A bit early for swimming, isn't it?
PRIVATE PETE

SEE IT'S A TRICK ANIMAL C'MON, JOE - TAKE UP THE REAR END!

THERE Y'ARE! A REAL STAGE MOOSE! SAY - WHAT AN IDEA ---

THIS IS A TERRIFIC CAMOUFLAGE OUTFIT - LET'S WALK OVER TO THE COLONEL AND SEE IF HE'D BE INTERESTED.

BANG BANG BANG BANG

GOSH - I FORGOT - THE HUNTING SEASON IS ON NOW!
Sure, it's always one of any-thing you're looking at, and even the best of us sometimes see double. If we get dizzy enough, but when people start seeing triple, then it's time to set the trusty trio of Pen-Palmer, Inc., on the trail of the triple-trouble threat that features the cock-ey ed case of the 'vanishing visions!'

Some have money and others have problems...

I haven't got the rent, but I think I have a client. You'll have to call me later—much later.

First I saw single, then double!!! And now triple!!! I'm go-go-going crazy!

He hasn't far to go.

I'm Mr. Looseleaf Booke, Jr... and they pop up here... then they disappear there! In twos! In threes! Help me, Mr. Palmer, help me!

What?

Huh?
SAAY! HE'S THAT YOUNG MILLIONAIRE WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO GIVE ALL HIS MONEY AWAY... TO START A LIBRARY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BUNNY? SALARIES AND HAMBURGERS! MAYBE HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO GIVE US SOMETHING!

SURE! I MADE BUNDLES OF ALL YOUR FEES BEFORE I LEFT HOME! COME ON, I'LL EXPLAIN THE CASE IN MY CAR!

BUNDLES OF FEES, PERHAPS $80,000! LET'S GO, GANG!

I SEE THEM, THEN I DON'T! AND IF MY MIND'S SLIPPING, I CAN'T ENDOW THAT LIBRARY...

YOU SEE STRIPED MEN WHO DISAPPEAR? HMM! SHOW ME WHERE!

AND NO EATING TILL WE GET THE FACTS!

I'M STILL HUNGRY FROM OUR LAST CASE!

I SEE THEM HERE, ALL OVER. MY UNCLE THREATENS TO MANAGE MY MONEY IF I'M REALLY INSANE! AM I, MR. PALMER, AM I?

IT DOES SOUND STRANGE, LOOSE-LEAPE!

I AGREE WITH HIS UNCLE! BATS IN HIS BELFY?

SUDDENLY...

FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S ONE NOW!

DON'T STAND THERE, TACKLE IT!

MAYBE HUNGER HAS DRIVEN ME CRAZY! I SEE IT TOO!

IT'S GONE! DISAPPEARED, JUST LIKE HE TOLD US!

OH, IT'S NO USE CHASING THEM! I'VE TRIED THAT!
HELP! THERE'S TWO OF THEM!

SO THEY SEE THEM TOO! I GUESS WE'RE ALL INSANE!

ULP!

L.L.L.L. LOOK!

NOW THEY'RE TH-TH-TH-THREE. I CAN'T TRUST MY EYES! I'M GLAD I BROUGHT THIS CAMERA!

CLICK!

IN A FLASH... THE VISIONS VANISH!

THEY'RE G-G-G-GONE! YOU'RE ALL SUCH NICE PEOPLE... AND YOU'RE CRAZY TOO!

WAIT, I BROUGHT DEVELOPING FLUID ALONG

MINUTES LATER... A REAL CLUE AT LAST!

I CAN STILL SEE THEM!

STEADY, PALMER! BETTER BRING DOWN ANOTHER ICEBAG, LOOSELEAF!

THERE! MY SCIENTIFIC CAMERA NEVER LIES!

THAT MEANS THEY'RE REAL MEN! BUT WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

SO THE HUNT BEGINS...

HEY! YOU MUST'VE TOUCHED A HIDDEN SPRING!

THEY DISAPPEARED NEAR HERE...

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER DOOR...

BOOKE'S ALREADY PACKED OUR REWARDS... OH, BOY!

I'M SURE THERE'S A WAY OUT...
As the panel clicks shut... the only way out is down!

Wha...? Something tells me we're not going to like this!

After a fast slide to the basement...

Gag them too, and leave them! This rawhide is better than rope!

Shall we now continue to drive the young master... er... Cuckoo!

Looseleafe Booke's uncle, Klosed Booke, reveals his nefarious plans!

Sure, Reeves! When he's declared insane, I'll get those millions! Make him see the vanishing visions till he goes cuckoo! Ha! Ha!

Very well, sir! Vision, roam the house.

They've gone to haunt Looseleafe! Hmm... so my bonds are rawhide.

We're dusty, yes... but what a time to take a bath!

And water...

...looses rawhide. Now to free bunny and Oxie!

In the trophy room, weapons are chosen.

Here's a boomerang! A South American bolo-lasso! Nix, I'll use my fists!
Meanwhile, in another part of the house, an uncle calms his rich nephew...

Come, come, my boy... just be quiet... a vision, indeed! Just nerves. 

But... but now... I see two of them! D-don't don't you?

Now they're three!! Reeves, you chase them away...

I'm sorry, Master Looseleaf, but your brain...

His visions again! So sad... so sad!

And a noble and generous (and eccentric) mind is ready to crack...

Oh... oh... then I'm really insane! And I can't give my millions to libraries! I may even be forced to keep the money! But no, no, Uncle Klosed Booze... you manage it! Say you'll take my money!

Just in time!

Brawn! Beauty! And brains!

Swing into action!

Ooww! Now I'm really a klosed booze.

Brawn!

I'll shut you up.

When...

Beauty!

Boomerangs for dinner, you butler!

And brains!

A three-rope lasso for a triple-threat.
YOU...? UNCLE SAID YOU'VE ALL DESERTED ME BECAUSE I WAS CRAZY!

THIS CASE IS TIED UP IN KNOTS! ASK FOR THAT REWARD HE PACKED.

O000! THE VISIONS. I STILL SEE THEM!

OF COURSE, BECAUSE THEY'RE REAL MEN, IT WAS ALL A PLOT OF YOUR UNCLE'S TO DRIVE YOU INSANE AND GET YOUR MILLIONS.

AND LOOSELEAF BOOKE, JR. KEEPS HIS PROMISE...

SO I'M SANE... AND NOW IT'S LEGAL! I'VE GIVEN EVERY CENT TO LIBRARIES! I'M POOR BUT HAPPY! FOR YOU, MISS BUNNY...

NOW, AHM! THOSE BUNDLES OF REWARDS YOU SPOKE OF...

IT'S A REWARD ALL RIGHT... BUT...

A BOOK ON RABBITS!

A COOK BOOK!

A DETECTIVE STORY!

NOT A PENNY HAVE I, AND NOT A CARE!

DID WE JUST PROVE HE WASN'T CRAZY ???

THE END.

THE LOVELY THING ABOUT WAR BONDS IS THE FACT THAT BY BUYING THEM WE CAN ALL HELP TO WIN THE WAR.

---AND DO YOU KNOW THAT LOTS OF US SERVICEMEN ARE PLUNKING THIRTY OR EVEN FIFTY PERCENT OF OUR PAY INTO WAR BONDS?!

