

12 BIG LAUGH FEATURES!

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW
IN BRAND-NEW STORIES

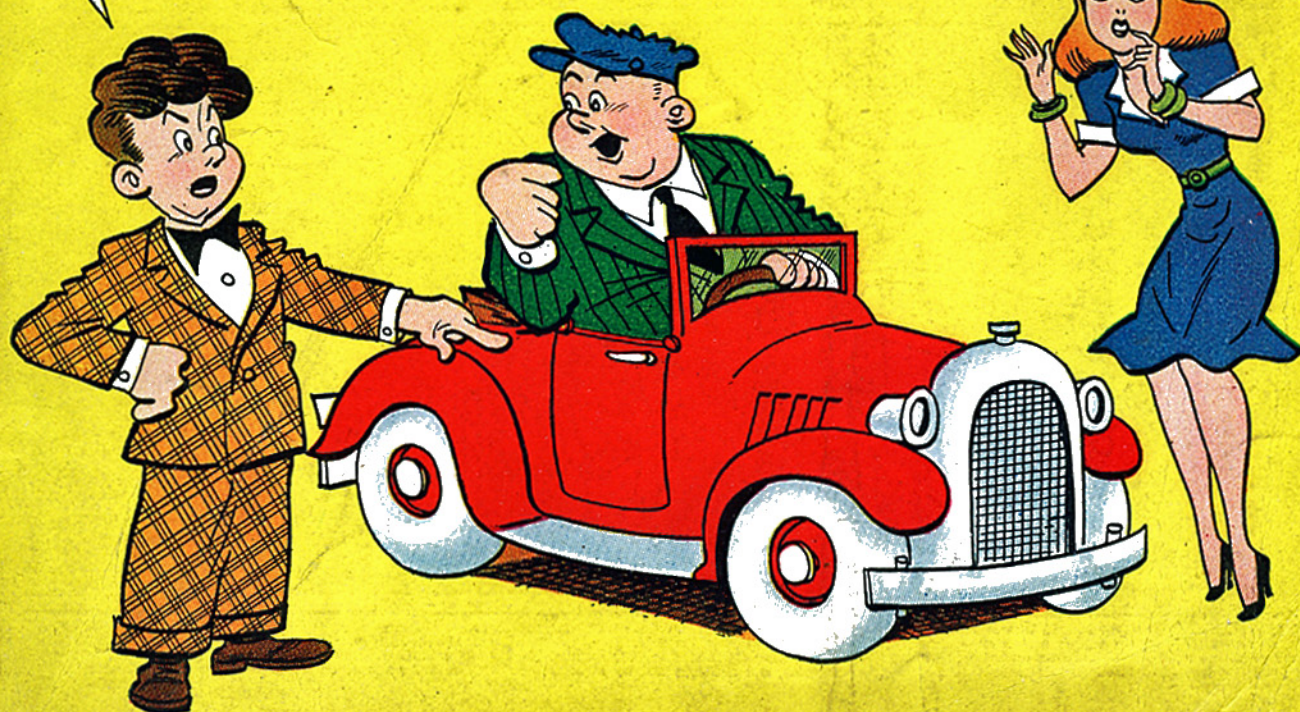
10¢

ALL FUNNY COMICS

BUT I'M GONNA
SAVE RUBBER, PENNILESS!
-- I'M GONNA DRIVE
BACKWARDS!

GEE, OXIE,
Y' SHOULDN'T BE
GOIN' DRIVIN' ---
IT WASTES
RUBBER!

DOES
THAT MAKE
SENSE?



PRIVATE PETE

HENRY
BOLTOW



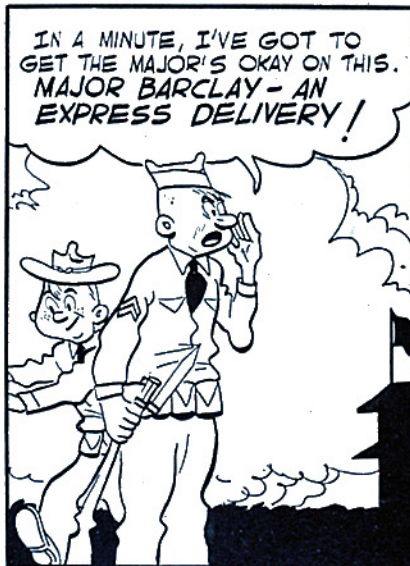
SAY, GENERAL, I'VE GOT AN EXPRESS SHIPMENT FOR PRIVATE PETE! WHERE CAN I PARK IT?



OH BOY! THERE'S THE TRUCK! I'LL BET IT CAME!



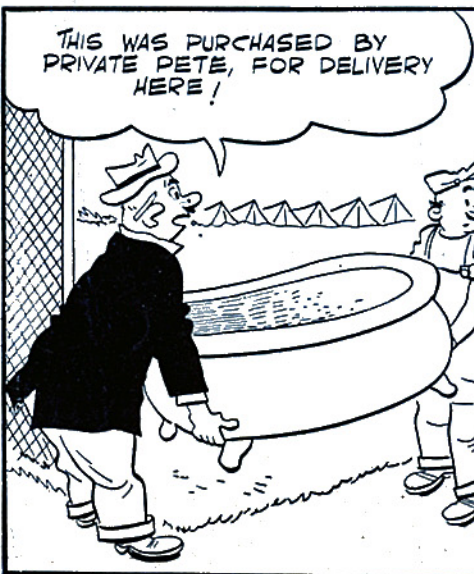
IN A MINUTE, I'VE GOT TO GET THE MAJOR'S OKAY ON THIS. MAJOR BARCLAY - AN EXPRESS DELIVERY!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT -- WHO ORDERED WHAT?



THIS WAS PURCHASED BY PRIVATE PETE, FOR DELIVERY HERE!



A BATHTUB!



GEE, I WONDER WHAT THE MAJOR HAS AGAINST BATHTUBS, ANYWAY!



Penniless PALMER

STAKE SETS AND
DRAMATIC DISGUISES
PLAY REAL PARTS IN
A FEVERISH FANDAN-
GO OF HAZARD AND
HILARITY WHEN THE
GREAT MOVIE MAGNET,
OLIVER PIX, INGENUOUSLY
ENLISTS THE AID OF
THAT HEADACHE OF
HOODLUMS, PENNILESS
PALMER-- WHO, WITH
HIS PARTNERS, BREATH-
TAKING BUNNY SOUTH,
AND THE STOUT-APPETITED
OXIE, DELVES INTO...

"THE CASE OF THE
PURLOINED
PRODUCER!"

ACHOOO!

THINGS ARE AT A STANDSTILL
IN THE OFFICE OF PENNILESS
PALMER & COMPANY, WHEN...

THE
PHONE!
TAKE IT,
BUNNY,
IT MAY
BE A
CASE!

IT'S
ALREADY
A MYSTERY--A
MYSTERY
THE PHONE
COMPANY
HASN'T
TOLD OUR
SERVICE!

I COULD
GO A
PLATE OF
GOOD
BOARDING-
HOUSE
MYSTERY--
MEANING
HASH!

PENNYLESS
'PALMER'S
OFFICE...
WHAT?
WHY, YES,
I'LL TELL
HIM.
THANK
YOU!

A BUM ONCE
FOUND A RECIPE
FOR HOME-MADE
HASH, BUT HE HAD
NO HOME, SO...

QUIET, OXIE!
CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S
HEARD SOMETHING
STARTLING?

PASTE **THIS** IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK!-- THE RENTAL OFFICE CALLED TO SAY THANKS FOR THE SIGNED BLANK CHECK, WHICH THEY RECEIVED TO COVER **WHAT** OUR RENT!

GIVE ME THE
PHONE! I SENT
NO CHECK! I'LL
CALL BACK!

R-R-ING

PENILESS PALMER SPEAKING...
YES, ABOUT THE RENT
CHECK... YES...
WHO? OH,
I SEE. YES...
YES, IT'S
QUITE ALL
RIGHT! GOOD-
BYE!

STIR YOUR STUMPS, KIDS! OLIVER
WE'RE BOUND FOR
"STUPENDOUS STUDIOS!"
IT WAS OLIVER PIX WHO
SENT THAT
CHECK! THIS
NEEDS
LOOKING
INTO!

OLIVER
PIX, THE
GREAT
PRO-
DUCER!
GOOD GRAVY.

PLEASE,
BUNNY-
WHY
MENTION
GRAVY?

I HEAR THEY USE REAL
FOOD IN THEIR BANQUET
SCENES NOWADAYS...
I WONDER
IF...

QUIET, OXIE!

I HOPE WE CAN GET
TO PIX RIGHT OFF--
THIS
PUZZLE'S
GOT ME ON
TENTER-
HOOKS!

STUPENDOUS
STUDIOS

THINK
OF IT--
OLIVER
PIX---IS
MY HAIR
RIGHT?

PENILESS PALMER,
YUH SAY? JESS A
MINNIT AN' I'LL
SEE CAN PIX
SEE
YUH!

I'M ALL AGOG
AND
ATWITTER!

TELL
HIM IT'S
IMPORTANT!

FOR A
SECRETARY,
THAT MAN
CERTAINLY
TALKED
ROUGH!

NOT ONLY THAT--
HE GAVE ME
THE FEELING
THAT WE
WERE ALMOST
EXPECTED!

JUST THE
WAY MY
STUMMICK'S
BEEN FEELING
ABOUT FOOD--
EXPECTED!

DIS WAY,
FOLKS, YUH'LL
HAVE TA WALK
THROUGH A
LITTLE GANGSTER
SCENE WE'RE
SHOOTIN'--
HA, HA!

P-S-ST!
THEY
CERTAINLY
LOOK
REAL!

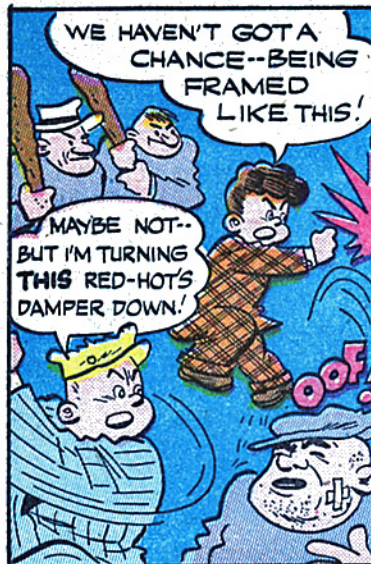
JUST
MY LUCK--
NO BANQUET
SCENE!

TOO
REAL! I
DON'T LIKE
IT!

THEY ARE
REAL! IT'S A
TRAP--SAIL
INTO THEM,
OXIE!

LIKE A
BUZZ-SAW
INTO BUTTER,
BOSS!

E-E-EK!



WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE--BEING FRAMED LIKE THIS!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT I'M TURNING THIS RED-HOT'S DAMPER DOWN!

OOF!



FREE TICKETS TO DREAM- LAND, SUPER SLEUTHS!

SO LONG, SUCKERS-- WHEN YUH WAKE UP, Y'ALL BE WITH THE GUY YA CAME TA SEE-- MR. PIX HIMSELF! WE ALLUS OBLIGE, HA, HA!

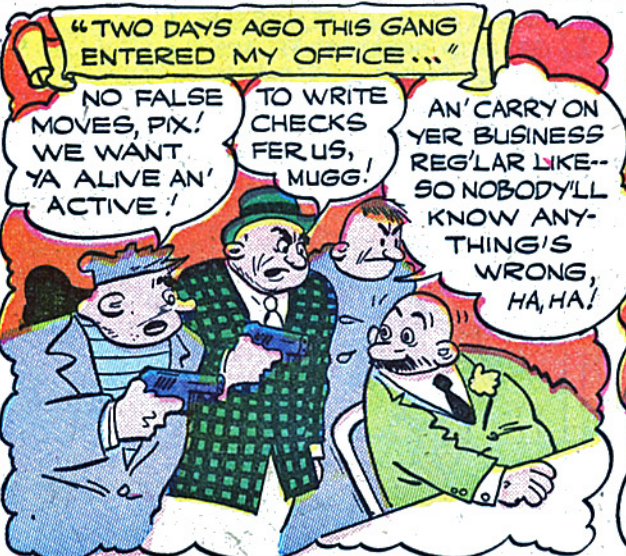


THE TAUNTING PROMISE PROVES ONLY TOO TRUE-- AND PRESENTLY...

HAVE A NICE VISIT, PALMER, HA, HA! WE'LL SEE YA LATER-- FOR FINAL!

OH DEAR! PENNILESS PALMER! I'M OLIVER PIX! I GOT YOU INTO THIS! BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERY- THING!

GO AHEAD-- LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!

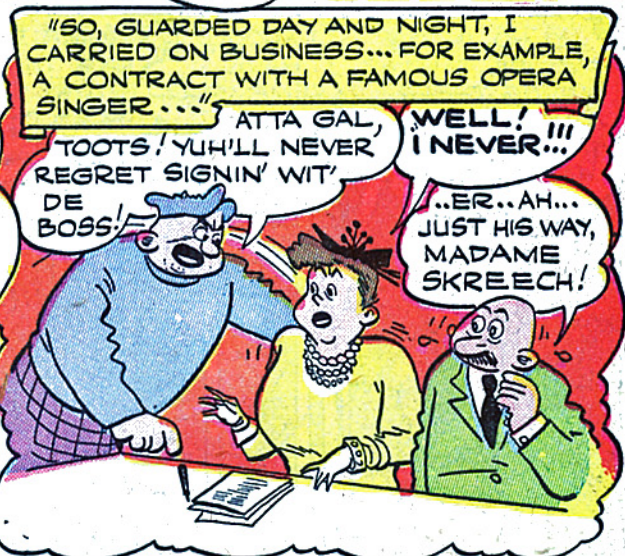


"TWO DAYS AGO THIS GANG ENTERED MY OFFICE..."

NO FALSE MOVES, PIX! WE WANT YA ALIVE AN' ACTIVE!

TO WRITE CHECKS FER US, MUGG!

AN' CARRY ON YER BUSINESS REG'LAR LIKE-- SO NOBODY'LL KNOW ANY- THING'S WRONG, HA, HA!

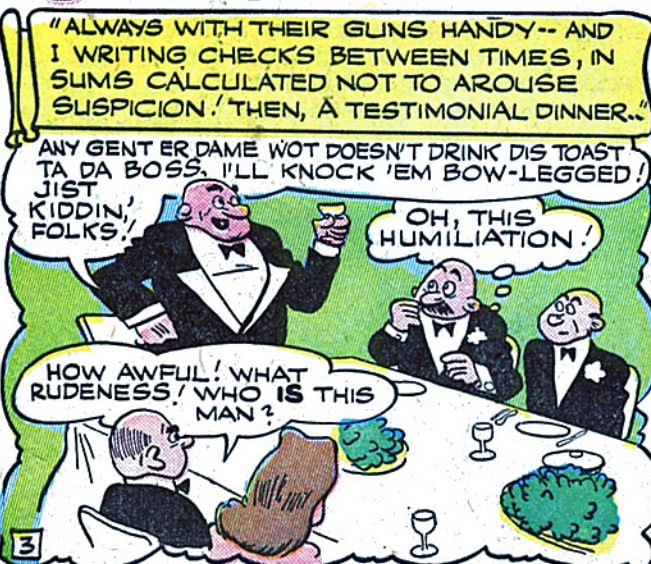


"SO, GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT, I CARRIED ON BUSINESS... FOR EXAMPLE, A CONTRACT WITH A FAMOUS OPERA SINGER..."

ATTA GAL, TOOTS! YUH'LL NEVER REGRET SIGNIN' WIT' DE BOSS!

WELL! I NEVER!!!

..ER.. AH... JUST HIS WAY, MADAME SKREECH!

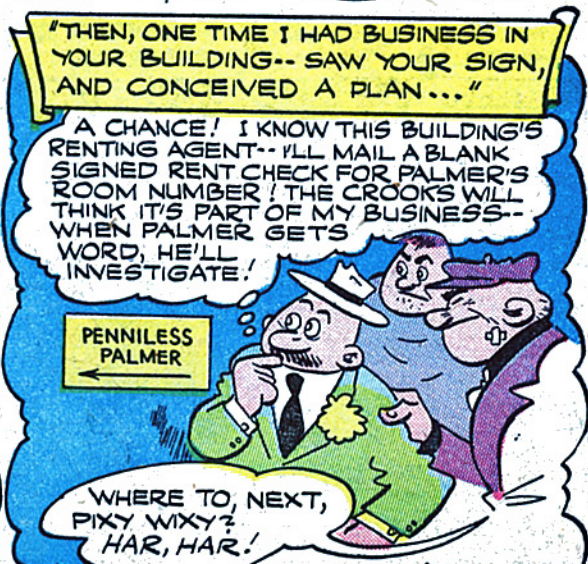


"ALWAYS WITH THEIR GUNS HANDY-- AND I WRITING CHECKS BETWEEN TIMES, IN SUMS CALCULATED NOT TO AROUSE SUSPICION! THEN, A TESTIMONIAL DINNER..."

ANY GENT ER DAME WOT DOESN'T DRINK DIS TOAST TA DA BOSS. I'LL KNOCK 'EM BOW-LEGGED! JIST KIDDIN', FOLKS!

OH, THIS HUMILIATION!

HOW AWFUL! WHAT RUDENESS! WHO IS THIS MAN?

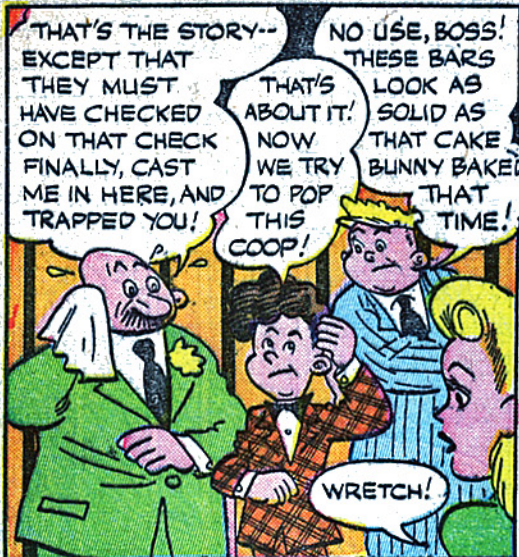


"THEN, ONE TIME I HAD BUSINESS IN YOUR BUILDING-- SAW YOUR SIGN, AND CONCEIVED A PLAN..."

A CHANCE! I KNOW THIS BUILDING'S RENTING AGENT-- I'LL MAIL A BLANK SIGNED RENT CHECK FOR PALMER'S ROOM NUMBER! THE CROOKS WILL THINK IT'S PART OF MY BUSINESS-- WHEN PALMER GETS WORD, HE'LL INVESTIGATE!

PENNILESS PALMER

WHERE TO, NEXT, PIXY WIXY? HAR, HAR!

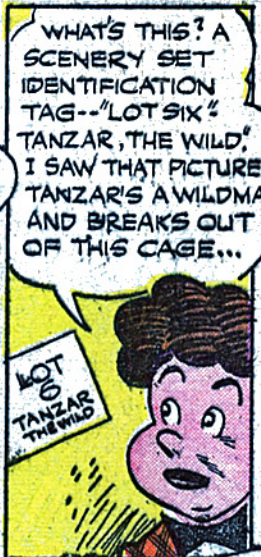


THAT'S THE STORY-- EXCEPT THAT THEY MUST HAVE CHECKED ON THAT CHECK FINALLY, CAST ME IN HERE, AND TRAPPED YOU!

THAT'S ABOUT IT! NOW WE TRY TO POP THIS COOP!

NO USE, BOSS! THESE BARS LOOK AS SOLID AS THAT CAKE BUNNY BAKED THAT TIME!

WRETCH!



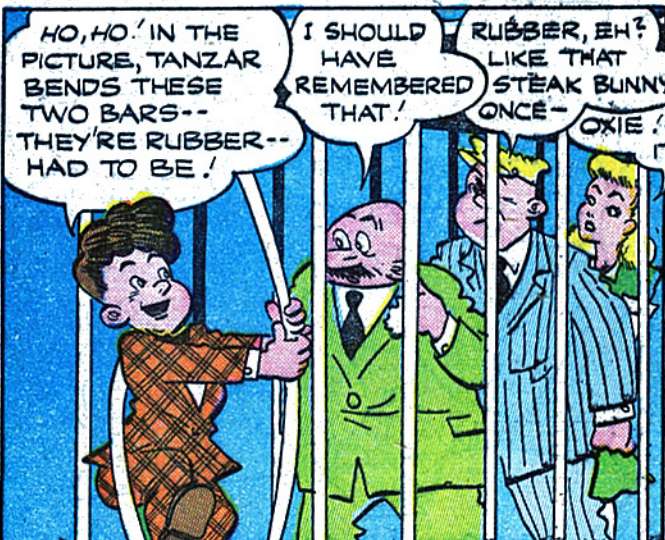
WHAT'S THIS? A SCENERY SET IDENTIFICATION TAG-- "LOT SIX" TANZAR, THE WILD, I SAW THAT PICTURE! TANZAR'S A WILDMAN, AND BREAKS OUT OF THIS CAGE...



LIKE THIS!

WHA-- WHAT!??

PEN! YOU'RE W-WONDERFUL!



HO, HO! IN THE PICTURE, TANZAR BENDS THESE TWO BARS-- THEY'RE RUBBER-- HAD TO BE!

I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT!

RUBBER, EH? LIKE THAT STEAK BUNNY ONCE--

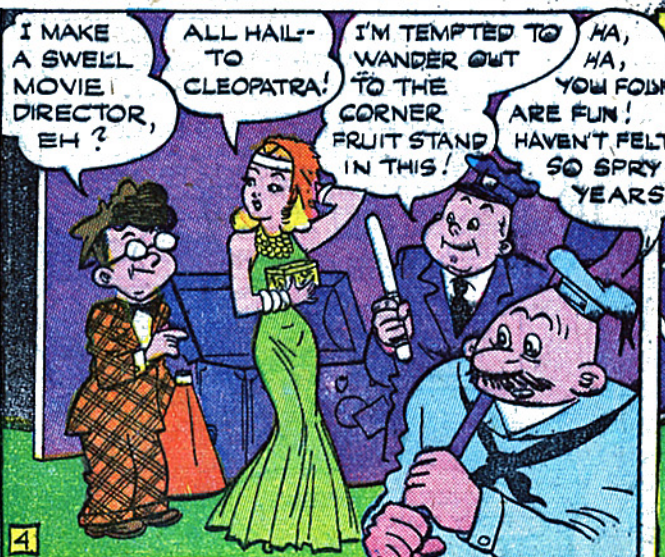
OXIE! STOP IT!



WE'D BETTER GET INTO DISGUISES, WE CAN MOVE FREELY THAT WAY!

YES, THE PLACE IS PEPPERED WITH THEIR MEN. THERE'S A COMEDY LAYOUT IN THERE! ALL TYPES OF COSTUMES!

IF THERE'S ANY REAL CUSTARD PIES, WILL YOU THROW THEM AT ME?

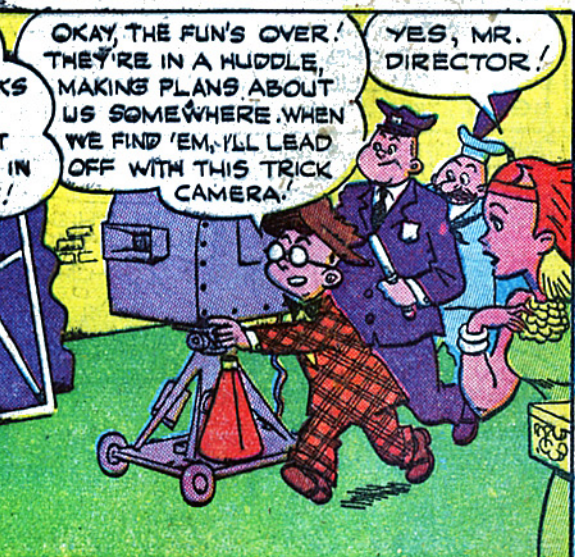


I MAKE A SWELL MOVIE DIRECTOR, EH?

ALL HAIL-- TO CLEOPATRA!

I'M TEMPTED TO WANDER OUT TO THE CORNER FRUIT STAND IN THIS!

HA, HA, YOU FOLKS ARE FUN! HAVEN'T FELT SO SPRY IN YEARS!



OKAY, THE FUN'S OVER! THEY'RE IN A HUDDLE, MAKING PLANS ABOUT US SOMEWHERE WHEN WE FIND 'EM, I'LL LEAD OFF WITH THIS TRICK CAMERA!

YES, MR. DIRECTOR!

P-S-ST! THERE THEY ARE! WAIT FOR THE CAMERA GAG! THEN EVERYBODY FOR HIMSELF!

I'LL KNOCK MY MAN FOR A MUTTON CHOP! HA, HA, I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD SUCH SLANG IN ME!

PLEASE, MR. PIX!... RESPECT MY APPETITE!

PARDON, GENTLEMEN, WOULD YOU MIND GROUPING UP FOR A FILL-IN WE'RE TAKING ON THE NEXT LOT?

YUH MEAN POSE FER DE MOVIES? SURE T'ING!

WIT' PLEASURE!

IMAGINE ME, A MOO'M PITCHER ACTER!

WILL DE PITCHER BE DE COLORED KIND, SUB?

OH, HIGHLY COLORED, I ASSURE YOU! LOOK PLEASANT!

IS THAT COLORED ENOUGH FOR YOU? UP AND AT 'EM, OXIE!

LIKE INTO A DUCK DINNER, CHIEF!

IT'S PENNILESS PALMER! HE GOT LOOSE! WOW!

AS A DIRECTOR-- THIS IS DIRECT FROM ME TO YOU!

POOR DUNCE! TOO SCARED TO SEE IT'S ARTIFICIAL!

SNAKES! YOW!

GLUB! I CAN'T BREATHE!

A NICE POROUS NIGHT-STICK FILLED WITH PEPPER-- TO SEASON TOUGH TURKEYS LIKE YOU, PAL!

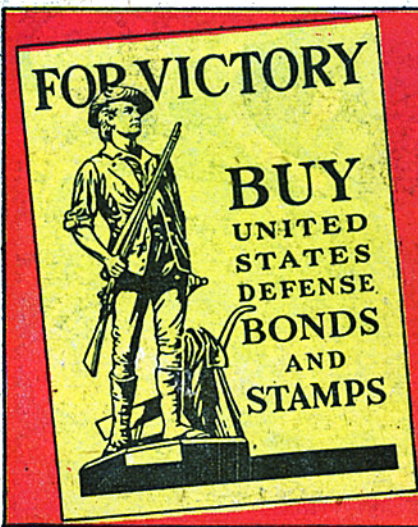
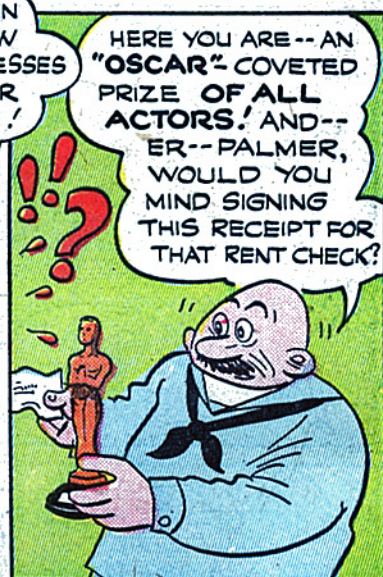
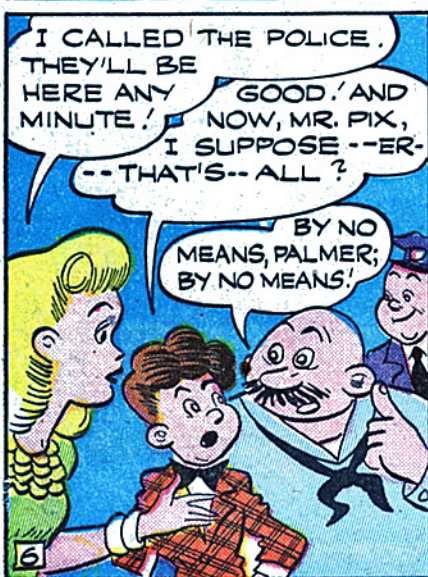
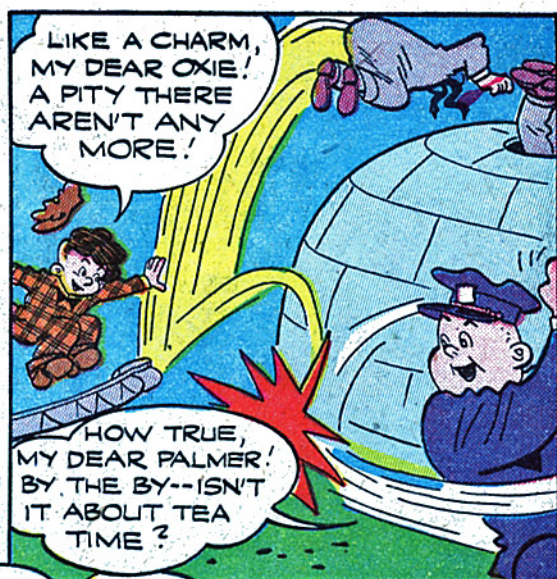
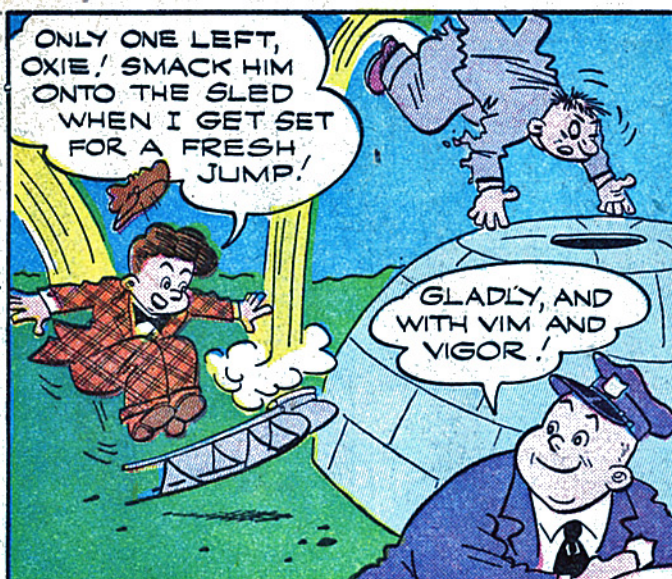
THIS MEGAPHONE IN REVERSE OUGHT TO MUFFLE YOU, PAL!

MUMPH! MUMPH!

STROKE! YOU ROW A SPLENDID OAR, MR. PIX!

