

No.2
SPRING
ISSUE

12 BIG LAUGH FEATURES!

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW
IN BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

ALL FUNNY COMICS

A BIT
EARLY FOR
SWIMMING,
ISN'T IT?



PRIVATE PETE



Penniless PALMER

*Sure, it's ALWAYS RIGHT TO SEE A SINGLE ONE OF ANY-THING YOU'RE LOOKING AT, AND EVEN THE BEST OF US SOMETIMES SEE **DOUBLE**!! 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-EYED 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!

MR. PALMER, I'VE GOT TO STOP SEEING TRIPLE!

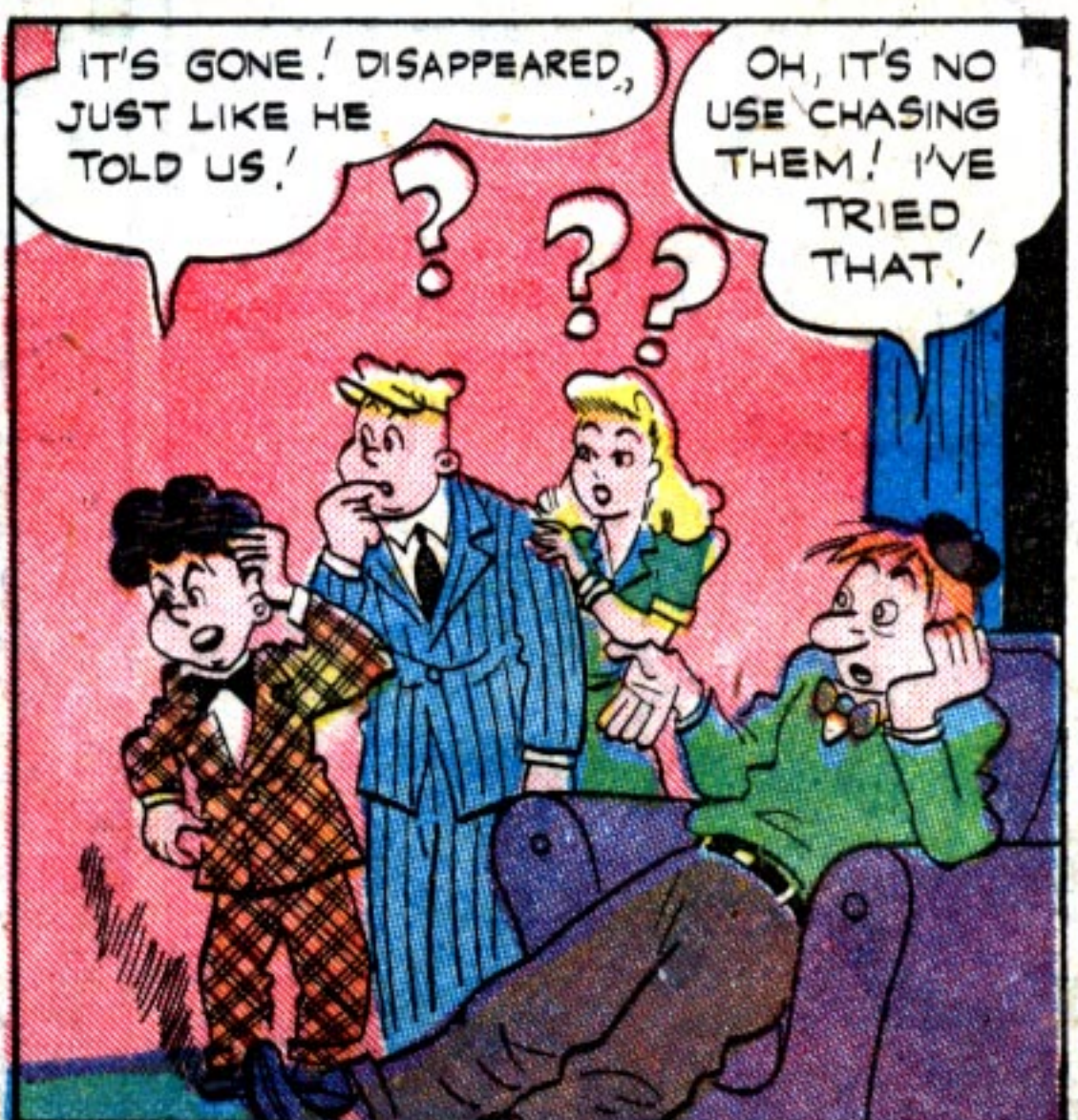
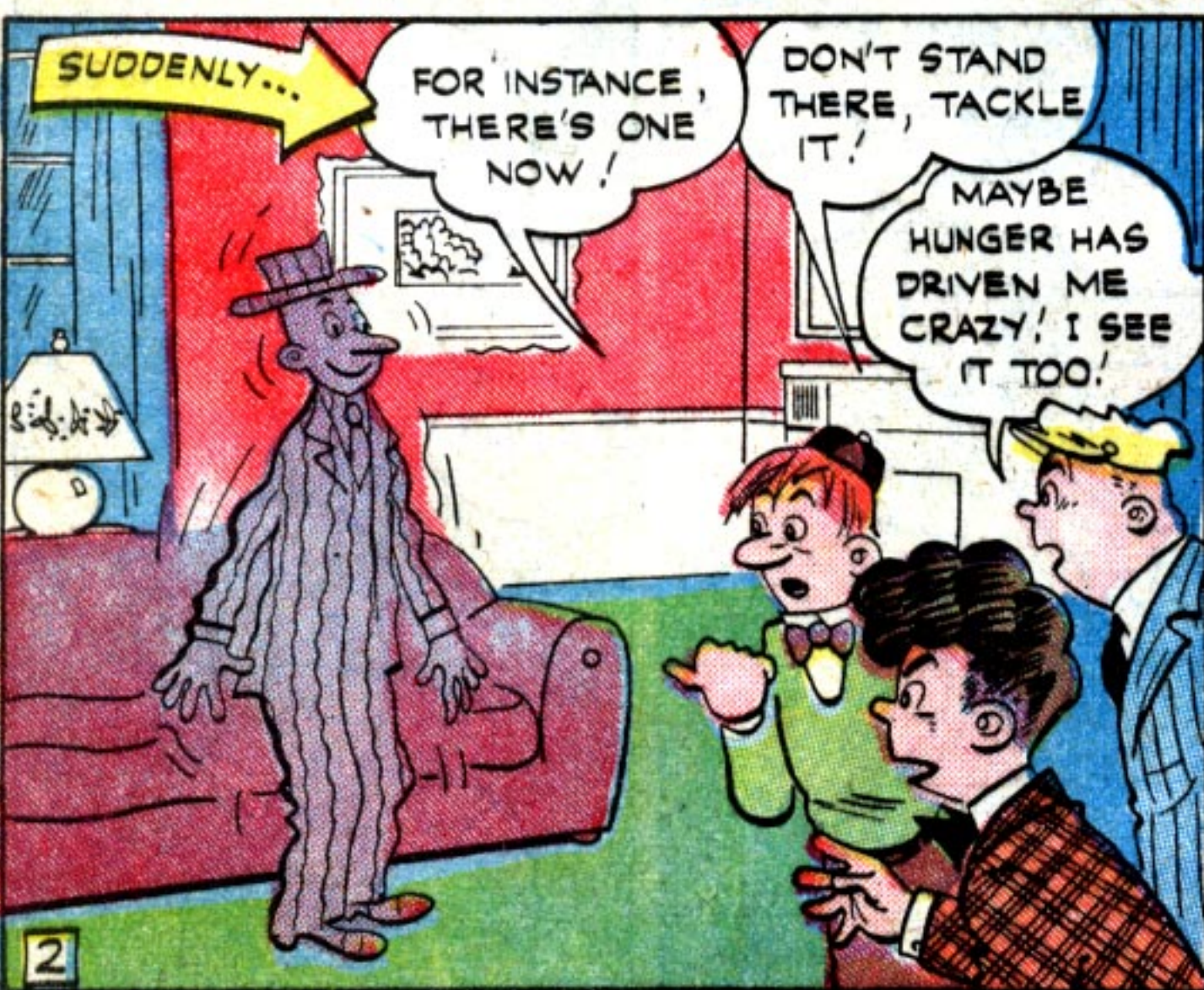
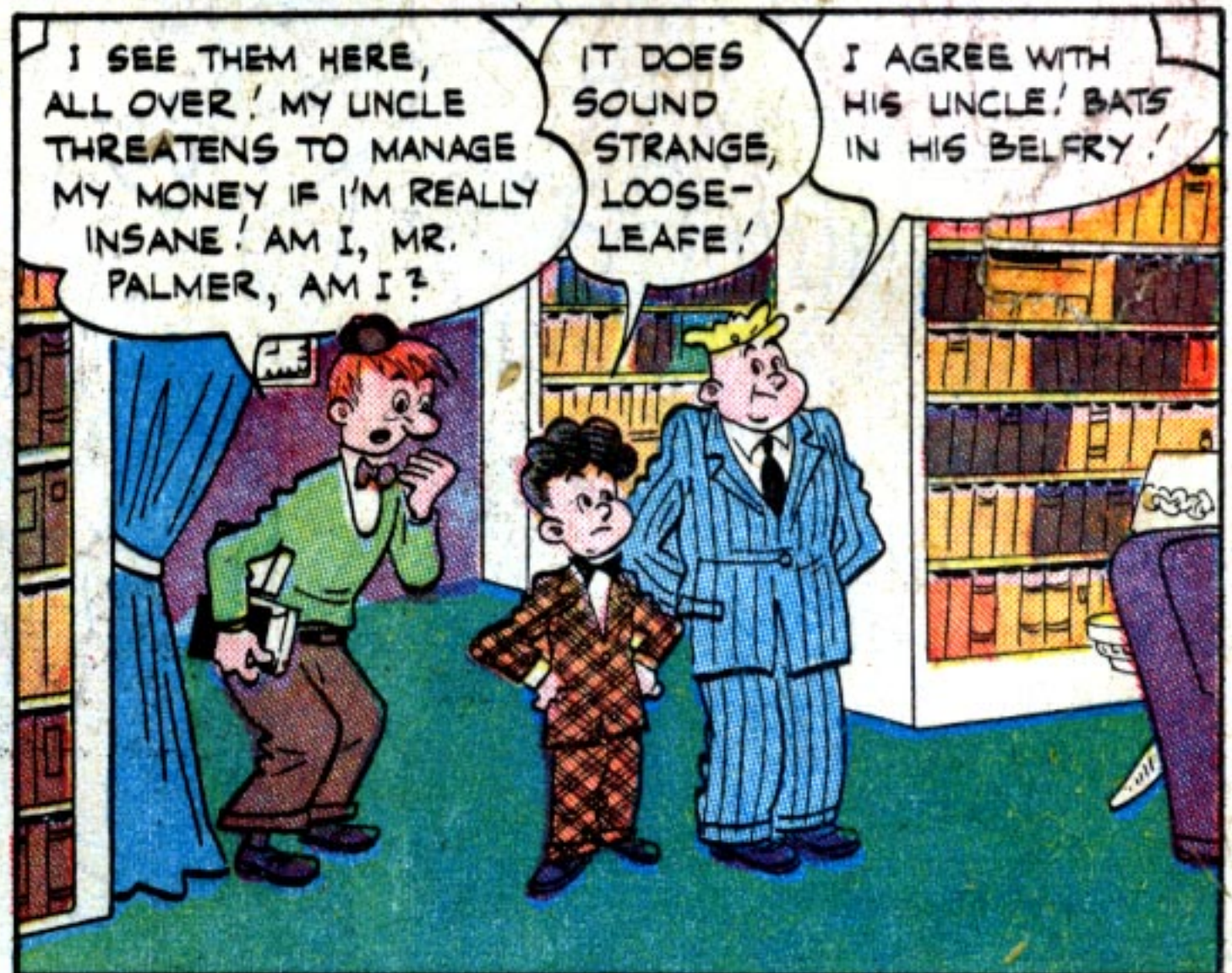
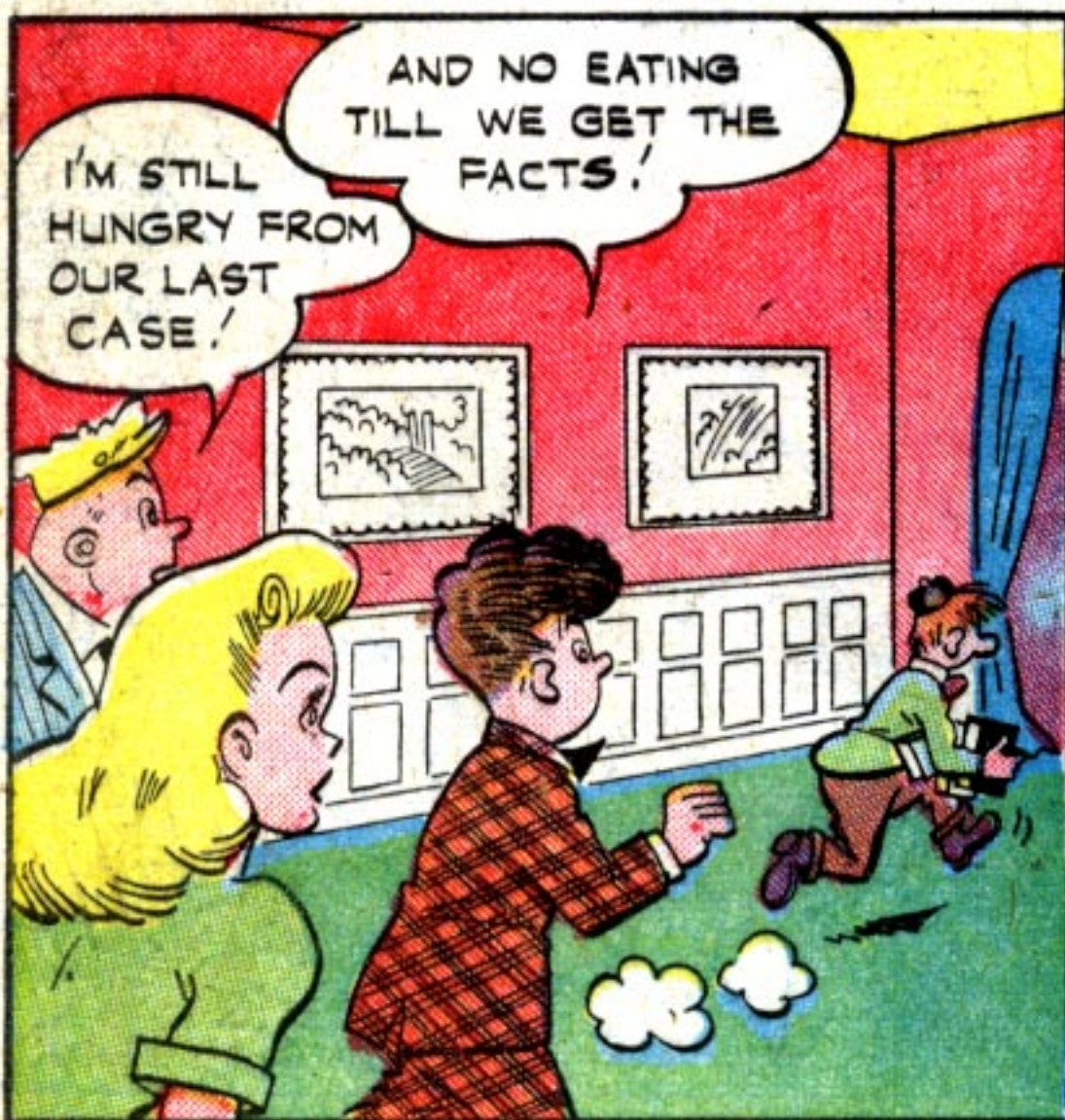
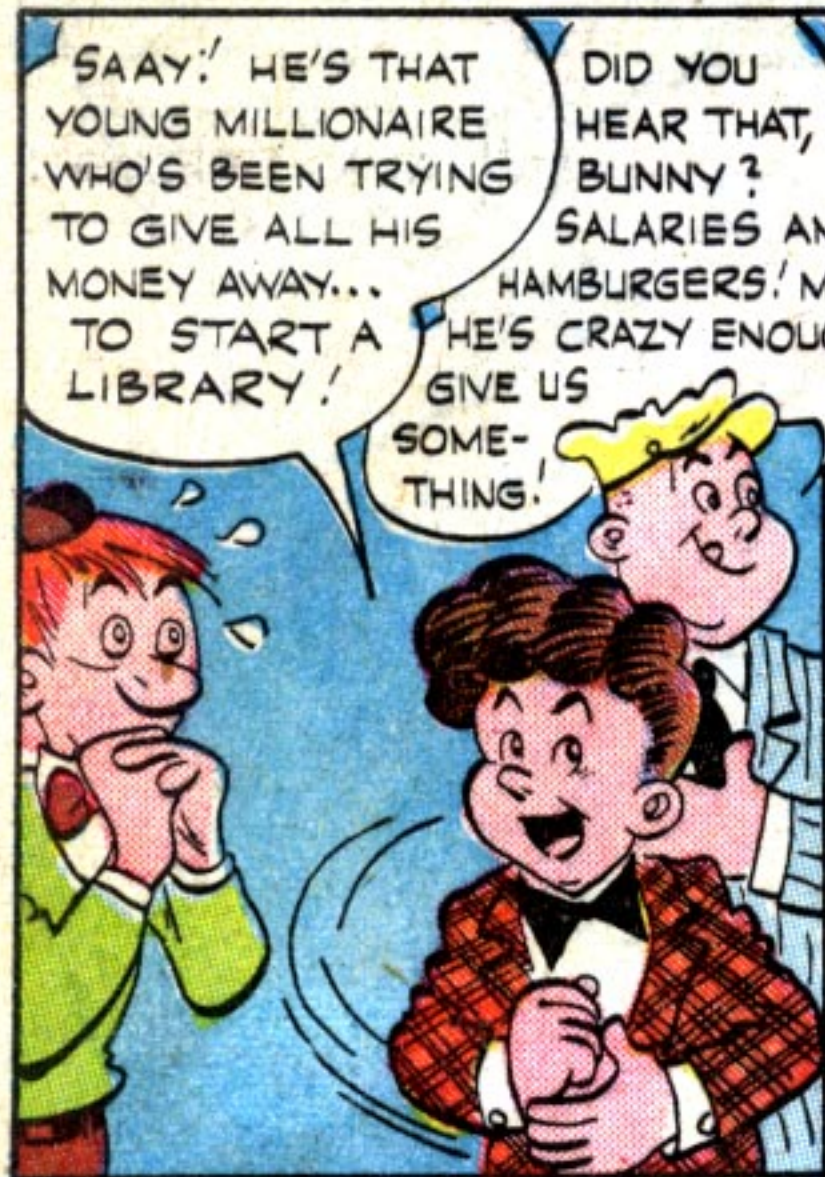
FIRST I SAW SINGLE! THEN -DOUBLE!! AND NOW TRIPLE!!! I'M GO-GO-GOING CRAZY!

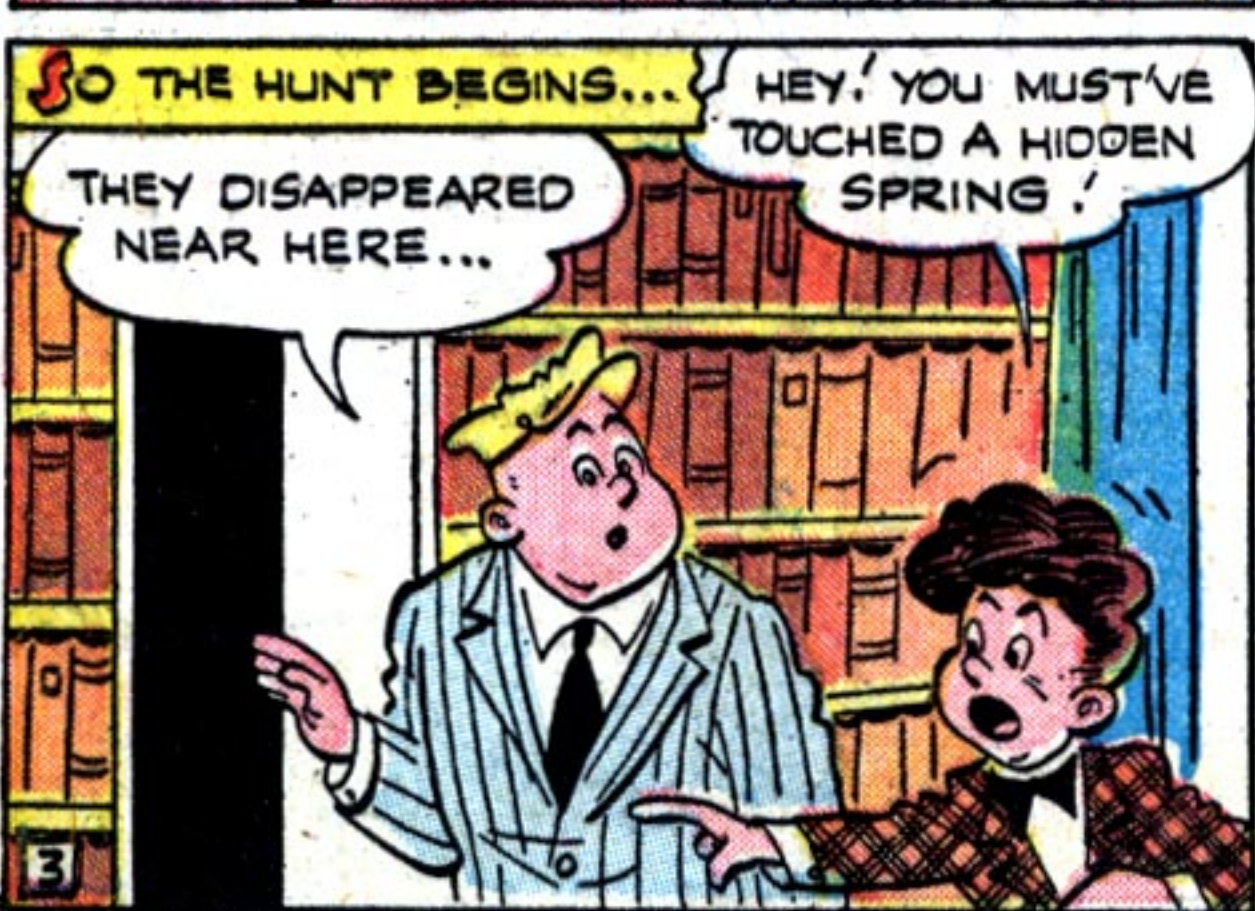
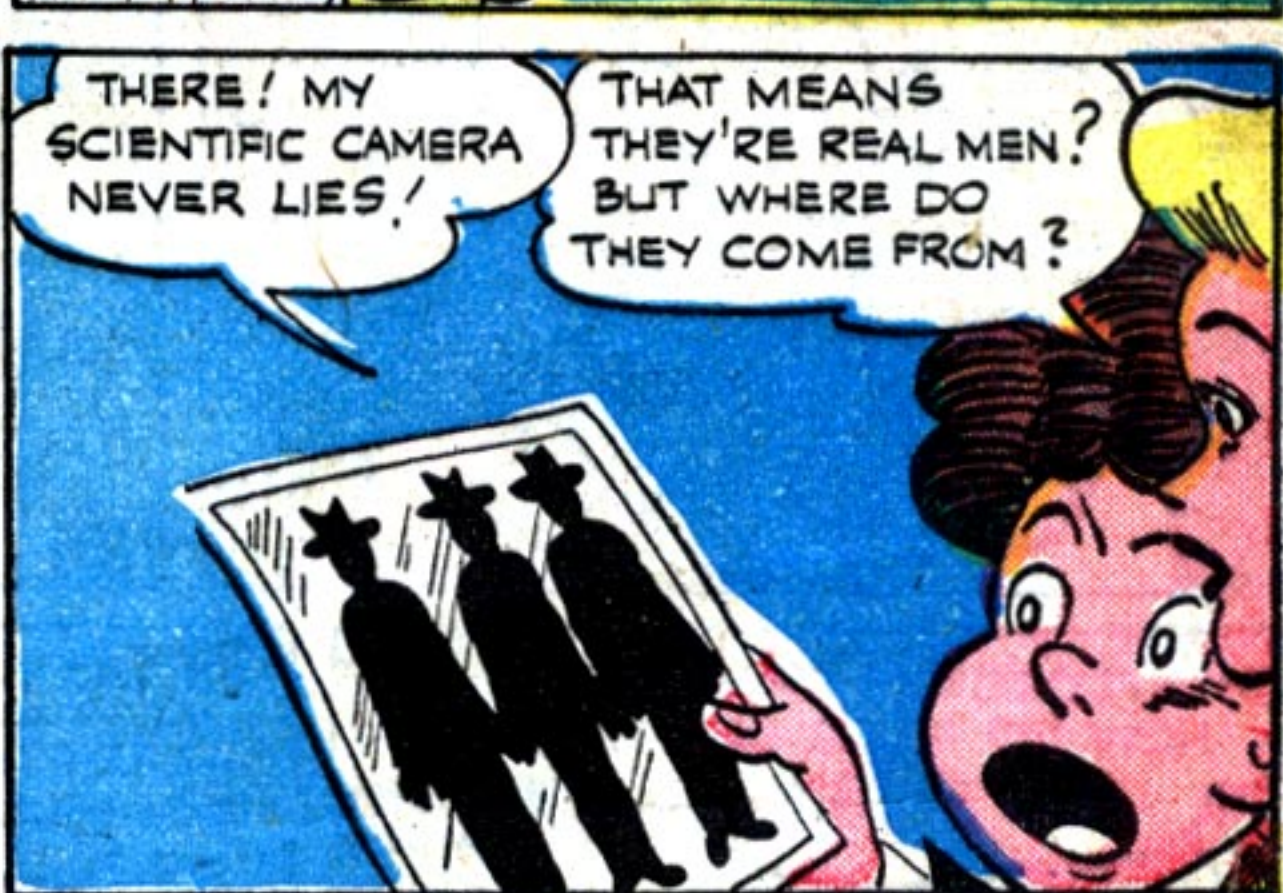
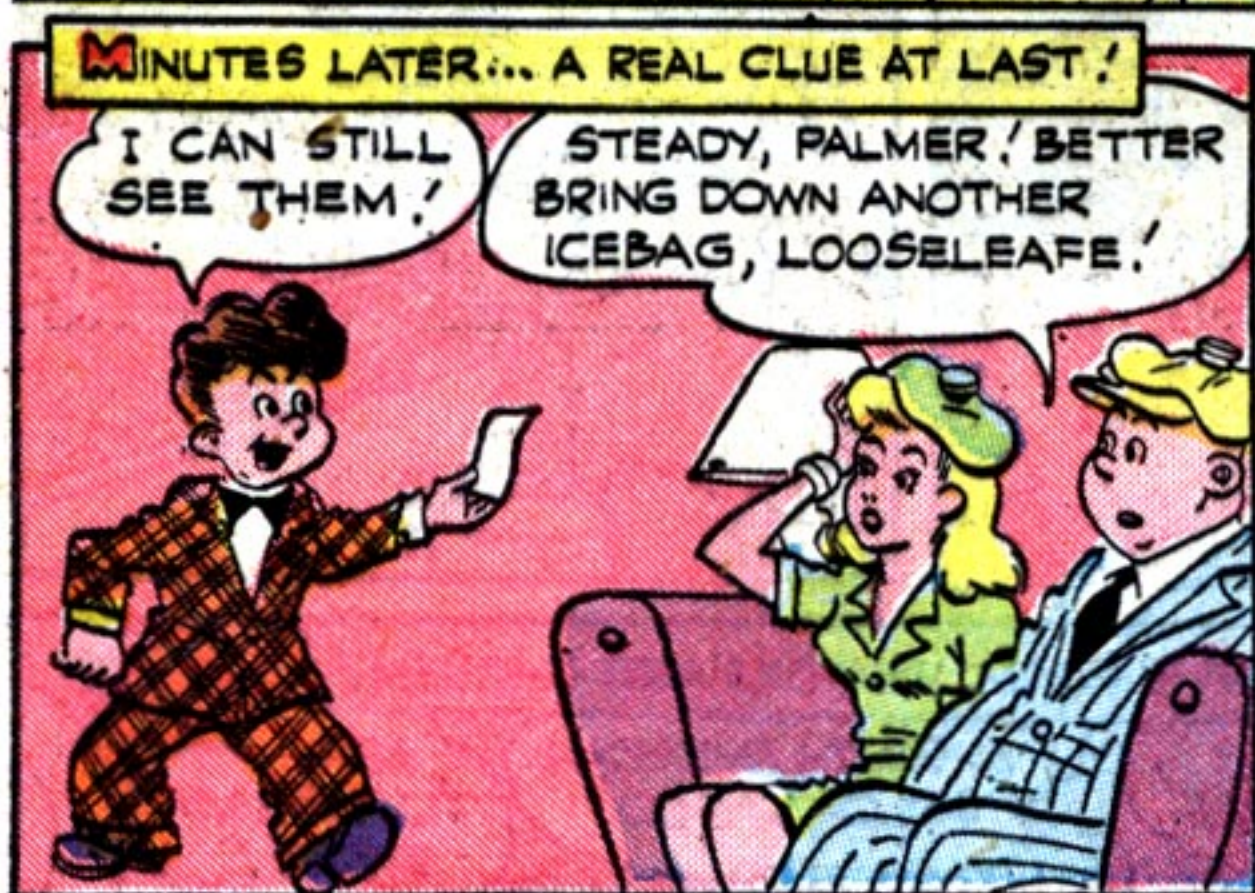
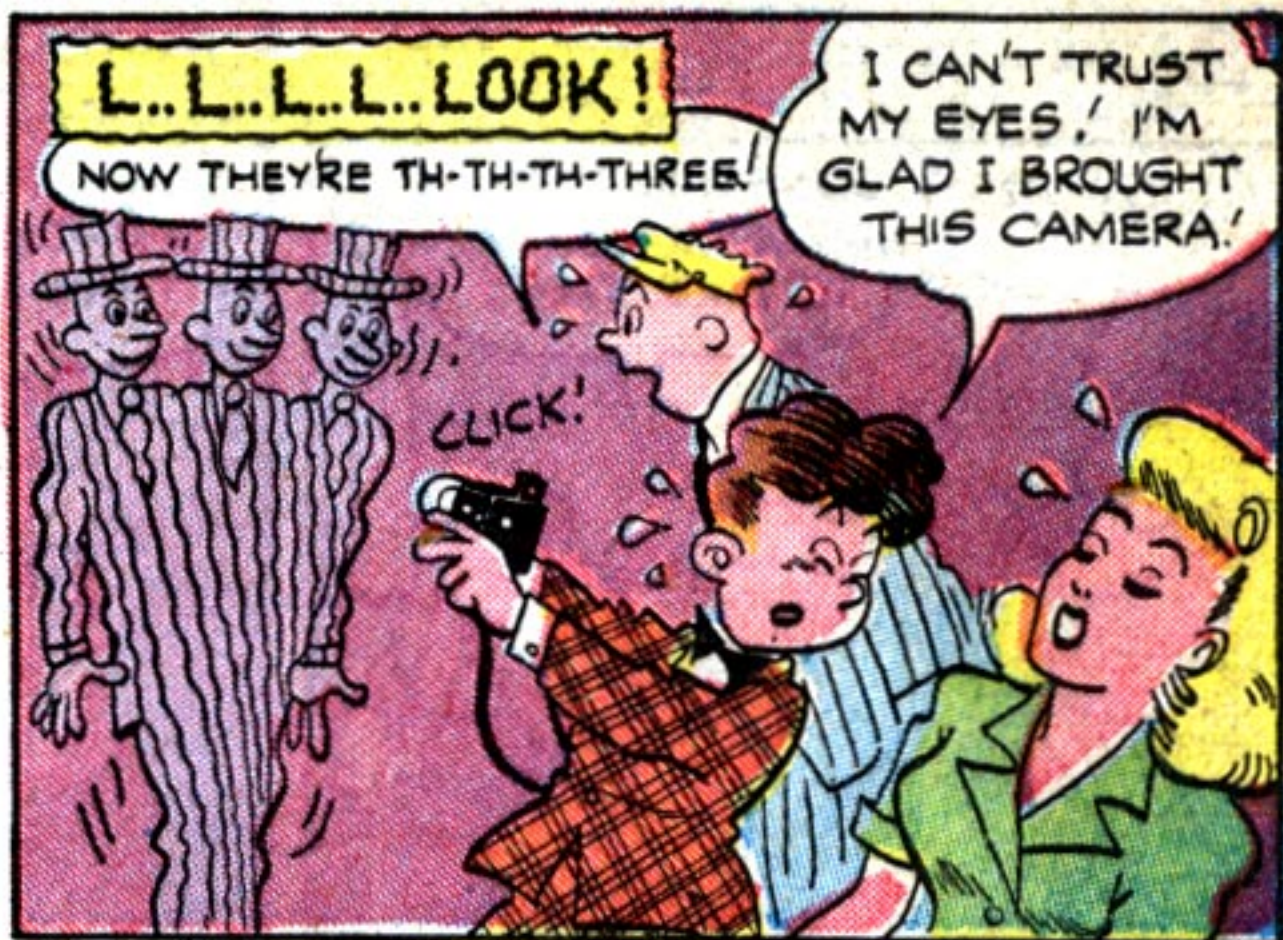
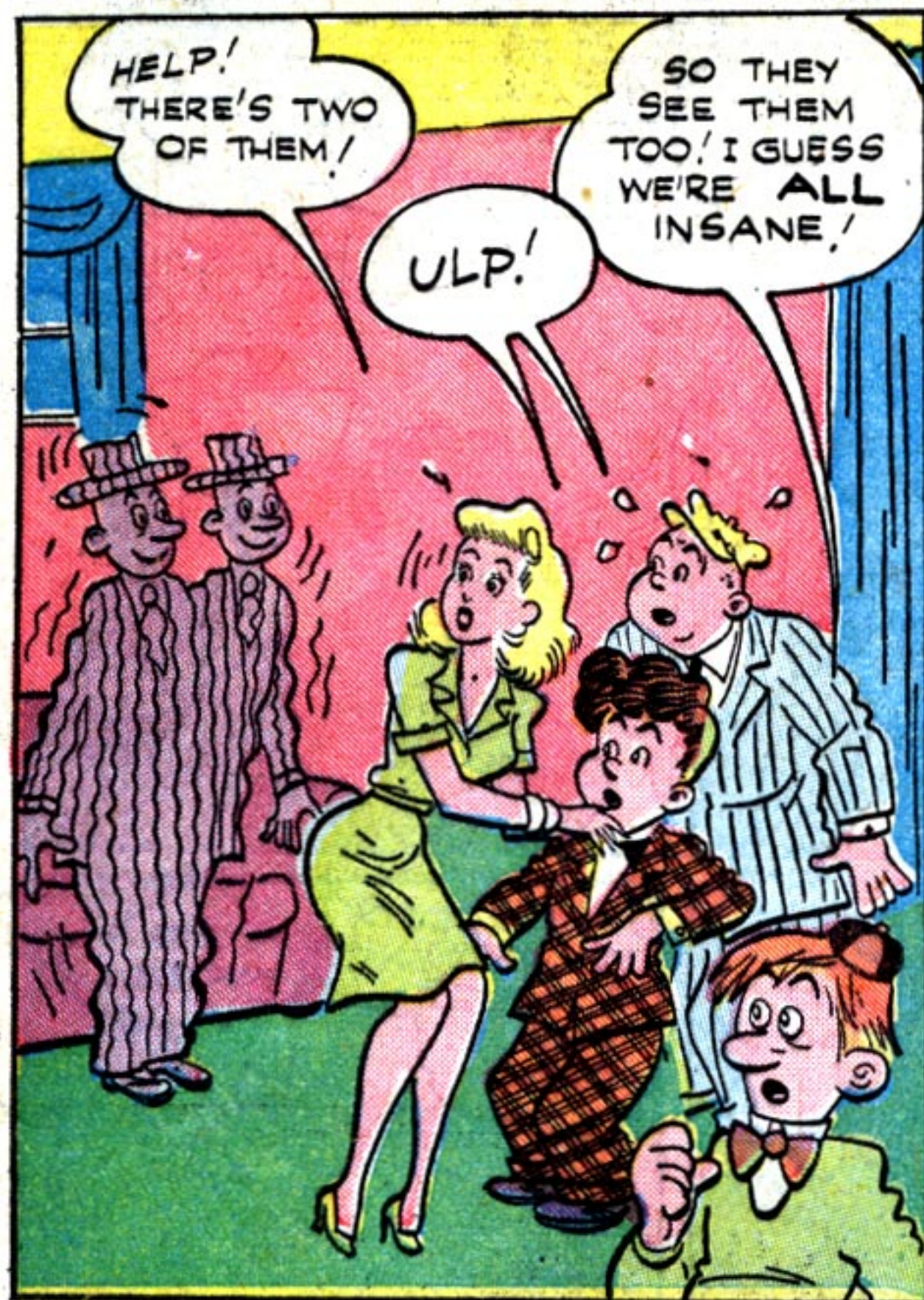
HE HASN'T FAR TO GO!

I'M MR. LOOSELEAF BOOKER, JR... AND THEY POP UP HERE... THEN THEY DISAPPEAR THERE! IN TWOS! IN THREES! HELP ME, MR. PALMER, HELP ME!

WHA..?

HUH?

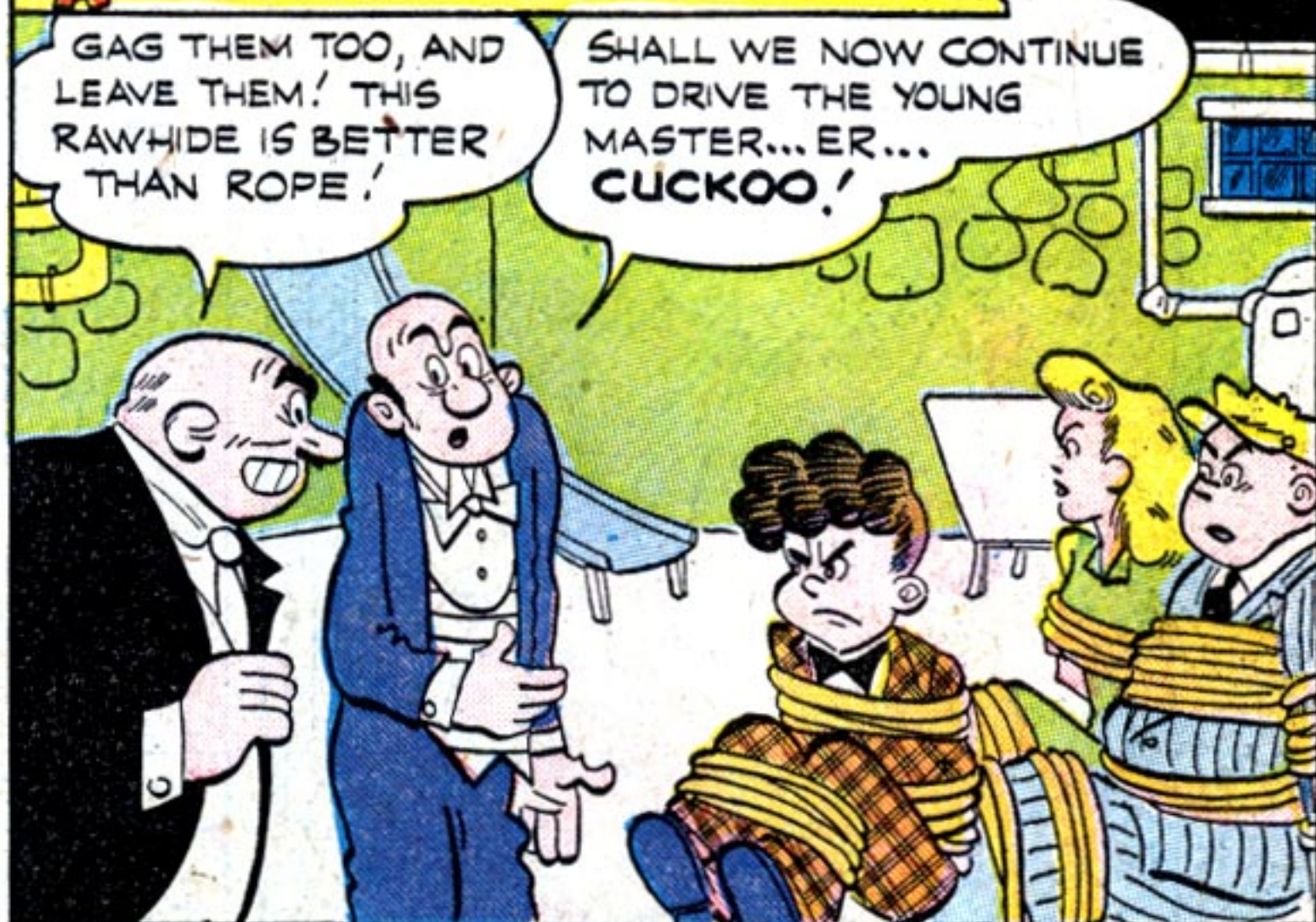




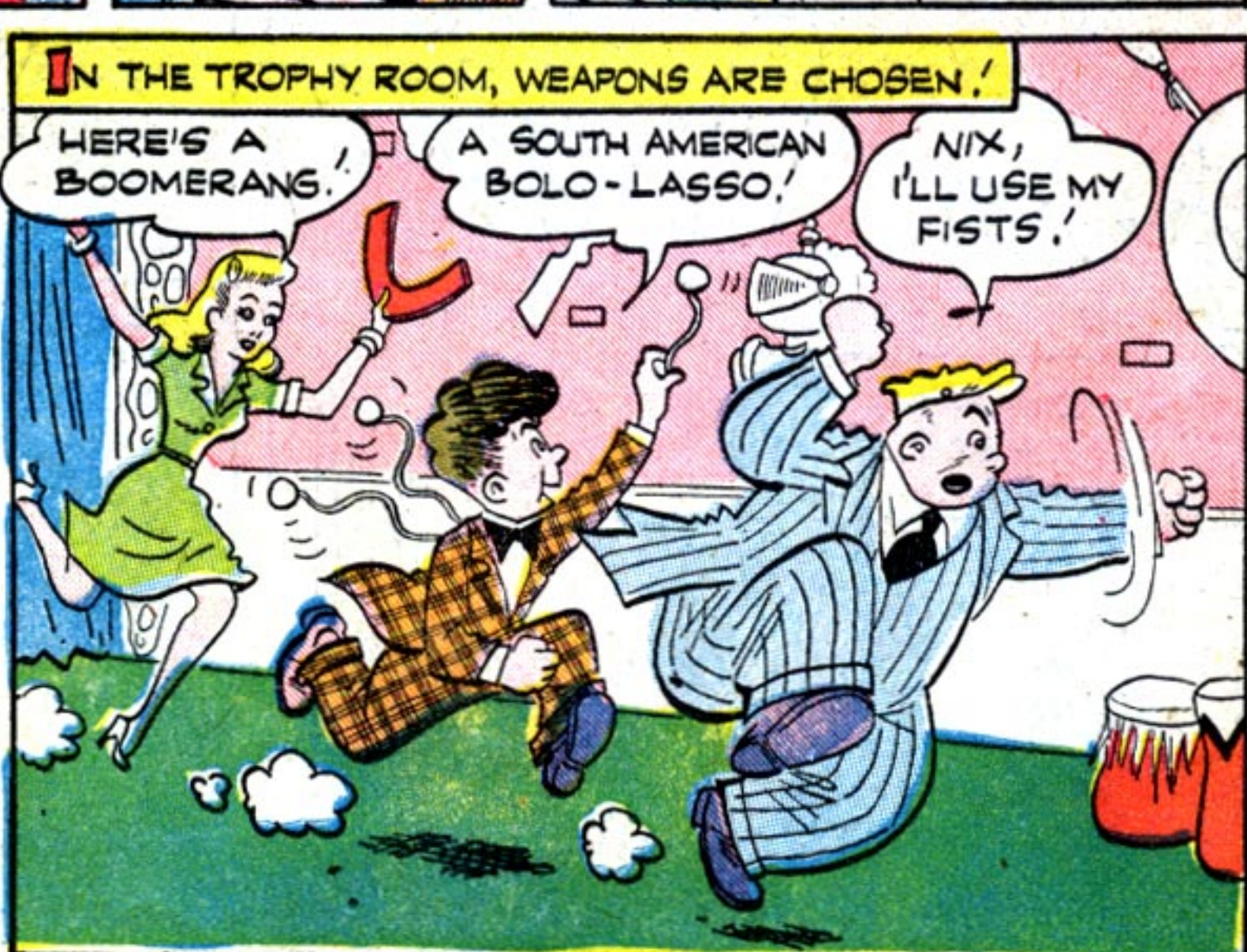
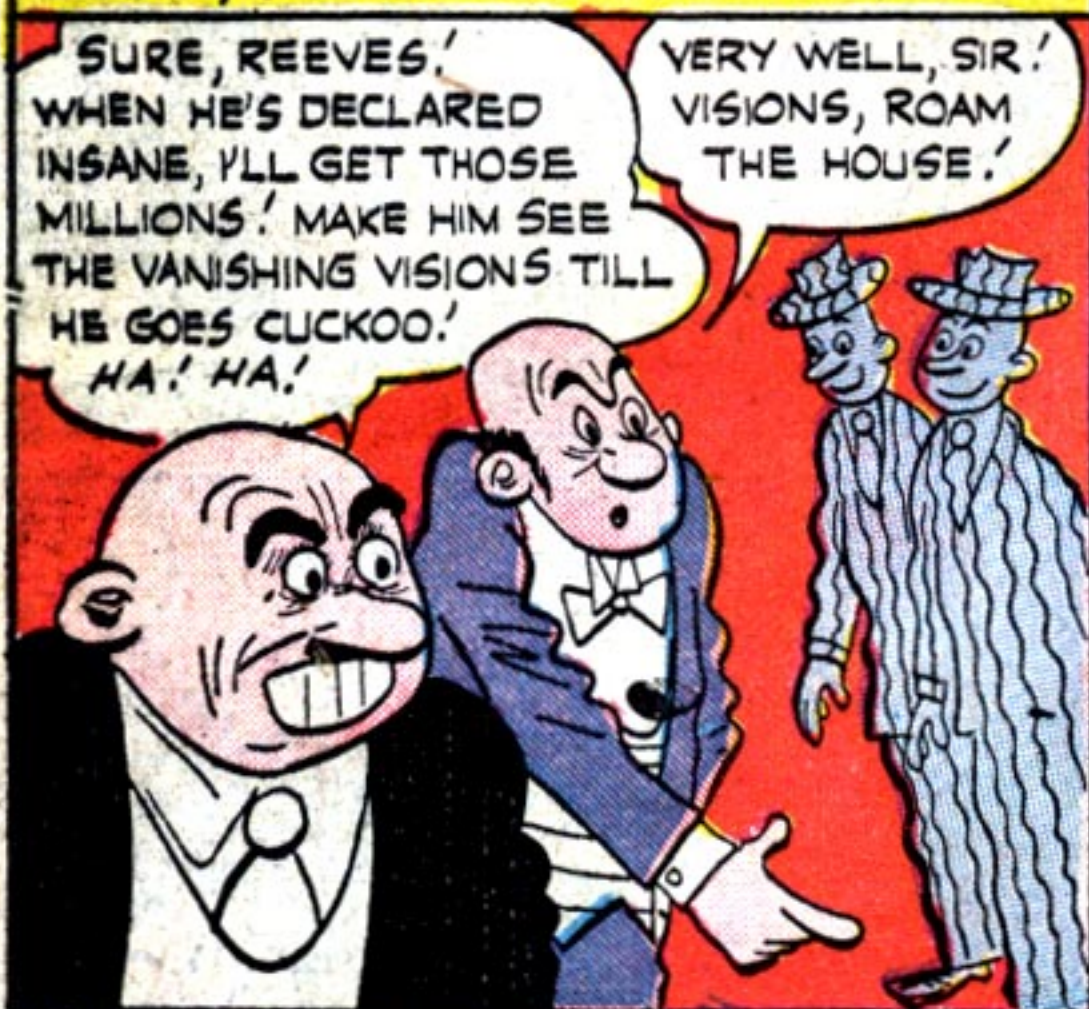
AS THE PANEL CLICKS SHUT... THE ONLY WAY OUT IS DOWN!



AFTER A FAST SLIDE TO THE BASEMENT...



LOOSELEAF BOOKS' UNCLE, KLOSED BOOKE, REVEALS HIS NEFARIOUS PLANS!



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...

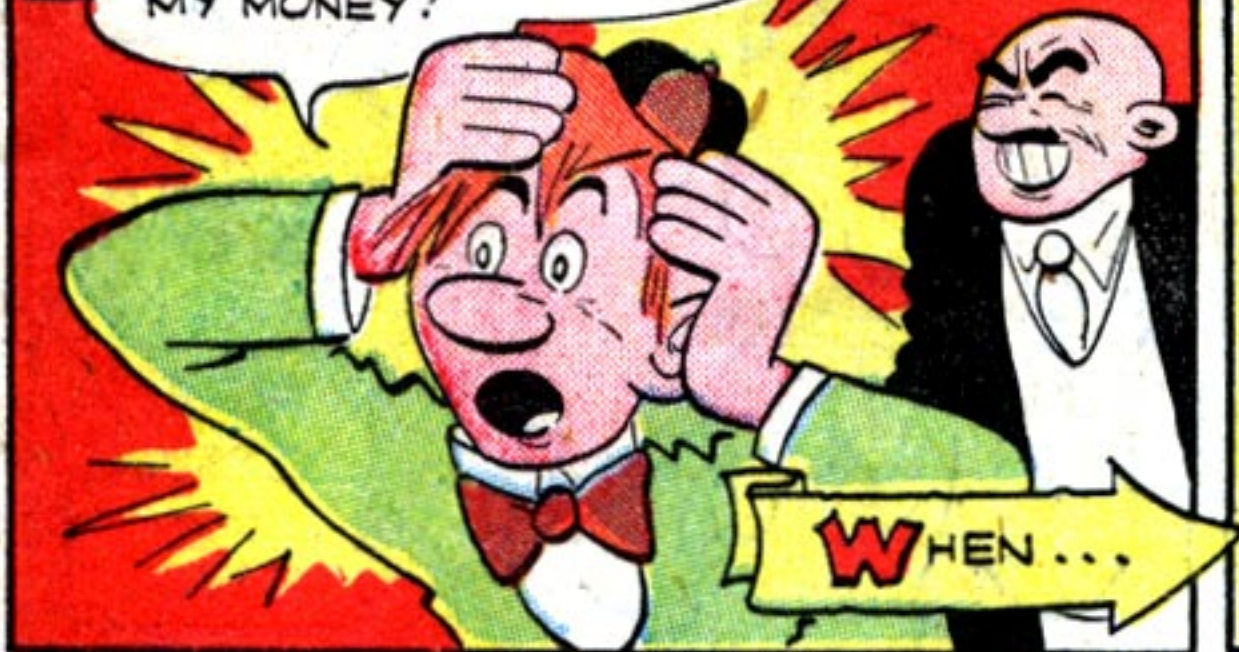
I'M SORRY,
MASTER
LOOSELEAFE,
BUT YOUR
BRAIN..

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 BOOKE... YOU
MANAGE IT! SAY YOU'LL TAKE
MY MONEY!



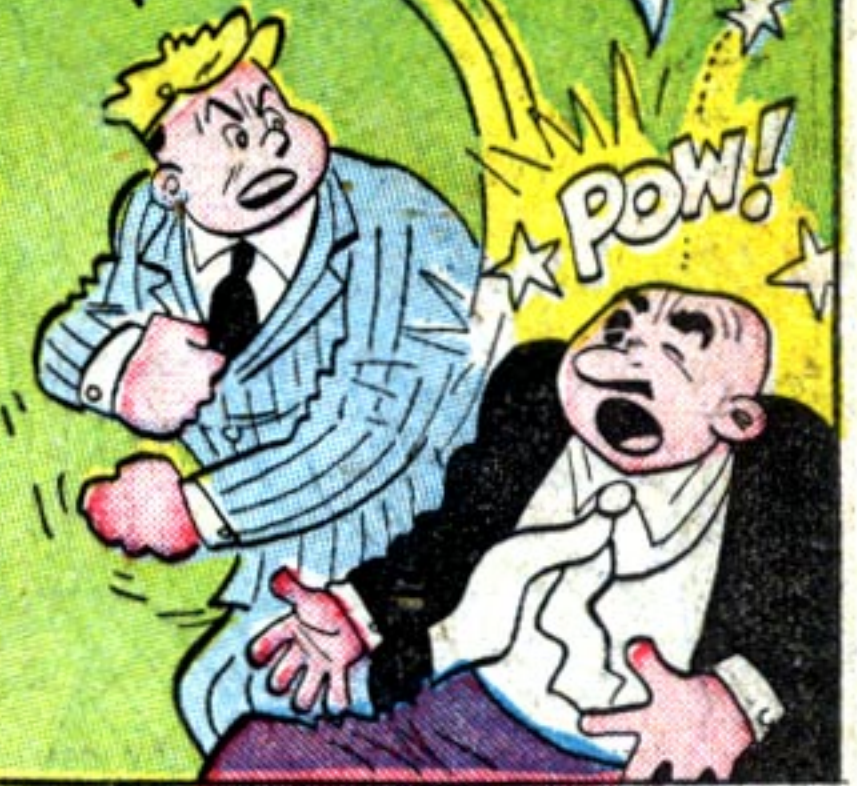
WHEN...

**JUST IN
TIME!**
**BRAWN!
BEAUTY!
AND
BRAINS!**
**SWING
INTO
ACTION!**

BRAWN!

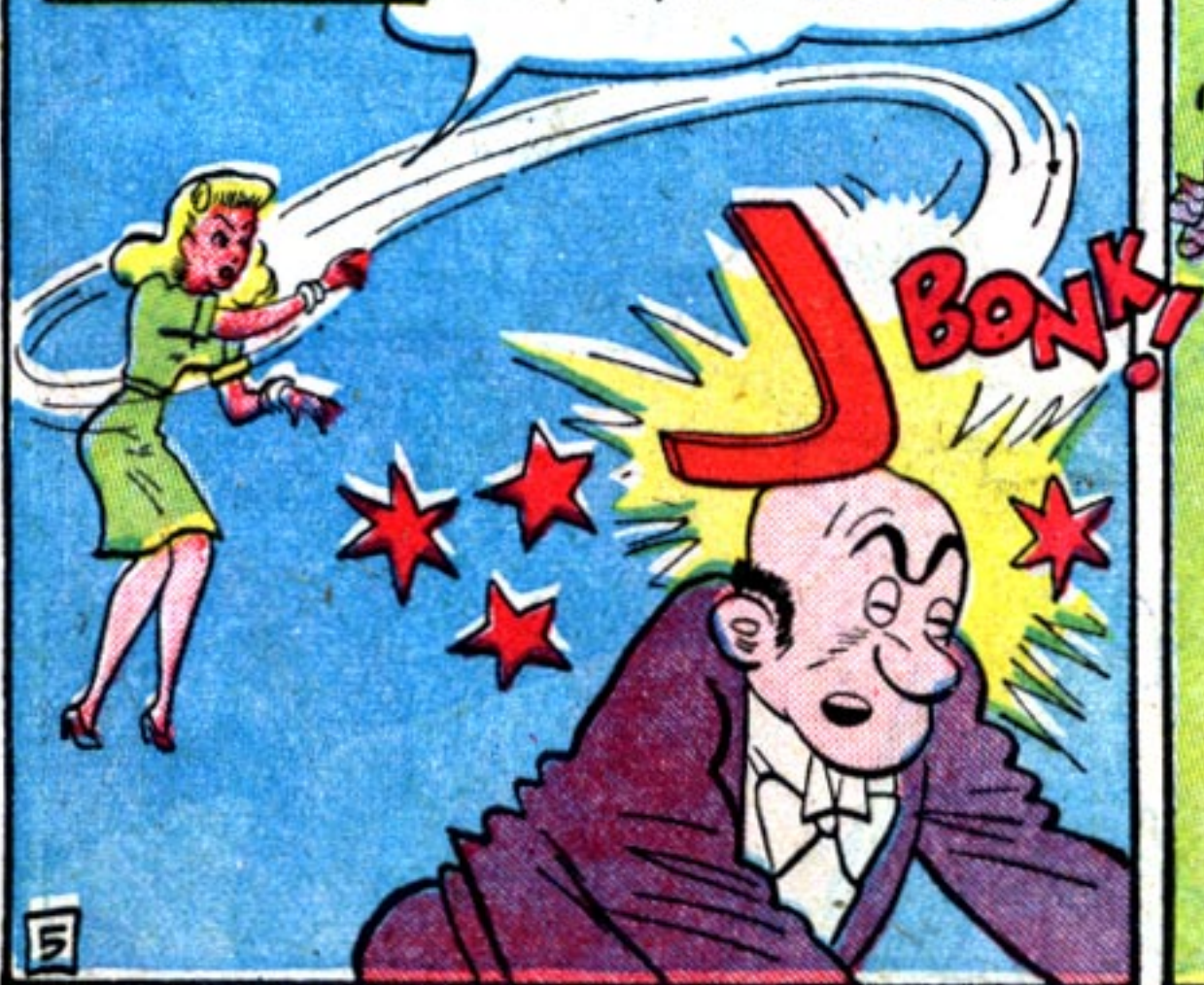
I'LL SHUT
YOU UP!

OOWW!
NOW I'M
REALLY A
KLOSED
BOOKE!



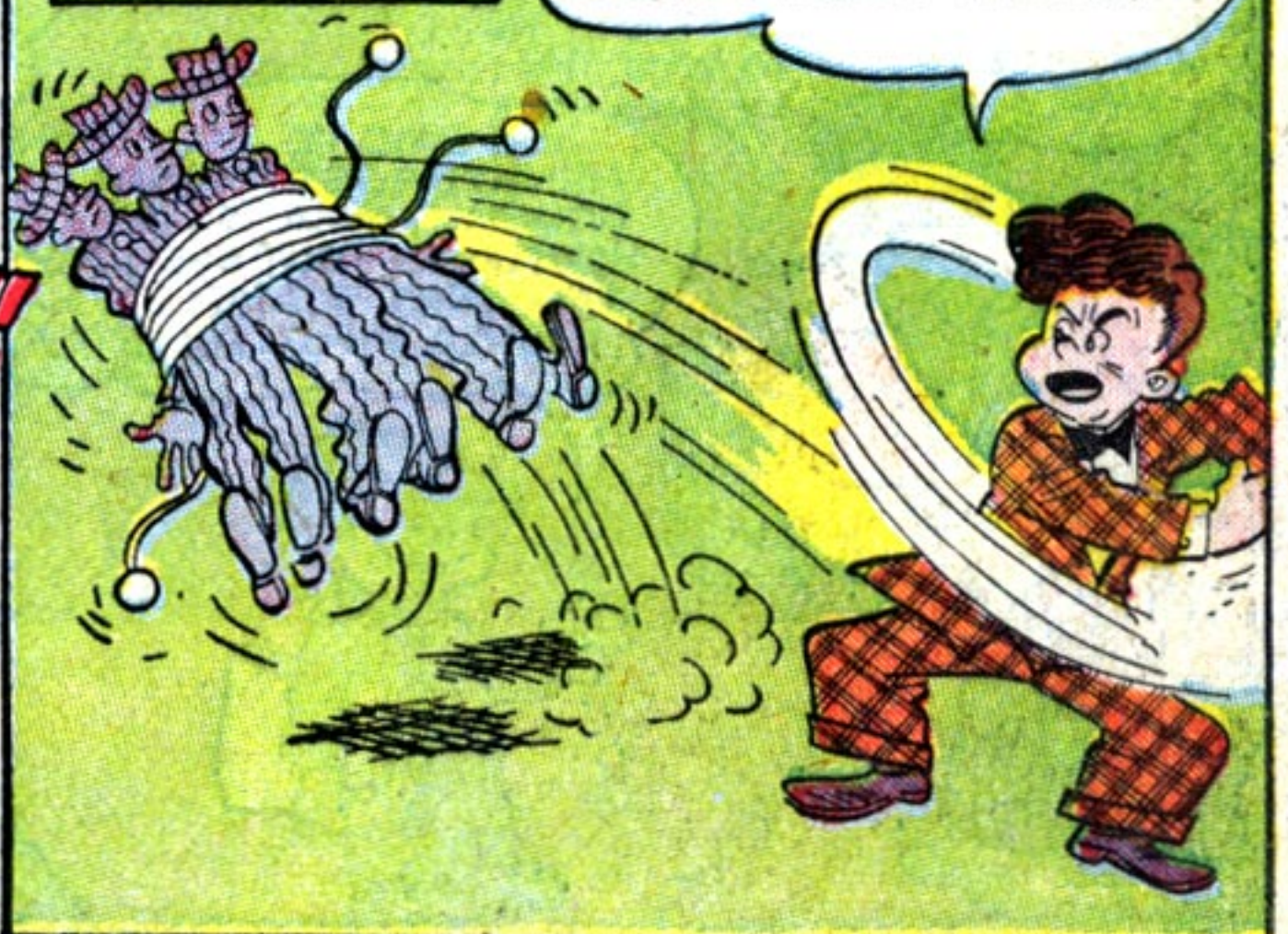
BEAUTY!

