

THE  
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EXAMINER

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# CALIFORNIA KIDNAPPING COPS CONFUSED

## AN UNSPEAKABLE ACT

William J. Herbert.

Chief Editor

"I implore the kidnapers to demand a ransom... They can name their price! I am prepared to give my life many times over in exchange for my daughter's freedom", revealed an anxiety-wracked George Saunders to our reporter. The noted producer of such hits as "The Sign of Death" and "The 40 Companeros" is a broken husk, a whimpering dog. His eyes glued to a pool-shaped golden telephone, rumoured to be a gift from glittering ex-wife screen star Josette Jaguar (do I hear wedding bells getting tuned up for the remake?), Saunders waits, gripping a case full of unmarked \$20 bills, as the minutes and hours drag by. Will the kidnapers call? Where are they? Who can they be? The forces of law and order are, as so often, at a loss. Tight-jawed Hollywood Police Chief, Francis X. O'Bannon, is desperate for a drink... and some clues.

Here are the facts as they happened. At 11:30 yesterday morning, as 8-year-old Grace Saunders left Pacific College in the company of her chaperon Hilda Pennicoat, a light brown limousine with Californian plates screeched to a halt beside them. A male individual, described by onlookers as "a man" wearing a dark coat and hat, jumped



from the car and swooped upon the child heiress. Pennicoat, a spinster, attempted to place herself between the attacker and his innocent victim of tender years. Eye-witnesses claim, how-ever, that a mystery woman seated in the back of the car and dressed in black stared "in a mysterious way" at the chaperon, who promptly fell into a serious coma, leaving the defenceless child at the mercy of her assailant who

man-handled his helpless prey into the waiting automobile. The car then sped off. Where were the police?

Eight hours later, the kidnap vehicle was found half-sunk in the ocean. "Thorough" police investigation of the car yielded only one clue: Grace's school satchel. Since then, nothing more has been heard of the child. Police sources are scratching their heads. "Normally", confessed

grim-faced Lieutenant "Dandruff" Briggs in a rare moment of candour, "we expect a ransom demand very soon after the grab. This time, I'm scratching my head and my shoulders are covered in flakes. We've combed the area, but the kidnapers are giving us the brush-off. I just hope we're not dealing with blood-crazed persons," confided the worried lieutenant with a frown.

# AN UNSPEAKABLE ACT

(Continued from page 1)

We say this situation has to stop and why isn't the Hollywood Police Department doing something to defend our community? A sweet little girl is the captive of strange people in dark clothes, and those paid by law-abiding tax-payers to stamp down hard on crime stand by and shower us with small scales of dead skin! The mite's mother, a Mrs Saunders, on hearing of police complacency, was prevented in the nick of time from taking her own life! Listen! What you hear is the fabric of civilization tearing!

Let us pray that the spirit of Christmas prevails even in the hardened hearts of these ruthless baby-snatchers. And we pray that George Saunders finds the strength to soldier on. "If the police can't help, then I'll hire a detective!" threatened the tear-stained movie mogul in a moment of heart-rending sincerity. A little birdie told me that George has already hired a private investigator.

We say Chief O'Bannon should be run out of town!

# DERCETO TO STRIKES AGAIN!

Three years ago the nation stood aghast at the news; deep in the heart of Florida, the old house of Derceto was the scene of a macabre series of events. Suicide, murders, horrible noises... The place was a den of an evil almost too awful to imagine. Only private eye Edward "Ghost Hunter" Camby was able to quash the rumours. Well, it looks like things are hotting up again down in Wacko Manor! The place was recently bought by celebrity architect, Frank Stride, who now lives with his father, long assumed to be dead, mistakenly as it turns out!

The architect's latest project, a cathedral dedicated to ancient cult god "the Great Pan", has been angrily rejected by the Senate. Added to that embarrassment comes tragic news of the disappearance three days ago of a

local woman, one Jezebel Ebenzer, somewhere in the swamps surrounding the isolated Derceto mansion.

