

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1957

DAILY POLICE BULLETIN

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

For Circulation Among Police Officers Exclusively

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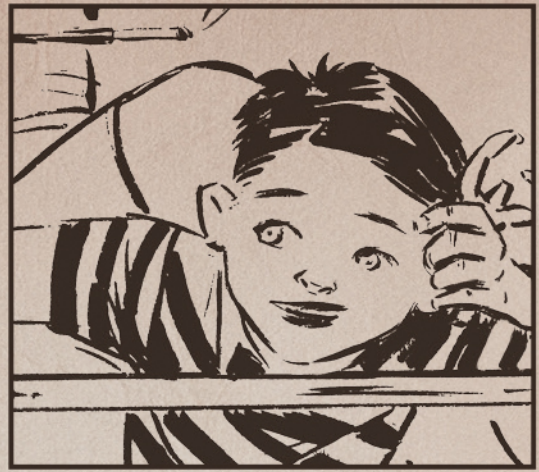
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THOMAS ELDON BOWMAN, alias: **TOMMY**
126 W. Avenue 30, born January 6, 1944,
missing since March 23, 1957.

WANTED INFORMATION ON MISSING BOY

BETWEEN DATES MARCH 23 AND APRIL 3, 1957

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

DESCRIPTION: Male, American, 13 years, 5 ft. 1 in., 100 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, missing 2 teeth. Wearing at the time of his disappearance a blue plaid shirt, blue jeans, brown shoes, and a Davy Crockett belt buckle.

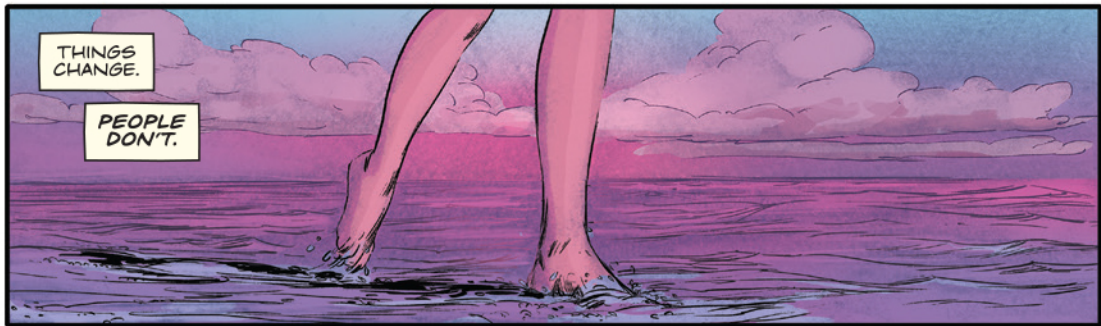
Boy was last seen walking with family members on a trail in Arroyo Seco Canyon. Parents stated that after a disagreement, boy ran ahead to family vehicle and when they arrived at the vehicle he was not there. Parents maintain boy is lost or has been kidnapped. Investigating officers are exploring all possible options but believe that the boy may have run away on his

(OVER)

HIT TM CREATED BY
BRYCE CARLSON

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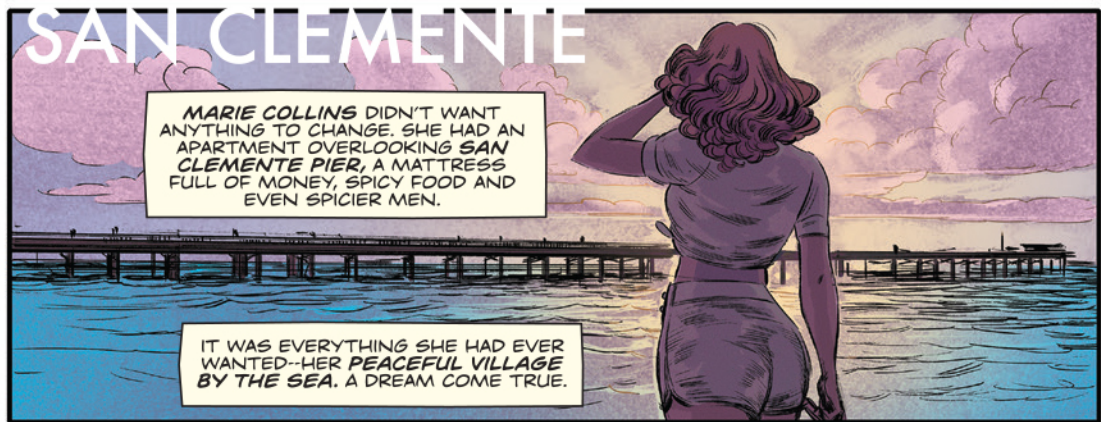
THINGS
CHANGE.