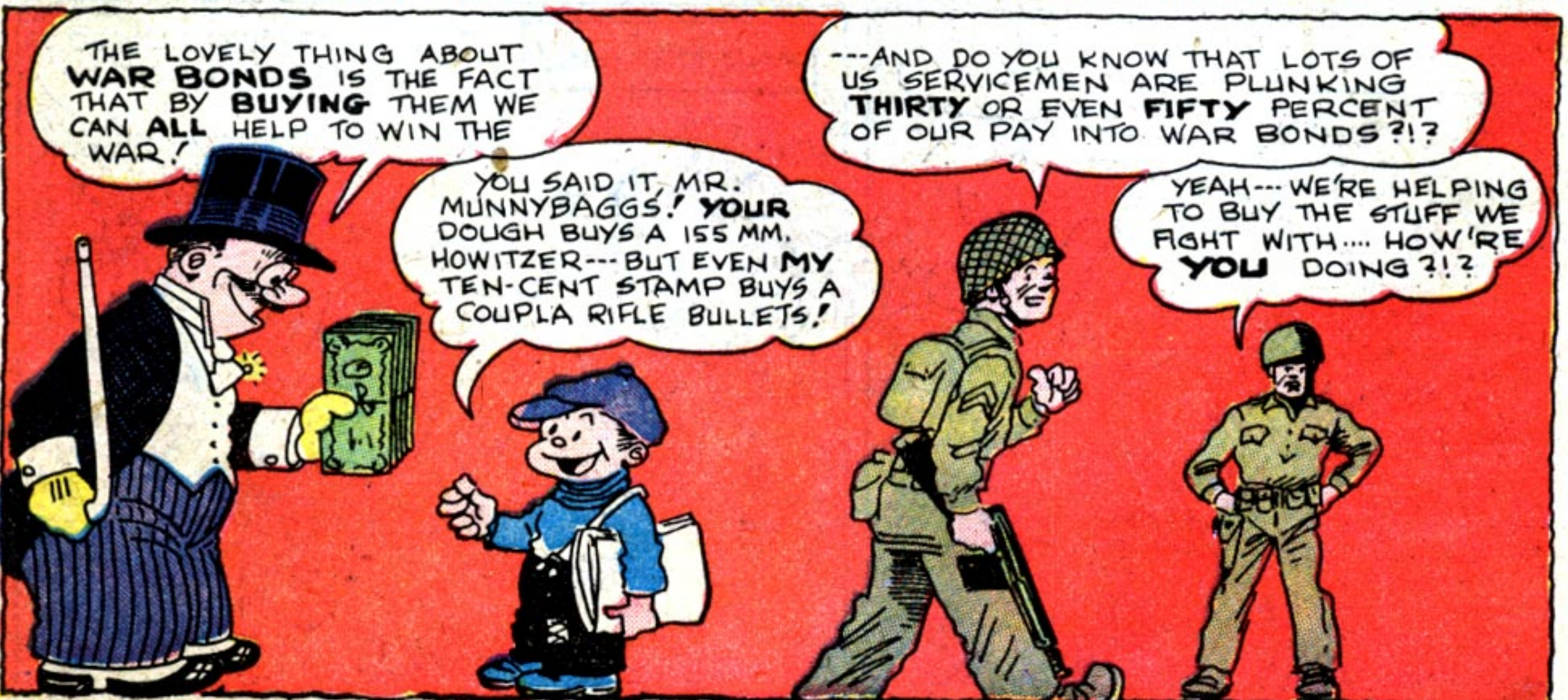
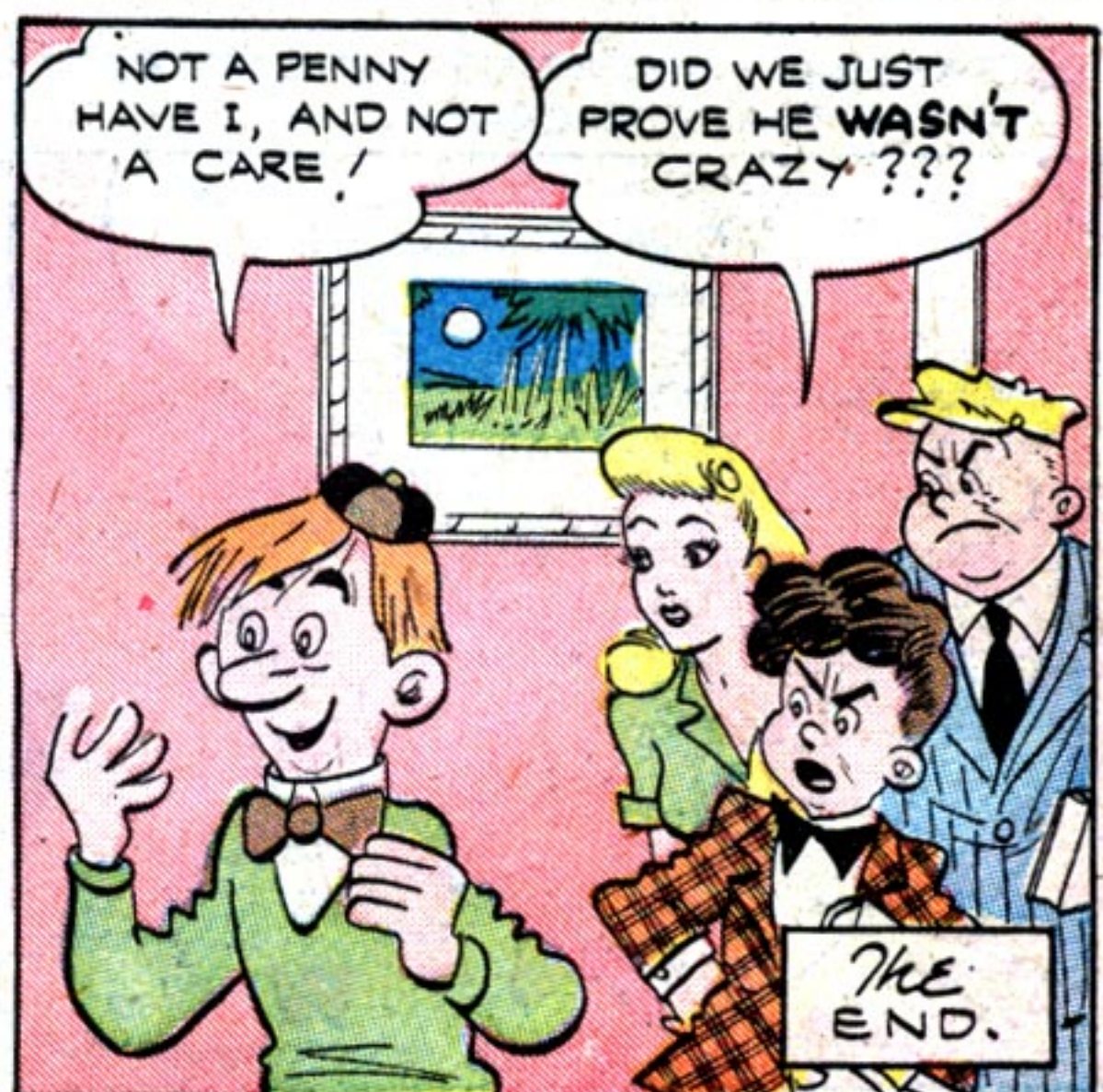
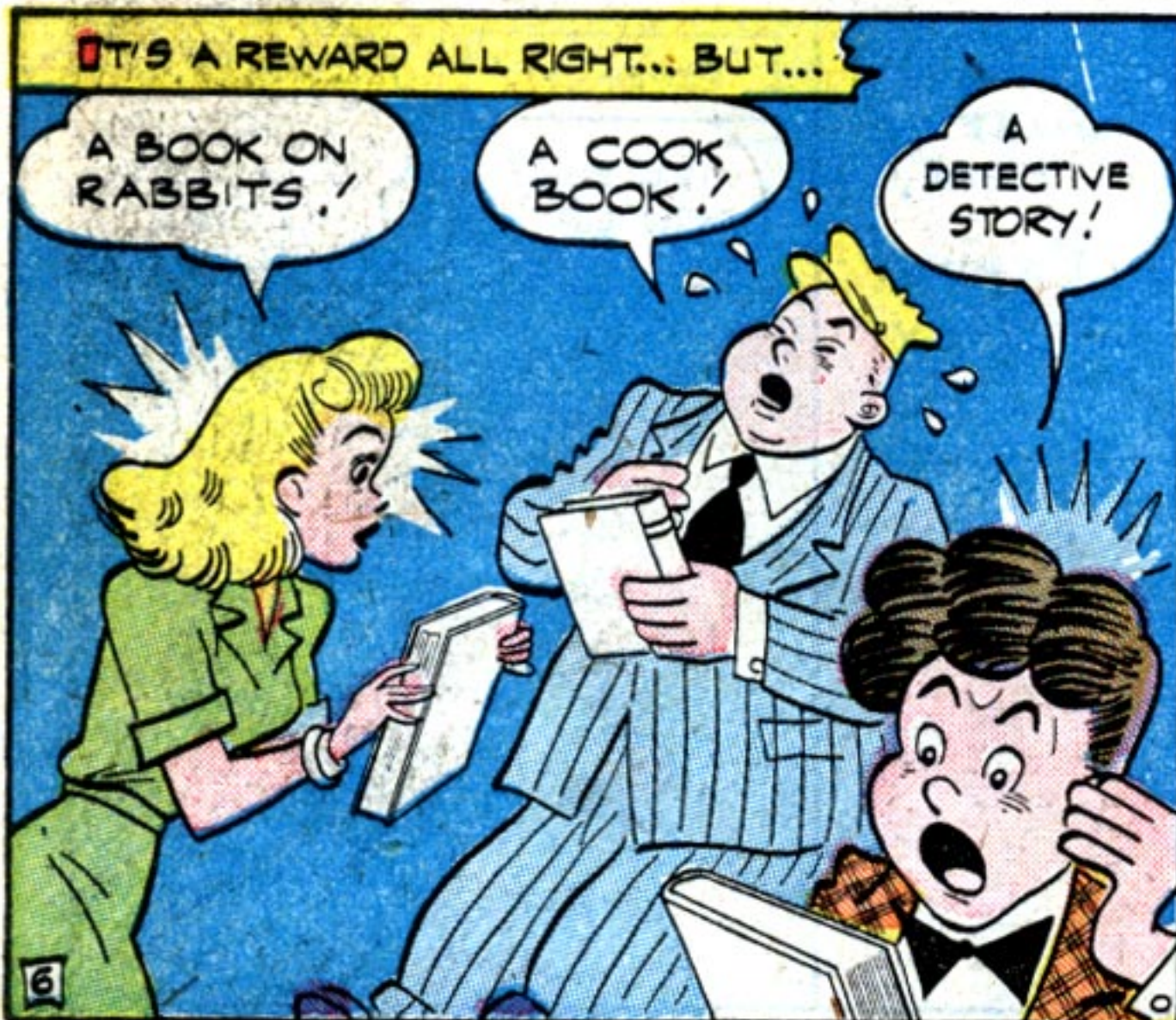
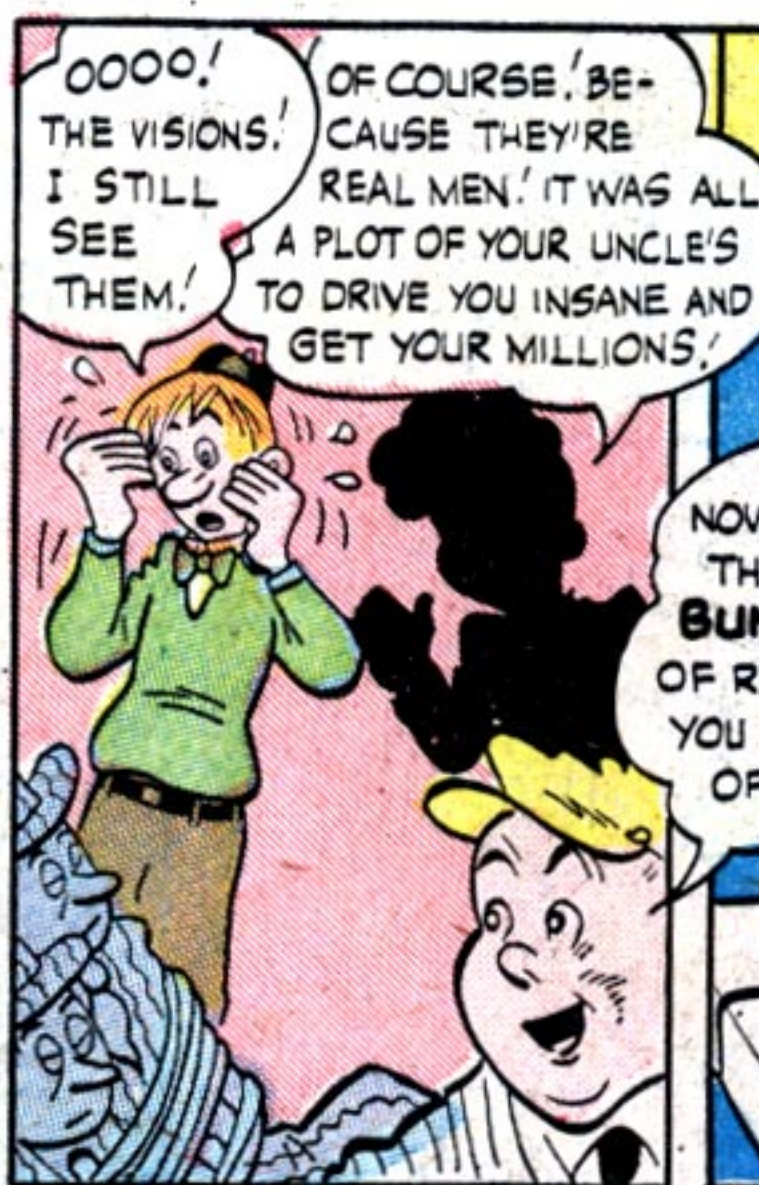
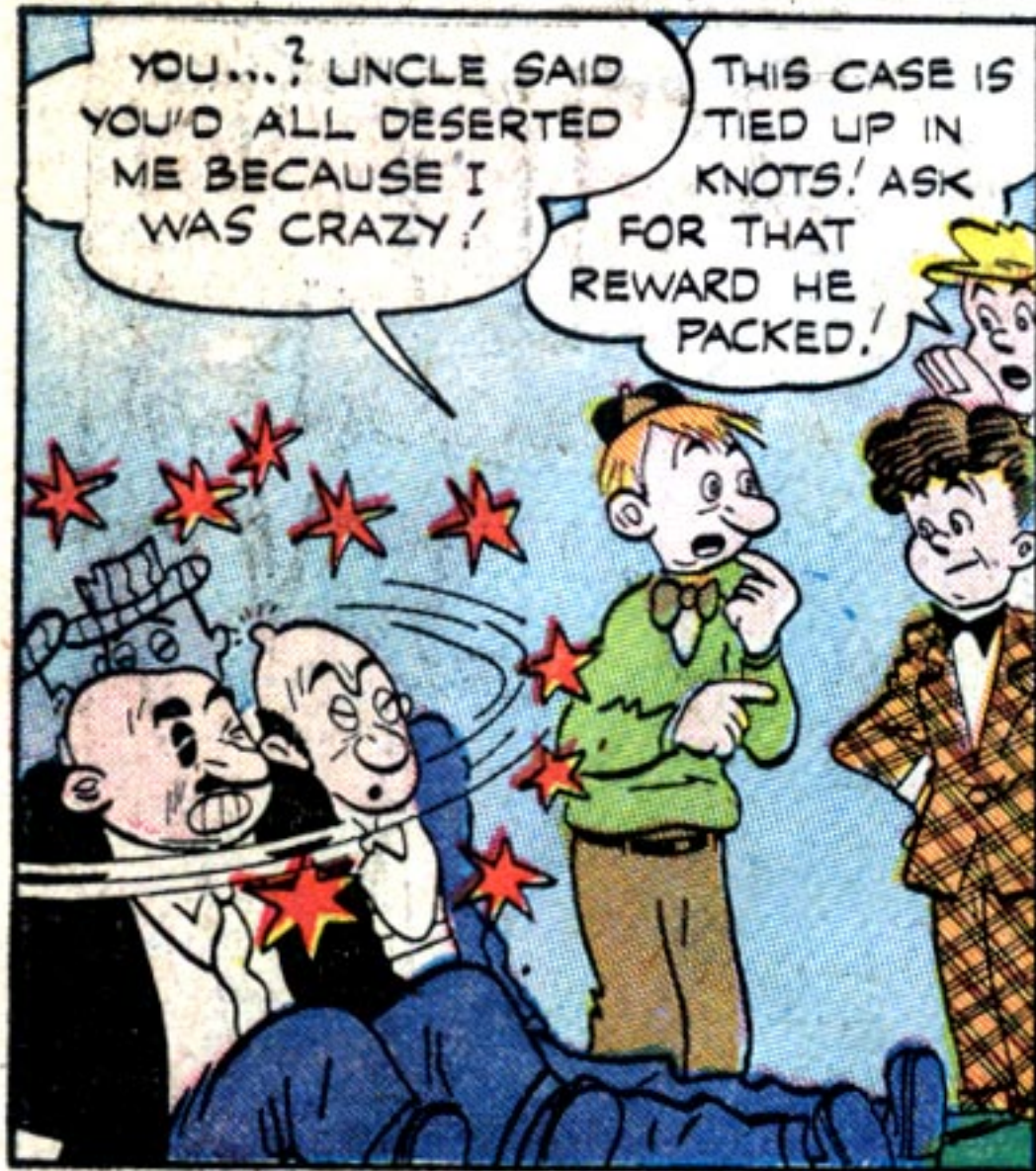
BOOMERANGS FOR
DINNER, YOU BUTLER!



AND BRAINS!

A THREE-ROPED LASSO
FOR A TRIPLE-THREAT!

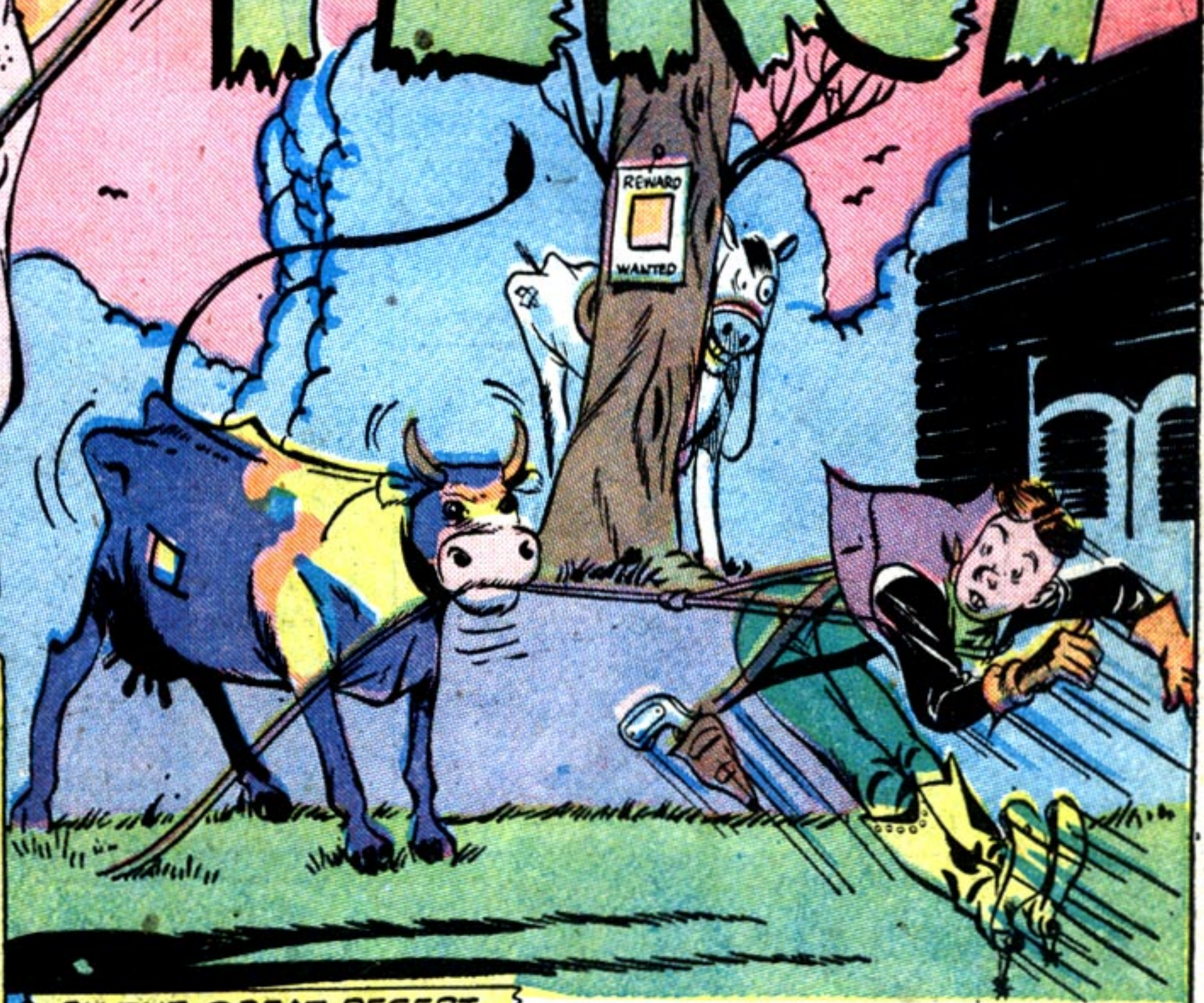




TWO-GUN PERCY



WAAL, PARDNER,
THARE'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
HOSS RISKED LIFE
AN' LIMB TO L'ARN
THE SECRET OF...
"SKULLDOGGERY
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 PITTER-PATTER ON
THE PARCHED SOIL...

OH, WHY DID I EVER
SELL MY FAITHFUL
HOSS, HORACE, FER
AN AUTOMOBILE THAT'S
RICKETY, SPAVINED,
AND HAS THE
GLANDERS?

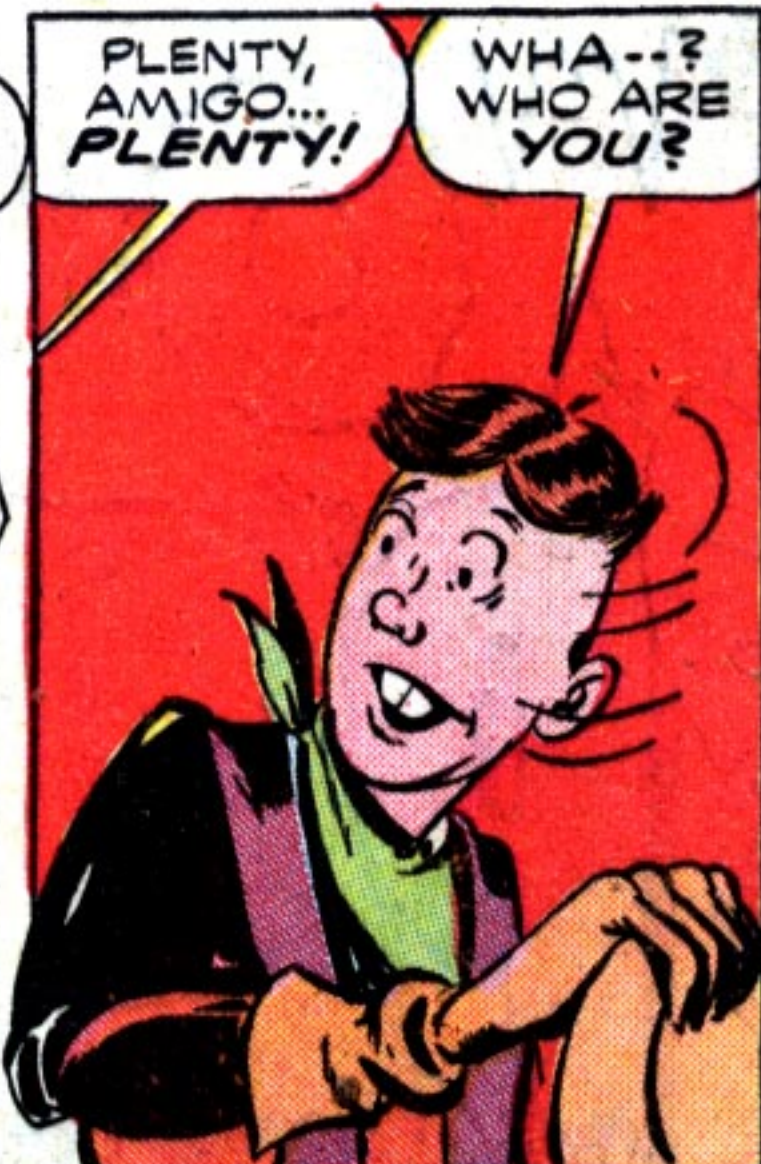
YUH GOT ME,
PARDNER...
WHY DID
YUH?





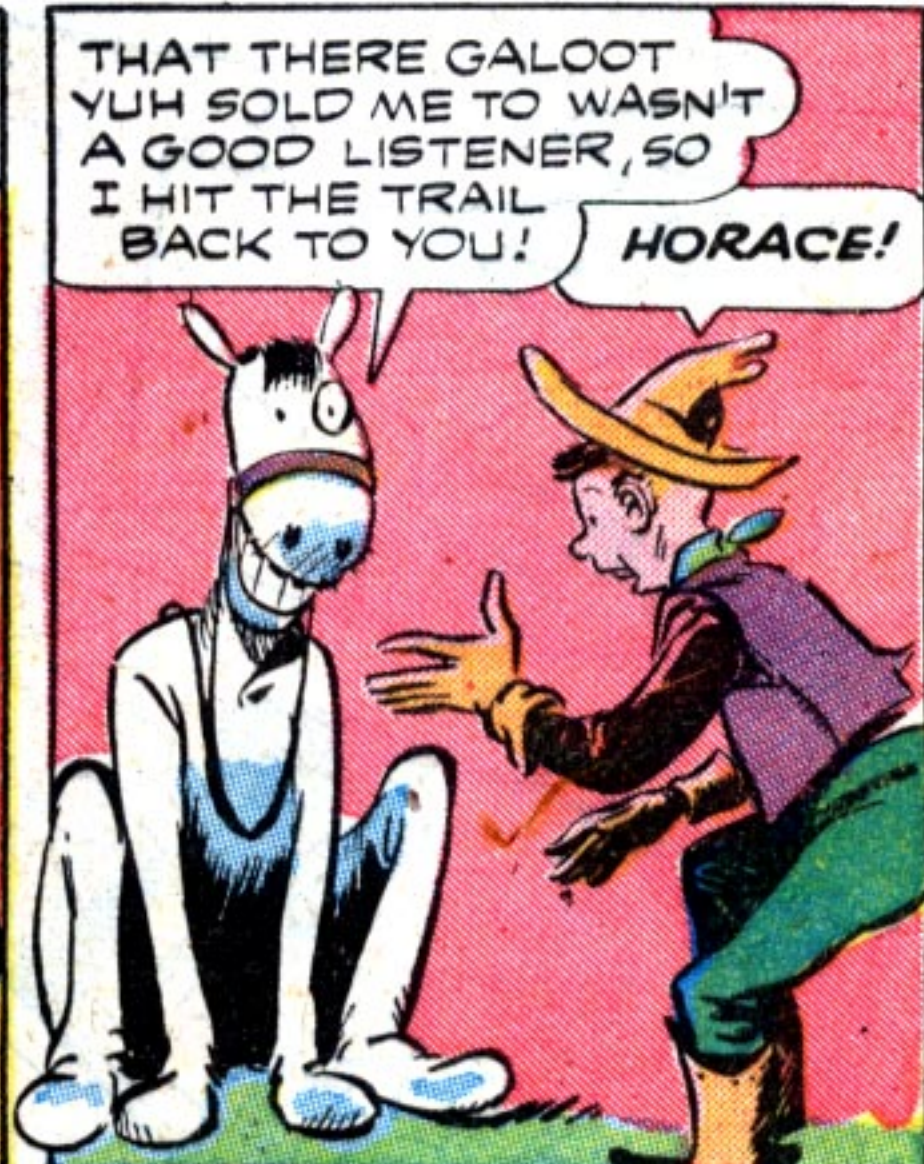
HORACE SHORE WAS THE BEST HOSS THAT ANYBODY...I MEAN, ANY WADDY...EVER HAD!

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



PLENTY, AMIGO... PLENTY!

WHA--? WHO ARE YOU?



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

HORACE!

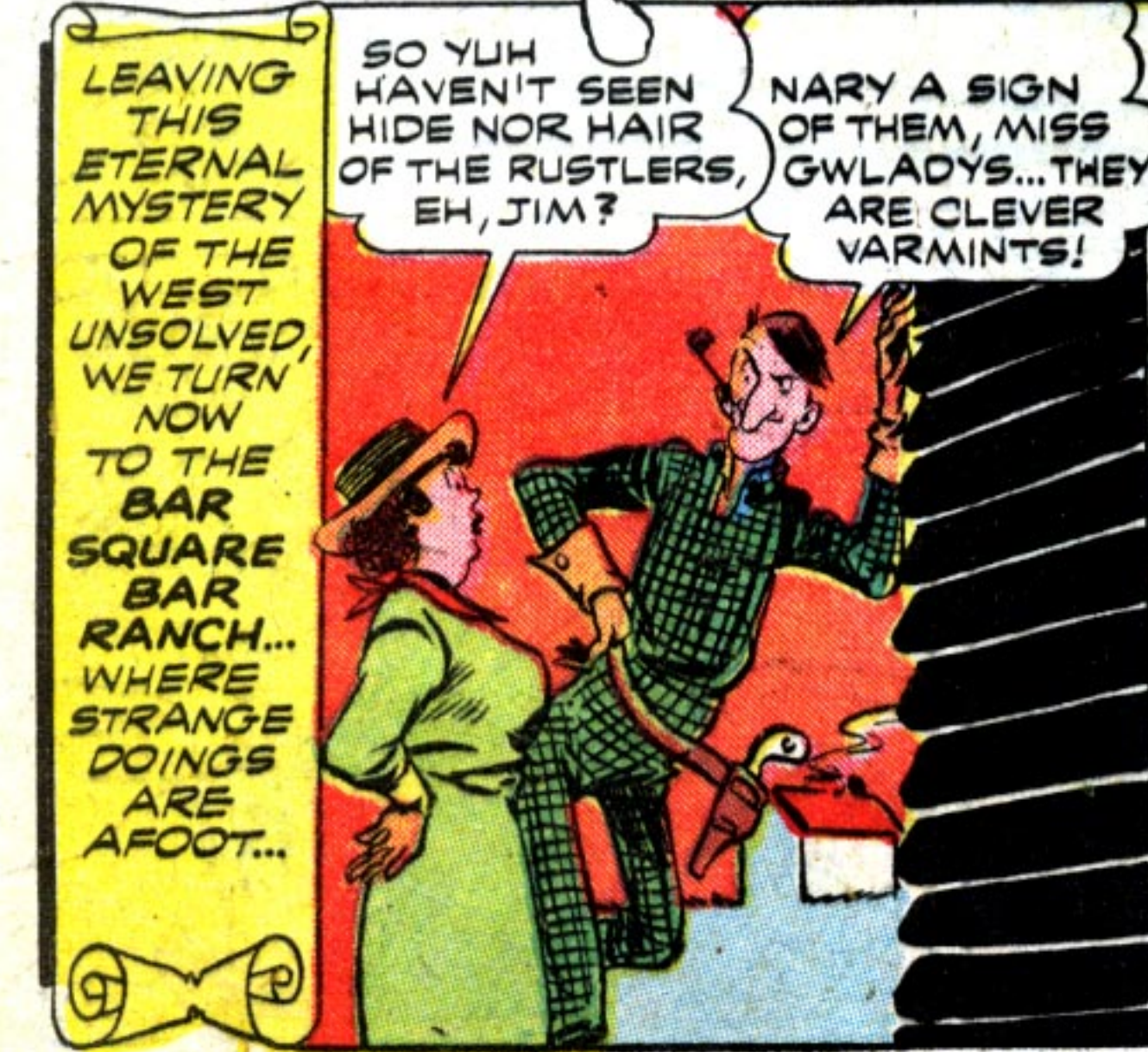


AND SEEIN' AS HOW I LARNED TO THROW MY VOICE, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE SOME FUN WITH THAT SIDEWINDER! BUT LET ME TELL YUH WHAT HAPPENED...

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



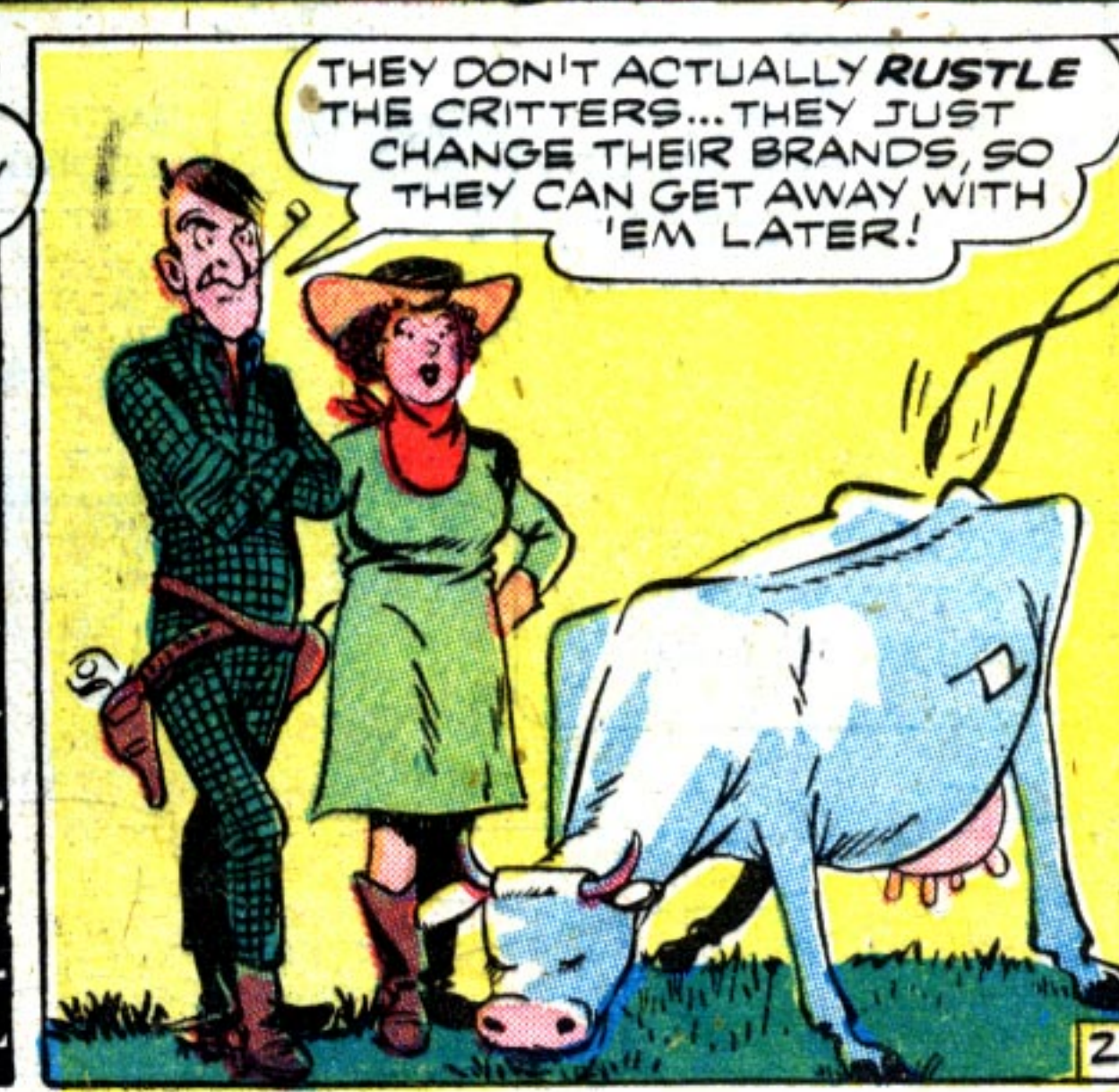
ALTHOUGH, COME TO THINK OF IT...WHY SHOULD I PUNCH 'EM? THEY NEVER DONE NUTHIN' TO ME!!



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

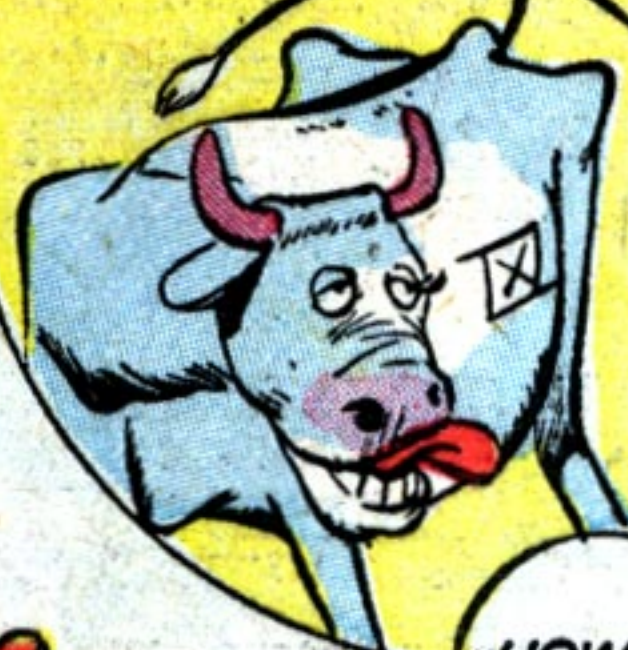
SO YUH HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF THE RUSTLERS, EH, JIM?

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



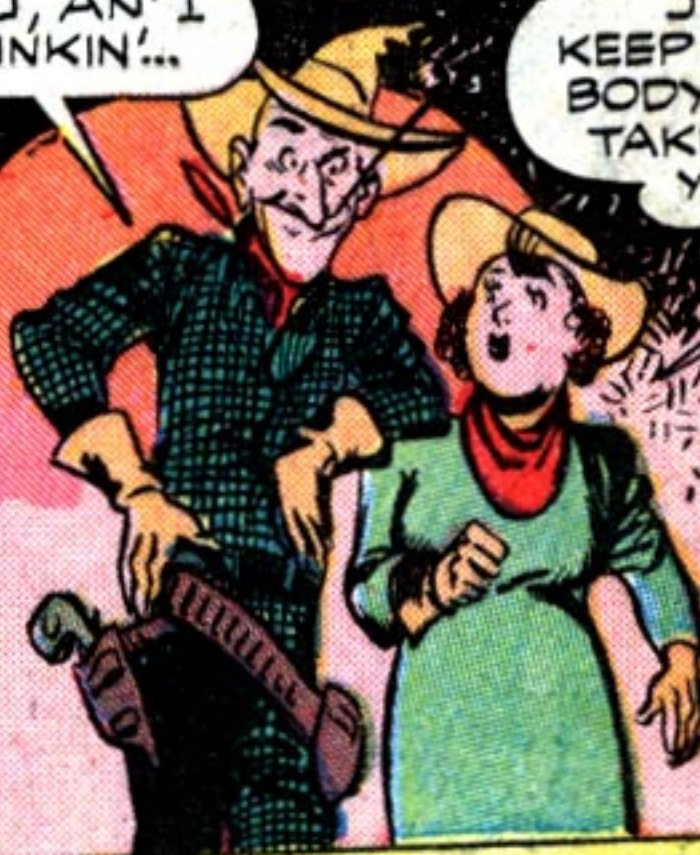
THEY DON'T ACTUALLY RUSTLE THE CRITTERS...THEY JUST CHANGE THEIR BRANDS, SO THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH 'EM LATER!

YEP, JIM, THEY'RE SHORE SMART! WISH I KNEW WHO THEY ARE... I NEVER HEARD TELL OF A BAR SQUARE X BAR BRAND! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON LOOKIN'!



SHUCKS, MISS GWLADYS... DON'T LET IT WORRY YUH NONE! RUNNIN' THIS YERE RANCH IS A MIGHTY HARD JOB FER A PURTY GIRL LIKE YOU, AN' I BEEN THINKIN'...

THAT I OUGHTA GET A NEW FOREMAN? NO, JIM, YUH KIN KEEP THE JOB... NO-BODY ELSE WOULD TAKE IT FER WHUT YOU'RE BEING PAID!

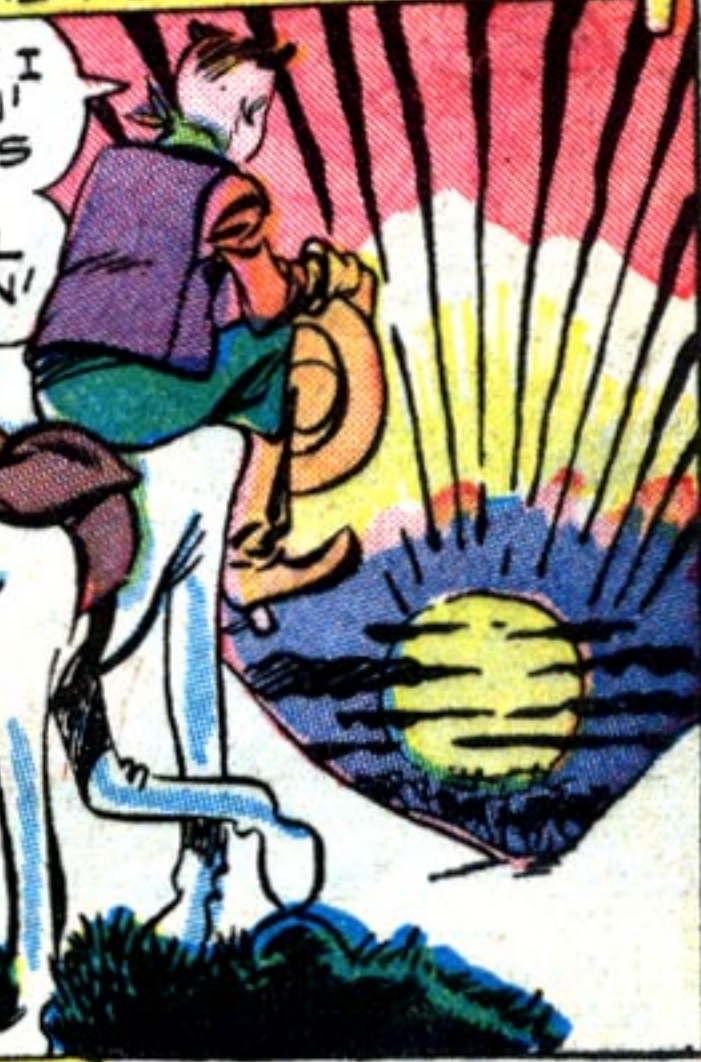


HOWDY, MA'AM!

HOWDY YOURSELF, STRANGER! IF YO'RE LOOKIN' FER A JOB, YUH GOT IT!--YUH'LL FIND A BUNK OVER AT THE BUNKHOUSE, AN' THE COOK'S GOT GRUB! MAKE YORESELF AT HOME!

HAVING THUS, WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, TALKED HIMSELF INTO A JOB, PERCY QUICKLY LEARNS OF THE UNUSUAL SITUATION AT THE RANCH! AND THE NEXT DAY...

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



AND NOW INTO THIS SCENE OF INTRICATE INTRIGUE COMES OUR HANDSOME HERO, ASTRIDE HIS CANTERIN' CAYUSE...



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

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

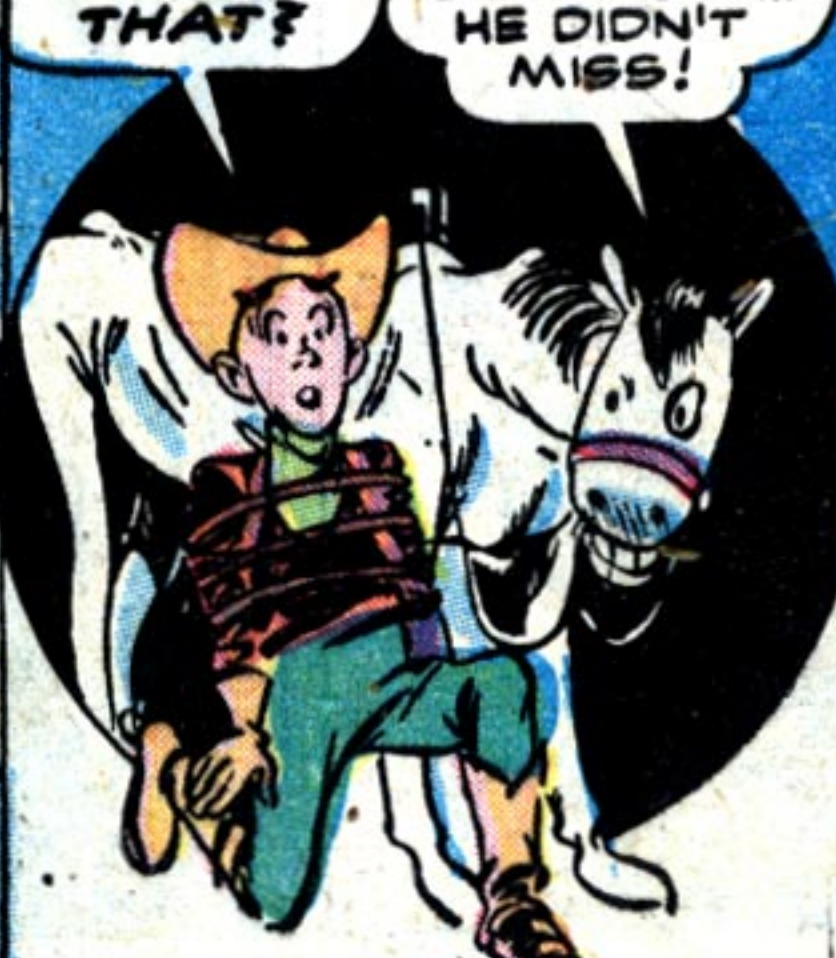
A LEAPING LARIAT SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR! AND THEN...

HEY... WHO THREW THAT?

LUCKY I DIDN'T BET... HE DIDN'T MISS!

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

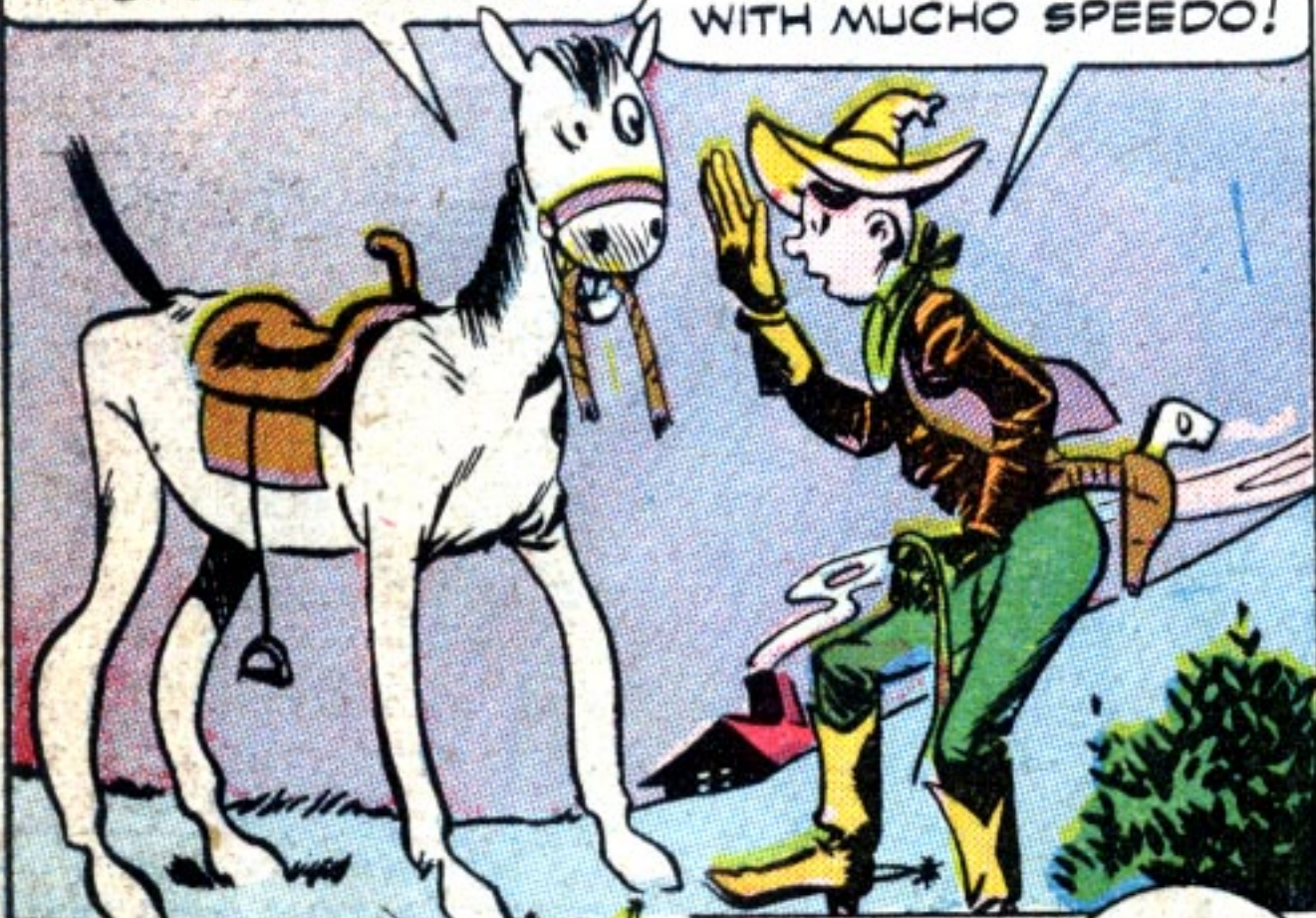
ALL RIGHT, PARDNER, I'LL BITE THROUGH THE ROPE FOR YUH, BUT DON'T LOOK AT MY TEETH... I DON'T WANT YUH TO KNOW HOW OLD I AM!



MOMENTS LATER...

TALKIN' ABOUT ROPES, 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!

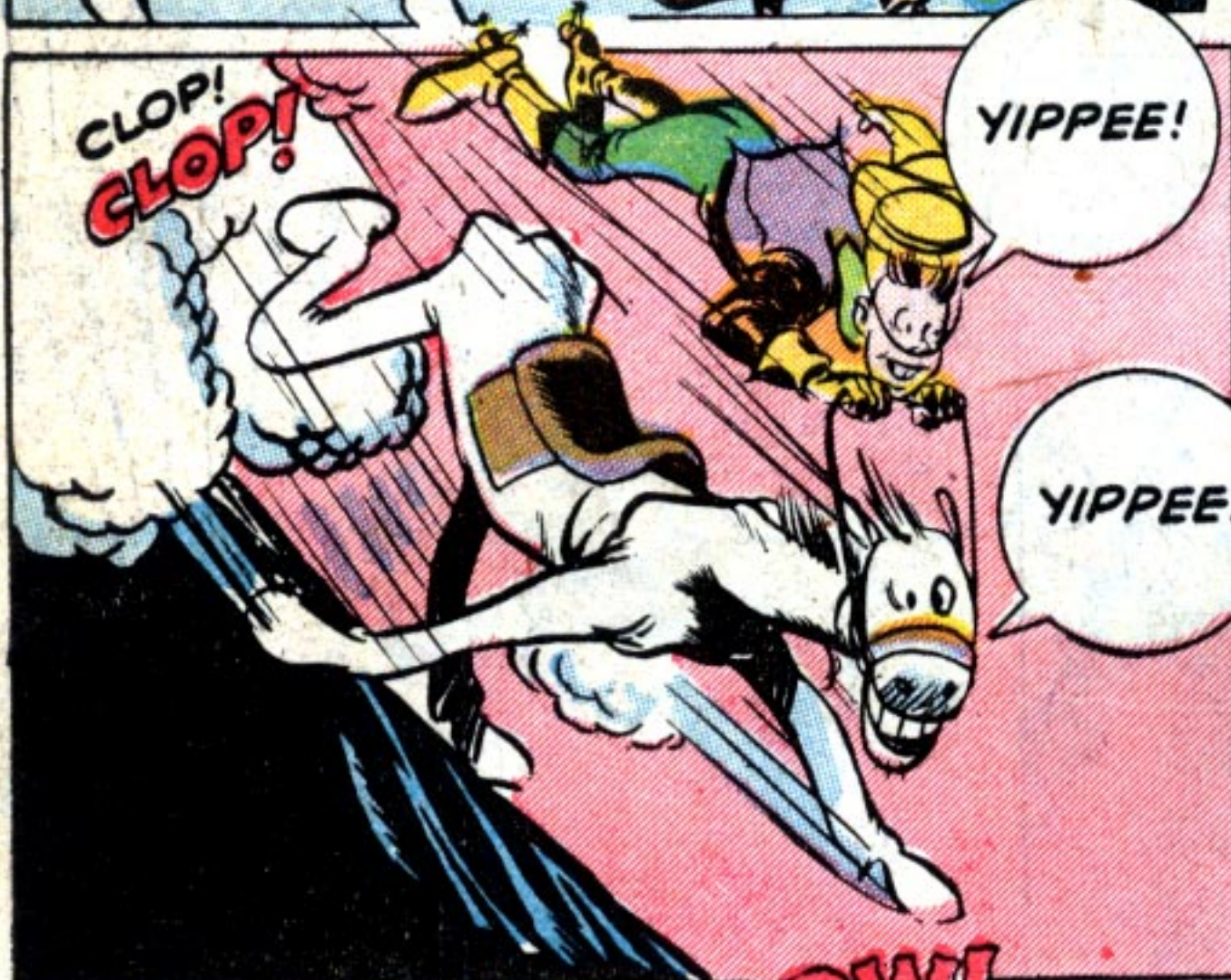
TIME FOR SOME ACTION STUFF, OLD HOSS! HERE WE GO!



CLOP! CLOP!

YIPPEE!

YIPPEE!



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

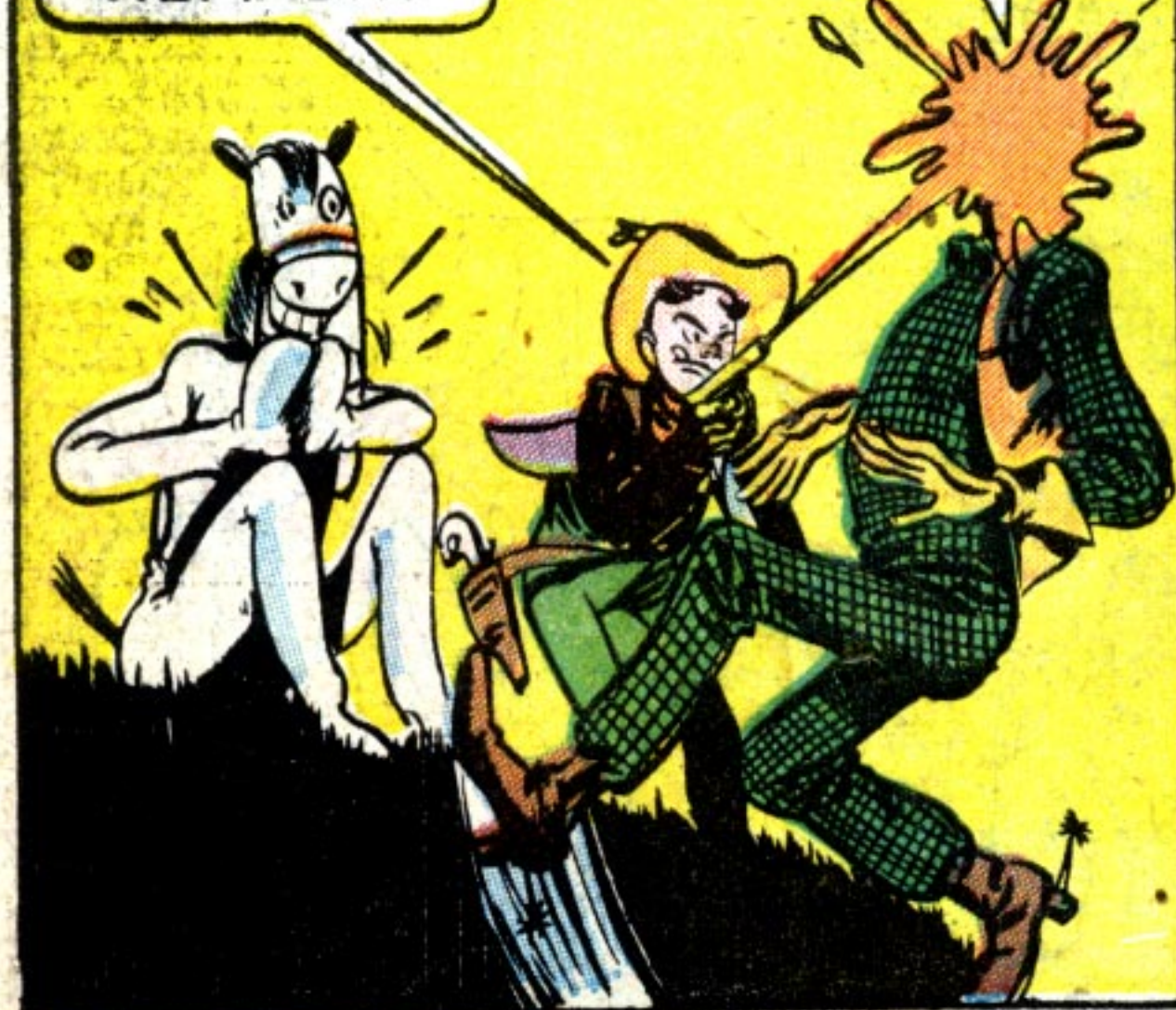
WATCH OUT, PERC! THAT SIX-SHOOTER OF HIS'N LOOKS MIGHTY ONFRIENDLY!!



OW!

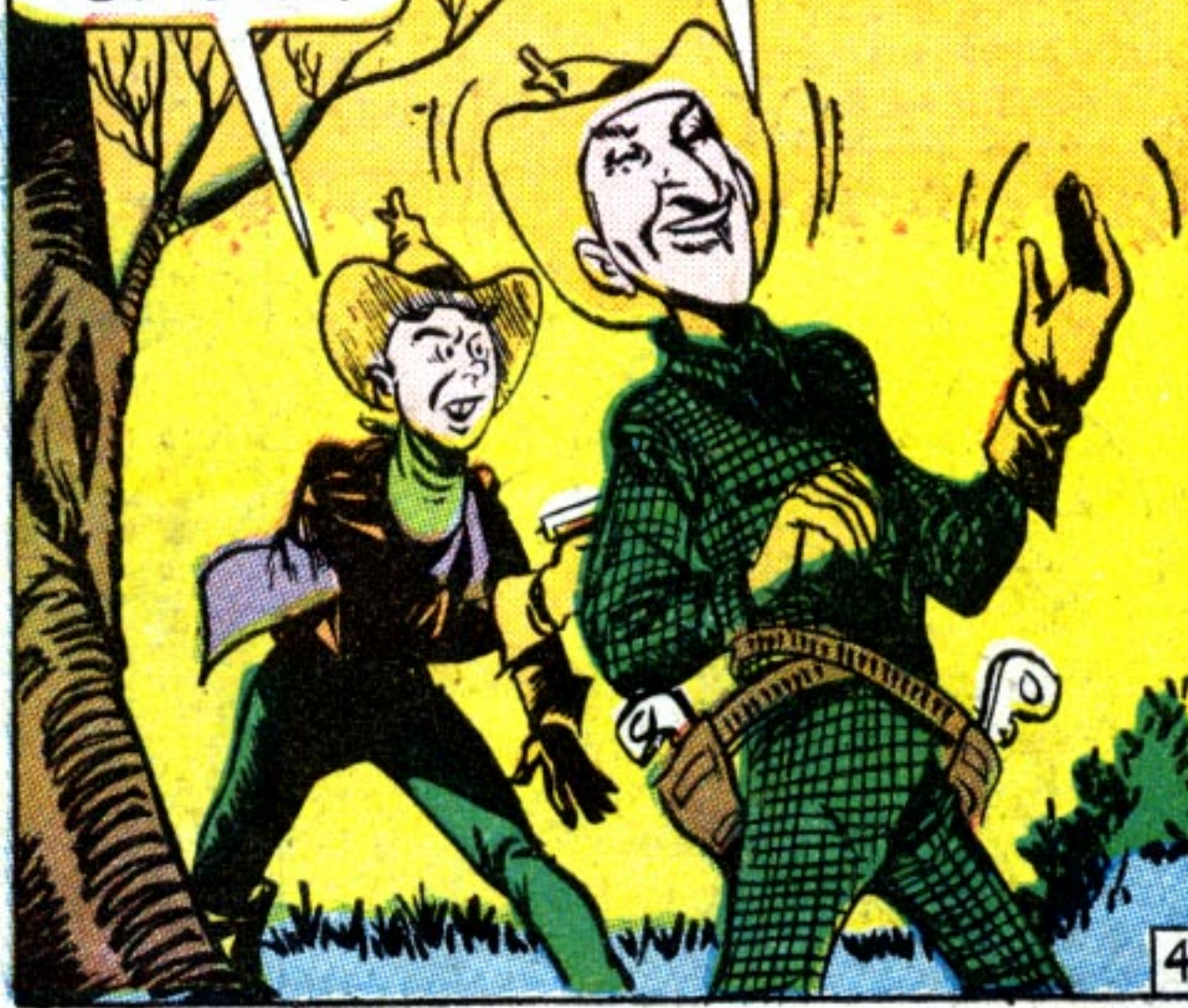
YOU LITTLE SQUIRT!!