YOU SAID IT, MR. MUNNYBAGGS! YOUR DOUGH BUYS A 155 MM. HOWITZER---BUT EVEN MY TEN-CENT STAMP BUYS A COUPLA RIFLE BULLETS?

YEAH---WE'RE HELPING TO BUY THE STUFF WE RIGHT WITH.... HOW'RE YOU DOING ??!
WAAL, PARDNER, THERE'S BEEN PLENTY OF RUSTLERS OUT YERE IN THE WEST... BUT NEVER NONE LIKE THE RUSTLERS TWO-GUN PERCY RUN INTO! --THEY HAD A SLICK SCHEME THAT NOBODY COULD FIGGER... UNTIL TWO-GUN HISSELF SMOKED 'EM OUT, AN' HE AN' HIS HOSSES RISKED LIFE AN' LIMB TO L'ARN THE SECRET OF SKULLDOUGGERY AT THE BAR SQUARE BAR!

ON THE GREAT DESERT, WHERE RAIN NEVER FALLS FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S BEGINNING, OR VICE VERSA, LITTLE DROPS OF WATER PITTE-PATTER ON THE PARCHED SOIL...

OH, WHY DID I EVER SELL MY FAITHFUL HOSSESS, HORACE, FOR AN AUTOMOBILE THAT'S RICKETY, SPAINED, AND HAS THE GLANDERS? YUH GOT ME, PARDNER... WHY DID YUH?
HORACE SHORE WAS THE BEST HOSS THAT ANYBODY...I MEAN, ANY WADDY...EVER HAD!

PLENTY, AMIGO... PLENTY!

WHAM? WHO ARE YOU?

THAT THERE GALOOT YHUH SOLD ME TO WASN'T A GOOD LISTENER, SO I HIT THE TRAIL BACK TO YOU! 

HORACE!

A RATTLER, TALKIN'! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

AND SEEIN' AS HOW I LEARNED TO THROW MY VOICE, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE SOME FUN WITH THAT SIDEWINDER! BUT LET ME TELL YUH WHAT HAPPENED...

SOME OTHER TIME, OLD HOSS, SOME OTHER TIME! NOW THAT I'VE GOT YUH BACK, I KIN GIT ME A JOB PUNCHIN' CATTLE!

ALTHOUGH, COME TO THINK OF IT...WHY SHOULD I PUNCH 'EM? THEY NEVER DONE NUTHIN' TO ME!!

LEAVING THIS ETERNAL MYSTERY OF THE WEST UNSOLVED, WE TURN NOW TO THE BAR SQUARE BAR RANCH... WHERE STRANGE DOINGS ARE AFOOT...

SO YUH HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF THE RUSTLERS, EH, JIM?

NARY A SIGN OF THEM, MISS GOWLADYS... THEY ARE CLEVER VARMINTS!

THEY DON'T ACTUALLY RUSTLE THE CRITTERS... THEY JUST CHANGE THEIR BRANDS, SO THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH 'EM LATER!
SHUCKS, MISS GWLADYS...DON'T LET IT WORRY YUH NONIE! RUNNIN' THIS YERE RANCH IS A MIGHTY HARD JOB FOR A PURTY GIRL LIKE YOU, AN! I BEEN THINKIN'...

THAT I OUGHTA GET A NEW FOREMAN? NO, JIM, YUH KIN KEEP THE JOB...NOBODY ELSE WOULD TAKE IT FER WHUT YU'RE BEING PAID!

AND NOW INTO THIS SCENE OF INTRIGUE COMES OUR HANDSOME HERO, ASTRID HIS CANYON CAUSE...

HAY! YUH GON'T FER A JOB, YUH GOT IT!--YUH'LL FIND A BUNK OVER AT THE BUNKHOUSE, AN' THE COOK'S GOTA RB! MAKE YO'RESELF AT HOME!

WALL, HERE I AM PUNCHIN' THE CRITTERS AFTER ALL! MAY AS WELL START ROUNDIN' UP THAT HERD...

HERE'S WHERE I ROPE THAT HEIFER WITH THE WHITE FACE!

TWO TO ONE YUH MISS! THREE TO ONE...FIVE TO ONE!

A LEAPIN' LARIAT SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR! AND THEN...

IT'S HOO-TYIN' ME! HORACE, HELP!

ALL RIGHT, PARTNER, I'LL BITE THROUGH THE ROPE FOR YUH, BUT DON'T LOOK AT MY TEETH...I DON'T WANT YUH TO KNOW HOW OLD I AM!
MOMENTS LATER...

TALKIN' ABOUT ROPE, AMIGO... LET ME SHOW YUH SOME NEAT LITTLE TRICKS I PICKED UP!

LATER, HORACE! THEM CATTLE GOT AWAY, AND I GOTTA FOLLOW PRONTO, WITH MUCHO SPEEDO!

GALLOP, GALLOP, GALLOP... WITH TYPICAL WESTERN SKILL, PERCY PICKS UP THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING HERD, AND SOON...

GOSHAMIGHTY, HORACE... THERE ARE THE CATTLE ALONG WITH A BUNCH OF RUSTLERS!

TIME FOR SOME ACTION, STUFF, OLD HOS! HERE WE GO!

CLOP! CLOP! YIPPEE!

FOREMAN JIM! SO YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THESE CATTLE RUSTLERS!

WATCH OUT, PERCY! THAT SIX-SHOOTER OF HIS 'N LOOKS MIGHTY ONFRIENDLY!!

NEVER MIND THE SIX-SHOOTERS... I GOT A SECRET WEAPON!

OW!

YOU LITTLE SQUIRT!

SMILE WHEN YUH SAY THAT, YUH ORNERY COYOTE!!

HA! HA!... HEY... STOP TICKLIN' ME!!
SOMETHIN’ GOTA BE DONE MIGHTY FAST... AN’ IT’S UP TO CACTUS PETE TO DO IT!

HEY... WATCH OUT!!

JEST PLANT THAT PLANT ON THE GROUND, STRANGER!

AND SO, WITH THE AID OF HIS RESOURCEFUL PINTO, OR MAYBE MUSTANG, OUR HERO RoundS UP THE RUSTLERS! BUT LATER...

I FIGGERED HIM FOR A RUSTLER THE MINUTE I SEEN HIM, MISS GWLADYS! HE’S GOT A MIGHTY MEAN LOOK IN HIS EYE!

NOW JEST A MINUTE, PARDO. AFORE YUH SAY ANYTHING FURTHER! I WASN’T A-RUSTLIN’ THEM COW-CRITTERS!

LOOK! I WAS JEST A-PLAYIN’ TIC-TAC-TOE WITH SOME OF THE BOYS! WE DIDN’T HAVE NO PENCILS, SO WE PAINTED MARKS ON THE SIDES OF THEM COWS... AN’ LATER WE COULDN’T GET ALL THE PAINT OFF!

GOSH, JIM, WHY DIDN’T YUH TELL ME! STEAD OF BLAMIN’ IT ON RUSTLERS? I’VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW THAT GAME! I’LL EVEN MARRY YUH, IF YUH’LL LEARN IT TO ME!

WHY, MISS GWLADYS... IT’S A DEAL!

WHYA...? DON’T I EVER GET THE GAL?