PEOPLE
DON'T.



JUST LIKE THE TIDE,
THERE ARE HIGHS
AND LOWS, AND
EBBS AND FLOWS.

BUT SOONER OR
LATER, EVERYTHING
EVENS OUT AND
PEOPLE WIND UP
RIGHT BACK WHERE
THEY STARTED.



SAN CLEMENTE

MARIE COLLINS DIDN'T WANT
ANYTHING TO CHANGE. SHE HAD AN
APARTMENT OVERLOOKING SAN
CLEMENTE PIER, A MATTRESS
FULL OF MONEY, SPICY FOOD AND
EVEN SPICIER MEN.

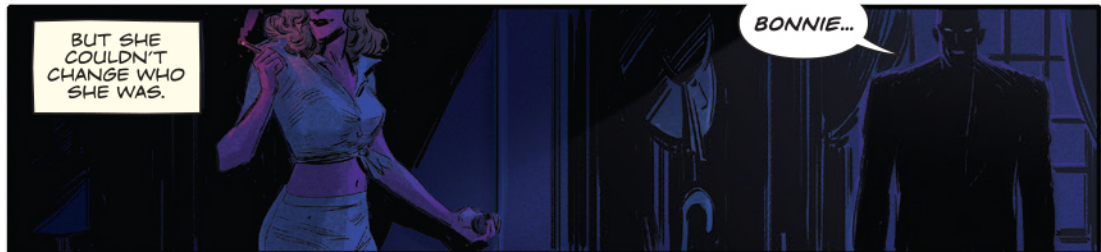
IT WAS EVERYTHING SHE HAD EVER
WANTED--HER PEACEFUL VILLAGE
BY THE SEA. A DREAM COME TRUE.



BUT MARIE KNEW
SOMEDAY HER
DREAM WOULD
END, AND SHE'D
WAKE UP SOME
PLACE DARK, IN
A COLD SWEAT.



MARIE HAD BEEN
ABLE TO CHANGE
THINGS. SHE
OVERCAME ADVERSITY
AND MADE A LIFE FOR
HERSELF WHERE SHE
WAS FINALLY HAPPY.



BUT SHE
COULDN'T
CHANGE WHO
SHE WAS.

BONNIE...



SHE HADN'T HEARD THAT NAME SINCE 1955. EVERYONE IN SAN CLEMENTE KNEW HER AS **MARIE**, "THE CUTE LITTLE THING BY THE PIER WHO KEEPS TO HERSELF."

...HE WANTS TO SEE YOU.

BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW **BONNIE**.



IN LOS ANGELES MOST PEOPLE CALLED HER **TROUBLE**, BUT HER GIVEN NAME WAS **BONNIE BLAIR**. IN CLEVELAND SHE CHANGED IT TO **BONNIE BRAE** AND HAD A REPUTATION TO GO WITH IT.

BUT, AS IT USUALLY DID, LIFE HAD A WAY OF CATCHING UP TO HER, NO MATTER WHICH NAME SHE HAPPENED TO BE GOING BY.



IT WAS 1957, AND LIFE WAS STILL FINDING NEW WAYS TO PUNCH **BONNIE** IN THE FACE.

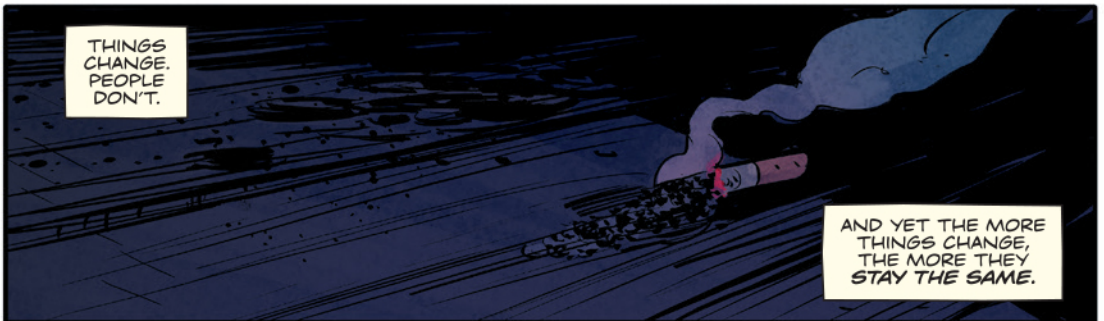


NO MORE PLAYING IN THE **SOUTHERN ORANGE COUNTY SHOREBREAK**. NO MORE WALKS UP AND DOWN **AVENIDA DEL MAR**.



