DOMESTIC ANIMALS

THE COCKER SPANIEL

Of registered breeds, the Cocker Spaniel has long been rated as tops. It gets its name from hunting birds like the woodcock.

A handsome animal, 22 to 28 inches high and to 30 lbs. in weight, the Cocker Spaniel is obedient, willing and an excellent pet.

Among the most famous Cocker Spaniels was "Flush," owned by the invalid poetess, Elizabeth Barrett. It seldom left her side.

Food that Elizabeth didn't eat, she fed to her pet, who soon became so used to luxury that it refused to eat ordinary dog food.

The loyal little dog became jealous when Robert Browning appeared on the scene. On two occasions the spaniel bit Browning.
Hanna-Barbera

AUGIE DOGGIE and DOGGIE DADDY

FRONTIER FRACAS

Say, dear dad, how will we get past all that milk to visit dear grandpapa?

Tch! He's sure absent-minded! Imagine forgetting to bring in the milk this many times!

Imagine his thirst! Wow!

Here... he left a window open!

Look! An unmailed letter addressed to us, Augie!

Itapps that he forgot to mail it!

DEAR GRANDPAPA

KEEP OFF DEAR LAWN

DEAR GRANDPAPA HAS TAKEN THE JOB OF SHERIFF OF BUSHWACK, A FRONTIER-TYPE TOWN!

GOSH! WHY WOULD THEY HIRE DEAR GRANDPAPA?

WELL, HE HAS HAD EXPERIENCE, AUGIE... BUT, THAT WAS BACK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, B.A.M.!

B.A.M.?

BEFORE ABSENT-MINDEDNESS!

(COOK!) NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO DEAR GRANDPAPA NOW!

COME ON, AUGIE... TO DEAR GRANDPAPA'S RESCUE!

AND, YOU CAN STOP THE MILK! GRANDPAPA, OBVIOUSLY FORGOT TO NOTIFY YOU!

AND SO...

WELL, ACCORDING TO THE SCENERY, WE'RE OUT WEST! BUT, WHERE'S THE TOWN OF BUSHWACK, DEAR DAD?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT THE TRAIN ONLY TAKES US PART WAY, DEAR AUGIE!

WW.P.E.
(WILD WESTERN R.R. THAT IS.)
EEK! WHY THE BUMPITIES? DO WE HAVE A FLAT?

TRAIN'S DON'T GET FLATS, AUGIE...

BUT THEY DO COME TO THE END OF THE LINE!

YOU'LL CATCH THE STAGE TO BUSHWACK EVERYONDER, DOGGIE AND SON!

ALL ABOARD, YOU TWO!

END OF THE LINE

BOY! A REAL STAGECOACH!

IT'S THE OLDEST LINE WEST OF EAST POUGHKEEPSIE!

ER...WHEN ARE WE GOING TO START, DEAR COACHMAN?

WE ARE STARTED, DEAR PASSENGER!

IT'S JUST THAT SINCE WE'RE SUCH AN OLD OUTFIT...

...OUR HORSES ARE KINDA POKEY CRITTERS!

NEXT TIME, LET'S TAKE THE TURTLE!

YAWN!
BAM!

EEK! A STAGECOACH HOLDER-UPPER!
WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
DON'T WORRY... I JUST SAW SHERIFF GRANDPAPA UP YONDER!

COME ON, SHERIFF... LET THE VARMINT HAVE IT!

LET'S SEE... WHAT IS IT YOU SAY WHEN YOU START SHOOTIN'?

OH, YES... TAKE THAT, YOU LOW-DOWN STICK-UP GUY!

HA-HA! WHAT'CHA DO... FORGET TO LOAD YOUR GUN?

CLICK! CLICK!

WHOOPS! WHAT WHOA-ED MY HOSS SO SUDDEN?

BONK!

'SCUSE ME FOR BEIN' SO HARDHEADED!
YAY! YOU CONKED-OUT THE CROOK!!

