESTER
CHAMBERS

NO - I CAN'T DO IT -
I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
AND TELL LU I CAN'T -
IT'S TOO RISKY.



BLEEING LIKE A MANIAC, STEVE HASTENS TO PUT EVERY POSSIBLE FOOT OF DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH THE GUN. THE SIGHT OF SCOTTY'S MOTHER WITH THE WEAPON IN HER HAND HAS COMPLETELY UNNERVED HIM!



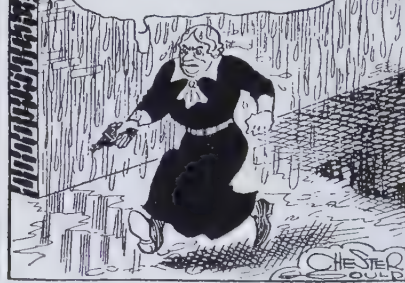
THE LITTLE OLD LADY SAW HIM TOO! AND SHE RECOGNIZED HIM! STEVE, THE KILLER - THE MAN WHO TRIED TO TAKE HER SON'S LIFE! HER OPPORTUNITY IS AT HAND!



UNKNOWN TO STEVE, HIS FEET LEAVE A YELLOW MARK WITH EVERY STEP! IN HIS HASTY FLIGHT DOWN THE STEPS, HE TIPPED OVER A CAN OF YELLOW PAINT... IN THE RAIN, TINY PARTICLES OF THE PAINT FLOAT OFF TO MARK HIS TRAIL.



LIKE THE YELLOW COWARD HE IS.....HE'S LEAVING A YELLOW TRAIL! HAH! LET THE POLICE DALLY AROUND WITH USELESS CLEWS! I'LL GET HIM!



WHAT IS SHE? A WITCH! CAN'T I SHAKE HER OFF!



ACROSS STREETS! THROUGH ALLEYS! OCCASIONALLY THE LITTLE OLD LADY LOSES SIGHT OF THE FLEEING STEVE. BUT ALWAYS WHEN HE'S NOT IN SIGHT, TINY BLOBS OF YELLOW PAINT FROM HIS SHOES HELP HER KEEP ON THE TRAIL!

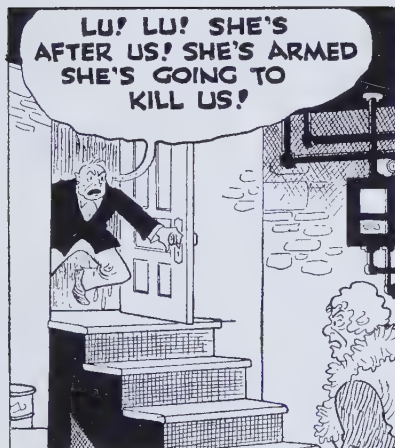


TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THROUGH THE RAIN! THE FRUITS OF VICTORY ARE WITHIN HER GRASP! SHE MUST NOT FAIL! SHE MUST CATCH HIM, AND FOREVER END THIS MURDERER'S CAREER...

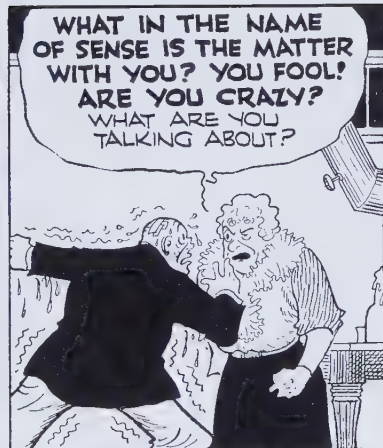


AT LAST HE REACHES THE WRETCHED STREET WHERE HE AND LU ARE HIDING. FRANTICALLY HE LOOKS AROUND! CAN HE MAKE THAT BASEMENT DOOR BEFORE SHE SIGHTS HIM?

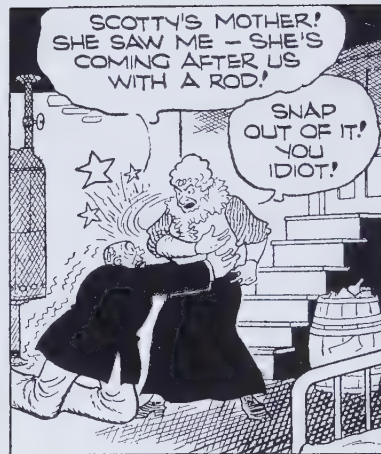




LU! LU! SHE'S
AFTER US! SHE'S ARMED
SHE'S GOING TO
KILL US!

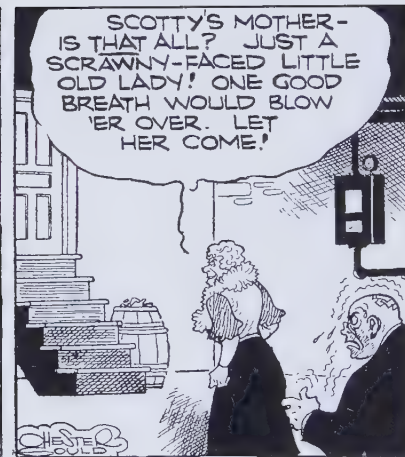


WHAT IN THE NAME
OF SENSE IS THE MATTER
WITH YOU? YOU FOOL!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

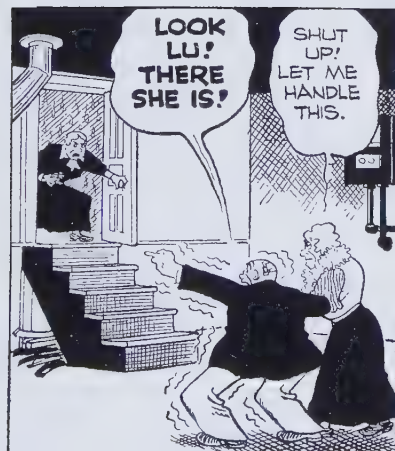


SCOTTY'S MOTHER!
SHE SAW ME - SHE'S
COMING AFTER US
WITH A ROD!

SNAP
OUT OF IT!
YOU
IDIOT!

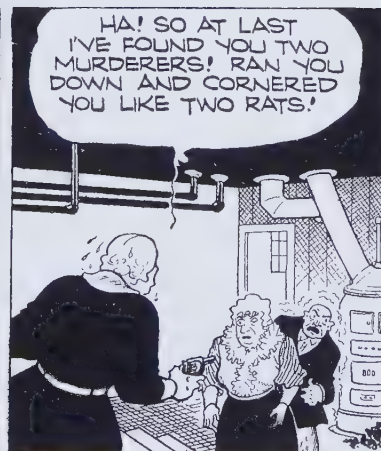


SCOTTY'S MOTHER -
IS THAT ALL? JUST A
SCRAWNY-FACED LITTLE
OLD LADY! ONE GOOD
BREATH WOULD BLOW
'ER OVER. LET
HER COME!



LOOK
LU! THERE
SHE IS!

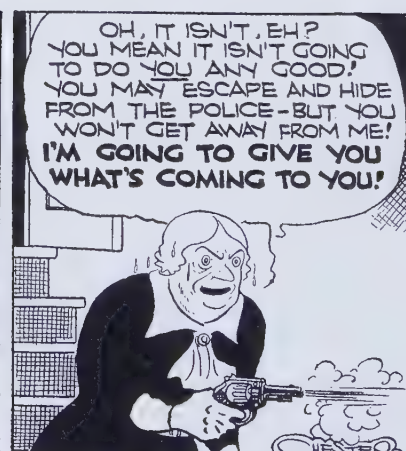
SHUT
UP!
LET ME
HANDLE
THIS.



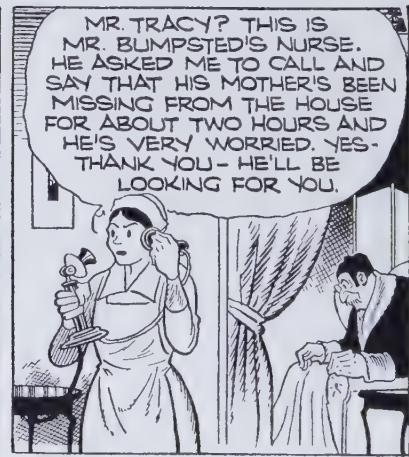
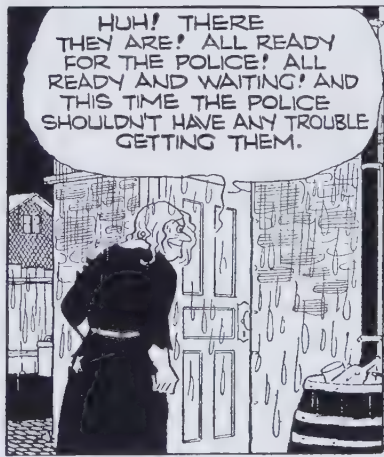
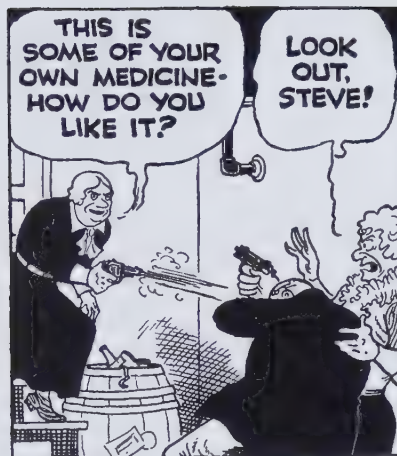
HA! SO AT LAST
I'VE FOUND YOU TWO
MURDERERS! RAN YOU
DOWN AND CORNERED
YOU LIKE TWO RATS!



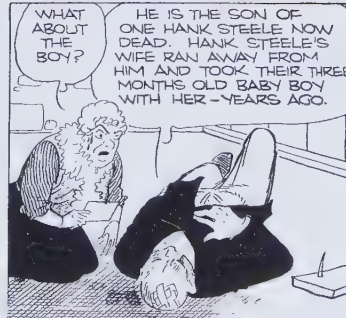
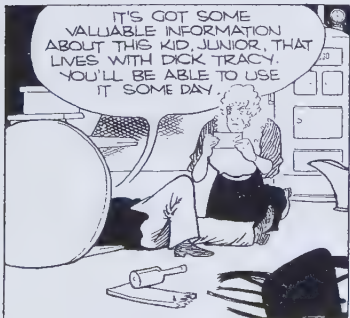
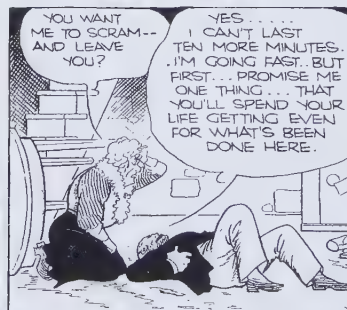
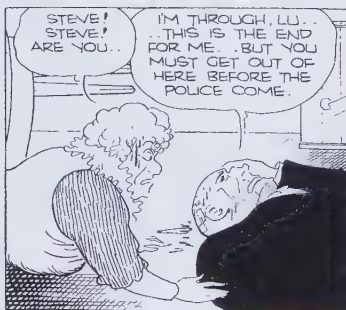
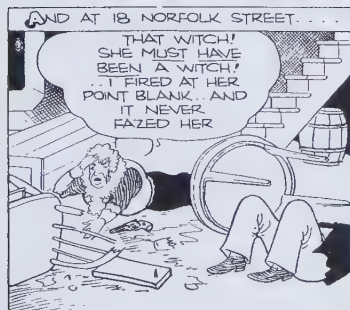
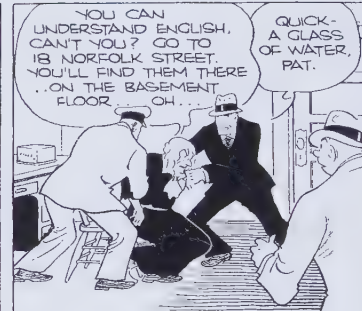
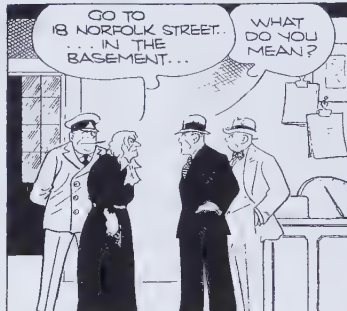
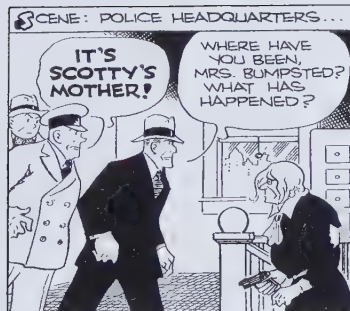
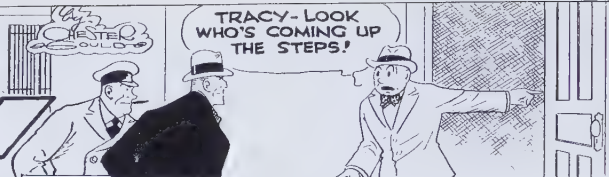
NOW TAKE IT EASY,
GRANDMA! LET'S TALK
THIS THING OVER! ALL
THIS EXCITEMENT ISN'T
GOING TO DO YOU
ANY GOOD!

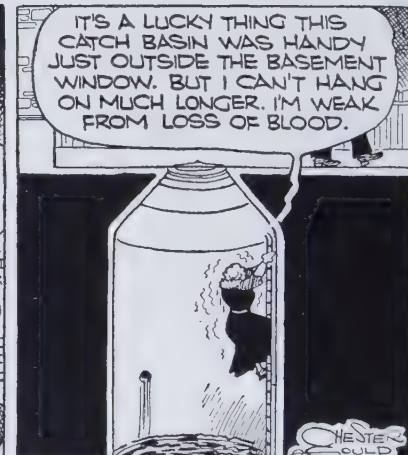
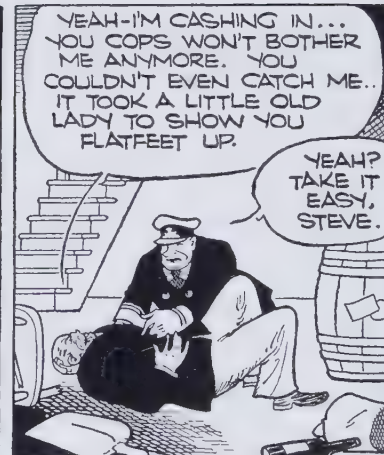
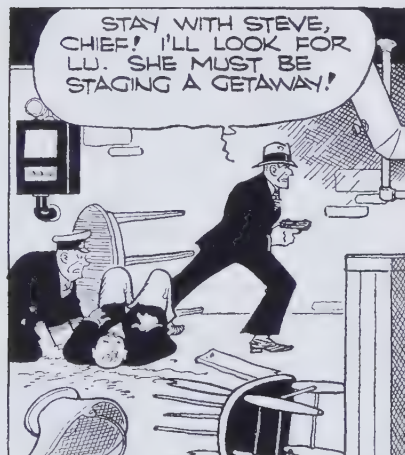
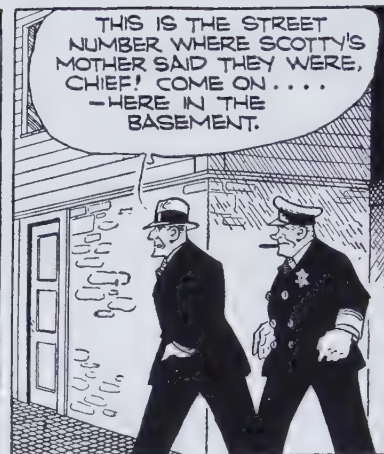
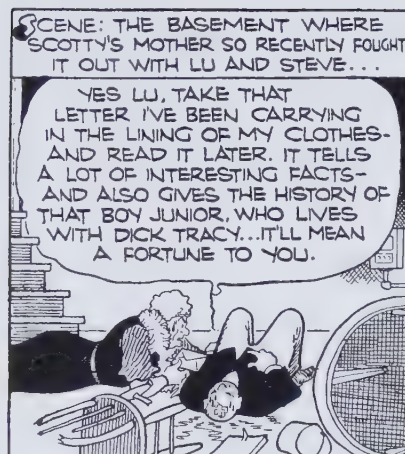


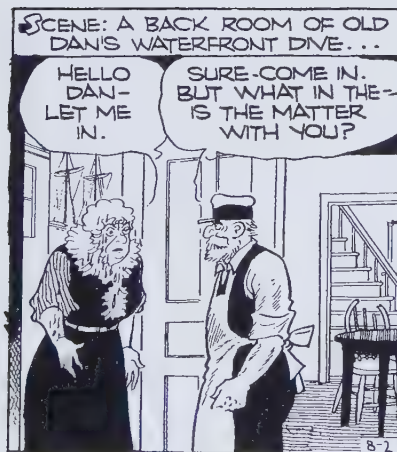
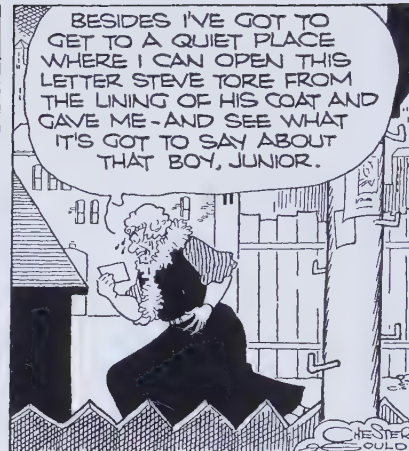
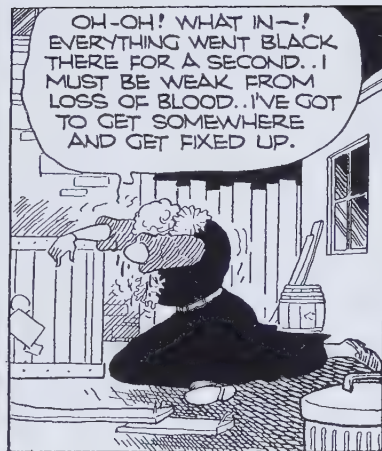
OH, IT ISN'T, EH?
YOU MEAN IT ISN'T GOING
TO DO YOU ANY GOOD?
YOU MAY ESCAPE AND HIDE
FROM THE POLICE - BUT YOU
WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU
WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!

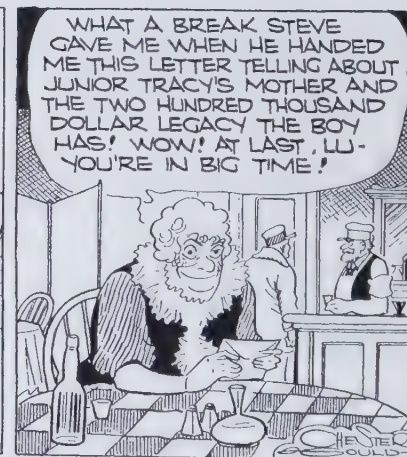
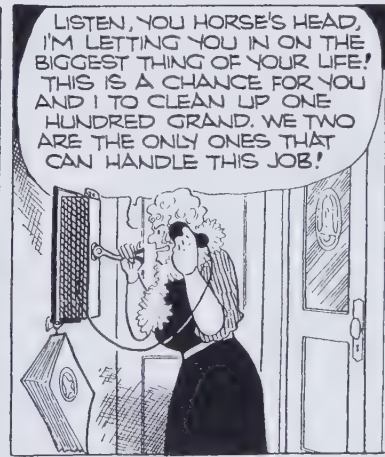
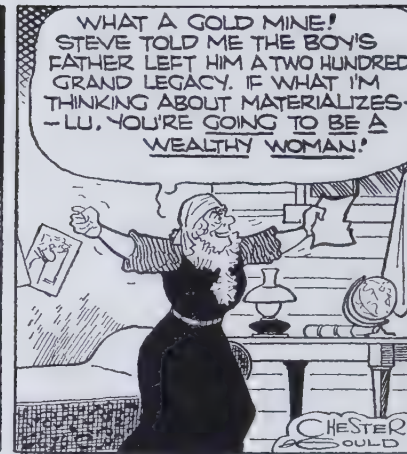
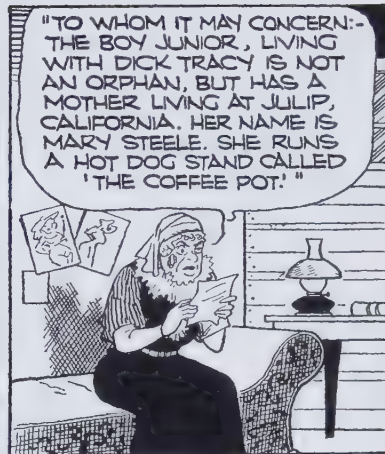
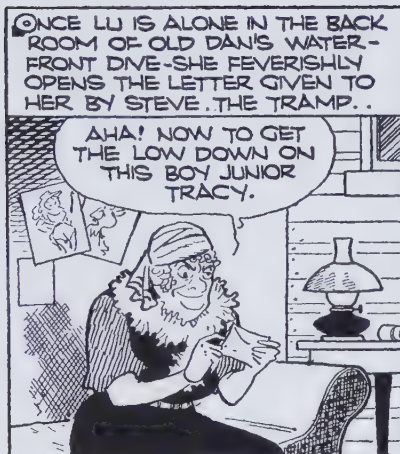


DICK TRACY

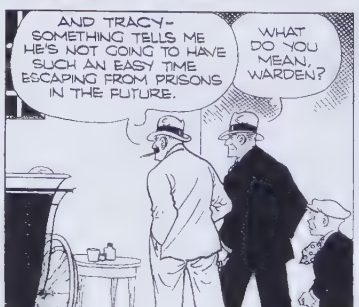
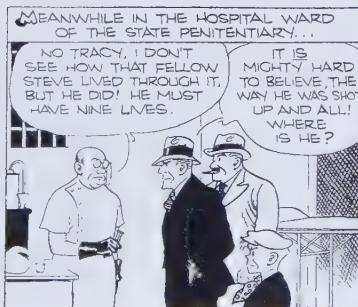
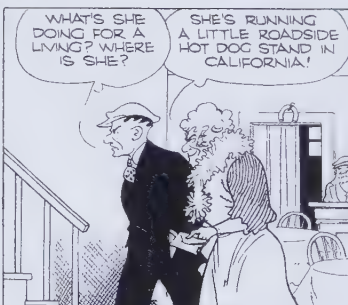
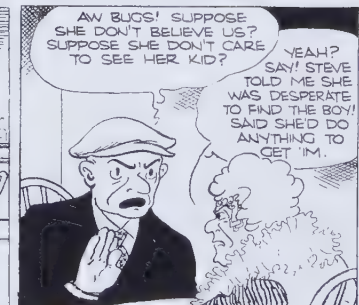
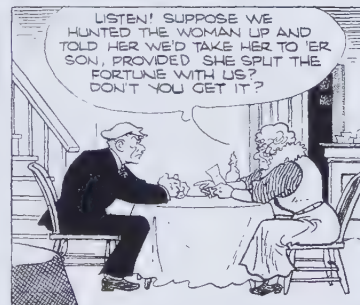
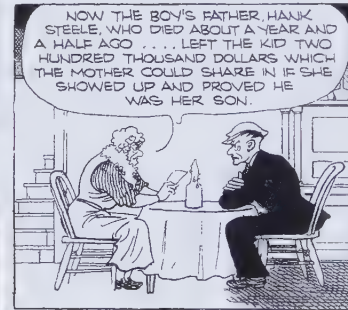
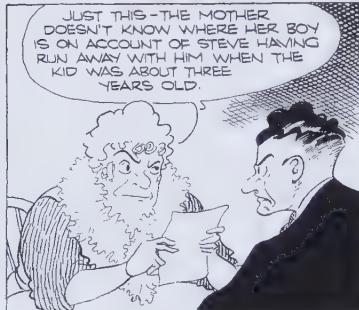


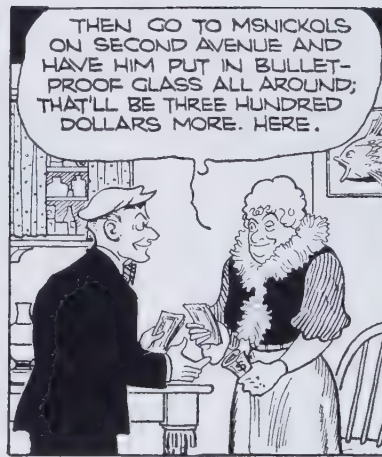
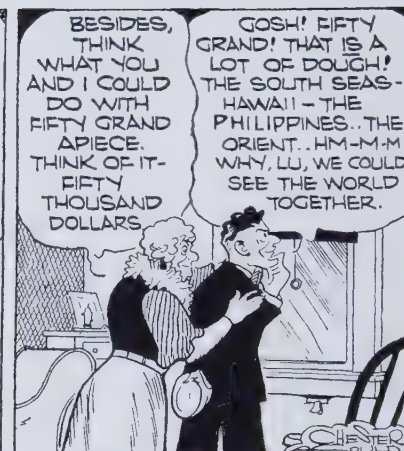
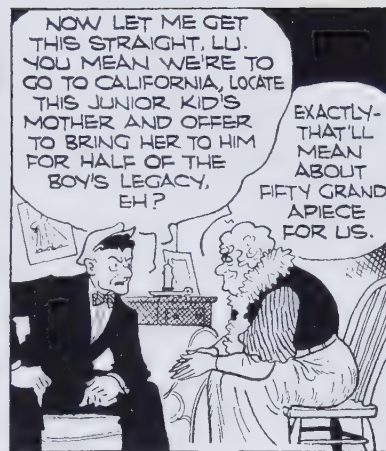
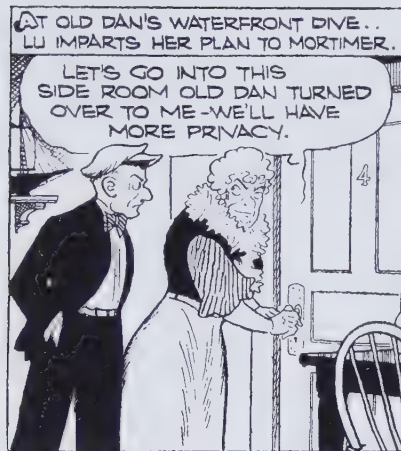




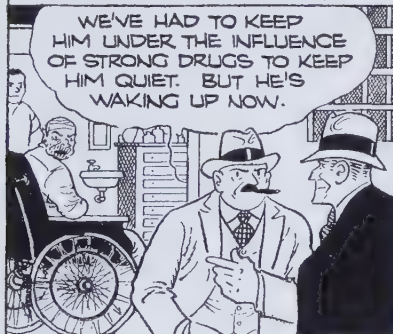


DICK TRACY





WHILE LARCENY LU AND MORTIMER ARE MAKING PREPARATIONS TO GO WEST AND FIND JUNIOR TRACY'S MOTHER... LET US LOOK IN AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY HOSPITAL...



WE'VE HAD TO KEEP HIM UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF STRONG DRUGS TO KEEP HIM QUIET. BUT HE'S WAKING UP NOW.

LOOK!
LOOK!
LOOK!



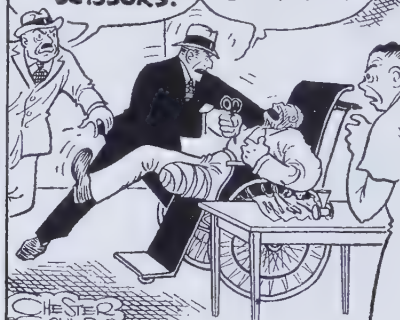
YES, STEVE - YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WEAR A PEG LEG. THEY HAD TO DO THAT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

A PEG LEG
A PEG LEG!
HAH - HAW! HAW!
HAW HAW HAW..
HAW HAW
HAW!



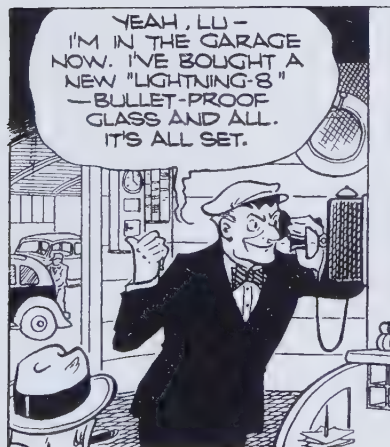
LOOK OUT, TRACY - HE'S GRABBED THOSE SURGICAL SCISSORS!

NO YOU DON'T, STEVE! THERE'LL BE NO SUICIDE TODAY. EASY NOW!

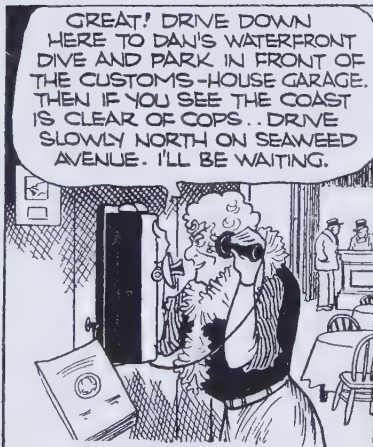


CHESTER
GOLD

YEAH, LU - I'M IN THE GARAGE NOW. I'VE BOUGHT A NEW "LIGHTNING-8" - BULLET-PROOF GLASS AND ALL. IT'S ALL SET.

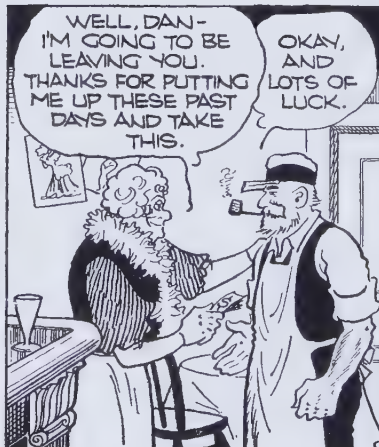


GREAT! DRIVE DOWN HERE TO DAN'S WATERFRONT DIVE AND PARK IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOMS-HOUSE GARAGE. THEN IF YOU SEE THE COAST IS CLEAR OF COPS... DRIVE SLOWLY NORTH ON SEAWEEED AVENUE. I'LL BE WAITING.



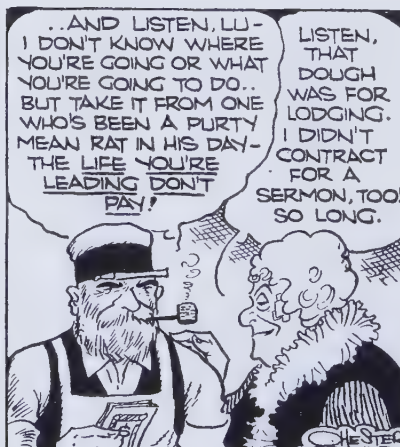
WELL, DAN - I'M GOING TO BE LEAVING YOU. THANKS FOR PUTTING ME UP THESE PAST DAYS AND TAKE THIS.

OKAY, AND LOTS OF LUCK.

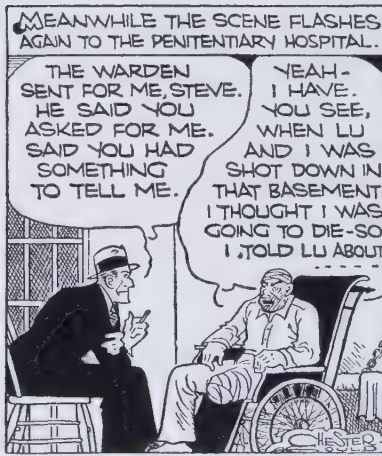
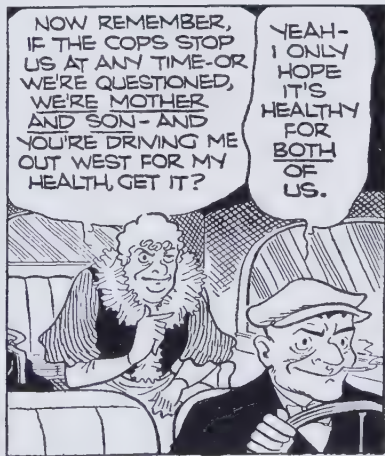
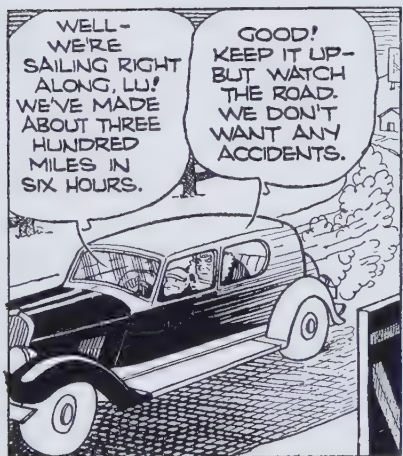
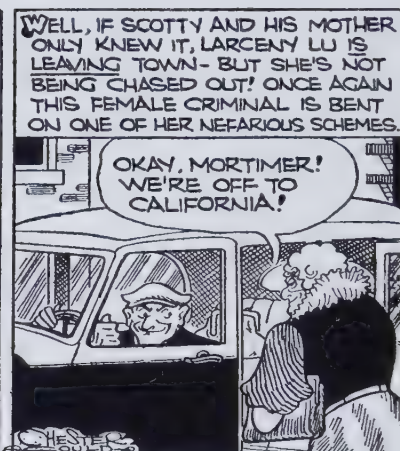
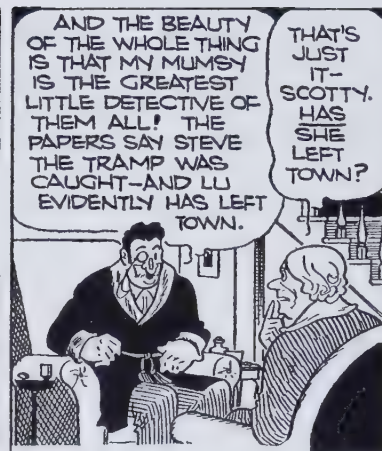
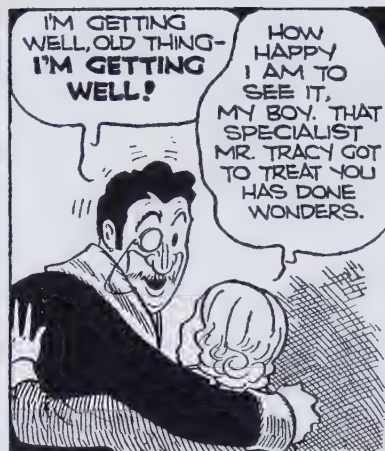


..AND LISTEN, LU - I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING OR WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO.. BUT TAKE IT FROM ONE WHO'S BEEN A PURTY MEAN RAT IN HIS DAY - THE LIFE YOU'RE LEADING DON'T PAY!

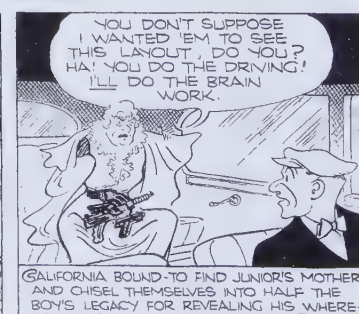
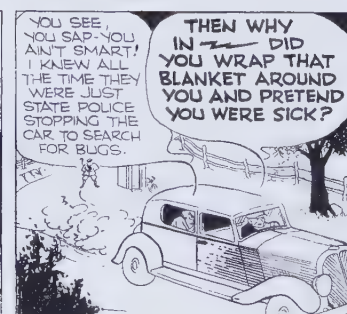
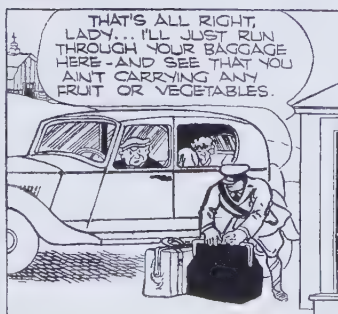
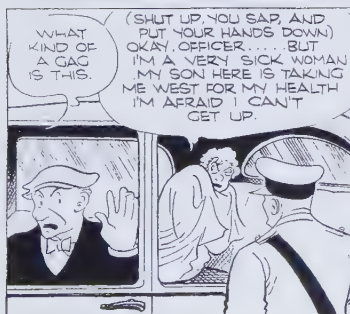
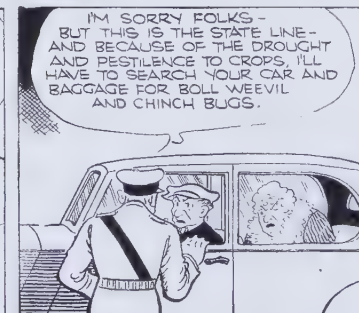
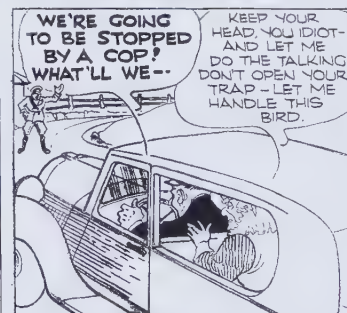
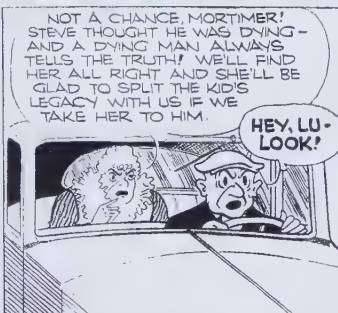
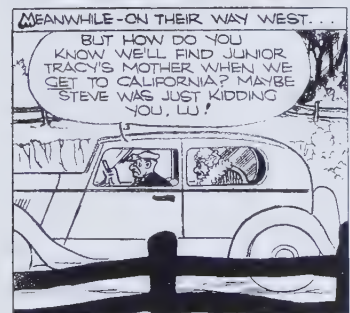
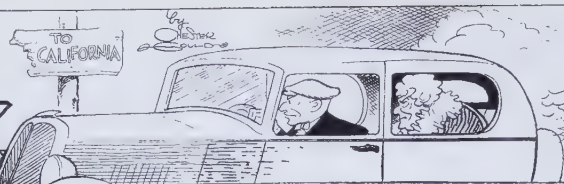
LISTEN, THAT DOUGH WAS FOR LODGING. I DIDN'T CONTRACT FOR A SERMON, TOO! SO LONG.