Despite an intensive search of the area, Webb County Sheriff Mitch Mitchell hasn't uncovered any clues to Ebenzer's whereabouts. "She keeps herself to herself, if you see what I mean," revealed a stubble-chinned Mitchell to our reporter. "Some folks reckon she has powers of an occult variety, although I discount that as speculation myself. I say she's in the big Derceto house. I even phoned Mr Camby but he warned me against going in there! No big city boy tells me how to do my duty, you hear me! I'm going into that house!" stormed the indignant law-officer.

THIS REPORT FROM ON-THE-SPOT NEWSHOUND HARRY MC GRUDDER.

## SILVER SCREEN TATTLE

Rushmore Studios have Gerda Grabbo and don't they wish they didn't! During a steamy scene in heavily-accented director Arbeit von Spacecraft's latest tropical adventure flick, "Shena-nigans in Shanghai", the Scandinavian love-goddess, in yet another of her spectacular tantrums, bit off leading man Ron Rictus' right ear. "Next time, it might not be his ear", winked the star in a rare moment of tooth-baring..

for a true-to-life lifestory of Vito's late father, respected philanthropist Giuseppe "Throatslicer" Carbonetto.

Hello, darlings! Jerry Conway's starting to shoot a new song'n'dance gangster flick over on the Mega Movie lot. "Too Dead to Dance" is set to fire shapely starlet Norma N. Bates into stardom. I asked her how she landed the part. "Easy," winked Norma, "I just did everything Jerry asked, then I put my clothes back on!" The choreography for "Too Dead to dance" will be handled by a new name in Hollywood, Mister Eye. We'll watch out for him!

What was leading producer Fritz Grimm doing having lunch in a run-down Italian restaurant with Vito Carbonetto, the well-known soda baron? Well, it seems like Vicious Vito made Fritz an offer he can't refuse, and cigar-chomping Mr Grimm is looking round for a "Greek-God-type" lead

Well, it's Lulu Parsnips signing off for this week, darlings. See ya!



# ★ Son of the Bedouin ★

ARMY HILLERMAN

RUDY VALENTE

The king of the BOX-OFFICE becomes the PRINCE OF THE DESERT!



Hill Century

In its second blockbusting week!



# NEWS FROM WILLOGHBY.

THE JAMES W. CALWELL REPORT

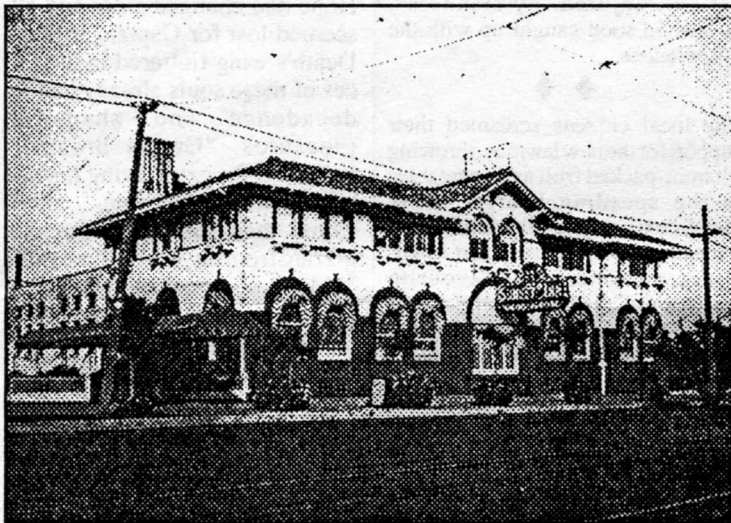
Pandemonium hit the well-known Sunset Inn of Santa Monica Avenue (transformed for this occasion into an auction room), as Colonel Steel's collection of ancient weapons went on sale.

Hollywood's most glittering stars and wealthiest financiers were all there. The weapons, mostly dating back from the 16th century and in perfect condition, sold for many thousands of dollars. A pair of Dutch wheel-lock pistols fetched a record price;

Screen idol Douglas Fairshore put up a spirited fight, but the guns went to an unknown choreographer called Mister Eye.

Most of the pieces forming the collection were purchased by Mr Jack and his friends.

He stated to this reporter, "We're a group of weapons collectors and we intend for these unique pieces to remain for ever in the United States."



