

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.

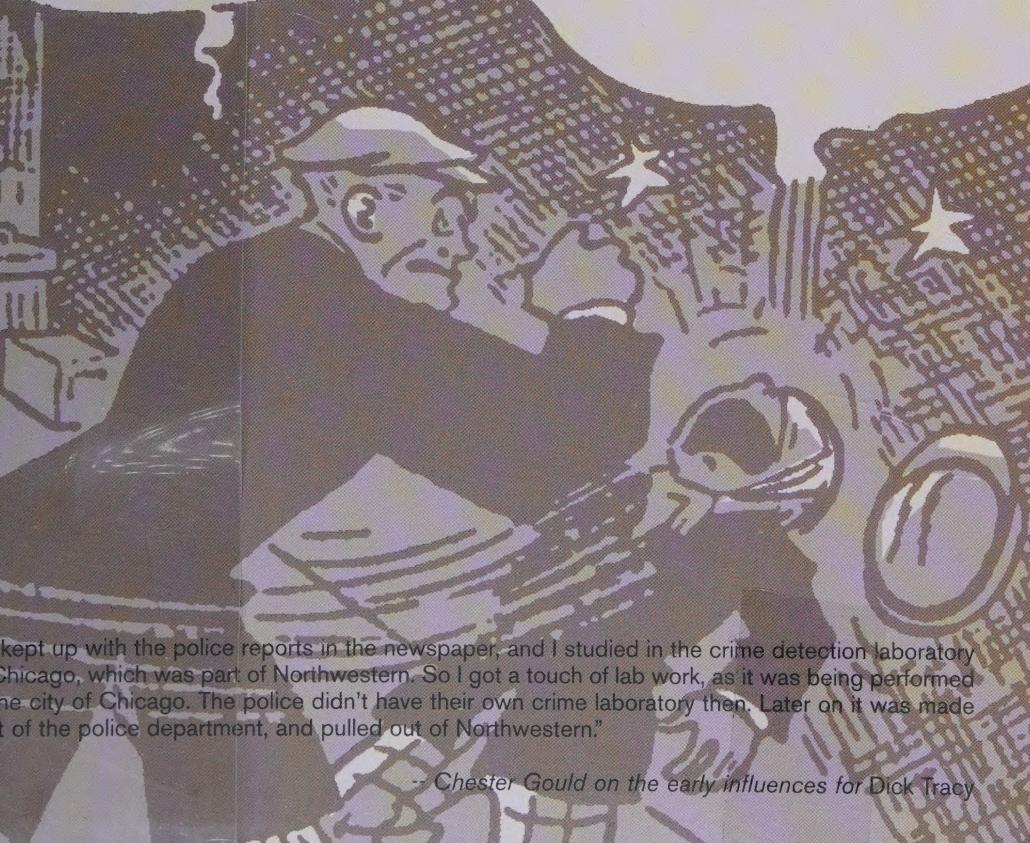


YOU
ON'T, EH?
YELL!
YELL!

OUCH!
HELP!
OW!

ERFECT
L'S EYES.

THREE
HITS OF THE



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.



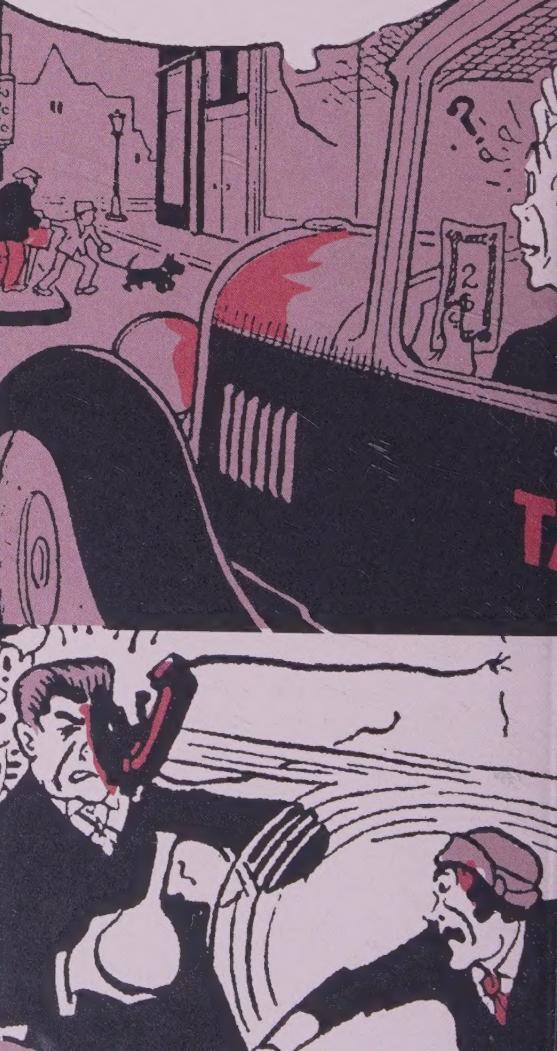
WHERE'S THAT KID?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE B
DOUBLE-CROSSED
BREAK HIS NECK
HE CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH IT!



CHIEF! STAY
BACK OF
THE CAR!

IN FRONT OF ME,
BUDDY, OR
ELSE.

GRAN GRINDERS MADE
DOUGH, BUT THAT'S THE
1ST TIME I KNEW THEY
RODE TO WORK
IN A CAB.



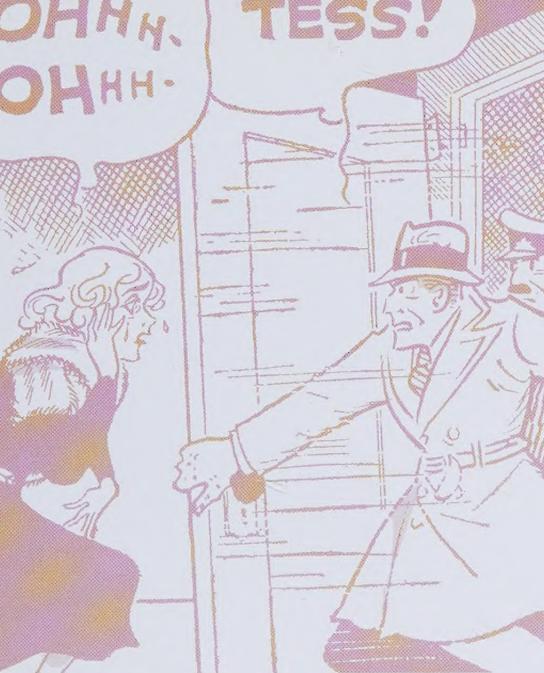
END IS GOING DOWN TO
THAT OLD STEEL MILL



THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY

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DICK TRACY®

DAILIES & SUNDAYS

1933-1935
VOLUME TWO

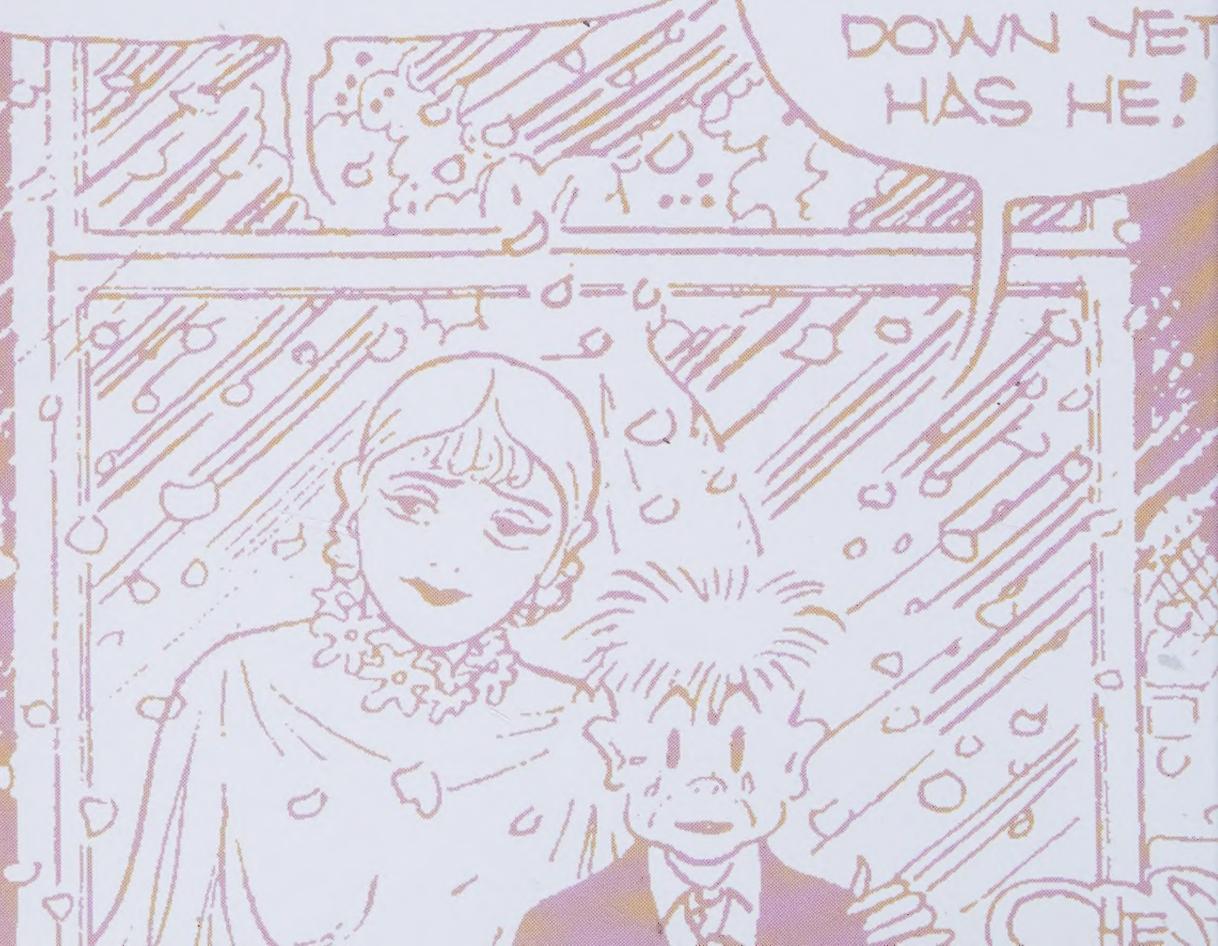


Shoot First

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, Stooge 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 Stooge 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 Stooge 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 Stooge 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 Stooge 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 Stooge threatens Tracy, in the jump-cut next panel Stooge is already on the floor, counting stars.

You may well feel cold-cocked yourself, by the pummelling 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...

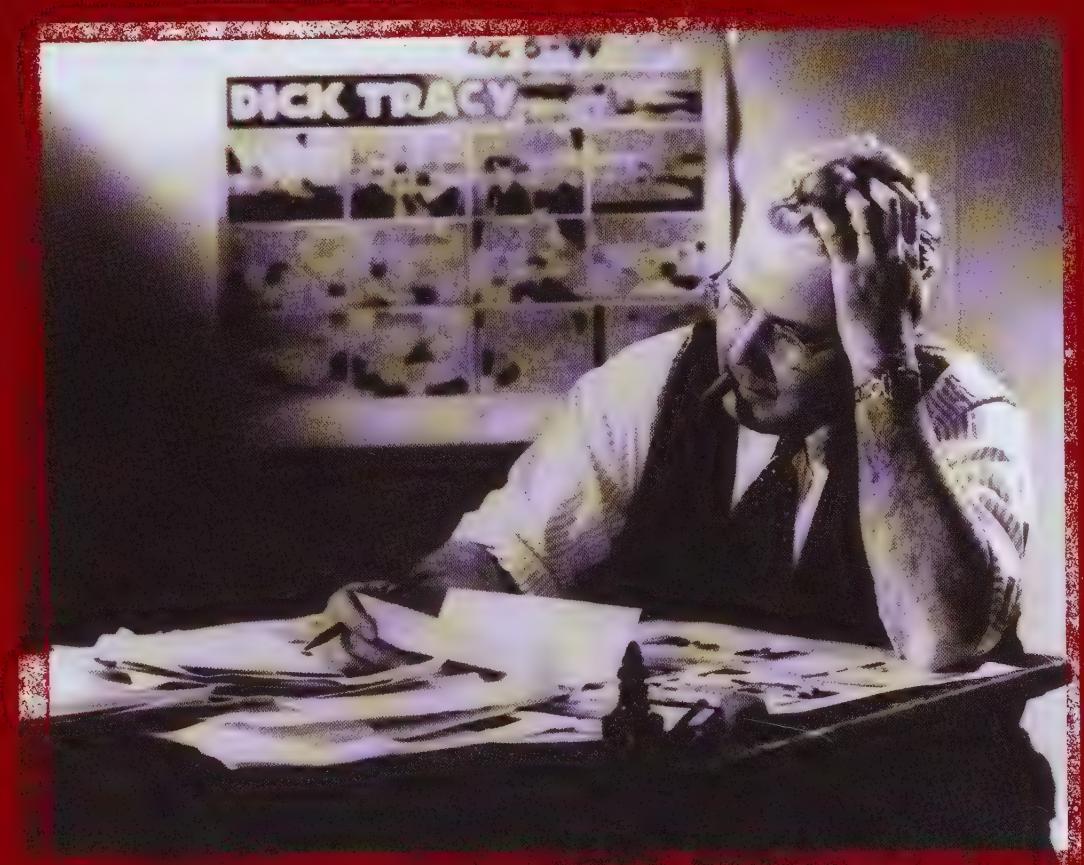
Max Allan Collins

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 Holmes 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?



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, if 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, Stooge Viller.

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

COLLINS: Something unusual about Stooge 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 Stooge?

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 Stooge 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 its 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—

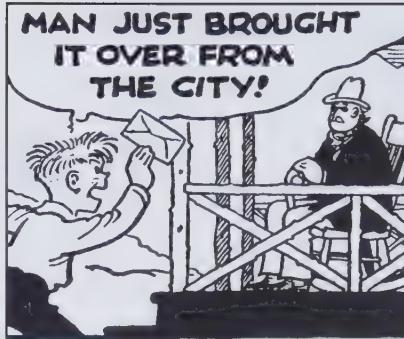
COLLINS: Now, as far as going to them yourself, did you watch the whole thing?

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 movie of the Bible—Cecil B. DeMille did several times—to me there would be 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: Ohhhhh 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 rrrroooowwwwr—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?

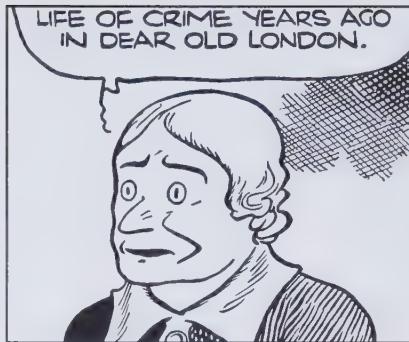
GOULD: Very much so. Very, very touching thing. McCormick was a very generous guy and very lovable fellow. He was determined to pay for that contest. They wanted to put on a hundred thousand circulation, but they did put on 50 thousand on that contest. The Colonel always said he'd pay a dollar [per thousand 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*."

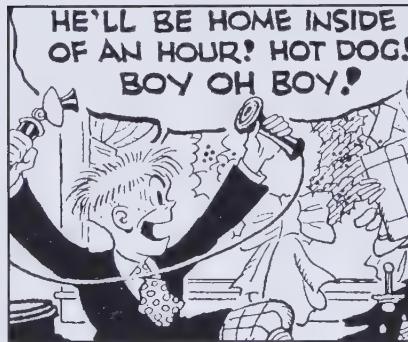
By this time Edna was hanging up his coat, and he was walking in, and I got up and said, "Well, I don't know you, but you look to me like you're a very, very brave guy to come this far in a snowstorm." He said, "It'd never have happened this way, Mr. Gould, if I'd had my way, but I was under orders from 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 hold 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 Merringo.

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

GOULD: Yes, yes.

COLLINS: Visually.

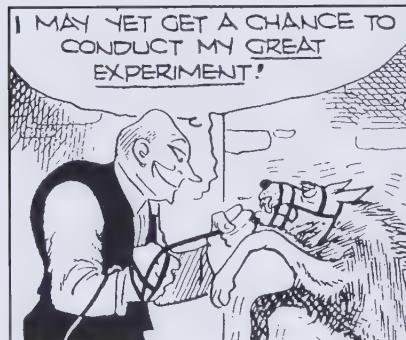
GOULD: Al told me, "You ought to have a Jewish detective in there," so I did. Anyway...

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?

MASTERSON: 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
S LIKE HIM TO MIND
HR OWN BUSINESS.

AND TAKES DOWN
RECEIVER.



ALREADY SIZING
UP THE SITUATION

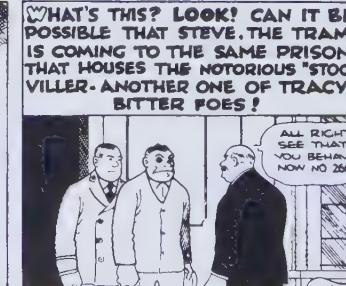
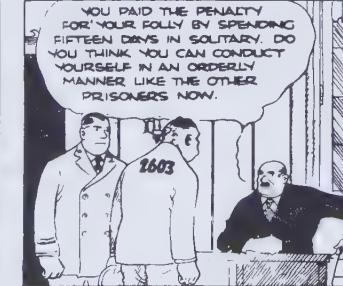
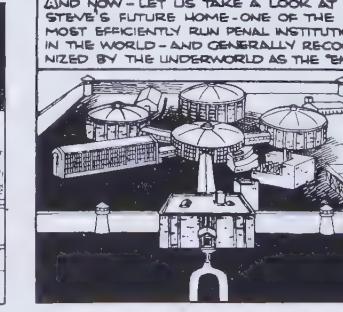
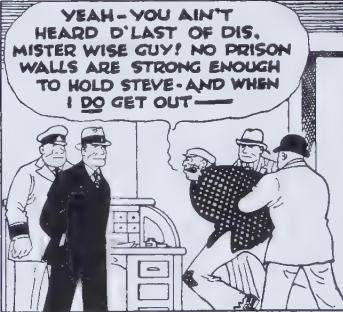


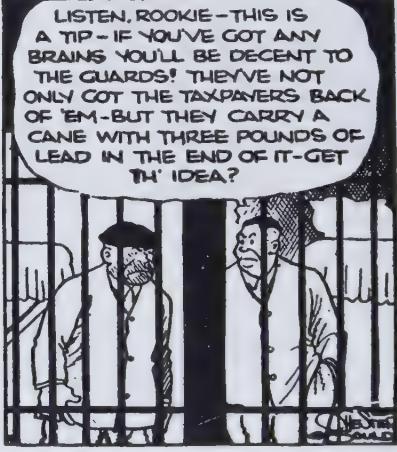
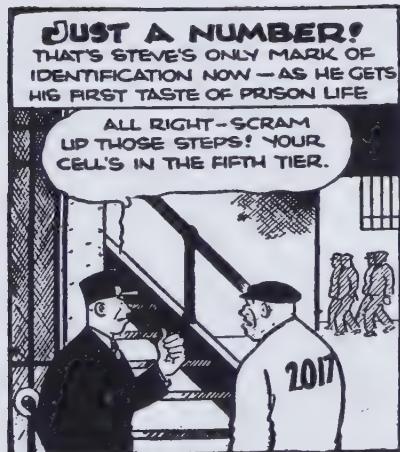
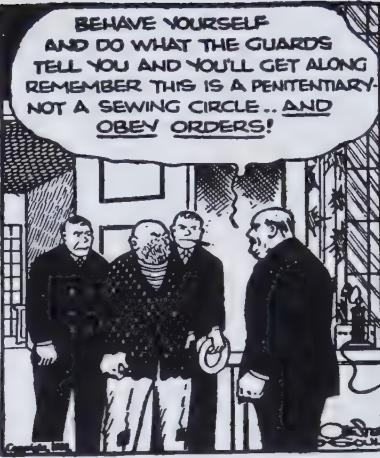
HEY, QUICK-SEND
CY DOWN TO GR
TENTH STREETS!
TWO AUTO THIE
HERE

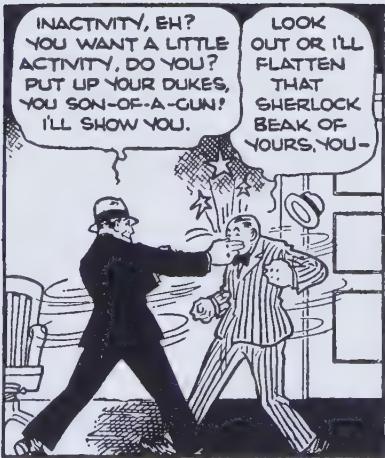
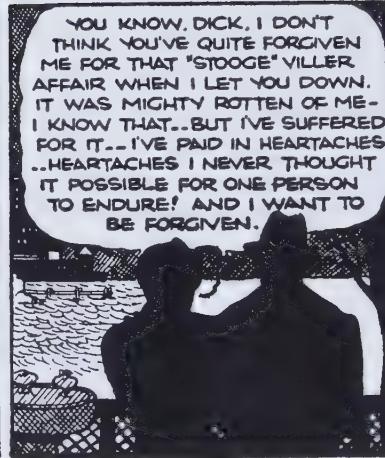
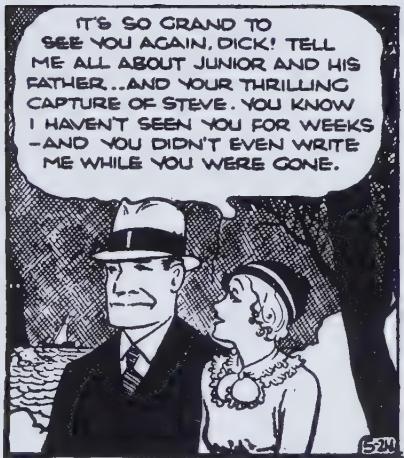
Dick Tracy
5/21/33 to 1/29/35

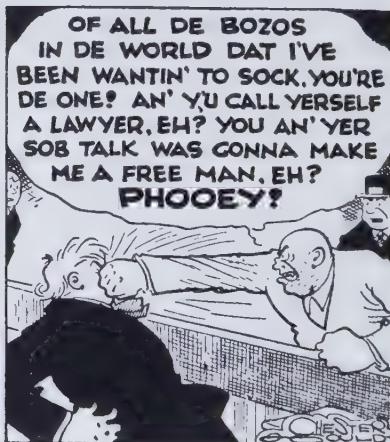
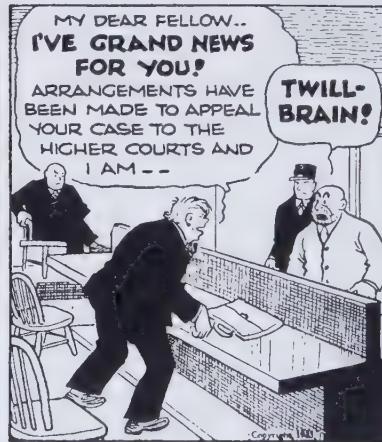
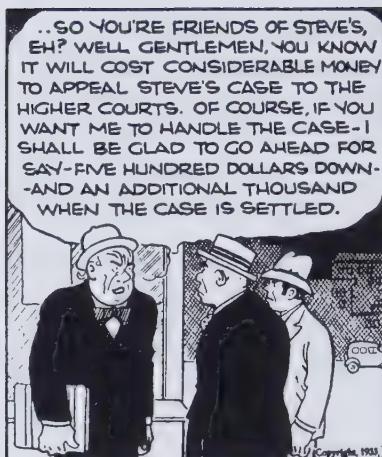
DICK TRACY

BY
CHESTER
CLOUDL





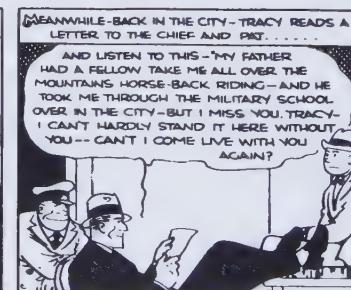
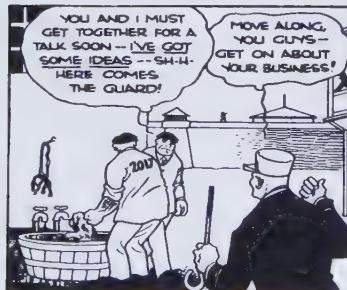




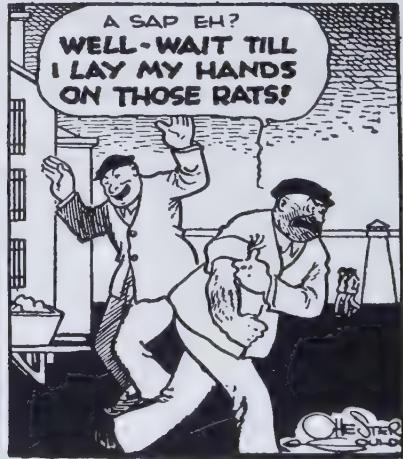
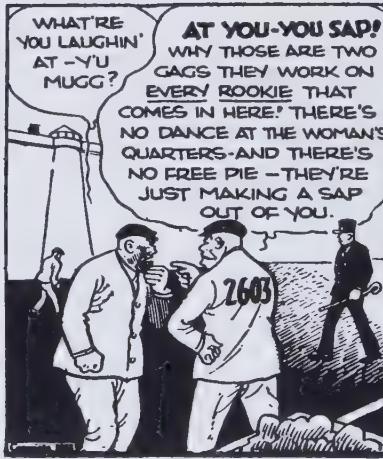
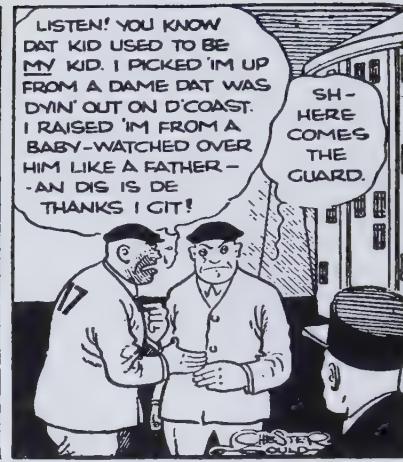
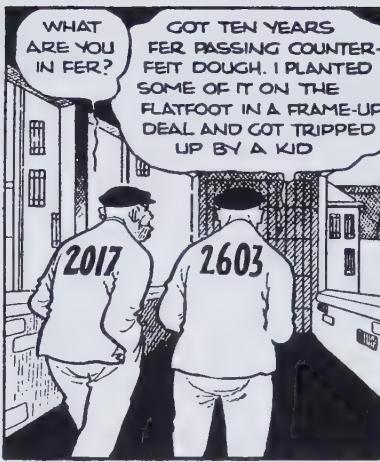
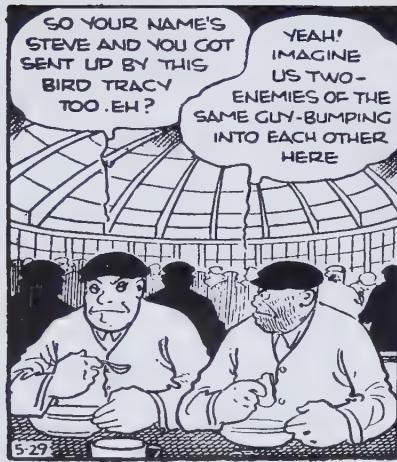
DICK TRACY

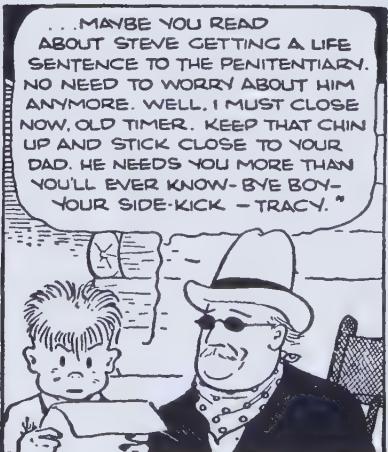
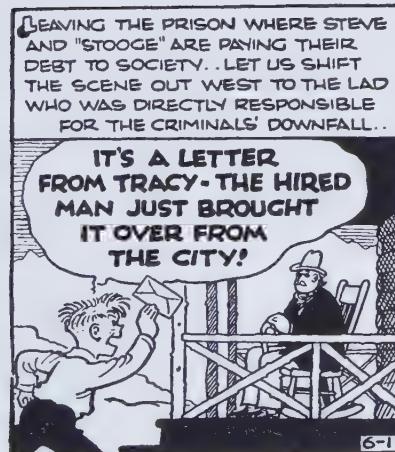
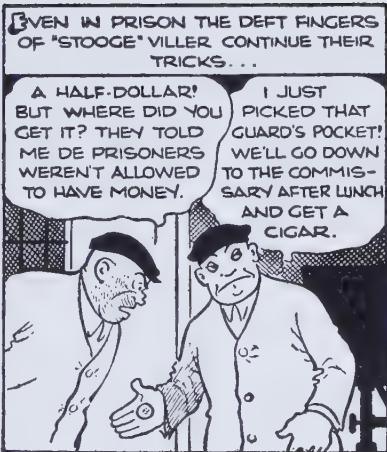
BY CHESTER CECIL COULD

2017



May 28th, 1933

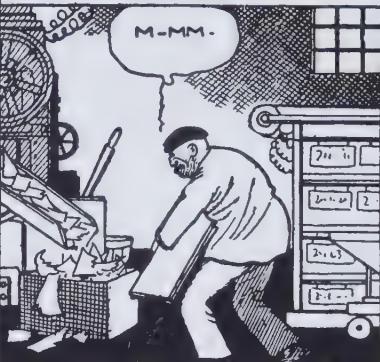




THIS MORNING STEVE IS ON DUTY IN THE PENITENTIARY AUTO LICENSE PLATE FACTORY WHERE THOUSANDS OF NUMBERED PLATES ARE STAMPED FROM SHEETS OF STEEL BY CONVICT LABOR...



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



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

CHEE! WHY CAN'T I TAKE SOME OF Dese PIECES OF METAL TO ME CELL-AND MAKE A KEY OUT OF ONE PIECE AND A DAGGER OUTTA DE OTHER? HA! I GUESS DEN I COULD ESCAPE, HUH!



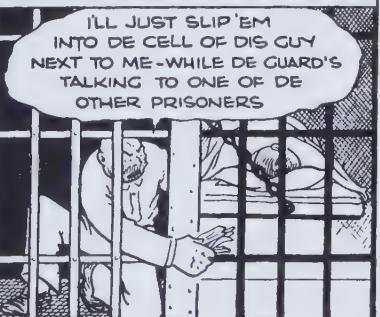
AN I WONT SAY NOTHIN' TO DAT GUY "STOOGE" ABOUT IT HED JUST MUSCLE IN AND RUN EVERYTHING. ANYWAY WHY SHOULD I HELP HIM ESCAPE? LET 'IM FIGURE OUT HIS OWN TROUBLES. HEA BO!



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!

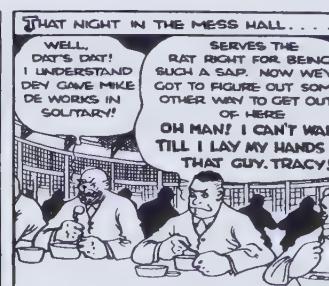
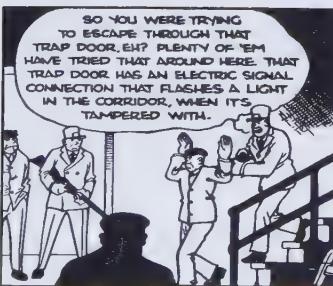
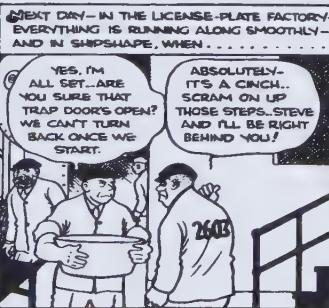
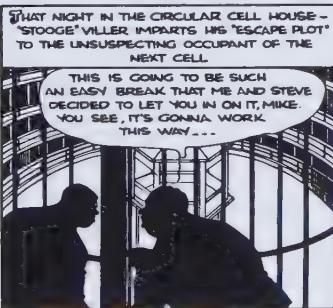


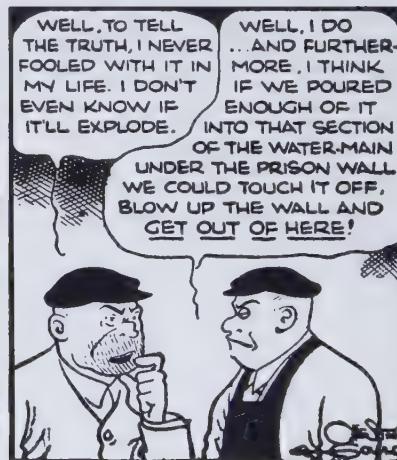
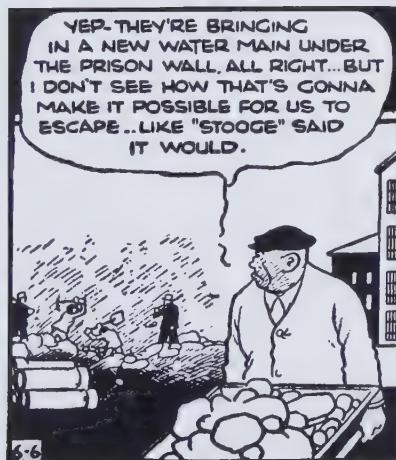
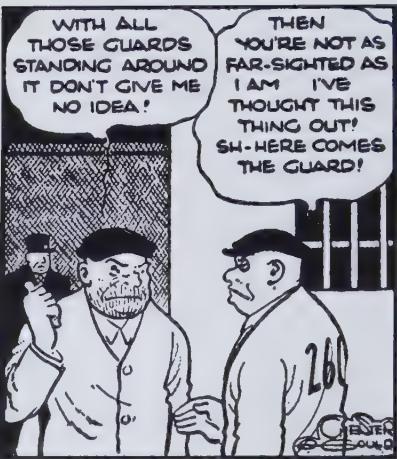
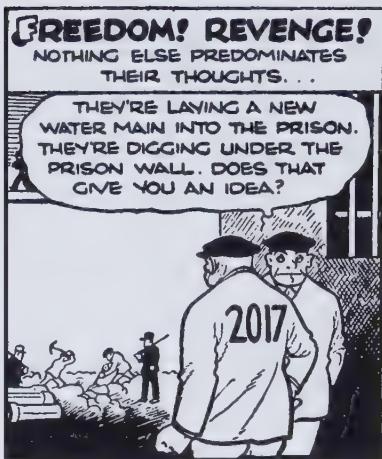
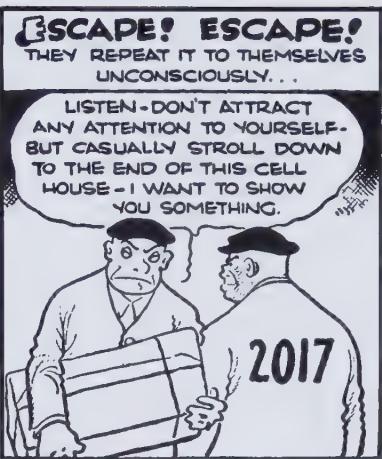
DICK TRACY

by
C. H. COULD

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

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





"STOOGE" VILLER HAS FINALLY PERFECTED EVERY DETAIL OF HIS STARTLING SCHEME FOR ESCAPE- AND HE AND STEVE ARE IN READINESS!

NOW, REMEMBER- WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS FOR THE GANG TO GO TO THE MESS HALL FOR SUPPER- YOU AND I WILL HIDE IN THAT EMPTY SOAP VAT.



6-7

WE WON'T BE MISSED UNTIL THEY MARCH THE BOYS TO THEIR CELLS. THAT'LL BE AT LEAST AN HOUR LATER... AND BY THAT TIME...



BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO THEN?

SH-SH.. THE WHISTLE WILL BLOW ANY MINUTE-OH-OH- THERE IT IS NOW!

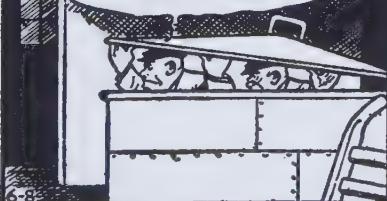


YEAH- BUT, LISTEN- SHUT UP- YOU IDIOT- AND LET THIS VAT COVER DOWN BEFORE WE'RE DISCOVERED!



WHEN THE PRISONERS ARE MARCHED FROM THE SOAP-FACTORY TO THE MESS HALL FOR SUPPER- "STOOGE" VILLER AND STEVE THE TRAMP, REMAIN HID IN A SOAP VAT!

ALL RIGHT-COME ON! THEY'RE ALL IN THE MESS-HALL-WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



6-8

WE MUSTN'T LOSE A SECOND! QUICK! TAKE THIS BOLT AND HEAT IT RED-HOT IN THE FORCE OVER THERE IN THE SHOP.

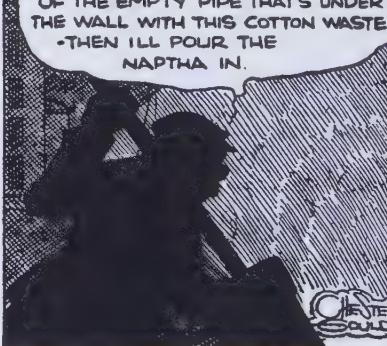


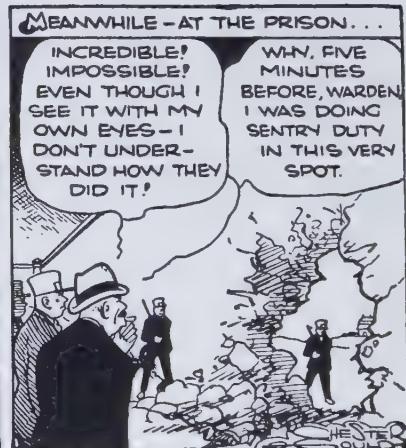
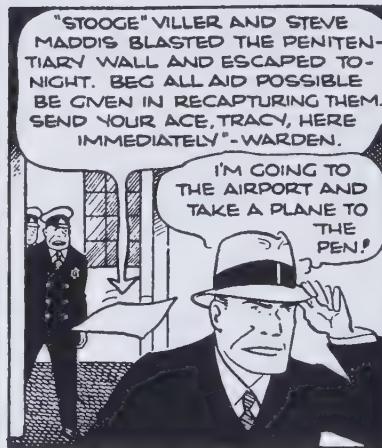
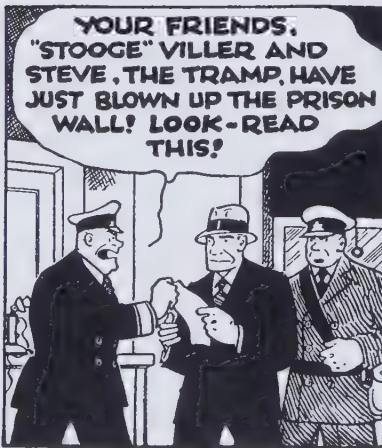
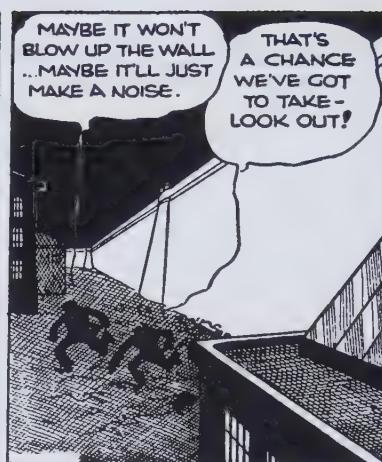
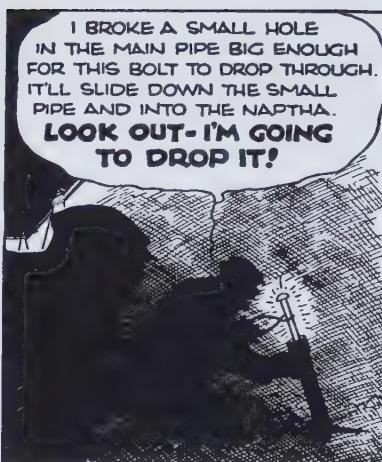
I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS COTTON WASTE AND THIS CAN OF NAPHTHA OUT TO THAT SPOT IN THE WALL WHERE THEY'RE PUTTING IN THE NEW WATER PIPE! MEET ME THERE IN FIVE MINUTES



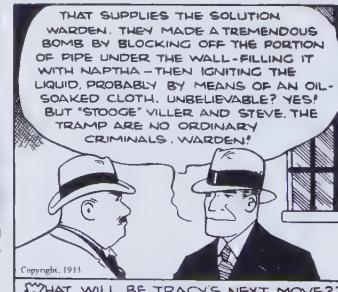
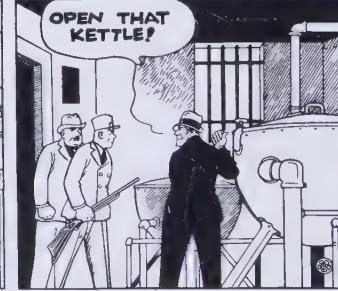
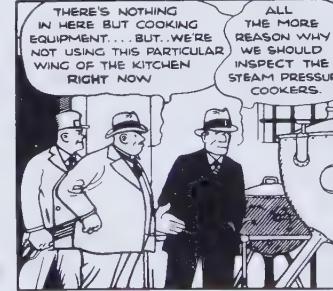
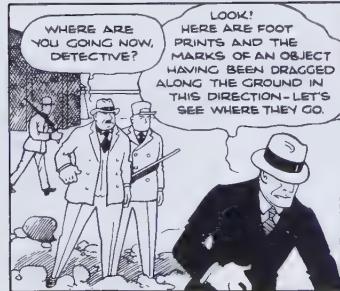
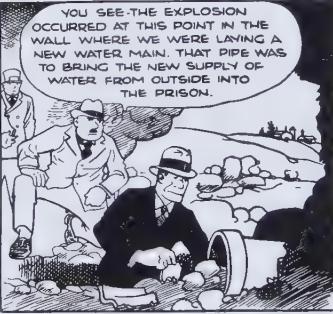
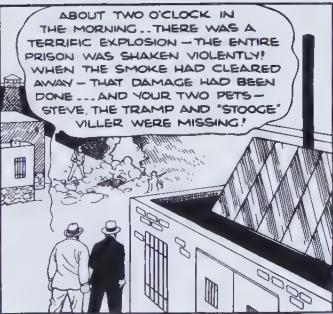
MAKING HIS WAY ALONG THE SHADOWS OF THE PENITENTIARY WALL- "STOOGE" REACHES THE NEW WATER PIPES.

I'LL BLOCK OFF THE PART OF THE EMPTY PIPE THAT'S UNDER THE WALL WITH THIS COTTON WASTE. -THEN I'LL POUR THE NAPHTHA IN.





DICK TRACY



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WHAT WILL BE TRACY'S NEXT MOVE??

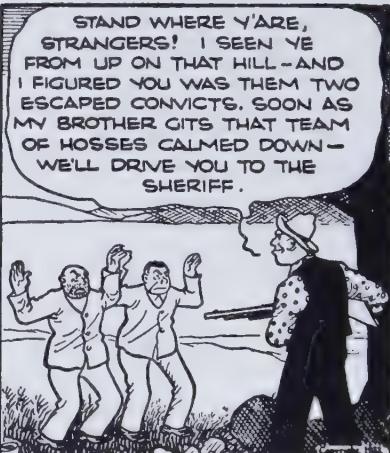
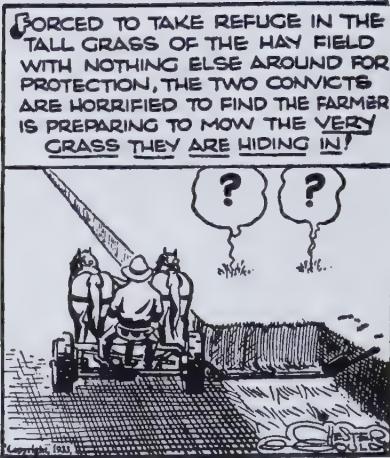
June 11th, 1933

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

THE COAST LOOKS CLEAR. COME ON - LET'S GET OUT.



6-12



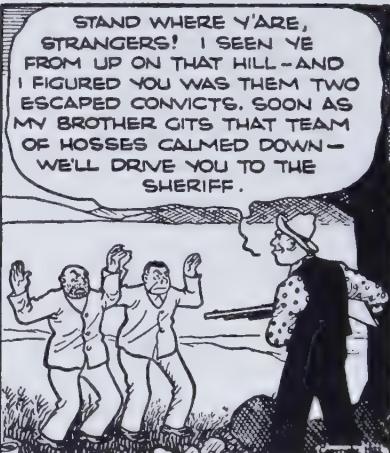
FORCED SUDDENLY TO TAKE REFUGE IN THE TALL GRASS OF A HAY FIELD - "STOOGES" AND STEVE ARE HORRIFIED TO FIND A FARMER IS PREPARING TO MOW THE GRASS! WITH EACH SWATH OF THE MOWERS, THE TWO CONVICTS CRAWL NEARER AND NEARER TO THE CENTER OF THE FIELD UNTIL

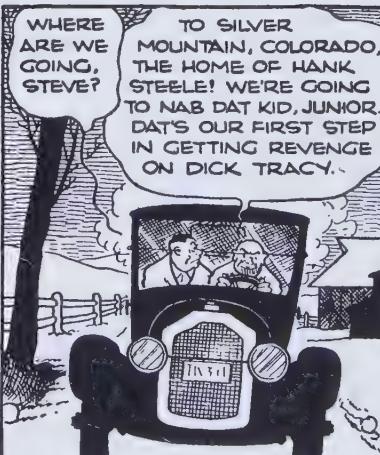
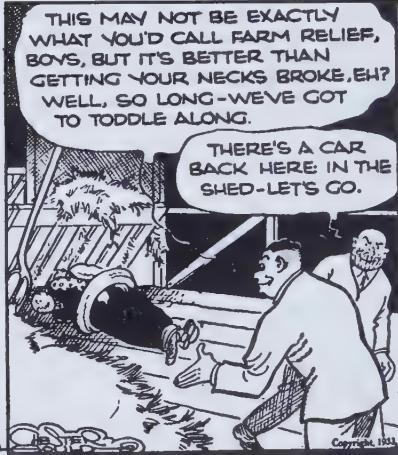
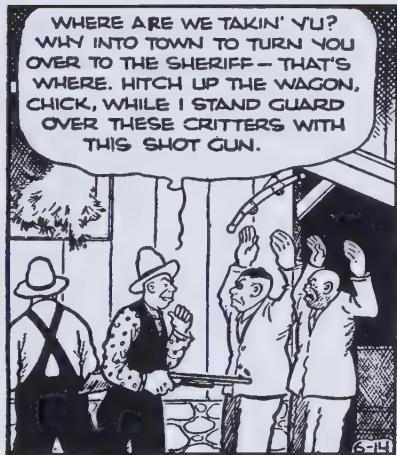
THE JIG'S UP, STEVE. THE NEXT TRIP OF THAT MOWING MACHINE WILL GET US! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT.



6-13

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





SCENE: THE MOUNTAIN HOME OF HANK STEELE.

WELL, MY BOY -
YOU'VE BEEN OUT
HERE ALMOST A
MONTH NOW. HOW
DO YOU LIKE IT
BY THIS TIME?

CHEE, IT'S
GREAT OUT
HERE, FATHER.
... I'VE NEVER
HAD SUCH A
GOOD TIME AS I
HAVE SINCE I'VE
BEEN HERE
WITH YOU.

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND.. THAT'S WHY I
DON'T HEAR FROM
TRACY. HE PROMISED
HE'D WRITE ME EVERY
WEEK.. AND IT'S BEEN
NEARLY TWO WEEKS
SINCE HIS LAST
LETTER.

SAY.
LISTEN!
YOU'RE NOT.
YOU'RE NOT
CRYING,
ARE YOU?

I UNDERSTAND..
YOU DON'T NEED TO
EXPLAIN, SON. AFTER
ALL, I AM PRACTICALLY
A STRANGER TO YOU.
PERHAPS IT WAS
CRUEL OF ME TO
KEEP YOU OUT
HERE..

IF I
COULD
JUST SEE
'IM.. JUST
TELL HIM
HELLO...

WHY -
THAT SOUNDS
LIKE A CAR!
WHO IS IT?

IT'S GETTIN'
KINDA DARK-
I CAN'T SEE
WHO IT IS..



SUDDENLY, IN THE GATHERING DUSK,
AS JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER SAT ON
THE PORCH OF THEIR MOUNTAIN
HOME-A CAR SPED SWIFTLY UP THE
DRIVE, AND ALMOST BEFORE THEY
REALIZED IT HAD COME TO A STOP
IN THE YARD...

TRACY!
TRACY!
OH CHEE-LOOK
IT'S TRACY!

NO ONE
ON THIS GREEN
EARTH COULD
HAVE BEEN MORE
WELCOME THAN
YOU, TRACY. YOUR
COMING IS A
GODSEND TO
THIS BOY!

GOSH - I
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT'S REALLY
YOU!

THANK HEAVEN-
I GOT HERE IN TIME-
I HAVE BROUGHT
SOME BAD NEWS!

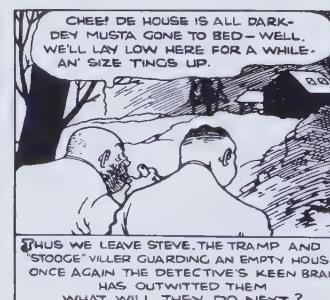
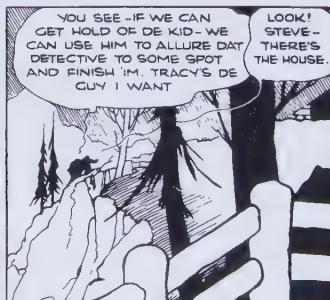
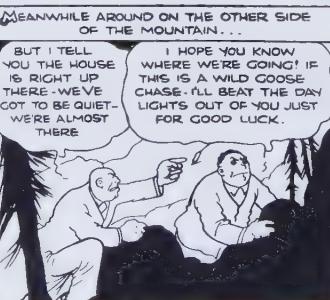
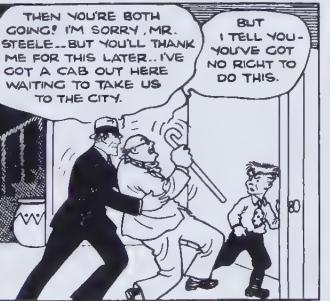
WHAT
IS IT,
TRACY?

NO NEWS
CAN BE BAD
WHEN YOU BRING
IT, TRACY.

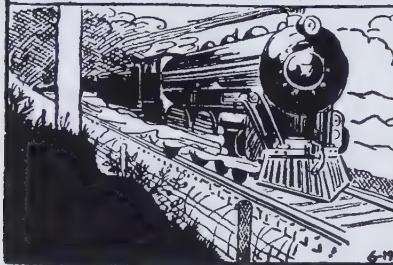
"STOOGE" VILLER AND
STEVE, THE TRAMP, ESCAPED
FROM THE PENITENTIARY.. AND
IN MY ESTIMATION ARE MAKING
A BEE-LINE FOR THIS PLACE THIS
VERY MINUTE TO SEIZE JUNIOR
WE MUST ALL GET OUT OF
HERE TO AVOID TROUBLE!



DICK TRACY



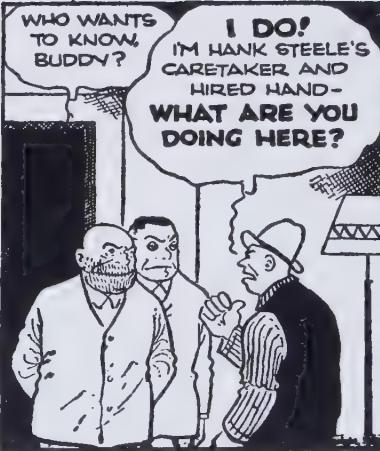
SAFE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF STEVE AND "STOOGE"-AT LEAST TEMPORARILY-JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER SPEED EASTWARD UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF DICK TRACY WHO REALIZES THAT AS LONG AS THE TWO CONVICTS ARE AT LARGE, THE SAFEST PLACE FOR THE BOY AND HIS FATHER IS WITH THE DETECTIVE.



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



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



WHILE STEVE AND "STOOGE" ARE SEARCHING THE HOUSE FOR "HANK" STEELE AND JUNIOR - THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE BLIND MINER'S HIRED HAND!

BUT I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW WHERE MR. STEELE AND HIS BOY ARE. MY WIFE AND I DROVE TO THE CITY TO SEE A MOVIE LAST NIGHT AND WHEN WE RETURNED. THEY WERE GONE.



DAT'S A LIKELY STORY, YOU! BUT DO YOU TINK WE BELIEVE IT? SHOVE DAT PEN KNIFE UNDER HIS TOE-NAILS, STOOGE! WE'LL MAKE 'IM TALK!



BUT I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE -- I DON'T KNOW - I TELL YOU.. STOP!. I CAN'T STAND IT - I CAN'T...



THEN - A SUDDEN HUSH FELL OVER THE ROOM. . . . THE TWO OVER CONVICTS WERE AWARE THAT THEY WERE BEING WATCHED.



WHILE STEVE AND "STOOGE" ARE TRYING TO MAKE THE HIRED HAND TELL WHERE "HANK" STEELE AND THE BOY HAVE GONE - THERE SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE SCENE THE HIRED HAND'S WIFE . . . WITH A SHOT GUN . . .



UNTIL WE CAN CALL THE COPS FROM THE CITY - WE'LL JUST MAKE YOU TWO PRISONERS IN THIS EMPTY SILO.



YEAH?



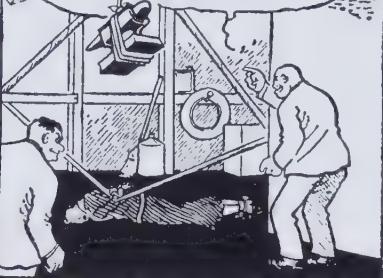
HOLD DAT DAME, STOOGE, WHILE I LOCK DIS DOOR!



LOCKING THE HIRED HAND IN THE SILO - STEVE AND "STOOGE" SET ABOUT MAKING THE CARETAKER'S WIFE PRISONER, TOO.



YOU SEE DAT ANVIL, LADY? WELL IF YOU UNTIE DAT KNOT OR CUT DE ROPE - DIS ANVIL WILL DROP RIGHT SQUARE ON YER KNOB, SEE? HM! GUESS DAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET WHILE WE'RE MAKIN' OUR GETAWAY.



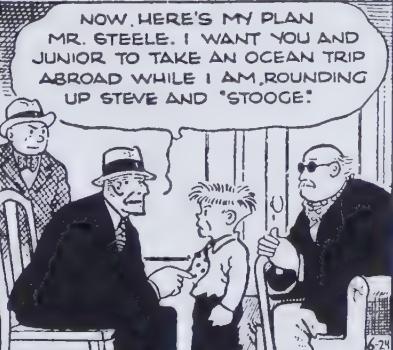
NOW-COME ON, QUICK! WE'RE GOING TO STEAL SOME OF THE HIRED HAND'S CLOTHES - AND SOME OF HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES AND RIG OURSELVES UP SO NO BODY'LL KNOW US.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO DISGUISE YOURSELF IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES. WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY AS MAN AND WIFE!



HAVING ARRIVED EAST WITH "HANK" STEELE AND JUNIOR - DICK TRACY MAKES KNOWN TO THE PAIR HIS FURTHER PLANS.



AS LONG AS THOSE TWO CONVICTS ARE LOOSE, THIS BOY'S LIFE AS WELL AS YOUR OWN IS IN DANGER. AN OCEAN VOYAGE WILL TAKE YOU TWO OUT OF HARM'S WAY AND I WILL KNOW YOU ARE SAFE WHILE I TRACK DOWN THOSE TWO DESPERADOS.



BUT TRACY - THIS IS SO ABRUPT. WHEN DO YOU WANT US TO LEAVE?



TOMORROW MORNING - MR. STEELE! I HAVE MADE RESERVATIONS ON THE STEAMER "MYSTIC" WHICH SAILS AT TEN. PAT PATTON HERE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU ON THE TRIP AS YOUR GUARDIAN, AND YOU SHOULD HAVE A PLEASANT TRIP.

MEANWHILE OUT WEST TWO FIGURES TRUDGE WEARILY DOWN A MOUNTAIN ROAD . . .



DICK TRACY

MY FATHER AND I ARE GOING ON AN OCEAN TRIP AND TRACY TELLS ME YOU'RE COIN' WIT US, PAT.

YEAH - I'M GOING TO GORTA BE YOUR BODYGUARD-KID. YOU KNOW NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO YOU AS LONG AS PAT PATTON'S ON THE JOB!

REALIZING THAT AS LONG AS 'STOOGIE' VILLER AND STEVE THE TRAMP ARE AT LARGE JUNIOR WILL BE IN DANGER. TRACY HAS DECIDED TO FIND JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER ABROAD UNDER ASSUMED NAMES FOR A FEW WEEKS OCEAN TRIP UNTIL THE ESCAPED CONVICTS CAN BE CAPTURED. PAT PATTON WILL GO ALONG AS A BODYGUARD FOR THE TWO.

WITH YOU TWO OUT OF DANGER - I CAN DEVOTE MY ENTIRE ENERGY TO RECAPTURING VILLER AND STEVE

THEY WILL NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU ARE AND THEY WILL HAVE TO DEAL DIRECTLY WITH ME IF REVENGE IS THEIR MOTIVE

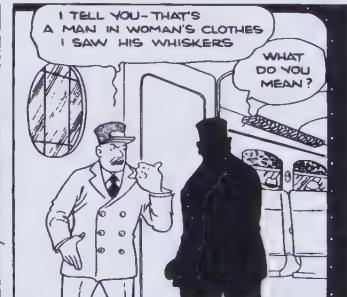
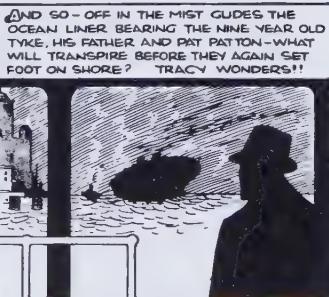
GEE - I'M GONNA GET A KICK OUTTA RIDIN' ON A BIG SHIP LIKE THIS!

BUT WELL MISS YOU, TRACY! I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO STAY AWAY LONG!

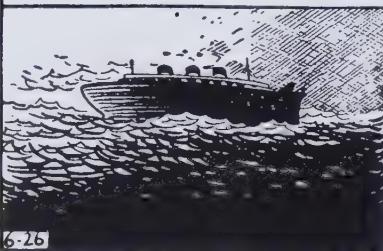
IT WON'T BE LONG, KID! I'M GOING TO WORK FAST ON THOSE TWO CROOKS.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM, KID AND WIRELESS ME IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG. I'M DEPENDING ON YOU

YOU CAN BANK ON ME, TRACY.
GOODBYE, TRACY.

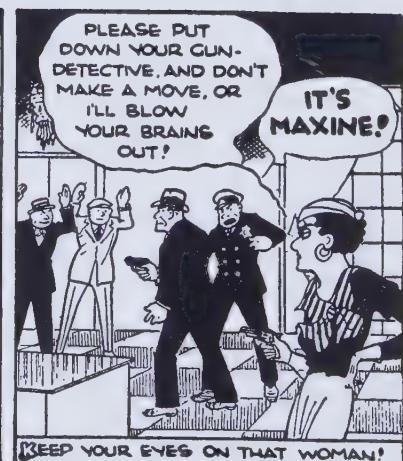
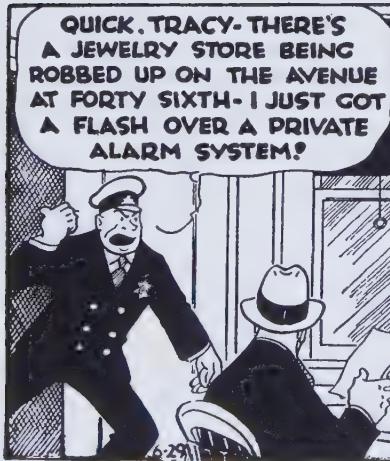


OFF ON A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!
JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER IN COMPANY WITH PAT PATTON HAVE BEEN SENT ON AN OCEAN TRIP BY TRACY WHILE THE DETECTIVE TURNS HIS ENERGY TO RECAPTURING THE TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS, "STOOGE" VILLER AND STEVE THE TRAMP...



6-26







DICK TRACY

by
R. E. COULD

SO YOU'VE FINALLY COME
TO YOUR LITTLE SISTER, MAXINE, EH?
HUMPH! THE ONLY TIME YOU EVER LOOK ME
UP IS WHEN YOU NEED HELP! O.K. SHOOT
THE WORKS.

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 BRIGH
AND SHINING STAR OF THE UNDERWORLD...



I SHOULD PLAY HOUSE-MOTHER TO A COUPLE OF CONVICTS? WITH ALL MY TROUBLES, I SHOULD GET CAUGHT GIVING SHELTER TO A PAIR OF JAILBIRDS? ... DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, STOOGIE!



LISTEN HERE, MAXINE - I'M YOUR BROTHER.. YOU'RE MY SISTER. I KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN ON THE LEVEL WITH YOU IN THE PAST... BUT YOU CAN'T Toss US OUT, CAN YOU? ... AND NOW YOU CAN'T DO IT! I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO SQUARE THINGS UP WITH YOU AS SOON AS I GET A CHANCE!



IVE BEEN CALLED ON STOMACH A LOT OF RAW DEALS IN MY DAY... BUT THIS TRAMP... HAVING A COMMON BUM UNDER MY ROOF? IT'S TOO MUCH, DEARIE. IT JUST CAN'T BE DONE!



YEAH! WELL LISTEN HERE, LITTLE ONE-
YOU'RE NOT BY ANY CHANCE GIVING ME
THE MERRY RITZ-A-ROOY?

IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY-YOU'VE PULLED
OFF A LOT OF STUFF YOURSELF IN YOUR
DAY-IF I WAS IN THE MOOD TO TALK,
I COULD DROP A LOT OF CONVERSATION
TO CERTAIN PARTIES THAT WOULD--



NO! STOOGIE-
DON'T SAY THAT!

SAY!
YOU LOOK KINDA
WORRIED! YOU'RE
NOT IN TROUBLE
NOW, ARE YOU?



THAT'S JUST IT!
I AM IN TROUBLE! THAT'S
WHY I DON'T WANT TO
COMPLICATE THINGS FOR
MYSELF BY BEING CAUGHT
HIDING YOU TWO!

O-O-OH!
NOW WE'RE
GETTING SOMEWHERE!



WHAT KIND OF A
JAM ARE
YOU IN?

BUT IT DOESN'T
CONCERN YOU!
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
CLEAR OUT OF HERE-BOTH
OF YOU! I CAN TAKE
CARE OF MYSELF--
GET OUT!



LISTEN, LITTLE SISTER-
SUPPOSE I MAKE YOU A
PROPOSITION? YOU HELP US
AND WE'LL HELP YOU...AT LEAST
YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT
YOUR TROUBLE IS.



WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW... IT'S
LIKE THIS: MY GANG ROBBED A RUTZY
JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT DOWN ON THE AVENUE
THE OTHER DAY AND IN THE GETAWAY-ONE OF
THE BOYS WAS NABBED BY THE PLAIN
CLOTHES SQUAD. THEY'VE BEEN WORKING
ON HIM DAY AND NIGHT, AND THEY
SAY HE'S TALKED!



WHO'S THE
FLATFOOT THAT
MADE HIM
TALK?

