

X'MAS ISSUE

THE
MYSTERY 5¢
EXAMINER

22 Thursday
December 1924

FAMILY OFFERS REWARD

COPS CONFUSED

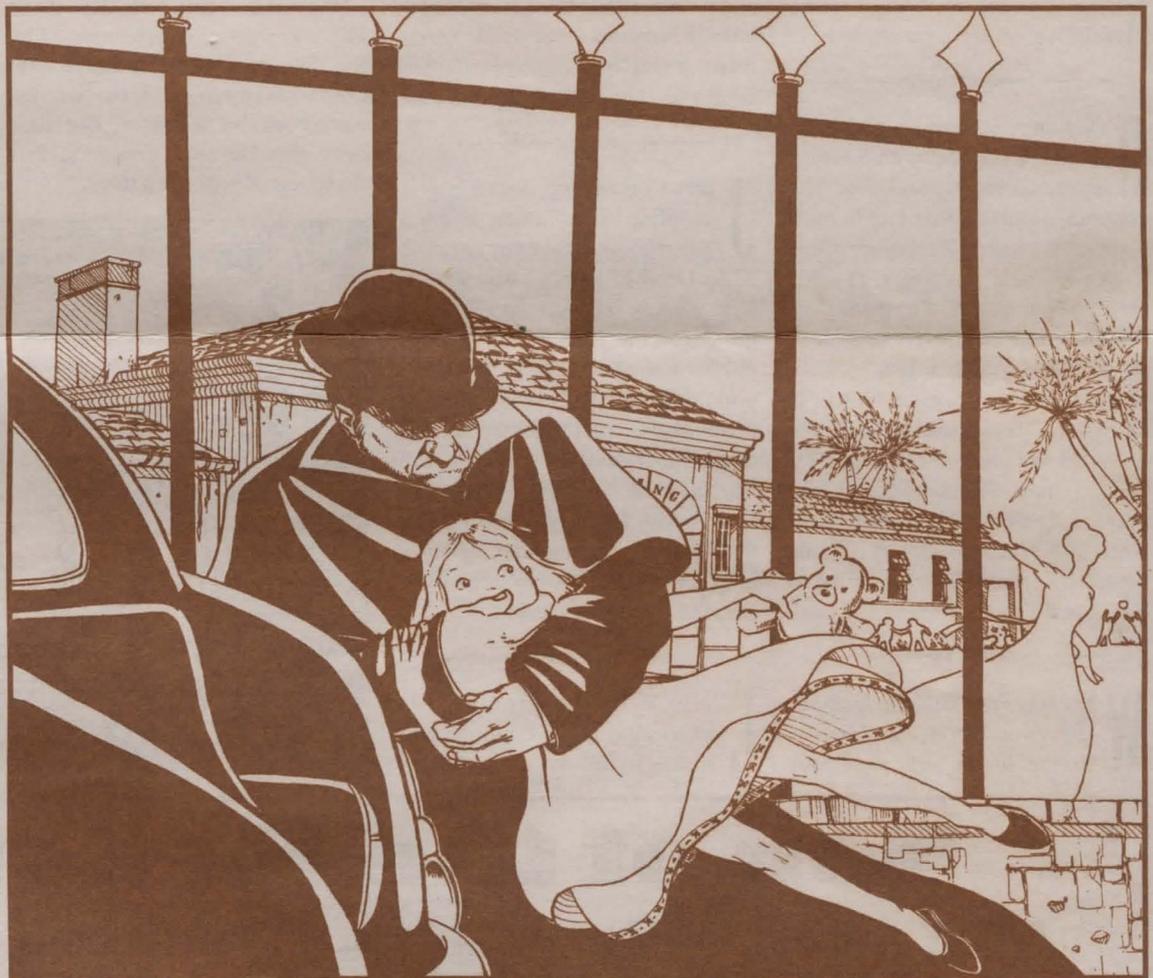
DESPERATE
SEARCH
UNDERWAY



William J. Herbert
Chief Editor

"I will do anything to get my daughter back! The kidnapers can name their price! I am prepared to give everything I have in exchange for my child's freedom", revealed an anxiety-wracked George Saunders to our reporter today. The noted producer of such motion picture hits as "The Sign of Death" and "The Forty Companeros" is a broken man, desperately searching for any clues that will lead to his missing daughter. Waiting by the telephone, Mr. Saunders is joined by his ex-wife, glittering screen star Josette Jaguar (could this bring them back together?). They wait, clutching a case full of unmarked twenty dollar bills, watching the minutes turn into hours. Will the kidnapers call? Where are they? Whom can they be? Tight-jawed Hollywood Police Chief, Francis X. O'Bannon, is at a loss when asked these questions. The police force is turning Hollywood upside down for clues.

Eyewitness accounts give us an idea of what happened when the crime took place. At 11:30 yesterday morning, eight year old Grace Saunders was leaving the prestigious Pacific Academy for Girls in the company of her nanny, Hilda



Pennicoat. A light brown limousine with California license plates screeched to a halt beside them. A man wearing a dark coat and hat jumped from the automobile and lunged at the child heiress. Pennicoat, a spinster, attempted to fight him off. Onlookers claim to have seen a mysterious woman, clothed in black, in the back seat of the limousine. This woman's mere gaze sent Pennicoat into fits and she

collapsed on the sidewalk, releasing the defenseless child into the hands of evil. Helpless Grace was forced into the automobile, whereupon it sped off.

Eight hours later, the getaway vehicle was found submerged in a shallow stretch of ocean. Thorough investigation of the auto yielded only one clue - Grace's school books. Nothing more has been found or heard. Police sources are thoroughly

baffled. Grim-faced Lieutenant Briggs, in a rare moment of candor, confessed to our reporter, "Normally we expect a ransom demand very soon after the grab. We haven't heard a thing. I truly hope that we're not dealing with blood-crazed lunatics." The concerned Lieutenant assured us that the search will continue until some solid leads are uncovered.