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



SMILE WHEN YUH SAY THAT, YUH ORNERY COYOTE!!

HA! HA!... HEY... STOP TICKLIN' ME!!

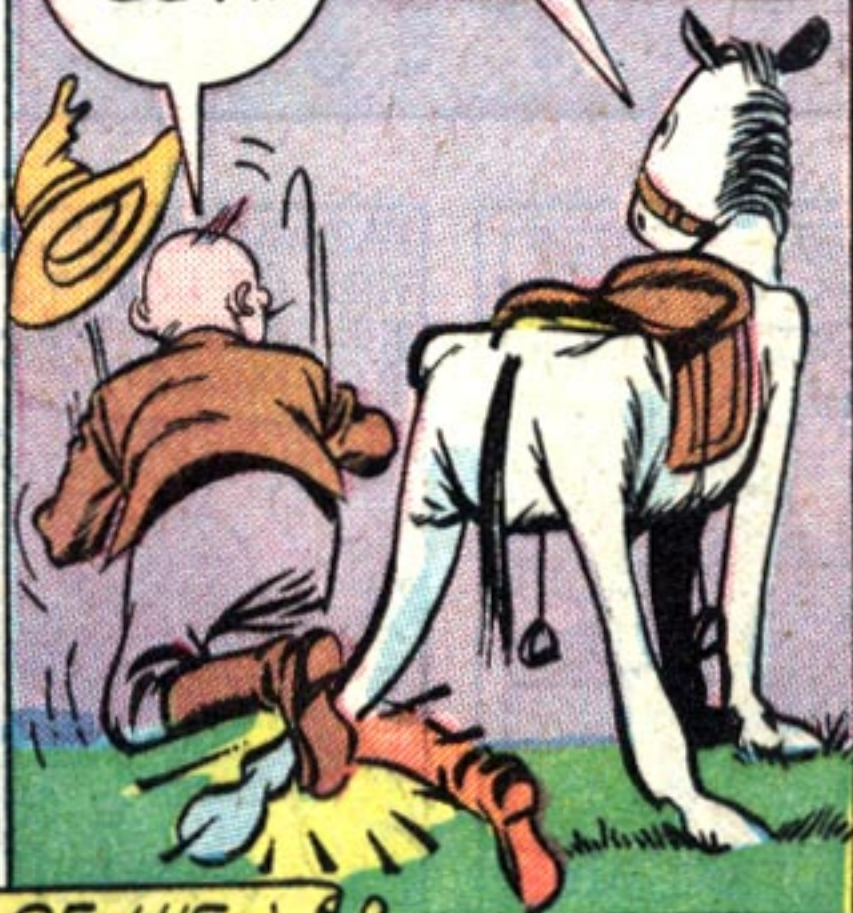


SOMETHIN'S GOTTA BE DONE MIGHTY FAST... AN' IT'S UP TO CACTUS PETE TO DO IT!



HEY... WATCH OUT!!

JEST PLANT THAT PLANT ON THE GROUND, STRANGER!



YI!



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

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

NOW JEST A MINUTE, PARD, AFORE YUH SAY ANYTHING FURTHER! I WASN'T A-RUSTLIN' THEM COW-CRITTERS!



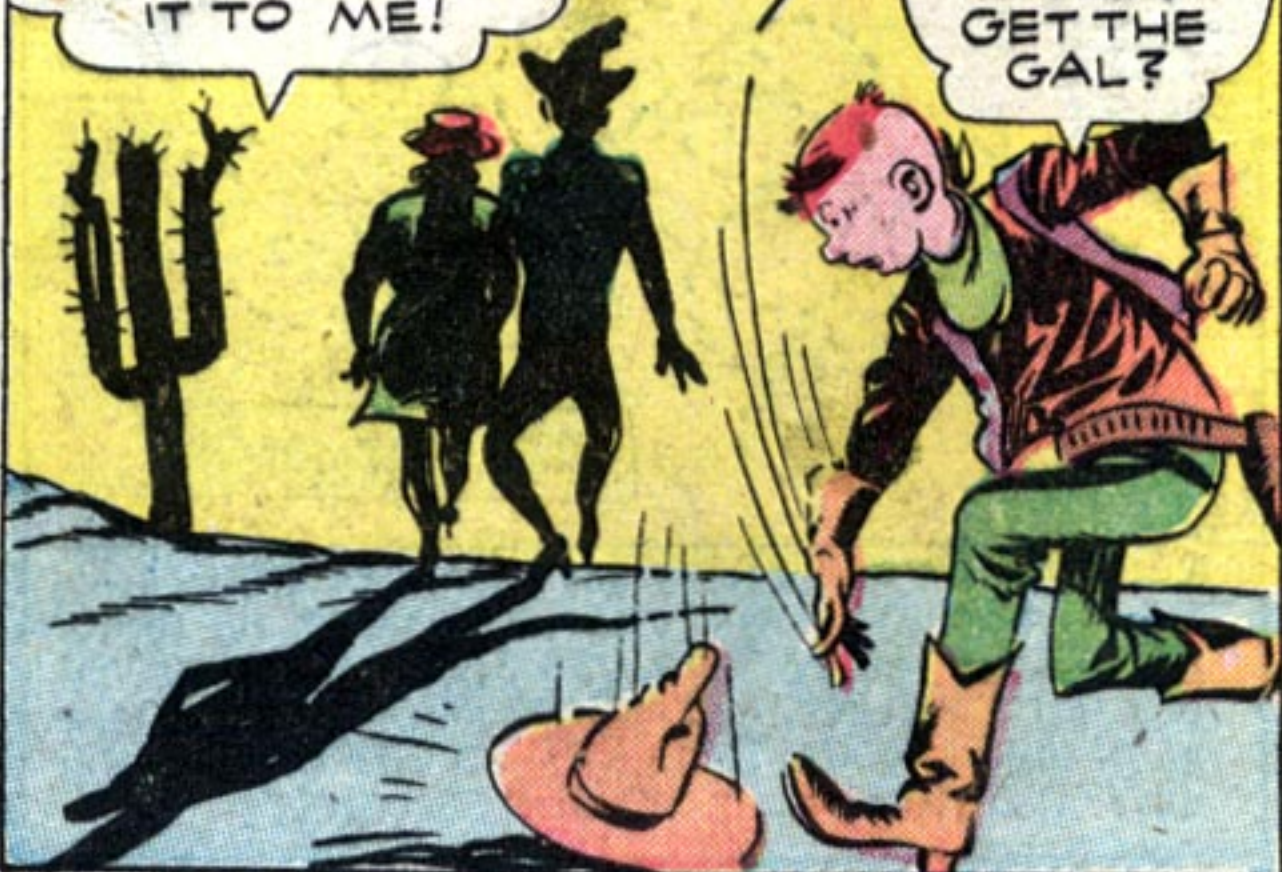
LOOK! I WAS JEST A-PLAYIN' TIC-TAC-TOE WITH SOME OF THE BOYS! WE DIDN'T HAVE NO PENCILS, SO WE PAINTED MARKS ON THE SIDES OF THEM COWS ...AN' LATER WE COULDN'T GET ALL THE PAINT OFF!



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!

WHA--? DON'T I EVER GET THE GAL?



OH, WELL, HORACE, I STILL GOT YOU... AND YOU AIN'T FLIGHTY-MINDED, LIKE THEM FEMALES!

YUH'RE RIGHT THERE, PARDNER! AN' AN-OTHER TROUBLE WITH FEMALES, THEY TALK TOO MUCH!... DID I EVER TELL YUH 'BOUT THE LITTLE MARE I MET OUT IN...



GRANDPA PETERS

HECK!

I'LL TELL YA A GOOD ONE ABOUT ANTS, BUB! - PUT YA HAT ON AND WE'LL GO AND HAVE A SODY WHILE I DO IT!

1

MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS CHEERING ME UP AFTER I HAVE JUST FOUND OUT THAT AUNTIE MINERVA WON'T LET ME GO TO THE MOVIES NEXT SATURDAY FOR LEAVING THE COVER OFF THE SUGAR BOWL AND GETTING ANTS IN HER PANTRY.

PARDON ME, PAL, BUT HOW DO I GET TO THE LAND OF THE BIG MIDGETS?

GOT NO IDEA, MISTER, BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF LAZY ANT ISLAND THERE'S A TRIBE OF WEE GIANTS!

2

IT SEEMS THAT ONE TIME, WHEN HE WAS EXPLORING, HE CAME ACROSS A NATIVE.

HAVE A NICE TIME!

THANKS - I WILL!

3

ONE NICE THING ABOUT EXPLORING, MY GRANDPA SAYS YOU START OUT LOOKING FOR ONE THING AND END UP FINDING SOMETHING ELSE, SO HE HIRED A CANOE AND WENT LOOKING FOR LAZY ANTS INSTEAD OF BIG MIDGETS.

O.K., FOLKS! - RELAX! STRAIGHTEN UP!

4

AT FIRST MY GRANDPA FIGURED THAT THE FRIENDLY NATIVES WERE BOWING AT HIM FROM A VERY HIGH GRADE TYPE OF POLITENESS, BUT FOR ONE OF THE VERY FEW TIMES IN HIS LIFE HE WAS WRONG - THEY COULDN'T STAND UP STRAIGHT.

5

THEY GOT BENT OVER THAT WAY FROM ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN TO SEE THAT THEY DIDN'T STEP ON ANY OF THE ANTS THAT WERE ALWAYS STROLLING AROUND FROM NOWHERE AND EVERYWHERE AND BACK AGAIN AND THEY WOULDN'T LET MY GRANDPA WALK TO THE VILLAGE LEST HE MIGHT STEP ON ONE.

6

A

B

LAZY ANT ISLAND

A IS THE BEACH WHERE MY GRANDPA STARTED FROM AND B IS THE VILLAGE WHERE HE FINALLY GOT TO AND THE DOTTED LINES SHOW THE COCKEYED WAY HE TRAVELED ZIG ZAGGING AROUND DODGING ANTS WHICH WERE TOO LAZY TO GET OUT OF THE WAY, AND THAT'S WHY HE GOT SEASICK.

BY LEFTY O'GRADY

CHAMPION NINE AND SEVEN
EIGHTS YEARS OLD FREE HAND
LIGHTWEIGHT SOUTH PAW
WRITER AND ARTIST OF 313
ELM ST.
PERIODS, COMMAS AND
SPELLING BY
TOM MENAMARA



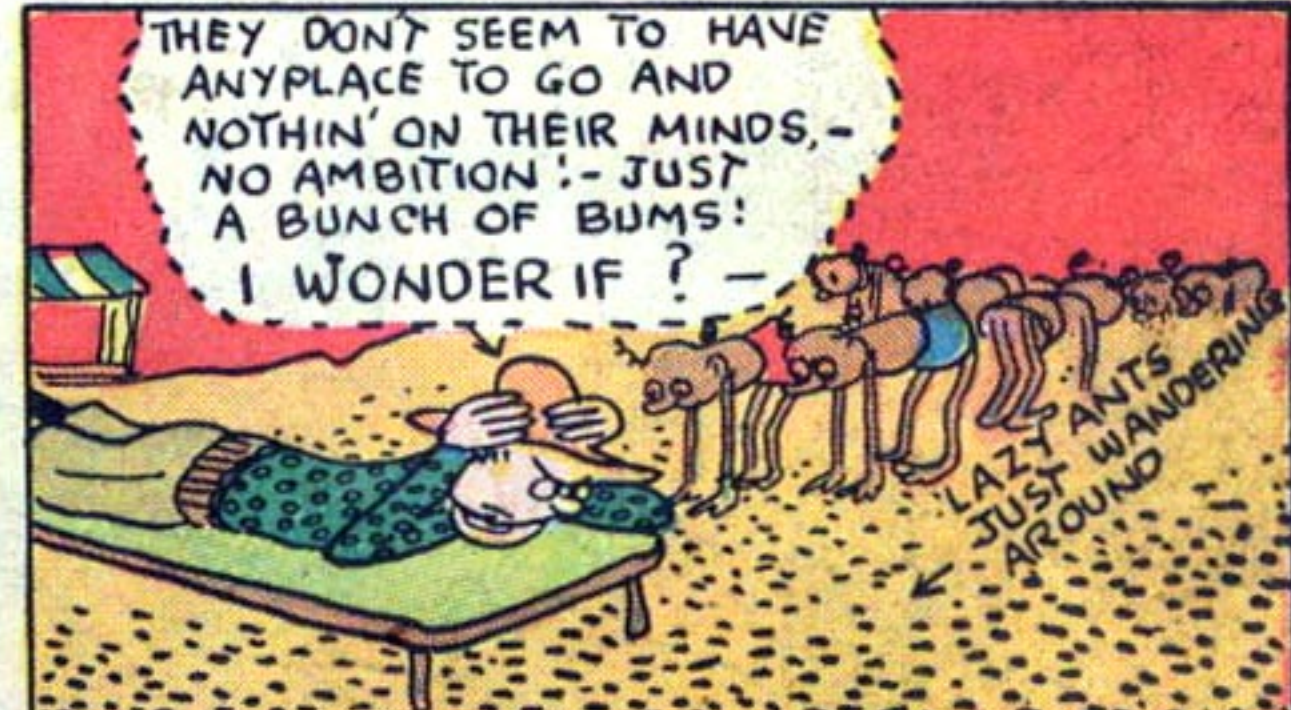
7 IN THE VILLAGE MY GRANDPA HAD A BED ON STILTS SO'S THE ANTS COULDN'T CRAWL UP TO HIM AND GET STEPPED ON AND HE COULD BE SICK IN PEACE.



8 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, —



9 AND TOLD HIM HE COULD HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTED, BUT HE COULDN'T ALLOW HIM TO WALK AROUND ON THE GROUND AND MAYBE ACCIDENTALLY STEP ON AN ANT WHICH WAS TOO LAZY TO GET OUT OF HIS WAY.



10 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 BRAINS, —



11 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 —



12 AS USUAL, AUNTIE MINERVA BUSTED UP THE STORY, — SORRY, — your pal lefty.
P.S. — AUNTIE MINERVA NEVER CAUGHT MY GRANDPA IN A FIB YET!

HAMILTON and EGBERT

THIS GUY IS
WEARIN' OUR NEW
ANTI-ACCIDENT
DEVICE, FOLKS!

APPALLED BY THE
INSURANCE STATISTICS
OF DAILY ACCIDENTS
AND HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE HURT BY THEM,
MEEK LITTLE STANLEY
T-FOR-TERRIFIED
MCQUANDREY DECIDES
TO TAKE STEPS TO PREVENT
HIS BECOMING A STATISTIC!

SO HE DIRECTS HIS
STEPS TO THE OFFICE
OF THOSE INSANE
INVENTORS,
HAMILTON AND EGBERT,
WHO HAVE JUST THE
THING FOR...

**The MAN
who took NO
CHANCES!**

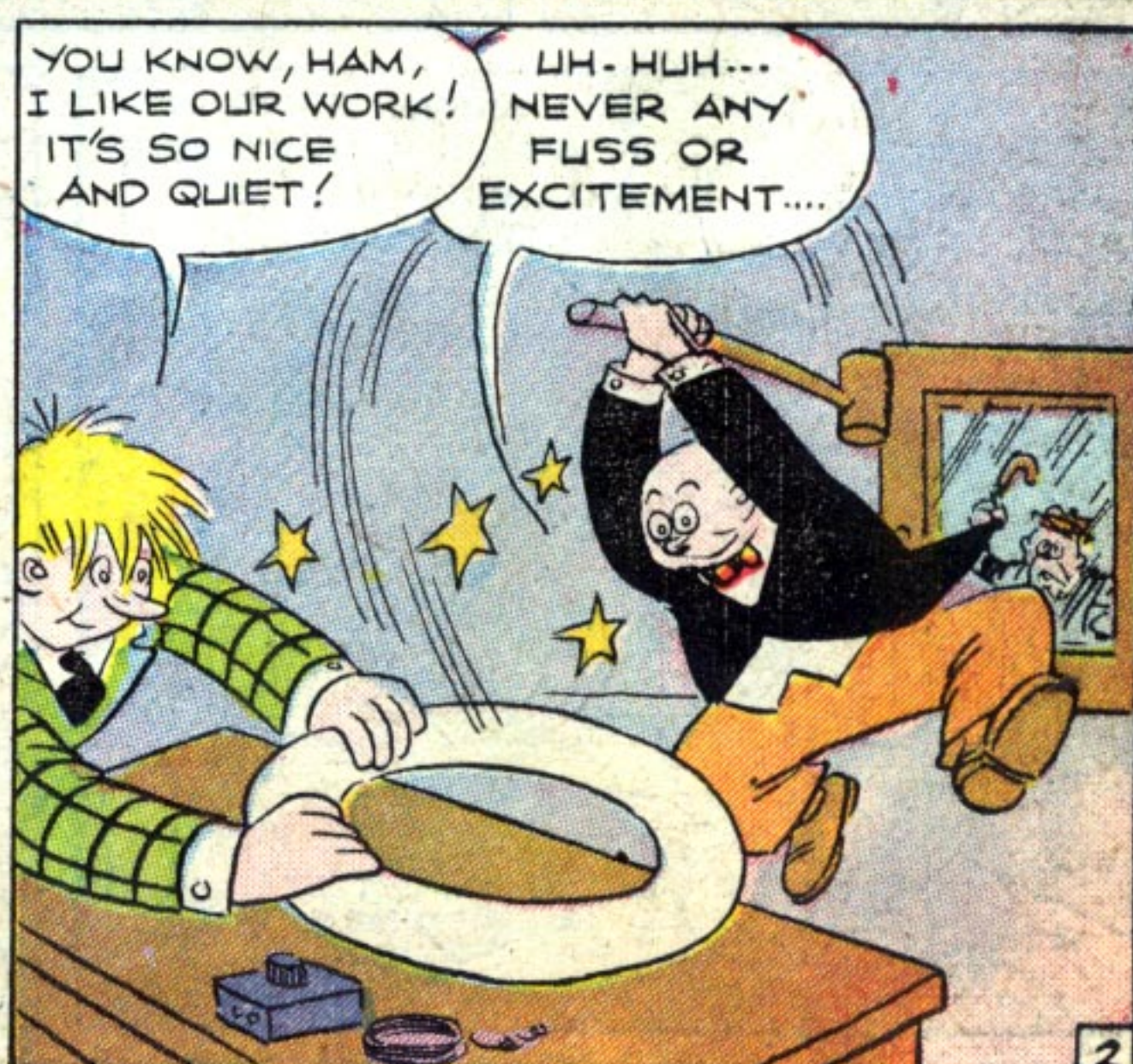
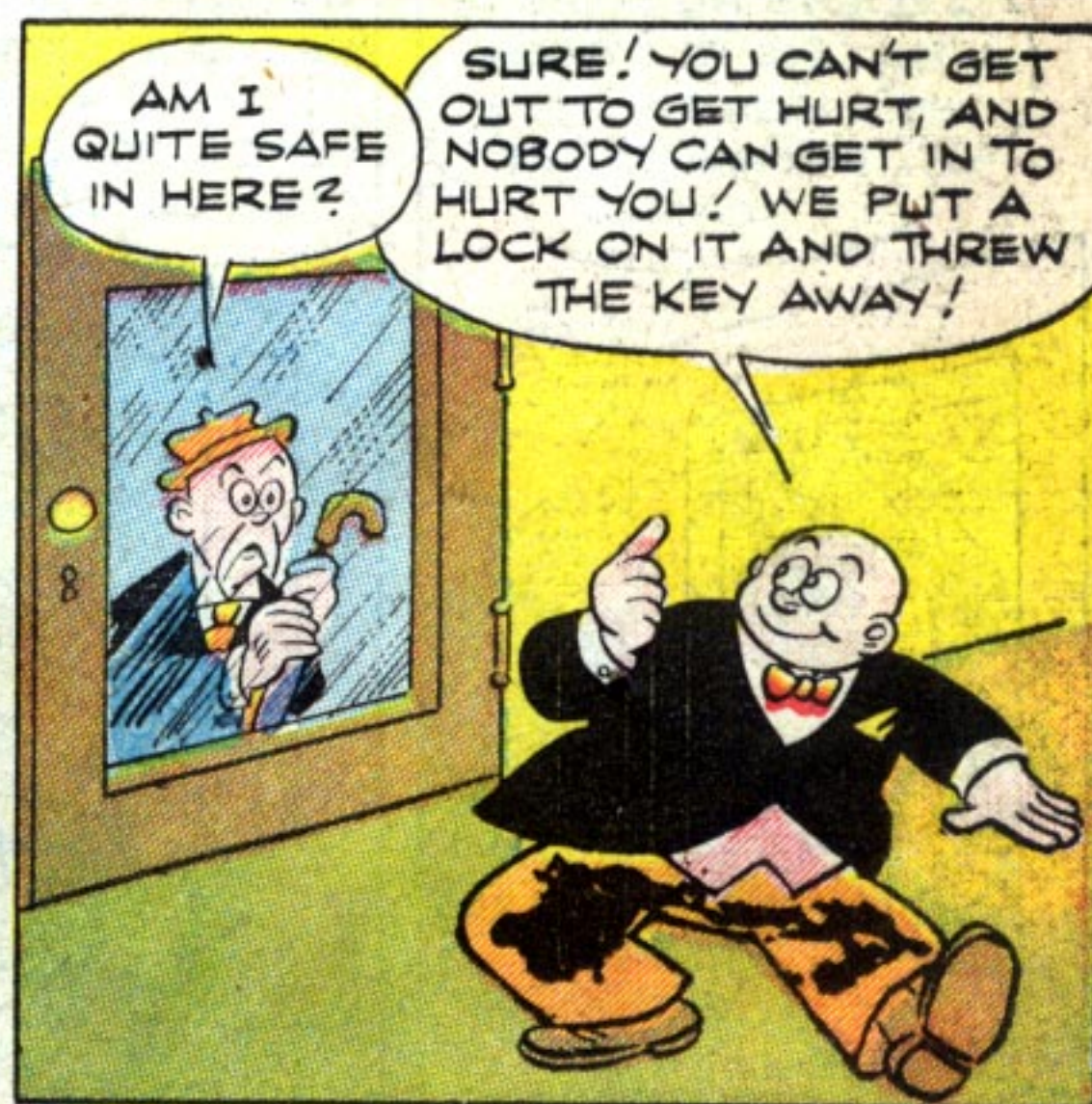
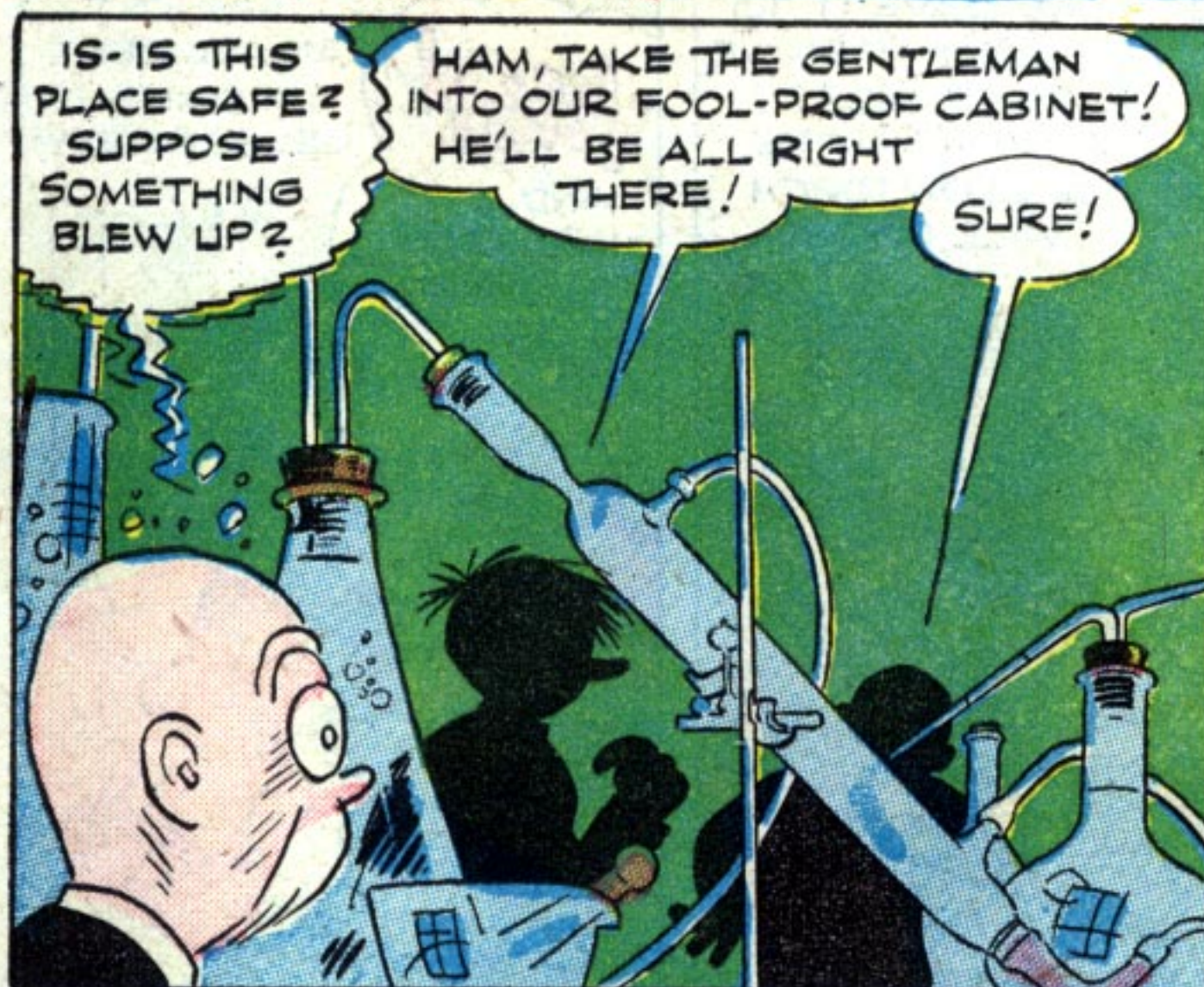
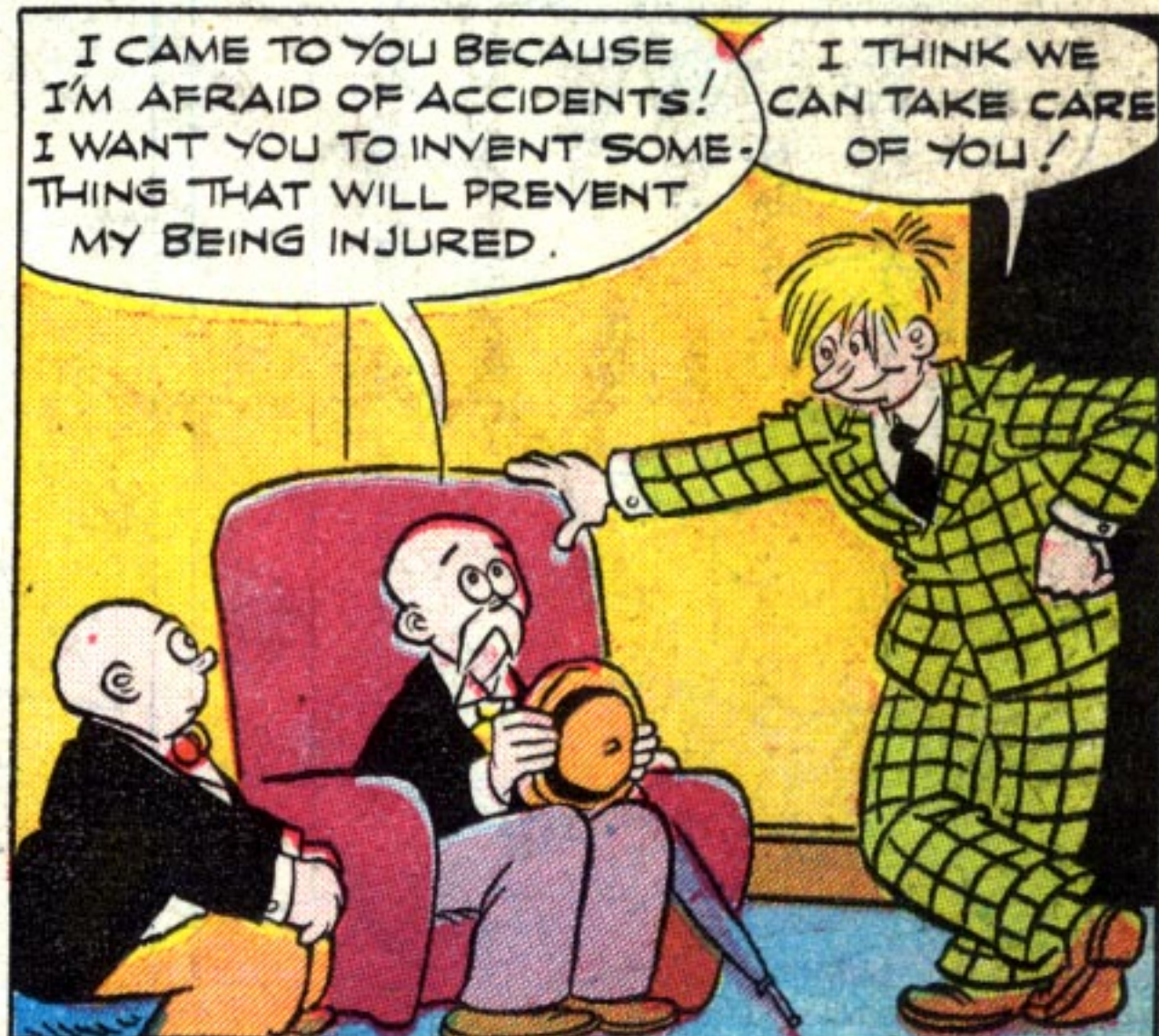
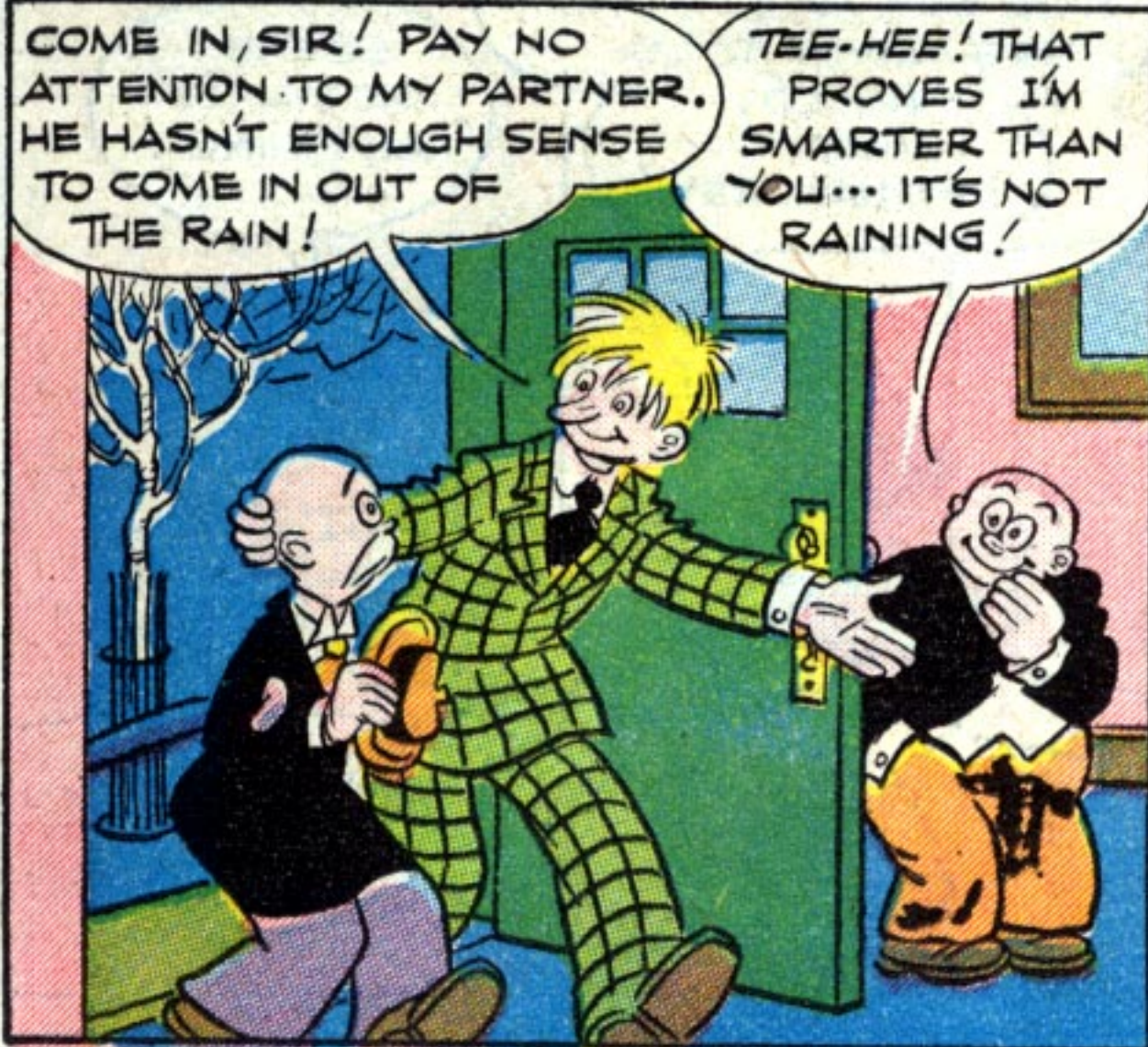
SURE IT
WORKS.... WE
HOPE! EVEN IF
IT DOESN'T, IT'S
HIS TOUGH LUCK,
NOT OURS!

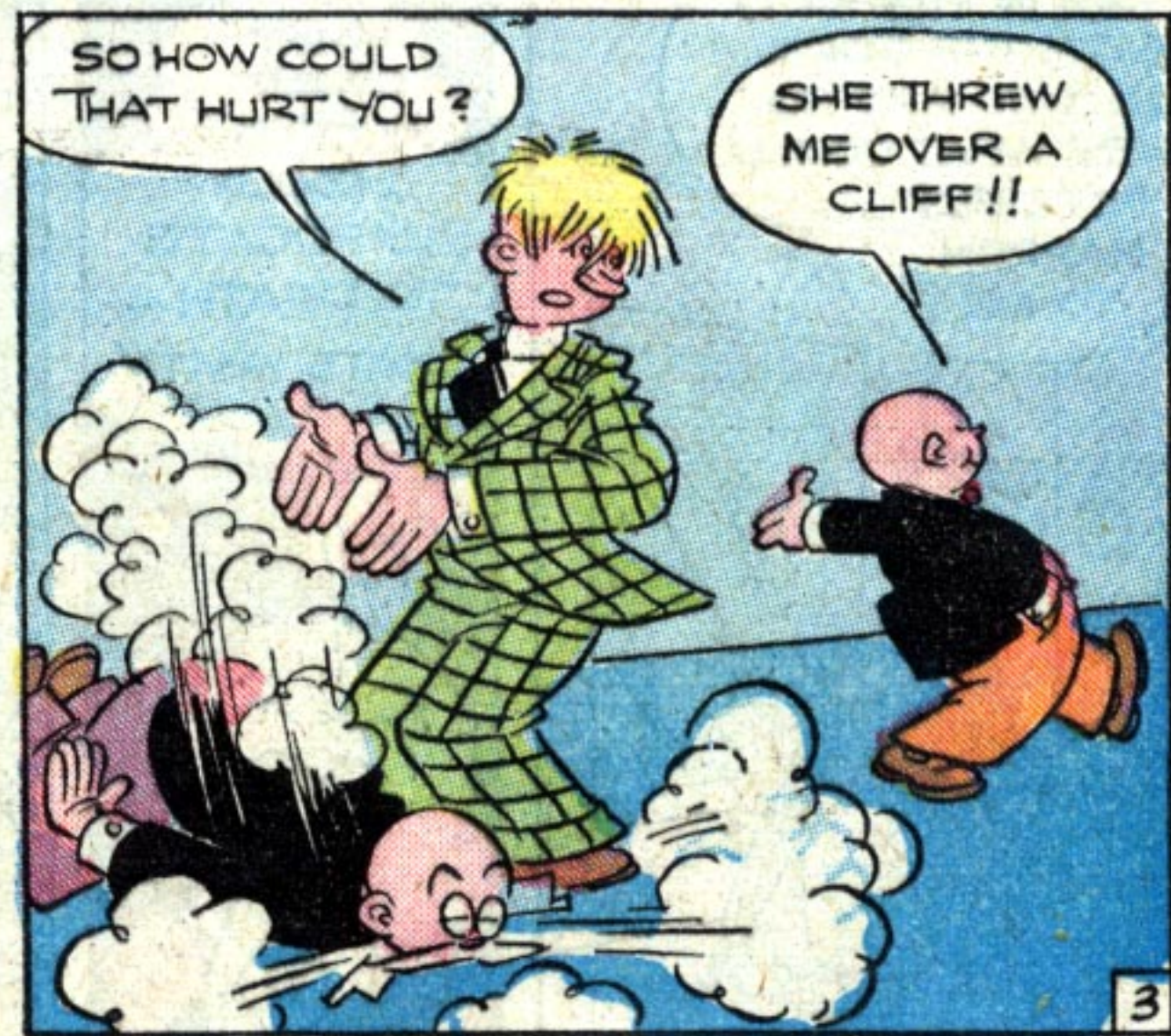
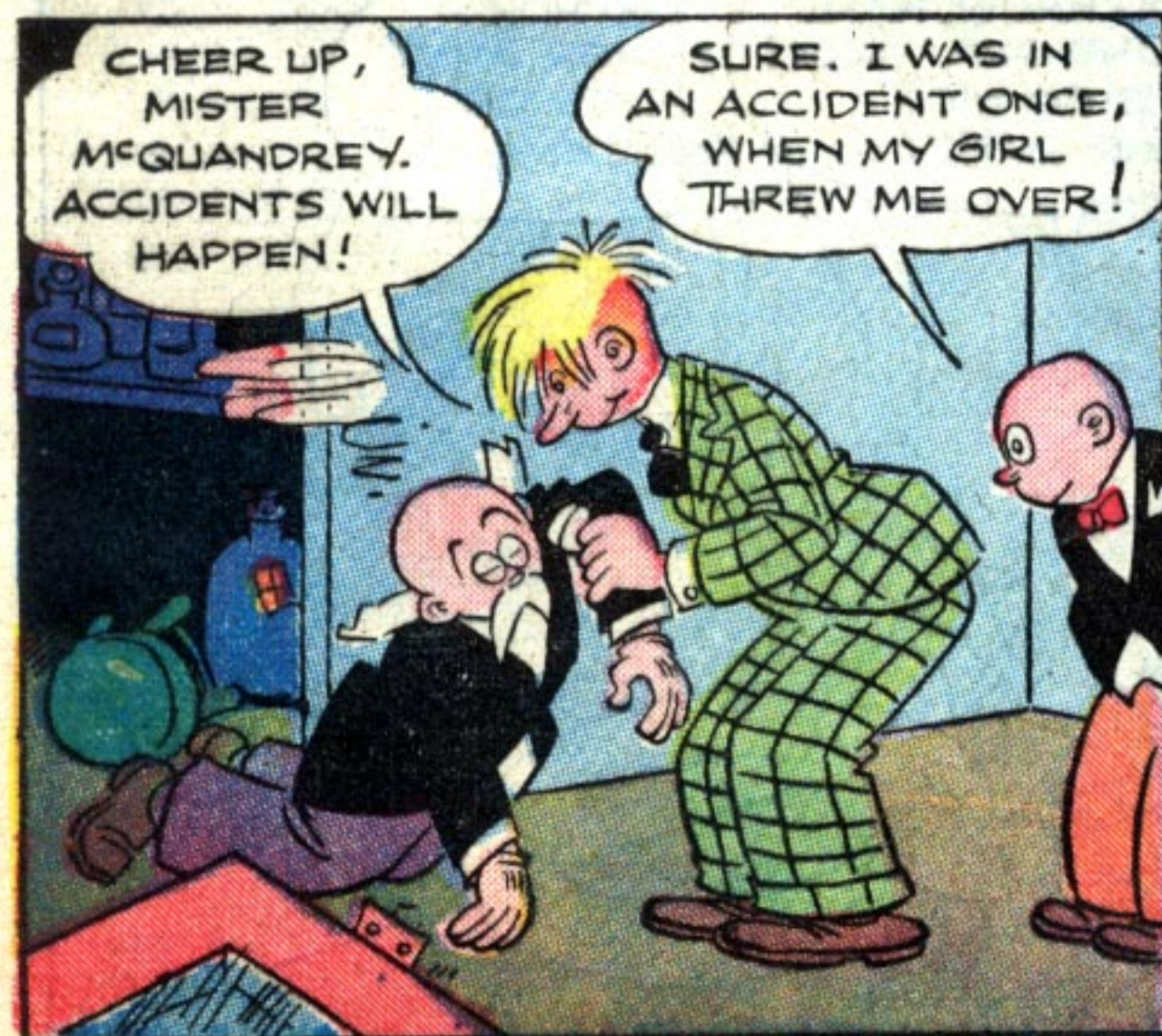
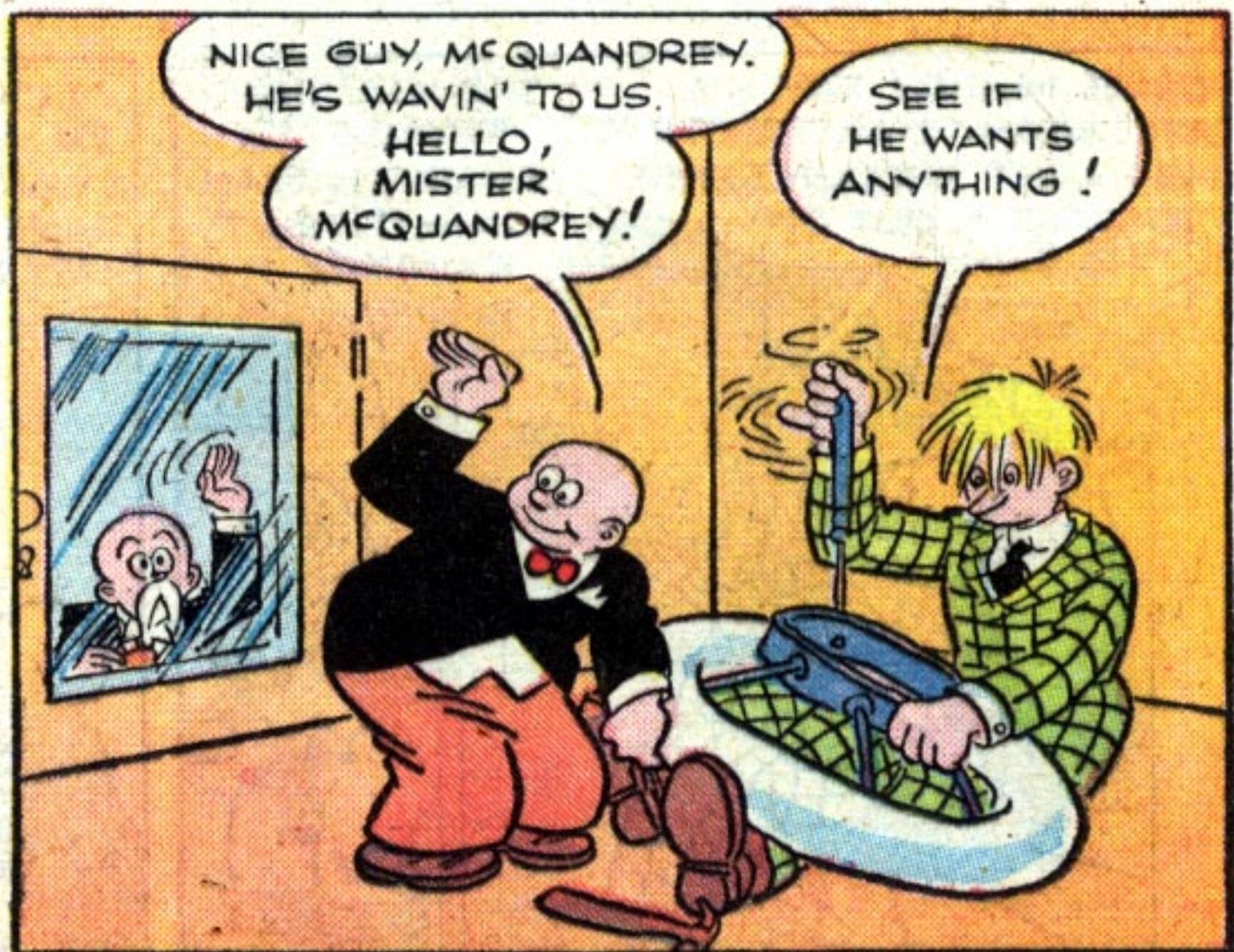
GOOD DAY,
SIR. I...

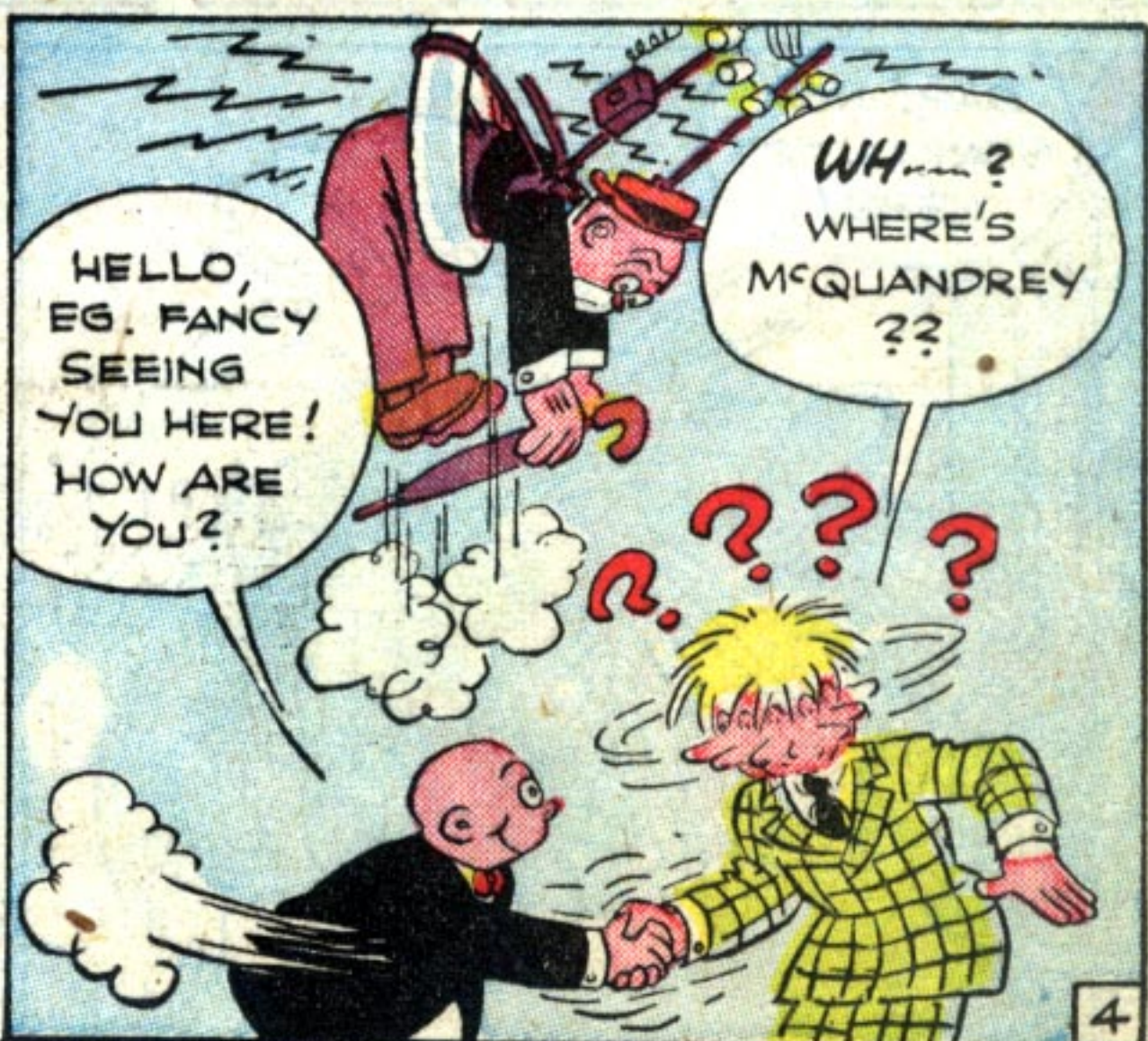
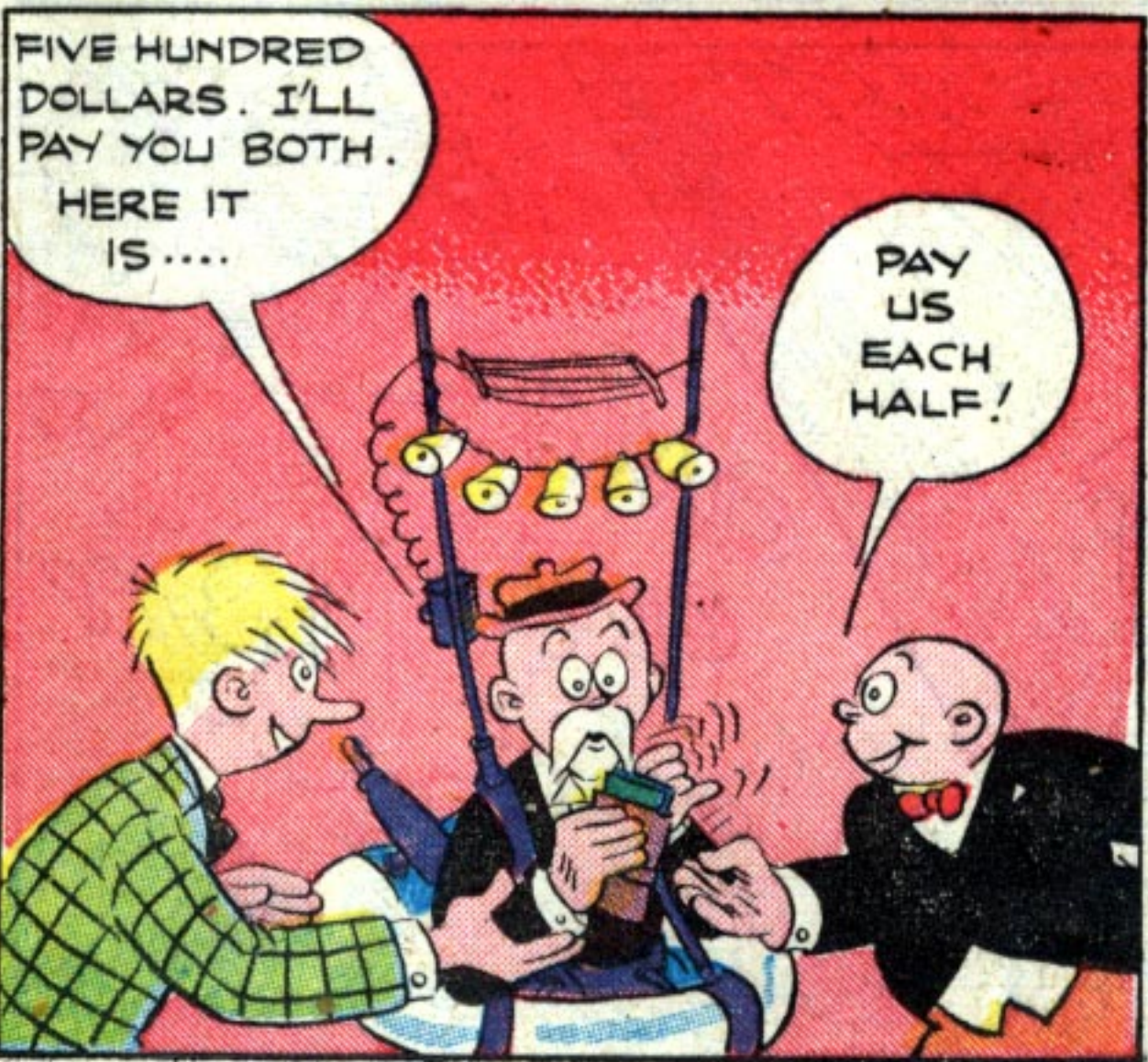
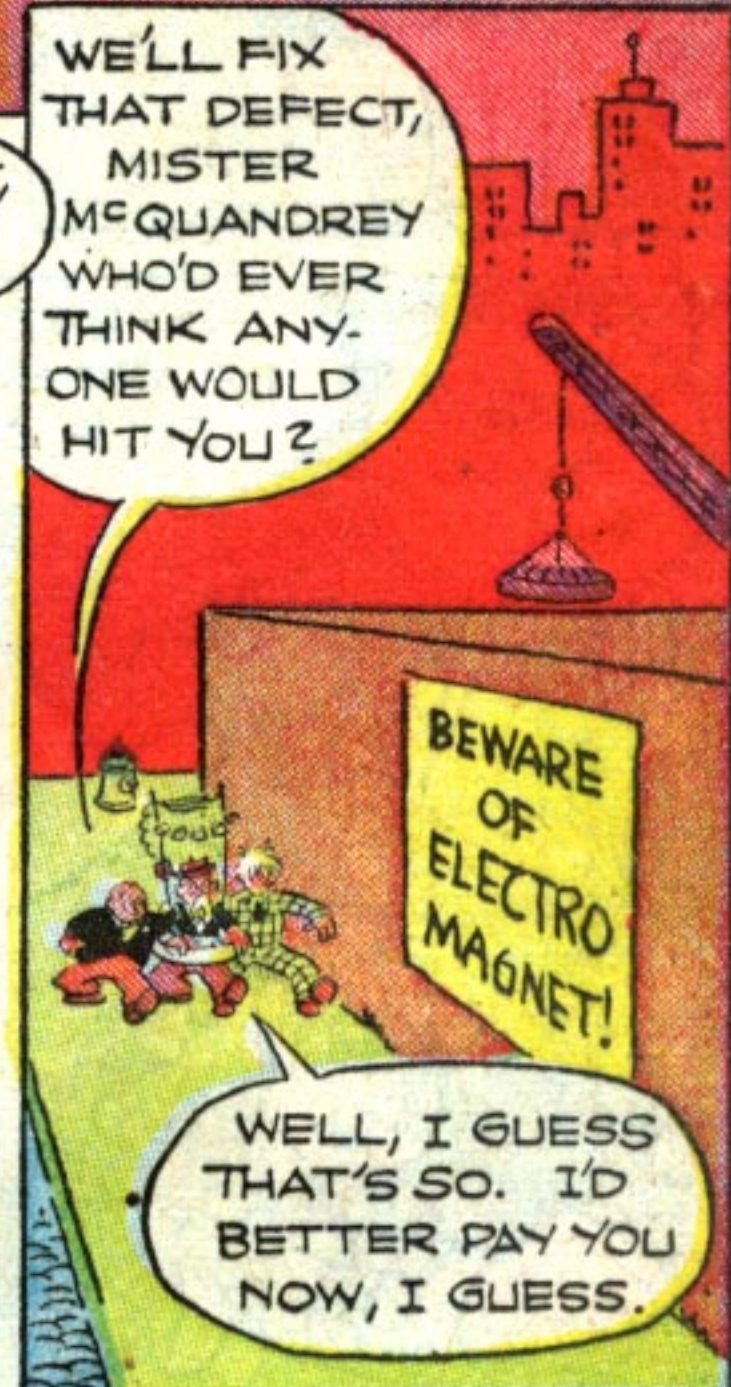
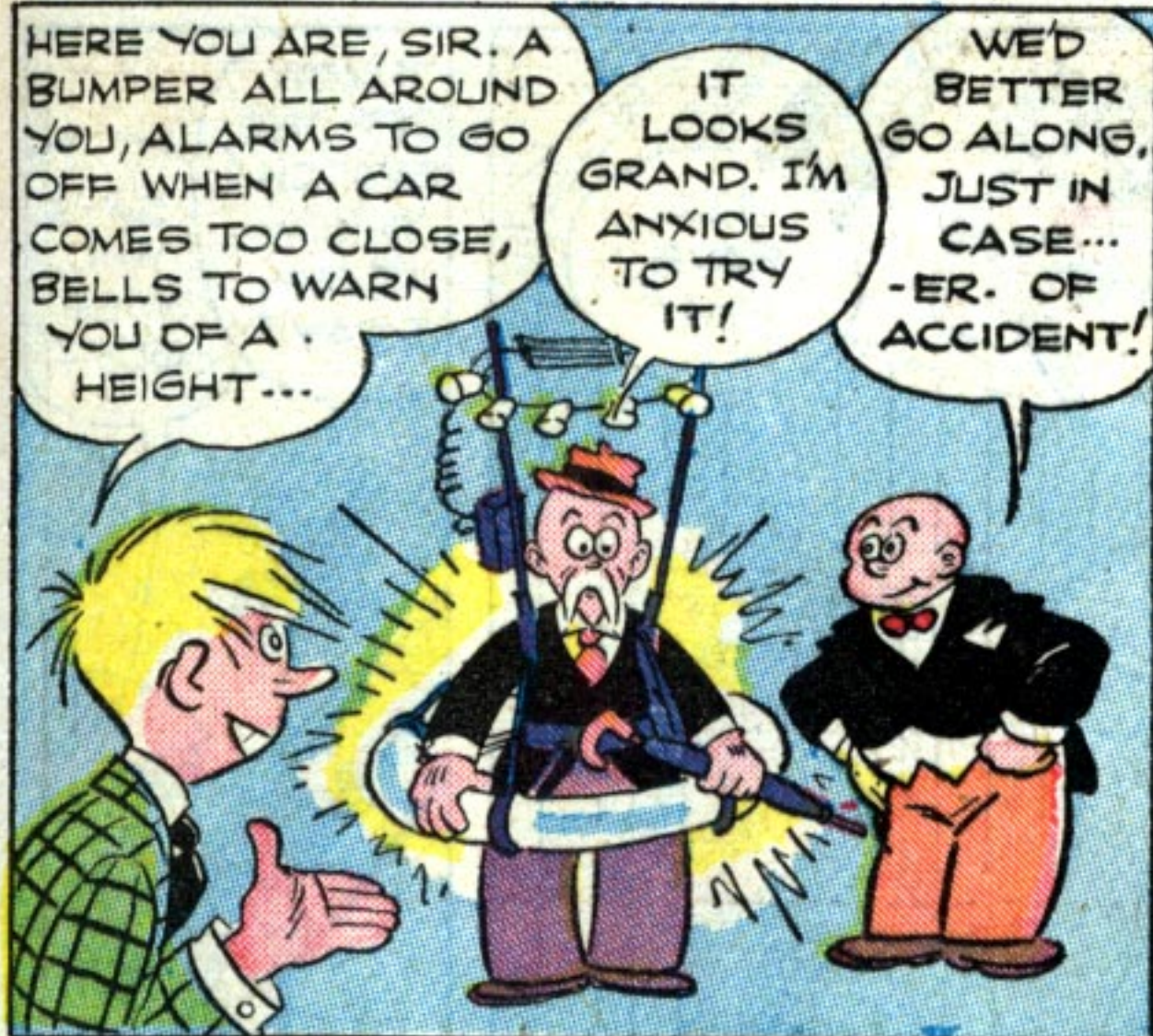
YES, IT IS. THANKS
FOR TELLING ME.
GOODBYE...