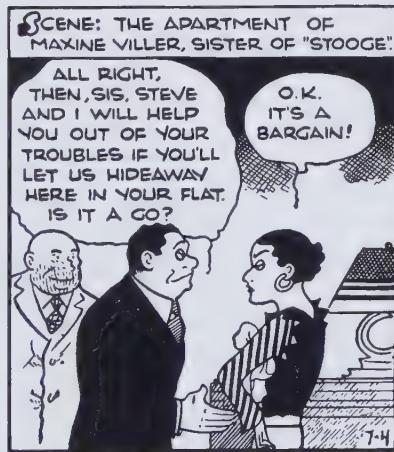
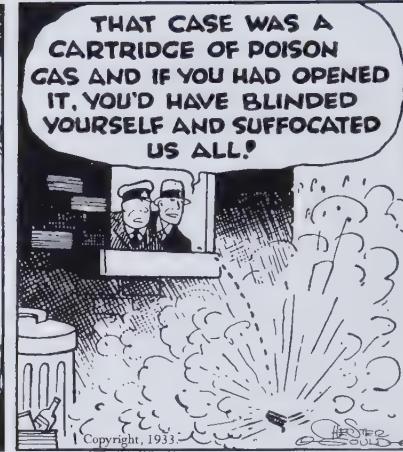
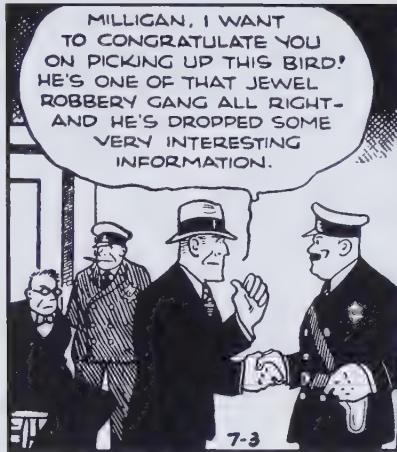
HIS NAME
IS TRACY!



TRACY? GREAT SCOTT,
MAXINE, THAT'S THE DICK,
THAT'S SCOTT! STEVE AND ME UP
THE RIVER! WE BROKE OUT OF THE
BIG HOUSE JUST TO GET A CHANCE TO
EVEN THINGS UP WITH THAT FLATFOOT
AND NOW-WAY THIS THING IS A NATURAL!
YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US PUT
THIS GUY TRACY ON THE SPOT!



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 "STOOGE"-AND STEVE, THE TRAMP...

GREAT SCOTT!
JEWELS-GEMS!

ABOUT
A MILLION
DOLLARS' WORTH
OF 'EM. I BET!



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 "CYP"
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.

Copyright, 1933.

Herbie Coudle

YOU SAY THAT
DOG IS TRAINED TO
GO BETWEEN YOUR
APARTMENT AND "CYP"
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.



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



WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

WE'RE
GOING TO
FOLLOW THAT DOG.

Copyright, 1933.

SEEING A HUGE DOG RELEASED FROM MAXINE VILLER'S APARTMENT - TRACY AND MILLIGAN DECIDE TO FOLLOW IT...

TRACY - WHAT MAKES YOU WANT TO FOLLOW THAT DOG? WHAT'S TO BE GAINED?

MANY THINGS PERHAPS, MILLIGAN. PULL UP CLOSER TO THE CURB SO I CAN GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE HOUND.



7-7

LIKE SOME MECHANICAL MONSTER THE HUGE DOG STALKS STRAIGHT UP THE BOULEVARD LOOKING NEITHER TO LEFT NOR TO RIGHT...

AH! JUST AS I SUSPECTED, MILLIGAN! LOOK! DON'T YOU NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE ANIMAL'S COLLAR?



WAITING IN AN ALLEY UNTIL THE HUGE DOG APPROACHES - TRACY LUNGES SUDDENLY AND SEIZES THE ANIMAL BY THE COLLAR AND THROAT...



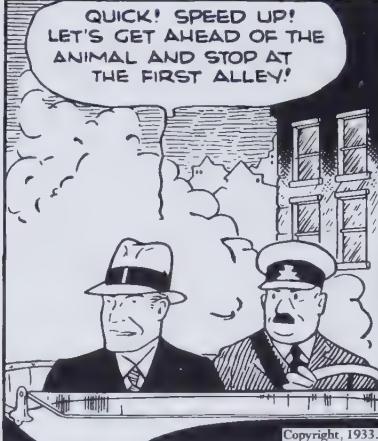
7-8

BOYHOOD EXPERIENCES WORKING IN HIS FATHER'S KENNELS HAD TAUGHT TRACY MANY TRICKS ABOUT HANDLING SNARLING, BITING DOGS....



7-9

QUICK! SPEED UP! LET'S GET AHEAD OF THE ANIMAL AND STOP AT THE FIRST ALLEY!



Copyright, 1933.

WHAT! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEIZE THAT VICIOUS LOOKING MAN-EATER WHEN HE COMES BY - AND TEAR HIS COLLAR OFF?

EXACTLY! THAT COLLAR HAS SOMETHING ATTACHED TO IT THAT I MUST HAVE! AND I MUST GET IT WITHOUT KILLING THE DOG - BECAUSE WE MUST FOLLOW HIM TO HIS DESTINATION! SSH - HERE HE COMES!



QUESTION MARK

WHAT DID I TELL YOU! HIS COLLAR HAD A NOTE ATTACHED TO IT! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE DOG WHILE I READ THE NOTE.



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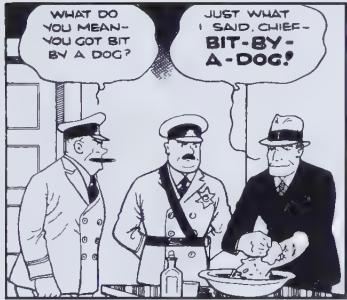
LISTEN! MAN BY THE NAME OF STEVE WILL BRING THE STUFF AT 3 O'CLOCK - BE READY FOR HIM. SIGNED, M.WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT DOG HE'S HEADED FOR THE HANGOUT OF "GYP" REED, THE "FENCE"!



QUESTION MARK

DICK TRACY

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



July 9th, 1933

Copyright 1933

TRAILING THE HUGE DOG, "SATAN", TRACY AND MILLIGAN EASILY LOCATE THE LAIR OF "GYP", THE "FENCE", AND LOSE NO TIME IN INFORMING "GYP" JUST WHAT IS TO BE EXPECTED OF HIM.....



7-10

WITH YOUR DOG LOCKED IN THAT CLOSET AND MILLIGAN COVERING YOU IN THE HALL, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE THIS TRAMP, STEVE, WHEN HE SHOWS UP WITH THE JEWELRY. THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOU AND YOUR RATS, "GYP"!



7-11

YEAH?
THINK SO?

KNOCK
KNOCK



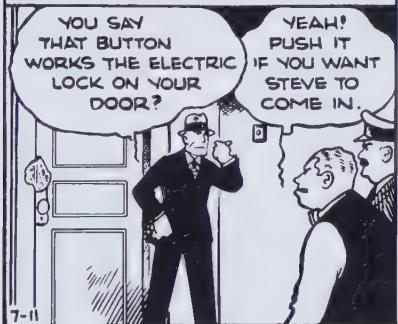
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THAT'S STEVE. I'LL LET HIM IN! HOW DO YOU WORK THAT TRICK LOCK, "GYP"?



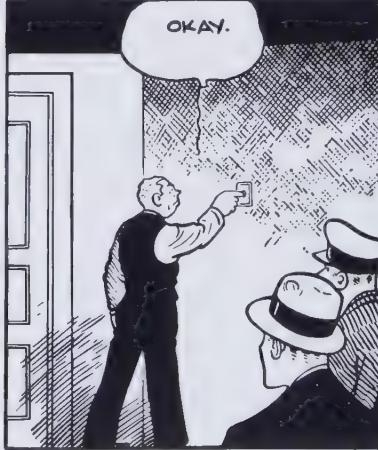
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WITH STEVE KNOCKING ON THE DOOR FOR ADMITTANCE TO "GYP" REED'S APARTMENT, TRACY MUST ACT FAST! HE ASKS "GYP" HOW TO UNLOCK THE DOOR, AND IS TOLD TO PUSH A BUTTON ON THE WALL....



7-11

NO, GYP.
YOU PUSH IT!



WHAT'S THIS? CAN IT BE??? ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY - THE FLOOR TIETS UP AND BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF DICK TRACY AND MILLIGAN - "GYP" REED DROPS FROM SIGHT!



Copyright, 1933.

WHEN "GYP" REED PUSHES THE BUTTON WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO CONTROL AN ELECTRIC LOCK IN THE DOOR - THE FLOOR TIETS INSTEAD AND WHILE TRACY AND MILLIGAN LOOK ON - THE CROOK DISAPPEARS!

QUICK, MILLIGAN!
YOU GO OUT THE SIDE DOOR
AND AROUND TO THE FRONT -
AND NAB STEVE. I'LL JUMP
DOWN HERE AND GET
"GYP".



BEARING DOWN THE OPENING -
TRACY FINDS HIMSELF IN A
NARROW CORRIDOR. . . .

HM, THERE'S NO PLACE
FOR A MAN TO HIDE HERE...
"GYP" MUST HAVE GONE
OUT THAT DOOR.



WHAT?



GREAT SCOTT!
THAT'S GASOLINE!
I'M SATURATED WITH
THE STUFF - IT WAS
SPRAYED FROM
THOSE PIPES IN
THE WALL!

STICK
'EM UP
HIGH,
DETECTIVE!

Copyright, 1933.
IN HIS HAND - "GYP" REED CARRIES
A LIGHTED STICK.

WITH HIS CLOTHES COMPLETELY
SATURATED WITH GASOLINE SPRAYED
FROM PIPES IN THE WALL - TRACY
SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF FACING
"GYP" REED, WHO HOLDS A GUN IN
ONE HAND AND A LIGHTED STICK
IN THE OTHER. . . .

DETECTIVE, THESE
WALLS ARE ASBESTOS.
YOUR CLOTHES ARE SATURATED
WITH GASOLINE - AND I HAVE
A LIGHT IN MY HAND - CAN
YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT
I'M GOING TO DO?

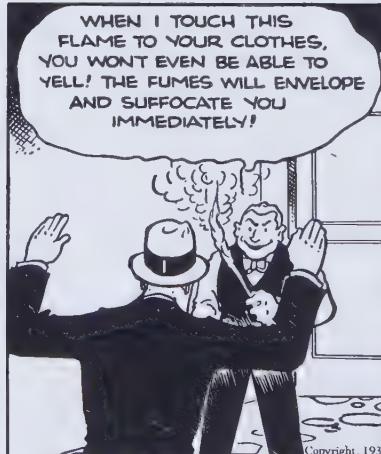


DON'T TRY
TO BLUFF ME,
REED! YOU WOULDN'T
DARE - YOU DON'T
HAVE THE
NERVE!

NEAH? I'VE
DESTROYED
EVIDENCE DOWN
HERE BEFORE -
LIVE EVIDENCE,
MISTER
DETECTIVE!



WHEN I TOUCH THIS
FLAME TO YOUR CLOTHES,
YOU WONT EVEN BE ABLE TO
YELL! THE FUMES WILL ENVELOPE
AND SUFFOCATE YOU
IMMEDIATELY!



"GYP" REED -
YOU DON'T
DARE!

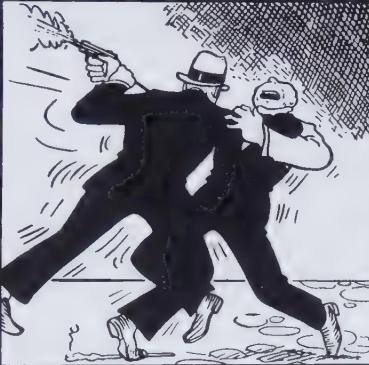
YEAH?



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.

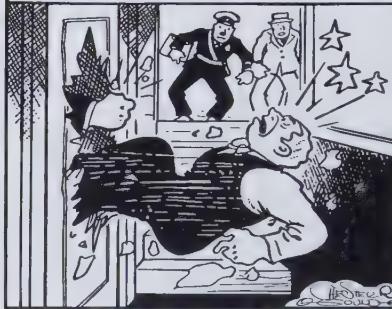


ONE SHOT - TWO SHOTS FIRED FROM THE CRIMINAL'S GUN GO WILD!

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 "STOOGE"?

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 COME WRONG! WE'D BETTER FLAG OUTTA HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



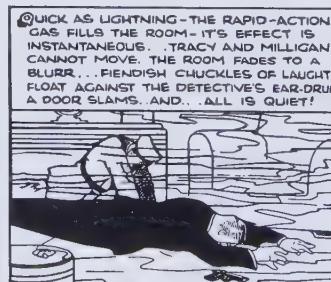
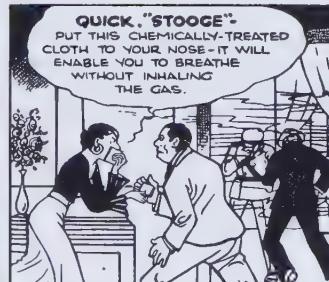
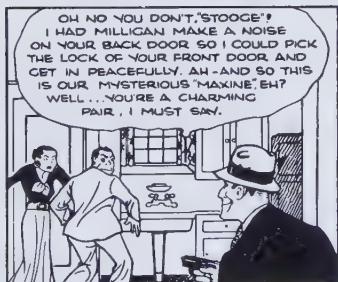
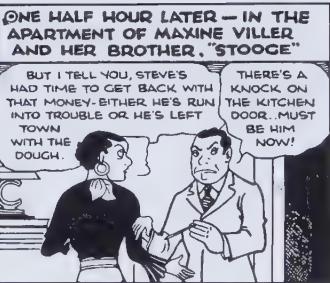
NOW LISTEN, SIS, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! STEVE WILL GET BACK, ALL RIGHT. I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN YOU DO. HE'S SLOW AND CAUTIOUS...HE TAKES HIS TIME - BUT HE'LL SHOW UP.



OF "STOOGE" KNEW THE FACTS!

DICK TRACY

by
HARVEY
DE SOULZ



Copyright, 1933.

July 16th, 1933



WHEN THE CHIEF AND FARNEY KICK IN THE DOOR TO MAXINE'S APARTMENT, THEY ARE MET WITH A CLOUD OF POISON GAS....

GO AROUND TO THE FRONT AND BREAK IN ALL THE WINDOWS, FARNEY! THAT'LL LET A DRAFT THROUGH THE APARTMENT AND FORCE OUT THE POISON GAS.



IT'S ALMOST ALL OUT NOW. KEEP YOUR HANKERCHIEF TO YOUR NOSE! QUICK! CARRY OUT MILLIGAN— I'LL GET TRACY.



PHONE DOC EFFING AT THE MERCY HOSPITAL— HE'S AN EXPERT ON GAS POISONING!



MEANWHILE, THE SCHEMING "STOOGE" VILLER AND HIS SISTER, "MAXINE. PREPARE FOR A BOLD MOVE....

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO STEAL A PLANE AND FLY TO CANADA?



RESCUED FROM THE ROOM FULL OF POISON GAS, DICK TRACY AND MILLIGAN ARE GIVEN EMERGENCY TREATMENT BY THE CHIEF, OFFICER FARNEY AND THE DOCTOR...



LOOK! TRACY'S COMING TO! "STOOGE" AND MAXINE... DID THEY... GET AWAY?

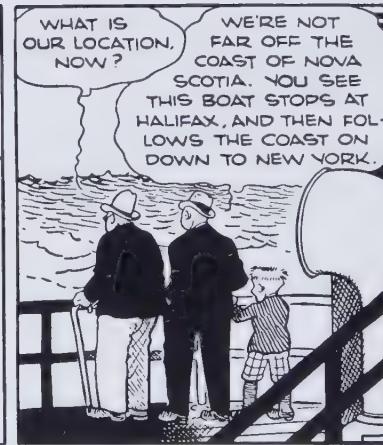
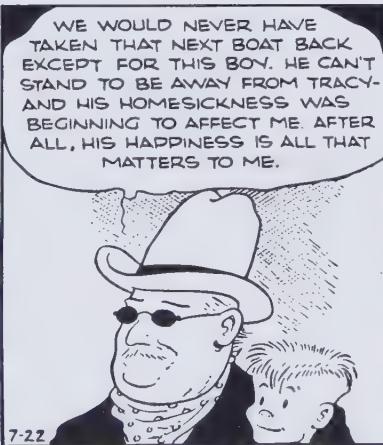
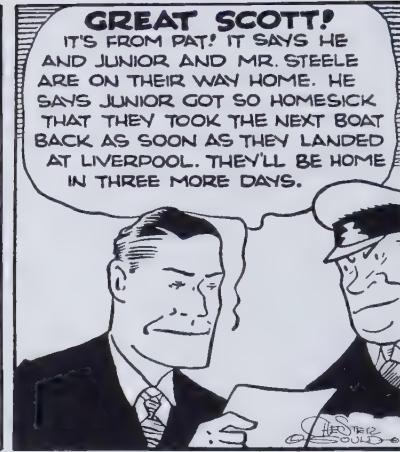
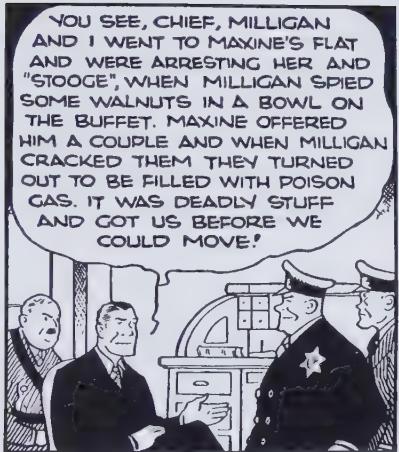


MEANWHILE, AT THE AIRPORT... "STOOGE" AND MAXINE PREPARE FOR THEIR DASH TO FREEDOM...

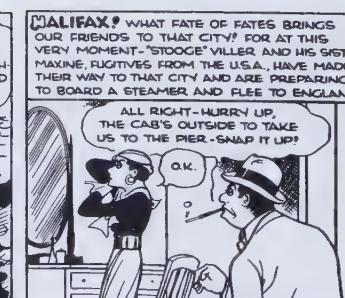
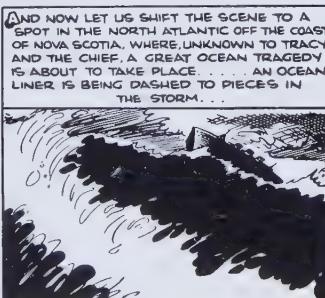


HOP IN, SIS, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY— OUR NEXT STOP IS CANADA!





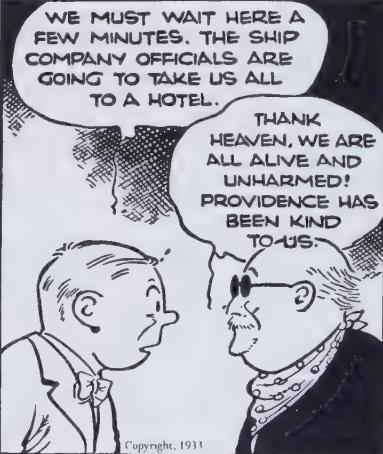
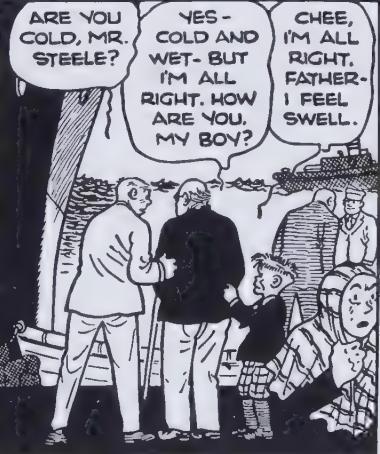
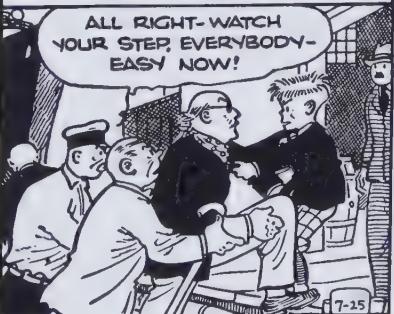
DICK TRACY



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. . . .



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.



AS JUNIOR AND HIS FATHER AND PAT PATTON CLIMB ONTO THE PIER. FROM THE LIFE BOAT, THEY ARE SPIED BY 'STOOGE' 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 SWEAR 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!

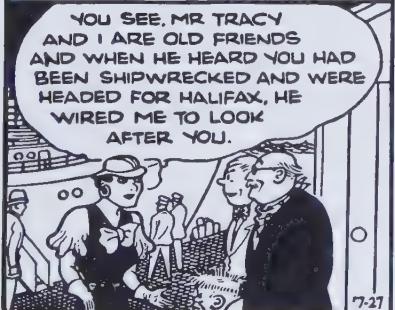


OH, I CAN'T, EH?
LISTEN, THERE'S A WAREHOUSE ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET DOWN THE PIER! YOU WALK OVER TO THE KID AND HIS FATHER AND PAT AND SAY YOU'RE A FRIEND OF TRACY'S, AND HAVE JUST RECEIVED A WIRE FROM HIM TO LOOK AFTER THEM WHILE THEY'RE IN HALIFAX THEN LEAD THEM DOWN TO THAT WAREHOUSE - I'LL DO THE REST.

BUT WHY TAKE THE RISK OF A SLIP-UP? YOU'RE CRAZY, I TELL YOU!



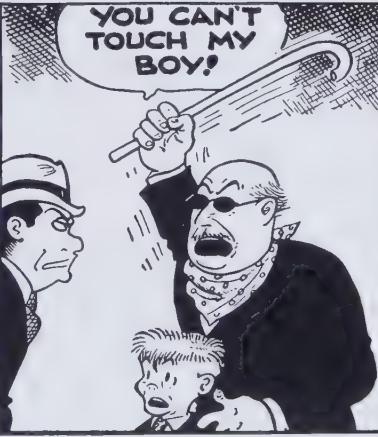
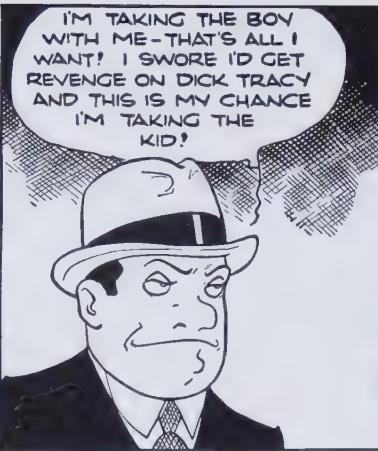
ONCE AGAIN, THE FIENDISH SCHEMES OF 'STOOGE' VILLER ARE AFOOT! !! FORCED BY HER BROTHER TO ASSIST IN HIS LATEST, MAXINE VILLER APPROACHES JUNIOR, MR. STEELE AND PAT. . .



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.



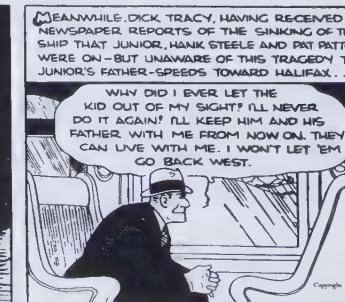
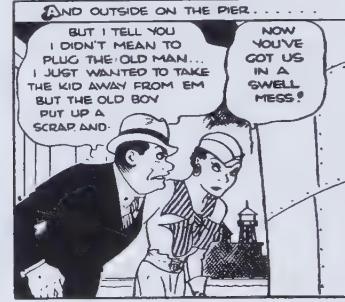
TRICKED INTO FOLLOWING MAXINE VILLER, WHOM THEY BELIEVE TO BE A FRIEND OF TRACY'S, PAT PATTON, JUNIOR, AND MR STEELE FIND THEMSELVES IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE CONFRONTED BY THE VILLIANOUS "STOOGE" VILLER..



DICK TRACY

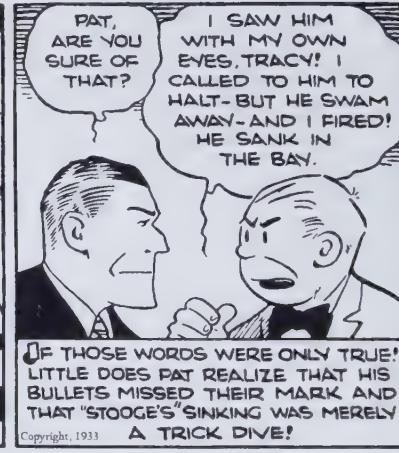
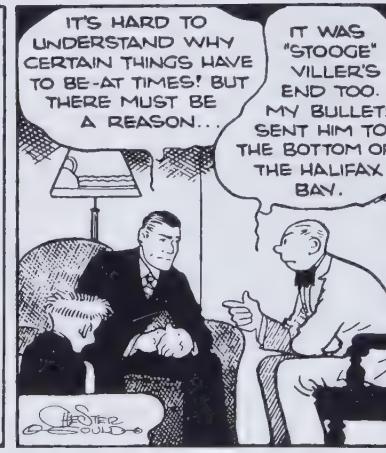
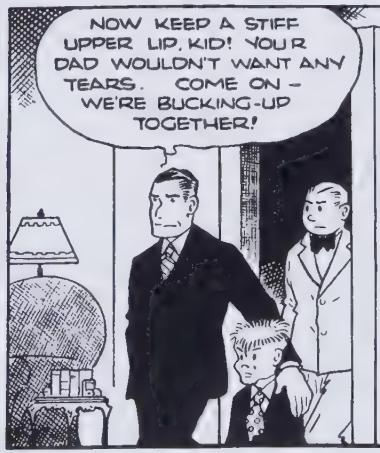
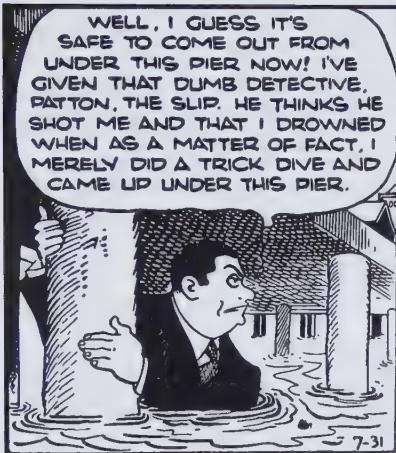


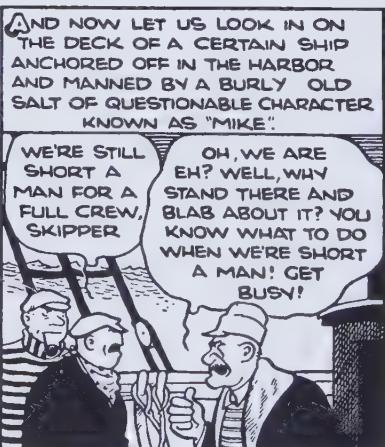
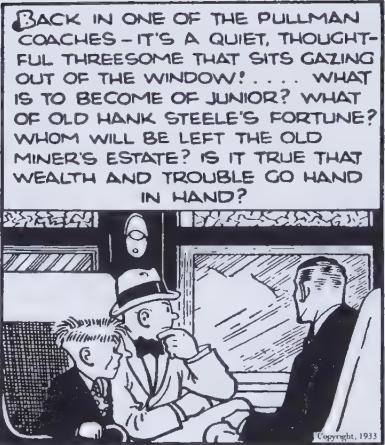
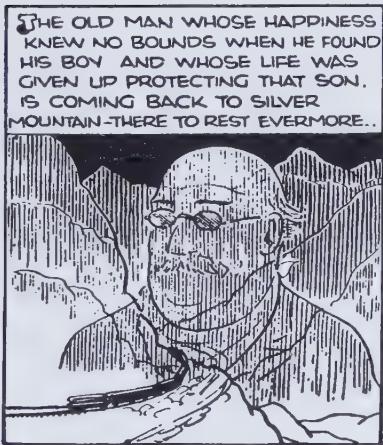
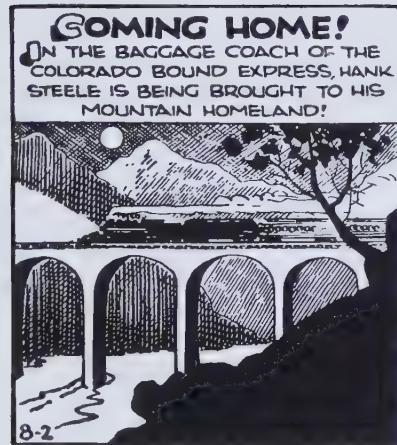
NO SOONER HAD JUNIOR, HANK STEELE AND PAT PATTON LANDED ON THE PIER IN HALIFAX AFTER THE SHIP WRECK, THAN THEY WERE APPROACHED BY A WOMAN ("STOOGE" VILLER'S SISTER, MAXINE) WHO SAID SHE WAS A FRIEND OF TRACY'S, AND WOULD DIRECT THEM TO A HOTEL. INSTEAD, SHE LED THEM TO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE WHERE THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY "STOOGE" VILLER. WHEN VILLER STATED THAT HE INTENDED TO TAKE JUNIOR AS A REVENGE MOVE AGAINST TRACY—A FIGHT ENSUED...



July 30th, 1933

Copyright 1933





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

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

B-4

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



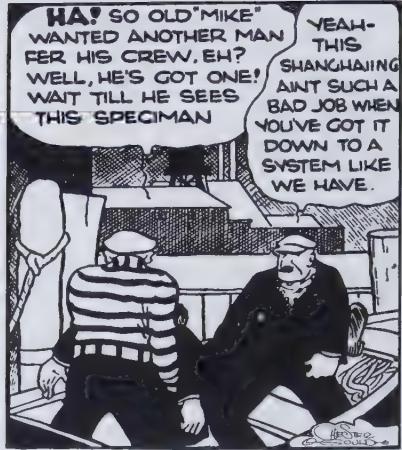
HAVEN'T GOT A MATCH. HAVE YOU, BUDDY?

A MATCH? -OH SURE.



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

VEAH- THIS SHANGHAIING AINT SUCH A BAD JOB WHEN YOUE GOT IT DOWN TO A SYSTEM LIKE WE HAVE.



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

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!



DICK TRACY

By Chester Gould

ONCE AGAIN, THE HAND OF "STOOGIE" 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 HOMELAND.



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 BUND 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...



TRACY 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.

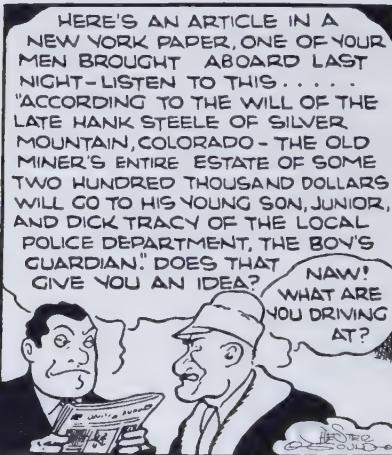
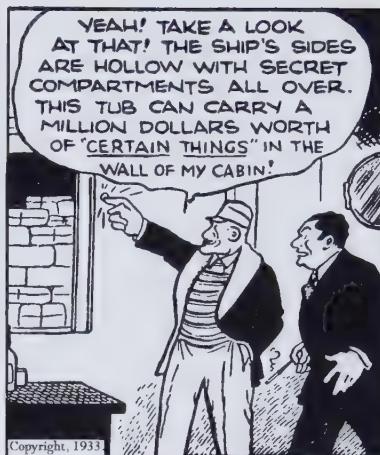


YOUR MOTHER? HM-M... SHE WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, JUNIOR.



YEAH - 'AN MY FATHER, SAID SHE WAS WONDERFUL!



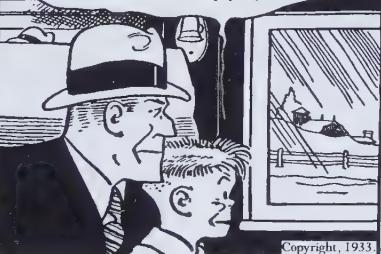


HOMeward bound, after seeing Hank Steele laid to rest in the mountains of the West, Dick Tracy and Junior discuss the future. . . .

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?



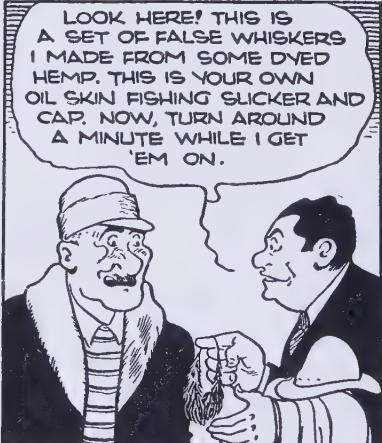
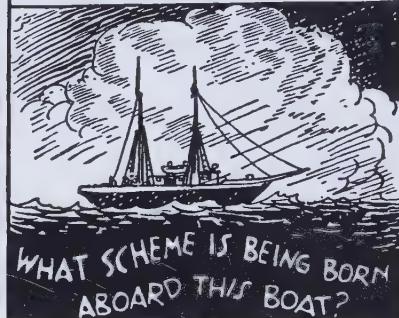
YOU KNOW I'M GLAD, TRACY! I'M GLAD AND HAPPY! HAPPIER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE . . . I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS. I WANT TO BE LIKE YOU, TRACY - MY FATHER SAID HE WANTED ME TO BE LIKE YOU, TOO.

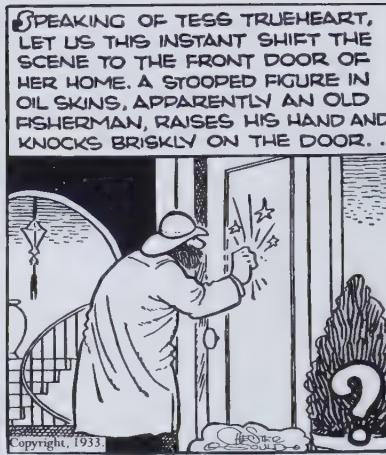


YOUR FATHER HAD A PRETTY HIGH OPINION OF ME KID - TOO HIGH, I'M AFRAID. I ONLY HOPE I DON'T LET HIM DOWN . . . I'M GOING TO TRY HARD TO KEEP YOU ON THE STRAIGHT ROAD AND BRING YOU UP RIGHT. BUT WE'LL BOTH HAVE TO DO OUR SHARE, KID.



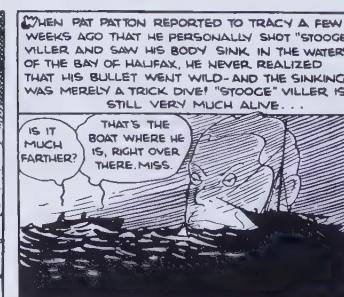
MEANWHILE.. AS TRACY AND JUNIOR SPEED EASTWARD BY RAIL . . . A CERTAIN SHIP SPEEDS SOUTH ALONG THE NORTHEAST COAST OF THE U.S. HEADED FOR THE SAME CITY.

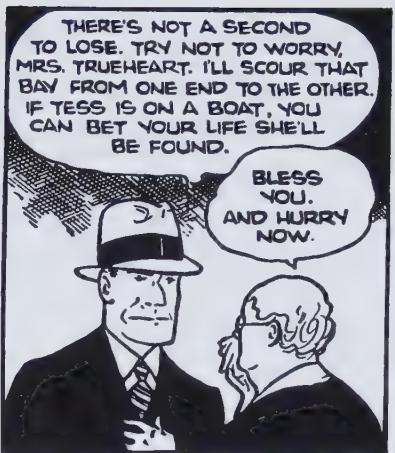


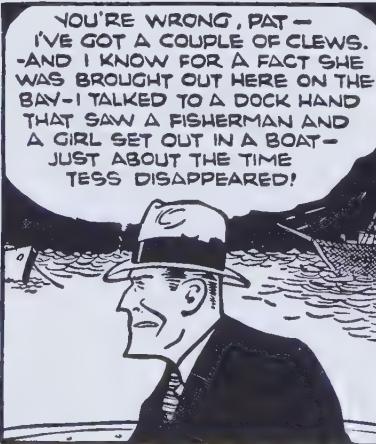
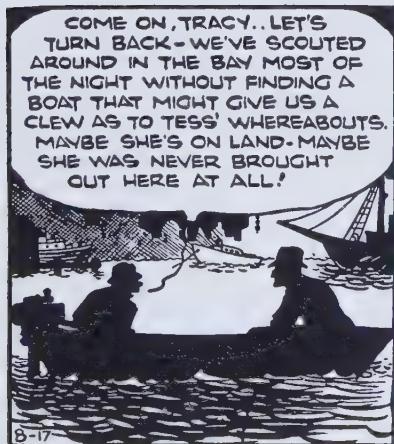
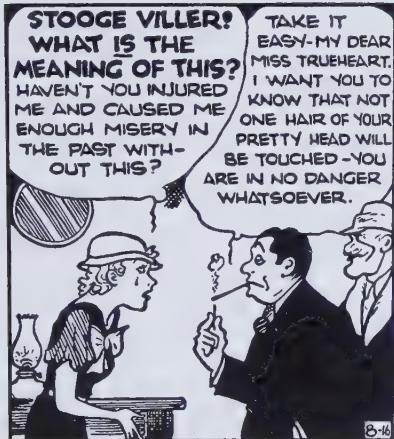


DICK TRACY

by
HAROLD GOLD







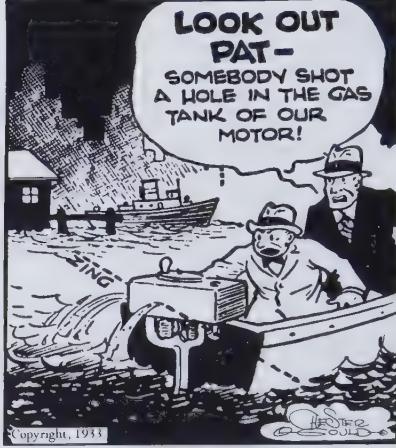
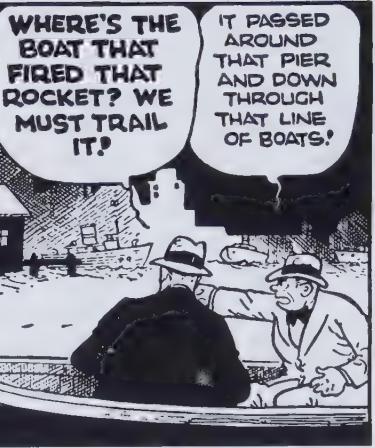
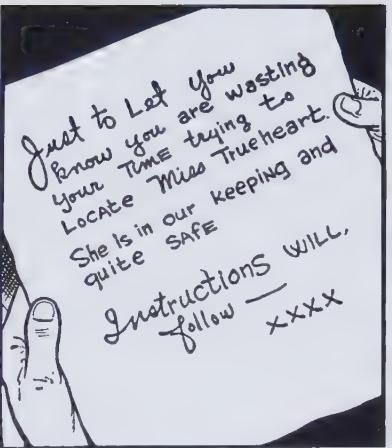
WHILE TRACY AND PAT ARE SEARCHING THE BAY FOR A TRACE OF THE MISSING TESS-A ROCKET IS FIRED TOWARD THEM FROM A SPEED BOAT WHICH RACES ON

HERE'S THAT ROCKET, TRACY
WHY DO YOU WANT IT?

YOU BOOB! DON'T YOU SEE THERE'S A NOTE TIED TO IT?



8-18

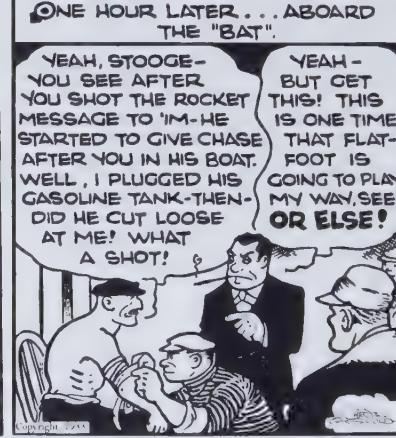


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WHEN TRACY AND PAT PREPARE TO CHASE THE SPEED BOAT FROM WHICH CAME THE ROCKET MESSAGE ABOUT TESS TRUEHEART... A SHOT IS FIRED FROM A HUT ON THE WHARF!



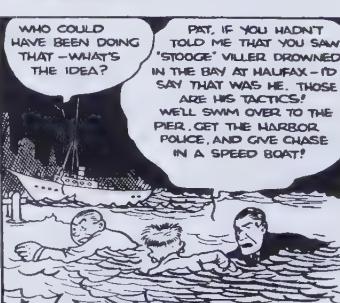
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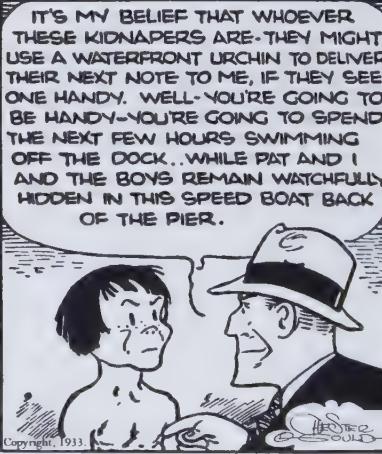
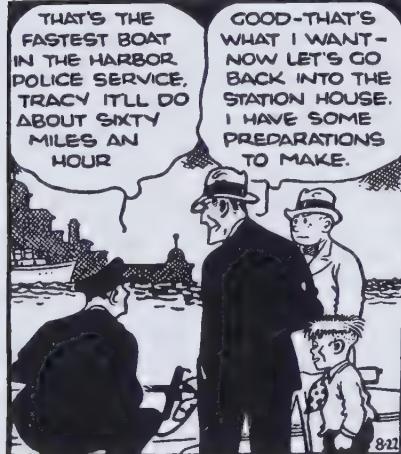
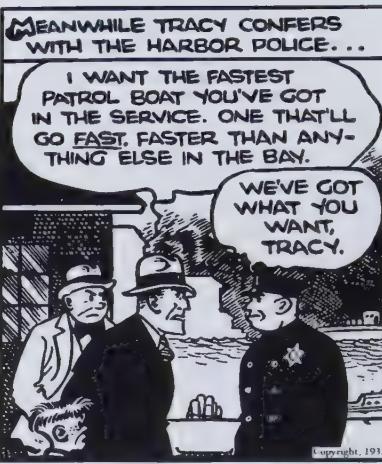
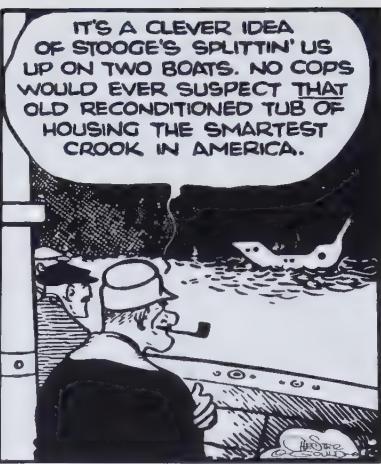
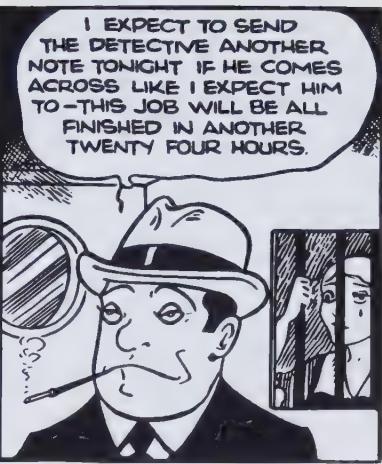


YEAH - BUT GET THIS! THIS IS ONE TIME THAT FLAT-FOOT IS GOING TO PLAY MY WAY SEE! OR ELSE!

August 18th and 19th, 1933

DICK TRACY



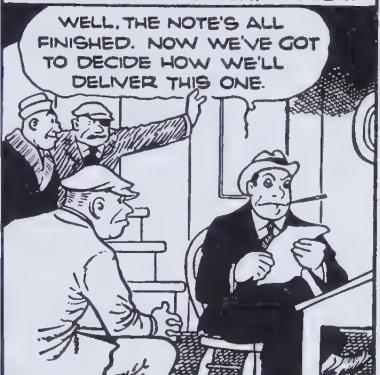


WHILE TRACY, PAT AND THE HARBOR POLICE REMAIN HIDDEN IN THE SPEEDY POLICE BOAT — JUNIOR, IN DISGUISE, PLANS THE PART OF A WATERFRONT URCHIN... AS PART OF TRACY'S PLAN TO CATCH THE KIDNAPERS OF TESS TRUEHEART...



8-23

MEANWHILE, ON THE ANCIENT RE-CONDITIONED SKIFF-STOOGE VILLER PREPARES FOR HIS NEXT MOVE...



I'VE GOT IT, BOSS! LET ME AND AL SEND IT TO 'IM ON A ROCKET LIKE WE DID THAT OTHER ONE.

NIX! IT'S TOO RISKY TO TRY THAT AGAIN. SAY — I'VE GOT AN IDEA — SEE THAT KID OVER THERE ON THE PIER?



HEY, KID — D'VE WANTA EARN A BUCK? THEN SWIM OUT HERE — AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



DISGUISED IN A BLACK WIG... JUNIOR SWIMS OUT TO SEE WHAT IS WANTED OF HIM BY THE MAN ON THE ODD LOOKING BOAT....



I'LL PUT THE NOTE IN THIS CAN TO KEEP IT DRY AND YOU CAN TIE IT TO YOUR WAIST WHILE YER SWIMMING BACK.



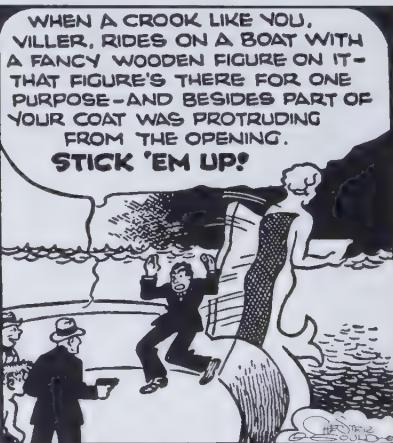
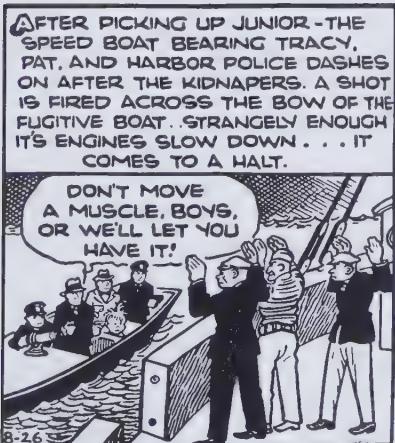
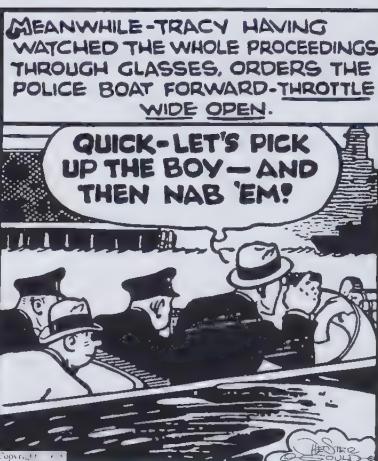
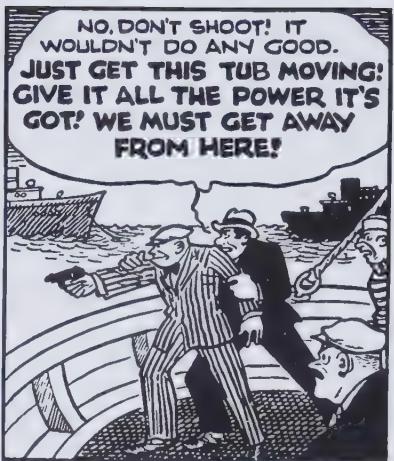
MEANWHILE, WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS FROM A CABIN WINDOW-STOOGE VILLER MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



YER RIGHT, BOSS! LOOK! HE HAD ON A WIG!

SO IT'S YOU, EH?

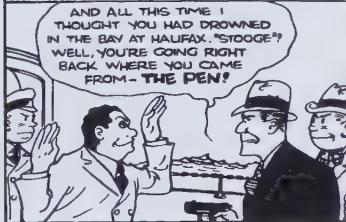




DICK TRACY

VEAH, 'STOOGE' - WERE FACE TO FACE AGAIN - ONLY THIS TIME, IT'S YOUR FINISH!

AFTER AN EXCITING CHASE IN THE HARBOR POLICE BOAT . . . TRACY FINALLY HAS IN HIS HAND ONCE AGAIN, THE RUTHLESS "STOOGE" VILLER. BUT TESS TRUEHEART IS STILL TO BE FOUND . . .



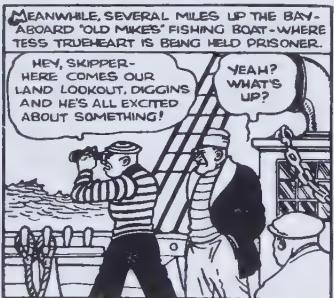
AND YOU'RE DETERMINED NOT TO TALK, EH? YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT MISS TRUEHEART OR WHAT BOAT SHE'S BEING HELD ON.

OF COURSE! VOT! WHY SHOULD I TALK? WHY EVEN IF I DID KNOW, I WOULDN'T SPILL A THING TO A FLATFOOT RAT LIKE YOU!

YEAH? THERE HE IS IN THE BOAT, BOYS. TAKE HIM INTO TOWN AND LOCK HIM UP IN CHAINS TILL I GET BACK.

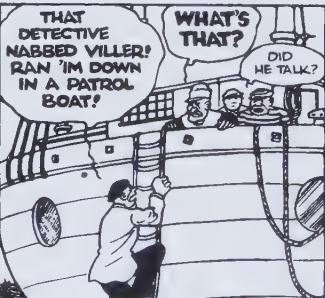


YES, YOU'RE GOING IN WITH THEM, PAT. I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES ON 'STOOGE' GETTING AWAY.

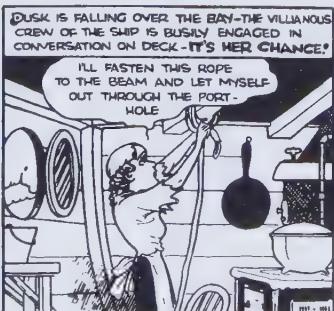


HEY, SKIPPER - HERE COMES OUR LAND LOOKOUT, DIGGINS, AND HE'S ALL EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING!

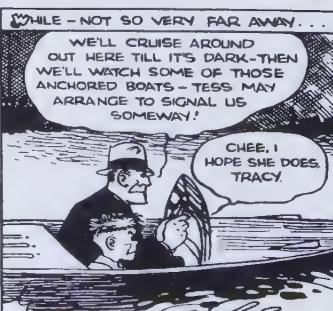
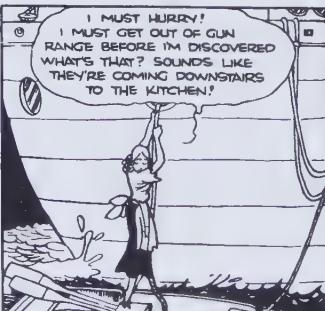
YEAH? WHAT'S UP?



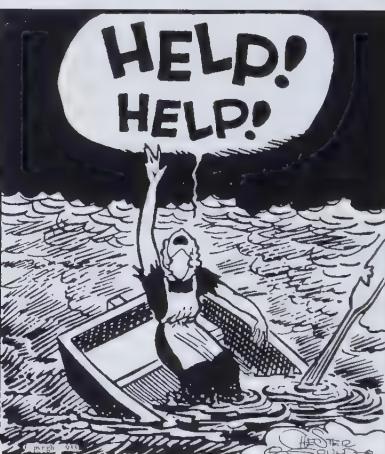
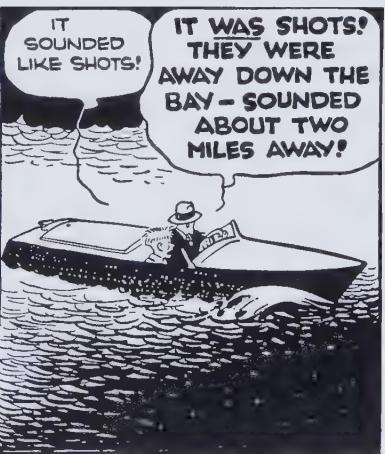
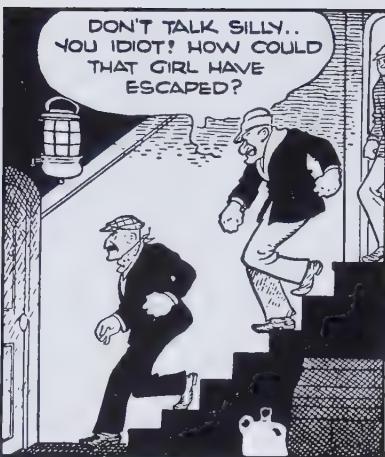
SHE'S DOWN IN THE GALLEY - WASHING POTS AND PANS - CURSE 'ER!



I'LL FASTEN THIS ROPE TO THE BEAM AND LET MYSELF OUT THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE.



CHEE, I HOPE SHE DOES, 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 BLACK-
NESS, 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 SOME-
THING 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!



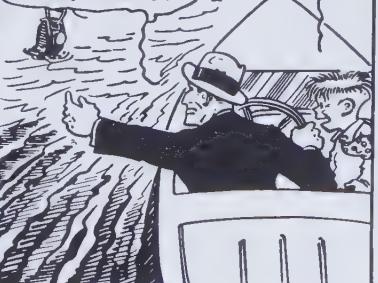
BUT AS DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR
PULL SLOWLY DOWN THE BAY
SEARCHING THE WATERS FEVERISHLY
FOR THE MISSING TESS, THEY ARE
FOLLOWED BY A SECOND BOAT
BEARING TWO MENACING FIGURES..



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!

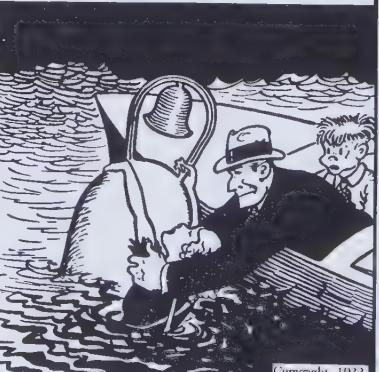
MEANWHILE.... UP AHEAD -
LOOK!
JUNIOR!
WE'VE FOUND
HER - LOOK
OVER THERE!

YOU MEAN
ON THAT... THAT
HARBOR
BUOY?



8-31

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



Copyright, 1933

HEY, TRACY-
SOMEBODY'S
SHOOTING
AT US!



8-31

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...

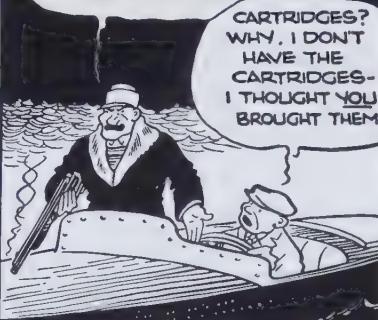
THEY ARE BEING FIRED AT BY PERSONS IN ANOTHER BOAT WHICH IS SPEEDING TOWARD THEM!

I THINK WE HAVE THE FASTER BOAT - WE'LL DASH FOR IT.



9-1

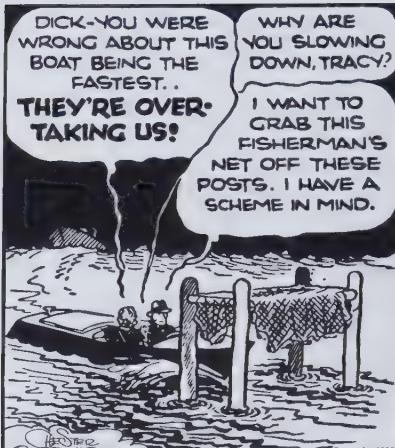
H'M! THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY - DO THEY! HA! HAND ME ANOTHER CLIP OF CARTRIDGES FOR THIS RIFLE!



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!



Copyright, 1933

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!



9-2

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?



Copyright, 1933

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!

YOU MEAN THEY DO MIX, DICK.

YEAH - THAT'S RIGHT.



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 I'M GOING BACK TO CAPTURE ITS SKIPPER.



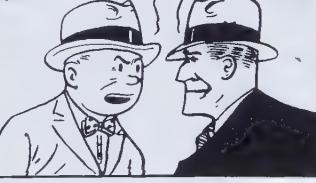
BUT, TRACY - WHY NOT LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE? - TESS IS BACK, SAFE AND SOUND.

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



BUT, TRACY, HOW 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.



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

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



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

WHAT? ME SORRY THE GIRL GOT AWAY? I WOULD SAY NOT! I'M GLAD! AFTER ALL, I WAS TALKED INTO THAT JOB BY "STOOGIE" VILLE, 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!



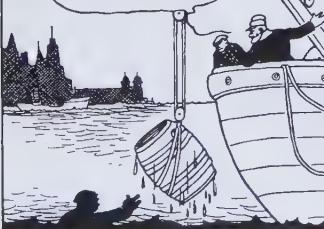
THAT NIGHT... TWELVE O'CLOCK.

THERE IT IS, SKIPPED - 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!



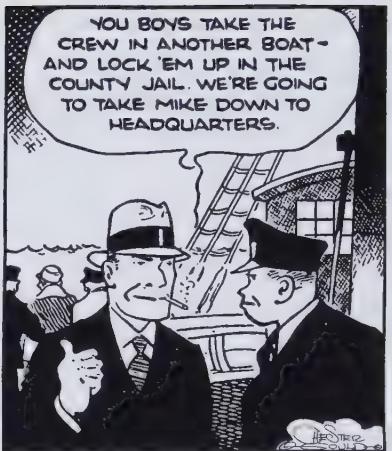
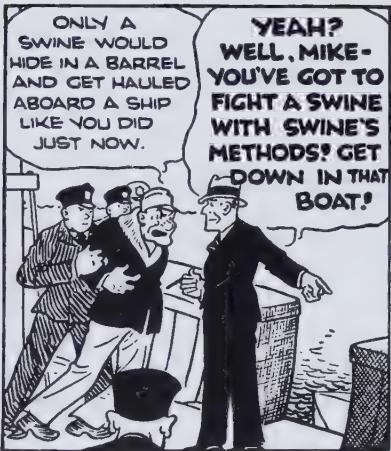
AUTHORITIES IN CHINA TIPPED US OFF THAT "NICKY" DIGGO WAS UNLOADING THE STUFF OVER HERE AND THEY TOLD US HOW. FROM WHAT MISS TRUEHEART TOLD ME OF YOU I DECIDED YOU WERE THE PARTY THAT "NICKY" WAS DEALING WITH, SO I SENT YOU THAT FAKE WIRE AND HAD MYSELF FITTED INTO THIS BARREL JUST SO I COULD GET ABOARD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

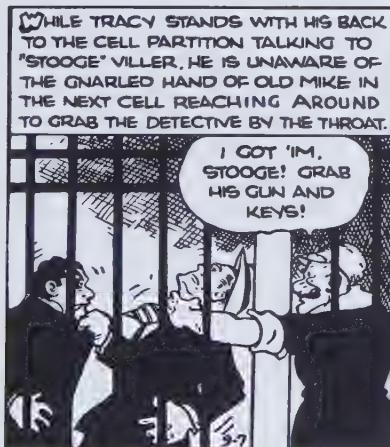
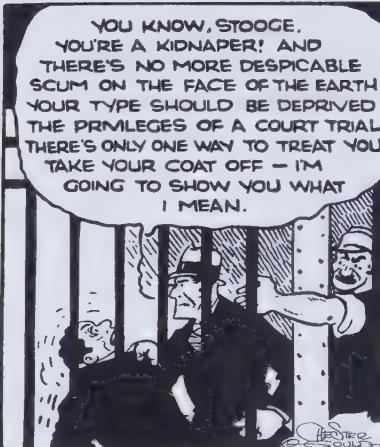


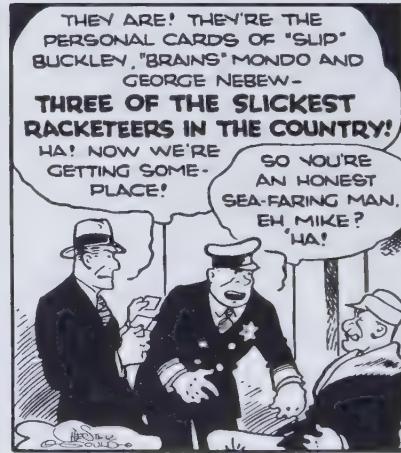
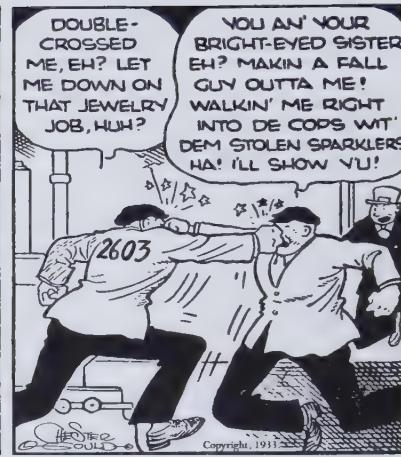
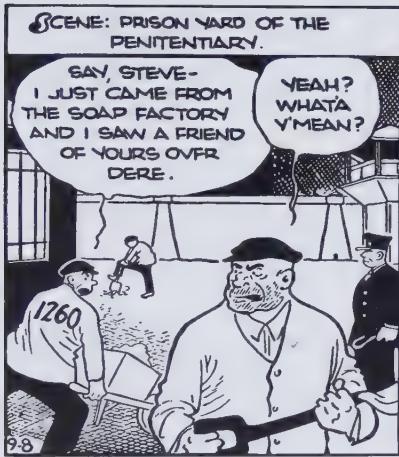
HERE'S THE HARBOR POLICE! COME ON! GET 'EM AND TAKE 'EM IN!

WHY YOU - ~~GO~~!* YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!







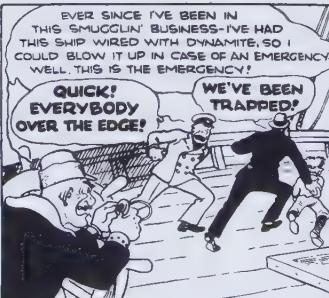
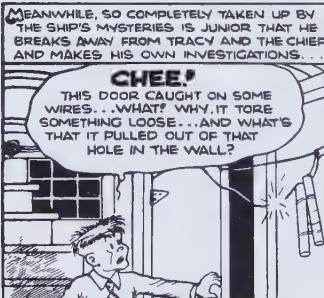
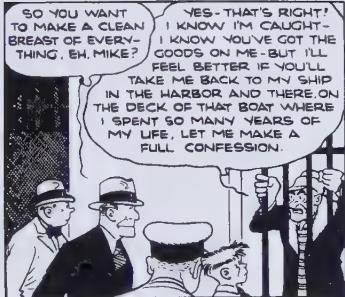


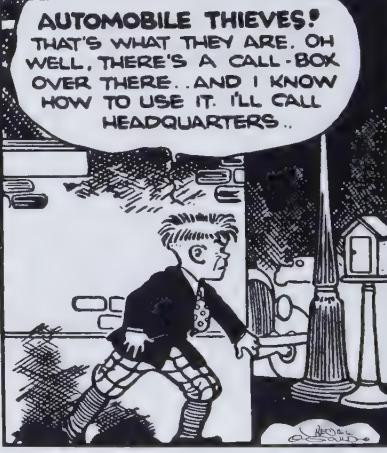
DICK TRACY

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!

© 1933
HAROLD GALLAGHER





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. . . .



9-13

THIRTY SECONDS LATER - IN THE POLICE BROADCASTING ROOM.

OPERATIVE 24 GO TO GREEN AND TENTH STREETS. TWO MEN ARE STEALING A CAR. OPERATIVE 24 GO TO GREEN AND TENTH STREETS . . . TWO MEN ARE STEALING A CAR. . . .



HEY, JERRY, LOOK! THAT KID'S CALLIN' TH' COPS! LOOK! HE'S SQUEALIN' ON US!



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I'LL FIX HIM! THEN WE'LL SCRAM. THE CAR'S ALL SET!

WELL, TESS- WE'LL TAKE YOU HOME IN THE SQUAD CAR. HOW'S THAT?



HEY, TRACY, LISTEN TO THAT RADIO.

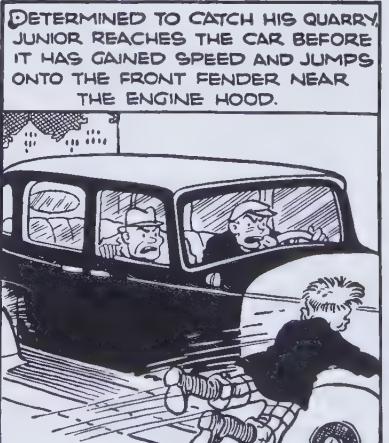
OPERATIVE 24 GO TO GREEN AND TENTH STREETS . . . TWO MEN ARE STEALING A CAR..



9-14



ALL RIGHT- STEP ON IT, JERRY.