OH, WELL, HORACE, YUH’RE RIGHT THERE! PARDNER! AN’ AN’ OTHA BOTHER WITH FEMALAS, THEY TALK TO THE MACH... DID I EVER TELL YUH ‘BOUT THE LITTLE MARE I MET OUT IN...
No text content provided.
In the village my grandpa had a bed on stilts so the ants couldn't crawl up to him and get stepped on and he could be sick in peace.

After he got cured he was carried up to the king's summer palace and they had quite a chat. The king was very nice, but awful stubborn, he said.

They don't seem to have anyplace to go and nothin' on their minds. No ambition—just a bunch of bumps! I wonder if?

Then my grandpa finally decided he wanted to leave the island, but he didn't want to get seasick on dry land again by being carried down to the beach in his canoe, so he started to use his brain.

And in no time at all he figured out a plan. Very simple. He explained to the king what a picnic was and got him to give one at the summer palace and you can see what happened. Pretty soon every ant on the island woke up and dashed to the picnic and my grandpa just walked away. But

As usual, Auntie Minerva busted up the story. Sorry—your pad head.

P.S. Auntie Minerva never caught my grandpa in a fib yet!
HAMILTON and EGBERT

Appalled by the insurance statistics of daily accidents and how many people are hurt by them, meek little Stanley Meek for terrified McQuandrey decides to take steps to prevent his becoming a statistic.

This guy is wearin' our new anti-accident device, folks!

Sure it works... we hope! Even if it doesn't, it's his tough luck, not ours!

Yes, it is. Thanks for telling me. Goodbye...

What did the man want?

Oh, he just said it was a good day I agreed with him!
COME IN, SIR! PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY PARTNER, HE HASN'T ENOUGH SENSE TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN!

TEE-HEE! THAT PROVES I'M SMARTER THAN YOU... IT'S NOT RAINING!

I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF ACCIDENTS! I WANT YOU TO INVENT SOMETHING THAT WILL PREVENT MY BEING INJURED.

I THINK WE CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU!

IS THIS PLACE SAFE? SUPPOSE SOMETHING BLEW UP?

HAM, TAKE THE GENTLEMAN INTO OUR FOOL-PROOF CABINET! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT THERE!

SURE!

AM I QUITE SAFE IN HERE?

SURE! YOU CAN'T GET OUT TO GET HURT, AND NOBODY CAN GET IN TO HURT YOU! WE PUT A LOCK ON IT AND THREW THE KEY AWAY!

THIS IS PERFECT! WITH THE DOOR LOCKED AND NO KEY, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO ME?

WHAT COULD HAPPEN? I COULD SUFFOCATE TO DEATH... THAT'S WHAT!!

YOU KNOW, HAM, I LIKE OUR WORK! IT'S SO NICE AND QUIET!

UH-HUH... NEVER ANY FUSS OR EXCITEMENT....
THE AIR IS GETTING CLOSE. I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. MAYBE I CAN SIGNAL TO THEM...

NICE GUY, MCQUANDREY. HE'S WAVIN' TO US. HELLO, MISTER MCQUANDREY!
SEE IF HE WANTS ANYTHING!

I GUESS HE DOESN'T LIKE THE CLOTHES HE'S WEARIN' HE'S TAKING THEM OFF...

HE NEEDS AIR! WHERE'S THE KEY TO THIS THING? WE GOTTA GET HIM OUT!!

WE GAVE IT TO THE SCRAP DRIVE, REMEMBER?? HMM... MAYBE A BLOW TORCH WILL DO THE TRICK!

YEEHAW! AND I WANTED TO AVOID ACCIDENTS!

THIS ISN'T AN ACCIDENT. I'M DOING IT DELIBERATELY!

CHEER UP, MISTER MCQUANDREY. ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

SURE. I WAS IN AN ACCIDENT ONCE, WHEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER!

SO HOW COULD THAT HURT YOU?

SHE THREW ME OVER A CLIFF!!
Here you are, sir. A bumper all around you, alarms to go off when a car comes too close, bells to warn you of a height...

It looks grand. I'm anxious to try it!

We'd better go along, just in case...er...of accident!

Yessir, nothing can hurt you when you're wearing that!

Go ahead, try it out. Step in front of that luggage cart. Go ahead!

Well...all right...

This is great! I didn't feel a thing!

Owww! Hey...what's a big idea?

Get funny with me Will ya? Take dis!!

Oh, my goodness. Owww!!

Make a note of that, ham! Jaw-cushion in case of a fight!

We'll fix that defect, Mister McQuandrey who'd ever think anyone would hit you?

Beware of electro magnet!

Well, I guess that's so. I'd better pay you now, I guess.

Five hundred dollars. I'll pay you both. Here it is....

Pay us each half!

Hello, eg. fancy seeing you here! How are you?

Wh...? Where's McQuandrey ??...
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON HIM! I'LL SUE! WHERE'D HE GO, ANYHOW?

HE'S NOT IN HERE!

HAAALP! GET ME DOWN OFF HERE! I'M STUCK!

HAAALP! I'LL SAVE HIM!

THROW OFF THE SWITCH! THROW IT OFF, I SAY!

SAYS WHO, WISE GUY?

BOY, WHAT A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

THERE!! I SAVED HIM!

YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND SAVE YOURSELF, CHUM!

HAAALP! NOW I'M FALLING!

YOU WON'T HURT YOURSELF THERE'S A LOT OF SPRING IN THIS JUNK!

SAP! NOW STAY OUT OF HERE!

HEY...

CLANG! CLATTER! CLANG!
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO? I'LL HAVE HIM DOWN IN A JIFFY!

YEEEOOW... I'VE BEEN MURDERED, ASSASSINATED, SLAIN! I'M DEAD! I'M DEAD!

SAY, CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? A TALKING GHOST!

DRAG HIM OUT OF THERE!

CLANG! CLANG!

I'LL SUE! I'LL TAKE YOUR LAST PENNY FROM YOU!

HERE IT IS, MISTER!

MAGNIFICENT SUCH DARE-DEVILTRY!

MAGNIFICENT COURAGE!

HUH?
YOU MEAN ME? COURAGE?
A.. A DARE-DEVIL??

NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! RAW BRAVERY!
TOUGH AS NAILS! NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING!
SIGN HERE, AND YOU'RE IN THE MOVIES!

ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE THOUGHT BRAVE.
NOW I AM! ME A STUNT MAN IN HOLLYWOOD!
Zowie!

YEAH! WE HAVEN'T BEEN PAID YET!

HEH, WHAT ABOUT US?

WHO WANTS AN ANTI-ACCIDENT DEVICE NOW? ACCIDENTS ARE MY BREAD AND BUTTER!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

AND AFTER ALL WE DID FOR HIM TOO!

The End
I'm going over to my little pigeon's house with some new hot platters and play obligatos with my trumpet!

I'll get the gang and we'll be in to cut a rug!

Here comes Buzzy, Popsy, and I wish you'd try to be nice to him!

Go ahead and dance, but don't let that jellybean blow horns or beat drums!

You'll have to check that sweet trumpet at the door, Buzzy. Popsy is cross as a bear!!

He's going to a meeting or a banquet and he's been pacing the floor!!

Did you call Papa?