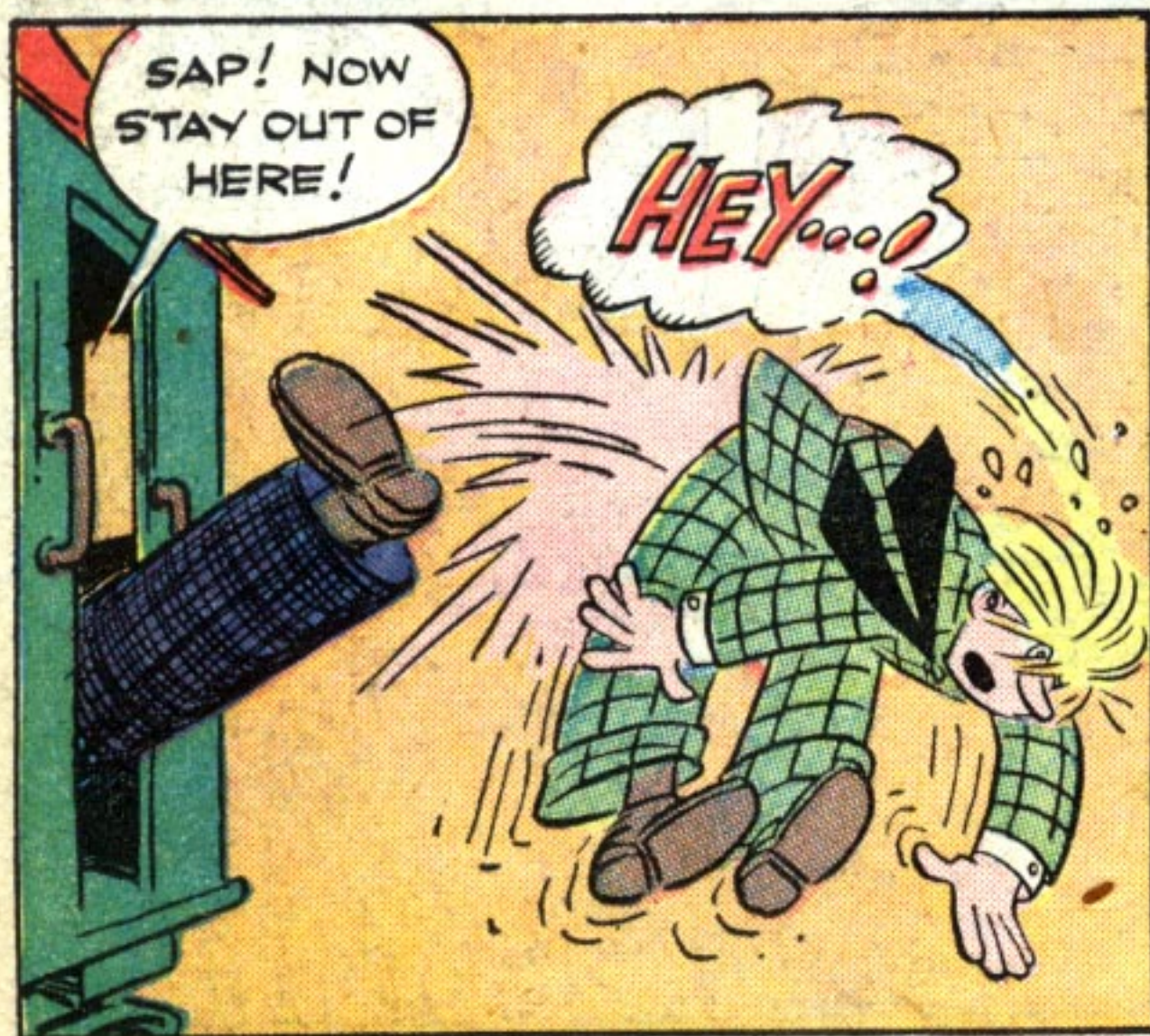
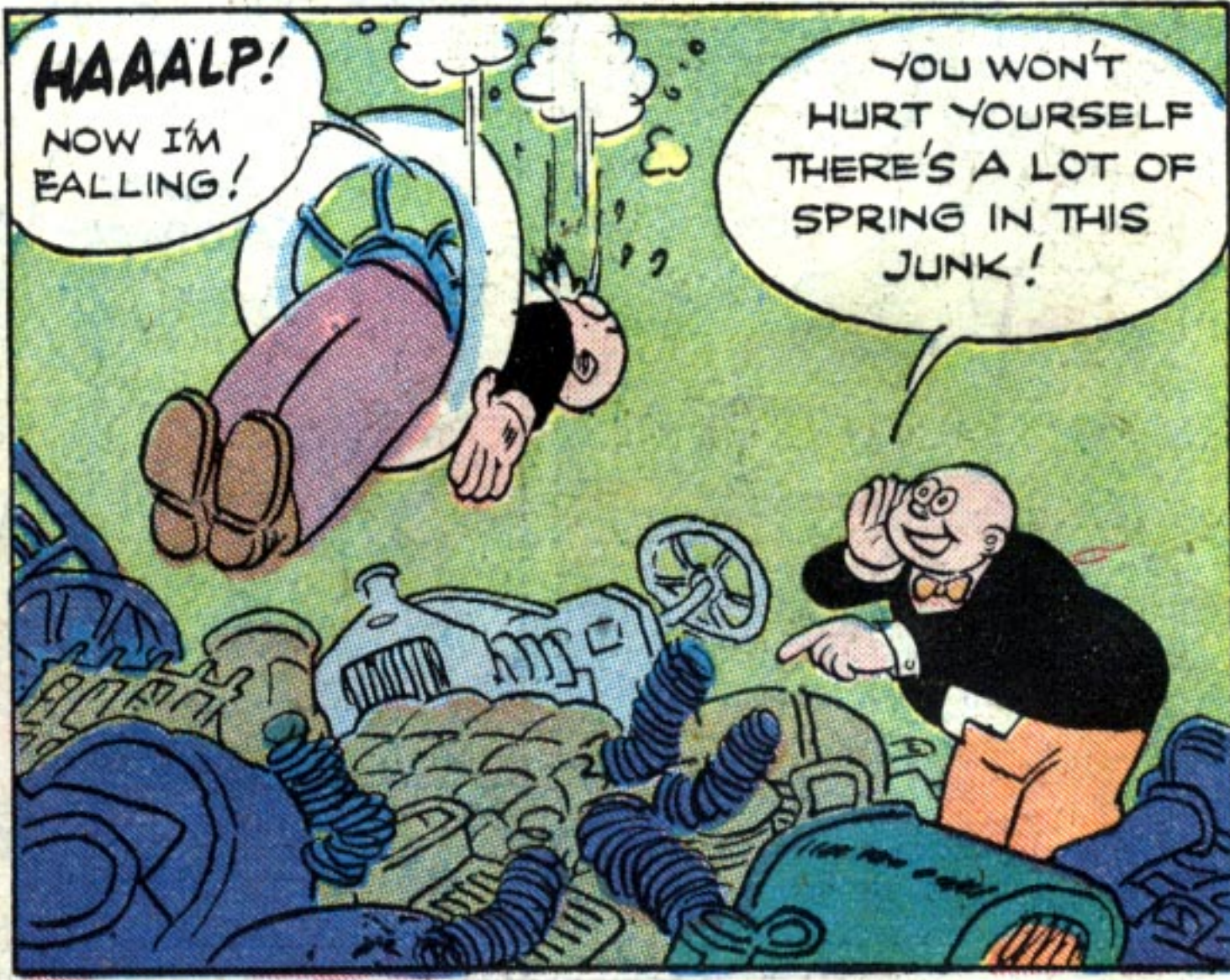
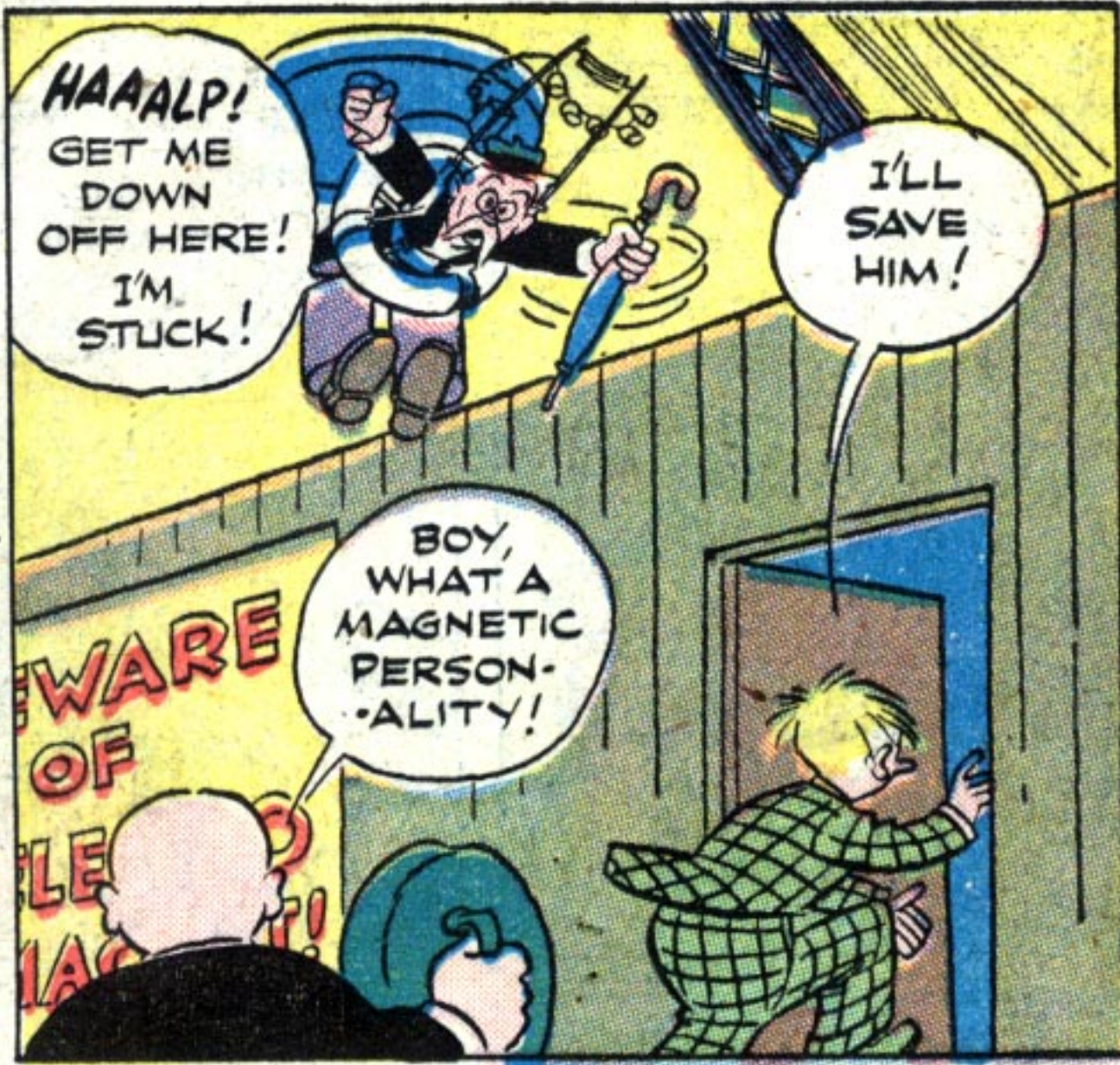
WHAT
DID THE
MAN
WANT?

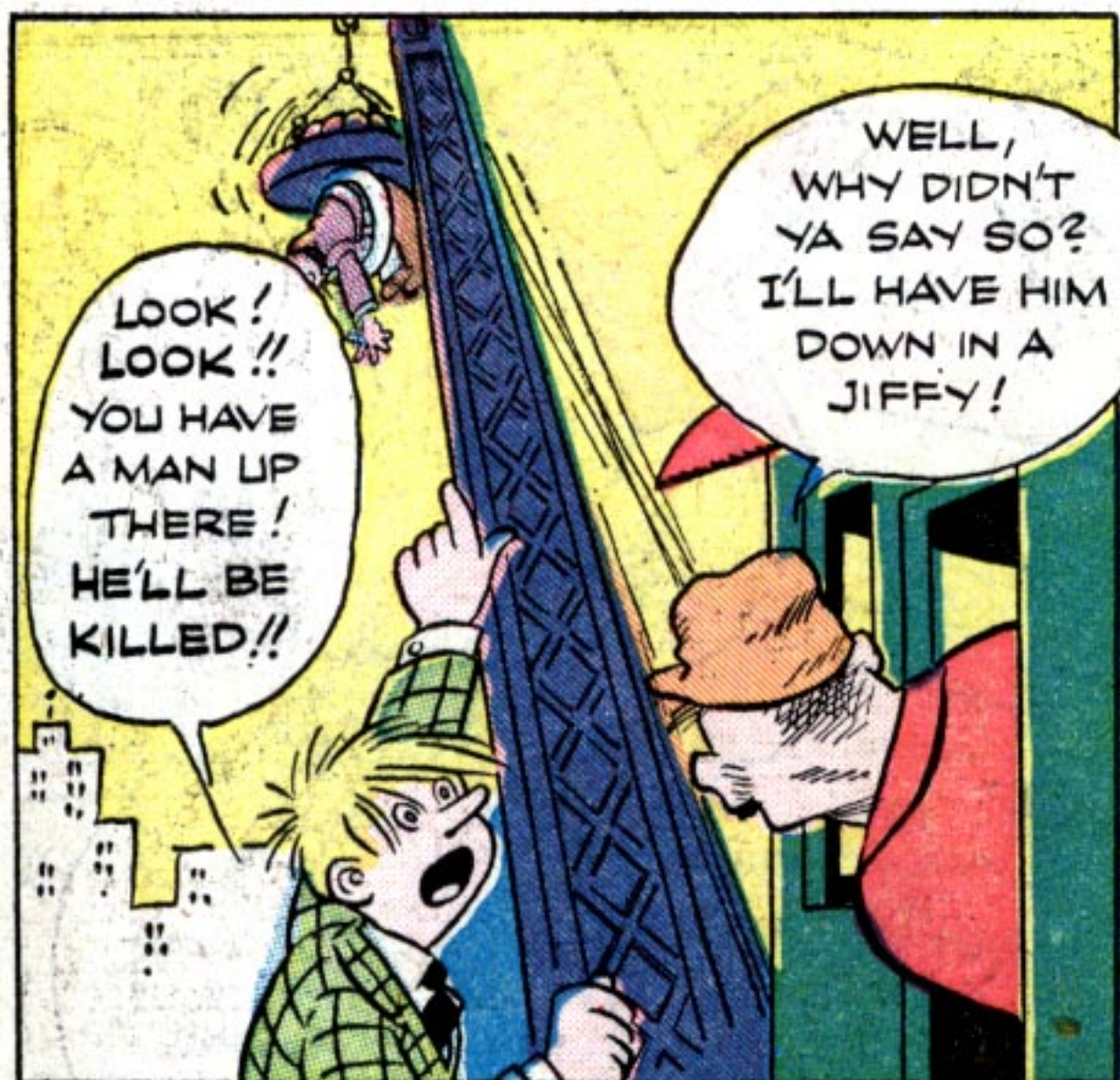
OH, HE JUST SAID
IT WAS A GOOD DAY
I AGREED WITH
HIM!





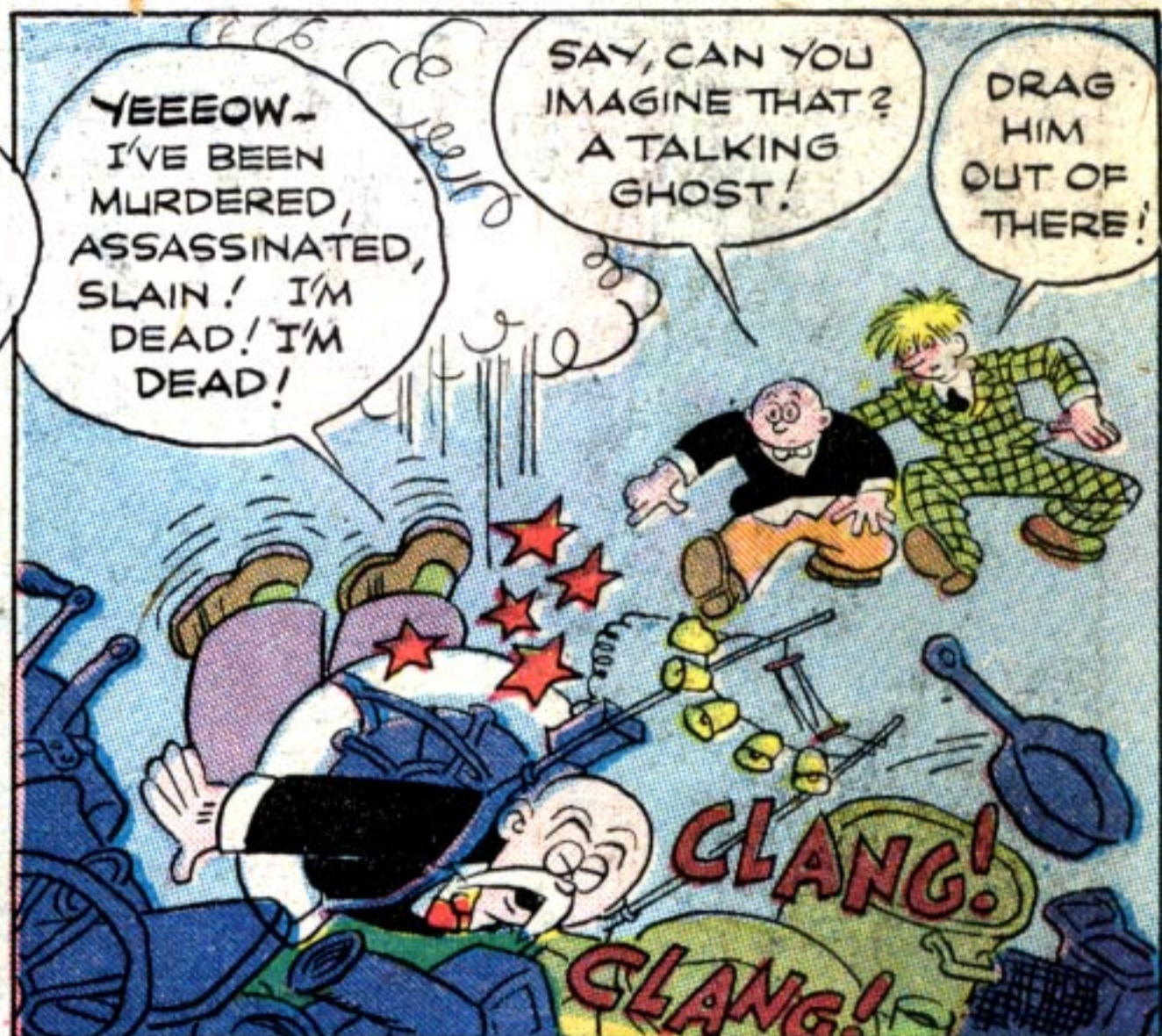






WELL, WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO? I'LL HAVE HIM DOWN IN A JIFFY!

LOOK! LOOK!! YOU HAVE A MAN UP THERE! HE'LL BE KILLED!!

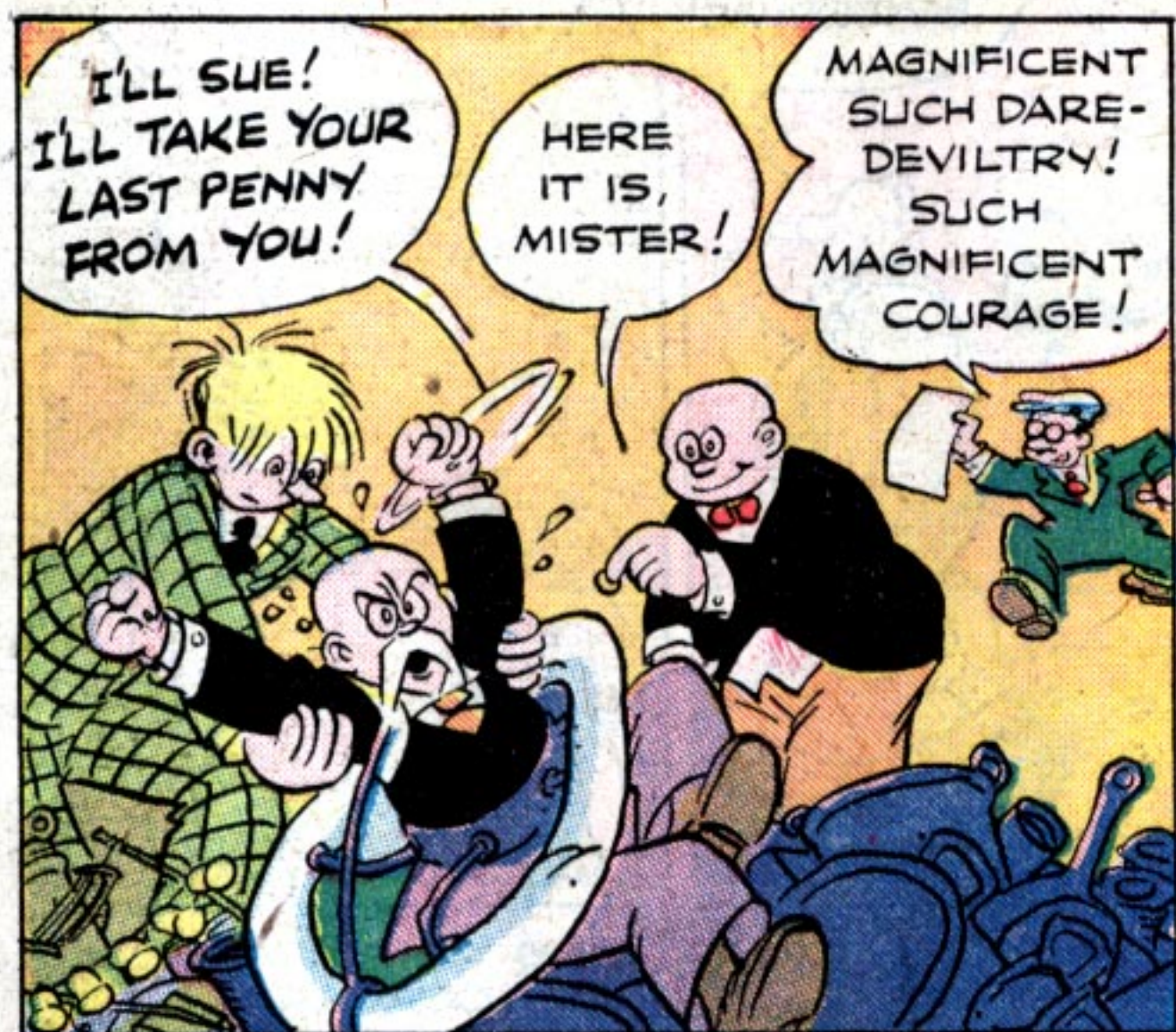


YEEEEOW- I'VE BEEN MURDERED, ASSASSINATED, SLAIN! I'M DEAD! I'M DEAD!

SAY, CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? A TALKING GHOST!

DRAG HIM OUT OF THERE!

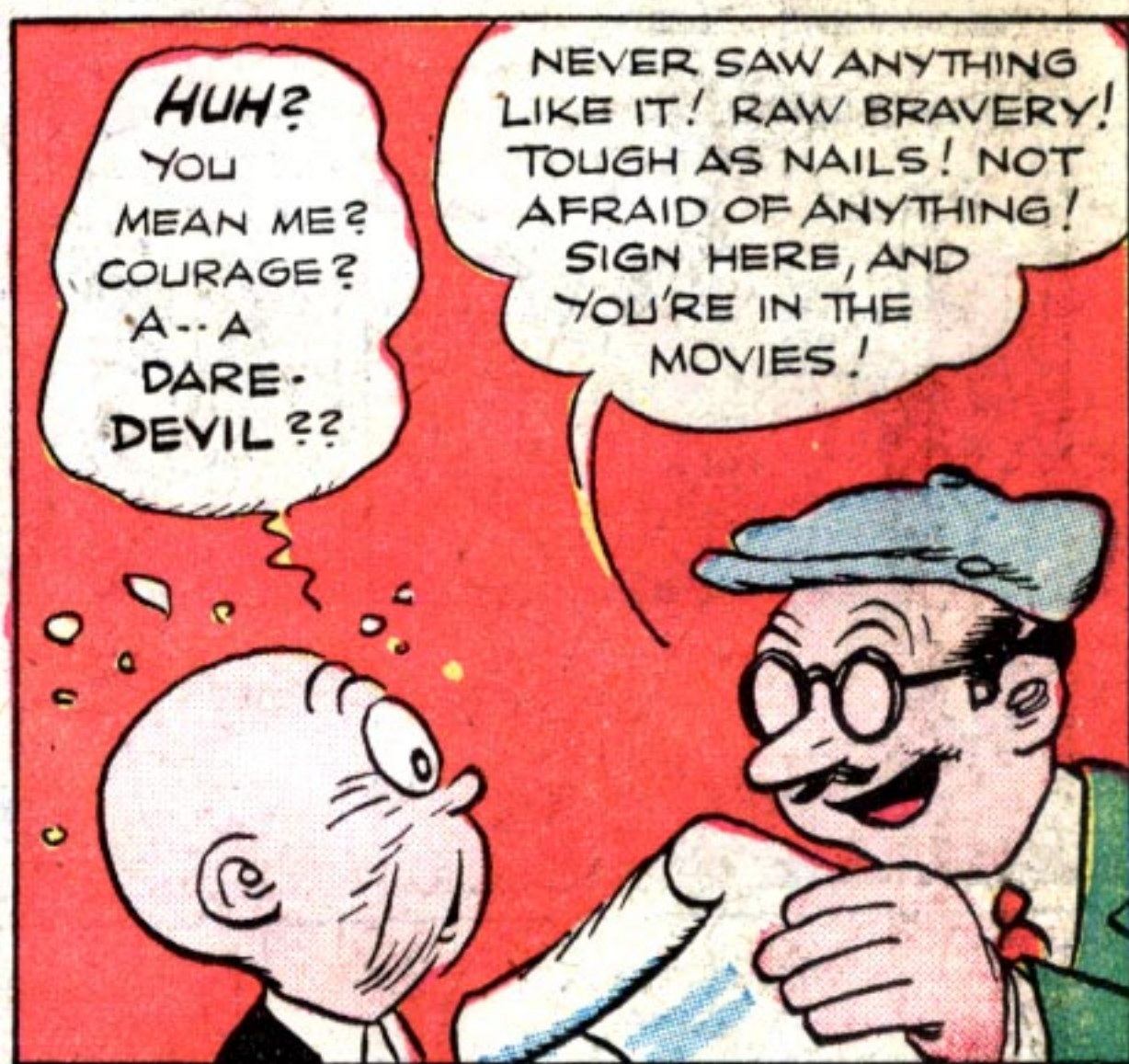
CLANG!
CLANG!



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

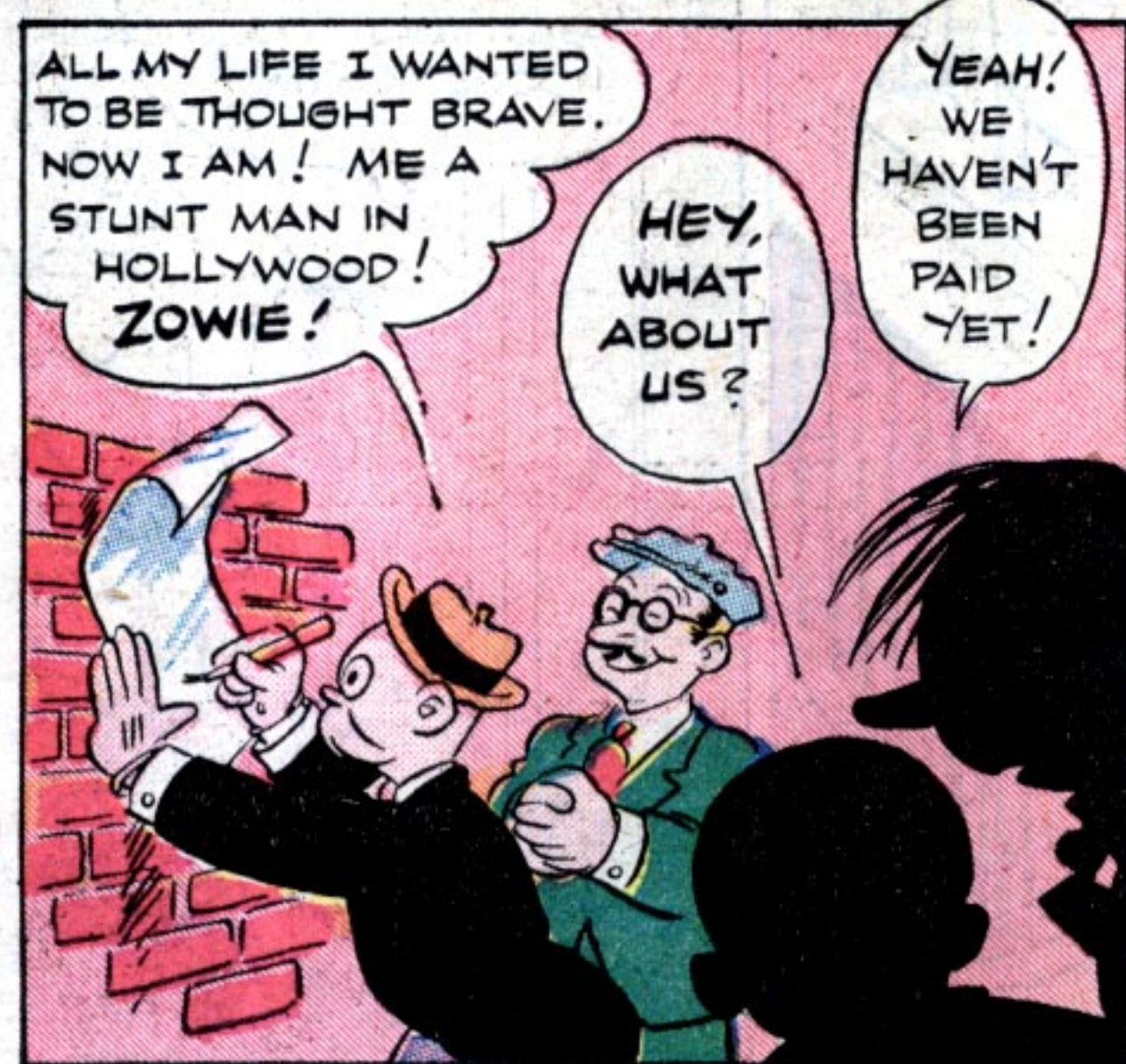
HERE IT IS, MISTER!

MAGNIFICENT SUCH DARE-DEVILTRY! SUCH MAGNIFICENT COURAGE!



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

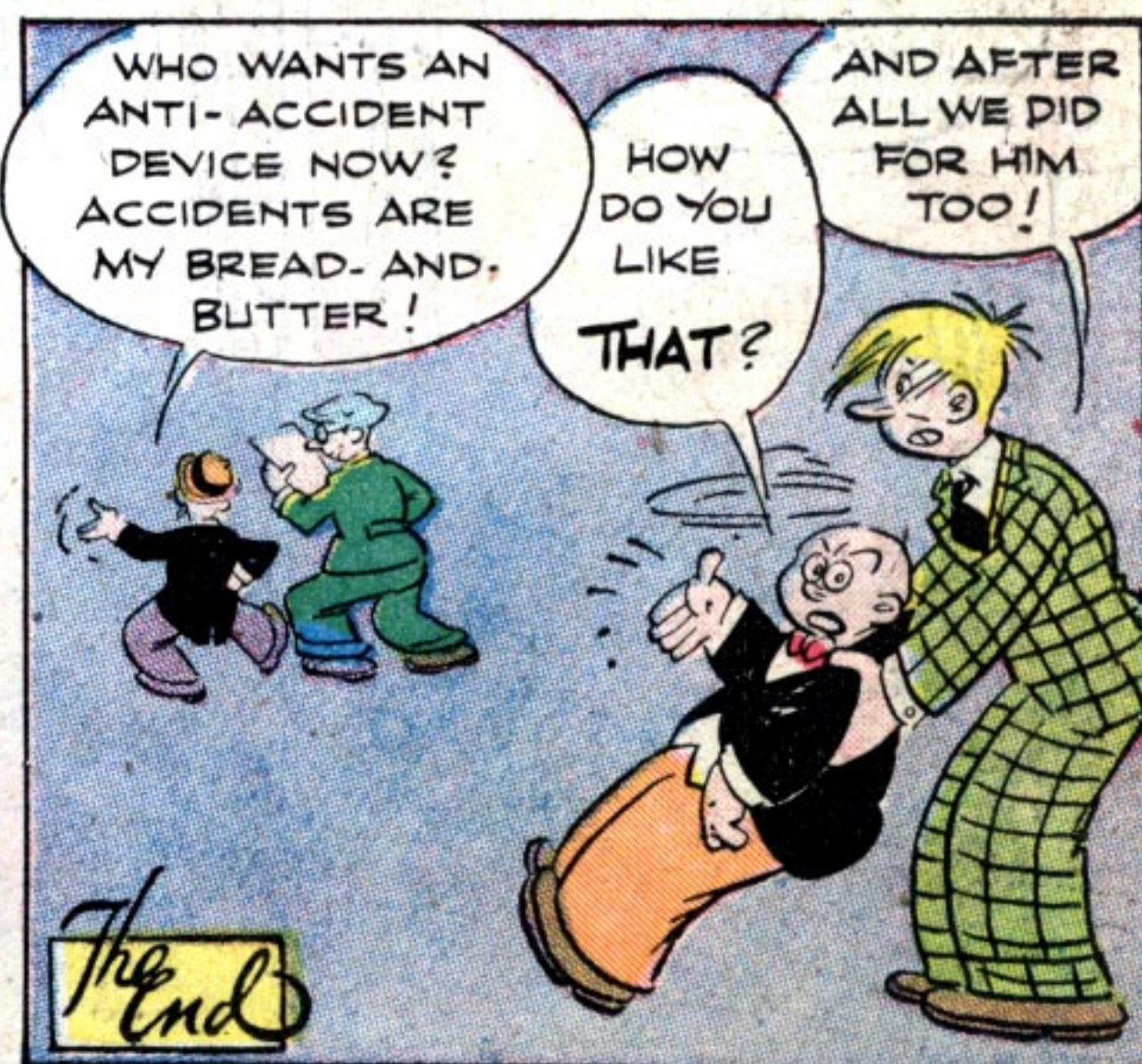
NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! RAW BRAVERY! TOUGH AS NAILS! NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING! SIGN HERE, AND YOU'RE IN THE MOVIES!



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

HEY, WHAT ABOUT US?

YEAH! WE HAVEN'T BEEN PAID YET!

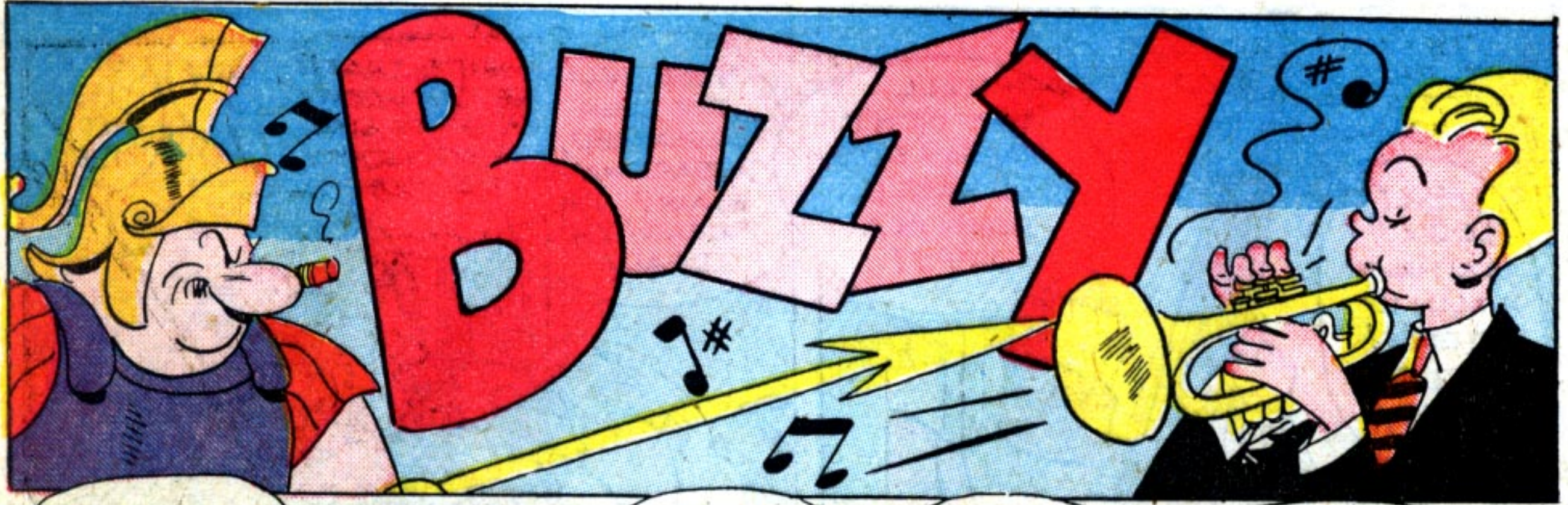


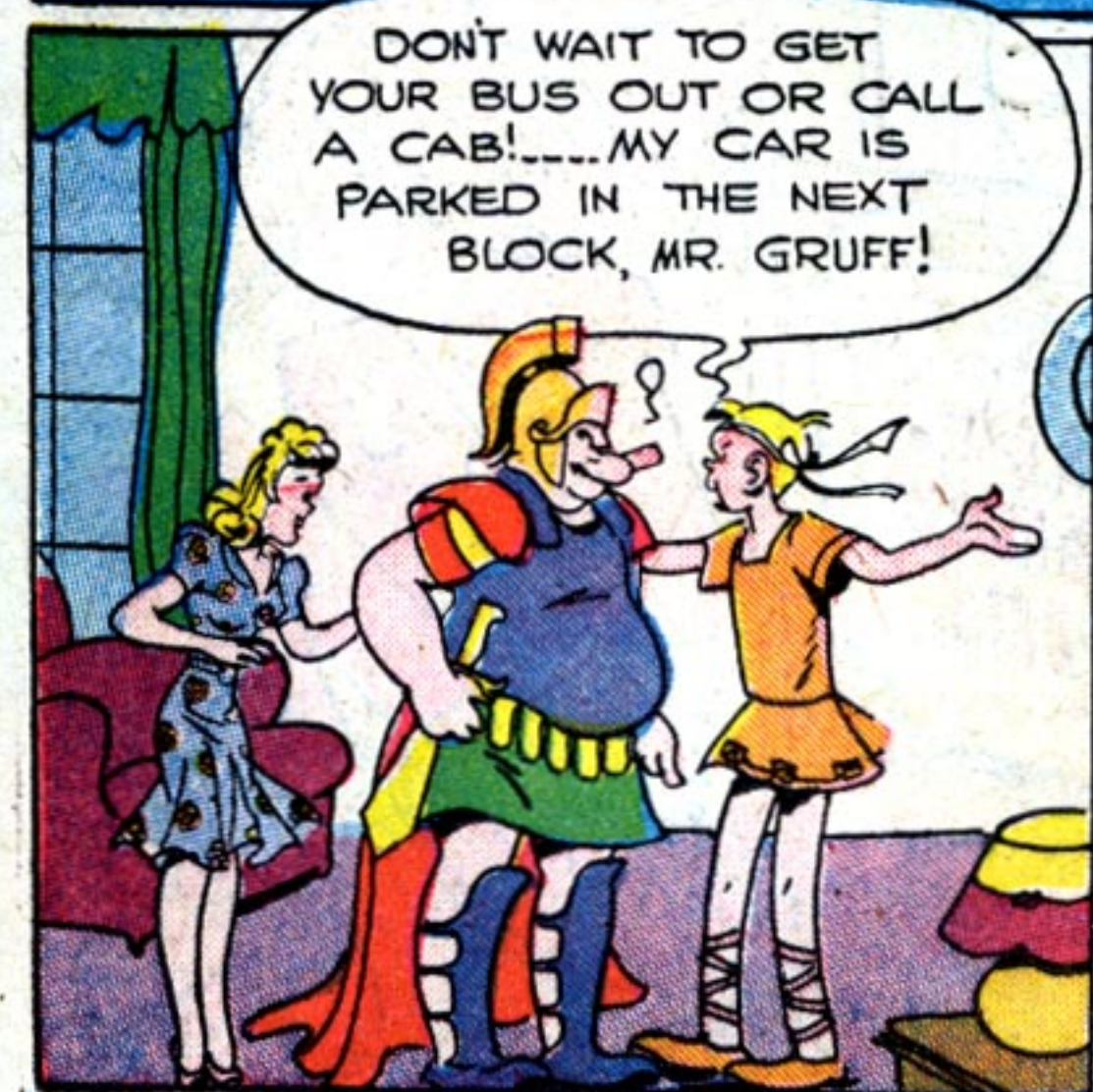
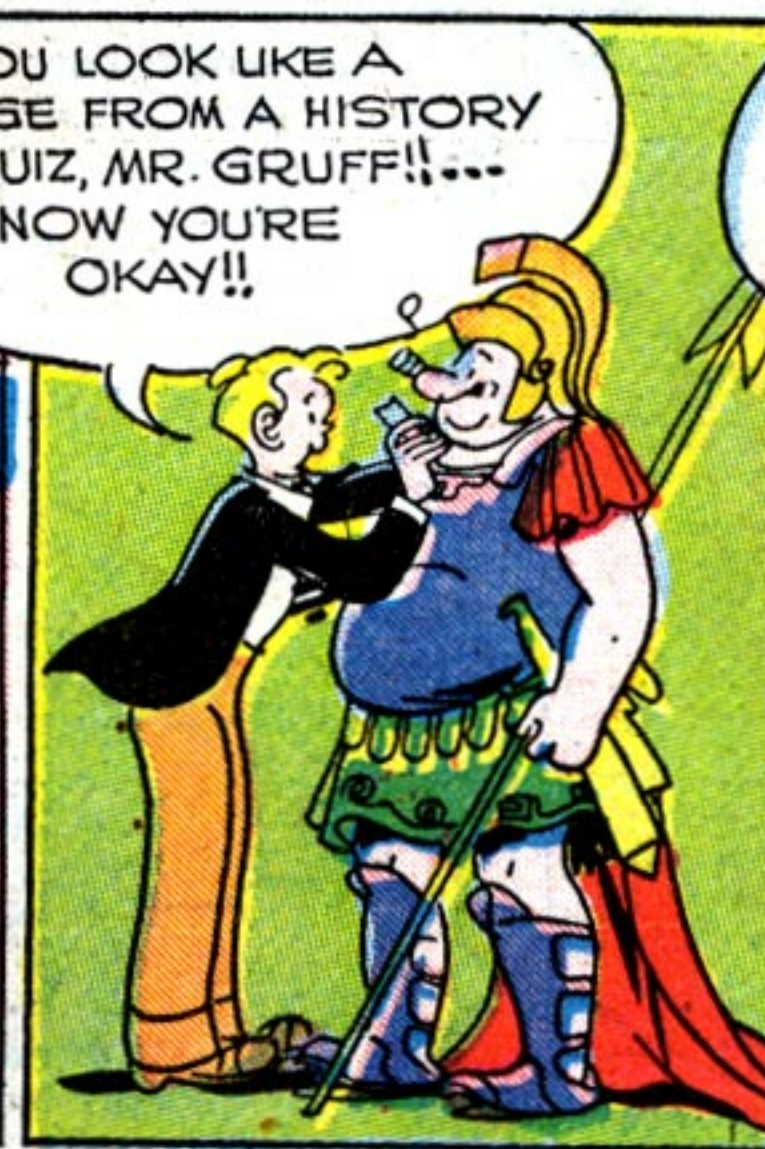
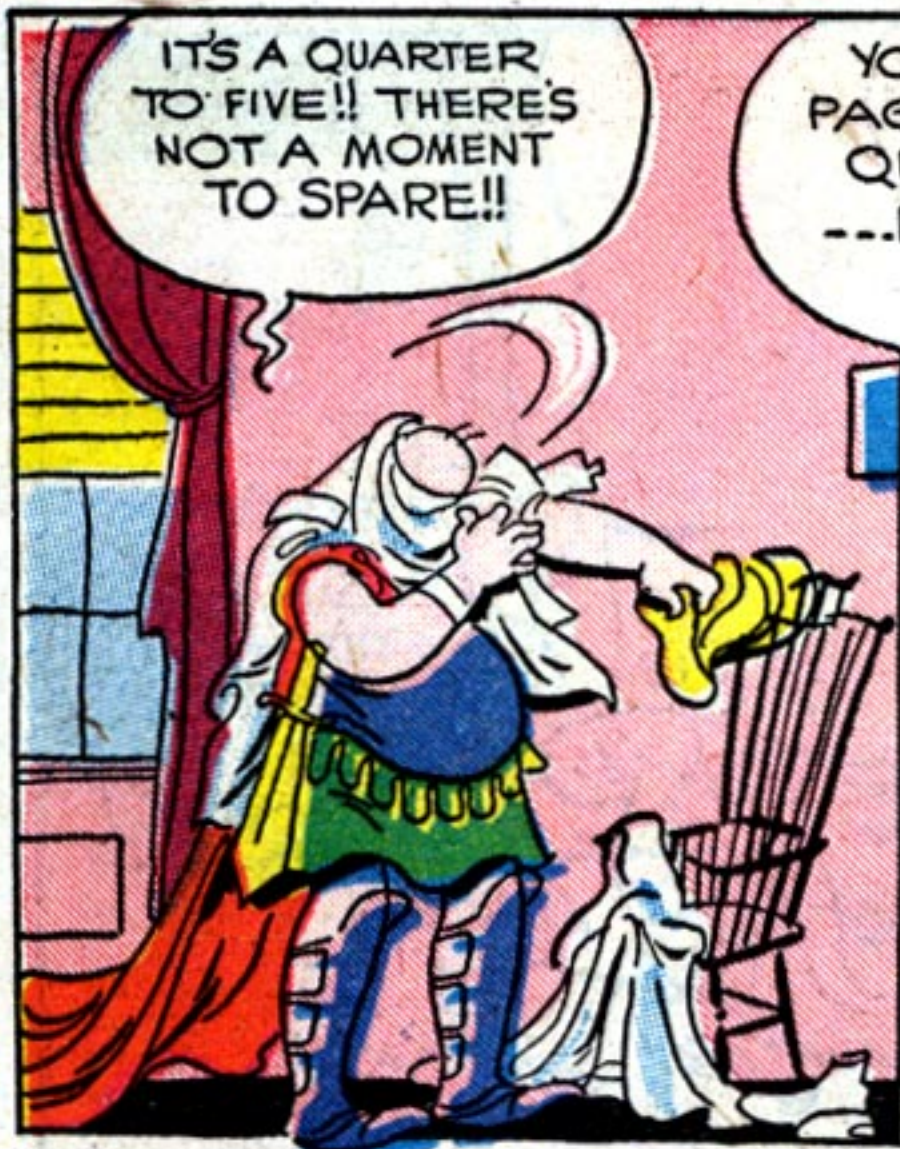
WHO WANTS AN ANTI-ACCIDENT DEVICE NOW? ACCIDENTS ARE MY BREAD-AND-BUTTER!

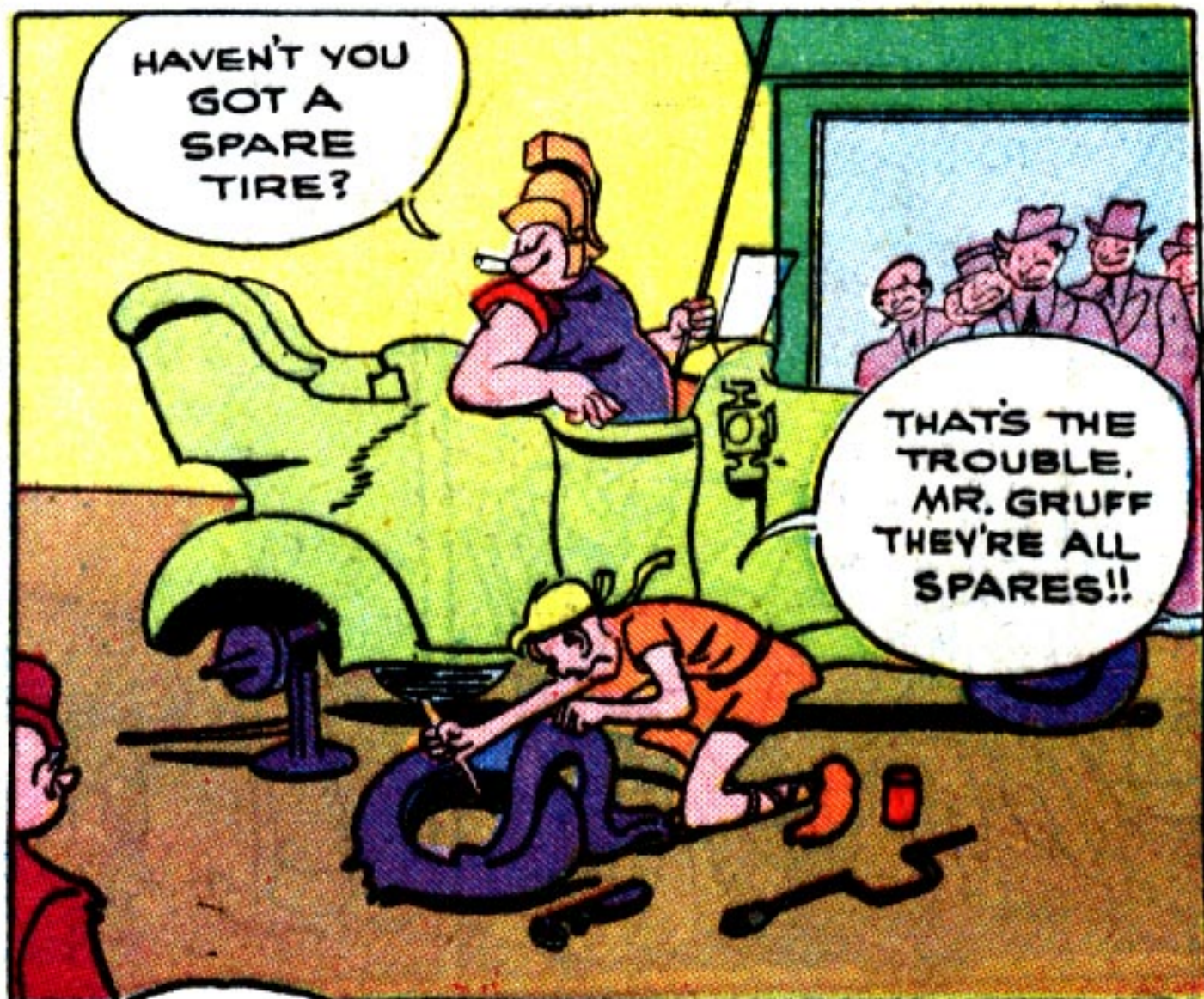
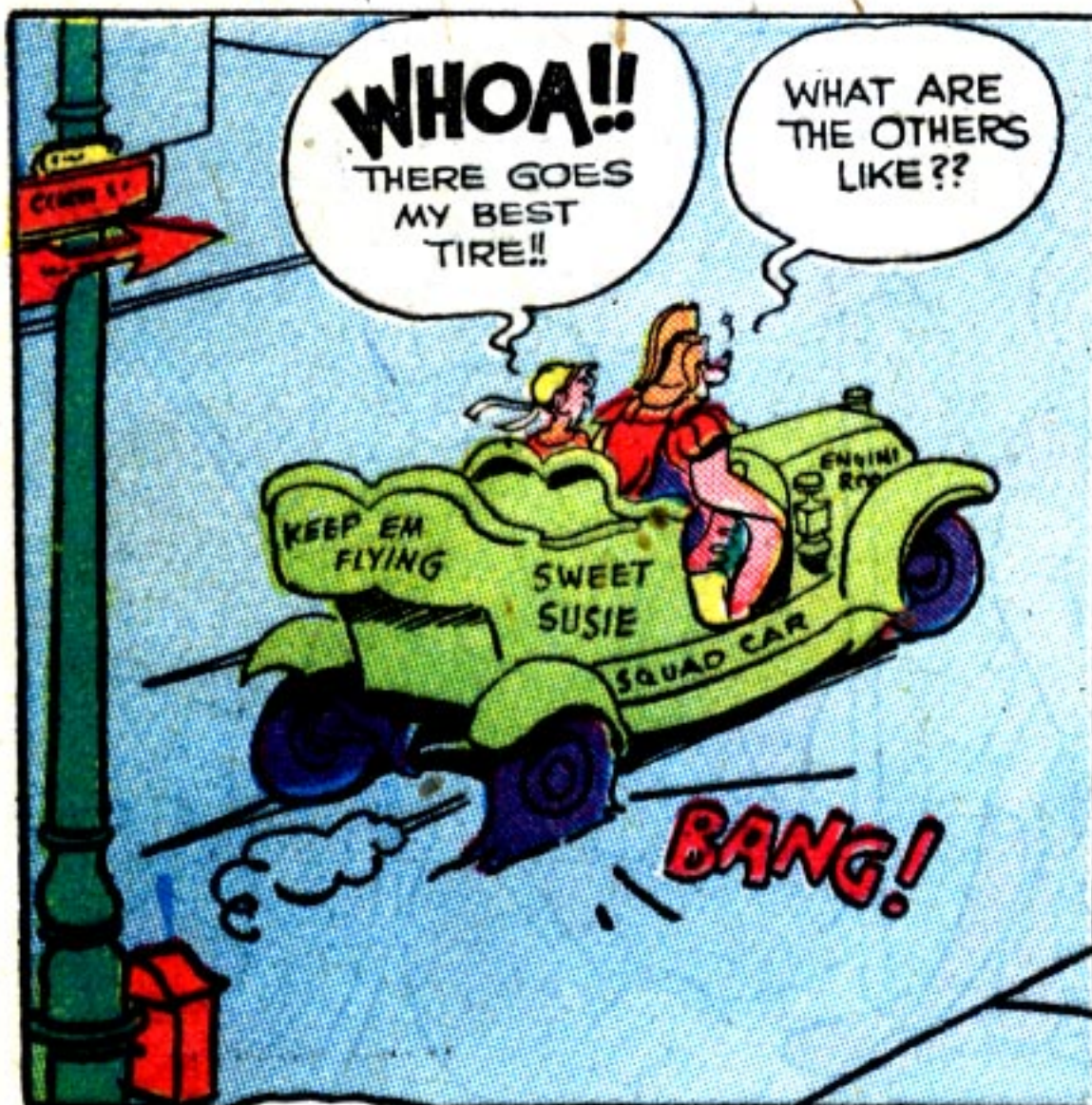
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

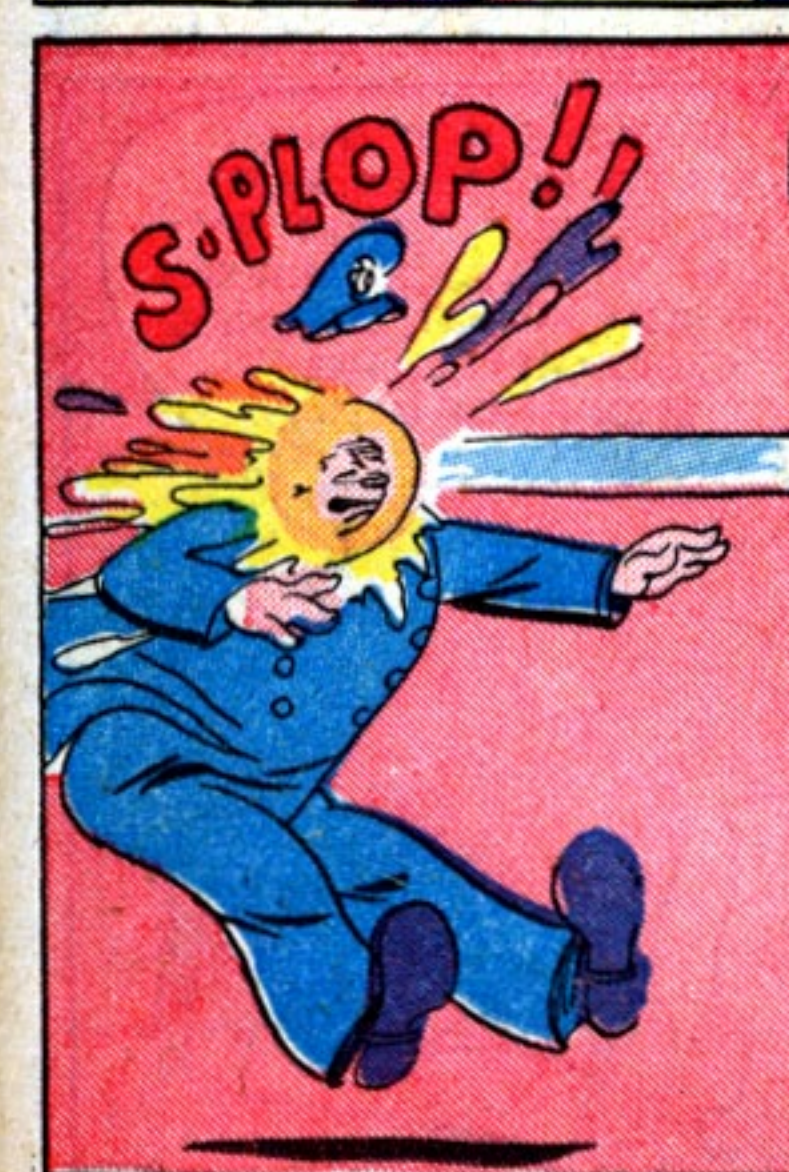
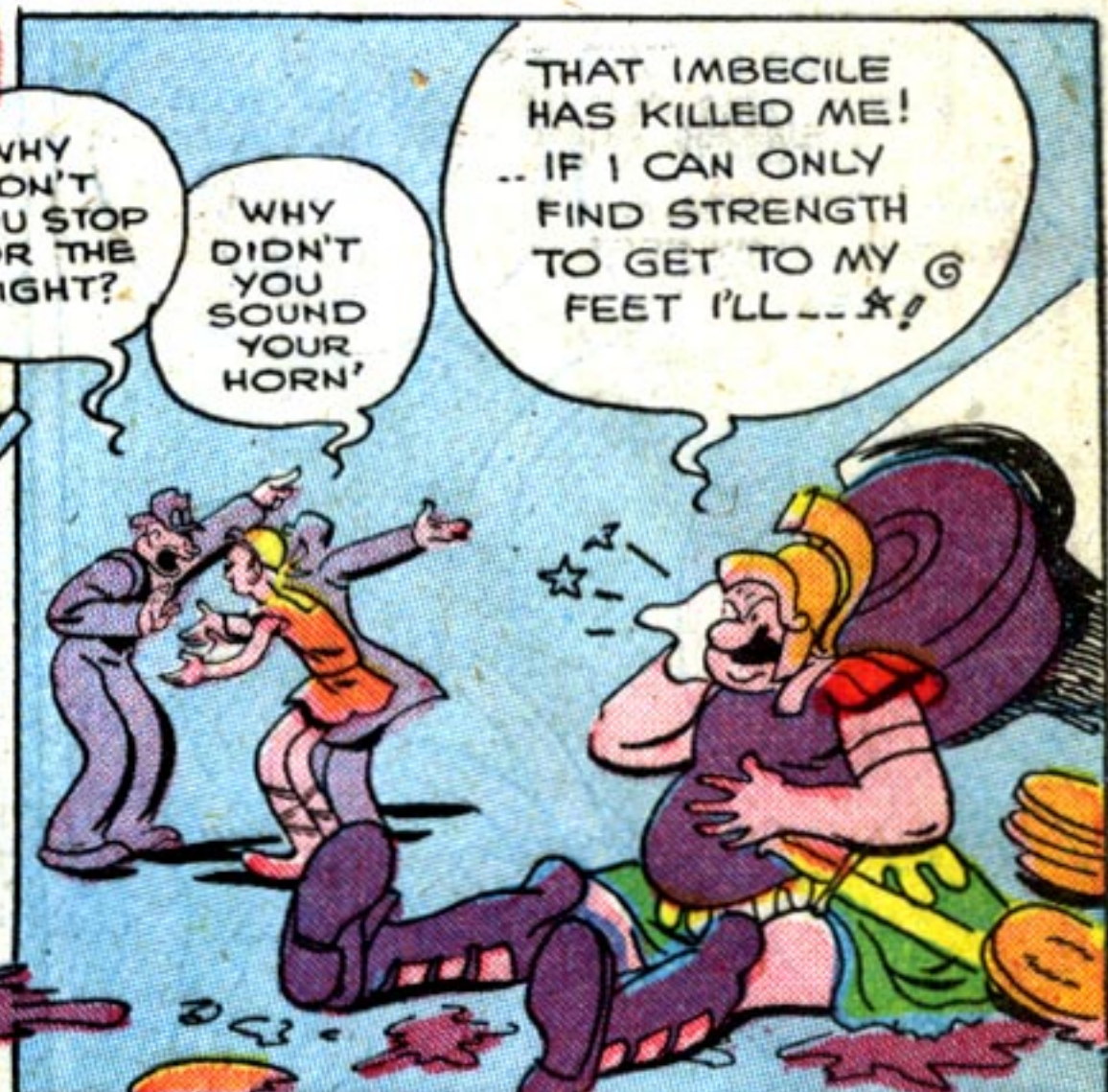
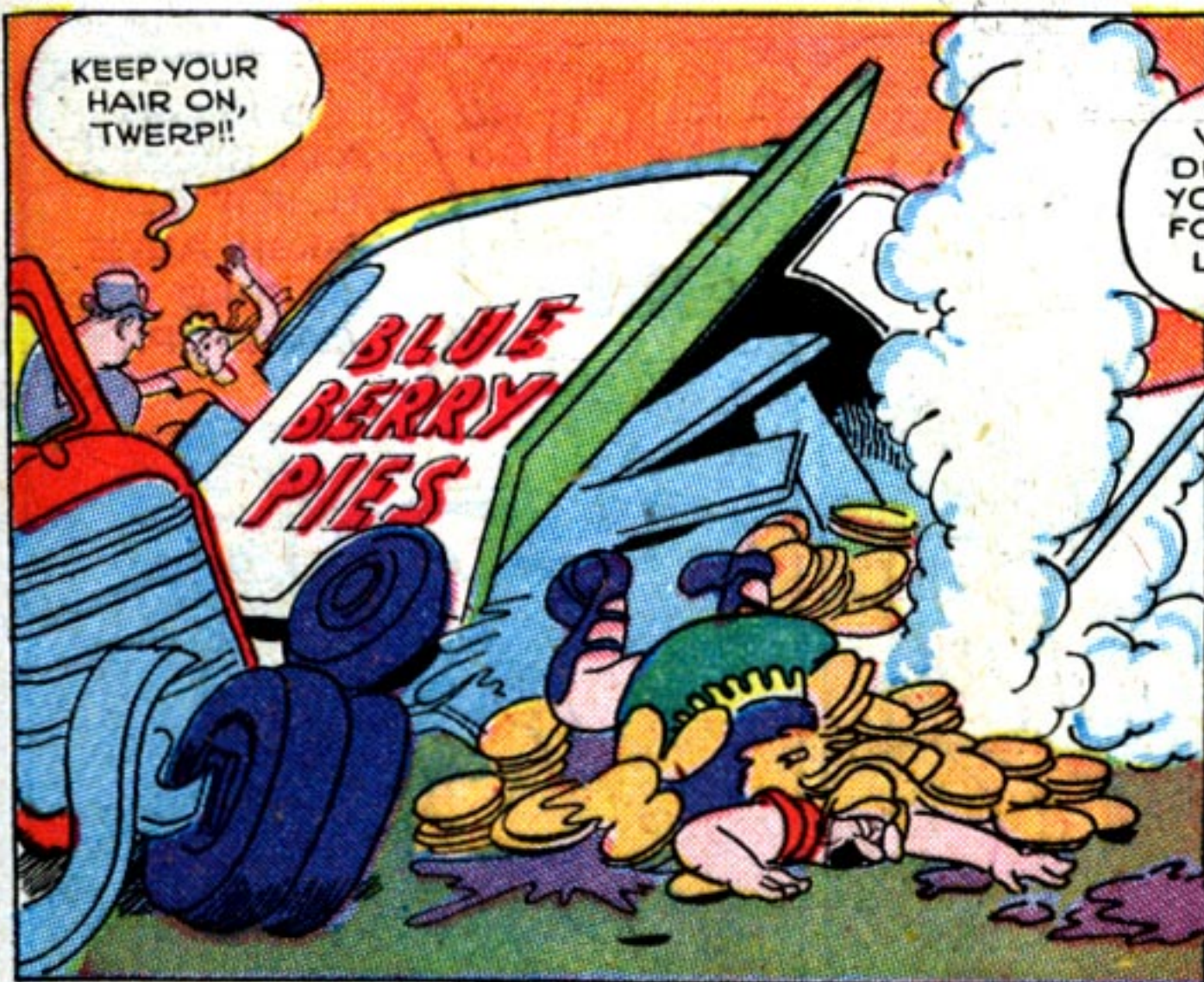
AND AFTER ALL WE DID FOR HIM TOO!

