

Photo Album

My Scrapbook



Velda Bellinghausen

I never set out to be a stripper, God knows, but what was I to do? I'd just started secretarial school when Dad was killed. Since Mom had died a few years earlier in that awful freak donut explosion, this left me all alone.



I finally found a job at the Flufnorio Talent Agency. Mr. Flufnorio was always sending new acts to Maxim Slotnik . . . well, mostly pretty girls, that is, usually fresh off the Greyhound from Bellybutton, Iowa, their eyes all aglitter with the hope of being big Broadway stars. Ha ha!

Big Changes!

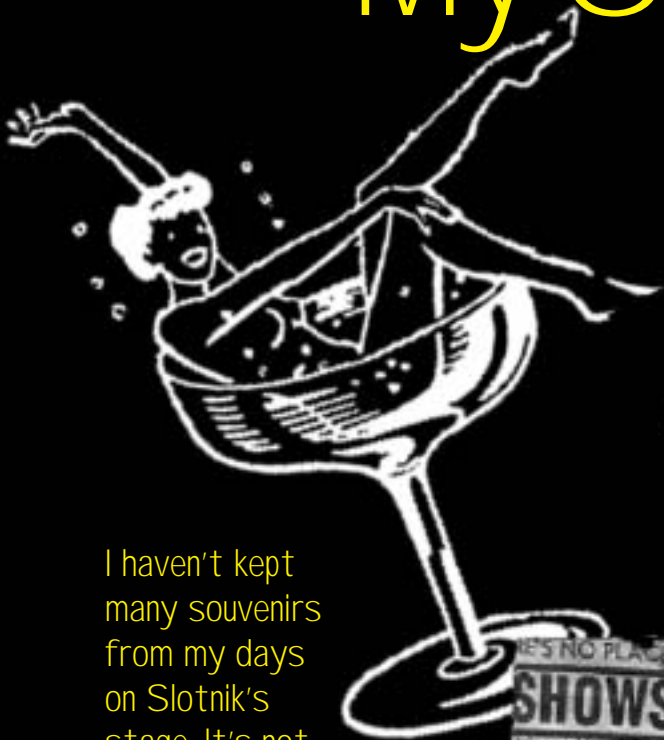


I knew Dad's reputation was being destroyed to cover up the DA's dirty dealings, but what could I do to prove it?



One day Maxim Slotnik himself showed up. He offered me a spot in his chorus line right then and there. Shoot, I could've been making more money delivering papers than I was at Flufnorio's, so how could I say no? I never set out to be a stripper, God knows, but what was I to do? I'd just started secretarial school when Dad was killed. Since Mom had died a few years earlier in that awful freak donut explosion, this left me all alone. I was with Maxim for nearly five years, God help me. The possession of extraordinary legs and an attitude of utter disdain got me advanced to headliner right off the bat. So the money wasn't too

My Stage Days . . .



I haven't kept many souvenirs from my days on Slotnik's stage. It's not really a part of my life I'm especially proud of . . . though I was awfully good at it.



Not as much fun as it looks. Maxim was too cheap to heat the place between Easter and Thanksgiving, so costumes like these were no fun, I can tell





Over there is Chip Finney, Maxim's publicist and my only pal in all those years . . . but when he got that offer to report for the Graphic, he took off like a shot . . . didn't hear much from him after that, the rat. Still, he's good for a dinner whenever I'm broke.



Old Maxim Slotnik had about a million of these printed up for my fans. Boy! Did I ever get sick of signing those things!



At Home

A day in the life of me isn't all blazing roscoes and bloody corpses.No sirree! I'm really just about like any other single working girl. Honest,I mean there must be plenty of other ex-chorus girls with regular jobs. Well, maybe not as Pls, but you know what I mean.



The Zenobia Arms, where I live, is more or less here, I think. Close enough, anyway.



Nothing too fancy, but its all mine.

I could have killed Chip for taking this photo, but at least you get to see how small my bedroom is.



It's not much, but it's home.



It's nice being with a boyfriend on a hot summer night. Thank God for my fire escape landing!



Joe's my best friend. A retired cook from the Merchant Marine, he set himself up in a corner diner at the end of the block where I live. He makes the best cheeseburgers in the city and his advice is usually pretty good, too.



Chatting with my neighbors . . .



Waiting for Chip, as usual . . .



An occasional modeling gig helps pay the bills. . .