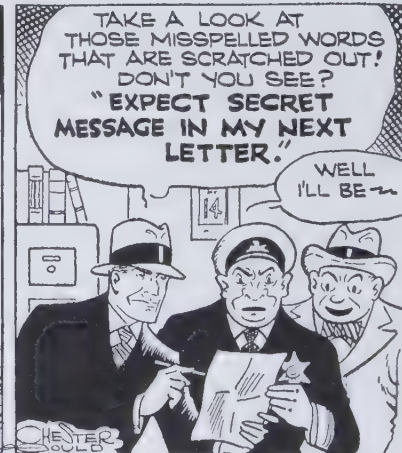
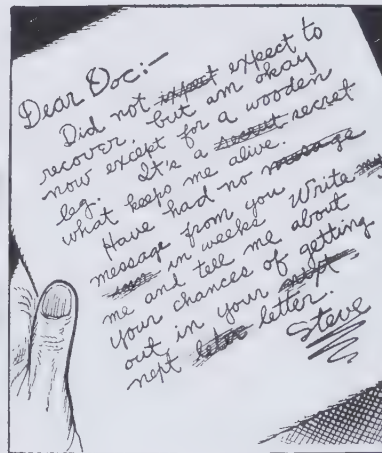
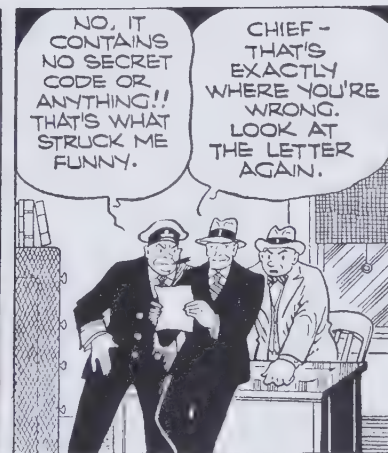
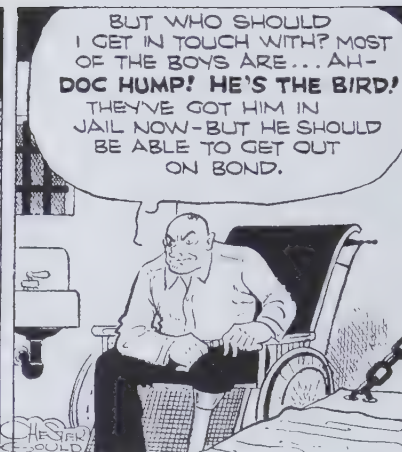
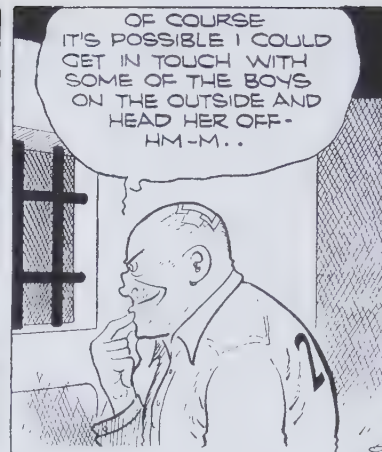
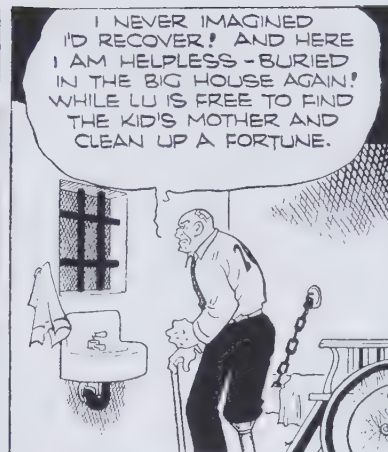
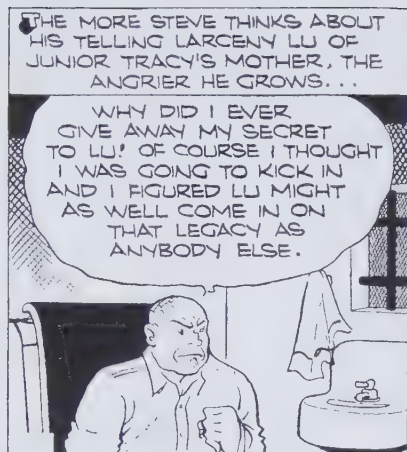
CHESTER
GOLD

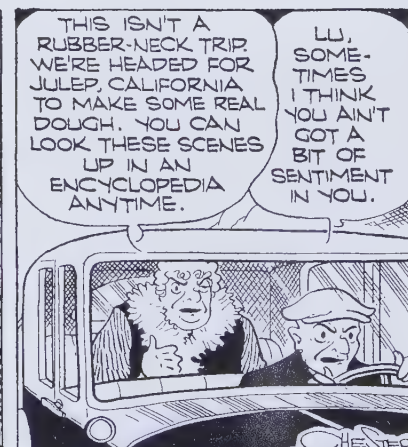
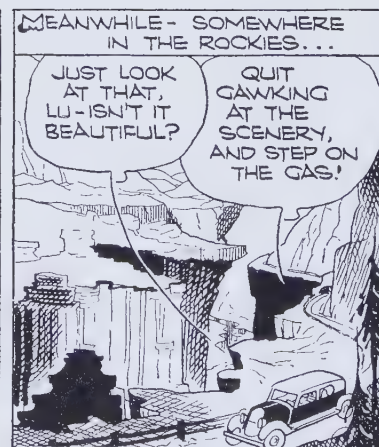
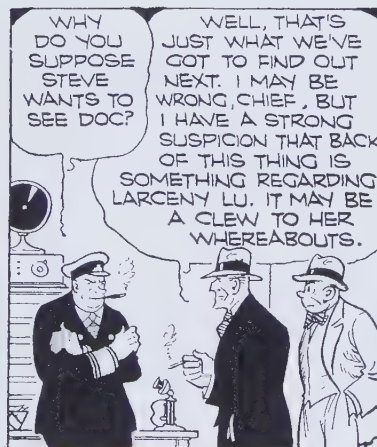
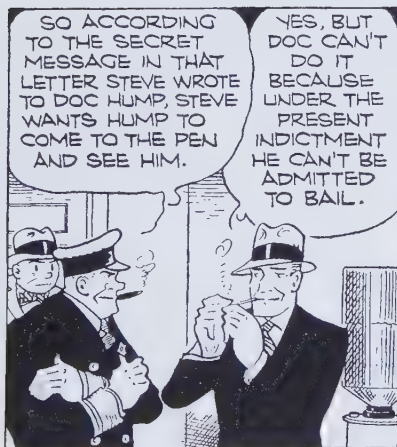
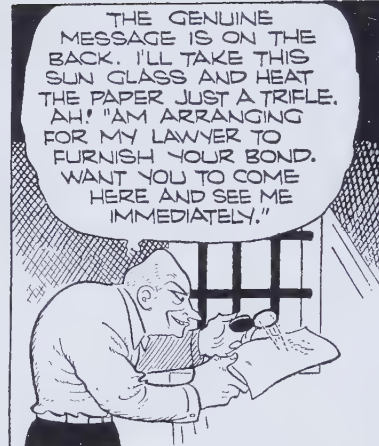
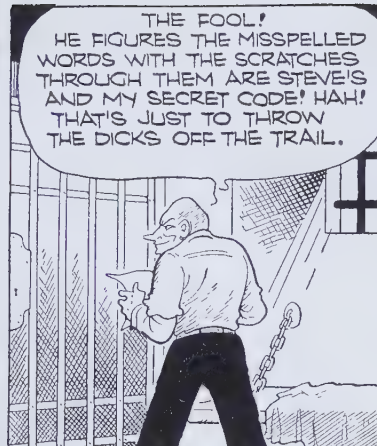


DICK TRACY



CALIFORNIA BOUND--TO FIND JUNIOR'S MOTHER AND CHISEL THEMSELVES INTO HALF THE BOY'S LEGACY FOR REVEALING HIS WHEREABOUTS! HOW WILL IT END??





AND - NOW - DEAR READER, WHILE SCHEMING LARCENY LU AND HER COMPANION IN CRIME, MORTIMER, SPEED WESTWARD, LET US FLY AHEAD OF THEM, SO TO SPEAK - AND SEE IN ADVANCE, THE OBJECT OF THEIR TRANSCONTINENTAL JOURNEY.



AS YOU COME AROUND A CURVE OF A CERTAIN CALIFORNIA ROAD, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU - A NEAT ROADSIDE STRUCTURE OF UNUSUAL DESIGN, BEARING OVER THE DOOR THESE WORDS "THE COFFEE POT!"

THAT WAS A GREAT SANDWICH, MARY, YOU'RE MAKING 'EM BETTER EVERYDAY. WELL I GOTTA BREEZE ALONG. -SO LONG.

THANKS, JOE. STOP IN AGAIN.



SAY, MARY, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, HOW'S THIS DUMP DOING? ARE YOU MAKING ANY MONEY?

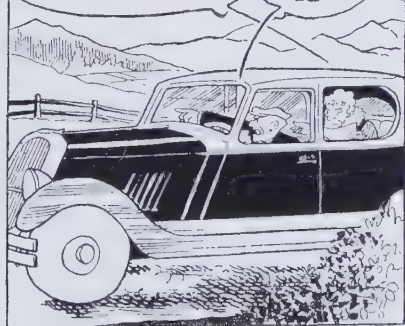
WELL, WITH THE INCREASED TOURIST TRADE THE LAST FEW WEEKS, JOE, IT HASN'T DONE BAD. NOT BAD.



THE WOMAN BEHIND THAT COUNTER IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE VERY HEART OF OUR STORY - AND EXPERIENCE THE MOST TRYING DAYS OF HER LIFE.

NOW DRIVE SLOWLY, MORTIMER! ACCORDING TO THIS MAP WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

RIGHT! LOOK OVER THERE, LU.



SURE ENOUGH - IT'S A LITTLE BUILDING THE SHAPE OF A COFFEE POT. THAT'S IT!



AND INSIDE THE "COFFEE POT!"

I GYPSY. I NO GOT MONEY. I TELL YOUR FORTUNE FOR CUP COFFEE AND SANDWICH.

ALL RIGHT. THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH. I GUESS.



YOU HAVE HAD GREAT SORROW IN YOUR LIFE. YOU ARE GOING ON LONG TRIP. YOU MEET SOMEONE YOU LOVE.

WELL, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A FIRST CLASS TYPICAL FORTUNE. I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF. HERE ARE THE EATS.



DICK TRACY

by CHESTER GOULD

NOW TAKE IT EASY, MORTIMER. DRIVE SLOWLY WE'RE ABOUT TO PASS THE PLACE AND I WANT TO SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

IN CALIFORNIA AT LAST! AND ACTUALLY APPROACHING THE ROADSIDE LUNCH ROOM OF JUNIOR TRACY'S MOTHER, LARGELY LU AND MORTIMER CONTEMPLATE THEIR NEXT MOVE IN THE NEARIOUS SCHEME TO TAKE THE WOMAN TO HER SON IN RETURN FOR HALF OF THE BOY'S LEGACY.

SO THAT'S WHERE JUNIOR TRACY'S MOTHER IS SUPPOSED TO BE RUNNING A HOT DOG STAND, EH?

YES, THAT'S THE PLACE! THE COFFEE POT!

WELL, SHALL WE STOP - FOR A CUP OF COFFEE AND LOOK THE LAYOUT OVER?

NO - NO - NO! KEEP ON GOING, YOU SAP!

LET'S GO ON INTO TOWN TO A HOTEL, GET ROOMS, GET CLEANED UP AND THINK OUR PLANS OUT BETTER. THEN COME OUT HERE TOMORROW.

OKAY, LU.

MORTIMER, YOU AND I ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE GREATEST JOB OF OUR LIVES. IT'S GOING TO MAKE US RICH!

SEZ YOU, LU! WELL, WE'LL SEE!

MEANWHILE AMONG OUR FRIENDS BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, A VERY NEW AND WHOLLY UNEXPECTED SITUATION IS DEVELOPING... WITH PAT PATTON THE CENTER OF ATTENTION.

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, TRACY! HE'S GOING TO RESIGN FROM THE FORCE AND QUIT THE DETECTIVE GAME.

PAT! DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE A QUITTER? YOU'RE GIVING UP?

WHY NOT, TRACY? I'VE KNOWN FOR MONTHS I WAS A WASHOUT AS A DICK. I HAVEN'T MADE AN IMPORTANT ARREST IN TWO YEARS.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU HAVEN'T MADE AN IMPORTANT ARREST? YOU DON'T USE YOUR NOODLE. YOU OUGHT TO STUDY CRIMINOLOGY FROM A SCIENTIFIC ANGLE.

ARE YOU TRYING TO CALL ME A DUMBBELL? LISTEN, I'VE STUDIED ALL THE ANCIES, BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE PERSONALITY.

LOOK HERE, PAT! FOR AN EXAMPLE - I'LL SET YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS AUTOMATIC OF YOURS SO THAT I CAN'T GET YOUR FINGERPRINTS OFF OF IT.

DON'T BE CRAZY! THAT'S A GINCH!

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TAKE MY HANDKERCHIEF - WIPE EVERY BIT OF THE ROD'S SURFACE AND MY PRINTS ARE GONE. THERE.

OKAY.

THEY'RE GONE, ARE THEY? WELL, PAT - YOU'RE JUST ABOUT AS BRIGHT AS SEVENTY FIVE PERCENT OF THE CROOKS! LOOK!

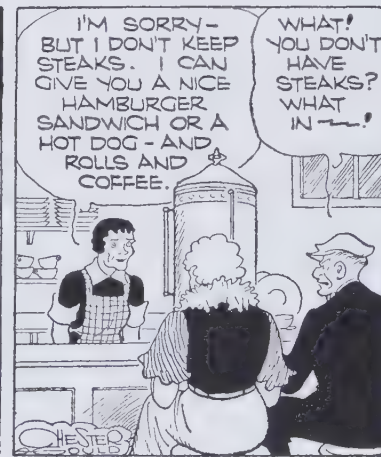
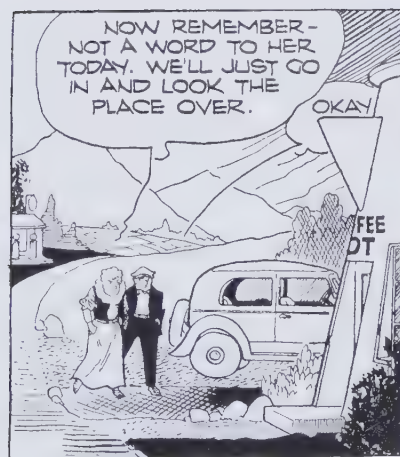
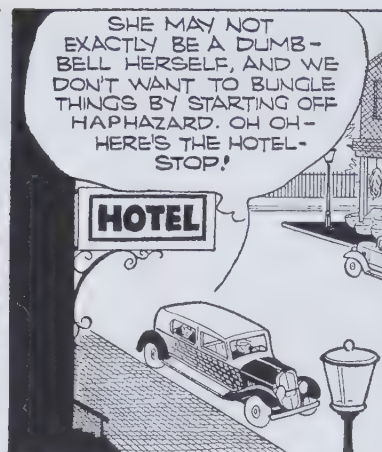
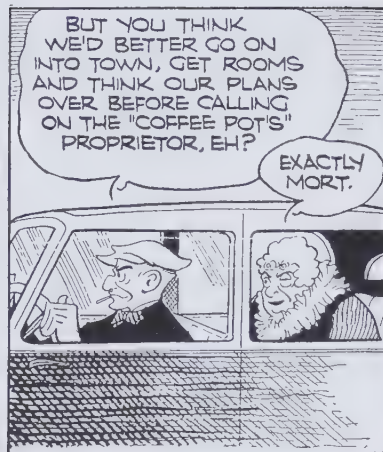
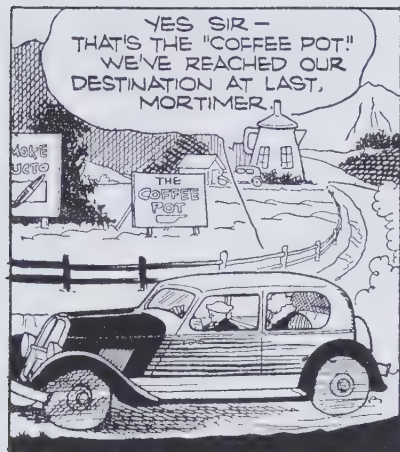
EVERY AUTOMATIC HAS A CARTRIDGE CLIP INSIDE WHICH HAS TO BE HANDLED IN LOADING. THE OWNER OF A GUN NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN FORGETS ABOUT THAT. LOOK! DO YOU SEE YOUR VERY GORGEOUS FINGERPRINTS ON THIS CLIP.

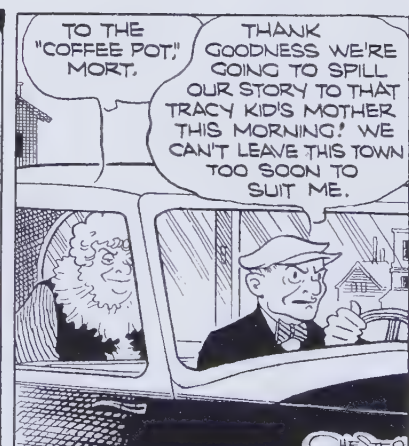
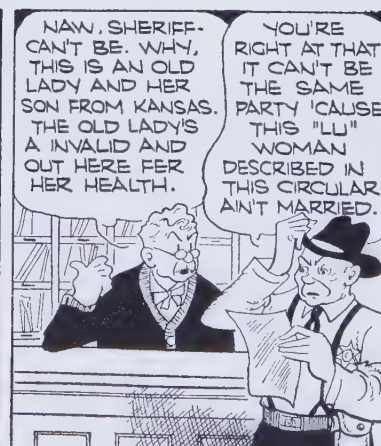
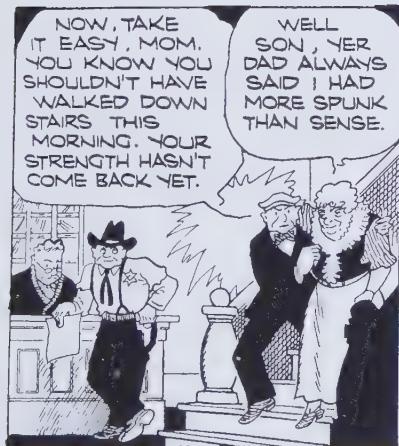
WELL - I'LL BE - A - SAY - AW - I DIDN'T - ER...

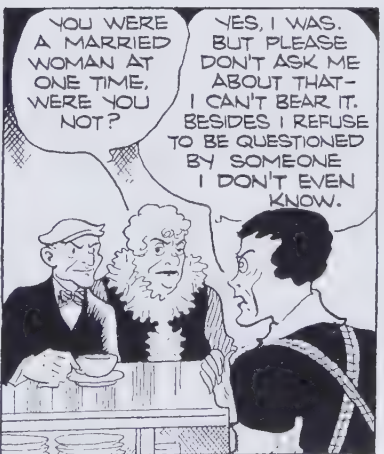
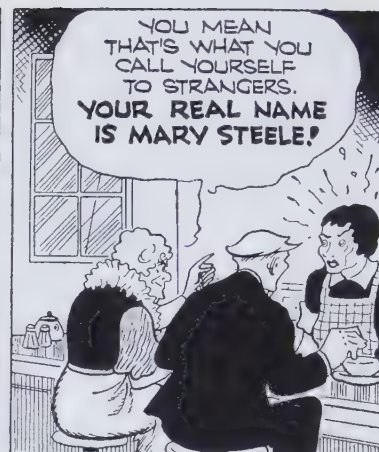
YOU SEE, PAT - ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE SCIENTIFIC STUDY. IN THE ART OF CRIME DETECTION. ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T YOU THINK DOING A LITTLE RESEARCH WORK WOULD BE BETTER THAN RESIGNING?

-ER MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, TRACY. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

PAT'S STUDIES IN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION SHOULD BE WORTH WATCHING AND INCIDENTALLY THEY MAY HELP SHAPE EVENTS OF OUR PRESENT STORY.



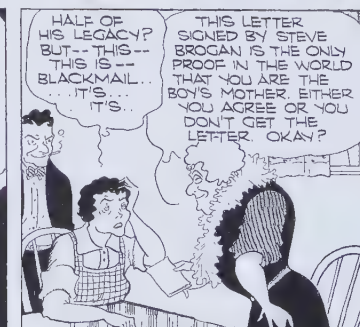
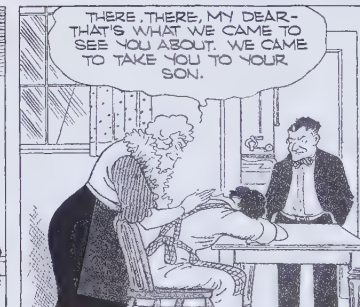
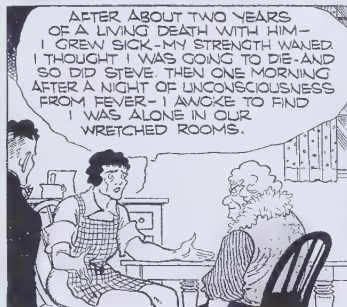
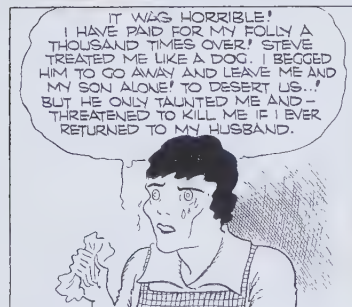
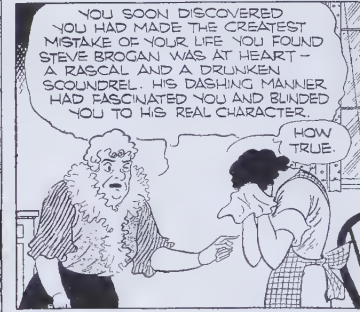
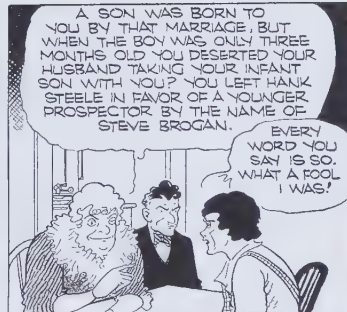


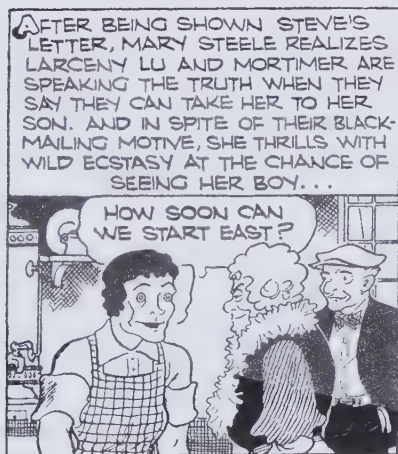
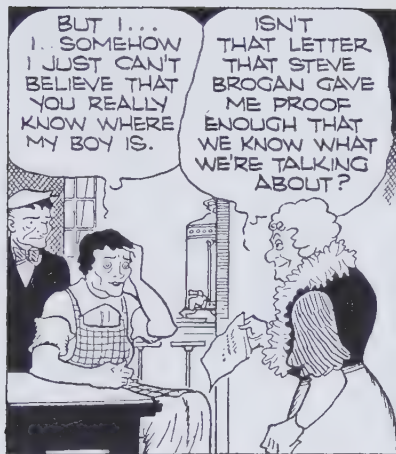


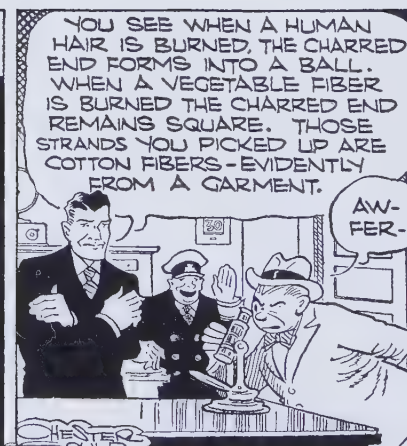
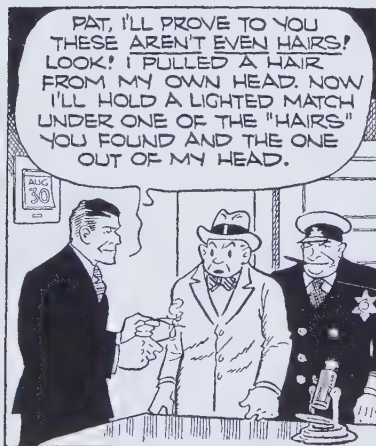
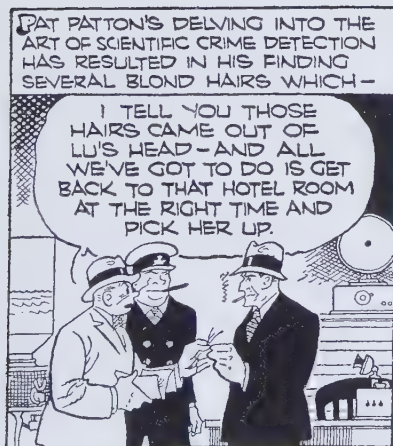
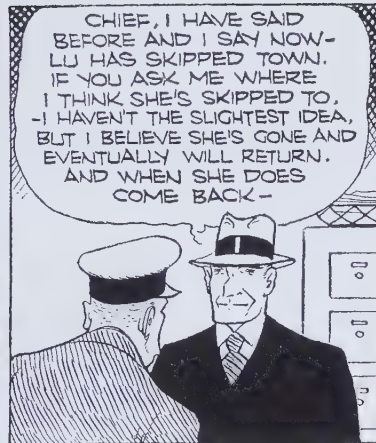
DICK TRACY

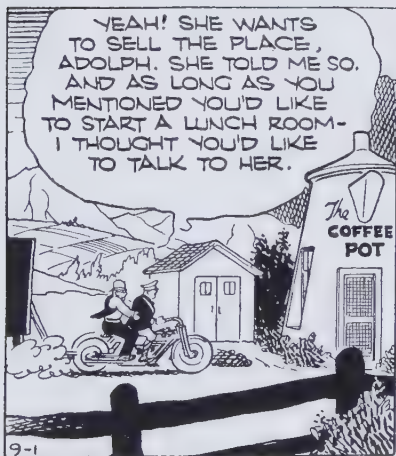
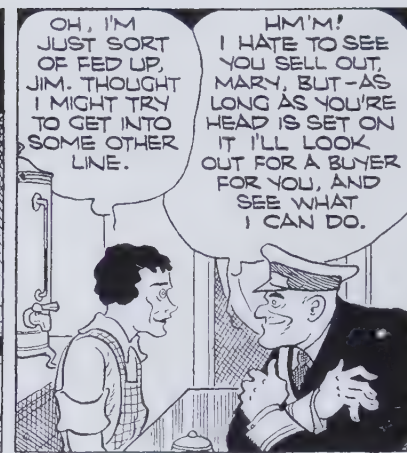
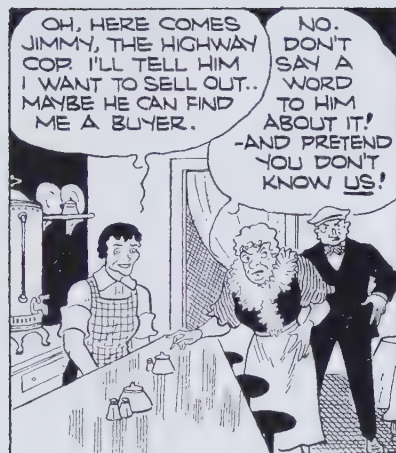


SCENE: THE "LITTLE OFFICE" ROOM OF THE "COFFEE POT" HOT DOG STAND, SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA...



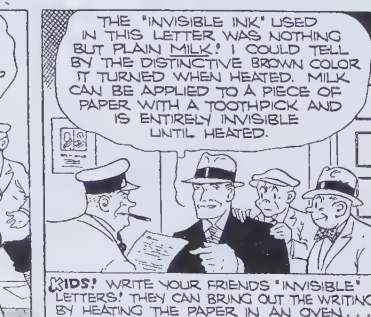
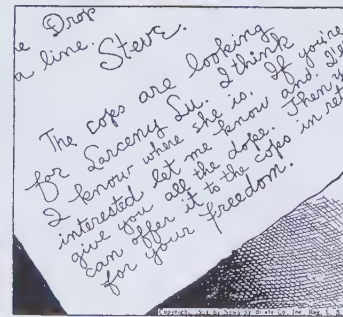
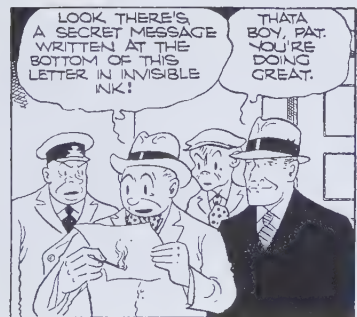
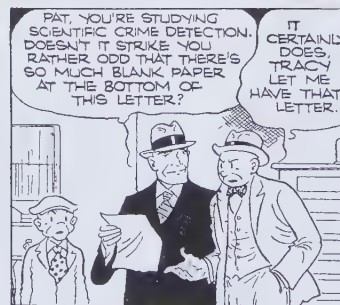
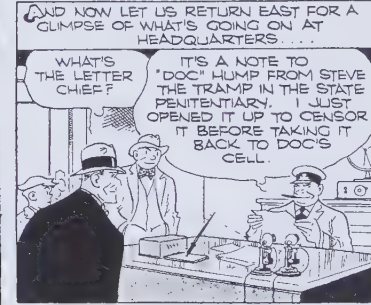


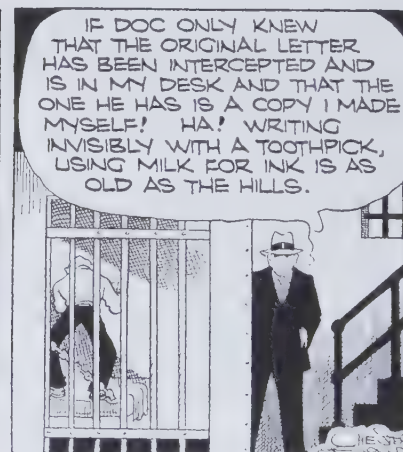
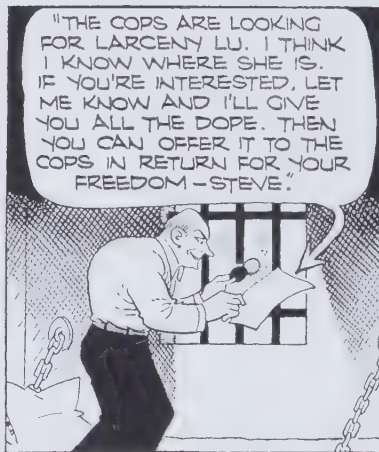
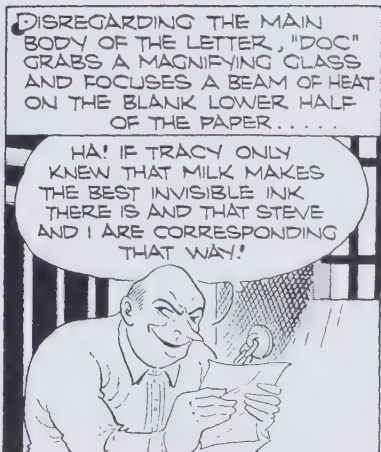
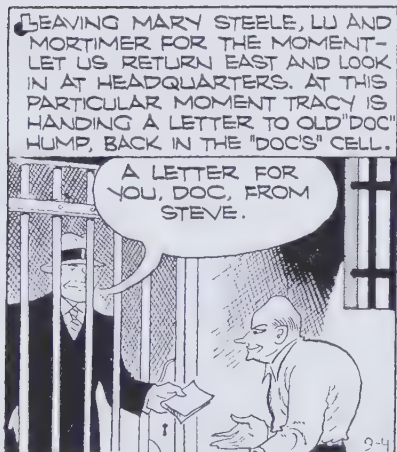




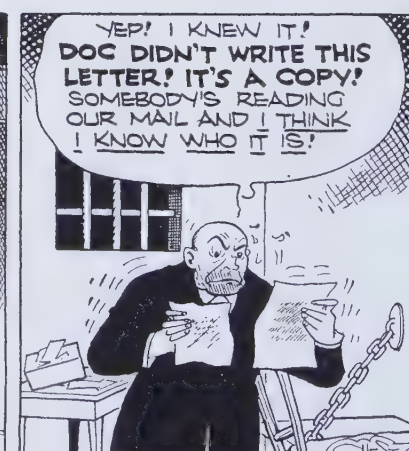
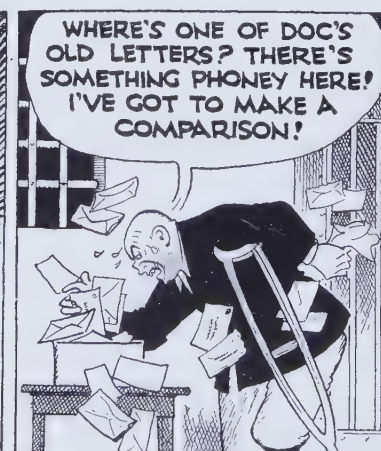
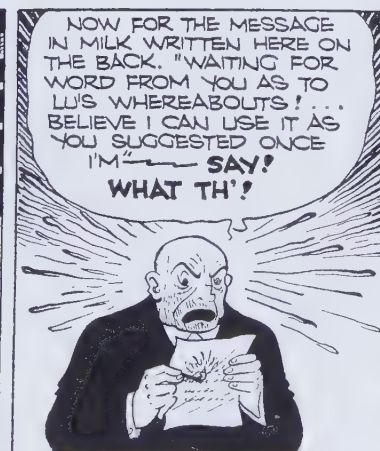
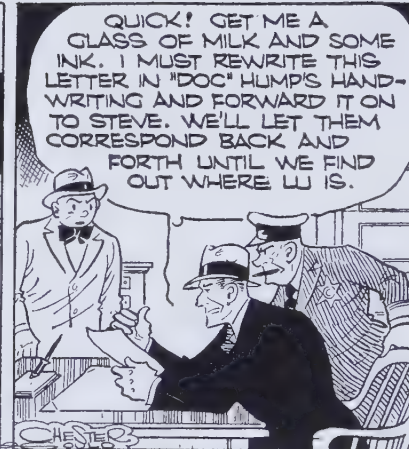
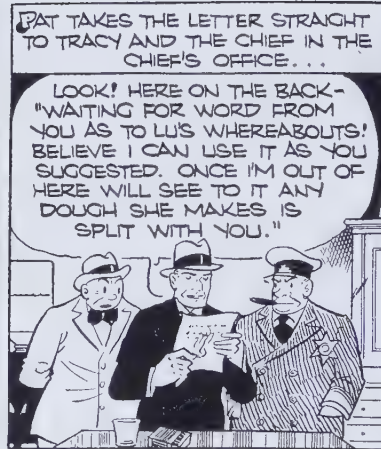
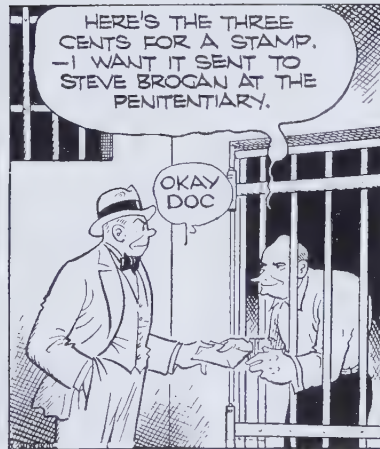
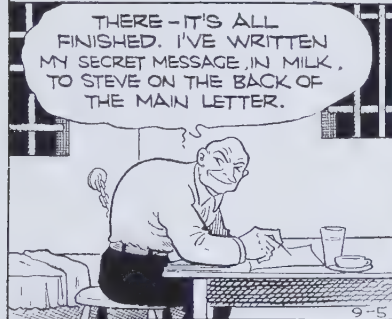
DICK TRACY

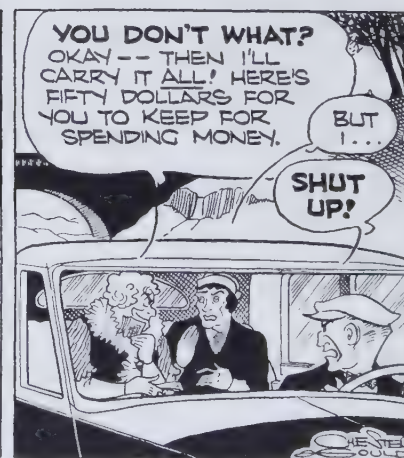
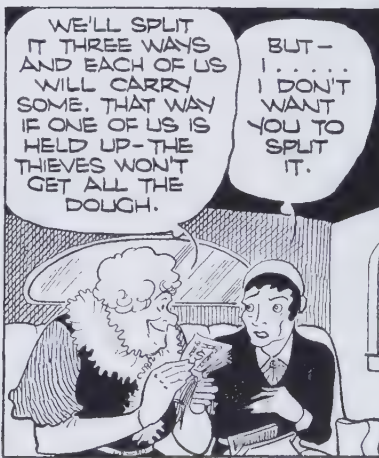
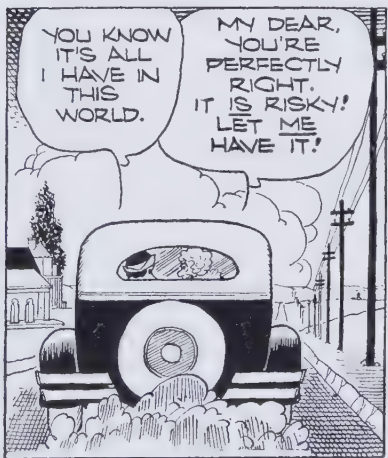
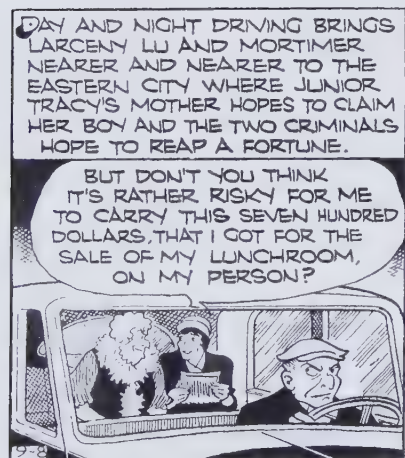
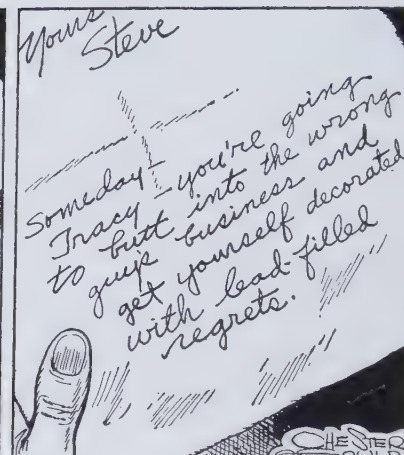
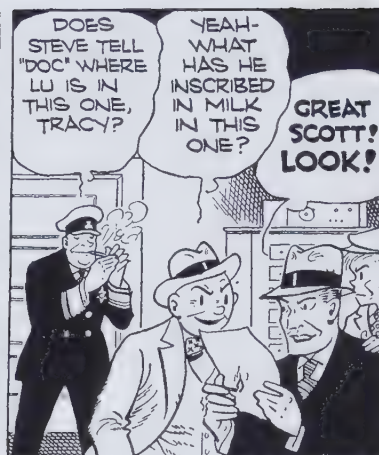
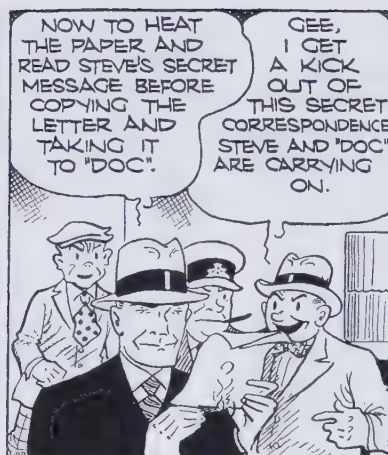
THIS IS MR. SMITH, THE MAN THAT OWNS THE FILLING STATION DOWN THE ROAD. HE'S GOING TO BUY THE "COFFEE POT" FROM ME SO I'LL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GO BACK EAST.