Yes, tell Buzzy to come up here and help me get into this lodge costume!
IT'S A QUARTER TO FIVE!! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO SPARE!!

YOU LOOK LIKE A PAGE FROM A HISTORY QUIZ, MR. GRUFF!!...NOW YOU'RE OKAY!!

WHAT'S THAT??...HE CAN'T COME!!...OH, IF IT'S LIKE THAT!! SORRY, MRS. FOLEY!!

MY BOY, A LODGE BROTHER HAS BEEN TAKEN ILL! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE PAGEANT! I HAVE HIS COSTUME HERE--HOP INTO IT--BUT QUICK!!

AFTER CALLING ME A LOLLYPOP HE HAS ME GET INTO A RIG LIKE THIS! I CAN'T WEAR IT--I JUST CAN'T!!

YOU LOOK SIMPLY STUNNING, BUZZY!!...AND THIS WILL BUILD YOU UP WITH POPSY!!...HE LOVES HIS LODGE WORK!!

DON'T WAIT TO GET YOUR BUS OUT OR CALL A CAB!!...MY CAR IS PARKED IN THE NEXT BLOCK, MR. GRUFF!

DO YOU CALL THIS MUSEUM PIECE A CAR?? DOES IT HAVE AN ENGINE??

IT'S A CUSTOM MADE JOB!!...I MADE IT MYSELF!!
KEEP YOUR HAIR ON, Twerp!!

BLUE BERRYS PIES

WHY DONT YOU STOP FOR THE LIGHT?

WHY DONT YOU SOUND YOUR HORN?

THAT IMBECILE HAS KILLED ME!

IF I CAN ONLY FIND STRENGTH TO GET TO MY FEET ILL... R?

RIGHT ON THE TARGET!
I CAN'T MISS!!

WHAT GOES ON HERE??

TAKE THAT!

S'PLOP!!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUTA THIS...

WHICH WAY IS HOME??
KEEP YOUR NOSE OUTA THIS JELLY BEAN!! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TRAFFIC!

AN GET GOIN' OR I'LL PART YOUR HAIR WITH THIS COAL SCOOP!!

I HATE TO GO HOME IN THIS OUTFIT, BUT I CAN'T HIDE IN THE PARK ALL DAY!!

HALT!! OR I'LL FIRE!!

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!! I'LL NOT BE TAKEN ALIVE IN THIS MAKE-UP!!

I COULD SWEAR THAT IS HOMER GRUFF! TCH-TCH AND AT HIS AGE!

IT IS HOMER GRUFF! HE WOULD DRIVE HIM INSANE!!

I ALWAYS SAID HIS HIGH TEMPER WOULD MAKE A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF!!

ONLY THREE MORE BACK YARDS TO GO!

MY OWN HOME!!

AND IT NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD

GREAT GRAVY!! HERE COMES BUZZY LOOKING LIKE THE MAN FROM MARS AND THERE'S FIRE IN HIS EYE!!

BUZZY'S NOT THE BATTLING KIND BUT HE COMES TEARIN' BY IN KIDS ROMPERS AND I ASKS, 'WHAT'S COOKIN'?'... HE BOPPED ME!!
I NEVER WISH TO SEE OR EAT A PIE AGAIN, BUT THERE'S ONE!!

AH! I HAVE A BETTER USE FOR THIS ONE!!

FEET STAY WITH ME!!

IT'S BEN HUR WITHOUT HIS CHARIOT!!

NO ANSWER! HE'S NOT HERE YET. I HOPE... I HOPE!!

THERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES, MY BOY, AND I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU!

DO YOU LIKE BLUEBERRY PIE?

OH, BUZZY, YOU LOOK SO FUNNY!! DON'T MOVE... I'LL GET THE CAMERA FOR A CANDID SNAP!!

LITTLE LAMB...
DOVER AND CLOVER

The malls and marts of commerce team with sinister chicanery and subtle subterfuge—But the sharpshooting measures adopted by an unscrupulous firm are no match for those demons of deduction—Dover and Clover... when they unscramble the complex riddle of...

"HIGH JINX!"

In their office, Dover and Clover are dizzy—Beg pardon, busy—pondering the imponderable... From the standpoint of the age of the egg, which came first, Clover or the chicken? We get, I'd say the egg came first, Dover!

Suddenly, a client!

I'm Marvin Margin. I sell raw materials to factories. If you're the Clover & Dover Detective Agency, come with me, I have a job for you!

This week we're the Dover & Clover Agency. Last week we were the Clover & Dover Agency. That way we ain't never partial!

Aren't ever partial—watch the grammar, Dover!

I have advance information of supply and demand. To make my profit it's necessary that the information be kept secret from nine to twelve each morning. But there's a leak in my office! Why not have the roof fixed?

I'll make a note of that.
There's my office. From nine to twelve, my help is not allowed to go out, to have phone calls, or go near the windows. Yet my rival, N. G. Goode & Co., down the street, knows my moves. I want you to watch my windows!

I'll make a note of that too. "Wash windows!"

Watch windows, Clover -- not wash!

But alas, our brace of bloodhounds becomes entranced by a stiltman...

Our twin heroes become en-grossed in their midget-minding -- pardon -- master-minding...

Then, if he ate something with short legs, like shrimps, he'd grow shorter, Clover!

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WH-YE-E-E! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE IT, CLOVER.

WH... WHAT? HEY!

DITTO, DOVER!

WH-YE-E-E!

OOPS!

HALP!

KITTY, COME HOME--IT'S NOT REAL--WE'RE BOTH HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

YOW!

EAT AT SAMS

YIKE, HERE TOO! MY EAR--WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!

EAT AT SAMS

BUT IN A NEARBY PARK ALL IS PEACE AND SERENITY...

WOOF! WOOF!

AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT WE HAVE Dispelled all NOISE and NUISANCES FROM OUR FAIR CITY...

CIVIC SOCIETY FOR THE ABATEMENT OF NOISE AND NUISANCES

MEOW!

HEAR, HEAR!

GRRR! YIP-YAP!

SPLendid!

Hear, Hear!

YRROW PHTTT!

BRAVO!

EAT AT SAMS

I Gotta do something... I'll kick 'em off, dat's WOT!
MY GRANDPA, CLEM PETERS, BEING EXTRA SPECIAL NICE TO ME YESTERDAY WITH REFRESHMENT ON THE SIDE AFTER HE GOT MY GOAT AND MADE ME CRY AND ACT LIKE A LITTLE BABY.

IT SEEMS YESTERDAY, WHEN I CAME HOME FROM SCHOOL, THAT I DID NOT FEEL MUCH LIKE DOING ANYTHING BUT SNEAKING UP TO MY ROOM AND STAYING THERE AS I HAD A LOT OF WORK TO DO ON MY PLANE MODEL AND DID NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED.

WHILE PASSING THE BIG MIRROR IN THE HALL, I GOT CURIOUS TO SEE HOW I LOOKED WITHOUT THE TOOTH THAT DISAPPEARED WHILE WHITNEY AND I WERE HAVING OUR ARGUMENT. THE TOOTH WAS LOOSE ANYWAY. AND, YOU OUGHT TO SEE WHAT I DID TO HIM!

