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DAILY POLICE BULLETIN

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CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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WRITTEN BY

**BRYCE
CARLSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**VANESA
R. DEL REY**

COLORS BY

NIKO GUARDIA

LETTERS BY

ED DUKESHIRE

COVER BY

VANESA R. DEL REY

DESIGNER

KELSEY DIETERICH

EDITOR

ERIC HARBURN

“BOONE BABY” MARTINBROUGH FOUND SLAIN IN HOME



LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT
KINDLY NOTIFY W. H. PARKER, CHIEF OF POLICE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Last night, April 4, 1957, New York gangster Boone Martinbrough, aka “Boone Baby,” was found dead in the bathroom of his Brentwood home. Male, Italian, 29 years, 6 ft. 3 in., 188 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, wearing a grey suit with hands tied behind back, slumped on toilet with 5 in. laceration across throat.

Known associate of Ricardo “Slick Ricky” Durante and believed to have ties to the Luciano Crime Family, Martinbrough has been a suspect of numerous counts of criminal activity, including racketeering and extortion, but has never been prosecuted in Los Angeles. At this time, Durante is the lead suspect in Martinbrough’s murder investigation and any information regarding his whereabouts are to be reported immediately.

Martinbrough moved to Los Angeles in February of 1956. Before that, he was noted as living in Cleveland, working with Carmine

(OVER)

HIT

CREATED BY
BRYCE CARLSON

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IT'S ALWAYS THE
SAME OLD SONG.

SURE, SOMETIMES THE
MELODY IS DIFFERENT, BUT
WHEN EVERYTHING'S SAID
AND DONE...THE SONG
REMAINS THE SAME.

IT ALWAYS
STARTS WITH A
LITTLE BIT OF
TROUBLE.

AND FOR BONNIE IN 1950, THAT TROUBLE
CAME IN THE FORM OF HARVEY SLATER'S
PARTNER: DETECTIVE KEN COLLINS.

COLLINS MADE
THE BUST
WHEN A POUND
OF HEROIN
SOMEHOW
WEASELED ITS
WAY OUT OF
THE LAPD
EVIDENCE
ROOM AND
INTO BONNIE'S
HANDS.

HER FATHER, CAPTAIN
ARTHUR BLAIR, WENT TO
THE MAT WITH THE
DEPARTMENT AND GOT
BONNIE CLEARED. BUT SHE
STILL COULDN'T STOP
HERSELF FROM RUNNING.

SHE JUMPED THE FIRST
TRAIN OUT, LEAVING "BLAIR"
IN LOS ANGELES. AND
JUST LIKE THAT, BONNIE
BRAE WAS IN CLEVELAND
WITH A CLEAN SLATE.

EVERYONE NOTICED
BONNIE RIGHT AWAY
BUT CARMINE
MARCON WAS FIRST
TO BUY HER A DRINK.

HE WASN'T JUST A GENTLEMAN
WITH DEEP POCKETS. CARMINE
WAS A STAUNCH FIGURE IN THE
CLEVELAND CRIME FAMILY WITH
STRONG TIES TO THE LUCIANO
FAMILY IN NEW YORK...

R. McQuinn

A LITTLE
DIFFERENT
TUNE BUT THE
SAME DAMN
SONG. TROUBLE
IN A SKIRT...

...AND EVEN
MORE TROUBLE
OUT OF IT.

CARMINE WAS A
MADE MAN IN
CHARGE OF THE
FAMILY'S
**BOOKMAKING
OPERATION**,
RUNNING WIRES TO
CHICAGO, NEW YORK,
LOS ANGELES,
AND DETROIT.

HE HAD WORKED HARD
TO BUILD HIMSELF A
SMALL, CLANDESTINE
EMPIRE. THEN HE MET
BONNIE BRAE.