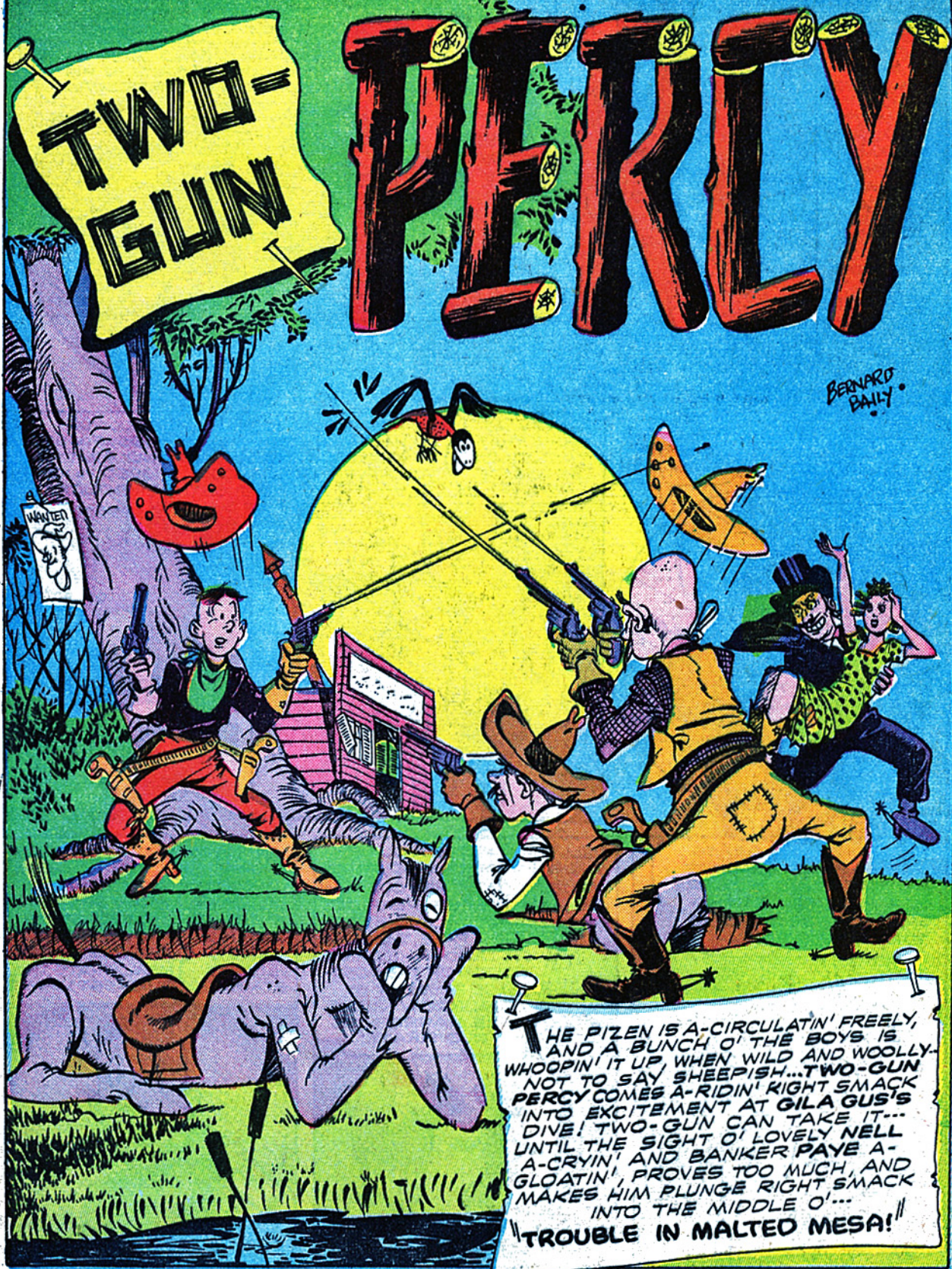
YOU STOOP A SPLENDID STOOP, MR. PALMER!

YOWW!



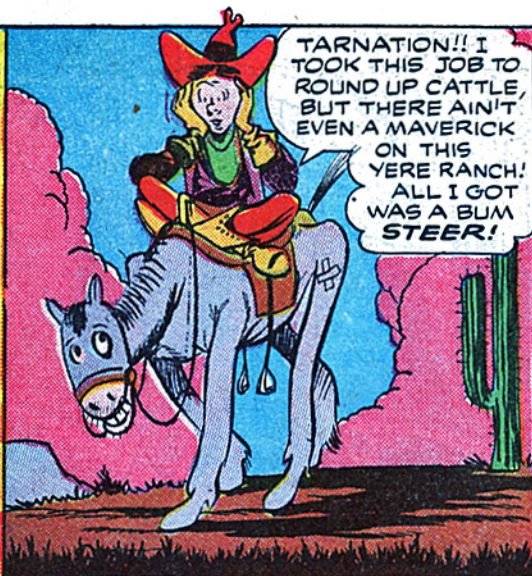
PERCY

BERNARD
BAILY



THE PIZEN IS A-CIRCULATIN' FREELY, AND A BUNCH O' THE BOYS IS WHOOPIN' IT UP, WHEN WILD AND WOOLLY-NOT TO SAY SHEEPISH...**TWO-GUN PERCY** COMES A-RIDIN' RIGHT SMACK INTO EXCITEMENT AT GILA GUS'S DIVE! TWO-GUN CAN TAKE IT... UNTIL THE SIGHT O' LOVELY NELL A-CRYIN' AND BANKER PAYE A-GLOATIN', PROVES TOO MUCH, AND MAKES HIM PLUNGE RIGHT SMACK INTO THE MIDDLE O'...
"TROUBLE IN MALTED MESA!"

WAY
OUT WEST,
WHERE
MEN ARE
EITHER
HOMBRES
OR
VARMINTS,
YOU CAN
FIND NO
TOUGHER
COWHAND
THAN
TWO-GUN
PERCY,
AS HE SITS
ASTRIDE
HIS
FAITHFUL
PINTO!



TARNATION!! I
TOOK THIS JOB TO
ROUND UP CATTLE,
BUT THERE AIN'T
EVEN A MAVERICK
ON THIS
YERE RANCH!
ALL I GOT
WAS A BUM
STEER!

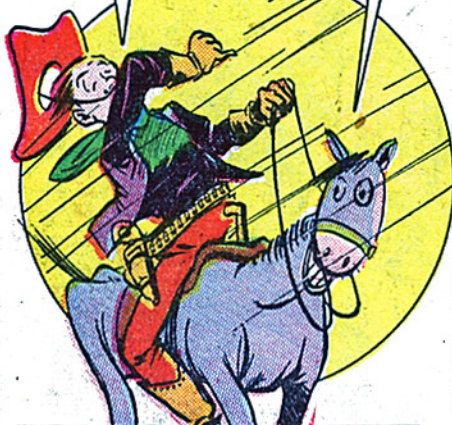
**A PANORAMA OF GREAT SCENIC
SPLENDOR SPREADS BEFORE THE
APPRECIATIVE COWBOY...**

THREE DAYS O' SAND GIVES A
HOMBRE LOTS O' GRIT... IN HIS
GRUB! THIS IS GETTIN' POW'FUL
TIRESOME...



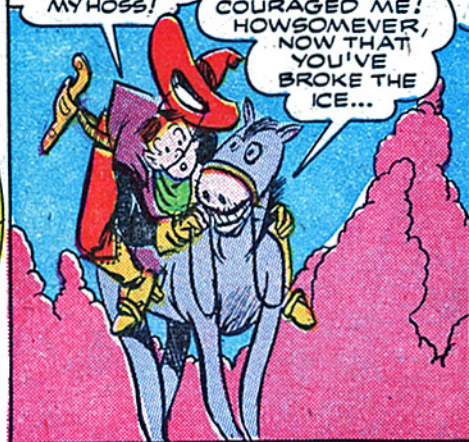
RECKON IF I
HAD SOMEBODY
TO TALK TO... I
WOULDN'T BE
SO LONESOME!

WELL...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH **ME?**

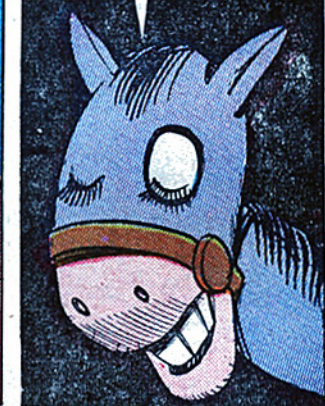


HUH? WHO
SPOKE THAT
TIME? COULDN'T
BE HORACE,
MY HOSS!

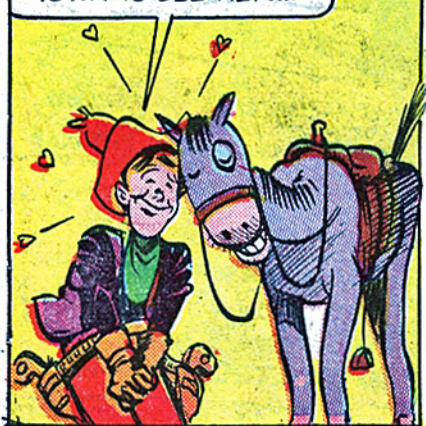
WHY NOT, PARDNER?
I'D HAVE SAID SOME-
THING BEFORE, ONLY
YUH NEVER EN-
COURAGED ME!
HOWSOMEVER,
NOW THAT
YOU'VE
BROKE THE
ICE...



LET ME TELL YUH
'BOUT MYSELF! WHEN
I WAS ONLY A LITTLE
COLT, I LIVED IN KEN-
TUCKY! AH, KENTUCKY...



WHAR THE BLUE GRASS
GROWS--WHICH REMINDS
ME THAT NELL'S EYES ARE
BLUE, AN' I GOT A HANK-
ERIN' TO TAKE A TRIP TO
TOWN TO SEE HER...



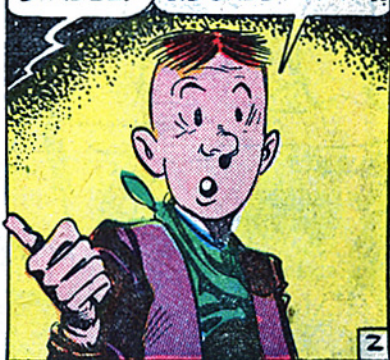
NELL'S
MY OWN
TRUE
GAL, AN'...

PUT HER OUT OF
YORE MIND, PARD-
NER! HER OLD MAN
OWES A HEAP O'
FOLDIN' MONEY TO
HUGH PAYE, THE BANK-
ER... AND IF HE CAN'T
COUGH UP THE MORT-
GAGE PAYMENT BY
TOMORROW NIGHT,
SHE MARRIES THE
OLD PIRATE!



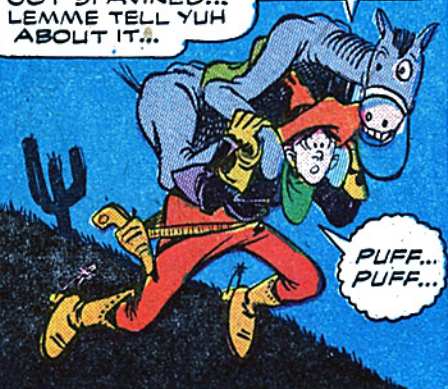
AN' I GOT
THIS
DIRECT
FROM A
MARE IN
ALKALI
IKE'S
LIVERY
STABLE!

STRAIGHT FROM
THE HORSE'S
MOUTH... IT
MUST BE TRUE!
GOT TO GIT TO
TOWN RIGHT
AWAY! LET'S SEE
NOW... WHAT'S THE
QUICKEST WAY..?



AND SO, SECONDS LATER, WE FIND OUR BOW-LEGGED WADDY FRIEND RACING ALONG WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND!

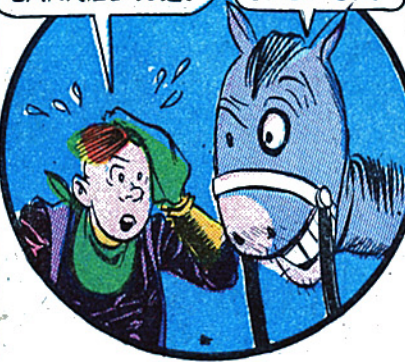
HARD WORK, AIN'T IT, PARDNER? I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I GOT SPAVINED... LEMME TELL YUH ABOUT IT...



PRESENTLY...

WE'RE CLOSE TO TOWN NOW, HORACE... I RECKON IT WOULD LOOK BETTER IF YUH CARRIED ME!

THAT'S JUST BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE USED TO SEEIN' IT THATAWAY-- BUT OKAY... HOP ON!



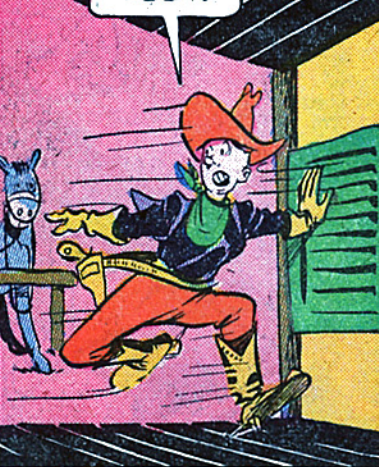
BEFORE THE REFRESHMENT EMPORIUM OF MALTED MESA!

NELL'S IN HERE, AND I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HER RIGHT AWAY, IF NOT SOONER!

LEMME TALK FOR YUH, PARDNER... ALL THE FILLIES TELL ME I GOT THE GIFT OF GAB!



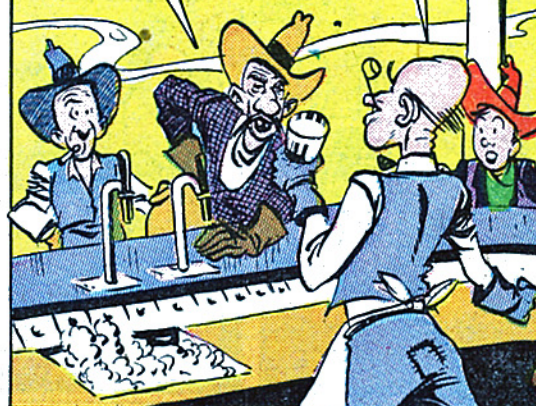
I CAN TALK FOR MYSELF! YOU STAY HERE AND TIE YORESELF TO A HITCHING POST!



AND WITHIN THE DEN OF INIQUITY...

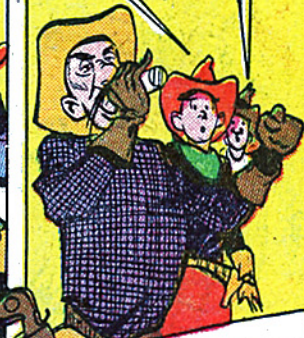
ANOTHER SHOT O' PIZEN, GUS! TO-NIGHT'S MY NIGHT TO HOWL!

OKAY, ARCHIE... IT'S YORE FUNERAL!

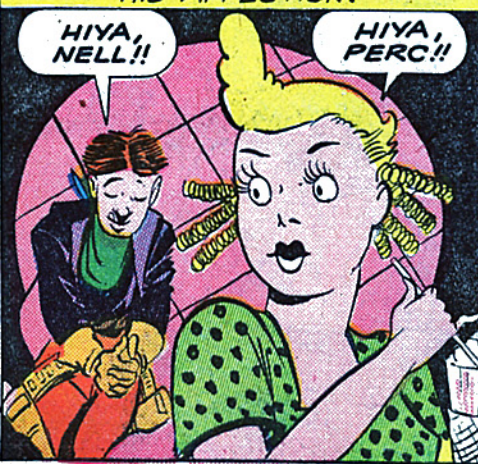


HOWLING COYOTES! A FULL-SIZED MALTED MILK... AT ONE GULP!

FIFTH ONE HE HAD TONIGHT.. AND IT'S MAKIN' HIM MIGHTY MEAN!



THEN OUR HERO SEES THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS... AND HIS HEART STANDS STILL AS HE POURS OUT HIS AFFECTION!



TAKE IT EASY, INCOME TAX EXEMPT! YOU ARE SPEAKING TOMY BRIDE-TO-BE!



I SHALL NEVER, NEVER MARRY YOU, HUGH PAYE! I SHALL DIE EATING MARSHMALLOW SUNDAES FIRST!



WON'T BE NO NEED FER THAT, DARTER! SALES HAS BEEN MIGHTY GOOD LATELY! IF MR. PAYE'LL HOLD OFF FORECLOSIN' FER ANOTHER DAY, I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR THE MORTGAGE!



ANOTHER DAY? NOT ANOTHER SECOND, GUS! EITHER YOU PAY ON THE DOT, OR I TAKE OVER!

HOLD ON, GUS...I GOT AN IDEA! SPEED UP YOUR SALES! AND YUH CAN DO THAT BY CUTTING OUT SINGLE ORDERS! **DOUBLE** ORDERS OR NOTHING!

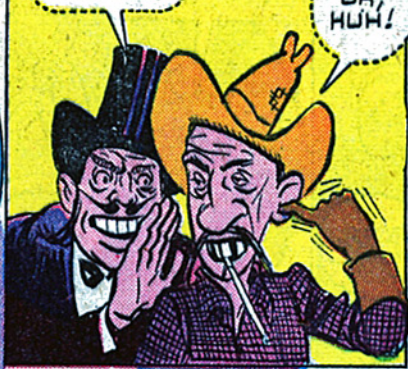


SON, YUH GOT THE ANSWER! I'LL PAY TH' MORTGAGE OFF IN NO TIME!



BUT TREACHERY LURKS NEARBY...AFTER ALL, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A VARMINT WHO WEARS A TOP HAT?

PSSST... PSSST...



UH, HUH!

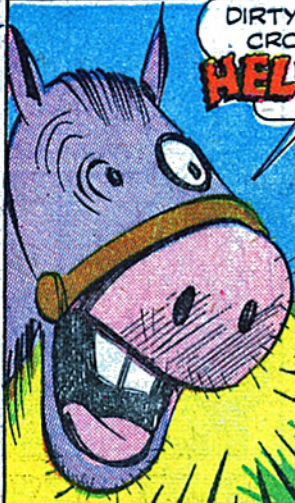
AND SHORTLY...

WITHOUT THESE BOTTLES OF CHOCOLATE SYRUP, GUS WON'T MAKE A SALE! AND TO KEEP ME FROM FORECLOSING, HE'LL HAVE TO LET ME MARRY NELL!



BUT OUTSIDE...

HEY! LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS! **HELP! MURDER!! SHERIFF!! DEPUTIES!! PERCY!!**

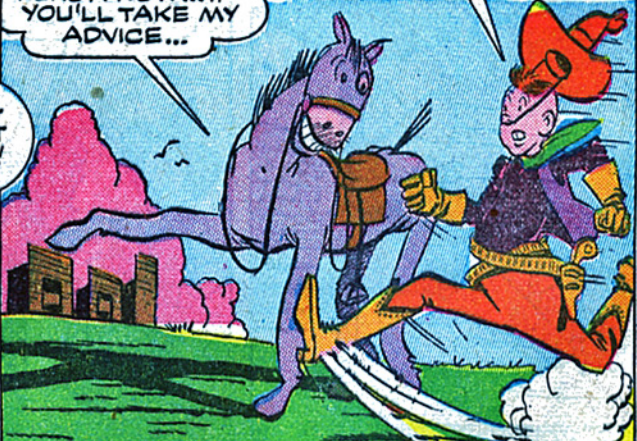


GAG THAT NAG!



THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH THOSE BOTTLES OF SYRUP, PERCY! NOW...IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE...

THAT'S ENOUGH TALK, PARDNER! THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION!



WITH SIX-GUNS BLAZING...

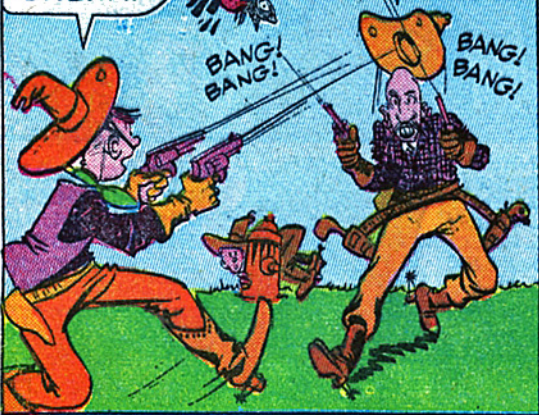
TAKE THAT, YUH ORNERY SKUNK!

AWK-K! AWK-K!

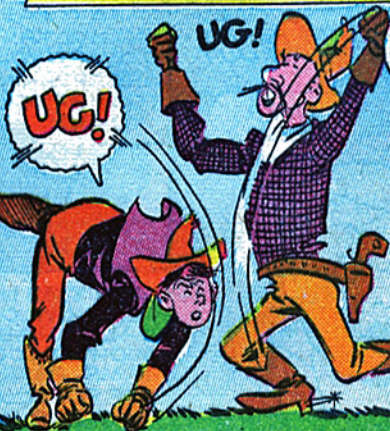
SAME TO YOU, YUH LOW-DOWN COYOTE!!

BANG! BANG!

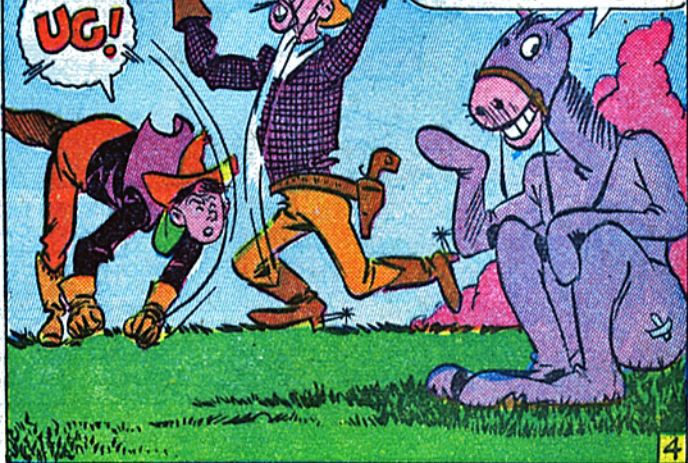
BANG! BANG!



THEN THE FOES CLOSE IN MORTAL COMBAT!



I COULD DO BETTER WITH TWO FEET TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

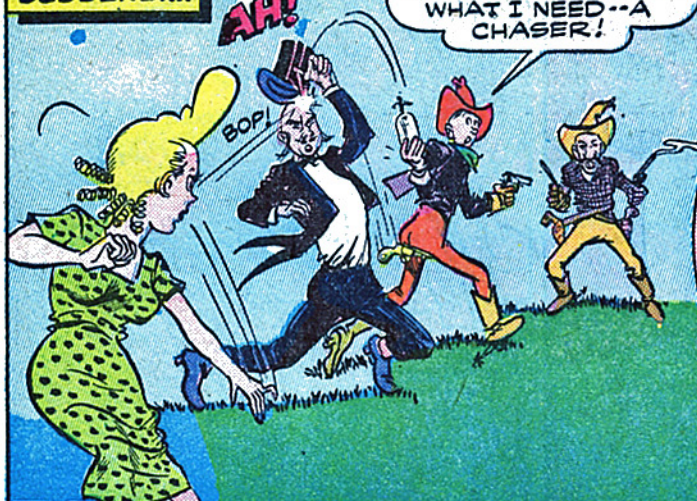


SUDDENLY...

AH!

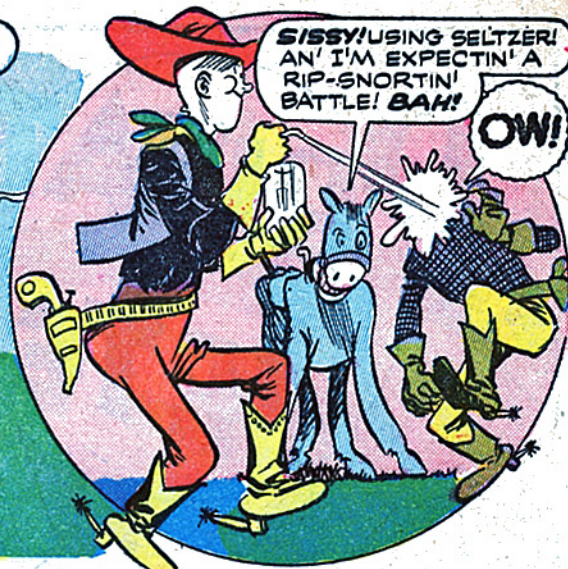
TARNATION! THAT'S WHAT I NEED--A CHASER!

BOP!



SISSY! USING SELTZER! AN' I'M EXPECTIN' A RIP-SNORTIN' BATTLE! BAH!

OW!



THUS OUR HERO BATTLES THROUGH TO VICTORY! AND NOW COMES THE TENDER LOVE SCENE... OR DOES IT?

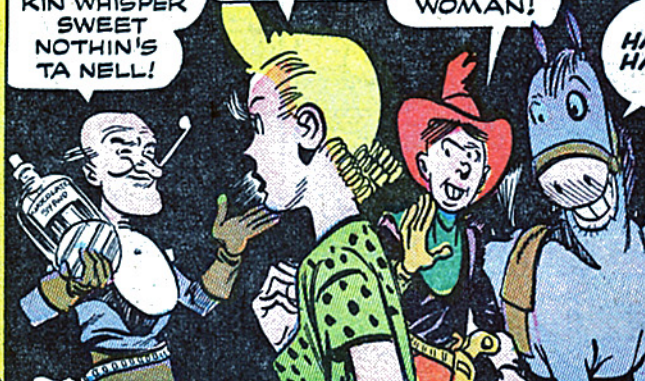
THANKS FER SAVIN' THE SYRUP, PARDNER! NOW YUH KIN WHISPER SWEET NOTHIN'S TA NELL!

NO, FATHER! I LOVE TWO-GUN, BUT I'LL NEVER MARRY A MAN THAT DRINKS!

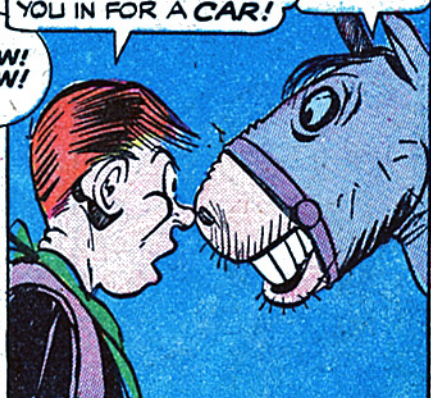
SHUCKS! I CAN'T GIVE UP ICE CREAM SODAS FER NO WOMAN!

GIVING ME THE HORSE LAUGH, HUH? YUH'VE BEEN BUTTING IN TOO MUCH... I'M TRADING YOU IN FOR A CAR!

OKAY... YUH'LL BE SORRY!



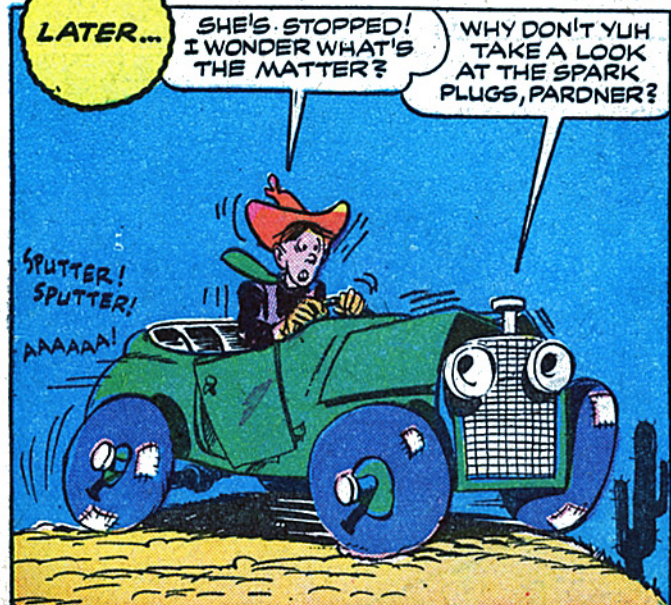
HAW! HAW!



LATER...

SHE'S STOPPED! I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHY DON'T YUH TAKE A LOOK AT THE SPARK PLUGS, PARDNER?



SPUTTER! SPUTTER! AAAAA!

EEK!! ATALKING CAR!!!

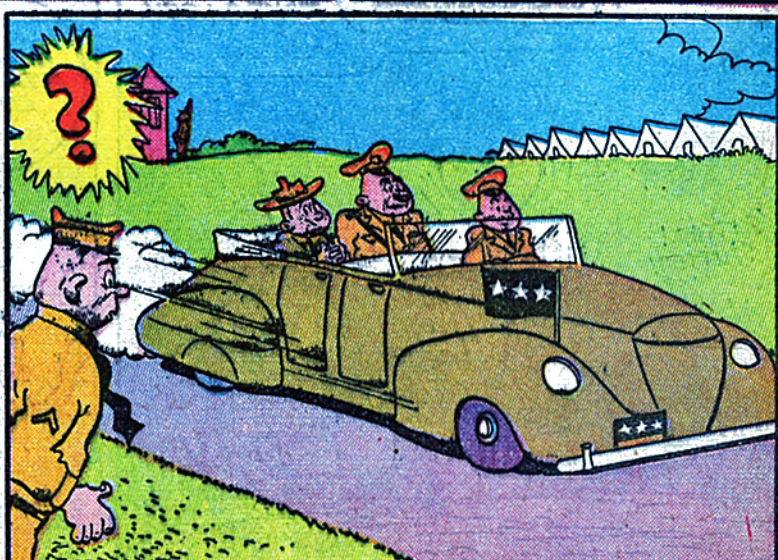
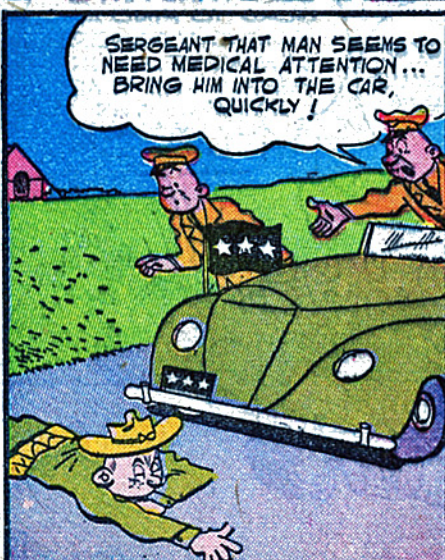
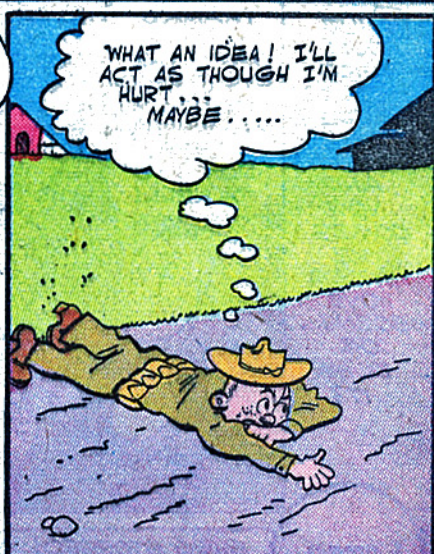
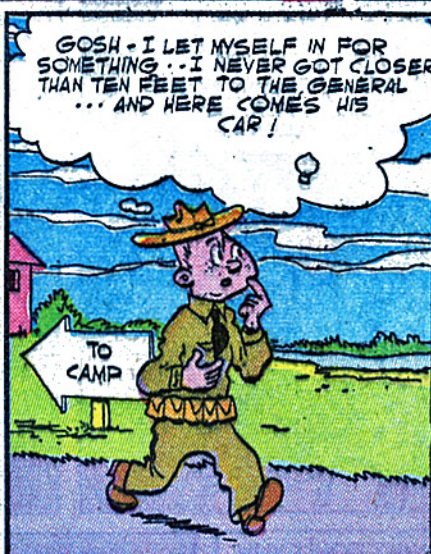
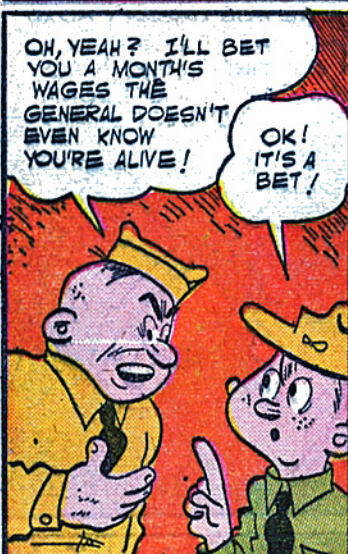
SURE! AND AM I GLAD TO FIND A FRIENDLY DRIVER! LEMME TELL YUH ABOUT THE TIME I WAS ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE...



BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

PRIVATE PETE

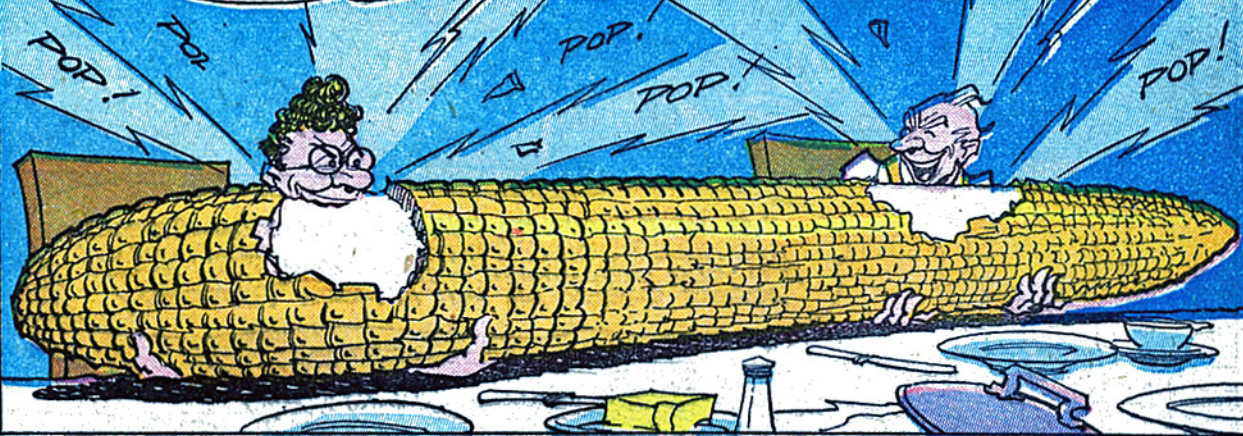
HENRY BOOTHBY



WITAMIN WIG

PAW, THIS MAY SOUND KINDA 'CORN'Y TO YOU, BUT I'M TAKING TIME OUT HERE 'N' NOW TO STATE THAT OUR NEW CROP SURE WENT PLACES IN A BIG WAY !!

POP! SONNY BOY, YOU'RE NOT ONLY SAYIN' A TOTAL MOUTHFUL, BUT YOU'RE A-SAYIN' IT FROM EAR TO EAR!

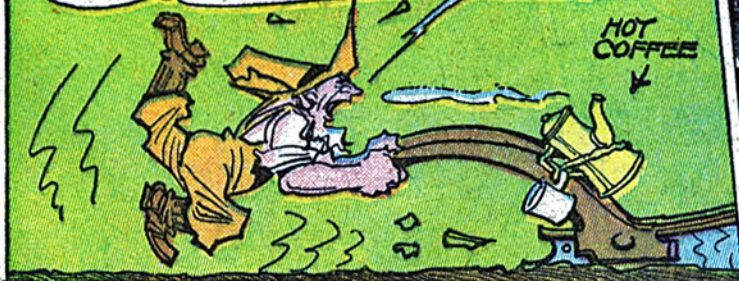


SCENE: VIC'S DAD, SETH HOMER HICKORY PERKINS, IS HERE SHOWN PLOUGHING UP THE REAR FORTY ACRES

CONSNARN THAT NO 'COUNT NITWIT OFF-SPRUNG O' MINE, VIC -- HE HAIN'T TOUCHED HIS LILY WHITE PAWS TO A LICK O' LABOR ON THIS FARM SINCE DEWEY FIT AT MANILA!

HOT COFFEE

HEY YOU, VIC! ---YO' OL' DADDY'S JUS' 'BOUT DUE TO SPLIT A CORD OF WOOD INSIDE YO' HAT-BAND EFFEN YO' DON'T FETCH Y'SELF OUT HERE QUICK AN' HELP FINISH THESE CHORES!



VIC, OUR HERO, IN THIS PASTORAL MELODRAMA OF MODERN MUTUAL MALICE, IS INSTANTLY TORN FROM HIS LABORATORY RESEARCH IN THE HIGHER BRACKETS OF CHEMISTRY

SEZ WHICH, PAW?

SEZ SHAKE YO' SHANKS OUT HERE IMMEDIATE, -- I'M LAYIN' IN MORE LATE CORN AND I NEED HELP NOW!

OKAY, PAW, -- IMMEDIATE, -- AT LEAST!

TSK, -TSK! LUCKY I FINISHED MAKING THIS BATCH O' VITAMINS WITH AN ADDED DASH O' SULPHUR FROM MY NEW FORMULA, -- I'LL TAKE A HANDFUL ALONG JUST IN CASE I NEED 'EM!

LISTEN, SCHOLAR, -- YOU AN' YOUR CHEMISTRY STUDIES HAIN'T WITH A HOOT T' HANNIBAL IN TIMES LIKE THESE, -- THERE'S A FOOD SHORTAGE THREATENIN' AND IT'S UP TO US TO DO OUR DOUBLE-BIT !!

YEEZZA!

I'VE JUST PLOUGHED, FURRIED, AN' CORN-SEEDED THIS HULL PATCH O' FORTY ACRES, -- FROM NOW ON IT'S YOUR DEPARTMENT, -- TAKE OVER, -- I'M GOIN' ACROSS CREEK AN' PUT IN MORE POTATOES!

OUT TO LUNCH

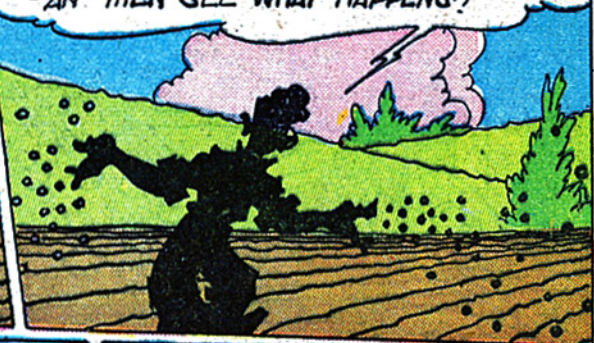
WELL, DAWGGONE ME, -- NOW I'M PROMOTED TO BEIN' NIGHT WATCHMAN TO A LOAD OF NEXT SEASON'S SUCCOTASH, -- I LIKE THA--A-AT !!

BACK IN 15 MINUTES



PAW'S GOT THIS PLOT PLANTED FOR CORN ALREADY, SO NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT THAT NOW--BUT I'M GONNA TRY ME AN EXPERIMENT JUST THE SAME!--

--I'LL JUST SPRINKLE A COUPLE OF ACRES WITH MY HOME-MADE VITAMIN TABLETS--RIGHT IN WITH THE NEW CORN--LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE,--AN' THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

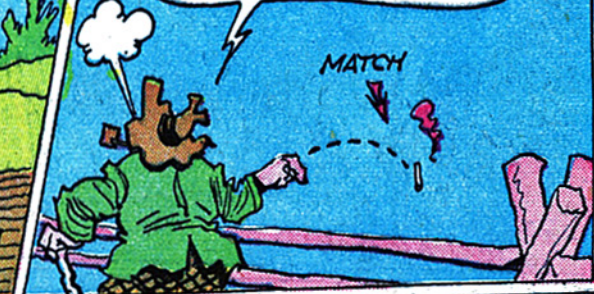


WAL, I SWAN, IF THAT OL' CORNCRIB COWBOY, SETH PERKINS, HAIN'T GONE PLUMB LOGO AGIN,--IMAGINE HIM LAYIN' OUT A FULL PLANTIN' O' CORN AGIN' AT THIS TIME O' SEASON?

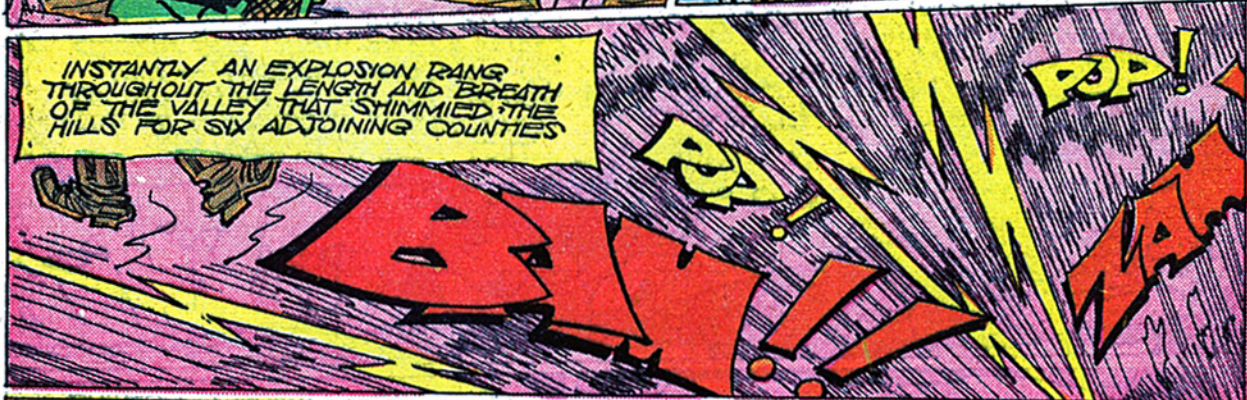
AN EVER-LOVIN' NEIGHBOR



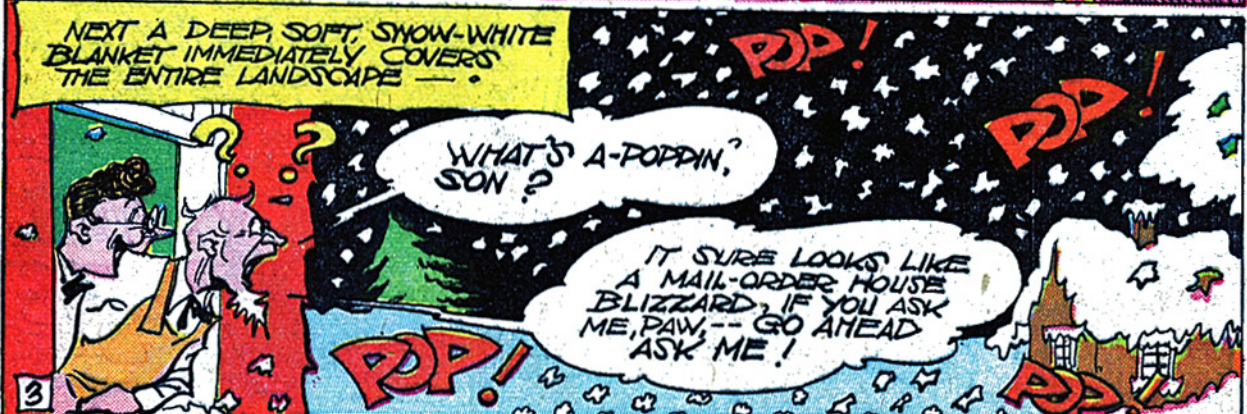
FOOEY IS ALL I'VE GOT T'SAY T'HIM,--AN' I SEZ IT DOUBLE!

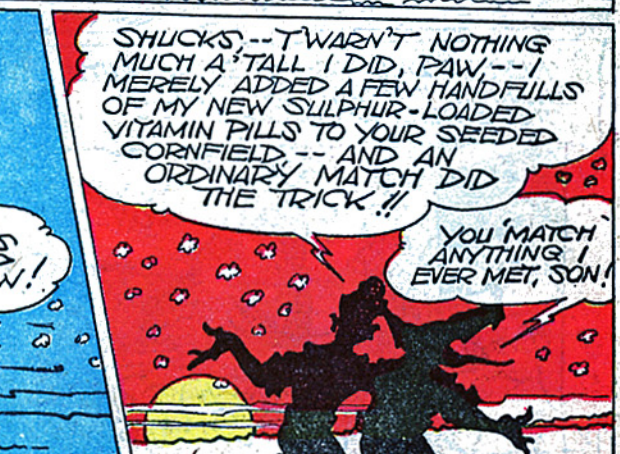
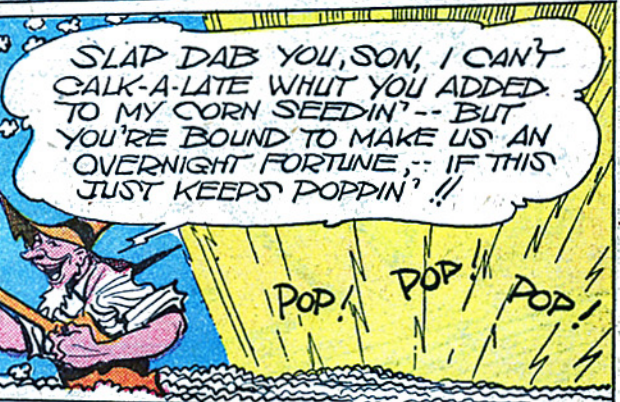
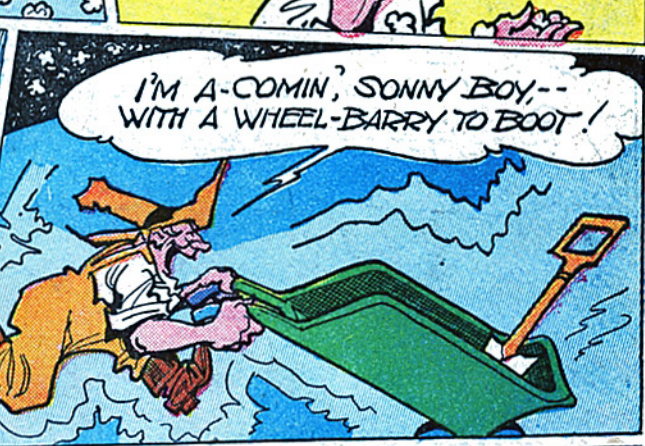
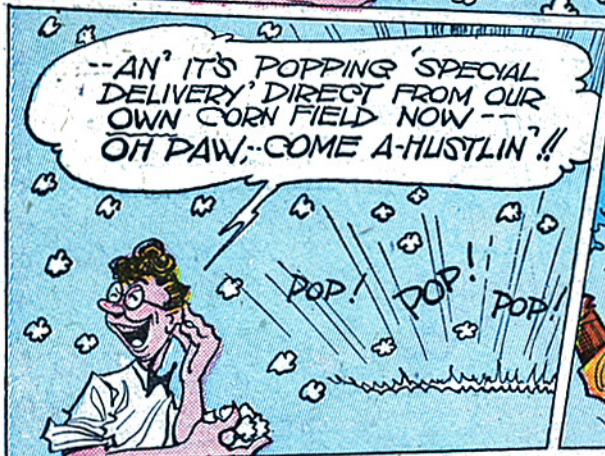
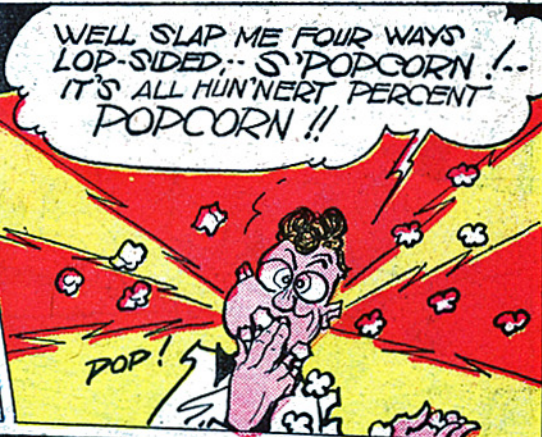
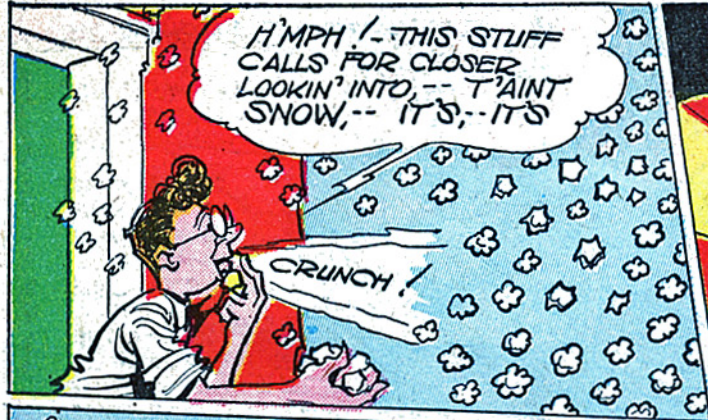


INSTANTLY AN EXPLOSION RANG THROUGHOUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE VALLEY THAT SHIMMIED THE HILLS FOR SIX ADJOINING COUNTIES



NEXT A DEEP, SOFT, SNOW-WHITE BLANKET IMMEDIATELY COVERS THE ENTIRE LANDSCAPE--



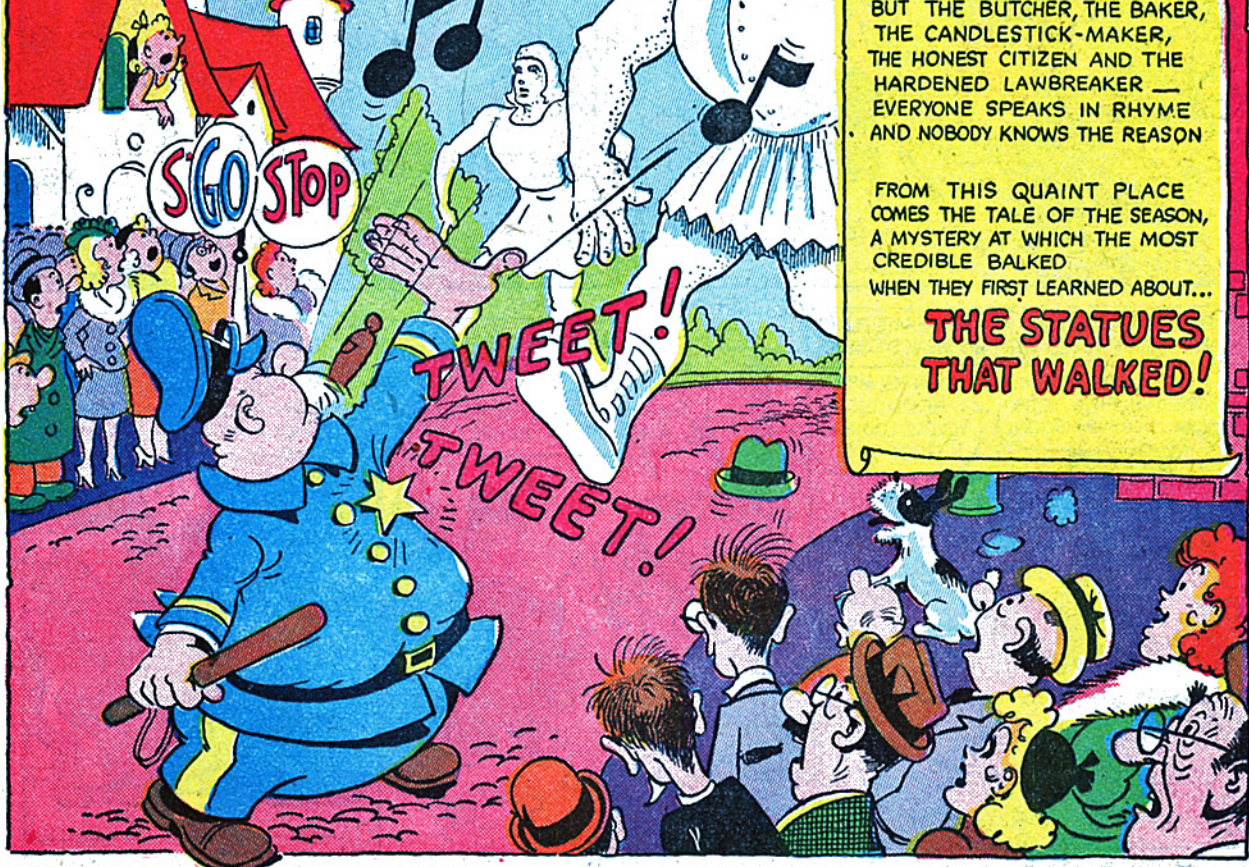


HAYFOOT HENRY

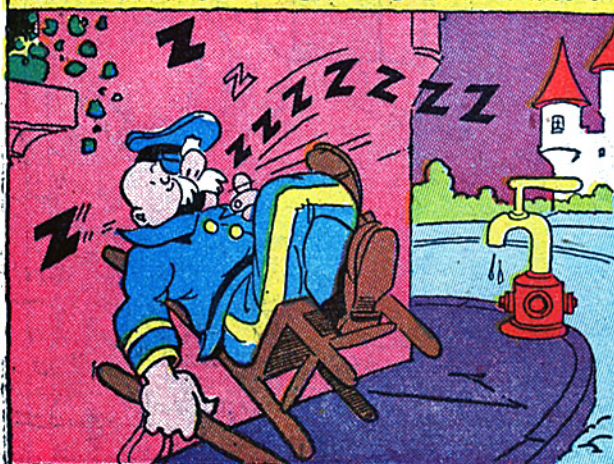
STRANGE INDEED IS THE TOWN OF SLEEPYSIDE, STRANGER STILL ARE THE FOLK WHO THERE RESIDE, FOR VERSE ALONE IS SPAKE BY ALL WHO SETTLE THERE — SOME CLAIM IT'S THE WATER, SOME SAY IT'S THE AIR — BUT THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE CANDLESTICK-MAKER, THE HONEST CITIZEN AND THE HARDENED LAWBREAKER — EVERYONE SPEAKS IN RHYME AND NOBODY KNOWS THE REASON

FROM THIS QUANT PLACE COMES THE TALE OF THE SEASON, A MYSTERY AT WHICH THE MOST CREDIBLE BALKED WHEN THEY FIRST LEARNED ABOUT...

THE STATUES THAT WALKED!

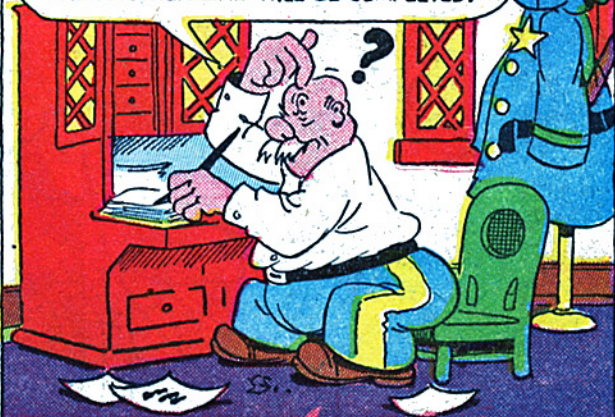


THIS LITTLE MAN SO MILD AND MELLOW IS HENRY WADSWORTH SHORTYFELLOW. HE'S THE TOWN COP, BUT DON'T JUDGE BY HIS LOOKS, HE'S THE SCOURGE OF CRIME AND THE TERROR OF CROOKS!



AND WHEN HENRY'S NOT GUARDING THE TOWN AGAINST CRIME, HE WORKS AT HIS HOBBY, A LEXICON OF RHYME...

STATUE — WHAT RHYMES WITH STATUE? ONE WORD NEEDED AND ANOTHER LINE WILL BE COMPLETED!

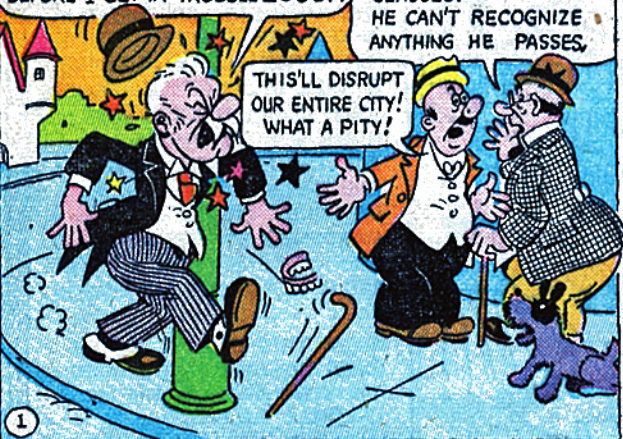


BUT WHILE OUR HERO PONDER'S, THE MAYOR STRANGELY WANDERS...

MUST GET UNDER MY OWN ROOF BEFORE I GET IN TROUBLE...OOOF!

SOMEONE STOLE THE MAYOR'S GLASSES. HE CAN'T RECOGNIZE ANYTHING HE PASSES.

THIS'LL DISRUPT OUR ENTIRE CITY! WHAT A PITY!

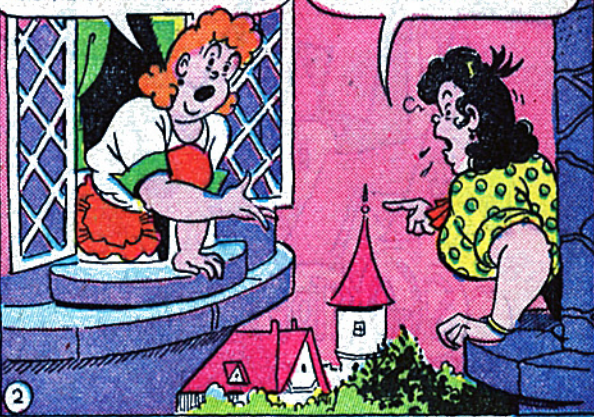


1

ALL OVER TOWN, THE NEWS SPREADS ROUN'...

AND WITHOUT HIS GLASSES, THE MAYOR'S A POOR HOST! HE CAN'T GREET A GUEST AND HE CAN'T DRINK A TOAST!

WHOEVER COMMITTED THIS TERRIBLE CRIME, HENRY THE COP'LL CATCH HIM IN TIME!

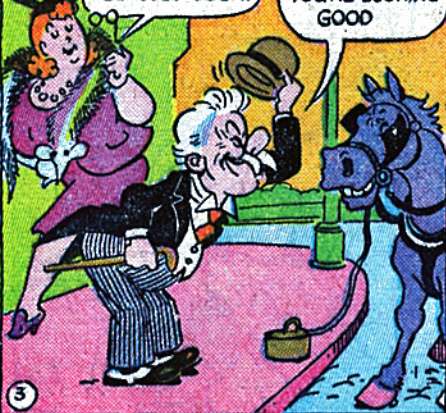


2

BUT POOR MAYOR DRYDEN'S IN A DESPERATE PLIGHT, FOR HE'S LOSING VOTES WITH HIS WEAK EYE-SIGHT...

MR. MAYOR, GOOD AFTERNOON, I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR GLASSES SOON.

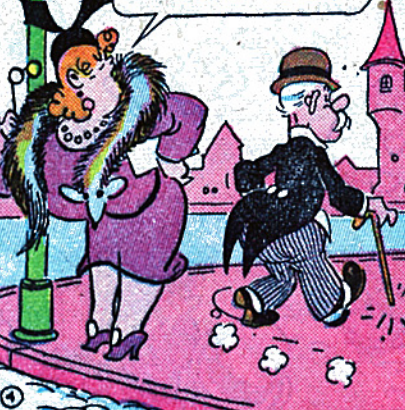
THANKS, MRS. HOOD — YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD



3

SONNET BOULEVARD

I DO DECLARE! HOW DOES HE DARE! BAD EYES OR NOT, THERE'S NOTHING WORSE, THAN MISTAKING ME FOR A MILKMAN'S HORSE!



4

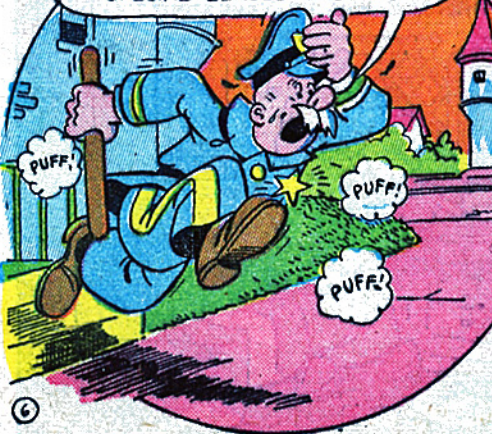
AND SO THE NEWS FINALLY REACHES OUR HERO...

WHAT? YOU CAN HARDLY SEE YOUR HAND BEFORE YOUR FACE? I'LL COME AT ONCE AND SOLVE THE CASE!



5

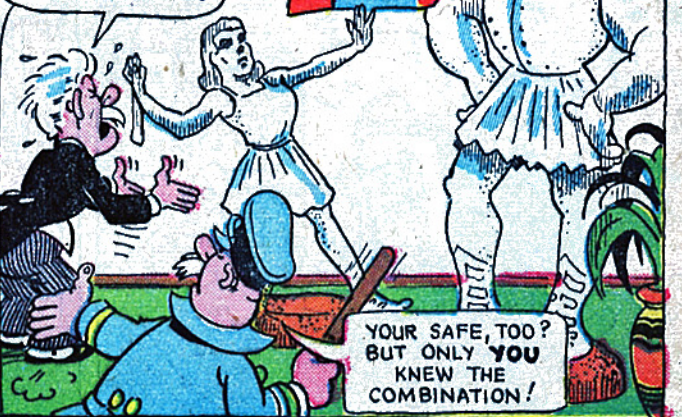
WHAT A TIME FOR A CRIME! JUST WHEN I NEEDED A RHYME! STILL, THOSE GLASSES MUST BE FOUND. IT TAKES SIX MONTHS TO HAVE SPECIAL LENSES GROUND!



6

BUT WHEN HENRY REACHES THE MAYOR'S DOOR, ADDITIONAL TROUBLE LIES IN STORE...

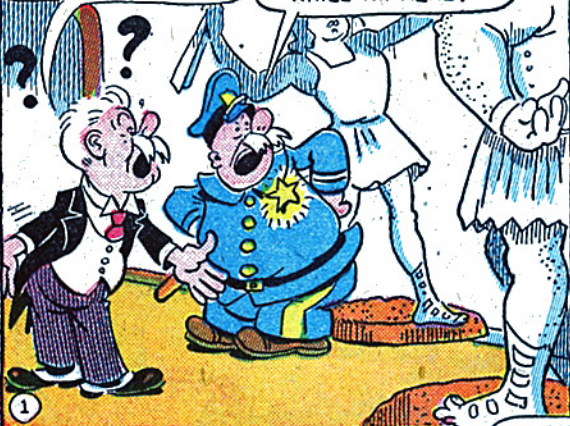
HENRY! MY SAFE'S BEEN ROBBED! A NEW DEPREDAATION!