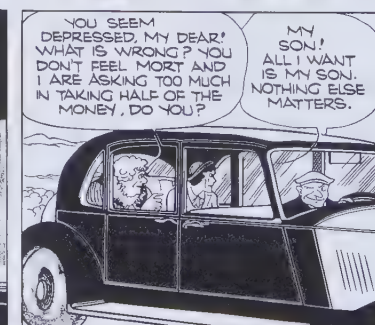
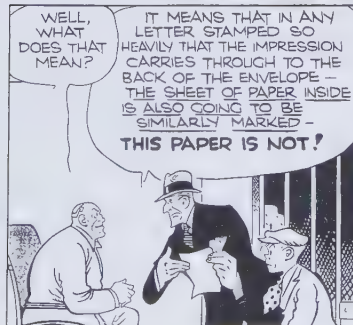
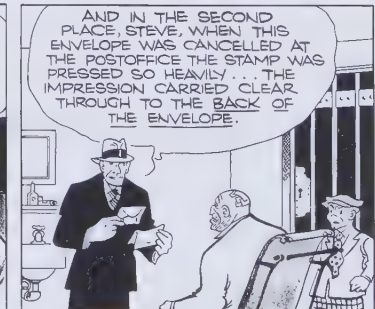
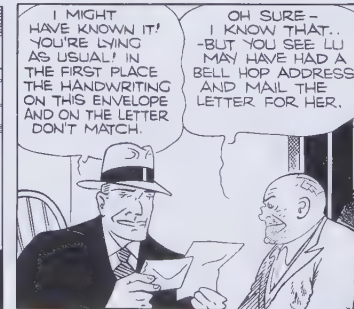
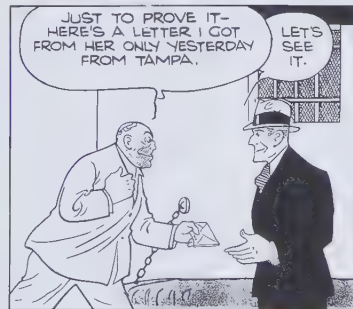
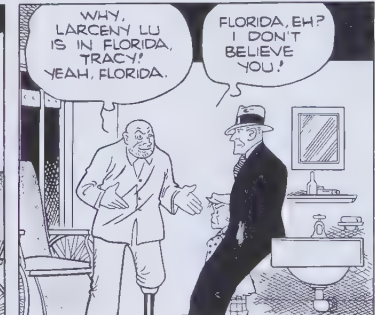
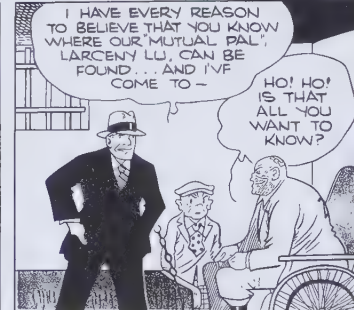
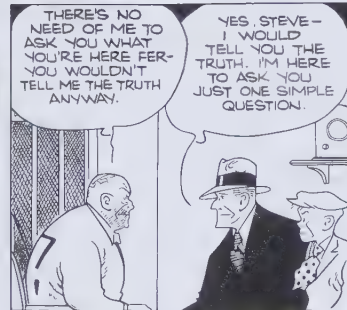
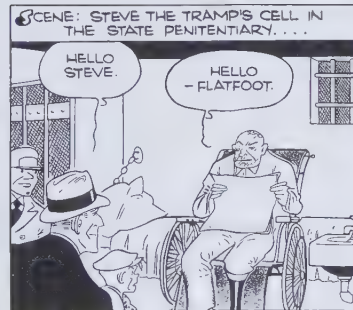


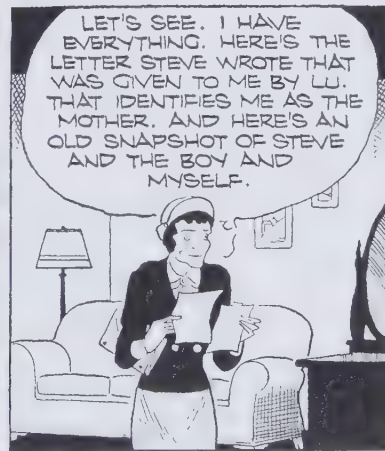
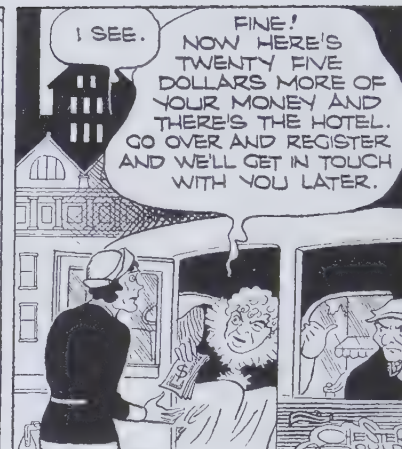
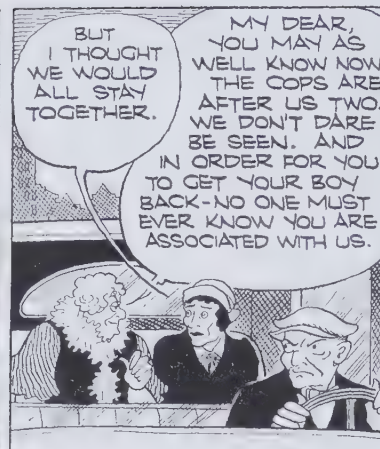
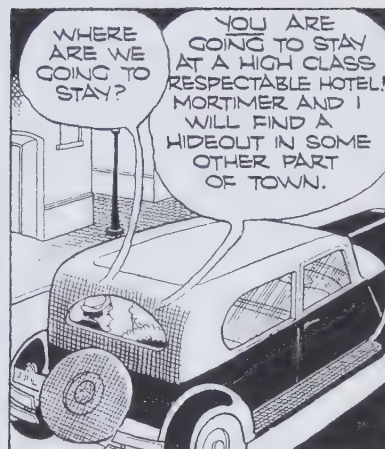
ASKING FOR A GLASS OF MILK WITH HIS SUPPER OLD "DOC" HUMP REMOVES A TOOTHPICK FROM HIS POCKET AND PREPARES TO INSCRIBE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE.

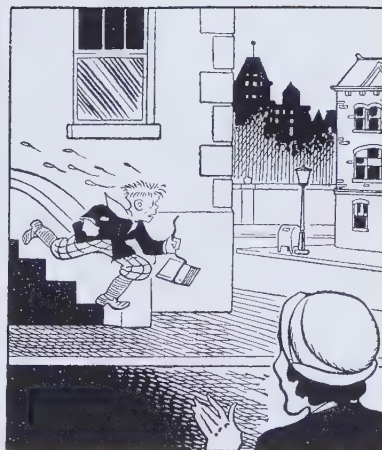
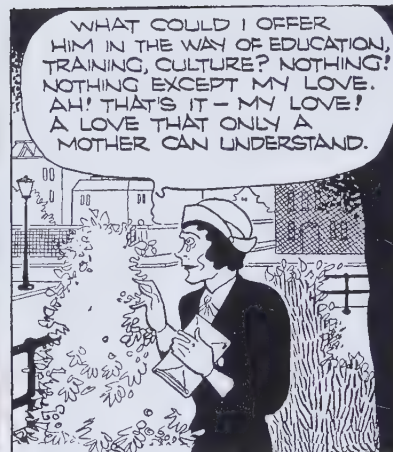
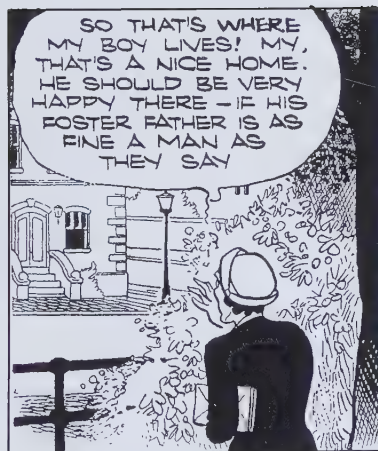


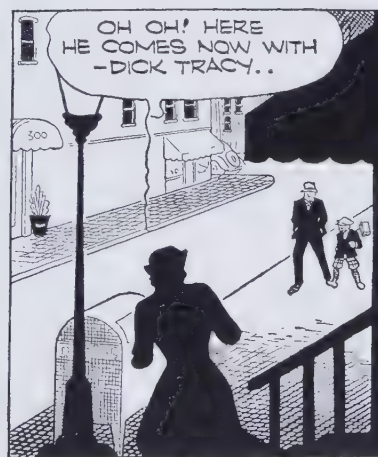
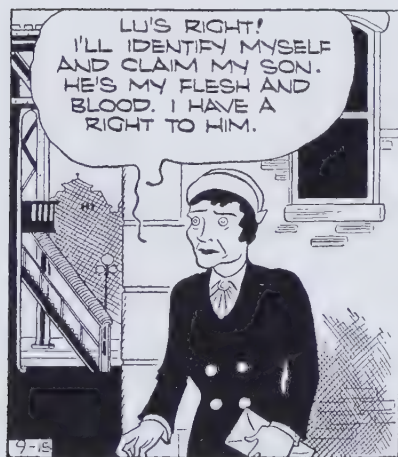
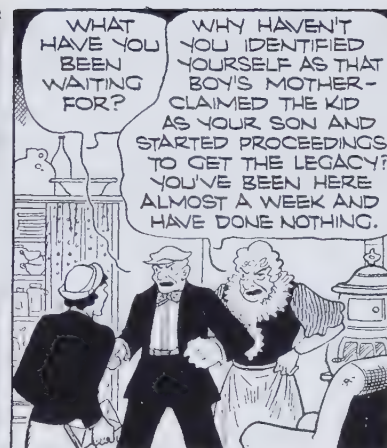


DICK TRACY





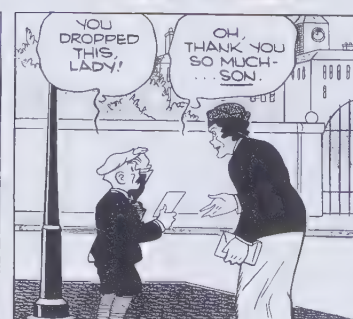
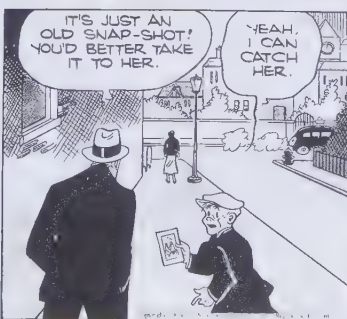
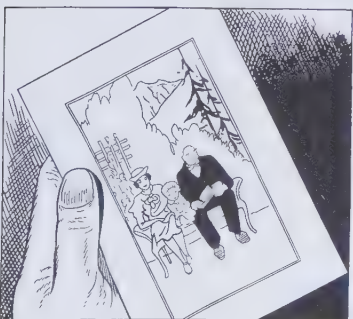
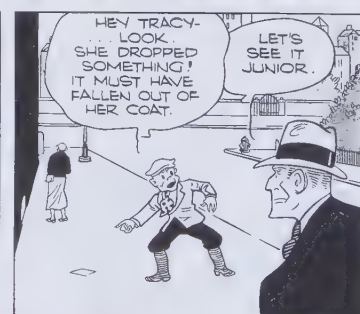
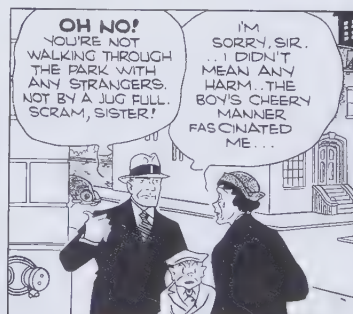
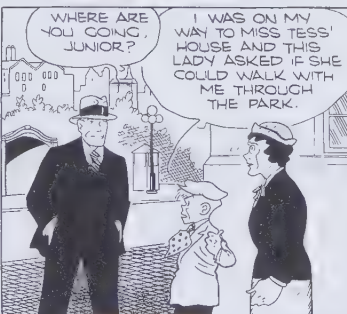
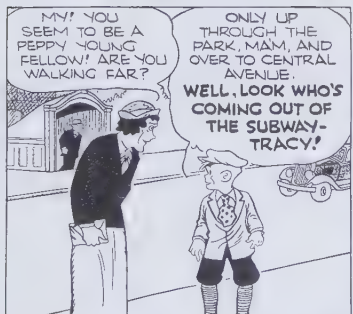
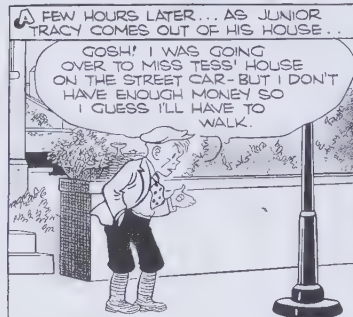
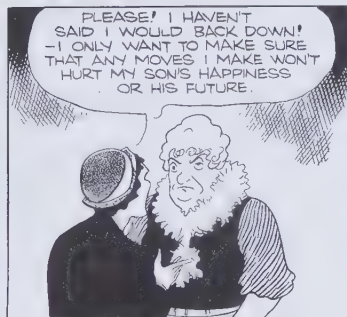
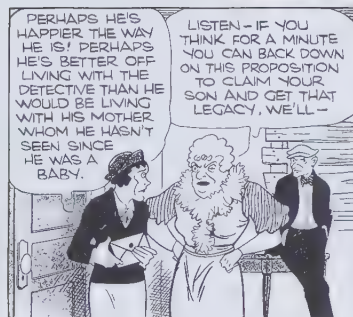




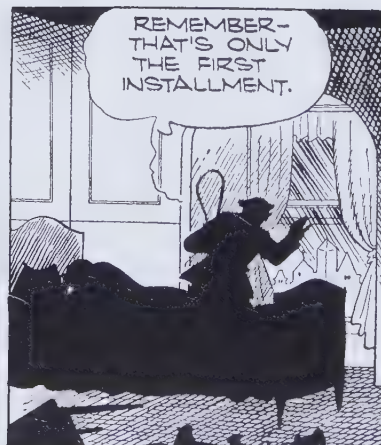
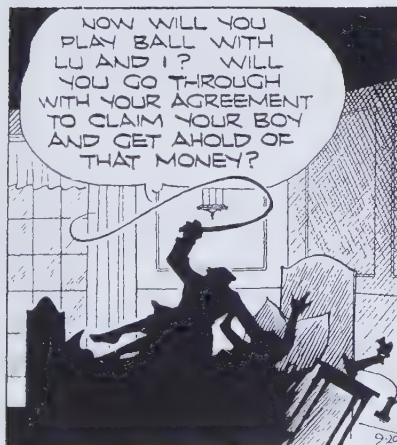
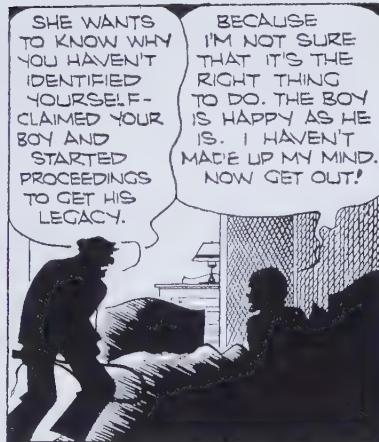
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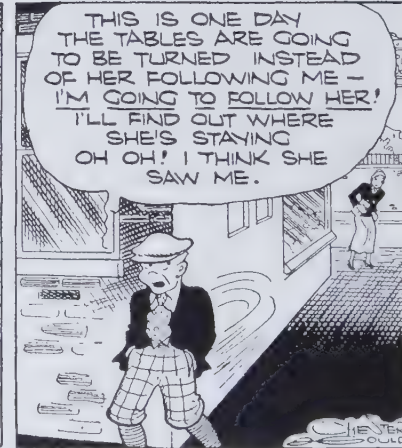
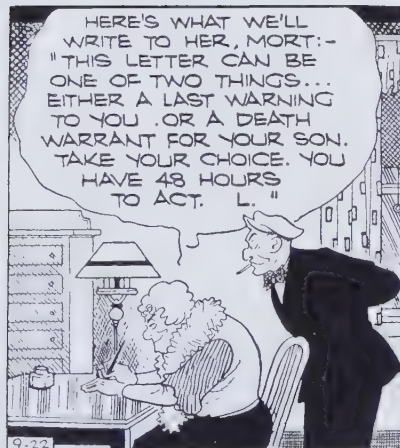
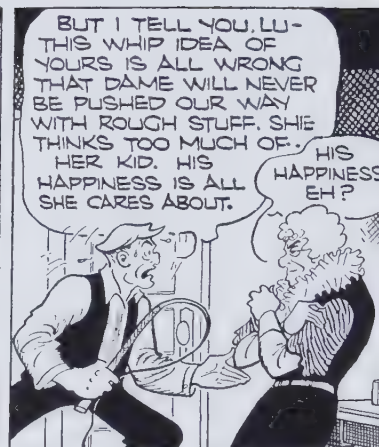
BUT WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN CLAIM THE BOY, AND GET THE LEGACY.

ALL THAT WILL BE DONE IN TIME-BUT FIRST I WANT TO MAKE MY OWN INVESTIGATION AND SEE HOW MY BOY IS GETTING ALONG.









DICK TRACY

YES SIR - THAT'S THAT SAME WOMAN THAT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND - HA! I'LL FIX HER. I'LL SLIP AROUND THIS CORNER AND SHAKE HER OFF. THEN I'LL SPY ON HER.

WHILE JUNIOR TRACY'S MOTHER FOLLOWS THE BOY AROUND DAILY IN WORSHIPFUL ADMIRATION, SHE IS STILL UNDECIDED WHETHER TO IDENTIFY HERSELF AND CLAIM THE LAD WHO IS IGNORANT OF HER EXISTENCE AND IS HAPPY AND CONTENTED WITH DICK TRACY - OR TO FADE OUT OF THE PICTURE AND LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE

HA! I LOST HER. SHE'S GOING BACK UP THE STREET.

GEE! SHE LIVES IN A NICE ENOUGH HOTEL! I'LL FOLLOW HER INSIDE AND SEE WHAT ROOM SHE'S OCCUPYING.

ROOM 202 - THAT'S WHERE SHE WENT IN! IT'S IN THE CORNER ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

MEANWHILE . . .
DID YOU MAIL THE LETTER TO THAT STEELE WOMAN, LU?
YOU BET I DID, MORTIMER, AND I TOLD HER WE'D GIVE HER JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GO THROUGH WITH THE JOB - OR ELSE.

SHE'S HIGH-HATTED US EVER SINCE WE CAME TO TOWN! SHE WON'T EVEN CALL US ON THE PHONE - AND WE COULDN'T LET HER LIVE WITH US BECAUSE IT WOULD AROUSE SUSPICION.

YOU'D THINK SHE'D BE GRATEFUL TO US FOR BRINGING HER TO TOWN! WHERE SHE CAN SEE HER SON. YOU'D THINK SHE'D CLAIM HIM AND SPLIT THE LEGACY WITH US.
THAT LETTER WILL BRING HER TO HER SENSES, THOUGH! THAT'LL BRING HER TO HER SENSES.

A LETTER! HEAVEN HELP ME! IT'S FROM LU! CAN TELL BY THE HANDWRITING!

WHAT'S THIS? OH, SO THAT'S THE WAY THEY FEEL, IS IT? WELL, THEY CAN'T FORCE ME TO CLAIM THE BOY IF I THINK HE'S BETTER OFF WITH DICK TRACY.

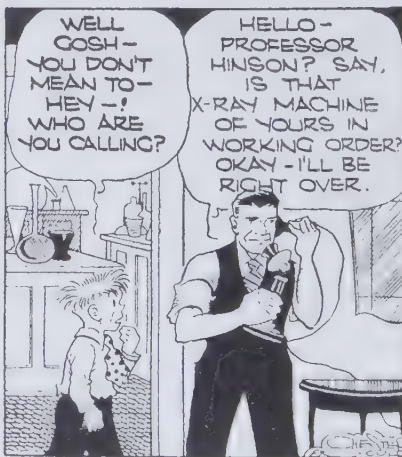
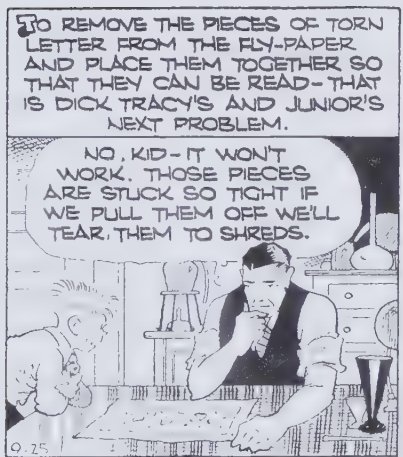
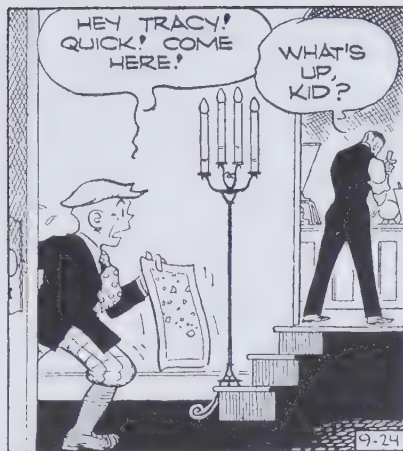
YEP, THAT'S HER ROOM RIGHT THERE AT THE CORNER. . OH OH! SHE'S THROWING SOMETHING OUT OF THE WINDOW - LOOKS LIKE LITTLE PIECES OF PAPER!

THEY ARE LITTLE PIECES OF PAPER! AND MOST OF THEM LANDED ON THE LEDGE OF THAT WINDOW BELOW.

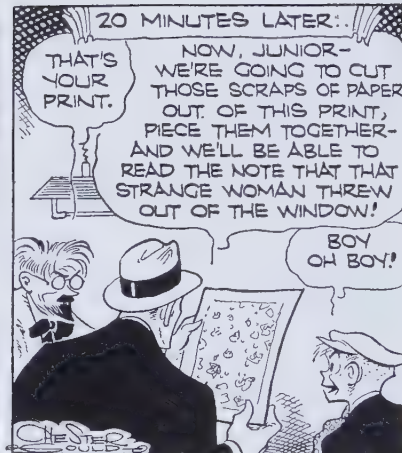
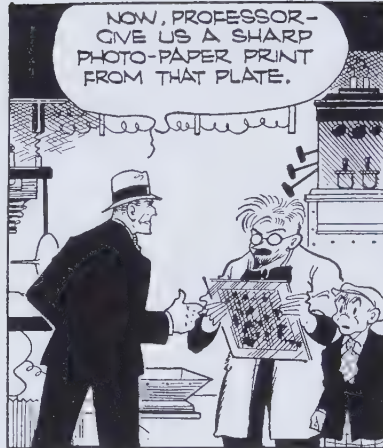
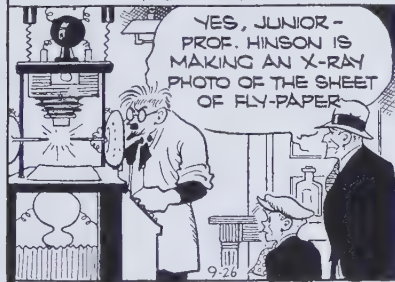
WHAT COULD BE BETTER! THERE'S A PIECE OF FLY-PAPER LYING HERE AND IT'S CAUGHT NEARLY ALL THE PIECES!

I'LL TAKE THIS HOME TO TRACY! BOY! WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THE WRITING ON THOSE PIECES OF PAPER SAYS! YES SIR!

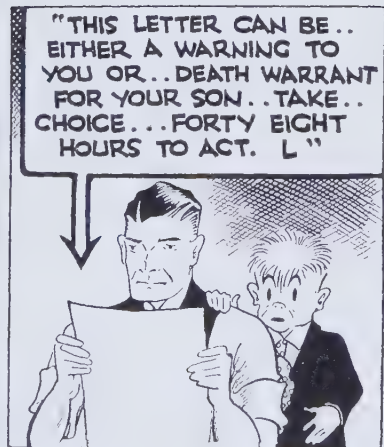
WILL JUNIOR AND TRACY BE ABLE TO PIECE THE TORN LETTER TOGETHER? WILL THE BOY EVER DISCOVER THIS WOMAN IS HIS OWN MOTHER ??

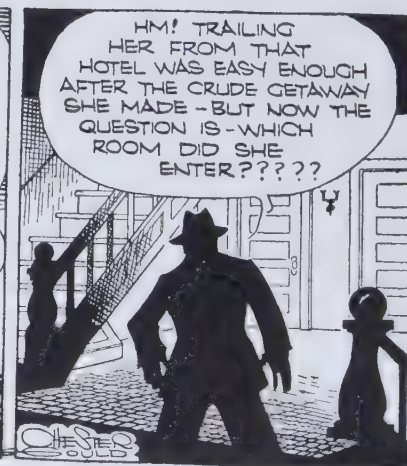
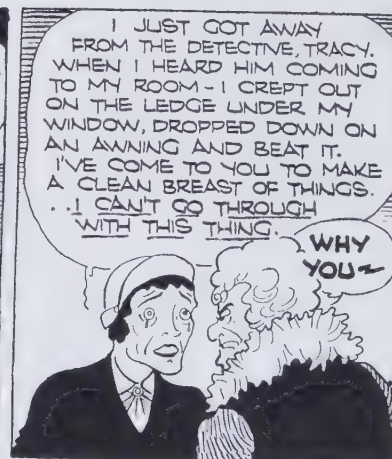
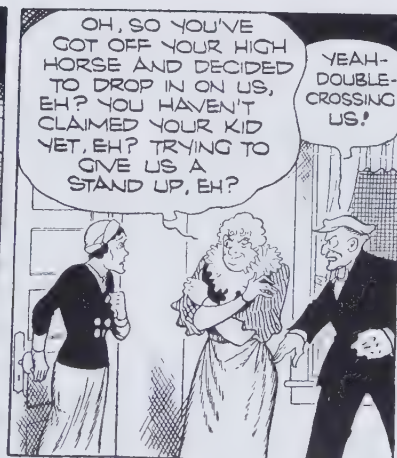
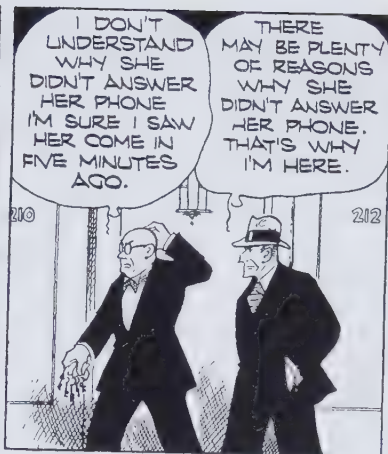


SINCE IT WOULD RUIN THE SMALL PIECES OF PAPER STICKING TO THE FLY-PAPER TO TRY TO PULL THEM LOOSE-AND SINCE ANY SOLVENT STRONG ENOUGH TO DISSOLVE THEM FREE FROM THE FLY CATCHING MIXTURE WOULD REMOVE THE WRITING ON THEM, TRACY HAS DECIDED TO MAKE USE OF THE X-RAY.



AT LAST THE PIECES OF THE X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TORN NOTE HAVE BEEN ASSEMBLED - AND TRACY AND JUNIOR ANXIOUSLY SCRUTINIZE THE "JIG-SAW" RESULTS.





DICK TRACY

BUT I TELL YOU I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM DICK TRACY! THE BOY IS HAPPY AND CONTENTED WITH THE DETECTIVE! MUCH MORE SO THAN HE WOULD BE WITH A MOTHER WHOM HE HAS NEVER KNOWN.

I WOULD MEAN NOTHING TO HIM NOW. STEVE TOOK HIM FROM ME WHEN HE WAS TWO YEARS OLD AND I DOUBT IF HE'D EVEN BELIEVE I WAS HIS MOTHER.

OH 'YEAH! NOW LISTEN, GIRLIE..

WE BROUGHT YOU CLEAR FROM CALIFORNIA ON ONE CONDITION. THAT WAS THAT YOU CLAIM YOUR SON GET THE LEGACY WHICH IS HIS AND SPLIT WITH US. Y'UNDERSTAND?

THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU CAN DO GO THROUGH WITH THIS PLAN! -OR WE'LL SEE THAT THE BOY IS... WELL... YOU VALUE HIS LIFE - DO AS WE SAY.

NO - NO NOT THAT!

SHH! SHH! -THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

WHAT?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

COME ON, MORTIMER - WE'LL GO OUT THE REAR DOOR. AS FOR YOU - YOU SEE WHO'S THERE AND USE YOUR HEAD.

HELLO

OH - IT'S YOU.. THE MAN THAT SENT ME AWAY ONE DAY WHEN I WAS TALKING TO YOUR BOY. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WISH TO TALK TO YOU, BUT FIRST - WHO WAS IN THIS ROOM WITH YOU JUST NOW WHEN I KNOCKED?

NO ONE. I WAS ALONE.

THAT'S A LIE! THIS COUCH AND THE CUSHION OF THAT CHAIR ARE WARM. SOME ONE OR TWO PEOPLE BESIDES YOURSELF WERE HERE SITTING IN THAT CHAIR AND LYING ON THIS COUCH.

BUT I-

HM! THEY'VE MADE THEIR GETAWAY! OH WELL YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT TO TALK TO RIGHT NOW ANYWAY.

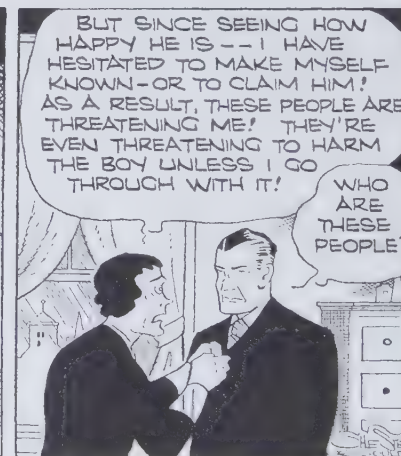
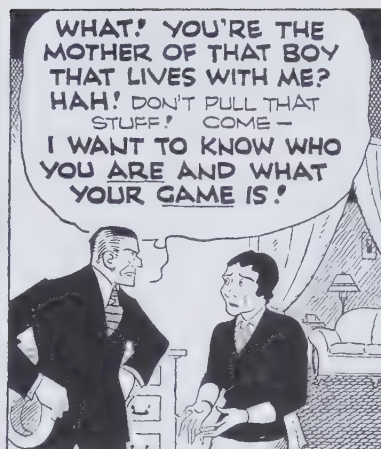
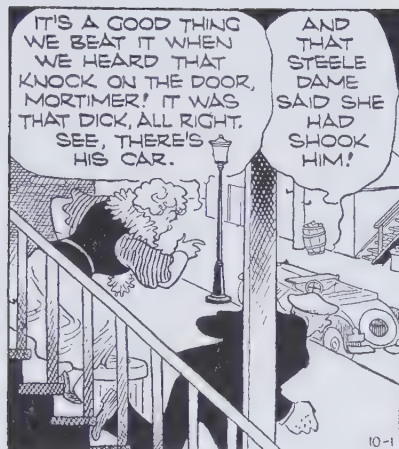
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOU'RE UP TO - BUT YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF A MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER! I HAVE HERE A PIECED-TOGETHER NOTE THAT YOU TORE UP AND THREW FROM YOUR WINDOW SAYING YOU HAD BUT 24 HOURS TO GO THROUGH WITH A CERTAIN JOB. THE NOTE IS SIGNED 'L'. NOW COME CLEAN - WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

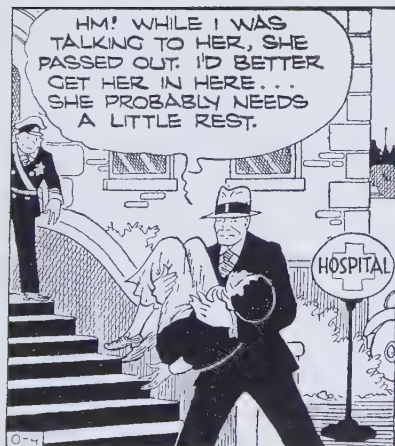
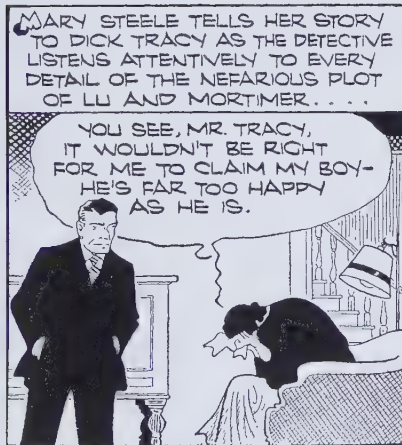
WHY SHOULDN'T I COME CLEAN! MY HEART AND SOUL ARE TORN TO SHREDS! I AM EMBROILED IN THE FOULEST BLACKMAIL PLOT THAT EVER PRENED ON A WOMAN'S LOVE FOR HER SON.

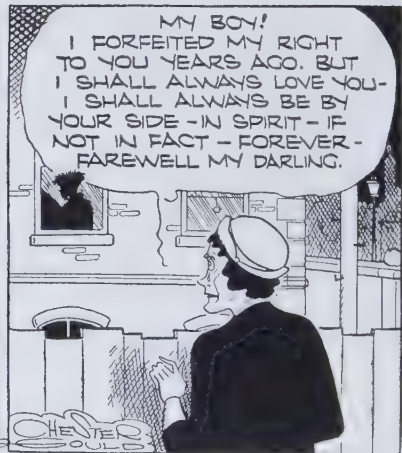
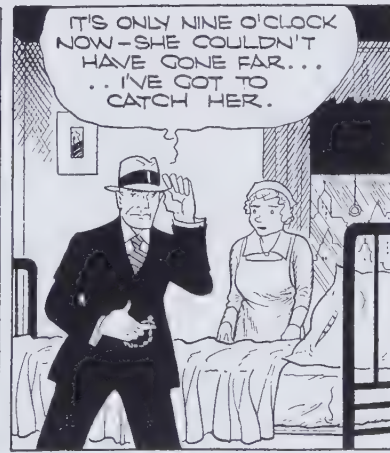
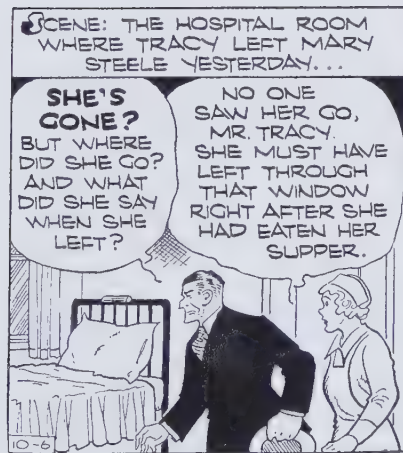
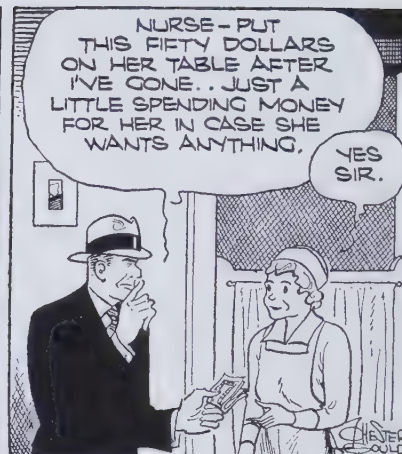
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SON?

THAT BOY YOU KNOW AS JUNIOR IS MY SON!

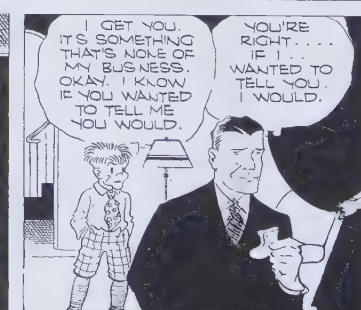
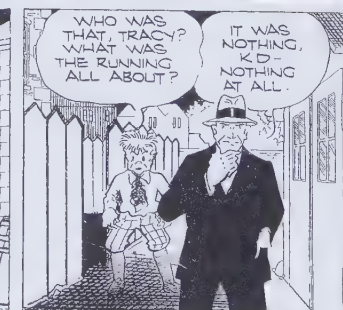
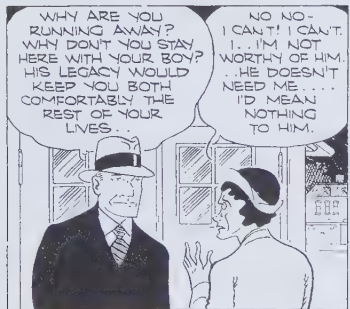
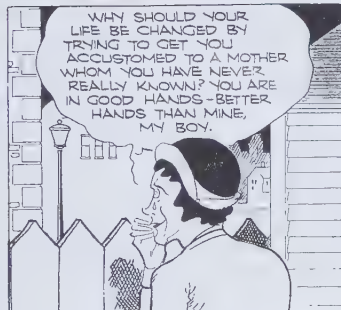
WILL JUNIOR'S MOTHER BE AN AID IN THE CAPTURE OF LARCENY LU AND MORTIMER ??

