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

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

DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?
PRIVATE PETE

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

Stage sets and dramatic disguises play real parts in a feverish pandemonium of hazard and hilarity when the great movie magnate, Oliver Pix, ingeniously 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!"

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 cut our service!

I could go a plate of good boarding-house mystery... meaning hash!

Penniless 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 scrapbook! -- The rental office called to say thanks for the signed blank check, which they received to cover our rent!

What? Give me the phone! I sent no check! I'll call back!
PENNILESS PALMER SPEAKING... YES, ABOUT THE RENT CHECK... YES... WHO? OH, I SEE. YES... YES, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! GOOD-BYE!

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 TENTERHOOKS!

STUPENDOUS STUDIOS

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

FOR A SECRETARY, THAT MAN CERTAINLY LOOKED 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--

DIS WAY, FOLKS, YUU'LL HAVE TA WALK THROUGH A LITTLE GANGSTER SCENE WE'RE SHOOTIN'-- HA, HA! P-SST! THEY CERTAINLY LOOK REAL!

JUST MY LUCK-- NO BANQUET SCENE!

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

LIKE A BUZZ-SAW INTO BUTTER, BOSS!

PLEASE, BUNNY-- WHY MENTION GRAY? PENNILESS PALMER, YUU SAY? JESS A MINNIT AN' I'LL SEE CAN PIX SEE YUU!

I'M ALL AGOG AND ATWITTER!
"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 'ER BUSINESS REG'LAR LIKE--SO NOBODY'LL KNOW ANYTHING'S WRONG, HA, HA!"

"THE TAILING PROMISE PROVES ONLY TOO TRUE--AND PRESENTLY..."

"OH DEAR! PENNILESS PALMER! I'M OLIVER PIX! I GOT YOU INTO THIS! BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!"

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

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

"ATTAGAL, TOOTS! Y'LL NEVER REGRET SIGNIN' WIT' DE BOSS!"

"FELL! 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 GENTLEMAN WOT DOESN'T DRINK DIS TOAST TADA BOSS, I'LL KNOCK 'EM BOW-LEGGED!"

"OH, THIS HUMILIATION!"

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

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

"WHERE TO, NEXT, PIXI WIXY? HAR, HAR!"

"FREE TICKETS TO DREAMLAND, SUPER SLEUTHS!"

"SO LONG, SUCKERS--WHEN Y'OH WAKE UP, Y'LL BE WITH THE GUY 'A CAME TA SEE MR. PIX HIMSELF! WE ALLUS OBLIGE, HA, HA!"

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

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

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

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

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

"MAYBE NOT--BUT I'M TURNING THIS RED-HOT'S DAMPER DOWN!"
THAT'S THE STORY—EXCEPT THAT THEY MUST HAVE CHECKED ON THAT CHECK FINALLY, CAST ME IN HERE, AND TRAPPED YOU!

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


TANZAR'S A WILDMAN, AND BREAKS OUT OF THIS CASE...

LIKE THIS!

WHAAAA--?

PEE! YOU'RE NOT 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. THERE'S A COMEDY LAYOUT IN THERE! ALL TYPES OF COSTUMES!

YES, THE PLACE IS PEPPED WITH THEIR MEN. 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-C-T! THERE THEY ARE! WAIT FOR THE CAMERA GAG! THEN EVERYBOD 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 TING!
WIT' PLEASURE!

IMAGINE ME, A MOOM PITCHER ACTER!
WILL DE PITCHER BE DE COLORED KIND, SUB?
OH, HIGHLY COLOR, I ASSURE YOU! A 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!

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

THIS MEGAPHONE IN REVERSE OUGHT TO MUFFLE YOU, PAL!

MUMP! MUMP!

YOU STOOP A SPLENDID STOOP, MR. PALMER!

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

YOWW!
TWO-GUN PERCY

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 Malteo Mesa!
Way out West, where men are either hombres or varmints, you can find no tougher hand than Two-Gun Percy, as he rides 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 something before, only yuh never encouraged me! Now that you've broke the ice...

Let me tell yuh bout myself! When I was only a little colt, I lived in Kentucky! Ah, Kentucky...

Whar the blue grass grows--which reminds me that Nell's eyes are blue, an' I got a hankerin' to take a trip to town to see her...

Nell's my own true gal, an'...

Put her out of yore mind, pardner! Her old man owes a heap o' money to Hugh Payne, the banker... and if he can't cough up the mortgage 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...
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!

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!