YOUR SAFE, TOO? BUT ONLY YOU KNEW THE COMBINATION!

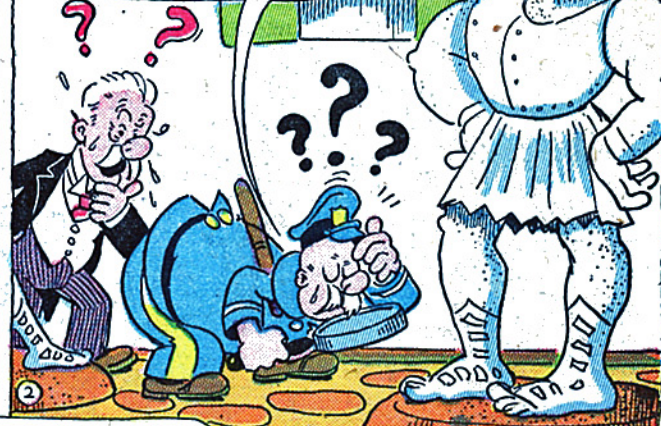
IT WAS ROBBED WHEN I WAS OUT. THEY CERTAINLY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT!

BUT I SHALL CATCH THEM, NEVER FEAR, ER... YOU KNOW A GOOD RHYME FOR 'STATUE' WHILE I'M HERE?



1

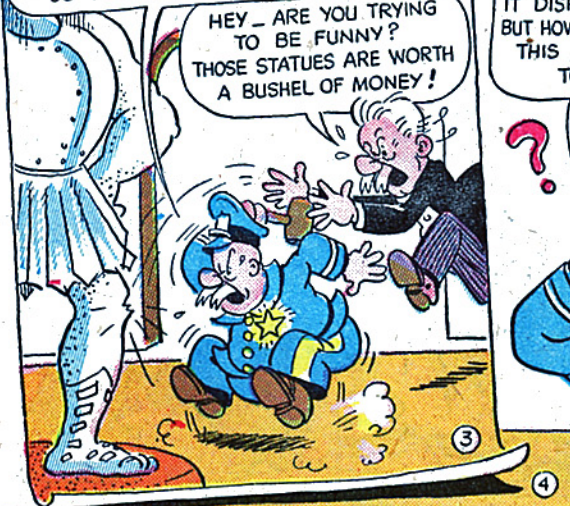
NO? WELL, I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND. HUH! THESE FOOTPRINTS ON THE GROUND! BUT STATUES DON'T TALK AND STATUES CAN'T WALK!



2

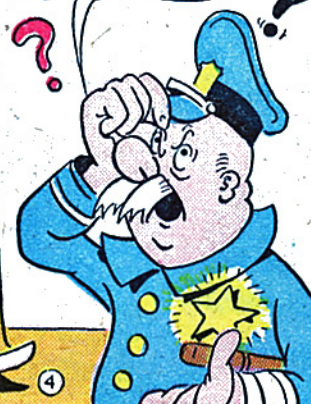
HMM... THE STATUES AREN'T HOLLOW, SO THAT CLUE DOESN'T FOLLOW!

HEY - ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY? THOSE STATUES ARE WORTH A BUSHEL OF MONEY!



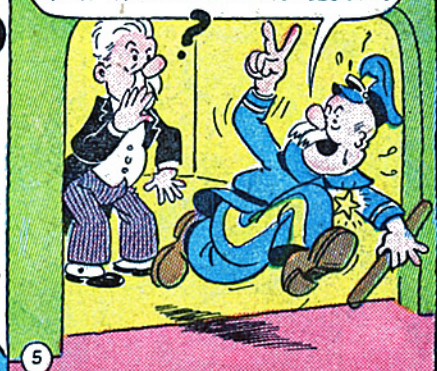
3

TAKE IT EASY... THERE MUST BE A SOLUTION. YET... IF STATUES WALK, IT DISPROVES EVOLUTION! BUT HOW CAN STATUES TRAVEL? THIS CRIME IS TOUGH TO UNRAVEL.



4

MR. MAYOR - I'VE GOT IT! YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR WITH THE GLASSES AND CLOVER.



5

WHAT HAS HENRY DISCOVERED? WILL THE SWAG BE RECOVERED?

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE, STANDS THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP. AS HENRY APPROACHES THE DOOR, HE COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP -

NO ONE AROUND. THEY MUST BE IN THE BACK ROOM EATING. THIS IS GOING TO BE QUITE A MEETING. I DON'T EXPECT A PLEASANT GREETING.



6

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! COME ACROSS WITH THE GLASSES AND THE DOUGH!

HUH! I CAN'T GUESS HOW YOU FOUND OUT, BUT NO ONE ELSE'LL EVER KNOW!



I'LL SOON SETTLE
YOUR HASH!

YEAH - BARGIN' IN ALONE
WUZ VERY RASH!

FORGIVE MY JUMPING
INTO THE SOUP,
BUT I MUST REFUSE
TO BE KNOCKED
FOR A LOOP!

ANYWAY, YOUR DINNER IS LACKING IN 'SAVOR.
MAY I OFFER YOU SOME PEPPER TO IMPROVE
THE FLAVOR!

ACHOO

ACHOO

I HATE TO GET ROUGH,
BUT SINCE YOU ACTED
SO TOUGH!

ATCHOO!
OUCH!
ENOUGH!
WE'LL
SURRENDER
THE STUFF!

CRASH
ATCHOO

ALL RIGHT, READERS, I CAN SEE YOUR PUZZLED LOOKS,
SO HENRY WILL EXPLAIN HOW HE TUMBLED TO THE CROOKS!

YOU SOLVED IT
ALL RIGHT,
BUT HOW?

WELL, COULD THEY STEAL
YOUR GLASSES NOW?
NO, NOT WHEN THEY'RE
ON YOUR NOSE!
IT WAS WHEN YOU SLEPT,
THEY STOLE THEM FROM
YOUR CLOTHES!

UNABLE TO SEE, YOU OPENED
YOUR SAFE, YOU DID IT
BY TOUCH WHILE THEY
COULD SPY
THE PROPER COMBINATION,
THEN ROB IT AND FLY.

THAT CLOSE, I COULDN'T
HAVE FAILED,
TO HAVE SEEN THEM DIMLY
AND HAVE THEM JAILED!

I'VE GOTTEN THEM TO RE-ENACT
THE CRIME.
REMOVE YOUR GLASSES -
AND WHAT DO YOU SEE
THIS TIME?

WHY, NOTHING AT ALL.
ONLY MY STATUES,
MY PICTURES ON
THE WALL ...

NOW PUT ON YOUR GLASSES
AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
THEN YOU'LL SEE THINGS
AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

DRESSED AS MY STATUES!
SO THAT'S THE WAY
IT GOES!

HEY, COPPER, HOW LONG
WE GOTTA HOLD DIS. POSE?

OKAY, GET BACK
INTO YOUR
PRISON CLOTHES!

YES, THEY REMOVED THE STATUES AND TOOK
THEIR PLACES,
AND YOUR BAD EYES DIDN'T REVEAL THEIR FACES.
WHEN YOU LEFT THE HOUSE, THEY HAD
THE JOINT CASED —
THE JOB WAS PULLED AND THE STATUES
REPLACED.

AND AS CELLS STARK AND BARE RECEIVE
THE CROOKED PAIR...

FROM THE FOOTPRINTS IT WAS PLAIN,
HOW THEY PLANNED THEIR LITTLE GAME.
THE GUY WHO PLAYED GOLIATH
HAD TO BE QUITE TALL,
AND IN SLEEPYSIDE, THE BLACKSMITH
IS THE BIGGEST OF US ALL!

HMM... DO YOU REALIZE
THEY COULD HAVE ESCAPED
JUST BEFORE?

YOU MEAN WHEN WE STOOD OUTSIDE
YOUR PARLOR DOOR?
NO... THEY WERE TOO TIRED FROM SNEEZING —
HUH! JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

THE RHYME I NEEDED
FOR "STATUE"
IT'S "SNEEZE"
AS SOON AS I WRITE IT
I CAN BE AT EASE!

BUT STATUE AND SNEEZE
DON'T RHYME TOGETHER!
YOU'RE GETTING DIZZY.
IT MUST BE THE WEATHER.

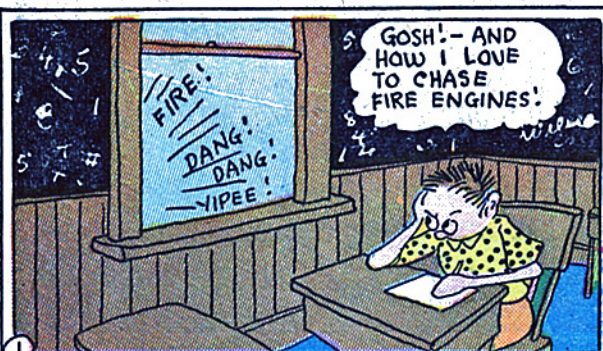
BUT SNEEZE DOES RHYME
WITH "STATUE"
WHEN YOU PRONOUNCE IT
ATCHOO!

I'VE GOT TO WRITE IT IN MY BOOK
OF RHYME.
HOW WONDERFUL — I CAN START ANOTHER
LINE.
SO LONG, MAYOR — I MUST HURRY!

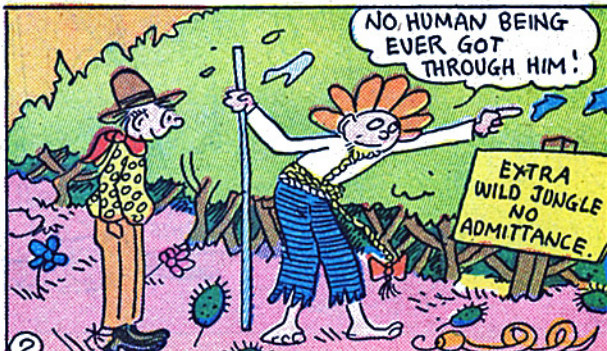
OH, WELL, I'VE GOT BACK
MY GLASSES, SO WHY
SHOULD I WORRY?



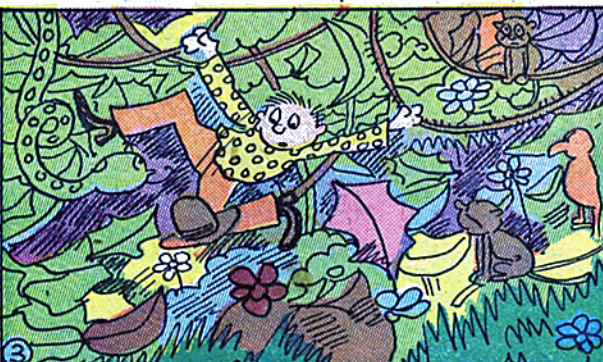
GRANDPA PETERS -



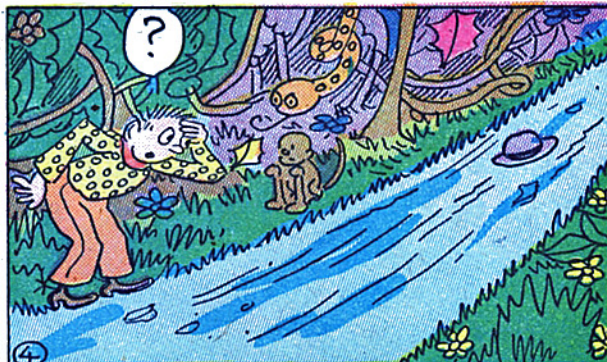
1 THIS IS ME STAYING AFTER SCHOOL FOR TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS GOT OUT OF THAT JAM HE TOLD ME ABOUT BEING IN ONE TIME, INSTEAD OF WORRYING ABOUT MY HOME WORK.



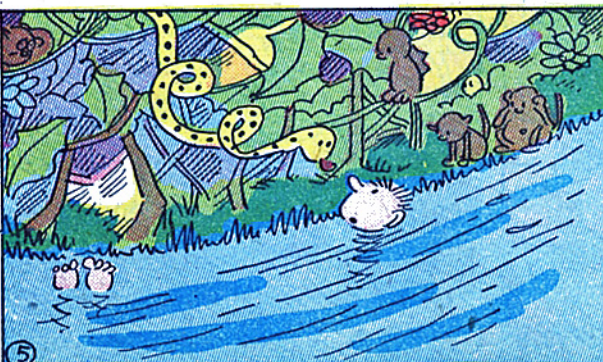
2 IT SEEMS MY GRANDPA MADE FRIENDS WITH A 203 YEAR OLD NATIVE BY BRAIDING HIS BEARD FOR HIM SO HE WOULDN'T BE GETTING TANGLED UP IN IT ALL THE TIME AND THE NATIVE SHOWED HIM A MYSTERIOUS JUNGLE.



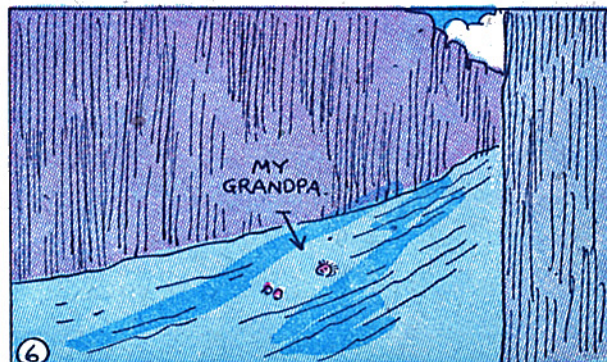
3



4 WHEN HE WENT DOWN AFTER HIS HAT HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES. HIS HAT WAS FLOATING UP HILL, THE SAME WAY THE RIVER WAS GOING AND HE KNEW HE WAS SEEING SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.



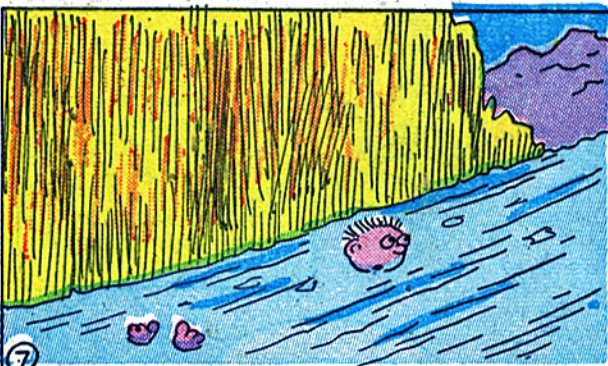
5 SOUNDS SILLY BUT THE ONLY TITLE I COULD THINK OF FOR THIS PICTURE WAS -
DRIFTING UP HILL.
SORRY - *your truly lefty*



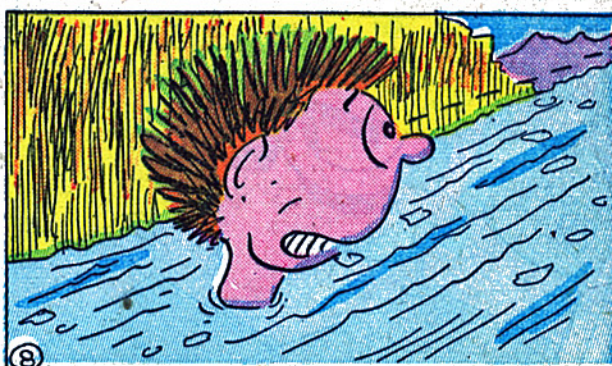
6 AFTER A WHILE THE RIVER RAN UP OUT OF THE JUNGLE THROUGH A CANYON. THE WALLS ON EACH SIDE OF THE CANYON WERE A THOUSAND FEET HIGH STRAIGHT UP. MY GRANDPA SAID HE GOT TO BETTING HIMSELF TO KILL TIME.

— BY LEFTY O'GRADY —

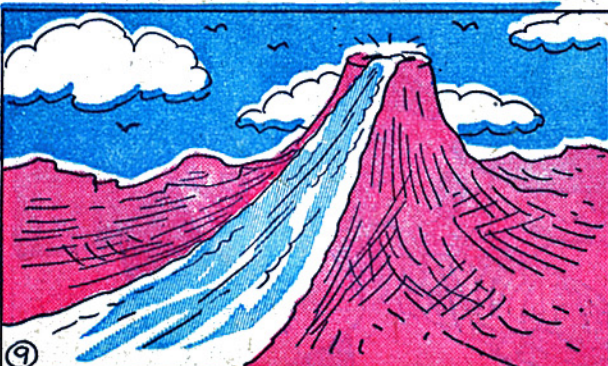
CHAMPION 9 3/4 YEARS
OLD SOUTH PAW FREE
HAND ARTIST AND WRITER
OF 313 ELM ST.
PERIODS, COMMAS AND
SPELLING BY
BOM M-NAMARA



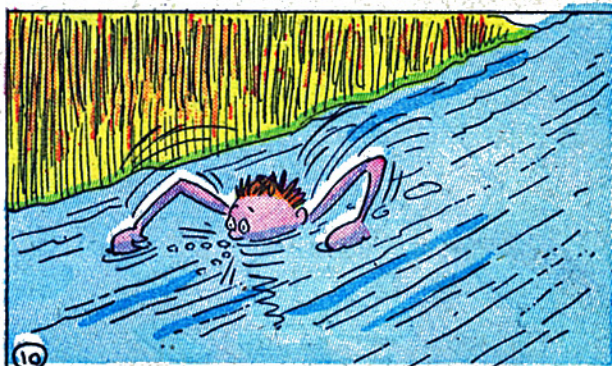
LEAVING THE CANYON AND GETTING OUT INTO THE OPEN COUNTRY MY GRANDPA GOT CURIOUS AND TURNED AROUND TO SEE IF HE COULD SEE WHERE HE WAS GOING, —



AND! —



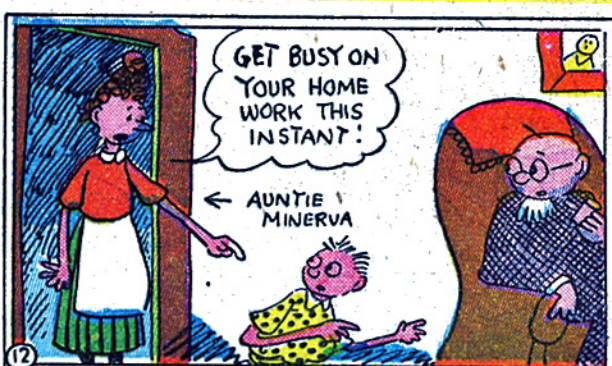
LOOK! — THE RIVER WAS FLOWING UP INTO THE TOP OF AN EXTRA HIGH MOUNTAIN.



HE SAID HE LOST HIS HEAD THEN AND STARTED SWIMMING DOWN AGAINST THE CURRENT. FOR HOURS AND HOURS HE SWAM, BUT THE BEST HE COULD DO WAS STAY IN ONE SPOT.



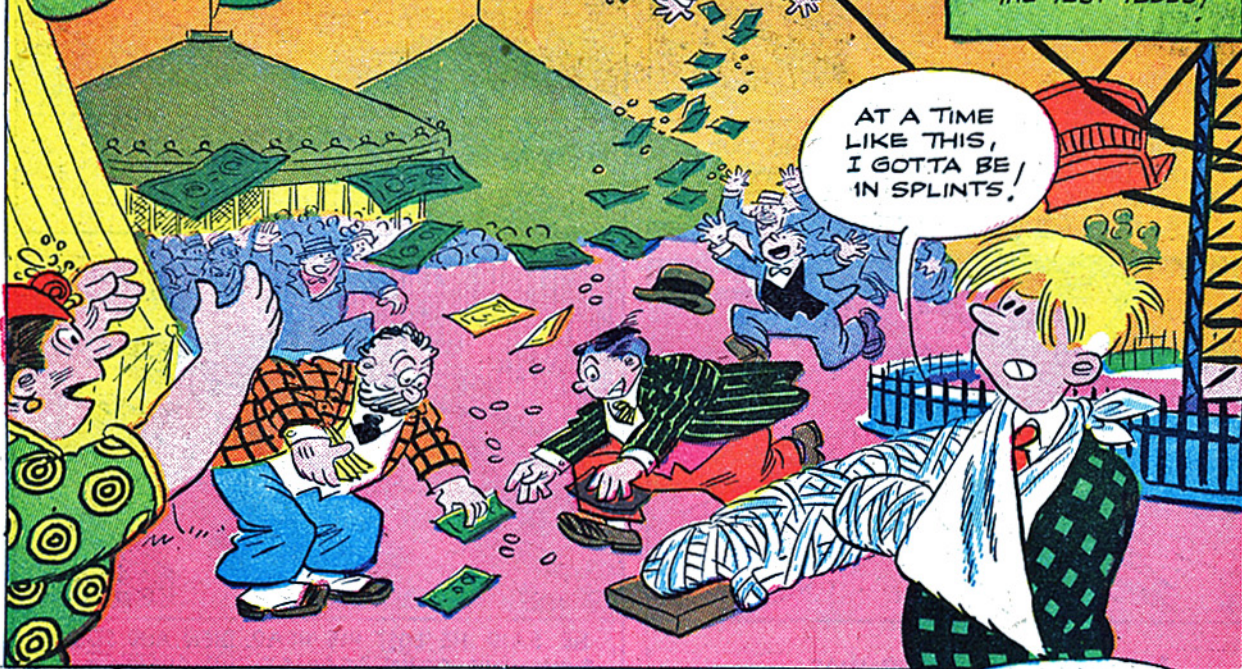
THEN HIS HAT FLOATED UP TO HIM OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND RIGHT AWAY HE KNEW HOW HE COULD GET OUT OF HIS JAM. HE SAID HE FELT LIKE KICKING HIMSELF FOR NOT HAVING THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE, IT WAS SO SIMPLE.



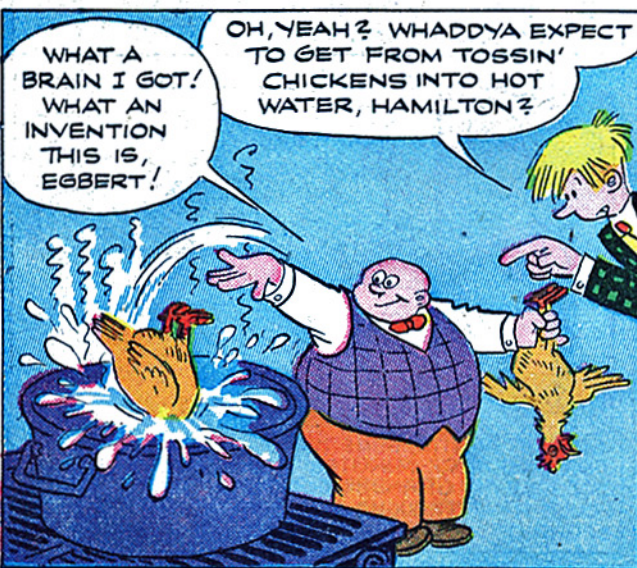
GOSH! IF AUNTIE MINERVA HAD ONLY HELD OFF FOR TWO MORE MINUTES I WOULD HAVE FOUND OUT HOW MY GRANDPA GOT OUT OF THAT JAM AND COULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT MY HOMEWORK INSTEAD OF, — OH WELL, THANKS FOR LOOKING Lefty.

HAMILTON and EGBERT

DO YOU NEED AN IN-VENTION FOR KEEPING CORN-ON-THE-COB OUT OF YOUR TEETH... OR A METHOD FOR CROSSING THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN WITHOUT USING YOUR #18 COUPON ??? WELL, IF IT'S A CORNY INVENTION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, CONSULT **HAMILTON AND EGBERT**, THOSE TWO TOP TACKHEADS OF THE TEST TUBES!

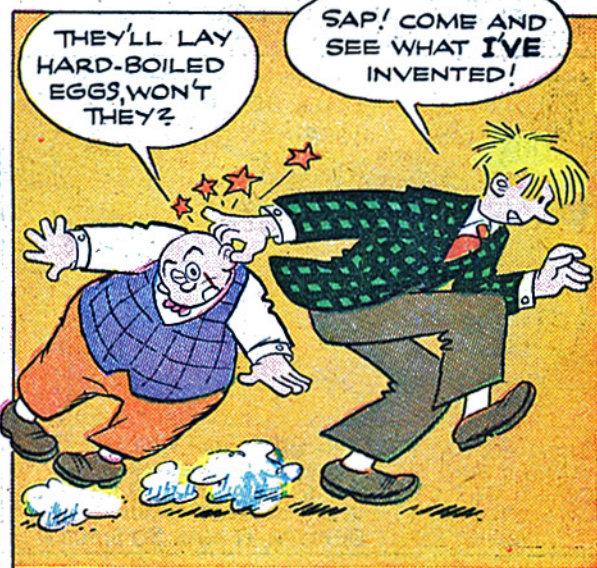


AT A TIME LIKE THIS, I GOTTA BE IN SPLINTS.



WHAT A BRAIN I GOT! WHAT AN INVENTION THIS IS, EGBERT!

OH, YEAH? WHADDYA EXPECT TO GET FROM TOSSIN' CHICKENS INTO HOT WATER, HAMILTON?

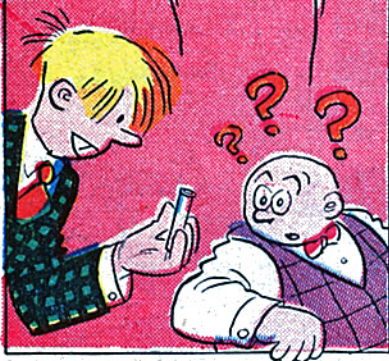


THEY'LL LAY HARD-BOILED EGGS, WON'T THEY?

SAP! COME AND SEE WHAT I'VE INVENTED!

I MIXED EVERY ACID AND ALKALI WE GOT INTO THIS! IT'S MY MASTERPIECE! GO AHEAD, DRINK IT, HAMILTON!

WHAT DOES IT DO?



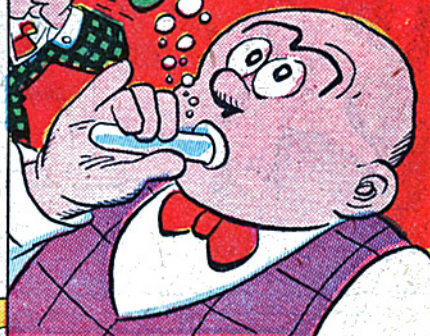
I DON'T KNOW. I'M AFRAID TO TRY IT, MYSELF!

SISSY! HERE, I'LL DRINK IT!



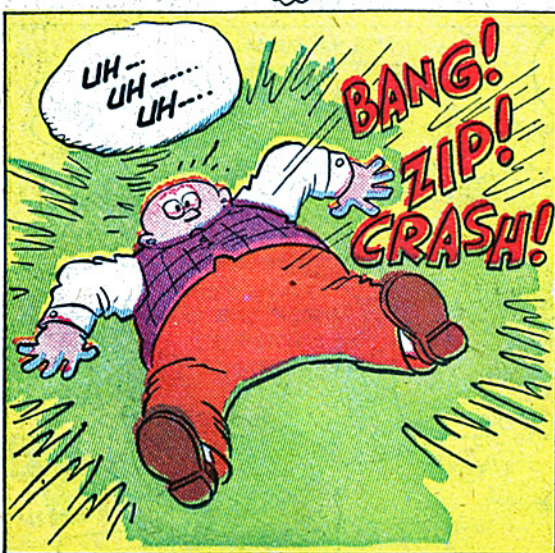
I-I-I... C-CAN'T LOOK...

GLUG-
GLUG-
GLUG-...



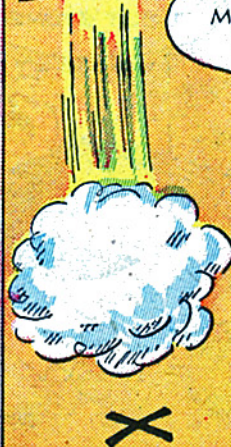
UH...
UH...
UH...

BANG!
ZIP!
CRASH!



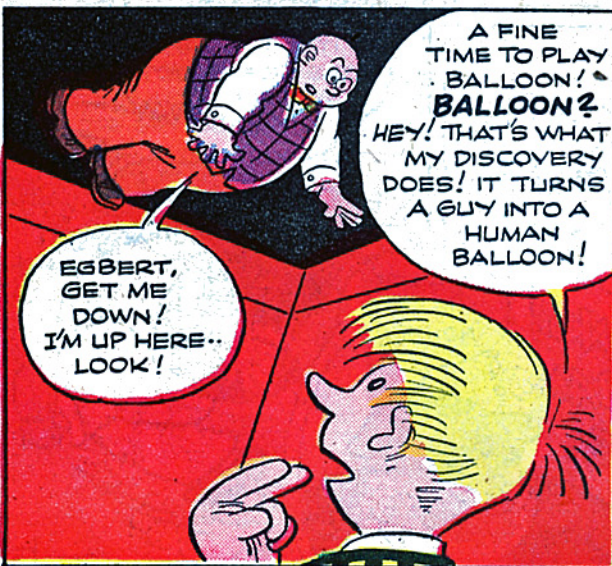
A MOMENT LATER...

HE- HE'S GONE! HE DISAPPEARED! MAYBE.. MAYBE HE **BLEW UP!!** I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR THIS...

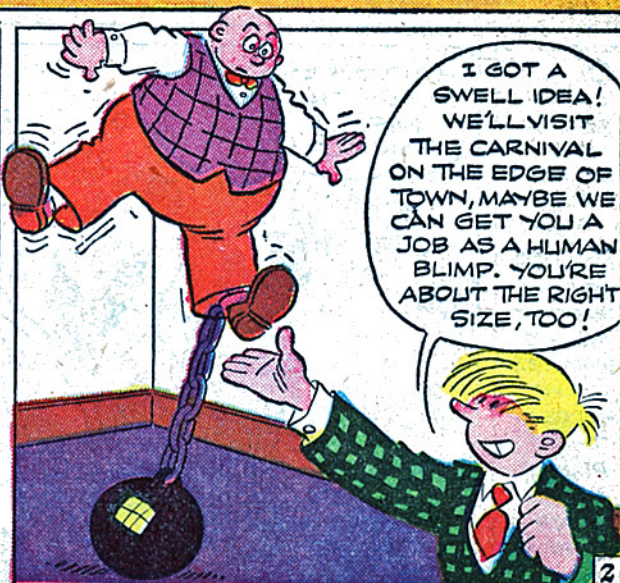


A FINE TIME TO PLAY BALLOON! **BALLOON?** HEY! THAT'S WHAT MY DISCOVERY DOES! IT TURNS A GUY INTO A HUMAN BALLOON!

EGBERT, GET ME DOWN! I'M UP HERE.. LOOK!



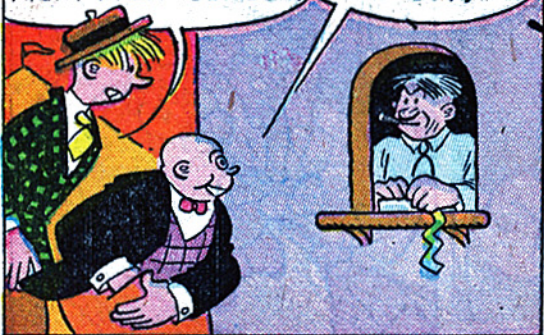
I GOT A SWELL IDEA! WE'LL VISIT THE CARNIVAL ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, MAYBE WE CAN GET YOU A JOB AS A HUMAN BLIMP. YOU'RE ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE, TOO!