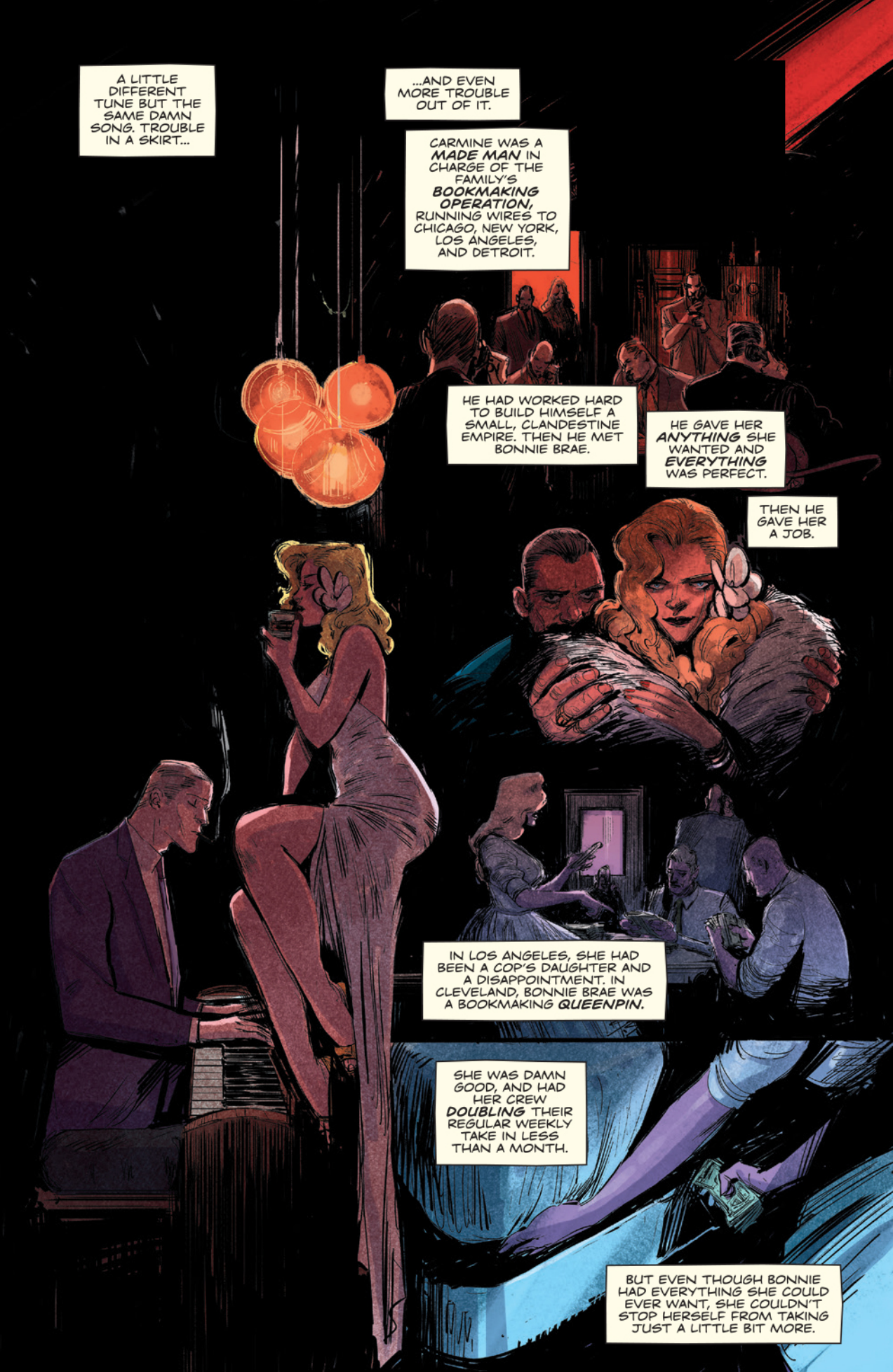
HE GAVE HER
ANYTHING SHE
WANTED AND
EVERYTHING
WAS PERFECT.