This flagrant crime has been met

DESPERATE SEARCH UNDERWAY

(Continued from page 1)

with public outrage and the feeling that the Hollywood Police Department is not doing enough to solve the case. We recently learned that Grace's mother felt that there was such little hope, she attempted suicide. George Saunders announced

that he intends to hire a private detective to assist in the search. "I will hire the best investigator possible", proclaimed the tear stained movie mogul. "Grace will be found!"

SILVER SCREEN TATTLE

Hello, darlings, and welcome to the December edition of Silver Screen Tattle. A lot of delicious gossip is flying around Tinseltown, so let's get started.

Rushmore Studios have recently signed a contract with Swedish screen siren, Gerda Grabbo. The contract stipulates that Gerda must appear in twenty Rushmore films within the next five years. Her first film, "Shenanigans in Shanghai" is scheduled to begin filming next week. The location is a closely guarded secret since Gerda is known to throw tantrums if she doesn't have enough privacy. Her leading man, Ronald Rictus, had previously sworn he would never work with her again. A very reliable source says that Gerda once tried to bite Ronald's ear off.

mobster, Vito Carbonetto? The two were spotted at Ristorante della Vega, deep in discussion over spaghetti and red wine. The buzz around town is that Vito wants a true-to-life movie made about his beloved father, Giuseppe "Throatslicer" Carbonetto.

Jerry Conway has begun shooting his anxiously awaited gangster musical extravaganza. "Too Dead to Dance" was written with shapely starlet Norma Bates in mind for the leading role. It is public knowledge that Norma's popularity hinges on her casting couch skills. Choreography for this singing and dancing spectacle will be handled by a newcomer to Hollywood, Mr. Eye. Rumor has it that Mr. Eye is going to be a household name very shortly after "Too Dead to Dance" is released.

What was Fritz Grimm, leading Hollywood producer, doing having lunch with notorious

Lulu Parsnips signing off until next time. Champagne kisses to all!