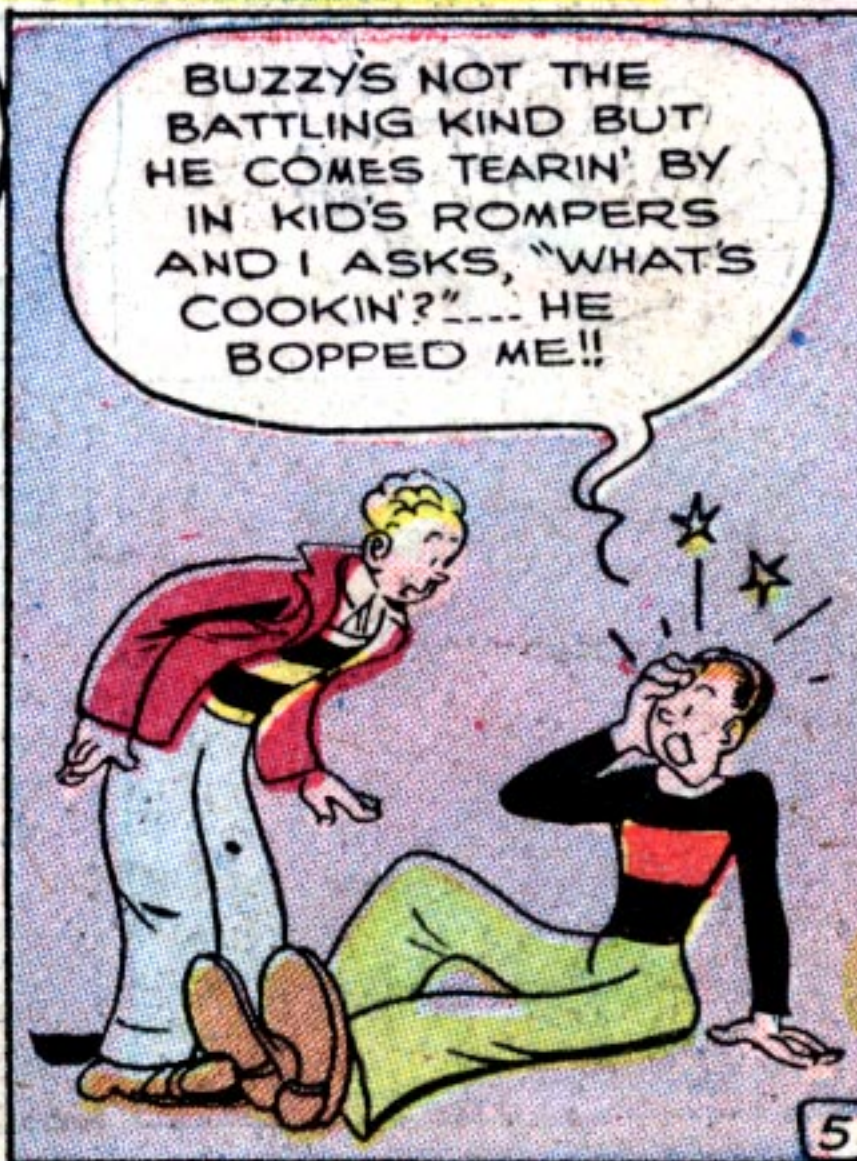
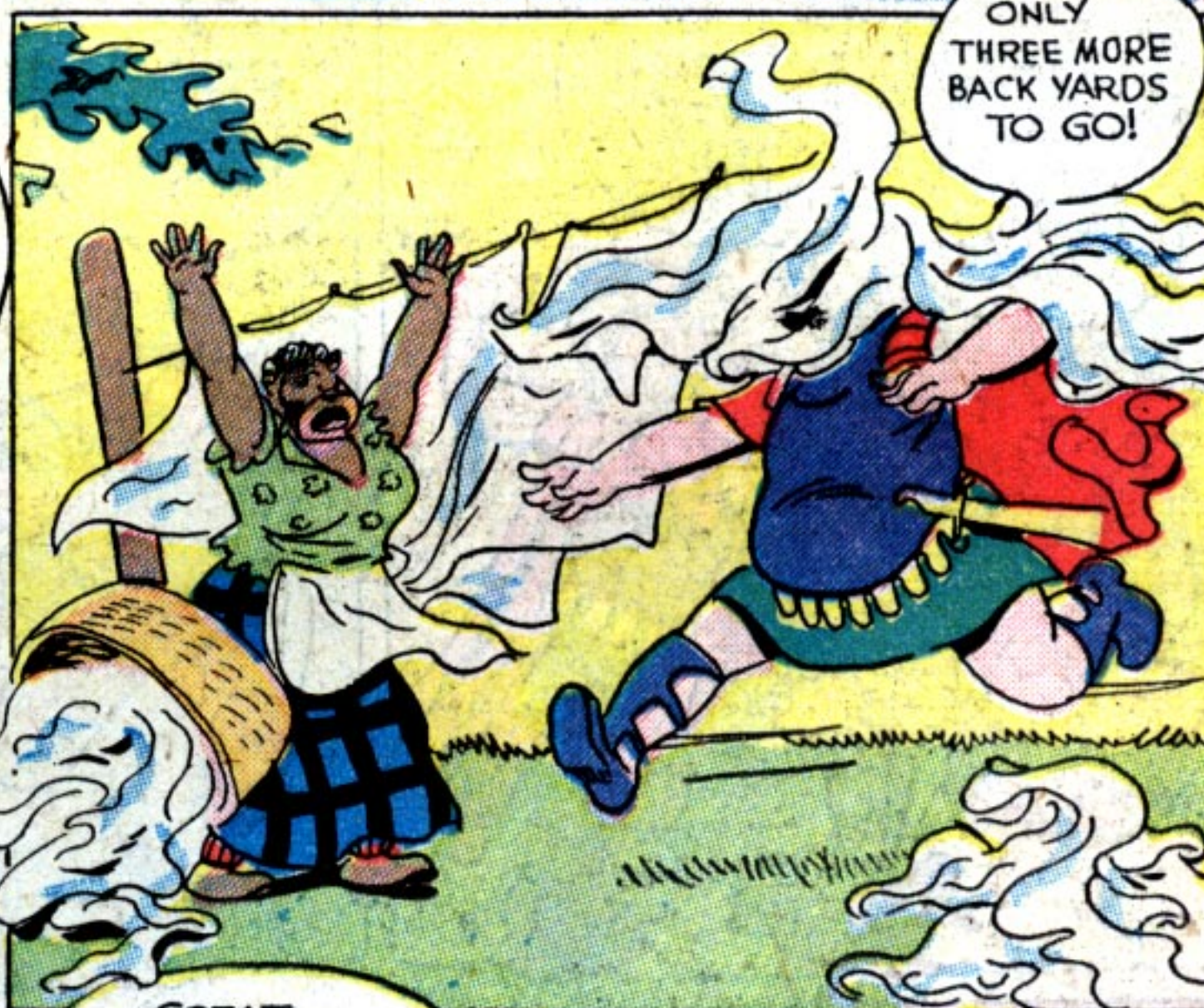
The End

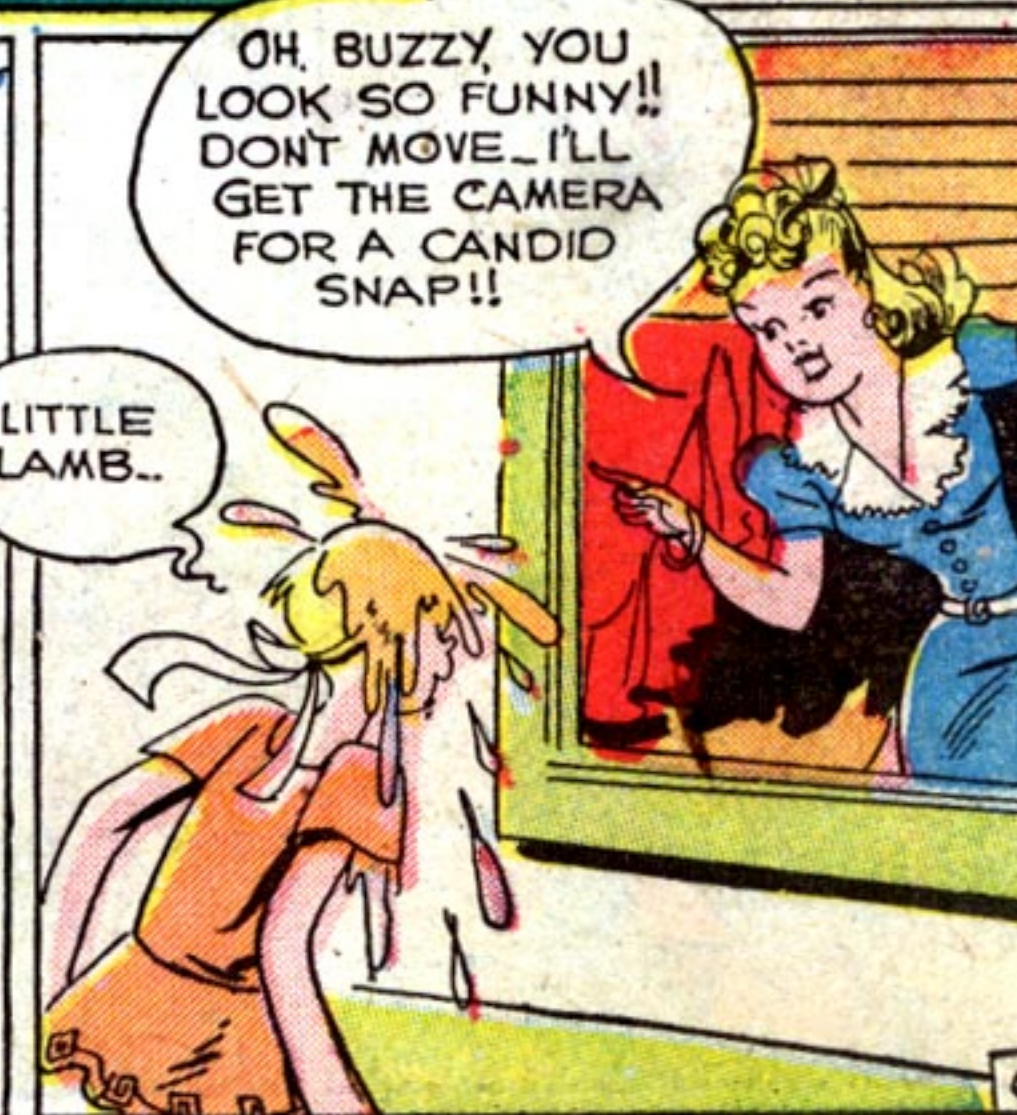
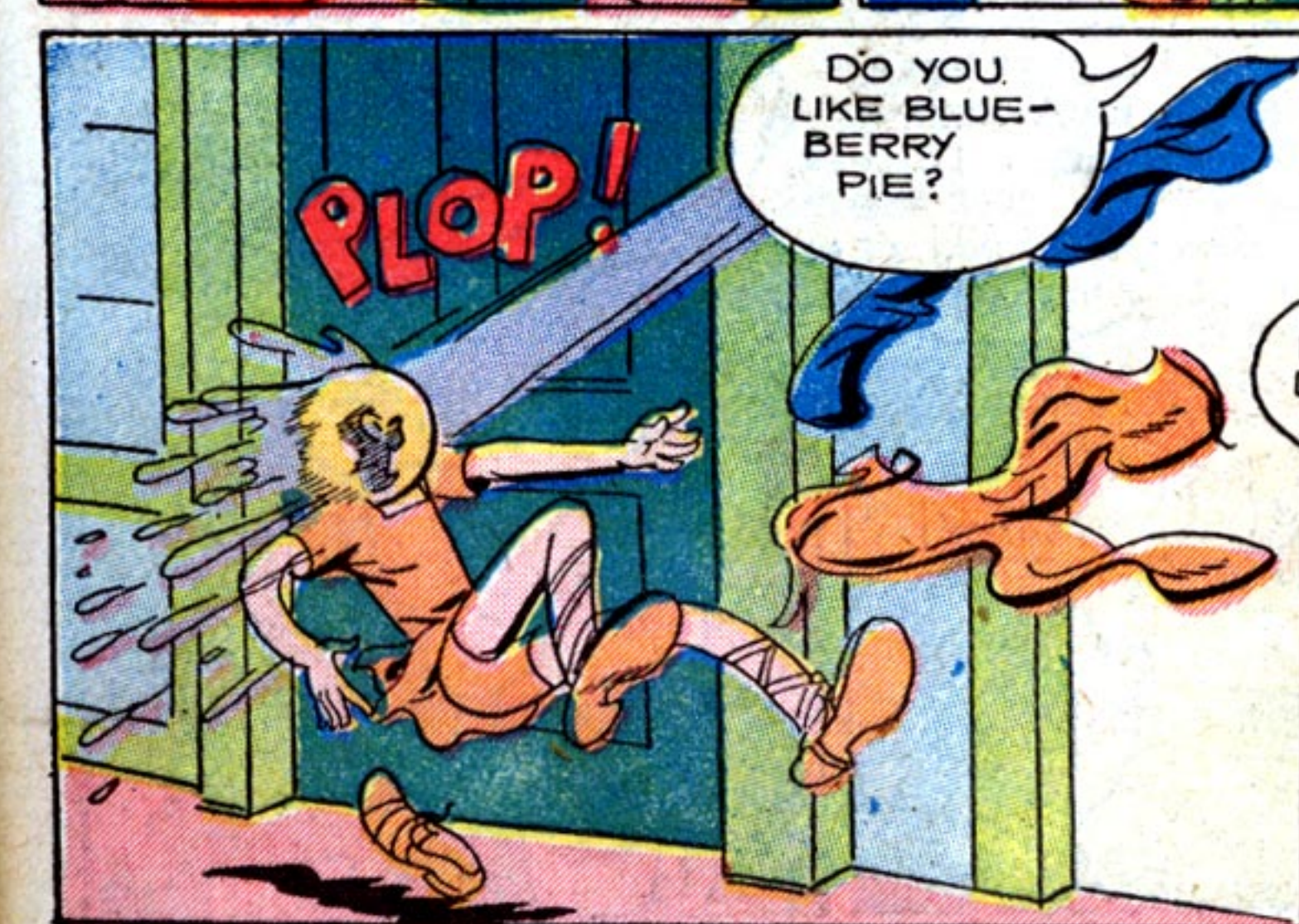
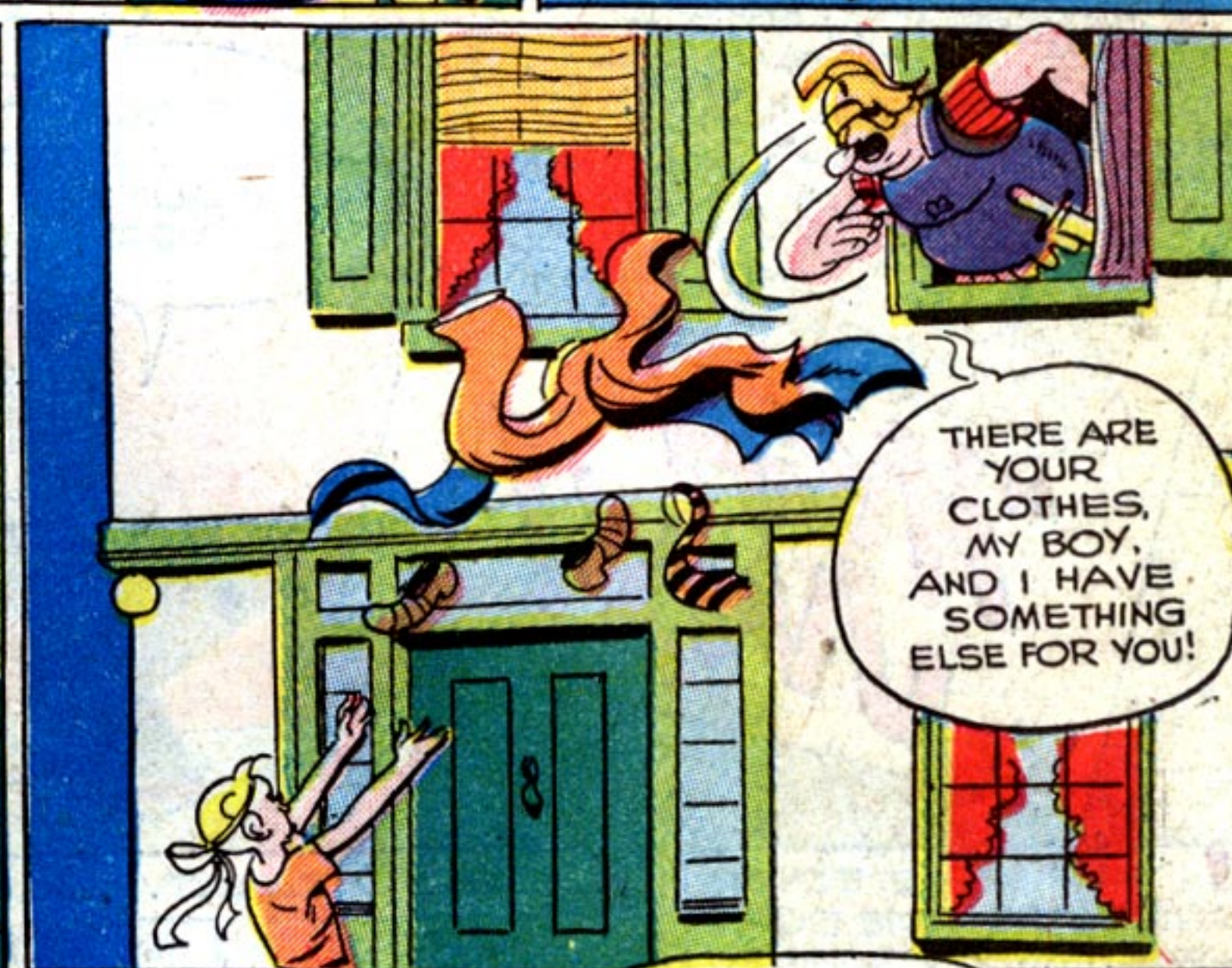












DOVER AND CLOVER

TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE DETECTIVE BECAUSE THEY ARE TWINS!

EAT AT SAM'S

AHA! HERE ARE THE FEET, CLOVER!

YES, BUT WHERE IS THE BODY, DOVER?

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!"

LEWIS BOLTINOFF

IN THEIR OFFICE, DOVER AND CLOVER ARE DIZZY - BEG PARDON, BUSY - PONDERING THE IMPONDERABLE...

WHICH CAME FIRST, CLOVER, THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG?

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE AGE OF THE EGGS 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!

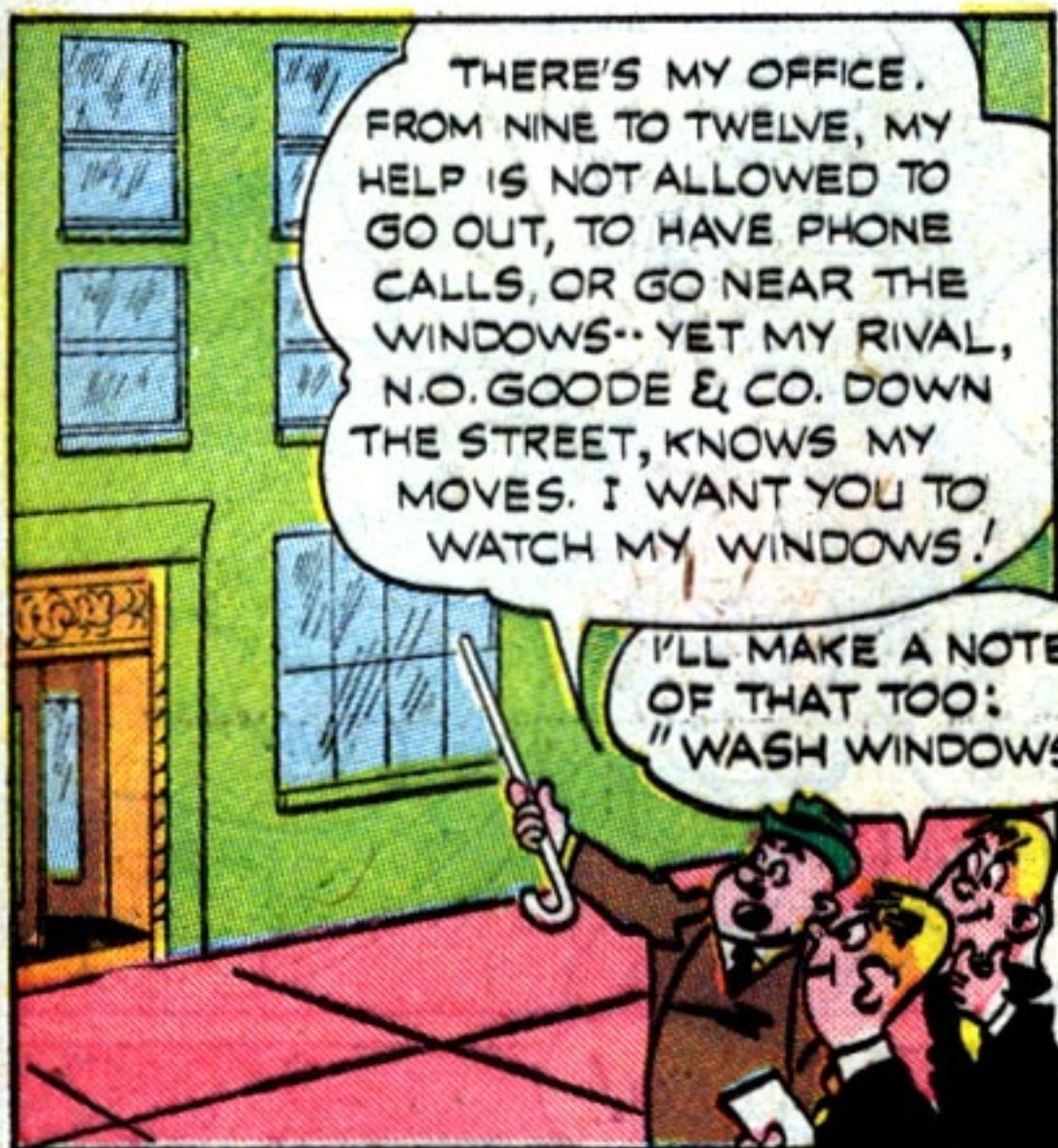
THIS WEEK WE'RE THE DOVER & CLOVER AGENCY-- LAST WEEK WE WERE THE CLOVER & DOVER AGENCY. THAT WAY WE AIN'T NEVER PARTIAL!

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!

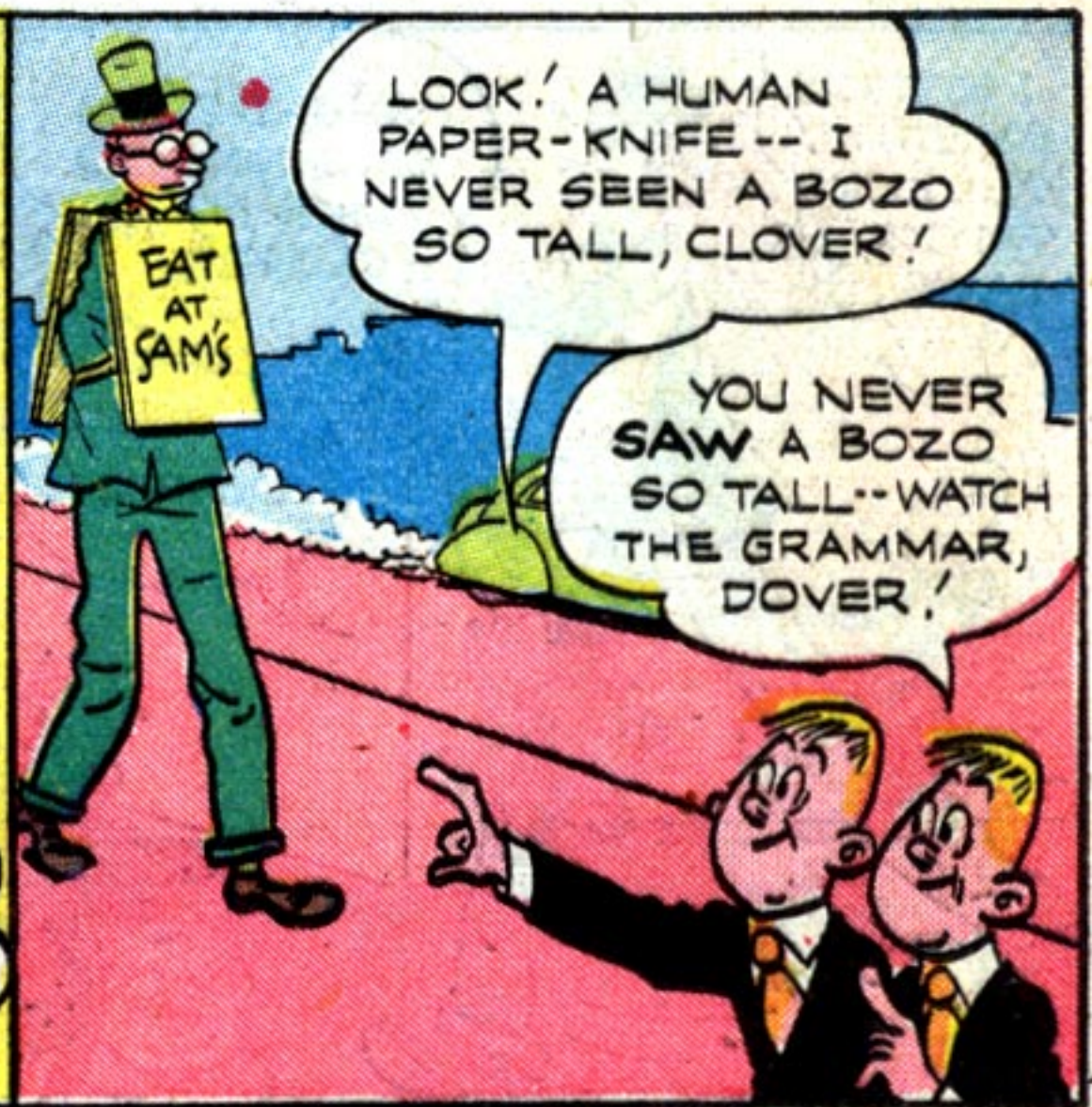


THERE'S MY OFFICE. FROM NINE TO TWELVE, MY HELP IS NOT ALLOWED TO GO OUT, TO HAVE PHONE CALLS, OR GO NEAR THE WINDOWS-- YET MY RIVAL, N.O. GOODE & CO. DOWN THE STREET, KNOWS MY MOVES. I WANT YOU TO WATCH MY WINDOWS!

I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT TOO: "WASH WINDOWS!"

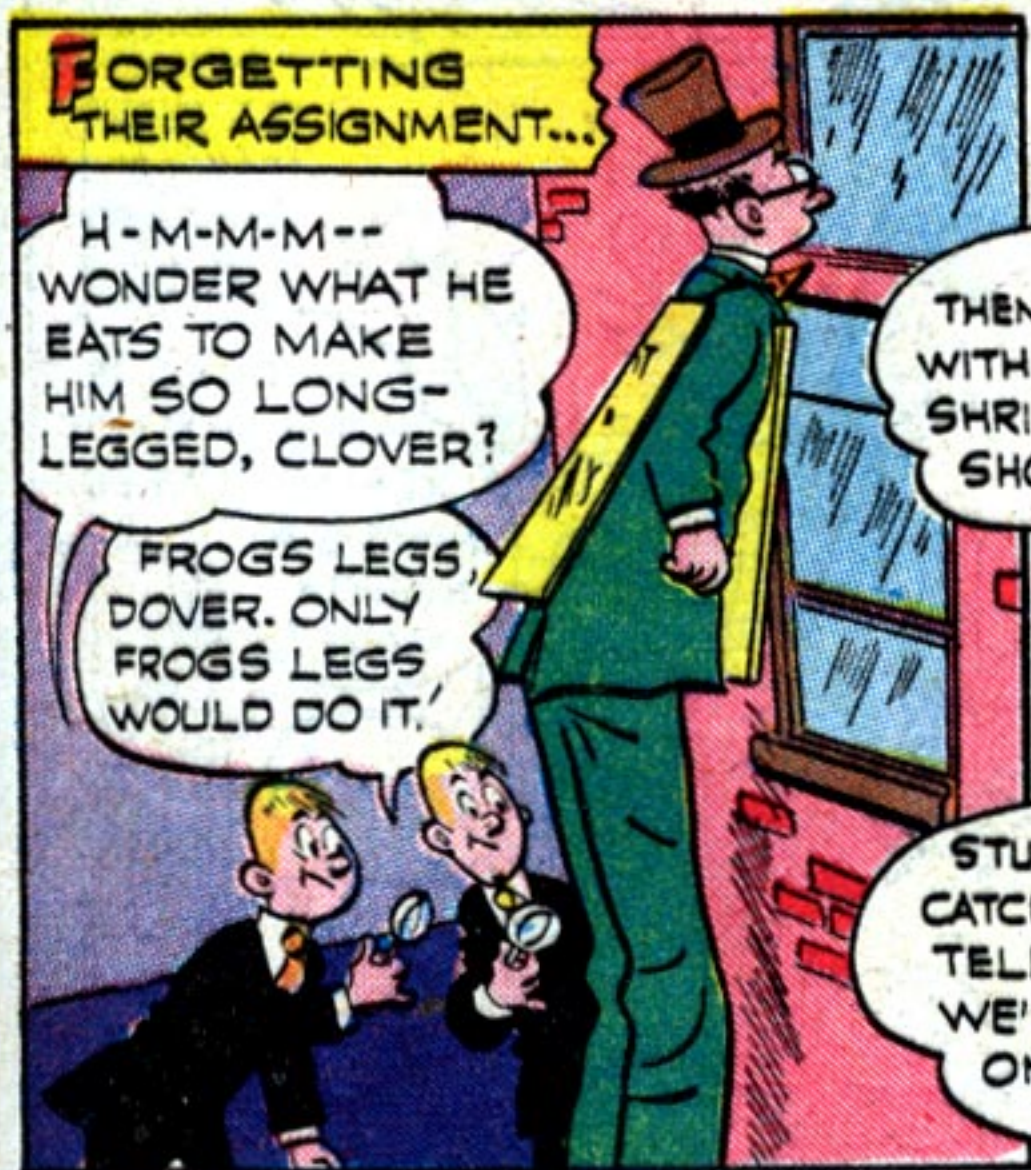
WATCH WINDOWS, CLOVER-- NOT WASH!

BUT ALAS, OUR BRACE OF BLOOD-HOUNDS BECOMES ENTRANCED BY A STILT-MAN...



LOOK! A HUMAN PAPER-KNIFE -- I NEVER SEEN A BOZO SO TALL, CLOVER!

YOU NEVER SAW A BOZO SO TALL--WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!



FORGETTING THEIR ASSIGNMENT...

H-M-M-M-- WONDER WHAT HE EATS TO MAKE HIM SO LONG-LEGGED, CLOVER?

FROGS LEGS, DOVER. ONLY FROGS LEGS WOULD DO IT!

THEN, IF HE ATE SOMETHING WITH SHORT LEGS, LIKE SHRIMPS, HE'D GROW SHORTER, CLOVER!

STUPENDOUS, DOVER! LET'S CATCH UP WITH HIM AND TELL HIM. AFTER ALL, WE'RE AUTHORITIES ON PROBLEMS!



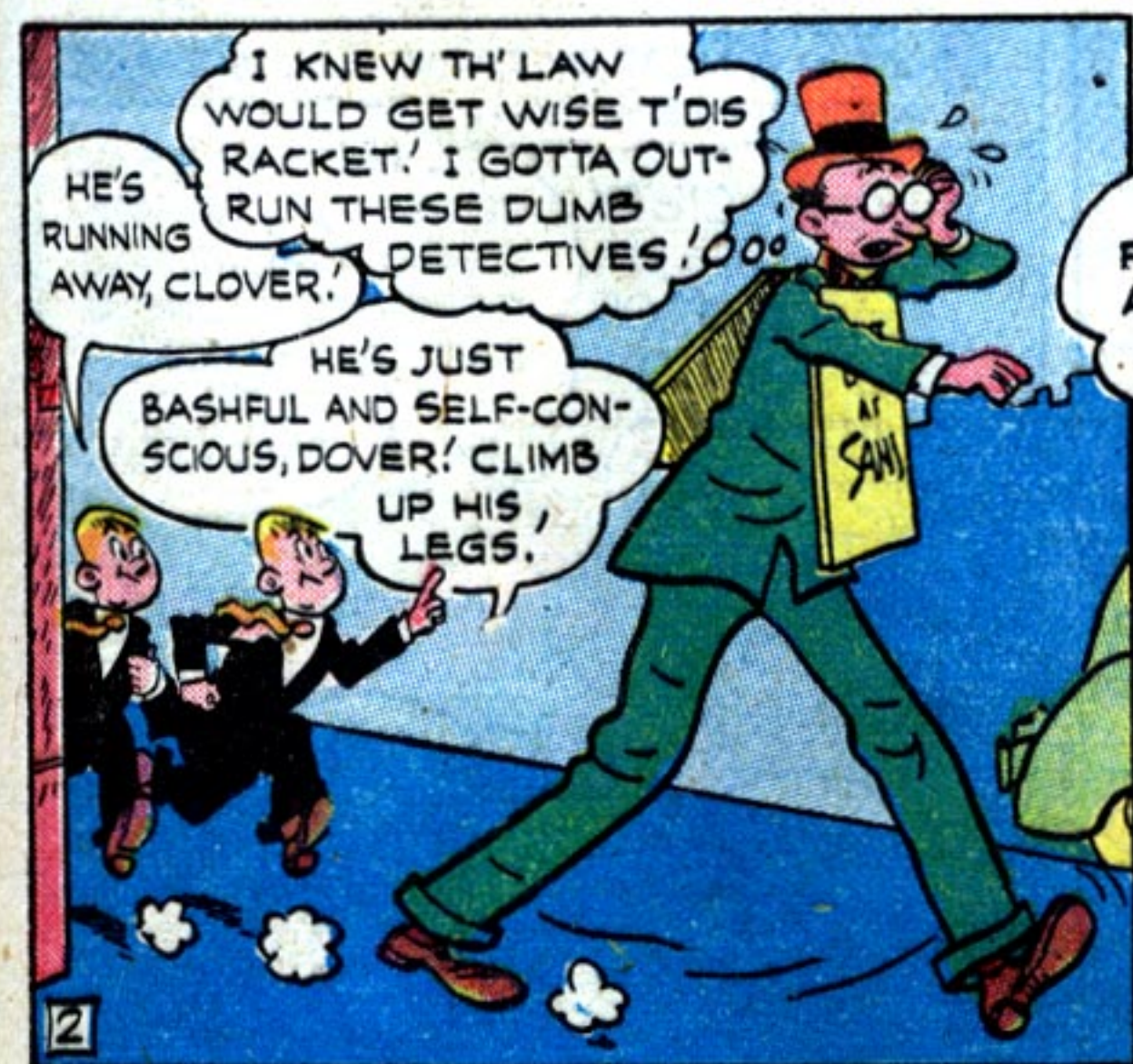
OUR TWIN HEROES BECOME ENGROSSSED IN THEIR MIDGET-MINDING-- PARDON-- MASTER-MINDING...



HEY YOU! WE'VE SOLVED THE WHOLE THING!

YES, WE'RE AUTHORITIES, AND...

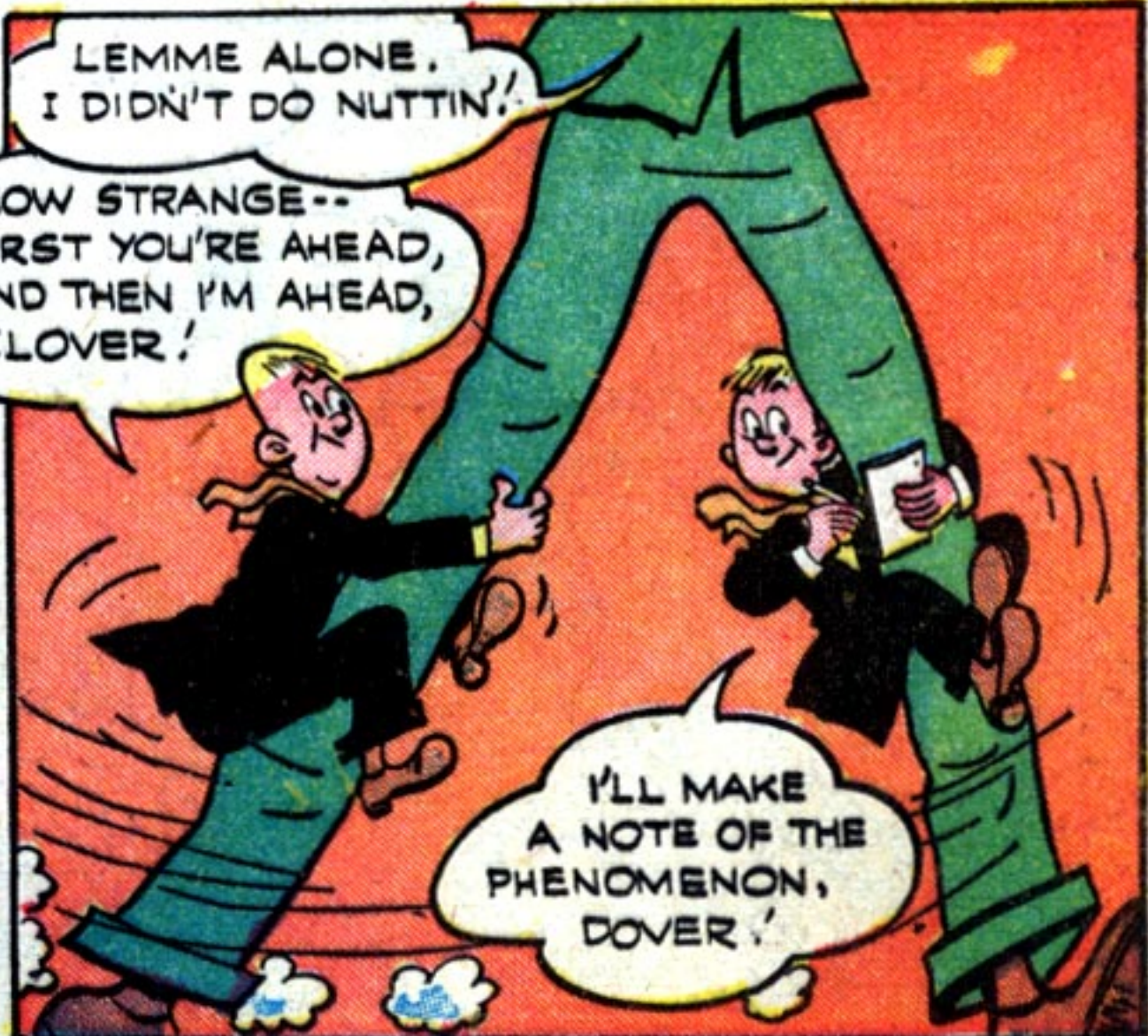
HUH? WAZZAT? AUTHORITIES?!!



HE'S RUNNING AWAY, CLOVER!

I KNEW TH' LAW WOULD GET WISE T' DIS RACKET! I GOTTA OUT-RUN THESE DUMB DETECTIVES!

HE'S JUST BASHFUL AND SELF-CONSCIOUS, DOVER! CLIMB UP HIS LEGS.



LEMME ALONE. I DIDN'T DO NUTTIN'!

HOW STRANGE-- FIRST YOU'RE AHEAD, AND THEN I'M AHEAD, CLOVER!

I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THE PHENOMENON, DOVER!



I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'! I'LL KICK 'EM OFF, DAT'S WOT!

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

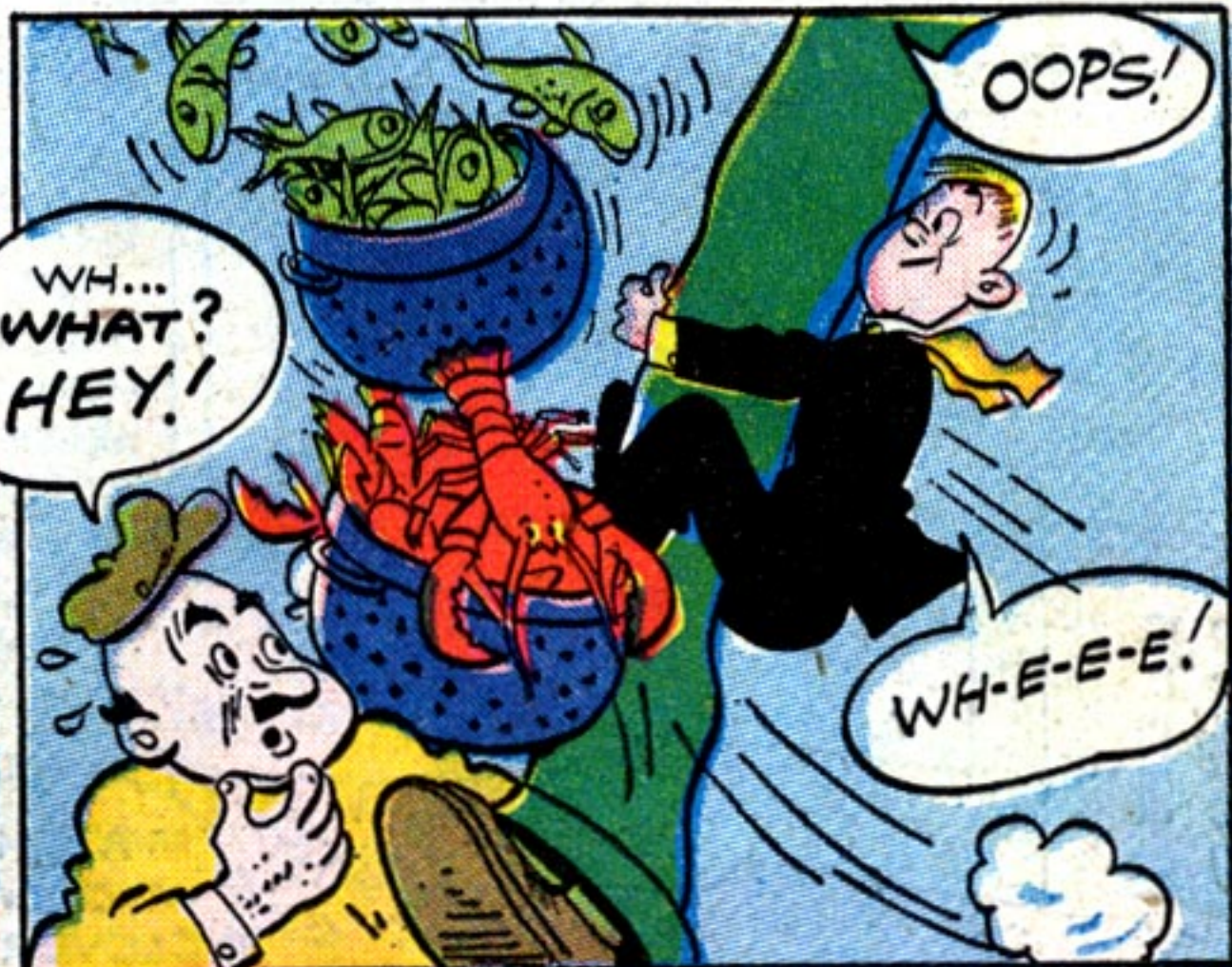
DITTO, DOVER!

WH... WHAT? HEY!

YOW!

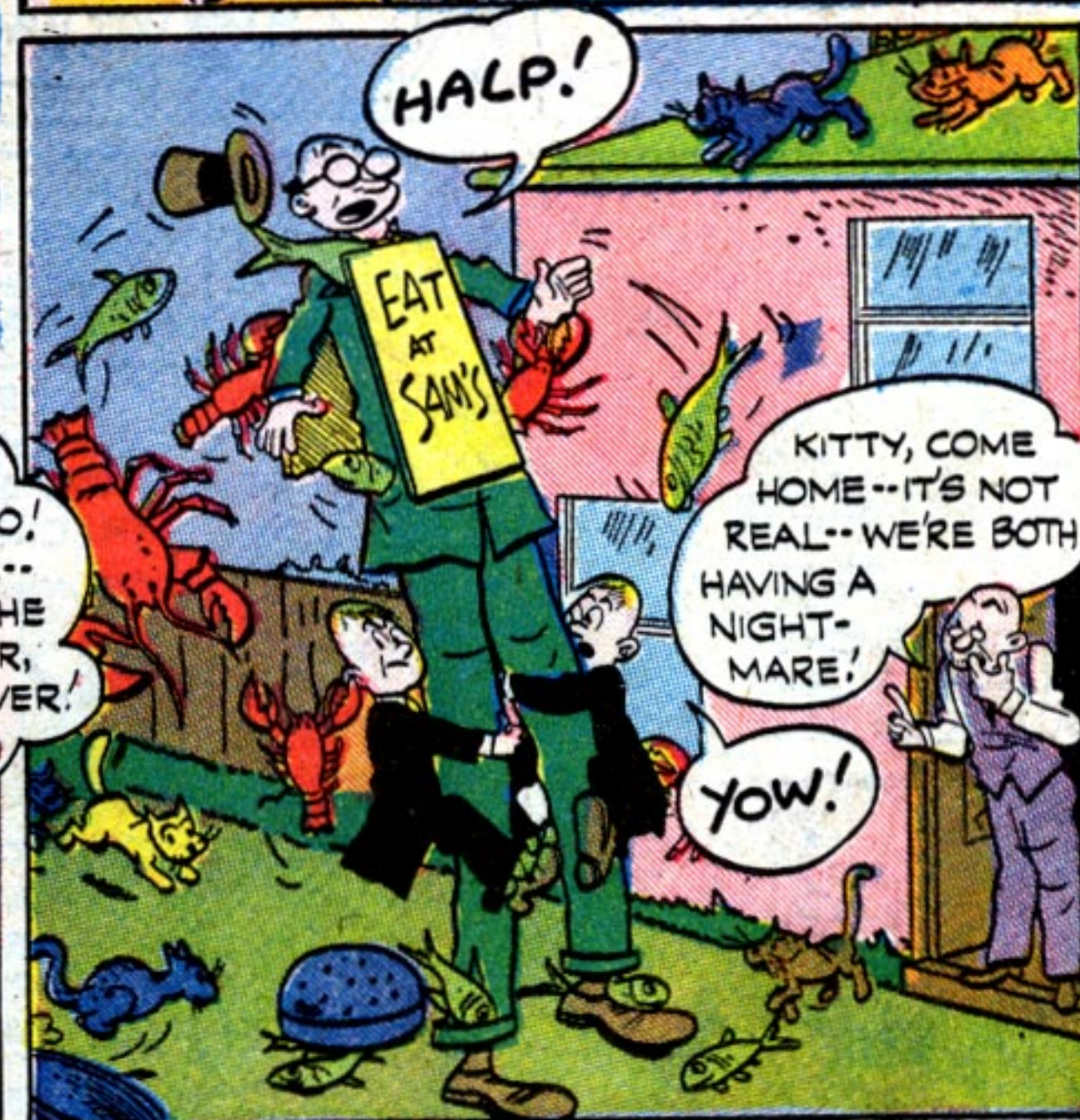
YIKE! ME EAR!

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



OOPS!

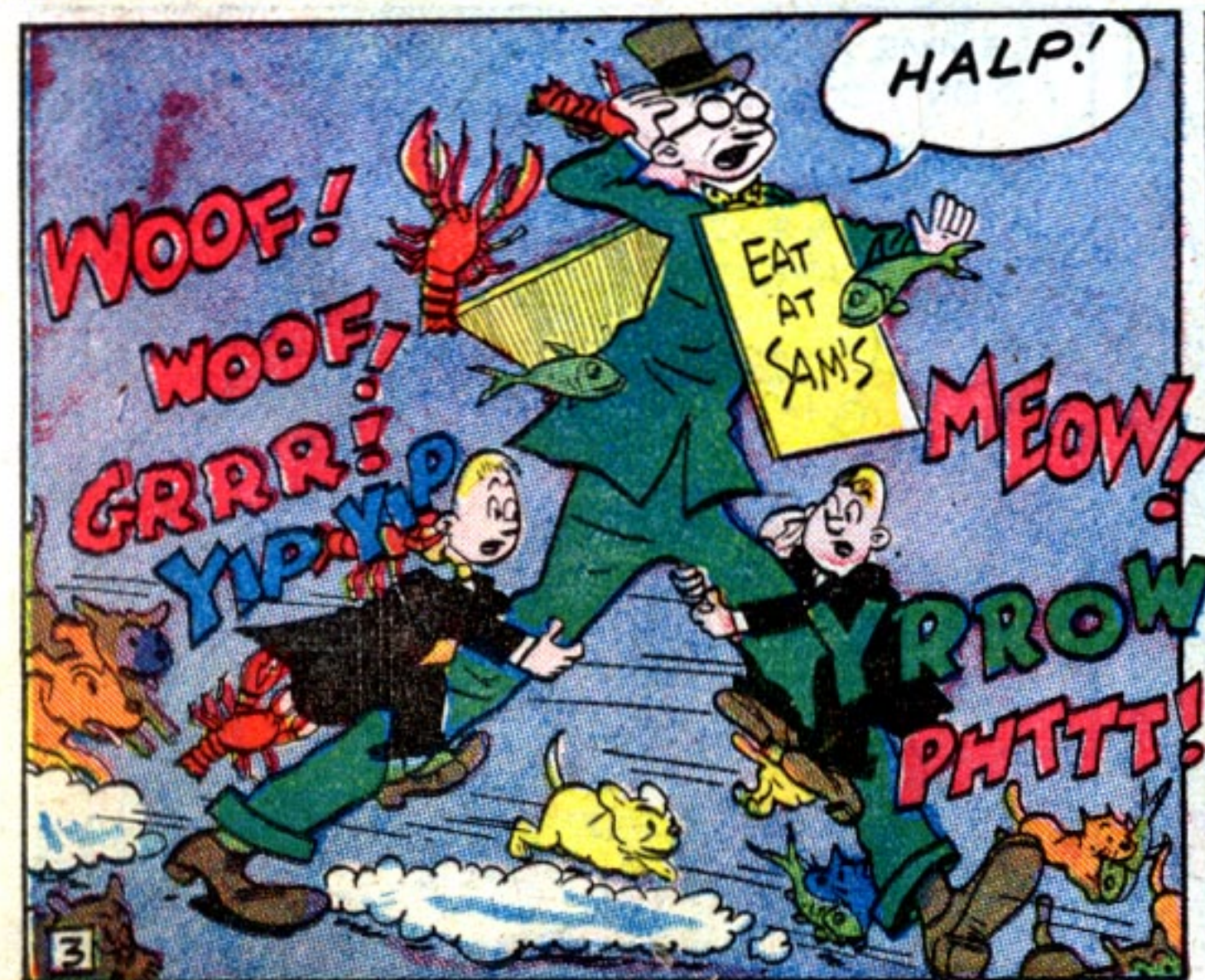
WH-E-E-E!



HALP!

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

YOW!



HALP!

WOOF!

WOOF!

GRRR!

YIP-YIP

MEOW!

YRROW

PHTTT!