DAD
Roald Bellinghausen
1892-1943

A CHALLENGE FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.
The CENTER of law enforcement!
Be a DETECTIVE

Help Stop Crime—Earn Big Money!
 Learn in your spare time at Home. Modern easy-to-learn training course written by former U. S. GOVERNMENT AGENT and U. S. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE Officer. Amazing disclosure of actual methods used by criminals. Learn HOW they operate and the rest is EASY. Proven basic fundamentals every professional investigator should have to be a success. Write for FREE BOOK today!

FREE BOOK Mail Coupon
 Hawkshaw International Detective Course
 1701 Monroe Street, N. E., Dept. 1416
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Name _____ Age _____
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The best twenty bucks I ever spent!
Six months after the first lesson
arrived I got my ticket! I was an
honest-to-God private eye! All I had to
do was hang up my shingle and wait for
the clients

"Discretion is our middle name."
Bellinghausen Superior Detective Agency, Inc.



Velda Bellinghausen, prop.
827 1/2 Morris St.
Exeter 7-1506

a nice little pace that picks up rather to
save this hapless musical fiasco.

CHORUS GIRL TURNS SHAMUS

To the disappointment of her many admirers, Miss Velda Velda Bellinghausen, one of the better-known of the leggy chorines of Slotsky's Famous Follies, has turned in her g-string. What does the retiring ecdysiast plan to do with her time? Why, become a private detective, what else! The Bellinghausen Superior Detective Agency hung up its shingle today at 827 1/2 Morris St., ready for business, but we suspect that the beauteous Miss Bellinghausen will have most of her clients peeking through her keyhole.

Dec:
if it
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My retirement from the stage caused something of a sensation.. Slotnik sure wasn't happy about losing his headliner, but what did I care? I'd just opened my office and I can tell you, it was the proudest day of my life!

My First Case!

Poor little Monica Thrip ... stabbed to death in the chorus girls' dressing room ...



... but what really worried Maxim was what might happen if the DA got wind of this ...

David O'Hootle, the stagecoach manager didn't see anyone go down to the dressing-rooms — but he did hear a loud "crash", he thinks. On the other hand, McWhortle, the janitor, says he saw someone running from the building —



Googhlihan's Modern Pharmacy

1312 South Werplett St, New York 7, New York EXeter 5-1575

"If you are a sick 'un we got the fixin's!"

RECEIPT:

febato 100 10mg
\$325

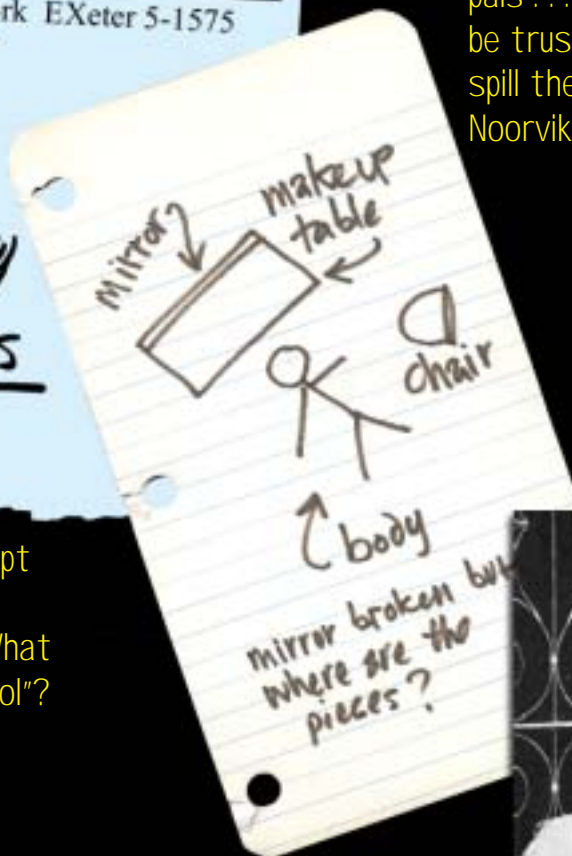


I found this receipt under Monica's dressing table. What the hell is "febato"?

I'd known Old Man O'Hootle since my first days at Slotnik's . . . he'd been there forever and was fiercely loyal to Maxim, for some reason . . .

Trish the Dish took over my place as headliner when I retired from Slotnik's . . . she's a great stripper and a great gal . . .

All the cops on the beat are our pals . . . they can be trusted not to spill the beans to Noorvik . . .





Omar McWhorter

ing the Ruhr Agreement as soon as the Schuman Plan High Authority began to function. Henceforth, the power to allocate German production of coal, coke, and steel, as between exports and domestic demands, will return to the Germans.