AND, THERE'S WHAT WHCA-ED ME! I FORGOT I HAD BEEN PRACTICIN' WITH MY LASGO WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED!

ER... WHICH WAY TO TOWN? Gotta lock up this varmint!

THATWAY, SHERIFF!

(WHEW!) DEAR GRANDPAPA IS SO ABSENT-MINDED IT SCARES MY GOOSE PIMPLES!

WE MUSTN'T LET HIM CONTINUE WITH HIS SHERIFF'S JOB!

ANP SO...

QUIT MY JOB WHEN I'M SUCH A BIG SUCCESS? NEVER!

IT WOULD BE DISRESPECTFUL FOR US TO ARGUE WITH YOU GRANDPAPA...

SO, WE'LL HAVE TO TIE YOU AND TAKE YOU HOME!

OH, RELATIVES ARE A BOtherATION!

AWK! UNtiE ME! TROUBLE'S AFOOT!

BANG! BANG!
A BANK ROBBER! QUICK... HAND ME GRANDPAPA'S GUN, AUGIE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'/DEAR DAD? BOTH GUN AND GRANDPAPA ARE UNDER LOTS OF DOUBLE KNOTS!
HUMPH!

WELL, THE NEXT SHERIFF WILL HAVE TO TRACK-DOWN THE BANK ROBBER, THEN!

HA-HA! THE DEAR SHERIFF FORGOT TO LOCK MY CELL, AND ALSO FORGOT TO SEARCH ME FOR A HIDDEN WEAPON!

DEAR ME! THIS JUST AIN'T A GOOD DAY FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT!

OH, WELL! THE NEXT SHERIFF WILL HAVE PLENTY TO DO TO KEEP BUSY!

SAY... LOOK OUTSIDE, AUGIE!
THE BANDITS AREN'T EXACTLY BUDDIES!
BLACK JACK, YOU DOG... YOU'VE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK!
WELL, NOW I'LL SAY IT TO YOUR FACE, CUR CARLY...

YOU'RE NOT TOP GUY ANY MORE... YOU COULDN'T SHOOT YOUR WAY THROUGH A PAPER POSSE!
GRRR!

NEITHER OF THEM SHOOT WORTH A Hoot!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

HEH! THEY'RE OUTA AMMO!

GRAB 'EM, FOLKS!
SAY, WHO TIED UP OUR DEAR SHERIFF?

WE DID... IT'LL BE FOR EVERYBODY'S GOOD!

HE'S TOO ABSENT-MINDED!

OH, YEAH? WELL, WE LIKE THE WAY HIS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS WORKS!

THINGS ALWAYS END UP PEACHY KEEN-PLUS!

HMM... COME TO THINK... JUST SINCE WE'VE BEEN OBSERVING, JUSTICE HAS BEEN VICTORIOUS!

TWO CROOKS ARE CAUGHT!

EXCUSE US FOR INTERFERING, DEAR GRANDPAPA!

YOU'RE FORGIVEN, DEAR DOGGIE-KIN!

WELL, WE'LL JUST BE IN YOUR ABSENT-MINDED WAY, SO HOME WE GO!

'BYE, 'BYE, DEAR GRANDPAPA!

OOPS! I JUST NOW REMEMBERED...

HOWDY?

YES... TEE-HEE... HE FORGOT TO SAY THAT WHEN WE ARRIVED!

HOWDY, FELLERS!
BE NICE TO MRS. HARF WHILE I'M AT MY NIGHT WATCHDOG JOB, AUGIE!

AW, SHE'S THE EAGER BEAVER-TYPE BABY SITTER, DEAR DAD!

REACH FOR THE CEILING, AUGIE!

SEE, SHE'S QUICKER ON THE DRAW THAN DEAR I!

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO, TOO!

...ONLY BETTER!

I GIVE UP! I'M GOING BEDDY-BYE EARLY! GOOD NIGHT, ALL!

'NIGHT, SON! SO LONG, SIDEKICK!

WELL, I'M OFF TO WORK, MRS. HARF!