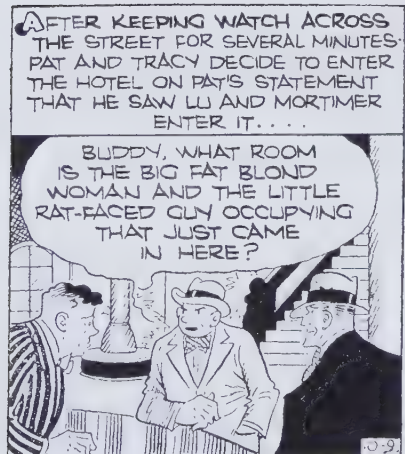
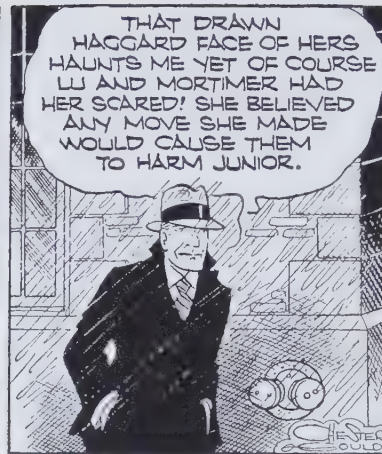
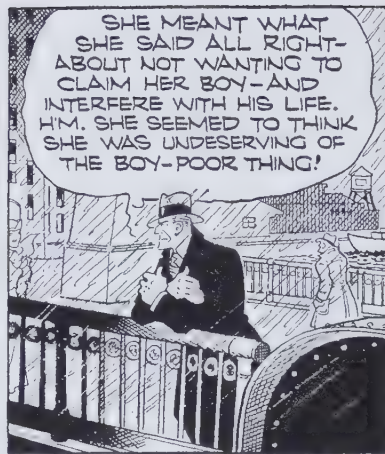


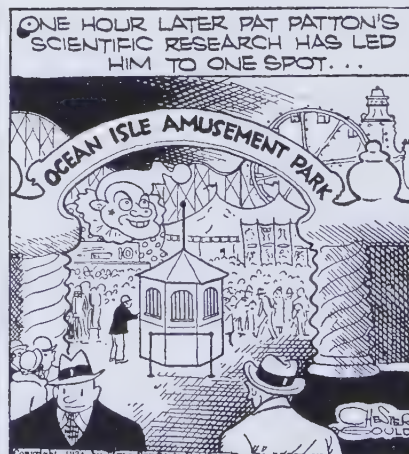
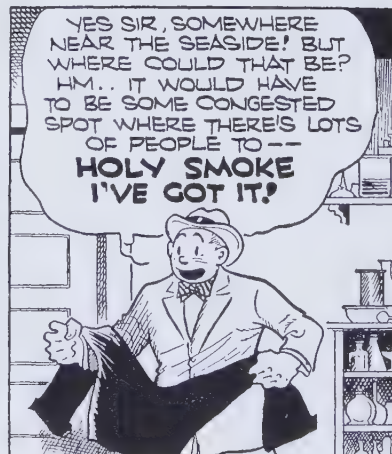
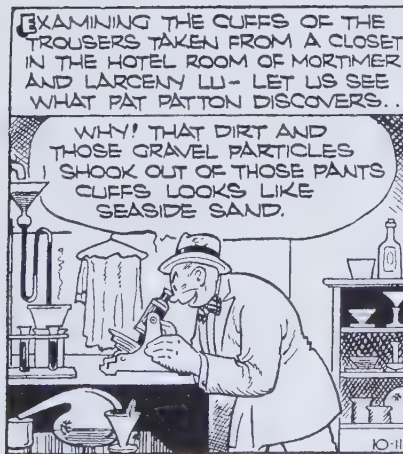
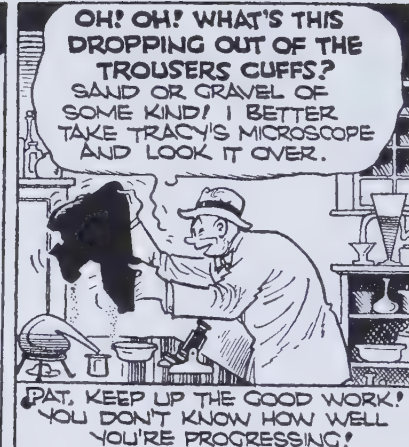


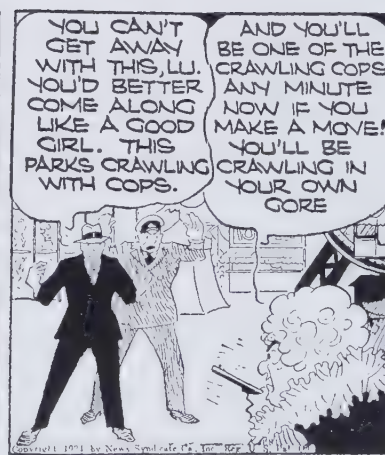
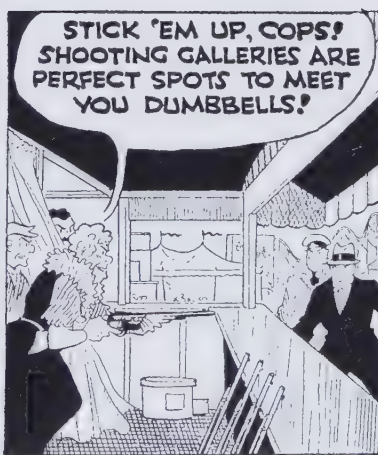
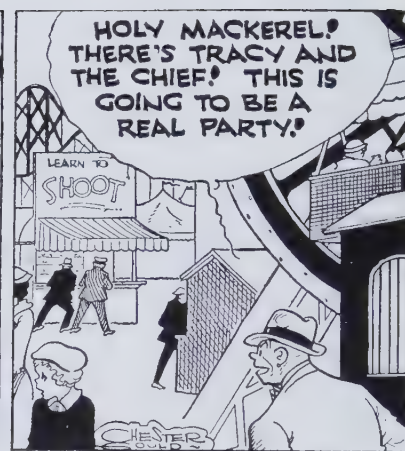
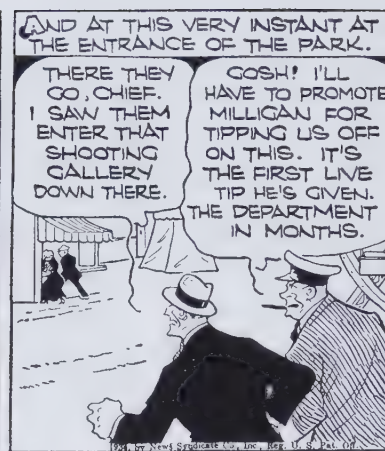
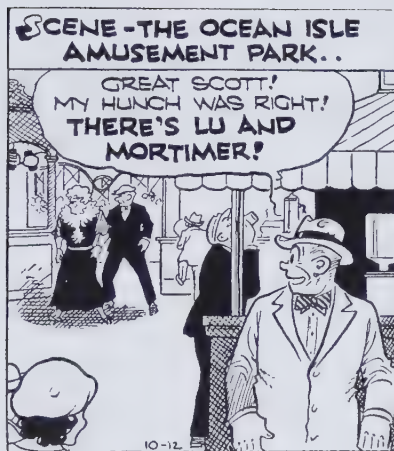


DICK TRACY









DICK TRACY

HESTER
COULD

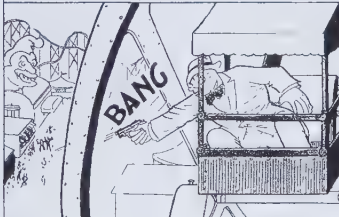
HAH! MR. DETECTIVE,
ALWAYS KNEW ONE OF
THESE SHOOTING
GALLERIES
WOULD COME
IN HANDY.

SCENE: THE OCEAN ISLE AMUSEMENT PARK, WHERE DICK TRACY AND CHIEF BRANDON HAVE TRAILED LU AND MORTIMER AND ARE ABOUT TO CLOSE IN ON THEM WHEN . . .

THIS IS ONE TIME
I BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW,
BRIGHT EYES, EH?



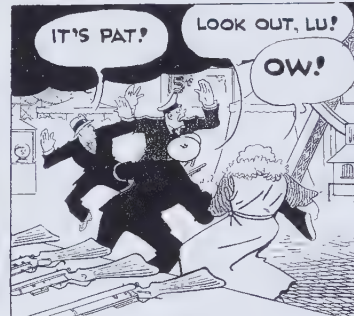
BUT WHAT'S THIS? SUDDENLY, AS TRACY AND THE CHIEF STAND HELPLESS BEFORE THE MENACING MUZZLES OF THE 22 RIFLES FROM THE TOP OF A NEARBY FERRIS WHEEL TWO PIERCING SHOTS RING OUT



IT'S PAT!

LOOK OUT, LU!

OW!



GRAB HER CHIEF!
I'VE GOT THIS ONE!



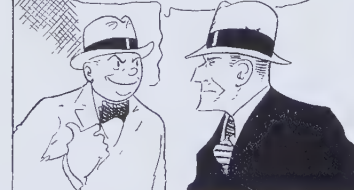
PAT! YOU'VE TURNED
THE TRICK! YOU'VE PROBABLY
SAVED OUR LIVES-AND YOU'VE
MADE THE CAPTURE OF THESE
TWO POSSIBLE. HOW DID YOU
HAPPEN TO BE ON THAT FERRIS
WHEEL AND WHERE DID YOU
GET YOUR DOPE?



WELL, I'LL TELL YOU,
TRACY, AND I TAKE PRIDE
IN DOING IT. YOU REMEMBER
WE RAIDED THE HANGOUT OF
THESE TWO A FEW DAYS AGO
AND FOUND THEM GONE- BUT
DISCOVERED A PAIR OF
MORTIMER'S TROUSERS
IN A CLOSET.



WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING
TO YOU I EXAMINED THOSE TROUSERS
AND FOUND SOME DUST AND FINE
DIRT PARTICLES IN THE CUFFS OF
THE TROUSER LEGS. WELL, I
ANALYZED THAT DIRT UNDER
A MICROSCOPE.



I FOUND THAT THAT DIRT
CONSISTED OF A CERTAIN TYPE
OF SAND AND SHELL FRAGMENTS
PECULIAR TO THE SEA SHORE.
THAT LED ME TO BELIEVE LU
AND MORTIMER WERE SPENDING
SOME OF THEIR TIME NEAR
THE OCEAN.



I CAME TO THIS PLACE
AND SURE ENOUGH I SPOTTED
LU AND MORTIMER ENTERING THIS
SHOOTING GALLERY! I TOOK A
POSITION ON THAT NEARBY FERRIS
WHEEL WHERE I COULD KEEP MY
EYE ON THINGS. . . AND THEN YOU
AND THE CHIEF SHOWED UP.



OH NO YOU
DON'T, "RED" ALMUS!
STOP WHERE YOU ARE -
OR YOU'RE A
DEAD MAN!



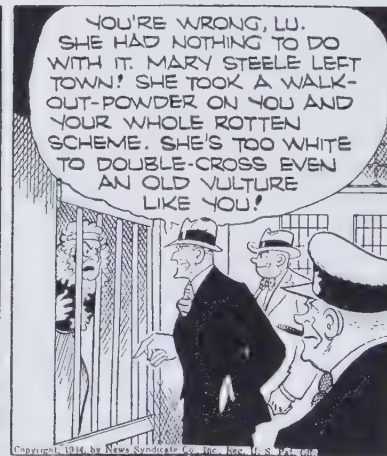
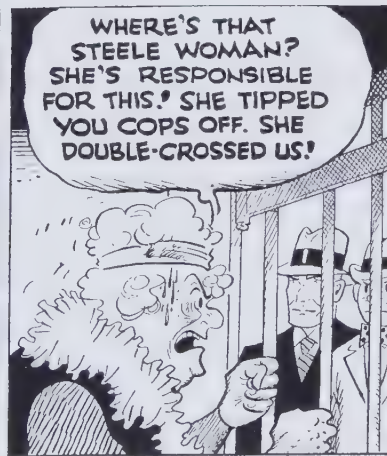
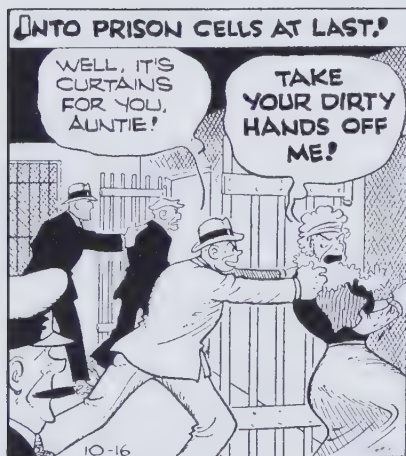
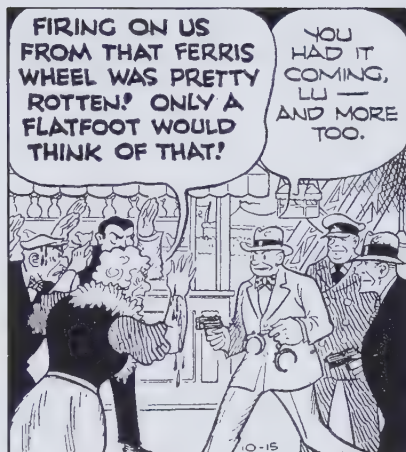
THIS IS "RED" ALMUS -
PROPRIETOR OF THE SHOOTING
GALLERY. HE'S BEEN IN CAHOOTS
WITH LU AND MORTIMER. THEY'VE
BEEN ABLE TO BUY THEIR GUNS
AND AMMUNITION THROUGH HIM
BECAUSE OF HIS PROFESSIONAL
CONNECTIONS.

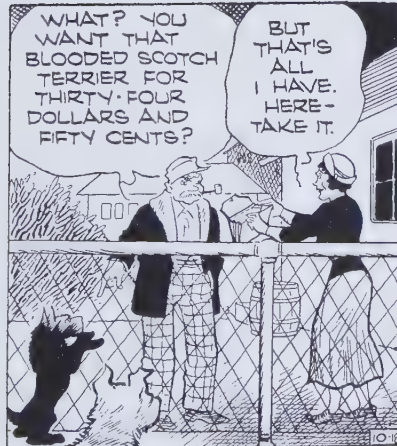
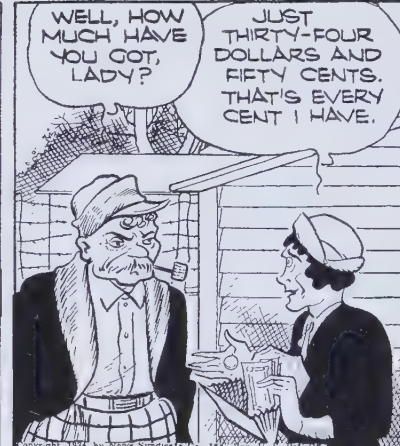


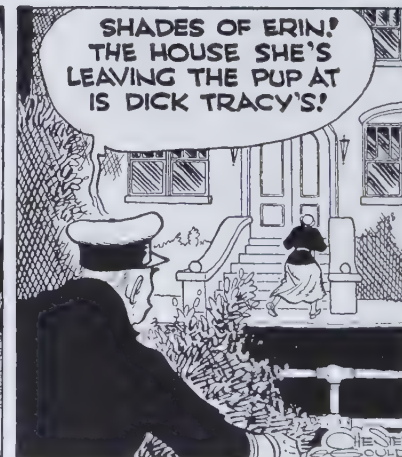
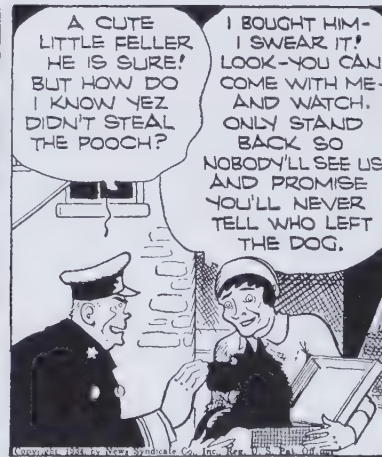
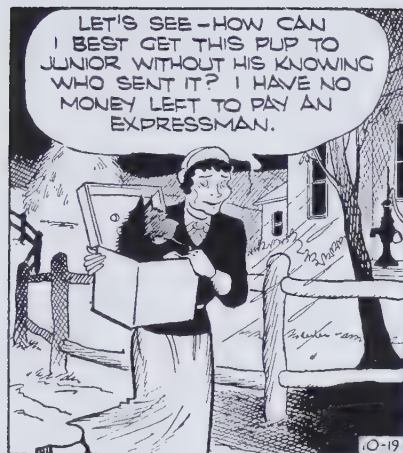
PAT, THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN SAY!
YOUR ACHIEVEMENT
SPEAKS FOR
ITSELF.



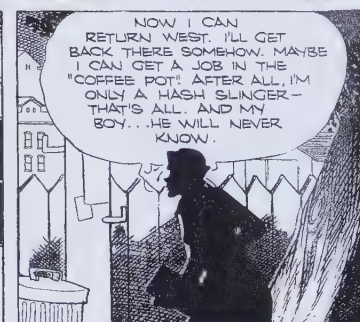
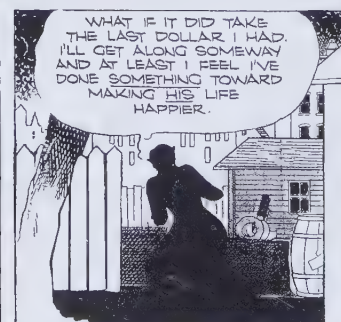
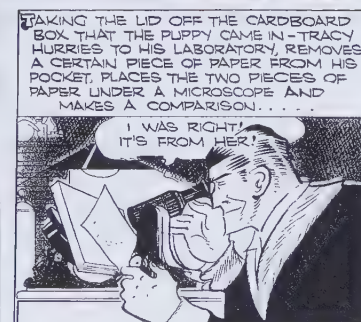
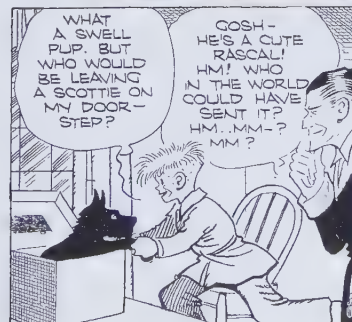
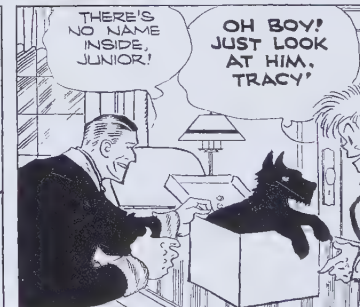
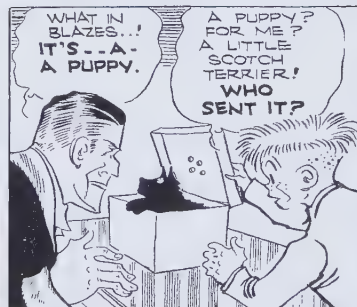
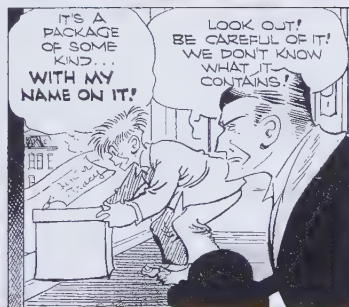
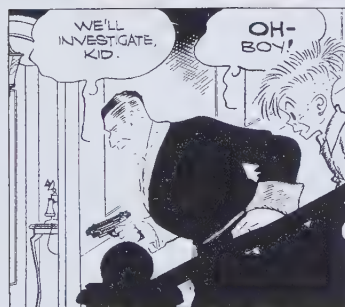
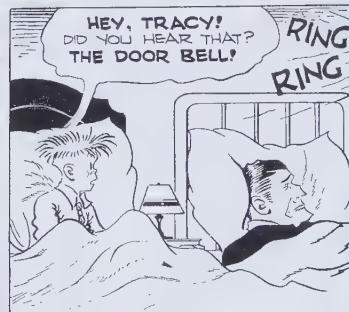
TRACY, MY
ADVICE TO YOU
IS TO DO A
LITTLE MORE
STUDYING IN
SCIENTIFIC CRIME
DETECTION.



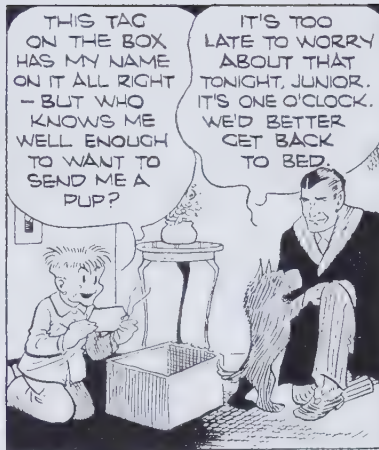
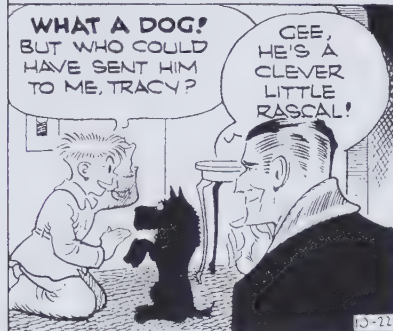


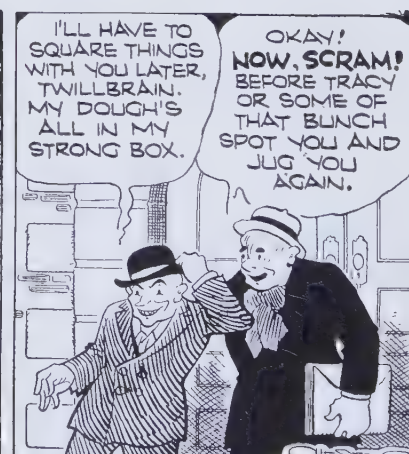
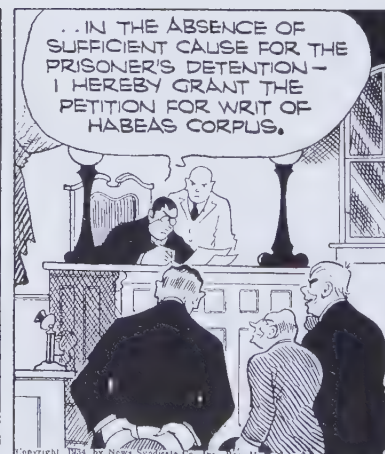
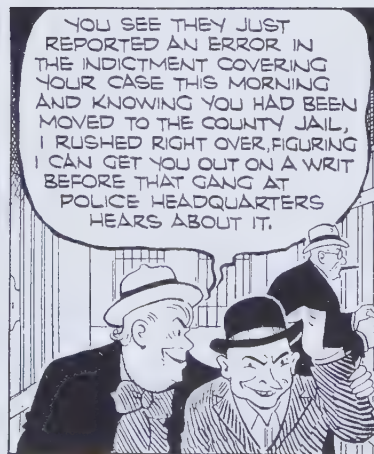
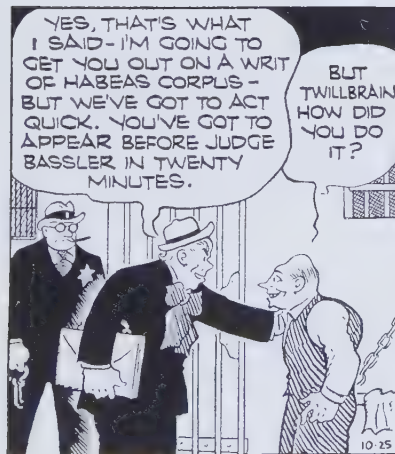
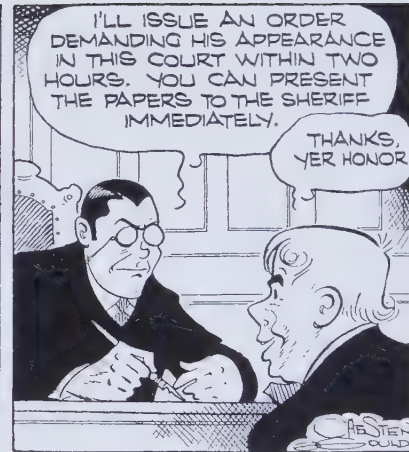
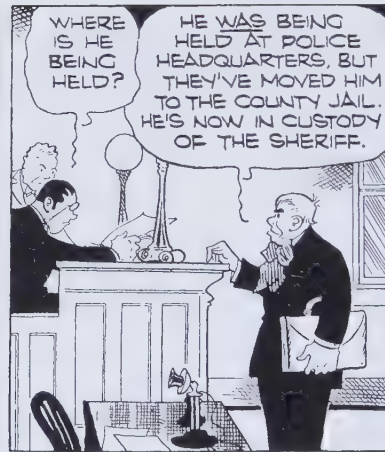
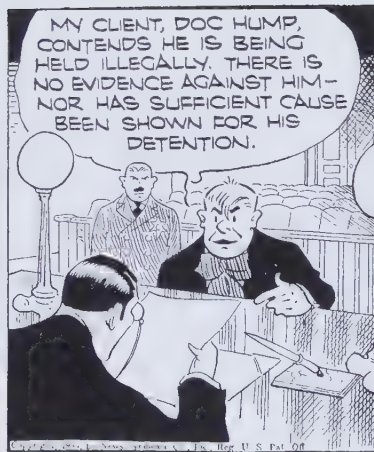
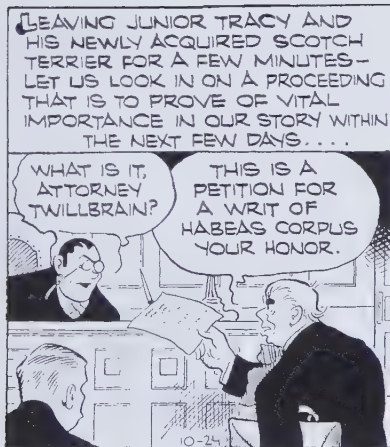


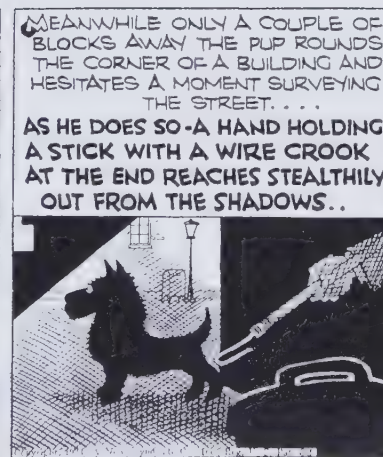
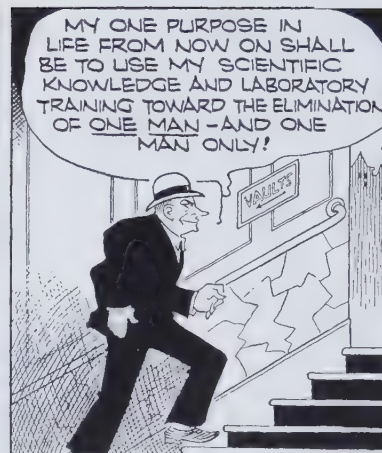
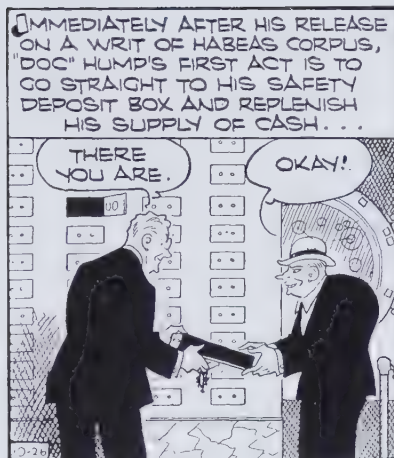
DICK TRACY



**WHAT A THRILL - BUT ALSO
WHAT A MYSTERY FOR JUNIOR!**
THIS SCOTTY PUP - LEFT ON THIS
DOORSTEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT! . . .



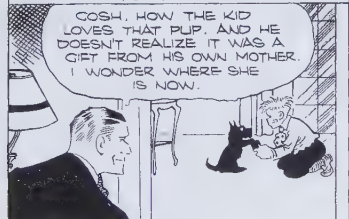




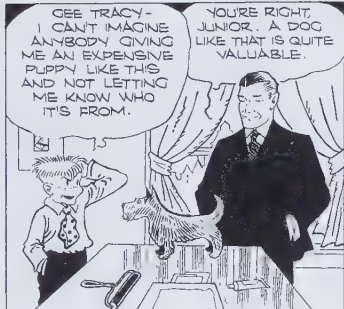
DICK TRACY



WITH LARCENY LU AND MORTIMER SAFELY BEHIND BARS AFTER HAVING BEEN CAPTURED IN THE AMUSEMENT PARK, DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO JUNIOR'S NEWLY ACQUIRED SCOTCH TERRIER PUP. . .

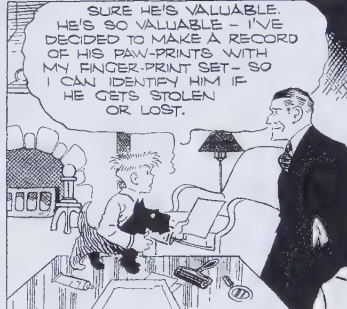


GOSH, HOW THE KID LOVES THAT PUP. AND HE DOESN'T REALIZE IT WAS A GIFT FROM HIS OWN MOTHER. I WONDER WHERE SHE IS NOW.

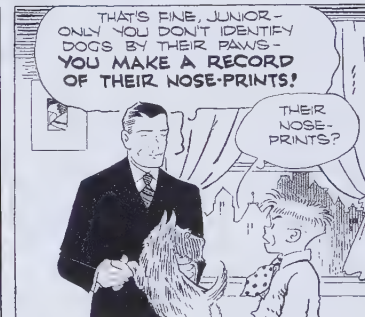


GEE TRACY - I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYBODY GIVING ME AN EXPENSIVE PUPPY LIKE THIS AND NOT LETTING ME KNOW WHO IT'S FROM.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUNIOR. A DOG LIKE THAT IS QUITE VALUABLE.



SURE HE'S VALUABLE. HE'S SO VALUABLE - I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE A RECORD OF HIS PAW-PRINTS WITH MY FINGER-PRINT SET - SO I CAN IDENTIFY HIM IF HE GETS STOLEN OR LOST.



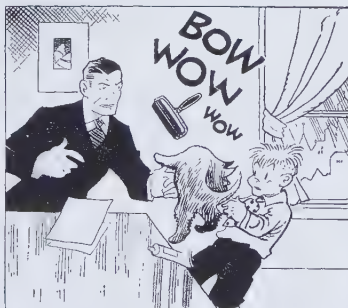
THAT'S FINE, JUNIOR - ONLY YOU DON'T IDENTIFY DOGS BY THEIR PAWS - YOU MAKE A RECORD OF THEIR NOSE-PRINTS!

THEIR NOSE-PRINTS?

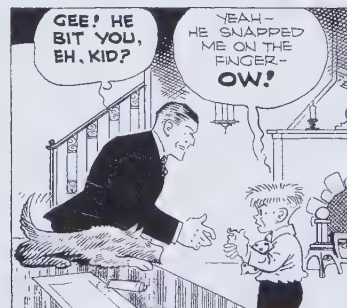


DOGS, LIKE COWS, HAVE THEIR DISTINCTIVE IDENTIFYING MARKS ON THE PATTERN OF THEIR NOSES. YOU SEE YOU DRY THE NOSE-PAD WITH A CLOTH - THEN ROLL THE INK ON IT LIKE THIS. . .

I'LL HELP. I'LL HOLD HIM FOR YOU.

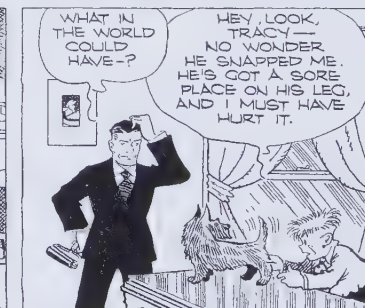


BOW WOW WOW



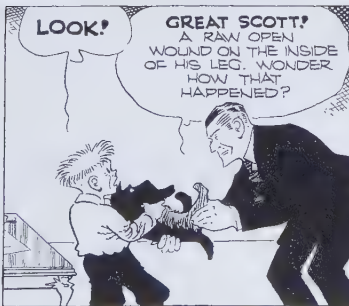
GEE! HE BIT YOU, EH, KID?

YEAH - HE SNAPPED ME ON THE FINGER - OW!



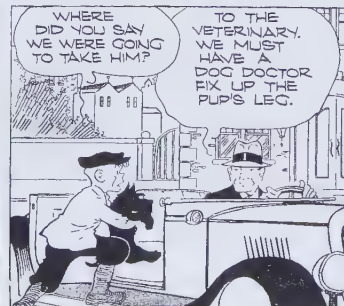
WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD HAVE - ?

HEY, LOOK, TRACY - NO WONDER HE'S SNAPPED ME. HE'S GOT A SORE PLACE ON HIS LEG, AND I MUST HAVE HURT IT.



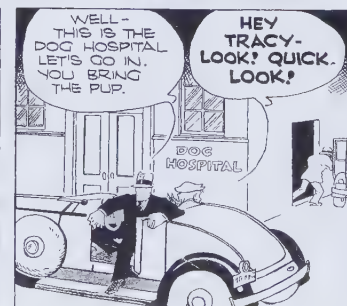
LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT! A RAW OPEN WOUND ON THE INSIDE OF HIS LEG. WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED?



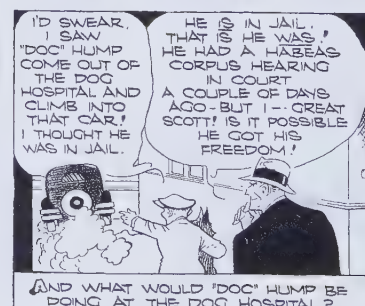
WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING TO TAKE HIM?

TO THE VETERINARY. WE MUST HAVE A DOG DOCTOR FIX UP THE PUP'S LEG.



WELL - THIS IS THE DOG HOSPITAL. LET'S GO IN. YOU BRING THE PUP.

HEY TRACY - LOOK! QUICK. LOOK!

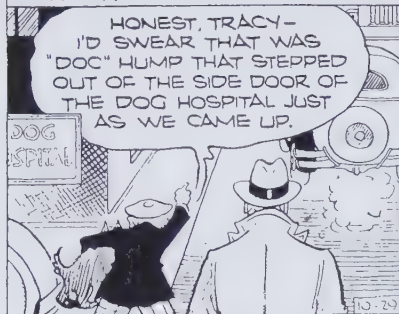


I'D SWEAR. I SAW "DOC" HUMPH COME OUT OF THE DOG HOSPITAL AND CLIMB INTO THAT CAR! I THOUGHT HE WAS IN JAIL.

HE IS IN JAIL. THAT IS HE WAS! HE HAD A HABEAS CORPUS HEARING IN COURT A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO - BUT I - GREAT SCOTT! IS IT POSSIBLE HE GOT HIS FREEDOM!

AND WHAT WOULD "DOC" HUMPH BE DOING AT THE DOG HOSPITAL?

AFTER RECOVERING JUNIOR'S SCOTTY PUP SATURDAY IT WAS FOUND THE DOG HAD A WOUND ON THE INSIDE OF ITS LEFT HIND LEG. TRACY IMMEDIATELY SUGGESTED A TRIP TO THE VETERINARY.



I DON'T WANT TO ACCUSE YOU OF NEEDING GLASSES, JUNIOR, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S A CHANCE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN "DOC" HUMP! HE'S IN THE COUNTY JAIL. WELL— COME ON, LET'S GO INSIDE.



A WOUND ON THE LEG, EH? H'M!... LOOKS LIKE HE'D CAUGHT HIMSELF ON A WIRE—OR PIECE OF METAL OF SOME KIND—A NASTY LITTLE CUT IT IS.



INCIDENTALLY, WAS THERE A HUMP-BACK FELLOW IN HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO—A SHORT MAN WITH A LONG POINTED NOSE AND PIERCING EYES?



SEE, TRACY—I TOLD YOU THAT GUY I SAW WAS "DOC" HUMP!



A SYRINGE? YES—HE SAID HE WAS A VETERINARY HIMSELF AND WAS IN NEED OF THE TYPE OF INSTRUMENT USED IN THE SERUM TREATMENT OF DOGS FOR DISTEMPER.