AND SO, NEXT MORNING, WE FIND THE SCIENTIFIC SIMPLETONS ENTERING THE GATES OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK...

EVIDENTLY THE EFFECT WEARS OFF IN SEVERAL HOURS. THAT WAS SOME BOUNCE YOU TOOK LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU FELL!

EVEN WHEN I WAS A BABY, THEY CALLED ME A BOUNCING BOY!

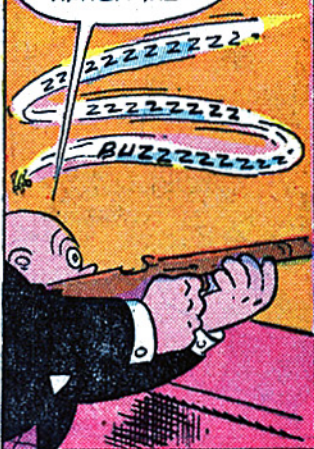


LOOK, EGGERT... GUNS! I WANT TO SHOOT OFF SOME GUNS!

OKAY, OKAY... STOP SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH!



BETCHA I KNOCK 'EM ALL DOWN. JUST WATCH ME..



Bzzzzzzz... BUZZZZZ... BUZZZZ*



*MEANING: "ON THE TOUGH SIDE, BUT MEAT IS MEAT, THESE DAYS!"

OWW! OWCH! I GOT STUNG! I GOT STUNG!!

WHATTYA MEAN YA GOT STUNG?? I RUN AN HONEST GAME, I DO!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



HAMILTON, DROP THE GUN! STOP IT!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALLERY BIG BOY BELTER IS DEMONSTRATING HIS STRENGTH AS HE HOLDS UP THREE PEOPLE AT THE SAME TIME...

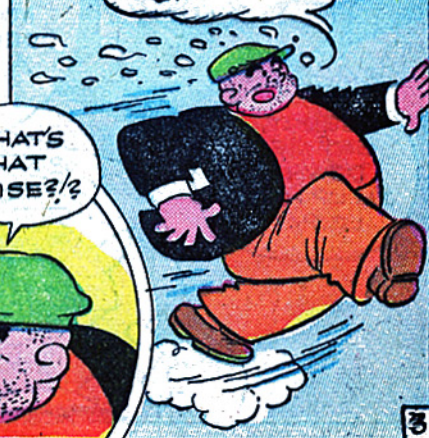
HAND OVER YOUR MOOLA, CHUM, THIS IS A STICK UP!

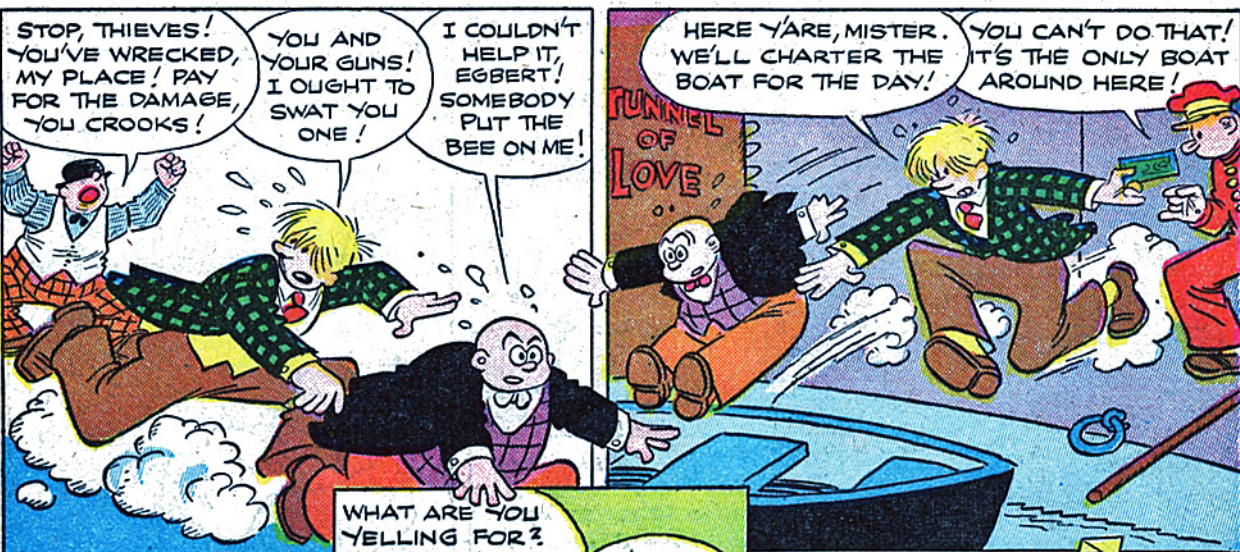


BANG! BANG! BANG!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE??

IT'S THE COPPERS! THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT ME! GANGWAY!!!





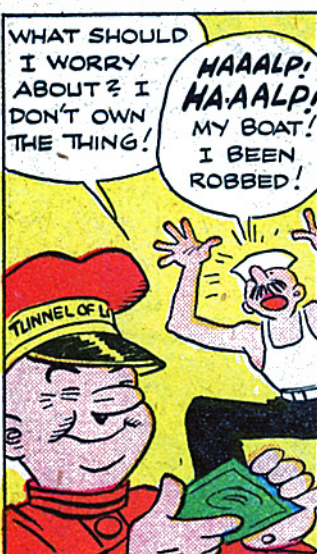
STOP, THIEVES!
YOU'VE WRECKED
MY PLACE! PAY
FOR THE DAMAGE,
YOU CROOKS!

YOU AND
YOUR GUNS!
I OUGHT TO
SWAT YOU
ONE!

I COULDN'T
HELP IT,
EGBERT!
SOMEBODY
PUT THE
BEE ON ME!

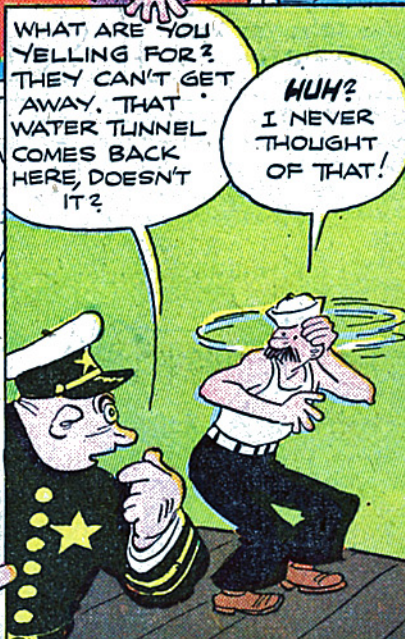
HERE Y'ARE, MISTER.
WE'LL CHARTER THE
BOAT FOR THE DAY!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
IT'S THE ONLY BOAT
AROUND HERE!



WHAT SHOULD
I WORRY
ABOUT? I
DON'T OWN
THE THING!

**HAAALP!
HAAALP!**
MY BOAT!
I BEEN
ROBBED!



WHAT ARE YOU
YELLING FOR?
THEY CAN'T GET
AWAY. THAT
WATER TUNNEL
COMES BACK
HERE, DOESN'T
IT?

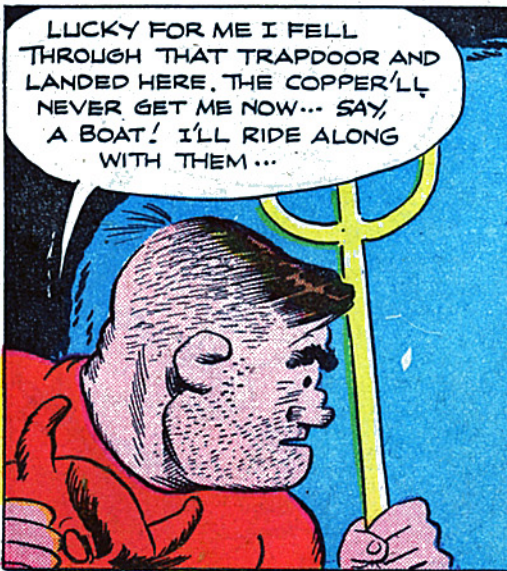
HUH?
I NEVER
THOUGHT
OF THAT!



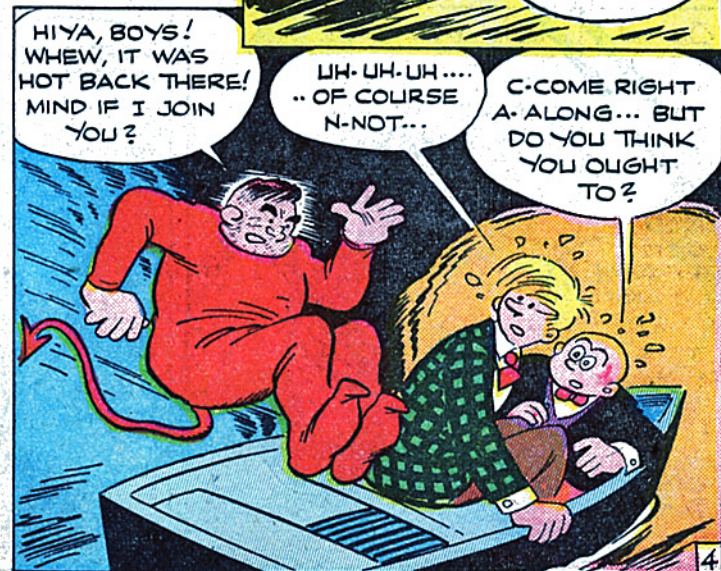
INSIDE THE TUNNEL...

HEY...
WE'RE HEADIN'
THE WRONG WAY!
WE DON'T WANT
TO COME
HERE!

IT WOULDN'T
BE A BAD
PLACE DURIN'
A COAL
SHORTAGE!



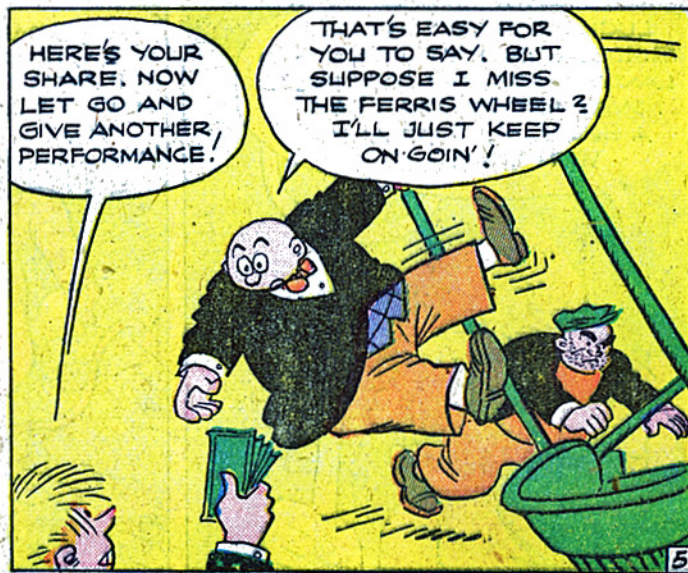
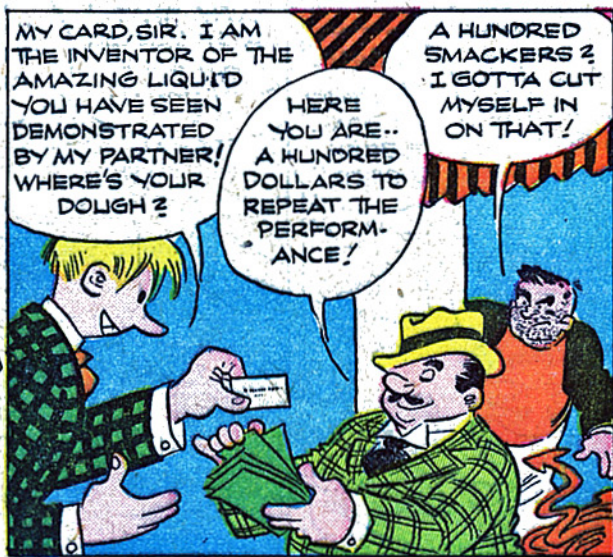
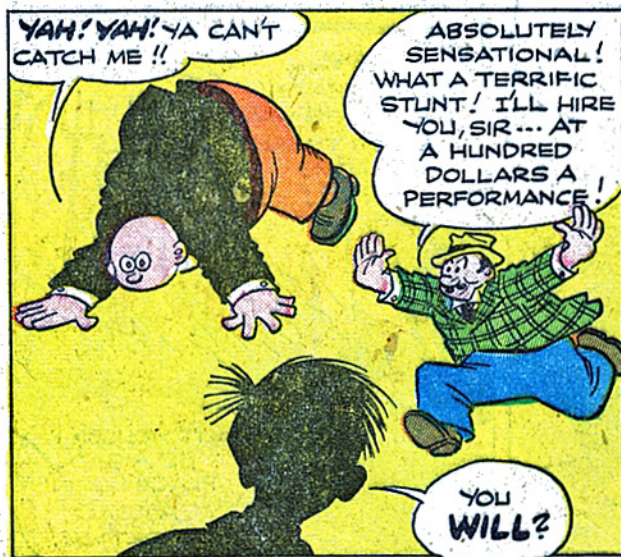
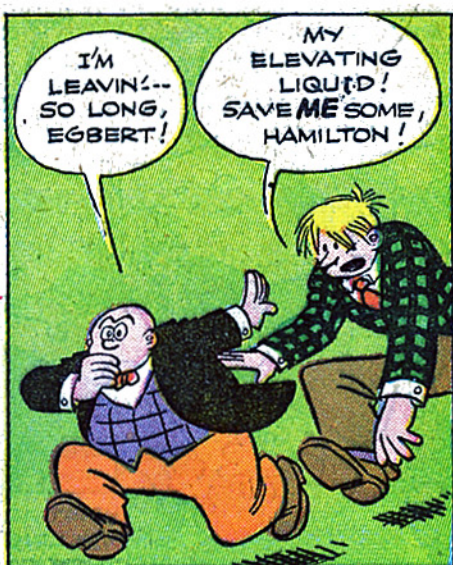
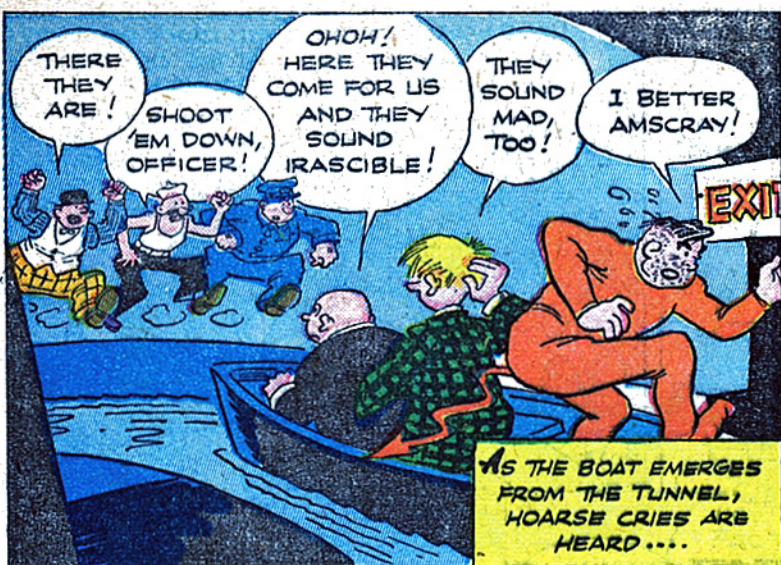
LUCKY FOR ME I FELL
THROUGH THAT TRAPDOOR AND
LANDED HERE. THE COPPER'LL
NEVER GET ME NOW... SAY,
A BOAT! I'LL RIDE ALONG
WITH THEM...



HIYA, BOYS!
WHEW, IT WAS
HOT BACK THERE!
MIND IF I JOIN
YOU?

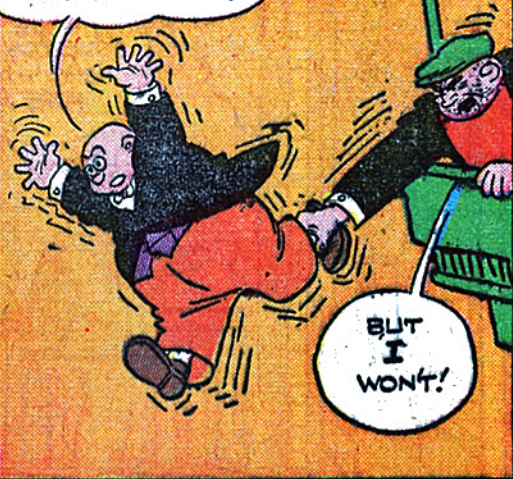
UH-UH-UH...
..OF COURSE
N-NOT...

C-COME RIGHT
A-ALONG... BUT
DO YOU THINK
YOU OUGHT
TO?



BUT HAM NEED HAVE NO FEAR, FOR GREEDY HANDS REACH OUT FOR HIM AS HE SAILS SKY-WARD

HECK I CAN'T REACH IT! I DID MISS!



BUT I WON'T!

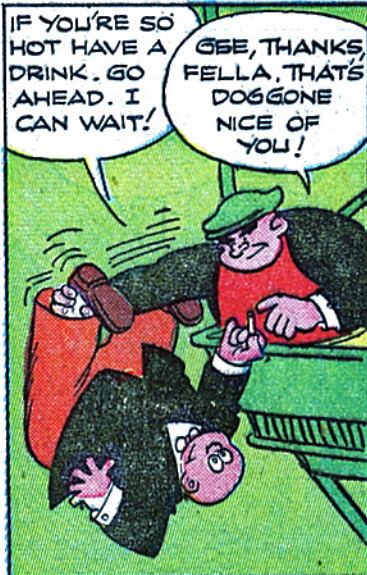
IT DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT MOOLA FALLIN' ALL AROUND BUT - WHEW THIS IS HOT WORK! YOU OUGHT TO REDUCE, FELLA!



I USED TO BE FATTER. I WAS SO FAT THAT WHENEVER I SAW MY SHADOW I THOUGHT A CROWD WAS FOLLOWIN' ME!

IF YOU'RE SO HOT HAVE A DRINK. GO AHEAD. I CAN WAIT!

GEE, THANKS, FELLA. THAT'S DOGGONE NICE OF YOU!



GLUG-GLUBBLE-GLUB...



IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU, I'M MODELIN' FOR AN UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE!



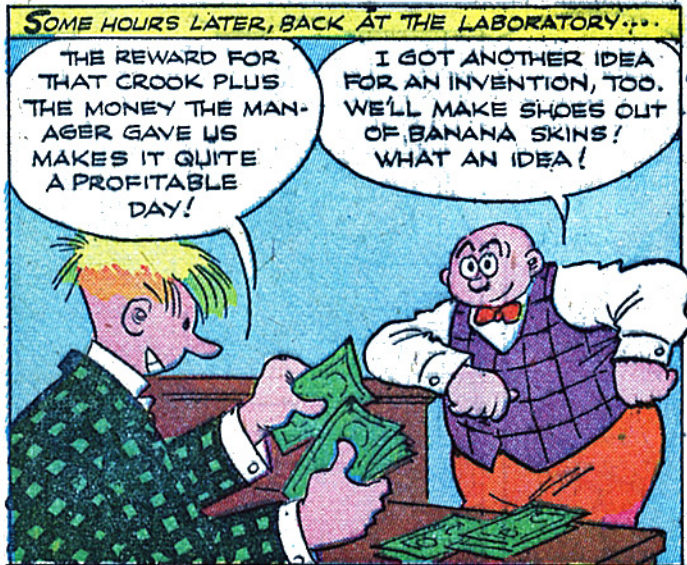
OWTCH!

GREAT STUFF, THAT DRINK, WHAT A PICK-ME UP!

SOME HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE LABORATORY...

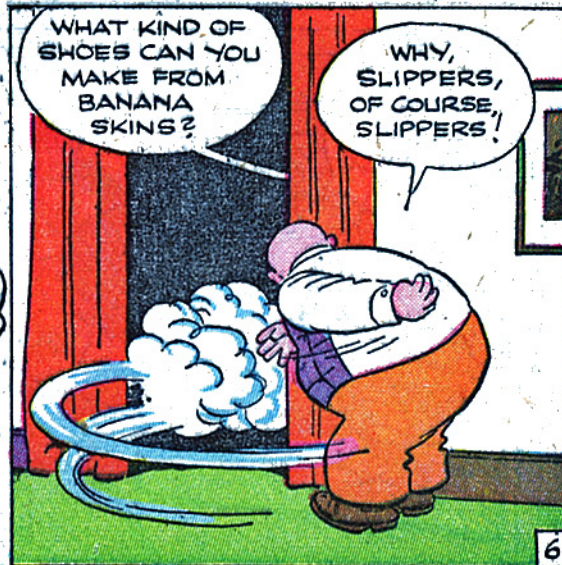
THE REWARD FOR THAT CROOK PLUS THE MONEY THE MANAGER GAVE US MAKES IT QUITE A PROFITABLE DAY!

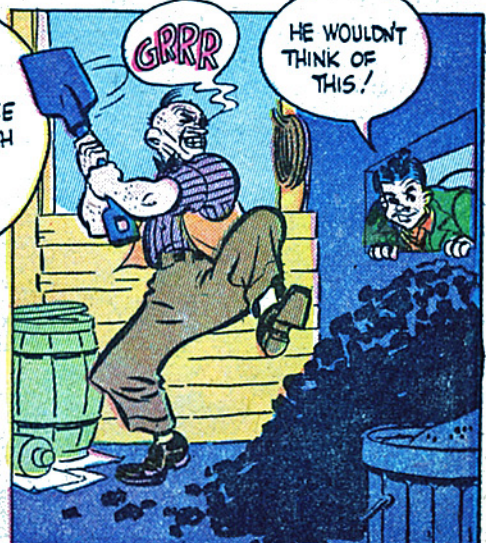
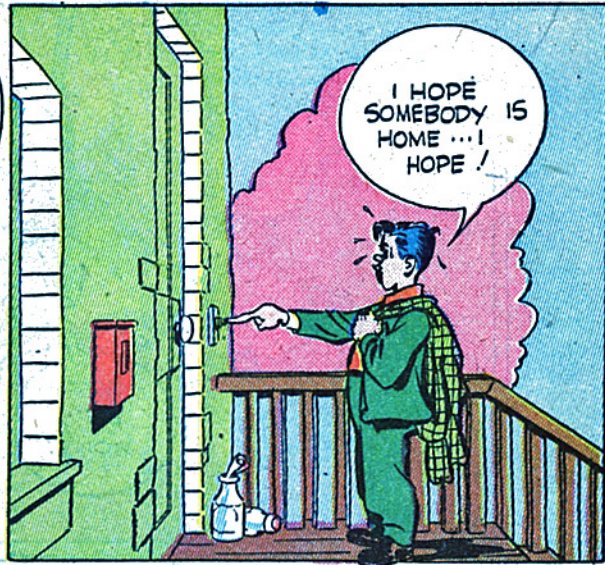
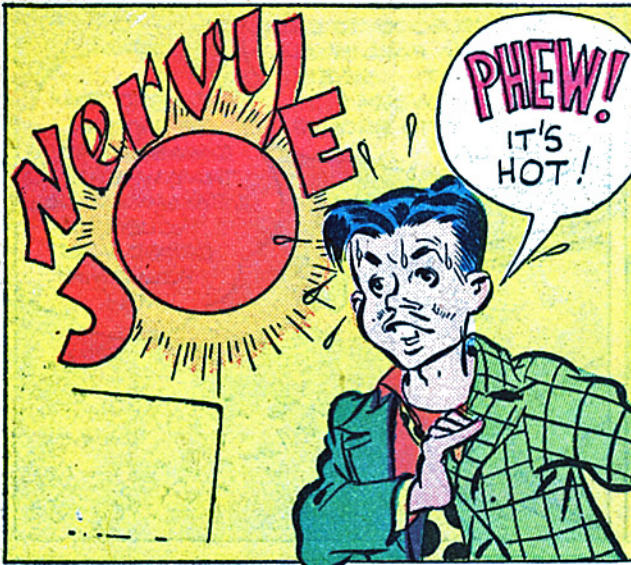
I GOT ANOTHER IDEA FOR AN INVENTION, TOO. WE'LL MAKE SHOES OUT OF BANANA SKINS! WHAT AN IDEA!

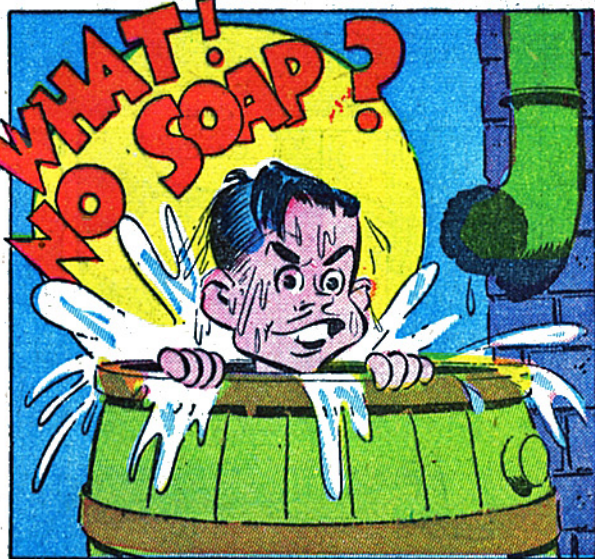
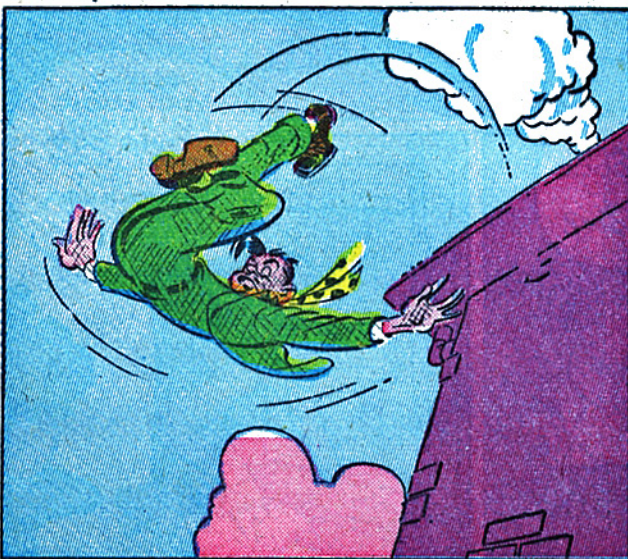
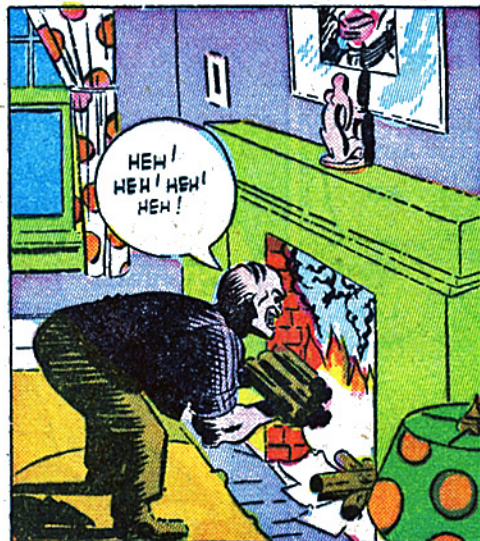
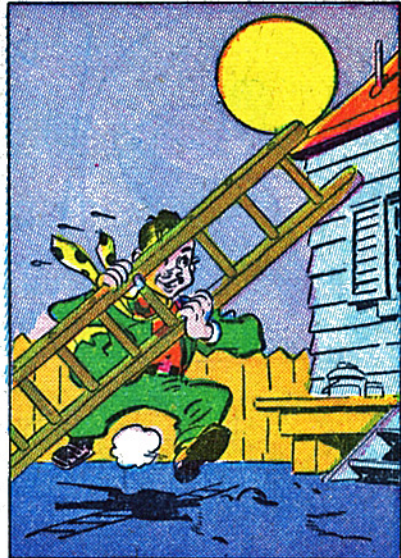


WHAT KIND OF SHOES CAN YOU MAKE FROM BANANA SKINS?

WHY, SLIPPERS, OF COURSE, SLIPPERS!