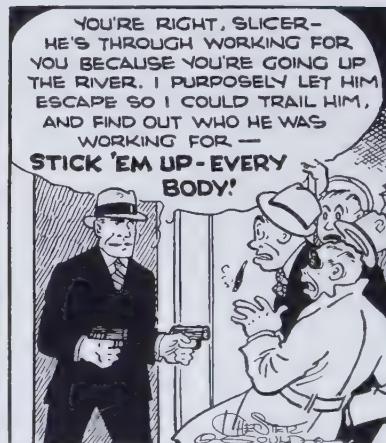
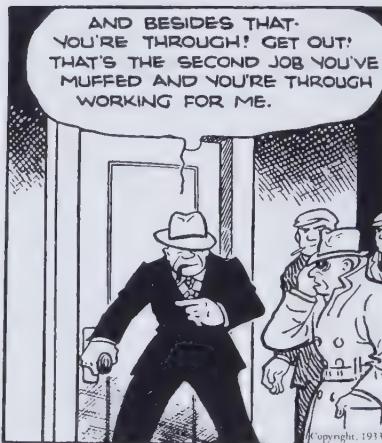
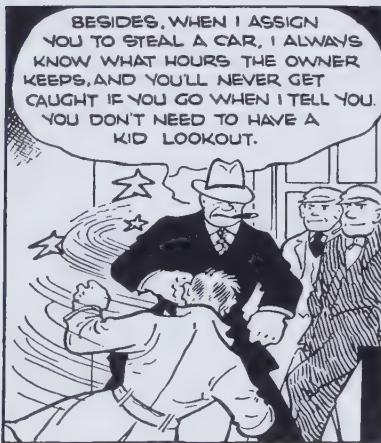
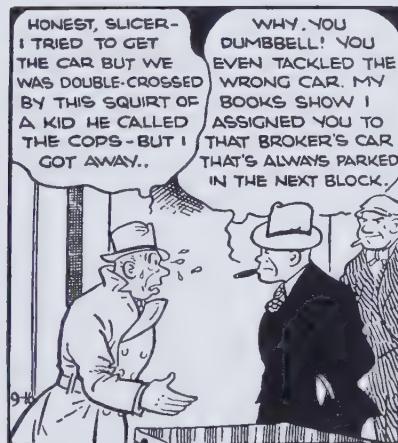
DETERMINED TO CATCH HIS QUARRY, JUNIOR REACHES THE CAR BEFORE IT HAS GAINED SPEED AND JUMPS ONTO THE FRONT FENDER NEAR THE ENGINE HOOD.



THERE! I'VE PULLED OUT THE IGNITION WIRES- NOW YOU CAN'T GO!

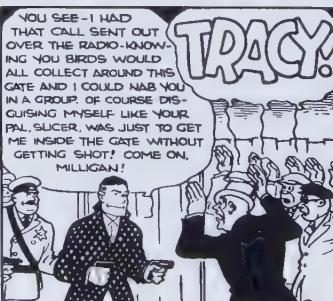
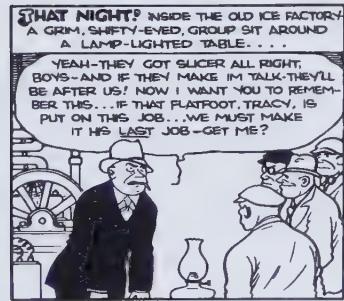
WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE - HEY LOOK- HERE COMES THE COPS!

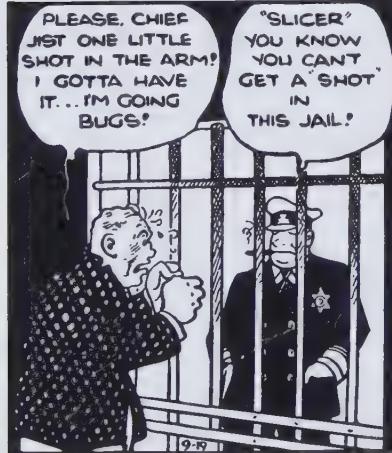
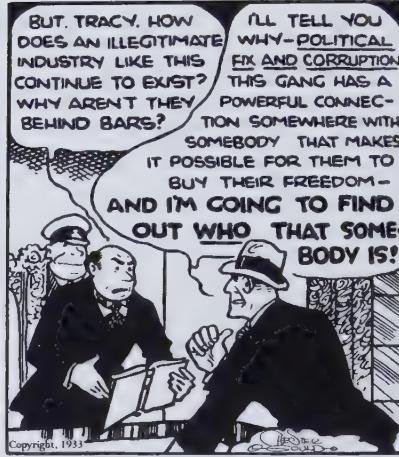
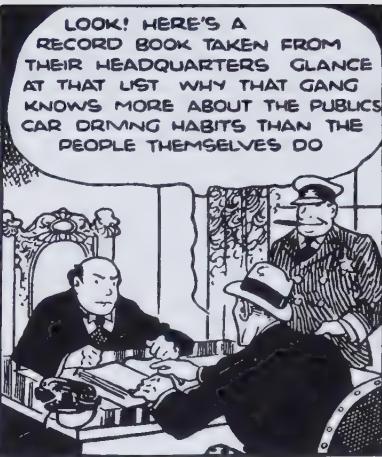
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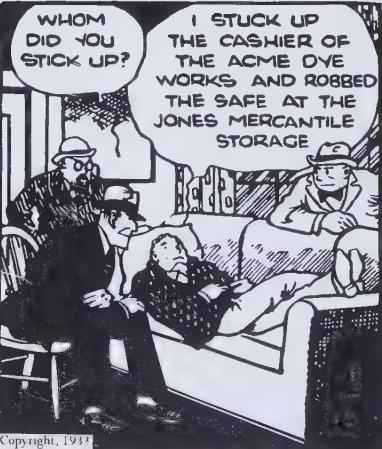
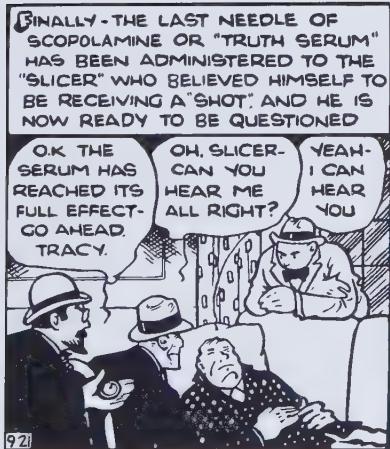
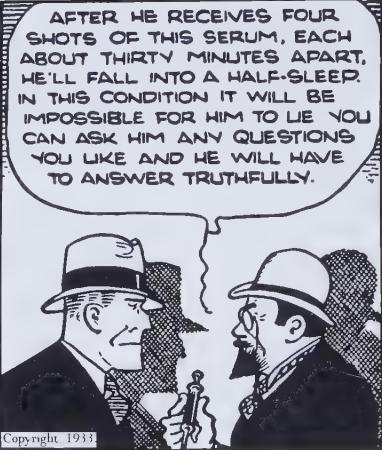


DICK TRACY

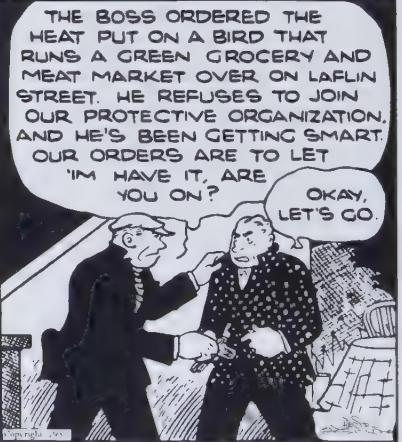
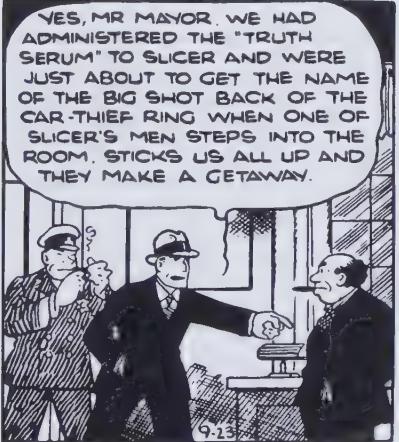
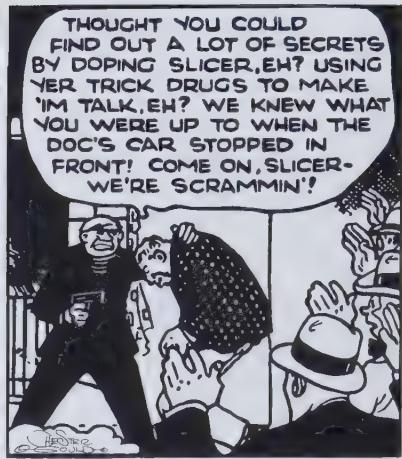
by
HAROLD COULD

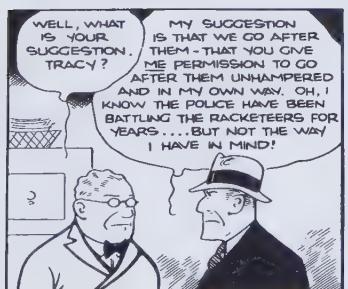
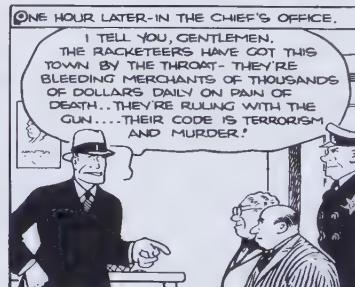
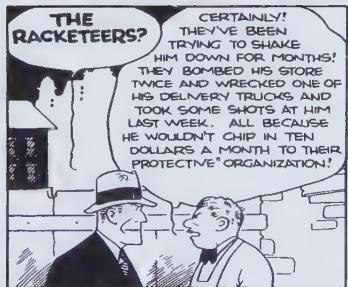


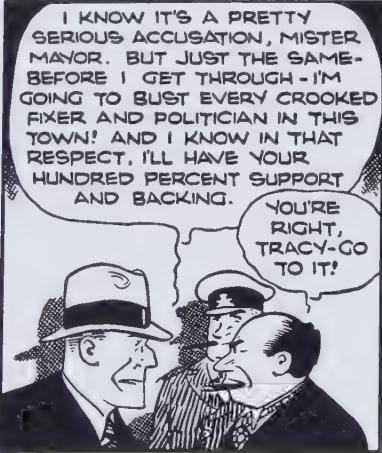
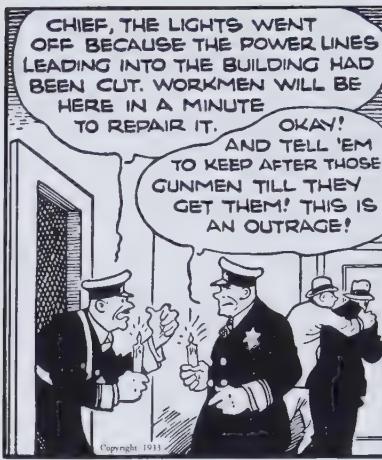


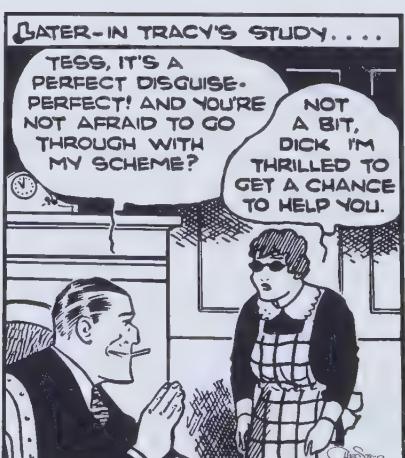
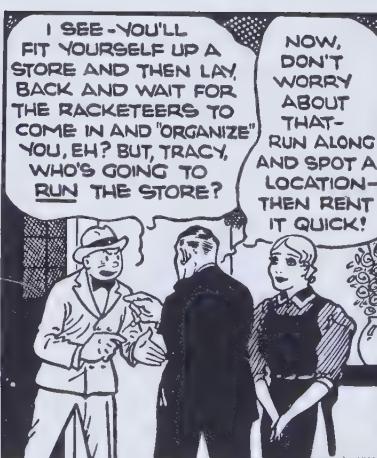
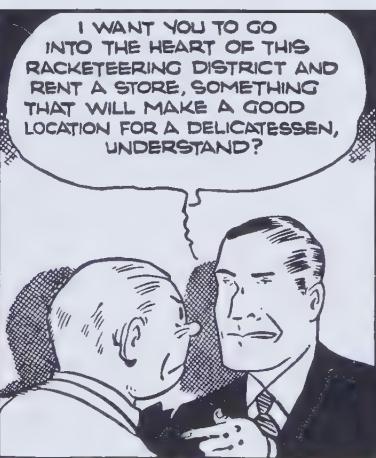
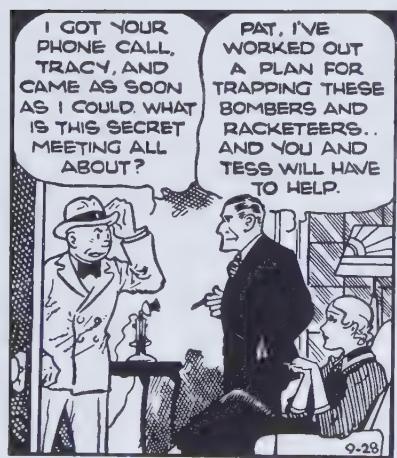
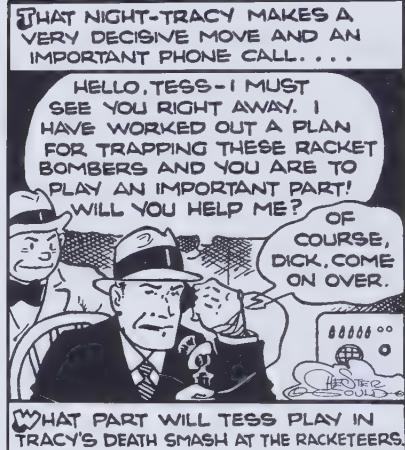
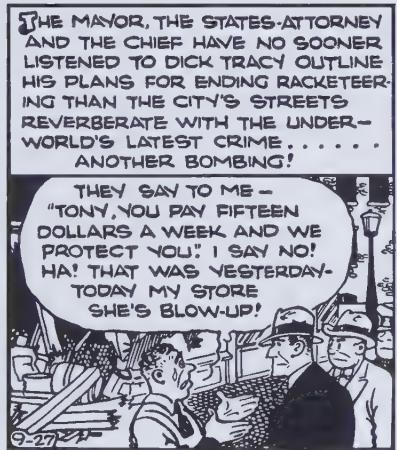


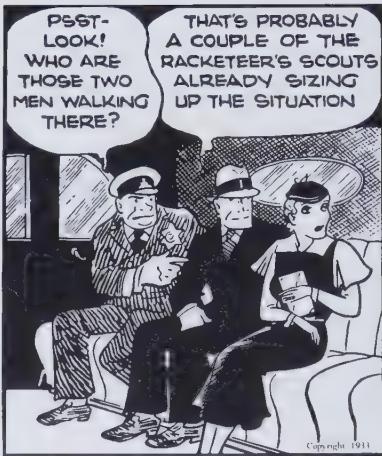
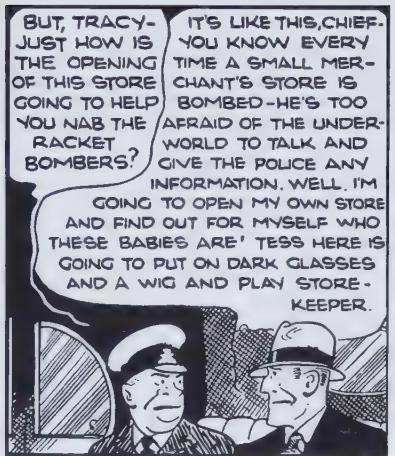
WITH THE "SLICER" UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF THE "TRUTH SERUM"
TRACY'S QUESTIONING CONTINUES.











DICK TRACY

IN HIS WAR ON RACKETEERS AND RACKETEERS — DICK TRACY FINDS HIS JOB THE MOST DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS OF HIS DETECTIVE CAREER. FEAR ON THE PART OF THE VICTIMS SHOULD THEY REVEAL ANY FACTS ABOUT THE RACKETEERS, AS WELL AS THE CUNNING SYSTEMS EMPLOYED BY THE CRIMINALS, HAVE MADE THE DETECTIVE'S PROGRESS EXTREMELY SLOW...

SCENE: THE RADIO BROADCASTING ROOM OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

OPERATIVE NUMBER 24 GO TO THIRTY-SIX MAPLE AVE. . . OPERATIVE NUMBER 24 GO TO THIRTY-SIX MAPLE AVE. . . OPERATIVE NUMBER 24 GO TO . . .



OPERATIVE NUMBER 24 GO TO THIRTY-SIX MAPLE AVE.

QUICK, PAT! TURN BACK! LET'S SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. OUR CONFERENCE WITH THE MAJOR, MR. STATES ATTORNEY, CAN WAIT.



BUT THE MAJOR EXPECTS US —

LET HIM WAIT UNTIL WE'VE SEEN WHAT'S GOING ON AT THIS STORE. WELL, HERE WE ARE, PAT. ATTORNEY KING AND I WILL GO INSIDE. YOU WAIT HERE.



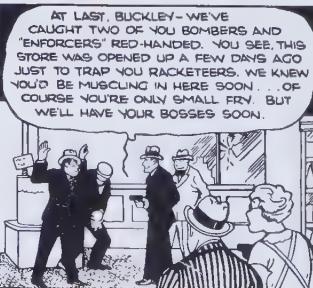
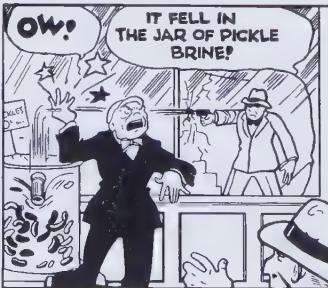
HELLO, MISS. . . HAVING ANY TROUBLE HERE?



KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. . . WHY THAT IS. NO. WHO ARE YOU?



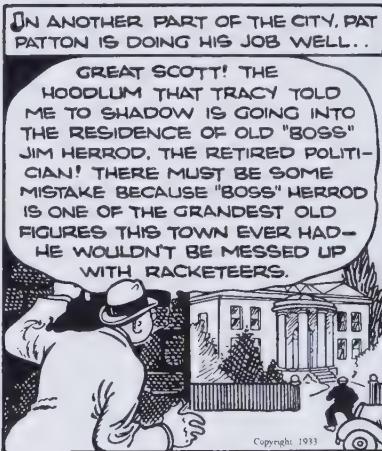
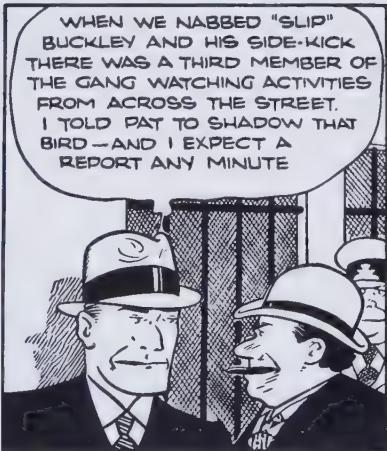
AND THEN. . . A MOST STARTLING THING TAKES PLACE! FROM OUT ON THE STREET, PAT PATTON SEES THE HAND RAISED WITH THE BOMB AND REALIZES THE PLIGHT OF THOSE WITHIN! THE HAND IS DIRECTLY OVER A GLASS JAR CONTAINING PICKLES AND BRINE! TRACY SEES THIS AND SECRETLY SIGNALS PAT TO FIRE. . .

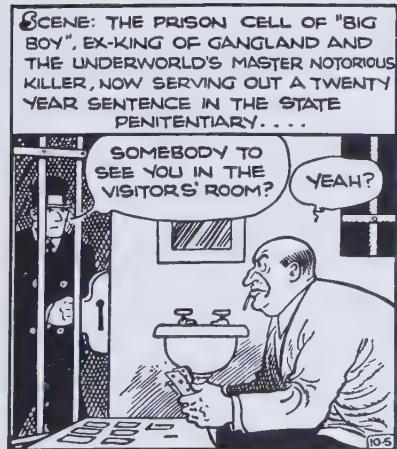
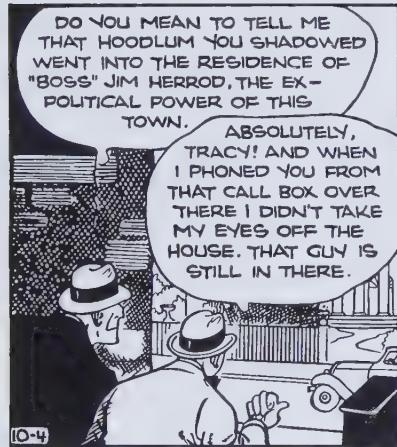


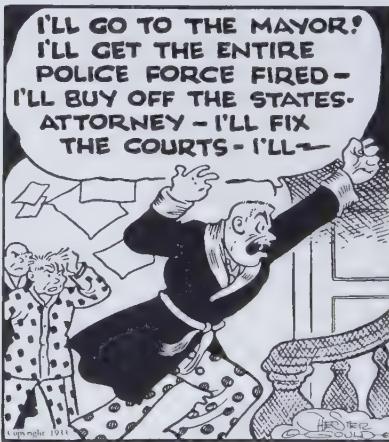
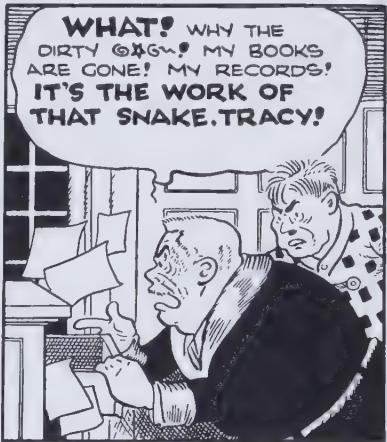
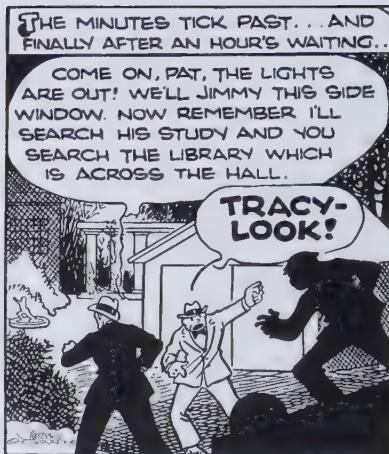
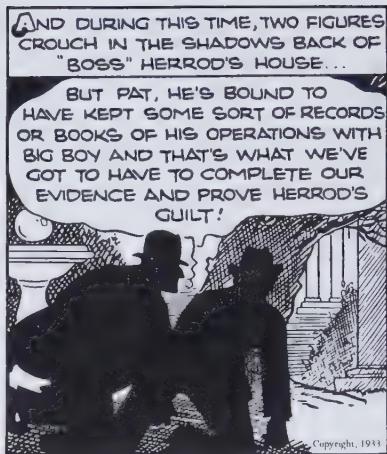
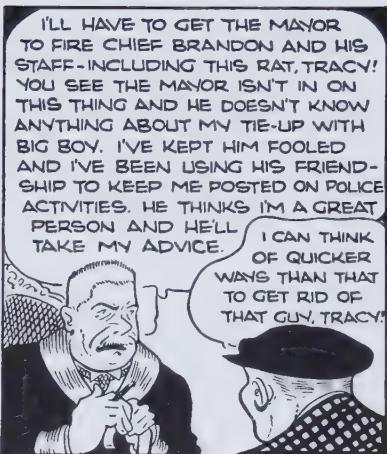
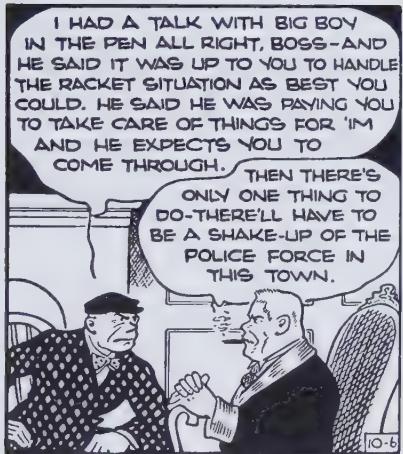
TRAPPED! TRACY'S PLAN FOR CATCHING THE CITY'S RACKETEER BOMBERS HAS BORNE IT'S FIRST FRUIT...



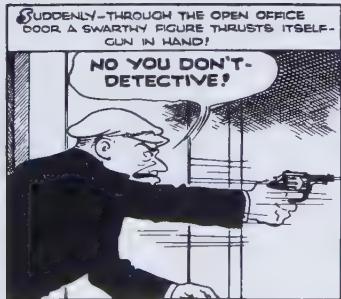
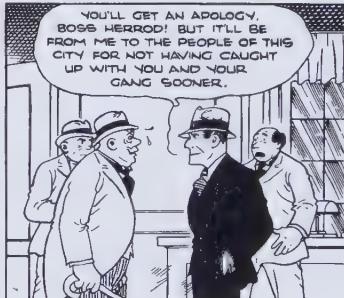
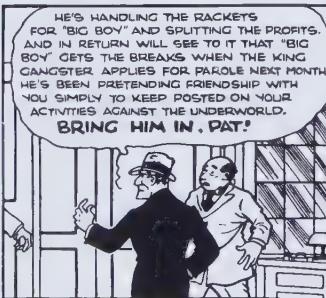
WHO IS THIS FRIEND OF THE MAYOR??

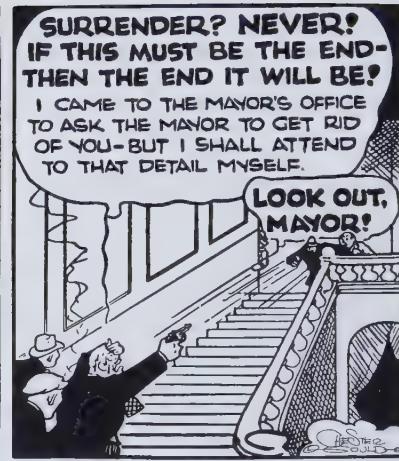
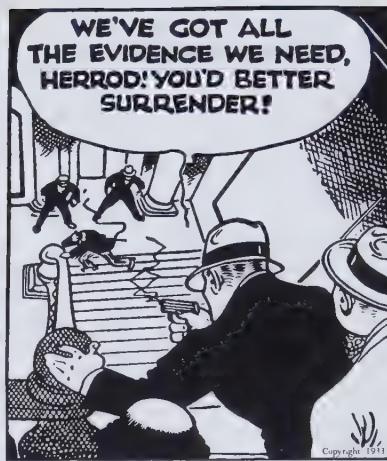
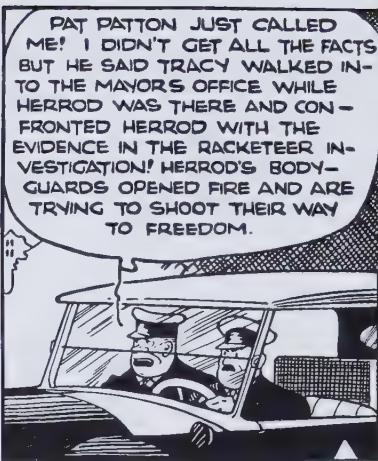
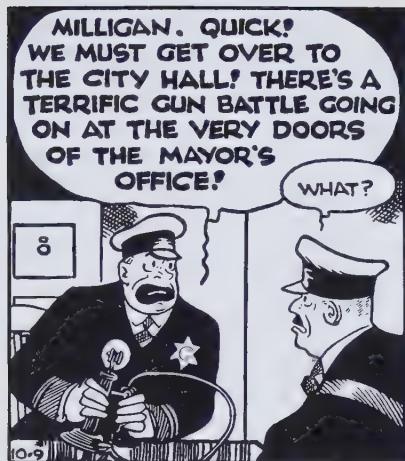


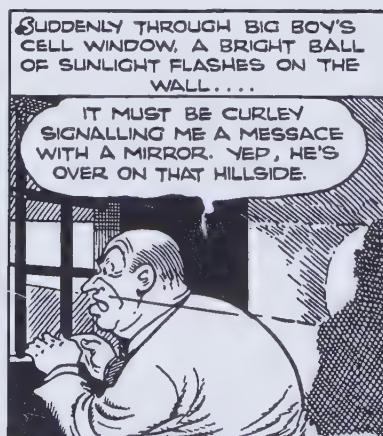
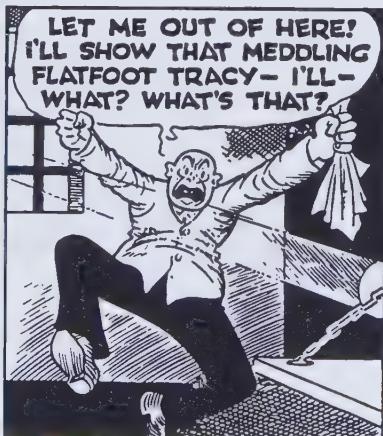
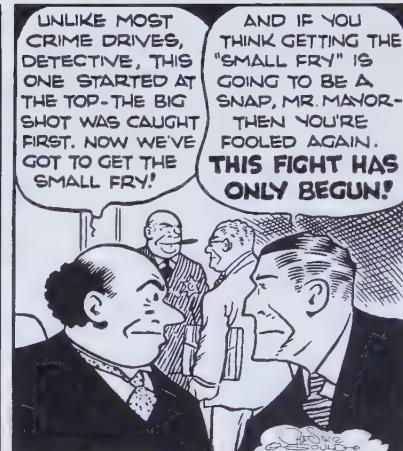
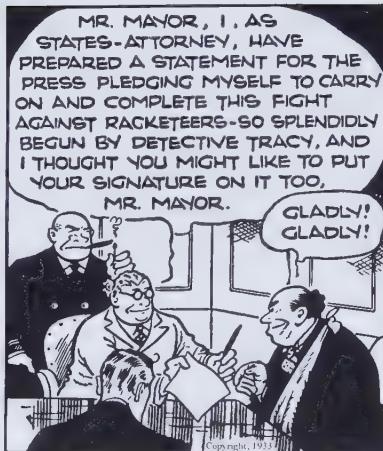
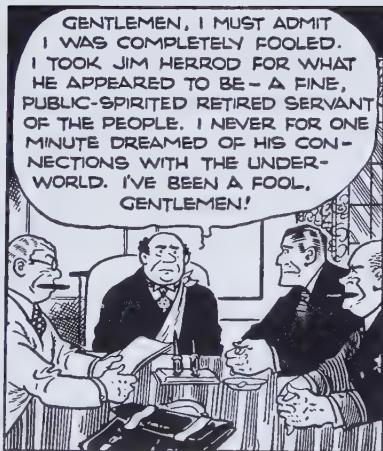


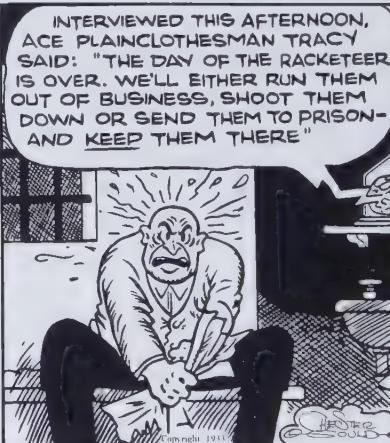
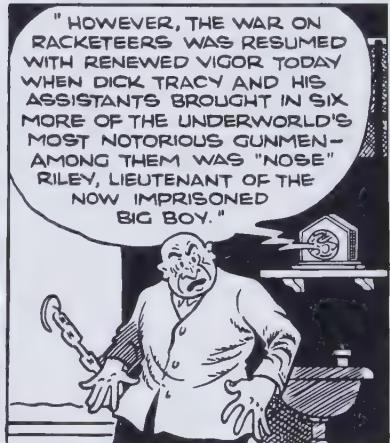
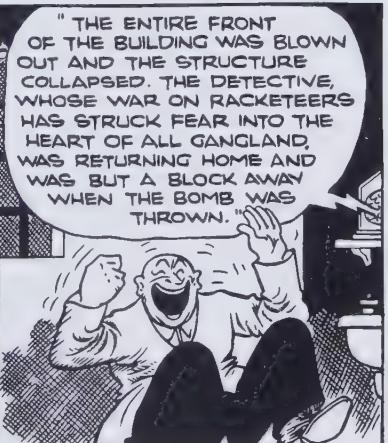
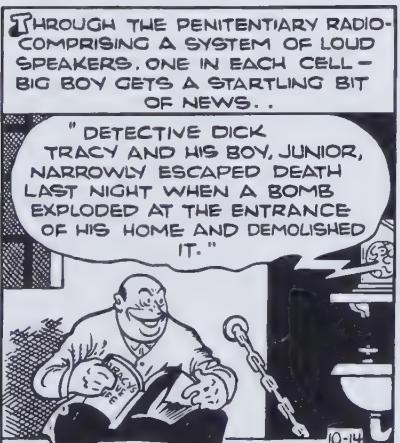
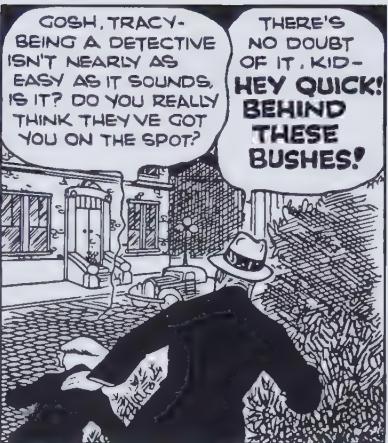


DICK TRACY



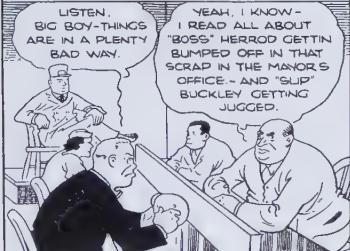




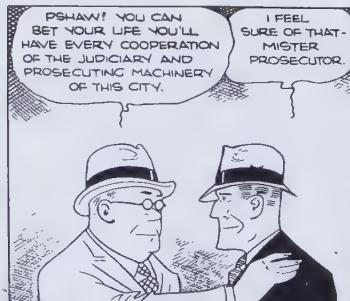


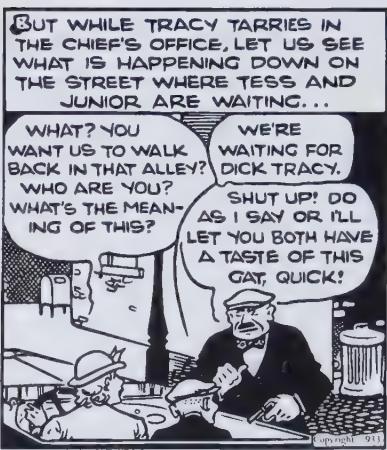
DICK TRACY

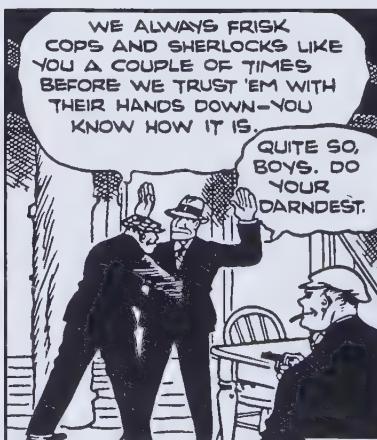
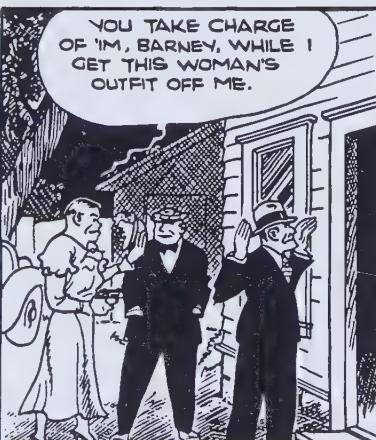
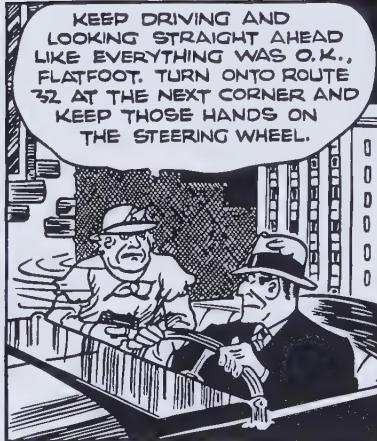
SCENE: THE VISITORS ROOM OF THE PENITENTIARY WHERE 'BIG BOY', KING OF GANGSTERS IS SERVING TIME. . .



YEAH - BUT THAT TIN COP TRACY HAS THE WHOLE DOPE ON THE RACKETS. HE'S PINNED EVERYTHING ON YOU AND HE'S GONNA BRING YOU BACK FOR TRIAL AND MAYBE GET ANOTHER TEN YEARS PUT ON YOUR SENTENCE.







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. . . .



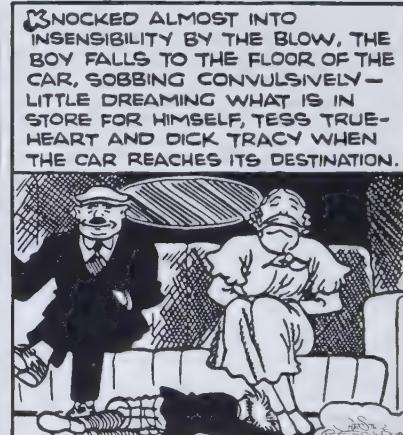
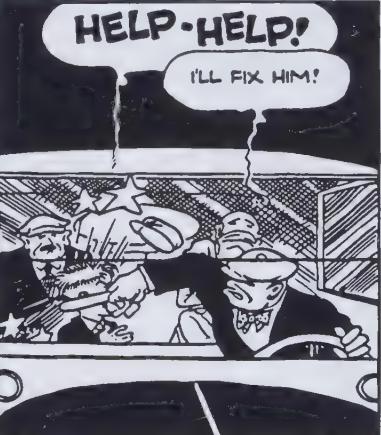
AFTER DARKNESS HAS FALLEN - A CAR DRIVES UP CLOSE TO THE SHED DOOR AND THE TWO PRISONERS, AT THE POINT OF A GUN, ARE ORDERED TO CLIMB INSIDE. . . .



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



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

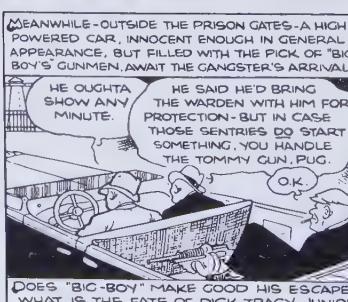
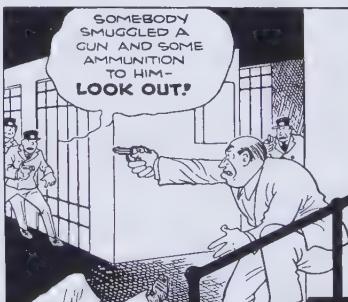
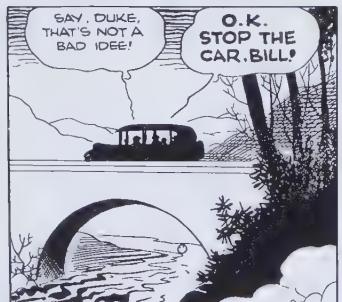
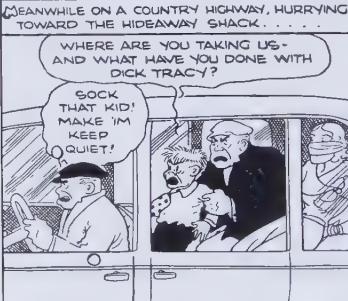
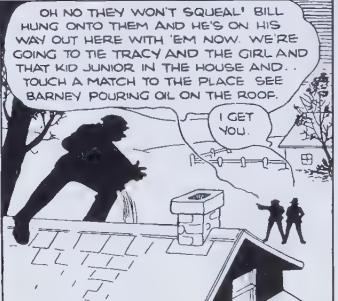


KNOCKED ALMOST INTO INSENSIBILITY BY THE BLOW, THE BOY FALLS TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAR, SOBBING CONVULSIVELY - LITTLE DREAMING WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HIMSELF, TESS TRUEHEART AND DICK TRACY WHEN THE CAR REACHES ITS DESTINATION.

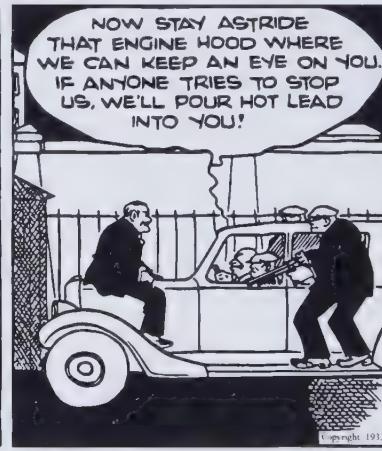
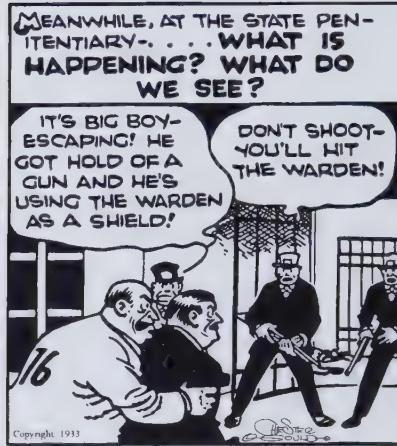


DICK TRACY

SO THAT'S THE GREAT DETECTIVE TRACY, EH? ALL BOUND AND TIED! HOW DID YOU GET HIM, AL?



ON THEIR WAY TO THE OLD SHACK WHERE TRACY IS PRISONER, THE TWO GANGSTERS, WITH TESS AND JUNIOR, SUDDENLY STOP THEIR CAR ON A HIGH BRIDGE OVER A SWIFTLY FLOWING STREAM.



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...



HESTER COLD

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



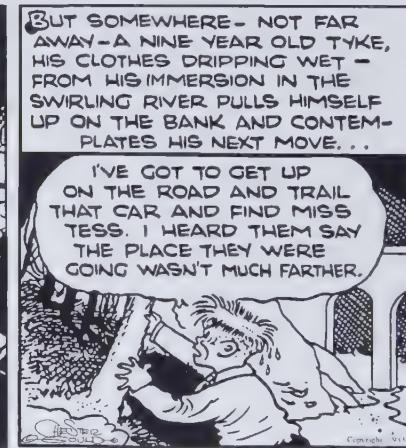
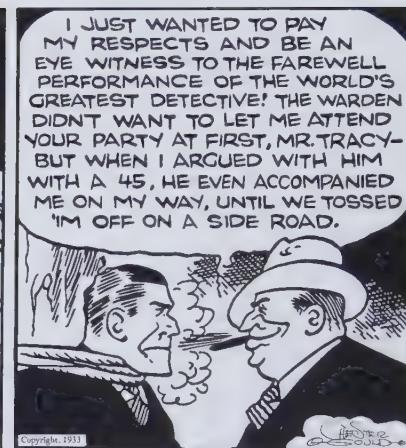
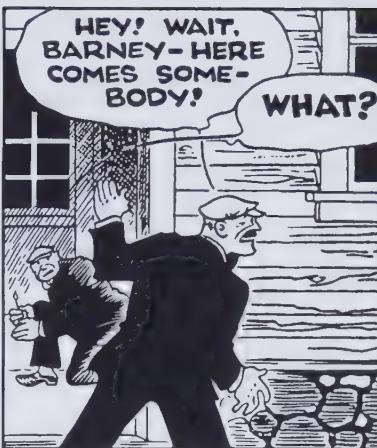
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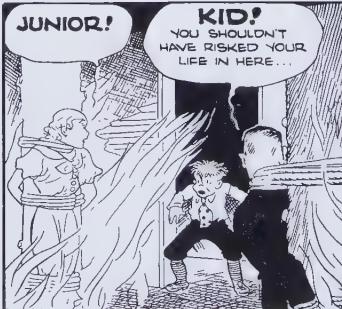
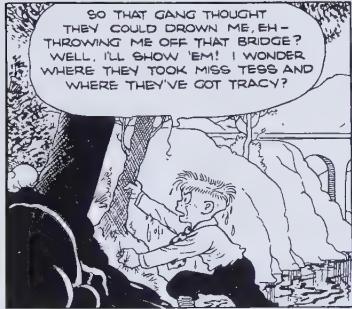


HESTER COLD



DICK TRACY

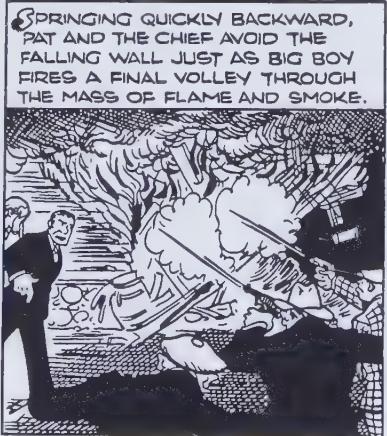
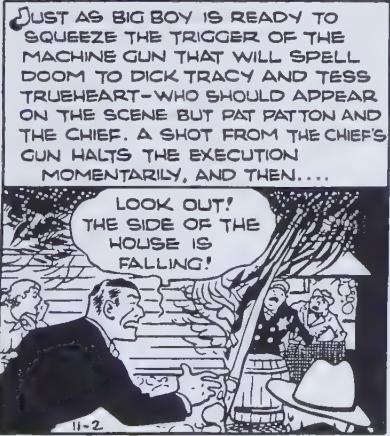
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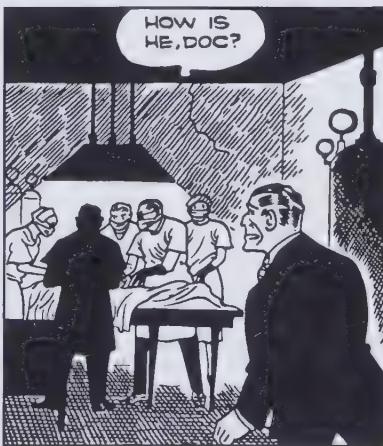
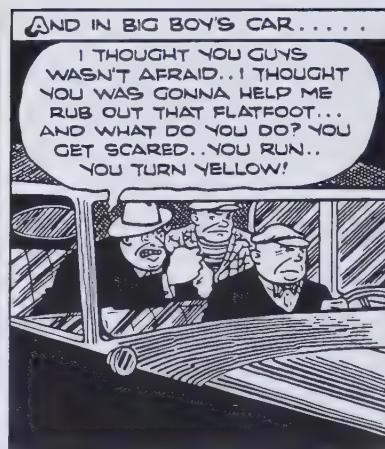




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DICK TRACY

BOLLOWING HIS SUCCESSFUL FREEING 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 HENCHMEN IN A GUN BATTLE AFTER WHICH JUNIOR WAS SPEEDED CITYWARD FOR MEDICAL CARE...



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....



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



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!

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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!

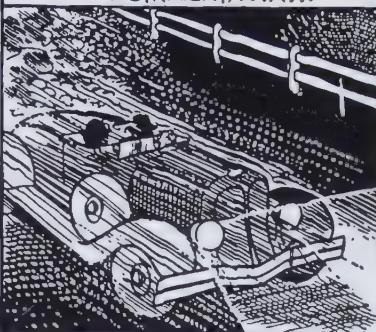
SLAM!

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?



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 TOSSSED 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?



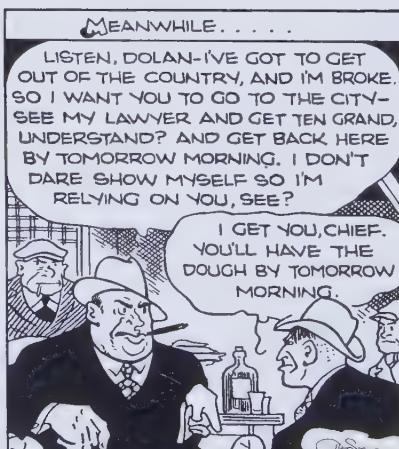
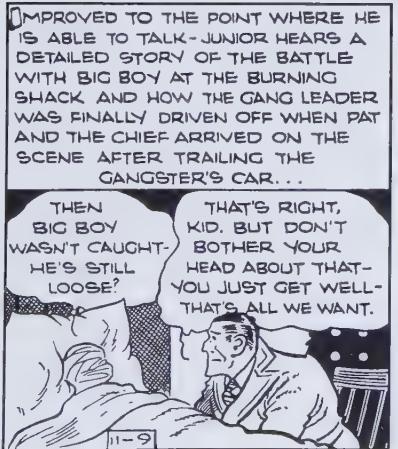
NOW, TAKE IT EASY,
CHIEF- HERE, HAVE A DRINK-
YER NERVES ARE ON EDGE!



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!

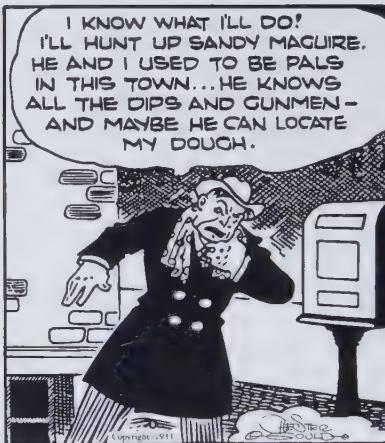
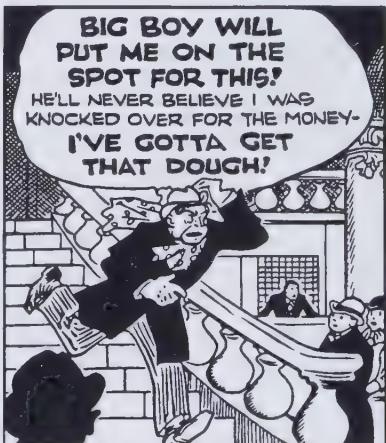
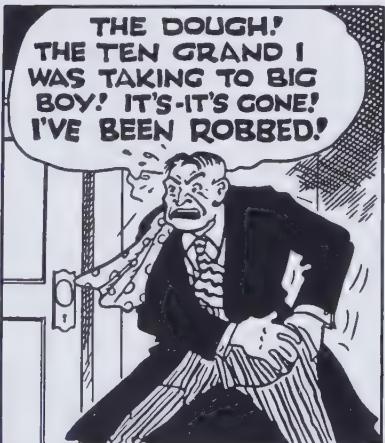




A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE WITHOUT FUNDS, BIG BOY SENDS HIS EMISSARY, "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN, INTO THE CITY TO SEE HIS LAWYER AND SECURE MONEY
SCENE: THE OFFICE OF ATTORNEY BEN SPALDONI....



SCENE: "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM...



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. WELL SEE YOU TOMORROW-SLEEP TIGHT!

C'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 GONE!

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. MAYBE 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 I'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??

A NEW PATIENT! A'lad about his own age is brought into the hospital room and placed on the bed adjoining Junior's, and the boy's excitement knows no bounds....



YES, HE IS UNCONSCIOUS. I DONT KNOW HIS NAME, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF A BOND ROBBERY.

A BOND ROBBERY?
WELL FER-SAY, LOOK, HERE COMES TRACY.



HELLO TRACY-SAY, WHAT'S THE DOPE ABOUT THE KID AND A BOND ROBBERY. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, JUNIOR. I'VE GOT TO TRY TO IDENTIFY THIS BOY FIRST.



HUMPH! I THOUGHT YOU SAID USING THAT KID AND A BABY BUGGY TO GET THOSE STOLEN BONDS THROUGH TOWN COULDN'T FAIL! BUT WHAT HAPPENED? WHY THE BRAT GETS KNOCKED DOWN BY A TRUCK AND THE COPS GET THE BONDS. I STILL DONT HAVE THAT TEN GRAND TO TAKE BACK TO BIG BOY AND I'M IN A HOTTER SPOT THAN EVER!



SO HE WAS KNOCKED DOWN BY A TRUCK WHILE HE WAS PUSHING A BABY BUGGY FILLED WITH STOLEN BONDS, HUH? AND YOU DONT KNOW WHO HE IS?

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM, JUNIOR. HE EVIDENTLY WAS HIRED TO PUSH THE BUGGY TO A CERTAIN SPOT-AND HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS IN IT.



DON'T LET THAT TRUCK HIT ME-DON'T LET IT!

POOR KID-HE'S DELERIOUS

I'LL LEND A HAND.



BUT DONT YOU SEE, SANDY- THAT KID WILL TALK AS SOON AS HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS! HE'LL DESCRIBE ME TO THE COPS, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, EVERY FLAT-FOOT IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER ME! OH WHY DIDN'T I GO BACK TO BIG BOY AND FACE THE MUSIC INSTEAD OF TRYING TO REPLACE THE MONEY I WAS HI-JACKED FOR BY SNATCHING THOSE BONDS.



THAT NIGHT
DON'T YOU SEE, "CONFIDENCE", WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT KID OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE'S ABLE TO TALK.



MY NAME'S GIMLEY AND THIS IS MRS GIMLEY. WE'VE READ THE NEWSPAPER REPORTS ABOUT A BOY GETTING KNOCKED DOWN BY A TRUCK AND BEING BROUGHT HERE TO THE HOSPITAL-AND WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE OUR CHILD-HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR TWO DAYS.

RIGHT IN HERE, MR. GIMLEY.

DONNIE-
DONNIE!

IT IS
OUR SON!

HE'S A GOOD BOY, MR. TRACY. HE WAS ALWAYS RUNNING ERRANDS AND EARNING SMALL AMOUNTS DOING ODD JOBS. HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THIS BOND THEFT- HE'S JUST A CHILD.

I AM CONVINCED, MR. GIMLEY, THAT HE WAS MERELY HIRED TO PUSH THE BABY BUGGY CONTAINING THE BONDS TO A CERTAIN SPOT WHERE IT WAS TO BE TAKEN BY SOMEONE ELSE. WE'LL GET THE WHOLE STORY FROM DONNIE AS SOON AS HE'S ABLE TO TALK.

YEP, THAT'S THE KID, ALL RIGHT. SANDY! THE ONE WITH THE DARK HAIR.

GETTING HIM OUGHT TO BE A SNAP.

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ALL RIGHT, SANDY, REMEMBER IT'S THE DARK-HAIRED KID WE WANT. YOU GOT THE POSITION OF THE BOY'S BED FIXED IN YOUR MIND, HAVE YOU? AND YOU KNOW WHICH ROOM HE'S IN?

YEP! I GOT EVERYTHING ALL FIGURED OUT. YOU STAY HERE WITH THE CAR AND KEEP THE ENGINE RUNNING.

POOR DONNIE-STILL UNCONSCIOUS-BUT THE DOC SAYS HE'LL BE OKAY BEFORE LONG! HIS FOLKS WERE SURE GLAD TO SEE 'IM. GUESS HE'LL HAVE TO PULL THROUGH JUST FOR THEM.

GOODNIGHT, JUNIOR. I'M GOING TO TURN THE LIGHTS OUT NOW.

GOOD NIGHT-
MISS BARNETT.

GOOD NIGHT TO YOU, OLD TIMER. WE'LL HAVE SOME SWELL STORIES TO SWAP WHEN YOU GET ABLE TO TALK. YES SIR, SOME SWELL STORIES!

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

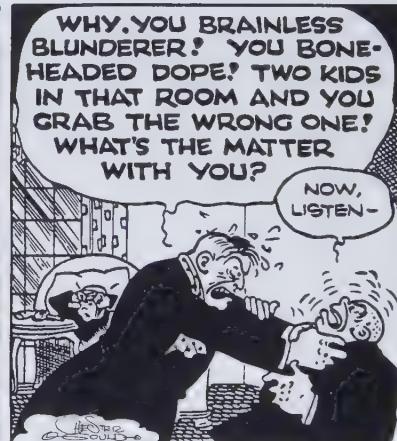
LET'S SEE... I WANT THE KID WITH THE DARK HAIR... HIS BED WAS ON THE LEFT.



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



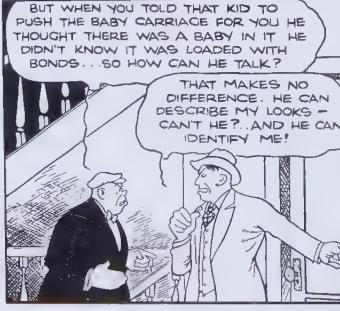
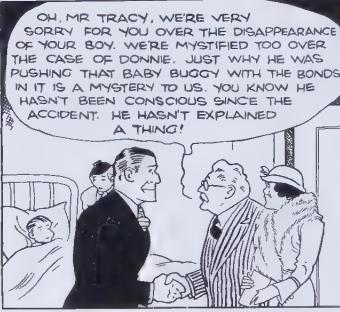
WITH THEIR YOUNG PRISONER "CONFIDENCE" DOLAN AND SANDY MAGUIRE MAKE THEIR WAY TO SANDY'S ROOM...



DICK TRACY

By Chester Gould

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



HOW QUICKLY THE TABLES TURN!
"CONFIDENCE" DOLAN AND "SANDY" MAGUIRE STEP FROM THE ROOM IN THEIR EXCITEMENT OVER THE MIS-CARRIAGE OF THEIR PLANS...AND WHEN THEY RETURN....

HEY!
DON'T DO
THAT-
WHAT TH-
YEAH? WHEN
YOU BIRDS LEFT
THIS ROOM-YOU FORGOT
TO TAKE YOUR GUN...
AND NOW I'VE GOT
IT! KEEP 'EM UP!

BUT, KID...
YOU MUSTN'T TAKE
THIS THING SERIOUS!
WE WAS JUST
PULLING A GAG ON
YOU. WE KIDNAPED
YU FOR A JOKE.

BESIDES
YOU DON'T
KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT
A GUN. YOU'RE
LIABLE TO
HURT YERSELF.

**OH, I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT A GUN, EH?**
WELL LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I
CAN SHOOT THROUGH YER PANTS
LEG AND STILL MISS THE LEG...
WHAT TRACY DIDN'T TEACH ME
ABOUT A .38 YOU COULD STICK
UP YER CUFF.

TRACY, EH?
HA! NOW I GET IT-
YER THAT DETECTIVE'S
KID THAT BIG BOY
TOLD US ABOUT-
WHY, YOU LITTLE
FIEND-YOU-

HE'S A
MURDERER-
THAT'S WHAT
HE IS! HE'S GOING
TO KILL US IN
COLD BLOOD-HE'S

JUST KEEP
YOUR HANDS UP,
AND MARCH OUT
THAT DOOR!

11-20

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KEEP GOING RIGHT
UP THE STREET. AND KEEP
YER HANDS UP.. SOON AS I
SPY A POLICE CALL BOX, I'LL
CALL HEADQUARTERS. HA! HERE
COMES A FELLOW. MAYBE
HE CAN HELP ME.

11-21

HEY MISTER, WHERE'S
THE NEAREST CALL-BOX-
I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF
GANGSTERS HERE.

YEAH!

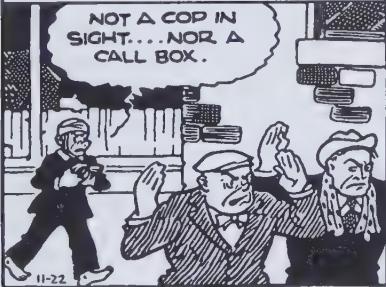
HAW! HAW! HA!
SAY, YOUNG FELLOW, THIS
IS NO TIME OF NIGHT TO BE.
PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS.
YOUR DAD THERE'LL, FREEZE
OUT IN THIS NIGHT AIR,
EVEN IF YOU DON'T.

BUT,
HONEST
MISTER-

HAW.
HA. HAW...
SOME KID!
SOME KID!

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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 JIST A KID...
...WHAT IN?
IS "SANDY"
PLAYING A
GAME?

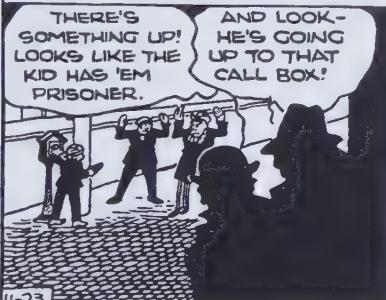
LISTEN -
"SANDY"
DON'T PLAY
GAMES AT TWO
O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING.



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?

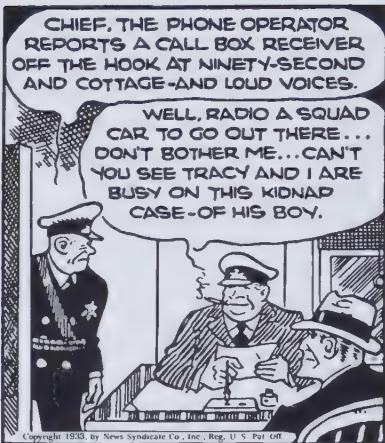
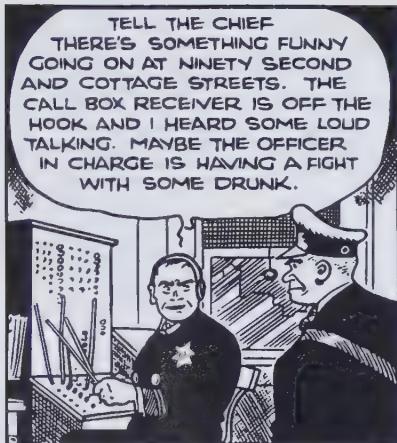


HEY, YOU!



WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE
RAT. YOU 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?

By
MORTON
CGOLD

OUT-MANEUVERED BY THE CUNNING CROOKS,
JUNIOR SUDDENLY FINDS THE TABLES RE-
VERSED AND HIS PLIGHT EVEN MORE PRE-
CARIOUS THAN BEFORE. WHAT WILL BE THE
DESPERADO'S NEXT MOVE?



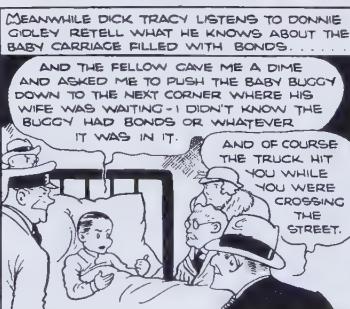
HE'S A SMART LITTLE BRAT,
SANDY. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY-ENTIRELY OUT OF THE WAY, UNDERSTAND? WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES- HE'S TOO WISE.

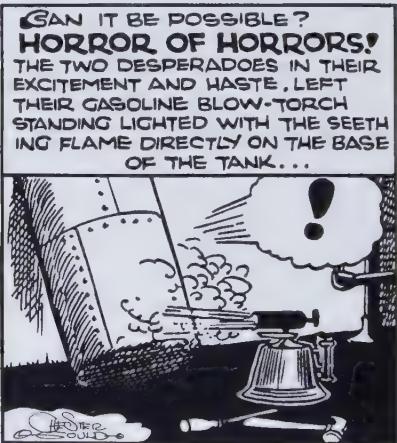
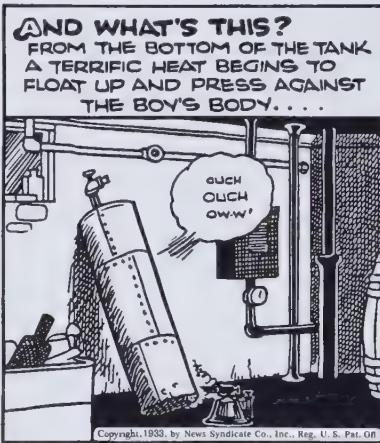
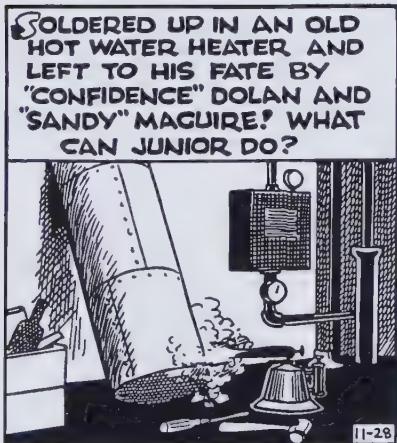
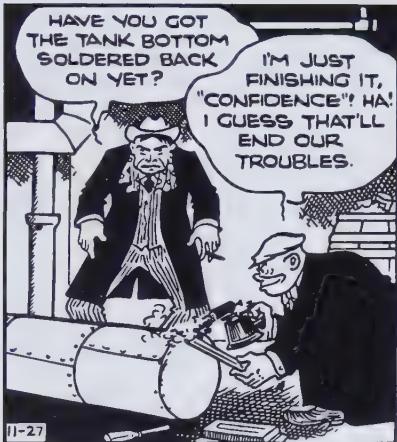


COME DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, DOLAN-
I'VE GOT AN IDEA. IT'S PRETTY RAW-BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET THE KID OUT OF THE WAY-

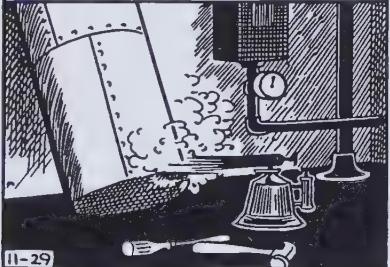


THERE'S AN OLD HOT WATER HEATER-IT'S BEEN ABANDONED FOR TWO YEARS. IT'S HEAVILY INSULATED TO KEEP IN THE HEAT. BUT IT WOULD ALSO KEEP IN SOUND? GET IT?