I THOUGHT MY GRANDPA WAS DOWN TO THE FIRE-HOUSE PLAYING PINNACLE AND WAS VERY STARTLED TO FIND OUT I WAS WRONG. IT WAS FRIDAY TOO!

I MUST GO UP STAIRS AND WORK ON MY PLANE MODEL.

WELL, GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE WHITNEY!!

THAT MIRROR ALWAYS ACTS FUNNY ON FRIDAYS!

YOU MUST HAVE LOOKED IN IT FOR OVER 7 SECONDS.

I GOT ALL SET TO TAKE MY MEDICINE LIKE A MAN, BUT I DID NOT GET A CHANCE—MY GRANDPA PAID NO ATTENTION TO MY SHINER.

CORNERED!
Yes sir, there it is!—Every Friday, if you look into it steady for over seven seconds your image stays there, won't fade out till Saturday.

Sir,—that is impossible!

Well, look!

Now here is where my goat started to get loose. Such a silly thing!—Look what he is saying! What does he take me for,—a sap?

But, you can never tell about my grandpa! I remembered that he admitted to me once that he won a gold medal with a diamond in it at the international non-fibbers contest, so I could not afford to take any chances.

I looked! Of course my image was there.

I walked away! But I couldn't help wondering,—Now, where was that blamed old image?

I sneaked back very slowly, and peeked. My image was there again. I shivered all over.

How in the heck could I find out if that image was there when I wasn't? I thought like go!

Aw shucks! Phooey!

Come here, bub!

You are only kidding aren't you, grandpa?

Sure bug, sure!

Then,—I went hay-wire!—I had no more goat than a rabbit.

P.S. Now I am ashamed at myself.

My grandpa didn't ask me one word about how I got it. He told Auntie Minerva to lay off me too, but she didn't.

P.S. —You really ought to see what I did to Whitey!
In slumbrous Sleepyside, the town of rhyme, where only verse is spoken all the time, an absent-minded crook commits queer thefts to puzzle Henry, until rights and lefts boldly delivered by the little cop and keen deduction, brings crime to a stop. But a condition most amazing is revealed when the purpose of the thiefings' no longer concealed. For the villain isn't really such a viper in this story of...

The Policeman and the Piper

While a neighbor plays the saxophone and fills the air with hideous tone, Henry the cop seeks another line to add to his lexicon of rhyme...

Yachts are toys to a millionaire, but for me 'yachts' signify despair. What rhymes with yachts? Oh, that frightful noise—it drives me frantic and upsets my poise!

Hey, you! If that racket doesn't cease, I'll arrest you for disturbing the peace. Your technique is awful, your tone is bad. You're killing my ear and you're driving me mad!
Twenty queer robberies committed in town, and now that sax—it's getting me down... Ah, the noise has started to abate, maybe now, I can concentrate!

I can't find a rhyme with my usual ease because I'm worried by these burglaries. If I ever catch the thieving whelp...

Help! I've been robbed! Help! Help! Help!

The guy with the sax! I know his shout! The thief has struck again, I've little doubt!

Alas! A masked man stole the dearest thing I own! He held me up and took away my saxophone! What joyous news! But I mustn't guffaw. After all, I'm sworn to uphold the law.

Huh—what's this? Do you own a gun? No—the thief forgot it when he started to run.

What crazy crook would forget his rod? Only a professor or a stupid clod. But I'll take it home and check for prints. Maybe it'll give me a couple of hints.

But alas, it seems that troubles just begun, for at home as Henry examines the gun...

Oh, dear, how careless, I must be getting dumber, now, I'll have to send for Edgar, the plumber!

Bang! Clink!
A HURRIED CALL BRINGS THE PLUMBER 'ROUND,
BUT IT SEEMS NEW PIPE CANNOT BE FOUND!
YOU NEED A NEW PIPE, BUT THE TOWN IS BEREFT;
IN ALL SLEEPYSIDE, THERE'S NOT A ONE LEFT!
I LET THIS GUN GO OFF LIKE A FOOL,
AND NOW I MUST LIVE IN A SWIMMING POOL!

NO, NO! I'M AN ARTIST! I SHALL IMPROVISE.
THE BARREL OF THAT GUN APPEARS THE RIGHT SIZE!
LET ME CUT OFF THE BARREL TO PATCH THE LEAK!
YOU'RE CLEVER! PERHAPS YOU CAN FURNISH
THE RHyme I SEEK!

A RHyme FOR "YACHTS"? I CAN'T THINK OF ONE!
BUT SEE, THE PIPE'S FIXED, THANKS TO THE GUN!
NOW THAT THAT'S FIXED, I CAN TURN MY ATTENTION,
TO A SERIES OF BURGLARIES TOO DIZZY TO MENTION!

I KNOW THAT YOU'LL SOON FIND THE CROOK,
BUT HAVE YOU AN IDEA WHERE TO LOOK?
I MUST CONFESSION I HAVEN'T AS YET,
BUT WHEN I CATCH HIM, I'LL MAKE HIM SWEAT!

BUT THE PLUMBER'S DEPARTURE MAKES HENRY REALIZE,
A TRAIT OF THE TRADE THAT OPENS HIS EYES!
HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS TOOLS!
WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!
THIS HABIT OF HIS, SUPPliES
THE MISSING KEY!
I'LL PHONE THE PEOPLE WHOSE
STUFF'S BEEN NABBED,
TO BE AROUND, WHEN
THE CROOK IS GRABBED!

IS THAT YOU SPEAKING,
MRS. SAPPHO?
I'VE FOUND YOUR KETTLE,
YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW!

WHILE ALL OVER TOWN,
The NEWS SPREADS 'ROUND...
OH, JOHN, HENRY WADSWORTH SHORTYFELLOW, KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
OUR GARDEN HOSE!
Oh goody—Henry will return my saxophone if I promise to play it when he's not home! We're all to meet him on Quatrain Road to get back our stuff. It'll be quite a load!

So later, at the appointed spot, Henry meets the victims on the dot!

I'm glad to see you all on time. While I'm busy inside, can you think of a rhyme? I need one for 'yachts,' so I'll let you wonder while I go inside and gather the plunder.

Edgar Allen Pipe Plumber

Then, into the plumber's little shop, sternly marches Henry the cop—

Edgar Allen Pipe, you're under arrest! I've proof of your crimes, so don't protest!

Come one step nearer and I'll make you rue it! You've found me out, but how did you do it?

Henry is small, but he knows no fear! Quickly, he seizes the plumber's ear!

Resisting arrest, eh? You know what you'll get? Leggo my ear! You haven't got me yet!

And as his fingers turn a water jet, the plumber suddenly makes good his threat.

Thought you were set, but instead, you're all wet!

Just as I thought, a crook of a special type, he's used the loot to patch his leaky pipe! And there's the saxophone! Will that musician gripe!

There was no other way! New pipe's impossible to get today!

Sputter! Cough! Gurgle! Choke! I don't like this kind of joke!
YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED TO THINK THAT THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR CRIME, NOT EVEN A LEAKING SINK. BUT RETURN THE LOOT AND I'LL LET YOU OFF THIS TIME!

YOU WIN, I'M SUNK! TELL THE FOLKS OUTSIDE TO GET THEIR JUNK! BUT HOW DID YOU TUMBLE TO THE FACT, THAT IT WAS I, BEHIND THE BURGLAR ACT?