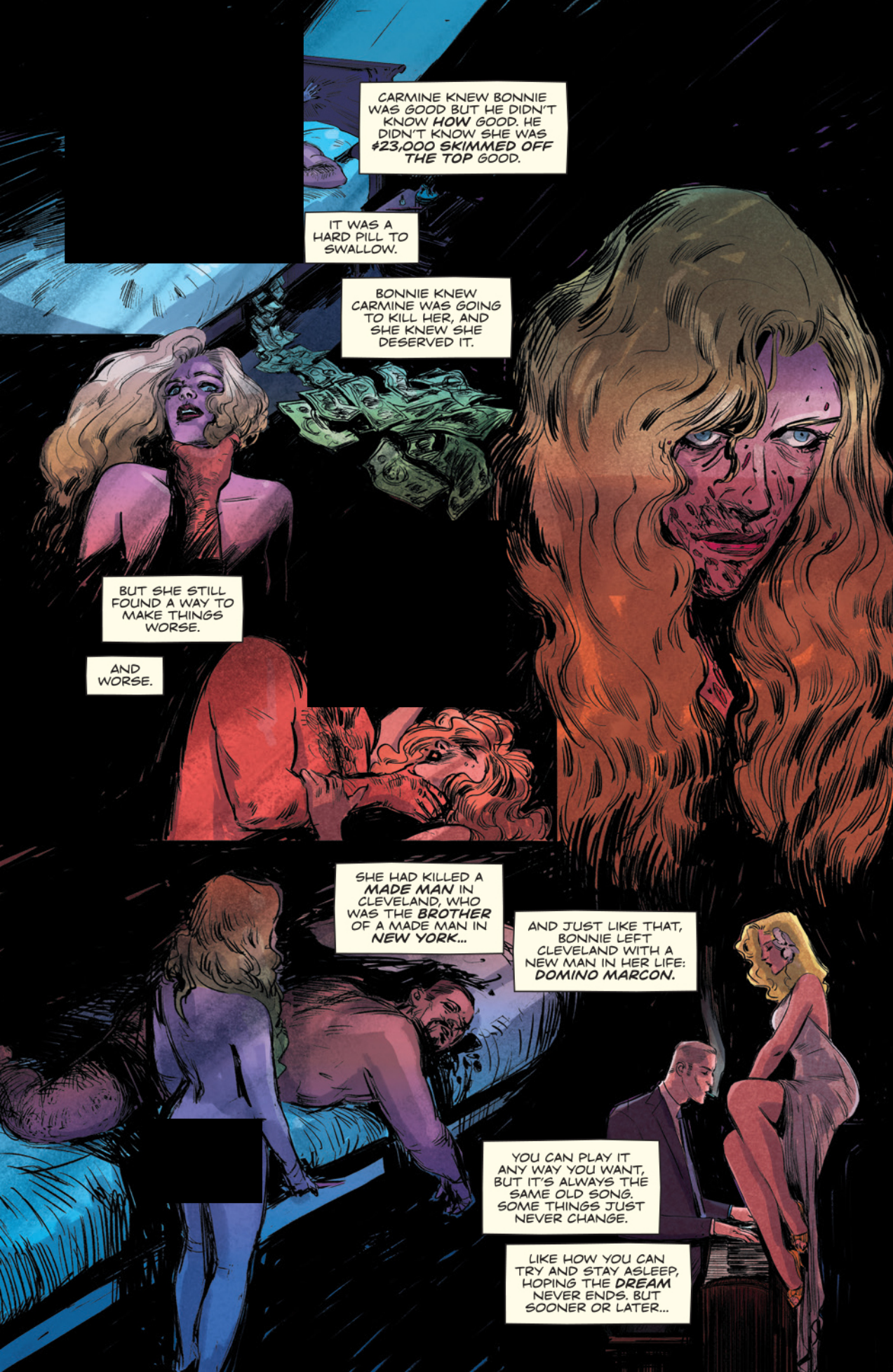
THEN HE
GAVE HER
A JOB.

IN LOS ANGELES, SHE HAD
BEEN A COP'S DAUGHTER AND
A DISAPPOINTMENT. IN
CLEVELAND, BONNIE BRAE WAS
A BOOKMAKING **QUEENPIN**.

SHE WAS DAMN
GOOD, AND HAD
HER CREW
**DOUBLING THEIR
REGULAR WEEKLY
TAKE IN LESS
THAN A MONTH.**

BUT EVEN THOUGH BONNIE
HAD EVERYTHING SHE COULD
EVER WANT, SHE COULDN'T
STOP HERSELF FROM TAKING
JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.





CARMINE KNEW BONNIE WAS GOOD BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW GOOD. HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS \$23,000 SKIMMED OFF THE TOP GOOD.

IT WAS A HARD PILL TO SWALLOW.

BONNIE KNEW CARMINE WAS GOING TO KILL HER, AND SHE KNEW SHE DESERVED IT.

BUT SHE STILL FOUND A WAY TO MAKE THINGS WORSE.