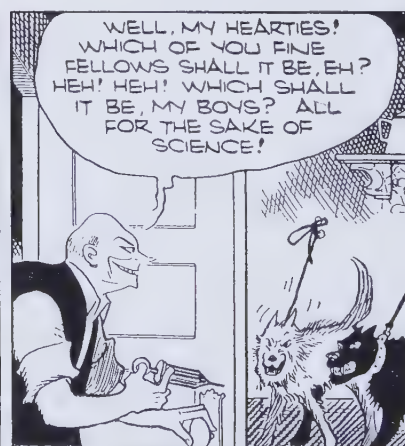
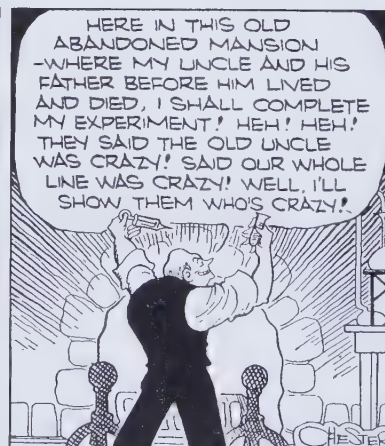
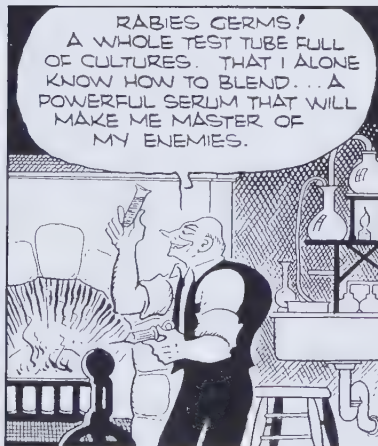
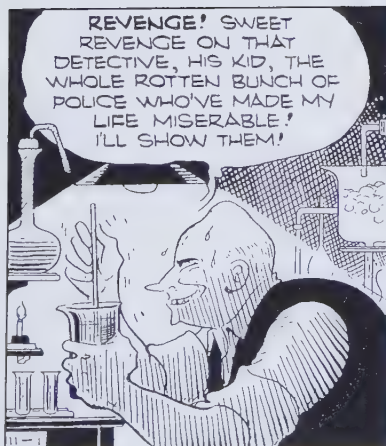
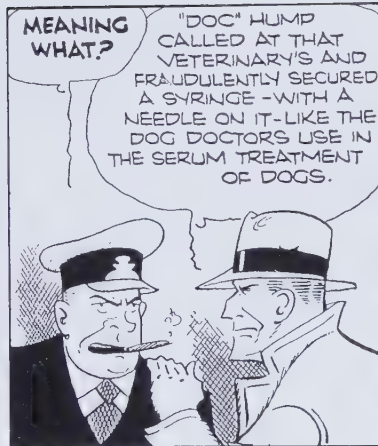


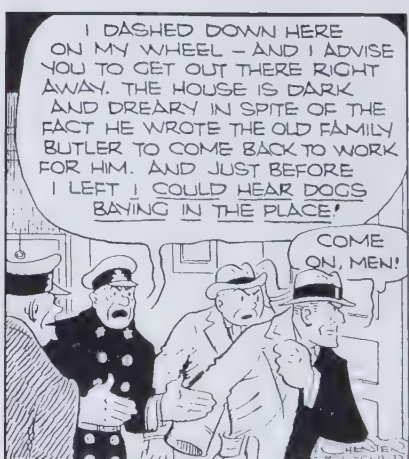
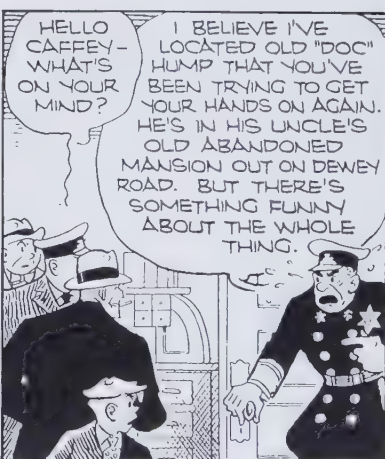
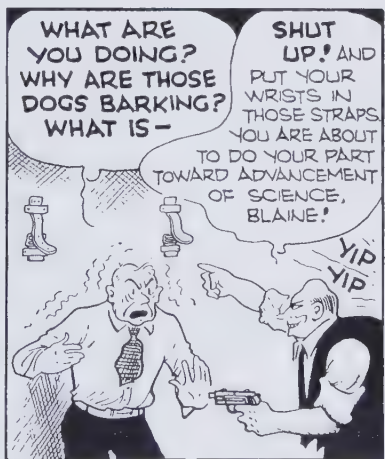
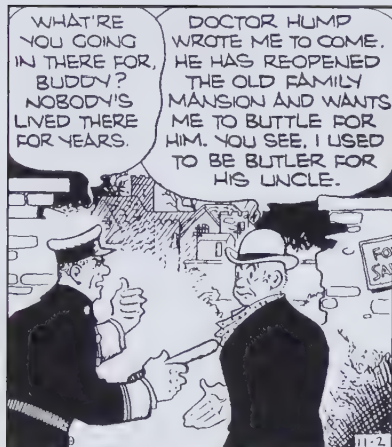
I'VE GOT TO USE YOUR PHONE!



THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE CALLED, TRACY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU— YES—"DOC" HUMP IS OUT OF JAIL! THERE WAS AN ERROR REPORTED IN THE INDICTMENT FRIDAY, AND THAT SHYSTER, TWILLBRAIN, RUSHED OVER TO THE COUNTY JAIL AND GOT HIM OUT ON A HABEAS CORPUS WRIT.

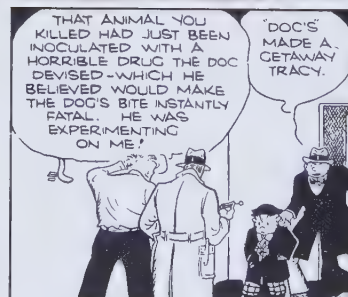
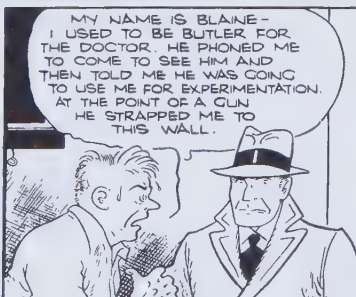
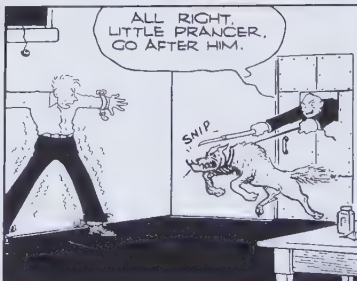
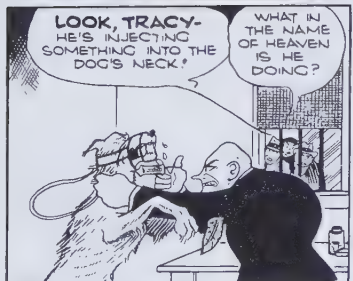
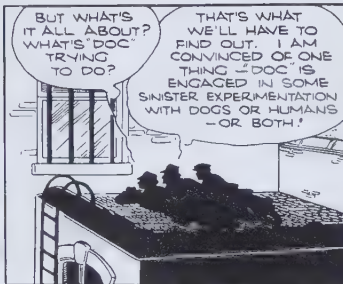
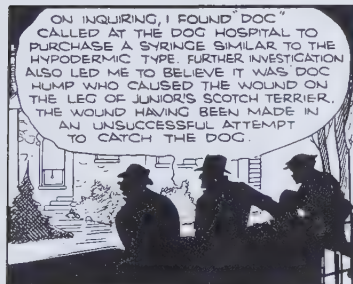


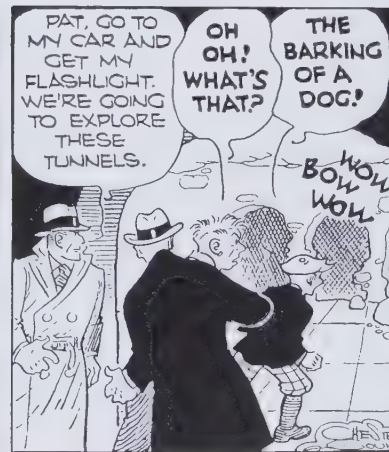
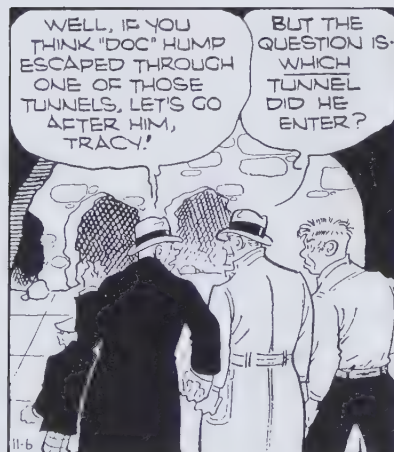
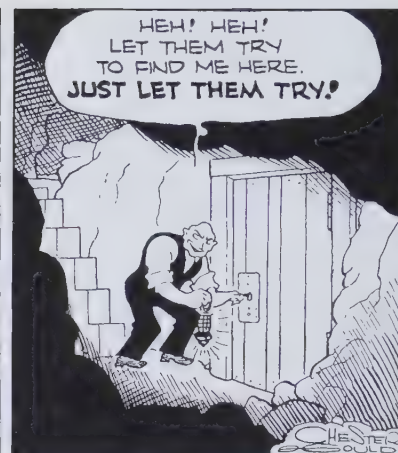
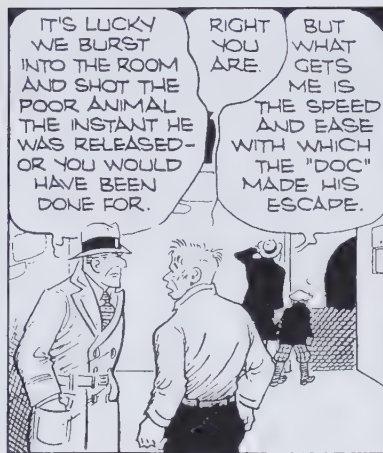




DICK TRACY

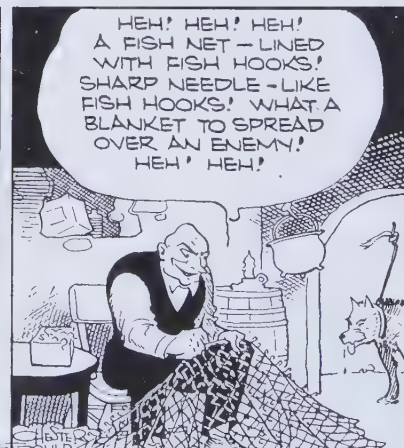
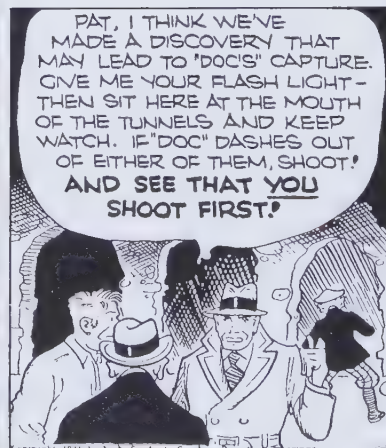
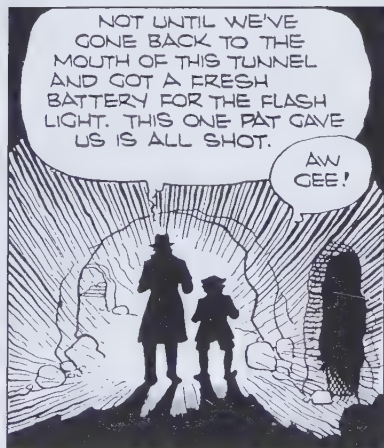
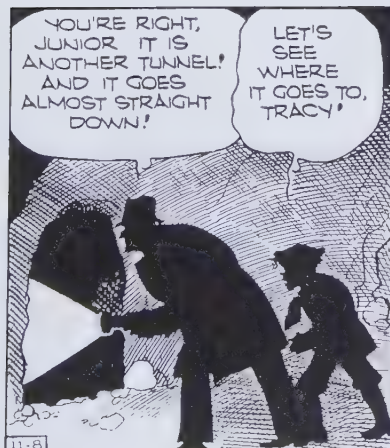
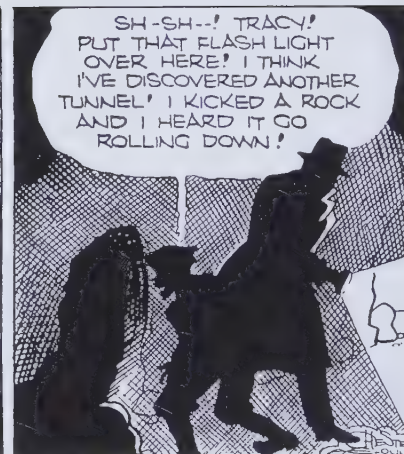
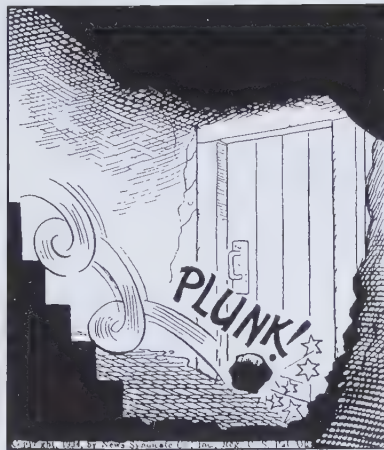
YOU SEE, PAT - I FOUND OUT "DOC" HUMP WAS RELEASED FROM JAIL A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE JUNIOR AND I SAW HIM DART OUT OF THE DOG HOSPITAL.

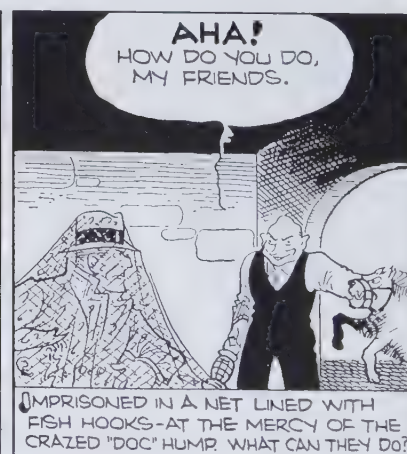
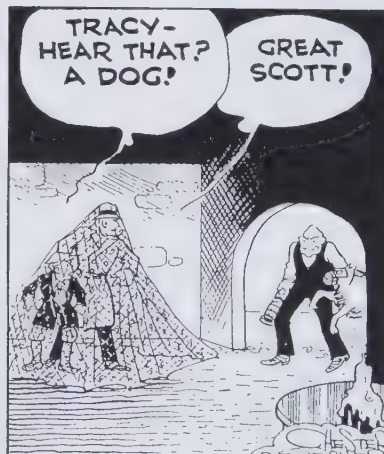
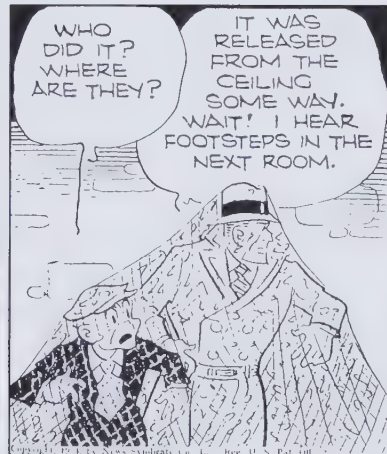
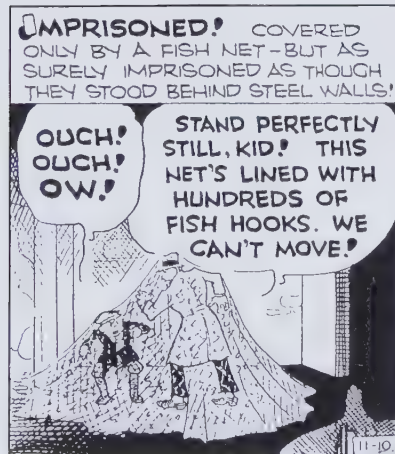
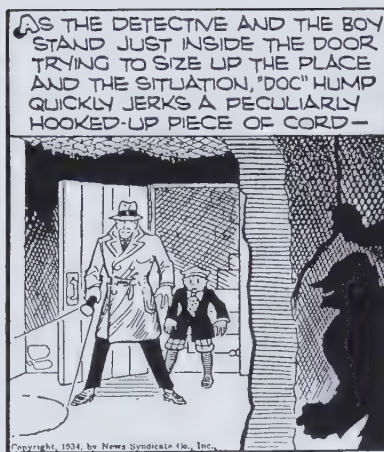
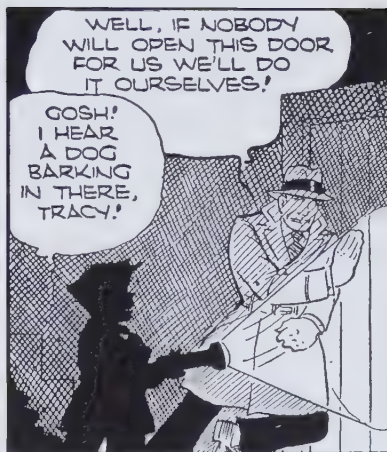
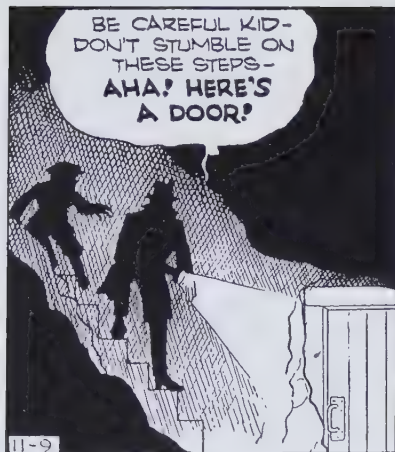




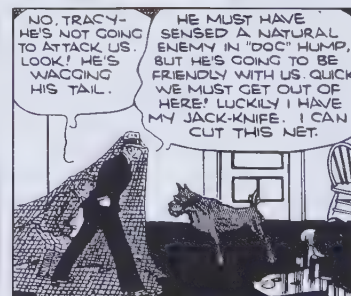
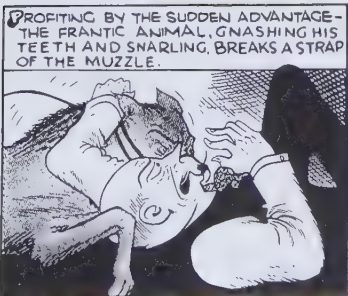
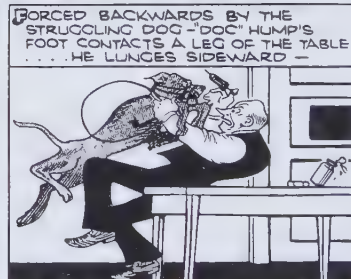
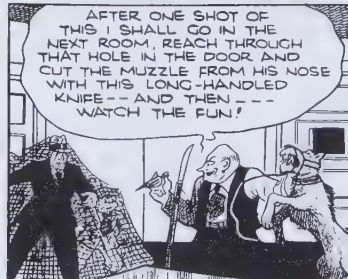
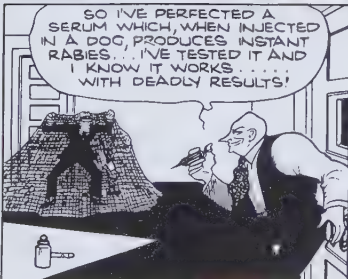
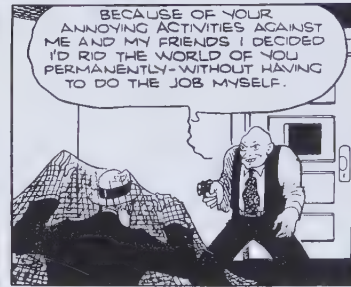
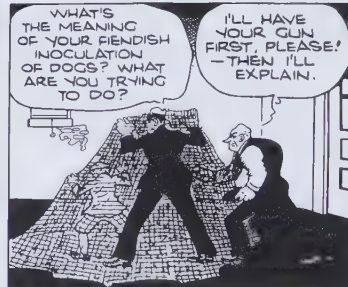
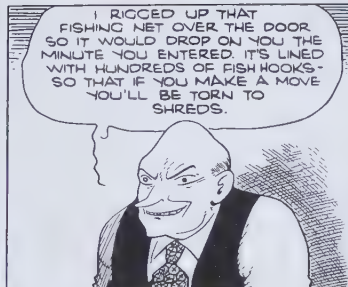
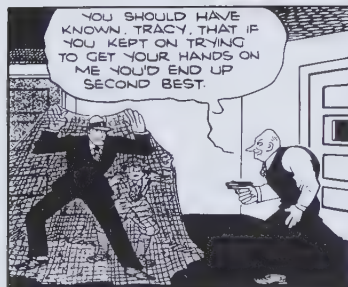
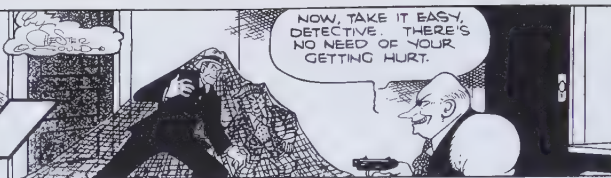
UNDERNEATH THE OLD HUMP MANSION, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN DEN TWENTY FEET BELOW THE GROUND LEVEL - "DOC" HUMP SMILES WITH A FIENDISH SATISFACTION AT HIS SUCCESSFUL DECEPTION AND ESCAPE FROM THE HANDS OF DICK TRACY.

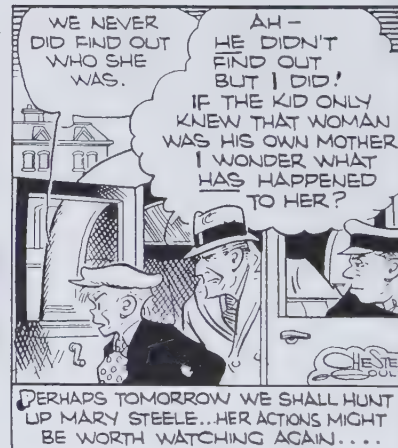
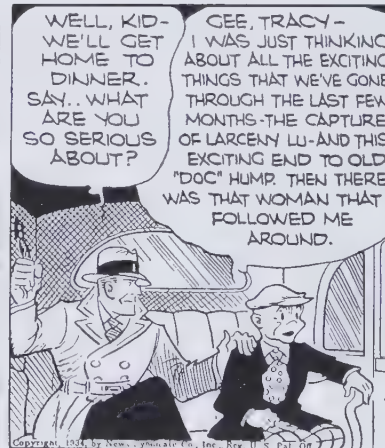
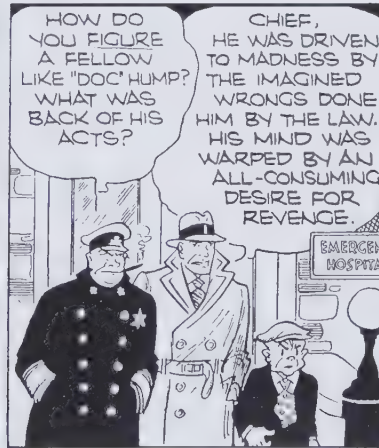
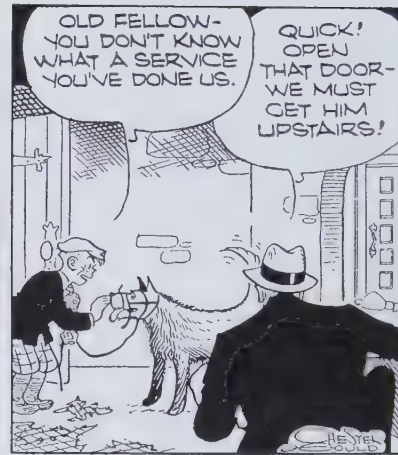
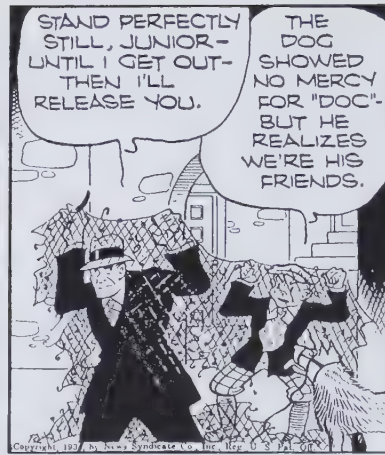
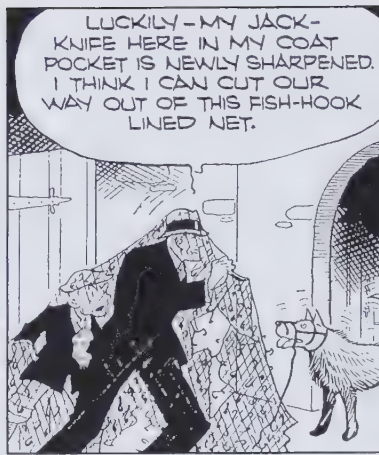
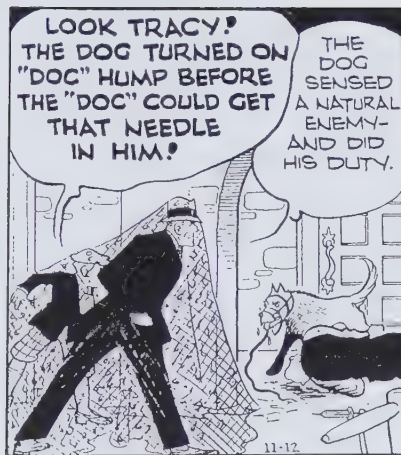
HAH! AN OLD FISHING NET EVIDENTLY STORED AWAY HERE YEARS AGO BY MY UNCLE, AND A BOX OF FISH HOOKS! I THINK I CAN USE THESE!



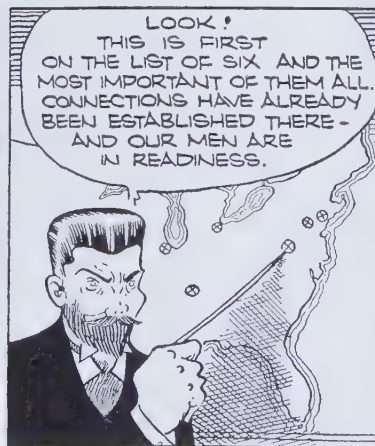
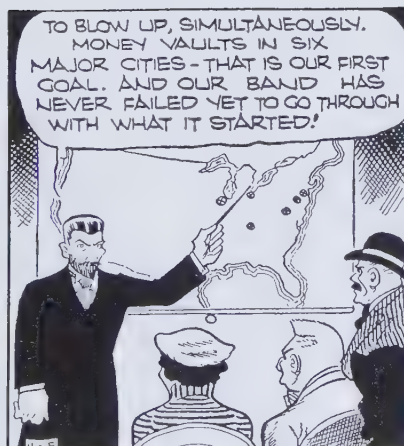
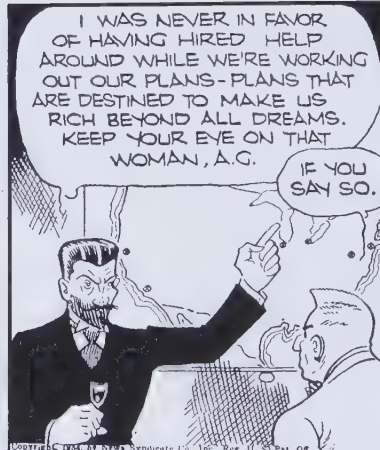


DICK TRACY





WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MARY STEELE SINCE SHE SPENT HER LAST PENNY FOR A SCOTTY PUP WHICH SHE LEFT ON JUNIOR'S DOORSTEP? LET US SEE.



THE DISCOVERY THAT SHE IS WORKING FOR A VICIOUS BAND OF SAFE-CRACKERS, BRINGS MARY STEELE TO THE REALIZATION THAT SHE MUST ACT AND ACT QUICKLY IF SHE IS TO THWART THIS GROUP OF DESPERADOS BEFORE THEY CAN CARRY OUT THEIR PLANS.



AMID THE WHIRR OF THE VACUUM CLEANER'S MOTOR, MARY STEELE SCRUTINIZES THE ROOM FOR SOME POSSIBLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE SHE MIGHT SEIZE OR SMUGGLE OUT.



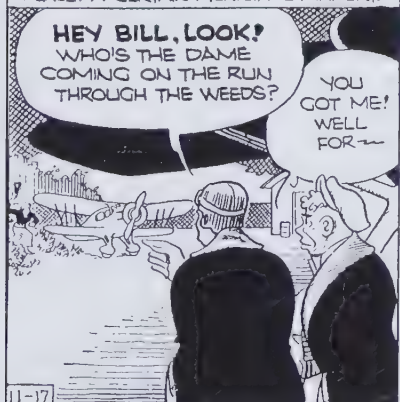
HER EYE FALLS ON WHAT APPEARS TO BE A ROLL OF PLANS LYING ON A BOOKCASE. . . .



SHE TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE! ROLLING THE PAPERS TIGHTLY SHE OPENS THE DIRT-BAG OF THE VACUUM CLEANER AND SLIPS THEM INSIDE!



TIME: ELEVEN-THIRTY P.M.
PLACE: A CERTAIN MUNICIPAL AIRPORT.



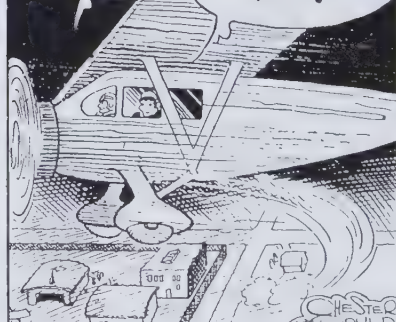
GENTLEMEN-PLEASE DON'T ASK ME WHY-... BUT... IN HEAVEN'S NAME DO AS I SAY.. FLY ME AWAY FROM HERE IMMEDIATELY! I CAN EXPLAIN LATER AND WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE AMPLY PAID.



LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS! ONLY LOOK QUICKLY! I TOOK THEM FROM A GIGANTIC RING OF SAFE-CRACKERS AND MASTER CRIMINALS, AND I WANT TO GET THEM TO GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS BEFORE I'M STOPPED!



YEAH, THE CAPITOL'S ABOUT AN HOUR'S FLIGHT. GOOD! THEN LET'S GO- STRAIGHT TO WASHINGTON, D. C.!



EXACTLY, SCOTTY! YOU SEE- THE "DOCTOR" HAD A DISTORTED IDEA THAT HE WAS GOING TO RID THE WORLD OF ME BY GETTING ME CHEWED UP BY A MAD DOG. BUT THE DOG SENSED ITS NATURAL ENEMY AND GOT OLD "DOC" BEFORE HE COULD GET HIS SERUM INTO IT.


SPEAKING OF DOGS—
 YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME
 YET HOW JUNIOR GOT
 THIS CLEVER PUPPY..
 ER "OSCAR," I BELIEVE
 YOU CALL HIM.

NO ONE
 KNOWS
 WHERE HE
 CAME FROM.
 HE WAS JUST
 LEFT ON MY
 DOOR STEP.

SPEAKING OF DOGS—
 YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME
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 DOOR STEP.

HA! NO ONE BUT MYSELF KNOWS IT WAS THE KID'S MOTHER THAT SENT HIM. POOR WOMAN! I WONDER WHERE SHE IS AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER! SHE CERTAINLY FADED OUT OF THE PICTURE WITHOUT LEAVING A CLUE!




BUT CALLING HIM "OSCAR"? WHY DID YOU EVER DECIDE TO NAME THE LITTLE BOUNDER "OSCAR"?

WELL, SCOTTY, YOU SEE TRACY WAS TRYING OUT DIFFERENT NAMES ON HIM ONE NIGHT AND OSCAR'S THE ONLY ONE HE'D PRICK UP HIS EARS TO.

BUT CALLING HIM "OSCAR"? WHY DID YOU EVER DECIDE TO NAME THE LITTLE BOUNDER "OSCAR"?

WELL, SCOTTY, YOU SEE TRACY WAS TRYING OUT DIFFERENT NAMES ON HIM ONE NIGHT AND OSCAR'S THE ONLY ONE HE'D PRICK UP HIS EARS TO.

MEANWHILE, PARDON WHAT MAY APPEAR TO BE THIS SUDDEN DISRUPTING OF OUR STORY WHILE WE MOVE THE SCENE TO NONE OTHER THAN



SHE'S UNCOVERED, BY ACCIDENT, MR. ATTORNEY, THE GREATEST CRIMINAL RING IN THE HISTORY OF THIS COUNTRY. HER EVIDENCE IS ABSOLUTE PROOF, AND I ONLY ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO PUT EVERY OUNCE OF THE DEPARTMENT'S STRENGTH BEHIND A DRIVE TO CATCH THEM.

SINCE YOU ARE CONVINCED THE TIP IS GENUINE, I WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE CRIMINALS. I GRANT YOU FULL AUTHORITY TO GO AHEAD WITH UNLIMITED BACKING OF THE GOVERNMENT.

YOU SHOWED RARE COURAGE IN COMING DIRECT TO THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WITH YOUR FIND, MRS. STEELE. FEW WOMEN WOULD HAVE DONE AS MUCH.

WELL, WHEN I GOT THE
JOB AS MAID IN THEIR HOUSE
AND OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION,
THEN SAW THESE BLUEPRINTS,
I KNEW THEY WERE DESPERATE
CHARACTERS.

YOU REALIZE YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL WHEN THEY DISCOVER YOU ARE GONE - AND ALSO THEIR BLUEPRINTS. YOU MUST REMAIN HERE IN THE CAPITOL UNDER HEAVY GUARD.

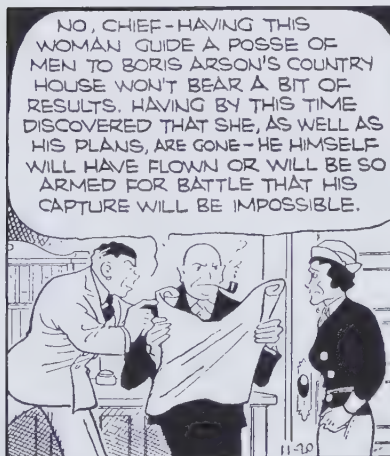
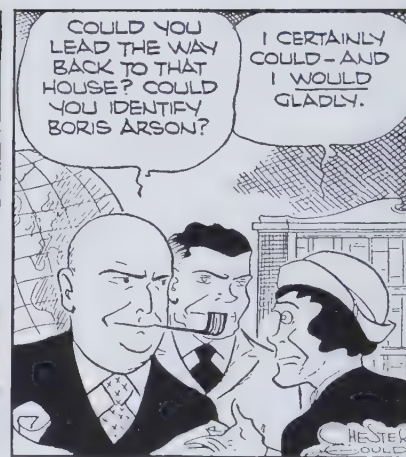
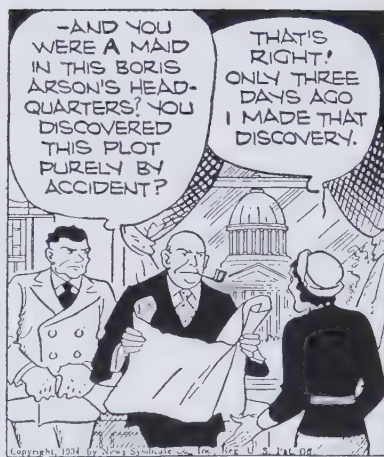
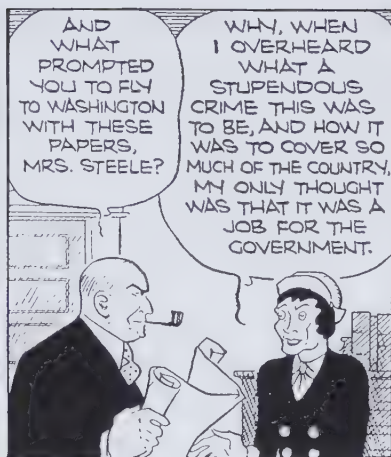
CHIEF, THIS MAN, BORG ARSON, WHO EMPLOYED HER, AND FROM WHOM SHE TOOK THESE PLANS, IS WELL KNOWN TO THE DEPARTMENT. WE HAVE BEEN ON HIS TRAIL A NUMBER OF TIMES BUT HE HAS ALWAYS SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS.

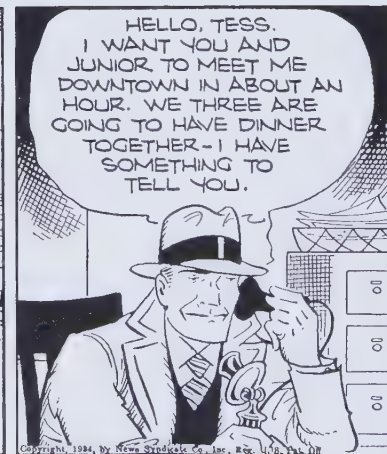
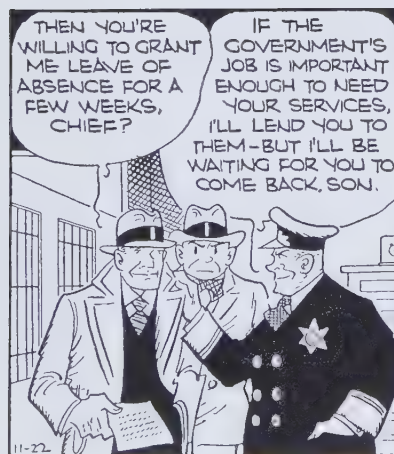
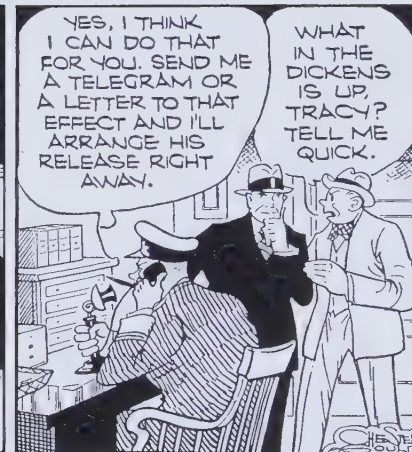
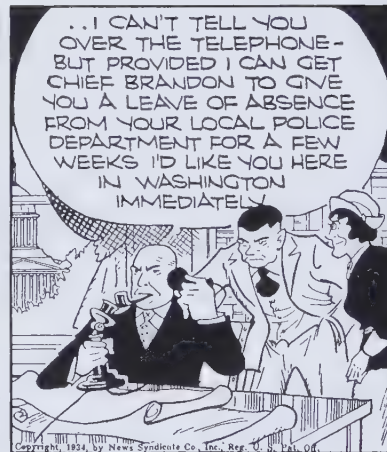
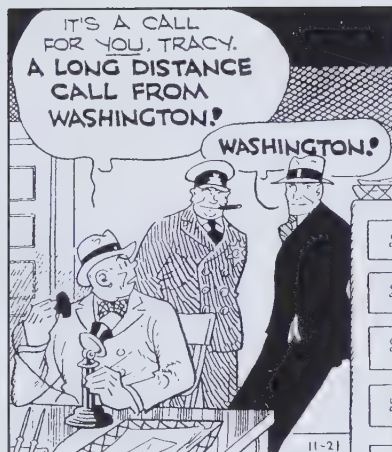
Panel 1: A man in a suit and tie is speaking to another man in a suit and tie. A third man, wearing a cap and a uniform, is in the foreground, looking on. The man in the suit and tie is saying: "WHO CAN WE PUT ON THIS JOB? WE NEED A CLEVER FEARLESS INDIVIDUAL WHO CAN STRIKE QUICK AND THOROUGHLY - PREFERABLY A NEW MAN - SOME ONE THEY WOULDN'T SUSPECT OF BEING A GOVERNMENT MAN."