BECAUSE IT SEEMED EXTREMELY ODD, FOR ANY CROOK TO FORGET HIS ROD!

WHEN YOU FIXED MY PIPE YOU SEALED YOUR FATE, BY FORGETTING YOUR TOOLS, A PLUMBER'S TRAIT. A STOLEN SAX AND A GUN LEFT BEHIND—

A STOLEN SAX AND A GUN LEFT BEHIND—

WHEN NEW PIPE IS DIFFICULT TO FIND—

I MADE TWO AND TWO OUT OF THESE FACTS AND KNEW IT WAS YOU, WHO STOLE THE SAX!

THE PLUMBER'S CONFESSIONED, YOU CAN GET YOUR STUFF.

HE GOT VERY CONTRITE, WHEN I TREATED HIM ROUGH!

MY SAXOPHONE!

OH—LUCKY ME!

WHEN I GET BACK MY KETTLE, WE CAN ALL HAVE TEA!

AND NOT LONG AFTER THE LOOT IS RETRIEVED, HENRY LOOKS IN ON A PLUMBER MUCH GRIEVED...

NEW PIPE, BUT WHY'S HE SO EXCITED?

I'M THE ONE TO BE DELIGHTED!

WATER ENOUGH TO FLOAT TEN YACHTS A DAY, BECAUSE THEY TOOK MY ERSATZ AWAY!

THERE'S A NEW LOAD OF PIPE AT THE RAILROAD STATION!

HUUH! WHY THAT'S MY RHyme—IT'S AN ACT OF CREATION!

HOW PERFECTLY IT RHYMES WITH "YACHTS"!

THE WORD MEANING SUBSTITUTE—TO WIT, "ERSATZ"!
THERE'S ALWAYS A JOKER
by Don Drew

WITH a name like J. Wellington Binks, and a physique to go with it, it's no wonder he was a prey for practical jokes. As far back as he could remember, J. Wellington had always been the butt for somebody's jokes.

Everybody around the office of Kidder Stevens and Company knew J. Wellington was a chump for a joke, like sending him into the boss's office with the audited books, and J. Wellington not knowing phoney pages had been pasted in, or the time somebody sent seven jazz bands to Mr. Kidder's home, as having come from J. Wellington, when all the time, all J. Wellington had ordered was seven hat bands for Mr. Kidder's panama.

Just good clean fun. But what made it worse was that J. Wellington Binks never did seem to get wise. He never even got wise when the boys sent him three phony notes to appear at his draft board for induction. Three times, he trudged down dutifully, and three times he came back. The fourth time he didn't, because that was the real one.

Oh, everybody had a fine time with J. Wellington after that. He decided to spend his pre-induction furlough-week in the office getting matters cleared up. But they just didn't seem to clear. The red ink would be in the blue ink bottle; the ledgers would have the wrong labels cn; at night the lights would go out and there'd never been an extra bulb handy. Somehow, though, J. Wellington Binks managed to get through the week.

And at boot camp, it didn't take the boys long to discover J. Wellington Binks. His meek face betrayed him, as usual, and the boys had him running to hard-boiled Chief Petty Officers to pick up a quart of scuttle-butt, or to get some green and red oil for the port and starboard lamps. No trick was too old to be new when tried on J. Wellington Binks. He spent a lot of time on K.P. and, for anybody else, it might have meant the brig, too; but those hard-boiled Chiefs realized J. Wellington's meekness. All they wanted to do was to get him out of camp.

As Chief Petty Officer Smurdge said: "That guy's born to be a goof. I only hope they keep him ashore and don't send him to sea." He wiped a suddenly-fevered brow as the horror of the thought appalled him. "Some of these wise guys would have him wiping the Admiral's Standard."

That didn't happen, though; so, in due course of time, J. Wellington Binks graduated from a boot into the blues of a seaman. He was very proud of his job, even though he did seem awfully dumb. To himself, he was forced to admit that things never did appear quite clear to him. What was wrong with getting a bucket of steam from the engineer to warm up a barracks? Yet, the engineer at boot camp had flown into a rage at the request.

However, J. Wellington was never one to ponder long. He accepted happily the orders sending him out to shore patrol on a bleak section of Long Island. Here, he discovered to his delight, were only about 25 Coast Guardsmen and a few officers. There wasn't much a guy could do here to get into trouble. As usual, J. Wellington forgot all about the trouble his buddies could cause him.

It took them approximately one hour to discover him as a source of ever-present amusement. Five minutes after the hour, J. Wellington, doing a favor for one of the boys, was in the cook's galley asking for a lefthanded knife for the Skipper's potatoes. The cook sent him to a hardware store in town, and it wasn't until the Shore Patrol tapped J. Wellington on the shoulder that the joke ended. And, being a very nice guy, J. Wellington never did realize it was a joke. He just couldn't understand why the seamen who had sent him on the mission denied having done so.

He was still thinking this over when he got off K.P. a week later, and was assigned to beach patrol. It was a dark night, the moon hidden behind clouds which augured snow. It was cold, and J. Wellington, rifle on shoulder, patrolled the beach as swiftly as regulations allowed.

It was his third trip, when passing one of the tiny barracks that had been constructed, he heard the two sailors talking as they moved through the darkness toward the doorway.

"He won't be along here for another ten minutes," a voice said.

J. Wellington stiffened, debated whether to challenge the men. Then, he heard his name being mentioned.

"This'll kill J. Wellington," the other voice chuckled. "He'll hear this sound effects record and figure it's an air raid, especially when one of us runs out and yells to him. Boy, the Skipper will raise plenty of trouble when J. Wellington wakes him up. Oh, is that sailor a dope!"

J. Wellington Binks stood stock still, heard the first voice say: "I never saw such a fall guy for a practical joke. We'll plant this record behind the big rock near the cove, and set it to go off. Will J. Wellington get a surprise!"

Flame burned into Binks' face. "The nerve of those guys!" he muttered. "Taking me for a fool." With anger rankling in his narrow chest, J. Wellington resumed his tour. Vengeance at last would be his.
Now, everything was plain to him. All the sorrows and indignities he had suffered rushed before his eyes in a burning series of pictures. His thin lips set against the cold. "Well, let them try it," he told himself, wrapping his wool-gloved hands around the butt of his rifle. "Just let them try it! I'll... I'll..."

Very carefully, he made his way along the beach. He did not look back; for, if he had, he would have seen the Skipper, accompanied by a Chief Petty Officer, enter the barracks. But J. Wellington's concern of the moment was not with the Skipper. There was a job at hand, a golden opportunity to even the score for some of the humiliation he had suffered.

His heart pounded as he looked at the illuminated dial of his watch. 11:30 P.M. He had another half hour to go before being relieved. He waited another five minutes, then put his plan into operation.

The wind knifed through his greatcoat, stabbed into his face, burned through his muffed chin and neck. But J. Wellington didn't mind it at all. Hidden behind a boulder, he strained his eyes into the darkness.

And then he saw them. Not two, but five men. They were skulking along the shore, probably five hundred yards away. In the darkness, they were nothing but formless masses, but J. Wellington Binks knew them for what they were—practical jokers. They were going to pull another joke on him!