FAREWELL, DEAR MR. DOGGIE!
(Yawn!) With Augie in bed already, I'm bored!

Zzzzzz

Imagine! I beat her at something at last... staying awake!

Augie

Hmm... I'm on my own, now! It'd be a shame to waste it!

Heh! I'll go watch dear Dad, and find out what a night watchdog does!

And, meanwhile, at the Boxa-Bones warehouse...

Give 'er the gun, Gus!

Zoom!

Boxa-Bones Warehouse #1
GLYK'S UP, MUTT!

CRASH!

AND, MINUTES LATER...

YIPE! DADDY'S BEEN DEALT WITH PASTADLY!

I'LL SNEAK OVER AND UNTIE HIM! NOBODY'S LOOKING THIS WAY!

UGH! A DOUBLE BOW! I CAN'T EVEN LOOSEN IT WITH MY TEETH, DADDY!

THEN TIPPI-EYOE OYER AND TAKE THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK TO ALERT THE OPERATOR!

YOU'RE A DEAR GENIUS, DADDY!
TIPPY-TOE... TIPPY-TOE...

TIPPY...

OHHH!

RING-G-G!

H-HELLO AND BE QUIET, PLEASE!

HEY...

BOXA-BONES

BOXA-BONES

THIS IS MRS. HARR! AUGIE ISN'T IN THE HOUSE, MR. DOGGE!

OH, YOU'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING, MRS. HARR!

GET HIM!

COME BACK, YOU LITTLE PIPSEBAK!

IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SCARE ME AWAY FROM YOU, YOU DO!
But, meanwhile, back at the doggie house...

That was Augie on the warehouse phone!

The little scamp went to visit his dear daddy!

Well, he'll have to be brought back to bed!

Tee-hee! I'll get the drop on him, as usual!

All right! Up with your flea-pickin' hands!

Oops! Don't shoot! Wow! It's a doll...

Right now is my golden opportunity...

Boy-a-bones

Boy-a-bones
Dear Me! What have I done!?

Why, you helped capture a couple of bone hi-jackers, Mrs. Harp!

Augie... you should be proud to have a he-man-type babysitter like Mrs. Harp!

Oh, I am... I am!

I'll never complain about you again, Ma'am... you're my hero!

Tee-hee! Thanks, Augie!

And so...

I can't go home! He likes me so much, he's handcuffed me!

Terrific, huh, dear Dad? And, she only charges 75¢ an hour!

$ulp! $
NEVER FORGET, MY BOY, HELPING OTHERS ALWAYS PAYS OFF!

THEN THIS MUST BE OUR LUCKY DAY, DEAR OLD DAD, BECAUSE THAT DOG LOOKS LIKE HE COULD USE SOME HELP!

SIGH!

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE, MY POOR SAD FELLOW?

I'VE SLEEPY!

YOU SEE, I WAS RAISED AS A LAP DOG, AND A LAP IS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN SLEEP!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY MY DADDY'S DEAR OLD LAP?

IT'S KIND OF YOU, BUT I'VE OUTGROWN MOST LAPS!

YOU PERHAPS NEED A LAP WITH BIGGER LEGS, LIKE HIS!

IF HE WERE SITTING, I WOULD TRY!
WE WILL MAKE HIM MAKE A LAP HUH, DEAR OLD DAD?

YES, SON, IT IS THE HELPFUL THING TO DO!

HIS COULD BE THE LAP I'M LOOKING FOR!

WELL, HERE GOES!

I SAG TOO MUCH IN THE MIDDLE!

WE CAN CORRECT THAT, RIGHT, DADDY DEAR?

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BOY OF MINE!

IT'S NO USE! NOW, I LOP OVER!

THAT LAP JUST DOESN'T FIT HIM!

WELL, NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED!

THEY JUST DON'T MAKE LAPS LIKE THEY USED TO!

TOO BAD YOU HAVE SUCH A SKINNY LAP, SIR!
I DO HOPE YOU CAN FIND ME A MORE COMFORTABLE ONE!