Since the Germans have long been complaining that too much coal was exported and at too cheap a price—the future allocation will be decided far more on the basis of estimated German needs than those of Europe in general.

Steel Ceiling

The Ruhr Authority, by that six-nation agreement, also loses its powers of preventing Germany from engaging in discriminatory price and trade practices such as the Schuman Plan Authority takes over this task. There will also be no ceiling on West German steel capacity production, but there has long been the latest ceiling was 11,100,000 tons of extra production, but it would "facilitate the development of available figures covering the first 10 months of last year at a rate of between 13,000,000 and 14,500,000 tons. According to American experts on the spot, ratification of the Schuman Plan will enable the Ruhr industry to raise its steel output by at least 10 per cent.

There is no doubt that the government's argument that ac-

Gov. Sherman Adams of New Hampshire (center) holds a banner as the Eisenhower-for-President headquarters is opened in Concord. Both men were among eight who entered their candidacies for Republican convention delegate posts favorable to Eisenhower in the Granite State's first-in-the-nation presidential primary March 11. State Representative E. Harold Young, secretary of the "E" campaign, is at left.

Chorus Girl Dies In Freak Accident

by Chip Finney, special to the Graphic

Little Monica Wrynny never suspected, when she left the family farm back in Occamottawatts City, Iowa, that only a few months after arriving in Baghdad-on-the-Hudson and finally achieving her life-long dream of performing on the stage, that she would be laying dead in a pool of blood on a dressing room floor. Or, if she did, she certainly never confided this to anyone. At first, foul play was suspected in her death, as she had been stabbed to the

heart by what had been assumed to have been a dagger. However, through the efforts of novice detective, Velda Bellinghausen, herself an ex-chorine well-known to denizens of the city's burlesque theaters, it was proven beyond the shadow of any possible doubt that poor Monica had been the victim of a freak accident. Abner McWhorter, however, is being held on charges of obstructing justice by withholding evidence in an attempt to place the blame for the girl's death on his employer, famed impresario, Maxim Slotnik. Miss Bellinghausen

"IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE!" PLEADS EX-STRIPPER IN ASSAULT Chorus Girl Commended by Police for Quick Thinking

Velda Bellinghausen, the well-known ecdysiast at Slotnik's Famous Follies, inflicted severe injuries on Omar McWhorter, erstwhile janitor at that establishment. According to the statement she gave police, she'd grown suspicious of McWhorter's actions during the night Monica Wrynny died. She had gone to McWhorter's apartment (50 S. Sprocket St.) to confront him and when she did, he attacked her. In self-defense, Miss Bellinghausen pounded McWhorter's head on the floor until he lost consciousness. It was this sound that drew the attention of Mrs. Pehlai, the landlady, who called the police.

"I'd begun to doubt his (McWhorter's) statements," explained the plucky chorine, "when I realized that his story about having seen someone fleeing Monica's dressing room was impossible. She'd actually died during an epileptic fit. She'd fallen against her dressing table mirror and one of the glass shards had stabbed her. McWhorter cleaned up most of the broken glass and took the one that was stuck in her. He knew that if the police thought a murder had taken place at the Follies, the DA would shut it down."

When asked why she thought McWhorter would do such a thing, Miss Bellinghausen explained that the janitor was under the false impression that he was about to be fired. "He'd overheard Mr. Slotnik talking about firing McWhorter, the trombonist, and misunderstood. He wanted to ruin Mr. Slotnik in revenge. Boy, was he ever embarrassed when he learned the truth!"

Miss Bellinghausen has been the proprietor of the Bellinghausen Superior Detective Agency since her retirement from the stage last Fall.

Dear Maxim,
Attached is my bill for \$200, which is pretty cheap, I think, considering that it was your license that was at stake. I guess you got to hire a new janitor, now, though. For my part, I learned what "febatol" is---it's a medicine epileptics take.

Velda

7200
(cash please!)

The Big Sline Case

This is the case that got me into all the papers! I was sure it was going to be my big break . . .

Jackson Sline, the man Cleo was accused of murdering. A playboy and one of Noorvik's chief toadies, no missed him much.

Was it possible that the sweet, happy teenager had a darker, evil side? A side only her murder victim ever saw?

Cleopatra Fort, AKA Maxie, remembered the crime in every gory detail. Reliable witnesses placed her at the scene—yet she was miles away at the time. I know, because she was with me. But how could I prove it?



Ruben Fort, Cleo's brother and about as big a lug as I've ever seen.

Plankton Key, Florida, where I got the crap beaten out of me. The final score turned out OK, though: Velda 4, bad guys 0

King Noorvik, DA and first-class rat. Wouldn't you just know that his son, Bill, would fall hard for Cleo?