"Let them try it," he muttered, his face grim. He dropped down on the sand, watched as the men moved away from him. He smiled in satisfaction. Just as he expected, they were heading for the cave and the rock behind which they would plant the recording machine.

"An air raid. Huh!" J. Wellington Binks snorted. The nerve of them, thinking they could fool him with a recording. He should have known better than to trust those guys. From now on, he resolved, they'd know better than to fool with him!

Cautiously, he slipped toward them. It was slow going, but J. Wellington Binks intended to take no chances. "So they think I'm not good enough to be a guard!" he stormed to himself.

"Just wait until they're challenged, and see if this rifle pointed at them. They're not going to get a chance to put that record on!"

Carefully, very carefully now, he crawled along. He was now within earshot of their hoarse voices. Two of them were bent over, apparently setting up the portable sound effects machine. For an instant, J. Wellington stared in puzzlement. He hadn't known they had to do those things in.

He got to his knees, then assumed a crouching position. The men's voices seemed hurried. J. Wellington smiled and moved toward them.

"Halt!" His ringing voice slashed through the cold night air.

"Halt or I'll fire!"

Hands raised. A guttural voice said, "Don't shoot!"

J. Wellington's eyes strained into the darkness. He heard the sudden movement of a figure in the back.

"Crack!" His gun flashed and the bullet went into the air. The next moment, pandemonium broke loose. Overhead came the sound of plane motors, horribly close, and mingled with it was the sharp chatter of machine gun fire.

"Jiggers," J. Wellington muttered. "I've set off that machine. I've got to stop it!" That was the only thought in his mind, and now these supposed friends of his were trying to stop him. They were trying to get him into a jam. There was only one thing to do, so J. Wellington did it. He had no intention of waking the Skipper and spending another few weeks on K.P. or in the brig.

He laid to with a vengeance, sending the men spinning to the ground. The noise was growing louder now, and it seemed to J. Wellington, as he fought his way to the spot where the sound machine blared, that other voices had joined in.

His nose was bleeding profusely, and his clothes were ripped, as though someone had pulled a knife on him.

But J. Wellington was oblivious of all this. Panting for breath, he crawled behind the boulder and stretched anxious, frantic fingers out for the machine. He had to shut it off before it woke up the Skipper. His fingers touched something, brought J. Wellington back to reality. Clothes!

"Clothes!" He sat stunned, then, suddenly, flashes lit up the area. Two strong searchlight beams dropped from the sky. The noise was still strong, an airplane motor, powerful, rumbling. Somebody grabbed J. Wellington by the shoulder, hoisted him to his feet.

J. Wellington looked dazedly into the face of Chief Petty Officer Harkins. Behind the Chief stood the Skipper. J. Wellington's shipmates were holding guns on us Teutonic a group of faces as Henry had ever seen.

"You've done it, Binks," the Chief said. "You've caught the saboteurs!" He whistled. "Five of 'em, single-handed!"

J. Wellington goggled. The Skipper was talking to him.

"That plane overhead signaled it had seen five men in a rubber boat, and figured a sub had dropped 'em off. We were just sending out an alarm for them. Fine work, Binks! You'll hear more about this!" And the Skipper walked away with the prisoners.

J. Wellington shook his head, looked at his watch. He'd better hurry. The boys must have hidden that recording someplace else.

He'd better find it. Gosh, if it ever went off after the Skipper went to sleep—! He began searching the beach again.

"I wonder where they hid it," he thought anxiously. He didn't want to get into any more troubles. At least, not until the quartermaster got him that new rubber hammock he had promised. The boys all said a guy could really stretch out in one of those!
OBOY! OBOY! OBOY! -- AT LAST I'VE FINALLY MIXED MYSELF A MESS OF HOME-MADE VITAMINS JUST CHOCK-FULL OF EVERYTHING THE DOCTOR ORDERED -- PLUS EVERYTHING THE OL' DOCTOR FORGOT!

FOLKS, HERE'S THAT ROOTIN'-TOOTIN'--hootin'--shootin'--graduate in chemistry, VIG WIGGINS, AGAIN -- WHAT VIG CAN'T DO WITH A MESS OF HIS OWN HOME-MADE VITAMINS IS PRACTICALLY UNCONSTITUTIONAL -- SO WE'LL JUST SKIP IT -- AND FOR ALL WE KNOW THE FOLLOWING TALE IS MORE OR LESS AUTHENTIC -- SO -- LET'S GO!!

TSK-TSK; PAW'S BEEN A-DIGGING 'O THAT NEW WELL FOR NIGH ON TWO FULL WEEKS NOW--

"... BUT WITH ME KEEPIN' UP TO MY EARS NIGHT AN' DAY IN MY CHEMISTRY I CAN'T BEFUR MYSELF ALL UP WITH ANY FOOLISHNESS LIKE MANUAL LABOR, NO SYREE -- EMPHATICALLY!"

VIG'S LABORATORY: STAY OUT OR YOU!
I AM TO ADD A NEW INGREDIENT TO MY SPECIAL PERSONAL VITAMIN FORMULA THAT WILL MAKE THEM TEN TIMES MORE POWERFUL!

Hey!

Vic, you lazy loon--
Git along out here!

Says which, paw?

Says this, you shiftless young whelp--
I need help!!

Take a holt here
And lend me a hand
To finish this new well.

Just hold everything,
Dadiola, o' mine--I'm a-comin' right up!

But first of all I'll pack along a hearin' handful of my newest vitamins--just in case!
NOW, PAW, WHAT'S GOOKIN'? WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE OLD WELL, AND WHY ARE YOU A-SOOOPIN' OUT A NEW ONE?

WAL, THE OL' WELL JUST WENT AS PLUMB-DRY AS A HOUND'S TOOTH. SONNY-DUMMY, AN' THIS NEW ONE IS ALREADY FULL DUG, BY ME!!

-- ALL IT NEEDS NOW IS TO BE FULLY LINED WITH SOLID CONCRETE, BUT COMPLETELY -- AN' THAT'S YOUR JOB -- GIT GOIN'!!

WHY, PAW, WE JUST FINISHED A-LINING THE OL' WELL WITH SOLID CONCRETE A MONTH AGO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!

ZIP YOUR LIP, SON!-

SENSE OR NOT, SCATTER-BRAIN, THE OL' WELL'S PLUMB PETERED OUT AND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A CONTRACT TO RE-LINE THAT NEW ONE. NOW, SO SNAKE INTO IT! I FEEL AN OVER-SIZED NAP A-CREEPIN' OVER ME ALL AT ONCE!

HO-HUM!

H'MPH ... WELL THAT CALLS (AND THAT LOUD) FOR A DOUBLE DOSE OF MY NEW VITAMINS RIGHT AWAY!

SUDDENLY A BOLT OF INSPIRATION FROM THE BLUE STRIKES, VIG. SQUARELY ATOP DECK ---
Quickly procuring some mysterious gadgets from his laboratory, Vig instantly jumps down into the newly dug well.

"I'll hook these gadgets up first!"

"Then with a hop, skip, and a jump, Vig covers the quarter mile to the old dried out well in nothing flat..."

"Bingo!"