AND WITHIN THE DEN OF INIQUITY...

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

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

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

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!

HIYA, NELL!!

HIYA, PERC!!

I SHALL NEVER MARRY YOU, HUGH PAVEY! I SHALL DIE EATING MARSHMALLOW SUndaes FIRST!

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

WON'T BE NO NEED FER THAT, DARTER! SALES HAS BEEN MIGHTY GOOD LATELY! IF MR. PAYE'LL HOLD OFF FORECLOSIN' FOR 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 YOH CAN DO THAT BY CUTTING OUT SINGLE ORDERS! DOUBLE ORDERS OR NOTHING!

SON, YOH GOT THE ANSWER! I'LL PAY MY 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 CORROADS!

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, YOH ORNERY SKUNK!

AWKAI! AWWA!

SAME TO YOU, YOH LOW-DOWN COYOTE!!

UG!

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

THEN THE FOES CLOSE IN MORTAL COMBAT!
Oh, yeah? I'll bet you a month's wages the general doesn't even know you're alive!

OK! It's a bet!

Gosh - I let myself in for something... I never got closer than ten feet to the general... and here comes his car!

What an idea! I'll act as though I'm hurt... maybe....

Sergeant, that man seems to need medical attention... bring him into the car quickly!

Yessir, the general and I are that close... real buddies and all that stuff!
Paw, this may sound kinda 'corny' to you, but I'm taking time out here 'n' now to state that our new crop sure went places in a big way!!

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 Nickory Perkins, is here shown ploughing up the rear forty acres.

Consarn that no-count nitwit off-springs o' mine, Vic -- he haint touched his lilly white paws to a lick o' labor on this farm since Dewey fit at Manila!

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!

Hot Coffee
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 PAINT 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!!

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

WELL DAWGONE ME--NOW I'M PROMOTED TO BEIN' NIGHT WATCHMAN TO A LOAD OF NEXT SEASON'S SUC-COTASH--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, haint gone plumb loco agin--imagine him layin' out a full plantin' o' corn agin' at this time o' season?

An' ever-lovin' neighbor!

Fooby is all I've got to say 'him--an' I see it double!

INSTANTLY, an explosion rang throughout the length and breadth of the valley that shimmied the hills for six adjoining counties.

POP!

NEXT a deep, soft snow-white blanket immediately covers the entire landscape.

What's a-poppin', son?

POP! POP!

It sure looks like a mail-order house blizzard--if you ask me, Paw--go ahead, ask me!
H'MPH! --- This stuff calls for closer lookin' into. --- T'aint snow, -- it's, it's: CRUNCH!

Well slap me four ways lop-sided... it's all hun'ner't percent popcorn!!

-- An' it's popping special delivery direct from our own corn field now -- oh paw, come a-hustlin'!!

I'm a-comin', sonny boy -- with a wheel-barry to boot!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Stack it right in, paw -- an' make mine vanilla!

Slap dab you, son, I can't calf-a-late whut you added to my corn seedin' -- but you're bound to make us an overnight fortune -- if this just keeps poppin'!!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

-- Allus we've got to do now is to glue this stuff together into popcorn balls with pure molasses -- and then -- buy a bank!

Shucks -- twarn't nothing much a tall I did, paw -- I merely added a few handfuls of my new Sulphur-loaded Vitamin pills to your seeded corn field -- and an ordinary match did the trick!!

Barn's full up now, paw!

You match anything I ever met, son!
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 quaint 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 ponders, the mayor strangely wanders...

But poor mayor dryden's in a desperate plight
For he's losing votes with his weak eye-sight...

All over town, the news spreads round...

Sonnet Boulevard

And so the news finally reaches our hero...

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!

What? You can hardly see your hand before your face?
I'll come at once and solve the case!

Henry! My safe's been robbed! A new deprecation!

But when Henry reaches the mayor's door, additional trouble lies in store...

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?

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

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!

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.

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

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.

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—bargain'in alone wuz very rash!"

Anyway, your dinner is lacking in 'savor. May I offer you some pepper to improve the flavor?

I hate to get rough, but since you acted so tough! Atchoo! Ouch! Enough! We'll surrender the stuff!

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—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.
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 SLEEPY SIDE, THE BLACKSMITH IS THE BIGGEST OF US ALL!

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

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!

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.

YOU MEAN WHEN WE STOOD OUTSIDE YOUR PARLOR DOOR?