There's the right lap for you somewhere, and we'll find it!

WHY DO YOU THINK SO, MY BOY?

You will soon see, my favorite pop!

GOOD! SHE'S GOING TO SIT DOWN!

That lap should be the comfiest!

CARNIVAL

FAT LADY

SON, YOU WERE RIGHT!

This does look promising!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A NICE UPHOLSTERED LAP!

WHY, SHE HAS NO LAP AT ALL WHEN SITTING DOWN!

She'd have to lie down to make a lap!
CARNIVAL

SCRAM!

DUE TO LACK OF SLEEP,
I'M A SLOW SCRAMMER!

I WILL HELP YOU,
DEAR OLD DOG!

AND, I WILL HELP YOU,
FAVORITE FATHER!

I MUST GET SOME SHUT-EYE SOON! (YAWN!)

YOU'LL SOON BE IN
SLUMBERLAND! LOOK!

AT LAST, HE'S
GOT ADEQUATE
SLEEPING
SPACE!

SWEET DREAMS,
OLD FRIEND!

GOOD NIGHT—
AND THANKS!

I FEEL REAL
GOOD ABOUT
HELPING HIM,
DANDY OLD POP!

OH, THIS
IS JUST
RIGHT!

UH— DON'T FEEL
TOO GOOD YET,
MY BOY!
WE'RE NOT A FLOPHOUSE FOR A FLEA BAG!

MY BED HAS A HORRIBLE TEMPER!

(SIGH!) WELL, HERE WE GO WITH THE HELPING HAND AGAIN!

WOE IS ME!

SEE ANY LAPS, DOGGIE DADDY?

YES, MY BOY! THERE'S ONE THAT'S BOUND TO SUIT HIM!

IT LOOKS JUST PERFECT, YOU PERFECT OLD PATER!

YOU'RE SURE THIS IS ALL RIGHT?

WELL, WE'RE SURE HE'S SURE TO KEEP SITTING!

NOW, I'M TIRED AND SLEEPY!

ME, TOO, SON OF MINE!

ARE YOU ENJOYING BEING A LAP DOG, SON OF MINE?

YOU BET, PRECIOUS POP! YOU MIGHT SAY, I'M LAPING IT UP!
"Our cheese is almost gone, Pixie," said Dixie one morning. "Somehow, we'll have to get past Jinksy into the kitchen for more."

"That ought to be easy today," said Pixie. "Mr. Jinks went bowling last night, and I'll bet he's the most tuckered-out ol' cat in town right now."

The little mice were very wrong about Mr. Jinks, however. Far from being tuckered out, he was eagerly waiting for them to appear. Before they had finished breakfast, they heard him shouting, "Come out, you miserable meeces... out... out... like, right now!" and as soon as he saw them in their doorway, he snatched them up quickly.

"Hey, what's the big idea, so early in the morning?" demanded Dixie.

"Quiet, fellas," replied Mr. Jinks. "I just want to show you what I won at bowling last night. Look! Isn't it, uh, like bee-o-o-tiful?" and he proudly pointed to a gleaming miniature bowling pin.

Pixie and Dixie blinked in surprise.

"Golly, Jinksy, you mean YOU won that?" asked Pixie in disbelief.

"All by yourself?" exclaimed Dixie.

"Of course," replied Jinksy, huffily.

"Oh, I get it," laughed Pixie. "It says BOOBY PRIZE on it! Look, Dixie!"

"So what?" demanded Mr. Jinks. "It's still a prize! You guys are just jealous."

Then he settled down, with a mouse clutched tightly in each hand, to give them a lengthy description of every detail of the big bowling event. On and on he went, until the words, "pins, frames, spares, balls, and strikes," fairly rang in Pixie's and Dixie's ears. Mr. Jinks talked and bragged so much that finally he talked himself right to sleep! As his grip around the little mice loosened, Pixie and Dixie wriggled free and quickly headed for the kitchen.