Cleo "Maxie" Fort

Model Arrested In Sline Murder Case

Village Girl Accused of Brutal Slaying

Nineteen year-old Cleopatra Fort, aka "Maxie", was arrested this morning at her home in the Zenobia Apartments on suspicion of murder in connection with the slaying of well-known socialite, Jackson Sline. Sline was found dead last night, apparently bludgeoned to death by his assailant. Miss Fort was seen by several witnesses fleeing the scene of the crime not long before the body was discovered. Miss Fort had also been heard to threaten Mr. Sline on more than one occasion. There is no apparent motive for the murder, though police suspicion that seems reasonable given Mr. Sline's reputation as a playboy. No statement has been released yet by either Miss Fort nor her mother, whom she was living at the time of the crime. Detective Wallaby of

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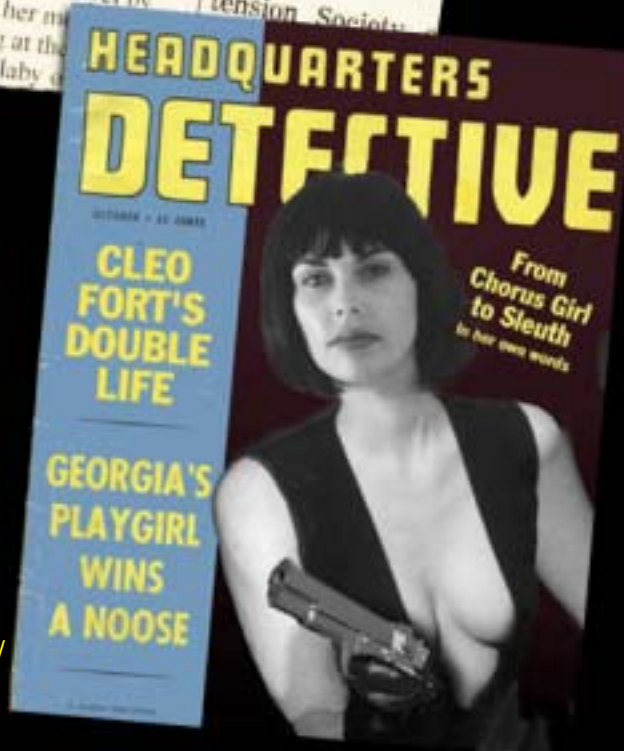
Archbishop

ses Increase ulation Drops

\$35,451,370
(12% INCREASE)



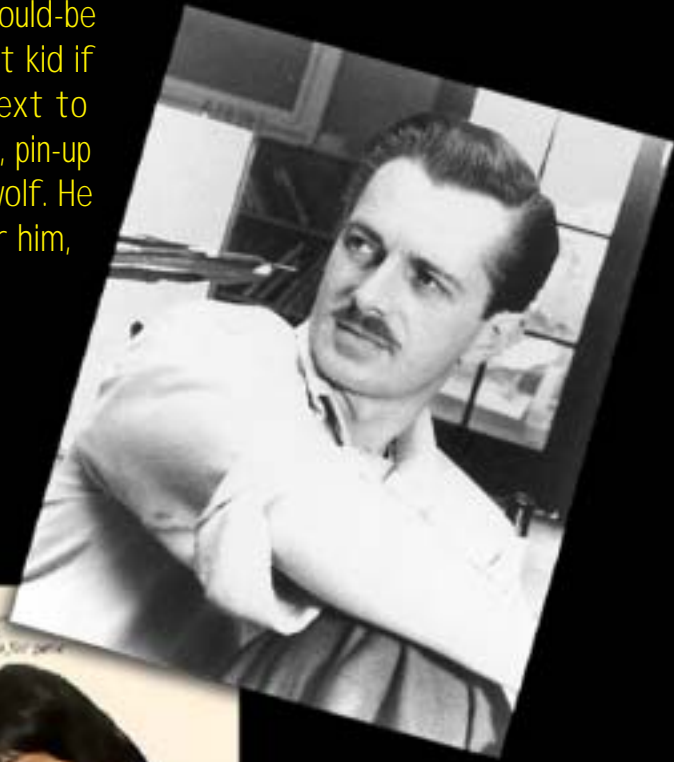
Chip Finney, ace reporter for the NY Graphic, my 2nd best pal and erstwhile lover.. He'll come around one of these days ...