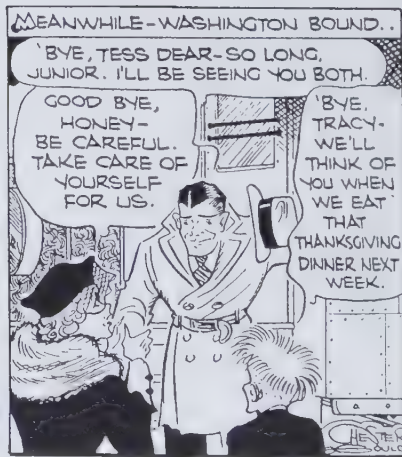
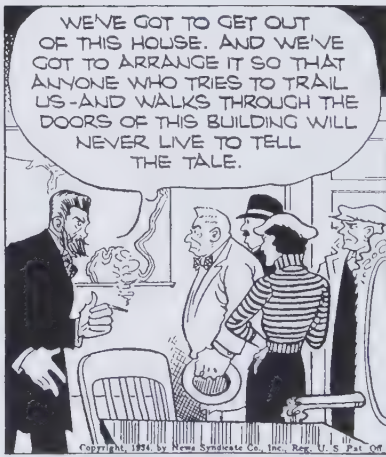
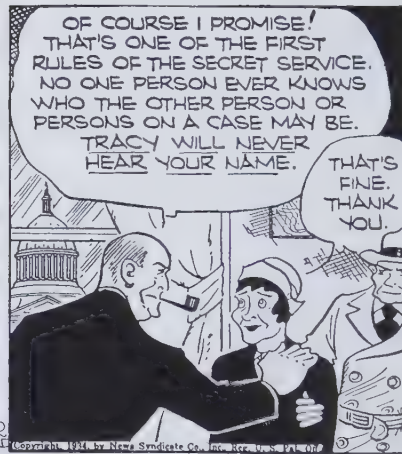
Panel 2: The man in the cap and uniform is responding: "THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF - BUT WHO?"

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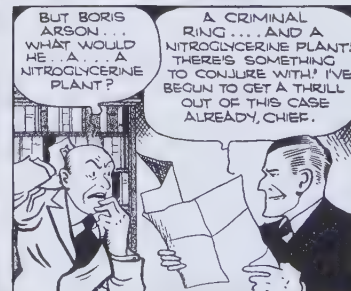
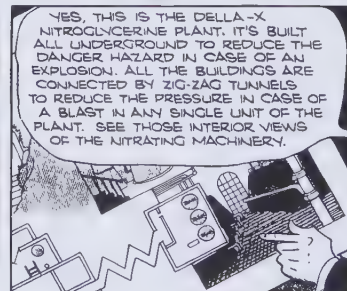
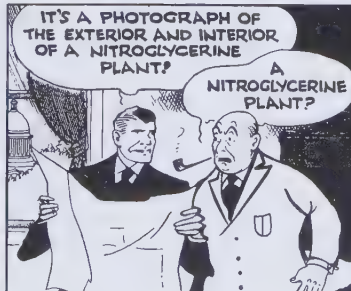
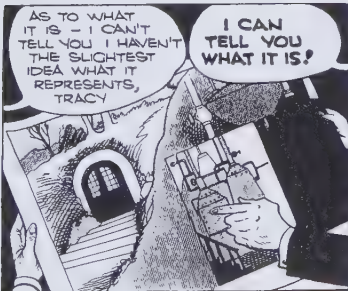
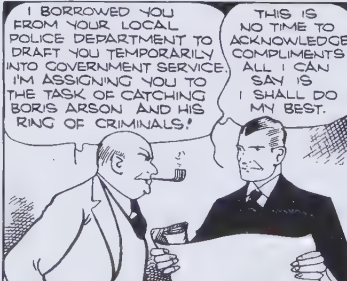
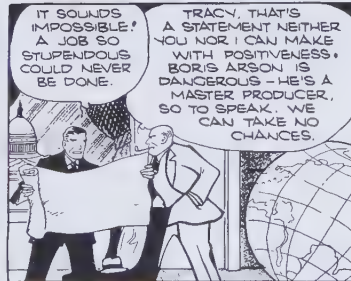
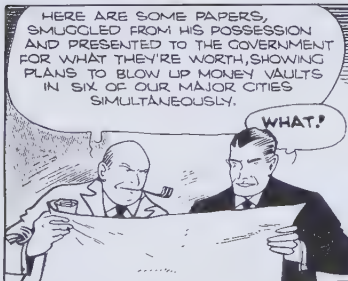
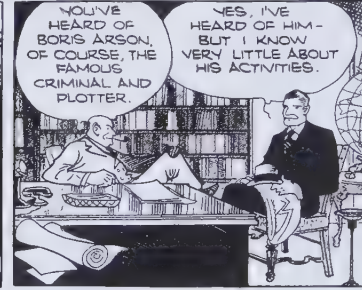
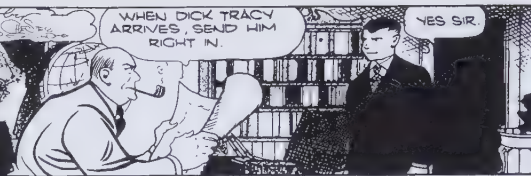
Panel 2: The man in the cap and uniform is responding: "THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF - BUT WHO?"

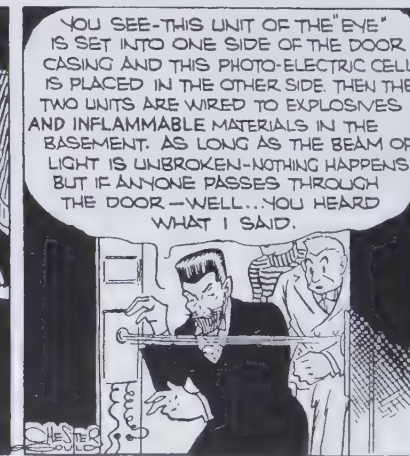
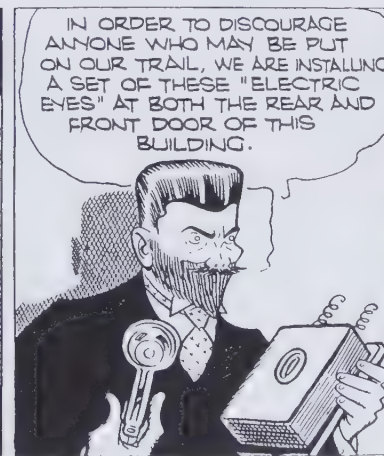
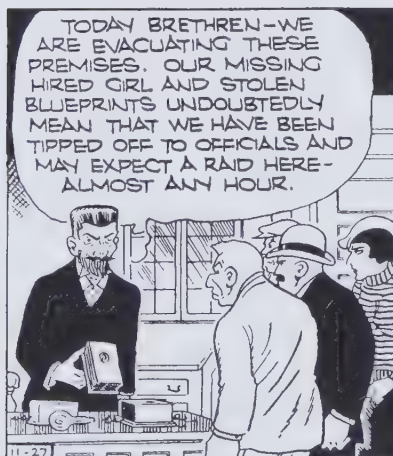
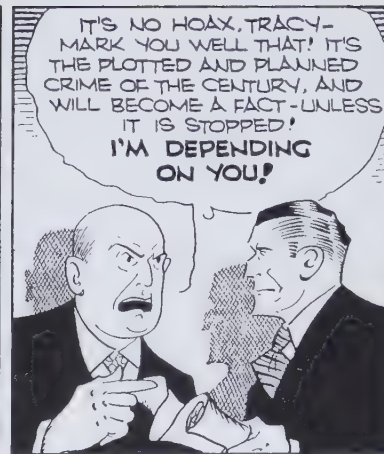
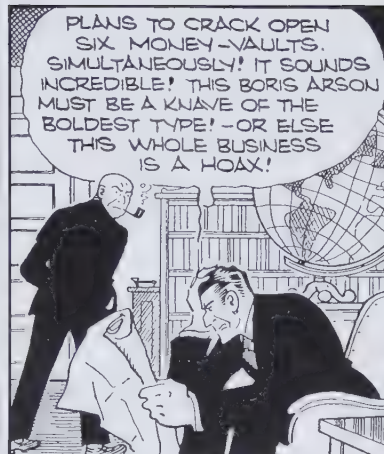


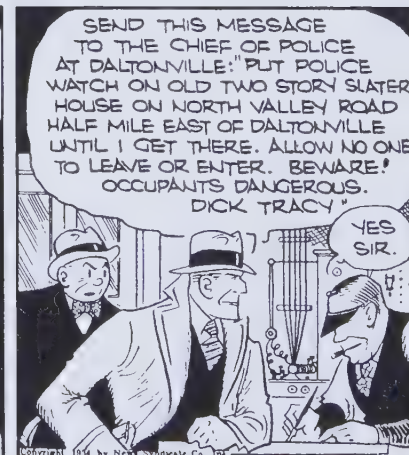
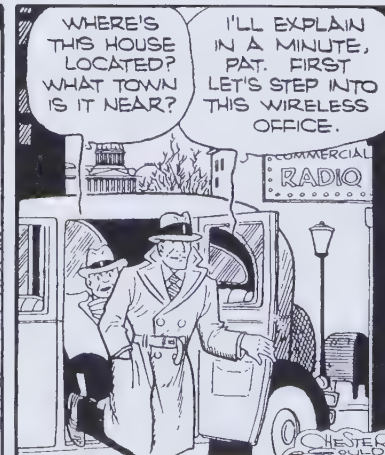
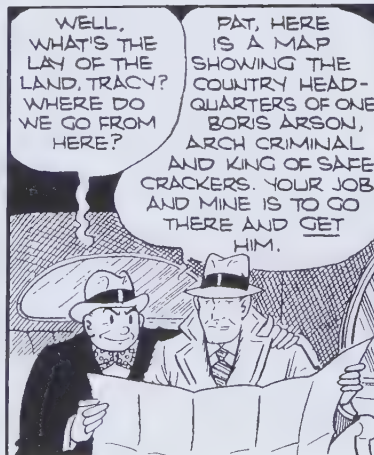
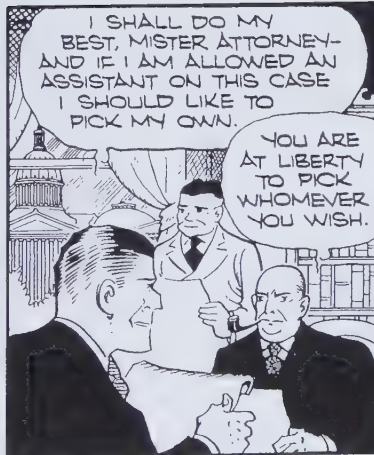




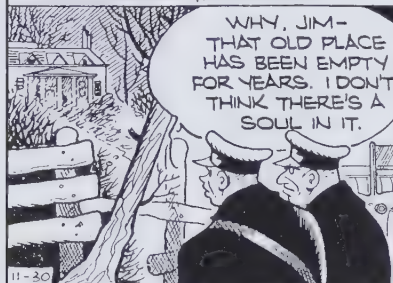
DICK TRACY







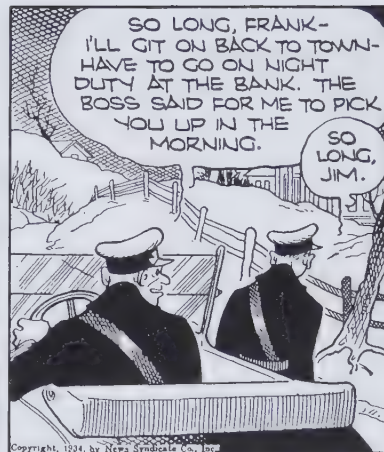
SCENE: THE VICINITY OF THE OLD TWO-STORY HOUSE, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY BORIS ARSON. IN RESPONSE TO DICK TRACY'S WIRE, THE DALTONVILLE POLICE CHIEF HAS SENT A MAN TO SHADOW THE PLACE UNTIL TRACY HIMSELF ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.



WHY, JIM— THAT OLD PLACE HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR YEARS. I DON'T THINK THERE'S A SOUL IN IT.

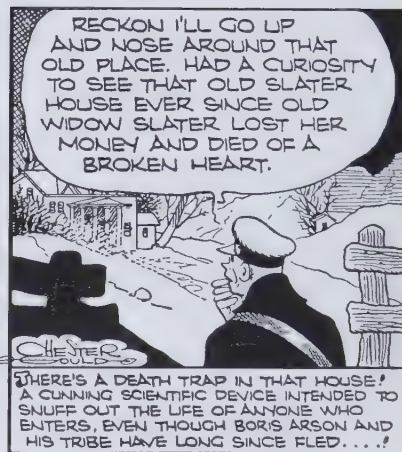
WELL, THE BOSS SAID GOVERNMENT MEN WIRED TO HAVE IT WATCHED TILL THEY GET HERE—BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE NO INKLING AS TO WHAT THEY EXPECTED TO FIND IN IT. HM-M.

MUSTA BEEN A MISTAKE. THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THAT OLD HULL.



SO LONG, FRANK— I'LL GIT ON BACK TO TOWN— HAVE TO GO ON NIGHT DUTY AT THE BANK. THE BOSS SAID FOR ME TO PICK YOU UP IN THE MORNING.

SO LONG, JIM.



RECKON I'LL GO UP AND NOSE AROUND THAT OLD PLACE. HAD A CURIOSITY TO SEE THAT OLD SLATER HOUSE EVER SINCE OLD WIDOW SLATER LOST HER MONEY AND DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

CHESTER

THERE'S A DEATH TRAP IN THAT HOUSE! A CUNNING SCIENTIFIC DEVICE INTENDED TO SNUFF OUT THE LIFE OF ANYONE WHO ENTERS, EVEN THOUGH BORIS ARSON AND HIS TRIBE HAVE LONG SINCE FLED. . . .!

WHILE DICK TRACY AND PAT PATTON SPEED TOWARD THE HOUSE— SUPPOSEDLY OCCUPIED BY BORIS ARSON, THE LOCAL COP MAKES HIS OWN INVESTIGATION. . . .



SO THEM GOVERNMENT FELLERS FIGURE THERE'S SOMETHING TO DISCOVER IN THIS OLD SHACK, EH? HM! S' FUNNY. OH! OH! WHAT'S THEM?

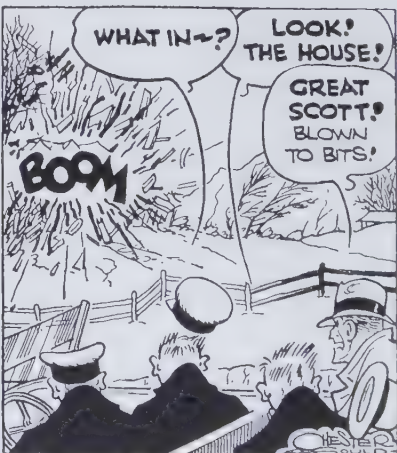


LOOKS LIKE KIND OF A LIGHT BULB OR SOMETHING IN THEM DOOR CASINGS! DON'T THAT BEAT ALL— THEY —ARE LIGHT BULBS.



YEP! THAT'S THE HOUSE RIGHT OVER THERE, MR. TRACY.

HM!.. A DESOLATE LOOKING OLD PLACE, ISN'T IT?



WHAT IN—?

LOOK! THE HOUSE!

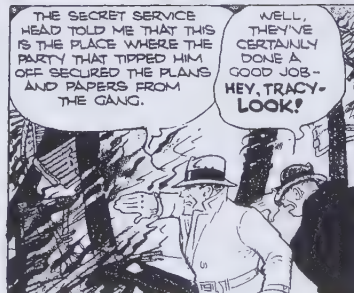
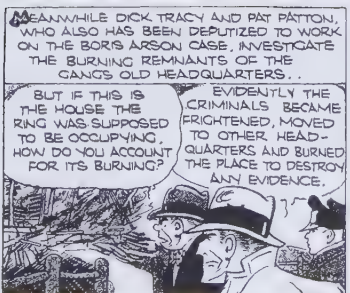
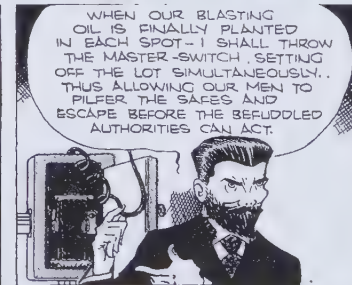
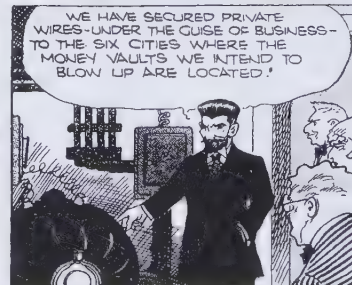
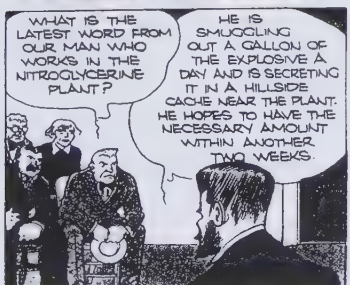
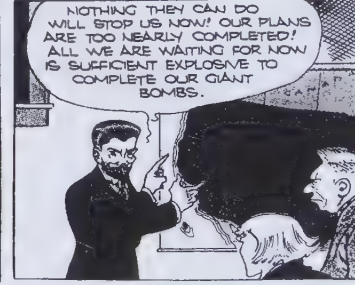
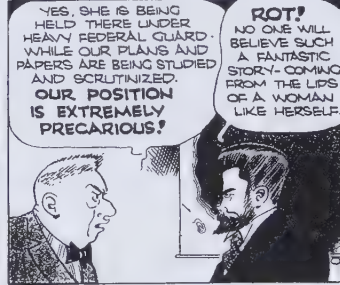
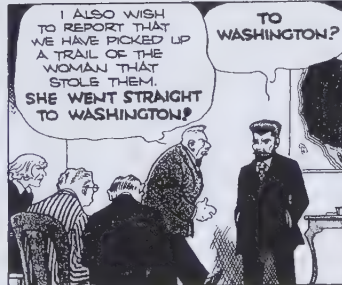
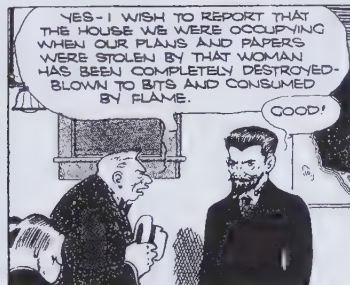
GREAT SCOTT! BLOWN TO BITS!

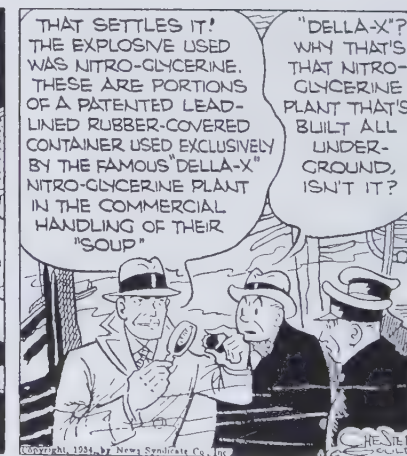
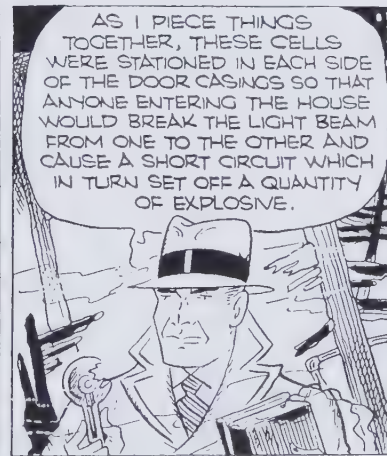
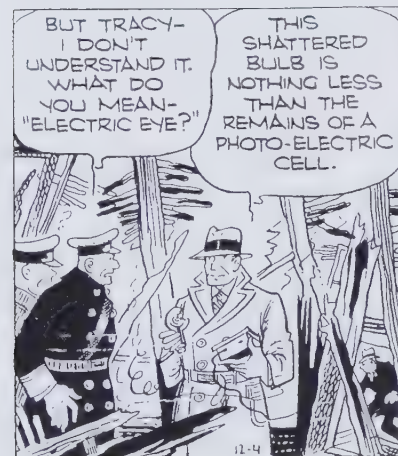
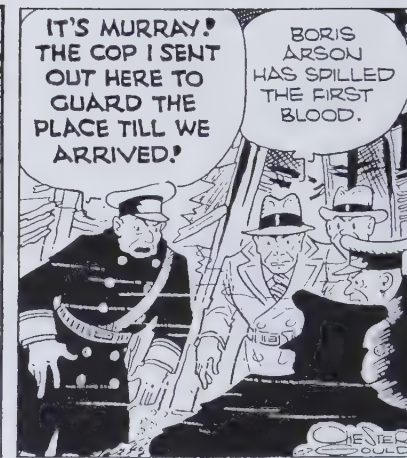
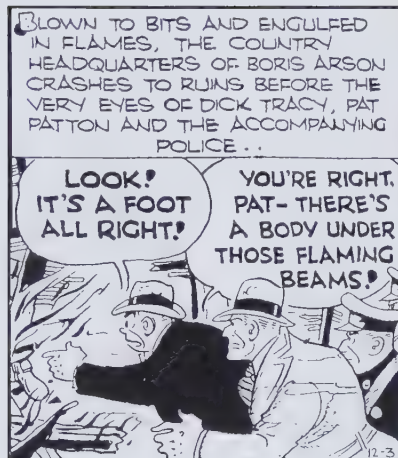
BOOM

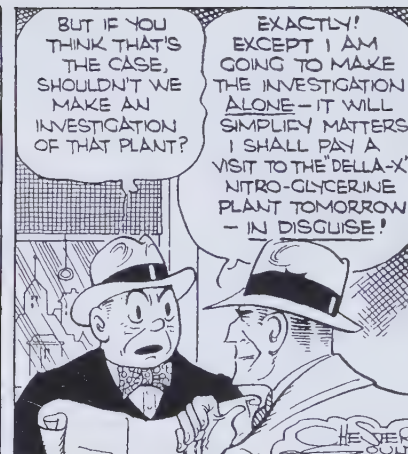
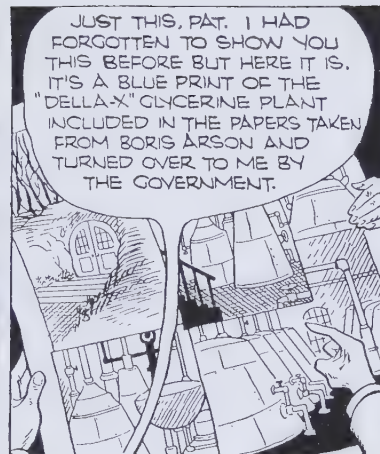
DICK TRACY

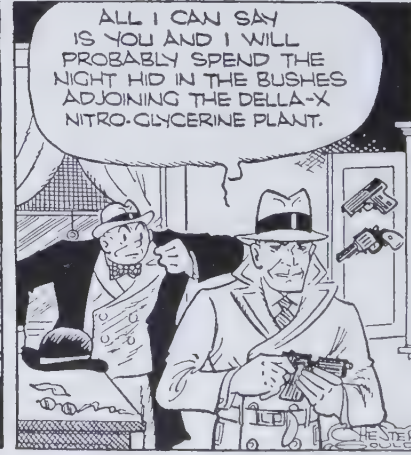
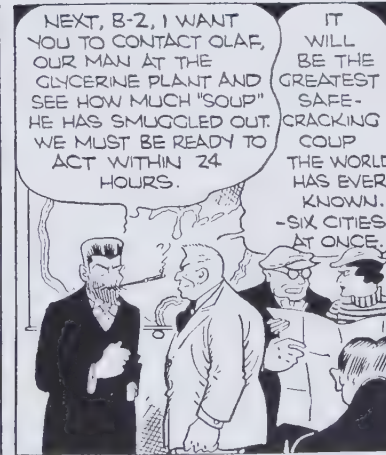
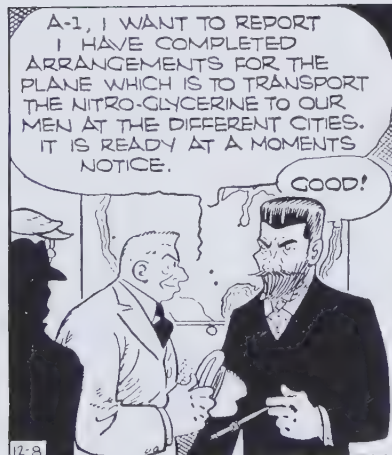
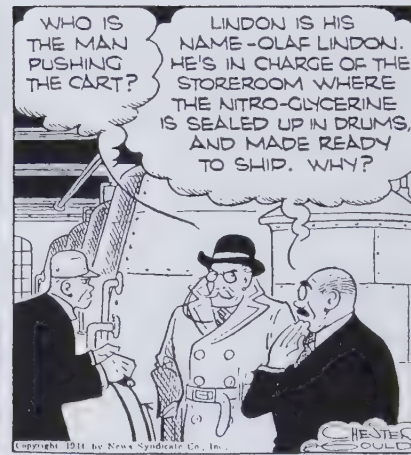
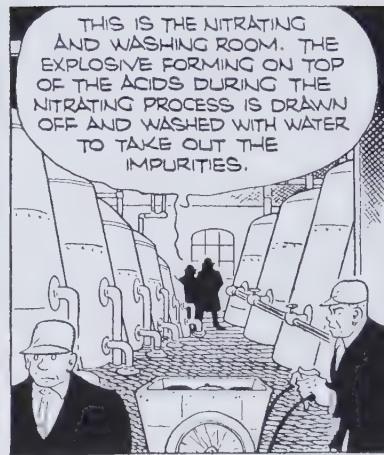
SCENE: A SECRET MEETING OF THE WORLD'S MOST VICIOUS RING OF SAFE-CRACKERS, HEADED BY ONE BORIS ARSON...

YOU HAVE NEWS, G.A.?



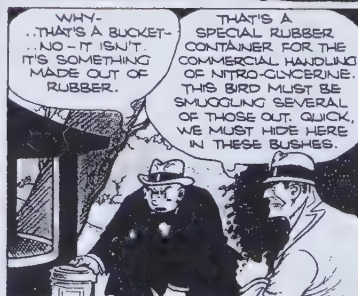
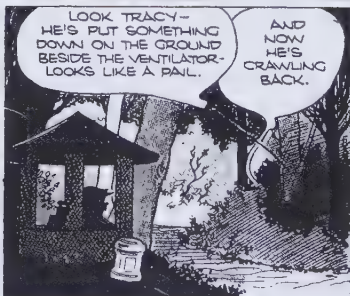
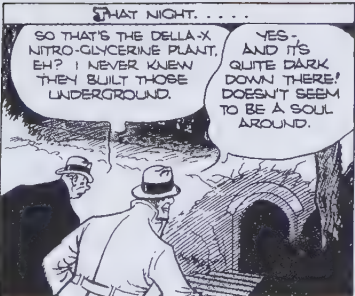
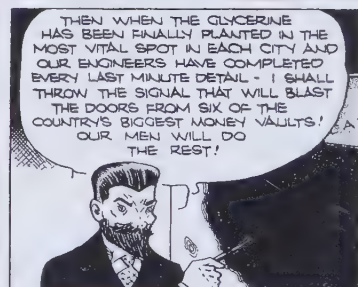
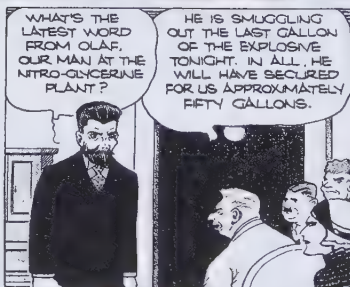
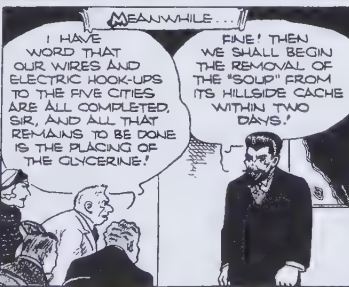
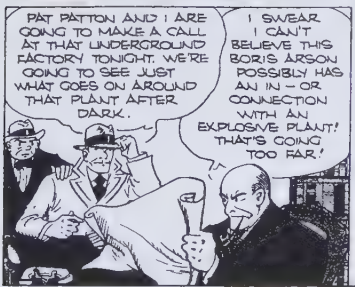
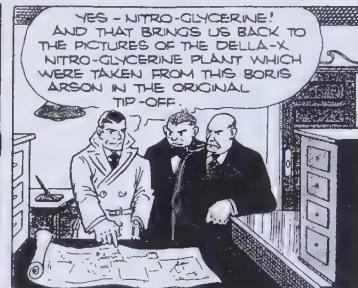
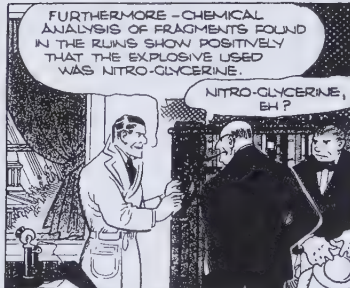
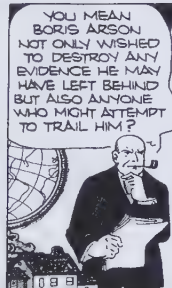
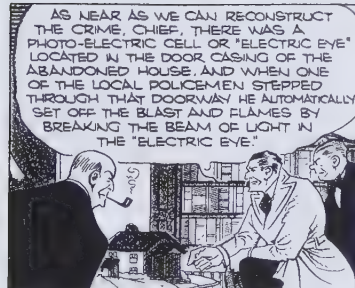






DICK TRACY

THE MAN WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND UNDER THE BURNING BUILDING FORMERLY USED BY BORIS ARSON'S GANG PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE LOCAL POLICE.



NIGHT!—ON THE GROUNDS OF THE DELLA-X NITROGLYCERINE PLANT, DICK TRACY AND PAT PATTON WATCH WITH AMAZEMENT AT WHAT TAKES PLACE....

I THOUGHT ALL ALONG THAT BORIS ARSON'S GANG WAS SMUGGLING NITROGLYCERINE OUT OF THIS PLANT—AND NOW WE KNOW IT.

LOOK—HE'S BRINGING UP THE SECOND ONE OF THOSE CONTAINERS.



12-10

BUT TRACY, IF THAT'S ONE OF THE VENTILATORS TO THE UNDERGROUND NITROGLYCERINE PLANT, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR ITS NOT BEING BARRED OR LOCKED SOMEWAY.



THAT PARTY THAT'S DOING THE STEALING UNDOUBTEDLY IS AN EMPLOYEE—AND HAS A KEY OR ELSE UNLOCKS THE VENTILATOR GRATING DURING WORKING HOURS.

WAIT, LOOK, TRACY!



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HE'S CRAWLED OUT OF THE VENTILATOR, AND HE'S GOING OFF SOMEWHERE WITH THOSE TWO DRUMS OF NITROGLYCERINE UNDER HIS ARMS. AND HE'S CHANGED HIS CAP FOR A HAT.

WE MUST FOLLOW HIM, PAT.

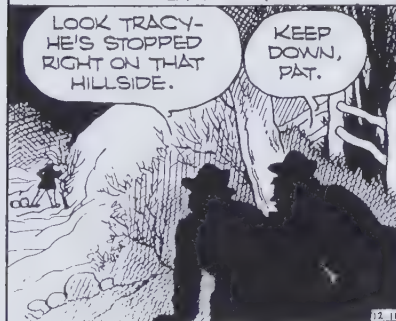


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FOLLOWING THE MAN WHO CRAWLED OUT OF ONE OF THE NITROGLYCERINE PLANT VENTILATORS, DICK TRACY AND PAT PATTON TRAIL HIM THROUGH THE THICKET, ACROSS A VALLEY AND THEN....

LOOK TRACY—HE'S STOPPED RIGHT ON THAT HILLSIDE.

KEEP DOWN, PAT.



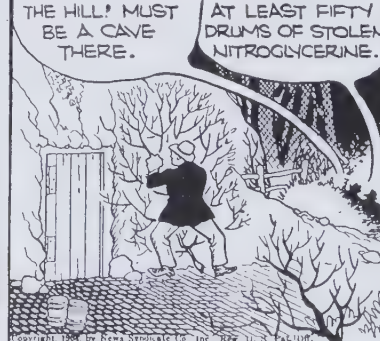
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DEPOSITING ON THE GROUND THE OBJECTS HE HAD BEEN CARRYING, THE QUARRY GLANCES FIRST AT THE SKY, THEN AT HIS WATCH, AND....



LOOK TRACY! HE SHOVED THAT BUSH ASIDE AND THERE'S A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE HILL! MUST BE A CAVE THERE.

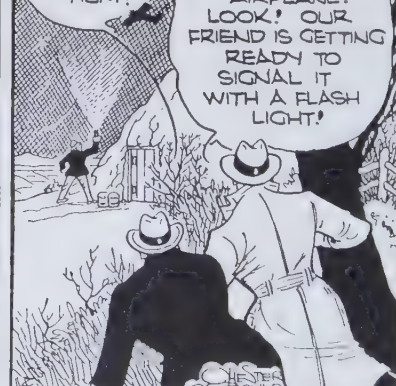
THAT'S THEIR SECRET CACHE! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT CAVE CONTAINS AT LEAST FIFTY DRUMS OF STOLEN NITROGLYCERINE.



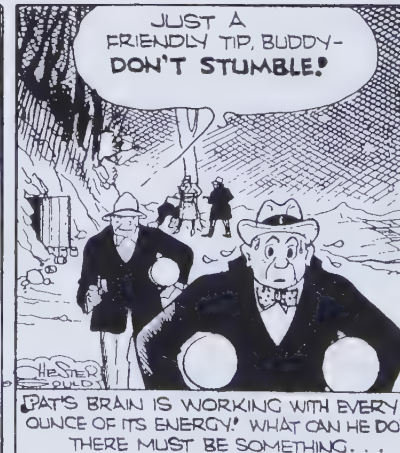
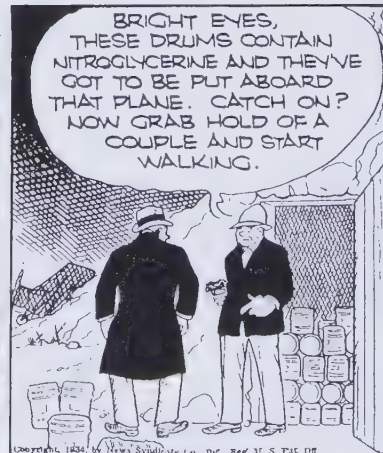
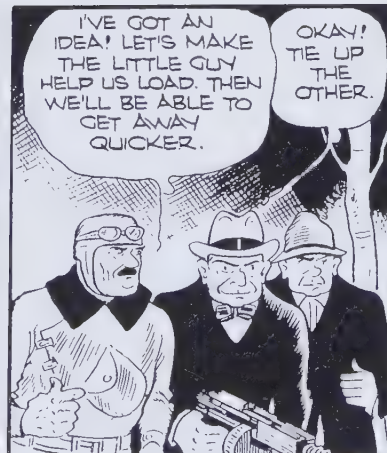
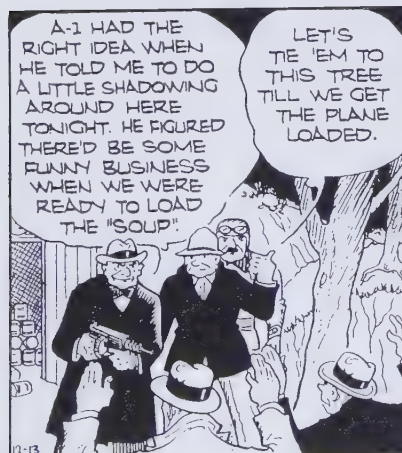
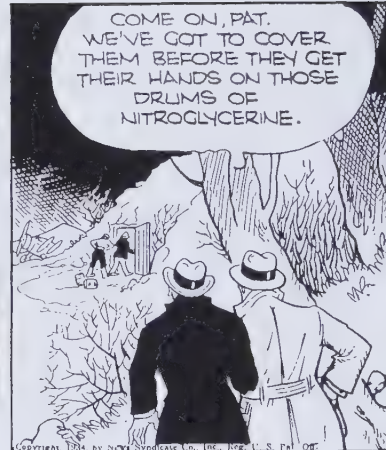
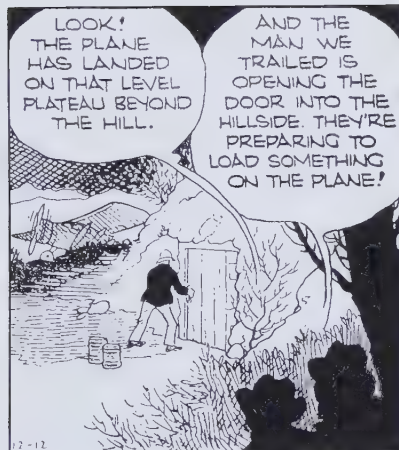
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TRACY—HEAR THAT HUM?

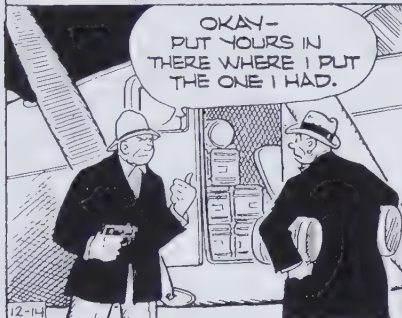
YEAH—AN APPROACHING AIRPLANE. LOOK! OUR FRIEND IS GETTING READY TO SIGNAL IT WITH A FLASH LIGHT!