NO... THEY WERE TOO TIRED FROM SNEEZING — HUH! JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

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. MY GRANDPA ALWAYS LIKED TO BE THE FIRST HUMAN BEING TO DO SOMETHING SO HE TACKLED THE JUNGLE. IT WASN'T VERY HARD HE SAID BUT HE HAD AN ACCIDENT. HIS HAT GOT KNOCKED OFF BY A SNAKE.

4. WHEN HE WENT DOWN AFTER HIS HAT HE COULDN'T HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES, HIS HAT WAS FLOATING UPHILL 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 UPHILL.

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 GETTING HIMSELF TO KILL TIME.
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.

WELL I’LL BE JIGGERED!

GET BUSY ON YOUR HOME WORK THIS INSTANT!

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

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.
Do you need an invention 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 stickheads 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 can't look....

Glug-glug-glug....

A moment later....

He—he's gone! He disappeared! Maybe.... maybe he blew up!! I'll never forgive myself for this....

Uh .... uh ....

BANG! ZIP! CRASH!

A fine time to play a 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!

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

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

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

BZZZZZZZZZ... BUZZZZ... BUZZZZ.

OWW! OWTCH! I GOT STUNG! I GOT STUNG!!

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

BANG? BANG!

HAMILTON, DROP THE GUN! STOP IT!

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

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

HANNOVER YOUR Moola, CHUM, THIS IS A STICK UP!

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

BANG! BANG!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE??

BANG!
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, Eggbert! Somebody put the bee on me!

Here, you're mister. We'll charter the boat for the day!

You can't do that! It's the only boat around here!

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!

Hey... we're heading the wrong way. We don't want to come here!

Inside the tunnel...

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 not...

C-come right a-long... but do you think you ought to?

What should I worry about? I don't own the thing!

Maaalp! Maaalp! My boat! I been robbed!
As the boat emerges from the tunnel, hoarse cries are heard...

Yah! Yah! Yah! Can't catch me!!!

Absolutely sensational! What a terrific stunt! I'll hire you, sir... at a hundred dollars a performance!

My card, sir. I am the inventor of the amazing liquid you have seen demonstrated by my partner! Where's your dough?

You are... a hundred dollars to repeat the performance?

Here's your share. Now let go and give another performance!

Come down, come down!

That's easy for you to say. But suppose I miss the Ferris wheel? I'll just keep on goin'!
HECK I CAN'T REACH IT. I DID MISS!

IT DOES ME GOOD TO SEE
THAT MOO LA 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!

BUT I WON'T!

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!

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 MAN-
AGER 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!

Why, Ham need have no fear. For greedy hands reach out for him as he sails skyward.
Nervous Joe

Phew! It's hot!

I hope somebody is home... I hope!

Well?

It is an extremely warm day and I am very hot and uncomfortable. I would like very much to take a bath...

In your bath tub, of course.

TSK! TSK! Such inhospitality!

Let us talk this over, my friend!

Why, you idiot! I don't even know you! I don't let any stranger take a bath in my bath tub! I'm going to lose my temper!

Grrr

He wouldn't think of this!
THOUGHTFUL, ISN'T HE?

I GOT IT!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

WHAT! NO SOAP?
NOW YOU'RE COOKING WITH GAS, LITTLE PIGEON... IT'S THE SAMBA...!! TAKE THAT LITTLE SIDE STEP... THEN SLIDE YOUR FEET!

Popsys a meanie! G'bye, Buzzy!!

I'll take the little side step and you slide your feet as you go down the steps!! G'bye, little lamb

It must be love -- I feel no pain!!

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!!

COULD
BE!

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

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

I'M NOT JUST A
PLAYER AROUNDERS
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!
OW  ONE-TWO-THREE!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID PUSH!

YOU IDIOT! I SAID LIFT!

STAND ASIDE, LOLLYPOP! I'LL MUSCLE THIS DOWNSTAIRS MYSELF!!

HOMER!

AND MR. GRUFF I---

HOMER!

HEAVEN'S Sake TRY TO BE MORE CAREFUL OF MY TRUNK!!

Hey! You're not in a rink! Look out for that skate!

Watch this!
BUZZY HAS KILLED POPS!

NO, HE HASN'T! AND SOON AS I GET THIS TRUNK OFF MY NECK I'LL.

HADN'T WE BETTER PAINT YOUR POPS HEAD WITH IODINE!!

I'M GAINING ON HIM.... IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH THAT DOOR!

DEAD END!

MR. GRUFF, YOU'RE PINCHING MY NECK!!