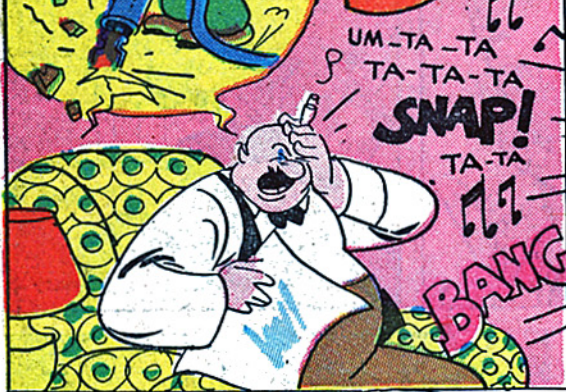




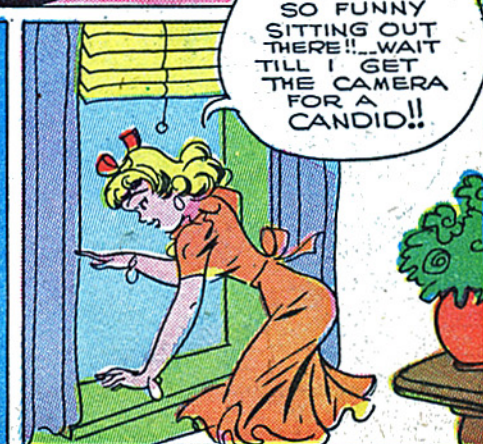
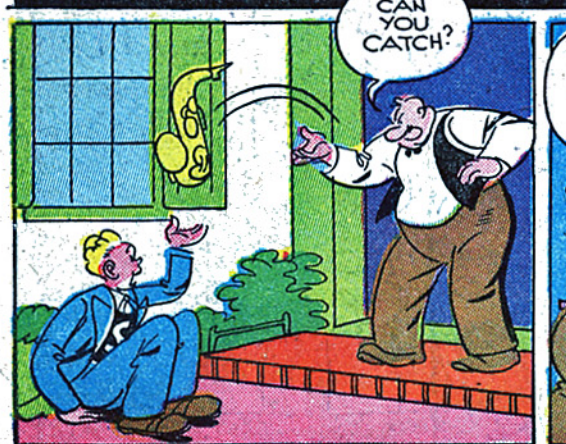
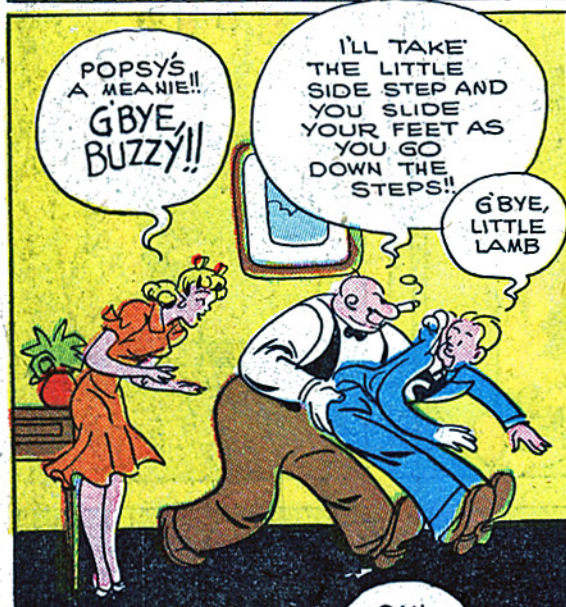
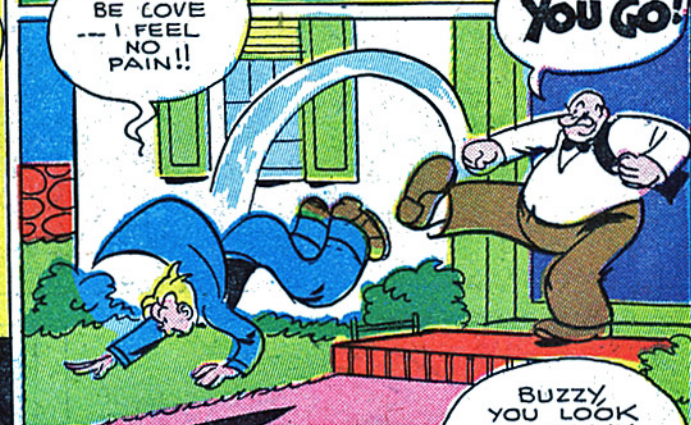
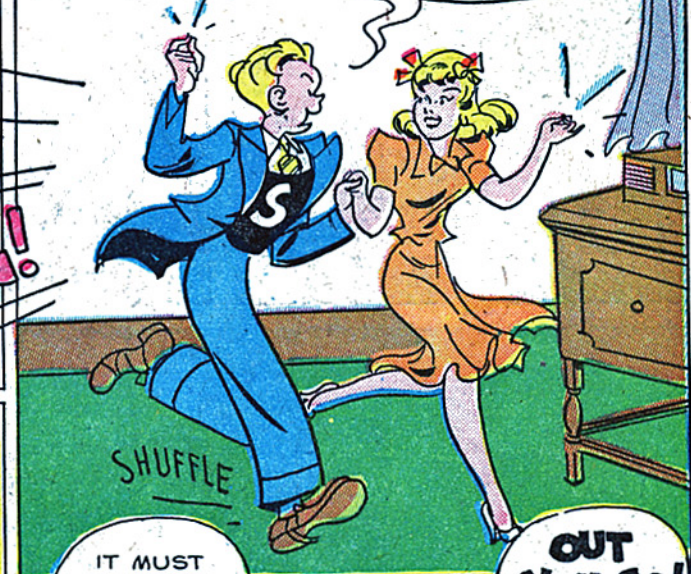


BUZZY

NOW YOU'RE COOKING WITH GAS, LITTLE PIGEON.....IT'S THE SAMBA.....!! TAKE THAT LITTLE SIDE STEP -- THEN SLIDE YOUR FEET!



UM-TA-TA
TA-TA-TA
SNAP!
TA-TA
BANG!



POPSY'S A MEANIE!!
GBYE, BUZZY!!

I'LL TAKE THE LITTLE SIDE STEP AND YOU SLIDE YOUR FEET AS YOU GO DOWN THE STEPS!!

GBYE, LITTLE LAMB

SHUFFLE

IT MUST BE LOVE -- I FEEL NO PAIN!!

OUT YOU GO!

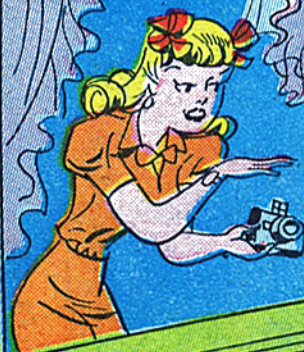
CAN YOU CATCH?

THAT'S MY GOOD DEED FOR TODAY!

BUZZY, YOU LOOK SO FUNNY SITTING OUT THERE!!...WAIT TILL I GET THE CAMERA FOR A CANDID!!

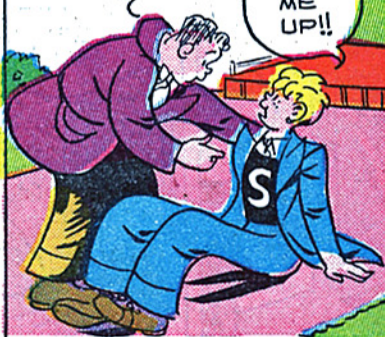
AT EASE, BUZZY!

WE'LL GO JOOKING
AS SOON AS
PAPA GETS OVER
HIS PEEVE!!



HIYA,
STOUT
FELLOW!
WHAT'S
COOKING?

PICK
ME
UP!!



THE TROUBLE IS,
BINK...MY
LITTLE PIGEON'S
POP WAS
NEVER YOUNG
HIMSELF!!

COULD
BE!



YOU MUST GET
INTO HARMONY WITH
THE OLD SMELT---
GO RIGHT BACK UP
TO YOUR LITTLE
TIOBIT'S HOUSE AND
BUILD YOURSELF UP
AS A HE-MAN!

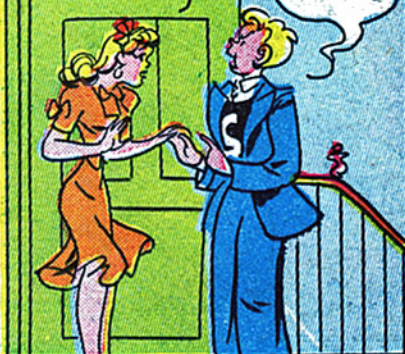


I'M NOT JUST A
PLAYER AROUND!
I'LL SOON BE
SHAVING DAILY!
FROM NOW ON
I'M A MAN'S
MAN WITH HER
POPS!!



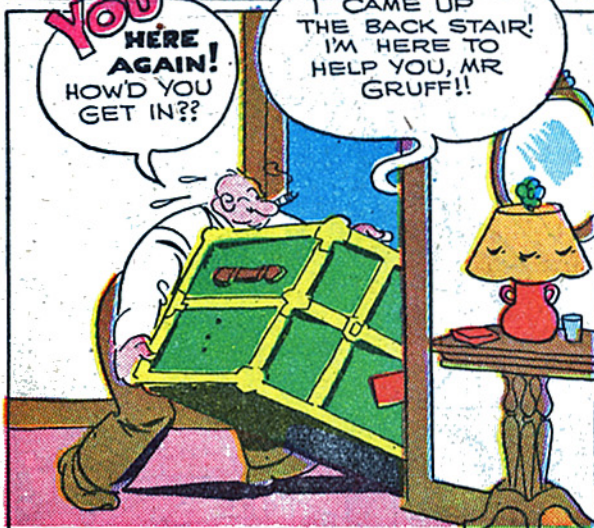
DON'T TRY TO SEE
POPSY NOW, BUZZY
--HE'S UPSTAIRS
MOVING AUNTIE'S
TRUNK AND HE'S
AWFUL
CROSS!

ONE
SIDE,
LITTLE
LAMB!



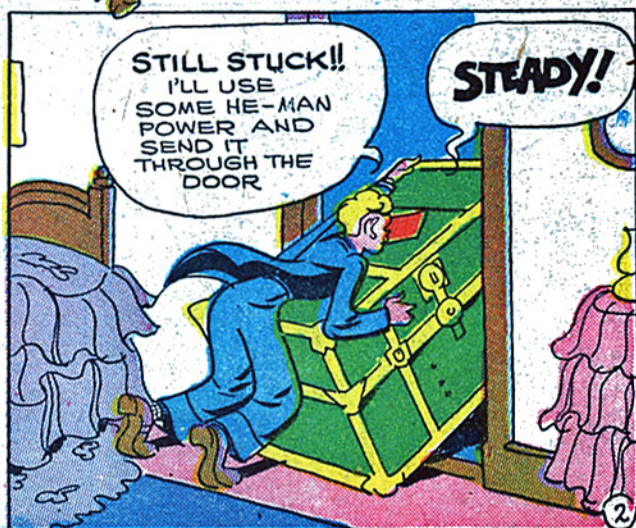
**YOU
HERE
AGAIN!**
HOW'D YOU
GET IN??

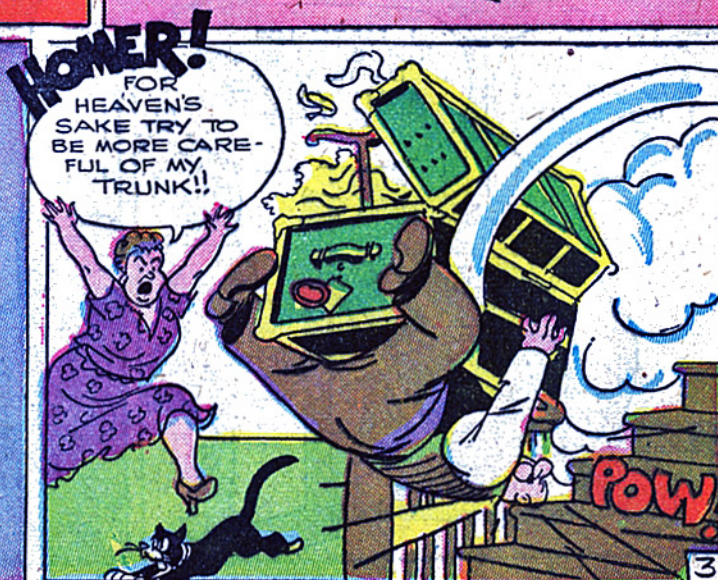
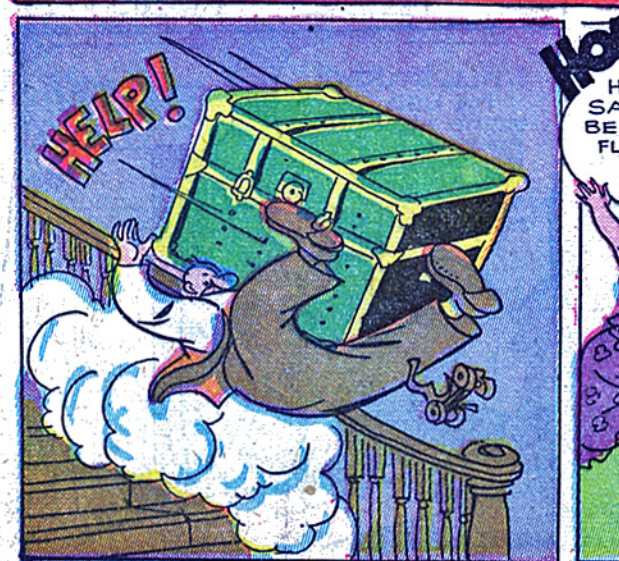
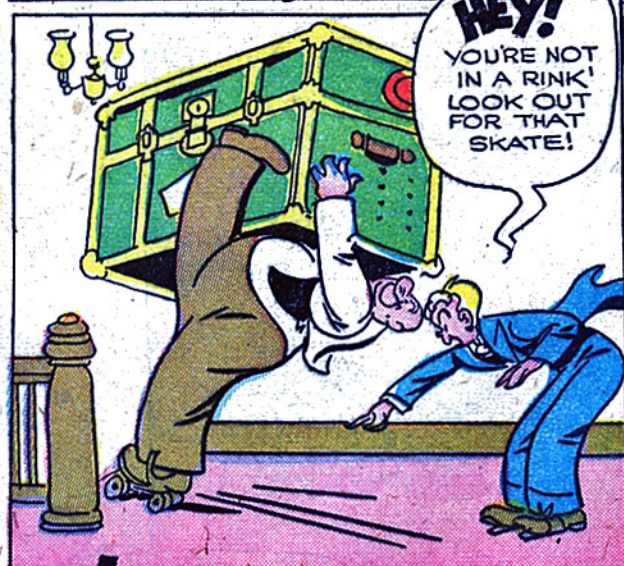
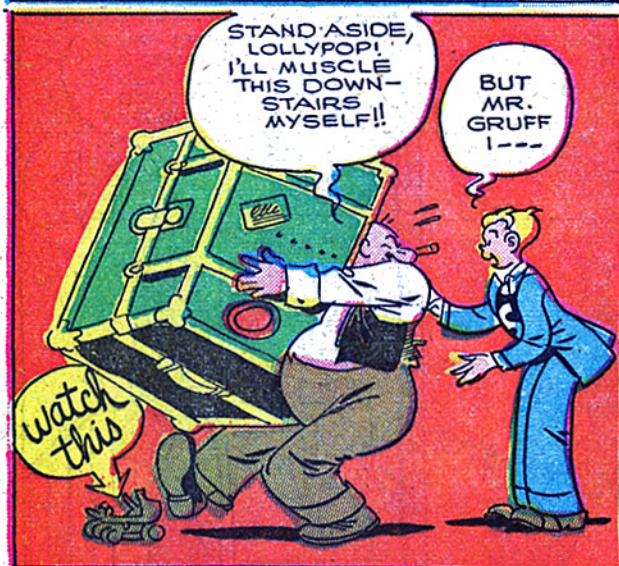
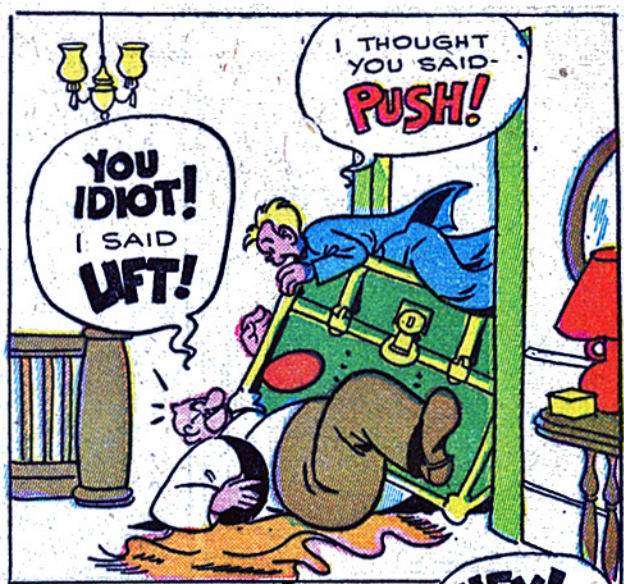
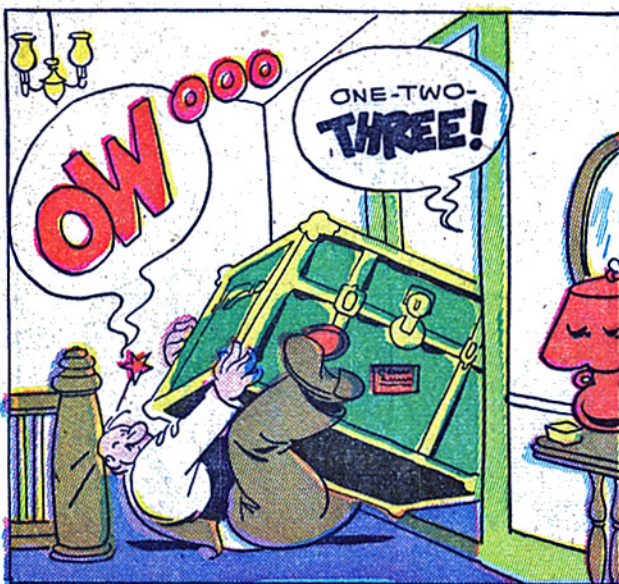
I CAME UP
THE BACK STAIR!
I'M HERE TO
HELP YOU, MR
GRUFF!!

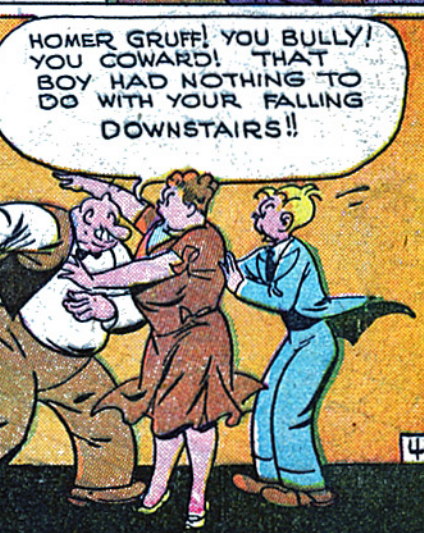
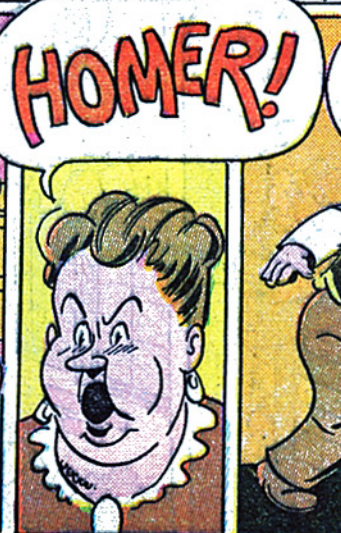
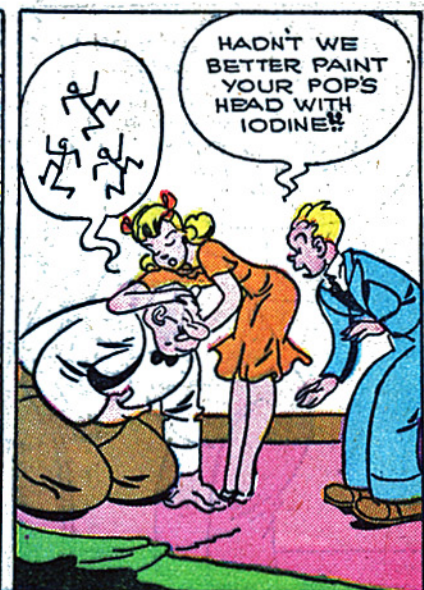
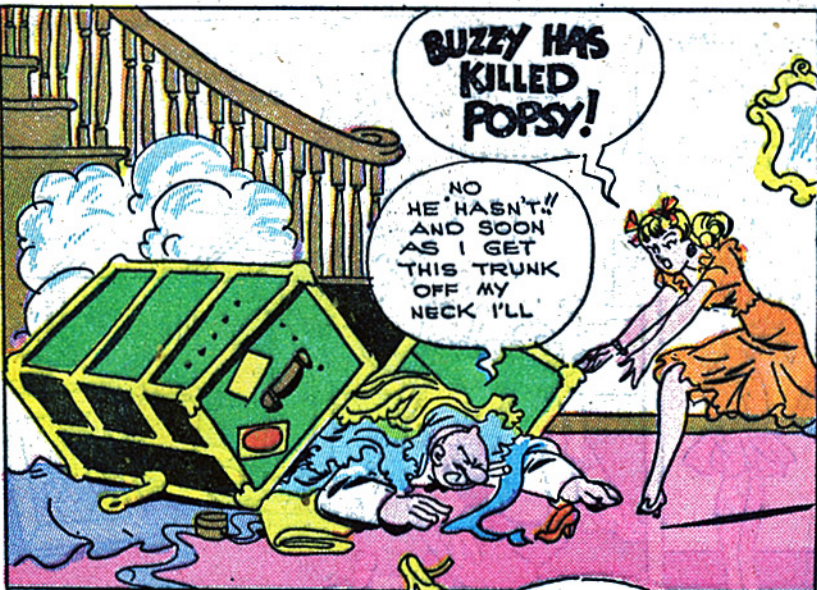


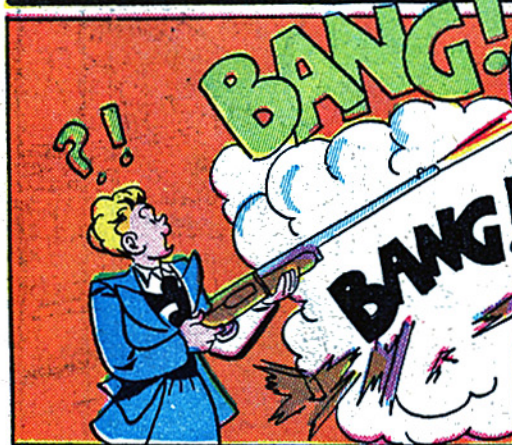
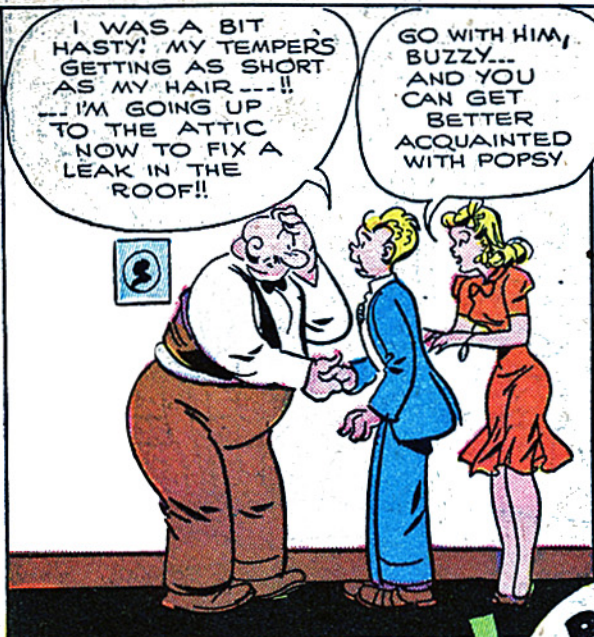
STILL STUCK!!
I'LL USE
SOME HE-MAN
POWER AND
SEND IT
THROUGH THE
DOOR

STEADY!



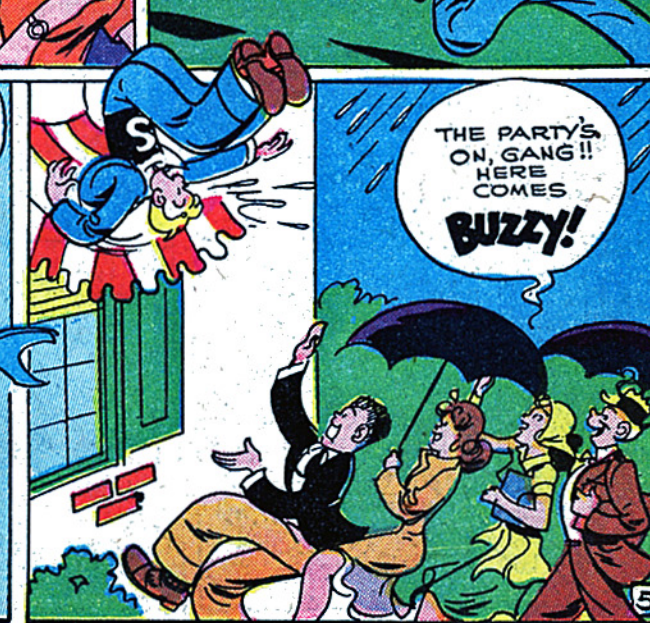
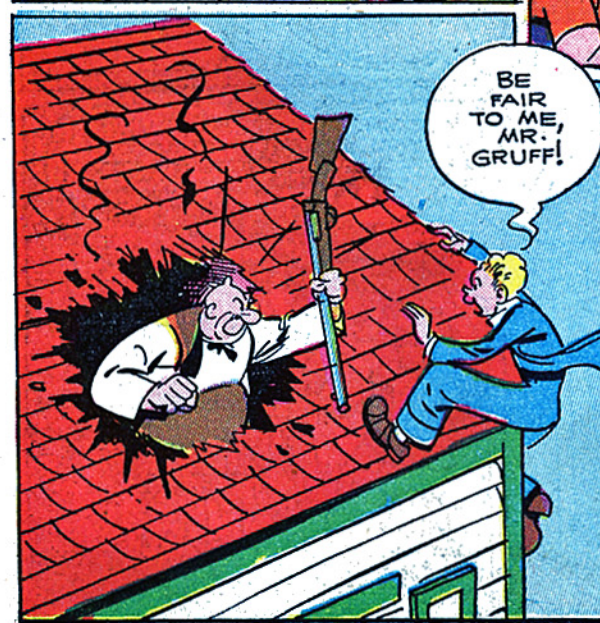


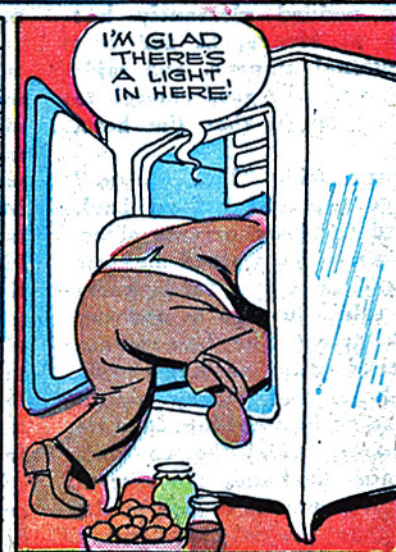




PAPA IS SHOOTING BUZZY!

SO!
-- AS SOON AS MY BACK IS TURNED.





HENRY was certain he could be a Success in Life if only he could learn to improve his memory. Having a poor memory was definitely a handicap. In the first place, you were likely to forget to get up on time in the morning, and bosses never felt very friendly about employees who were late to work. Henry had already lost two jobs that way.

He finally licked that situation by sharing an apartment with another young fellow of meticulous habits. This roommate would awaken Henry every morning at precisely the right time, remind him to shower and shave, and would then supply him with a modest breakfast of canned grapefruit juice, rolls and coffee. This was a great help, because often in the past Henry had forgotten all about eating breakfast, and would be feeling pretty weak by the time the lunch hour rolled around. Then Henry's roommate would walk with him to his office and see that he got in nicely before nine o'clock.

It was a good arrangement. Henry held that particular job for quite a while. And he tried very hard to improve his memory. Names were his worst problem; he just couldn't seem to remember names, and anybody who knows anything at all about business knows that it's very important to remember correctly the names of the executives and the big customers.

For example, a florid, red-headed man of obvious position in the marts of commerce would enter Henry's place of business, smile pleasantly at Henry, and say: "Good morning, Henry."

So he would put his system to work. The system was based on something called "associations," and Henry had read all about it in a book on how to be a success in business. So when the florid, red-headed man came in, Henry's mental processes would go to work like this: "This man has a red face and red hair. Obviously that suggests *fire*. Also, he wears on the second finger of his left hand a

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

by Tod Lowry

ring set with a huge diamond, which naturally suggests *stone*."

But Henry carried it a point too far. He turned *fire* into *hot*, and he turned *stone* into *rock*, and he said, "Good morning, Mr. Hotrock." Naturally Mr. Firestone thought Henry was being pretty fresh, so he walked out of the office and never did another dollar's worth of business with them, so Henry held his job a little bit longer.

He lost his job, finally, over the boss' girl-friend, an opera singer of middle years and ample girth, which seems to be more or less standard equipment for opera singers.

Her name was Leona Overton. Miss Overton often dropped into the office during business hours to say hello to her fiancé, and the boss' secretary would greet her pleasantly and go into the boss' office to announce that Miss Overton was here.

The thing that got Henry in trouble was the boss' secretary taking a day off to see her sister get married to a chap who wasn't good enough for her. On that day Henry had to take over her duties in addition to his own. And of course Miss Leona Overton dropped in that day.

She nodded pleasantly but coolly at Henry, in her best professional manner, and said: "Would you be good enough to tell Mr. Smith that I'm here, Henry?"

Henry said, "Yes, ma'am," and got up and walked back toward the boss' private office. And while he walked he was working his system, for he knew he couldn't just go in and say "She's here." The boss would naturally want to know *who* was here, and Henry would have to be in a position to state the name, which he couldn't remember off-hand. The system said, "It's obvious to look at the lady that she is considerably

overweight. In fact, if one were required to guess her weight he would have to admit that it must be well over a ton. Therefore her name must certainly be Overton. Simple, isn't it?"

But again, in his eagerness to get everything right, Henry overextended himself. He carried the system a point too far. He knocked respectfully at the boss' door, then opened it and stuck his head into the office. He said, "Mr. Smith, Miss Fat-stuff is here."

Even as he said it he had the feeling that it didn't sound one hundred percent correct, but he discarded that idea at once, because he had complete confidence in his system. Therefore he was amazed to see the color mounting in Mr. Smith's face, and a peculiar light gleaming in Mr. Smith's eyes. Also, having spoken loudly enough for his voice to carry back to Miss Overton, he was shocked to hear an indignant scream from the lady in question, followed shortly by a dull thud indicating that Miss Overton had fainted.

It was all pretty exciting for a while, but when the excitement died down Henry found himself out in the street and out of a job.

Then came the war. And with it came a job for Henry. He got a job as a private in the Army of the United States, and it looked like pretty steady work. He understood that it was pretty hard to get fired from.

But he still had bad luck with names. He did a good deal of KP because he insisted on addressing his platoon commander as Sergeant Stew. The sergeant's name actually was Mulligan, which is, as everybody knows, a sort of stew, and Henry's system progressed along lines which likened the sergeant's face—which was admittedly not beautiful—to a mass of meat, which brought the system along to Stew. In this instance, you see, Henry failed to carry the progression quite far enough, and Mulligan resented it. Captain Crabb, who had staring eyes and long arms

and legs, likewise resented being referred to as Captain Lobster.

Still, Henry went through the North African campaign satisfactorily enough; he did his duty, even if he did not distinguish himself in any way. But it hurt him to have Sergeant Mulligan tell him: "Henry, you'll never be a success. You ain't got no brains. You can't remember nothin'."

And then they were in Sicily, and after that they went across to Salerno, and the fighting was really tough. The Germans threw everything but Mussolini at them, and the beach was as hot as a fox in a forest fire. They fought like Indians all day and most of the night for three days, and it was nip and tuck for a while. But General Clark told them to hang onto that beach head, and they hung on. The thing that didn't come through in any of the news reports is the fact that Henry was the guy who really made it possible for the Fifth Army to hold, and then to march on to Naples.

An old Italian peasant crept through the lines and told the General he'd overheard the password to be used that night by the German patrols. The information was invaluable, since the Germans took advantage of the hours of darkness every night to change their artillery positions, thereby invalidating much of the information gathered by British and American reconnaissance planes during the previous day. And at dawn the German batteries would open up from fresh positions and cause the invaders a good deal of grief.

The C. O. asked for volunteers to go through the enemy lines, making use of the password if necessary, and gather information concerning the new gun positions. Naturally Henry volunteered.

So Henry and the rest of the volunteers broke up and started creeping carefully toward the German lines. Just before Henry started out, Sergeant Mulligan said: "Fer gooness sakes re-

member that password, willya? Both passwords, in fact. It's 'Heil Hitler' to get through the Nazi lines, and 'Hurray Roosevelt' to get back through our own lines."

"I got it," said Henry. And he was determined to remember. This time there was no association of ideas upon which to rely. This was a question of straight remembering.

So now, as he worked his way carefully through the gloom, over the unfamiliar terrain, he kept mumbling the two passwords over and over again to himself. They became a very part of his being, as mechanical as his breathing.