DERCETO STRIKES AGAIN

HARRY MCGRUDDER ON-THE-SPOT NEWSHOUND

After three years of false peace, the nation once again focuses on the sinister mansion Derceto, deep in the heart of Louisiana. It was once believed that spirits possessed the property and drove the inhabitants insane, causing them to commit grisly acts of murder and suicide. Super sleuth Edward Carnby, widely known as the Detective of the Macabre, was called in to solve the mysteries surrounding the gruesome case.

Derceto was recently purchased by celebrity architect, Frank Stride and his aged father. Stride recently suffered a great setback when his latest project, a cathedral dedicated to the ancient cult god "The Great Pan", was unanimously rejected by the Senate. In addition to that embarrassment, a local woman named Jezebel Ebenzer, last seen near the Derceto property, has disappeared without a trace.

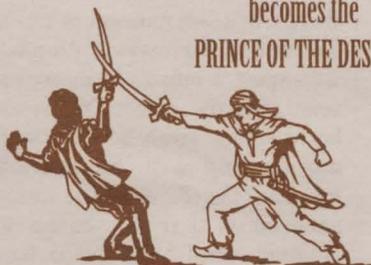
Ebenzer was last seen hunting for muskrats in the swampland that surrounds the Derceto property. Despite intensive questioning and a search of the area, no leads have been found. Mitch Mitchell, Webb County Sheriff, commented, "She's the kind of woman who keeps to herself, if you know what I mean. She don't have no friends or family. Most folks reckon she has some kind of strange powers, like she's a witch or something. I don't take no stock in talk like that, but most people 'round this way stayed away from her." The stubble chinned Mitchell went on to say, "I reckon she's in that Derceto house, but there ain't no proof. I called that Detective Carnby fellow and he told me I'd be crazy as a loon to go in there lookin' for her, but a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. I can't let no city boy tell me how to do my job."



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ANNY HILLERMAN

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RUDY VALENTE



Hill Century

THE CALWELL REPORT

THE JAMES W. CALWELL REPORT

The Sunset Inn on Santa Monica Avenue was recently transformed into an auction house as preparations were made for the sale of Colonel Steel's valuable antique weapons. Pandemonium ensued as Hollywood's most glittering stars and wealthiest financiers arrived by the dozen to stake their claim.

The weapons, mostly dating back to the sixteenth 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 for the pistols, but they went to an unknown collector by the name of Mr. Eye. This mystery man, Mr. Eye, also purchased a great deal of other pieces, as did his companions. It did not appear that money was an object to this group. When asked to comment on his new acquisitions, Mr. Eye said, "I am a great fancier of antique weapons. I admire the grace and beauty of these beautiful pieces and intend to add them to my private collection, here in the United States."



HUBERTUS LOTION



Before





After

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STOP THE PRESS

The Los Angeles Police Department has finally tracked down the elusive Griffith Park Killer. Handcuffs were slapped on this deranged criminal who was identified as one Gilbert Trenton. He was arrested after committing his most recent crime - the senseless shooting of an entire Salvation Army singing quartet. "They were after me!", Trenton was quoted as screaming hysterically when onlookers tackled him to the ground. Police went in search of Trenton's wife to question her about his bloody activities, yet she was nowhere to be found. After searching the house for clues, Mrs. Trenton's body was discovered in twenty four separate boxes in the basement.

After seven days missing, there is still no news on the whereabouts of aging oil magnate, Jack Turnbull. His recent marriage to blonde bombshell, Dorothy Malone (who is fifty five years his junior), has made him front page news for quite some time. Mr. Turnbull was last seen with Phil Stark, a family friend. "Although Mr. Turnbull was quite aged, he insisted on exercising every day," said Stark who frequently accom-

panied him on his daily swim. The bereaved widow announced, "Phil has been a great comfort to me in my distress and I don't know what I'd do without him." The two jetted off for the opening of Charleston's exclusive new Copacabana Club last night.

Senator Beauregard Blower's trial seems to be getting more amusing as the days pass. Assistant D.A., Bob Himmel, has attacked the Senator's case with great glee. "Blower is going to have to explain those sixteen wives in eight different states, sooner or later!", he exclaimed at a press conference this afternoon. As for the Senator, he is currently locked up in Setton Penitentiary, claiming to be a victim of amnesia. Psychiatrists are reviewing his case while police try to locate his other fifteen wives.