BOLDED 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

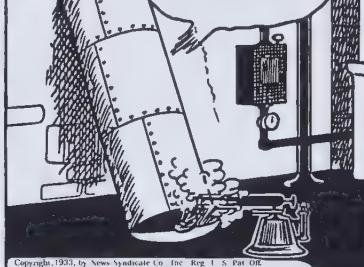


11-29

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.



WILL HE GET OUT?

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.

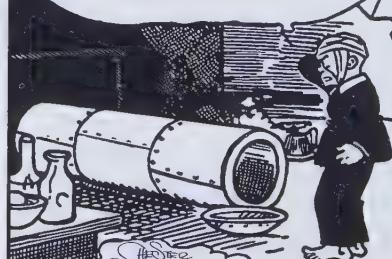
HERE, TAKE THIS KEY AND GO IN THE FRONT WAY - I'LL GO IN THE BACK.



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WHILE IN THE HOUSE

HOT DOC! 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.



HOT DOC! 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

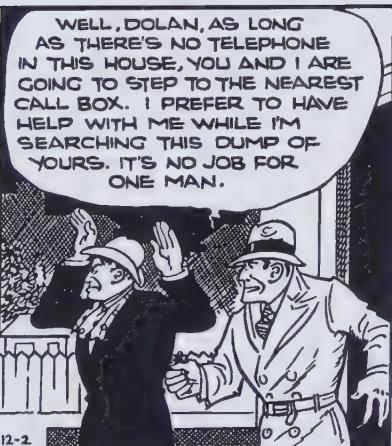
A SHADY FIGURE SUDDENLY LEAPS OUT OF THE BUSHES AND ONTO THE FRONT STEPS BEHIND DOLAN....



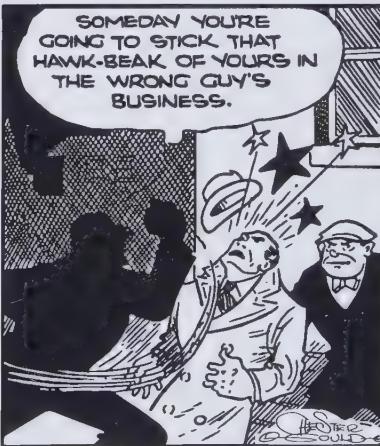
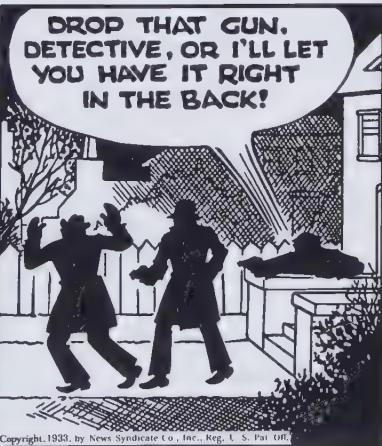
MEANWHILE, SANDY WHO ENTERED THE REAR DOOR, REACHES THE KITCHEN WHEN HE HEARS THE DETECTIVE'S VOICE, AND HALTS IN HIS TRACKS...



12-4



12-2

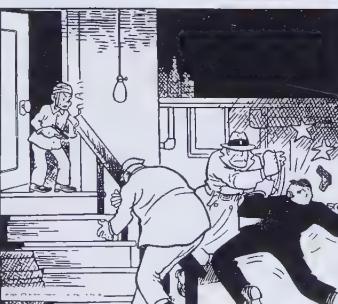
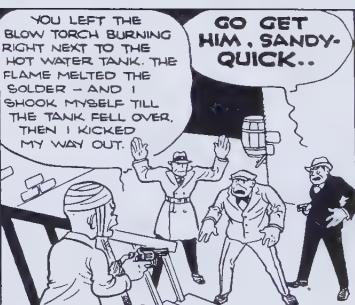
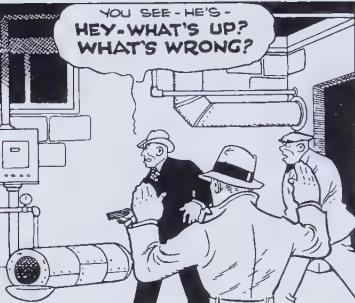
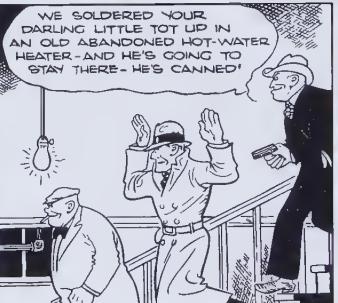


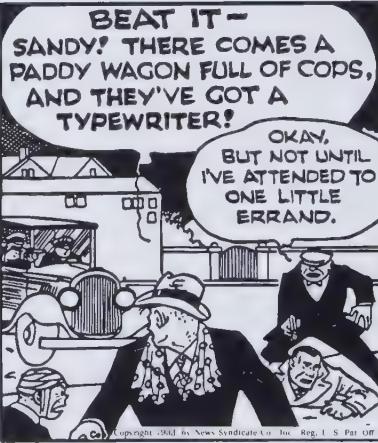
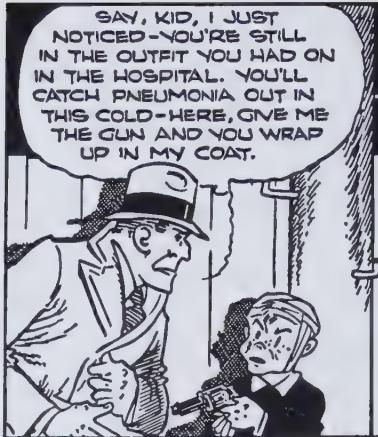
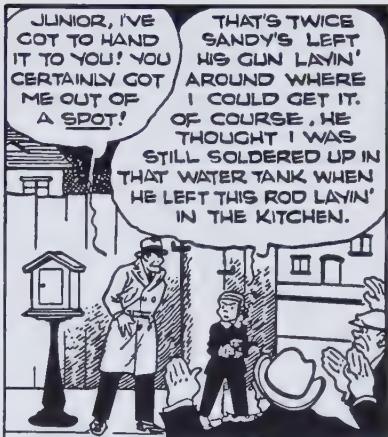
12-3

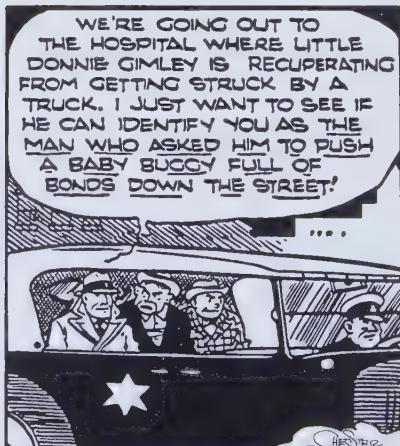
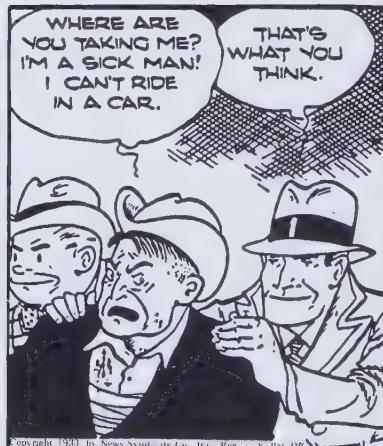
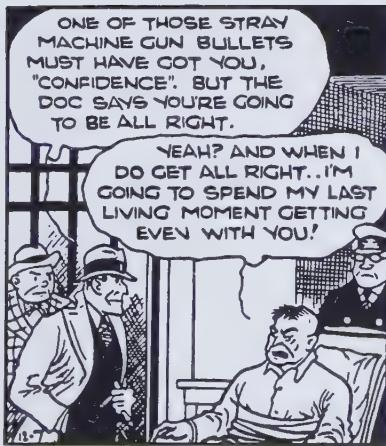
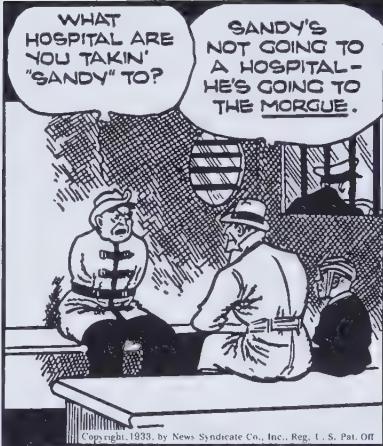
AND THROUGH THAT WINDOW TO THE RIGHT A PAIR OF SHARP EYES SURVEY THE SITUATION WHILE THEIR OWNER TRIES TO FIGURE OUT WHAT MUST BE DONE.

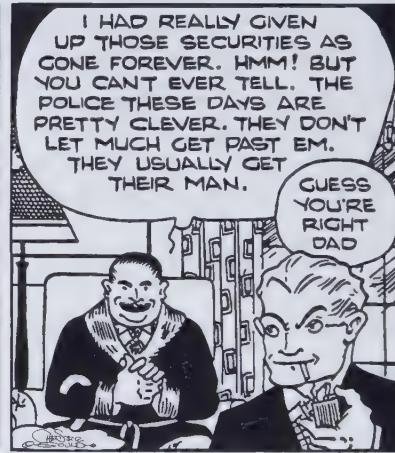
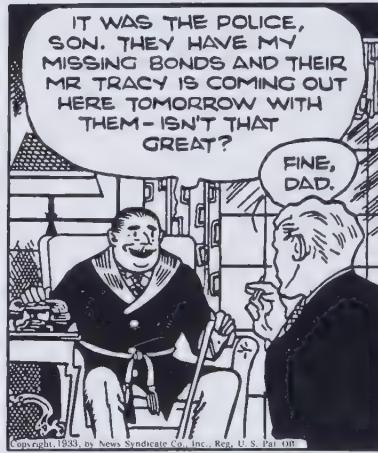
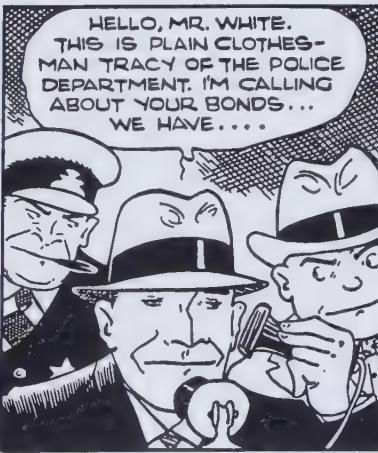
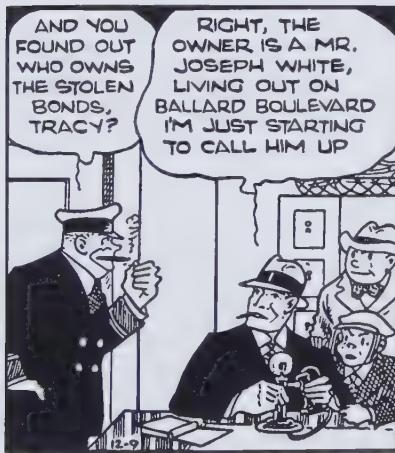
DICK TRACY

by
HARVEY
COULD

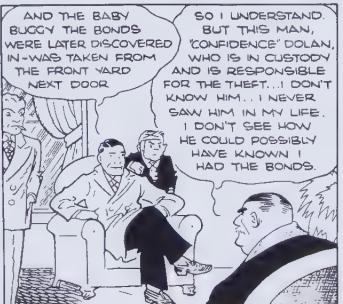


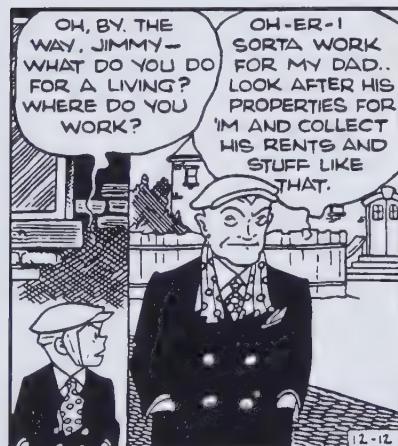


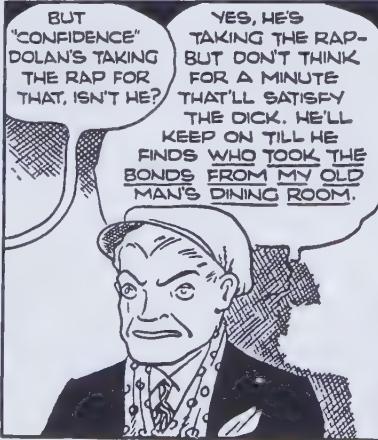
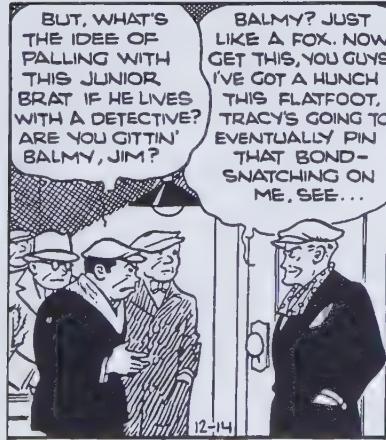
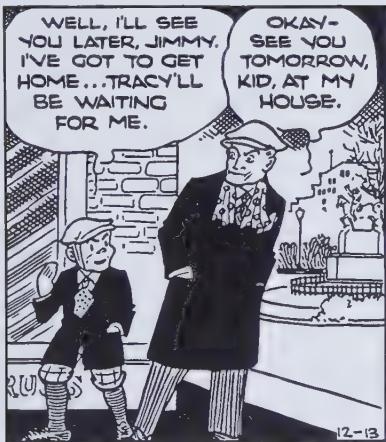


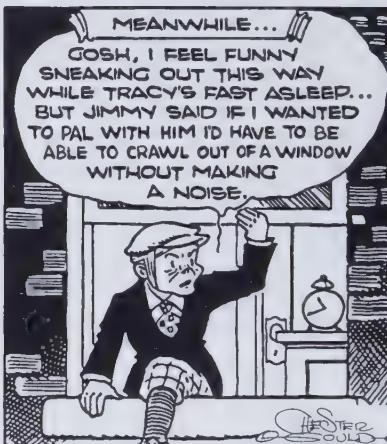
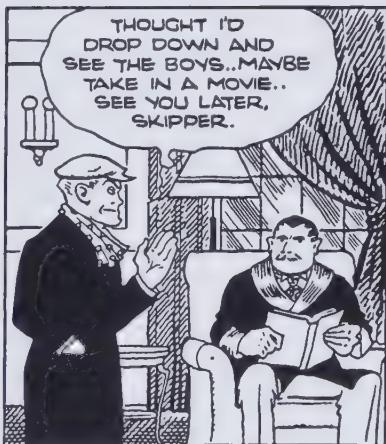
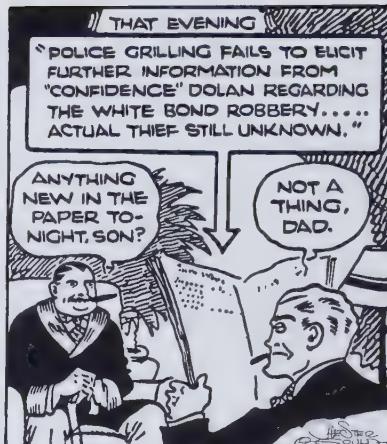
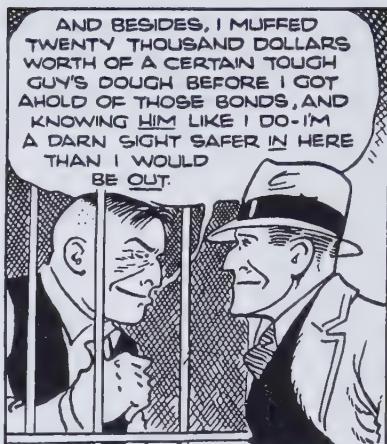
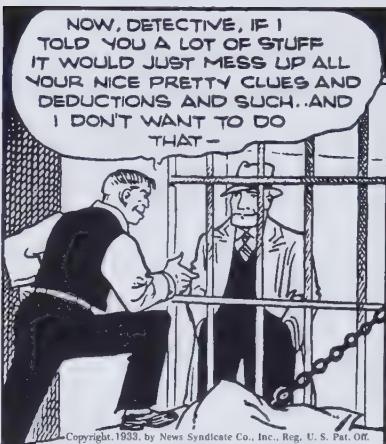
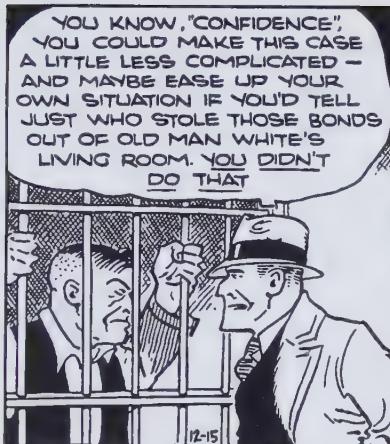


DICK TRACY





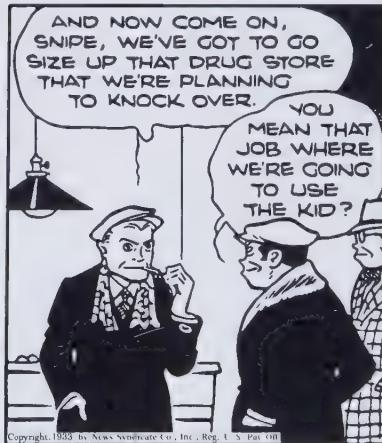
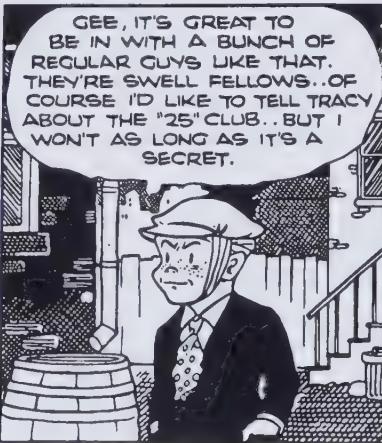


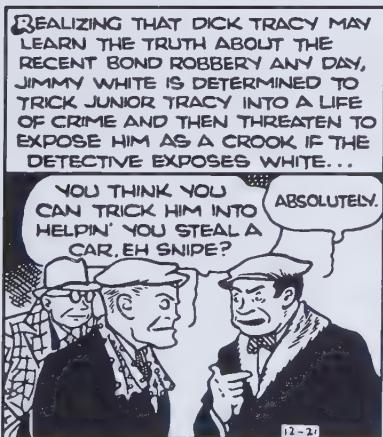
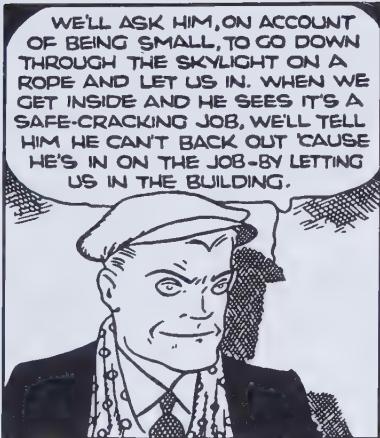


DICK TRACY

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...







IGNORANT OF THE PLOT TO MAKE A CAR-THIEF OUT OF HIM, JUNIOR ACCOMPANIES "SNIPE" ON AN ERRAND...

GEE, YER,
DAD SURE
HAS A SWELL
CAR, SNIPE.

I WON'T
LET HIM KNOW
THIS IS A THEFT
TILL AFTER WE
TURN THIS CAR OVER
TO THE BOSS AT
HEADQUARTERS.

BOY! YOU
CERTAINLY
CARRY A
BATCH OF
KEYS, DON'T
YU?

YEAH, HA! HA!
I ALWAYS FORGET
WHICH KEY GOES
TO THIS CAR...AND
I HAVE TO TRY
NEARLY ALL OF
'EM...AH! SHE IS!

GAH~!
WE WOULD
GET A RED
LIGHT JUST AS
EVERYTHING'S
SET.

WELL, LOOK!
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THAT.. THERE'S
MISS TESS,
TRACY'S
FRIEND!

I THINK I'LL GO WITH
HER, SNIPE. I'LL SEE YOU
AT THE CLUB LATER.

WELL,
I'LL BE
A~G!

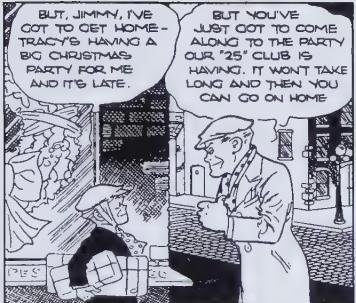


DICK TRACY

CHES
TER
CLOUDS

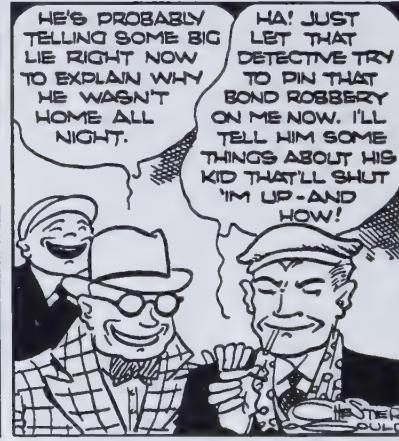
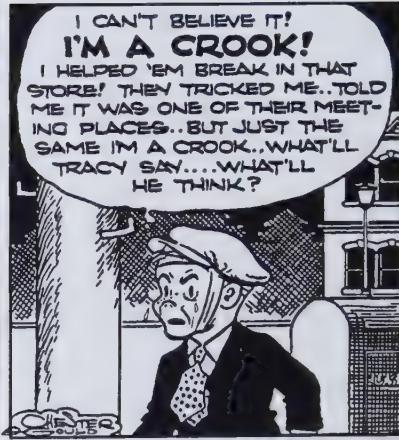
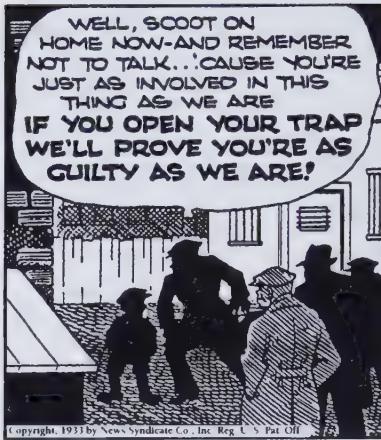
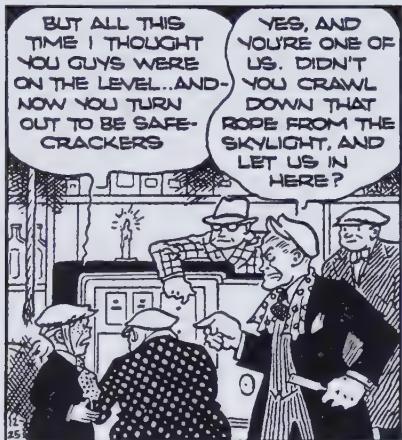
HOW AM I
DOING, FOLKS?

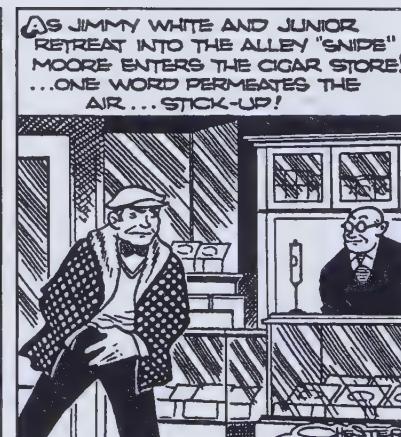
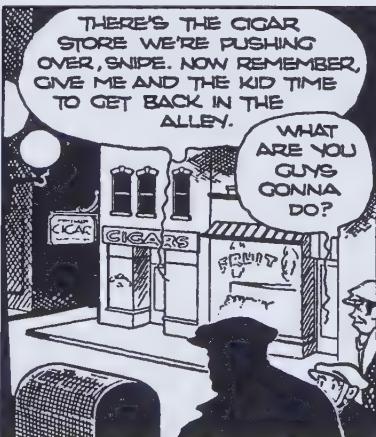
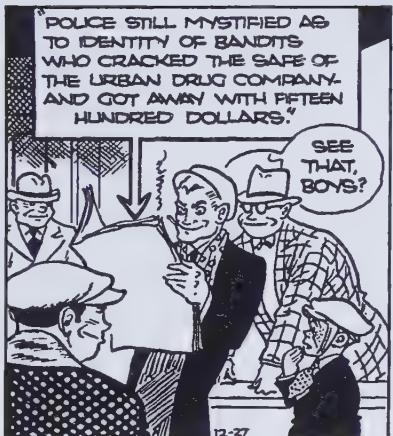
GREAT, PAT -
JUNIOR'S GOING
TO BE CRAZY ABOUT
THAT TREE.



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





FOLLOWING THROUGH ON THE LATEST STICK-UP PLANS OF JIMMY WHITE, "SNIPE" MOORE ENTERS THE CIGAR STORE..

PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES, PLEASE.

YES SIR.

AND AROUND THE CORNER, IN THE ALLEY.....

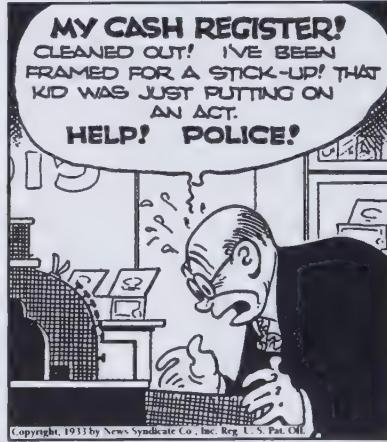
ALL RIGHT. KID. NOW YELL VER LUNGS OUT-YELL 'HELP' AS LOUD AS YOU CAN-... YELL!

I WON'T DO IT... I WON'T HELP YOU ROB ANOTHER STORE!

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

OUCH!
HELP!
OW!

GREAT SCOTT!
LISTEN TO THOSE SCREAMS!
SOME' KID'S IN TROUBLE!



DICK TRACY

WHAT? YOU DON'T WANT TO HELP US OUT IN THIS STICK-UP? LISTEN, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US AND LIKE IT—OR WELL TELL THAT DETECTIVE PAL OF YOURS JUST WHAT KIND OF A DIRTY CROOK YOU ARE!

DIDN'T YOU GO DOWN THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT AND LET US IN THAT STORE WE ROBBED SEVERAL DAYS AGO? HAVEN'T YOU BEEN IN WITH US ON A COUPLE OF JOBS IN THE MEANTIME? YOU'RE ONE OF THE '25' GANG NOW—YOU'RE JUST AS MUCH A CROOK AS THE REST OF US!

BUT YOU TRICKED ME INTO IT... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU GUYS WERE GANGSTERS!

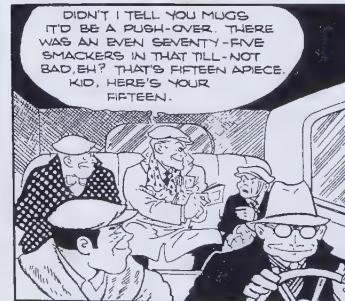
COME ON, NOW! THIS CANDY STORE JOB WILL BE A SNAP—AND ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO IS WHAT I TELL YOU.

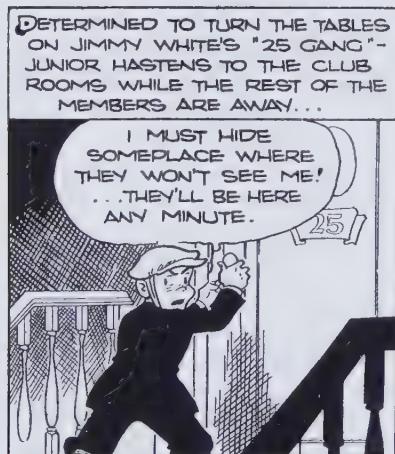
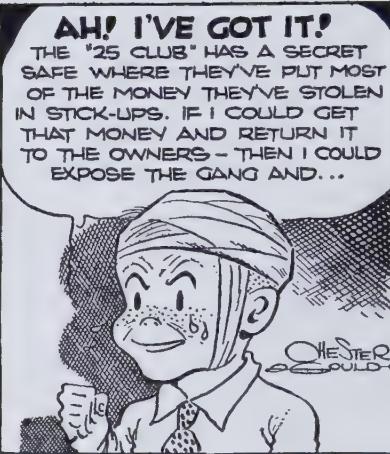
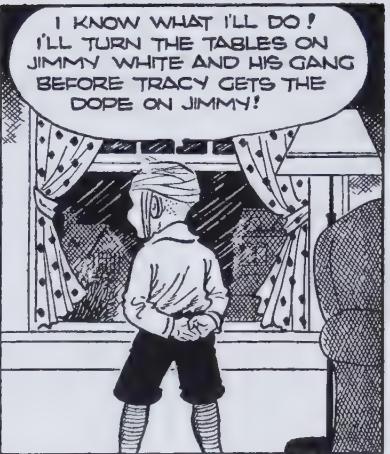
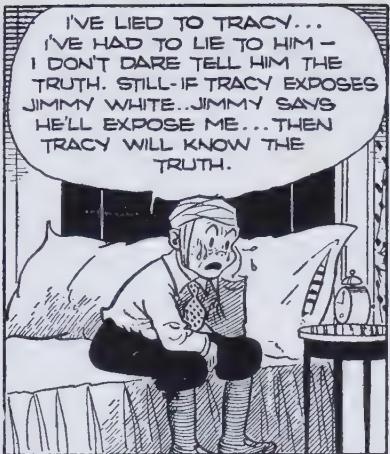
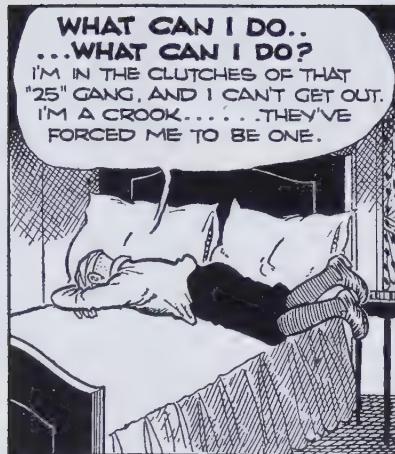
CAN I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU?

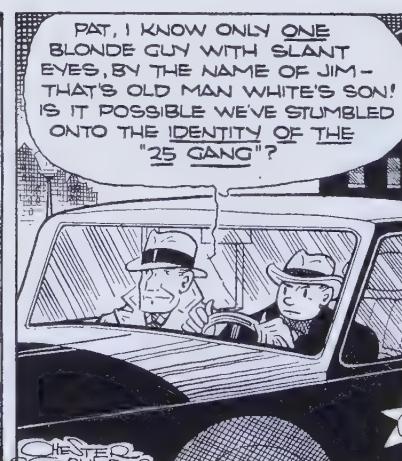
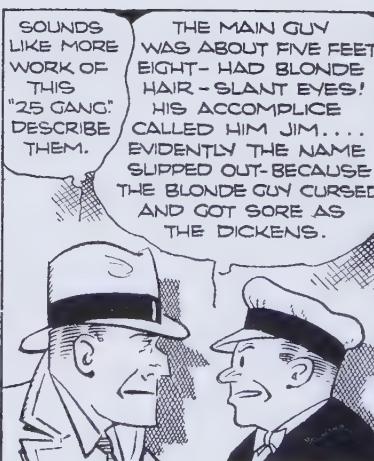
MY BOY HERE WOULD LIKE SOME CANDY. TELL THE MAN WHAT YOU WANT, SON.

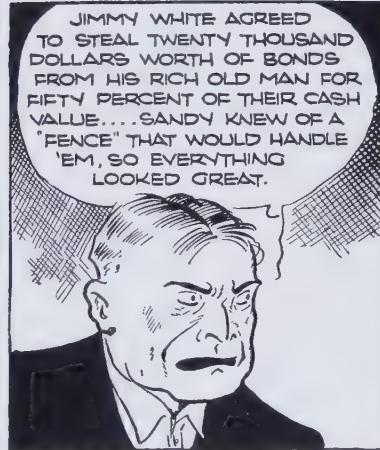
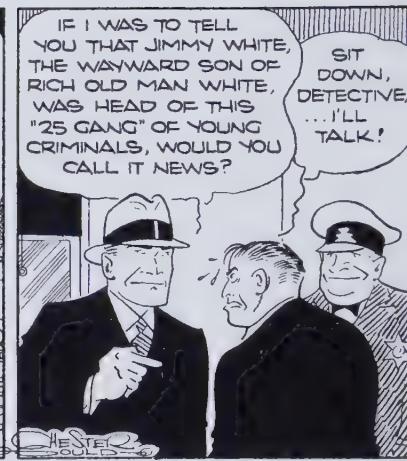
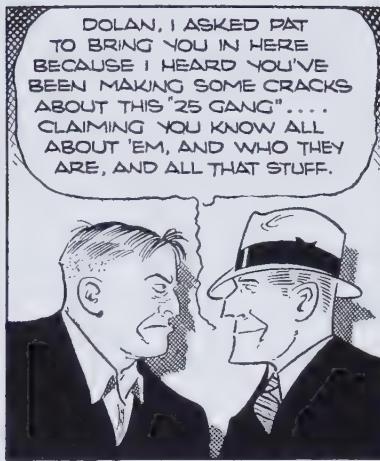
WHY, SAY—WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST KEEP ON WAITING ON THE BOY LIKE NOTHING WAS GOING ON. I'M CLEARING OUT YOUR CASH REGISTER, UNCLE.

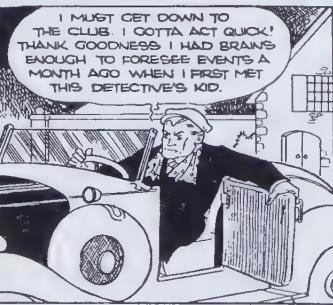


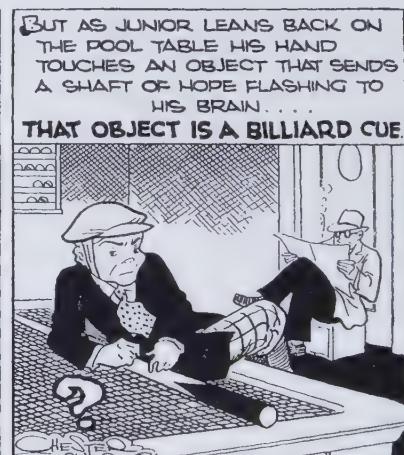
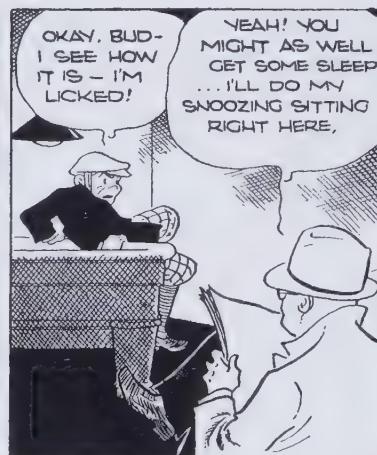
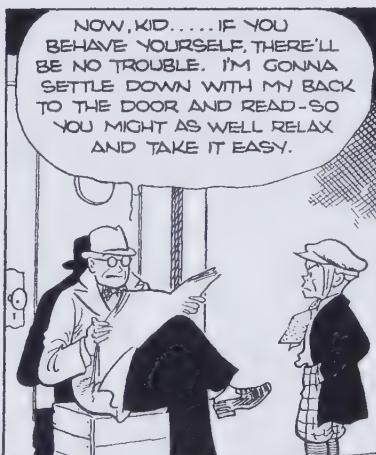
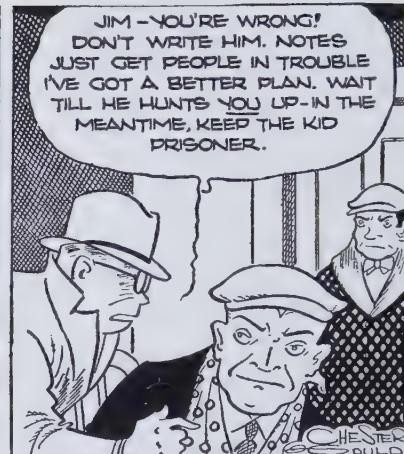
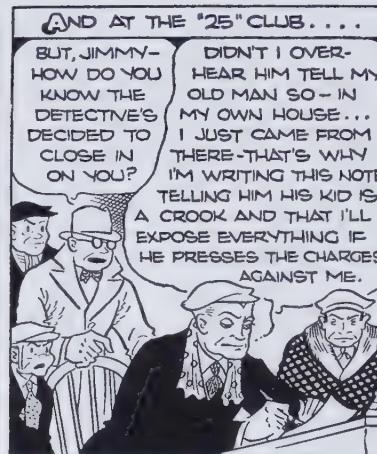


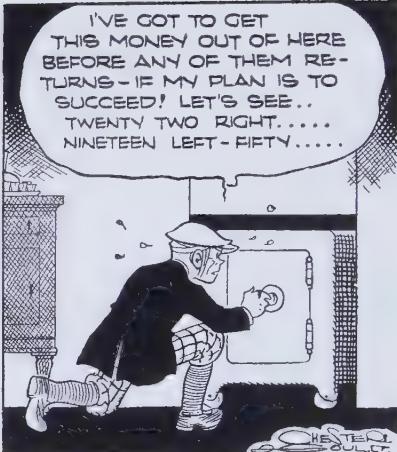


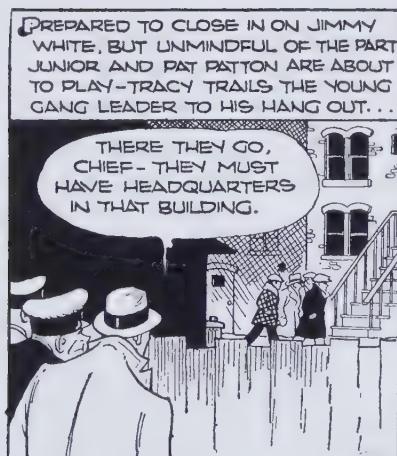
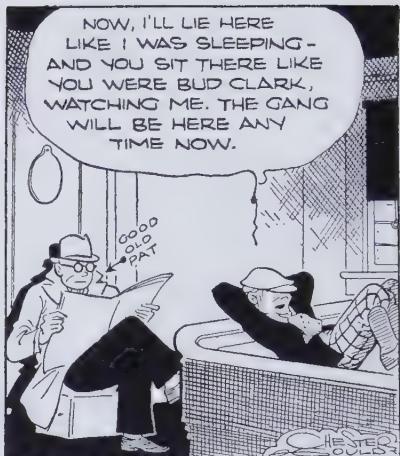


DICK TRACY

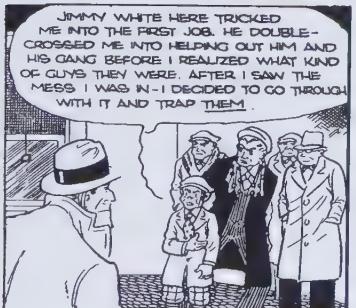
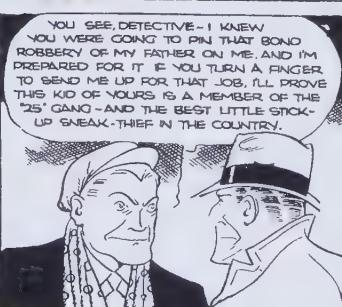
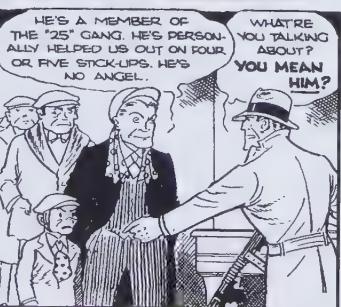








DICK TRACY



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 EVERYTHING TO GET ME IN A SPOT.



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



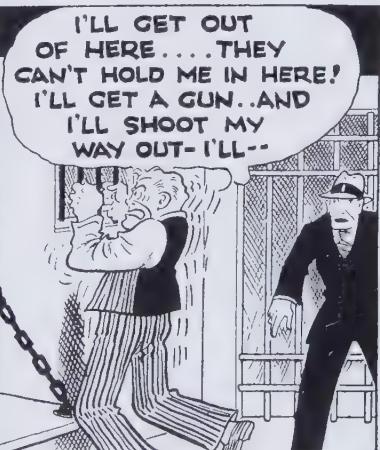
AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE DETECTIVE IN THIS FAMILY!



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 --

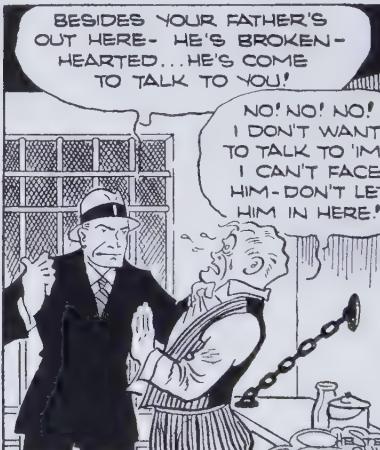


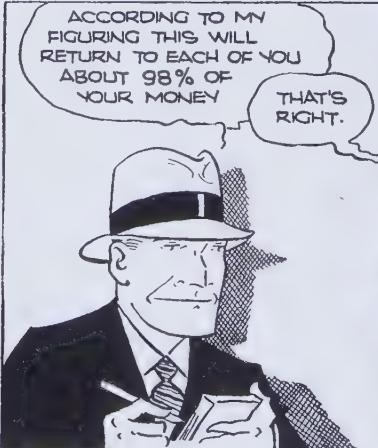
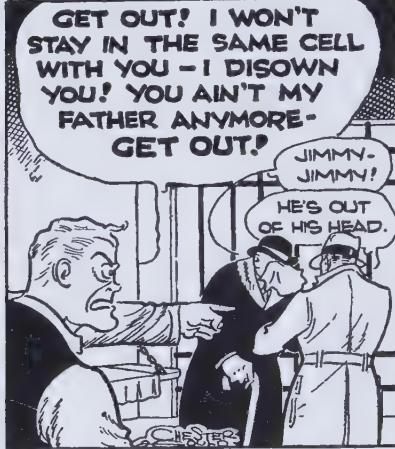
SNAP OUT OF IT, WHITE... YOU'RE GOING NUTS.

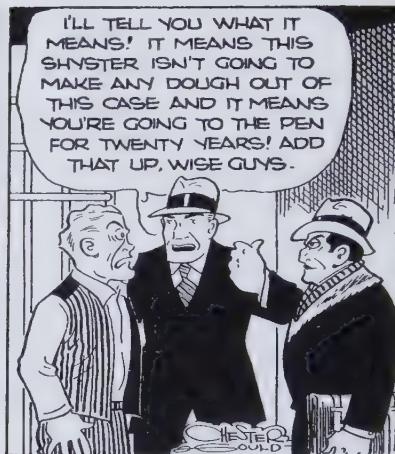
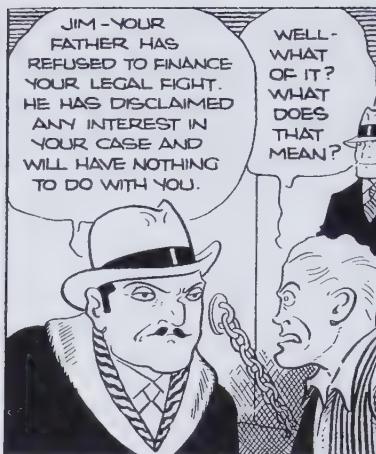


BESIDES YOUR FATHER'S OUT HERE - HE'S BROKEN-HEARTED... HE'S COME TO TALK TO YOU!

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

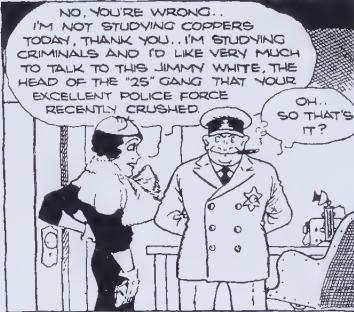


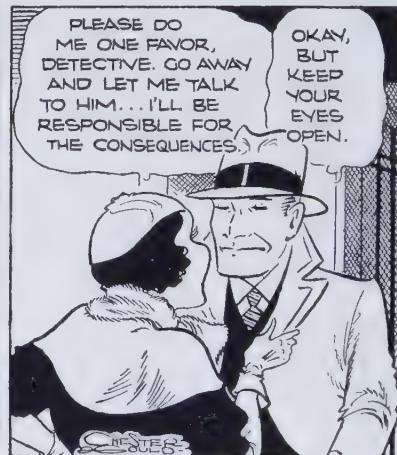
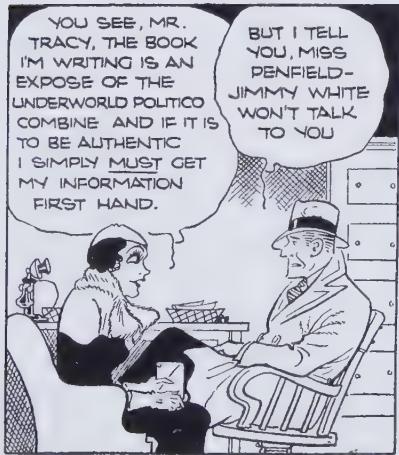
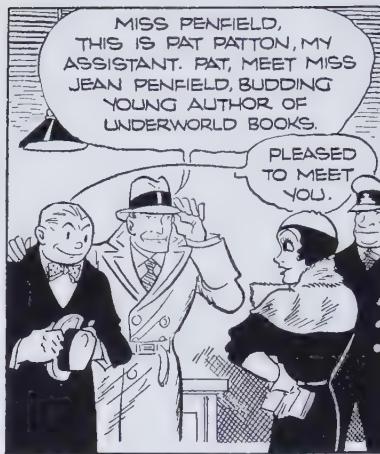


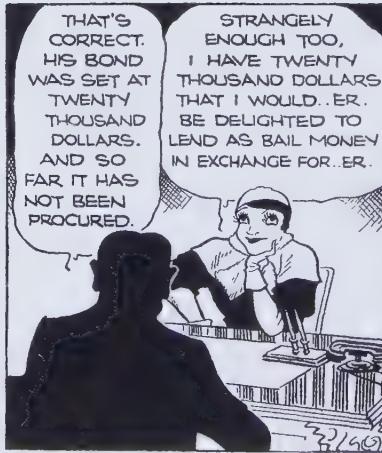
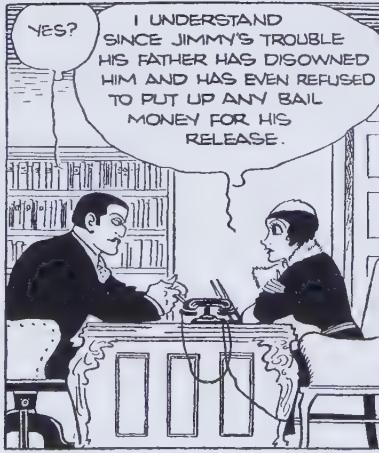
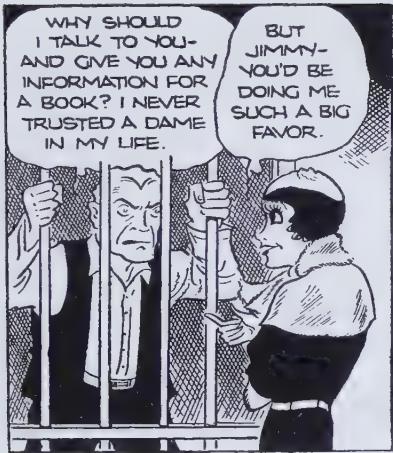


DICK TRACY

by
CHETTER
COLOR

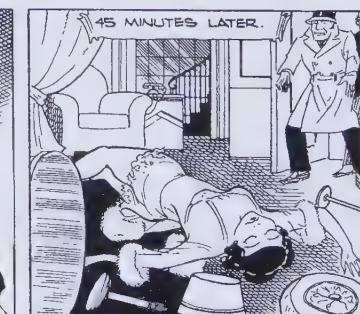


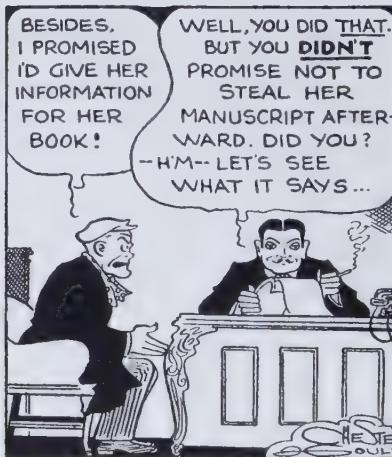
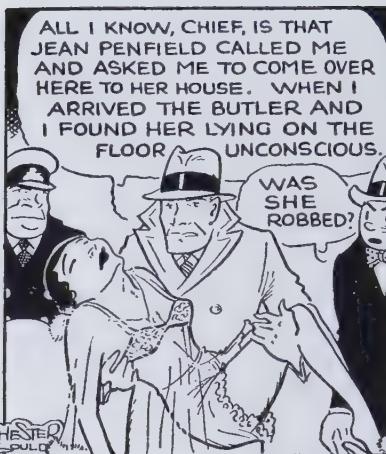


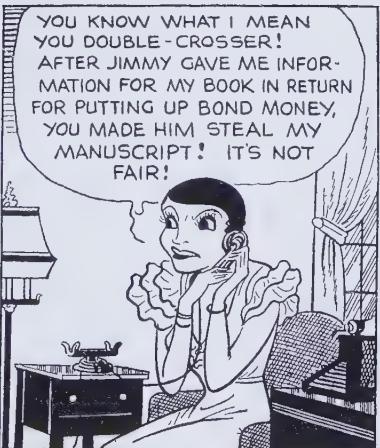
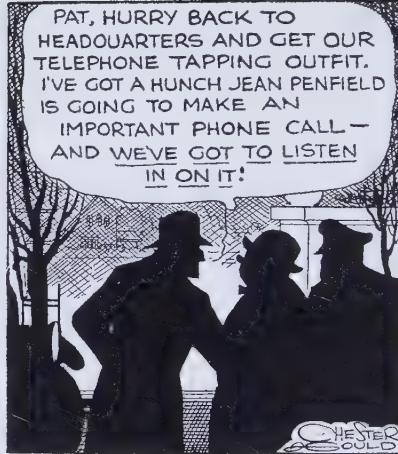
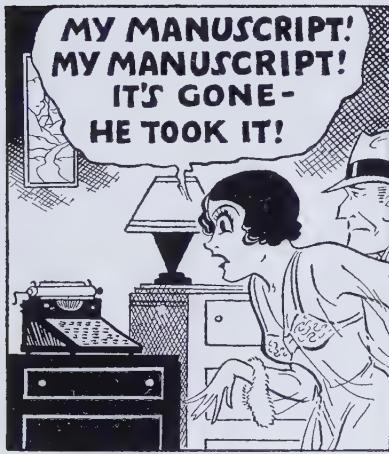


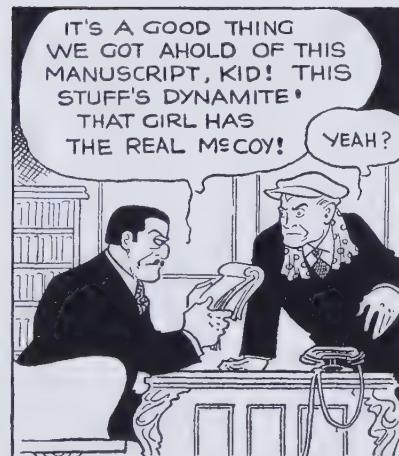


DICK TRACY







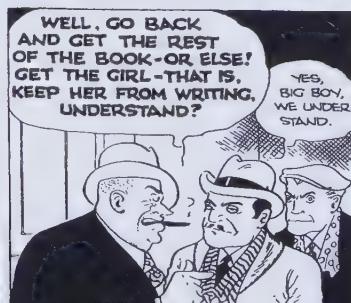
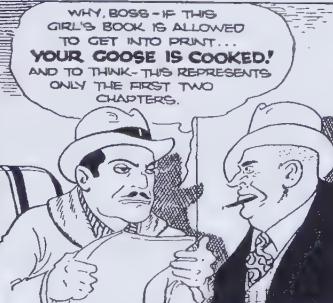
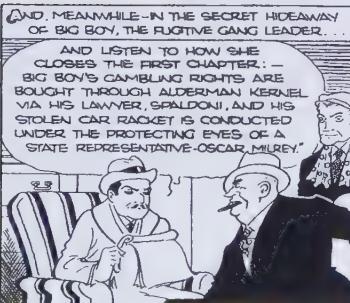


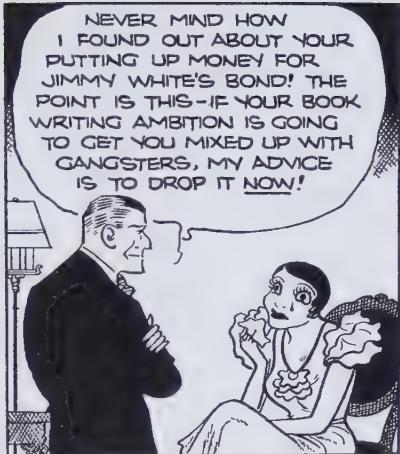
DICK TRACY

by
CHET
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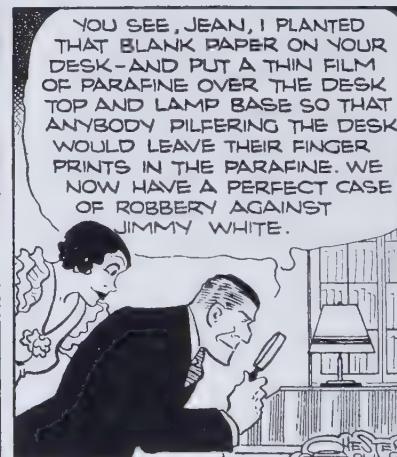
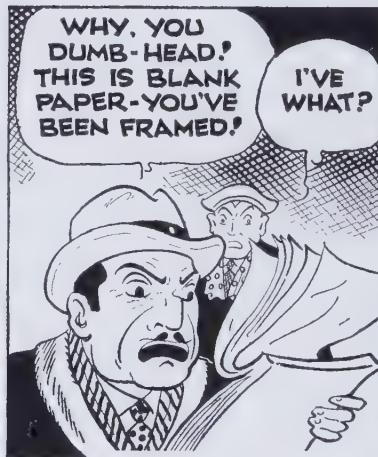
SAY, THIS IS THE
NIGHT TRACY AND YOU
AND I ARE GOING
OUT, ISN'T IT?

YES, JUNIOR-
I'M GOING TO CALL
DICK RIGHT
NOW.



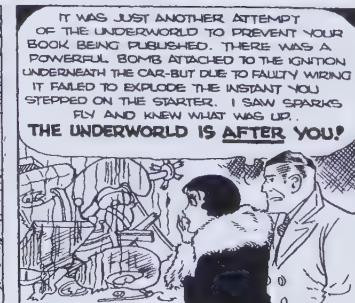
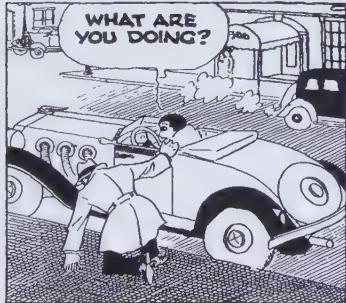
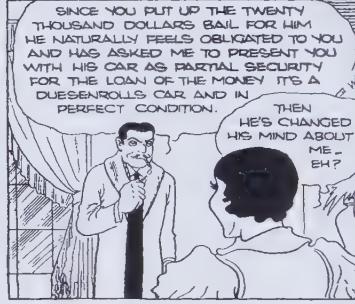


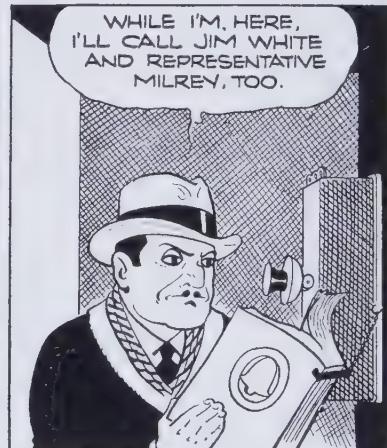
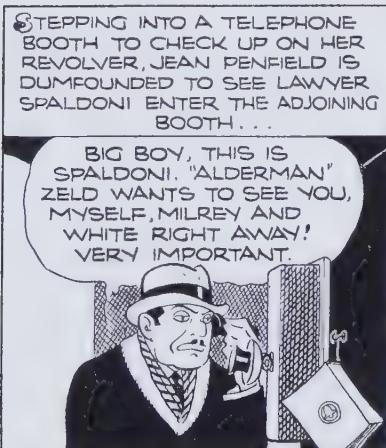




DICK TRACY

by
HESTER SPALDONI
AND I PREDICT, CHIEF, THAT IF
THIS PENFIELD WOMAN PUBLISHES
THIS BOOK SHE'S WRITING EXPOSING
GANGLAND, SHE WON'T
LIVE TO COLLECT
THE ROYALTIES.





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!



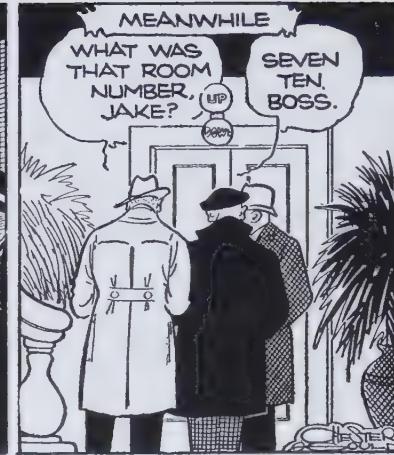
AS JEAN PENFIELD HASTENS FROM THE BOOTH, SPALDONI'S EYE CATCHES A REFLECTION IN THE SODA FOUNTAIN MIRROR.



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!



HOPING THAT JIMMY WHITE WILL BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT BIG BOY BEFORE THE GANGSTER WALKS INTO THE HOTEL TRAP, SPALDONI PACES THE FLOOR IN TERROR...

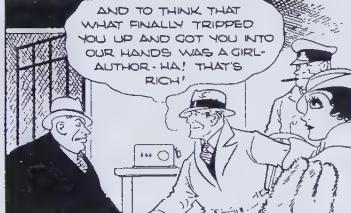


BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES WHAT?





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. . . .



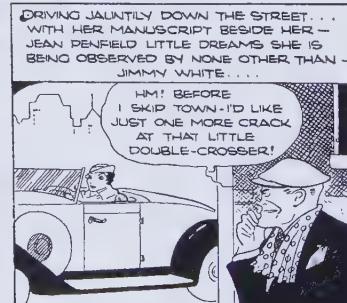
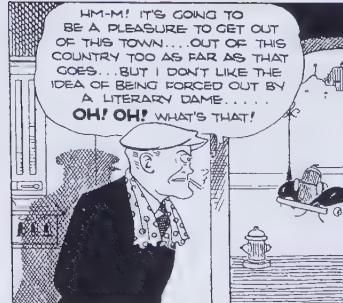
WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSING CHEATER YOU! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A STOOL PIGGIN' WHEN I GRANTED YOU AN INTERVIEW SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THE LEVEL.



I WAS ON THE LEVEL TILL I DISCOVERED THAT YOU AND YOUR GANG TRIED TO KILL ME BY HAVING JIMMY WHITE GIVE ME HIS ROADSTER WITH THAT BOMB PLANTED IN IT.



—AND FURTHERMORE, I AM GOING AHEAD JUST AS FAST AS I CAN WITH MY BOOK WHICH WILL EXPOSE AND FOREVER BREAK UP ALL OF YOUR POLITICAL CONNECTIONS THIS IS THE COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT AND IT'LL BE IN THE PRINTER'S HANDS IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR.



FILLED WITH RENEWED HATRED FOR JEAN PENFIELD OVER THE RECENT CAPTURE OF BIG BOY, JIMMY WHITE IS DODGING DOWN THE STREET WHEN HE SPIES THE GIRL-AUTHOR IN HER ROADSTER..



EAVESDROPPING IN TELEPHONE BOOTHS, EH? TIPPING OFF THE COPS, EH? IF IT WASN'T FOR HER... BIG BOY WOULD STILL BE LOOSE.



YEING THE FIGURE IN THE SPEEDING ROADSTER - JIMMY'S HAND AUTOMATICALLY GOES TO HIS GUN POCKET. THE BLOOD RUSHES TO HIS HEAD... ONE THOUGHT BURNS ITS WAY TO HIS BRAIN....



WHY NOT GET THE GIRL AUTHOR OUT OF THE WAY FOR GOOD? WHY NOT END HER MEDDLING FOR ONCE AND FOR ALL?



WITH A STRANGE FEELING OF APPREHENSION, BUT UNAWARE THAT SHE IS BEING FOLLOWED, JEAN PENFIELD SPEEDS ON DOWN THE BOULEVARD IN HER ROADSTER..



LISTEN, DRIVER... CUT IN FRONT OF THAT ROADSTER AND FORCE IT TO THE CURB... AND... HERE'S A FIVE-SPOT FOR YOUR TROUBLE.



NOTHIN' DOING, BUDDY - I'VE TROUBLE ENOUGH ALREADY WITHOUT-

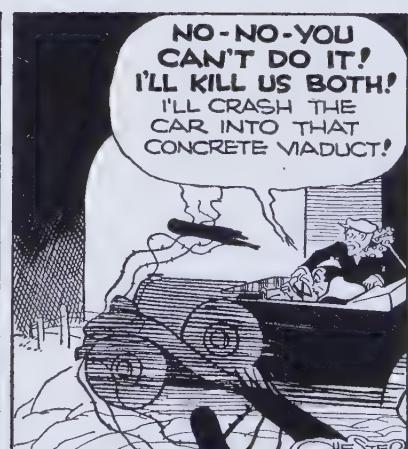
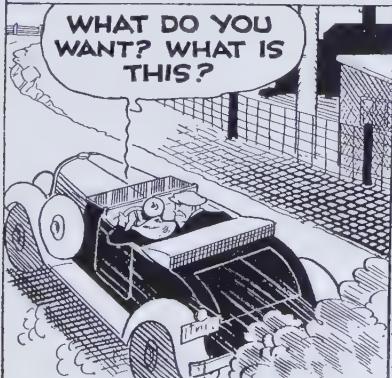
CUT IN FRONT OF THAT CAR- GET ME? OR I'LL-



WHEN JEAN PENFIELD'S ROADSTER IS FORCED TO THE CURB BY A TAXI, HER ANGER TURNS TO FEAR AS SHE SEES A FAMILIAR FIGURE STEP FROM THE CAB...



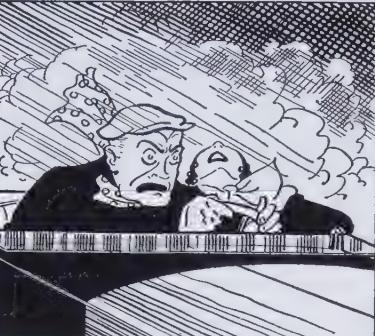
CLIMBING INTO JEAN PENFIELD'S ROADSTER, JIMMY WHITE ORDERS HER TO DRIVE ON...



WHEN JEAN PENFIELD HEADS HER ROADSTER, THROTTLE 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!



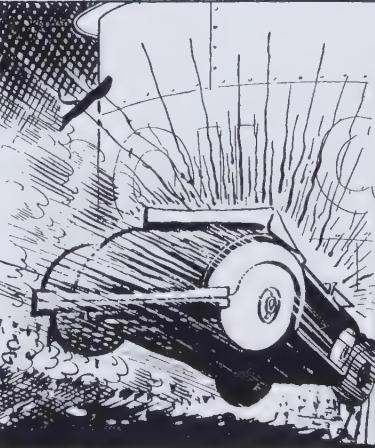
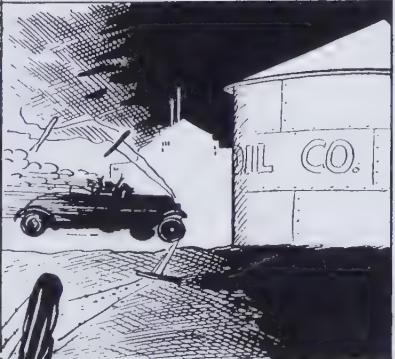
CRASHING THROUGH A SMALL SHACK, THE ROADSTER BRUSHES A HAYSTACK, AND.....