At length, listening carefully, he heard vague voices ahead of him. Flat on his belly, working forward like a snake, he drew nearer. The voices grew louder, and by the fact that he could hear but could not understand he deduced that the voices were German. So this was the first outpost beyond which he must get to gather his information. He would try, of course, to get by without using that enemy password, but if he was challenged, he would use it.

And he *was* challenged. Through the murk came a sharp voice: "*Wer geht dort?*"

Henry drew a deep breath, constricted his throat to make it as guttural as possible, and said loudly: "Hurray Roosevelt!"

Naturally that caused trouble. There were several indignant cries from ahead, and then a machine gun started chattering. The bullets flew close over Henry's head. It made him mad. The war was getting much too personal. Still hugging the ground, he reached for one of the grenades which he had thoughtfully brought along. He drew the pin, counted to five, and hurled it toward the spitting flame of the machine gun.

There was a blinding flash and a loud explosion. Then, for a moment, complete silence. And after that, all sorts of guns from either side of his target opened fire on him. Crouching

low, Henry scurried forward! The machine gun toward which he had thrown the grenade was still intact, but its crew wasn't. Henry swung the gun around, sprayed it toward the other guns that were searching for him.

Battles have a tendency to grow from just such beginnings, particularly at night, when some confusion is bound to exist. The Americans and British under General Clark naturally had to support the position which Henry had established, so they started coming forward with tanks, anti-tank halftracks, and every other sort of equipment they could get rolling. And Henry had done such a masterly job of machine gunning in his own private little sector that he had opened a very fine wedge in the enemy lines, through which his own men poured in a steady stream. And after going through that opening they fanned out and raised havoc with the German positions.

And of course Henry got a couple of medals. He was told in advance that General Eisenhower himself was coming to bestow them. And Henry wanted to be very sure that he would remember General Eisenhower's name. That, after all, would be only polite. He reverted to his old system of thought associations. He knew that if he could remember the general's first name, *Ike*, he'd be able to remember the whole thing. The problem was, how to remember *Ike*. He struck on that old phrase, "Mike and Ike, they look alike," and he was sure that was the way to remember.

Came the day. With his entire outfit lined up behind him, Henry stood forward, stiffly at attention, while General Eisenhower pinned the hardware on his chest. And the general said, "Well done, Henry!"

Henry stood straight as a ramrod and proud as Punch. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Thank you very much, General Mikenhower!"

SUPER-DEUTH M'FOOHEY

CRIME IS ME SPECIAL
DIET, CHUM,--AN' I ALWAYS
CLEAN ME PLATE-!

CASE No. 7050.—
THE UNCANNY 'CHATTER'
KIDNAPPING MYSTERY
AT THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

by JACK FAIR

HERE WE FIND THE
DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE
IN A LATHER OF CONFUSION.—A
BLANKET OF DISMAY.—AND A
FOG OF DESPAIR.—THE CASE OF
THE YEAR HAS JUST BROKEN —.

HOLD ME DOWN!—THE MULTI-MILLION
DOLLAR HEIRESS, YVONNE CHATTERTON,
HAS JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED. MEN !—
AND NOT A CLUE ~
SO - WADDLE WE DO.?

BOSS,—OUR ONE LONE HOPE
TO GET THE INFO—
IS TO PAGE OUR PAL,
— M'FOOHEY—!

BY JOVE, YOU'RE RIGHT,—
BY DAY OR NIGHT—
—THAT GUY'S
CHOCK FULL O' MOOHEY!

MCFOOEY SPEAKING, ? - WHO ? - OH
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, - WHAT'S
COOKING, PAL ? - WHAT ? -
THE WHO ? - THEY DID ? - YOU CAN'T ?
- SHE WAS ? - WILL I ? - TAKE A
HANDFUL OF ASPIRIN, CHUM, - I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER -!



HERE'S ALL THE STUFF
WE'VE GOT ON THE CASE,
MCFOOEY - FROM NOW
ON - YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN -!

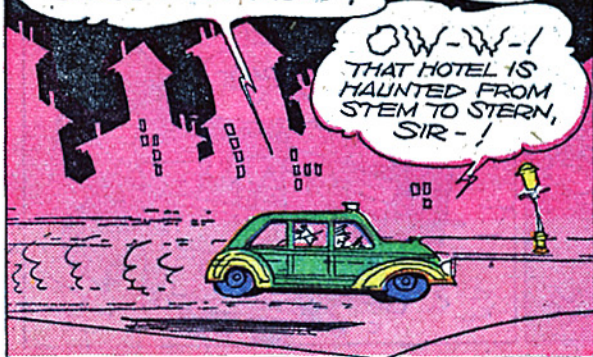
OKAY - D.A. -
AND I'LL HIT
TH' JACKPOT -
Y'CAN BE SURE
OF THAT -!



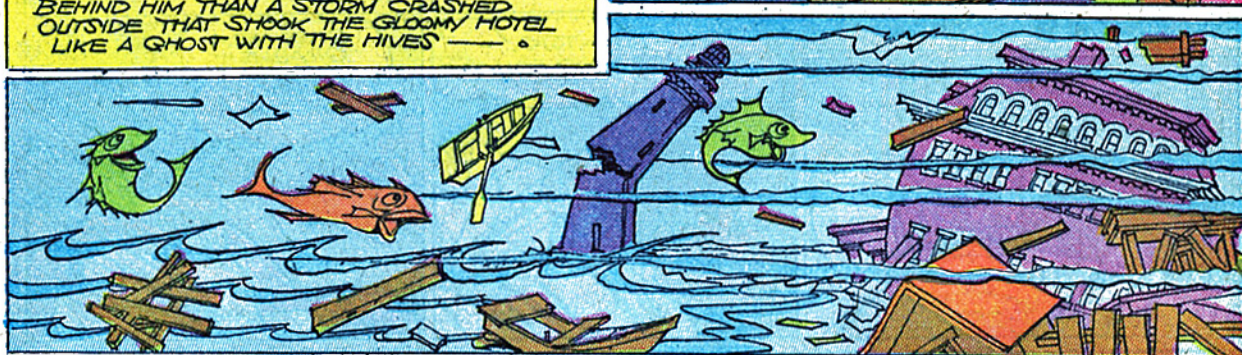
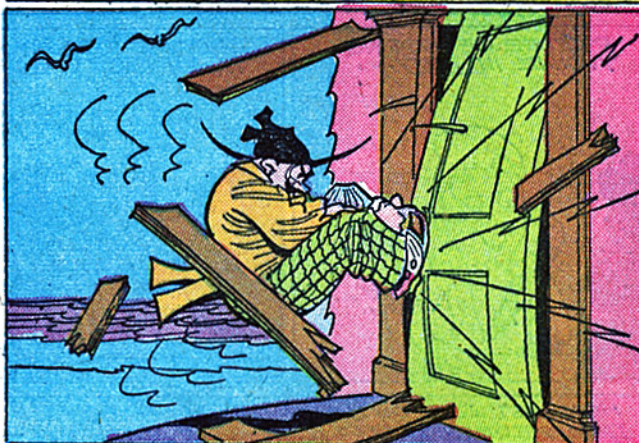
SPEEDILY ARRIVING AT THE SO-CALLED
HAUNTED HOTEL, MCFOOEY, QUIETLY (?)
ENTERED WITH A SKELETON KEY -

DRIVE TO THE BEACHBREAK HOTEL
AT THE SHORE, M'LAD, - AND DON'T
SPARE THE HORSES -!

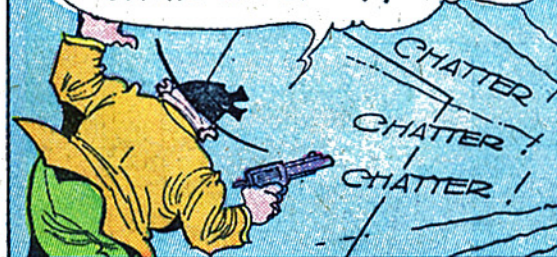
OW-W-W-!
THAT HOTEL IS
HAUNTED FROM
STEM TO STERN,
SIR -!



NO SOONER HAD HE CLOSED THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM THAN A STORM CRASHED
OUTSIDE THAT SHOOK THE GLOOMY HOTEL
LIKE A GHOST WITH THE HIVES -



UMPH! - THIS SPOOKY PLACE IS
ROCKING LIKE A BOAT AND IT SURE
GIVES ME THE ALL-OUT CREEPS -
WAZZAT -??



OW-WAH! THAT
CHATTER STUFF IS
NOT OF THIS WORLD!
AND THE HULL PLACE
IS LOADED WITH IT -!

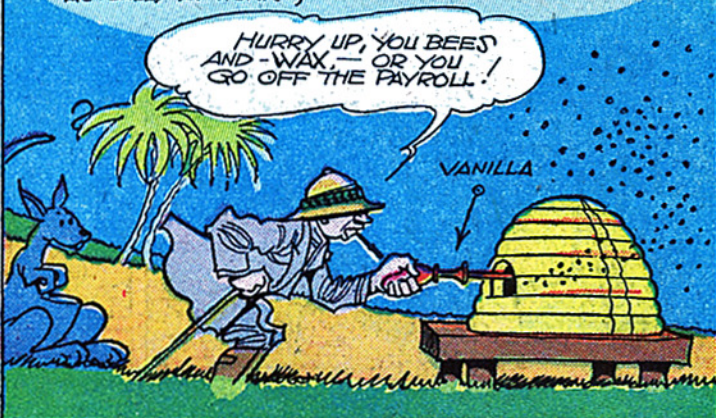


MC FOEY, OZZING WITH THE CHATTERING JITTERS BY NOW, DECIDES TO GO INTO A HUDDLE WITH HIMSELF BY 'HOLING-UP' IN THE NEAREST PHONE BOOTH —



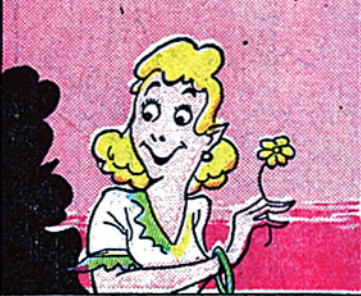
I'LL RUN THROUGH THIS 'INFO' ON THE CASE THE D.A. GAVE ME TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY 'LEADS' —!

— ALL THE KNOWN FACTS IN CASE 7050 —
INHERITED MILLIONS AND MILLIONS, (WHO CARES HOW MANY?) FROM HER BACHELOR UNCLE, PHILBERT NUTT, WHO OWNED OVER 1200 FLAXSEED AND BEESWAX RANCHES IN LOWER AUSTRALIA — (PHOTO OF PHILBERT ACTUALLY AT WORK.)

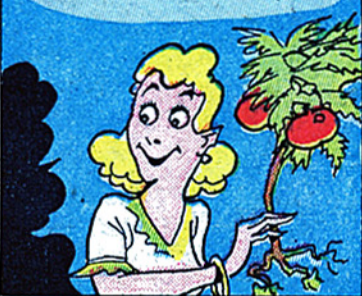


HURRY UP, YOU BEES AND -WAX- — OR YOU GO OFF THE PAYROLL!

PICTURE OF MISSING YVONNE IN 1910 —



PICTURE OF YVONNE TAKEN LAST WEEK —

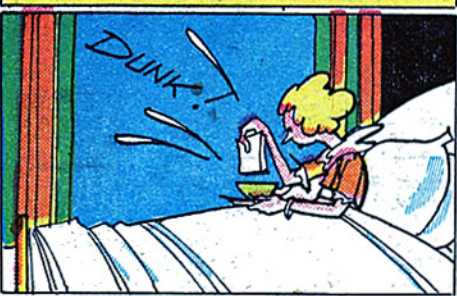


— ALWAYS ARRIVED AT THE HOTEL WITH (40) TRUNKS, — (NEVER TIPPED)

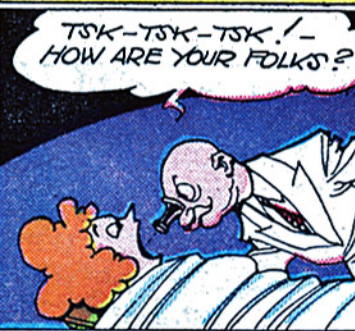


OH MAN! — WHY DON'T DEY DRAFT ME?

HER LAST ACTS ON DAY OF HER DISAPPEARANCE. — 7:00 A.M. BREAKFAST IN BED — COLD TOAST, COLD SQUASH — COLD TEA — DUNK!



8:30 A.M. VISITED DENTIST —



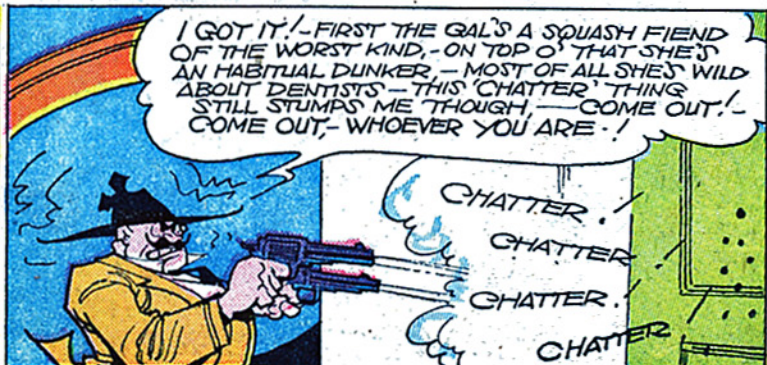
TSK-TSK-TSK! — HOW ARE YOUR FOLKS?

9:40 A.M. HAIR-DO — THEN VISITED ANOTHER DENTIST —



GIVE ME A GRABLE — GARLAND — GARBO — SPECIAL!

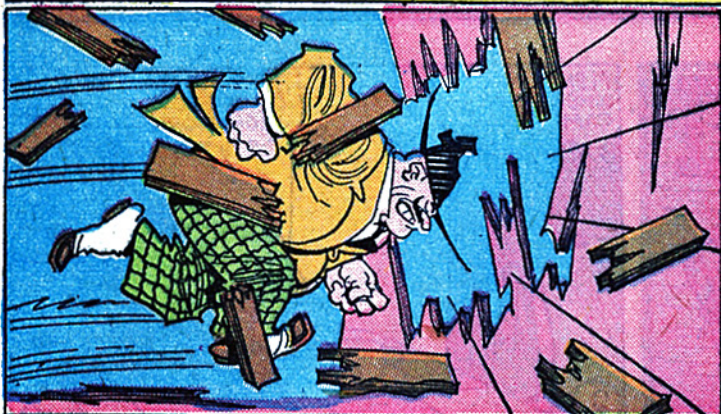
12: NOON — SETTLED HOTEL BILL AND SHIPPED HER TRUNKS BACK TO THE CITY —
12:30 TO 2:00 P.M. ATE A HASTY LUNCHEON SNACK OF DOUBLE COLD TOAST — DOUBLE COLD TEA — DUNK, AND DOUBLE COLD SQUASH —
VISITED ONE MORE DENTIST — THEN WENT DIRECT TO HER ROOMS IN THE TOWER, NEVER TO BE SEEN ALIVE AGAIN —!!
(TOTAL OF FACTS AT HAND —)



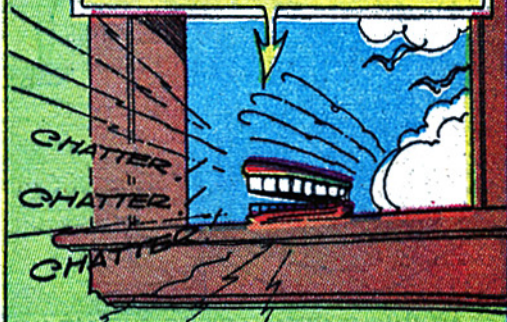
I GOT IT! — FIRST THE GAL'S A SQUASH FIEND OF THE WORST KIND, — ON TOP O' THAT SHE'S AN HABITUAL DUNKER — MOST OF ALL SHE'S WILD ABOUT DENTISTS — THIS 'CHATTER' THING STILL STUMPS ME THOUGH — COME OUT! — COME OUT, — WHOEVER YOU ARE —!

CHATTER!
CHATTER!
CHATTER!
CHATTER!

- BARGING THROUGH THE MASSIVE OAK DOOR HEAD FIRST, (THE REST OF HIM FOLLOWING LATER,) OUR HERO WAS STUNNED TO THE VERY CORE AT THE AMAZING SCENE THAT LAY BEFORE HIM, - THERE IN AN EMPTY ROOM -

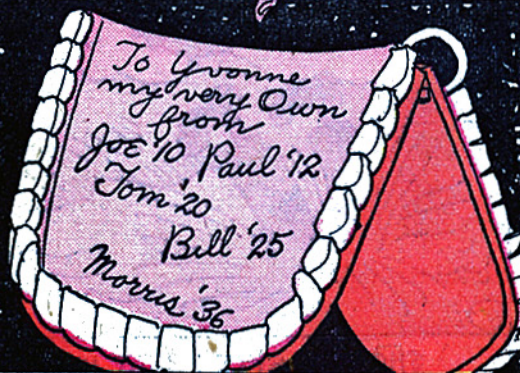


- WITH EVERY WINDOW, WIDE OPEN, MIND YOU, - LAY A PERFECT SET OF PEARLY STREAMLINED STORE TEETH, THAT CHATTERED MERRILY ON THE WINDOW-SILL WITH EVERY ICY BLAST!

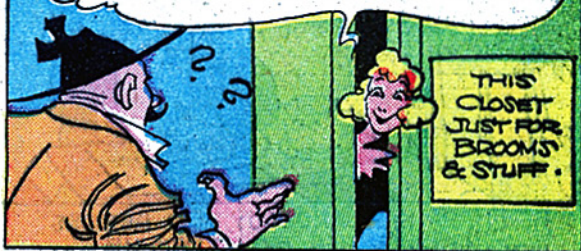


- POUNDING ON THEM FORWIT, (IF THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD,) MC FOOEY GENTLY FLIPPED THEM OVER ON THEIR BAGS AND READ THE SENTIMENTAL ENGRAVINGS INSIDE -

- IT WAS THEN BUT A MATTER OF SOME THIRTY-ODD HOURS WHEN OUR ACE DETECTIVE UNCOVERED THE SHY YVONNE HIDING OUT IN A FLOOR MAID'S BROOM CLOSET -!



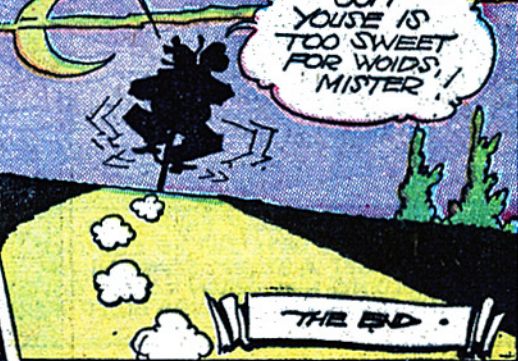
I COMPLETELY FORGOT WHERE I PUT THEM, - AND I'D RATHER SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE BEING A BROOM HERMIT - THAN FACE MY 'PUBLIC' WITHOUT THEM!



CALM YOURSELF, MY LITTLE BRIDGEWORK, -- DUE TO THE RUBBER SHORTAGE I'LL RIDE YOU HOME ON MY BICYCLE - AND CALL THE CASE CLOSED -- BUT CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY ON ONE POINT AFORE WE PART --

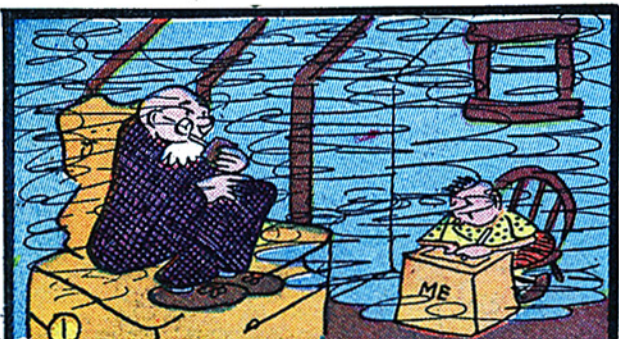
- IF THEM CHATTERING TUSKS HAD EVER NIPPED ME WHEN I GRABBED 'EM I'D MAKE YOU GET OFF RIGHT NOW AND WALK!

OOH - YOUSE IS TOO SWEET FOR WORDS, MISTER!

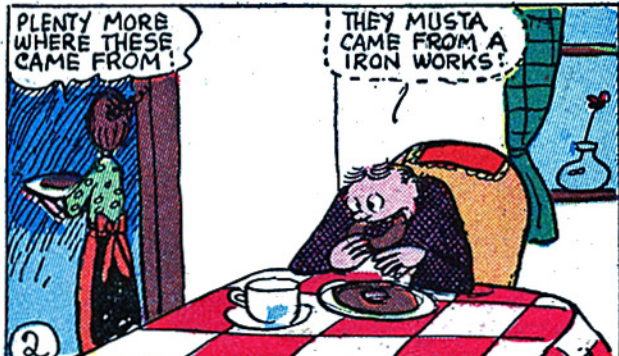


THE END

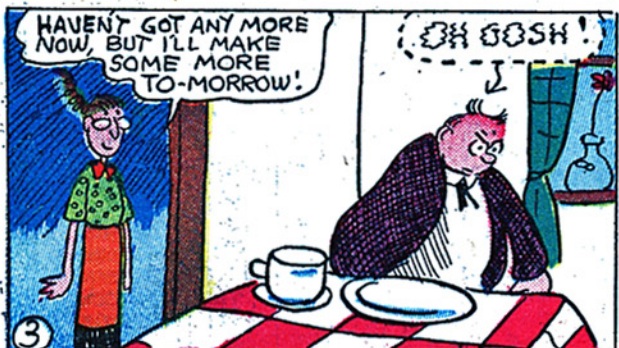
GRANDPA PETERS



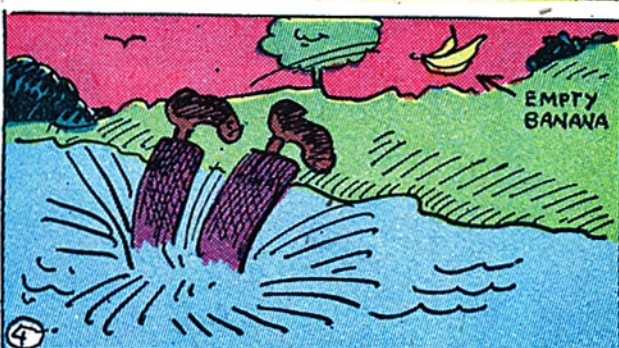
① MY UNCLE CLEM PETERS AND ME UP IN THE ATTIC WHERE HE IS NOW GOING TO HAUL OFF AND TELL ME THE COMPLETE STORY OF HOW HE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED A GREAT IDEA.



② PLENTY MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM! THEY MUSTA CAME FROM A IRON WORKS! IT SEEMS THAT ONE TIME HIS LAND-LADY MADE SOME DOUGHNUTS. THEY WERE SO HEAVY HE COULD HARDLY LIFT ONE SINGLE-HANDED AND TOUGH ENOUGH TO TALK BACK TO A COP.



③ HAVEN'T GOT ANY MORE NOW, BUT I'LL MAKE SOME MORE TO-MORROW! OH GOSH! HE LIKED HIS LANDLADY, AND BESIDES THAT, HE OWED HER MONEY, SO HE DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE HER SORE BY LETTING HER KNOW HE COULDN'T EAT HER DOUGHNUTS SO HE STUFFED THEM INTO HIS POCKETS AND UNDER HIS SHIRT.



④ SHORTLY AFTER THAT, WHILE STROLLING ON THE RIVER BANK HE STEPPED ON AN EMPTY BANANA AND WENT IN HEAD FIRST.



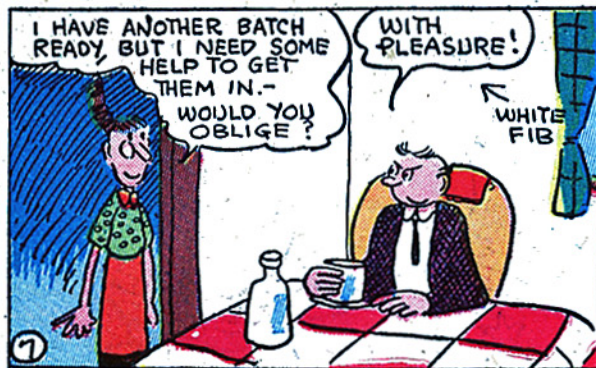
⑤ UBF HE ADMITS HE COULD SWIM LIKE A FISH IN THOSE DAYS BUT HE COULDN'T SEEM TO GET A START. SOMETHING WAS HOLDING HIM DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER LIKE HE WAS GLUED THERE.



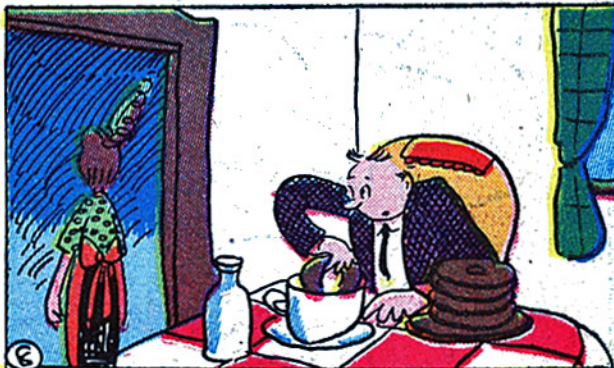
⑥ THEN HE THOUGHT OF THE DOUGHNUTS AND STARTED TO GET RID OF THEM AND QUICKLY ROSE TO THE SURFACE, SOMETHING LIKE THIS, I IMAGINE.

BY LEFTY O'GRADY

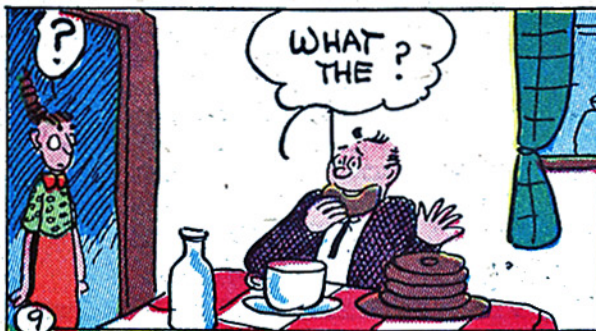
CHAMPION 36 AND 3/4-INCH HIGH
SOUTH PAW WRITER
AND ARTIST OF
NINE AND SEVEN
EIGHTS YEARS
OLD NOW LIVING
AT 313 ELM ST -
COMMAS SPELLING
AND STUFF LIKE THAT
BY - TOM MEYER



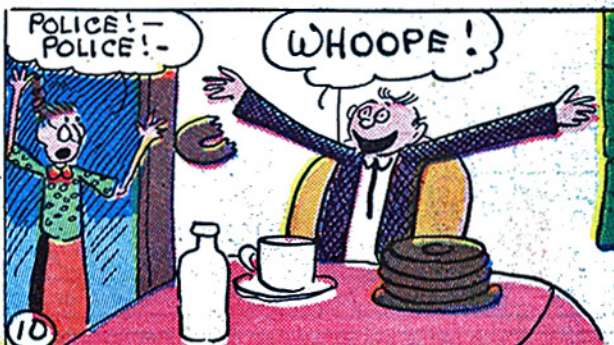
HE FIGURED THAT MAYBE SHE WOULD LAY OFF THE DOUGHNUTS FOR A WHILE OR PROBABLY WOULD BE UNABLE TO GET THE CEMENT, OR WHATEVER SHE MADE THEM OUT OF, BUT THIS HAPPENED THE VERY NEXT DAY.



WELL, HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING. - HE COULDN'T GO AROUND WITH HIS POCKETS FULL OF DOUGHNUTS FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE SO HE TRIED STICKING ONE INTO HIS COFFEE TO SEE IF HE COULD SOFTEN IT UP.



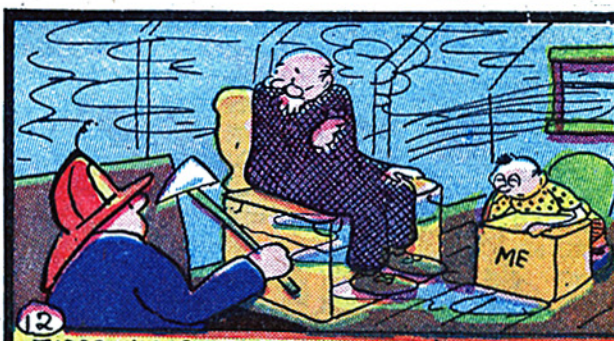
AND IT WORKED! - HE FOUND HE COULD BITE INTO IT ALMOST AS EASY AS IF IT WAS A RUBBER HEEL.



THEN HE KNEW HE HAD DISCOVERED SOMETHING - BUT HIS LANDLADY THOUGHT HE'D GONE NUTS.



MRS. DUNKING - STRIKING A HARD BARGAIN AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT DUNKING - WHEN THEY SLOSH A DOUGHNUT INTO A CUP OF COFFEE.



THANKS FOR LOOKING UPON THIS LEFTY -

DOVER AND CLOVER

TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE DETECTIVE BECAUSE THEY'RE TWINS!



EVERYBODY LIKES TO BE IN THE DOUGH, AND DOVER AND CLOVER, SUPER-SNOOPERS' PAR EXCELLENCE, ARE NO EXCEPTION-- BUT THEY LITERALLY BARGE INTO A WHOLE BAKE SHOP FULL OF IT WHEN THEIR MADCAP METHODS PERPETRATE A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM OF HILARITY IN RECOVERING...

"THE DOUGHNUT FORMULA!"

DOVER AND CLOVER, THOSE TWIN TERRORS OF THE CRIMINAL TRAIL, ARE INHALING-- BEG PARDON, ENJOYING-- THEIR MIDDAY RATIONS...

"A DUNKING WE WILL GO. A-DUNK-- SING WE WILL..." "BY THE WAY, CLOVER; IS DUNKING CORRECT ETI-- QUETTE?"

NO, BUT WE'RE JUST SOPPERS, DOVER. TECHNICALLY, THE REAL DUNKER GOES BEYOND THE SECOND JOINT!

BUT DESPITE THEIR "ABSORBING" TASK, NOTHING ESCAPES THEIR ALERT PERCEPTIONS!

CLOVER, I NOTICE THAT THE DOUGHNUT HOLES ARE SLIGHTLY OFF-CENTER TODAY!

YES, AND THE DOUGHNUTS DON'T TASTE THE SAME AS USUAL, EITHER! AN INVESTIGATION IS CALLED FOR!

SO WITH THEIR UNFAILING FACULTY FOR BLUNDERING INTO-- BEG PARDON, INVESTIGATING-- THE UNUSUAL, OFF THEY GO!

DID THE RESTAURANT MAN GIVE YOU THE BAKERY'S RIGHT ADDRESS?

O.U. KOOKIE BAKERY

THERE'S THE PLACE RIGHT AHEAD, DOVER!

AND PRESENTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF MR. O. U. KOOKIE, OWNER OF THE BAKERY...

DOVER AND CLOVER! AN AWFUL THING HAS HAPPENED! I'LL SHOW YOU-- FATE ALONE MUST HAVE SENT YOU HERE!