The senator, his wife and a friend



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WARHZAWCKSKIE-WITCZC RETIRES



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

This past Monday, Police Chief Jack Warhzawckskie-witczc was honored with an emotion filled ceremony honoring the hardworking Chief's thirty years of loyal city work. The retiring Chief gave a touching speech as he stepped down from his post and wished his successor luck.

Immediately after the retirement festivities, newcomer Inspector Hollywood became the replacement Chief of Police. His direct and to-the-point acceptance speech made it clear that he was going to run the Fourth Precinct with an iron fist. Hollywood assured the mayor and group before him that, "I will make this city a safe and respectable place once again. The gangsters and bootleggers that have taken over the streets are going to be taught a lesson that crime doesn't pay around here anymore!" Hollywood's plan to clean up the city began immediately after

he stepped down from the podium.

First on the agenda was a complete evaluation of his police force, which included a rigorous physical exam, psychological probes and a reading test. By the next day, one quarter of the force had been released from duty. Hollywood went to action replacing the dismissed members with the cream of the graduating crop from the Police Academy.

No later than the next day, Hollywood began to carry out his clean up plan and sent his revamped force out into the streets. While patrolling the Culver City area, he came across a bunch of hoodlums holding up a market. The neighborhood was sprayed with bullets as the robbers tried to flee from the crime scene. Many were felled by the gunfire, including bystanders. A passing gasoline truck was caught in the

crossfire and exploded, causing tremendous fire damage. Miraculously, some of the criminals managed to make a getaway in a waiting red car. Hollywood sped off in hot pursuit.

The chase went on for miles, through twisting alleys and busy city streets. It looked as though the criminals were headed back to their headquarters, where Hollywood had arranged for hundreds of officers to be waiting in ambush. It was a grisly scene of carnage when the hidden officers opened fire on the unsuspecting hoodlums. Local citizens, however, ignored the splattered guts and danced in the streets to celebrate Hollywood's victory.

Investigation into the crime ring has led to the arrest of some unnamed public officials, who are believed to have been receiving bribes. An unidentified source tells us that Hollywood is going after Fire Chief Michael O'Malley next. Rumor has it that O'Malley is operating a bootleg whiskey operation out of the fire house and that he has very shady connections to the underworld of crime.

"I am going to clean this city up if it's the last thing I do," exclaimed Hollywood emphatically. "These criminals who have taken over the streets of our fair city have got to be brought to justice! They can't hide from the law any more!"

SEAFARING SWASHBUCKLERS

SECOND EPISODE
Captain Trevis

The cannonball hurtled into the Vulture's quarterdeck, splintering the wood and sending thick black smoke into the air. Deck hand Barnes caught a piece of flying splinter in the throat and collapsed, gurgling blood. He was instantly dead, his body falling into the midst of the hellish battle below. The Vulture shuddered as the Shark rammed her over and over again. A motley crew of screaming sea-dogs jumped aboard the suffering ship, ready to kill anyone in their way. All hope seemed lost for the crew of the Vulture as Captain Jordan watched the wings of death flutter in his face. Reaching for his pistol, Jordan prepared to fight to the bitter end, to save his honor and the name of his ship. He saw Pregzt waving his sabre as he boarded the sinking Vulture, slaying ten men on his way to find Jordan. "Thy time be come, ye cowardly dog," bellowed Pregzt, "Come thee to me and I'll rip the gizzard from thy stinkin' carcass!" Jordan leapt from behind a torn sail, brandishing his prized dagger, missing Pregzt by inches. "Take that, ye wharf rat," he sneered, spinning and lunging again. Pregzt whipped his head to the side, catching the edge of Jordan's blade across his cheek. Blood gushed from the open wound and Pregzt exploded with rage, "Pray that thy death be quick, cur!" In one lightning fast flash, he threw himself against Jordan and the two fell into the shark infested waters below.

— TO BE CONTINUED —

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