..RACES STRAIGHT TOWARD A GASOLINE STORAGE TANK!



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



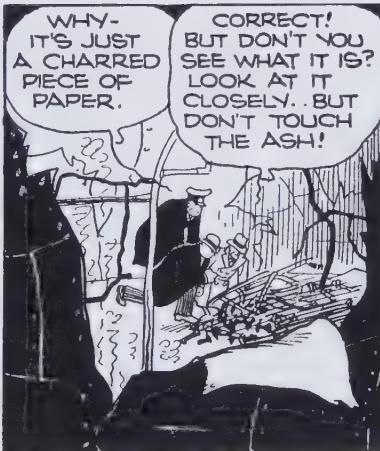
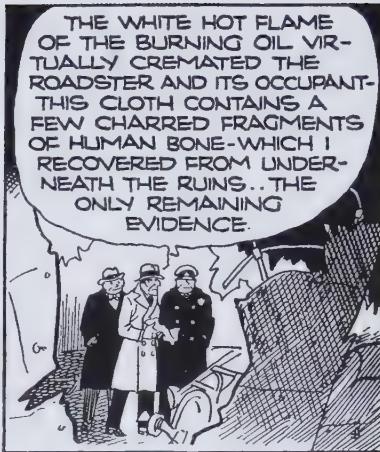
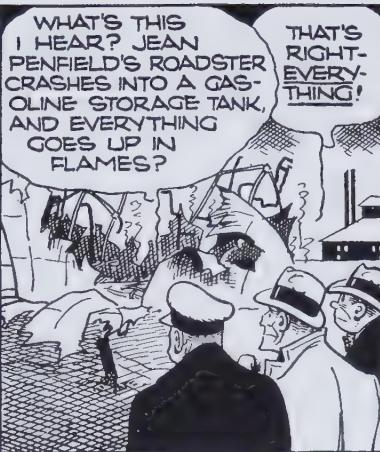
CRASH! THE METAL SIDE OF THE TANK CRUMPLES INWARD AS THE CAR DISAPPEARS WITHIN! A DEAFENING EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR FOLLOWED BY HISSING FLAME!



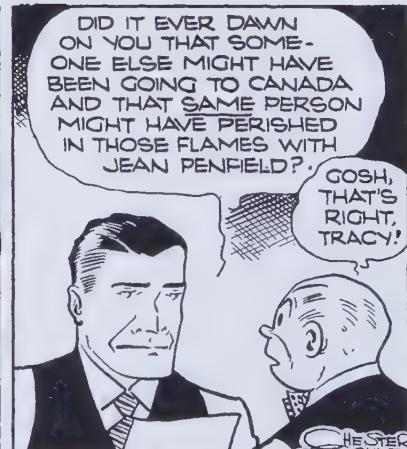
DICK TRACY

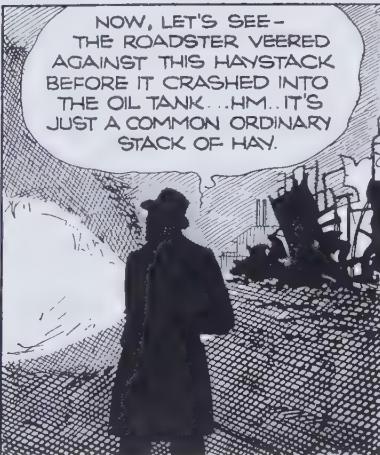
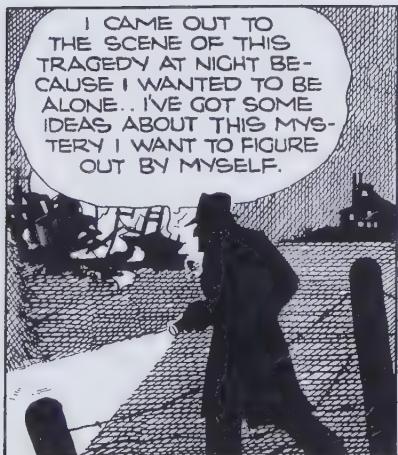
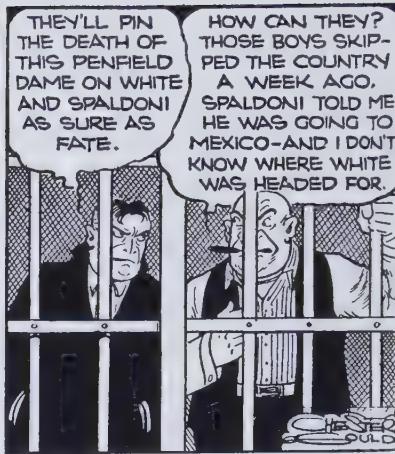
IT'S THAT GASOLINE STORAGE TANK!
A CAR RAN INTO IT AND SET THE
WHOLE WORKS AIRE!





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...





DICK TRACY

DURING THE LAST WEEK, DICK TRACY HAS UNEARTHED SEVERAL STARTLING NEW CLUES REGARDING THE APPARENT TRAGIC DEATH OF JEAN PENFIELD WHOSE AUTO MYSTERIOUSLY LEFT THE ROAD, CRASHED INTO A GASOLINE STORAGE TANK AND WAS CONSUMED IN THE ENSUING HOLOCAUST.



CHIEF, YOU ARE LOOKING AT AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF SOME PIECED-TOGETHER FRAGMENTS OF ASH FOUND AMONG THE MELTED DEBRIS OF JEAN PENFIELD'S CAR.



IT LOOKS LIKE A . . . RAILROAD TICKET-WHAT IS IT! IT'S A TICKET TO QUEBEC, CANADA . . . I SEE THE DESTINATION MARK QUITE PLAINLY, TRACY.



EXACTLY - AND ACCORDING TO JEAN PENFIELD'S FATHER, A TRIP TO QUEBEC WAS FARTHEST FROM HER THOUGHTS.

BUT WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, TRACY? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT LATER, CHIEF. RIGHT NOW, PAT AND I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ERRAND ON HAND.



EXPLAIN YOURSELF, TRACY - WILL YOU?

PAT, BEFORE JEAN PENFIELD'S CAR CRASHED INTO THAT TANK, IT SWERVED OVER AND HIT THIS HAY STACK. WITNESSES TOLD US THAT AND THE TIRE TRACKS SHOW IT.



WELL, I EXAMINED THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HAYSTACK, AND I FOUND SOME FOOT PRINTS LEADING AWAY FROM IT . . . FOOT-PRINTS MADE BY A WOMAN IN HIGH HEELED SHOES LOOK!

WELL, I'LL BE A - YOU'RE RIGHT.

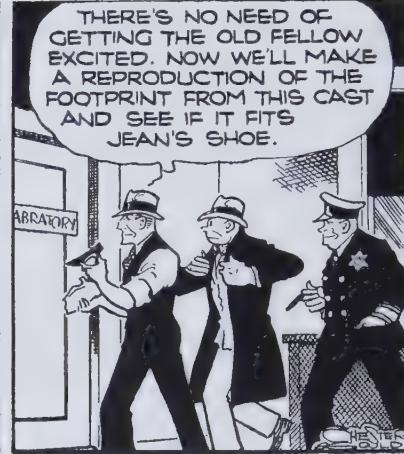


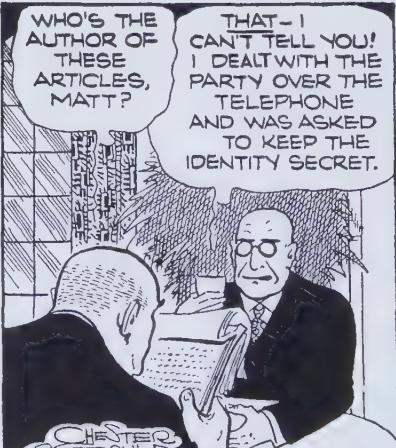
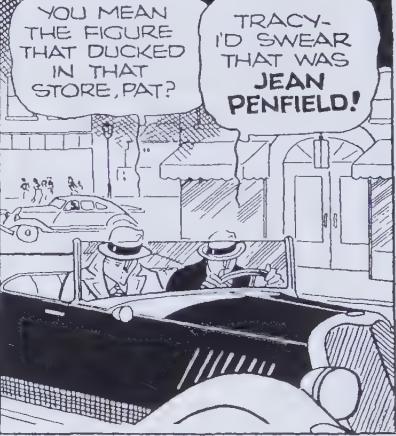
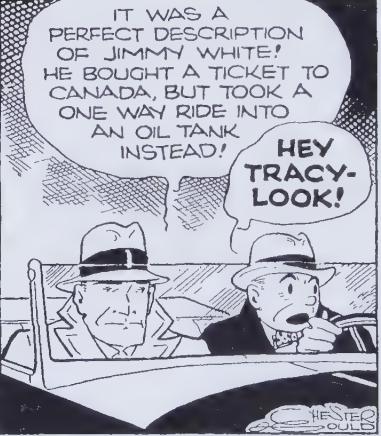
BY GOSH, I SEE! THEN YOU PICK IT UP AND YOU HAVE A PERFECT NEGATIVE FOR MAKING A CAST OF THE FOOTPRINT!

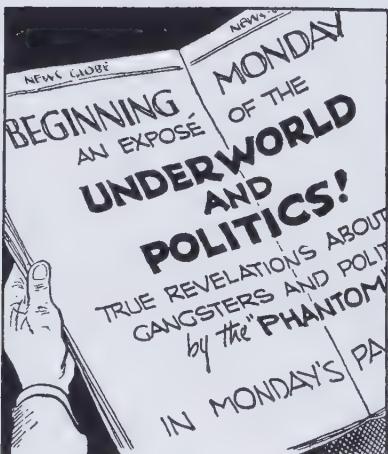
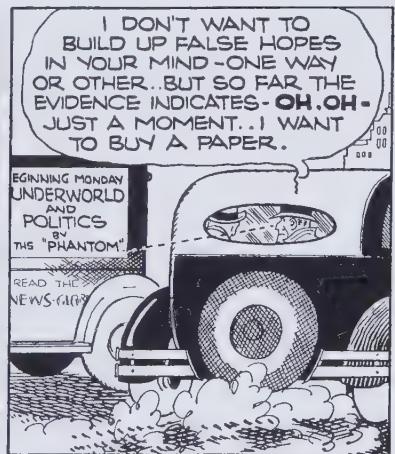
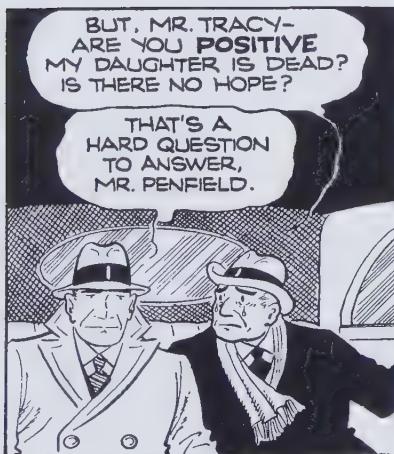
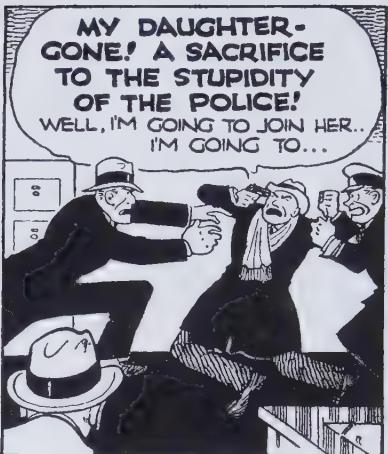
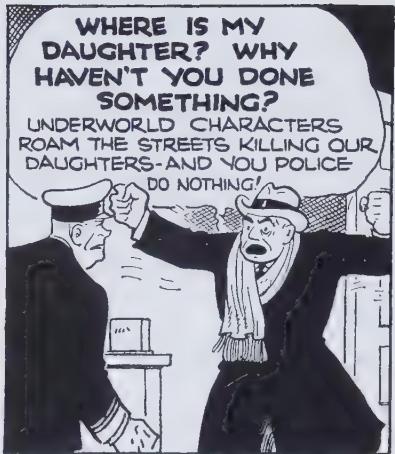


PAT, DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT WHEN THE CAR STRUCK THIS HAYSTACK, SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE FALLEN OUT AND LATER WALKED AWAY?

MODERN
WATCH FOR
TRACY'S
NEXT
LESSON IN
SCIENTIFIC
CRIME
DETECTION!







DICK TRACY

CHET STELL SOULD
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.

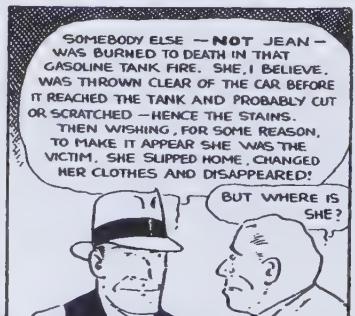
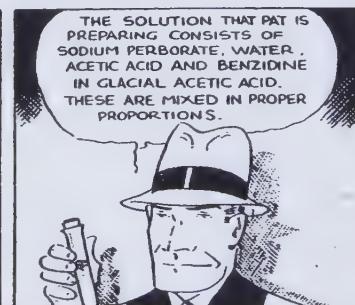
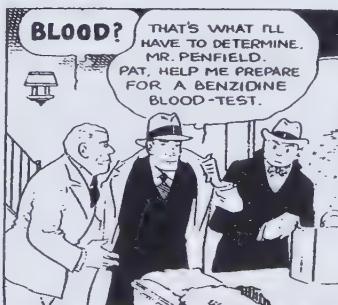
"BEGINNING TOMORROW!
AN EXPOSE OF THE
UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS"

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!

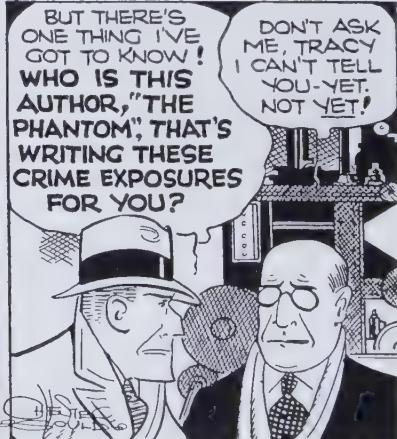
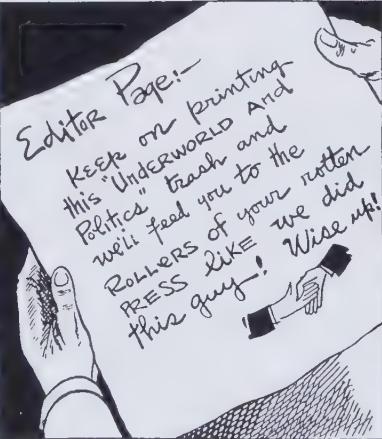
BRING MY CHEMISTRY
KIT, PAT, WE'RE GOING
TO PENFIELD'S
HOME! IT MAY
BE IMPORTANT.

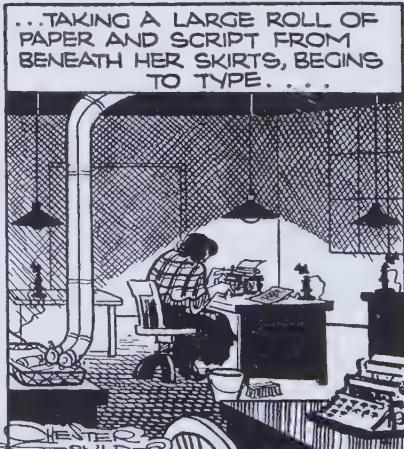
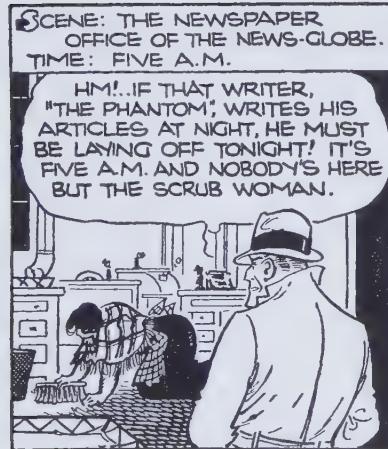
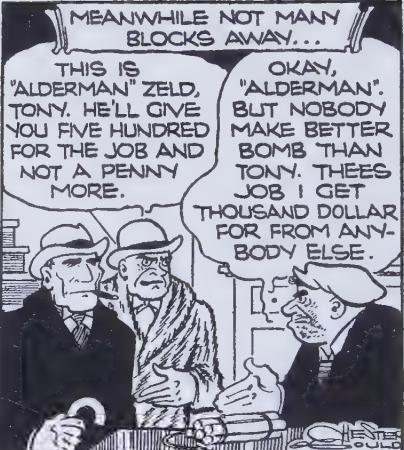
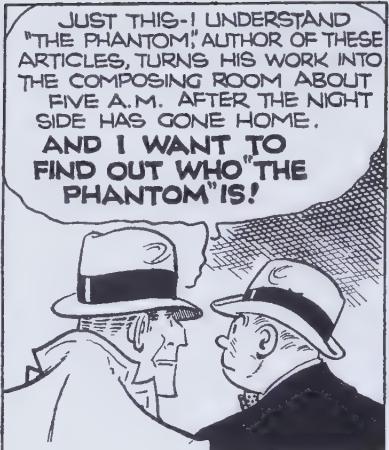


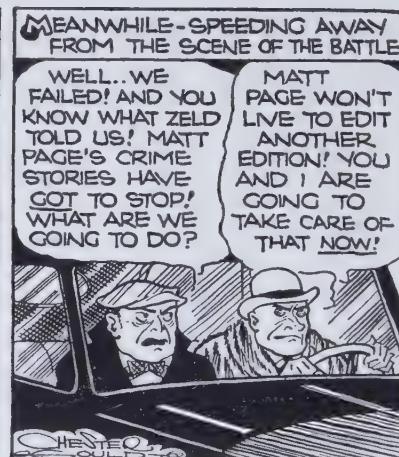
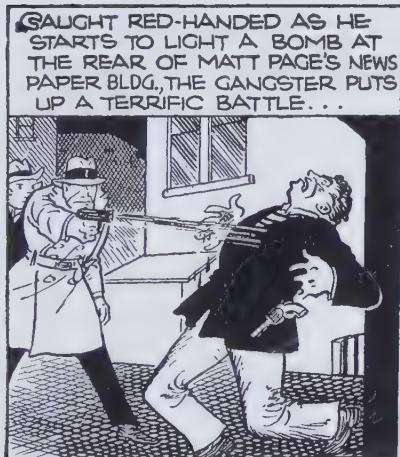
DETERMINED TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT "THE PHANTOM", AUTHOR OF THE MORNING PAPER'S NEW SERIAL EXPOSE "UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS", TRACY CALLS AT THE OFFICE OF MATT PAGE, EDITOR....



TRUE TO THEIR UNDERHANDED COWARDLY REPUTATION, THE GANGSTERS BEGIN THEIR CAMPAIGN TO PREVENT EDITOR MATT PAGE FROM PUBLISHING AN EXPOSE "UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS" BY MURDERING THE PRESS ROOM FOREMAN...







DICK TRACY

COME ON DAVE - HERE WE ARE. HA! THIS IS ONE EDITOR THAT'LL BE ABLE TO PRINT THE NEWS SCOOP OF THE YEAR - HIS OWN RIDE!

SCENE: THE OFFICE OF MATT PAGE, OWNER AND EDITOR OF THE MORNING PAPER WHICH HAS BEEN PUBLISHING AN EXPOSE ON THE "UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS" BY THE "PHANTOM."

OKAY - MR. PAGE - THEYLL BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I'LL HIDE IN THIS CLOSET - DONT WORRY - YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME.

YOU'RE MISTER PAGE, EDITOR OF THE NEWS-GLOBE AINTCHA?

THAT'S RIGHT. WHO ARE YOU?

IT DONT MATTER WHO WE ARE - BUT WELL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR. WERE HERE TO FIND OUT WHO'S WRITING THESE STORIES ABOUT THE UNDERWORLD AND CRIME - AND TO TELL YOU THEY'VE GOT TO STOP!

LISTEN BOYS - THE WRITERS I HAVE ON MY STAFF ARE MY OWN AFFAIR. AND THE STORIES I PRINT IN MY PAPER ARE MY OWN BUSINESS. NOW GET OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY - EVERYBODY'S GONE HOME BUT THE SCRUB WOMAN OUT THERE - AND SHE'S NOT APT TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO YOUR LOUD TALK - SO EVERYTHINGS ALL SET FOR A NICE, LONG CONFERENCE!

IF I FIGURE YOU FELLOWS RIGHT YOURE HENCHMEN OF ALDERMAN' ZELD, THE CROOKED FIXER WE EXPOSED IN TODAYS STORY.

ARE YOU GOING TO TELL US WHO'S WRITING THESE STORIES OR NOT?

GRAB HIS WRISTS, EDDIE! STICK 'EM IN THIS TELEPHONE BRACKET! WELL MAKE 'IM TALK!

NOW TELL US THE REAL IDENTITY OF THIS AUTHOR THAT SIGNS HIMSELF "PHANTOM."

SPIT IT OUT PAGE!

NOT SO FAST BOYS:
PUT 'EM UP!

WHAT?
IT'S THE DICKY!

AND ALL THIS TIME THE "SCRUB WOMAN" OUT IN THE NEWS ROOM SEEMS TO BE TAKING AN UNUSUAL INTEREST IN EVENTS.

HM ---- I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS

HEY, TRACY
LOOK OUT!

AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT THE FIGURE IN THE GRIMY CLOTHES SPRINGS TO HER FEET AND FROM BEHIND HER SKIRTS TAKES A SHINY OBJECT---A GUN!

WHO IS THIS SCRUB WOMAN??

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!

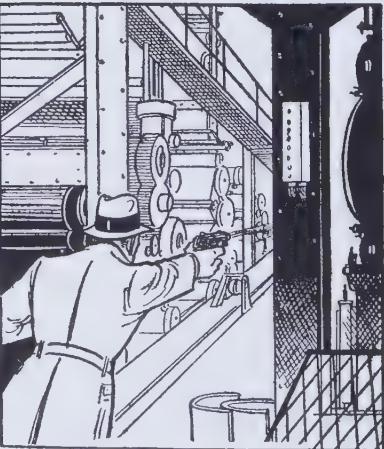
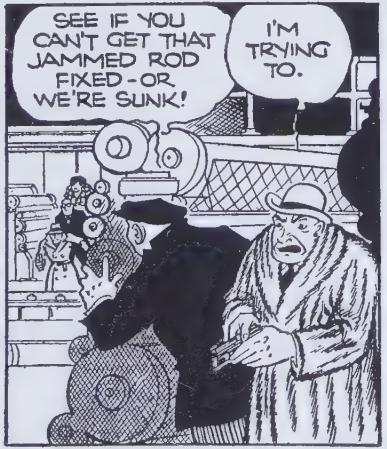
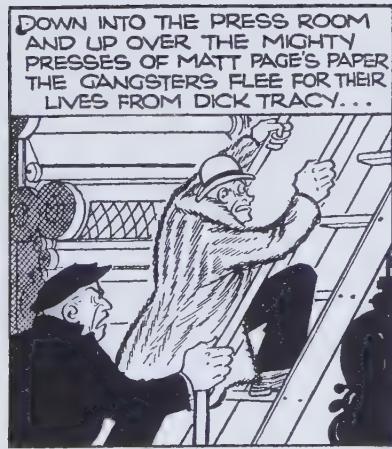
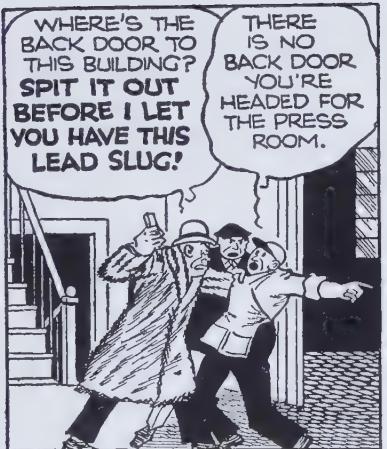


TRACY OPENS HIS EYES. THE SCRUB WOMAN GIVES HIM A GLASS OF WATER . . .



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..





CORNED IN THE PRESS ROOM
AND WITH NO BETTER WEAPON
THAN A JAMMED GUN, THE TWO
GANGSTERS SURRENDER.

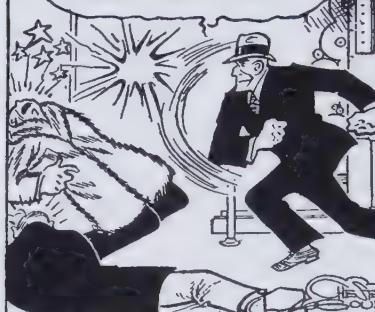
THAT'S IT.
COME ON OUT
AND KEEP THOSE
HANDS UP.



HOLD MY GUN
AND MY COAT,
MR. PAGE. I WANT
TO PAY BACK A
COUPLE OF DEBTS.



I JUST WANTED TO
RETURN THOSE TWO
JAWBREAKERS YOU BOYS
GAVE ME WITH THAT TELE-
PHONE UP IN THE OFFICE!
NOW GET UP!



IN THE OFFICE
BEFORE I
CALL HEAD-
QUARTERS I WANT
TO THANK YOUR
SCRUB WOMAN FOR
COMING TO OUR AID
WHEN THIS FIGHT
FIRST STARTED.

TRACY,
I'M GOING
TO REVEAL
SOMETHING
VERY START-
LING ABOUT
THIS SCRUB
WOMAN! YOU
SEE SHE-

WHAT IS MATT PAGE'S REVELATION?

WHAT GREAT REVELATION IS
ABOUT AT HAND IN MATT
PAGE'S OFFICE?

YOU SEE, TRACY, NOW
THAT THIS IS ALL OVER, I CAN
TELL YOU A SECRET ABOUT
THIS SCRUB WOMAN



YES-YES-
JUST
WHAT
IS IT?

TAKE OFF
YOUR WIG
AND YOUR
"PUTTY"
FEATURES.



JEAN
PENFIELD!



NONE
OTHER
THAN!
Padding
AND ALL!

JEAN!
...I JUST
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!



DICK TRACY

YOUR APPEARANCE PERHAPS
SAVED OUR LIVES MRS PENFIELD. THESE
FELLOWS WERE PREPARING TO FINISH OFF EDITOR
PAGE AND MYSELF WHEN YOU FIRST
ENTERED THIS ROOM!

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.

YOU SEE, BY LETTING
EVERYONE THINK I WAS DEAD-
I WAS ABLE TO WRITE MY
NEWSPAPER ARTICLES
UNMOLESTED.

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.

WHEN IN REALITY
YOU WERE
THROWN FROM
THE CAR WHEN IT
SWERVED AGAINST A
HAYSTACK BEFORE
CRASHING INTO
THE TANK, EH?

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.

I SEE

IN ORDER TO WORK CLOSE
TO EDITOR PAGE WITHOUT ANY-
ONE 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.

YOU'VE
DONE A
GOOD
JOB.

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

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

WHAT'S
IT ALL
ABOUT?
I GUESS EDITOR
MATT PAGE IS HAVING
SOME TROUBLE OVER
THOSE ARTICLES HE'S
BEEN PRINTING
LATELY.

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

OKAY,
PAGE.

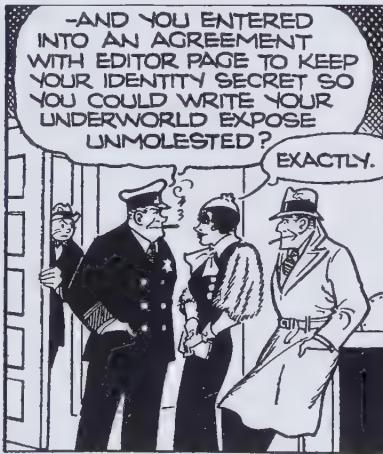
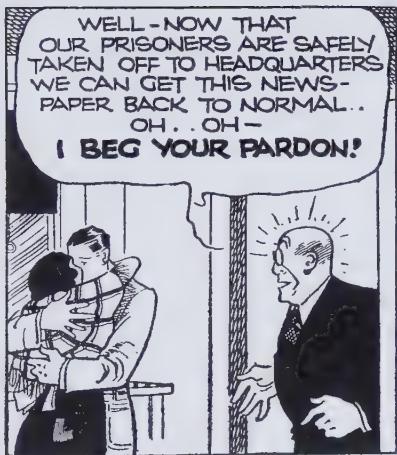
JEAN.. YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT THAT IS.. I'M..
I'M VERY HAPPY TO KNOW
YOU'RE SAFE.

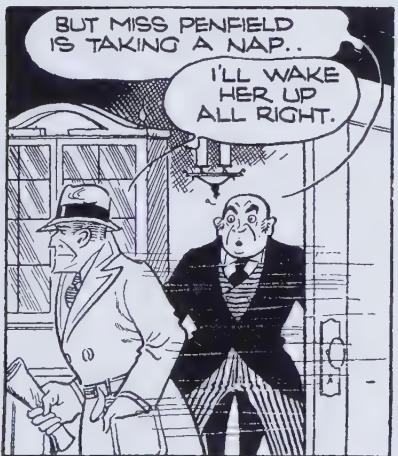
DO YOU
REALLY FEEL
THAT WAY
ABOUT
IT?

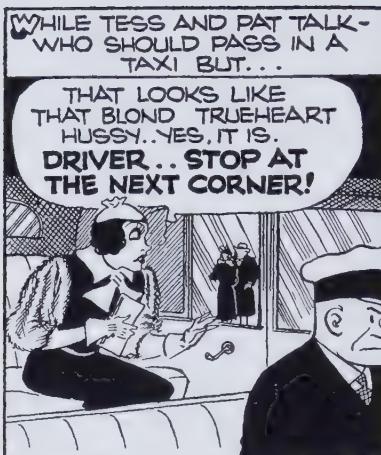
OH YES, MISS
TRUEHEART-YOU'LL
FIND TRACY
THERE IN MY
OFFICE

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

IT'S ALL OVER,
PAT. HE AND I ARE
THROUGH.





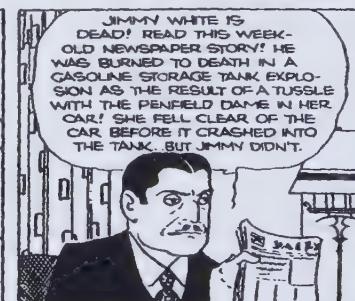


DICK TRACY

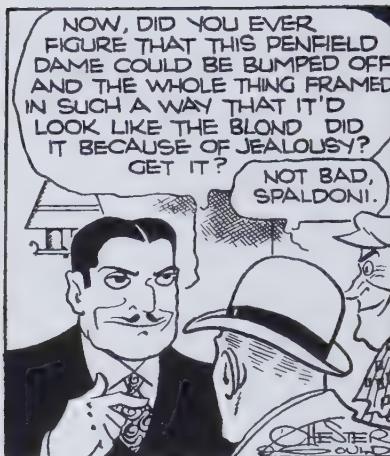
by
CHICAGO

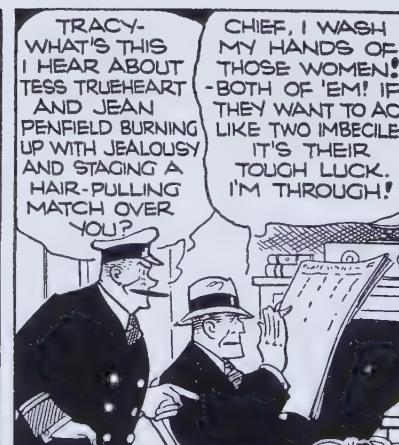
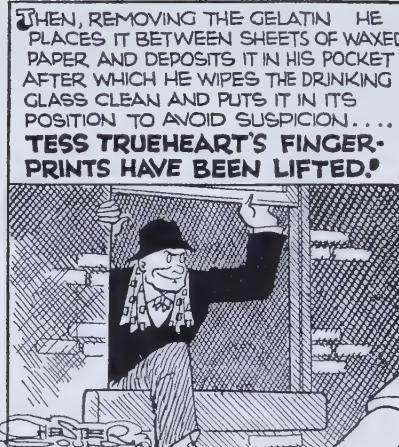
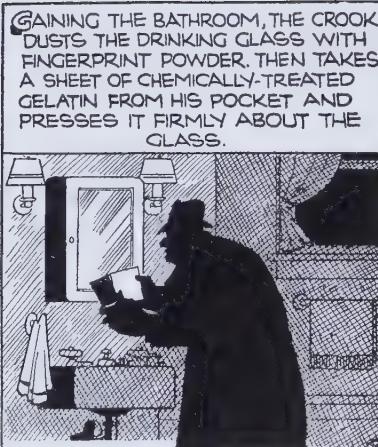
YOU'RE MY DOLLIE

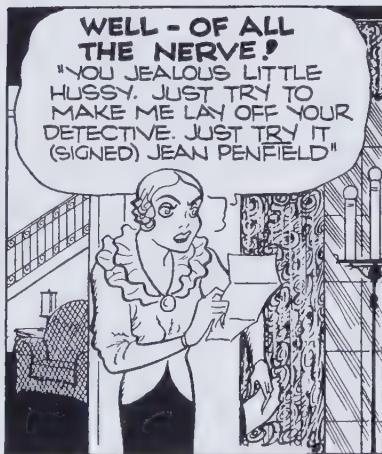
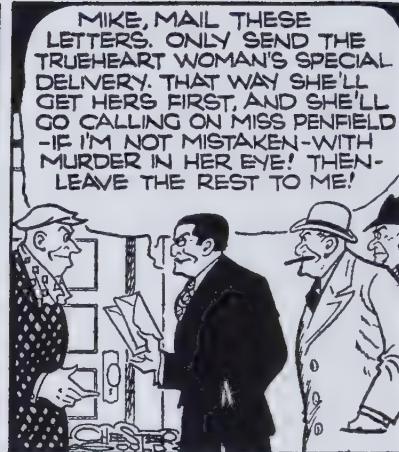
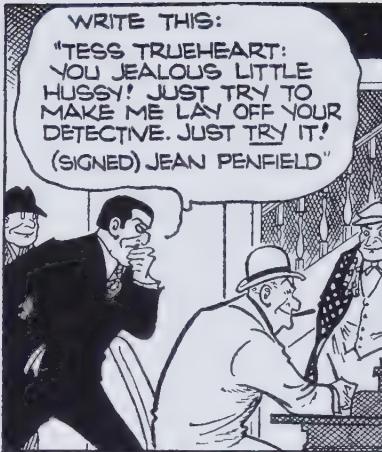
SO SHE CLAIMS IVE
STOLEN HER MAN, EH?
WHY, JEAN - HOW
COULD YOU - HOW
COULD YOU?



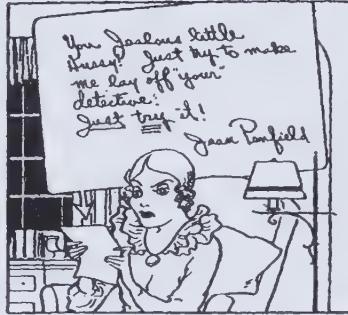
INCENSED BY THE FACT THAT JEAN PENFIELD IS STILL ALIVE AND THAT IT WAS JIMMY WHITE WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE OIL TANK FIRE, SPALDONI AND HIS MEN PLAN REVENGE.

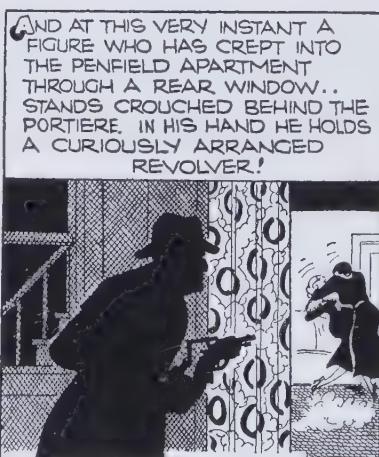
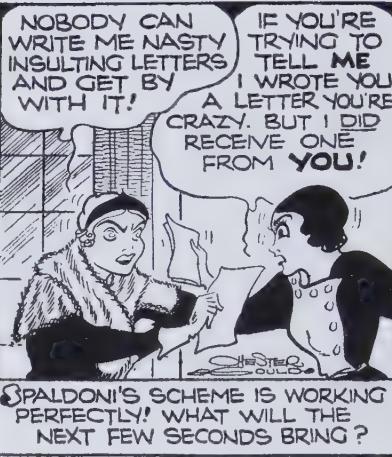




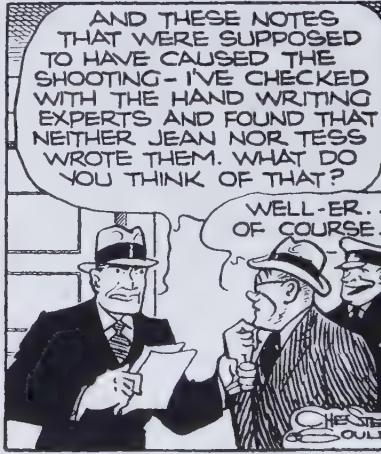
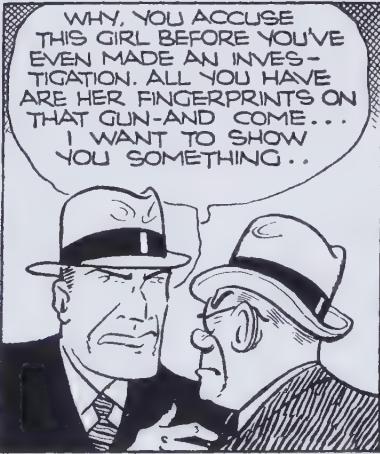
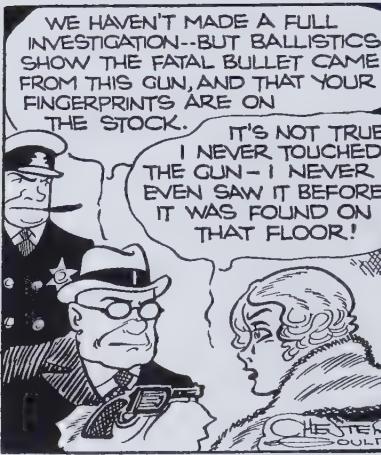


DICK TRACY

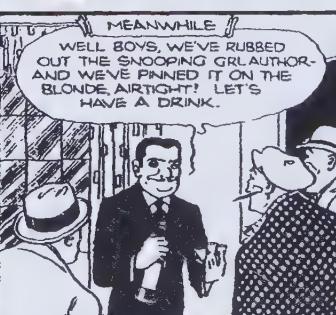
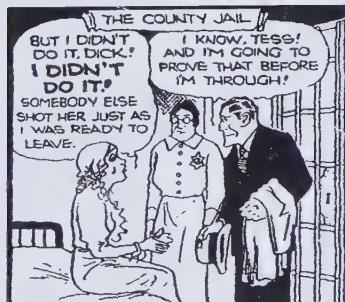


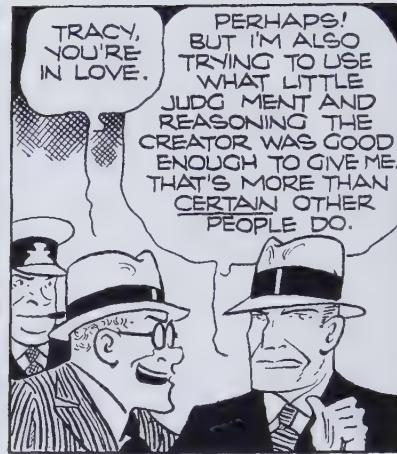
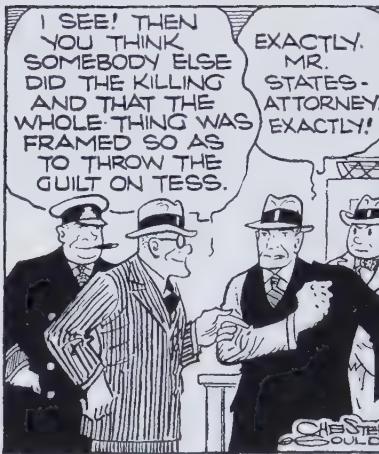






DICK TRACY





THE SEARCH OF JEAN PENFIELD'S APARTMENT!

THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL TO BE FOUND IN THOSE BACK ROOMS, TRACY.

YEAH? WELL, LOOK AT THIS.

DO YOU SEE THIS, PAT?

IT'S A RECEIPT FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS SIGNED BY SPALDONI! IT PROVES A THING I HAVE ALWAYS SUSPECTED: THAT JEAN PENFIELD WAS THE ONE WHO FURNISHED CASH THAT TIME JIMMY WHITE WAS BAILED OUT. WELL - LET'S GO.

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WHEN ALL YOU'VE GOT IS THAT LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER?

PAT, THE HANDWRITING ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER IS GOING TO SOLVE JEAN PENFIELD'S MURDER.

GIVE ME THAT PIECE OF PAPER!

AFTER SEARCHING JEAN PENFIELD'S APARTMENT AND FINDING A RECEIPT IN SPALDONI'S HANDWRITING.... TRACY AND PAT PREPARE TO LEAVE, WHEN.....

GIVE ME THAT PIECE OF PAPER!

NOW KEEP YOUR HANDS UP TILL I TELL YOU TO PUT 'EM DOWN.

AFTER 10 MINUTES..

HEY BUD - HAVE A HEART! WE CAN'T STAND WITH OUR HANDS UP LIKE THIS ALL DAY.

HEY TRACY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

PAT! COME HERE!

PINNED TO THE CURTAIN

RUSHING TO THE CURTAIN FROM WHICH PROTRUDES THE GUN, TRACY AND PAT FIND NO ONE THERE...

WHAT SAPS WE'VE BEEN!

AND HOW!
WHOEVER IT WAS - HE LEFT HIS GUN PINNED TO THE CURTAIN TO KEEP US COVERED AND MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY.

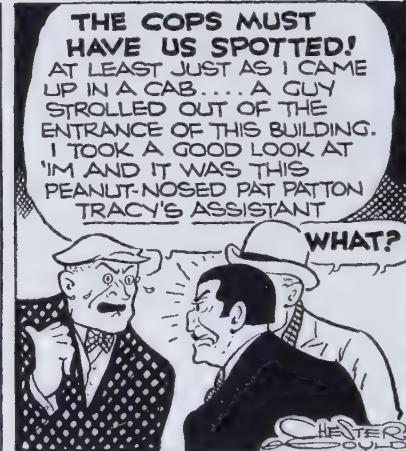
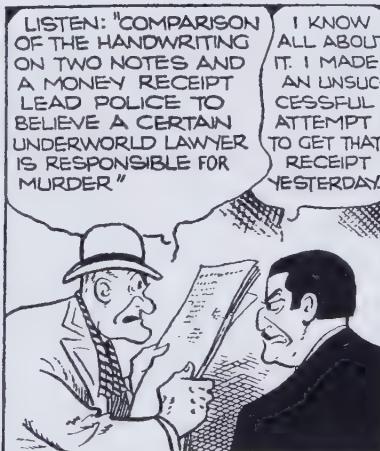
AND HE TOOK THAT RECEIPT WITH SPALDONI'S HANDWRITING ON IT AWAY WITH HIM.

OH NO
HE DIDN'T, PAT!
THE RECEIPT'S RIGHT HERE!

WHEN HE SAID, "GIVE ME THAT PIECE OF PAPER", I HANDED HIM AN OLD FOLDED ENVELOPE FROM MY OTHER POCKET.... NOW COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

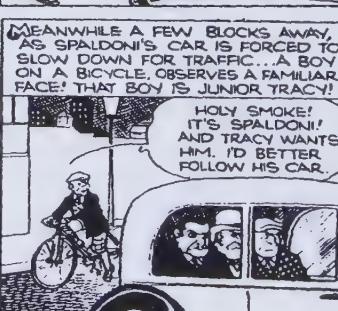
I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO HEADQUARTERS TO COMPARE THIS HANDWRITING. MEANWHILE I WANT YOU TO MAKE A CANVASS OF ALL SPALDONI'S OLD HANG OUTS AND FIND OUT WHERE HE'S STAYING. GET IT?

OKAY!
TRACY.



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.



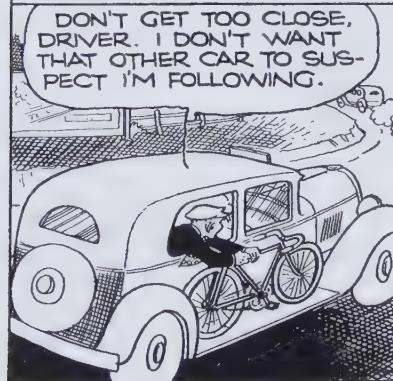
AS JUNIOR TRACY PEDALS PAST A CERTAIN CORNER ON HIS BI-CYCLE, AN AUTO BEARING THREE INDIVIDUALS ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION....



BUT ALAS! HE INSTANTLY REALIZES HE HASN'T A CHANCE OF KEEPING PACE WITH THE SPEEDING AUTO ON HIS BICYCLE...



TRAILING THE SPEEDING CAR BEARING SPALDONI, JUNIOR RACES ON IN A CAB....



LISTEN KID, WE'RE NEARING THE EDGE OF TOWN - AND YOUR BILL'S RUNNING UP.

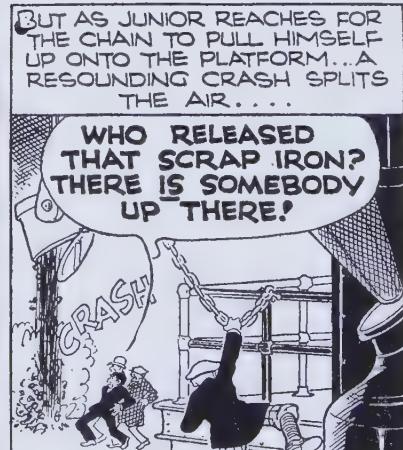


THEN THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO! YOU OWE ME ONE DOLLAR, FORTY-FIVE! GET OUT!



HOLY SMOKE! THIS WASN'T A BAD BREAK AFTER ALL. SPALDONI'S CAR TURNED OFF THE ROAD AND IS GOING DOWN TOWARD THAT OLD STEEL MILL!







DICK TRACY

AFTER TRAILING SPALDONI, FIRST ON HIS BICYCLE THEN IN A TAXI, 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....

YOU SAY YOU FOLLOWED THEM TO AN OLD STEEL MILL?

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.

WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT TRACY. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE PLACE IS.

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?

CERTAINLY!

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

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT HIM TO DO.

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

YEAH? WELL WHAT ABOUT IT, SPALDONI?

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 LADLE 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 LADLE 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!

THE SURPRISE APPEARANCE OF THE DETECTIVE AND BOY TAKES SPALDONI OFF HIS FEET. HE HAD NOT EXPECTED THEM SO SOON. FOR A MOMENT HE IS DAZED, THEN... HIS UPRAISED HAND MOVES TOWARD A DANGLING CHAIN...

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.



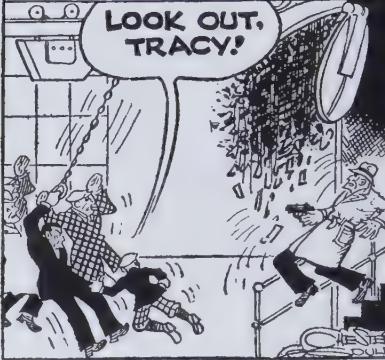
YEAH - I KNOW YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME SO SOON.. BUT MY SYSTEM OF CATCHING CROOKS IS TO ACT FAST AND SURPRISE 'EM!
SEARCH THEM, JUNIOR!



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



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.



5-1



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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 DETECTIVE'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'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.

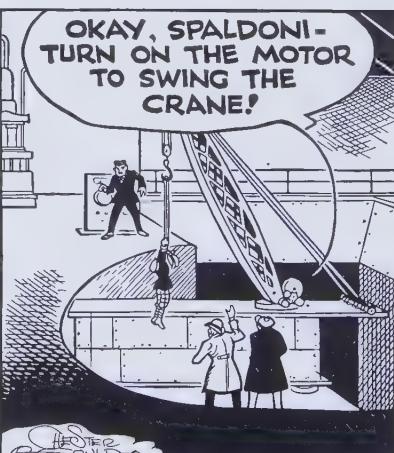


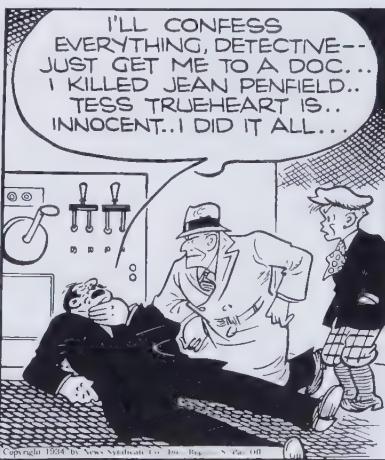
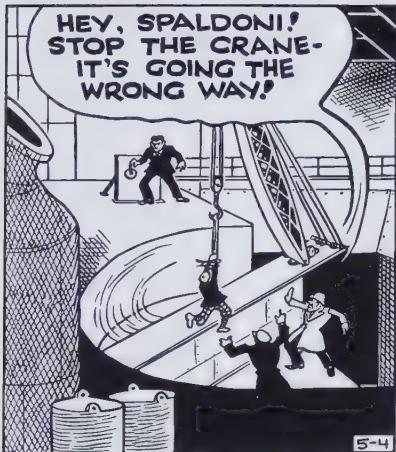
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HURRY UP- YOU GUYS.. I CAN'T KEEP THIS FLATFOOT OUT MUCH LONGER. OW!

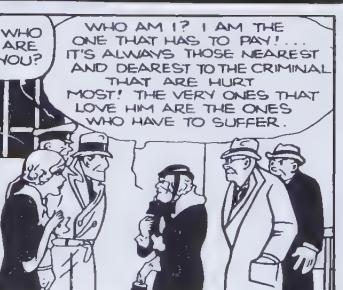


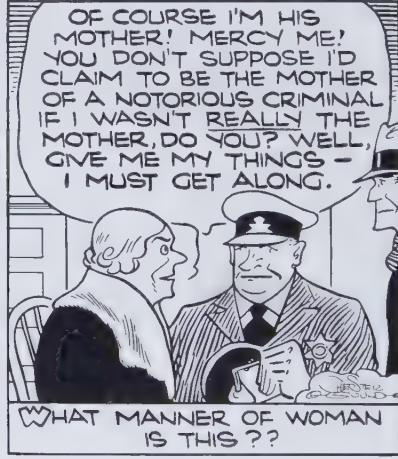
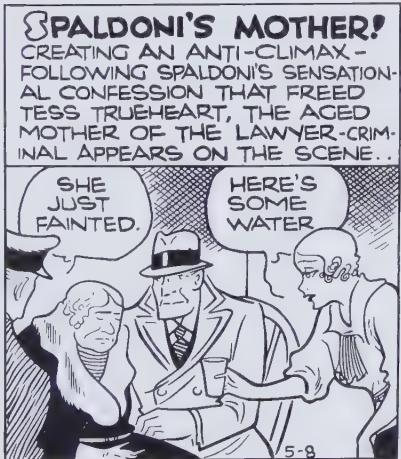
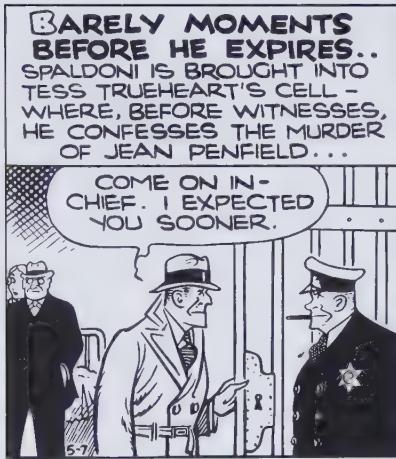
OKAY, SPALDONI- TURN ON THE MOTOR TO SWING THE CRANE!

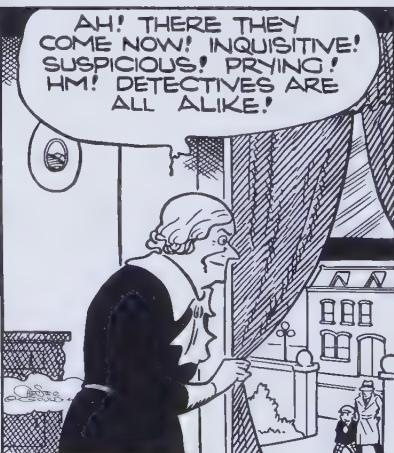
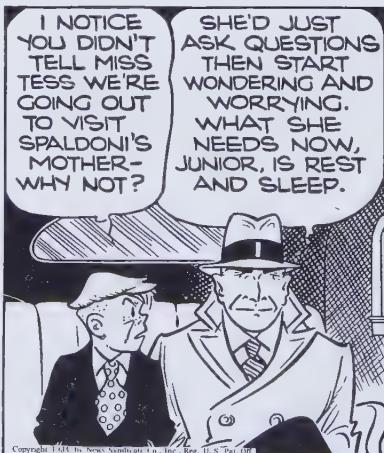
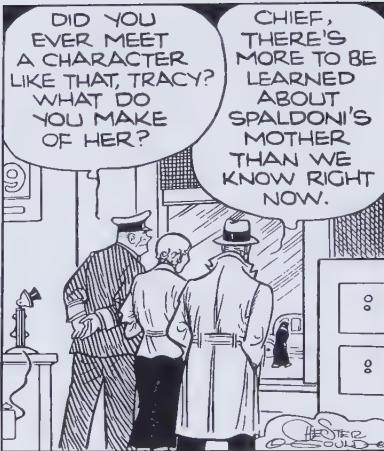


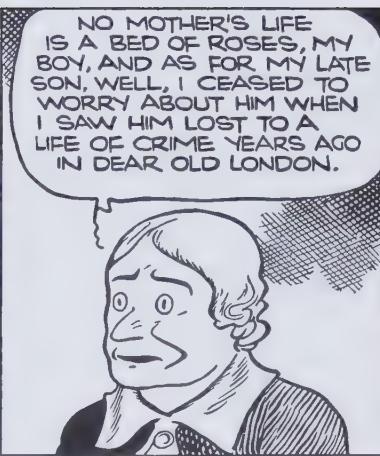
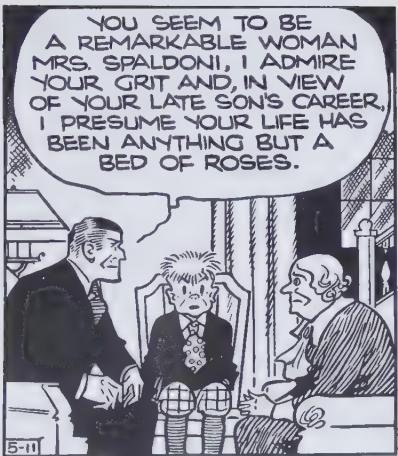


DICK TRACY

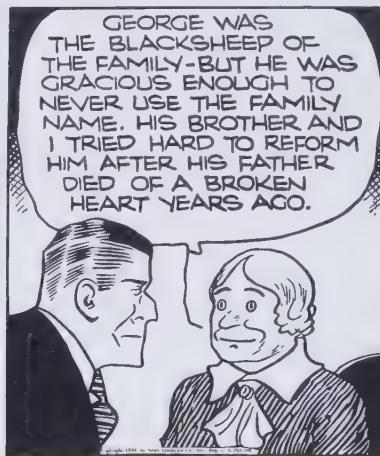






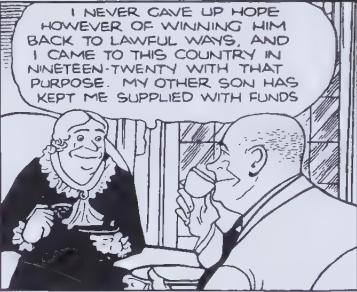


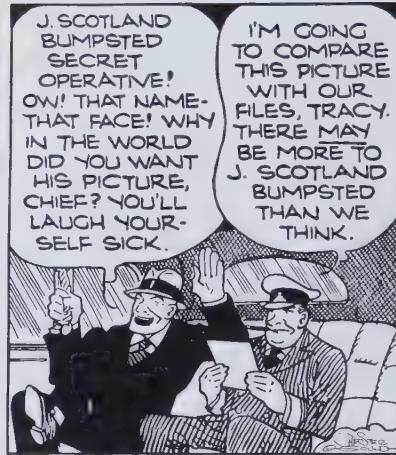
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IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THIS LITTLE OLD LADY IS GOING TO HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO DO WITH OUR STORY....

DICK TRACY



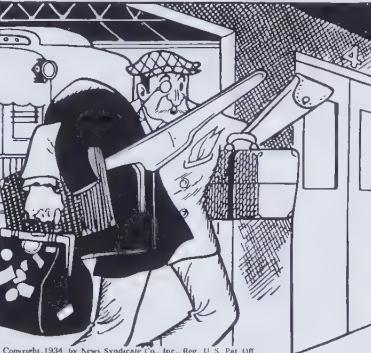


PARTLY OUT OF CURIOSITY AND PARTLY OUT OF COURTESY TO THE QUAIN OLD LADY, DICK TRACY, PAT AND JUNIOR GO TO THE TRAIN WITH MRS. BUMPSTED TO WELCOME HER SON, J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED...

MOST EVERYBODY'S OUT OF THE TRAIN SHED. MAYBE, HE DIDN'T COME.



THEN, AMID A MOUNTAIN OF BAGS, GUN CASES AND GRIPS A CURIOUS FIGURE SAUNTERS THROUGH THE GATE...



MUMSY, OLD THING!
SCOTTY, MY BOY!



GREAT SCOTT, TRACY-LOOK AT THE LINING OF THAT OVER-COAT!! IT'S ALIVE WITH GUNS!



MUMSY! MUMSY!
SCOTTY!

RESTAURAN

CHIEF, I WANT YOU TO MEET J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED, EUROPEAN SECRET OPERATIVE.

CHARMED! OLD THING, CHARMED!
BY JOVE, IT'S A GREAT PLEASURE TO AT LAST MEET SOME REAL AMERICAN "GANGBUSTERS" AS YOU CALL YOURSELVES OVER HERE.



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE "GANG-BUSTER" STUFF BUT WE DO CALL OURSELVES FIRST CLASS POLICE.

QUITE SO, OLD CHAP! YOUR FINE WORK IS WELL KNOWN OVERSEAS.



YOU KNOW I'M EXTREMELY ANXIOUS TO VISIT YOUR STATE PENAL INSTITUTION HERE AND OBSERVE SOME OF YOUR GANGSTER CHARACTERS WILL THAT BE POSSIBLE?

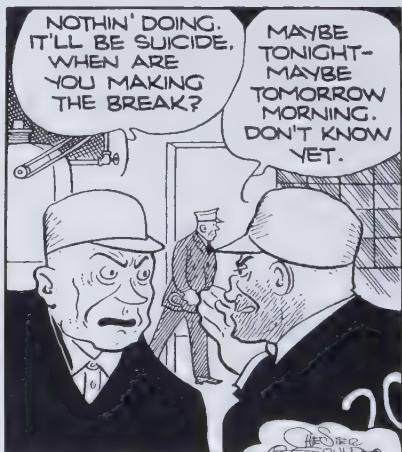
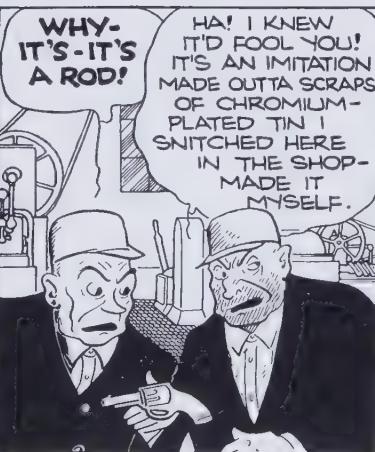
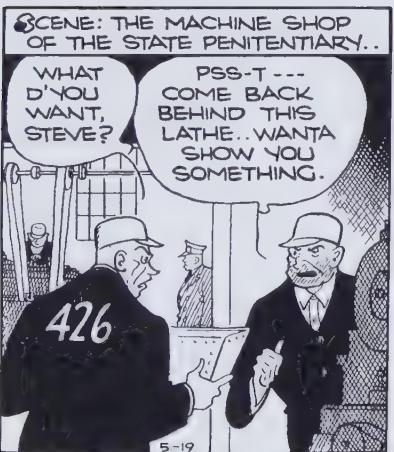
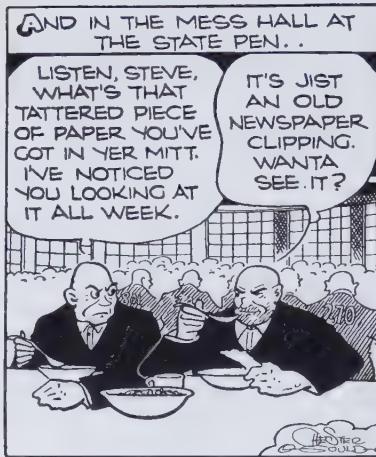
I THINK SO BUMPSTED- I THINK SO.



AND SPEAKING OF THE STATE PENAL INSTITUTION-THERE SITS IN A CERTAIN CELL-AT THIS MOMENT-AN OLD FAMILIAR CHARACTER, A LIFER, WHO IS DESTINED VERY SOON TO ENTER OUR STORY- AND INCIDENTALLY THE LIFE OF J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED....

STEVE THE TRAMP





DICK TRACY

by
R. C. GARDNER

STATE
PENITENTIARY

SINCE J. SCOTLAND BUMPSTED, OF THE EUROPEAN SECRET POLICE, ARRIVED IN TOWN, TRACY HAS BEEN MORE THAN BUSY SHOWING THE FOREIGN DETECTIVE AROUND AND EXPLAINING AMERICAN WAYS AND METHODS OF POLICE PROCEDURE...



JUNIOR, AND I ARE TAKING HIM TO VISIT THE STATE PENITENTIARY. MRS. BUMPSTED HE WANTS TO SEE ONE OF OUR AMERICAN PENAL INSTITUTIONS AND SOME OF THE FAMOUS GANGSTERS THAT HAVE BEEN PUT BEHIND BARS LATELY.

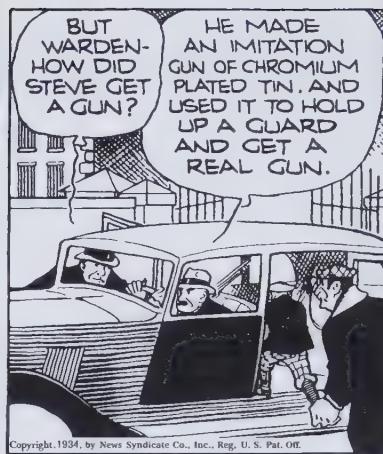
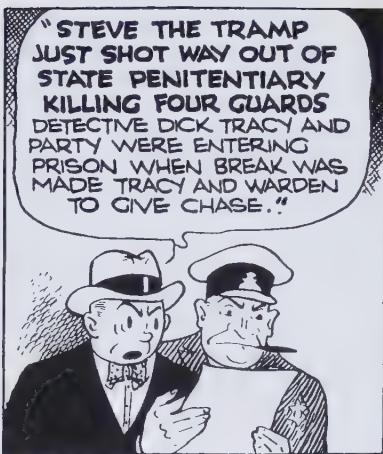


BUT LISTEN - SCOTTY, YOU WON'T NEED THAT ARSENAL. WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR GUNS HERE?



REMIND ME TO TELL YOU SOMETIME ABOUT HOW I SHOT AN ASSASSIN THROUGH THE HEART IN BUDAPEST WITH A TINY GUN I HAD CONCEALED UP MY SLEEVE.





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WHEN TRACY AND THE REST REACH THE ROADSTER, STEVE HAS FLOWN . . .

HE'S BEAT IT UP THROUGH THAT TIMBER. HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.



5-23

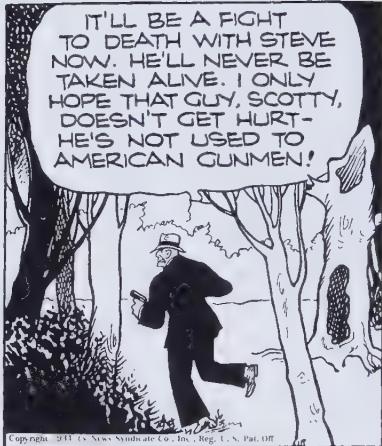
JUNIOR, IT'S TOO RISKY FOR YOU TO GO ALONG STAY HERE AT THE CAR, THE WARDEN WILL CIRCLE TO THE NORTH-SCOTTY TO THE SOUTH, AND I'LL GO STRAIGHT UP OVER THIS KNOB.