I met a lot of interesting characters in the course of my investigations in the Sline Case. Some of them were old friends, like my upstairs neighbor, Iphegenia, others ranged from some really swell fellows to lounge lizards like that pinup painter who wanted to put me in one of his calendars ... after he got me in his little black book, of course. You can meet some of these people on the next page ...



Iphegenia Birdwhistle, my upstairs neighbor and would-be Broadway star. A sweet kid if not over-bright. Right next to her is Roscoe Moldauer, pin-up artist and first-class wolf. He wanted me to model for him, fat chance!



Roscoe keeps his word, though---here is Iphegenia in an Esquire calendar!



Chester Conklin, another pin-up artist but a real gentleman. He also asked me to pose for him—and here I am, Miss August!



That's me modelling for Chester. I got into a calendar after all!



This is Maggie Belasco, Maxie Polketta's best friend. She was my first key to solving the Sline Case.





This is the great swimsuit I never got to wear in Florida. I was too busy getting my brains knocked out. Sure would have looked good in a Gint Girl calendar, though . . .

This is the great Lester Gint, the most famous pinup artist in the world and the creator of the Gint Girl. What I wouldn't give to model for him, but he didn't even give me so much as a glance, dammit!

After I broke the Sline Case, I made all the great crime magazines. Here is my favorite crime writer, Dean Davis, interviewing me for Crime Scene!



And here is Chip, pretending to be hard at work writing about my great detective abilities.

LIFE



THE WELL-DRESSED PRIVATE EYE

JANUARY 17, 1952 **20** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00



Velda Bellinghausen gave up glittering life of Burlesque Queen for dangerous job of tracking down murderers. Nickel-plated automatic belonged to late father, a NY policeman.

WHO KILLED THE PLAYBOY?

The perseverance of a beautiful young sleuth saves an innocent girl from the gallows.



Pretty teenager, Cleopatra Fort, jailed pending trial for murder of playboy Jackson Sline. Her case was not helped by fact that she recalled every detail of horrible crime.



Steve Noorvik, son of NY DA, had been dating Cleopatra. Why did he disappear day after brutal murder? Guilty or was there another secret?

GIRL DETECTIVE'S LATEST CASE IS BIG ONE

Ex-Sripper Turned Private Eye Solves the Most Mysterious Murder Case of the Year

A burlesque stripper turned private eye has unravelled the most sensational murder case of the year. "I never set out to be a detective, claims the curvaceous brunette who until last year had been the headliner at Slotnik's Follies. "But I was tired of the life I'd been living and, well, it just seemed to be the thing to do." It was tough going for the novice private eye, who admits that she had to recently give up her office because she couldn't afford the modest rent. While solving the sensational Sline murder case didn't earn her any money—"In fact, it cost me nearly every penny I had"—the notoriety has made her the talk of the town. "I've got so many people now who want me to work for them I don't know who to say yes to. After being hungry for so long, it's hard to turn anyone down." We can't imagine that the lovely Miss Bellinghausen will have to remain hungry for very much longer!



The victim's body being removed by police. "His head looked just like one of my wife's meatloafs," commented officer. Numerous witnesses placed girl at scene of crime.



Ruben Fort, brother of accused girl, taken into custody by NY police. "Even if was a little simple," said tearful mother, "and never hurt no one but deserve it." A native of Plankton, Florida, Fort worked in New Jersey slaughterhouse. "Shoot," said Fort, "It was all just a big misunderstanding. I wouldn't hurt my little sister."



They say there's sure hope that's Sline Case broke! there you are. I finally off me, I decided to give a way, in case you're wondering, I name on the cover of the Velda pulp . . got out of the deal was 75 bucks and a lot

no such thing as bad publicity. I true, because I got plenty after the Wish it'd paid off in more work, but got so tired of everyone making a buck shot at telling my story myself. (By the only got a half cent an issue for using my . and it only lasted for two lousy issues! All I of weird mail.)



Holy
Cow!
I'm a
Book!

Gee! Just take a look at these great reviews!

"I can't say that I can ever recall reading anything quite like this!"

Vincent Omp, NY Times

"Just goes to show, you never know what's going to turn up on your desk in the morning."

Lester M. Yaran, NY Morning Post

"Well no one can deny that Miss Bellinghausen's book is unique. It is certainly all of that."

Philo Sponk, NY Daily Graphic

"I well remember the delectable Miss Bellinghausen from the Follies. I can say with no hesitation that this is without doubt the best book an ex-stripper ever wrote."

Marvin Moolman, Variety"

All I wanted was a nice, quiet meal—and what I got instead was a dead body. All because of . . .

The Murder Muffins



If Chip hadn't been too cheap to take me someplace nice, I would never have ended up here by myself. See the sort of mess he's always getting me into?