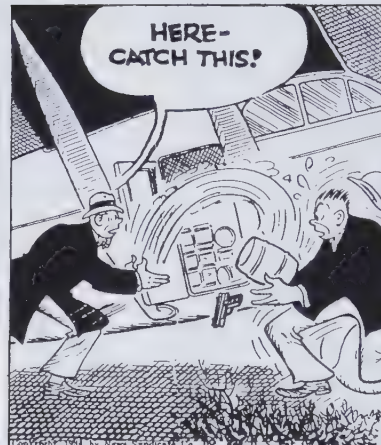
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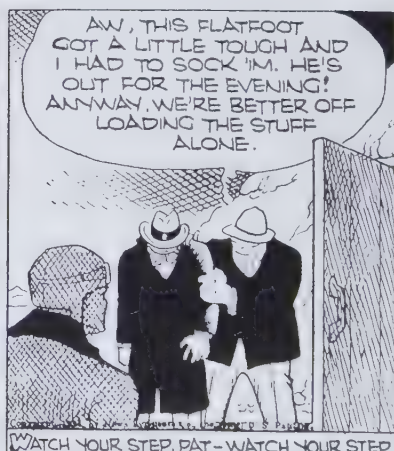
FORCED TO HELP LOAD THE NITROGLYCERINE ABOARD THE PLANE, PAT PATTON WATCHES DESPERATELY FOR SOME POSSIBLE WAY TO TURN THE TABLES. . . .

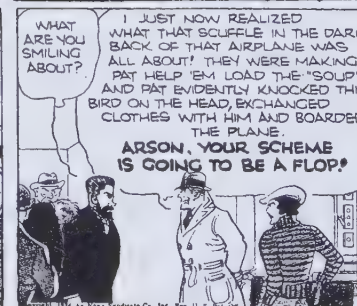
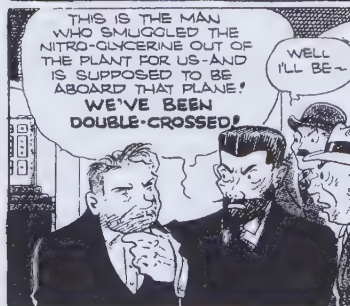
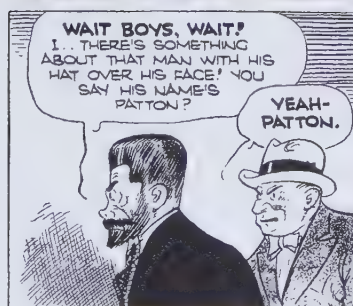
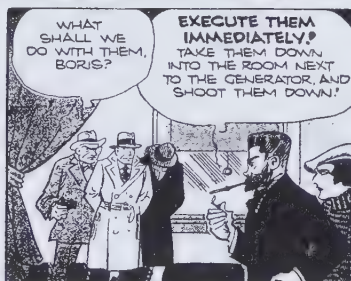
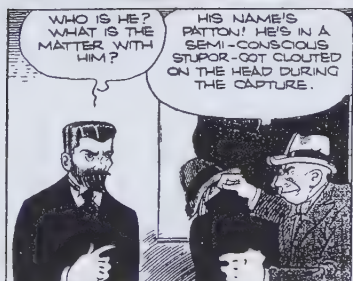
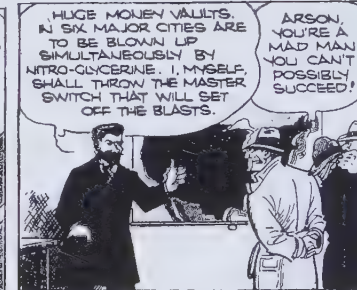
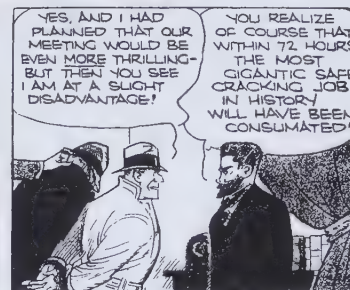
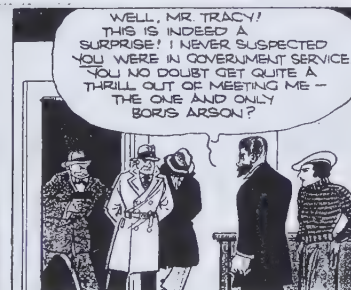
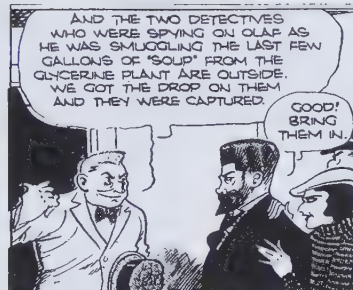


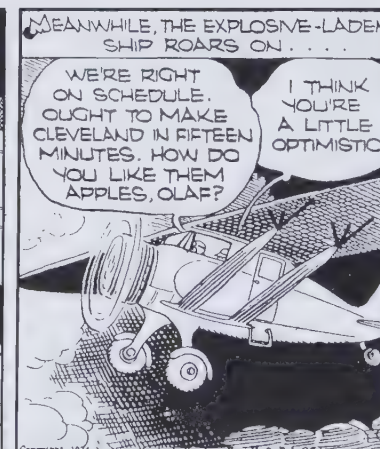
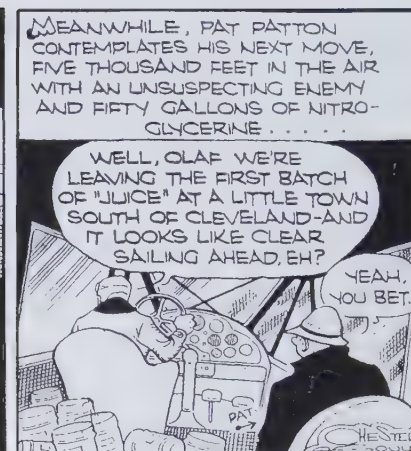
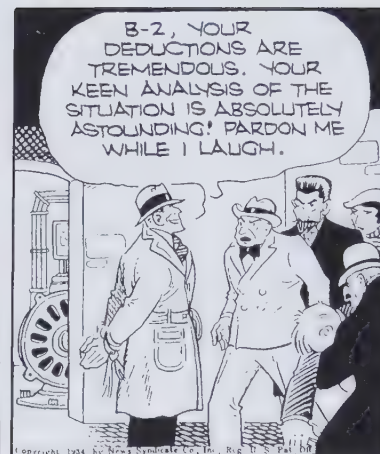
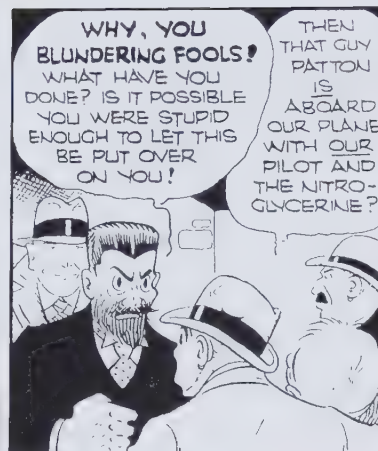
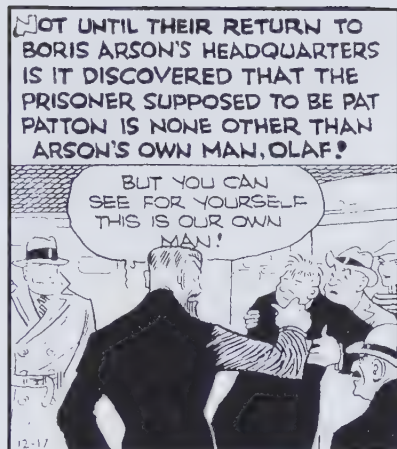
PAT REALIZES AN OPPORTUNITY IS AT HAND! HE AND THE GANGSTER ARE AT THE PLANE-300 YARDS AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE PARTY. HE DECIDES TO ACT! . . .

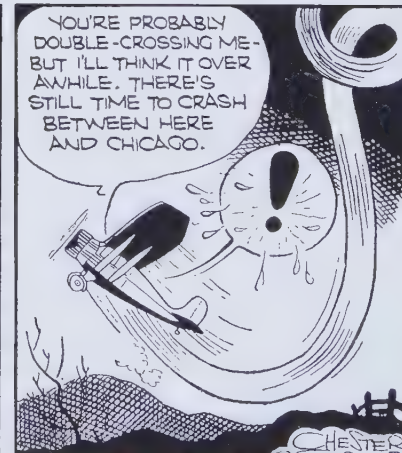
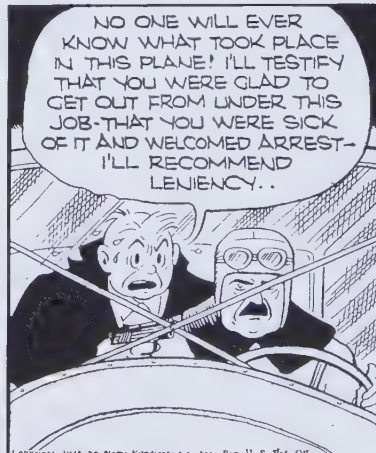
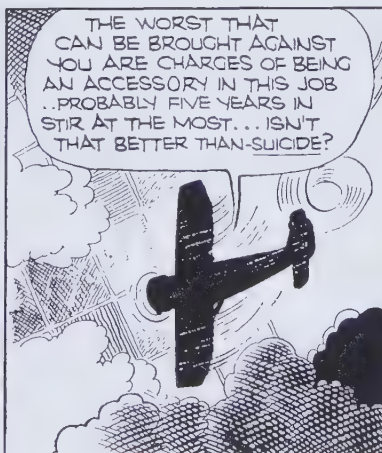
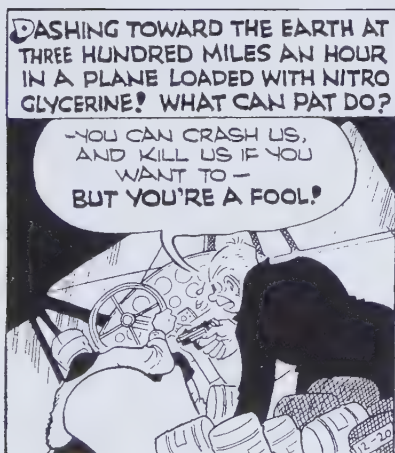
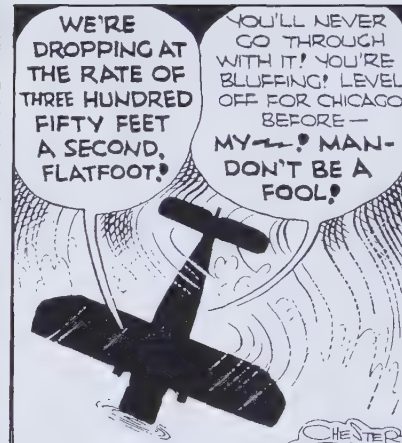
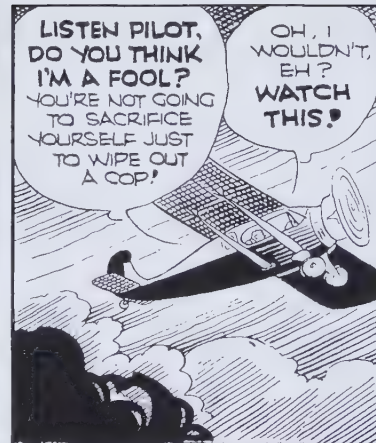
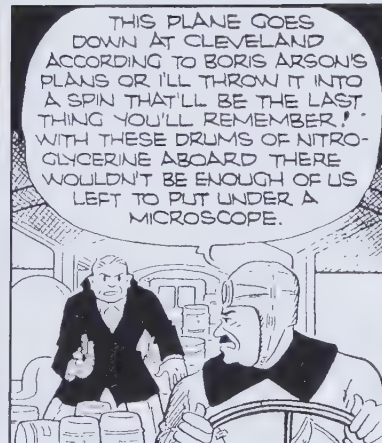


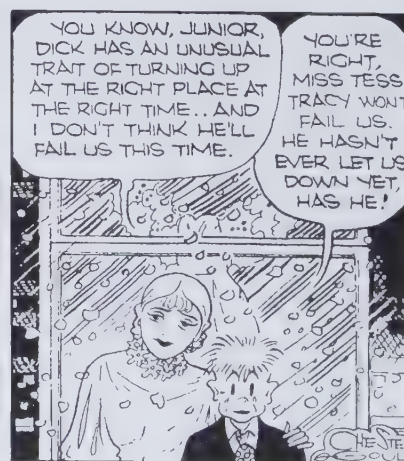
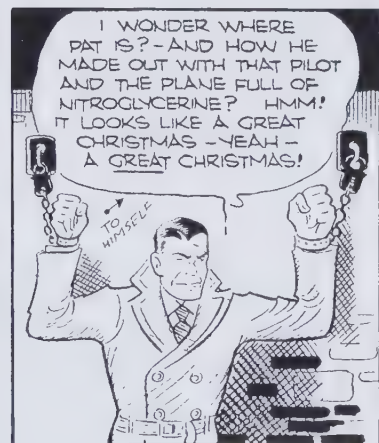
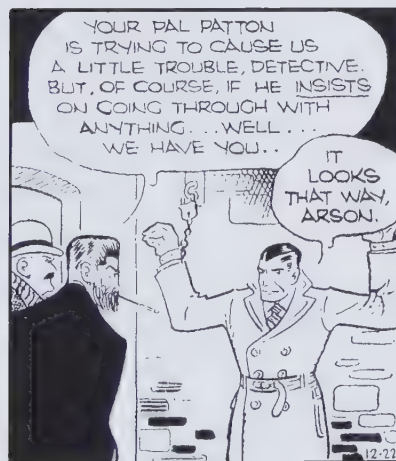
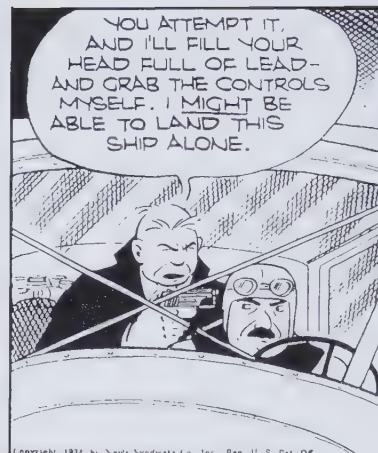
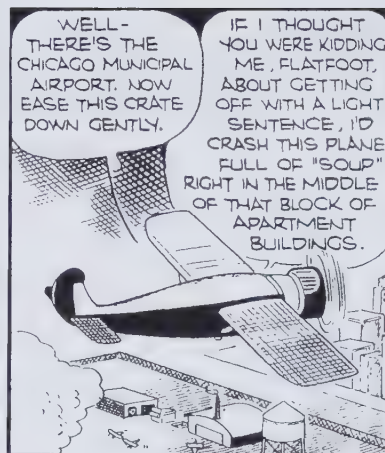
MORRIFIED, THE GANGSTER REACHES OUT TO PREVENT THE CONTAINER OF NITROGLYCERINE FROM DROPPING. HIS GUN SLIPS FROM HIS FINGERS AS PAT-LUNGES AT HIM WITH THE INSPIRED STRENGTH OF A DOZEN MEN.





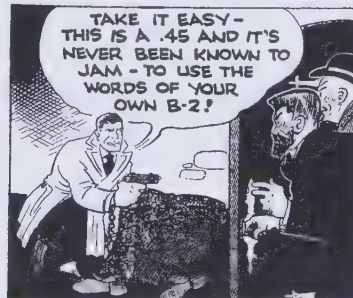
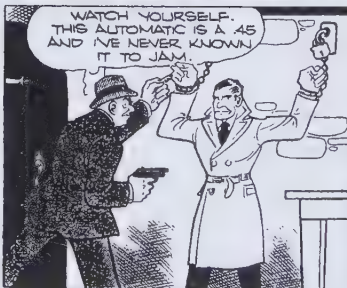
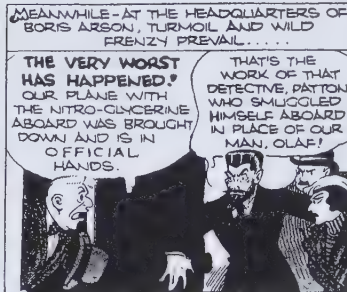
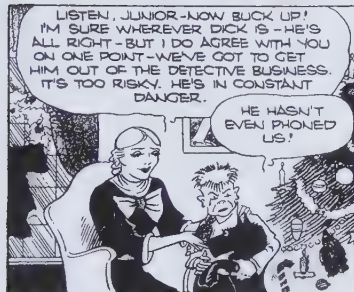


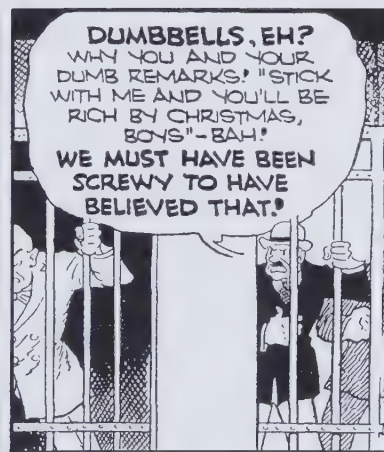
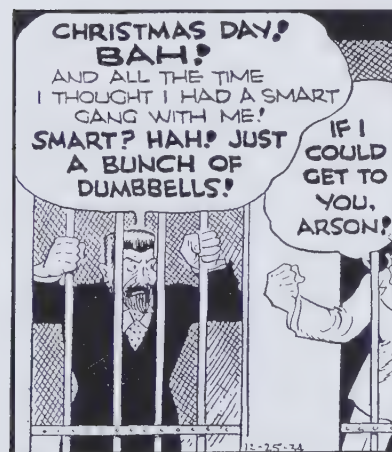
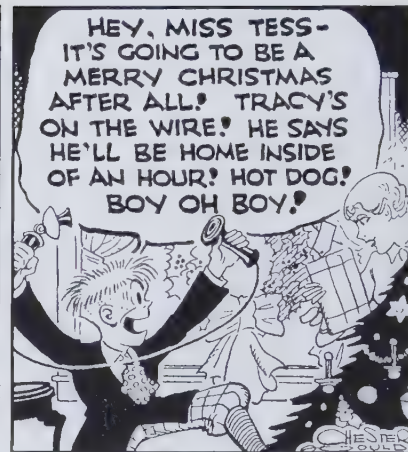
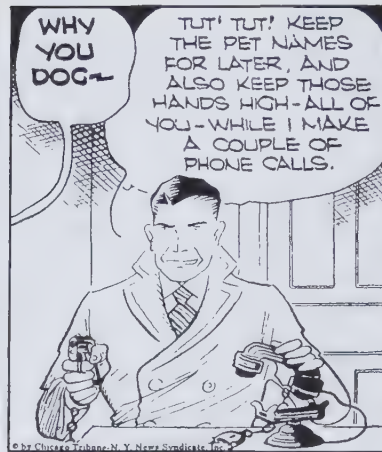
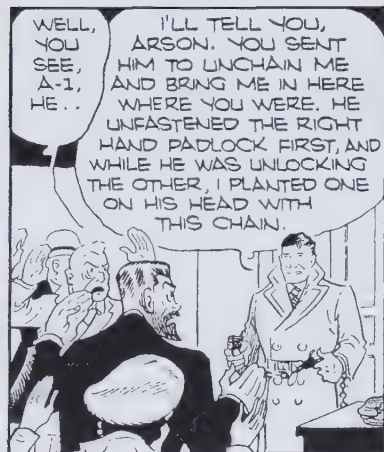
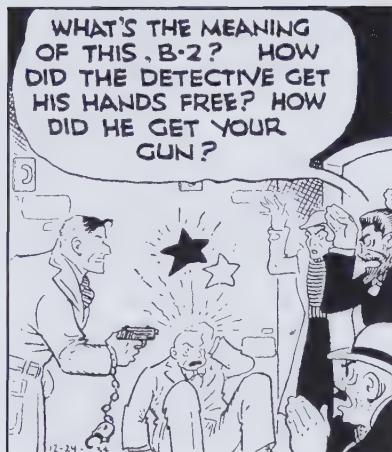


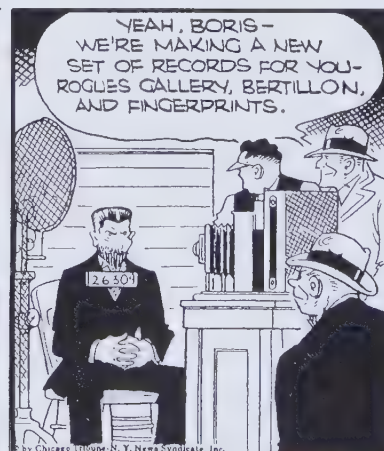
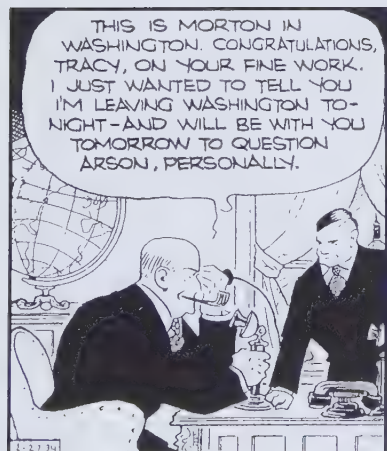
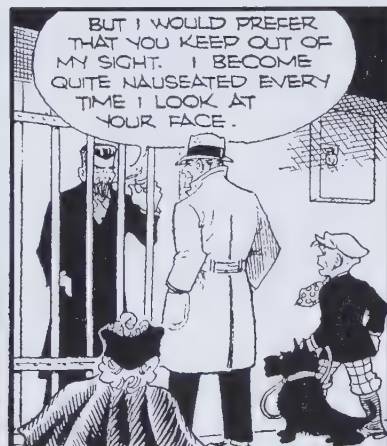
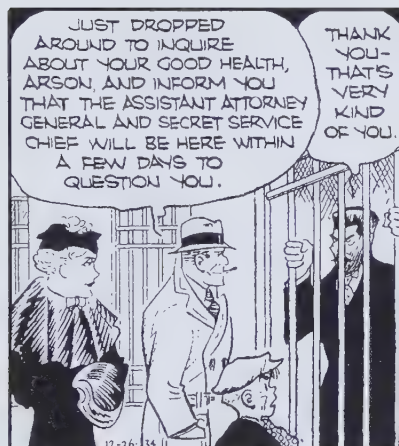


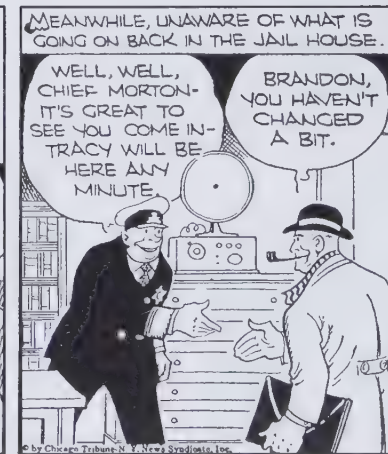
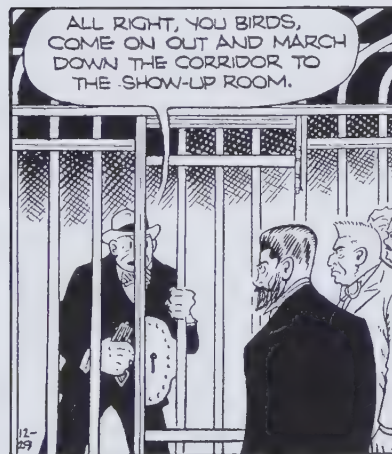
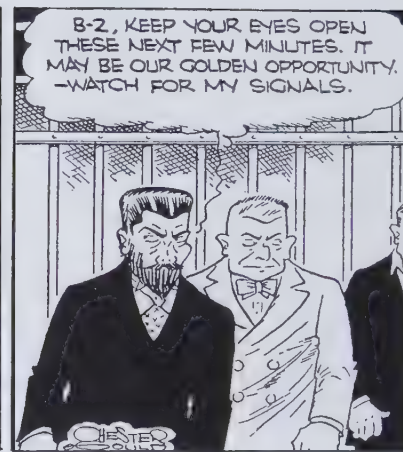
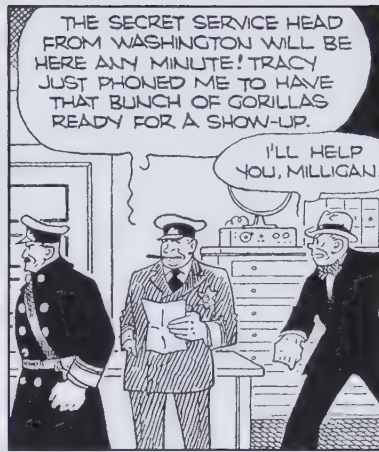
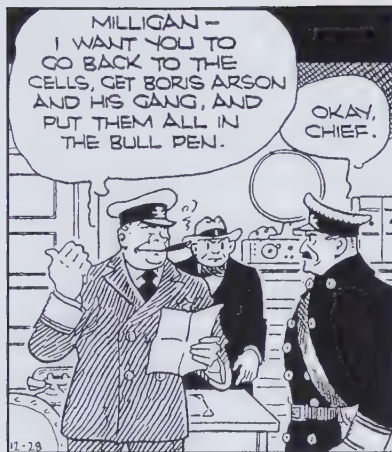
DICK TRACY

BUT MISS TESS, IT'S ONLY ONE MORE DAY TILL CHRISTMAS EVE - AND TRACY ISN'T ANYWHERE AROUND. WE HAVEN'T EVEN HEARD FROM HIM FOR DAYS.





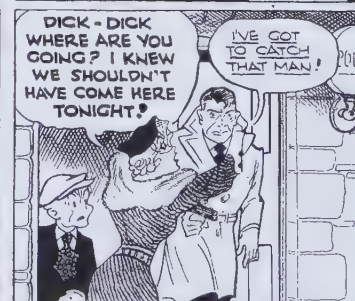
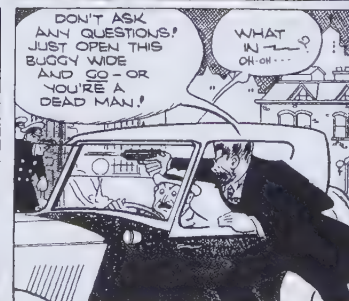
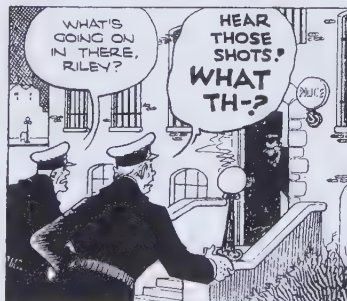
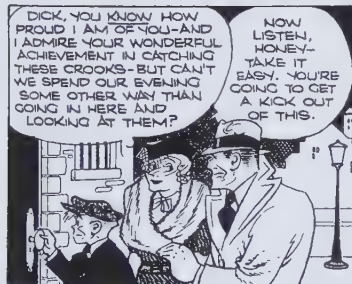


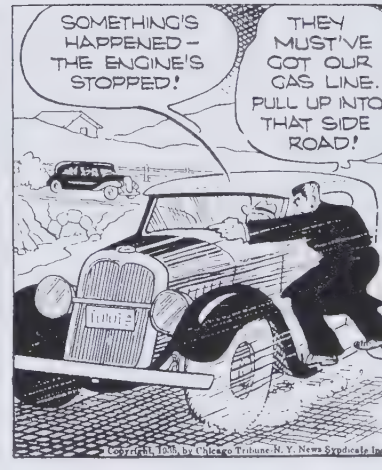
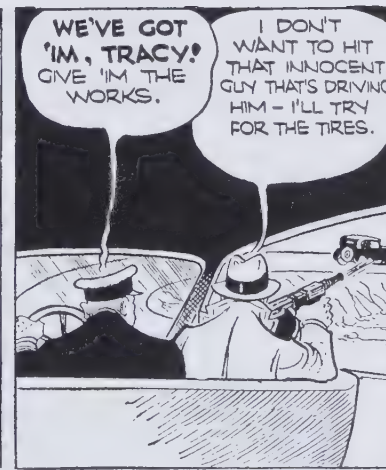
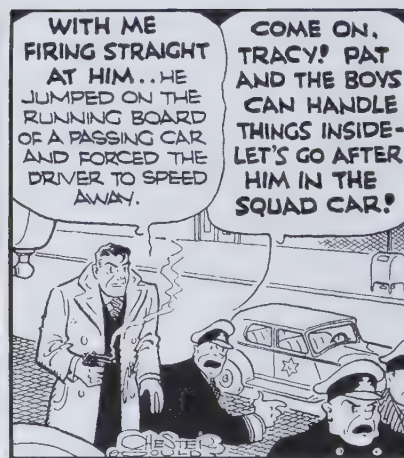
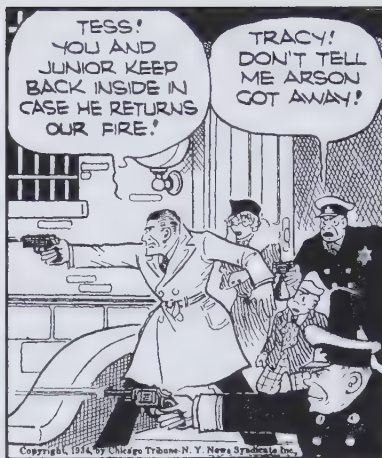
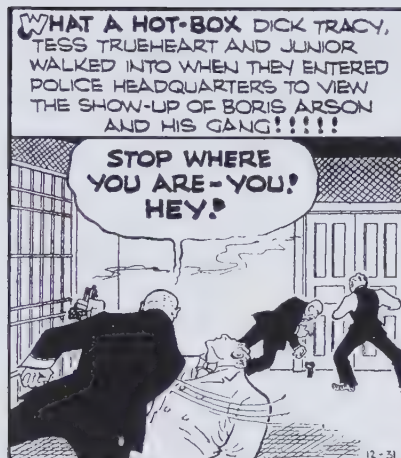


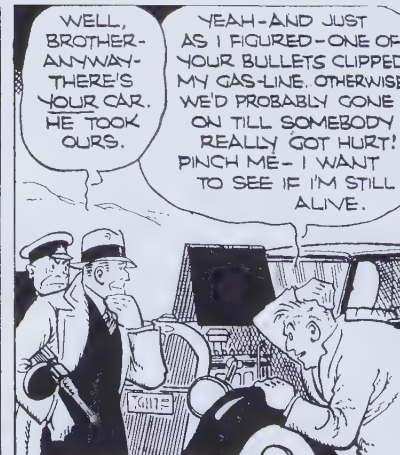
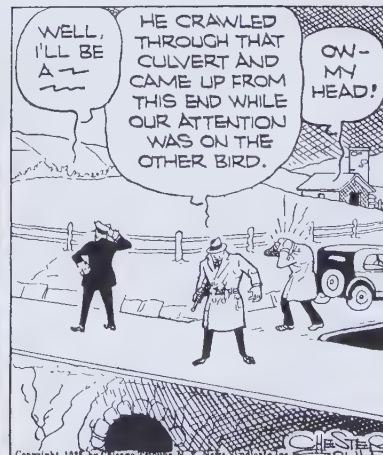
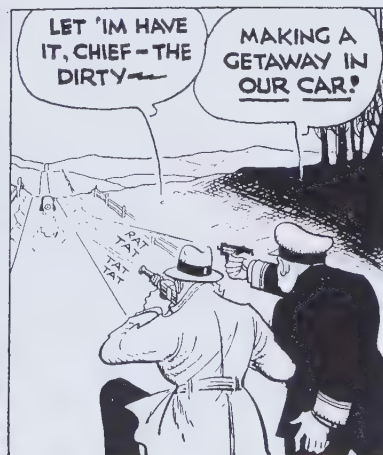
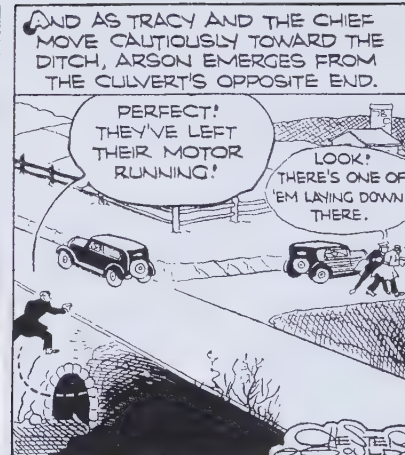
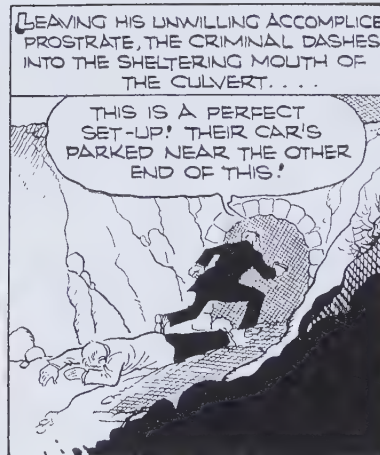
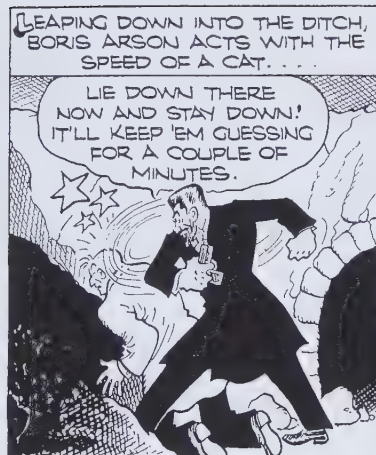
DICK TRACY

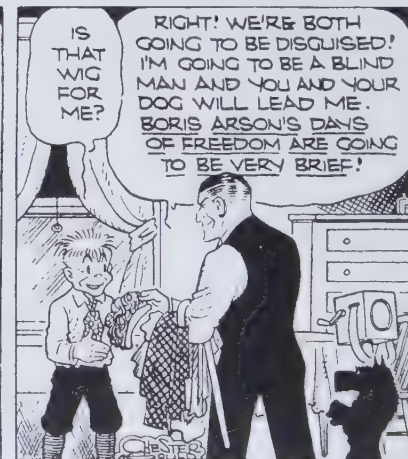
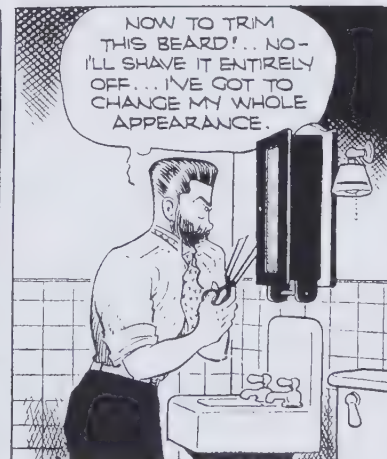
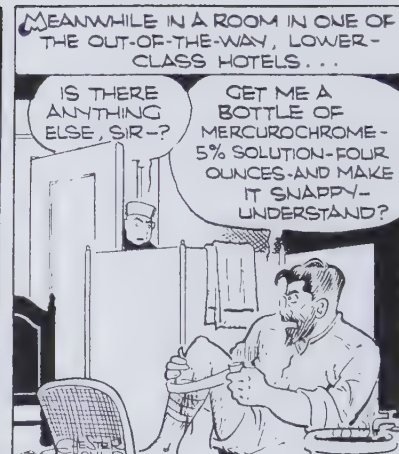
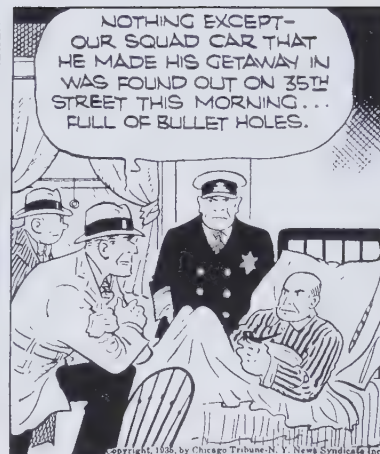
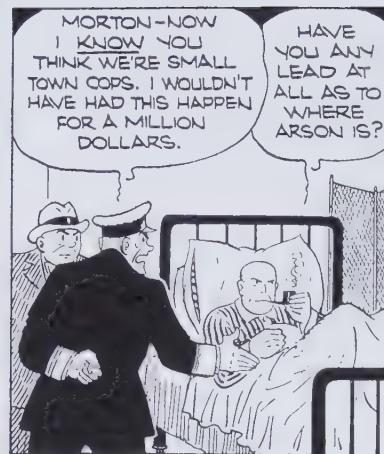
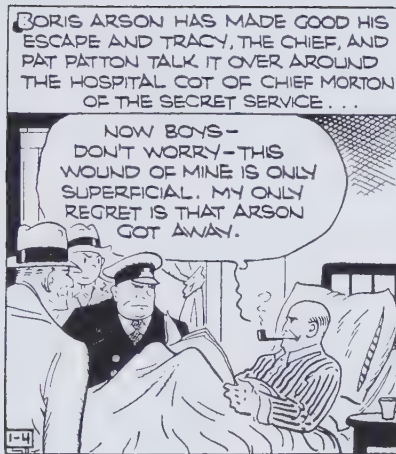
WELL, TRACY! IT LOOKS LIKE THE OLD YEAR'S GOING TO END PRETTY SWELL FOR YOU - WITH YOUR CAPTURE OF BORIS ARSON AND HIS SAFE-CRACKING RING.

YES, KID - I GOT BORIS' GANG IN TIME TO SPEND CHRISTMAS EVE WITH YOU AND TESS - AND NOW WE'LL CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S EVE BY LOOKING OVER THAT BUNCH AT THE SHOW-UP.