"Lucky for us that Jinksy finally fell asleep," sighed Pixie.

"You'd think he was a champion bowler, the way he went on and on," said Dixie, as they climbed upon a shelf. "But, anyway, here's our chance to get the cheese."

The little mice were busily stacking cheese and other goodies to take home, when suddenly, they heard the floor creak.

"It's Jinksy!" exclaimed Pixie.

"Quick! Hidel!" said Dixie, and the two little mice jumped into a nearby sugar bowl, taking their goodies along.

"You guys must be here somewhere," said Mr. Jinks, "so come on out, and I'll tell you the rest of my story. I'm, uh, like sorry that I fell asleep in the middle of it," and he looked around hopefully.

Pixie and Dixie sat quietly watching the cat from beneath the slightly tilted cover of the sugar bowl. As Mr. Jinks got down on his knees to peer into a lower cupboard, they both lunged to one side of the sugar bowl, tilting it, and sending it tumbling off the shelf. Plop! It landed on Jinksy's head and knocked him flat!

"Look!" exclaimed Dixie, as the mice jumped out of the sugar bowl, unharmed. "We bowled Jinksy over!"

"And with a sugar bowl for a ball! What do you know about that?" Dixie laughed.

"I KNOW I hate you to pieces!" shouted Mr. Jinks, opening his eyes.

"Oh, you're just jealous, Jinksy," taunted Dixie, "because we turned out to be the real champion bowlers... champion sugar-bowlers that is!"

Then the little mice grabbed up their goodies and scooted for home, with Mr. Jinks close on their heels.
Hanna-Barbera Yakky Doodle

Will the Real Yakky Doodle Please Stand Up

OH, NO! CAN IT BE THAT LITTLE YAKKY HAS FINALLY BEEN CAPTURED BY EVIL FIBBER FOX?

AHA! MY BIRD CAGE TRAP IS WORKING TO PERFECTION!

NOW, TO ENJOY A YUMMY YAKKY REPAST! HE-H-EH! FIBBER FOX TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

WELL, I'VE REHEarsed WITH THIS DUMMY LONG ENOUGH! I HAVE EVERY MOVE DOWN! PAT! NOW, TO GO AFTER THE REAL THING!

GOODNESS! SEEING FIBBER SWALLOW THAT CUTE DUMMY WAS ENOUGH TO GIVE EVEN A DUCK GOOSE PIMPLES! IT'S BETTER, MAKE SURE THAT HE DOESN'T DO AS WELL WITH THE REAL THING... ME!
MAYBE THIS LOVABLE LITTLE STATUE CAN HELP ME THwart Fibber's EVIL PLANS!

SHORTLY...

THAT DUMB DUCK DOESN'T EVEN SEE ME! AND HE'S RIGHT ON TARGET!

HA! I GOT YOU, YOU UNLUCKY DUCK!

THE REAL YAKKY DOESN'T TASTE MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE DUMMY, EXCEPT THAT IT'S A LOT...

HOTTER!!

THAT YAKKY WAS a DUMMY!

TEE-HEE! WHO ARE YOU CALLING a DUMMY? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO-swallowed MY PLAN! THAT DUCK WAS COVERED WITH INVISIBLE HOT SAUCE!

GRR! I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME! I'LL TRAIL YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH... FOLLOW YOU THROUGH RAGING RIVERS, OVER MOUNTAIN TOPS, ACROSS THE DESERT...

I BET I KNOW ONE PLACE YOU WON'T FOLLOW ME!
(ULP!) DESERTS YES! CHOPPER'S DOGHOUSE, NO! I'D BETTER GO HOME AND FIGURE OUT ANOTHER WAY TO GET THAT DUCK!

MY GAME PAVED OFF IF FIBBER KNEW THAT CHOPPER WAS AWAY FOR THE DAY, I'D BE CORNERED IN HERE!

FIBBER IS REALLY DETERMINED! I FEEL SO UNSAFE WITHOUT CHOPPER AROUND! HAH! MAYBE THAT BIRD DUMMY GIVES ME AN IDEA!