What was an apparently successful businessman like Conklin P. Aglet doing laying face up on the floor of the Automat?

Aglet's snippy secretary, Paula Panda. I hate snippy secretaries.

I could understand it, however, in the case of Lola Momrath. She was a bag lady who made free tomato soup from hot tea water and ketchup.



I Go On A Treasure Hunt

All I wanted to do was pawn some old costume jewelry and what I got instead was a handful of trouble . . .



Arne's place and the scene of an awful crime



Poor old Arne Saknussemm . . .



Emil Farquahar, an undertaker who wasn't above drumming up a little extra business . . .



Not a nice place for an old lady to end up, but then she didn't have to hit me with a baseball bat, either.



Arne's punk nephew, Axel..



Hollywood Calls!

When Howard McFlan bought the film rights to my book, you can just imagine how excited I was! At last, I was going to be in the movies! Well, it didn't quite turn out they way I expected . . .



Raoul's little bungalow—the scene of the crime.



Raoul Beiderbeck, the talent agent who tried to get me a part in my own movie. At least he recognized my abilities even if no one else did.



All that was left of poor Raoul. Gee, it was just awful!



Natalie Frubble wondered why Raoul broke their date for lunch.



Raoul's cat, Orson—mute witness to a brutal murder.



Offering my help to the police seemed to be the only decent thing to do, since Raoul had tried so hard to help me.



Well, it turned out that the producers didn't want to tell the story of any of my cases. Instead, they made me into a sort of cross between Dick Tracy and Secret Agent X-9. I was a little disappointed when they cast Liz as me, but I guess they were worried because at six feet I'd be taller than the leading man. In all fairness, I have to admit that Liz was pretty good.

I Do A Good Deed

All I wanted to do was earn a couple of extra sawbucks so I could pay my rent and maybe get a cheeseburger at Joe's, but look what happened when I tried to be nice to someone . . .



I got more than just a snapshot when I decided to get on the other side of a camera for a change . . .



Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford and the cause of much of my grief.



Dr. Petronius Z. Asperger, DDS, who knew more about who really wrote Shakespeare than anyone rightly ought to know.



This is the stupid book the whole thing was about. I read some of the poems in it and thought they were pretty punk.

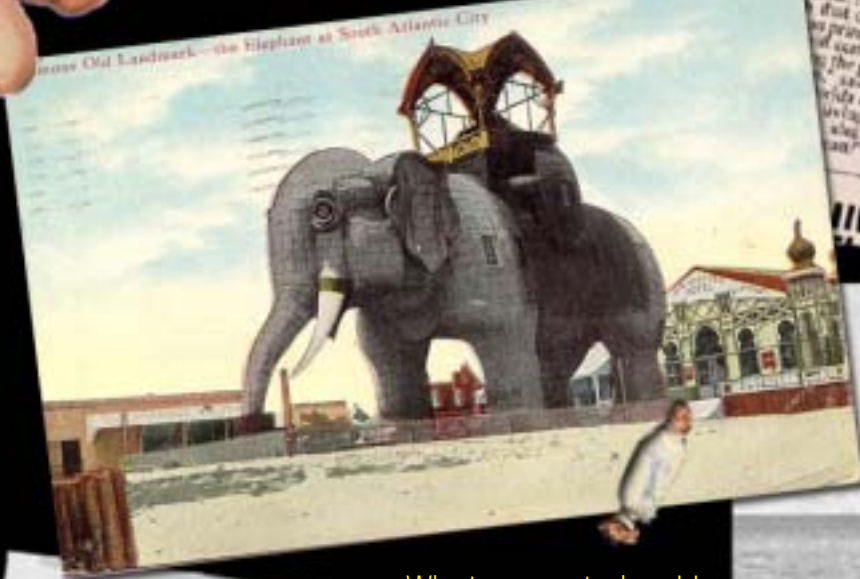


My neighbor, Zoltan Arkady. I'd always pretty much avoided him, not the least because he reminded me of a vampire. Turned out to be not such a bad guy after all, though maybe a little too stingy for hown good.

I Take a Trip



Wow! I only entered this contest because I was bored and it was a good excuse to run around in my swimsuit on a hot day. And look what happened! I'd never had a vacation before. I can't count my trip to Florida in the Sline Case because it wasn't much fun. Unless you're one of those fruitcakes who thinks getting the living daylight's beat out of them is fun.



What a great place! I never dreamed here were such exotic things practically in my own backyard! I know now what people mean when they say that travel is broadening!