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**After**

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## STOP PRESS

LAPD has finally put the cuffs on the mad killer of Griffith Park. The deranged criminal, one Gilbert Trenton, was arrested for shooting a Salvation Army singing quartet. "They were pointing knives at my wife and me", explained the homicidal maniac in a moment of demented hysteria. Mrs Trenton was not to be found. Further investigations have since led to the her discovery, in 24 cardboard boxes close to the lion cage.

Still no news of Jack Turnbull, the oil magnate. His recent marriage to shapely starlet Dorothy Malone, 55 years his junior, sparked off some comment in the press. The last person to see Mr Turnbull seems to have been Phil Stark, an Olympic athlete and student at UCLA. Experts concur that 7 days under water without oxygen may very well prove fatal if not worse to a man of Mr Turnbull's age. Only his air-tube has so far been found. "Phil has been a great comfort to me in my distress," revealed a devastated Mrs Turnbull, in

Charleston's exclusive Copacabana Club last night.

Senator Beauregard Blower's trial seems no nearer a conclusion, yet Assistant D.A. Bob Himmel isn't giving up yet. "Blower's going to have to explain those 16 wives in eight different states of the Union," Himmel pointed out to our reporter in a moment of press conference. As for the senator, locked up in Setton Prison, he still claims he's pure as driven snow. "I am a victim of amnesia," he revealed. "I think my name is Marty." Psychiatrists are still tossing coins on that one, while the police are continuing to search for 15 of the senator's alleged spouses.

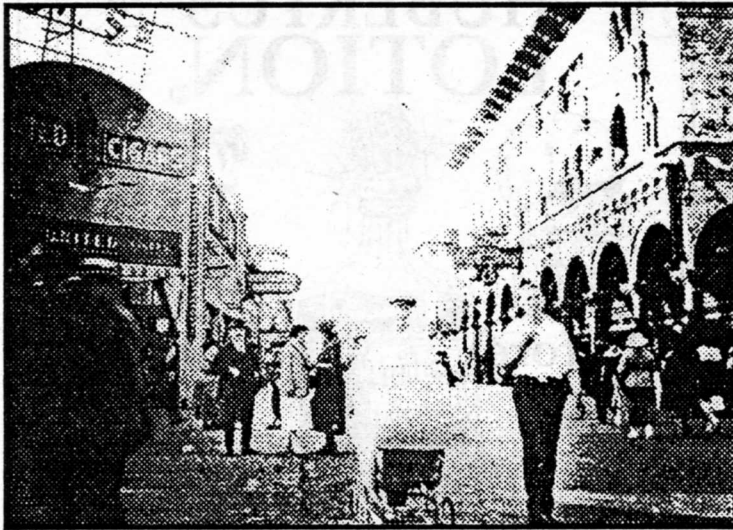
*The senator, his wife and a friend*



# WARHZAWCSKIE WITCZC OUT FRIGATE

## TO PORT

2° EPISODE



The 4th District a few minutes before the police's arrival

Inspector Hollywood's arrival at 4th District was an eagerly awaited event. Last Monday, before the entire department, Jack Warhzawcskie-witczc, known affectionately to his men as "Uh, Boss", handed over the badges of office.

The tear-jerking ceremony, marking 30 years of loyal service, ended with a speech from the retiring Boss. "I wish the next guy lots of uh, waddaya call it," he announced in a rare moment of almost coherent discourse. The "next guy" then said a few words of thanks and finished by assuring the mayor and all present that "I'm the law around here now, and those bad guys are going to wish they hadn't entered a life of wrongdoing." His deeds were to prove as good as his words.

Twenty four hours and a complete set of evaluation tests for all the department, including saluting the flag, target practise and reading tests,

later, a quarter of the department was fired. Hollywood then went into action. Leading a law enforcement hit team into Culver City, he witnessed a hold-up. Sirens were immediately sounded and the chase was on!

Hollywood aimed his Tommy-gun straight at a bunch of hoodlums. The weapon spat a vicious hail of white-hot death... But the Devil looks after his own. The spray of dangerous bullets was intercepted by a passing gasoline truck! However, the 4th District's new Boss is no quitter. Stopping only to give orders for the dozens of roasted cadavers to be dealt with in a suitable manner and for the fire brigade to do something about the fire-storms now raging through several sections of the city, Hollywood commandeered a long black car. Could a hearse possibly catch up with speeding hoods' big red car? Yes.