No sense at all in wasting this brand new concrete lining I built in here only a month ago!"
To Genius Jones, the knottiest problems are usually as easy as rolling off a log — with knots in it! But to use the Answerman's own phrase he was "so surprised" you could have knocked him over with a fender. When he came across a 16th century set-up that packed 20th century epic of Knighthood, knavery — and brass knuckles!

A Glorious Morning... and Genius Jones enjoys a jaunt through a little known part of the country...

As a cure for valetudinarianism — weariness, in my case — there's nothing like a hike — on wheels!

GOSH, LOOK AT THAT! LOOKS LIKE A REGULAR MEDIAEVAL CASTLE OUT OF A STORY BOOK!
Then, rounding a bend...

GREAT GALAHAD! A knight jousting with a windmill -- just like Don Quixote! This calls for an explanation! I'll get into costume.

Pardon, friend, but why do you indulge in this romantic extravagance?

What sayest thou, base varlet! Knowest thou not, I, DON QUIXOTE, must follow what is writ in the book?

HMMMM... The poor old duffer has read so much Don Quixote, he has hallucinations! I've got to set him right!

Listen, Don Quixote, let's have a talk...

I fain would indulge in goodly chat, if so be it thy words are wise!

You see, the days of knights are really past. They are....

Thou art an ill-informed oaf! 'Twas but yesterday four neighboring knights paid me call. We are to hold tournament.

Today they come to help me select from my hidden treasure a jewel as prize for him who proveth ablest in the joust!

Hmm... More imaginings! Undoubtedly a mild case of over-strained nerves, ganglia near the medulla oblongata!

But suddenly...

Welcome, brothers! By my troth, this upstart hath been beguiling me with ill talk!
DON'T WORRY NONE, DON! I'LL PUT TETH THE CRIMP IN DIG WOIM FOR YOU-ETH!

SO! TOUGH THUGS TRYING TO TALK KNIGHTHOOD LINGO! WELL, ALTHOUGH PISTICUFFS DIS PLEASE ME ...

I'VE NOT AVERSE TO LETTING A WIND-MILL-ARM STRIKE A BLOW INSTEAD!

GRANK

WELL POLISH HIM OFF, BOSS! HE MUST BE LOOPY!

WATCHETH 'YER SPEECHETH, YA DUMB-CRICKETH!

A TICKLISH BUSINESS, THIS!

AHH, HOW COMPLEX IS NATURE-- THESE CAT TAILS FROM THAT POND, FOR EXAMPLE!

EEE HAILD

HERE'S WHERE I RINGETH DOWN DE CONTENTS ON Y'NU, GENYETH JONETH!

THUFFERIN' TANAKETH, THITH LINGO' THOT ME ETHPULIN'

I'M GOING TO GET YOU A BOOK OF CHAUCER, THE ENGLISH POET, BECAUSE ...

YOUR OLD-ENGLISH IS ATROCIOUS!

$ SPLASH$
But with victory practically won...

Caught! Hoist by my own carelessness!

And presently...

A cinch! Da wind's died, Jones is stuck, an' we only need minutes!

Let's now get thee to yer hidden treasure chest, Don!

Aye, the tournament prize! But forsooth, yon varlet, dolt though he be, waxed valiant in the fray!

A fowl plot! These crooks learned that the old chap really has hidden valuables! Then they catered to his Don Quixote whim, and plan to loot him. I must get down!

But how? Hm... the clouds are nimbus cumulo-stratus—no hope of wind! And time is precious!

Then, a daring plan...

Lucky I wear goggles! If that arm burns up, the unequal balance will throw me off dead center, according to dynamics, and I'm down!

And soon...

If (cough, cough) I can just hold out! Ah, I feel it (cough) moving!

Meanwhile, in "Don Quixote's" castle...

Look ye--hid well beneath this ancient flagstone! Which jewel, think ye, would most grace the tournament?

Okay, guys, dis is it! Yuh can cut out da silly actin' now!
ONE SIDE, GRANDPAW WE'VE WORK TO DO!

FIE ON THEE, THOU CRAVEN POLTROON!

THOUL'T YET SEE THE FIRE OF BATTLE BURN BRIGHT IN DON QUIXOTE!

WAH UK!

TASTE YE THE VENGEANCE OF THIS LANCE, LILY-LIVERED CRAVEN!

BUT A MOMENT LATER...

AWRIGHT SPIKE, GIT SOME ROPE!

WHAT A HULL!

I'LL SAY, ALL WE DO NOW IS GIT IT TO WHERE WE HID-ETH DA CAR! BLAST IT, I'M STILL TALKIN' DAT STUFF!

BUT SUDDENLY...

HI, FOLKS! REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT HOW I GOT OFF A WINDMILL SOMETIME!

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW A HELMET WOULD LOOK 'WORN BACKWARDS!

YOW! MY NOSE --- AN' I CAN'T SEE NUTTIN'!

WHA--!

KLOP
HELP! I CAN'T GET IT OFF!

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

I THINK I FAVOR THE REVERSED HELMET IDEA FOR ALL OF YOU!

YOW! IT'S JAMMED TIGHT!

PLAYTIME, PLAYTIME!
SUCH FUN ---
BLIND MAN'S BUFF ---
EVERYTHING!

IT'S HOO-
MILLYATIN',
DAT'S
WOT!

HELP! THEY GOT ME CORNERED

HA, HA, THE MOAT'S TOO SHALLOW TO DROWN IN. THE COPS CAN FIND THEM THERE, AFTER I'VE DECOYED THEM ALL INTO IT!

WE GOT HIM CORNERED, BUT WHERE?

WE'LL GIT HIM.
YON--GLUG GLUG!

AND LATER...

GENIUS JONES! I RECOGNIZE YOU, NOW THAT THIS TURMOIL'S CLEARED MY MIND! I'M MR. ROOKE. I OWE YOU MUCH!

FROM MY MONO-
LITERATI
THEORY, YOU'VE SIMPLY READ TOO MUCH DON-
QUIXOTE. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

THUSLY, THE ANSWERMAN RESUMES HIS NATURE JAUNT...

THE RICH MR. ROOKE, EH? WONDER IF I SHOULD HAVE COLLECTED A DIME FROM HIM? BUT I ASKED THE QUESTION, NOT HE! I'LL PAY THE DIME TO MYSELF!

THE END
Clancy The Cop

SOMEBODY HAS THEIR LIGHT ON -- IT'S WAY UP THERE ON THE FIFTEENTH FLOOR! I'LL HAVE TO...

--HURRY UP THERE AND LET THEM HAVE A PIECE OF MY MIND -- PUFF

IT'S AN AIR-RAID SIREN!

PUFF - PUFF - WHY - THE LIGHT'S COMING FROM THE SAME PLACE AS THE AIR-RAID SIREN! I'LL JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN AIR-RAID SIREN? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M PRACTISING MY SINGING!

Prof. Hynote
Music School
Voice Culture
Private Pete

Gee, this is great! Each tent was assigned a dog from the K-9 troops.

Hey - wait a minute! What are you doing on my bed?

Gosh, you're heavy... all right - I give up, you win!

There! Are you happy now?

Private Pete - why isn't your bed made?

Well, sir, I didn't sleep in it. Speak to him - it seems to be his bed now!

Dogs! Dogs!

Dogs! And I hear we're having hot dogs for supper tonight!