AW, TRACY-I WANTA GO.



IT'LL BE A FIGHT TO DEATH WITH STEVE NOW. HE'LL NEVER BE TAKEN ALIVE. I ONLY HOPE THAT GUY, SCOTTY, DOESN'T GET HURT- HE'S NOT USED TO AMERICAN GUNMEN!

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Herb Cole

RISING OUT OF THE TOP OF THE HOLLOW TREE TRUNK-STEVE FIRES! THE BULLET PIERCES LIKE A NEEDLE OF FIRE THROUGH THE DETECTIVE'S SHOULDER . . .



5-24

WITH THE SPEED OF A CAT -- TRACY TURNS, THROWS HIMSELF ON THE GROUND BEHIND A LOG AND LOOKS FOR HIS ASSAILANT . . .



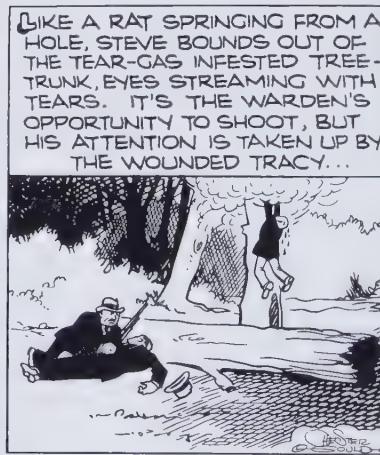
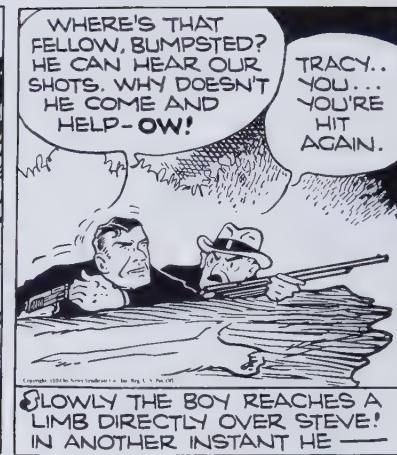
A TINY WISP OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE TREE TELLS TRACY WHERE STEVE IS HIDING. THE BATTLE IS ON!



DOWN IN THE CAR, JUNIOR HEARS THE SHOTS-AND ALSO DISCOVERS THE REMAINING TEAR BOMBS IN THE POCKET OF THE CAR . . .



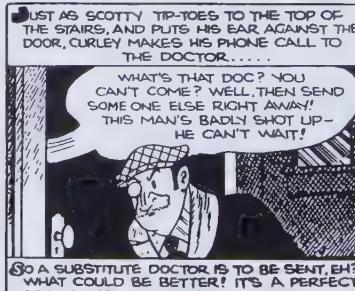
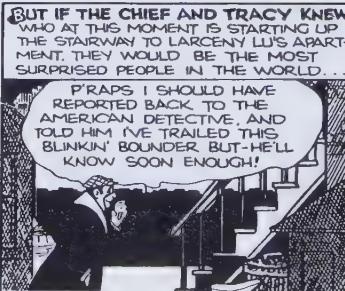
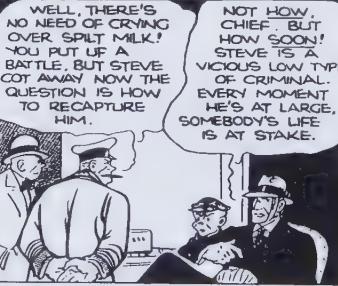
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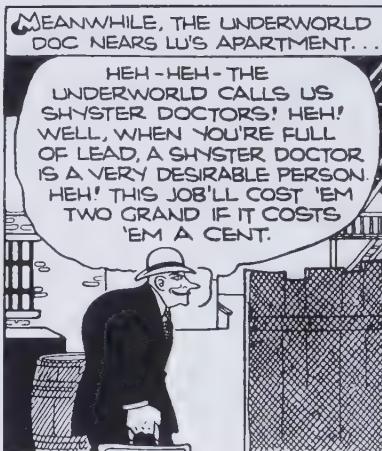
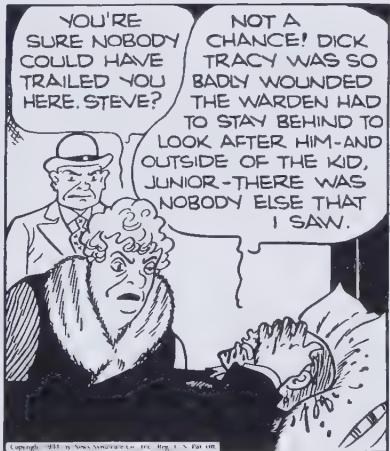
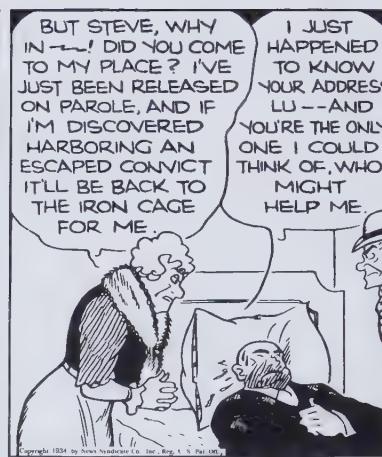


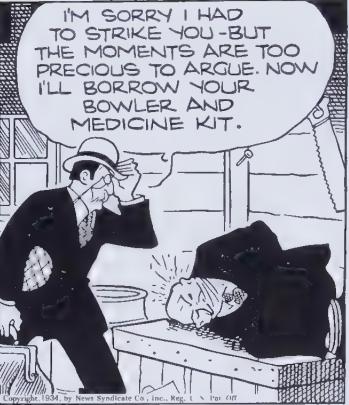
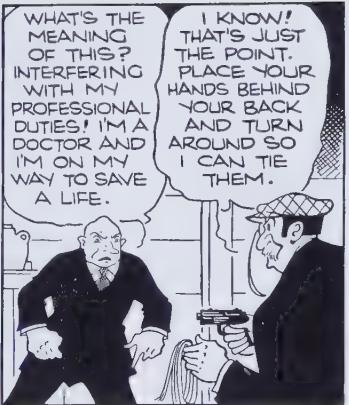
DICK TRACY

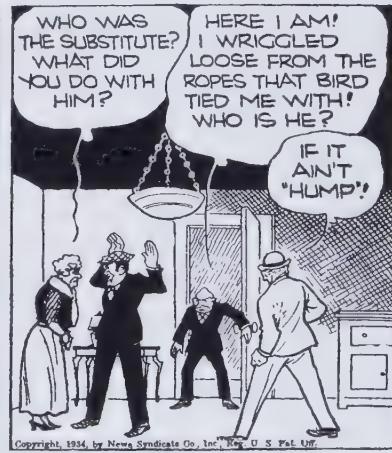
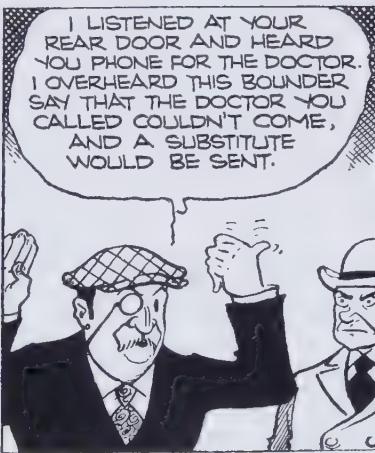
STUMBLING BLINDLY DOWN AN ALLEY,
THROUGH THE DARK, A BLEEDING,
BATTERED FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY.

CLIMBING A STAIRWAY.... IT HALF WALKS - HALF FALLS AGAINST A DOOR....





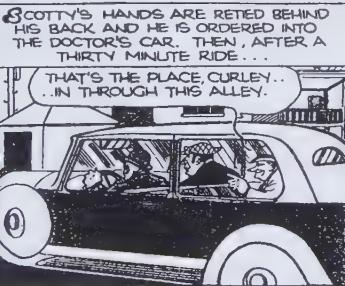


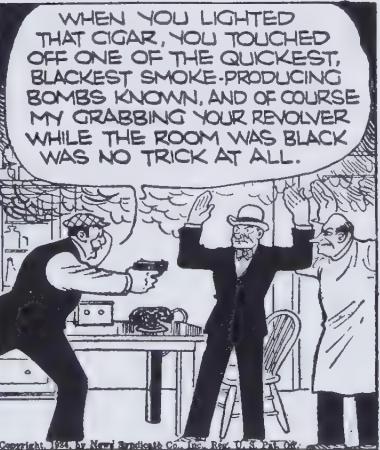
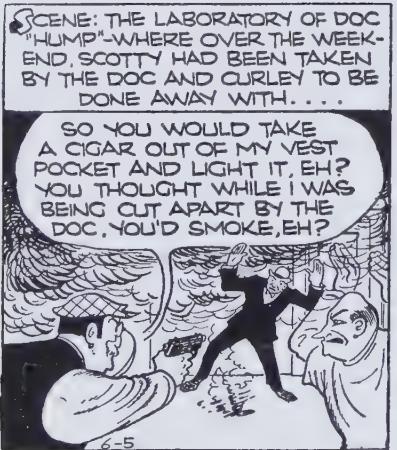


DICK TRACY

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





SCOTTY ORDERS CURLEY TO DIAL POLICE 1000 - BUT INSTEAD . . . CURLEY DIALS LARCEY LU'S NUMBER, AND BEFORE HE CAN BE STOPPED . . .

HELLO, LU -

WHAT IN?

CURLEY TALKING - SCOTTY HAS ME AND DOC! YOU AND STEVE BETTER LEAVE THAT APARTMENT - - THE POLICE WILL BE THERE INSIDE OF AN -

WHY, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE - - I TOLD YOU TO CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

HELLO - TRACY? THIS IS MURPHY OUT AT HAYNE AND TWENTY FIRST STREET - THERE'S A GENTLEMAN BY THE NAME OF SCOTTY STANDING HERE COVERING A COUPLE OF TOUGH MUGS WITH AN AUTOMATIC - AND HE WANTS YOU TO SEND A WAGON.

IT'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

6-6

THAT'S A GREAT HAUL, SCOTTY. YOU'VE DONE A FINE PIECE OF WORK.

ABSOLUTELY! WHY, OLD "HUMP" THERE IS ONE OF THE CROOKEDEST GANG DOCS IN THE BUSINESS, AND IS WANTED ALL OVER THE EAST.

WE THOUGHT YOU HAD WALKED OUT ON US.

WELL, YOU SEE, AFTER THE GUN BATTLE AT THE PENITENTIARY I FOLLOWED STEVE TO THE HOME OF LARCEY LU, WHERE I WAS OVERPOWERED BY THESE RUFFIANS AND TAKEN TO "HUMP'S" LABORATORY TO BE SLAIN. THERE I REGAINED THE UPPER HAND WHEN CURLEY LIGHTED ONE OF THE SMOKE-BOMB CIGARS I ALWAYS CARRY IN MY POCKET.

THEN YOU KNOW WHERE STEVE IS?

MOST CERTAINLY! BUT WE MUST GO THERE IMMEDIATELY IF WE ARE TO CATCH HIM. HE AND LU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

I'VE GOT A SICK MAN UPSTAIRS THAT HAS TO BE MOVED ACROSS TOWN, UNDERSTAND? NOW HERE'S A TWENTY SPOT FOR YOU IF YOU'LL PUT 'IM UNDERNEATH THAT TARPALLIN WITH THE BANANAS AND MOVE HIM FOR ME. OKAY?

SURE WHERE IS HE?

6-7



DICK TRACY

THE COAST IS CLEAR -
BRING HIM UPSTAIRS.

KNOWING THAT J. SCOTLAND BUMPTED 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.



BUT LU - YOU CAN'T -
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...



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.

AH - AH - COME NOW, OLD CHAP - DON'T TWIT ME!



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?

BY THUNDER, SCOTTY - I THINK YOU'VE HIT ON SOMETHING! LET'S GO RIGHT OUT THERE.



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...

HM-I THOUGHT I HAD GOT ALL THE BULLETS-BUT HERE'S ONE I OVERLOOKED



6-11

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.



CHESTER GOULD

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

LOOK TRACY- DON'T YOU SEE THEM?

YOU'RE RIGHT, "SCOTTY." THEY LOOK LIKE TRACKS OF A SMALL CART.



6-12

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

THAT MEANS ONE OF TWO THINGS. EITHER AN ORGAN-GRINDER OR A FRUIT PEDDLER.



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

MARVELOUS DEDUCTION, OLD THING! THAT LEAVES THE FRUIT CART. WE'VE GOT TO CHECK UP ON THE FRUIT PEDDLERS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.



CHESTER GOULD

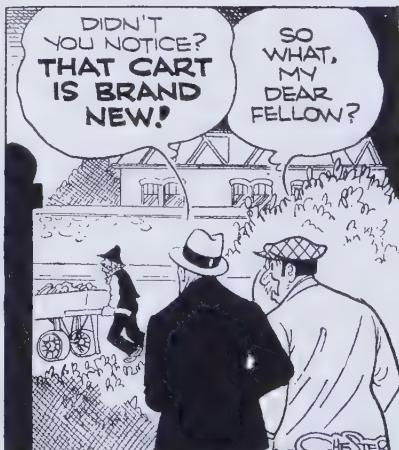
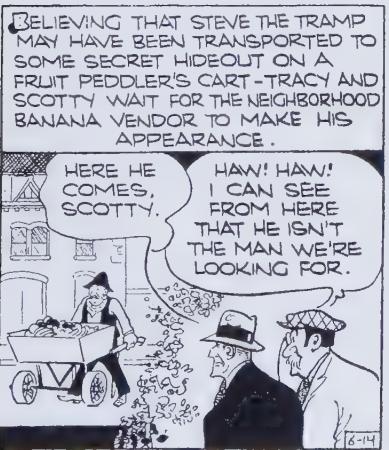
A HALF HOUR LATER AT LARCENY LU'S..

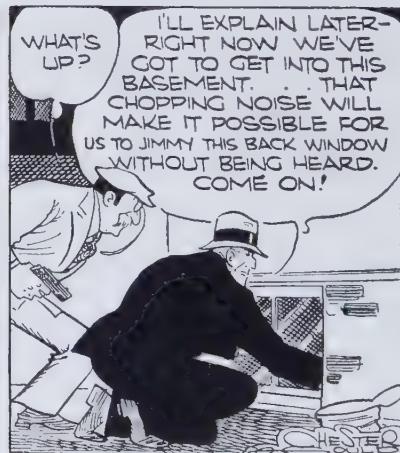
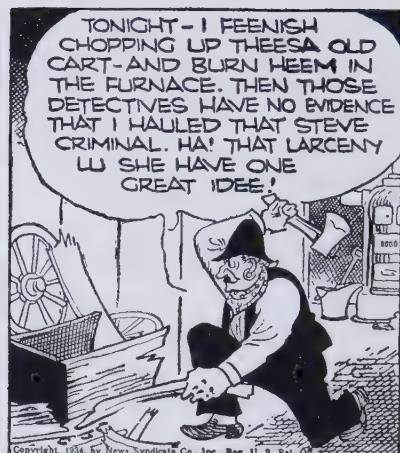
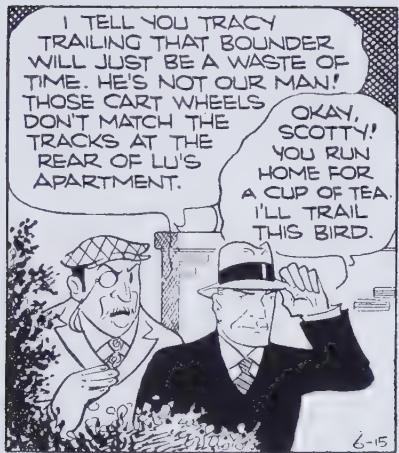
WHAT IN-

THE DETECTIVES! THEY FIND TRACKS OF MY CART! I HAPPEN PAST YOU'OLD PLACE- I SEE 'EM. THEY CHECK UP ON ME... MAYBE I GO TO JAIL.



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DICK TRACY

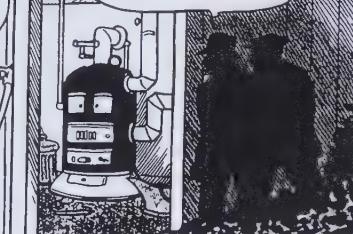
ON THE SEARCH FOR STEVE, THE ESCAPED CONVICT, TRACY WORKS ON THE CLEW UNEARTHED BY J. SCOTLAND BUMPSLED THAT THE WOUNDED STEVE MAY HAVE BEEN SPIRITED AWAY ON A BANANA PEDDLER'S CART...



BUT TRACY, WHAT'S THE USE OF SHADOWING THIS FRUIT VENDOR? IF THE WHEELS OF HIS CART DON'T MATCH THE CART TRACKS WE DISCOVERED IN LARCENY LU'S BACK YARD?



JUST BE PATIENT, SCOTTY - YOU'LL SOON SEE.



LOOK TRACY - THERE'S THE BLOOMIN' BOUNDER, NOW! - AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTING READY TO FIRE HIS FURNACE!



TAKING THE FRUIT PEDDLER BY SURPRISE - TRACY AND SCOTTY SOON SUCCEED IN GETTING FROM HIM ONE ADMISSION AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL . . .



THIS WOMAN, LU-
SHE GEEVA ME TWENTY-
FIVE DOLLAR TO HAUL DA
WOUNDED MAN, STEVE -
THEN SHE GEEVA ME MORE
MONEY TO BUY NEW CART
AND DESTROY THEES ONE.

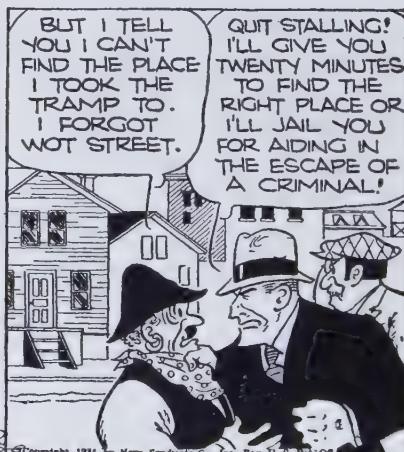


WELL -
WHERE DID
YOU TAKE THIS
GUY, STEVE?
TELL US.

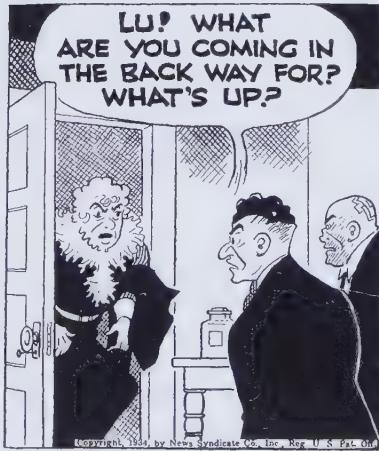
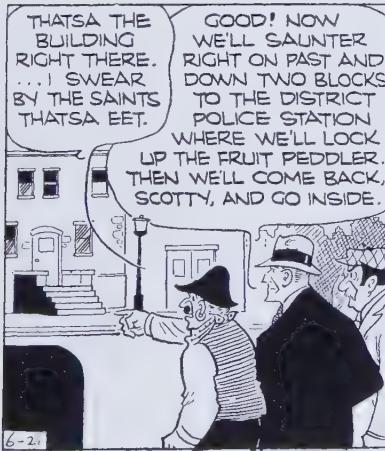
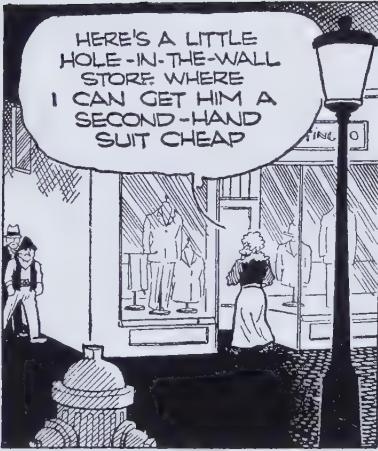
COME -
I SHOW
YOU WHERE
I TAKE STEVE.

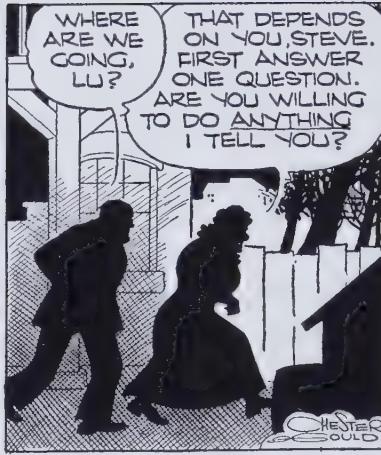


MEANWHILE STEVE'S WOUNDS
HAVING HEALED ENOUGH FOR
THE BANDAGES TO BE REMOVED.
THE TRAMP GETS THE FIRST GLIMPSE
OF HIMSELF IN A MIRROR . . .



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DICK TRACY

FOLLOWING UP INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM THE FRUIT PEDDLER, TRACY AND "SCOTTY" LOCATE THE NEWEST HIDEAWAY OF LARCEY 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.

IVE 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 - LARCEY 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 SURE - BUT THERE'S NO PLACE IN THIS CAR-SNATCHING OUTFIT FOR YOU. THIS AINT 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!

SCENE: HEADQUARTERS OF JERRY O'MARRA'S AUTO-STEALING RING...

WHEN LU SAYS SHE'S TAKING HER BUSINESS BACK - SHE'S TAKING IT BACK, UNDERSTAND?

IT'S TOO BAD, JERRY WANTED TO ARGUE WITH US, STEVE - TOO BAD.



AS I SAID BEFORE, BOYS - I'VE COME BACK TO TAKE OVER MY OLD BUSINESS AND FROM NOW ON, I'M THE BOSS. WHEN I CAME UP HERE, I THOUGHT JERRY MIGHT LISTEN TO REASON - BUT IT SEEMS HE HAD THE WRONG SLANT. NONE OF YOU BOYS HAVE THE WRONG SLANT, DO YOU?

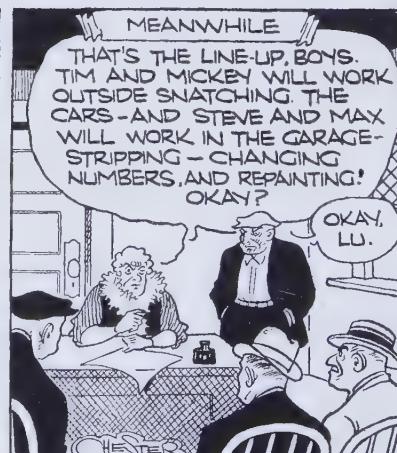
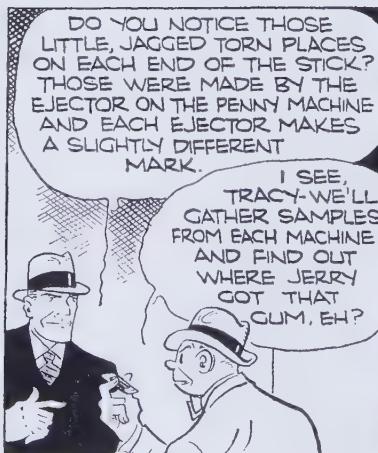
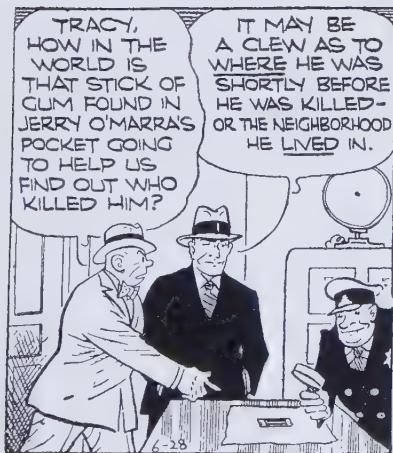


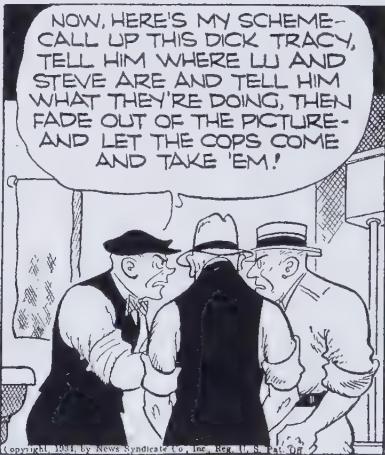
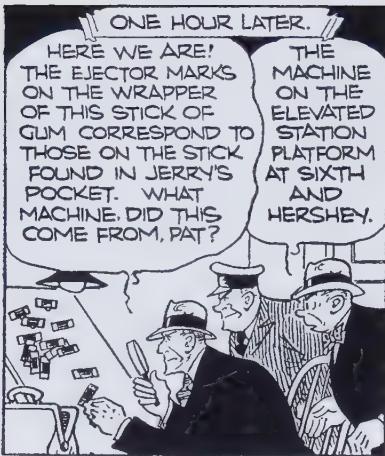
LISTEN LU - THIS IS MURDER! YOU CAN'T GET BY WITH IT! JERRY WAS OUR PAL.



YOU AIN'T GETTING THE WRONG SLANT TOO, ARE YOU, MUG?







DICK TRACY

by
CHESTER CLOUD

GOOD BYE, BOYS -
WE'LL SEE YOU IN
THE MORNING

S' LONG,
LU...

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 RINGS' FORMER BOSS....

SHE WON'T SEE ME IN THE MORNING - BECAUSE SHE'LL BE WHERE SHE CAN'T SEE ANYBODY.

MICKEY -
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 TOLD HIM
SHOT DOWN IN COLD
BLOOD, I SWEAR
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.

WHAT'S
THAT,
LU?

I HAPPENED TO BE STANDING
OVER A VENTILATING SHAFT ON THE
SECOND FLOOR OF THE GARAGE TO-
DAY WHEN I OVERHEARD THAT LITTLE
RUNT MICKEY SAY HE'S GOING TO
SQUEAL TO THE POLICE ABOUT YOU
AND ME JUST TO GET EVEN FOR
THE PLUGGING OF JERRY.

LU!
YOU DON'T
MEAN
IT!

SO LONG, BOYS!
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE
"FROLICS" AT TEN, AND
TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY
PHONE CONVERSATION
WITH THE DICK.

WATCH
YER,
STEP,
MICKEY!

PGS T!
MICKEY, KEEP
QUIET - AND
COME WITH
ME.

YOU, STEVE?
WHY -
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

TEN MINUTES LATER IN A NEARLY
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!

BUT
STEVE - I
DON'T GET WHAT
YOU'RE DRIVING
AT...

YEAH, THIS IS TRACY.
WHAT? IT'S MICKEY 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.

TWO HOURS LATER...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
KIND OF A GAG THIS IS, JUNIOR,
BUT WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES
OPEN A LITTLE LONGER.

GOSH, TRACY -
THIS'LL BE THE
FIRST TIME YOU
EVER HAD A
CROOK MAKE A
DATE ON YOU,
WON'T IT?

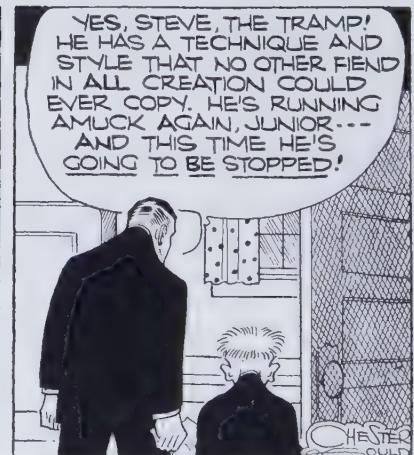
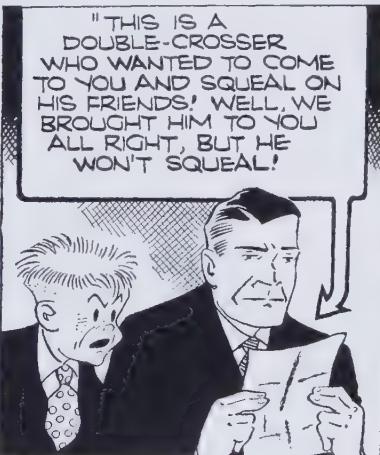
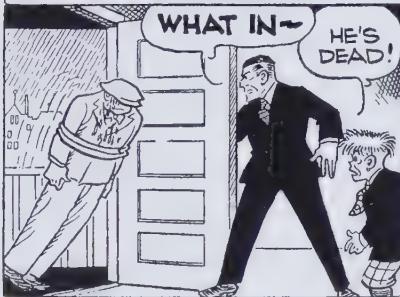
HEY!
THERE'S A
KNOCK - AT
THE BACK
DOOR!

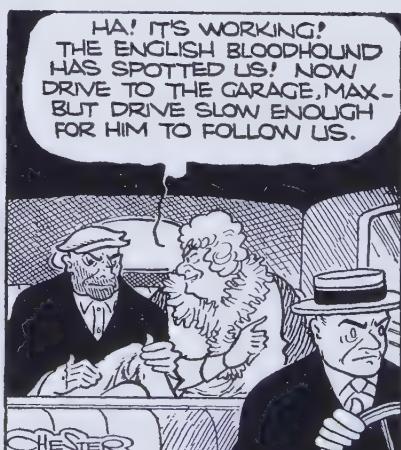
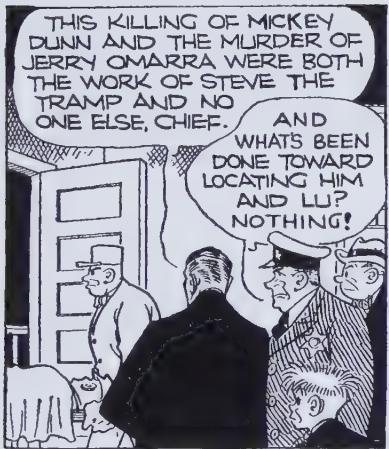
HE MUST
HAVE BEEN
AFRAID OF BEING
SEEN COMING IN
THE FRONT WAY.

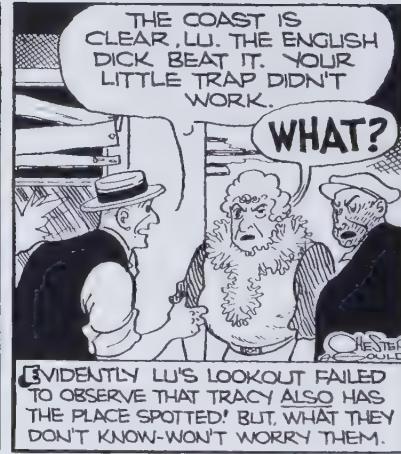
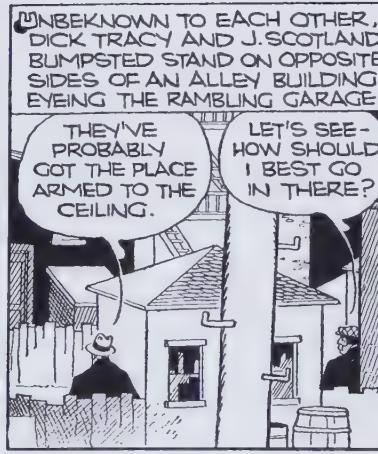
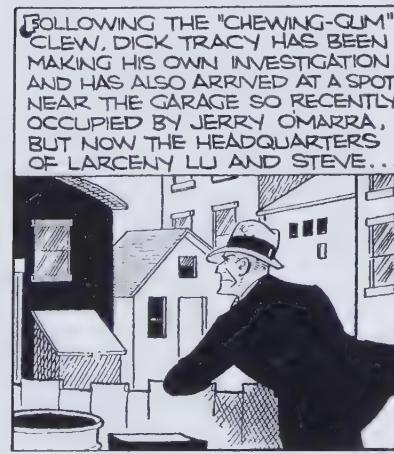
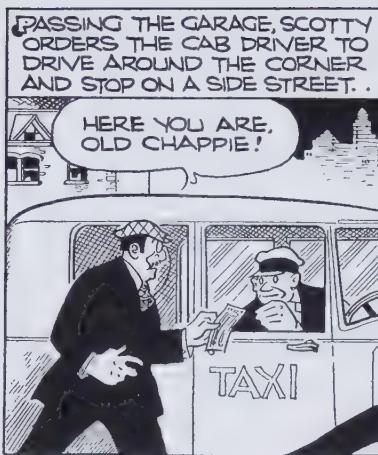
OH, HELLO, MICKEN-
SAY - WHAT IN -?

COLD AS STONE -
MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD
FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE
OF HOURS. QUICK! WE
MUST CALL THE CHIEF

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





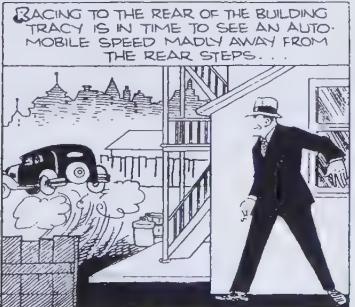
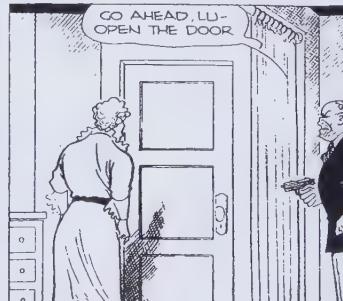


DICK TRACY

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

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

by
CHESTER CULVER



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.

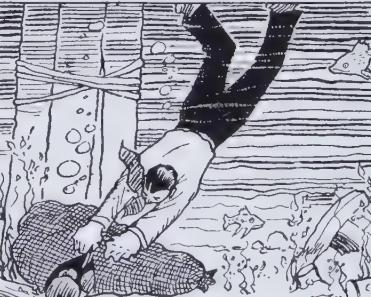
IF HE'S NOT ALREADY DEAD, HE SOON WILL BE UNLESS I CAN GET HIM UP QUICKLY.



TUG 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...



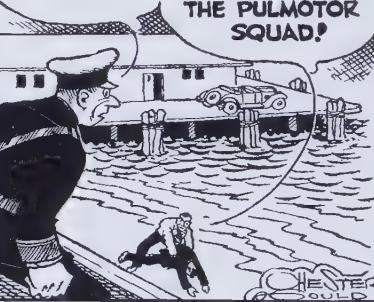
FEELING FOR THE HEAD OF THE VICTIM IN THE BAG-HE HOLDS IT ABOVE WATER AND STARTS FOR THE BEACH...



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!





DICK TRACY

By
CARTER COULSON

SCOTTY - WAKE UP
.. LOOK, MR. TRACY AND
CHIEF BRANDON
ARE HERE.

After diving into the river and rescuing Scotty, who had been 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.

Look at him.
All day he sits
like that without
saying a word.

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
LEAVE 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...

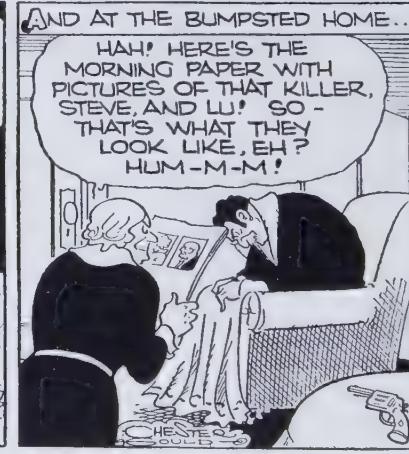
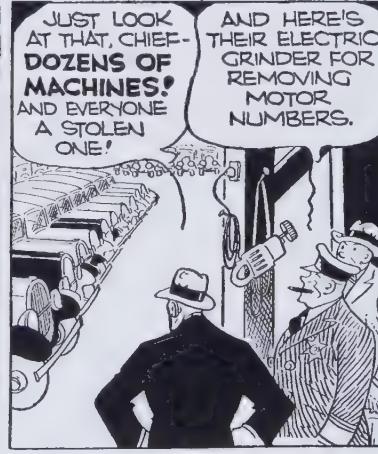
REALIZING THE OLD LADY'S PRESENT
FRAME OF MIND IS BEYOND ANY REASONING -
TRACY CATCHES THE CHIEF'S EYE, AND
SIGNALS FOR THEM TO LEAVE...

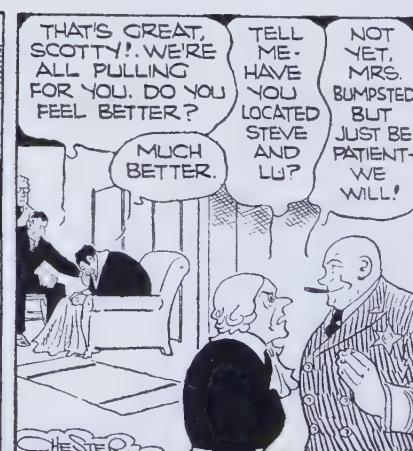
THE NURSE WILL BE
WITH YOU TONIGHT - AND
AT EIGHT TOMORROW MORNING
I WILL BE BACK WITH
THE SPECIALIST.

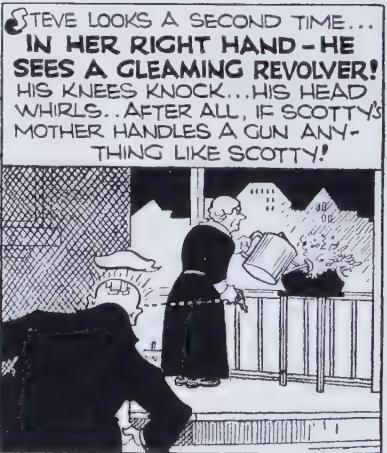
CHIEF - THIS IS
THE WORST ORDEAL
I EVER WENT
THROUGH. I NEVER
EXPECTED THINGS TO
TAKE A TURN LIKE THIS.

WE'VE GOT
TO WATCH
THAT OLD
LADY!
THERE'S
NO TELLING
WHAT SHE
MAY DO.

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!



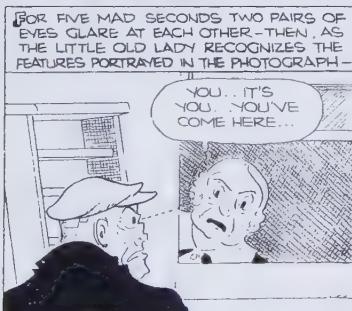
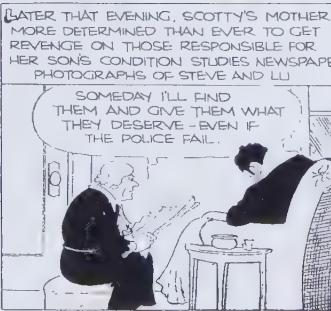




DICK TRACY

by
CHET H. GULD

NO - I CAN'T DO IT -
I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
AND TELL LU I CAN'T -
IT'S TOO RISKY.



July 22nd, 1934

FLEEING 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!



CHESTER GULD

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!

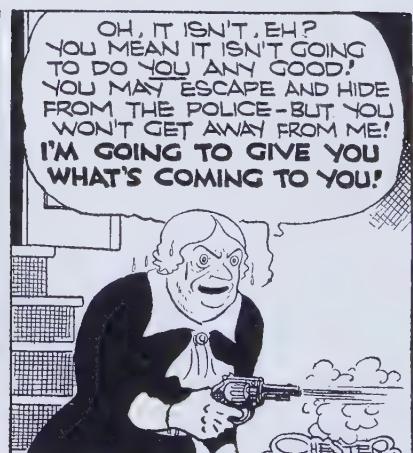
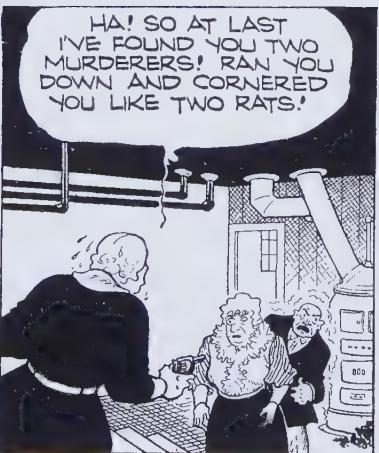
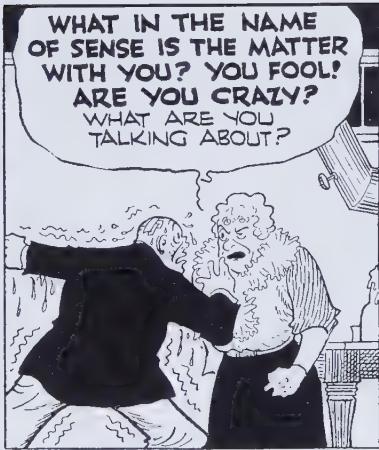


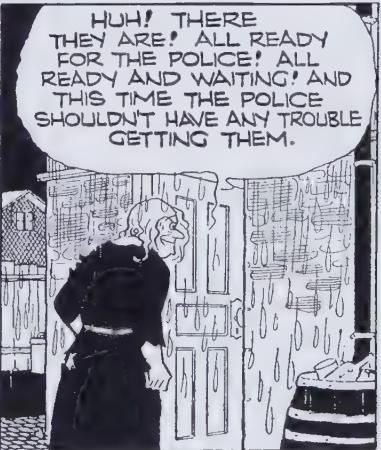
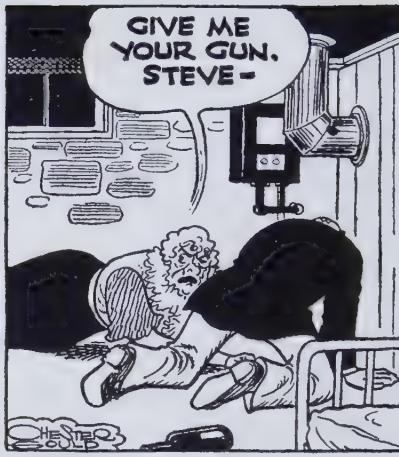
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THROUGH THE RAIN! THE FRUITS OF VICTORY ARE WITHIN HER GRASP! SHE MUST NOT FAIL! SHE MUST CATCH HIM, AND FOREVER END THIS MURDERER'S CAREER...



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?







DICK TRACY

TRACY - LOOK
WHO'S COMING UP
THE STEPS!

SCENE: POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S
SCOTTY'S
MOTHER!

WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN,
MRS. BUMPTST?
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?

YOU WANT THAT
MURDERER, STEVE,
AND THAT LARCENY LU
WOMAN, DON'T YOU?

YES,
OF COURSE!
WHAT
ABOUT
THEM?

GO TO
18 NORFOLK STREET.
... IN THE
BASEMENT...

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND ENGLISH,
CAN'T YOU? GO TO
18 NORFOLK STREET.
YOU'LL FIND THEM THERE
... ON THE BASEMENT
FLOOR... OH...

QUICK-
A GLASS
OF WATER,
PAT.

AND AT 18 NORFOLK STREET...

THAT WITCH!
SHE MUST HAVE
BEEN A WITCH!
.. I FIRED AT HER
POINT BLANK.. AND
IT NEVER
FAZED HER

STEVE!
STEVE!

ARE YOU...
I'M THROUGH, LU...
THIS IS THE END
FOR ME... BUT YOU
MUST GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE THE
POLICE COME.

YOU WANT
ME TO SCRAM--
AND LEAVE
YOU?

YES
I CAN'T LAST
TEN MORE MINUTES...
I'M GOING FAST, BUT
FIRST... PROMISE ME
ONE THING... THAT
YOU'LL SPEND YOUR
LIFE GETTING EVEN
FOR WHAT'S BEEN
DONE HERE.

QUICK, TEAR OUT
THE LINING OF THE
RIGHT CORNER OF MY COAT.
THERE'S AN ENVELOPE
THERE...

WHAT'S
IN IT?

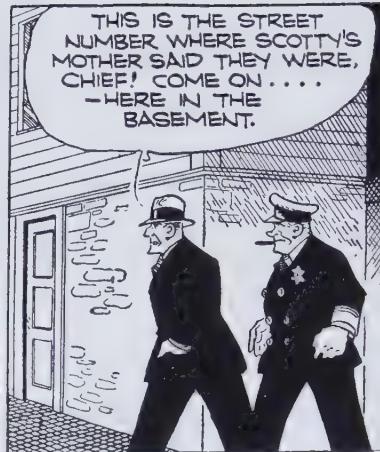
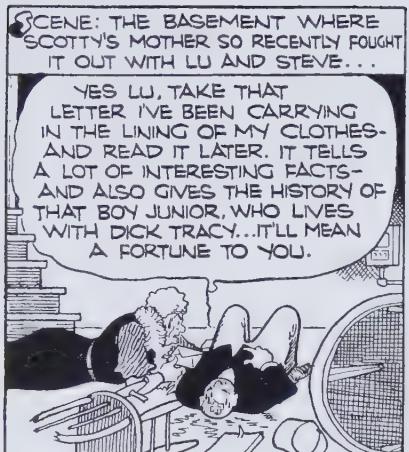
IT'S GOT SOME
VALUABLE INFORMATION
ABOUT THIS KID, JUNIOR, THAT
LIVES WITH DICK TRACY.
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO USE
IT SOME DAY.

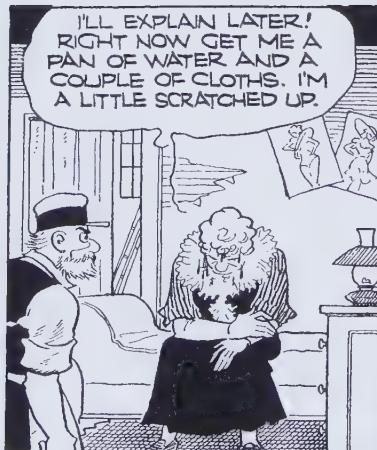
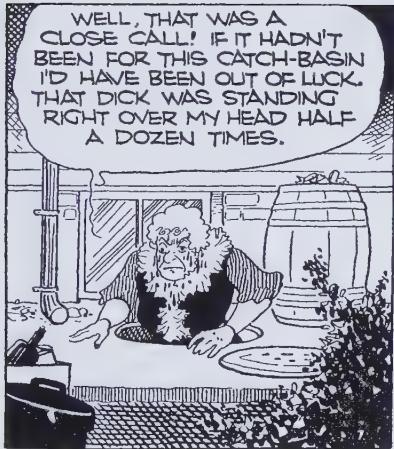
WHAT
ABOUT
THE
BOY?

HE IS THE SON OF
ONE HANK STEELE NOW
DEAD. HANK STEELE'S
WIFE RAN AWAY FROM
HIM AND TOOK THEIR THREE
MONTHS OLD BABY BOY
WITH HER -YEARS AGO.

SHE RAN AWAY
WITH WHAT WAS THEN
A WEALTHY PROSPECTOR.
... I... AM... THAT
... MAN...

THIS MUST
BE THE PLACE,
CHIEF.





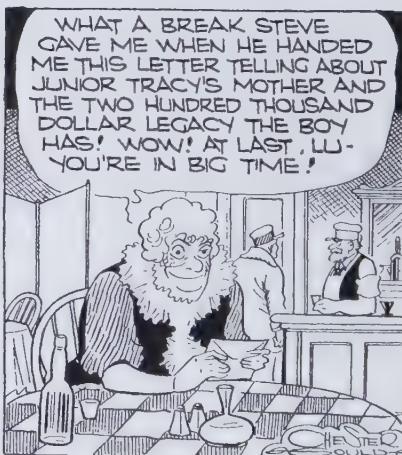
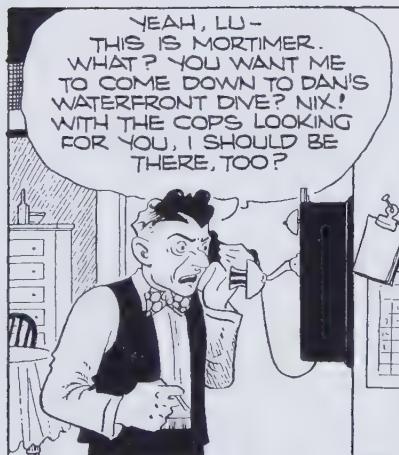
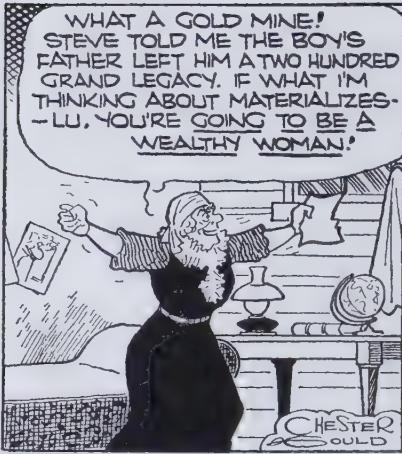
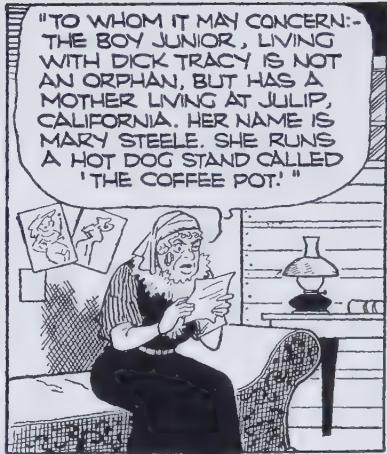
ONCE LU IS ALONE IN THE BACK ROOM OF OLD DAN'S WATERFRONT DIVE-SHE FEVERISHLY OPENS THE LETTER GIVEN TO HER BY STEVE THE TRAMP..

AHA! NOW TO GET THE LOW DOWN ON THIS BOY JUNIOR TRACY.

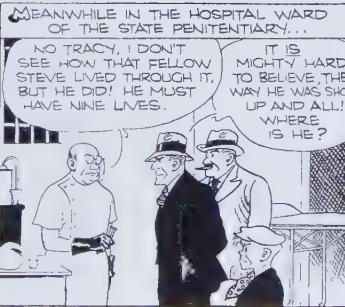
"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN- THE BOY JUNIOR, LIVING WITH DICK TRACY IS NOT AN ORPHAN, BUT HAS A MOTHER LIVING AT JULIP, CALIFORNIA. HER NAME IS MARY STEELE. SHE RUNS A HOT DOG STAND CALLED 'THE COFFEE POT!'"

"MARY STEELE RAN AWAY FROM HER HUSBAND, HANK STEELE, WHEN THE BOY WAS THREE MONTHS OLD. THE MAN SHE RAN AWAY WITH WAS ME. SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THE BOY IS BECAUSE I DESERTED HER AND TOOK THE BOY WITH ME WHEN HE WAS TWO YEARS OLD. SIGNED..STEVE BROGAN."

WHAT A GOLD MINE! STEVE TOLD ME THE BOY'S FATHER LEFT HIM A TWO HUNDRED GRAND LEGACY. IF WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT MATERIALIZES- LU, YOU'RE GOING TO BE A WEALTHY WOMAN!

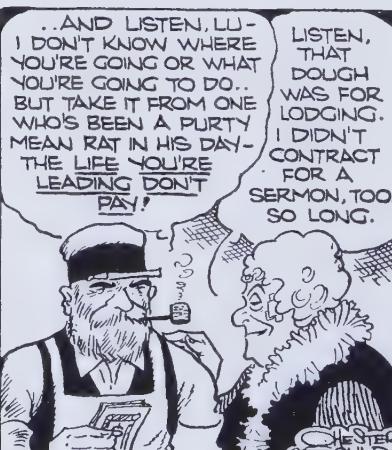
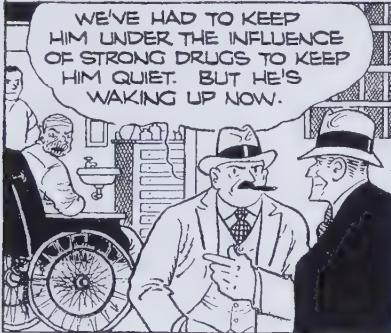


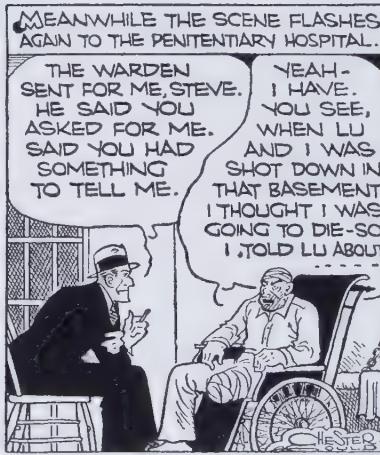
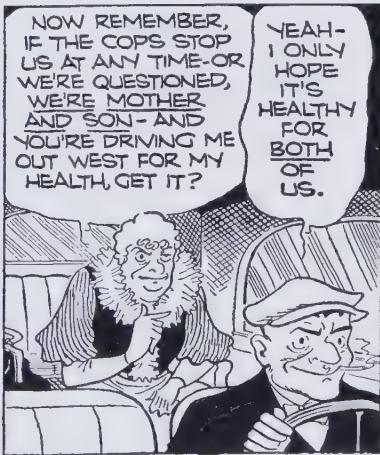
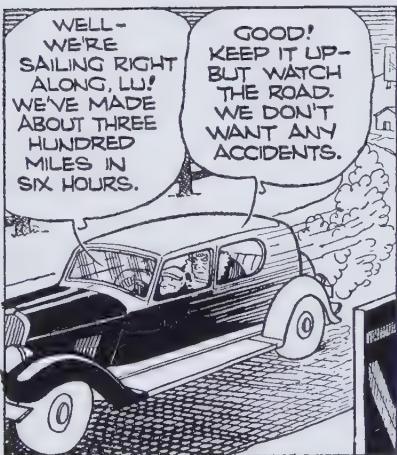
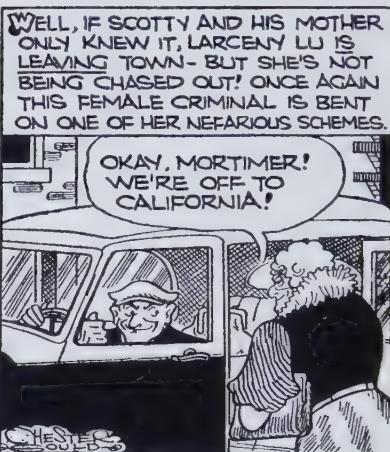
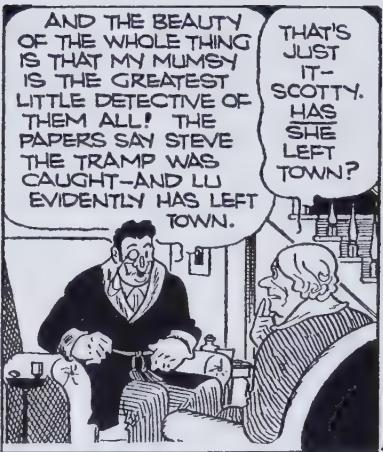
DICK TRACY





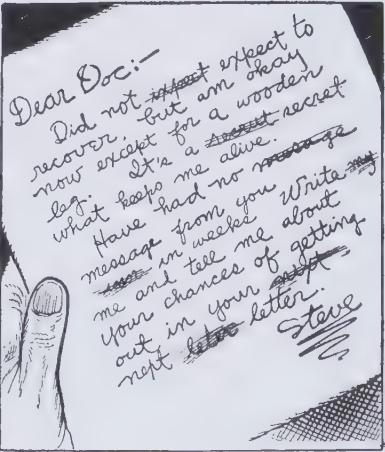
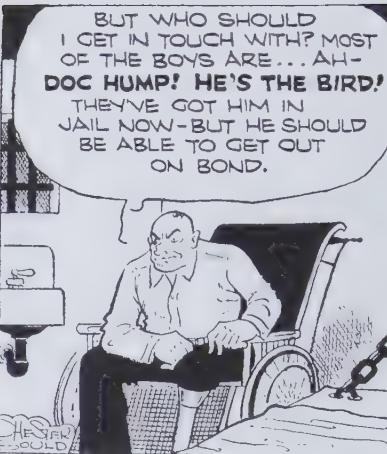
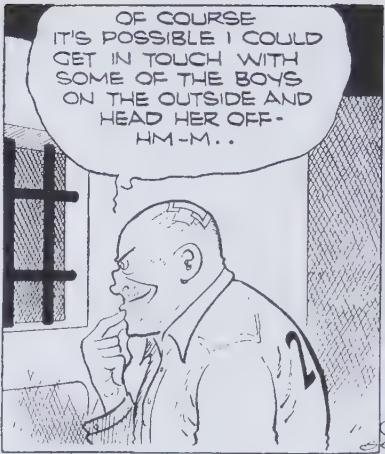
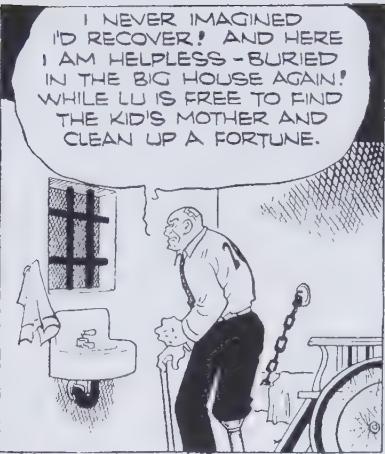
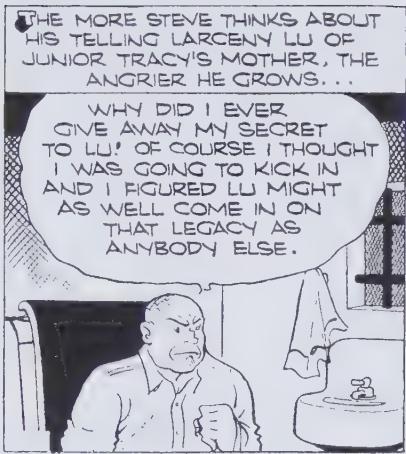
WHILE LARCEEN LU AND MORTIMER ARE MAKING PREPARATIONS TO GO WEST AND FIND JUNIOR TRACY'S MOTHER... LET US LOOK IN AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY HOSPITAL...

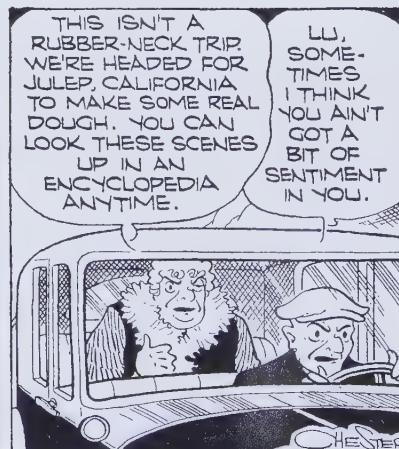
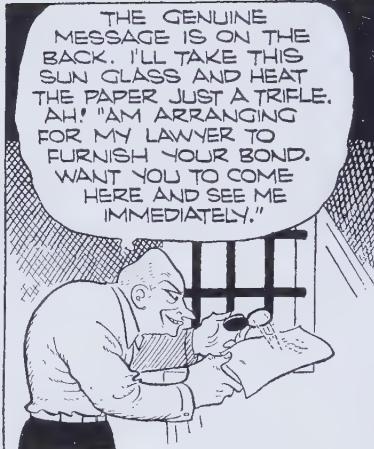
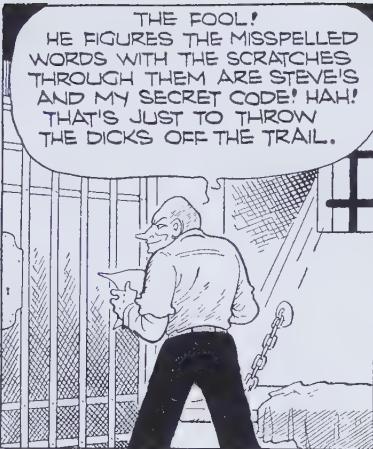




DICK TRACY







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."



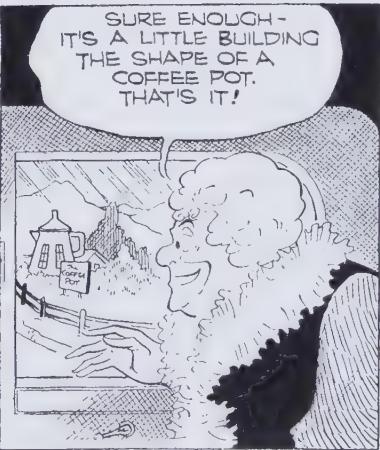
THAT WAS A GREAT SANDWICH, MARY. YOU'RE MAKING 'EM BETTER EVERYDAY. WELL I GOTTA BREEZE ALONG. - SO LONG.

THANKS, JOE. STOP IN AGAIN.

SAY, MARY, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, HOW'S THIS DUMP DOING? ARE YOU MAKING ANY MONEY?



THE WOMAN BEHIND THAT COUNTER IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE VERY HEART OF OUR STORY - AND EXPERIENCE THE MOST TRYING DAYS OF HER LIFE.



SURE ENOUGH - IT'S A LITTLE BUILDING THE SHAPE OF A COFFEE POT. THAT'S IT!



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 CULVER

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, LARCENY LU AND MORTIMER CONTEMPLATE THEIR NEXT MOVE IN THE NEFARIOUS 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 - NOT NOW!
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 QIVING UP?

WHY NOT, TRACY? I'VE KNOWN FOR MONTHS I WAS A WASHHOLT AS A DICK. WHY 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 ANGLES, BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE PERSONALITY.

LOOK HERE, PAT! FOR AN EXAMPLE - I'LL BET 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 CINCH!

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!

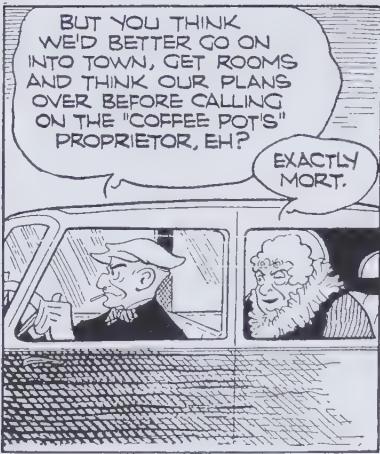
EVERY AUTOMATIC HAS A CARTRIDGE CLIP INSIDE, WHICH HAS TO BE HANDLED IN LOADING. THE OWNER OF A GUN NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN FORGETS ABOUT THAT. LOOK! DO YOU SEE YOUR VERY CORGEOUS FINGERPRINTS ON THIS CLIP?

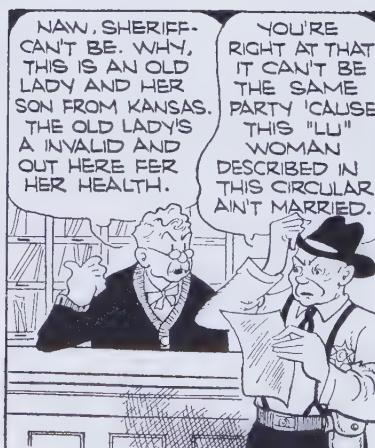
WELL - I'LL BE - A - SAY - A - AN - I DIDN'T ER...

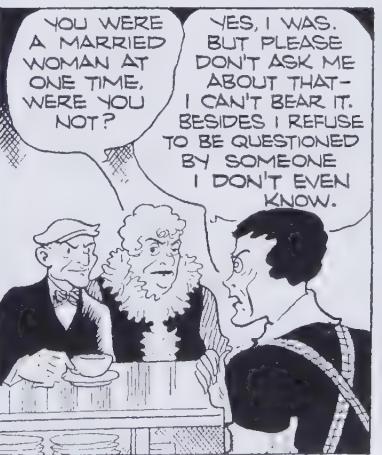
YOU SEE, PAT - ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE SCIENTIFIC STUDY IN THE ART OF CRIME DETECTION. ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T YOU THINK DOING A LITTLE RESEARCH WORK WOULD BE BETTER THAN RESIGNING?

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...

THEN WE'LL START IT THIS WAY:-
YOUR REAL NAME IS STEELE, ISN'T IT?
MARY STEELE. YOU USED TO BE
THE WIFE OF ONE HANK STEELE
IN COLORADO?

THAT'S TRUE.

A SON WAS BORN TO
YOU BY THAT MARRIAGE. BUT
WHEN THE BOY WAS ONLY THREE
MONTHS OLD YOU DESERTED YOUR
HUSBAND, TAKING YOUR INFANT
SON WITH YOU? YOU LEFT HANK
STEELE IN FAVOR OF A YOUNGER
PROSPECTOR, BY THE NAME OF
STEVE BROGAN.

EVERY WORD YOU
SAY IS SO
WHAT A FOOL
I WAS!