GOOD!! NOW I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU!!

HOMER! HOMER, GRUFF! YOU BULLY! YOU COWARD! THAT BOY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR FALLING DOWNSTAIRS!!
I was a bit hasty; my temper's getting as short as my hair. . . .

I'm going up to the attic; how to fix a leak in the roof?

Go with him, Buzzy, and you can get better acquainted with Popsy.

The tool chest must be over in the far corner!

You have a swell shotgun here, Mr. Gruff!

Papa is shooting Buzzy!

SO!

As soon as my back is turned.

BANG!

Be fair to me, Mr. Gruff!

The party's on, gang!! Here comes Buzzy!
WE CAME OVER TO JIVE AND CAPER WITH YOU AND YOUR LITTLE LAMB!

WHY NOT!

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?

HIVA, MR. GRUFF-HIYA, SUSIE... WE HAVE SOME NEW SAMMY GOODMAN PLATTERS AND WE'RE IN OUTA THE RAIN FOR A LITTLE JAM SESSION!

PULL UP THE RUGS!

I COULD BE PALS WITH YOUR POPS, KITTEN, IF ONLY HE HAD RHYTHM!!

A HOUSE FULL OF HER CATS... IS THERE NO ESCAPE?

AH!

A MAN WHO WON'T BE LICKED CAN'T BE LICKED!!

I'M GLAD THERE'S A LIGHT IN HERE!

THIS IS COLD COMFORT, BUT IT'S SOUND PROOF!
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 knew anything at all about business knew 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 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 Fatstuff 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 resenting 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: "For goodness sakes remember 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-SMITH M'FOOY

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

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

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

BOSS -- OUR ONE LONE HOPE
IS TO PAGE OUR PAL, --
M'FOOY--!

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

BY Jove, you're right --
by day or night
that guy's
chock full o' hooey!

DAILY BLOOD --
KIDNAPPED!!
McFogey 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, Shum. - I'll
Be right over !

Here's all the stuff
We've got on the case
McFogey - From now
On - You're on
Your own - !

Okay - D.A. -
And I'll hit
Th' Jackpot
Can be sure
Of that - !

Drive to the Beachbreak Hotel
At the shore, my lad, and don't
Spare the horses - !

Ow-w-w!
That hotel is
Haunted from
Stem to stern,
Sir - !

Speedily arriving at the so-called
Haunted hotel, McFogey, quietly (?)
Entered with a skeleton key - !

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

Umpf! - This spooky place is
Looking like a boat and it sure
Gives me the all-out creeps
Wazzat - ??

Ow-w-w-aah! That
Chatter stuff is not
Of this world! And the hull place
Is loaded with it - !
McGeey, oozing with the 'chattering' jitters by now, decides to go into a huddle with himself by 'holding 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 7030...

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.)

Vanilla

Hurry up, you bees and wax—or you go off the payroll!

Always arrived at the hotel with (40) trunks—(never tipped)

Oh man—why don't they draft me?

Her last acts on day of her disappearance—7:00 A.M. entry 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 Garbo, Garland, Garbo special!

12:00 noon—settled hotel bill and shipped her trunks back to the city

12:30 to 2:00 P.M. Ate a hasty lunch 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 of 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—whomever you are—!
—— 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 NEARLY STREAM-LINED STORE TEETH, THAT CHATTERED MERRILY ON THE WINDOW — STILL WITH EVERY Icy BLAST!

—— DOUNCING ON THEM FORWHY, (IF THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD,) MO FOODY GENTLY FLIPPED THEM OVER ON THEIR BACKS 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 — YOU'RE IS TOO SWEET FOR WORDS, MISTER!

—— THE END.
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.

3. It seems that one time his landlady made some doughnuts. They were so heavy he could hardly lift one single-hander and tough enough to talk back to a cop.

4. Oh gosh!

5. 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 doughnuts so he stuffed them into his pockets and under his shirt.

6. Shortly after that, while strolling on the river bank he stepped on an empty banana and went in head first.

7. UBF

8. 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.

9. Then he thought of the doughnuts and started to get rid of them and quickly rose to the surface - something like this, I imagine.
I have another batch ready, but I need some help to get them in. With pleasure! White fib.

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.

What the? Police! Police! Whoopie!

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.

Well, I'll let you off if you will name your discovery after me!

Mrs. Dunking—Striking a hard bargain and that's why they call it dunking when they slosh a doughnut into a cup of coffee.