COSTUMES OF ALL KINDS

IF I CAN'T HAVE THE REAL CHOPPER AROUND, I'LL GET THE NEXT BEST THING!

AND SHORTLY...

(SIGH!) I COULDN'T FEEL SAFER WITH THE REAL THING!

DRAT! HOW CAN I SEPARATE YAKKY AND THAT BULLYING BULLDOG? WAIT A MINUTE! CHOPPER ISN'T WEARING HIS DOG LICENSE! HE MUST'VE LOST IT!

OH, BOY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE LIKE THIS! I'LL REPORT HIM TO THE DOGCAHER, AND HAVE YAKKY ALL TO MYSELF WHEN THAT CHOPPER IS HAULED OFF TO THE DOG POUND!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, MY STUFFED PAL! I'M GOING TO SCRUNGE UP SOME LUNCH...SINCE FIBBER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AROUND!
There he is! And he doesn't have a license!

So I see! Thanks for the tip!... Okay, Buster! Come on... you're going to the pound!

Resisting arrest, huh? Well, I'll just pick you up and take... Hey! This isn't a real dog!

Trying to make a dummy out of me with a dummy... huh?

But-but-

That'll teach you to play practical jokes!

Bop!

Bah! I wish I'd never started this dummy stuff; I'm getting the worst of it!

I'll bet that feathered fricassee didn't stray too far from—aha! There he is now!

(Turk!) Fibber! And he's blocking my way to the doghouse!
THE WAY HE'S RUNNING, YOU'D THINK HE DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN ME FOR LUNCH!
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE DOGHOUSE!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE YARD...

AWH! ISN'T THAT CUTE? YAKKY BOUGHT THIS TO REMIND HIM OF ME WHILE I WAS GONE!

I'LL PUT THIS INSIDE AND TAKE A NAP! (YAWN) I WONDER WHERE YAKKY IS?

TSK! TSK! ALL YOU'RE DOING IS WORKING UP MY APPETITE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

HA-HA! YOU'D BETTER KEEP AWAY NOW, OR I'LL WAKE UP CHOPPER!

HEH-HEH! WHO'S AFRAID OF THAT FATHEADED MUTT? I'LL CHOP CHOPPER IN HIS CHOPPERS... IF HE INTERFERES!

BOP!

(ULP!) Y-YOU AIN'T AFRAID?

QUIT THE ACT! I KNOW THIS IS A DUMMY! I DISCOVERED IT WHEN YOU FORGOT ONE THING... THE REAL CHOPPER ALWAYS WEARS A...
...D-Dog collar!

So, I'm a fatheaded dummy, huh?

Chopper! But, how? What? When?

I'll explain everything after I take care of some unfinished business!

He means me, folks!

Tell me, Yakky, where did you get that dummy of Chopper?

Oh, no! You're not going to try more sneaky tricks!

Don't worry, I won't use the information against you! I'll use it against myself!

Then, by all means, tell him, Yakky!

Later...

As long as I'm going to kick myself, I might as well do it the painless way!

Tee-hee! It's kind of hard to tell which one is the dummy!
Heh-heh! My boy is a very good breed of pooch, known as an Autograph Hound!

That's right, dearest dad! I have autographs of all the most famous people in the world, except one!

That one is Tidewater Tycoon, the Zillionaire! I'm going to try and get his autograph today!

That will be tough, son!

It sure will! Nobody has ever been able to get his signature. I'd be the first one!

I'll help you, ambitious offspring!

Shortly...

I'd like to see Mr. Tycoon, please!

Sorry, mister Tycoon doesn't see anybody personally on matters involving less than a million dollars. May I help?
Er... well, I wanted to get his autograph!

Certainly! Here’s a printed copy of it! Good day!

Phooey! This isn’t like a real autograph!

Precious pop, I’ll never feel happy until I can add his name to my collection!