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

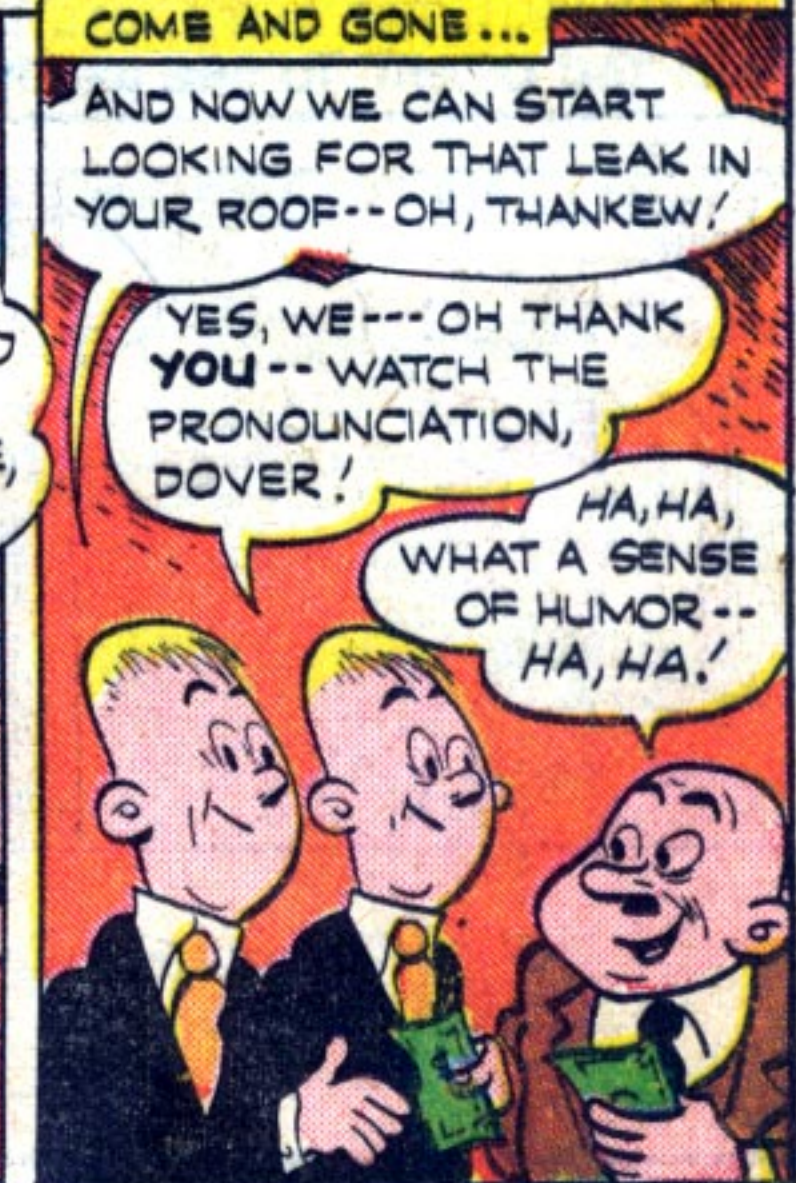
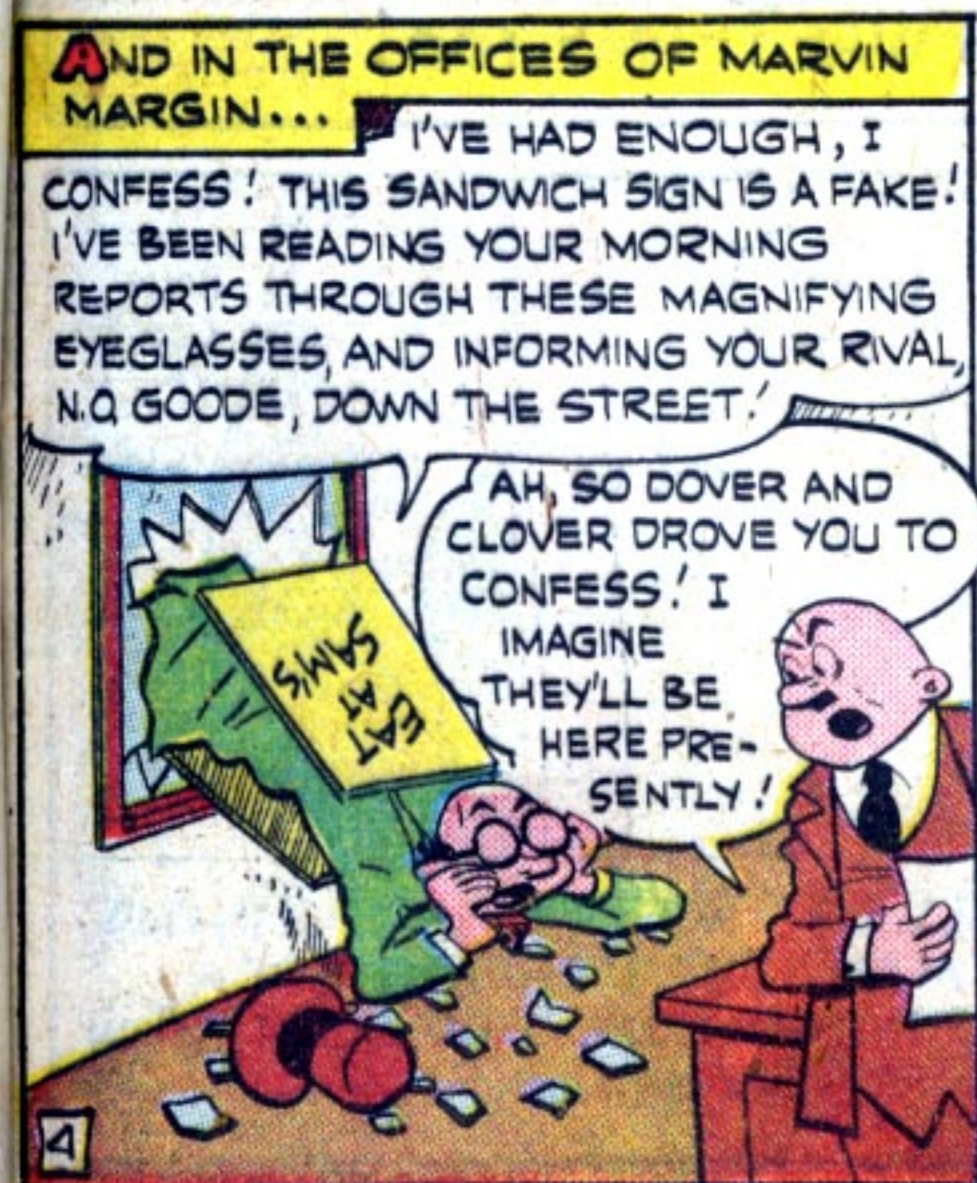
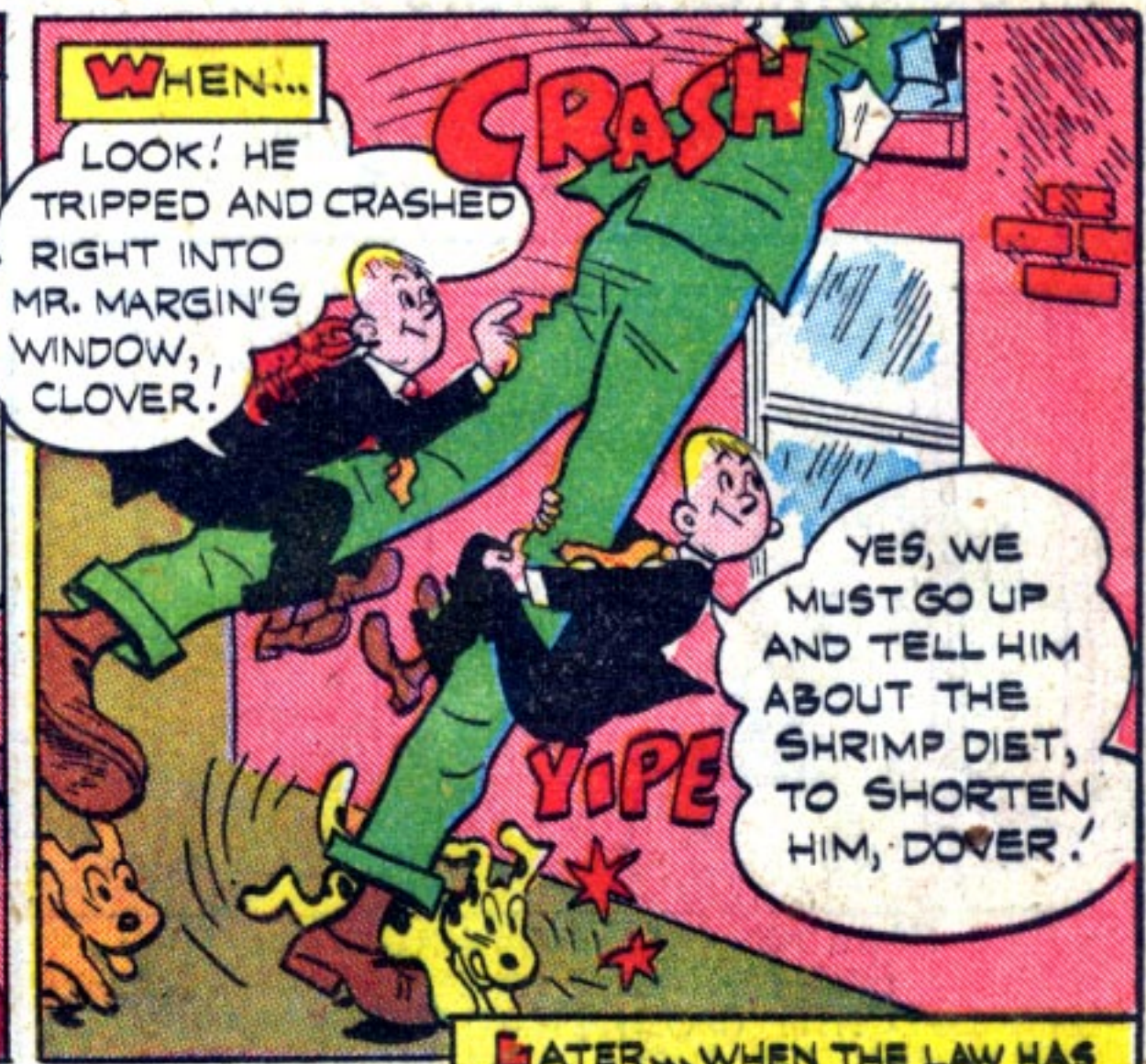
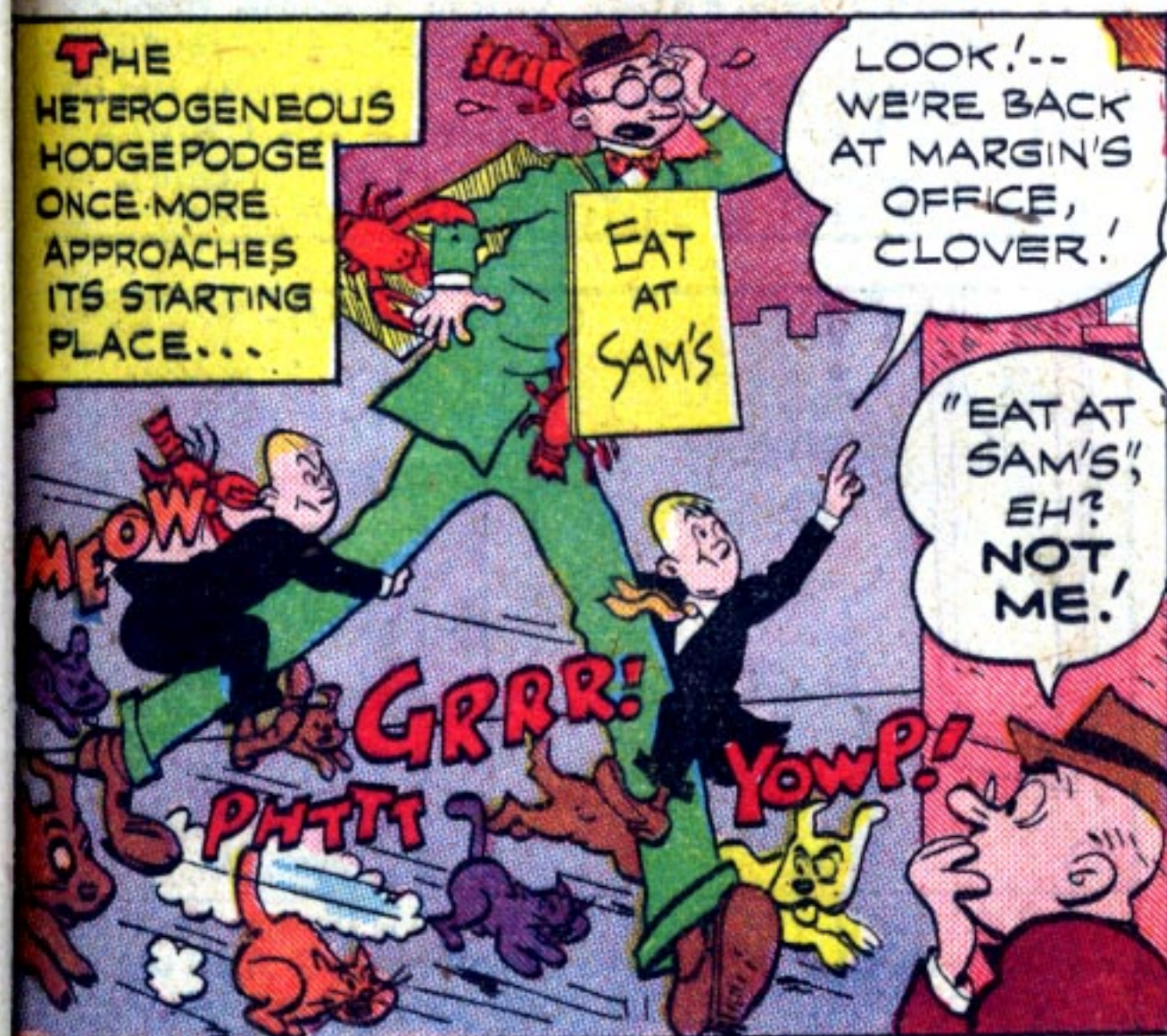
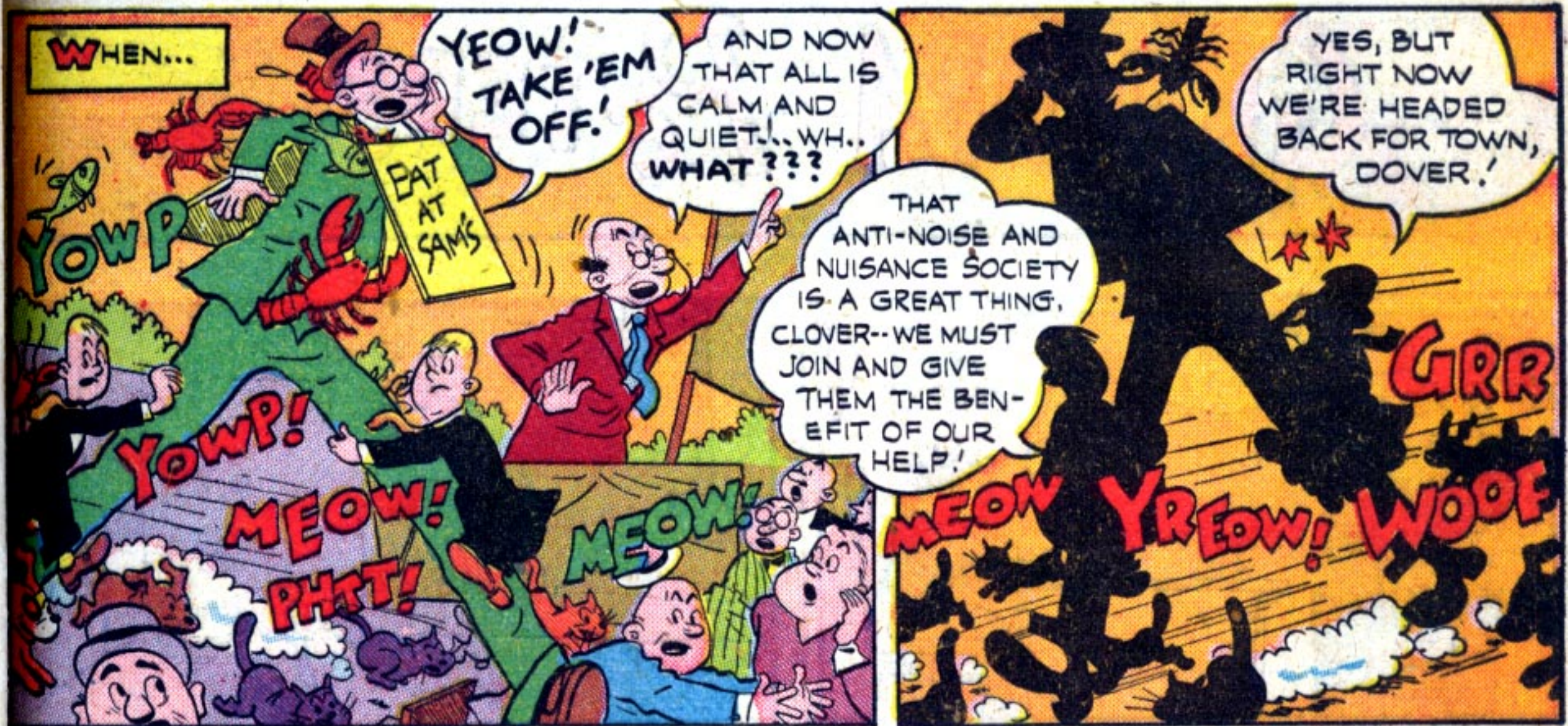
CIVIC SOCIETY FOR THE ABATEMENT OF NOISE AND NUISANCE

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

BRAVO!

HEAR, HEAR!

SPLENDID!



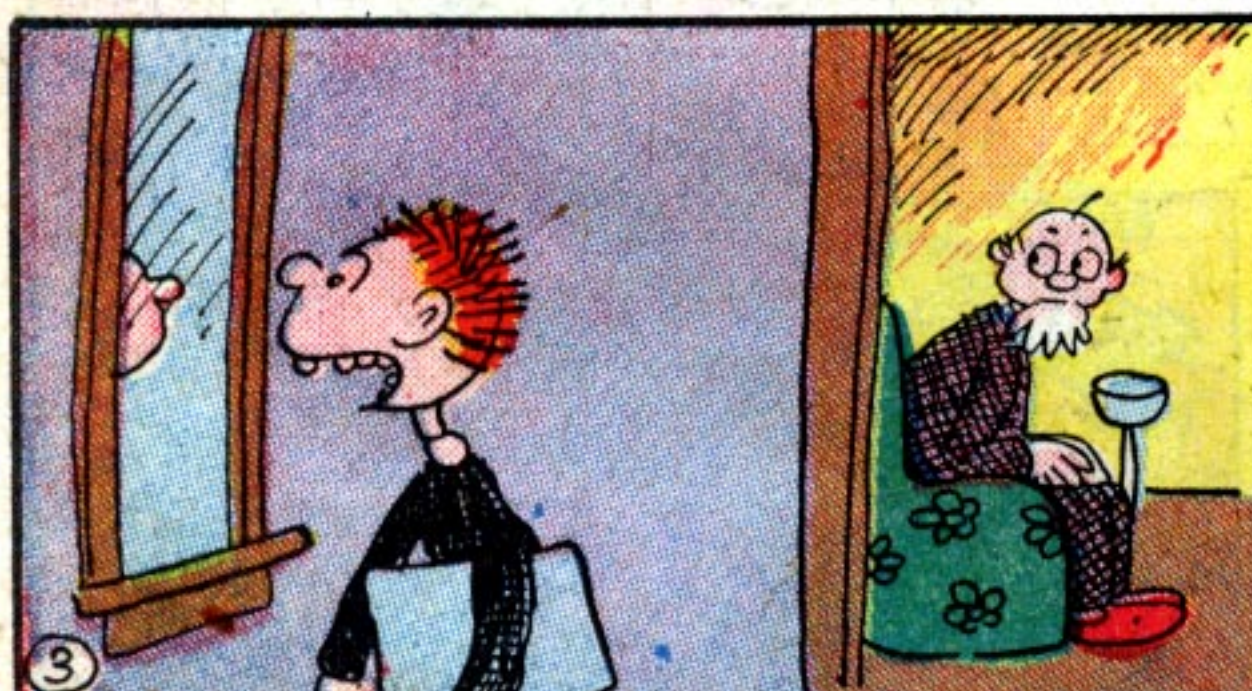
GRANDPA PETERS



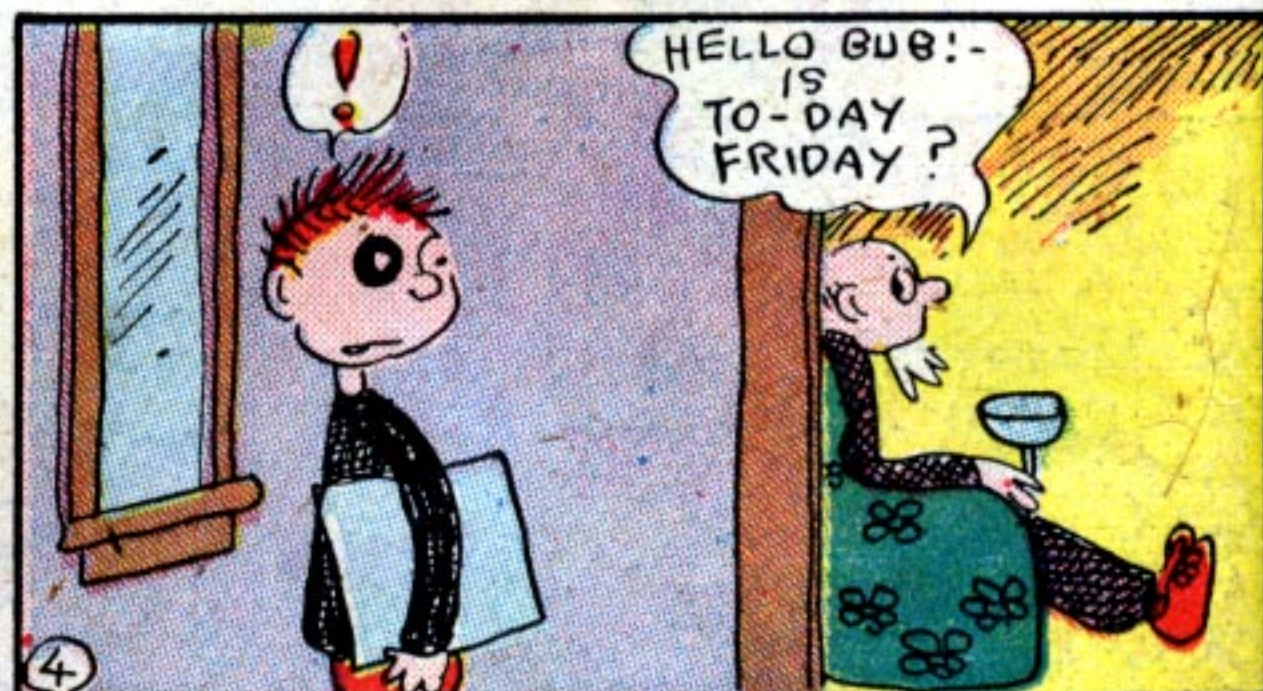
1 MY GRANDPA, CLEM PETERS BEING EXTRA SPECIAL NICE TO ME YESTERDAY WITH REFRESHMENT ON THE SIDE AFTER HE GOT MY GOAT AND MADE ME CRY AND ACT LIKE A LITTLE BABY.



2 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.

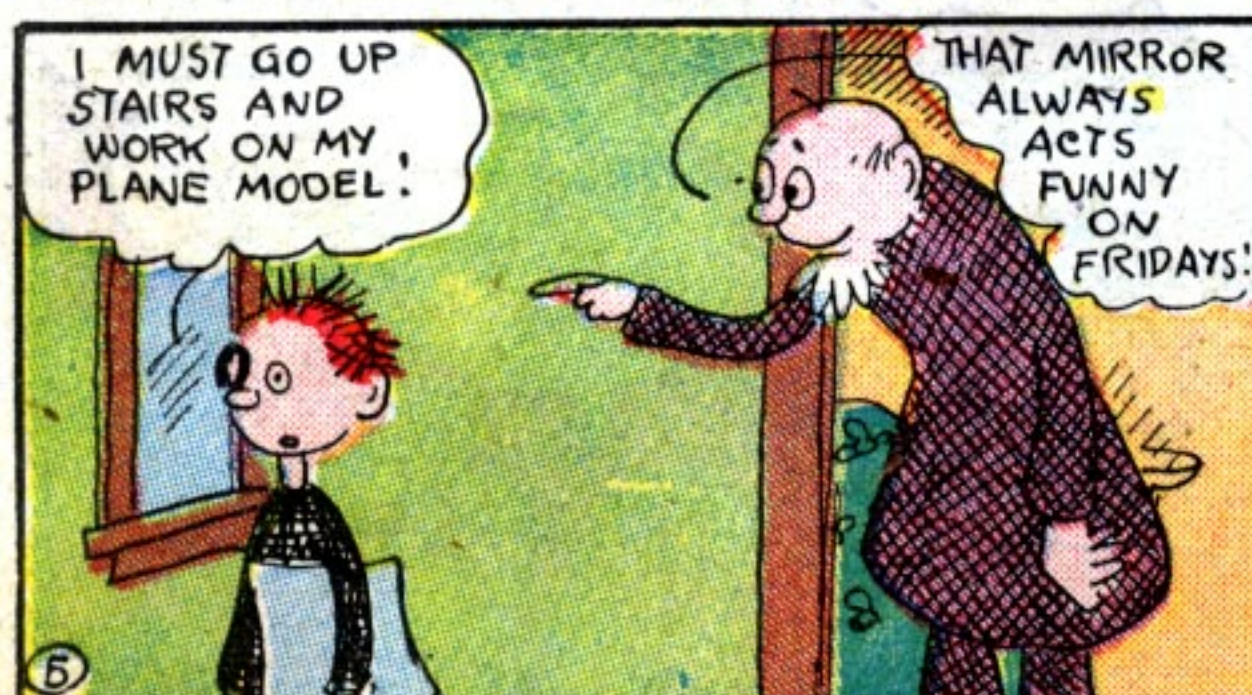


3 WHILE PASSING THE BIG MIRROR IN THE HALL I GOT CURIOUS TO SEE HOW I LOOKED WITHOUT THE TOOTH THAT DISAPPEARED WHILE WHITEY AND I WERE HAVING OUR ARGUMENT. THE TOOTH WAS LOOSE ANYWAY, - AND, YOU OUGHT TO SEE WHAT I DID TO HIM!



4 I THOUGHT MY GRANDPA WAS DOWN TO THE FIRE-HOUSE PLAYING PINNOCKLE AND WAS VERY STARTLED TO FIND OUT I WAS WRONG.

IT WAS FRIDAY TOO!



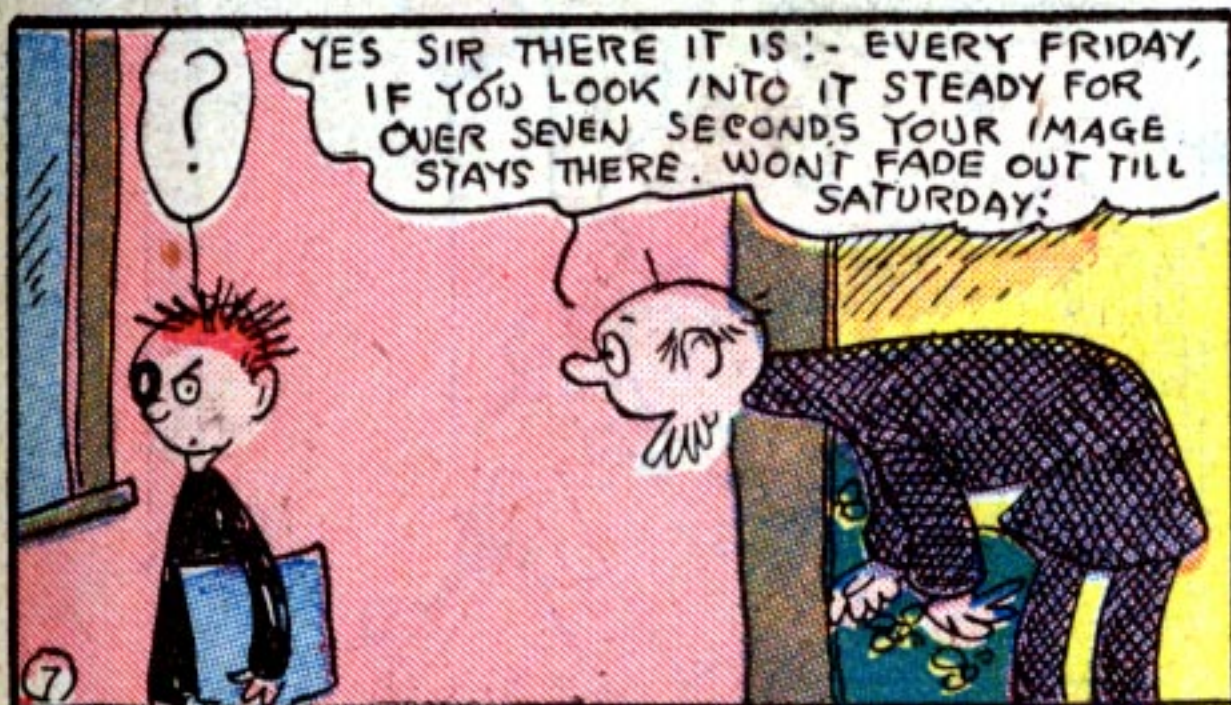
5 CORNERED!



6 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.

BY LEFTY O'GRADY

CHAMPION 9 ³/₄ YEARS
OLD SOUTH-PAW
WRITER AND ARTIST
OF 313 ELM ST.
COMMAS, PERIODS
AND SPELLING BY
DOM MENAMARAC



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 60!



THEN, - I WENT HAY-WIRE! - I HAD
NO MORE GOAT THAN A RABBIT!
P.S. NOW I AM ASHAMED AT MYSELF.



MY GRANDPA DIDNT ASK ME ONE WORD ABOUT
HOW I GOT MY SHINER. HE TOLD AUNTIE MINERVA
TO LAY OFF ME TOO, BUT SHE DIDNT.
P.S. - YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE WHAT
I DID TO WHITEY!

your's Truly
Lefty O'G.

HAYFOOT HENRY

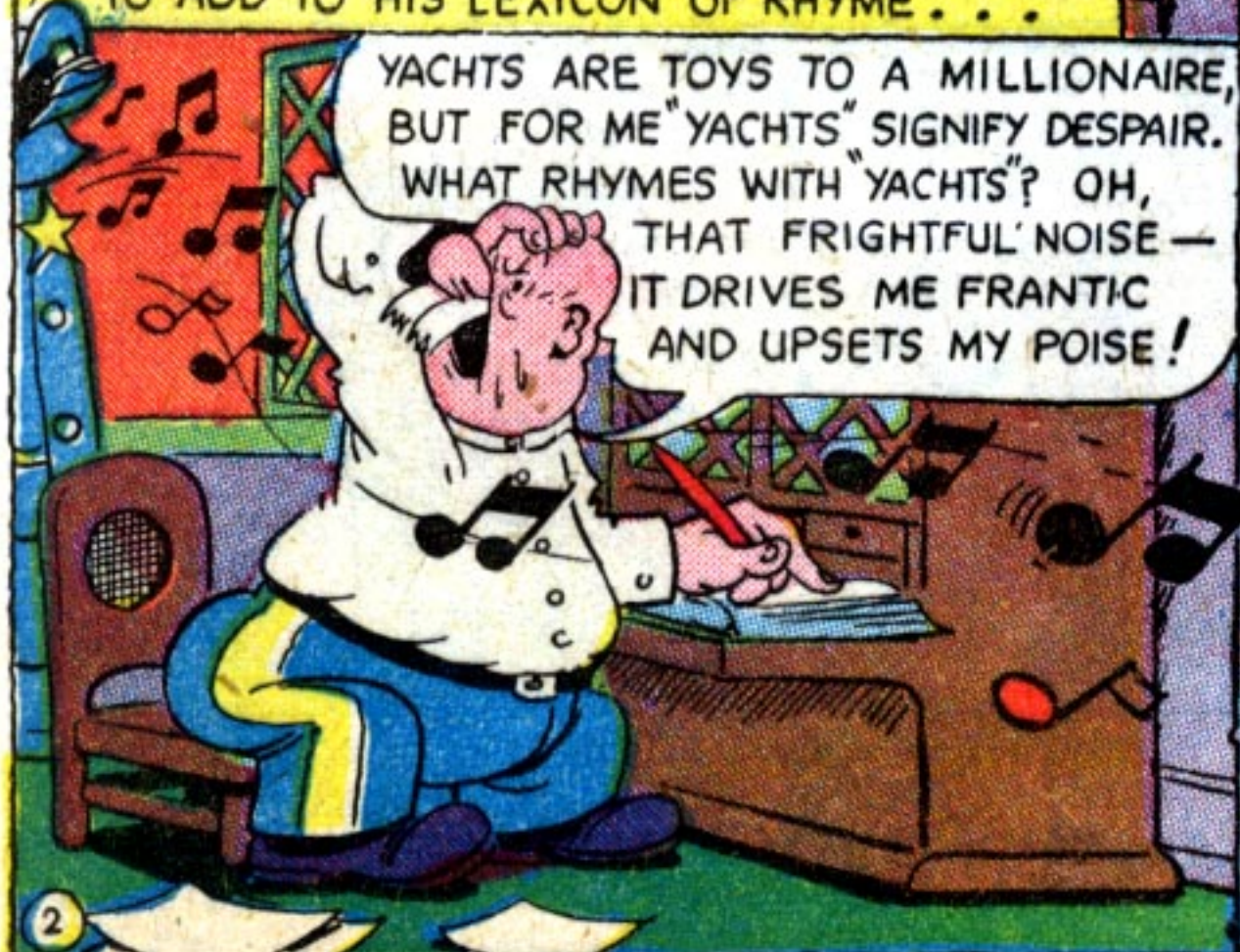
IN SLUMBROUS SLEEPYSIDE, THE TOWN OF RHYME, WHERE ONLY VERSE IS SPOKEN ALL THE TIME, AN ABSENT-MINDED* CROOK COMMITS QUEER THEFTS TO PUZZLE HENRY, UNTIL RIGHTS AND LEFTS BOLDLY DELIVERED BY THE LITTLE COP, AND KEEN DEDUCTION, BRINGS CRIME TO A STOP. BUT A CONDITION MOST AMAZING IS REVEALED WHEN THE PURPOSE OF THE THIEVING'S 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 SAXAPHONE AND FILLS THE AIR WITH HIDEOUS TONE, HENRY THE COP SEEKS ANOTHER LINE TO ADD TO HIS LEXICON OF RHYME...

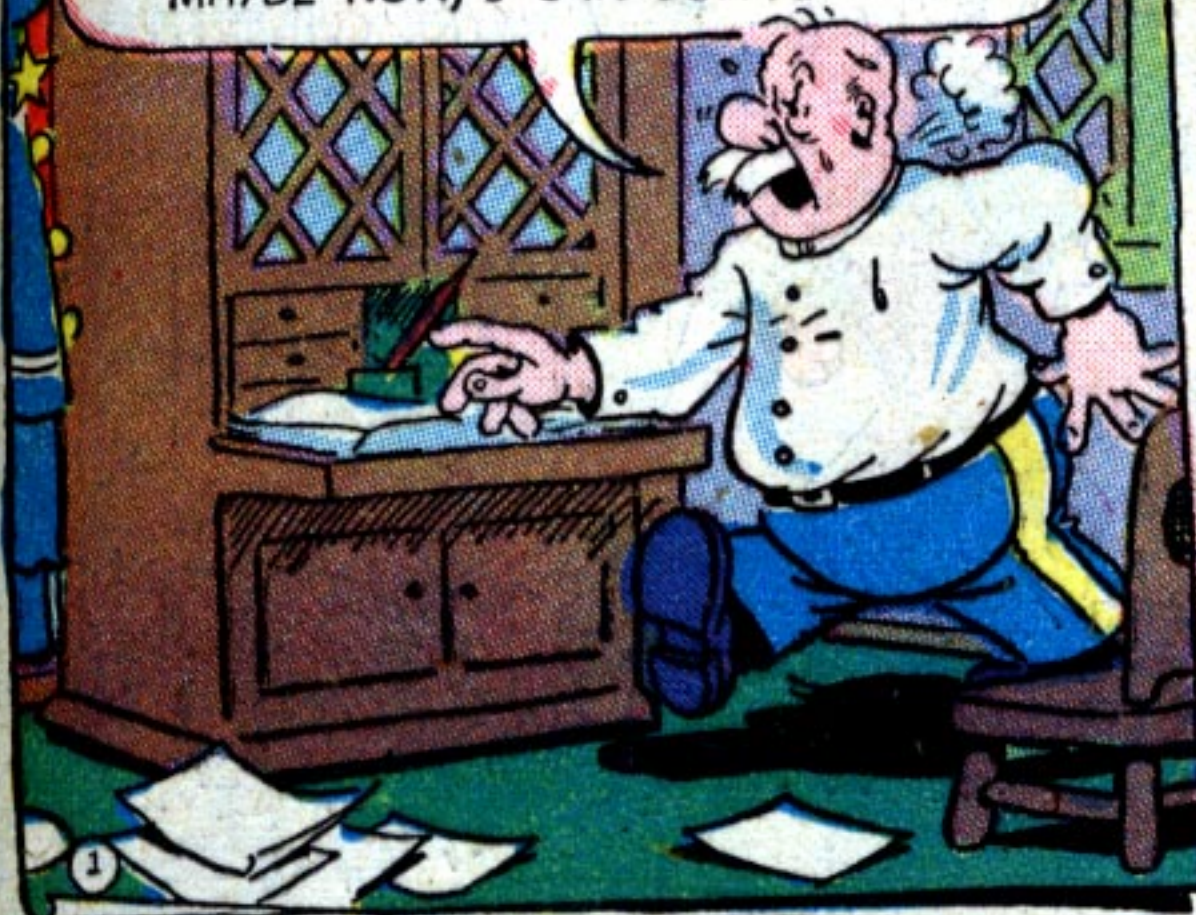
YACHTS ARE TOYS TO A MILLIONAIRE, BUT FOR ME "YACHTS" SIGNIFY DESPAIR. WHAT RHYMES WITH "YACHTS"? OH, THAT FRIGHTFUL NOISE — IT DRIVES ME FRANTIC AND UPSETS MY POISE!



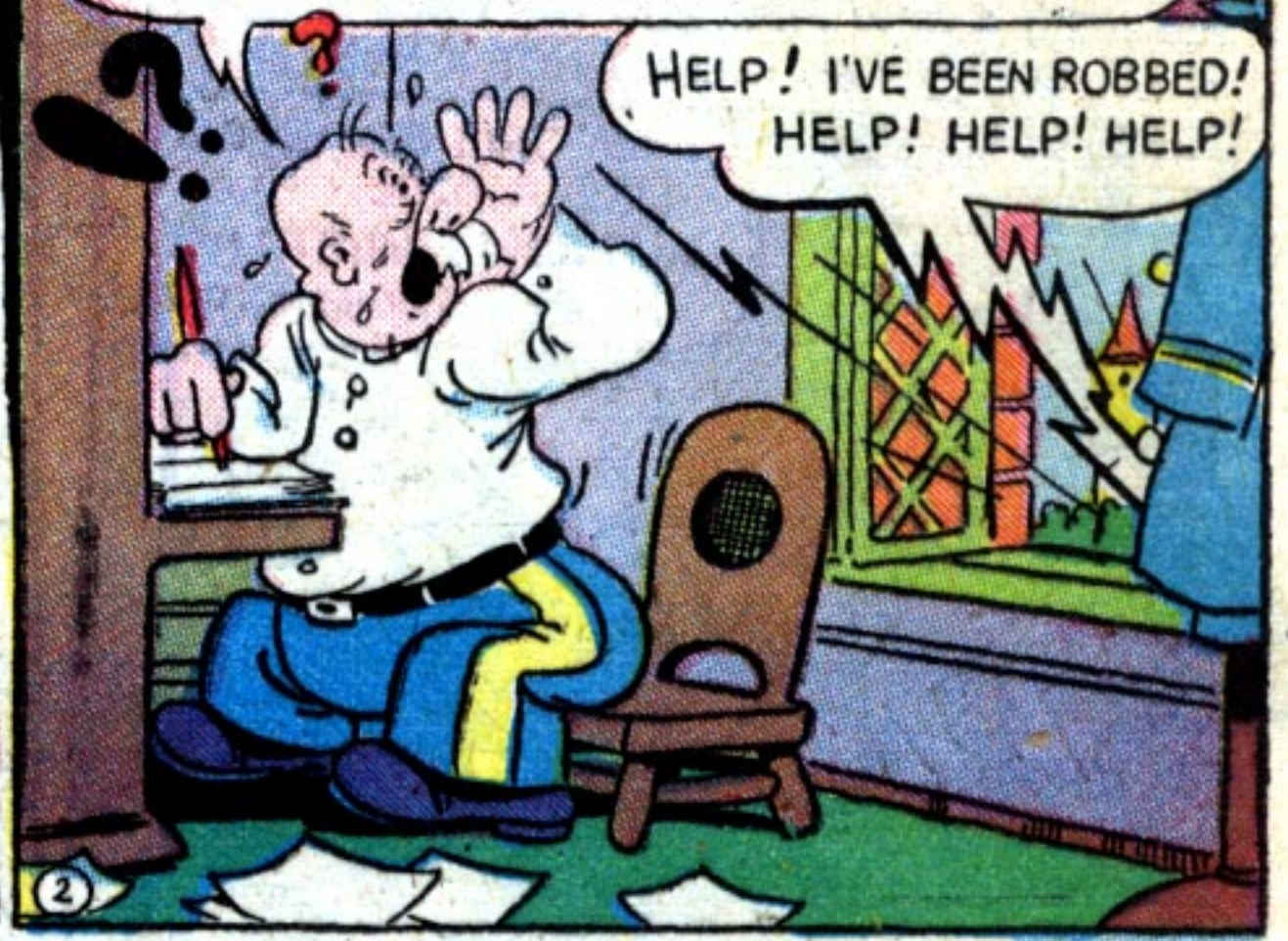
HEY, YOU! IF THAT RACKET DOESN'T CEASE, I'LL ARREST YOU FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE. YOUR TECHNIQUE IS AWFUL, YOUR TONE IS BAD. YOU'RE KILLING MY EAR AND YOU'RE DRIVING ME MAD!



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!

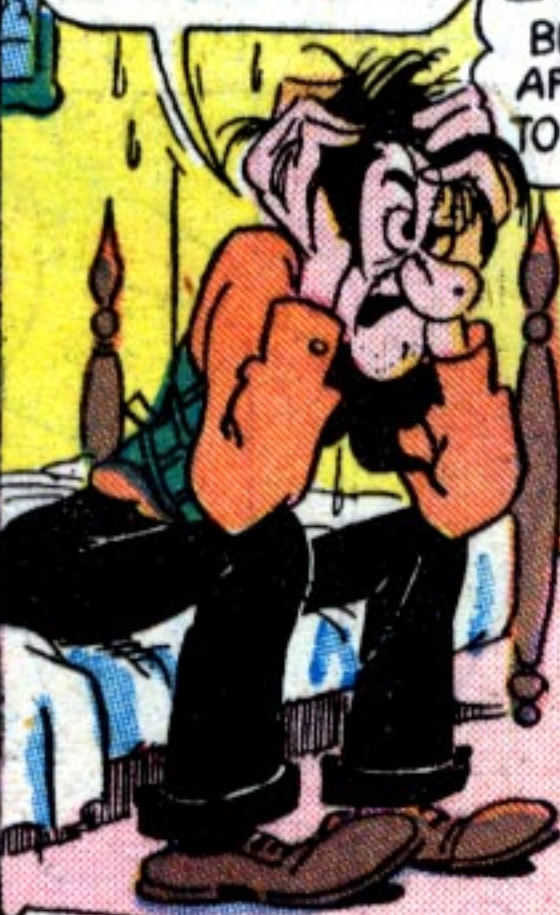


HELP! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
HELP! HELP! HELP!

THE GUY WITH THE SAX!
I KNOW HIS SHOUT!
THE THIEF HAS STRUCK AGAIN,
I'VE LITTLE DOUBT!



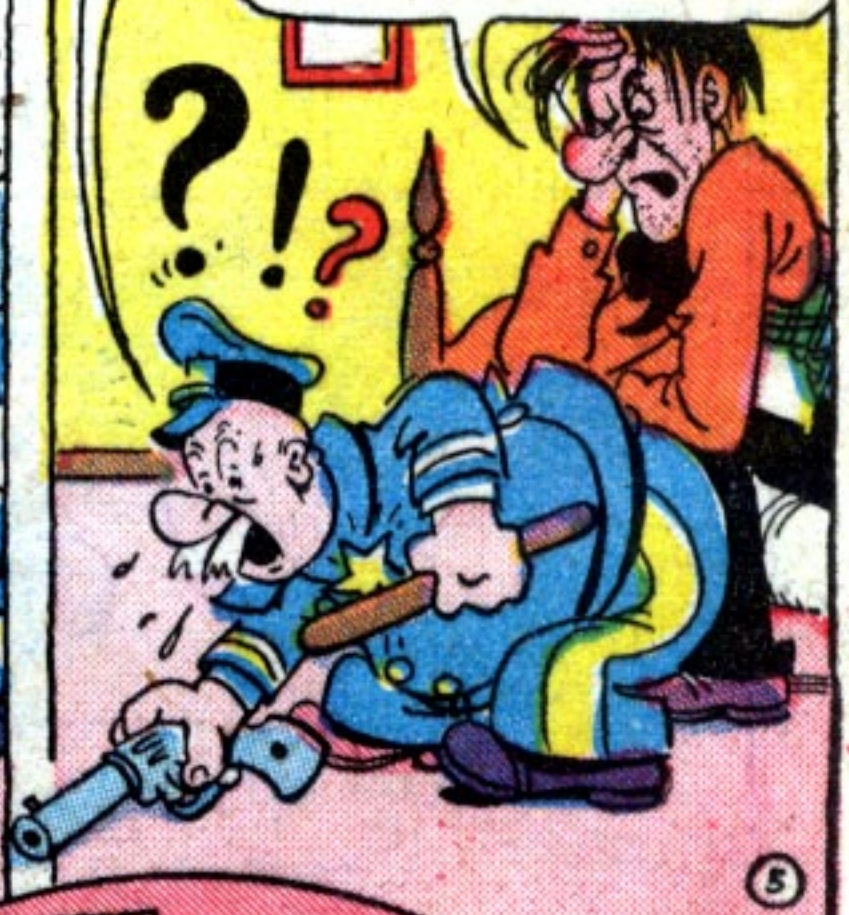
ALAS! A MASKED MAN STOLE
THE DEAREST THING I OWN!
HE HELD ME UP AND TOOK AWAY
MY SAXAPHONE!



—WHAT JOYOUS NEWS!
BUT I MUSN'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!

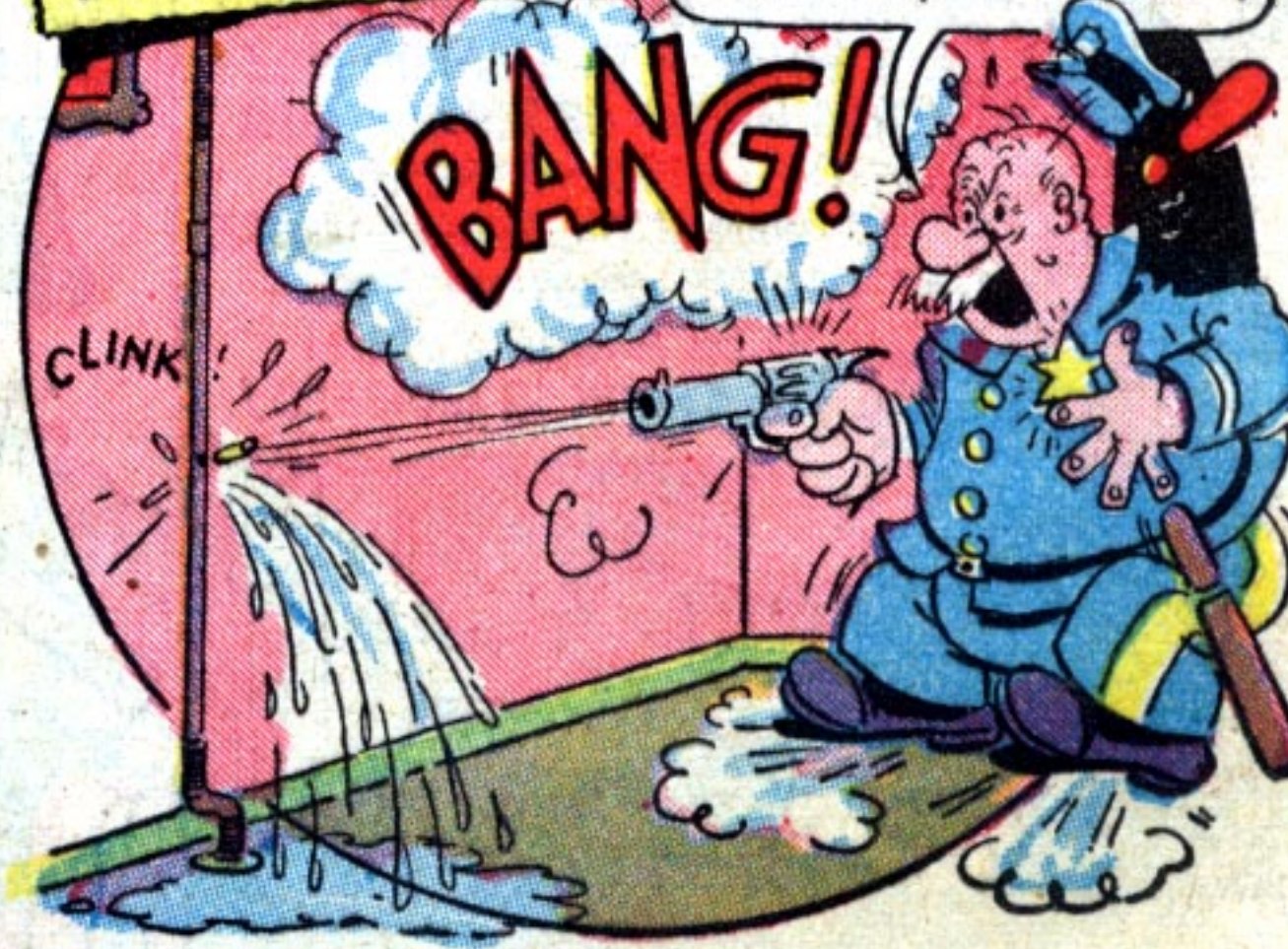


WHAT CRAZY CROOK WOULD FORGET HIS ROD?
ONLY A PROFESSOR OR A STUPID CLOD.
BUT I'LL TAKE IT HOME AND
CHECK FOR PRINTS.
MAYBE IT'LL GIVE ME A COUPLE OF HINTS



BUT ALAS, IT SEEMS THAT
TROUBLE'S 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!



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 CONFESS
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!

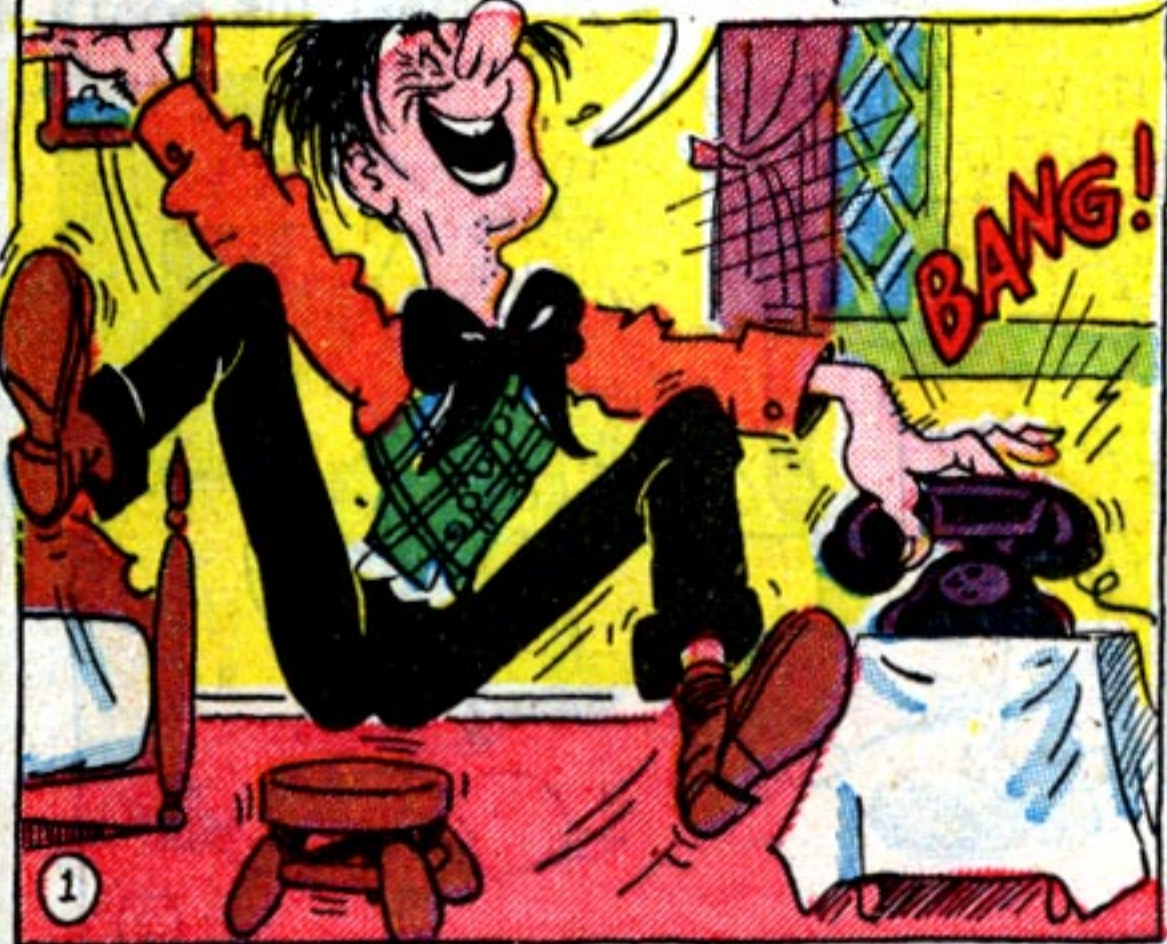
HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS TOOLS!
WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!
THIS HABIT OF HIS, SUPPLIES
THE MISSING KEY!
I'LL PHONE THE PEOPLE WHOSE
STUFF'S BEEN NABBED,
TO BE AROUND, WHEN
THE CROOK IS GRABBED!

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...

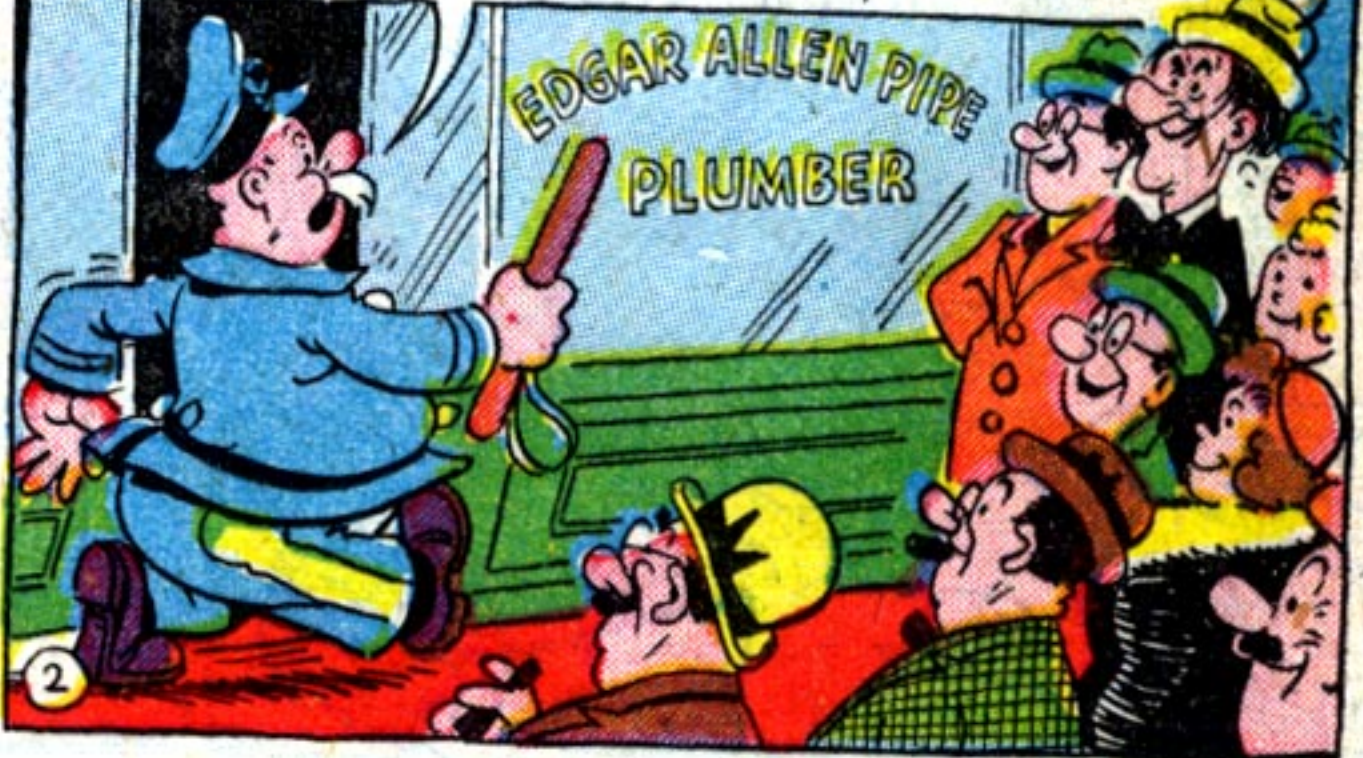
OH, JOHN, HENRY WADSWORTH
SHORTYFELLOW, KNOWS
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
OUR GARDEN HOSE!

OH, GOODY—HENRY WILL RETURN MY SAXAPHONE, 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!



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!

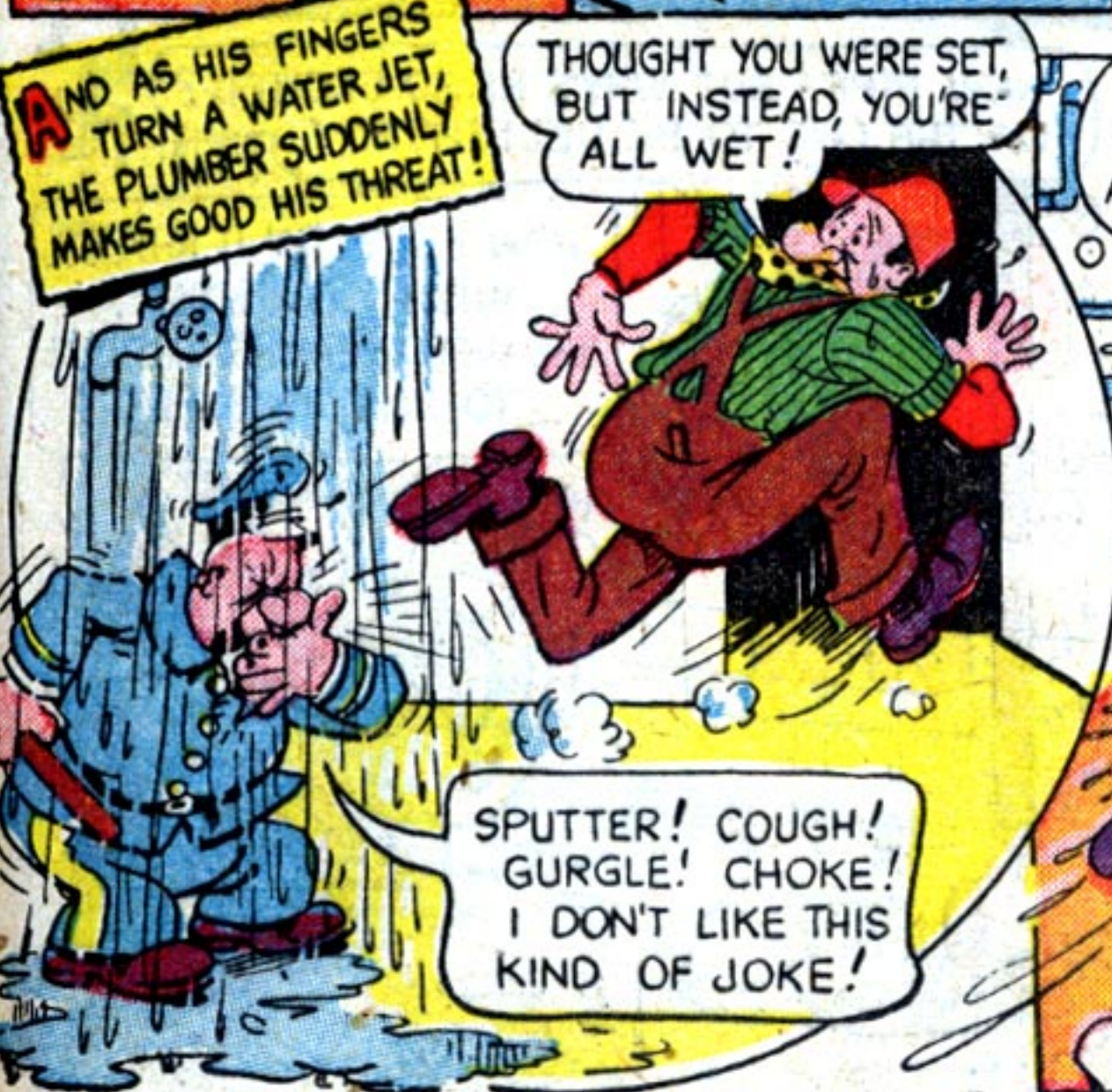
LEGGO MY EAR! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!



AND AS HIS FINGERS TURN A WATER JET, THE PLUMBER SUDDENLY MAKES GOOD HIS THREAT!

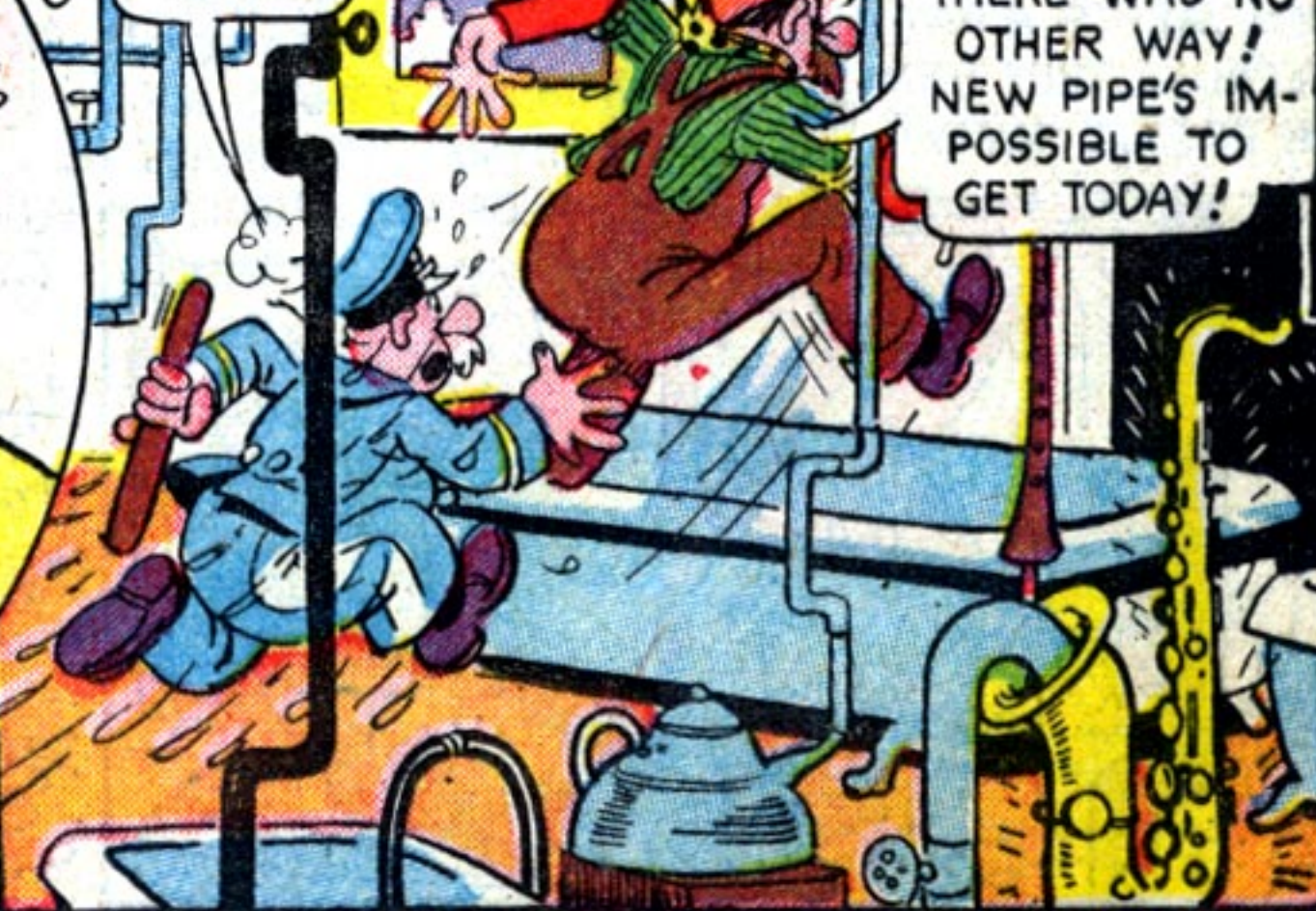
THOUGHT YOU WERE SET, BUT INSTEAD, YOU'RE ALL WET!