BUT HOW
DID YOU
KNOW--
WHO
TOLD--

WAIT--DON'T
INTERRUPT ME...
I HAVE MUCH
MORE TO SAY.

YOU SOON DISCOVERED
YOU HAD MADE THE GREATEST
MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFE. YOU FOUND
STEVE BROGAN WAS AT HEART--
A RASCAL AND A DRUNKEN
SCOUNDREL. HIS DASHING MANNER
HAD FASCINATED YOU AND BLINDED
YOU TO HIS REAL CHARACTER.

HOW
TRUE

IT WAS HORRIBLE!
I HAVE PAID FOR MY FOLLY A
THOUSAND TIMES OVER! STEVE
TREATED ME LIKE A DOG. I BEGGED
HIM TO GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME AND
MY SON ALONE! TO DESERT US...!
BUT HE ONLY TAUNTED ME AND--
THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I EVER
RETURNED TO MY HUSBAND

AFTER ABOUT TWO YEARS
OF A LIVING DEATH WITH HIM--
I GREW SICK--MY STRENGTH WANED.
I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE--AND
SO DID STEVE. THEN ONE MORNING
AFTER A NIGHT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS
FROM FEVER--I AWOKE TO FIND
I WAS ALONE IN OUR WRETCHED ROOMS.

I CALLED TO STEVE--I CALLED
TO MY SON. THERE WAS NO
ANSWER.
STEVE BROGAN, THINKING
WAS DYING--HAD LEFT ME
AND TAKEN MY BOY
WITH HIM!

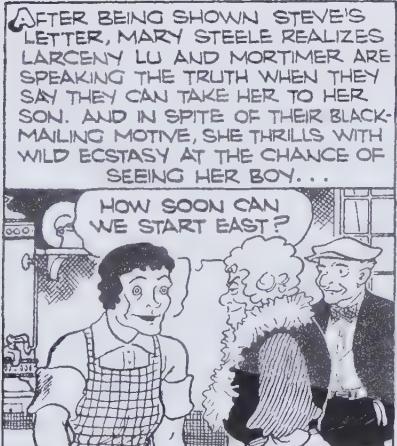
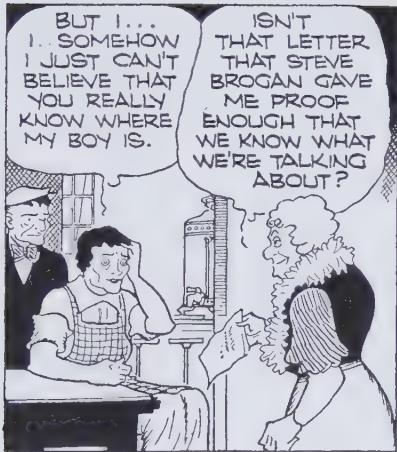
THERE, THERE, MY DEAR--
THAT'S WHAT WE CAME TO
SEE YOU ABOUT. WE CAME
TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR
SON.

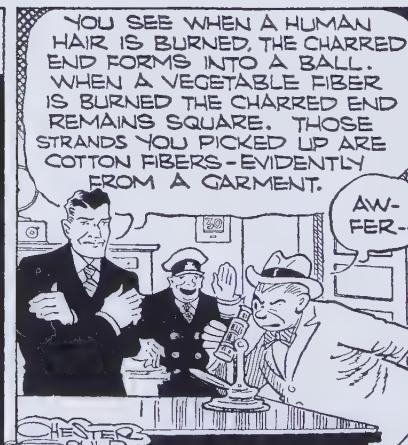
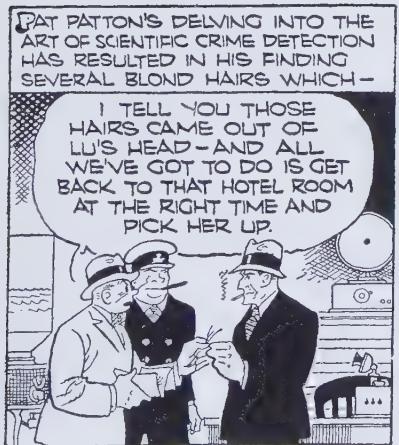
YOU,
WHAT?
YES, WE CAME
TO TAKE YOU TO HIM.
WE KNOW WHERE
HE IS. HE'S VERY
HAPPY--AND QUITE
WELL OFF.

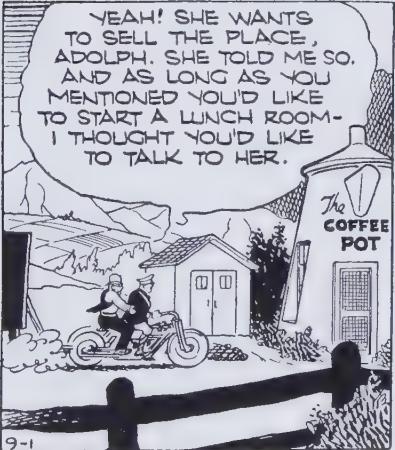
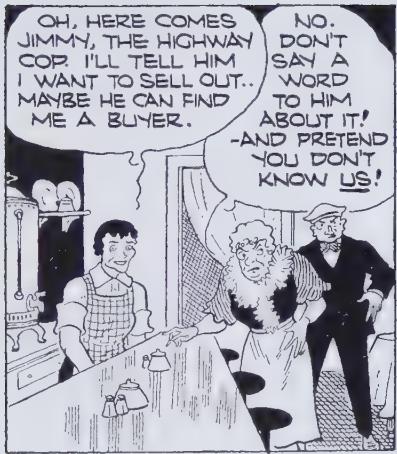
I DON'T
BELIEVE
YOU.
THEN, HERE! READ
THIS LETTER, GIVEN
TO ME A FEW WEEKS
AGO BY STEVE BROGAN
WHEN HE THOUGHT HE
WAS DYING. IT STATES
EVERYTHING YOU HAVE
SAID AND IS SIGNED
BY STEVE.

I SEE!
WHERE IS
MY BOY?
LET'S GO TO
HIM!
OH WE'LL GO TO
HIM, ALL RIGHT--BUT
FIRST THERE'S A POINT
TO SETTLE. YOU SEE--
THE BOY'S FATHER, HANK
STEELE, LEFT HIM QUITE A
HANDSOME LEGACY
WHEN HE DIED, AND OUR
PRICE FOR TAKING YOU
TO YOUR SON IS HALF
OF THAT LEGACY.

HALF OF
HIS LEGACY?
BUT--THIS--
THIS IS--
BLACKMAIL...
IT'S...
IT'S...
THIS LETTER
SIGNED BY STEVE
BROGAN IS THE ONLY
PROOF IN THE WORLD
THAT YOU ARE THE
BOY'S MOTHER. EITHER
YOU AGREE OR YOU
DON'T GET THE
LETTER. OKAY?

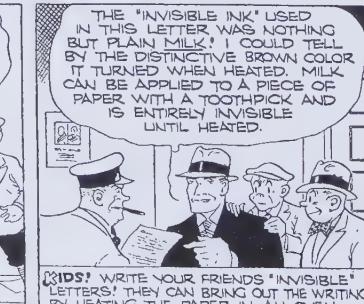
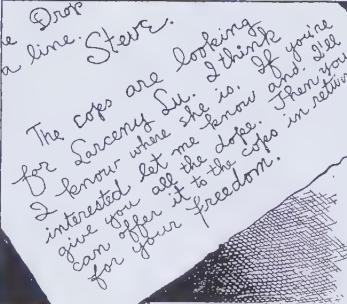
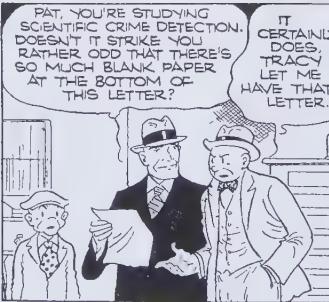


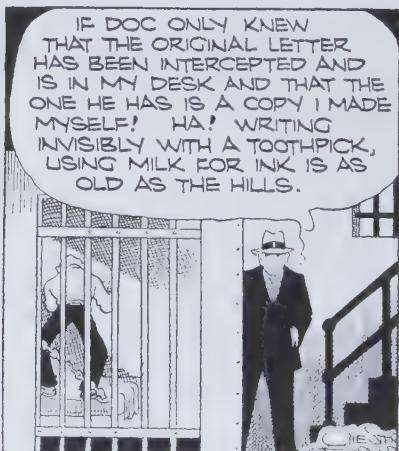
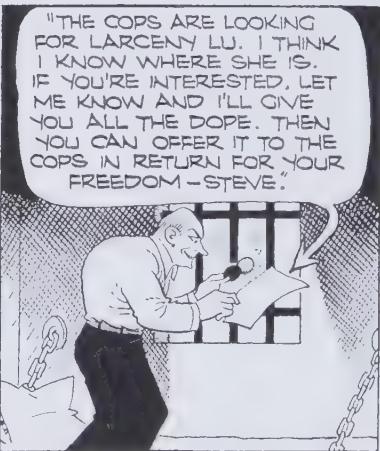
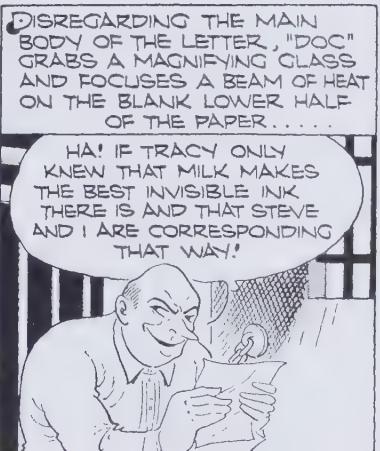
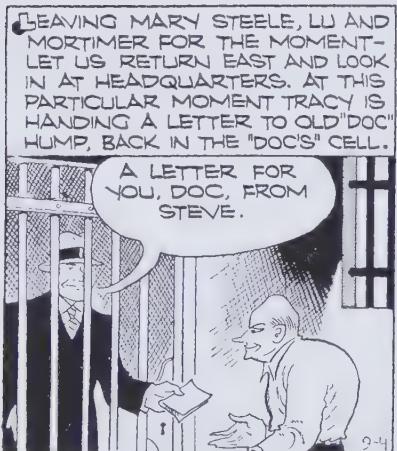




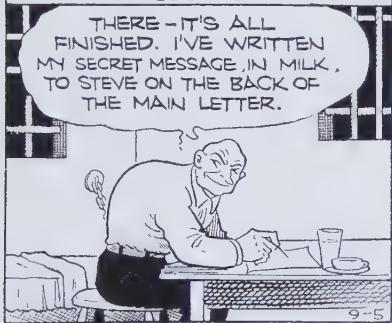
DICK TRACY

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



HERE'S THE THREE CENTS FOR A STAMP. - I WANT IT SENT TO STEVE BROGAN AT THE PENITENTIARY.

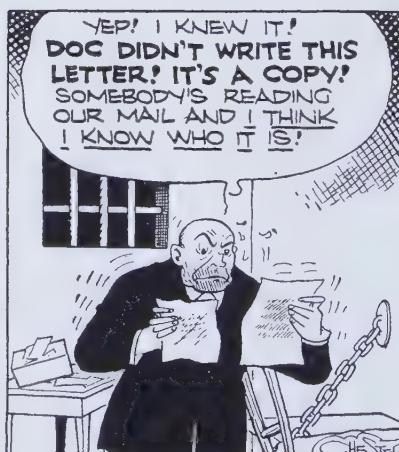
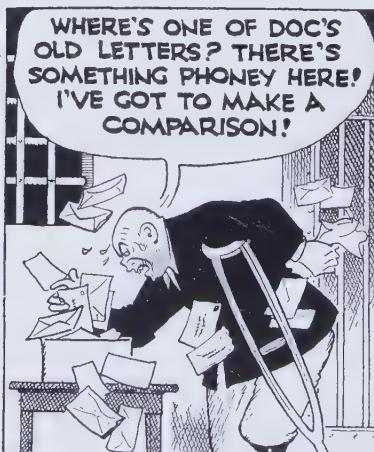
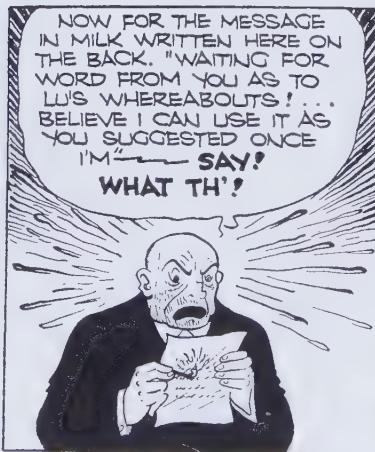


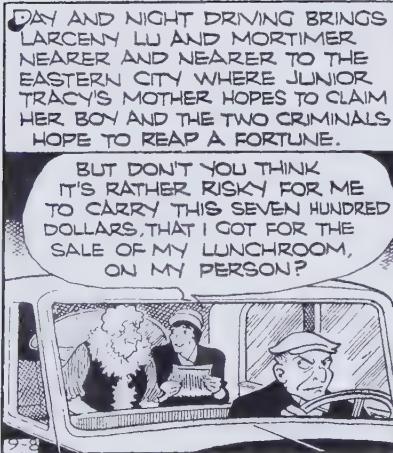
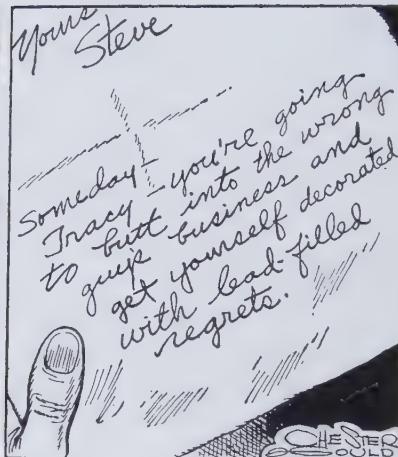
PAT TAKES THE LETTER STRAIGHT TO TRACY AND THE CHIEF IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE

LOOK! HERE ON THE BACK - "WAITING FOR WORD FROM YOU AS TO LU'S WHEREABOUTS! BELIEVE I CAN USE IT AS YOU SUGGESTED. ONCE I'M OUT OF HERE WILL SEE TO IT ANY DOUGH SHE MAKES IS SPLIT WITH YOU."

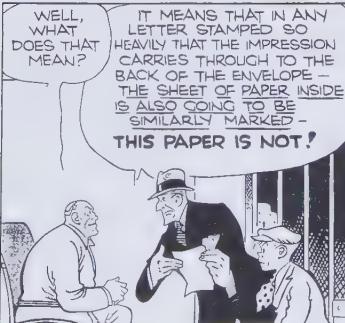
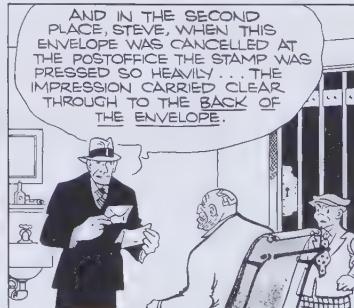
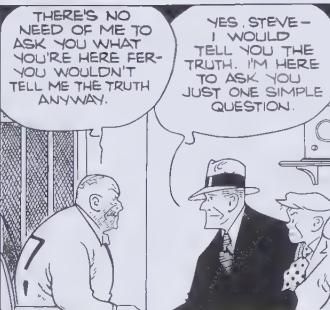
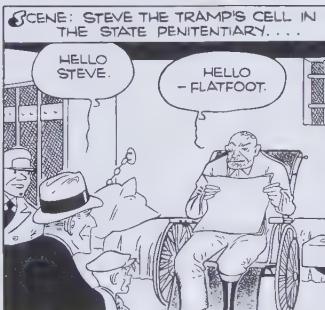


QUICK! GET ME A GLASS OF MILK AND SOME INK. I MUST REWRITE THIS LETTER IN "DOC" HUMP'S HAND-WRITING AND FORWARD IT ON TO STEVE. WE'LL LET THEM CORRESPOND BACK AND FORTH UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHERE LU IS.

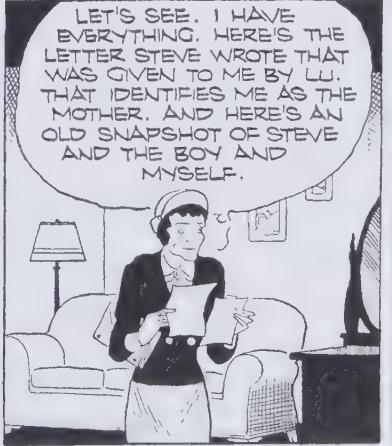
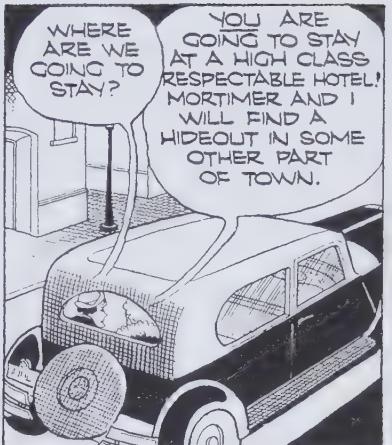




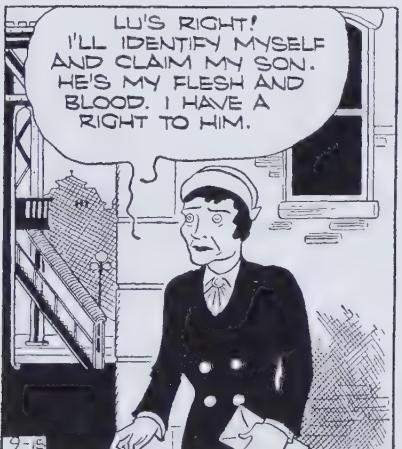
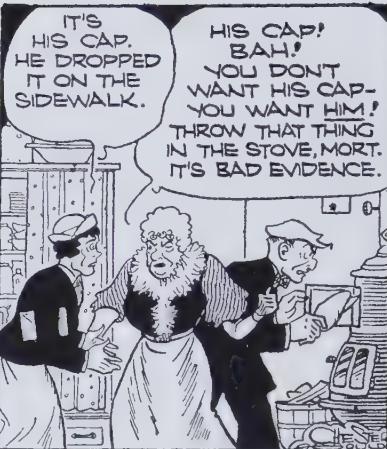
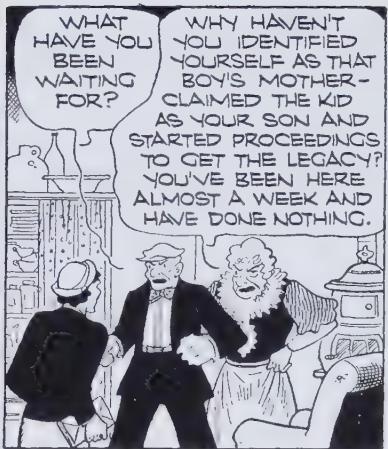
DICK TRACY



THE BIG CITY AT LAST!
NERVOUS AND WATCHFUL LEST
THEY BE SEEN BY THE POLICE,
LARCEY LU AND MORTIMER,
ACCOMPANIED BY JUNIOR TRACY'S
MOTHER, ENTER TOWN....



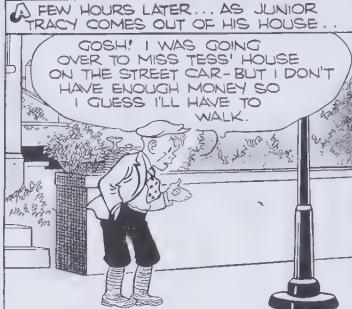


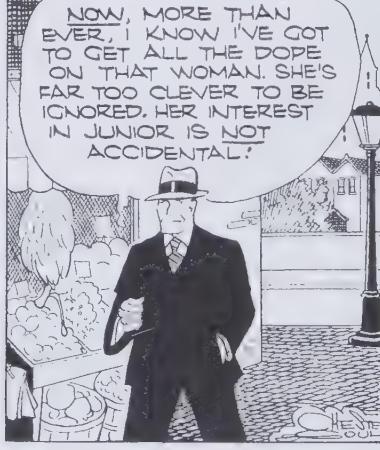


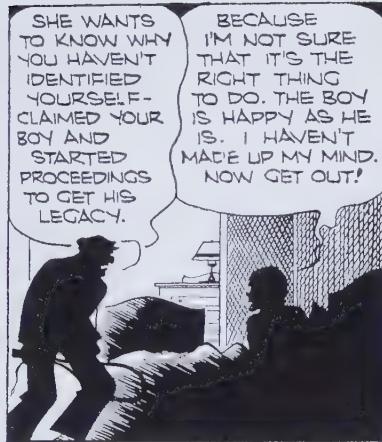
DICK TRACY

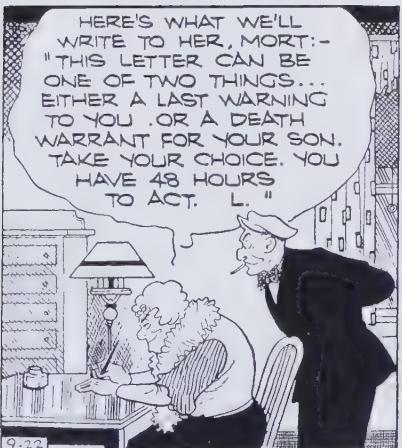
BUT WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN CLAIM THE BOY, AND GET THE LEGACY.

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

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



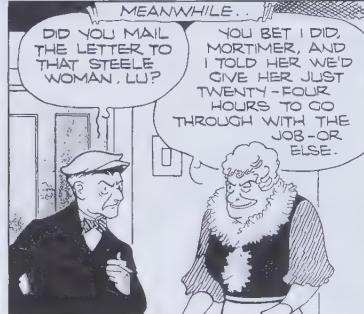
GEE! SHE LIVES IN A NICE ENOUGH HOTEL! I'LL FOLLOW HER INSIDE AND SEE WHAT ROOM SHE'S OCCUPYING.



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.



ROOM 202 - THAT'S WHERE SHE WENT IN! IT'S IN THE CORNER ON THE SECOND FLOOR.



MEANWHILE . . . 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 . . .



THAT LETTER WILL BRING HER TO HER SENSES, THOUGH! THAT'LL BRING HER TO HER SENSES.



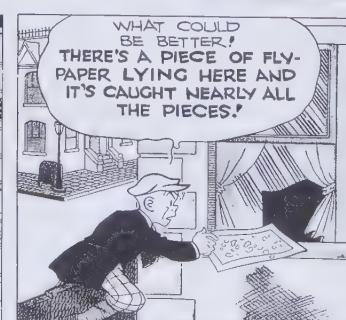
A LETTER! HEAVEN HELP ME! IT'S FROM LU! I CAN TELL BY THE HANDWRITING!



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.



THEY ARE LITTLE PIECES OF PAPER! AND MOST OF THEM LANDED ON THE LEDGE OF THAT WINDOW BELOW.

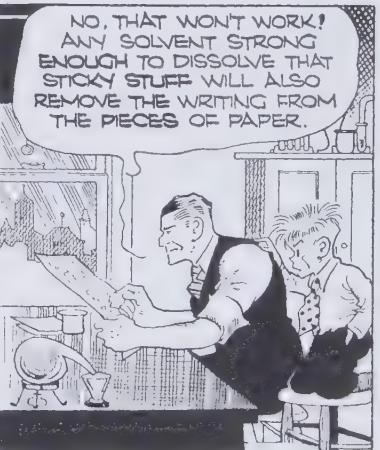
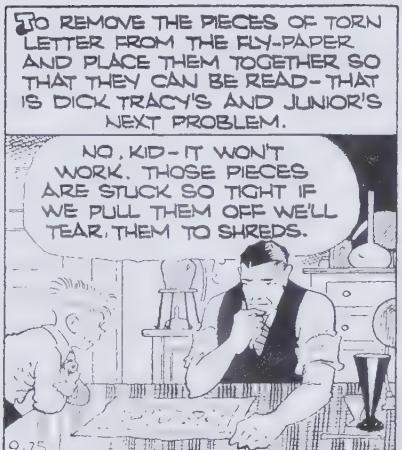
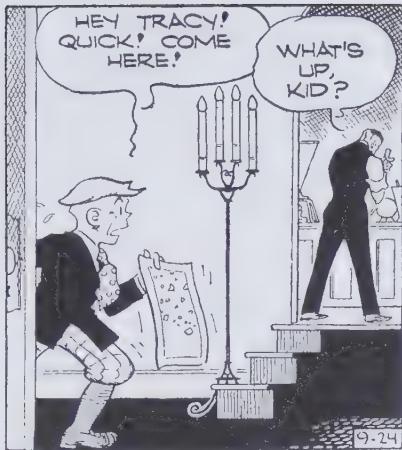


WHAT COULD BE BETTER? THERE'S A PIECE OF FLY-PAPER LYING HERE AND IT'S CAUGHT NEARLY ALL THE PIECES!



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. . . .



THERE'S THE PLATE, TRACY.

FINE! YOU SEE, JUNIOR, THIS PARTICULAR X-RAY THE PROFESSOR USED DOES NOT PASS READILY THROUGH INK LINES. THE WRITING ON THOSE PARTICLES OF PAPER LEFT A SHADOW ON THE PLATE.



NOW, PROFESSOR - GIVE US A SHARP PHOTO-PAPER PRINT FROM THAT PLATE.



20 MINUTES LATER . . .

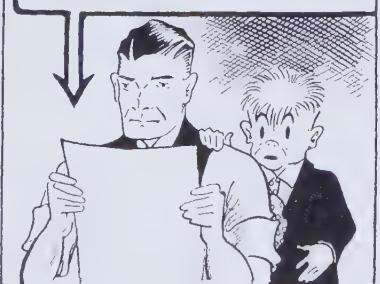
NOW, JUNIOR - WE'RE GOING TO CUT THOSE SCRAPS OF PAPER OUT OF THIS PRINT, PIECE THEM TOGETHER - AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO READ THE NOTE THAT THAT STRANGE WOMAN THREW OUT OF THE WINDOW!



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.

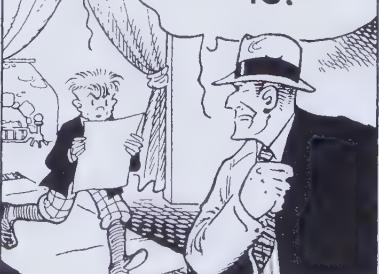


"THIS LETTER CAN BE . . . EITHER A WARNING TO YOU OR . . . DEATH WARRANT FOR YOUR SON . . . TAKE . . . CHOICE . . . FORTY EIGHT HOURS TO ACT. L "



WHAT DOES IT MEAN, TRACY?

NEVER MIND WHAT IT MEANS. WHERE IS THIS HOTEL YOU TRAILED THAT WOMAN TO?

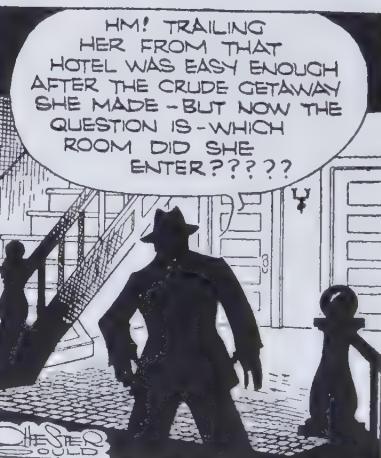


HOTEL MARLINE - OVER ON FORTY EIGHTH STREET. HEY! I WANT TO COME ALONG.

YOU STAY HERE! UNDERSTAND? STAY HERE!

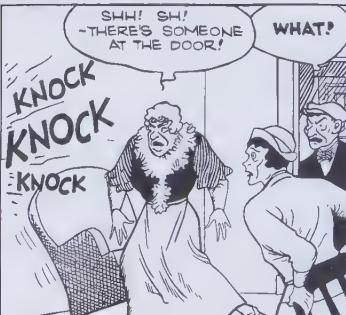
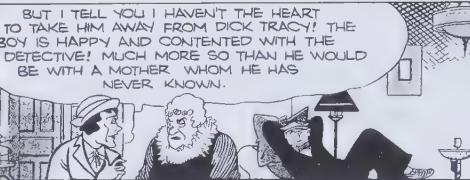


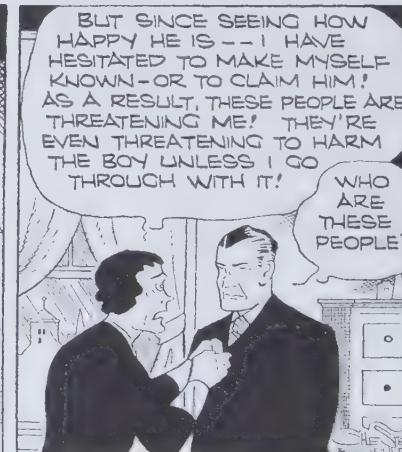
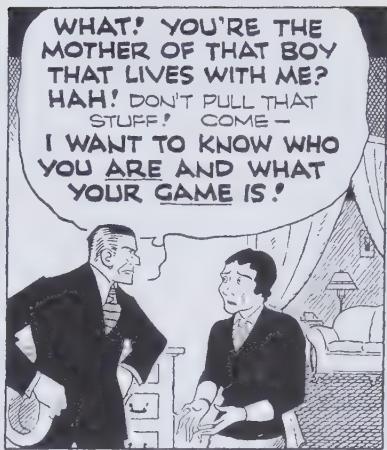
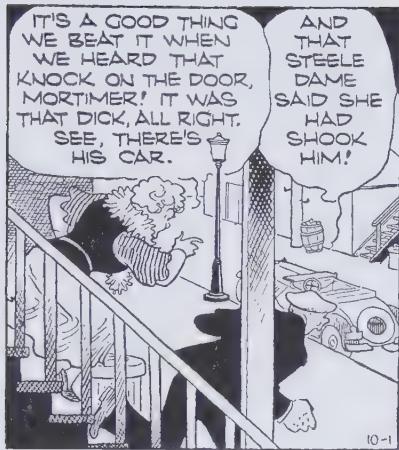
SCENE: LOBBY OF HOTEL MARLINE.



DICK TRACY

by
HARVEY
WARD





MARY STEELE TELLS HER STORY TO DICK TRACY AS THE DETECTIVE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO EVERY DETAIL OF THE NEFAIRIOUS PLOT OF LU AND MORTIMER....

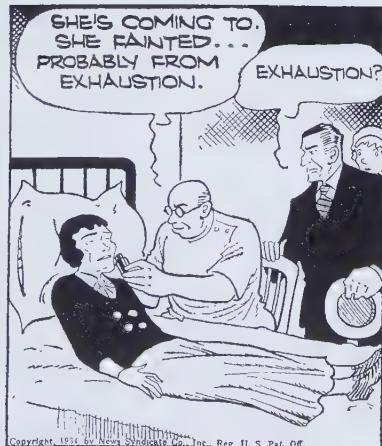
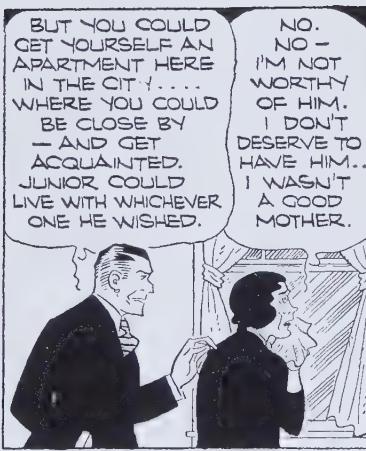
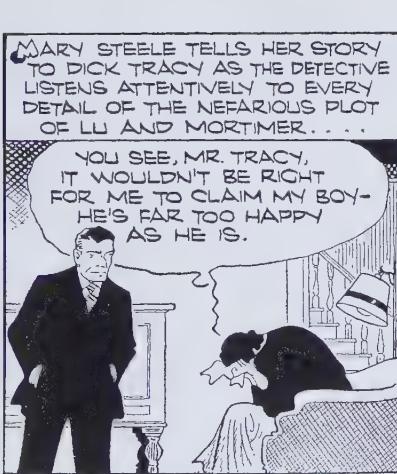
YOU SEE, MR. TRACY,
IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT
FOR ME TO CLAIM MY BOY-
HE'S FAR TOO HAPPY
AS HE IS.

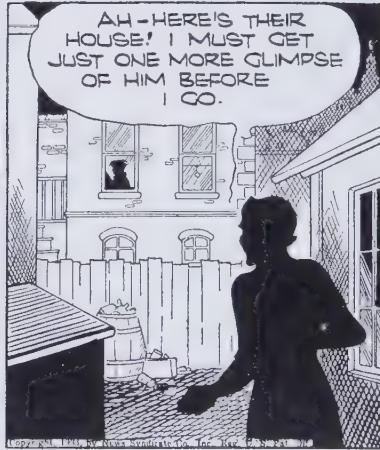
BUT YOU COULD
GET YOURSELF AN
APARTMENT HERE
IN THE CITY . . .
WHERE YOU COULD
BE CLOSE BY
— AND GET
ACQUAINTED.
JUNIOR COULD
LIVE WITH WHICHEVER
ONE HE WISHED.

NO.
NO -
I'M NOT
WORTHY
OF HIM.
I DON'T
DESERVE TO
HAVE HIM..
I WASN'T
A GOOD
MOTHER.

I'M SURE YOU'RE
WRONG ABOUT THAT.
AND AS FOR LU AND
MORTIMER - JUST LEAVE
THEM TO ME -
WHAT -

HEY!...
MRS. STEELE..
MARY..
MARY...

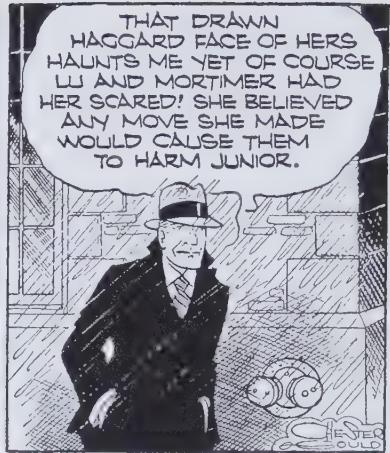
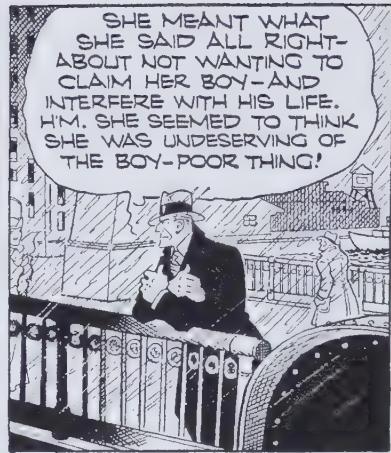


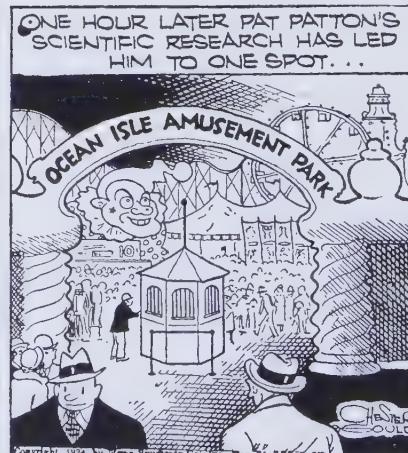
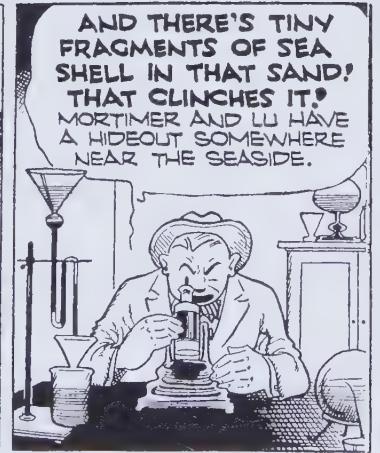


DICK TRACY

by
CHESTER CUL-DE

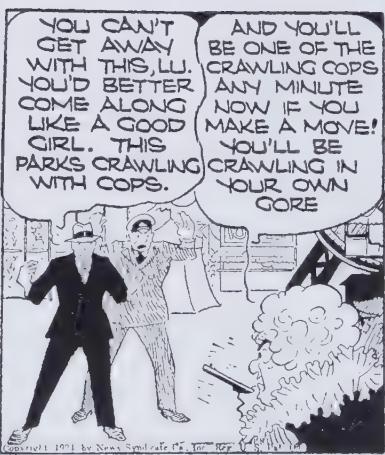
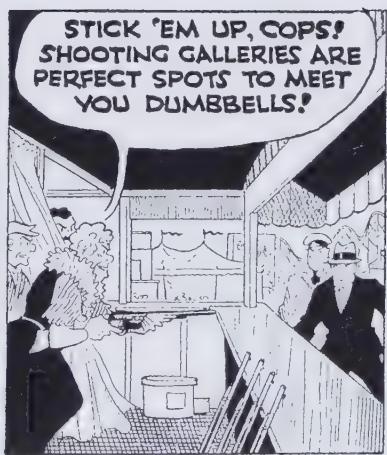
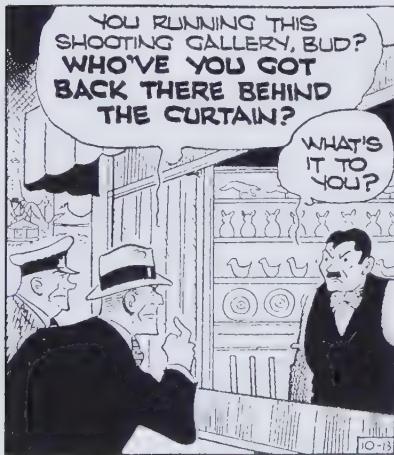






SCENE - THE OCEAN ISLE AMUSEMENT PARK..

GREAT SCOTT!
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
THERE'S LU AND MORTIMER!



DICK TRACY

HESTER OULD
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 . . .

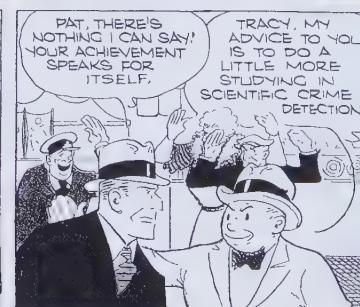
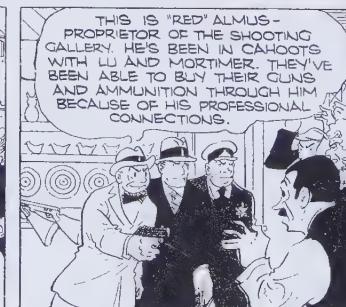
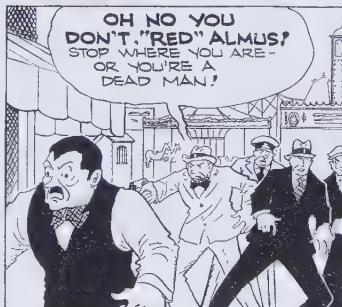
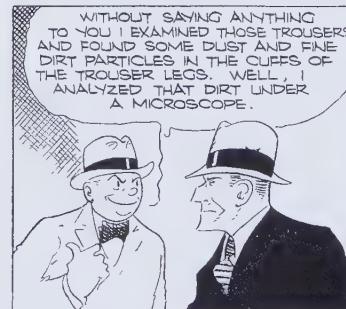
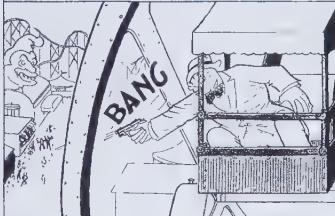
THIS IS ONE TIME
I BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW,
BRIGHT EYES, EH?

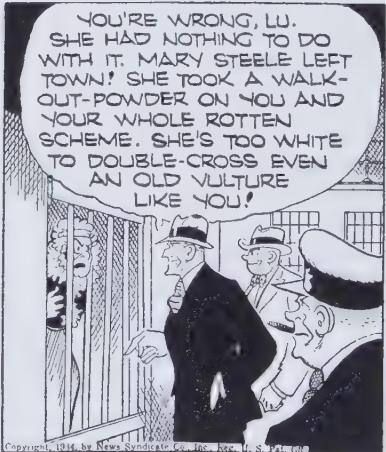
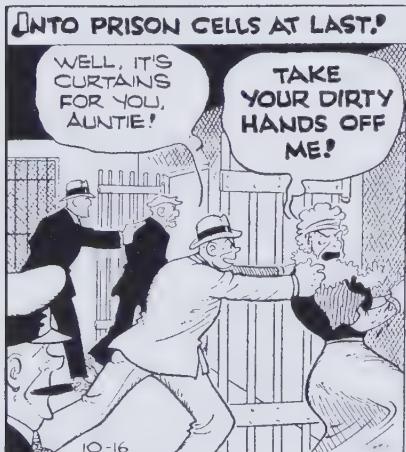
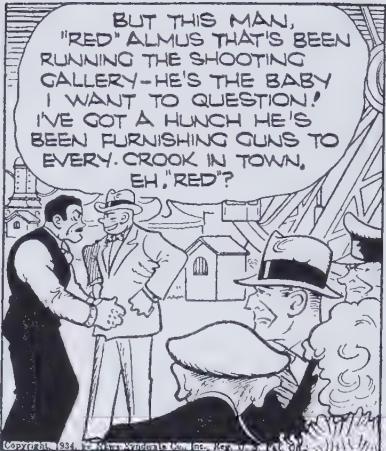
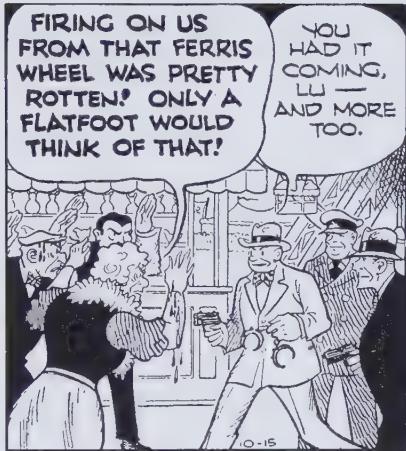
BUT WHAT'S THIS? SUDDENLY AS
TRACY AND THE CHIEF STAND HELPLESS
BEFORE THE MENACING MUZZLES OF
THE .22 RIFLES FROM THE TOP OF A
NEARBY FERRIS WHEEL TWO PIERCING
SHOTS RING OUT

IT'S PAT!

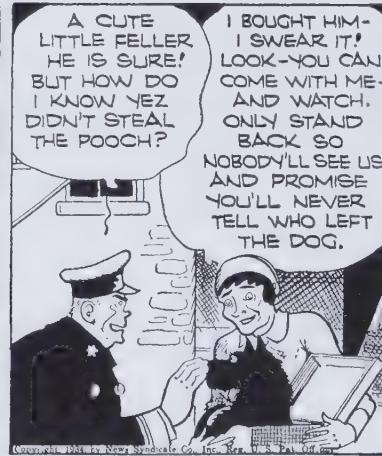
LOOK OUT, LU!
OW!

GRAB HER CHIEF!
I'VE GOT THIS ONE!

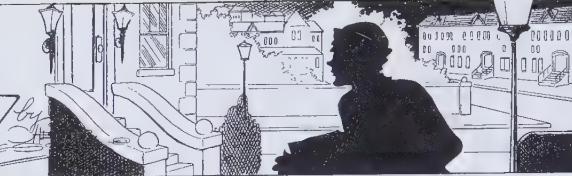




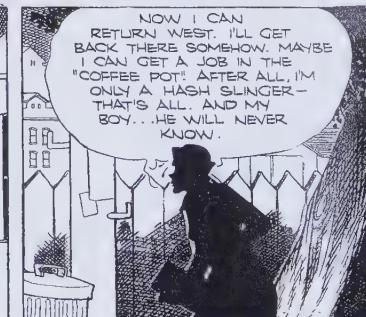
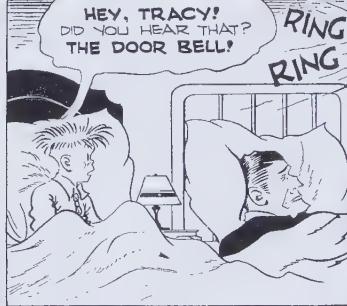




DICK TRACY



SCENE: THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE HOME OF DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR. TIME: NIGHT.



WHAT A THRILL - BUT ALSO
WHAT A MYSTERY FOR JUNIOR!
THIS SCOTTY PUP - LEFT ON THIS
DOORSTEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT! . . .

WHAT A DOG!
BUT WHO COULD
HAVE SENT HIM
TO ME, TRACY?

CHEE,
HE'S A
CLEVER
LITTLE
RASCAL!

THIS TAG
ON THE BOX
HAS MY NAME
ON IT ALL RIGHT
- BUT WHO
KNOWS ME
WELL ENOUGH
TO WANT TO
SEND ME A
PUP?

IT'S TOO
LATE TO WORRY
ABOUT THAT
TONIGHT, JUNIOR.
IT'S ONE O'CLOCK.
WE'D BETTER
GET BACK
TO BED.

PUP, I DON'T
KNOW WHERE YOU
CAME FROM - BUT
I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE
GOING TO STAY!

NO - WE DON'T HAVE
ANY ODD JOBS TO BE
DONE AROUND A PLACE
LIKE THIS! A NIGHT'S
LODGING WILL COST YOU
FIFTEEN CENTS!

I SEE.

10-22

I'M PUTTING A
ROPE AROUND
THE PUP'S NECK
SO I CAN TAKE
HIM OUT FOR A
LITTLE AIR - BEFORE
I GO TO SCHOOL.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING,
JUNIOR?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
WE'LL DO - IT'S EARLY, SO
YOU'VE GOT TIME ENOUGH
BEFORE SCHOOL - WE'LL
TAKE HIM DOWN TOWN
AND BUY A LEASH AND HARNESS
FOR HIM.

FINE.

AND WE'VE
GOT TO PICK
A NAME FOR
HIM TOO,
TRACY.

OH,
HELLO,
RILEY.

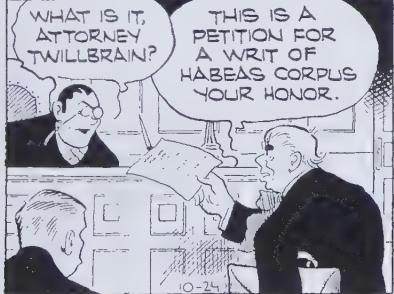
MORNING
TRACY -
COULD
I SPEAK TO
YEZ A
MINUTE
- ALONE.

IT MAY NOT BE
ANY OF ME
BUSINESS - BUT
I HAPPENED TO BE
WALKING THE BEAT
NEAR YER HOUSE
THE OTHER NIGHT
WHEN THAT POOCH
WAS LEFT ON YER
DOORSTEP - AND THE
PARTY THAT DID IT
WAS A WOMAN.

THANKS
JUST THE SAME
RILEY, BUT
I'M WAY
AHEAD
OF YOU.
HERE -
HAVE A
CIGAR.

10-23

LEAVING JUNIOR TRACY AND HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED SCOTCH TERRIER FOR A FEW MINUTES - LET US LOOK IN ON A PROCEEDING THAT IS TO PROVE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN OUR STORY WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS....



MY CLIENT, DOC HUMP, CONTENDS HE IS BEING HELD ILLEGALLY. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM - NOR HAS SUFFICIENT CAUSE BEEN SHOWN FOR HIS DETENTION.



WHERE IS HE BEING HELD?

HE WAS BEING HELD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BUT THEY'VE MOVED HIM TO THE COUNTY JAIL. HE'S NOW IN CUSTODY OF THE SHERIFF.

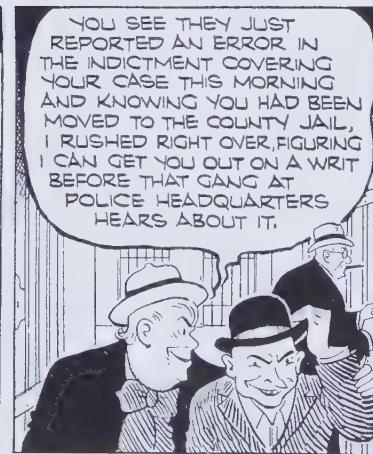


I'LL ISSUE AN ORDER DEMANDING HIS APPEARANCE IN THIS COURT WITHIN TWO HOURS. YOU CAN PRESENT THE PAPERS TO THE SHERIFF IMMEDIATELY.

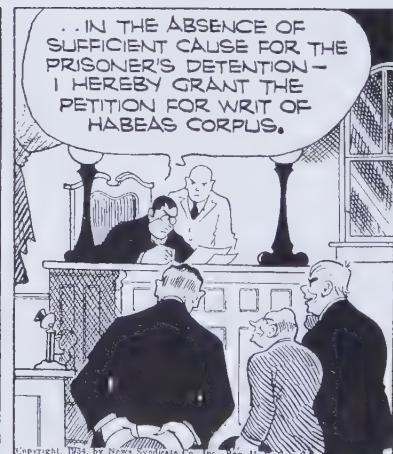


YES, THAT'S WHAT I SAID - I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT ON A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS - BUT WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICK. YOU'VE GOT TO APPEAR BEFORE JUDGE BASSLER IN TWENTY MINUTES.

BUT TWILLBRAIN, HOW DID YOU DO IT?



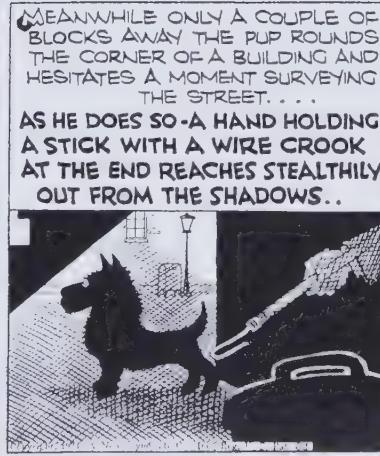
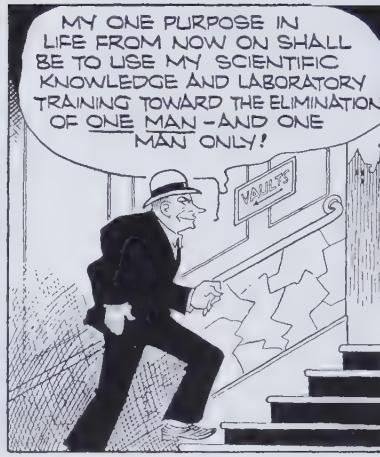
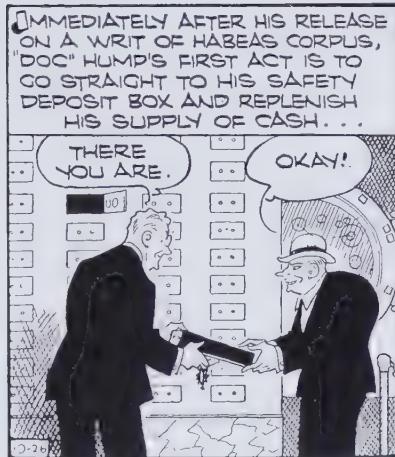
YOU SEE THEY JUST REPORTED AN ERROR IN THE INDICTMENT COVERING YOUR CASE THIS MORNING AND KNOWING YOU HAD BEEN MOVED TO THE COUNTY JAIL, I RUSHED RIGHT OVER, FIGURING I CAN GET YOU OUT ON A WRIT BEFORE THAT GANG AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS HEARS ABOUT IT.



... IN THE ABSENCE OF SUFFICIENT CAUSE FOR THE PRISONER'S DETENTION - I HEREBY GRANT THE PETITION FOR WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.



OKAY! NOW, SCRAM! BEFORE TRACY OR SOME OF THAT BUNCH SPOT YOU AND JUG YOU AGAIN.



DICK TRACY

By Chester Gould

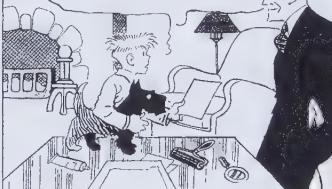
WITH LARCEY LU AND MORTIMER SAFELY BEHIND BARS AFTER HAVING BEEN CAPTURED IN THE AMUSEMENT PARK, DICK TRACY AND JUNIOR TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO JUNIOR'S NEWLY ACQUIRED SCOTCH TERRIER PUP...



GEE TRACY - I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYBODY GIVING ME AN EXPENSIVE PUPPY LIKE THIS AND NOT LETTING ME KNOW WHO IT'S FROM.



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.



THEIR NOSE-PRINTS?



YEAH - HE SNAPPED ME ON THE FINGER - OW!

WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD HAVE -?

HEY LOOK, TRACY - NO WONDER HE SNAPPED ME. HE'S GOT A SORE PLACE ON HIS LEG, AND I MUST HAVE HURT IT.



HEY TRACY - LOOK! QUICK - LOOK!

I'D SWEAR, I SAW "DOC" HUMP 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" HUMP 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.

HONEST, TRACY - I'D SWEAR THAT WAS "DOC" HUMP THAT STEPPED OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR OF THE DOG HOSPITAL JUST AS WE CAME UP.



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.

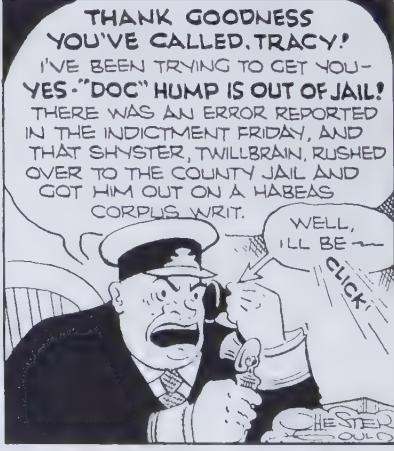


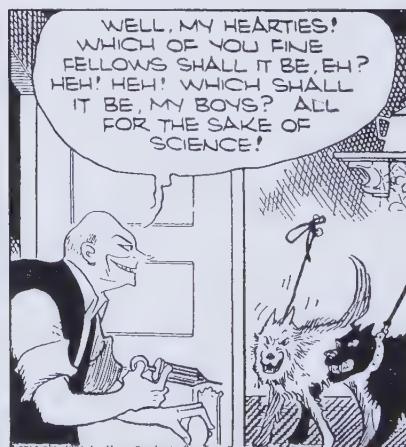
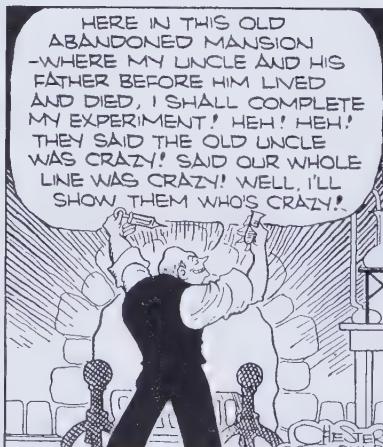
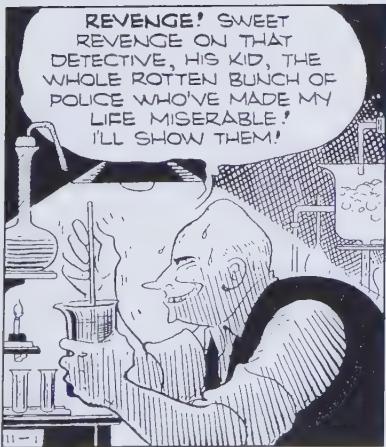
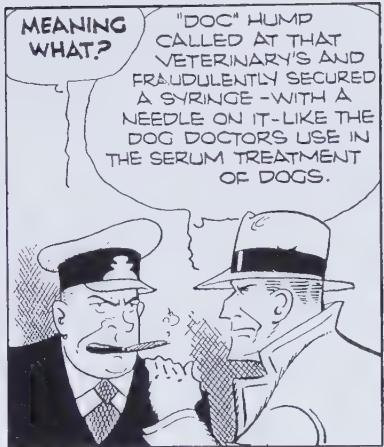
INCIDENTALLY, WAS THERE A HUMP-BACK FELLOW IN HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO - A SHORT MAN WITH A LONG POINTED NOSE AND PIERCING EYES?

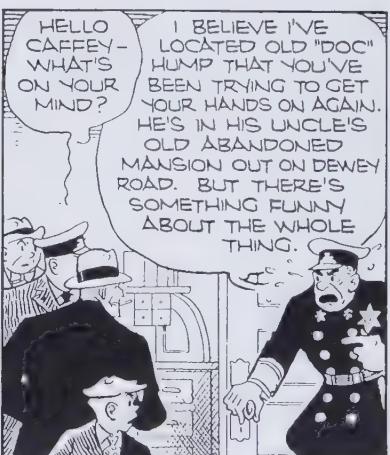
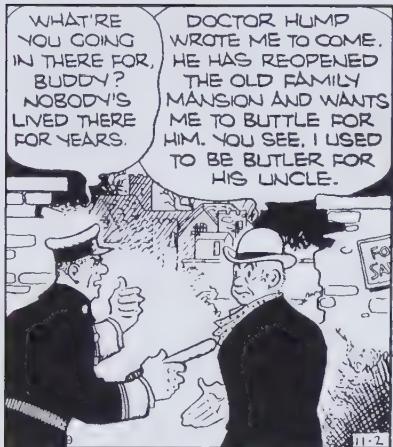
WHY, YES - WHY?

SEE, TRACY - I TOLD YOU?

AND THEREBY BEGINS ONE OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST SINISTER EXPERIENCES OUR FRIENDS HAVE YET WITNESSED

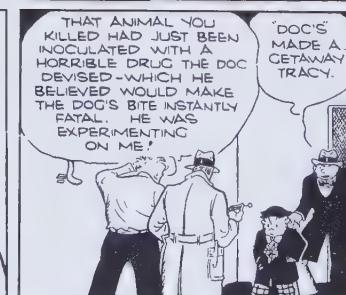
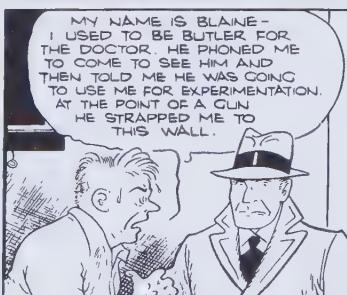
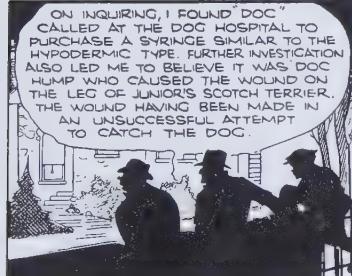


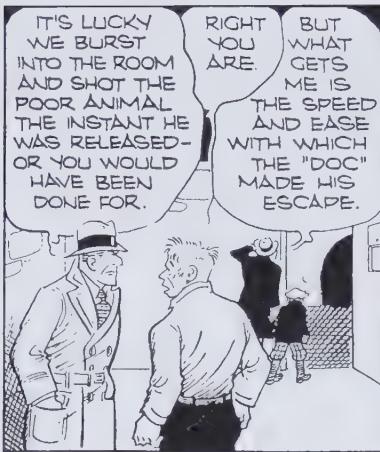
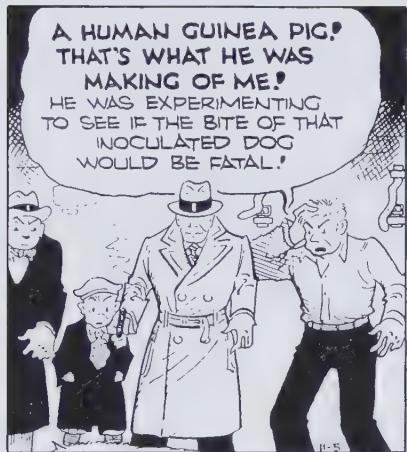




DICK TRACY

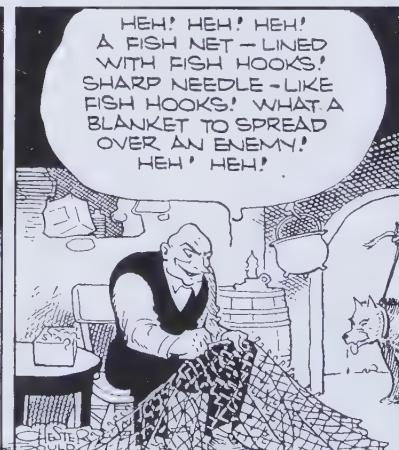
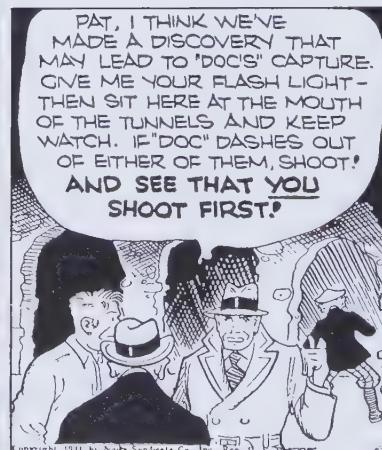
"YOU SEE, PAT - I FOUND OUT 'DOC' HUMP WAS RELEASED FROM JAIL A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE JUNIOR, AND I SAW HIM DART OUT OF THE DOG HOSPITAL."

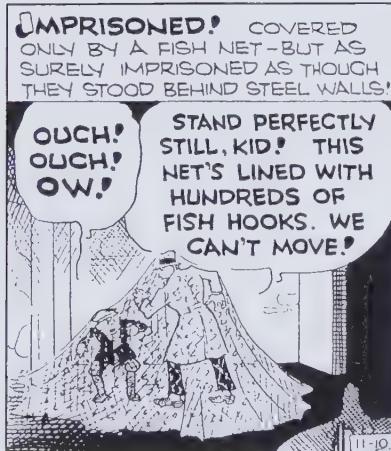
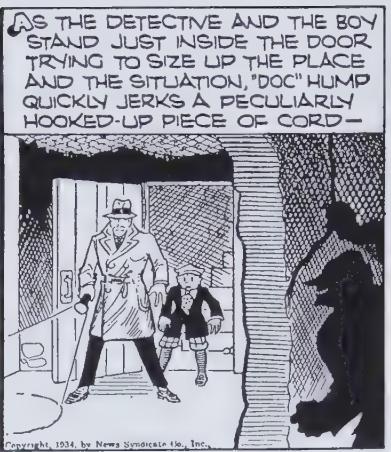




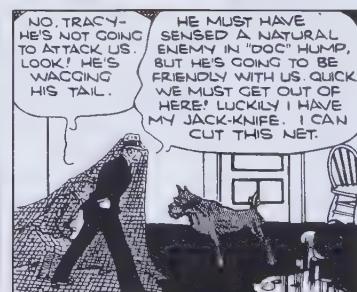
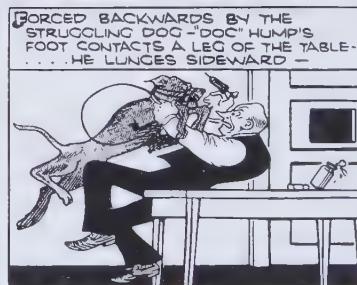
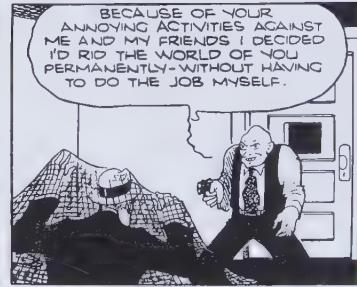
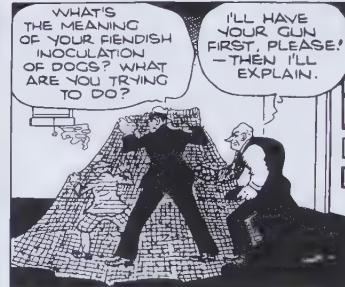
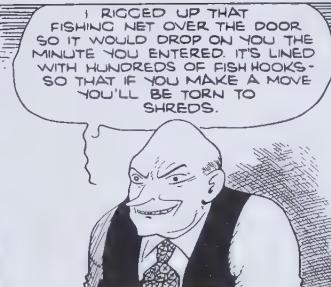
UNDERNEATH THE OLD HUMP MANSION, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN DEN TWENTY FEET BELOW THE GROUND LEVEL - "DOC" HUMP SMILES WITH A FIENDISH SATISFACTION AT HIS SUCCESSFUL DECEPTION AND ESCAPE FROM THE HANDS OF DICK TRACY.