My first bikini! I know what you're thinking: how can an ex-stripper get excited about wearing a bikini? Well, it was an entirely different thing, that's all I can tell you.

Wouldn't you just know it... I met this swell fellow and this is the only picture I got of him! What I get for asking some old lady to take it for me, I guess.

Oh, yeah---and I solved a murder, too.

July 1952

MONTHLY Methylated Memo

The Magazine of the Methylated Seed Oil Co.

Meet Miss
Methylated Seed Oil
of 1952! story and pictures on page 34



The Methylated Sponge and What it Means to the American Housewife
Groin Accidents at the 32nd Street Plant Down 8.5% Since 1947!
President Grover Asperger's Speech at the Annual Oil-Sifter's Picnic



Velda



You need not be a wanted crook
To attract this pretty sleuth
You only need a guilty look
To catch her private eye.

I've often said I wouldn't be caught dead in the hotel across the street from my place. But it sometimes seems that's the only way anyone will stay there: For keeps.

Homicide Hotel

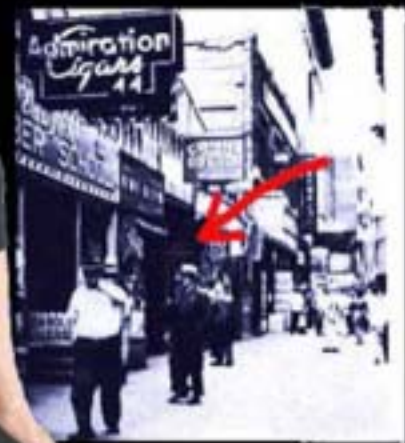
Chip pretending to work.



Poor little Elinore Prout, from high school class queen to alcohol-soaked corpse. Sic transit gloria mundi, if that's the phrase I want.



My client, God help me: Snotty Molesworth. The things I'll so sometimes to make a dollar scare me.



The bar where I met the helpful Marine.

Wilbur Elliott, who just couldn't help himself. This is a picture of him when he was 15, at the time of his trial for the "accidental" shooting of his kid brother. Well, at least the first shot was accidental. What upset the law was the second shot he made to put the kid out of his misery.

The Early Bird Catches the Killer

I'm not really at my best before dawn. I don't even see in color until after my first donut and cup of coffee. So I don't know why I answered the door when the manager of the fleabag hotel across the street started pounding on it while shouting, "Murder!" I must have thought I was dreaming. Some dream that turned out to be., I can tell you!



Raoul Fletzle, the manager of the hotel with no name. It was his, ah, boyfriend, Leslie Feen, on the right who found the body. He was the first person the first person the cops pinned the murder on, natch.



George Wiplet, waiter at Schiaparelli's, where Chip used to take me when we were still dating. Seemed like an OK guy, which just goes to show you something.



The arrow marks the Room of Death.



Anne Glumbo, the poor kid Leslie found strangled in the room next to his.

I was up to my hips in witches and it wasn't even Hallowe'en!

Who Purged the Thaumaturge?



Pierpont "Creepy" Crawley. I didn't find him as weird as everyone else did. Perhaps I should have . . .



My client, Delilah Rockfish, barmaid and part-time bouncer at the Shamrock Tavern.



Leopold Bladdny, who didn't have a nosebleed . . .