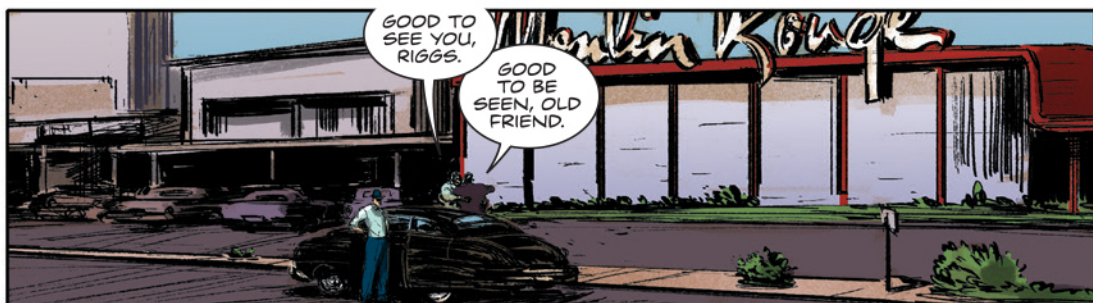
AND WORSE.

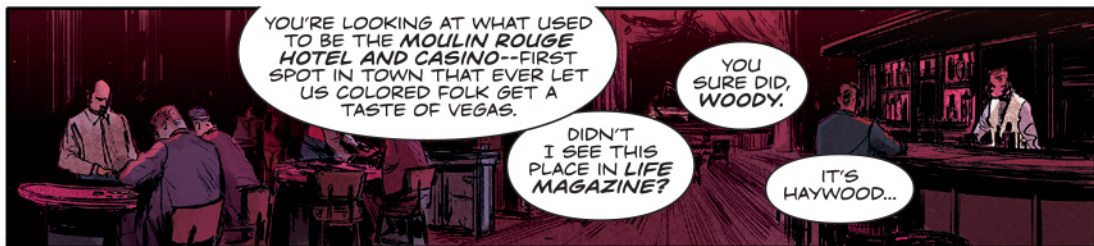
SHE HAD KILLED A MADE MAN IN CLEVELAND, WHO WAS THE BROTHER OF A MADE MAN IN NEW YORK...

AND JUST LIKE THAT, BONNIE LEFT CLEVELAND WITH A NEW MAN IN HER LIFE: DOMINO MARCON.

YOU CAN PLAY IT ANY WAY YOU WANT, BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME OLD SONG. SOME THINGS JUST NEVER CHANGE.

LIKE HOW YOU CAN TRY AND STAY ASLEEP, HOPING THE DREAM NEVER ENDS. BUT SOONER OR LATER...





YOU'RE LOOKING AT WHAT USED TO BE THE **MOULIN ROUGE HOTEL AND CASINO**--FIRST SPOT IN TOWN THAT EVER LET US COLORED FOLK GET A TASTE OF VEGAS.

YOU SURE DID, WOODY.

DIDN'T I SEE THIS PLACE IN **LIFE MAGAZINE**?

IT'S HAYWOOD...



I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE **LACK OF COLOR** IN THE ROOM, RIGGS.

YOU AND ME BOTH, MAN. SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE IN '55. ENOUGH COLOR TO PAINT A CRUISE SHIP.

BRING US A ROUND OF WHISKIES, SUGAR.



TWENTY DOLLARS ON THIRTEEN-BLACK.

THE BIG BOYS DOWN THE ROAD DIDN'T LIKE **SINATRA** AND THEIR OTHER PRIZED STALLIONS LEADING CROWDS TO THE **NEGRO CLUB** IN WEST LAS VEGAS AFTER CURTAIN CALL.



DOUBLE ZERO...

SO SHAKERS ON THE STRIP MADE SURE THE HOTTEST SPOT IN TOWN GOT CLOSED DOWN.

TWO YEARS GONE. THEN WALTZES IN **LEO FRY**--A DEVELOPER AS RACIST AS HE IS WHITE.



THE LIGHTS ARE BACK ON BUT NOW THE STAFF'S MARSHMALLOW AND ANYONE WITH SO MUCH AS A TAN GETS CHARGED EXTRA FOR COCKTAILS.

WELL THEN I GOTTA ASK, RIGGS...WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING HERE?

LETTING YOU NICE WHITE GENTLEMEN BUY ME SOME AFFORDABLE DRINKS.



IT'S A SAFE PLACE. NO ONE VENTURES OUT THIS FAR OFF THE STRIP SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN.

BUT NOW I GOTTA ASK, MAN. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?