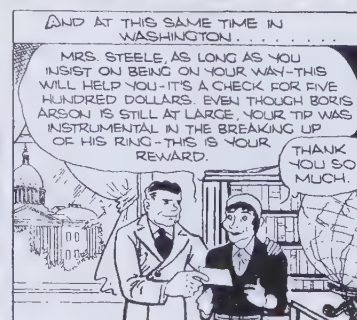
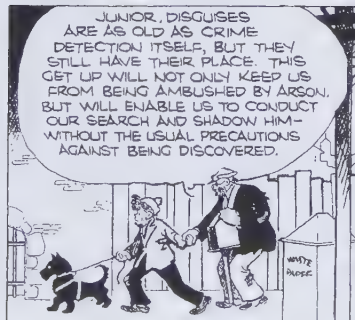
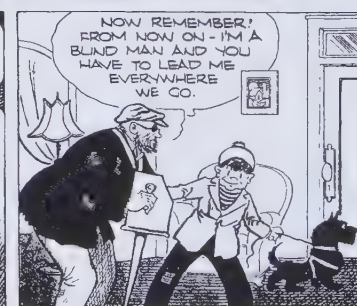
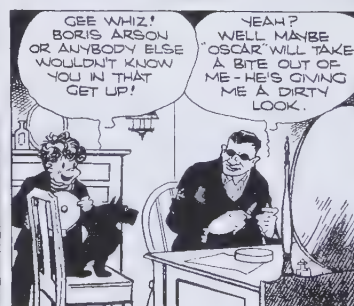
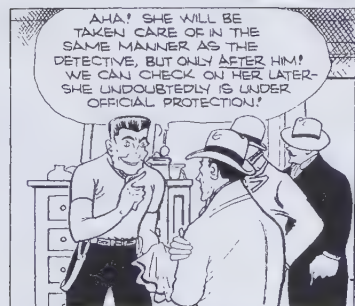
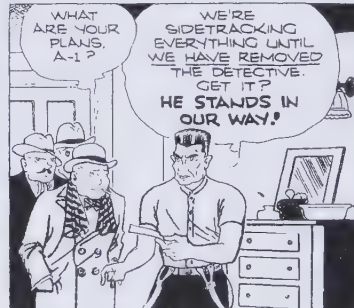
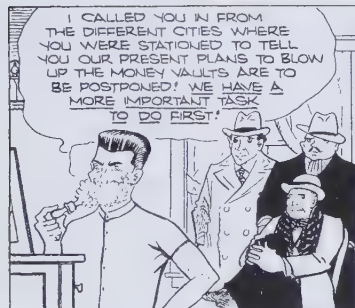








DICK TRACY



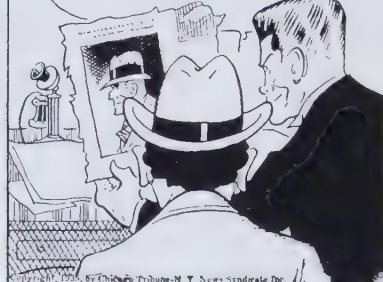
CALLING IN THE REMAINING REMNANTS OF HIS GANG FROM THE CITIES WHERE THEY HAD BEEN STATIONED, BORIS ARSON, MINUS HIS BEARD, DISCUSSES THE NEXT MOVE IN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST DICK TRACY...



I GET IT! AND I'M TICKLED TO DEATH I'M TO GET FIRST POP AT HIM. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER DREW A NUMBER OUT OF A HAT AND WON. SHOW ME A PICTURE OF THE FLATFOOT.



IT'S A PICTURE I TORE OUT OF A ROTOGRAVURE SECTION- HE'S ABOUT SIX FEET TALL- ALWAYS WEARS A YELLOW COAT. DRIVES A ROADSTER- AND HAS A DEADLY AIM WITH AN AUTOMATIC.



MEANWHILE - NOT FAR AWAY..

BUT TRACY- WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ARSON IS IN THIS PART OF TOWN?

IT WAS IN THIS VERY BLOCK THAT OUR ABANDONED SQUAD CAR WAS FOUND. HE UNDOUBTEDLY PUT UP SOMEPLACE CLOSE BY. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



STATIONED ACROSS THE STREET FROM TRACY'S APARTMENT - BORIS ARSON'S MAN, B-6, LAYS IN WAIT BEHIND THE BUSHES FOR FIRST SIGHT OF THE DETECTIVE...



AND COMING UP THE STREET LESS THAN A BLOCK AWAY..

WELL, JUNIOR- WE DIDN'T LEARN MUCH THIS AFTERNOON, BUT TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY- OH OH! THERE'S SOMEONE BACK OF THOSE SHRUBS..



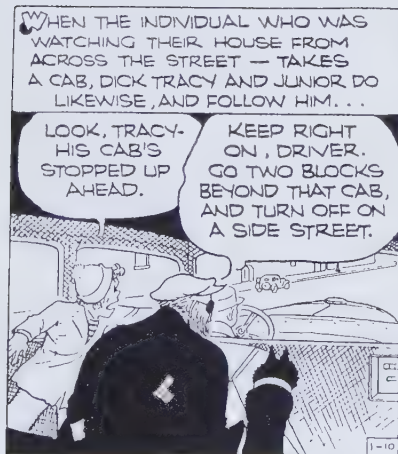
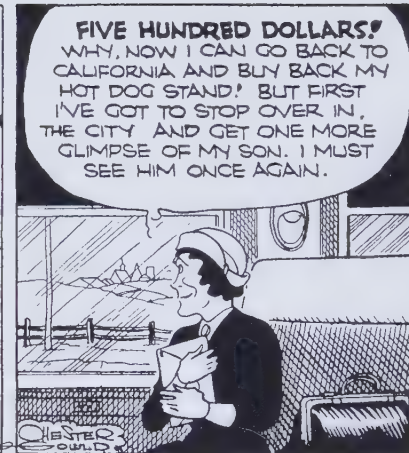
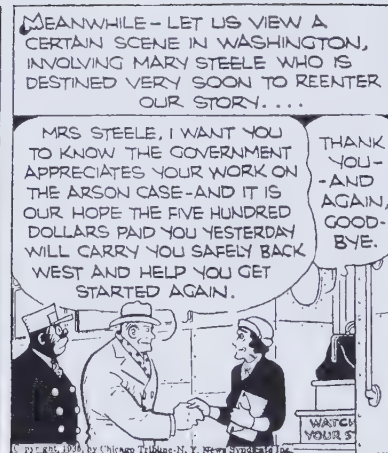
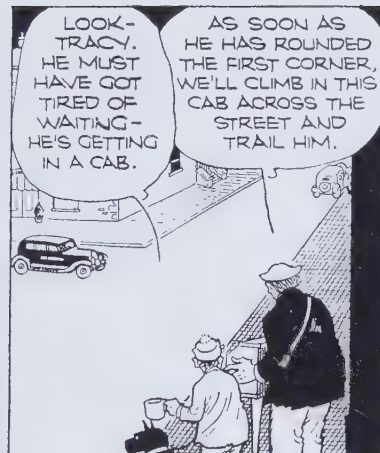
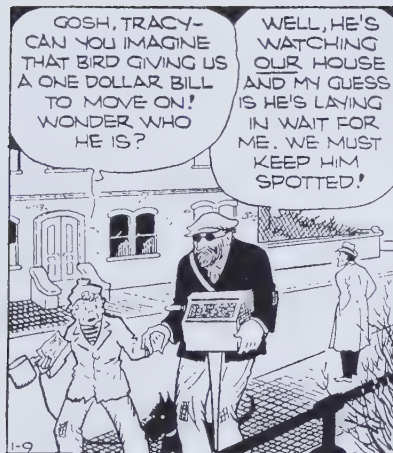
CURSE THAT ORGAN GRINDER! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

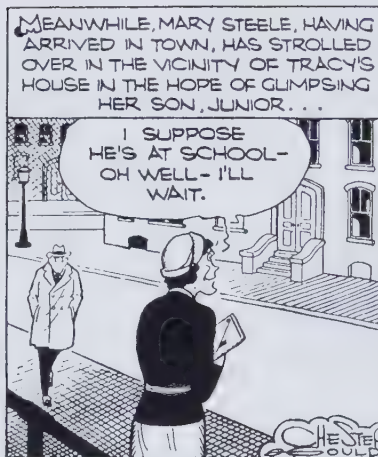
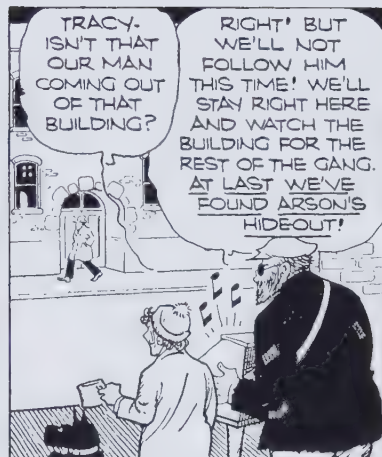
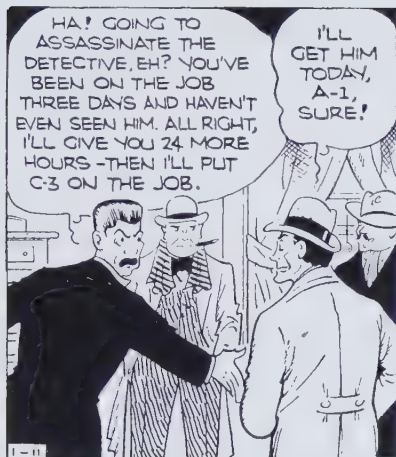


HEY YOU- HERE'S A BUCK! NOW SCRAM- GET ME? BEAT IT!

TANK YOU, VERRA MUCH, MISTER- VERRA MUCH! YES SIR!





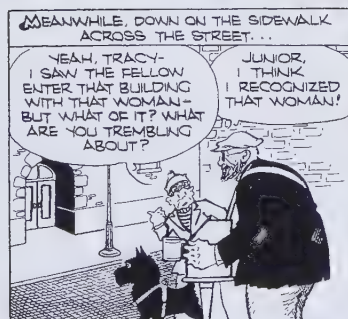
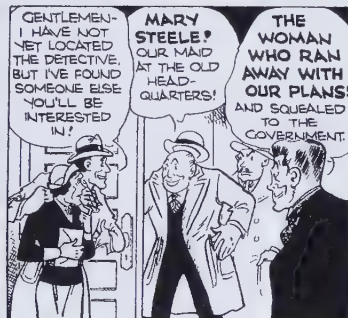


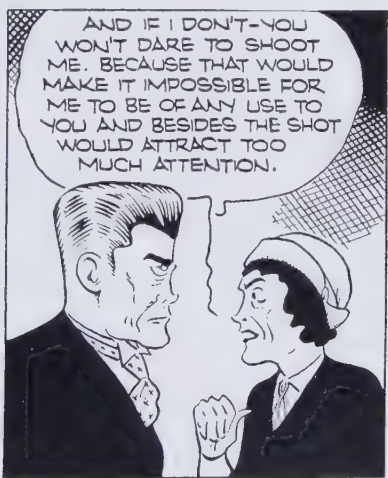
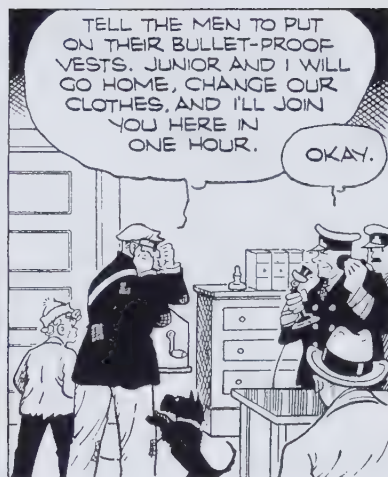
DICK TRACY

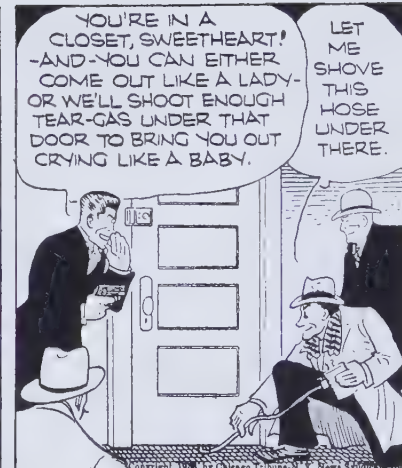
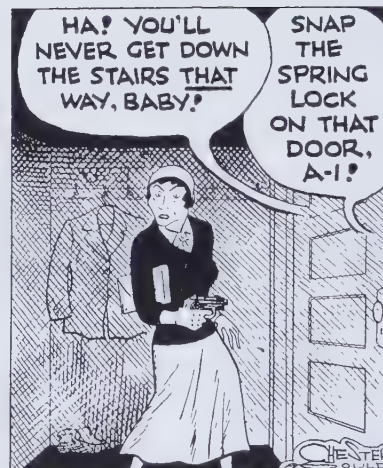
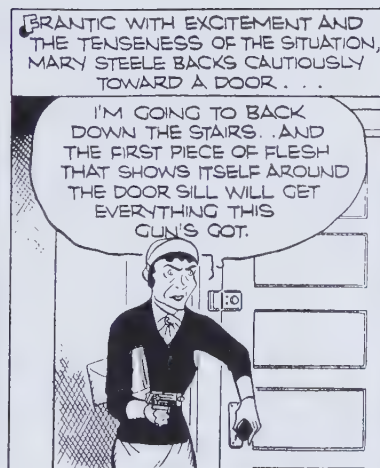
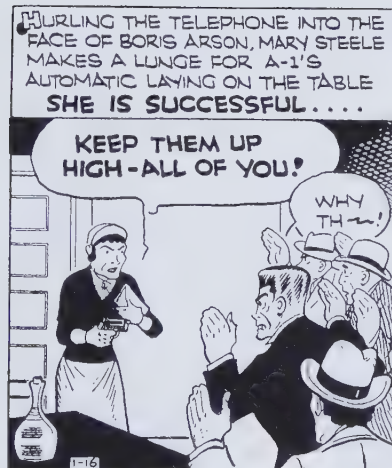
by
CHESLER
SOULS

WELL, BOSS, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SOMEONE ELSE TO REMOVE THE DETECTIVE. B-6 HAS SPENT A WEEK ON THE CASE AND HASN'T EVEN LOCATED HIM.

THE STUPID FOOL! AND I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR BEING CLEVER.







DEAR READER: WHILE THE ACTION IN OUR STORY SINCE LAST MONDAY HAS REQUIRED FOUR DAYS TO PORTRAY, THE ACTUAL ELAPSED TIME HAS BEEN APPROXIMATELY THIRTY MINUTES...



TRACY AND JUNIOR HAVE REACHED HOME AND THE DETECTIVE IS CHANGING HIS CLOTHES, PREPARATORY TO JOINING THE CHIEF, PAT AND A SQUAD OF MEN IN A RAID ON ARSON'S APARTMENT. . .



THIS IS MARY STEELE, DICK. I'M JUST STOPPING IN TOWN FOR A DAY AND I'M SO ANXIOUS TO TALK TO YOU. WON'T YOU DROP UP AND SEE ME AT 29 DELMOIN AVENUE?



I GET IT, MARY! I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. PRETEND NOTHING UNUSUAL IS BEING SAID TO YOU. MY MEN AND I ARE CRASHING IN THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES. KEEP UP YOUR NERVE.



THE RAID ON BORIS ARSON'S HEAD-QUARTERS IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

ALL RIGHT, MEN, CLANCEY AND DONOVAN STATION YOURSELVES BEHIND THE SIGNBOARD ACROSS FROM ARSON'S FLAT. MILLIGAN TAKE YOUR POST IN THE ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET.



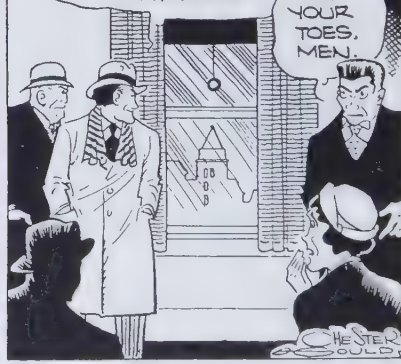
CHIEF, YOU AND PAT ENTER THE BUILDING AND HIDE UNDER THE STAIRWAY IN THE LOBBY. I'LL GO AROUND AND ENTER THROUGH THE REGULAR FRONT ENTRANCE.



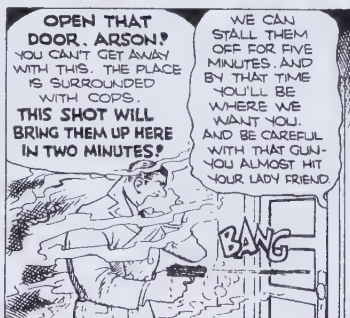
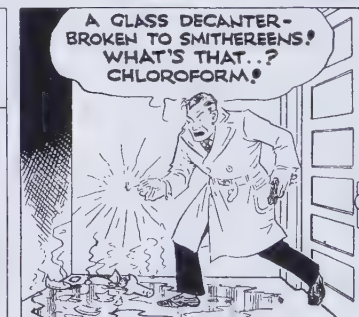
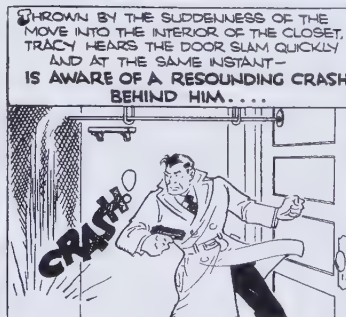
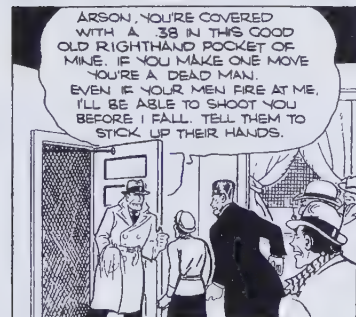
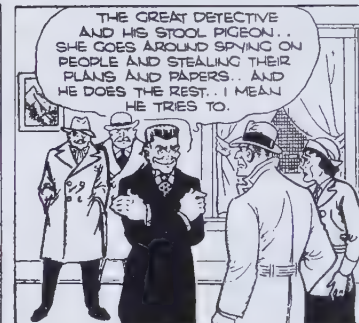
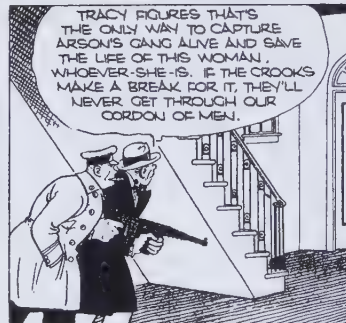
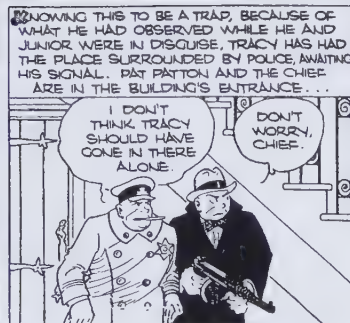
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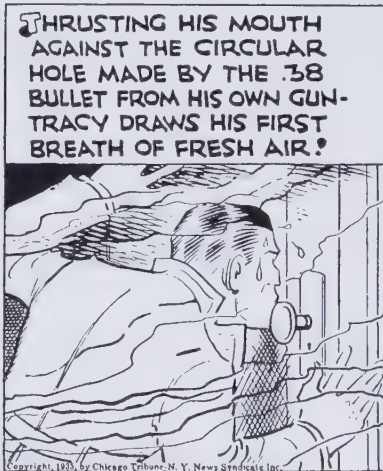
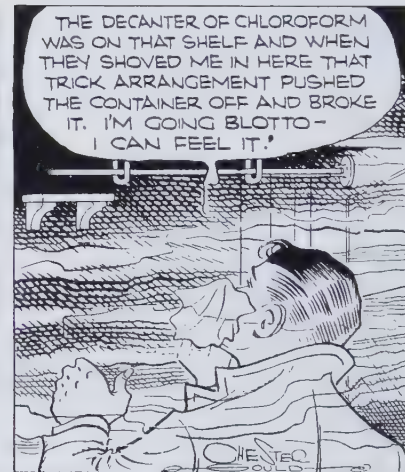


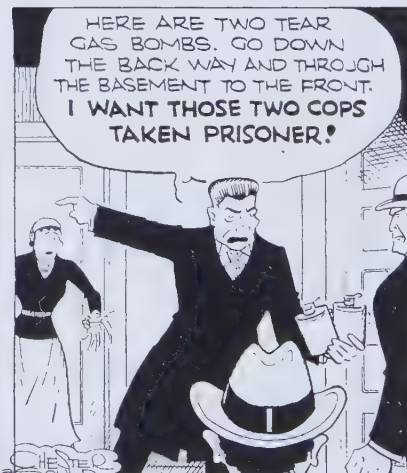
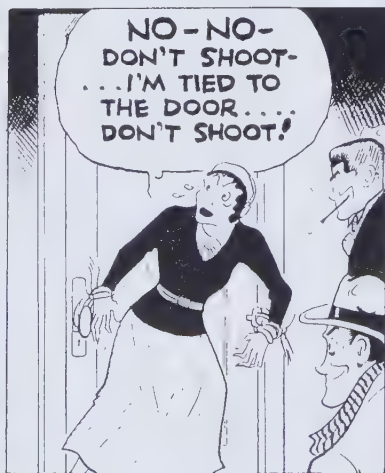
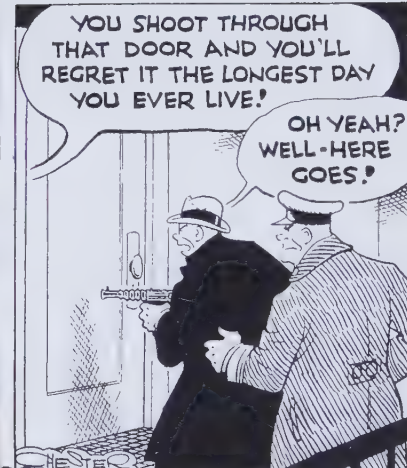
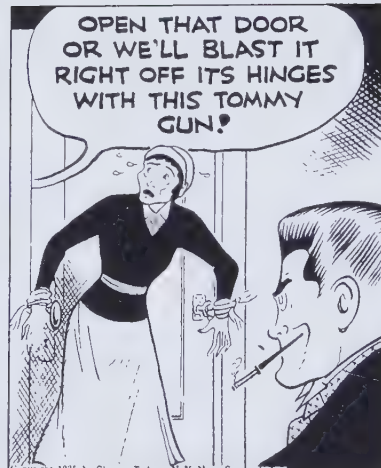
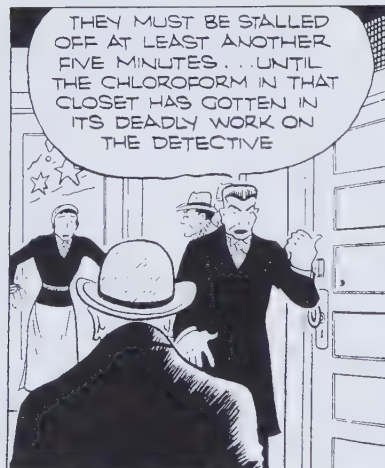
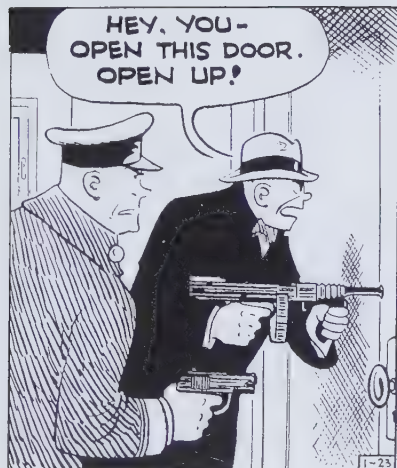
THE FLATFOOT HAS FALLEN HOOK LINE AND SINKER, BOYS. HE'S JUST COME IN THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

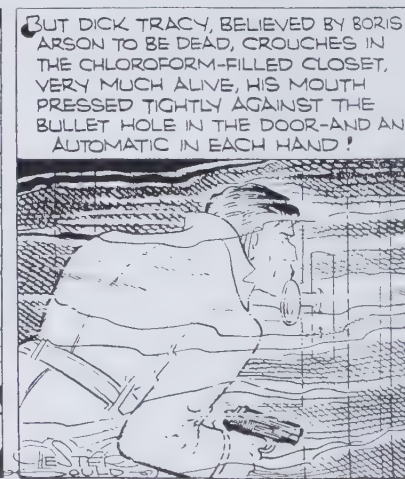
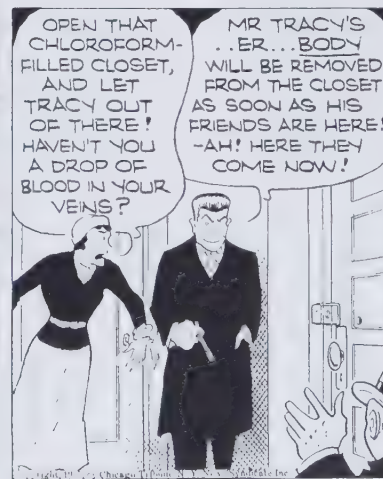
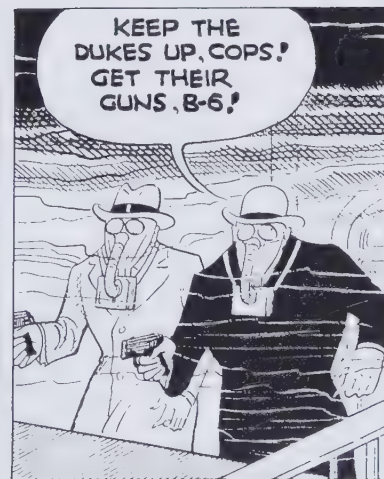


DICK TRACY









DICK TRACY

104
HENDER
GOLD

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN—
MY MEN AND I ARE SOMEWHAT
DETECTIVE-MINDED OURSELVES.

OKAY—
YOU CAN PUT
THE DUKE'S
DOWN!

CAPTURED! ...IN THE GRIP OF BORIS
ARSON—THE VERY MAN THEY INTENDED TO
"TAKE"—PAT PATTON AND THE CHIEF FIND
THEIR ATTEMPT AT RESCUING DICK TRACY
COMPLETELY THWARTED!

YOU SEE WHEN YOU TWO
STARTED UP THE STEPS TO THIS
APARTMENT, I SENT MY MEN DOWN
THE BACK WAY THROUGH THE
BASEMENT WITH
TEAR BOMBS.

NATURALLY, BEING
POLICEMEN, YOU REALIZED
THE FUTILITY OF ENGAGING
MY MEN IN A GUN BATTLE
THERE ON THE STAIRWAY WITH
YOUR EYES FULL OF
TEAR GAS.

BUT WHERE
IS DICK TRACY?
AND WHY IS THAT
WOMAN TIED TO
THAT DOOR?

'AH—THE LITTLE LADY CAN
NOW BE UNTIED. RELEASE HER, D-3.
YOU SEE SHE WAS FASTENED THERE—
JUST TO PREVENT YOU FROM
SHOOTING THROUGH THE DOOR IN
CASE YOUR PLANS HAD GOTTEN
THAT FAR.

TRACY IS IN THERE?
IN THAT CHLOROFORM-FILLED
CLOSET. BY NOW HE'S
PROBABLY....

OPEN UP THAT
CLOSET, ARSON!

INDEED
WE SHALL
OPEN THE
CLOSET!

ARE YOU IN
THERE, DETECTIVE?
ANSWER ME IF
YOU CAN—

HM!
THERE'S
NO ANSWER,
A-1.

TRUE! THERE IS
NO ANSWER. JUST
AS I EXPECTED, THE
CHLOROFORM HAS HAD
ITS EFFECT. OPEN
THE CLOSET, D-3.

WHY
ARSON—
YOU
DIRTY~?

GENTLEMEN, I NOW
PRESENT TO YOU THE
GREAT DETECTIVE—
HIMSELF—THE ONE
AND ONLY—

STICK 'EM UP—
BORIS ARSON AND
YOUR RATS!
STICK 'EM UP!

WHAT
IN—?
TRACY?
HE'S
OKAY!

TRUE! I WAS IN
A CLOSET FILLED WITH
CHLOROFORM. BUT IF YOU
REMEMBER, WHEN YOU
SHOVED ME IN THERE—
I FIRED A SHOT AT YOU
THROUGH THE DOOR.

WELL, I IMMEDIATELY
PUT MY MOUTH TO THE HOLE
MADE BY THAT BULLET, AND
BREATHED THROUGH THE OPENING.
I FELT IF I KEPT QUIET EVERY-
THING WOULD WORK OUT
GREAT. PUT THE CUFFS
ON THEM, PAT!

EXPECTING TO SEE THE INANIMATE BODY OF DICK TRACY LYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE CHLOROFORM-FILLED CLOSET WHEN THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN — BORIS ARSON GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE . . .



YEAH, ARSON, I KNOW! — THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE YOU PLANNED, DID THEY? YOU EXPECTED TO SEE MY CORPSE IN THAT CLOSET?

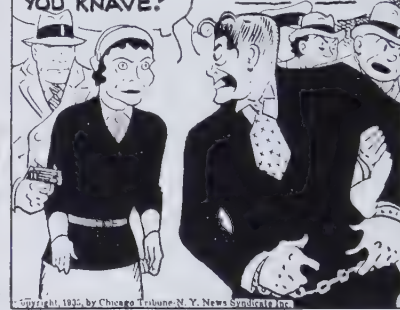


WELL, THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY TO CHLOROFORM ANYBODY IN A CLOSET — BETTER SEE TO IT THEY DON'T HAVE A 38 WITH THEM, BECAUSE A BULLET-HOLE IS PLENTY BIG ENOUGH TO BREATHE THROUGH.



BORIS ARSON AT LAST I'M SEEING YOU WHERE YOU BELONG — IN THE TOILS OF THE LAW. YOU KNAVE!

YOU'LL HEAR MORE FROM ME FOR THIS, MARY STEELE — I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU!



THIS TIME WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES ON YOU BOYS GETTING AWAY. WE'RE GOING TO SEPARATE YOU. WE'LL KEEP ARSON HERE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND SEND THE REST OF YOU OVER TO THE COUNTY JAIL.



MARY STEELE! WHAT BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS PICTURE? HOW DID YOU GET THE GOODS ON ARSON?

IT'S A LONG STORY — I'LL TELL YOU LATER. FIRST, YOU'VE KEPT MY SECRET, I HOPE? YOU HAVEN'T TOLD A SOUL MY REAL IDENTITY?



NOT A PERSON. NOT EVEN THE CHIEF OR PATTON HERE AT HEADQUARTERS KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.

HOW IS HE? MY BOY, I MEAN.



HELLO, TRACY. CEE, I JUST HEARD THE NEWS — YOU NABBED ARSON AND HIS WHOLE GANG — CONGRATULATIONS!

IT'S HIM!



OH H H,
OH H H.

TESS!



THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S
**DICK
TRACY**

&
1933-1935
VOLUME TWO





THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY



CHIEF! STAY
BACK OF
THE CAR!

IN FRONT OF ME,
BUDDY, OR
ELSE.



BANG
BANG

ORGAN GRINDERS MADE
DOUGH, BUT THAT'S THE
FIRST TIME I KNEW THEY
RODE TO WORK
IN A CAB.



...ON YOU! FOR THE
REASON THAT THAT S
TECTIVE PAL OF YOURS
TING TO PIN SOMETH
AND THE DAY HE DOES
HE'LL BE SORRY.

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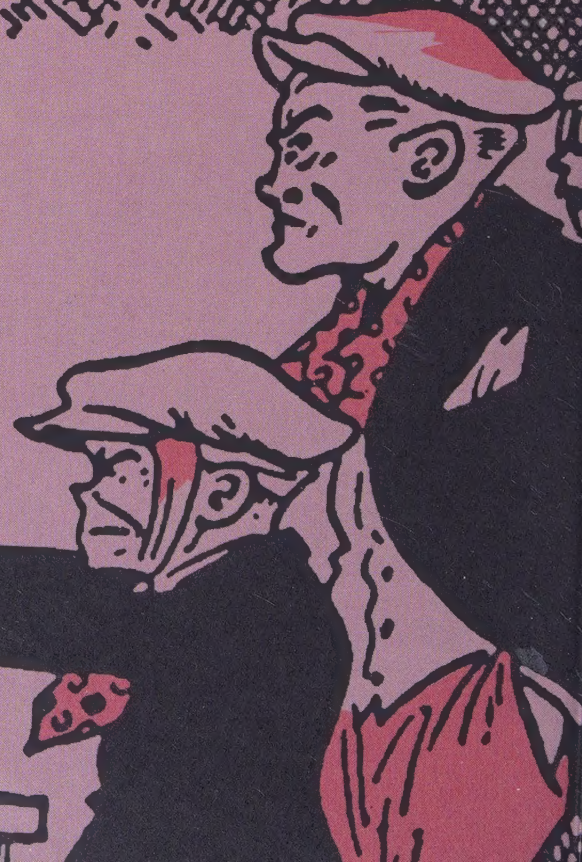
Gould, Chester.
The complete
Chester Gould's
Dick Tracy :
Dailies & Sundays
1933-1935, Volume

PERFECT
'S EYES.

THRU
HITS
OF TH



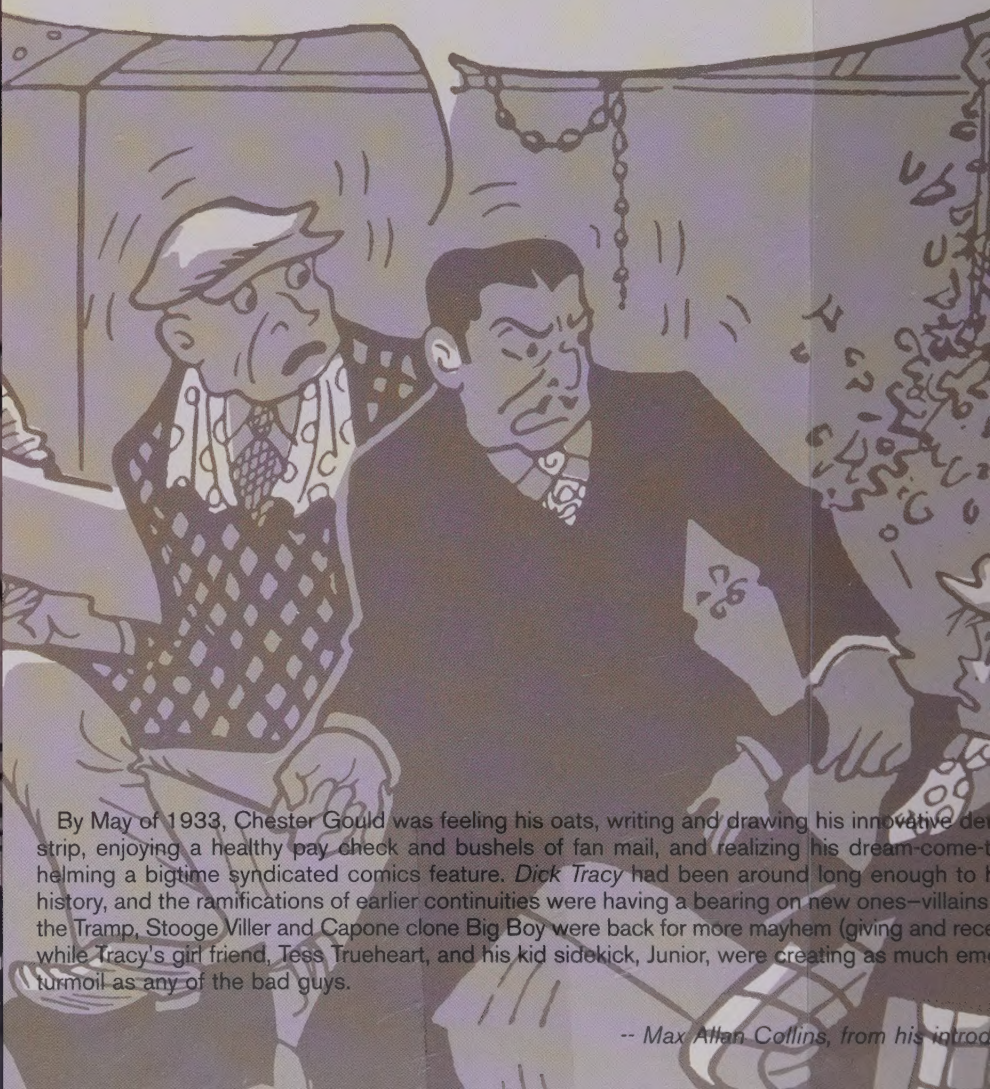
'S SAKE,
TH THE PLANS
AHEAD FOR THAT
EVER LET HIM
DD IN HIS
NDS



ON YOUR TRAIL AND
GOING TO SHOOT FIRE
INVESTIGATE AFTERWARD



YOU'RE GOING TO
WORK FOR US NOW!



By May of 1933, Chester Gould was feeling his oats, writing and drawing his innovative detective strip, enjoying a healthy pay check and bushels of fan mail, and realizing his dream—creating a bigtime syndicated comics feature. *Dick Tracy* had been around long enough to know the history, and the ramifications of earlier continuities were having a bearing on new ones—villains like the Tramp, Stogie Viller and Capone clone Big Boy were back for more mayhem (giving and receiving) while Tracy's girl friend, Tess Trueheart, and his kid sidekick, Junior, were creating as much emotional turmoil as any of the bad guys.

-- Max Allan Collins, from his introduction

Dick Tracy is a creature of a world gone wrong—lawlessness made it so and violence would set it right. Violence, that is, in the hands of a stand-up, four-square crusader. The comic strip cousin of pulp magazine and celluloid heroes conceived during the last bloody gasps of Prohibition and the onset of the Great Depression, Tracy, who made his debut in Chicago in 1931, was just the man for the job in just the right place, arriving just in the nick of time. Yet, Chester Gould's paragon of avenging normalcy was not your average, tough-guy detective. A unique combination of brawn and brains, he prefigured a whole new breed of scientific sleuths, whose recourse to technical innovations in criminology gave them the edge on grifters and hoods. "In drawing the character, it had been the idea to picture him as a modern Sherlock Holmes," Gould wrote, "if Holmes were a young man living today, dressed as a modern G-Man."

--Robert Storr, Dean
Yale University School of Art
(from *Masters of American Comics*)

INTRODUCTION BY MAX ALLAN COLLINS

CHESTER GOULD INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY MAX ALLAN COLLINS AND MATT MASTERSON

THIS SECOND VOLUME OF *THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S DICK TRACY* INCLUDES NEARLY 600 STRIPS, FROM MAY 1933 TO JANUARY 1935.

AMONG THESE STRIPS ARE CLASSIC *DICK TRACY* VILLAINS, INCLUDING STEVE THE TRAMP, STOOGIE VILLER, AND BIG BOY. THIS VOLUME ALSO INTRODUCES JEAN PENFIELD, TESS TRUEHEART'S RIVAL FOR TRACY'S AFFECTION.



by
CHESTER GOULD

THE COMPLETE CHESTER

**DICK
TRACY**

DAILIES & SUNDAYS

1933-1935
VOLUME TWO

INTERVIEW WITH
CHESTER GOULD



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