Well, son, there’s no way to get past those guards into his office. But, there are other ways!

AND...

(Gulp!) Nobody can say your dad won’t go to any lengths, or heights to help you!

This is his office, Dad! Let’s look in!

Okay! And, let’s not look down!

All right, Higby! You can stamp those papers with my signature!
Yes, sir, T.T.!

Gee, Dad, Tidewater doesn't even sign his business papers!

We'll get to the bottom of this!

What are you doing?

You want us to wash the inside of your windows, too, don't you?

No!!

Then you'll have to sign this special form!

Form? I know an autograph book when I see one! Throw them out!

Yes, T.T.!

At least he didn't toss us out the way we came in!

Thud!

It looks as if I'll never get his autograph!

Oh, yes, you will! My curiosity is aroused now! Why won't he sign anything? We'll try again tonight!
That night...

This is the Tycoon Mansion, but how are we going to get in to see him?

Just the reverse technique of this afternoon, my son! Instead of going up...

Tycoon Mansion Keep Out

We go under! It's an old dog-type trick!

I dig what you mean!

We're on the other side! Now what, intelligent Pater?

Now, we see Mr. Tycoon!

You mean we just walk in?

Right! If we knock, he'll probably send a butler or somebody!

We just approach him quietly and calmly and ask him why he won't give out autographs!

Servants' Entrance

Yipe! We better forget about trying to come in quietly!

RIng!  RIng!

A couple of prowlers! It's those two who were at the office today!

SPLASH!

Whirrr!

Roarrr!
**But we can explain!**
Explain it to the police when they get here!

**He's locked us in!**
Wow! Look at this place!

This room must contain every document, deed and letter Tidewater has ever had. I'll bet his signature is here someplace!

Gee! There's even a little box filled with his old school papers! He saves everything!

**Wow! Come look at this, Dad! It might be the answer to why he never gives his signature!**

Dear Mrs. Tycoon,

We'll have to expel Tidewater. He's so busy buying and selling marbles at a profit, that he never studies. He can't even write his name.

Sincerely,

Miss Teachum

Mr. Tycoon, we just found a letter in here from Miss Teachum!

(ULF!) Operator, cancel that call to the police department!
YOU'VE FOUND MY SECRET! HOW MUCH BLACKMAIL DO YOU WANT?

GEE, WE'RE NOT CROOKS! ALL I WANT IS YOUR SIGNATURE FOR MY BOOK!

CONFUSED IT! YOU KNOW I CAN'T WRITE MY OWN NAME!

IT REALLY DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

THAT'S ROCK HUDSON'S AUTOGRAPHS!

WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN READ IT!

NOPE! THE MORE FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE, THE LESS YOU CAN READ THEIR AUTOGRAPHS!

HORRAY! I'M VERY FAMOUS! A WIGGLY LINE WOULD DO FOR ME!

IT SURE WOULD! JUST SIGN HERE!

YOU'VE MADE ME VERY HAPPY! I'VE ALWAYS Wanted TO SIGN MY NAME!

WOW! I'VE GOTTEN THE RAREST AUTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD!

LATER...

GEE, MY TIDEWATER'S AUTOGRAPH IS PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS! HE GIVES OUT SO MANY THESE DAYS!

HEH-HEH! BUT, YOU'VE MADE HIM HAPPY, AND THAT'S THE BEST SIGN OF ALL!

TIDEWATER TYCOON AUTOGRAPHS HERE!
FISH

SEA HORSE

No one knows where the tiny Sea Horse disappears to in winter, but you'll find him from Cape Cod to Carolina in summer.

The Sea Horse remains upright when he swims. Should the current become strong he holds fast to grass or seaweed with his tail.

At breeding time, the female fills the male's brood pouch with eggs. Fifty days later eggs hatch and little Sea Horses appear.

The young measure about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at birth and are exact replicas of the parent. About 150 of them may be born at one time.

Sea Horses will stay alive for many months in a tank of sea water with sea lettuce and a dried Sea Horse will last indefinitely.