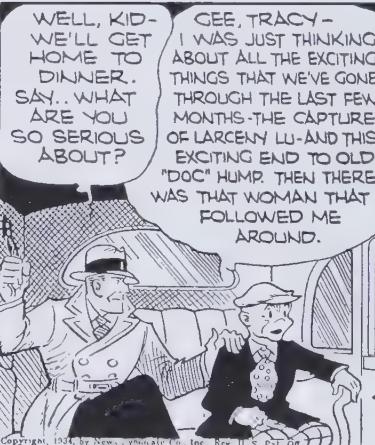
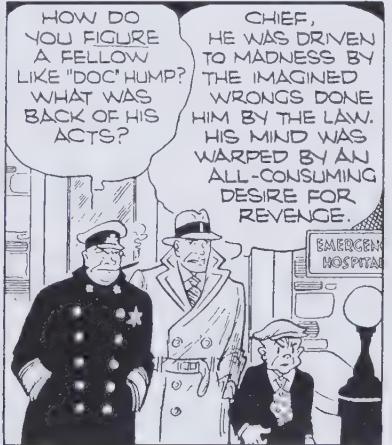
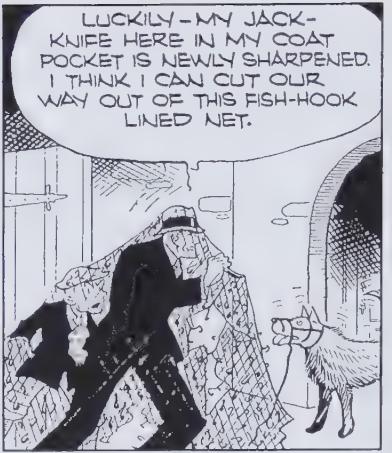
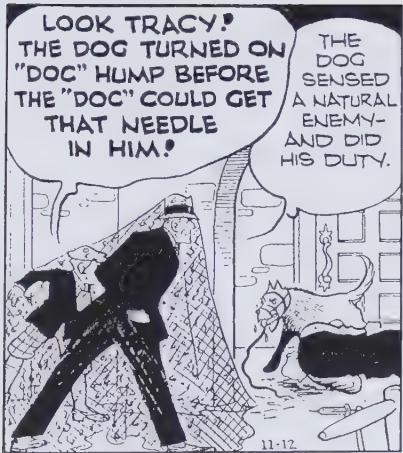
HAH! AN OLD FISHING NET EVIDENTLY STORED AWAY HERE YEARS AGO BY MY UNCLE, AND A BOX OF FISH HOOKS! I THINK I CAN USE THESE!





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.



I TELL YOU, A.G. - I DON'T LIKE THAT MAID.

AH - SHE'S ALL RIGHT. PERFECTLY HARMLESS! WHY, SHE'S ONLY A PLAIN IGNORANT WOMAN FROM THE WEST. AFTER ALL, BORIS, WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SERVANTS.



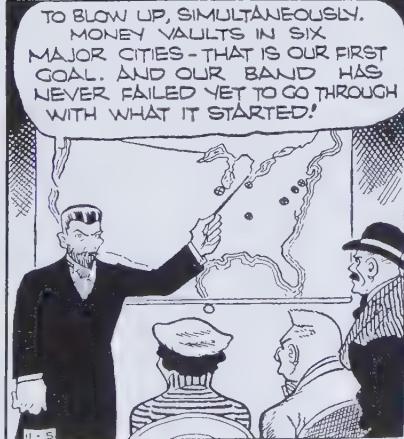
I WAS NEVER IN FAVOR OF HAVING HIRED HELP AROUND WHILE WE'RE WORKING OUT OUR PLANS - PLANS THAT ARE DESTINED TO MAKE US RICH BEYOND ALL DREAMS. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT WOMAN, A.G.



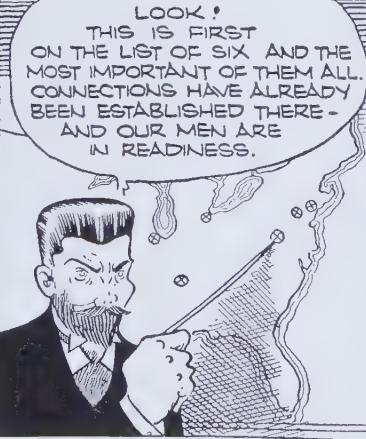
WHEN, IN DESPERATION, I TOOK THIS JOB AS MAID, I NEVER DREAMED I WAS GOING TO WORK FOR A GIGANTIC RING OF ARCH-CRIMINALS AND SAFE-CRACKERS! I'VE GOT TO LEARN MORE DETAILS OF THEIR PLANS.



TO BLOW UP, SIMULTANEOUSLY, MONEY VAULTS IN SIX MAJOR CITIES - THAT IS OUR FIRST GOAL. AND OUR BAND HAS NEVER FAILED YET TO GO THROUGH WITH WHAT IT STARTED!



LOOK! THIS IS FIRST ON THE LIST OF SIX AND THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THEM ALL. CONNECTIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN ESTABLISHED THERE - AND OUR MEN ARE IN READINESS.



WHAT A RING OF SCOUNDRELS! WHAT POISONOUS CHARACTERS! AND TO THINK I'M WORKING FOR THEM. A MAID IN THEIR VERY HEADQUARTERS!



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE WHEN I CAME HERE - BUT NOW - WELL, IF I CAN STOP THEM AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES - I WILL CONSIDER MY CONNECTION HERE THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE I EVER MADE!!



THE DISCOVERY THAT SHE IS WORKING FOR A VIOLENT 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.



MARY'S EYE FALLS ON WHAT APPEARS TO BE A ROLL OF PLANS LYING ON A BOOKCASE. . . .

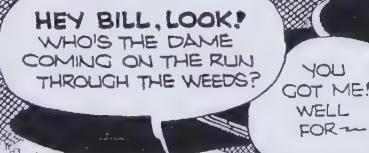


SHE TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE! ROLLING THE PAPERS TIGHTLY SHE OPENS THE DIRT-BAG OF THE VACUUM CLEANER AND SLIPS THEM INSIDE!



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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.



OH YEAH? WHAT'S THE RUSH?
LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS! ONLY LOOK QUICKLY!

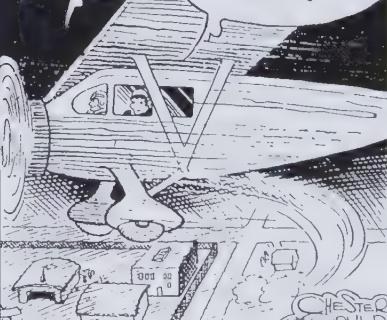
I TOOK THEM FROM A GIGANTIC RING OF
SAFE-CRACKERS AND MASTER CRIMINALS, AND
I WANT TO GET THEM TO GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS BEFORE I'M...STOPPED!

...STOPPED!

GREAT GUNS!
LOOK AT THIS, BILL!

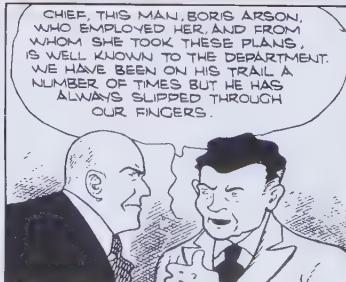
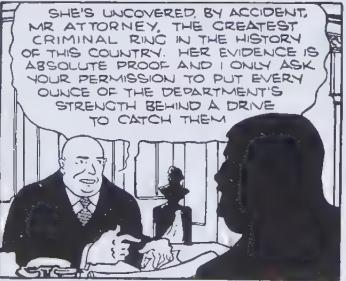
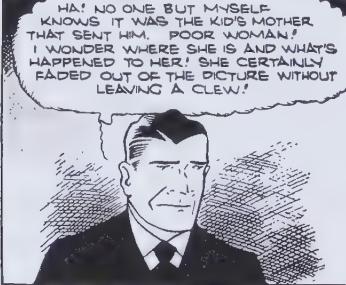
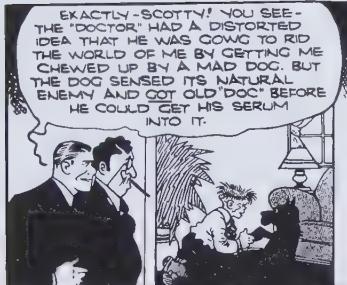


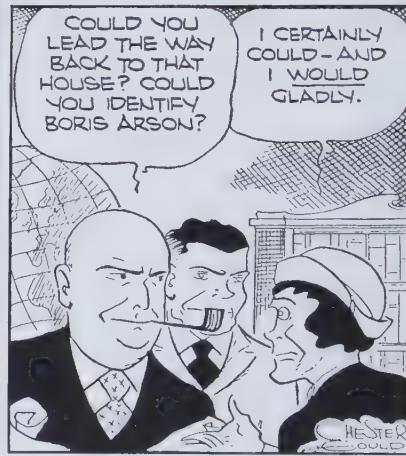
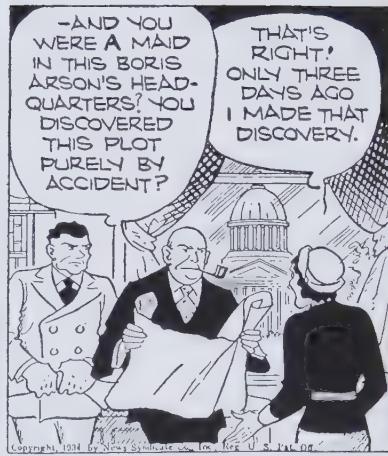
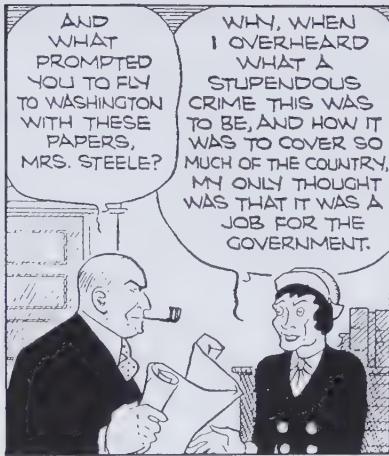
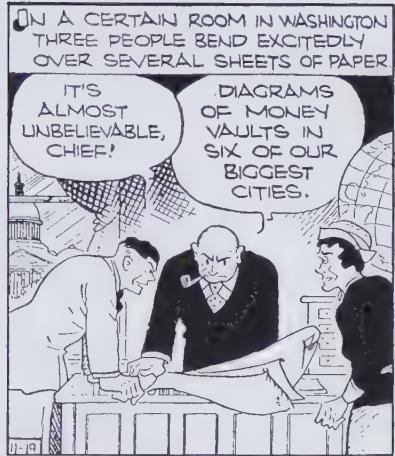
YEAH, THE CAPITOL'S ABOUT AN HOUR'S FLIGHT.
GOOD! THEN LET'S GO STRAIGHT TO WASHINGTON, D. C.!

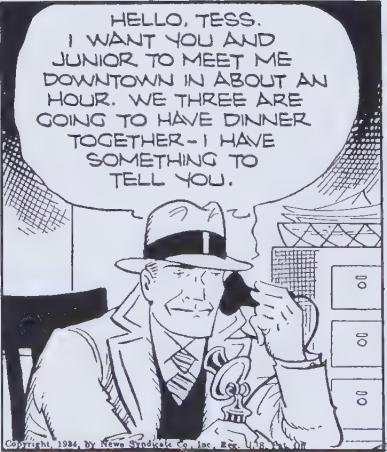
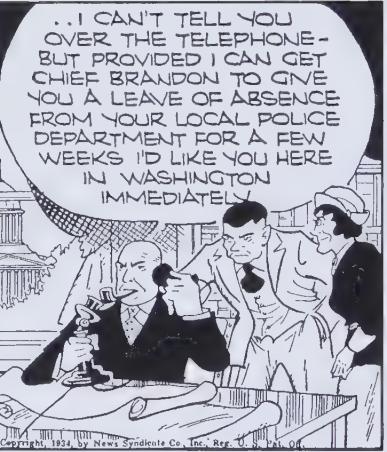


DICK TRACY

SO YOU CUT YOUR WAY OUT OF THE FISHING NET WITH YOUR JACK KNIFE ONLY TO DISCOVER THE DOG "DOC" HUMP WAS TRYING TO INOCULATE HAD TURNED AND KILLED HIM.





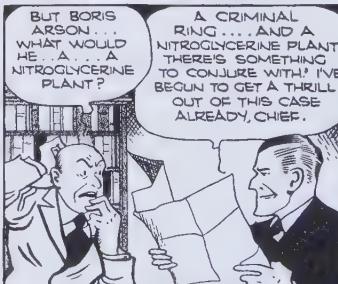
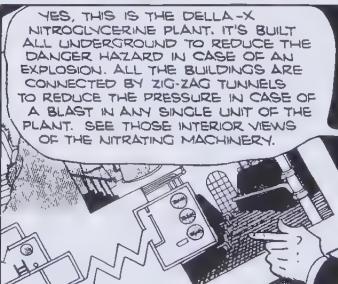
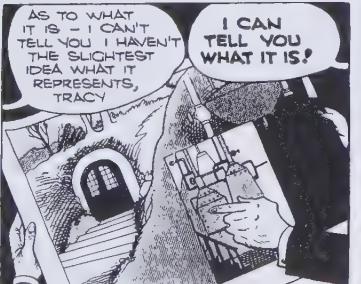
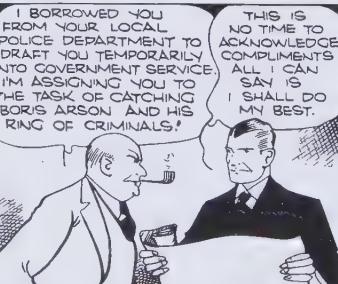
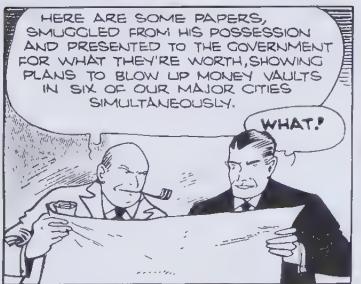


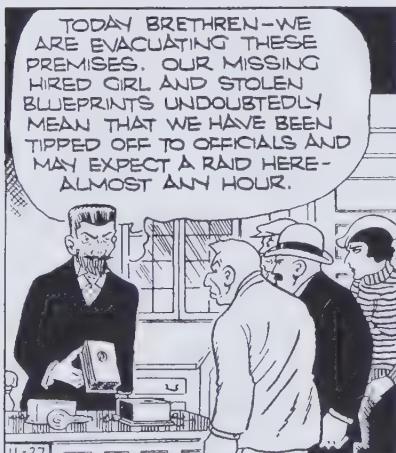
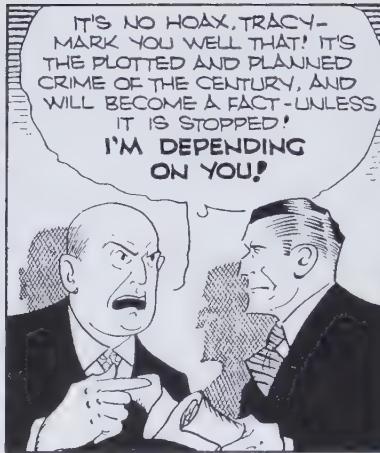
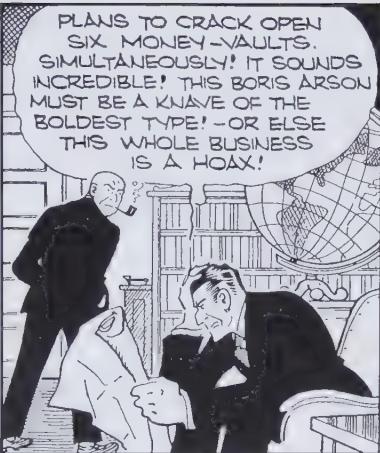


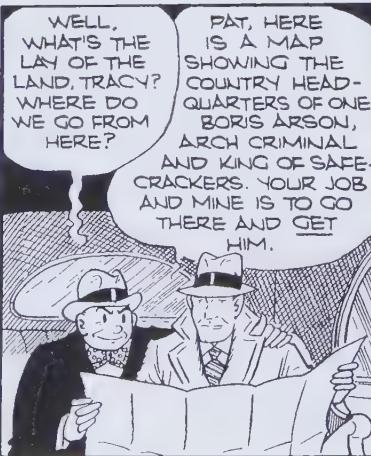
DICK TRACY

WHEN DICK TRACY ARRIVES, SEND HIM RIGHT IN.

YES SIR.







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
DON'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.



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CHESTER GOLD
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.?

YES - I WISH TO REPORT THAT THE HOUSE WE WERE OCCUPYING WHEN OUR PLANS AND PAPERS WERE STOLEN BY THAT WOMAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED - BLOWN TO BITS AND CONSUMED BY FLAME.

GOOD!

I ALSO WISH TO REPORT THAT WE HAVE PICKED UP A TRAIL OF THE WOMAN THAT STOLE THEM. SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO WASHINGTON?

TO WASHINGTON?

SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO WASHINGTON?

YES, SHE IS BEING HELD THERE UNDER HEAVY FEDERAL GUARD. WHILE OUR PLANS AND PAPERS ARE BEING STUDIED AND SCRUTINIZED. OUR POSITION IS EXTREMELY PRECARIOUS!

ROT! NO ONE WILL BELIEVE SUCH A FANTASTIC STORY - COMING FROM THE LIPS OF A WOMAN LIKE HERSELF.

NOTHING THEY CAN DO WILL STOP US NOW! OUR PLANS ARE TOO NEARLY COMPLETED! ALL WE ARE WAITING FOR NOW IS SUFFICIENT EXPLOSIVE TO COMPLETE OUR GIANT BOMBS.

WHAT IS THE LATEST WORD FROM OUR MAN WHO WORKS IN THE NITROGLYCERINE PLANT?

HE IS SMUGGLING OUT A GALLON OF THE EXPLOSIVE A DAY AND IS SECURING IT IN A HILLSIDE CACHE NEAR THE PLANT. HE HOPES TO HAVE THE NECESSARY AMOUNT WITHIN ANOTHER TWO WEEKS.

COME - LET'S GO DOWN TO OUR SUBTERRANEAN CONTROL ROOM - I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE PROGRESS MADE SO FAR.

WE HAVE SECURED PRIVATE WIRES - UNDER THE GUISE OF BUSINESS - TO THE SIX CITIES WHERE THE MONEY VAULTS WE INTEND TO BLOW UP ARE LOCATED!

WHEN OUR BLASTING OIL IS FINALLY PLANTED IN EACH SPOT - I SHALL THROW THE MASTER-SWITCH, SETTING OFF THE LOT SIMULTANEOUSLY. THUS ALLOWING OUR MEN TO PILFER THE SAFFS AND ESCAPE BEFORE THE BEFuddled AUTHORITIES CAN ACT.

MEANWHILE DICK TRACY AND PAT PATTON, WHO ALSO HAS BEEN DEPUTIZED TO WORK ON THE BORIS ARSON CASE, INVESTIGATE THE BURNING REMNANTS OF THE GANG'S OLD HEADQUARTERS...

BUT IF THIS IS THE HOUSE THE RING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OCCUPYING, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR ITS BURNING?

EVIDENTLY THE CRIMINALS BECAME FRIGHTENED, MOVED TO OTHER HEADQUARTERS AND BURNED THE PLACE TO DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE.

THE SECRET SERVICE HEAD TOLD ME THAT THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE PARTY THAT TIPPED HIM OFF SECURED THE PLANS AND PAPERS FROM THE GANG.

WELL, THEY'VE CERTAINLY DONE A GOOD JOB - HEY, TRACY - LOOK!

WHAT IS THAT, TRACY?

IT'S - IT LOOKS LIKE A RADIO TUBE! NO! I GET IT! IT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL!

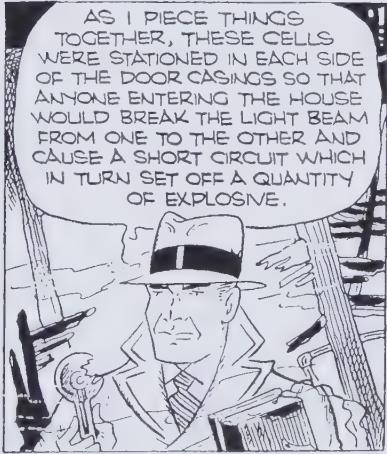
ONE OF THOSE DEVICES - COMMONLY CALLED "AN ELECTRIC EYE"! IT WAS PROBABLY USED SOME WAY IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS BUILDING.

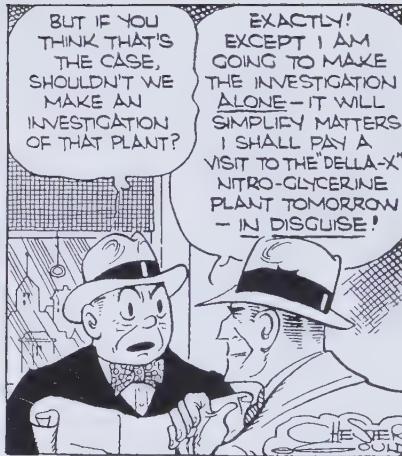
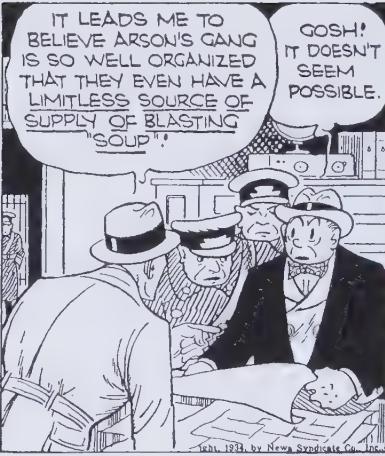
ONE SHOCK AFTER ANOTHER! THE NEXT INSTANT PAT'S EYE CATCHES SIGHT OF...

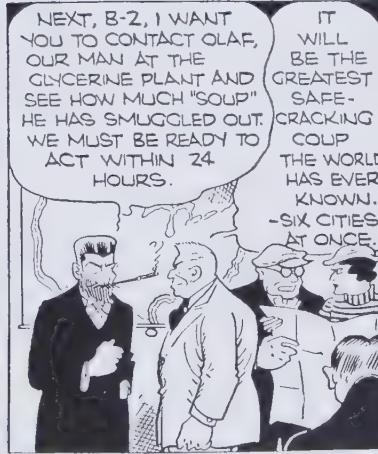
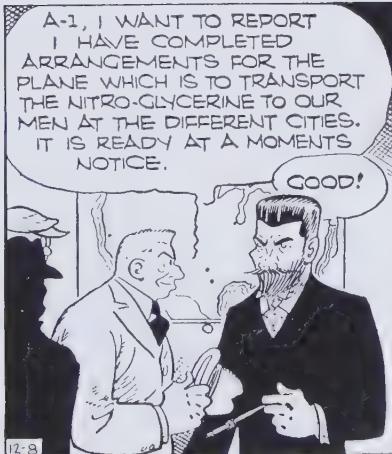
GREAT SCOTT - TRACY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

A FOOT! STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THOSE BOARDS!

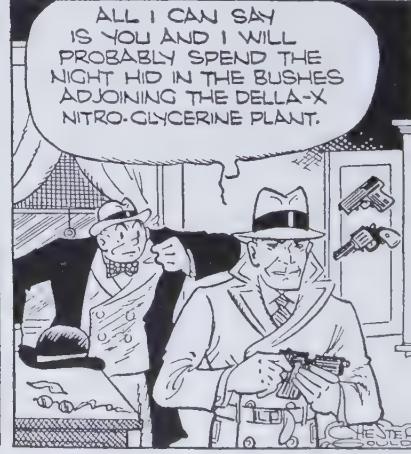
Blown to bits and engulfed in flames, the country headquarters of Boris Arson crashes to ruins before the very eyes of Dick Tracy, Pat Patton and the accompanying police...





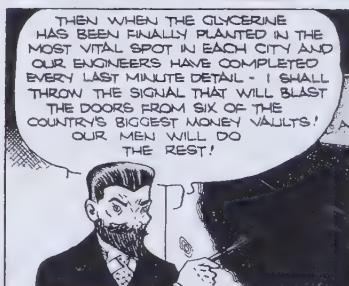
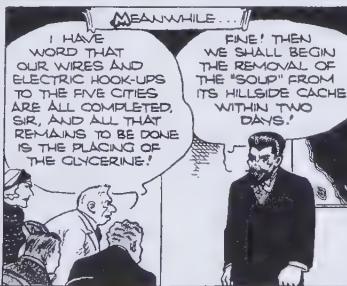
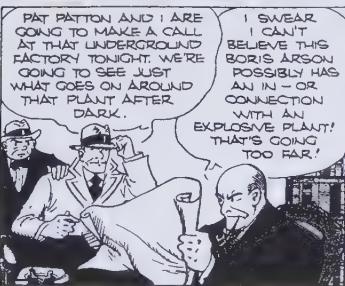
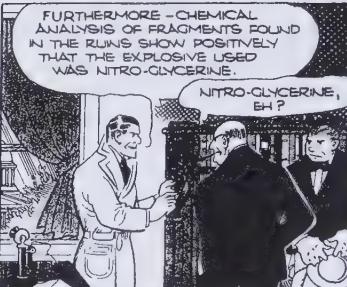
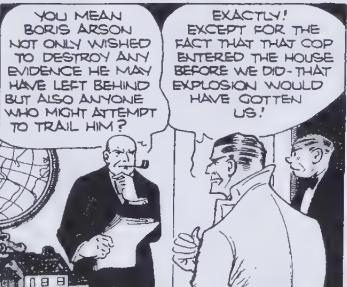
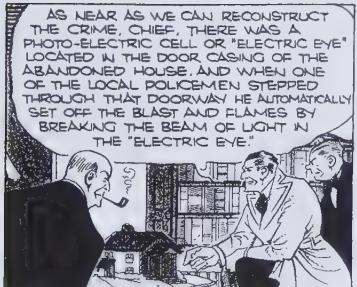


IT WILL BE THE GREATEST SAFE-CRACKING COUP THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. -SIX CITIES AT ONCE.



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.



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!



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.



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.



DEPOSITING ON THE GROUND THE OBJECTS HE HAD BEEN CARRYING, THE QUARRY GLANCES FIRST AT THE SKY, THEN AT HIS WATCH, AND



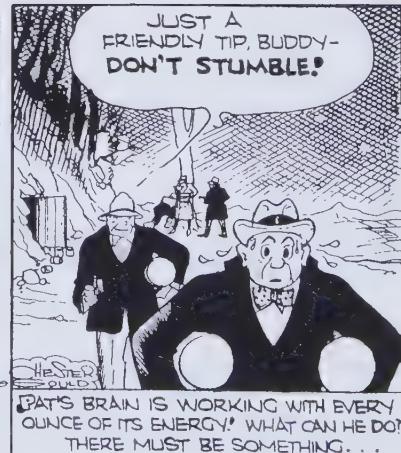
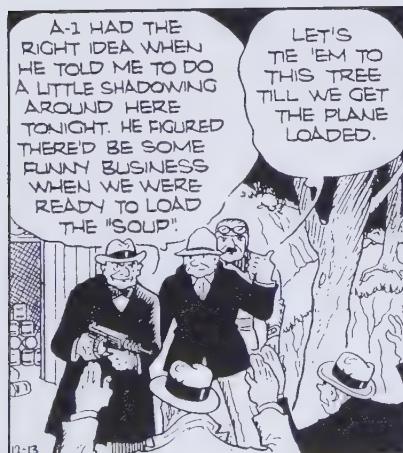
LOOK TRACY! HE SHOVED THAT BUSH ASIDE AND THERE'S A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE HILL! MUST BE A CAVE THERE.

THAT'S THEIR SECRET CACHE! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT CAVE CONTAINS AT LEAST FIFTY DRUMS OF STOLEN NITROGLYCERINE.



YEAH- AN APPROACHING AIRPLANE. LOOK! OUR FRIEND IS GETTING READY TO SIGNAL IT WITH A FLASH LIGHT!





FORCED TO HELP LOAD THE NITROGLYCERINE ABOARD THE PLANE, PAT PATTON WATCHES DESPERATELY FOR SOME POSSIBLE WAY TO TURN THE TABLES . . .



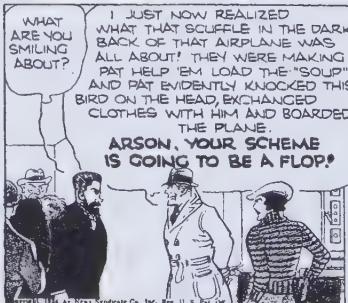
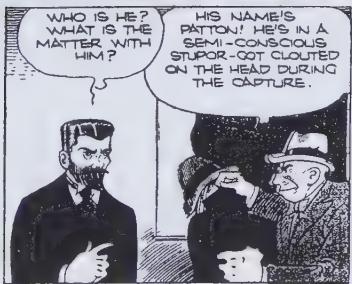
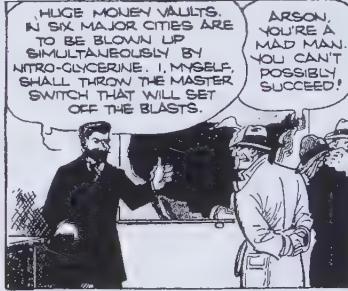
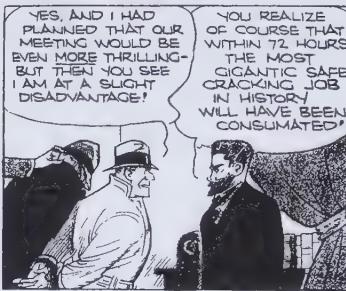
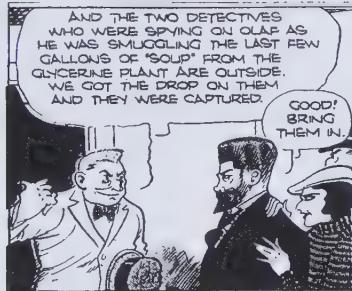
PAT REALIZES AN OPPORTUNITY IS AT HAND! HE AND THE GANGSTER ARE AT THE PLANE - 300 YARDS AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE PARTY. HE DECIDES TO ACT! . . .



MORRIED, THE GANGSTER REACHES OUT TO PREVENT THE CONTAINER OF NITROGLYCERINE FROM DROPPING. HIS GUN SLIPS FROM HIS FINGERS AS PAT LUNGEAT HIM WITH THE INSPIRED STRENGTH OF A DOZEN MEN.



WATCH YOUR STEP, PAT - WATCH YOUR STEP.



NOT UNTIL THEIR RETURN TO BORIS ARSON'S HEADQUARTERS IS IT DISCOVERED THAT THE PRISONER, SUPPOSED TO BE PAT PATTON IS NONE OTHER THAN ARSON'S OWN MAN, OLAF!

BUT YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THIS IS OUR OWN MAN!



WHY, YOU BLUNDERING FOOLS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? IS IT POSSIBLE YOU WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO LET THIS BE PUT OVER ON YOU!

THEN THAT GUY PATTON IS ABOARD OUR PLANE WITH OUR PILOT AND THE NITROGLYCERINE?



B-2, YOUR DEDUCTIONS ARE TREMENDOUS. YOUR KEEN ANALYSIS OF THE SITUATION IS ABSOLUTELY ASTOUNDING! PARDON ME WHILE I LAUGH.



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MEANWHILE, PAT PATTON CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT MOVE, FIVE THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR, WITH AN UNSUSPECTING ENEMY AND FIFTY GALLONS OF NITROGLYCERINE . . .

WELL, OLAF WE'RE LEAVING THE FIRST BATCH OF "JUICE" AT A LITTLE TOWN SOUTH OF CLEVELAND-AND IT LOOKS LIKE CLEAR SAILING AHEAD, EH?

YEAH,
YOU BET.



THEN WE WON'T EXECUTE THIS FLATFOOT RIGHT AWAY?

NOT YET. CHAIN HIM IN THE REAR ROOM UNTIL WE FIND OUT HOW OUR PLANE WITH THE NITROGLYCERINE ABOARD MAKES OUT.



GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR MEN IN CLEVELAND IMMEDIATELY. IF THIS MAN PATTON IS ABOARD WHEN THE PLANE LANDS - TELL THEM HE MUST BE SHOT-REMOVED - LAKE ERIE- ANYPLACE!

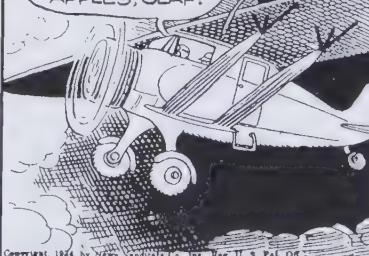
OKAY A-1.



MEANWHILE, THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN SHIP ROARS ON . . .

WERE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE. OUGHT TO MAKE CLEVELAND IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES, OLAF?

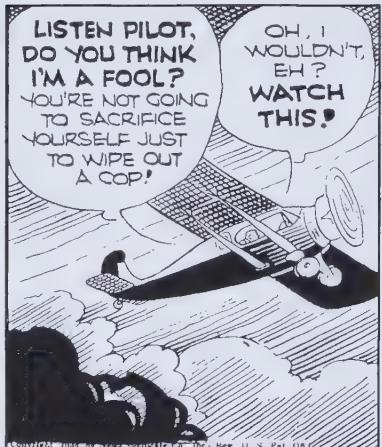
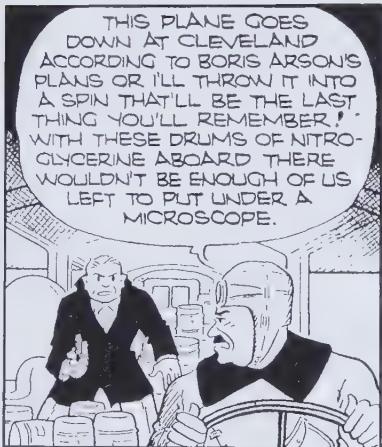
I THINK YOU'RE A LITTLE OPTIMISTIC!

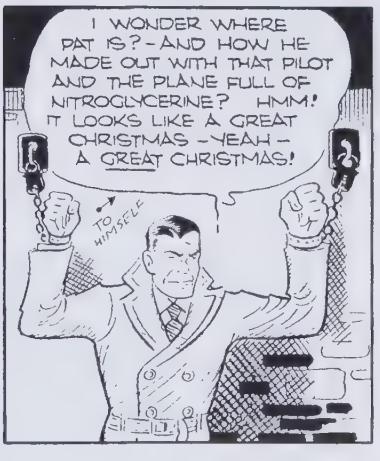
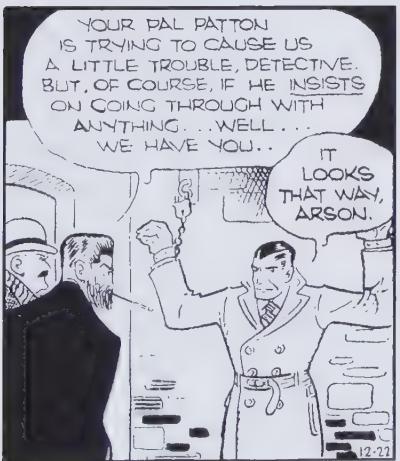
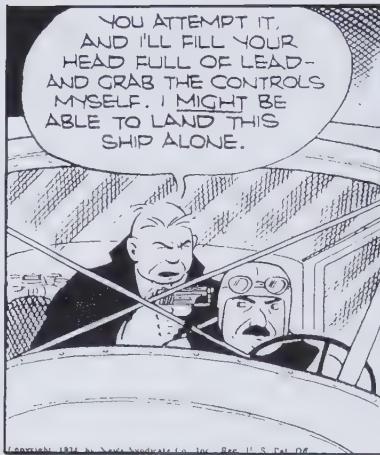


YEAH??

YEAH. MY MONICKER DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE OLAF-AND THIS SHIP IS HEADING STRAIGHT ON INTO CHICAGO-MUNICIPAL AIRPORT.

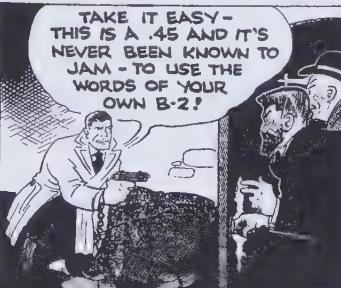
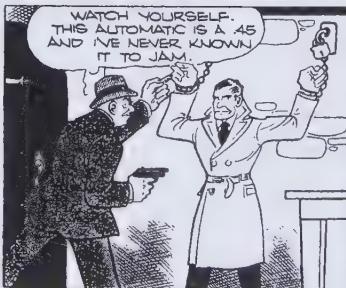
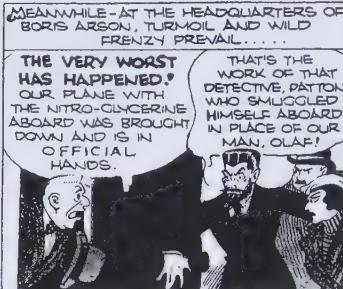


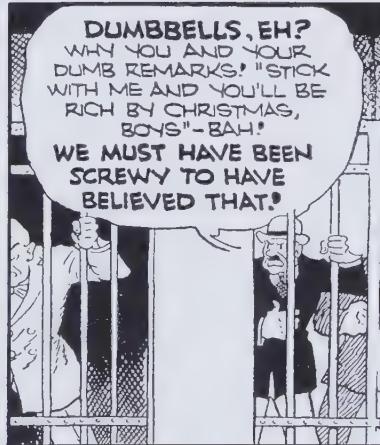
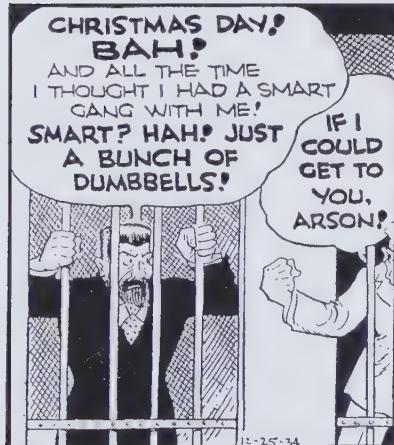
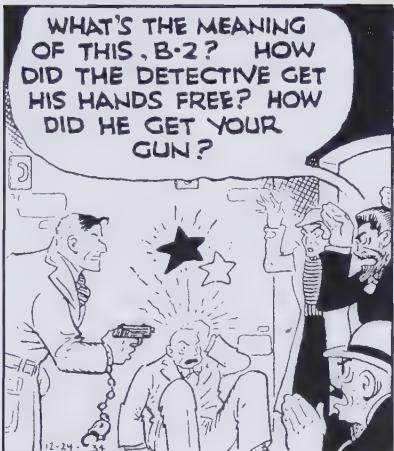


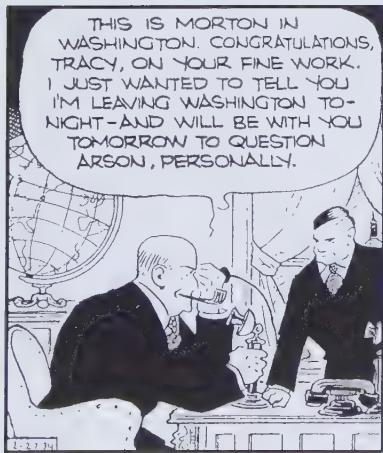
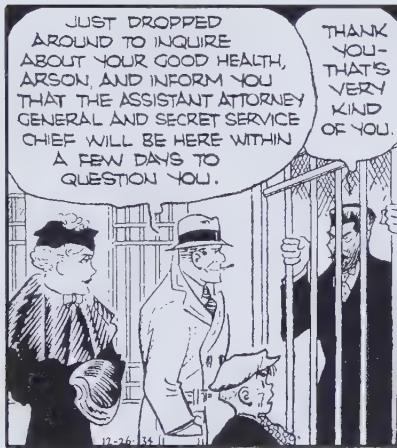


DICK TRACY

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.









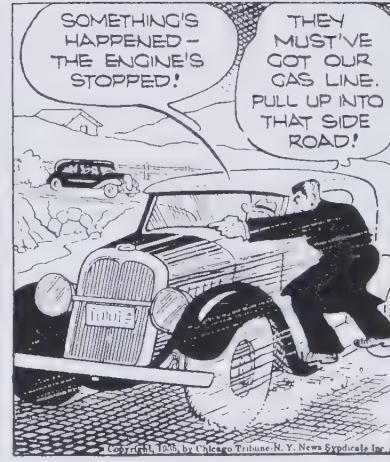
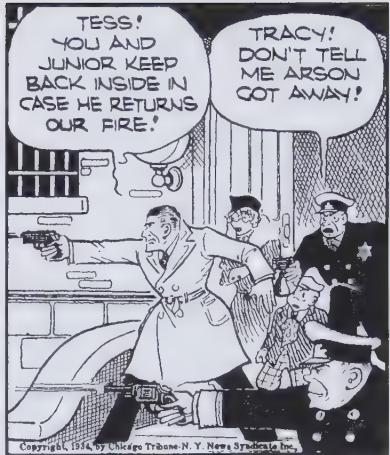
DICK TRACY

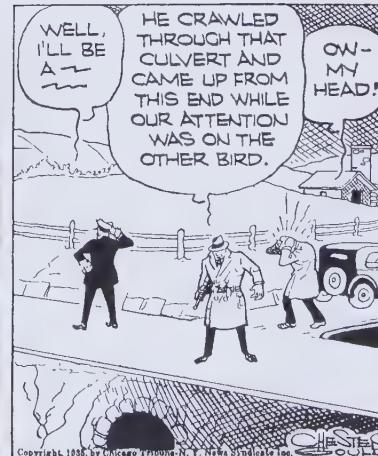
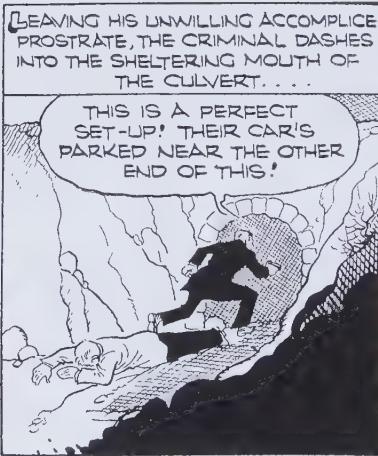
WELL, TRACY! IT LOOKS
LIKE THE OLD YEAR'S GOING TO
END PRETTY SWELL FOR YOU - WITH
YOUR CAPTURE OF BORIS ARSON
AND HIS SAFE-CRACKING RING.

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.

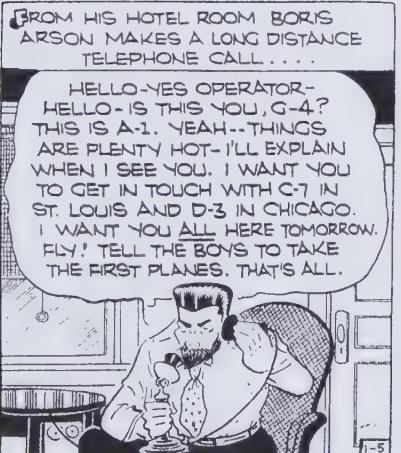
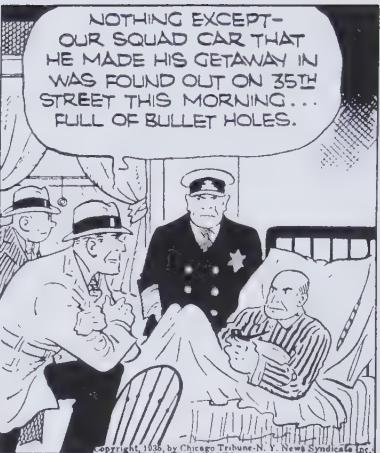


WHAT A HOT-BOX DICK TRACY,
TESS TRUEHEART AND JUNIOR
WALKED INTO WHEN THEY ENTERED
POLICE HEADQUARTERS TO VIEW
THE SHOW-UP OF BORIS ARSON
AND HIS GANG!!!!!!





BORIS ARSON HAS MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE AND TRACY, THE CHIEF, AND PAT PATTON TALK IT OVER AROUND THE HOSPITAL COT OF CHIEF MORTON OF THE SECRET SERVICE . . .



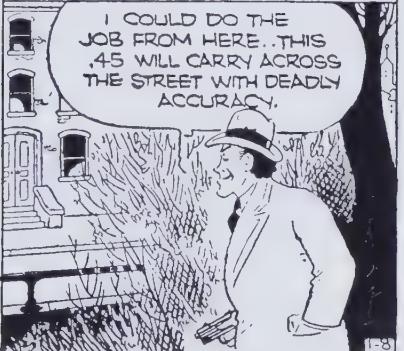
DICK TRACY

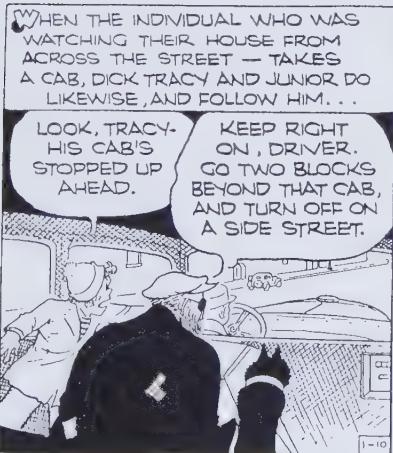


GALLING IN THE REMAINING REMNANTS OF HIS GANG FROM THE CITIES WHERE THEY HAD BEEN STATIONED, BORIS ARSON, MINUS HIS BEARD, DISCUSSES THE NEXT MOVE IN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST DICK TRACY...



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...

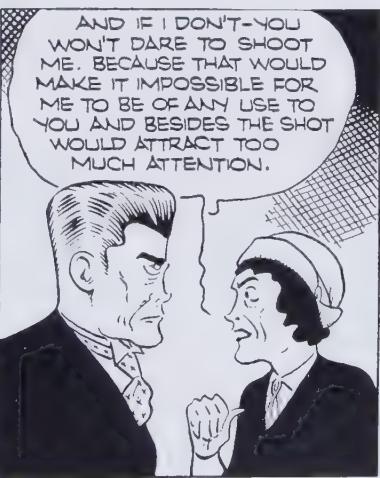






DICK TRACY





HURLING THE TELEPHONE INTO THE FACE OF BORIS ARSON, MARY STEELE MAKES A LUNGE FOR A-1'S AUTOMATIC LAYING ON THE TABLE SHE IS SUCCESSFUL....



BRANTIC WITH EXCITEMENT AND THE TENSENESS OF THE SITUATION, MARY STEELE BACKS CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD A DOOR....



TRAPPED! INSTEAD OF BACKING OUT OF THE HALL DOOR, MARY STEELE BACKED INTO A CLOSET- . . . PRISONER!



I'M BEATEN. . . I'LL COME- THAT'S IT - KEEP THE GUN DOWN.

REPAIR THOSE TELEPHONE WIRES, C-2.

NOW WILL YOU TELEPHONE TRACY AND TELL HIM TO COME HERE . . EH- WHAT DO YOU SAY?



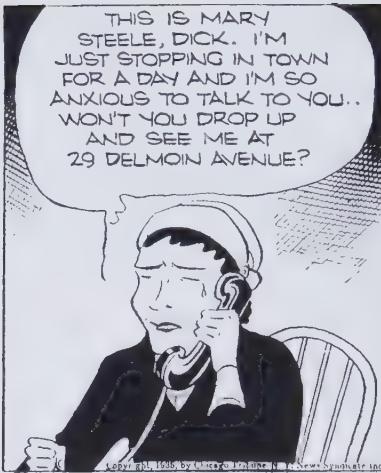
DEAR READER: WHILE THE ACTION IN OUR STORY SINCE LAST MONDAY HAS REQUIRED FOUR DAYS TO PORTRAY, THE ACTUAL ELAPSED TIME HAS BEEN APPROXIMATELY THIRTY MINUTES...



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.. WONT YOU DROP UP AND SEE ME AT 29 DELMON 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 HEADQUARTERS 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 THE BACK WAY AND HIDE UNDER THE STAIRWAY IN THE LOBBY. I'LL GO AROUND AND ENTER THROUGH THE REGULAR FRONT ENTRANCE.



HM-M DE..DE



THE FLATFOOT HAS FALLEN HOOK LINE AND SINKER, BOYS. HE'S JUST COME IN THE FRONT ENTRANCE.



ON YOUR TOES, MEN.

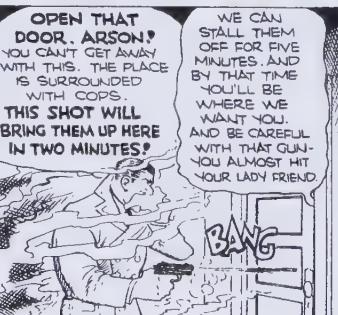
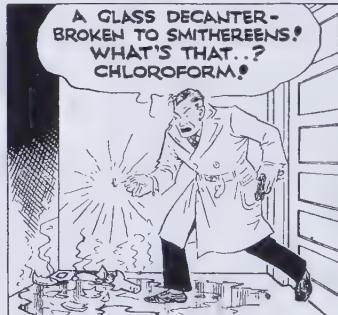
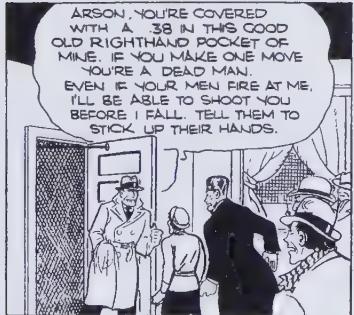
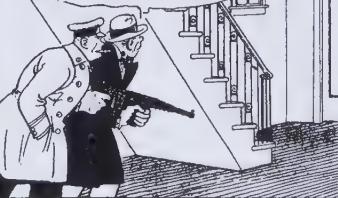
DICK TRACY

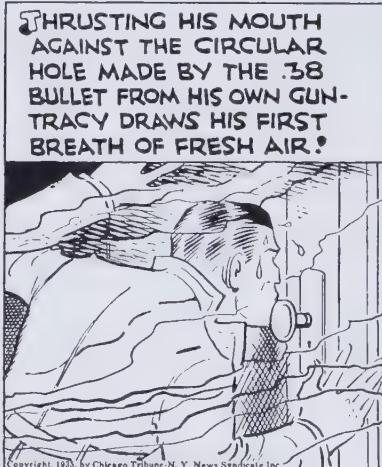
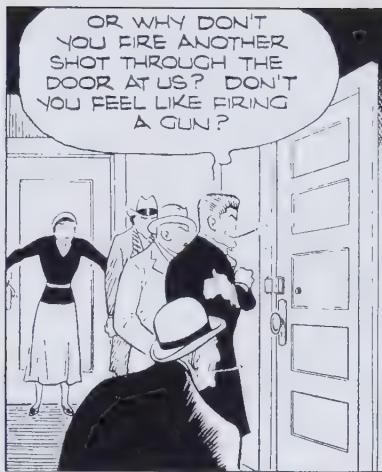


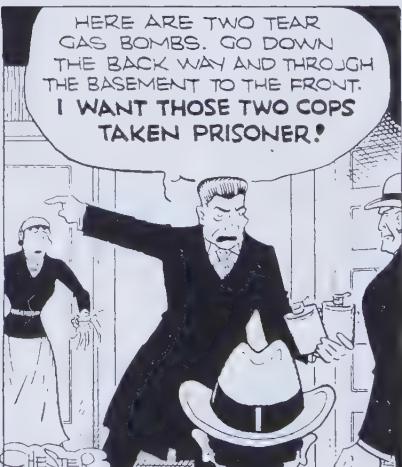
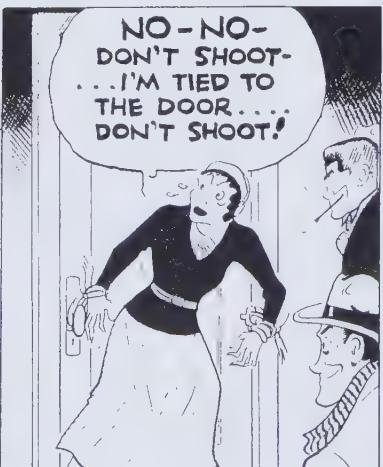
KNOWING THIS TO BE A TRAP, BECAUSE OF WHAT HE HAD OBSERVED WHILE HE AND JUNIOR WERE IN DISGUISE, TRACY HAS HAD THE PLACE SURROUNDED BY POLICE, AWAITING HIS SIGNAL. PAT PATTON AND THE CHIEF ARE IN THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE...

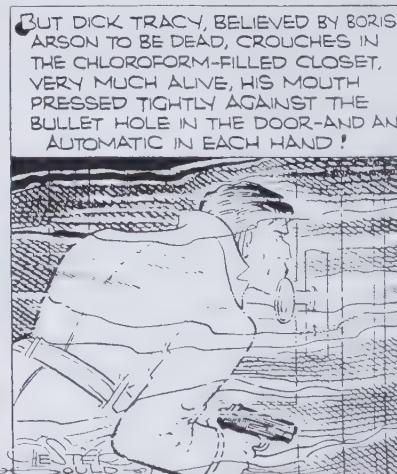
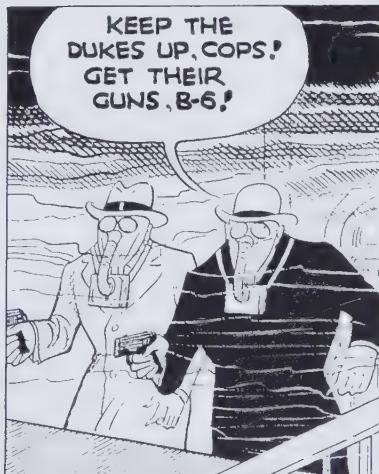


TRACY FIGURES THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO CAPTURE ARSON'S GANG ALIVE AND SAVE THE LIFE OF THIS WOMAN. WHOEVER SHE IS. IF THE CROOKS MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, THEY'LL NEVER GET THROUGH OUR CORDON OF MEN.









DICK TRACY

BY
CHESTER
GOLDS

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN -
MEN AND I ARE SOMEWHAT
DETECTIVE-MINDED OURSELVES.

OKAY -
YOU CAN PUT
THE DUKES
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!



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!



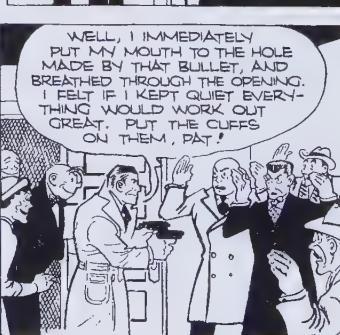
ARE YOU IN THERE, DETECTIVE? ANSWER ME - IF YOU CAN -

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 EVERYTHING 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!



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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.

1-29

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!

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THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY®

&

1933-1935
VOLUME TWO

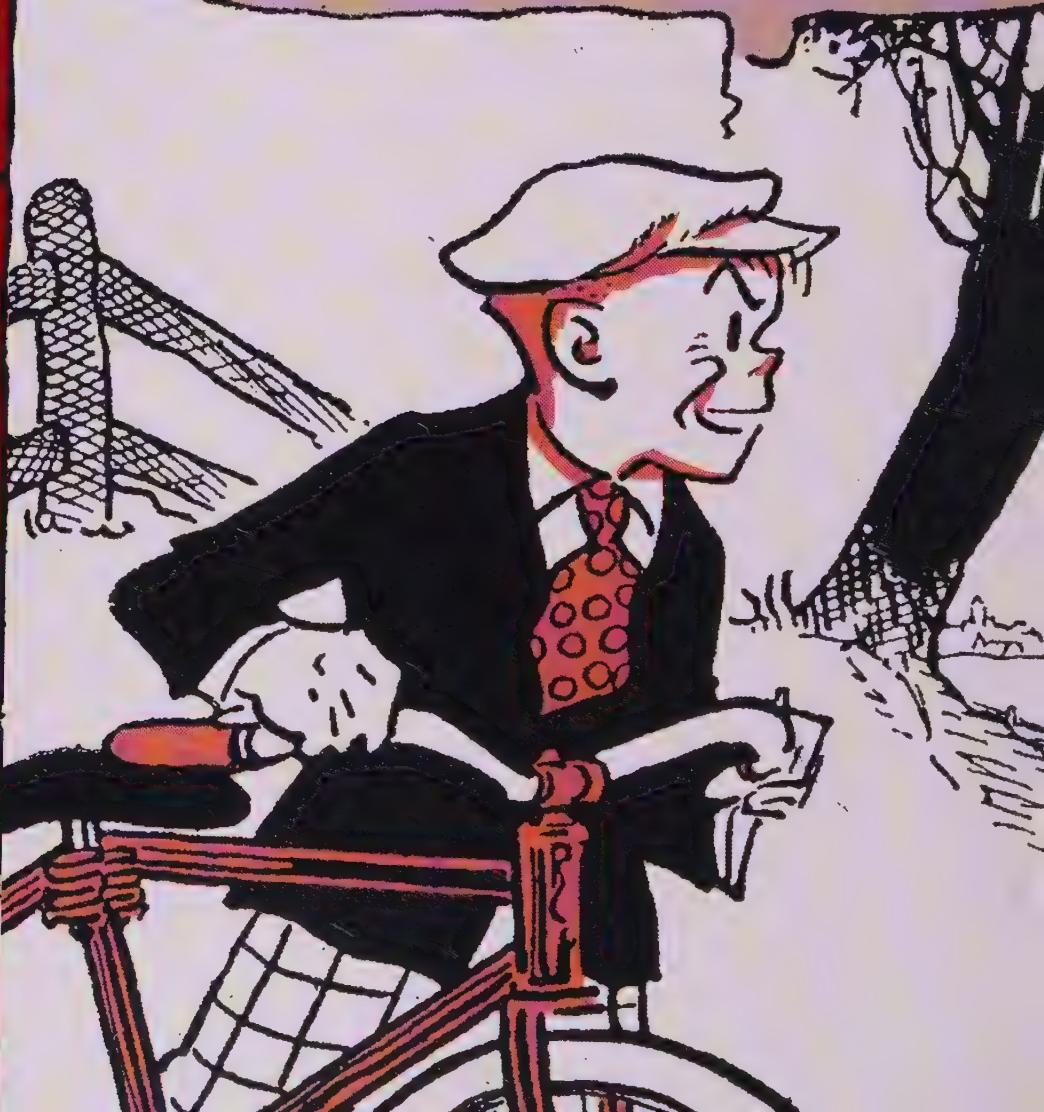




THE COMPLETE CHESTER GOULD'S

DICK TRACY

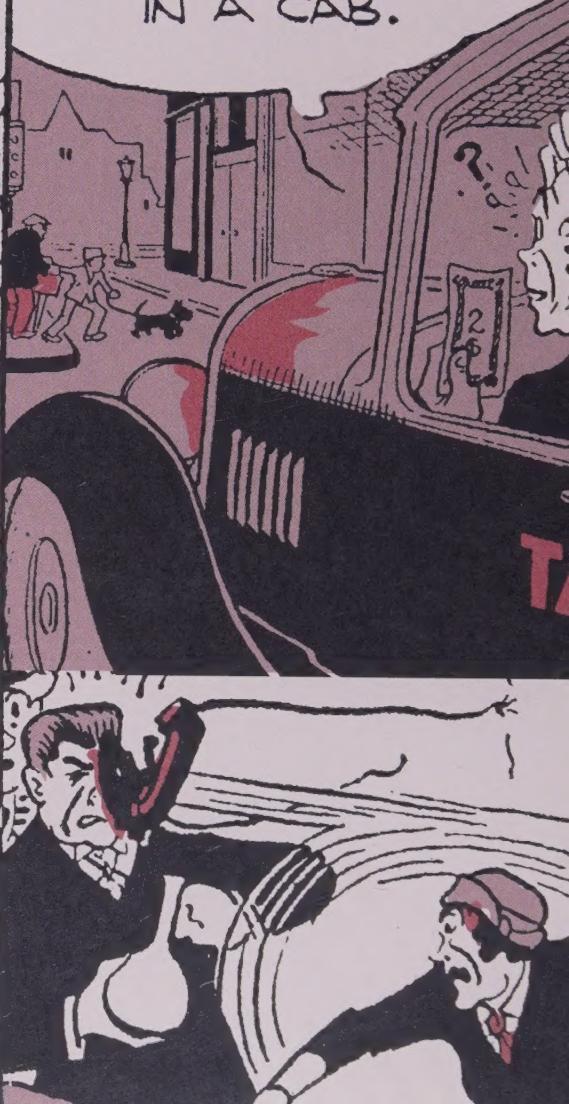
AND IS GOING DOWN
THAT OLD STEEL M



THEF! STAY
BACK OF
THE CAR!

IN FRONT OF ME,
BUDDY, OR
ELSE.

GRAN GRINDERS MAD
OUGH, BUT THAT'S THE
RST TIME I KNEW THEY
RODE TO WORK
IN A CAB.



ING ON YOU? FOR THE
REASON THAT THAT S
ELECTIVE PAL OF YOURS
TING TO PIN SOMETHIN
AND THE DAY HE DOES
HE'LL BE SORRY.

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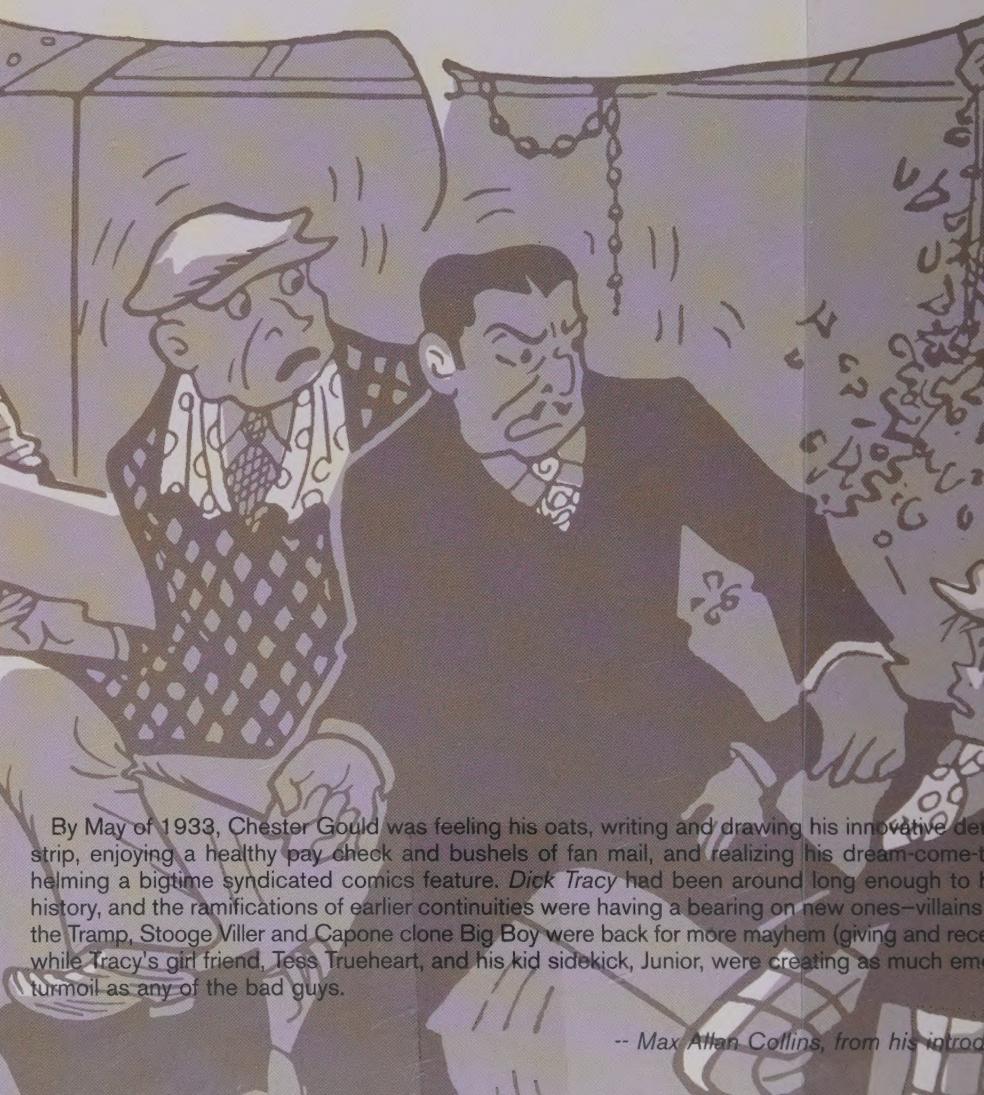
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Gould, Chester.
The complete
Chester Gould's
Dick Tracy :
Dailies & Sundays
1933-1935, Volume



ON YOUR TRAIL AND YOU'RE 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-come-true: helming a bigtime syndicated comics feature. *Dick Tracy* had been around long enough to become history, and the ramifications of earlier continuities were having a bearing on new ones—villains like the Tramp, Stooge 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, STOOGE VILLER, AND BIG BOY. THIS VOLUME ALSO INTRODUCES JEAN PENFIELD, TESS TRUEHEART'S RIVAL FOR TRACY'S AFFECTION.