There was some more to this story, but when I opened the attic window to let my grandpa's pipe steam out somebody saw it and turned in a fire alarm. They thought our house was on fire, and oh well, was groggy anyway.
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...

Dover and Clover, those twin terrors of the criminal trail, are inhaling—beg pardon, enjoying their midday rations...

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!

Did the restaurant man give you the bakery's right address?

O.K. 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! NOPE, IT WAS DOUGHNUTS -- THAT BROUGHT US -- WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!

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

ANDREW Kookie: FATE ALONE MUST HAVE SENT YOU HERE!

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 INDUCTION!

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

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

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 ROLL-LICKING CHANTY...

FOR I AM A BRAVE AND CAREFREE MAN -- THE SKIPPER OF THE MARY ANNE...

I'M STICKY! I'M A MESS!
AFTER HIM, CLOVER! He thinks he found his finger prints. 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 realized, 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!
AND THE "TIDAL WAVE DUNK" MAKES A PRE- MATURE DEBUT!

HALP!

?? ITS ALIVE! IT'S MODERN WITCHCRAFT! IT TALKS!

YEK!

WHAT THEY WON'T DO NOWAYS TO DELIVER A RUSH ORDER! TCK! TCK!

THINK OF THOSE POOR SPLATTERED UP DELIVERY BOYS IN THE MIDDLE!

IT'S DOUGHNUT GREMLINS! THEY BROUGHT THE BIG KIND YOU DREAM OF!

SCHOOL PICNIC

HOORAY FOR THE DOUGHNUT GREMLINS!

CLOVER, LOOK! THE FLAWLESS FORMULA! IT WAS IN THE "TIDAL WAVE DUNK"!

IT FELL IN ACCIDENTALLY, AND THE CHIEF BAKER IS INNOCENT! NO ONE WOULD HIDE A FORMULA IN DOUGHNUT DOUGH!

LATER, ONCE MORE CLOSETED WITH O. U. KOOKE...

THIS IS IT! YOU HAVE SAVED THE REPUTATION OF THE HOUSE OF KOOKE! I SHALL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS APICE!

THANKS, WE'VE GOT PLANS FOR USING IT!

I'LL SAY!

AND STILL LATER...

YES, WE WERE RIGHT, CLOVER. THIS RUNS OPPOSITE TO THE MIXER AND THE "TIDAL WAVE DUNK"!

YOU MEAN YOU GUYS WANT TO BUY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF NICKLE RIDES?

YOU SEE, WE'RE UNWINDING OURSELVES FROM AN EXPERIENCE WE WERE FLUNG INTO--THE GRAMMAR, DOVER?

ABSOLUTELY, MY GOOD MAN!
Pausing briefly in the town of Shaggville, our hero is confronted by a motley assembly...

**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!
Those hoodlums at the gate wouldn't let me in! Me, the Buller Brush Man! Something fishy must be going on in that big house!

With lightning-like speed and unerring precision, Genius Jones acts!

Hang on, Bertie!

But the twosome has tramped straight into the gang's arms!

These guys might get the barbers to take a run-out powder!

I got a lovely idea not to do wit' dem!

That truckload of coal is comin' up the driveway right now!

It'll fill up this bin! Heh, heh!

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, Bertie! She'd be sorry she threw me over, haircut or no haircut!

Outside, an innocent instrument of cruel death pulls a lever...

What a life! No excitement or nothin'!

So the barbers are held captive, here!
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!

Iron Wills clash in fierce deadlock!

But Mr. Applepate, 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!

What manner of man can this mysterious "boss" be, who holds barbers captive yet entertaining them royally?

What can be his motive?

Let us join Genius Jones and Bertie as they meet...
Genius rises to heights of eloquence, but appleate 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 descendant of brave Buffalo Bill!

Huh! Who are 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!
PRIVATE PETE

GENERAL FOOF, WHAT WE NEED IS MORE AIRPLANES - AIRPLANES!!
ALL KINDS!

WAMM - ALL KINDS?

GENTLEMEN, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU -- MY FRIEND HAS AIRPLANES, THOUSANDS OF THEM, AND WITH OUR PRIORITIES ---

HURRY! ORDER THEM BY ALL MEANS! DID YOU SAY THOUSANDS?

DAYS PASS, AND.....

C'MON FOOF, I JUST GOT WORD THEY'RE HERE -- THE AIRPLANES

HERE THEY ARE, SIRS, AREN'T THEY ALL BEAUTIES?
PRIVATE PETE

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

AOTE ADR