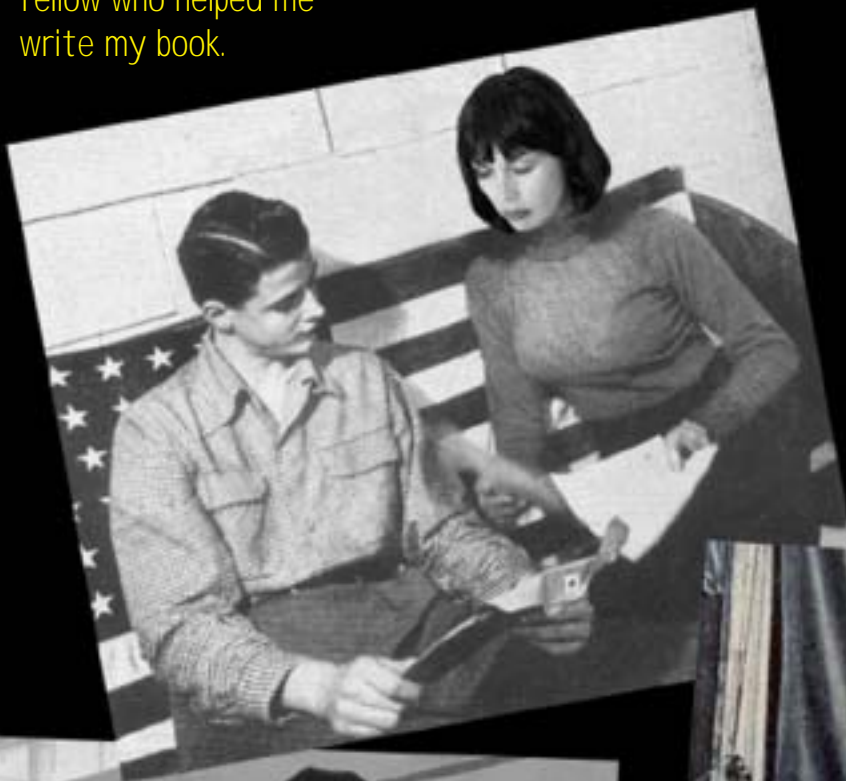


. . . and Audrey Spliner who thought he did.



Some Snapshots

Working with the fellow who helped me write my book.



Just a few shots of me around the apartment.

I took on some modeling work to make ends meet after leaving Slotnik's. I didn't count on it being harder work than stripping!



The Thirteen Feathers



Nice old Mr. and Mrs. Schlabiddny—she used to make cookies for me. It was too bad about their parrot, too.



Hector B. Steckler, horologist (which doesn't mean I what I thought it did), who was short of cash and short of patience with talkative birds.

Lt. Holmes of the Homicide Squad. Pretty tough name for a cop to have! ha ha ha!

I did not look as tough as this when the gun was in someone else's hand.



Professor Peerpont's GRAND UNIVERSAL Wonder Show

The things I won't do on a case! I had to wear this outfit while riding a horse—and I hate horses!



The Case of the Flat Man



X marks the spot where the body was found—sure glad I didn't have to see it!



Nobody liked McWheer very much. But then, he didn't like anyone else a whole lot, either.



Twinkles the Elephant, who I was hired to clear of a charge of murder. We both worked for peanuts. Ha ha

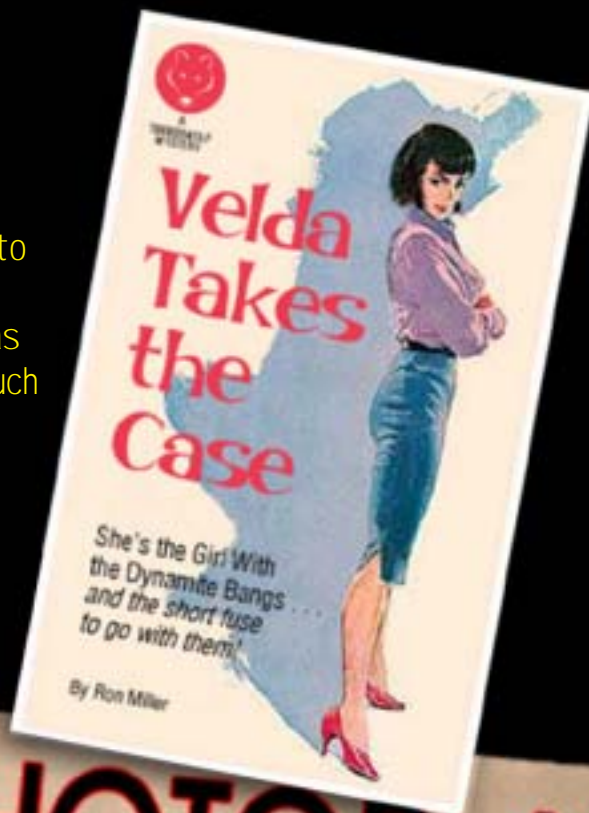


My old Follies pal, Beatrice, who talked me into this.



Fifi and I became pretty good friends. She never once made me feel self-conscious about my height.

The fellow that helped me write my book went on to write a whole series of paperback novels based on some of the case files I let him look through. It was a lot of fun to read them, but they didn't make much money for either of us.



The Naked Milkmaid



The Naked Milkmaid, the cause of all the excitement. Sure beat the hell out of me why, though. I've seen better figures on the calendars at Pop's Garage.



Captain Joe, one of my best pals--- always ready to give me advice even if I don't like it.



Eustace Klipple, the musorum guard with an eye for pretty girls who didn't see as much as he thought he did.



Lydia Whork, a sweet little thing from some podunk town upstate who turned out to be pretty handy with a .38.



Oscar Swaddle--- with a mug like his I probably don't have to tell you he's the villain in the case.



(He also makes the best cheeseburgers in the Village.)