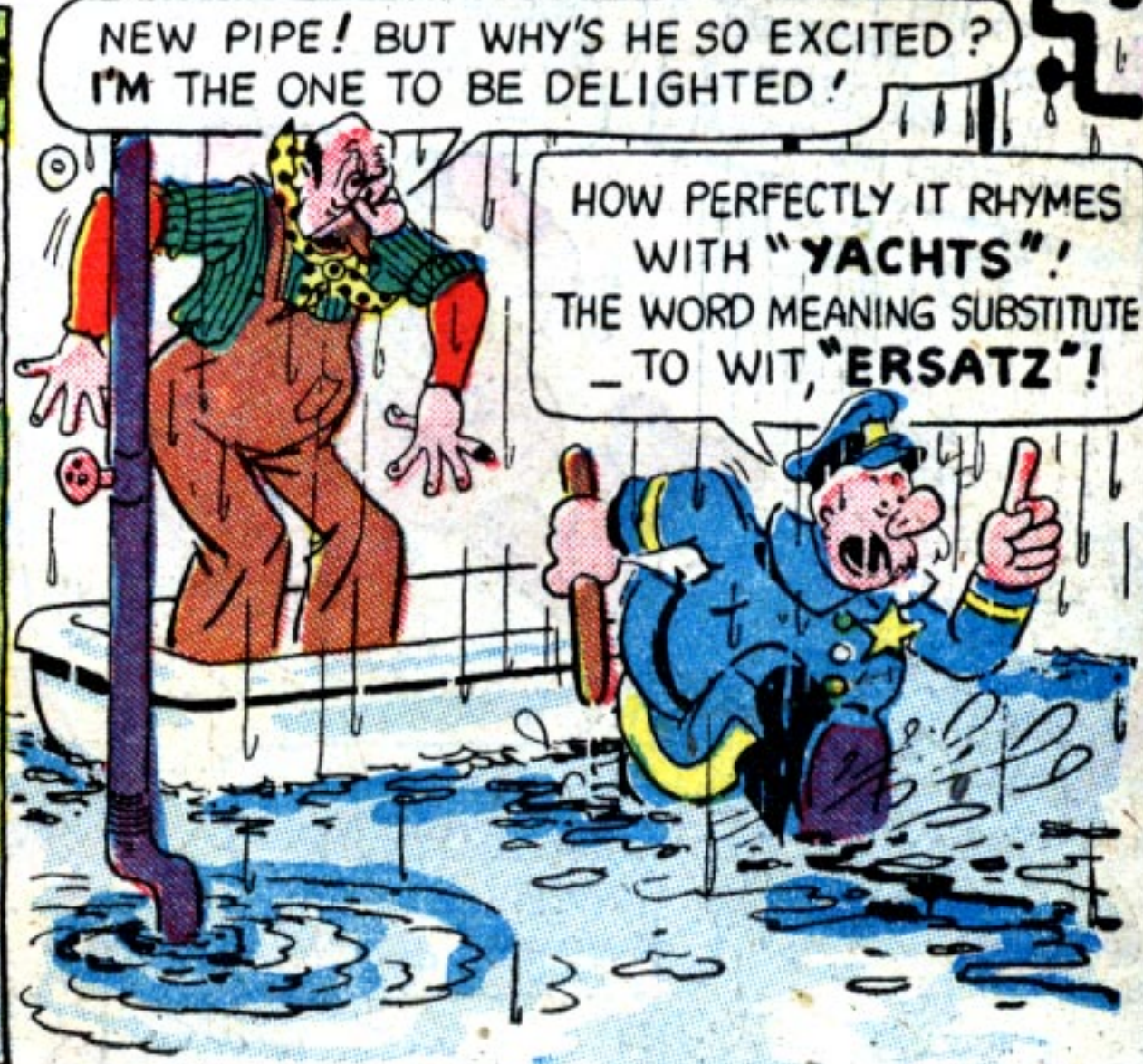
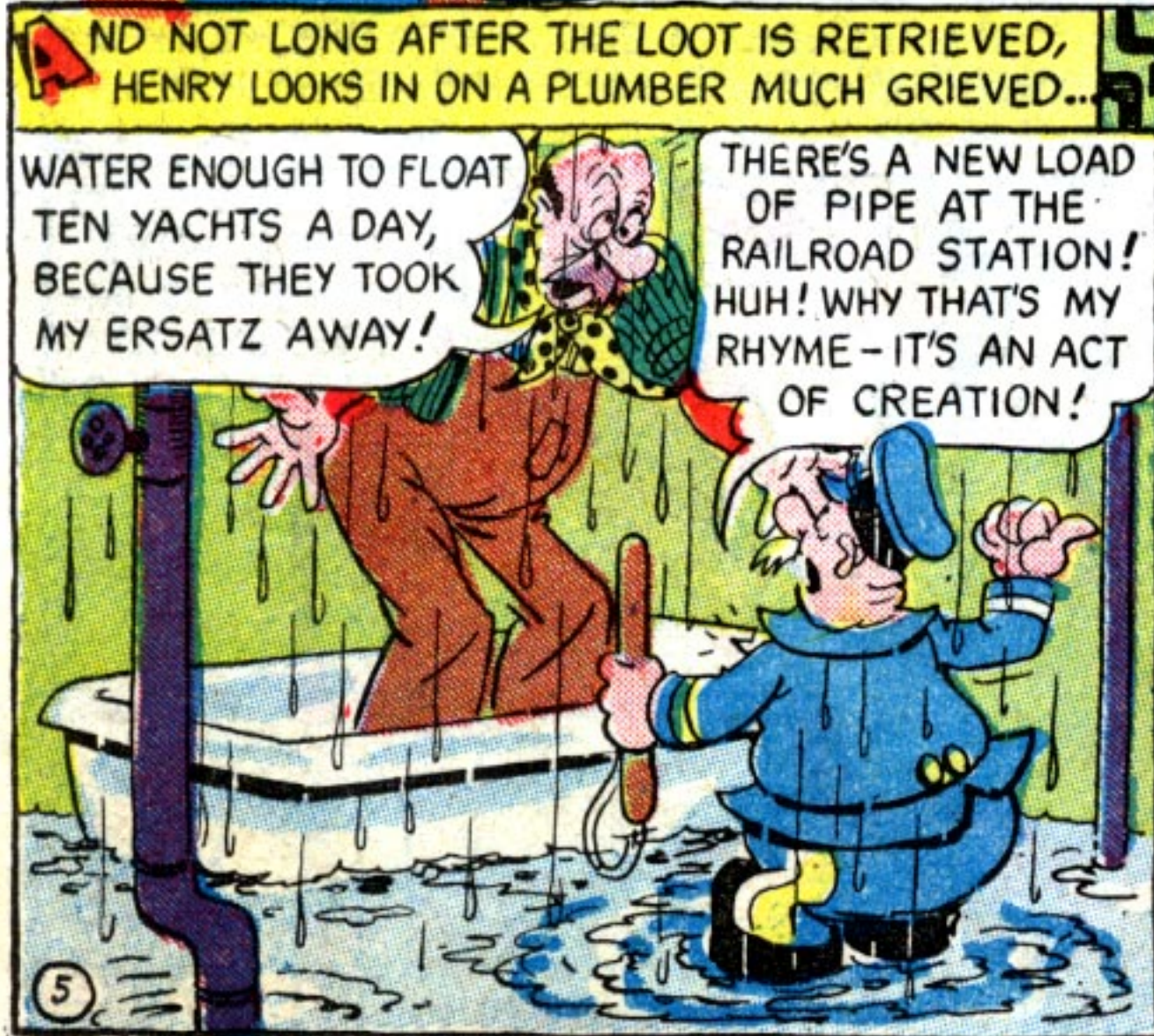
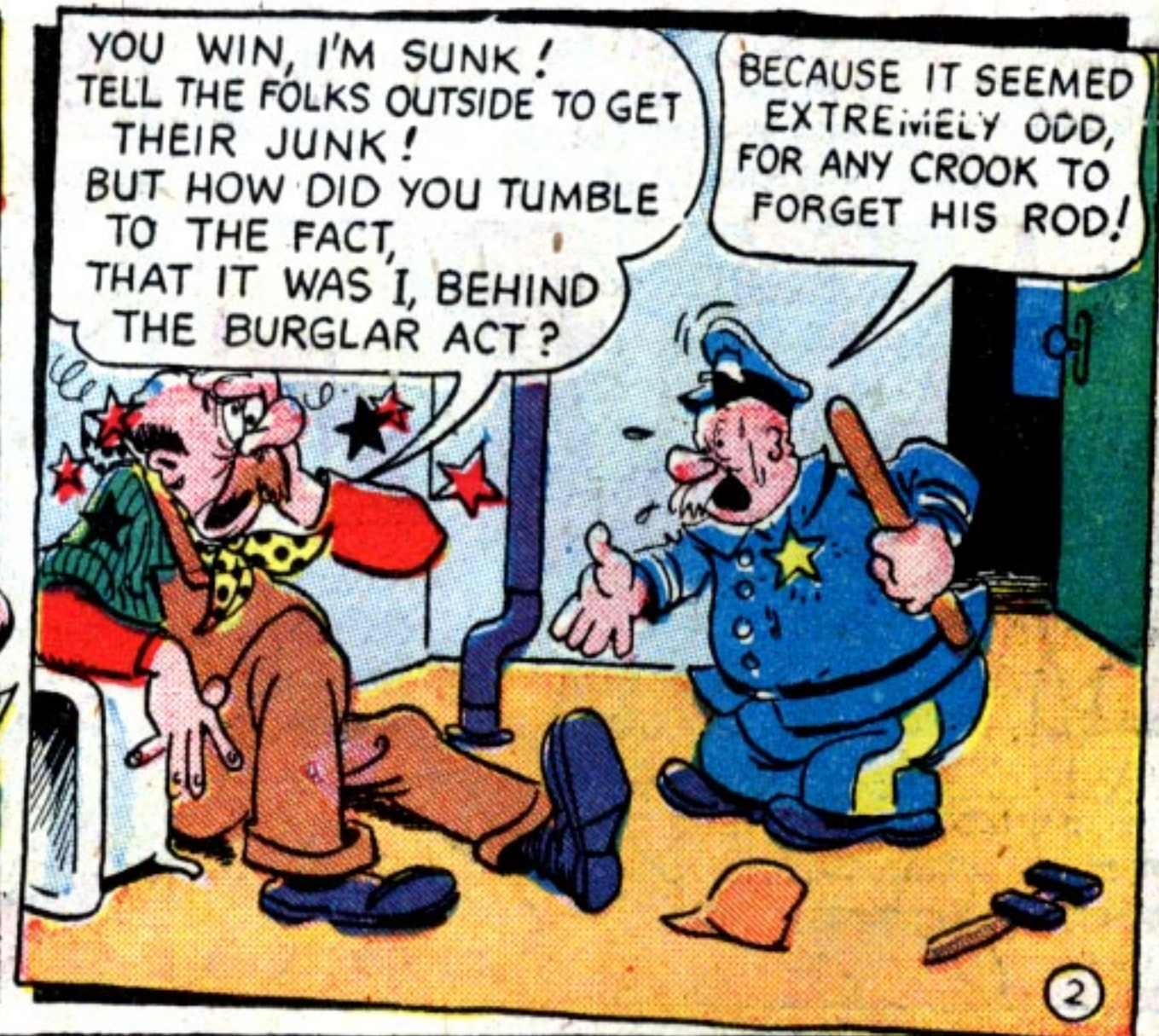
SPUTTER! COUGH! GURGLE! CHOKE! I DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF JOKE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT, A CROOK OF A SPECIAL TYPE, HE'S USED THE LOOT TO PATCH HIS LEAKY PIPE! AND THERE'S THE SAXAPHONE! WILL THAT MUSICIAN GRIPE!

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY! NEW PIPE'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET TODAY!





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 phoney 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 on; 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 scuttlebutt, 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 muffled 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 cove 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 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 dig 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 stabbed into 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 caught 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, flashlights 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 as 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.

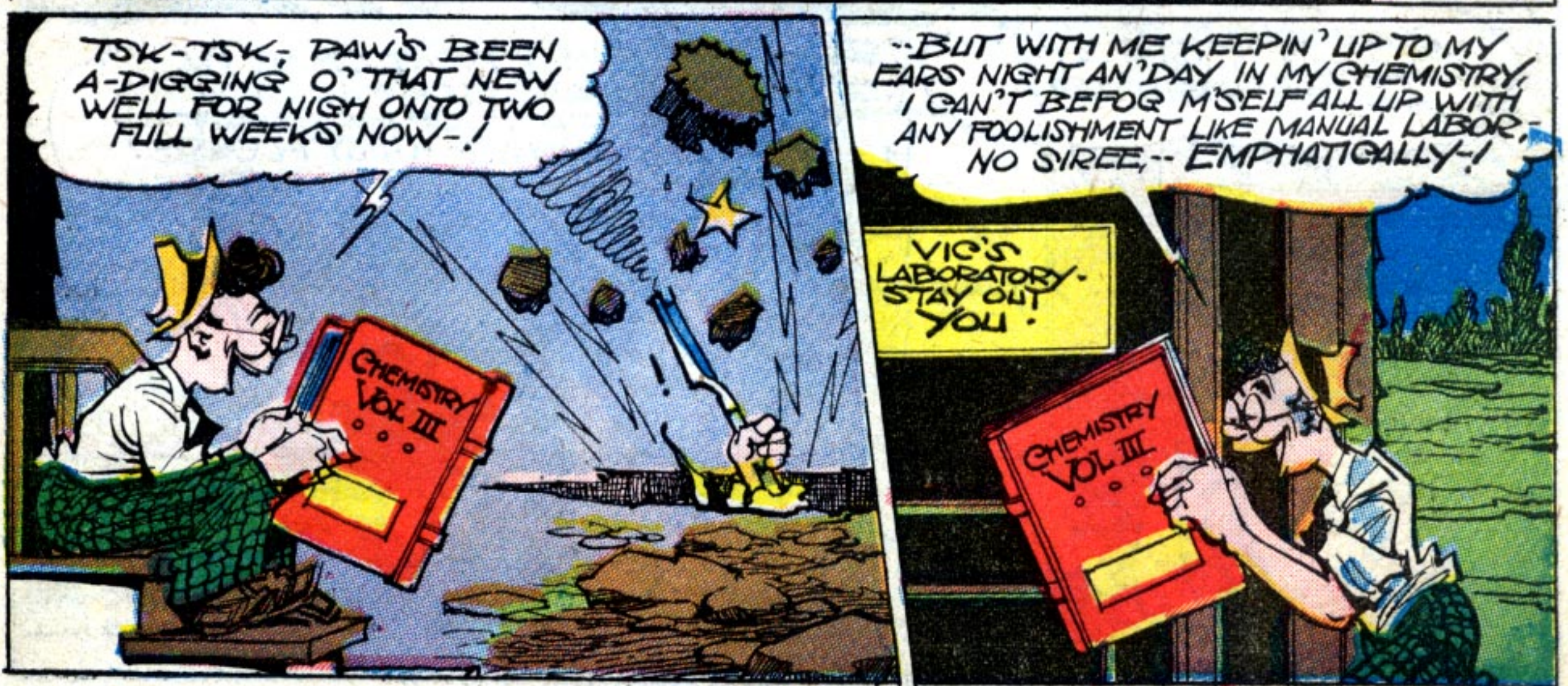
He'd better find it. Gosh, if it ever went off after the Skipper went to sleep—! He began searching the beach again.

"I wonder where they hid it," he thought anxiously. He didn't want to get into any more trouble. 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!



OBOYOBOYOBOY!-- AT LAST
I'VE FINALLY MIXED MYSELF A MESS
OF HOME-MADE VITAMINS JUST
CHOCK-FULL OF EVERYTHING THE
DOCTOR ORDERED.-- PLUS EVERY-
THING THE OL' DOCTOR FORGOT!

FOLKS, HERE'S THAT
ROOTIN'--TOOTIN'--
HOOTIN'--SHOOTIN'
GRAD IN CHEMISTRY,
VIC WIGGINS, AGAIN--
WHAT VIC 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--!!

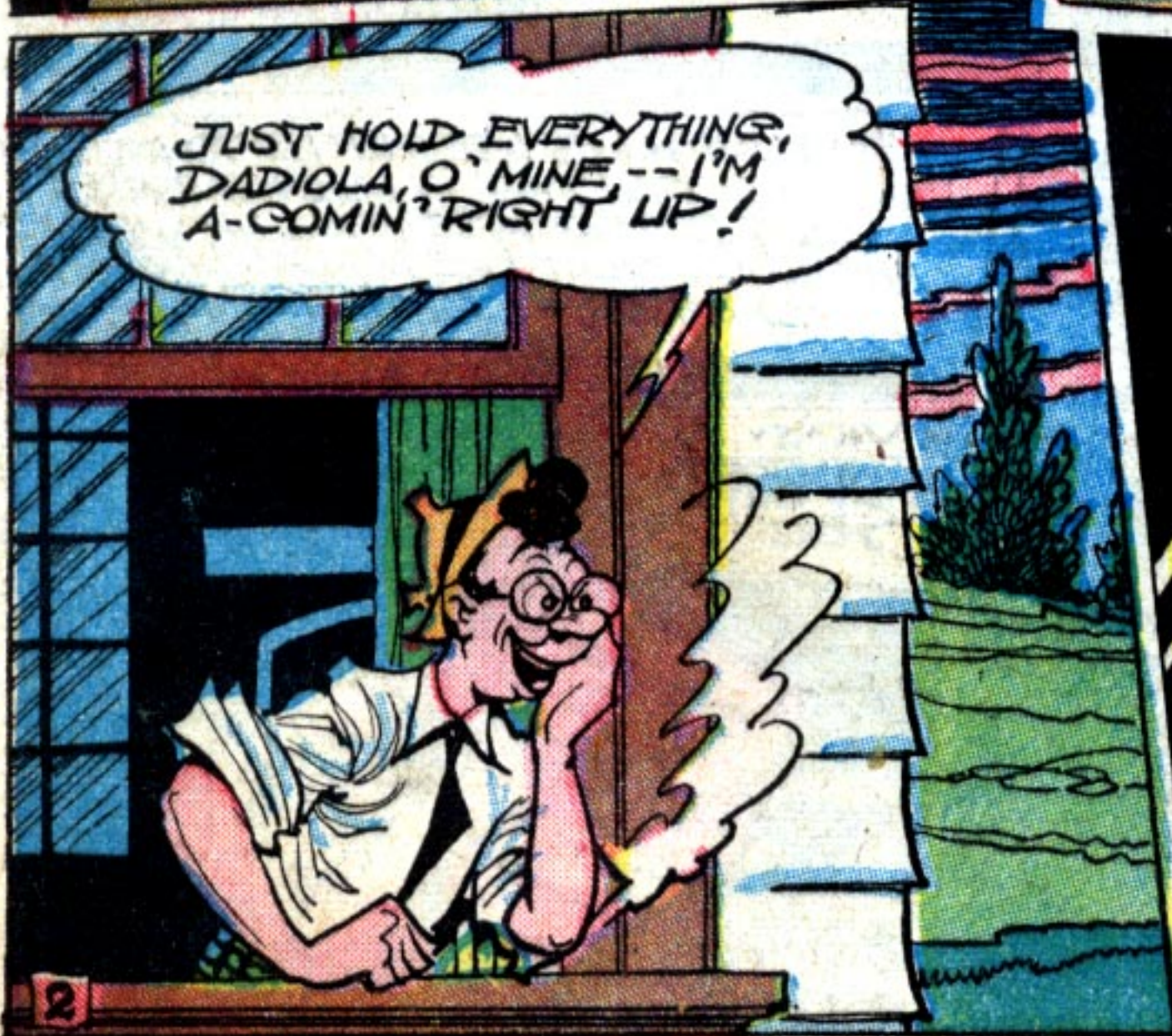
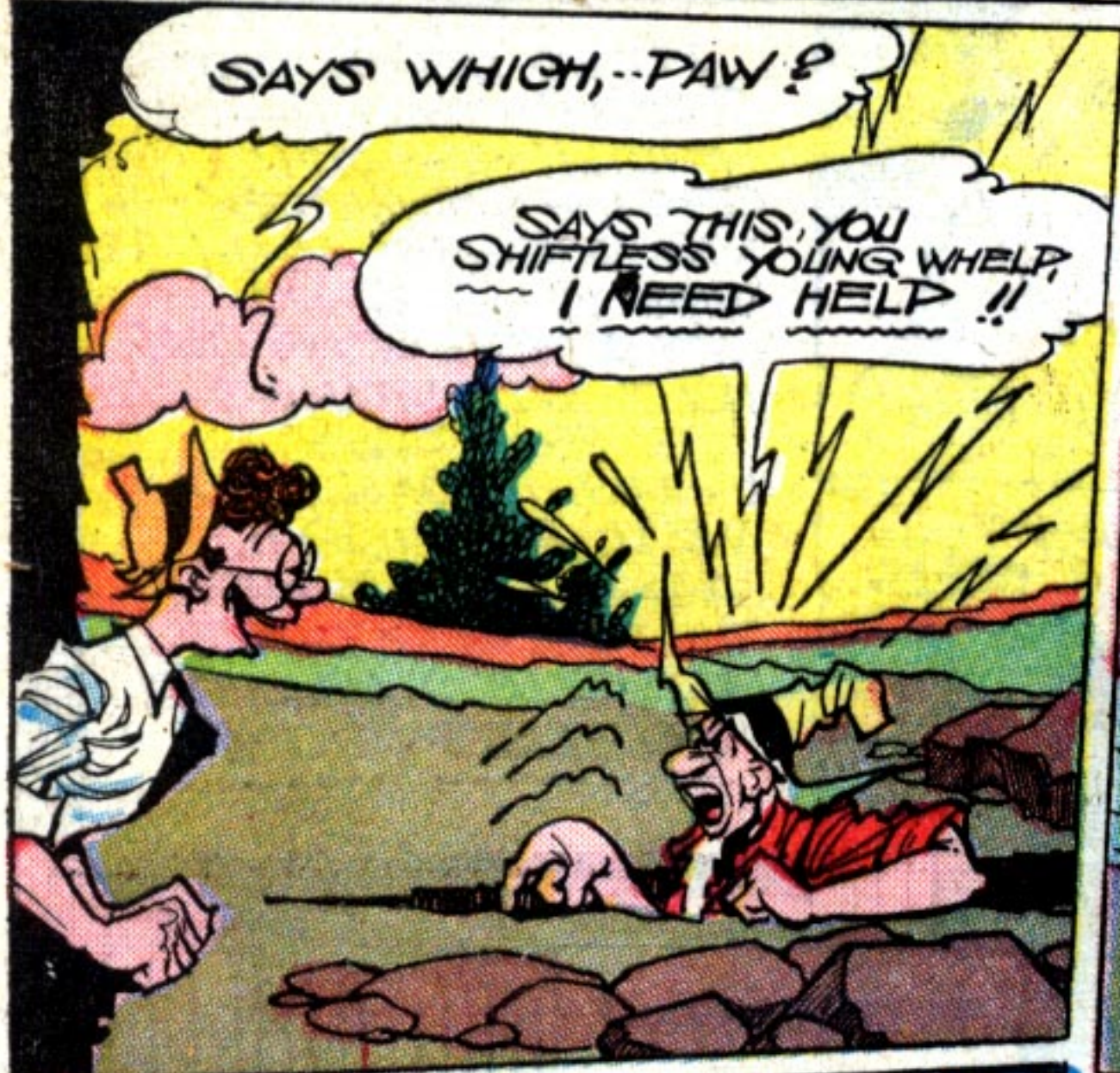
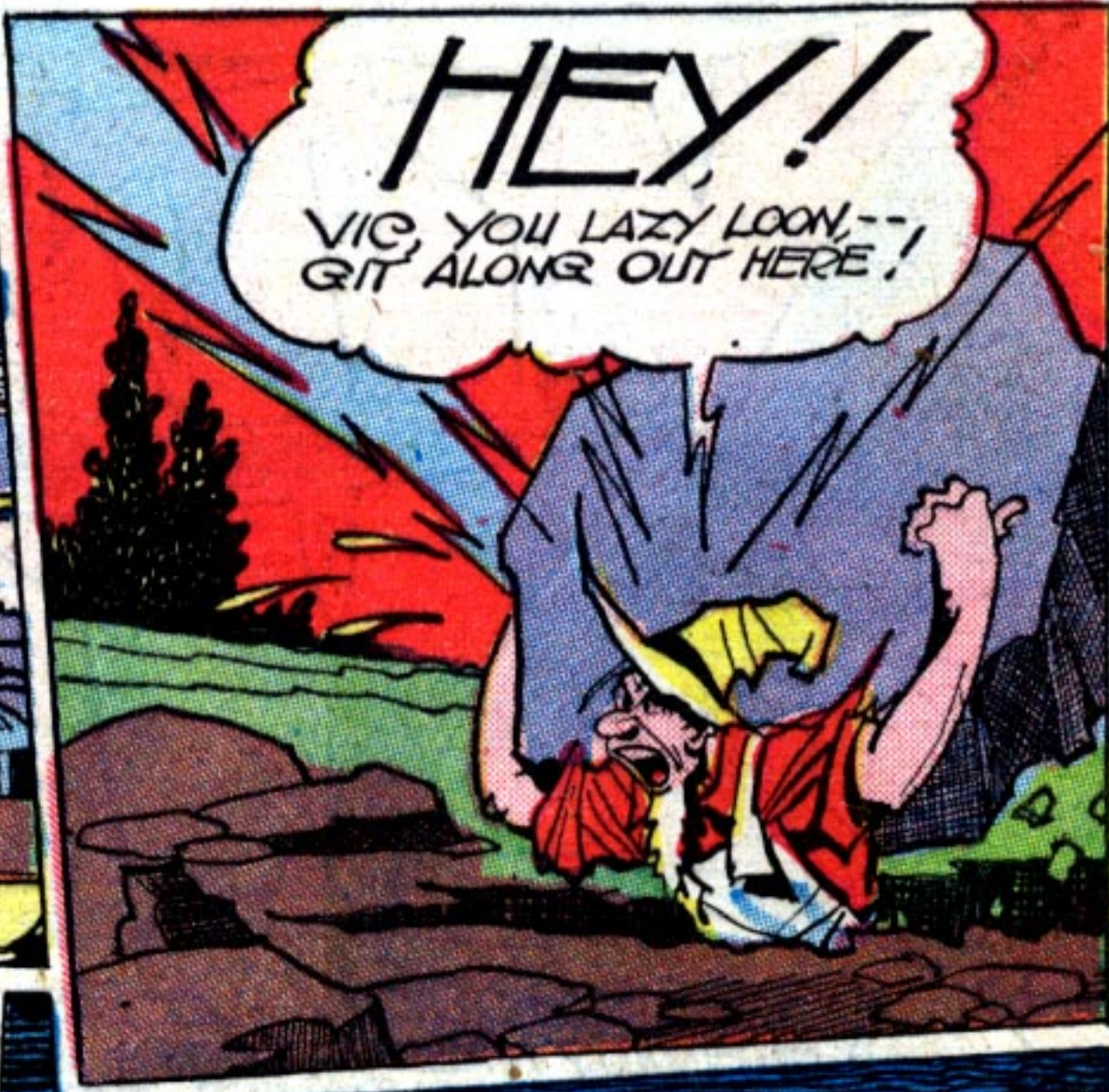


TSK-TSK; PAW'S BEEN
A-DIGGING O' THAT NEW
WELL FOR NIGH ONTO TWO
FULL WEEKS NOW--!

--BUT WITH ME KEEPIN' UP TO MY
EARS NIGHT AN'DAY IN MY CHEMISTRY,
I CAN'T BEFOG M'SELF ALL UP WITH
ANY FOOLISHMENT LIKE MANUAL LABOR,
NO SIREE,-- EMPHATICALLY--!

VIC'S
LABORATORY.
STAY OUT
YOU.

CHEMISTRY
VOL. III



NOW, PAW WHAT'S GOOKIN' ?--
WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE
OLD WELL,-- AND WHY ARE YOU
A-SCOOPIN' OUT A NEW ONE ?



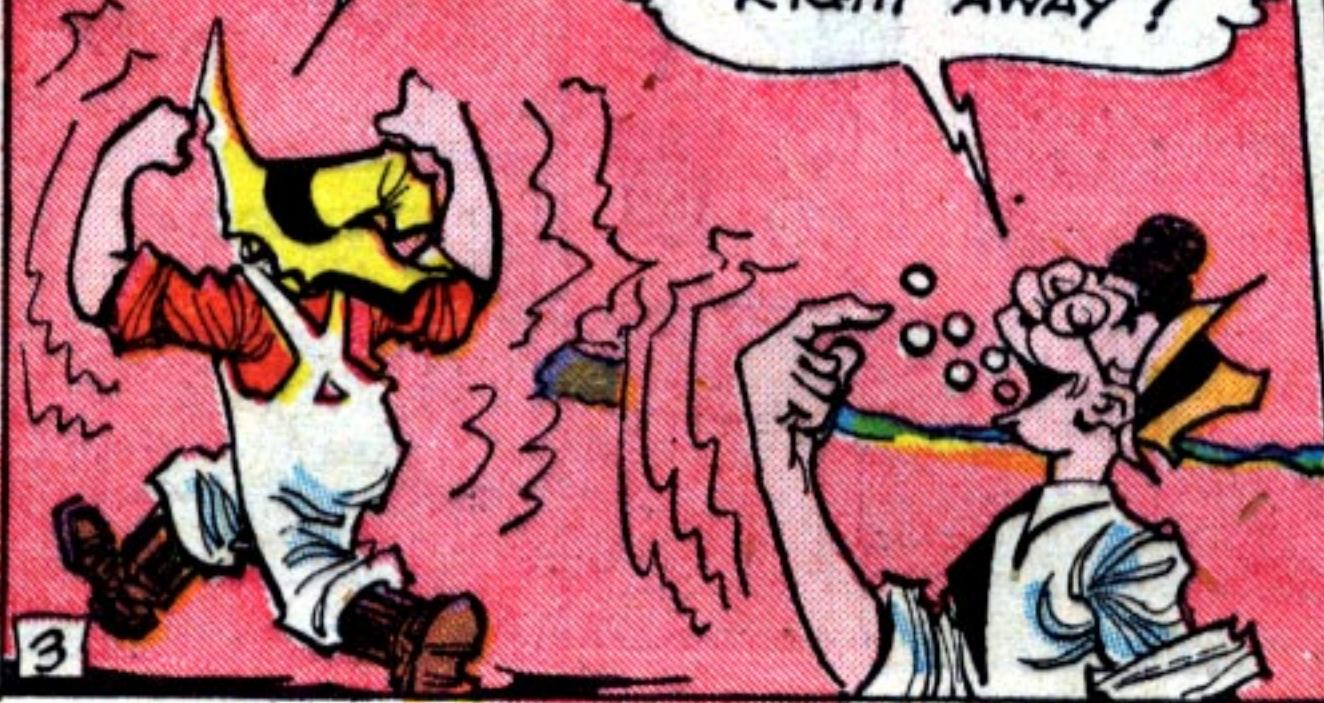
-- ALL IT NEEDS NOW IS TO BE
FULLY LINED WITH SOLID CONCRETE,
BUT COMPLETELY,-- AN' THAT'S
YOUR JOB,--- GIT GOIN' !!



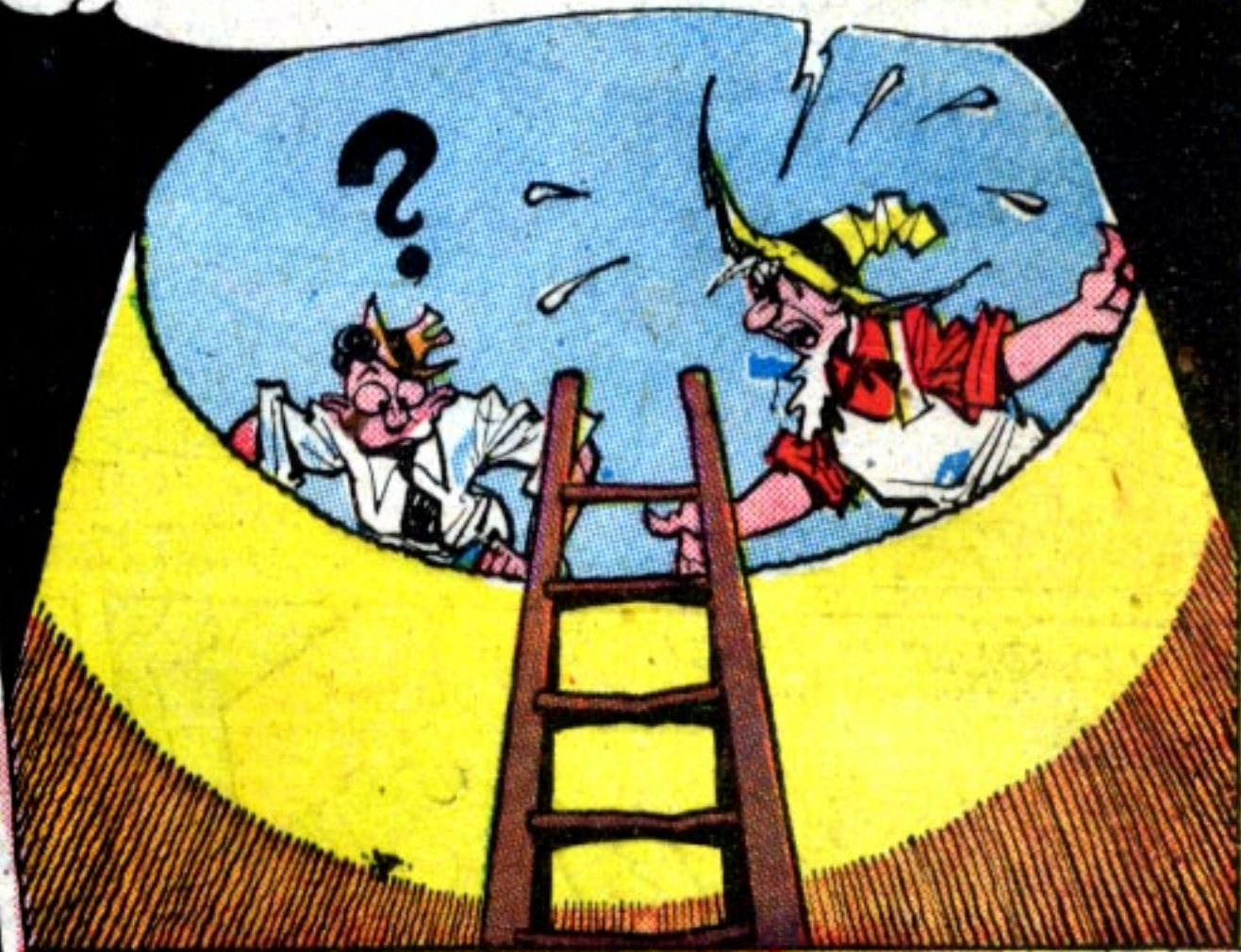
SENSE OR NOT, SCATTER-BRAIN, THE
OL' WELL'S PLUMB PETERED OUT, AND
YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A CONTRACT
TO RE-LINE THAT NEW ONE,-- NOW,
SO SNAP INTO IT,--- I FEEL AN
OVER-SIZED NAD A-GREEPIN' OVER
ME ALL AT ONCE-!

HO-HUM!

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

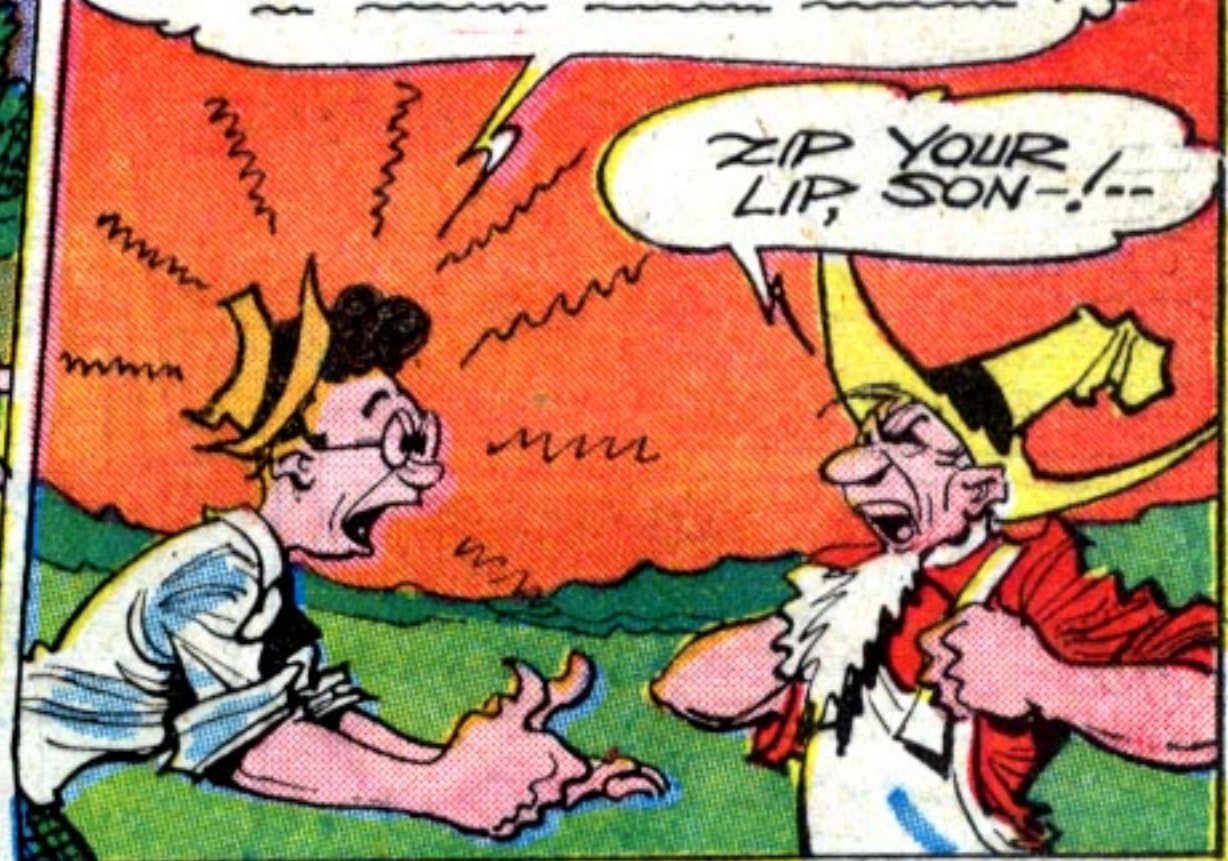


WAL,--THE OL' WELL JUST WENT AS
PLUMB-DRY AS A HOUND'S TOOTH,
SONNY-DUMMY,--AN' THIS NEW ONE IS
ALREADY FULL DUG,--BY ME--!!



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-!--



SUDDENLY A BOLT OF
INSPIRATION FROM THE BLUE
STRIKES, YIC, SQUARELY
ATOP DECK--



QUICKLY, PROCURING SOME MYSTERIOUS GADGETS FROM HIS LABORATORY, VIC, INSTANTLY JUMPS DOWN INTO THE NEWLY DUG WELL —

-- THEN WITH A HOP, -- SKIP -- AND A JUMP, VIC, COVERS THE QUARTER MILE TO THE OLD DRIED OUT WELL -- IN NOTHING FLAT --

I'LL HOOK THESE GADGETS UP FIRST!

BINGO!

NO SENSE AT ALL IN WASTING THIS BRAND-NEW CONCRETE LINING I BUILT IN HERE ONLY A MONTH AGO!

VIC GOES TIP-TOEING THROUGH THE TULIPS.

WHEE! -- THOSE NEW VITAMINS HAVE SURE GOT WHAT IT TAKES I'LL SAY!

HERE'S YOUR NEW HOME TOOTS! -- I'LL JUST SET YOU IN SNUG, -- HOP DOWN AND HOOK UP MY GADGETS, THEN TURN ON THE POWER!

SONNY BOY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

THE FIRST TWO-WAY WELL EVER CONSTRUCTED.

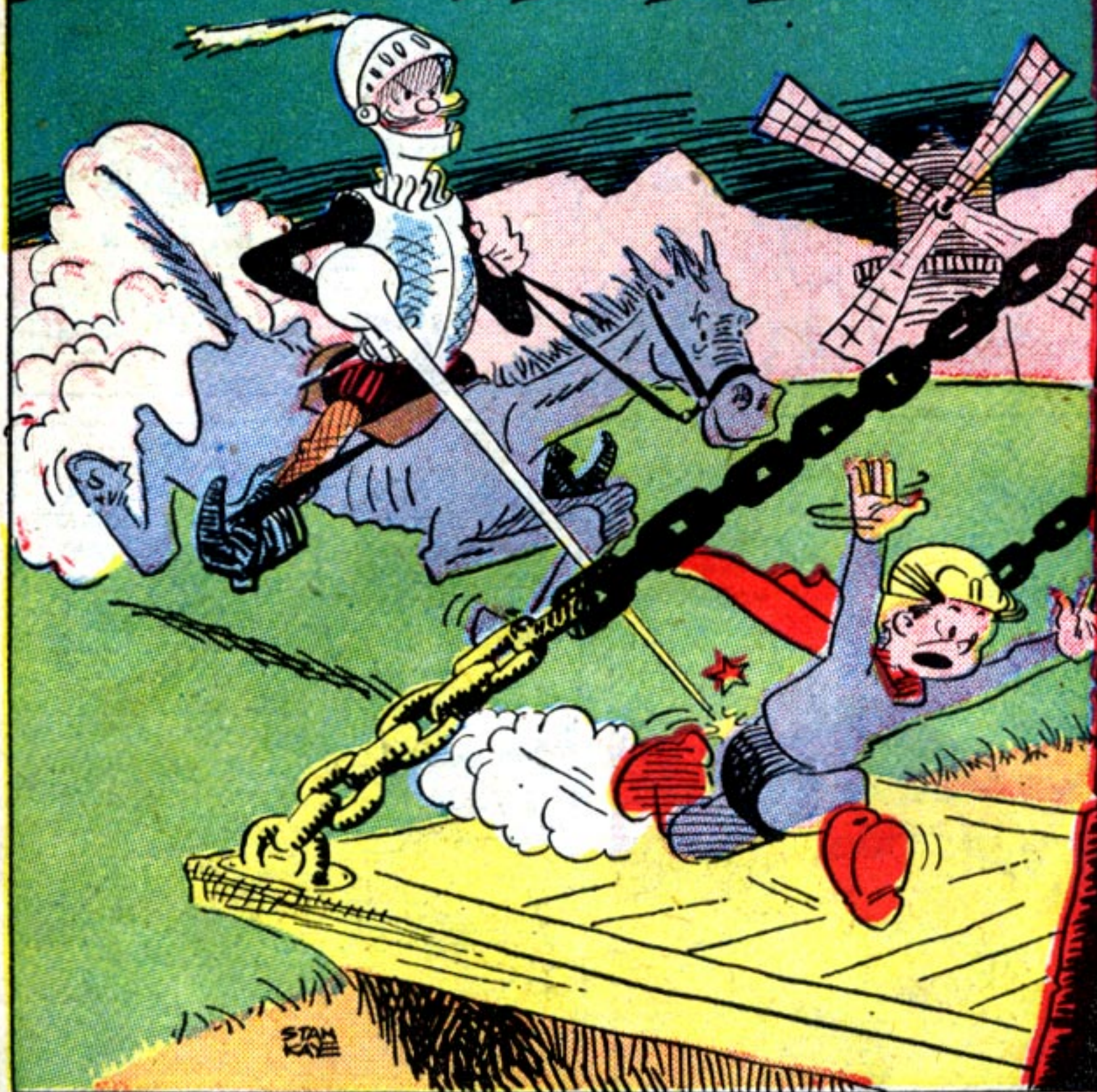
ICE WATER

SHUCKS, PAW, I JUST OWE IT ALL TO MY NEW VITAMINS, -- NO FOOLIN'!

ELECTRIC HEATER

FRIGID ICE COOLER

GENIUS JONES

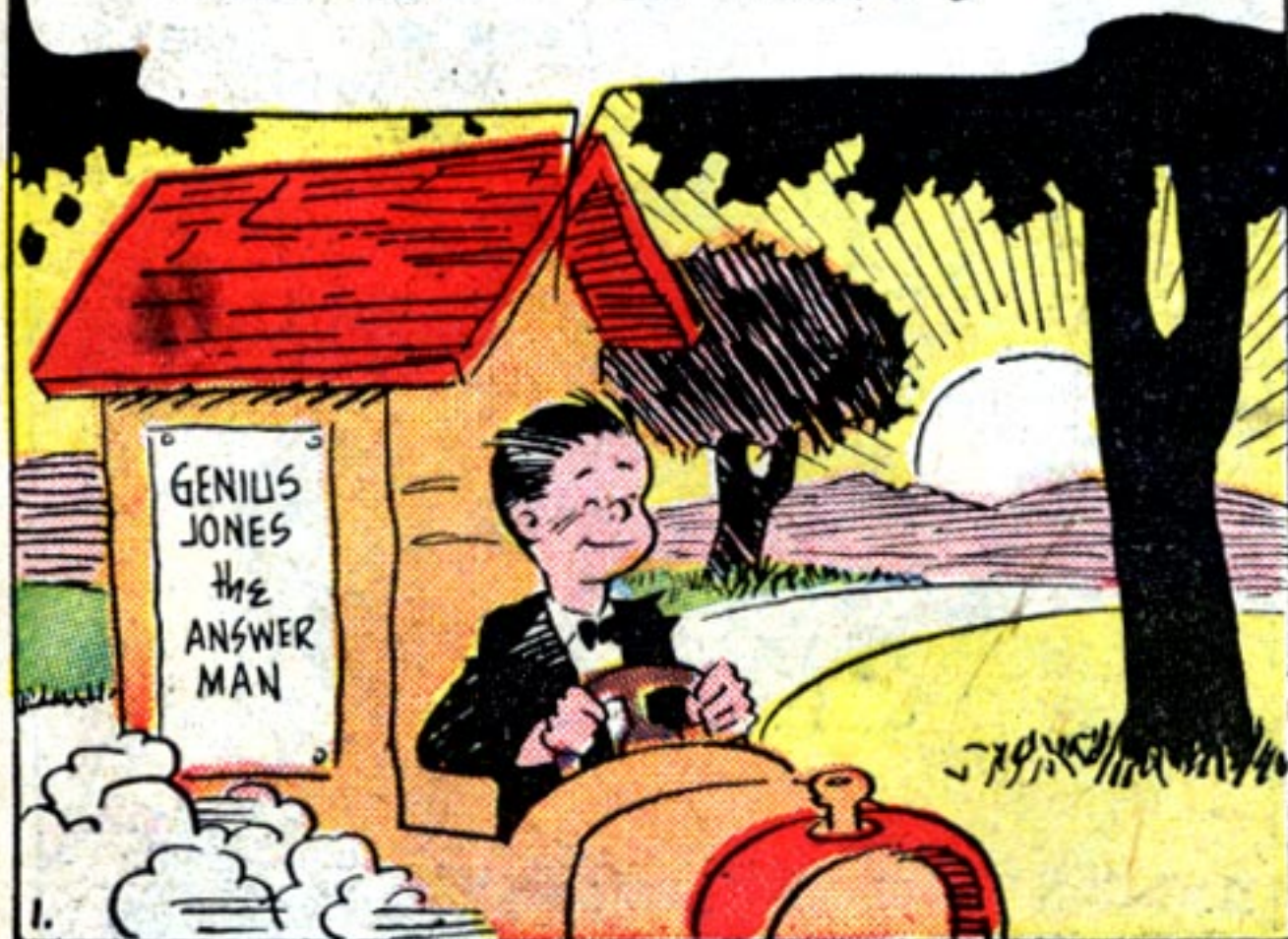


TO GENIUS JONES, THE KNOTTIEST PROBLEMS ARE USUALLY AS EASY AS ROLLING OFF A LOG - WITH KNOTS IN IT! BUT TO USE THE ANSWERMAN'S OWN PHRASE HE WAS "SO SURPRISED, YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED HIM OVER WITH A FENDER," WHEN HE CAME ACROSS A 16 TH CENTURY SET-UP THAT FLARED INTO A DANGER - PACKED 20 TH CENTURY EPIC OF ...

**KNIGHTHOOD,
KNAVERY ---
AND BRASS
KNUCKLES !**

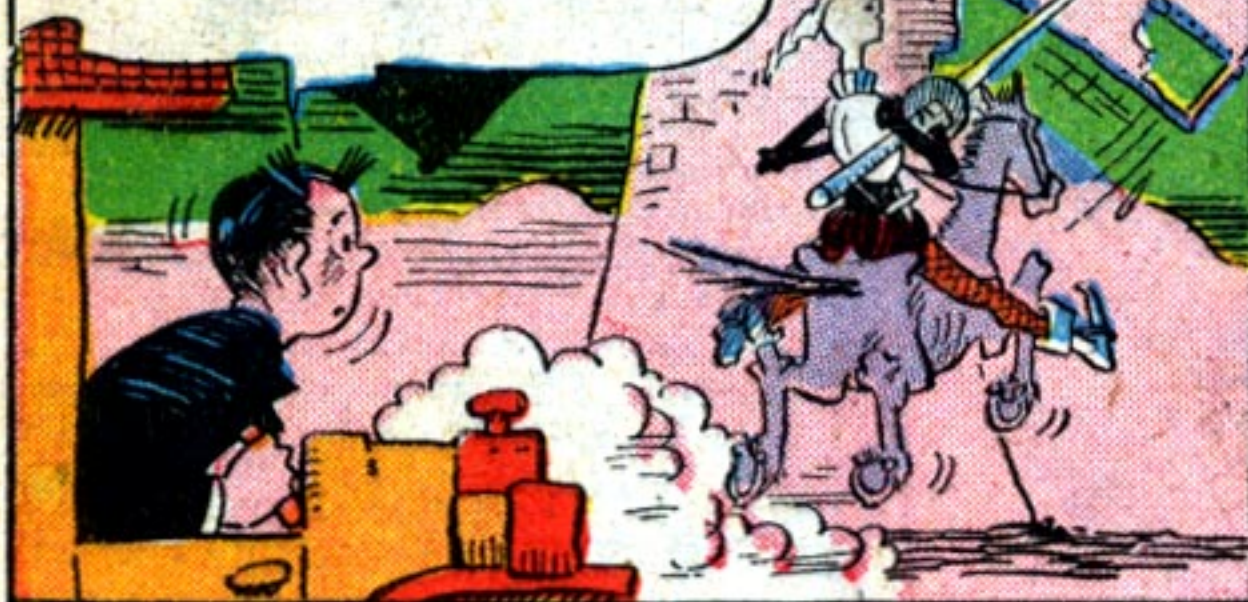
A GLORIOUS MORNING ... AND **GENIUS JONES** ENJOYS A JAUNT THROUGH A LITTLE KNOWN PART OF THE COUNTRY ...

AS A CURE FOR VALETUDINARIANISM---WEARINESS, IN MY CASE --- THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HIKE --- ON WHEELS !



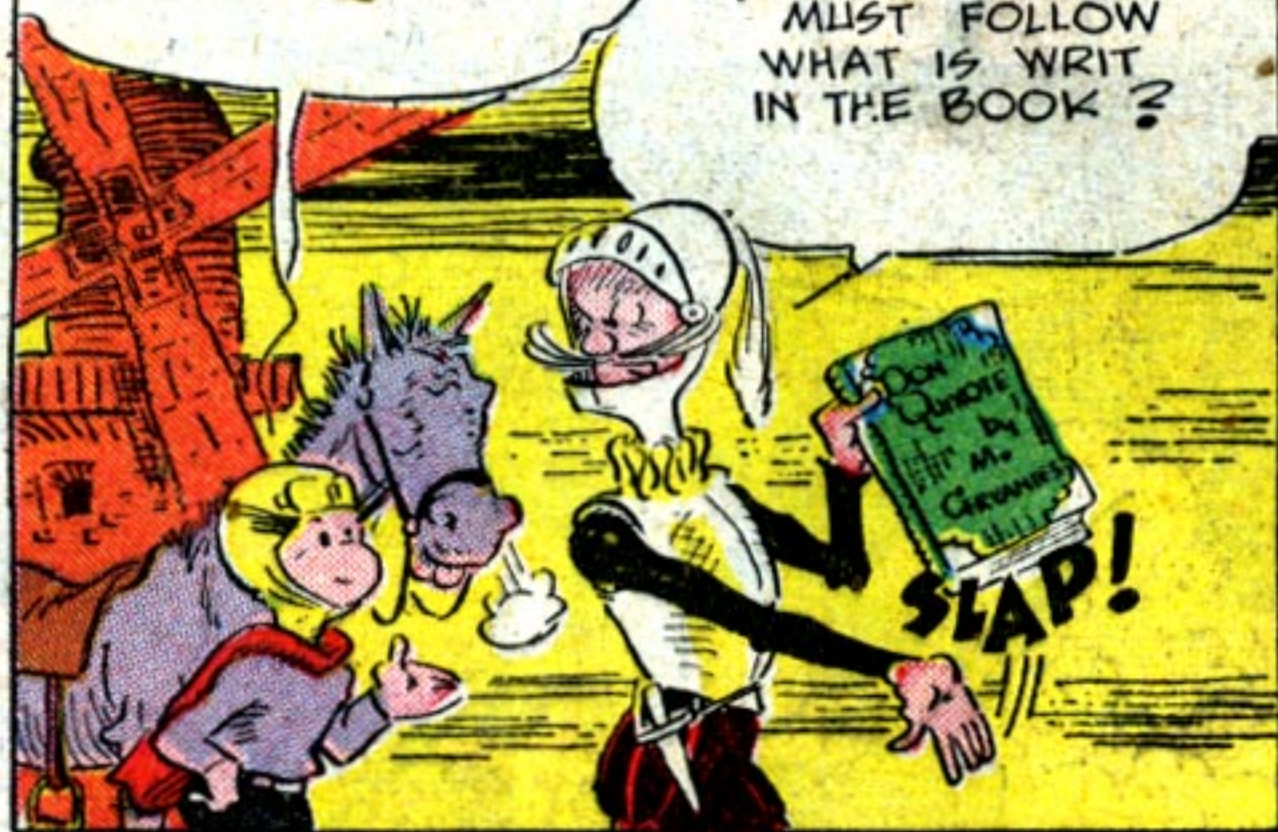
THEN, ROUNDING A BEND ...

GREAT GALAHAD! A KNIGHT
JOUSTING WITH A WIND-
MILL --- 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?



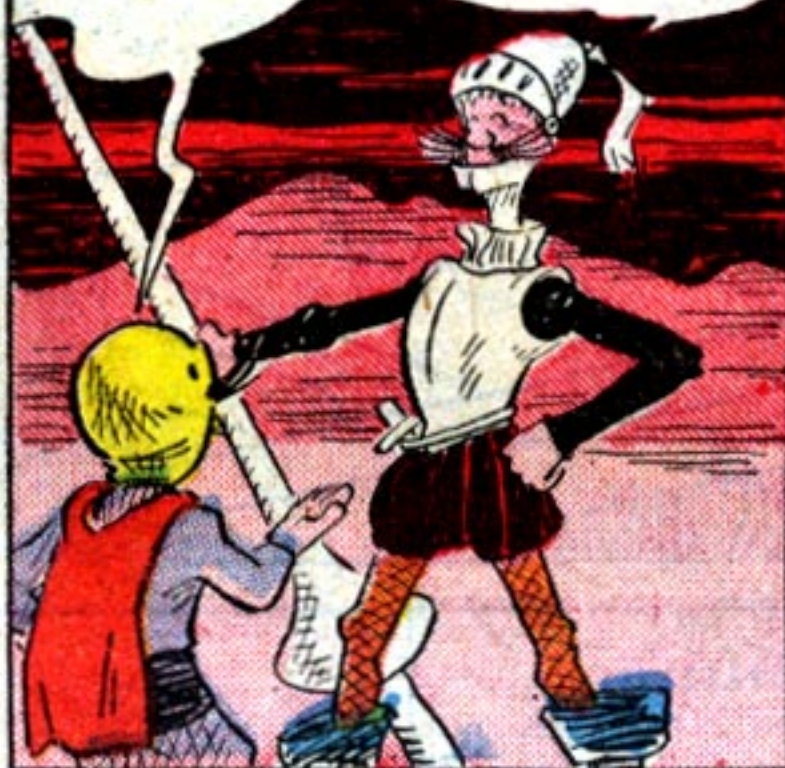
HAVE AT THEE,
THOU SORCER-
ER IN
DISGUISE!

HMMM...
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 FAIR WOULD
INDULGE IN
GOODLY CHAT,
IF SO BE IT
THY WORDS
ARE WISE!



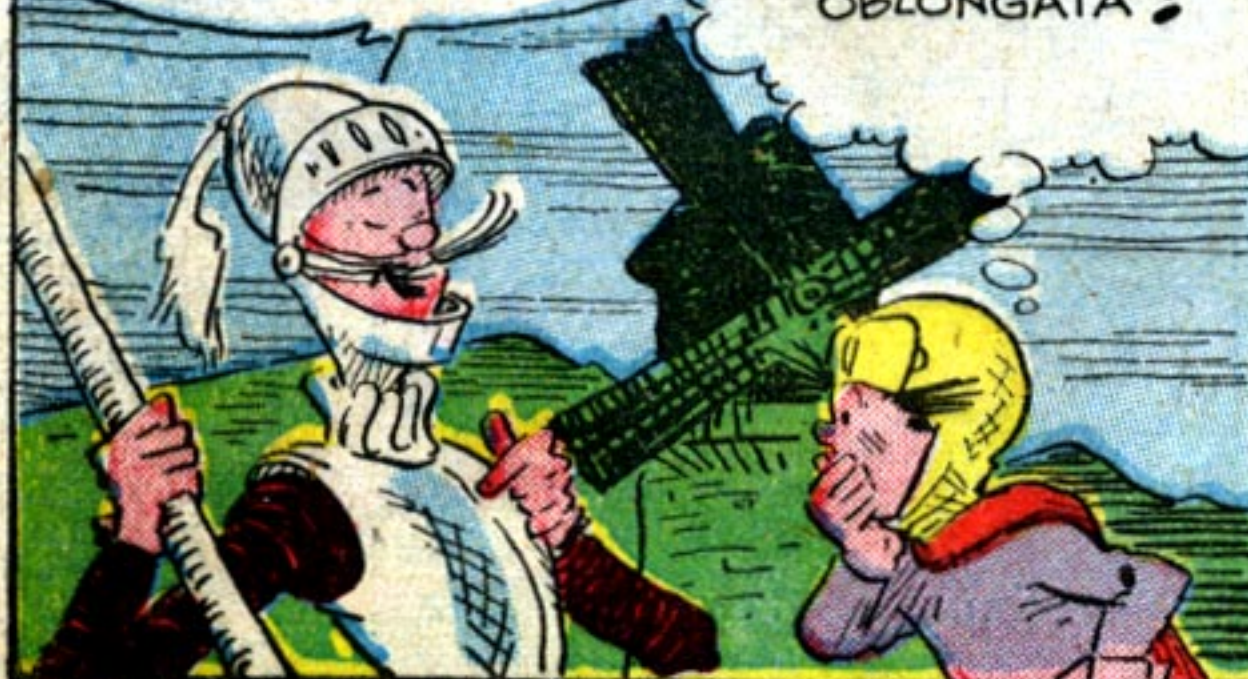
YOU SEE,
THE DAYS
OF KNIGHTS
ARE REALLY
PAST. THEY
ARE

THOU ART AN
ILL-INFORMED
OAF! TWAS
BUT YESTER-
DAY FOUR
NEIGHBORING
KNIGHTS PAID
ME CALL. WE
ARE TO HOLD
TOURNAMENT...



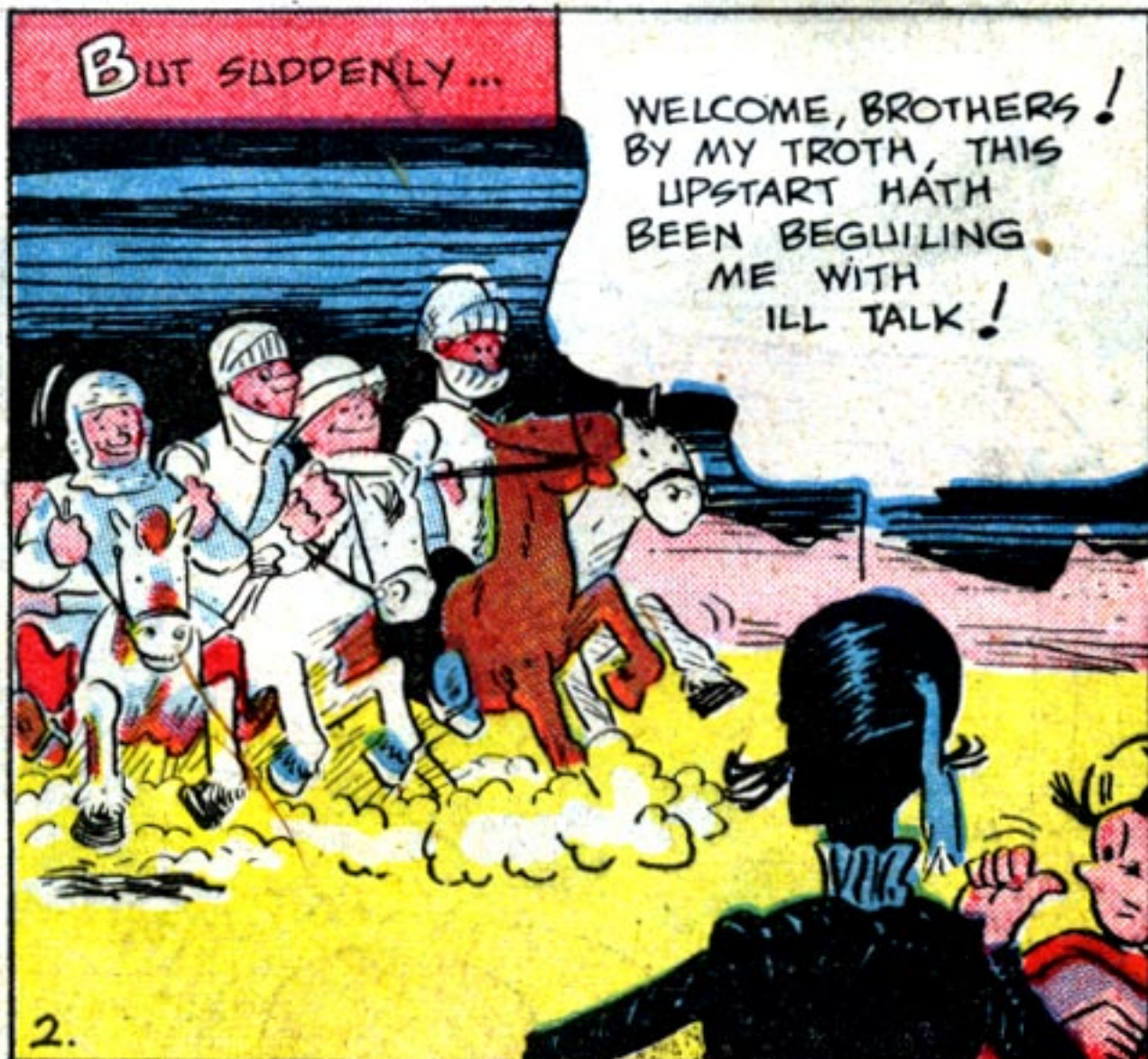
TODAY THEY COME TO
HELP ME SELECT FROM
MY HIDDEN TREASURE
A JEWEL AS PRIZE
FOR HIM WHO PROVETH
ABLEST IN THE JOUST!