NOPE, IT WAS DOUGHNUTS WHAT BRUNG US, MR. KOOKIE!

IT WAS DOUGHNUTS THAT BROUGHT US-- WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!

DOUGHNUTS-- THAT'S MY TROUBLE! THE CHIEF BAKER LOST MY SECRET FLAWLESS FORMULA, AND THE DOUGHNUT CONVENTION IS TOMORROW! HOW'LL WE EVER WIN THE PRIZE?

JUDGING FROM THE ONES WE ATE, NEVER!

THIS GIANT DOUGHNUT WAS MADE BEFORE THE FORMULA WAS LOST. "TIDAL WAVE DUNK," WE CALL IT! BUT EVEN SO I DOUBT IF WE CAN WIN-- OUR SMALL DOUGHNUTS ARE SO MISERABLE WITHOUT THE FORMULA!

THEN WE'LL FIND THE FORMULA, MR. KOOKIE! JUST LEAVE US TO OUR DEDUCTING!

AND INDUCTING!

THE CHIEF BAKER STOLE THE FORMULA! FOR, BY DEDUCTION: CROOKS HAVE FINGER PRINTS; THE BAKER MUST HAVE FINGER PRINTS; THEREFORE HE'S A CROOK!

CORRECT! AND BY INDUCTION: THE BAKER, BEING A CROOK, MUST HAVE CROOKED FINGER PRINTS! SO LOOK FOR CROOKED FINGER PRINTS!

HALP! I MUSTA SLIPPED!

COMING! YOU MUST HAVE SLIPPED--WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!

A MOMENT LATER, ALONG COMES THE CHIEF BAKER, MANFULLY TRYING TO DISPEL HIS WORRIES WITH A ROL LICKING CHANTY...

"FOR I AM A BRAVE AND

CAREFREE MAN--
THE SKIPPER OF THE MARY ANNE...

SPLASH

I'M STICKY!

I'M A MESS!

EYOW!

AFTER HIM, CLOVER!
HE THINKS WE
FOUND HIS
FINGER PRINTS!

HIS
RUNNING IS AS
GOOD AS A
CONFESSION,
DOVER!

HALP!
I'M SEEIN'
THINGS!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAN
SO SCARED,
CLOVER!
I GUESS
WE'RE GREATER
DETECTIVES
THAN WE RE-
ALIZED, DOVER!

IT'S A TRICK TO
BEFOG US, CLOVER!
JUMP, AND WALK
UP THAT PLANK!

YES!
UP INTO
THE CLEAR
AIR!

YOW! IT WAS
A BELT, NOT
A PLANK!

CATCH THAT UPRIGHT
THING AS YOU PASS ---
I'LL DO THE SAME!

I WONDER WHAT I EVER
SAW IN PASTRY,
CLOVER!

IT AIN'T NO GOOD.
THIS IS NO TIME
TO WATCH THE
GRAMMAR,
DOVER!

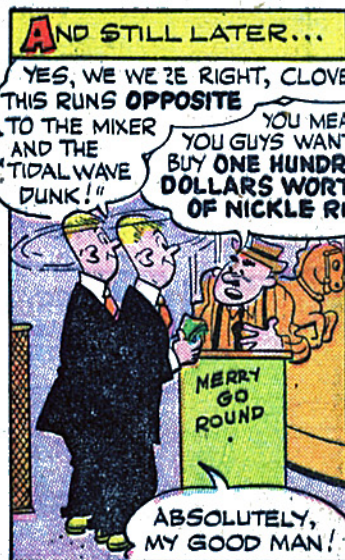
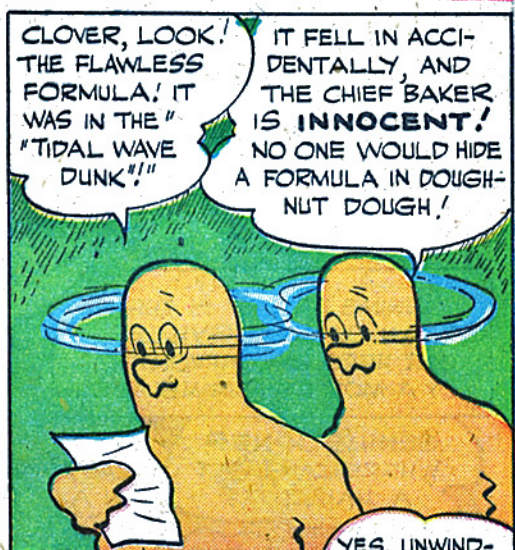
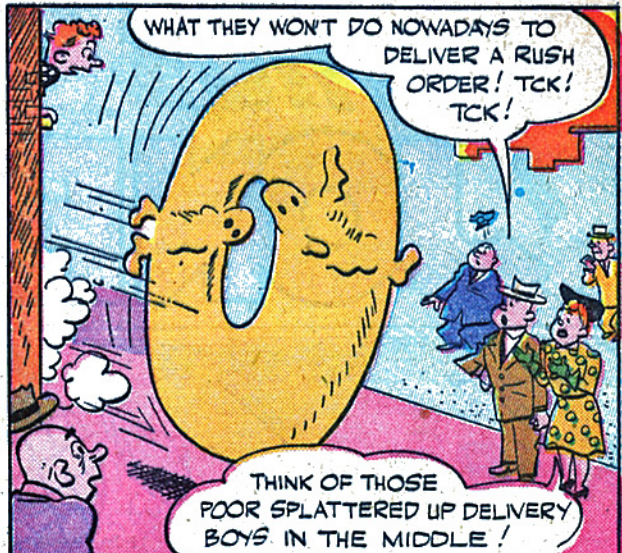
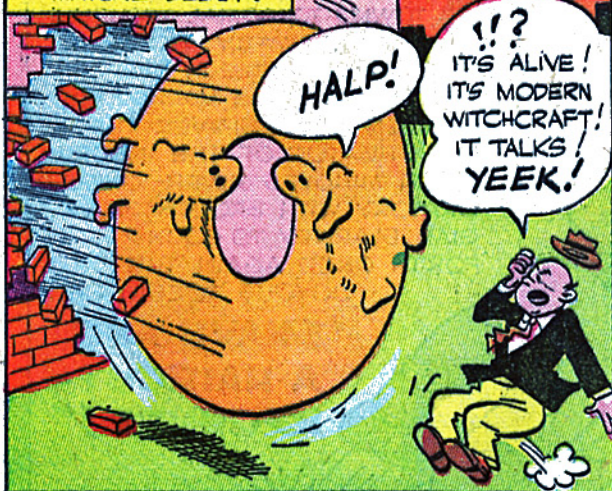
YOW! WE'RE
GOING TO CRASH
THE "TIDAL WAVE
DUNK!"

AH! SAFE IN THE
GOOD OLD "TIDAL
WAVE DUNK!"

N-NO!
IT'S
M-MOVING!

CRACK

AND THE "TIDAL WAVE DUNK" MAKES A PREMATURE DEBUT!



genius JONES

A TOWN'S TONSORIAL TROUBLES PYRAMID SWIFTLY INTO AN APPALLING PUZZLE IN THIS FABLE OF FLOWING LOCKS! BUT **GENIUS JONES**, EVER THE INVESTIGATOR OF THE INSCRUTABLE MINGLES SILVER-TONGUED ORATORY WITH BROBDINGNAGIAN BLARNEY TO SOUND FORTH ONCE AGAIN THE JOYOUS TOCSIN OF..

**"SHAVE AND
A HAIRCUT-
10 CENTS!"**

PAUSING BRIEFLY IN THE TOWN OF **SHAGGVILLE**, OUR HERO IS CONFRONTED BY A MOTLEY ASSEMBLAGE...

GENIUS JONES,
WHERE CAN I GET
A HAIRCUT?

THAT'S
EASY!
IN A
BARBER
SHOP!

BUT EVERY BARBER
SHOP IN TOWN'S BEEN
CLOSED TIGHTER'N A DRUM
FOR FOUR MONTHS!

AND THE BARBERS HAVE
DISAPPEARED! EVERY
LAST ONE OF THEM!

VERY STRANGE!
ALSO VERY
INTERESTING!

BUY MY
REMARKABLE
SELF-HAIR-
CUTTER AND
LOOK LIKE ME!

SORIAL PARLOR

CLOSED



**BERTIE BLIMP BABBLES
OF BLIGHTED ROMANCE**

ON ACCOUNT OF THIS,
I'VE LOST MY GIRL!
SHE WON'T EVEN
TALK TO ME TILL
I GET A HAIRCUT!

YOU CERTAINLY
LOOK A SIGHT!

I WONDER IF THAT
INVENTOR HAD
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THE BARBER
SHOPS CLOSING?

NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

A BARBER SHOP
OPEN !!! C'MON!

HMM...ONE
BARBER OPEN
FOR BUSINESS
AND ALL THE
REST CLOSED...
THAT LOOKS
SUSPICIOUS
TOO!

OPEN
FOR
BUSINESS

MY FREN' EVERYWHERE I SEE ZEE FACE NEED
SHAVE AN' ZEE HAIR SO LONG! I GET REECH
QUEECK, NEST CE PAS?

THOSE TWO
CHARACTERS
LOOKING IN
HERE, BODE
US NO
GOOD!

WHOOOPS! NOW
MY GIRL WILL
TAKE ME BACK!

YER CLOSIN' UP SHOP,
FRENCHIE! TOOT SWEET!

BUT WHO WILL
CUT ZEE BEARD?

WHERE **YOU'RE** GOIN',
MR. PARLEZ VOUS,
YA WON'T HAVE NO
WORRIES!

LET'S FIX THIS
LI'L GUY SO
HE CAN'T TAG
ALONG!

THEY SEEM
TO HAVE ME
CORNERED!

HOW WILL **GENIUS** AVOID FATAL CONSEQUEN-
CES FROM THIS INOOPORTUNE MEETING?

BY ASSUMING THE
CHAIRMANSHIP OF
THE MEETING!

OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN-
I NEVER USE MY FISTS!

BLUB
GLUB!

HOT TOWEL,
SIR?

SWISH

DID YOU WANT
TO SAY
SOMETHING?

AGH!

LET'S
BLOW,
PAL!

A HOP INTO A WAITING CAR
AND OFF THE THUGS GO!

FOLLOW
THAT
CAR!

THE TAXI GOING ON THE
RUFFIANS, BUT SUDDENLY...

HEY, DRIVER!
YOU TURNED
THE WRONG
WAY!

THAT
DRIVER
LOOKS
FAMILIAR...
WHY, IT'S THE
INVENTOR
AGAIN!

NOW WE'VE
LOST THAT
CAR!

A DEMONSTRATION OF
MY INVENTION! SO
EASY! ON YOUR HEAD-
LIKE THIS-TURN THE
HANDLE-AND PRESTO!
YOUR HAIR IS CUT!

HE MIGHT BE
BEHIND ALL THIS!
SHOULDN'T WE
ARREST HIM?

NO, HE'S JUST
A GOOFY GADGETEER!
OUR JOB IS TO GET
A CLUE TO THE LOCATION
OF THE MISSING BARBERS!

HELP! HELP!
IT'S STUCK!

SUDDENLY, A NEW CHARACTER TEMPORARILY INTRUDES
ON THIS DRAMA OF HIRSLUTE HOOLIGANISM...

IT'S AN OUTRAGE!
I'M INSULTED!

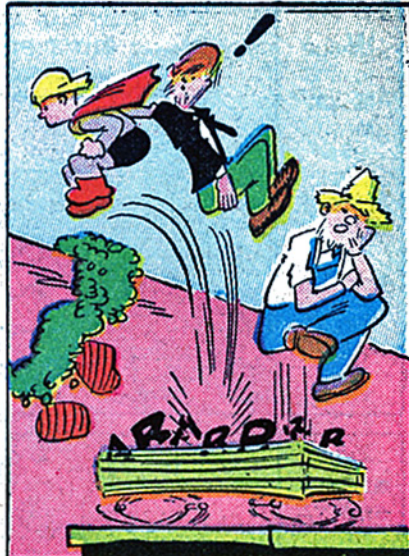
WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE,
MY GOOD
MAN?

THOSE HOODLUMS
AT THE GATE
WOULDN'T LET ME
IN! **ME, THE
BULLER BRUSH
MAN!** SOMETHIN'
FISHY MUST BE
GOIN' ON IN
THAT BIG
HOUSE!

THERE'S
MY CLUE!
WON'T LET
ANYONE
THRU THE
GATE, EH!
I'LL GO OVER
THE WALL!
THAT WAGON
WILL HELP!

WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED
AND UNERRING PRECISION,
GENIUS JONES ACTS!

HANG ON,
BERTIE!



**BUT THE TWOSOME HAS
TRAIPSED STRAIGHT
INTO THE GANG'S ARMS!**

THESE GUYS MIGHT
GET THE BARBERS
TO TAKE A RUN-OUT
POWDER!

I GOT
A LOVELY
IDEA WOT
TO DO
WIT' DEM!

SOON IN THE GLOOMY DEPTHS OF A DANK
CELLAR, **GENIUS** AND **BERTIE** ARE CAPTIVE...

THAT TRUCKLOAD
OF COAL IS
COMIN' UP
THE DRIVE-
WAY RIGHT
NOW!

IT'LL FILL
UP THIS
BIN! HEH, HEH!

SO THE BARBERS ARE
HELP CAPTIVE, HERE!

NO TIME TO UNKNOT THESE
BONDS NOW...IF I CAN PUSH
THAT TRAP NEARER HIS TAIL...
I HATE TO DO IT, OLD FELLOW,
BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

IF MY GIRL
COULD SEE ME
NOW, BET SHE'D
BE SORRY SHE
THREW ME
OVER, HAIR-
CUT OR NO
HAIRCUT!

OUTSIDE, AN INNOCENT INSTRUMENT OF
CRUEL DEATH PULLS A LEVER...

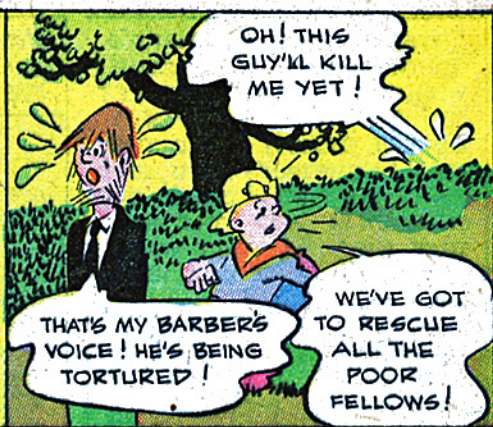
WHAT A LIFE!
NO EXCITEMENT
OR NOTHIN'!

ROAR

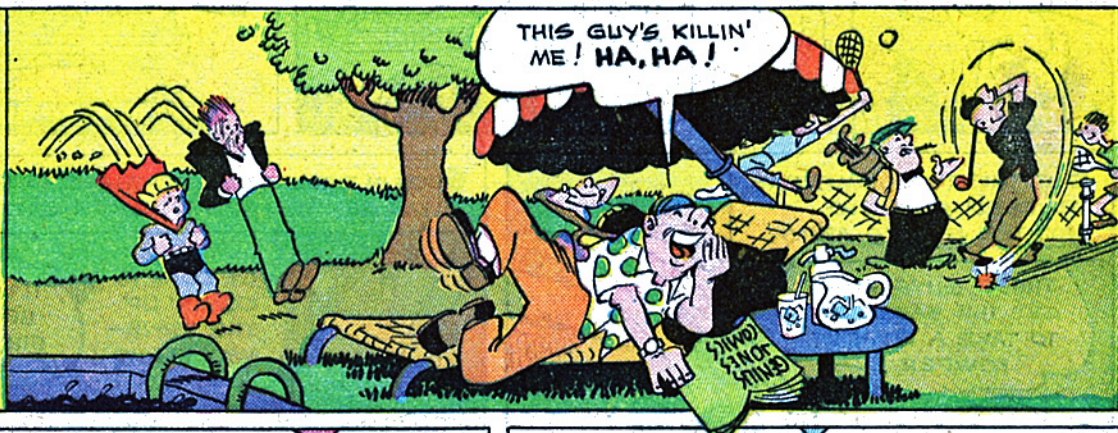
WHILE
INSIDE
G.J.
MAKES
USE
OF
ONE
TRAP
TO
ESCAPE
ANOTHER!



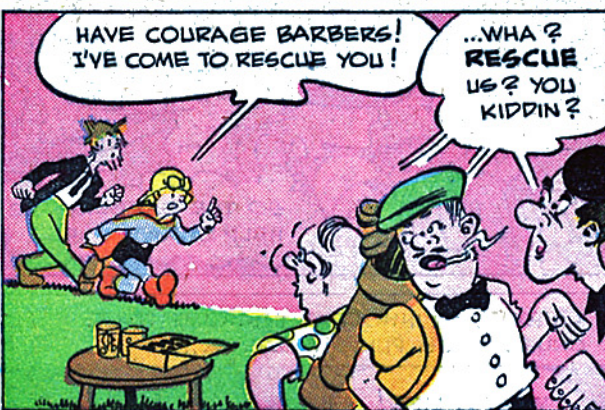
OUT
OF
DANGER,
GENIUS
JONES
QUICKLY
WORKS
ON
THE
BONDS,
AND
SOON...



A
RUNNING
START,
A
FLYING
LEAP...
AND
ON
THE
OTHER
SIDE
OF
THE
HEDGE...

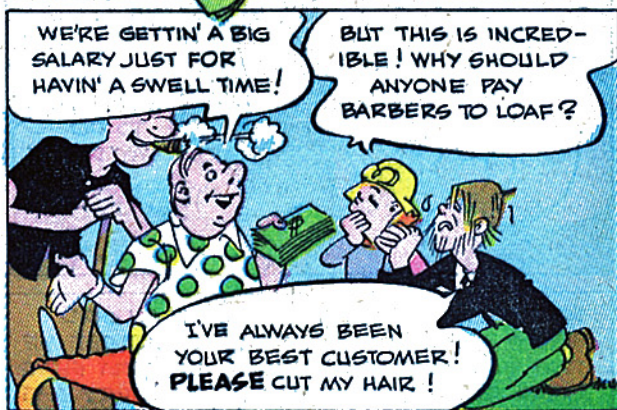


HAVE COURAGE BARBERS!
I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!



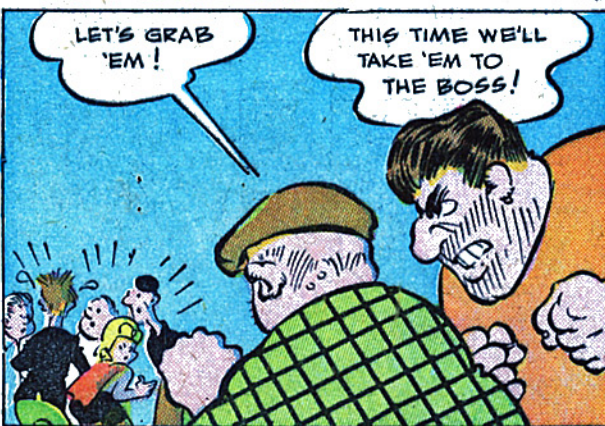
WE'RE GETTIN' A BIG
SALARY JUST FOR
HAVIN' A SWELL TIME!

BUT THIS IS INCRED-
IBLE! WHY SHOULD
ANYONE PAY
BARBERS TO LOAF?



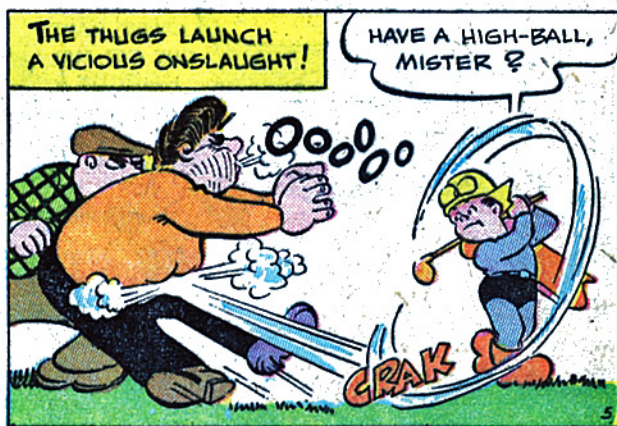
LET'S GRAB
'EM!

THIS TIME WE'LL
TAKE 'EM TO
THE BOSS!

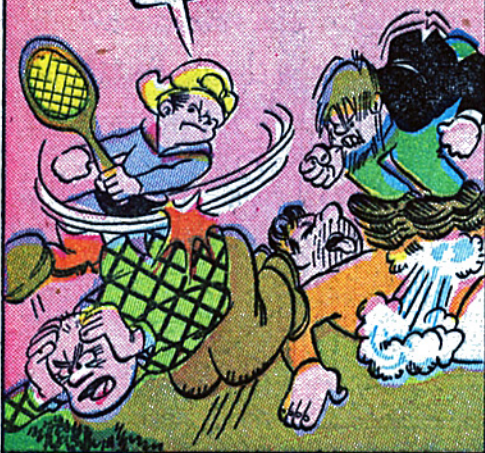


THE THUGS LAUNCH
A VICIOUS ONSLAUGHT!

HAVE A HIGH-BALL,
MISTER?

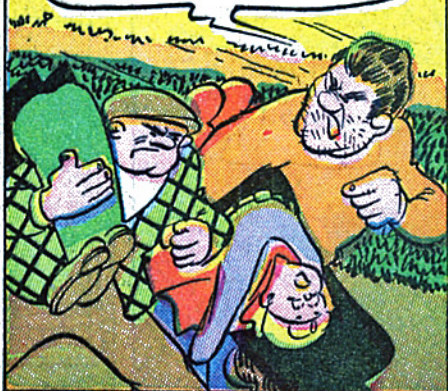


THIS'LL SETTLE
YOUR RACKET !



BUT FINALLY THE THUGS
HAVE THEIR WAY

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT
THE BOSS HAS TO SAY
ABOUT THESE PUNKS !



WHAT MANNER
OF MAN CAN
THIS MYSTER-
IOUS "BOSS"
BE, WHO HOLDS
BARBERS CAP-
TIVE YET EN-
TERTAINS THEM
ROYALLY !

WHAT CAN BE
HIS MOTIVE ?

LET US JOIN
GENIUS JONES
AND BERTIE
AS THEY
MEET ...

AUGUST A.
APPLEPATE !



SIR, I DEMAND
THAT YOU SEND
THE BARBERS
BACK TO WORK !

SIR, THEY'LL
STAY HERE
UNTIL THEY'VE
SERVED MY
PURPOSE !

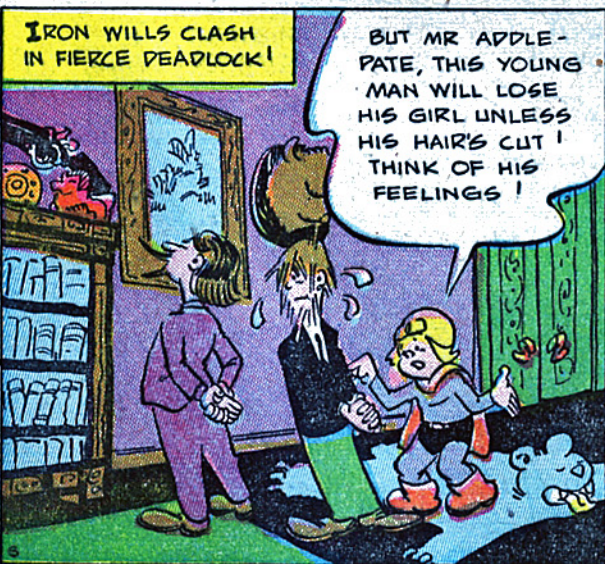


SIR,
I
DEMAND
TO
KNOW
WHAT
YOUR
PURPOSE
IS !

SIR, I WILL TELL
YOU ! I LOST A BET !
AS A PENALTY, I
MUST LET MY HAIR
AND BEARD GROW
FOR SIX MONTHS !
AND I'M SEEING TO
IT THAT EVERY
MAN IN TOWN
LOOKS THE SAME
AS I !



IRON WILL CLASH
IN FIERCE DEADLOCK !



BUT MR APPLE-
PATE, THIS YOUNG
MAN WILL LOSE
HIS GIRL UNLESS
HIS HAIR'S CUT !
THINK OF HIS
FEELINGS !

WHAT ABOUT MY FEELINGS ? I'D
SIMPLY DIE IF I LOOKED DIFFERENT
FROM OTHER MEN ! AS A CHILD I HAD
TO WEAR VELVET SUITS WITH FANCY
WHITE RUFFLES ! OH, THE
HORROR OF IT !



**GENIUS RISES TO HEIGHTS OF ELOQUENCE, BUT
ADDLEPATE REMAINS ADAMANT !**

SIR, DO YOU WANT
A THOUSAND BROKEN-
HEARTED SWEETHEARTS
TO CURSE YOUR NAME
FOREVER ?

SIR, YOUR BREAKING
MY HEART, BUT TO
HAVE LONG HAIR AND
A FLOWING BEARD
WHEN EVERYONE ELSE
IS CLEAN SHAVEN ...
**NO, NO, I WILL NOT
YIELD !**

**SUDDENLY, WHEN HOPE IS AT LOWEST EBB,
GENIUS PICTURES A WAY OUT !**

HAH ! IT'S TIME TO
USE PSYCHOLOGY !

I'M SURPRISED AT SUCH
AN ATTITUDE FROM A DE-
SCENDENT OF BRAVE
BUFFALO BILL !

HUH !
WHO, ER-
ME ?

WITH YOUR LONG HAIR, YOUR
RESEMBLANCE TO **BUFFALO
BILL** IS INDEED STRIKING !

DO YOU REALLY
THINK SO ?

I WON'T MIND LOOKING
DIFFERENT, IF IT MEANS
LOOKING LIKE **BUFFALO
BILL !** HE HAS BEEN MY
IDOL EVER SINCE
I WAS A CHILD !

AND SO... AS RAZORS
SCRAPE AND SCISSORS
CLICK, HAPPINESS
REIGNS ONCE MORE !

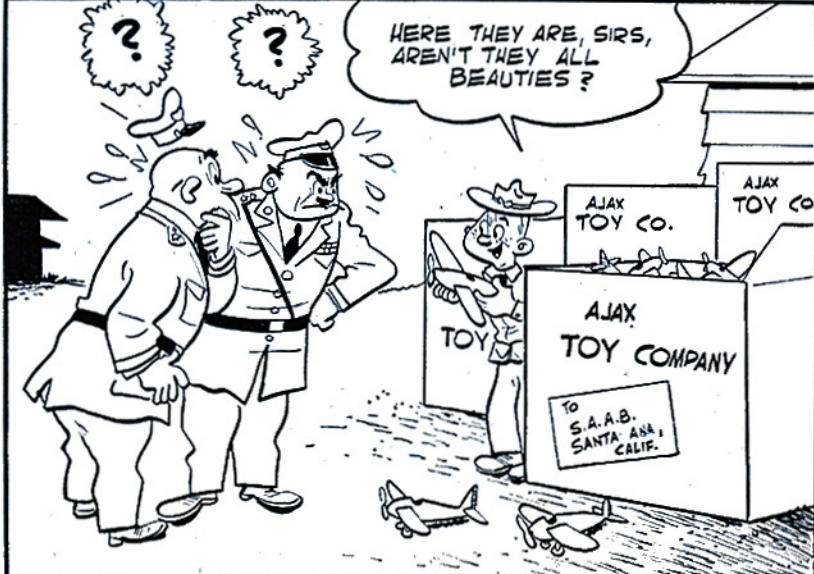
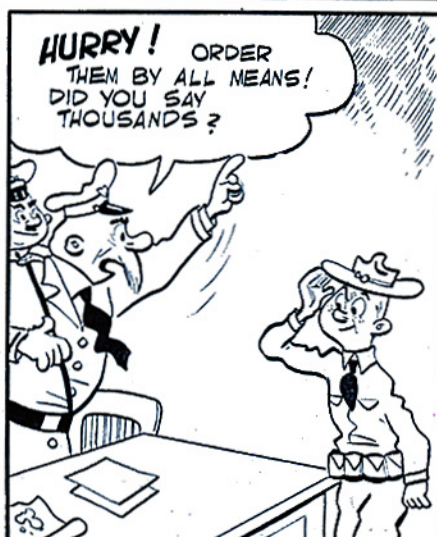
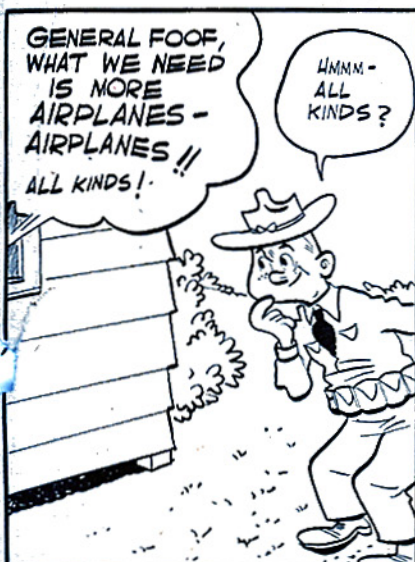
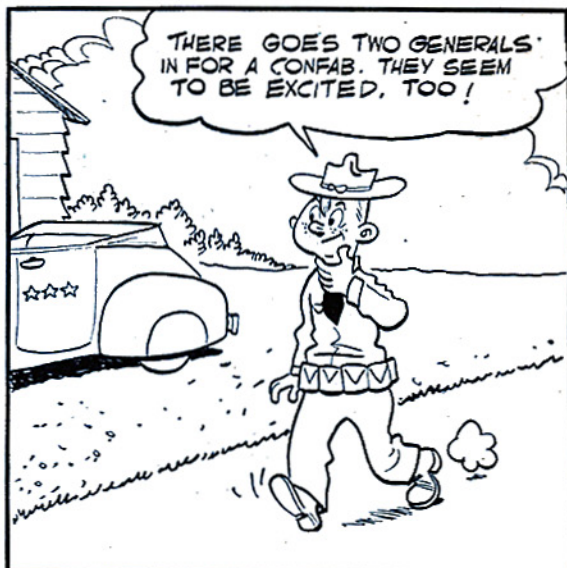
OH, BOY!
OBOYOBOY !

AH, SWEET
ROMANCE !

the End

PRIVATE PETE

HENRY BOLTWORK



PRIVATE PETE

HENRY
GOLDFARB

GOSH-
GOLLY!

AM I IN A JAM! I'M OFF
THE CAMP GROUNDS WITHOUT A
PASS AND I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK NOW!

WELL, MEET YOUR LIFE-SAVER!
THIS CAMOUFLAGE CORPS EXPERT
WILL FIX YOU UP IN A JIFFY,
-- YOU'RE A CINCH!

JUST WALK RIGHT PAST
THE GUARD - HE'LL
NEVER EVEN
SEE YOU!

OKAY,
CHUM,
THANKS A
MILLION!

HALT

WHO
GOES
?

JUST WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING,
DRESSED LIKE A DAISY, TO A MAYPOLE
PARTY? AT YOUR AGE TOO -- SHAME
ON YOU!

CAMOUFLAGE EXPERT!
BAH! WAIT TILL I GET
OUT - I'LL PIN
A COUPLE OF DAISIES
ON HIM!

GUARD
HOUSE
407th INF.