NO MORE SUNSETS ON THE PIER.

NO MORE **SPANISH VILLAGE BY THE SEA**.



THINGS CHANGE. PEOPLE DON'T.

AND YET THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A POLICE BADGE THAT MAKES PEOPLE WANT TO RUN.

MOST OF THE TIME IT'S GUILT, OR FEAR, OR JUST PLAIN OLD MISUNDERSTANDING.



BUT IN LOS ANGELES, THEY RUN BECAUSE THEY KNOW...



...THE POLICE ARE JUST AS DANGEROUS AS THE PEOPLE THEY'RE CHASING.



HEY, HEY, IT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST TAKE IT EASY. HERE, HAVE A SMOKE.

LISTEN, WE'RE NOT GONNA BUST YOU. THAT'S NOT WHY WE'RE HERE. JUST TELL US WHERE SLICK RICKY IS AND HOW MANY WE GOT INSIDE AND YOU CAN BREATHE EASY.

HE'S...UH... MR. DURANTE'S ON THE FLOOR. THERE'S...UM-I DUNNO--COUPLE DOZEN OF 'EM.

THAT'S ALL WE NEEDED TO KNOW.

GOOD THING WE BROUGHT BACKUP...

REGARDLESS OF WHATEVER THE NEWSPAPERS SAID, CRIME WAS ALIVE AND WELL IN 1957.

SURE, JACK DRAGNA WAS DEAD AND THE LOS ANGELES CRIME FAMILY WAS IN A STATE OF DISREPAIR, BUT MICKEY COHEN WAS BACK IN THE GAME AND NEW YORK WAS STILL MAKING MOVES.

ALRIGHT, LET'S MAKE IT QUICK. GOT A PREGNANT WIFE AT HOME WHO'S NOT GETTING ANY THINNER.

YOU GOT IT, STICKY.

DOMINO MARCON HAD TRIED MUSCLING IN THE LUCIANO CRIME FAMILY WHILE COHEN WAS LOCKED UP. HE EVEN HAD HELP FROM THE LAPD.

BUT THEN THREE GOOD COPS GOT IN THE WAY.

LAPD!

I'M GONNA MAKE THIS REAL EASY FOR EVERYONE. WE'RE HERE FOR RICARDO DURANTE AND ONLY RICARDO DURANTE. I'M LOOKING AT YOU, SLICK.

THE REST OF YOU ARE FREE TO GO.

DOMINO'S OPERATION WAS STILL IN FULL SWING DESPITE HIS DISAPPEARANCE, AND DETECTIVE HARVEY SLATER WAS TIRED OF CHASING A GHOST. IT WAS TIME TO DO WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, RIC?

"SLICK RICKY" WAS RUNNING THE GAME IN DOMINO'S STEAD, ALONG WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, "BOONE BABY" MARTINBROUGH.

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM. GOTTA LOVE THE COPS...

BLAM

OFFICER CARL HAYWOOD LOVED A GOOD FIGHT.

DETECTIVE JOE "STICKY" STICKELMAN LOVED A GOOD DRINK.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

BUT SLATER, HE DIDN'T LOVE ANYTHING ANYMORE.

BLAMI



ARE THESE GUINEA PIGS REALLY GONNA MAKE US RUN AFTER THEM? WHY CAN'T THIS EVER BE EASY?

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM
BLAMM

BLAM!

BLAM
BLAM

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE TO WALK AWAY...



IT'S THAT BUN IN THE OVEN-- MAKING YOU SOFT.

SHUT UP, HAYWOOD.



SLATER HAD A BAD HABIT OF SHOWING UP LATE TO THE PARTY...



...JUST AS PEOPLE WERE LEAVING.



IT WAS *BEYOND* FASHIONABLE.

BUT THERE WAS A PART OF SLATER THAT ENJOYED BEING THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE, THE LAST PERSON PEOPLE SAW BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO THE NIGHT.