Firmly gripping his 38 Special, Hollywood fired twice at the gangsters' tires. Bad luck again struck, as two residents of the "Golden Sunsets" Home for Elderly Citizens bit the dust. The hurtling hearse swerved to avoid a mother and infant. Who says baby carriages don't fly? Babies certainly bounce. Well, sort of. Nurses just fall down and bleed.

The law continued its course. The bad guys hung a left, then another left. Were they heading back to the crime scene? Bulging many muscles, Hollywood decided to lay his career on the line. His powerful jaws ripped the pins from a triple layer of grenades hooked to a shoulder belt. The multiple explosion was memorable. Screeching through the smoking wrecks of cars, and not hesitating to run over dozens of so-called "injured by-standers", Hollywood soon caught up with the desperadoes.

The local citizens screamed their support for the new lawman, throwing vitamin-packed fruit and vegetables at the speeding hearse. Many clambered onto the vehicle and even beneath the tires in an effort to encourage America's favourite inspector. The chase finally ended as the hoodlums' red vehicle slithered to a halt at the foot of a blazing apartment block. Hollywood proceeded to arrest Fire Chief Michael O'Malley. "He's a man with death on his hands," growled an incensed Hollywood as he pushed the evil O'Malley into the back seat of the hearse. "He may think he's a smart cookie but I'll make him crumble!" quipped the steel-jawed inspector in a moment of heart-warming justice this reporter is not about to forget.

The ball smashed into the Vulture's quarterdeck, and the deadly splinters flew through the air. One buried itself in little Barnes' throat. Jordan paled. "E the devil's beard, show him.. The rest of his cries went unheard in the hellish din of roaring cannon and screaming sea-dogs. The Vulture shuddered and groaned as the Shark rammed her. A motley crew of yelling demonstrators leaped aboard the crippled ship. Hope had changed sides and seemed lost for Captain Jordan. Death's wing fluttered in the faces of these souls already lost to decadence and shameful pleasures. "Goat's breath!" bellowed Pregzt, waving his sabre, "Thy time be come, Jordan! Come thee 'ere 'til I rips the gizzard from thy stinkin' carcass!" "Take that, wharf rat!", sneered Jordan, and his dagger whistled through the air. Pregzt whipped his head aside almost too late, then drew the back of his hand across the thread of blood that the flying knife had traced upon his cheek. "Pray that thy death be quick, cur!", hissed Pregzt, as his sabre flickered toward his victim's snarling features.

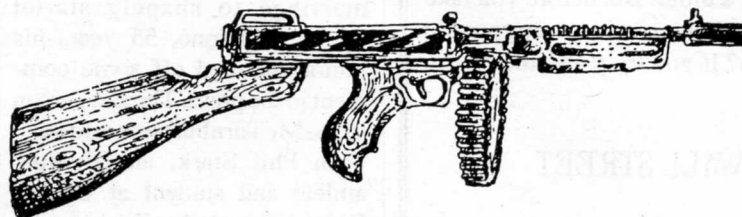
CAPTAIN TREVIL

— TO BE CONTINUED —

## BLOW BIG HOLES IN CRIMINALS!

I'm Victor Remington Bearl, President of BIGIRON STEEL INC. You may own one of my Bullgun Specials. If you do, then throw it away! My new weapon, the MG 45, will blow holes as big as dinner plates in dozens of criminals and also make a lot of noise.

What are you waiting for? In a society as sick as ours, with criminals lining up to plunge knives in your body, your duty is clear!



My MG 45 (only \$ 45) will chop 'em, drop 'em, drill 'em and kill 'em!

Just read this letter from Thankful, Los Angeles: "I was having a picnic with my wife Ethel in

Griffith Park when four criminals lined up to plunge knives in my body. My duty was clear. Ethel

sat back and enjoyed the show as my MG 45 spat a vicious hail of white-hot death. Their bodies danced a macabre jig as blood and damaged vital organs spurting from large holes in their suits. That's just one of the hundreds of thank-you letters I get every morning as I have breakfast with my wife Gertie in the dining room of our home.

Buy my MG 45, and you too can write me a thank-you letter.