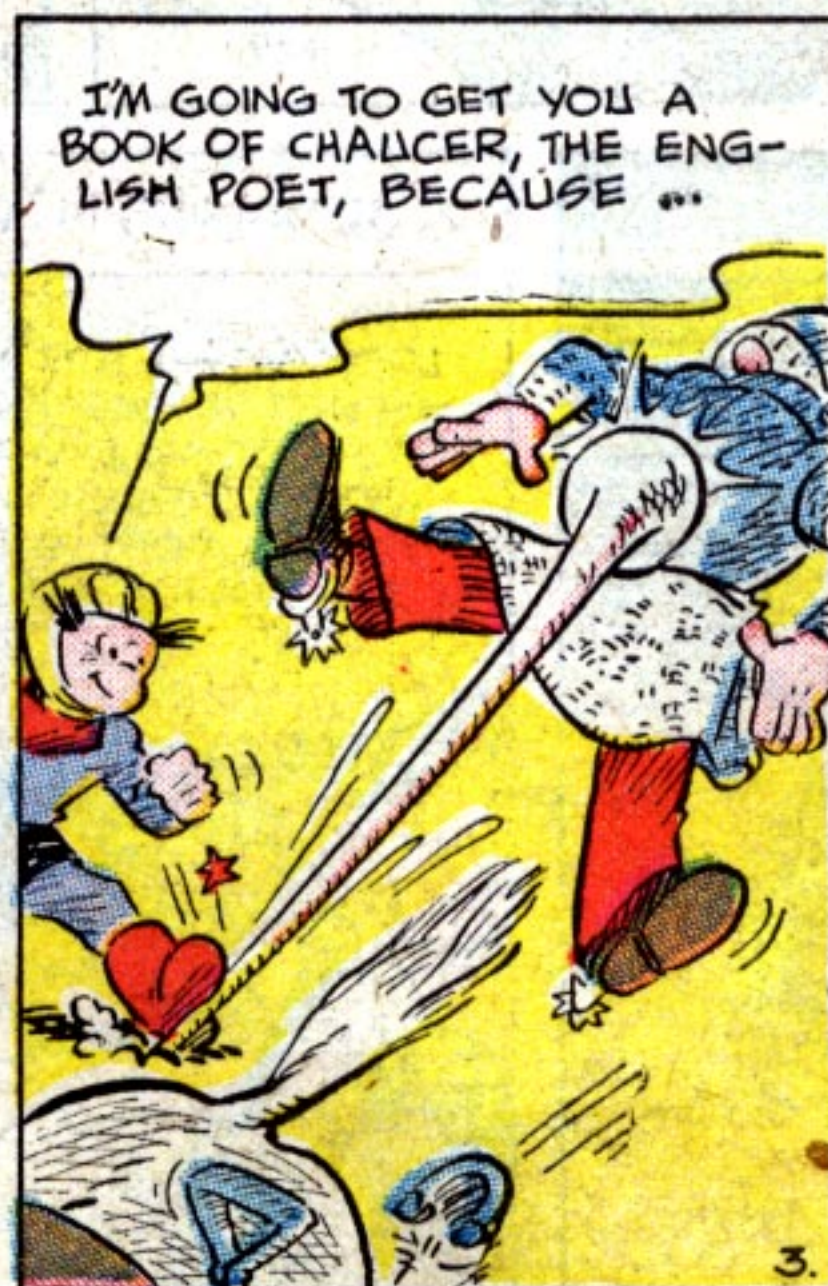
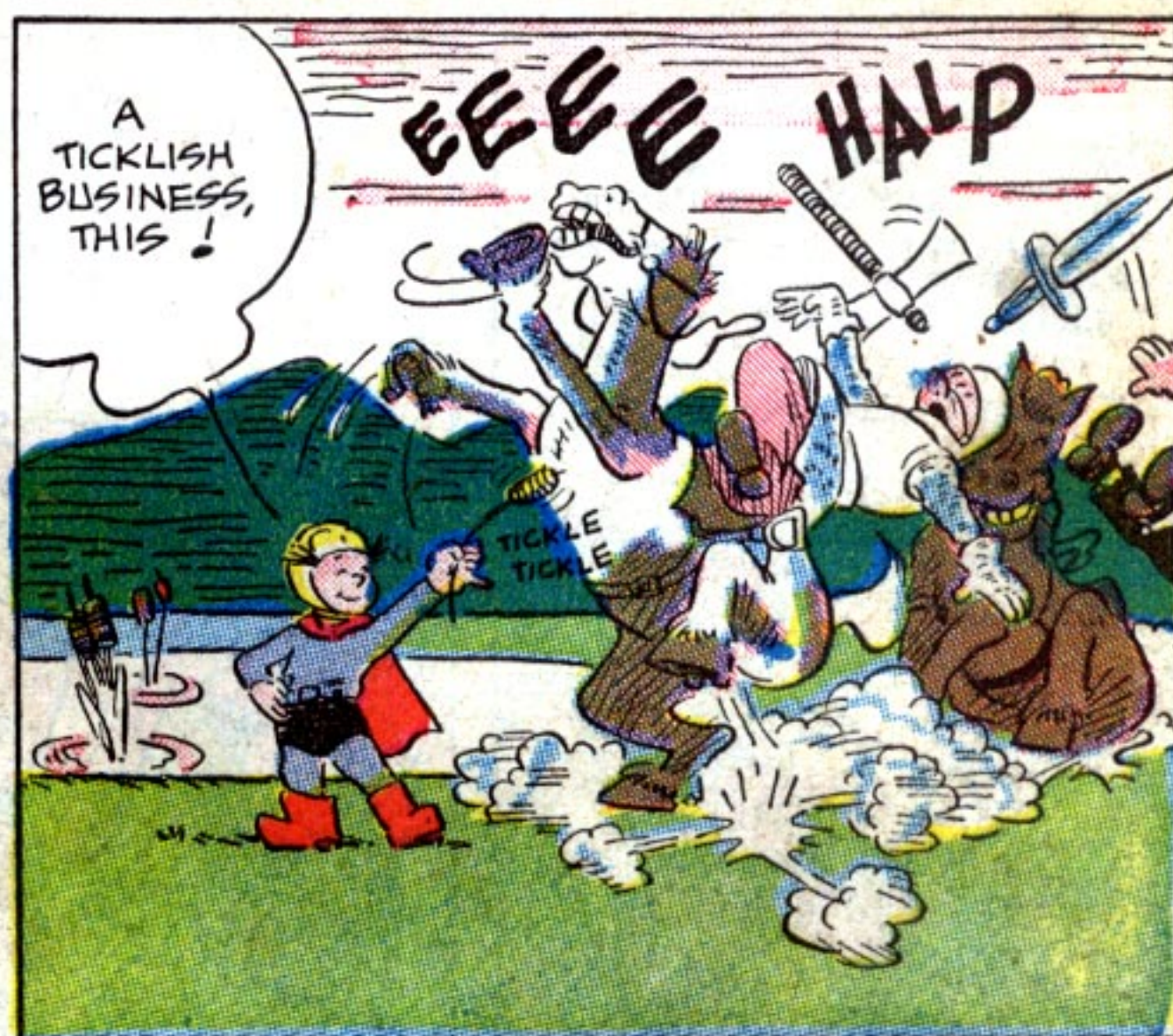
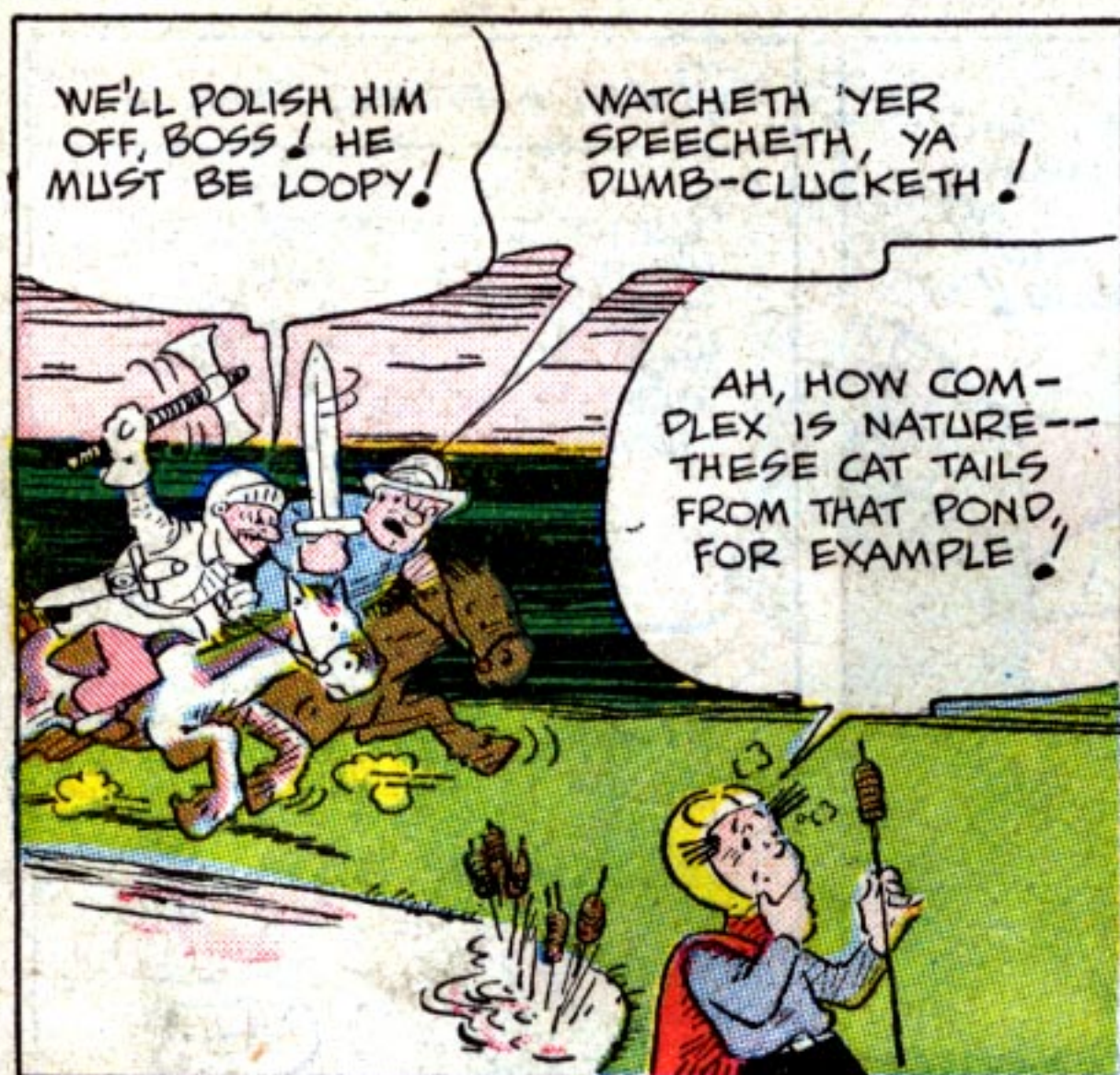
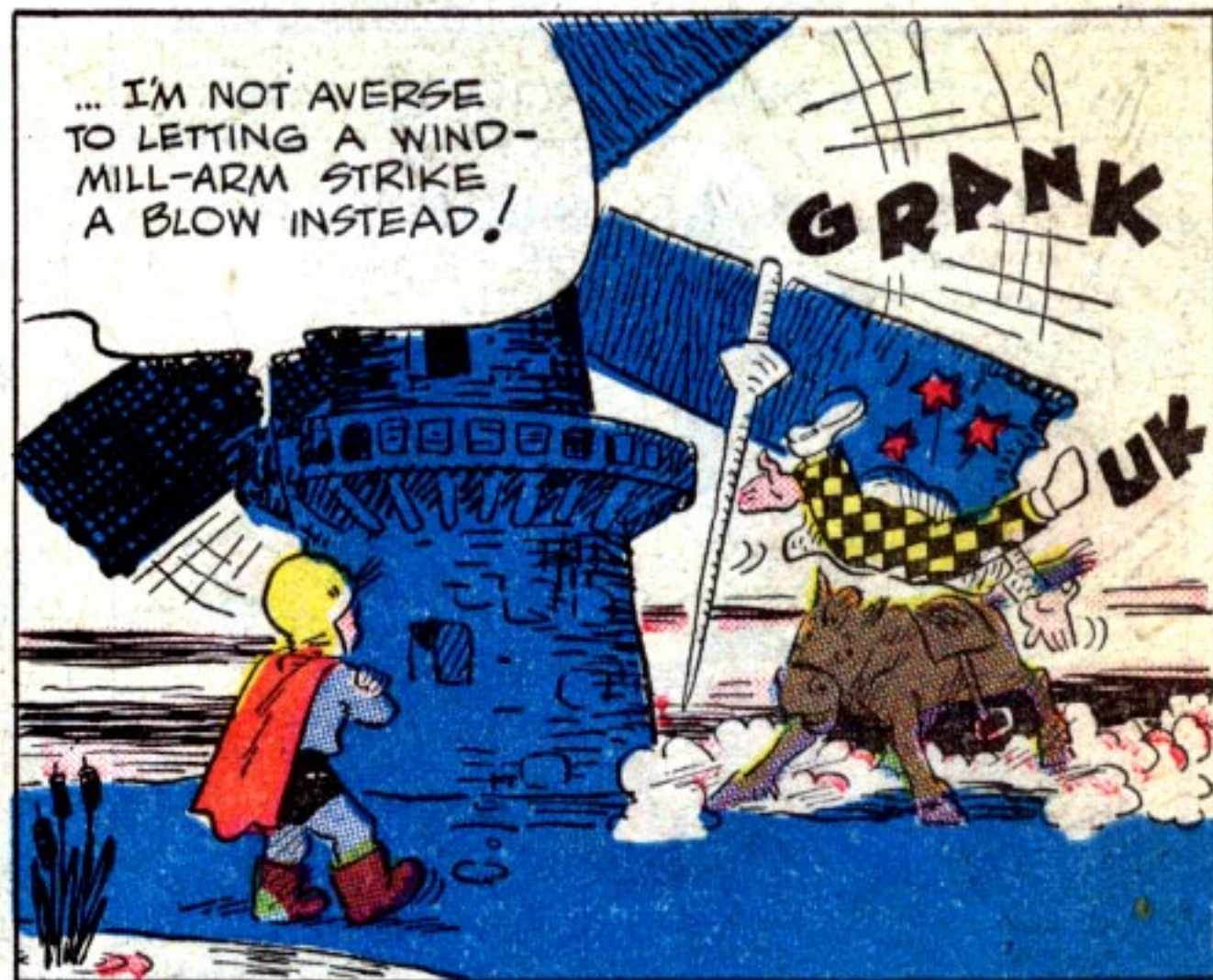
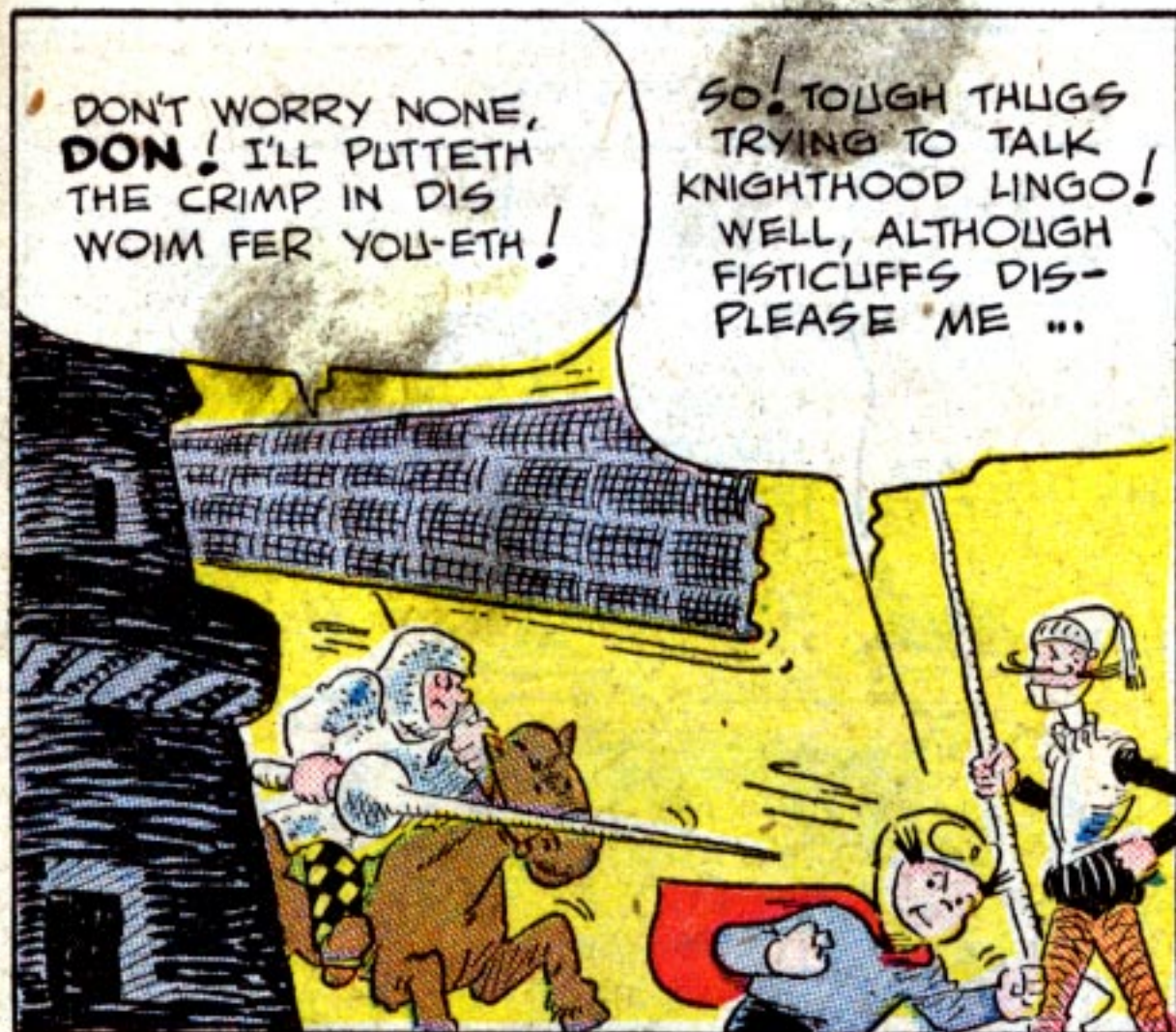
HMM ... MORE
IMAGININGS!
UNDOUBTEDLY
A MILD CASE OF
OVER-STRAINED
NERVES, GANGLIA
NEAR THE
MEDULLA
OBLONGATA!



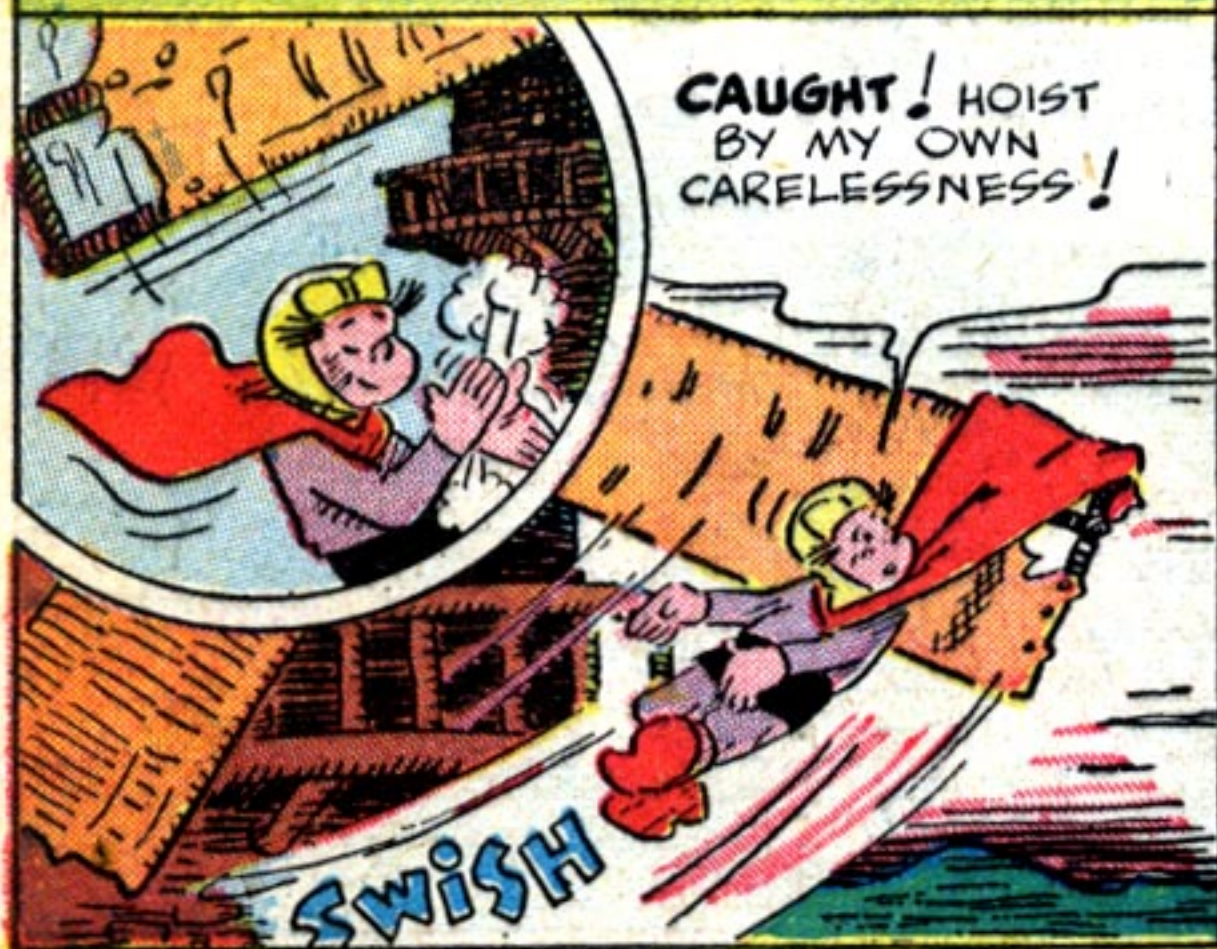
BUT SUDDENLY...

WELCOME, BROTHERS!
BY MY TROTH, THIS
UPSTART HATH
BEEN BEGUILING
ME WITH
ILL TALK!





BUT WITH VICTORY PRACTICALLY WON ...



CAUGHT! HOIST BY MY OWN CARELESSNESS!

SWISH

AND PRESENTLY ...

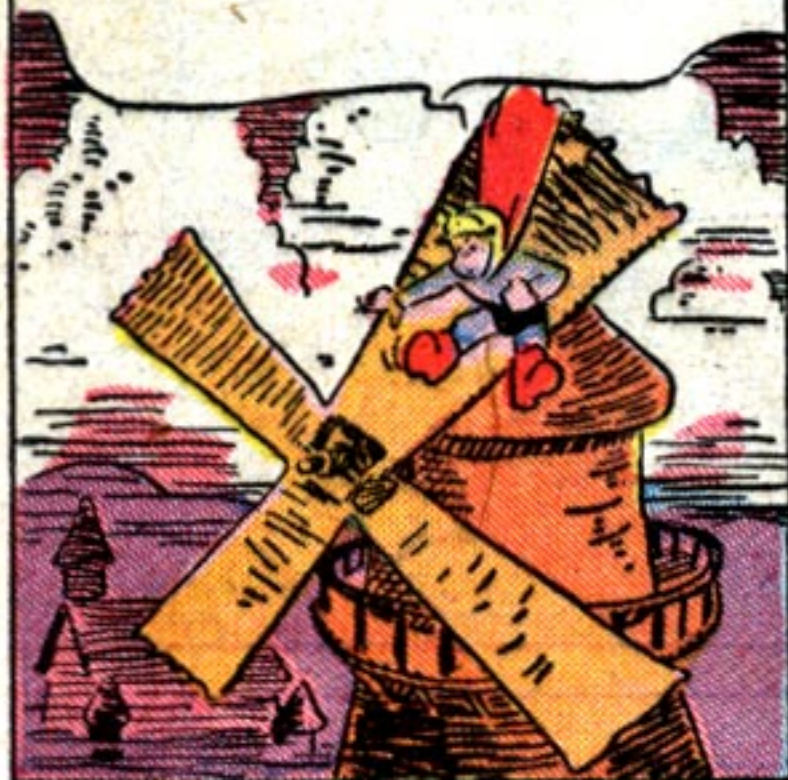


A CINCH! DA WIND'S DIED, **JONES** IS STUCK, AN' WE ONLY NEED MINUTES!

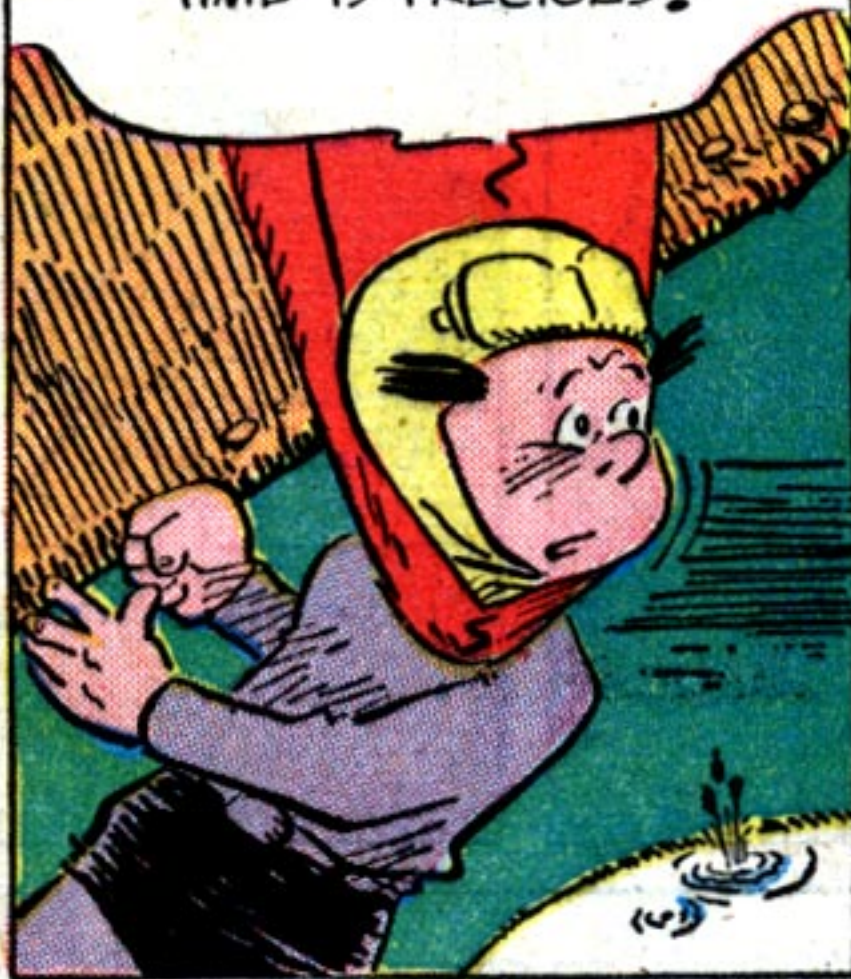
LET'S NOW GETTETH TO YER HIDDEN TREASURE CHEST, DON!

AYE, THE TOURNAMENT PRIZE! BUT FORSOOTH, YON VARLET, DOLT THOUGH HE BE, WAXED VALIANT IN THE FRAY!

A FOUL 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!

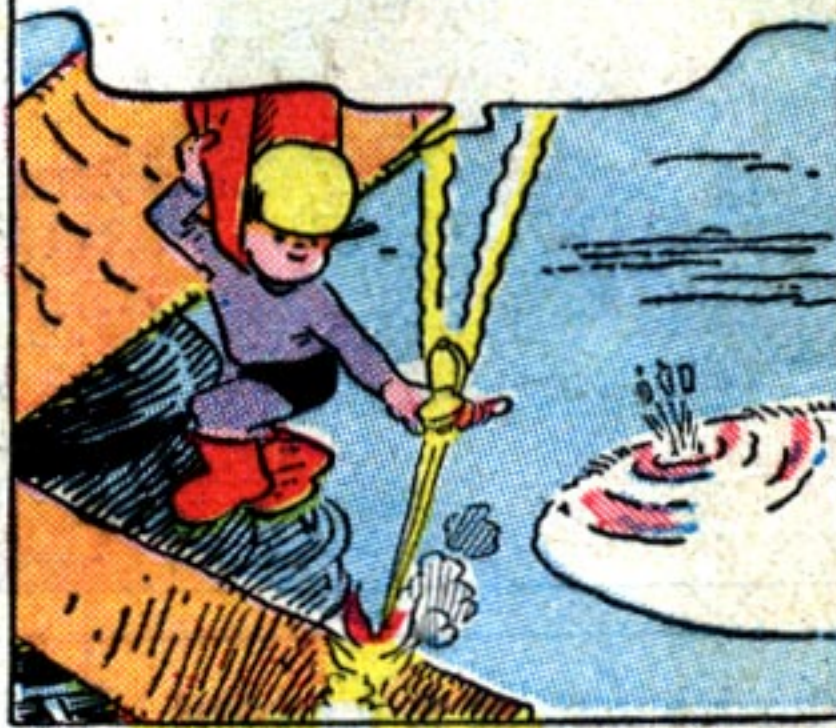


BUT HOW? HMM ... THE CLOUDS ARE NIMBUS CUMULO-STRATUS --- NO HOPE OF WIND! AND TIME IS PRECIOUS!



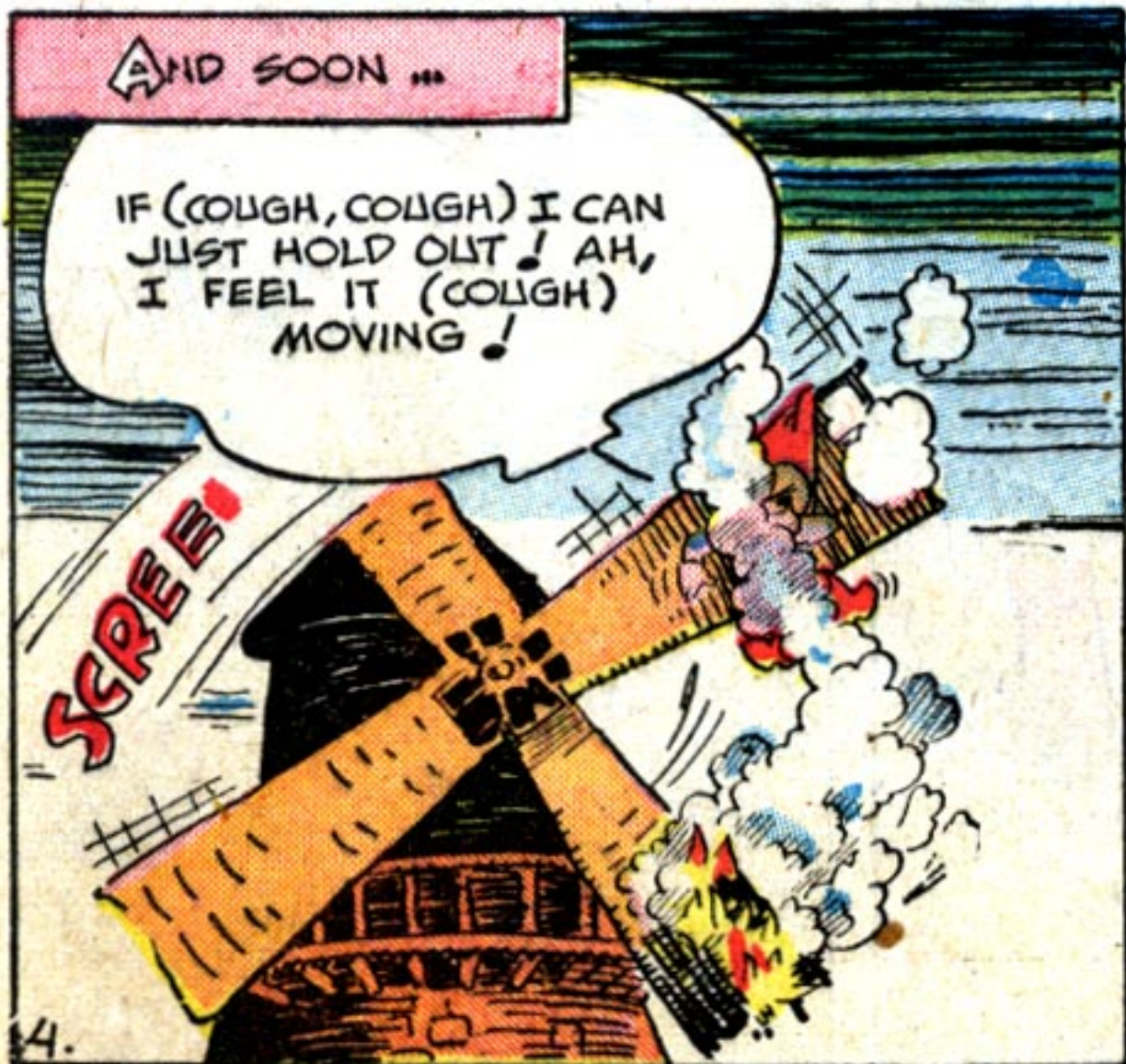
THEN, A DARING PLAN ...

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!



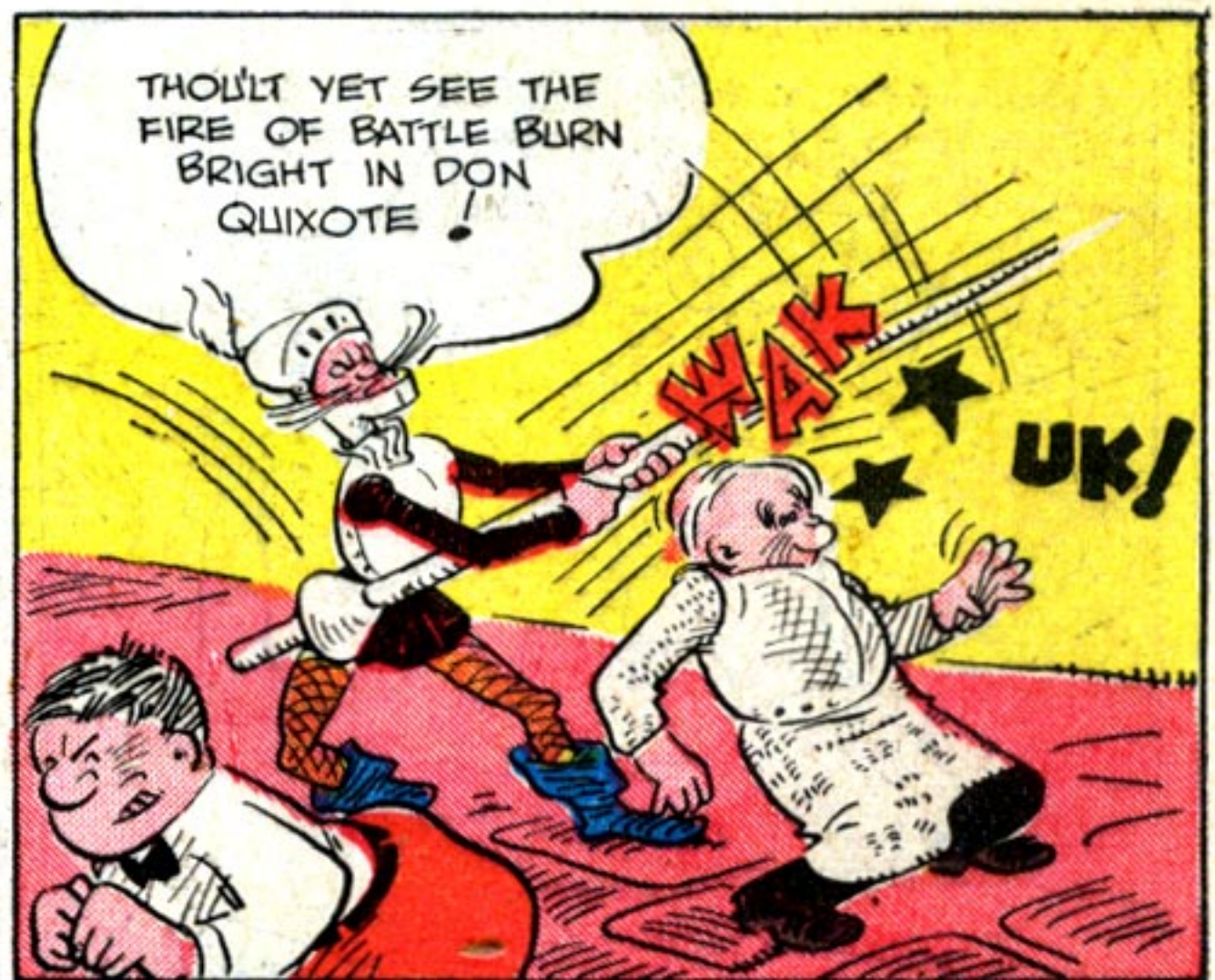
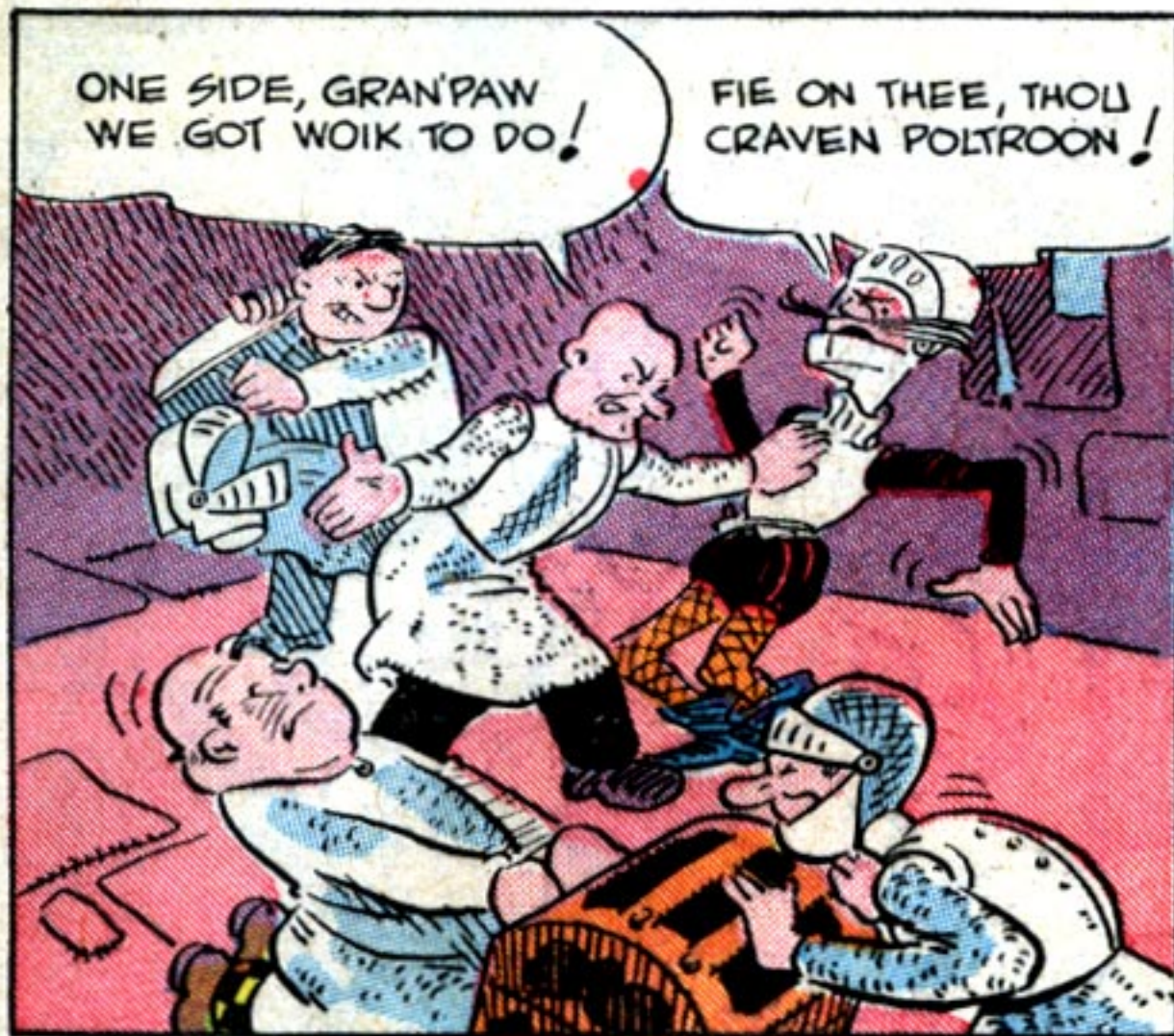
SCREE!

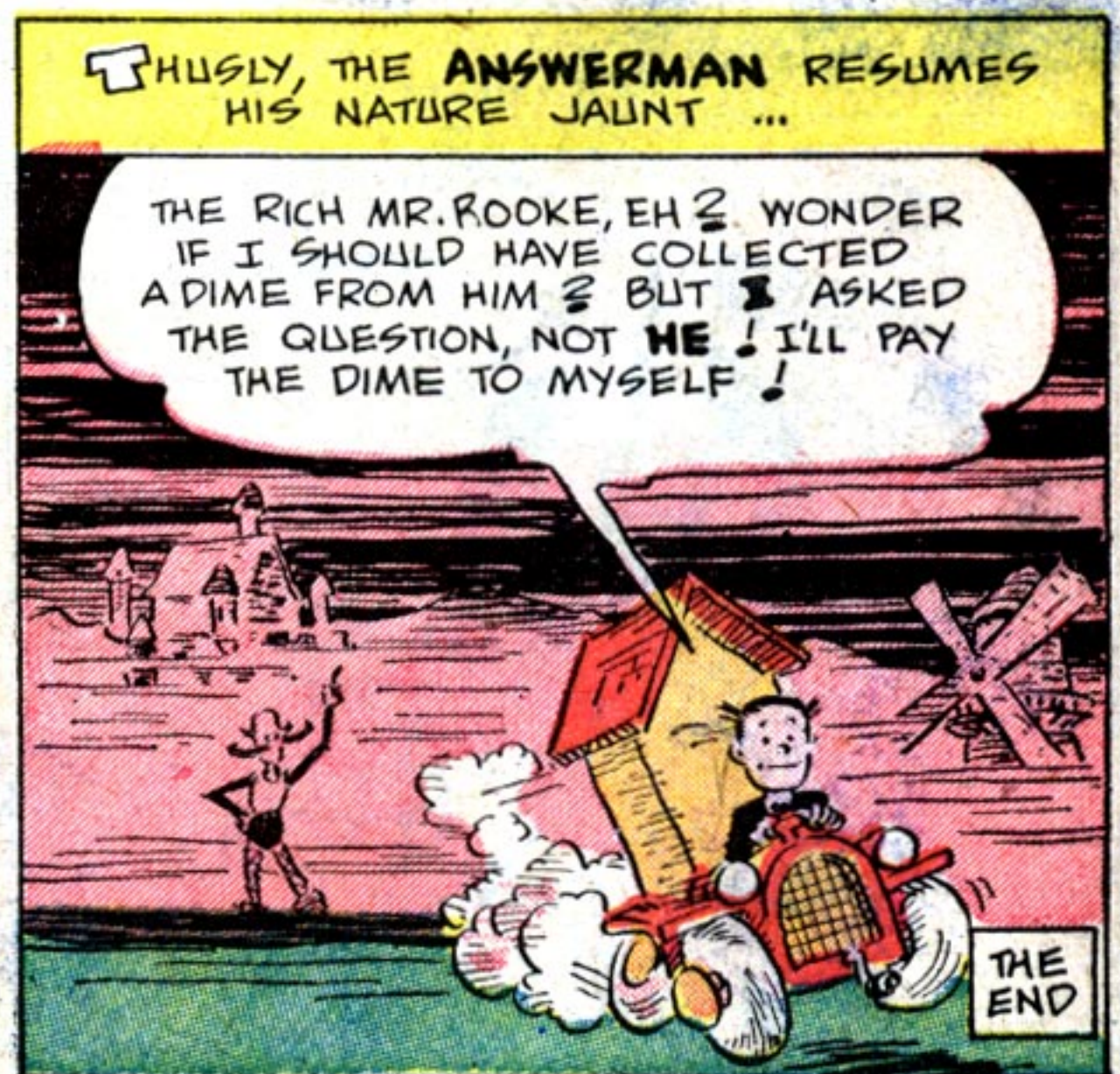
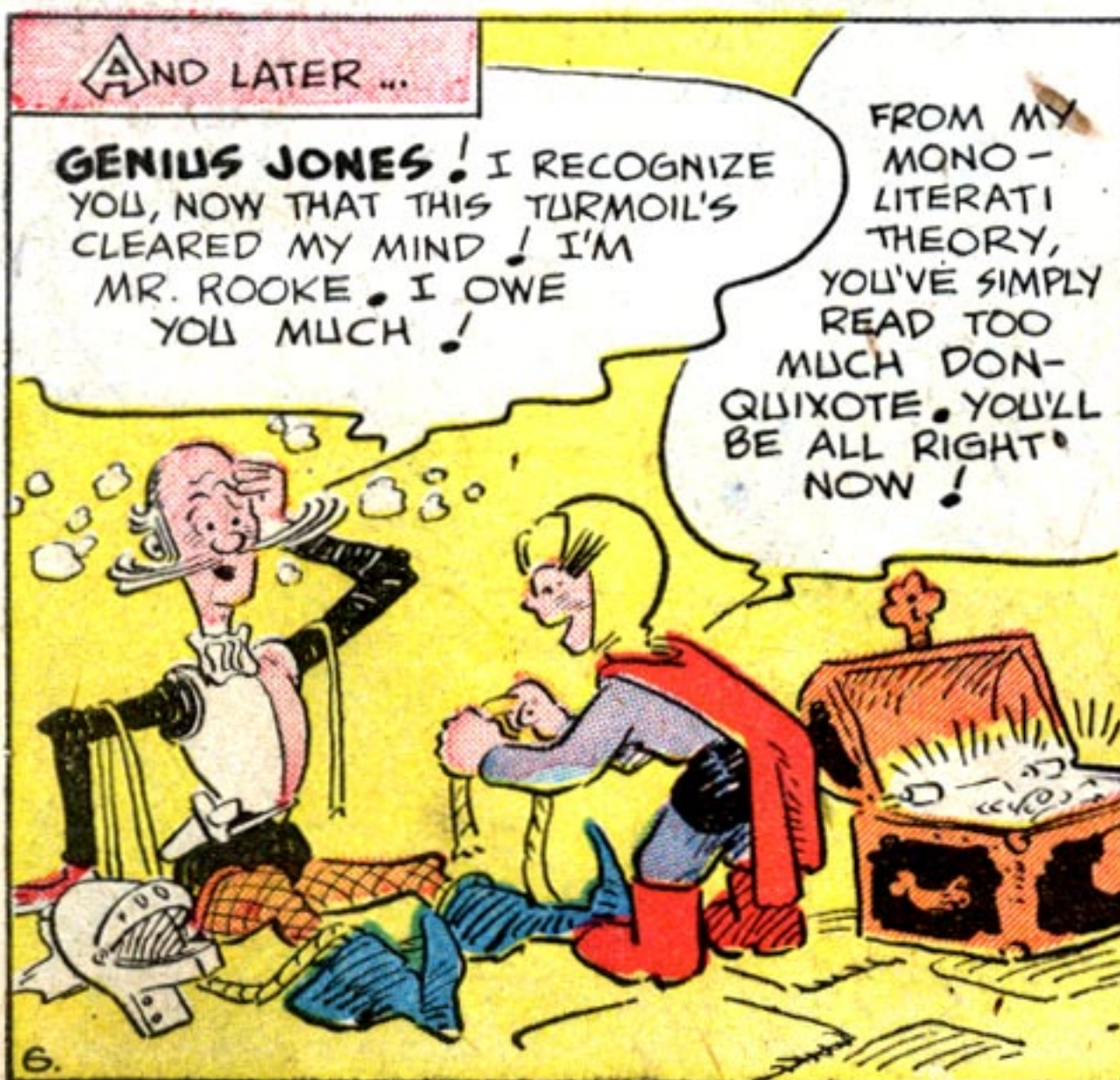
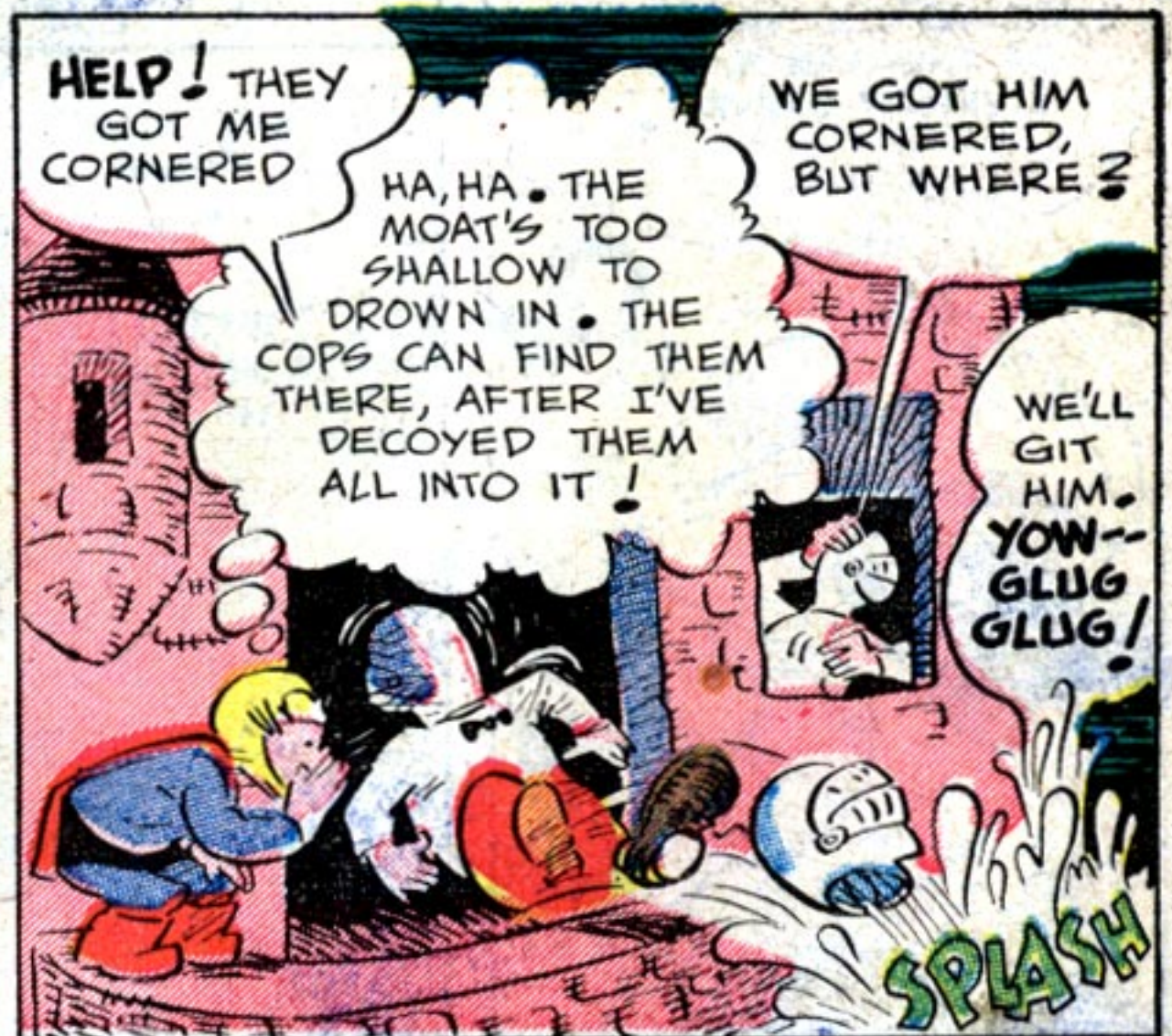
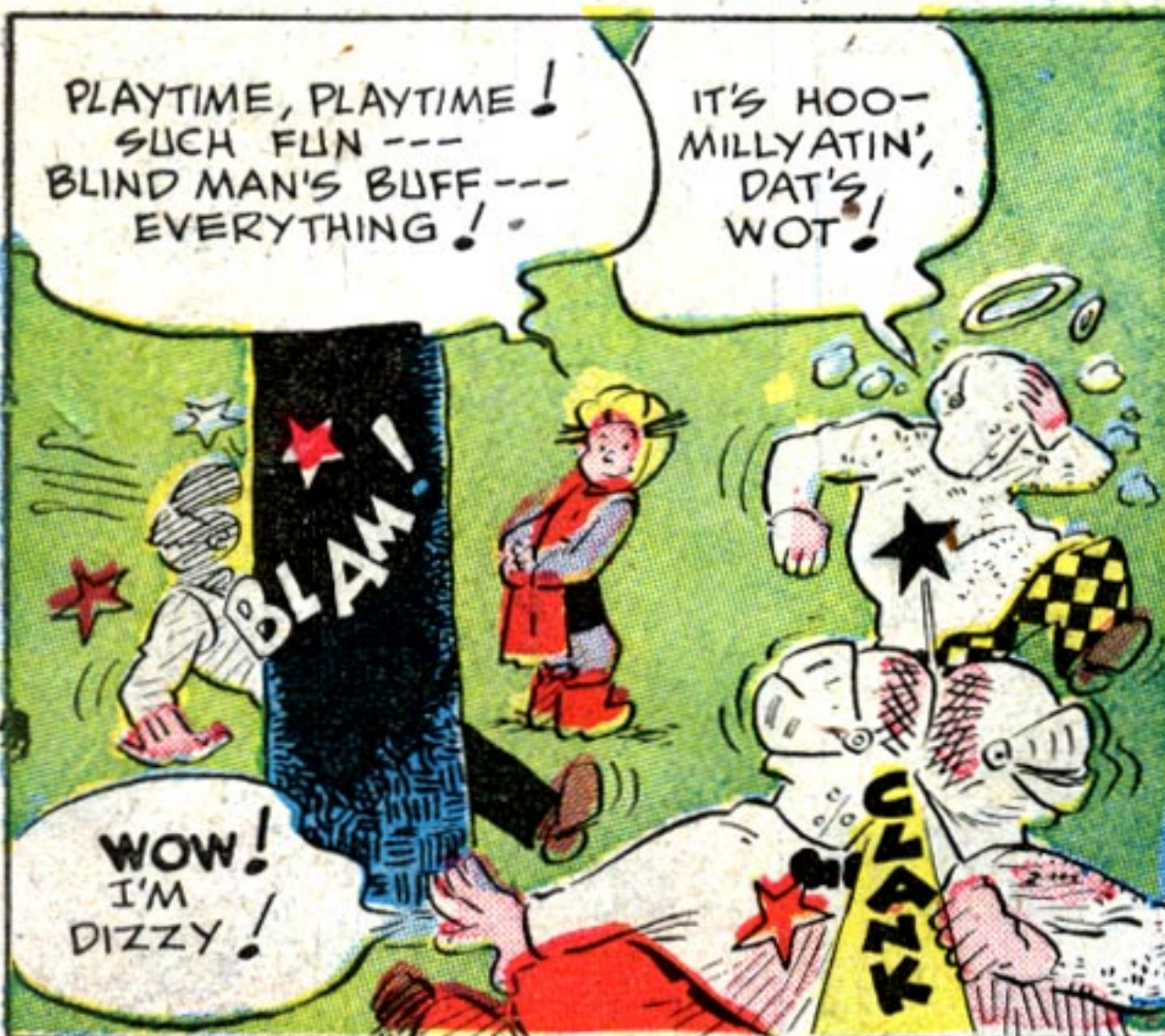
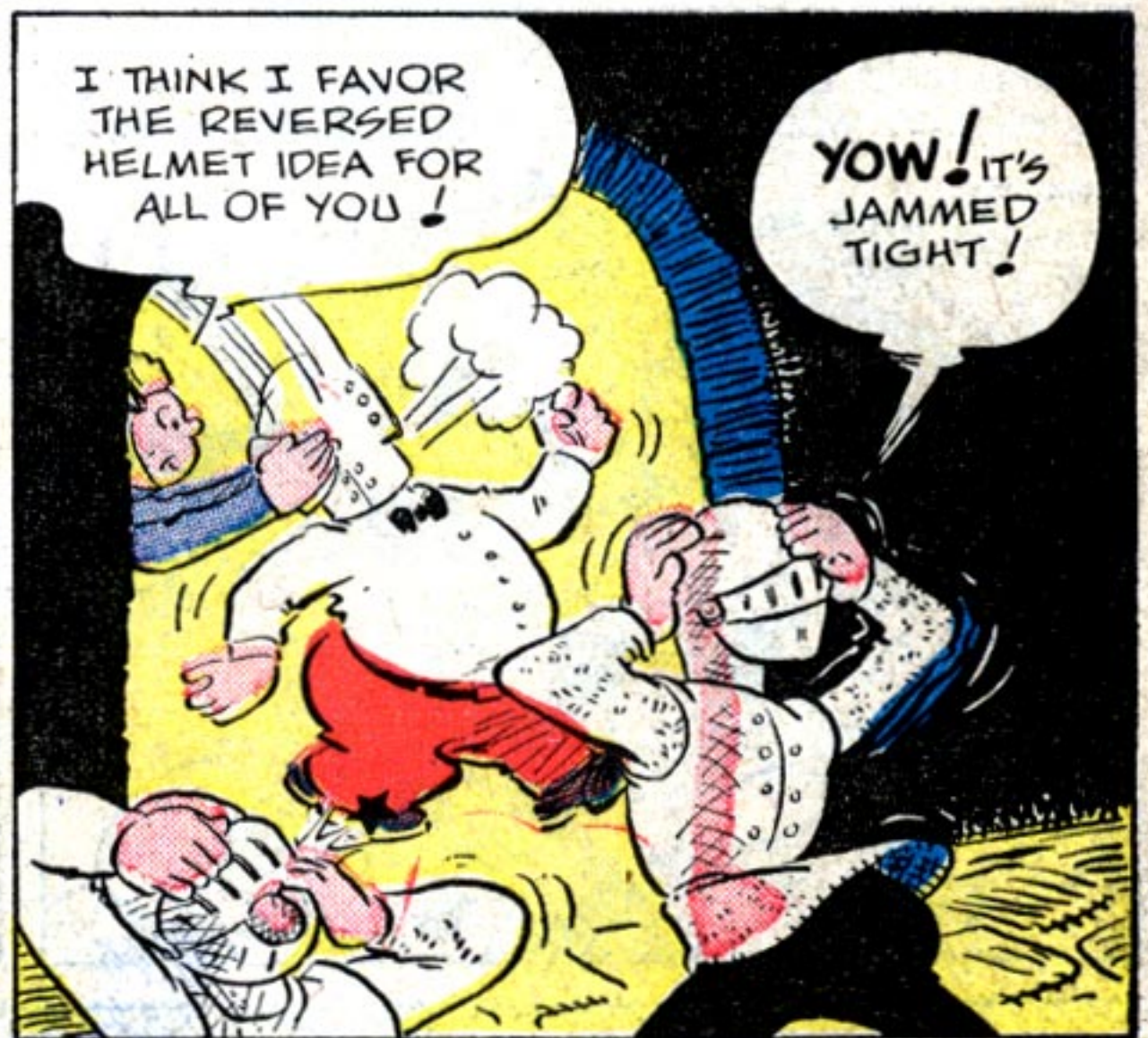
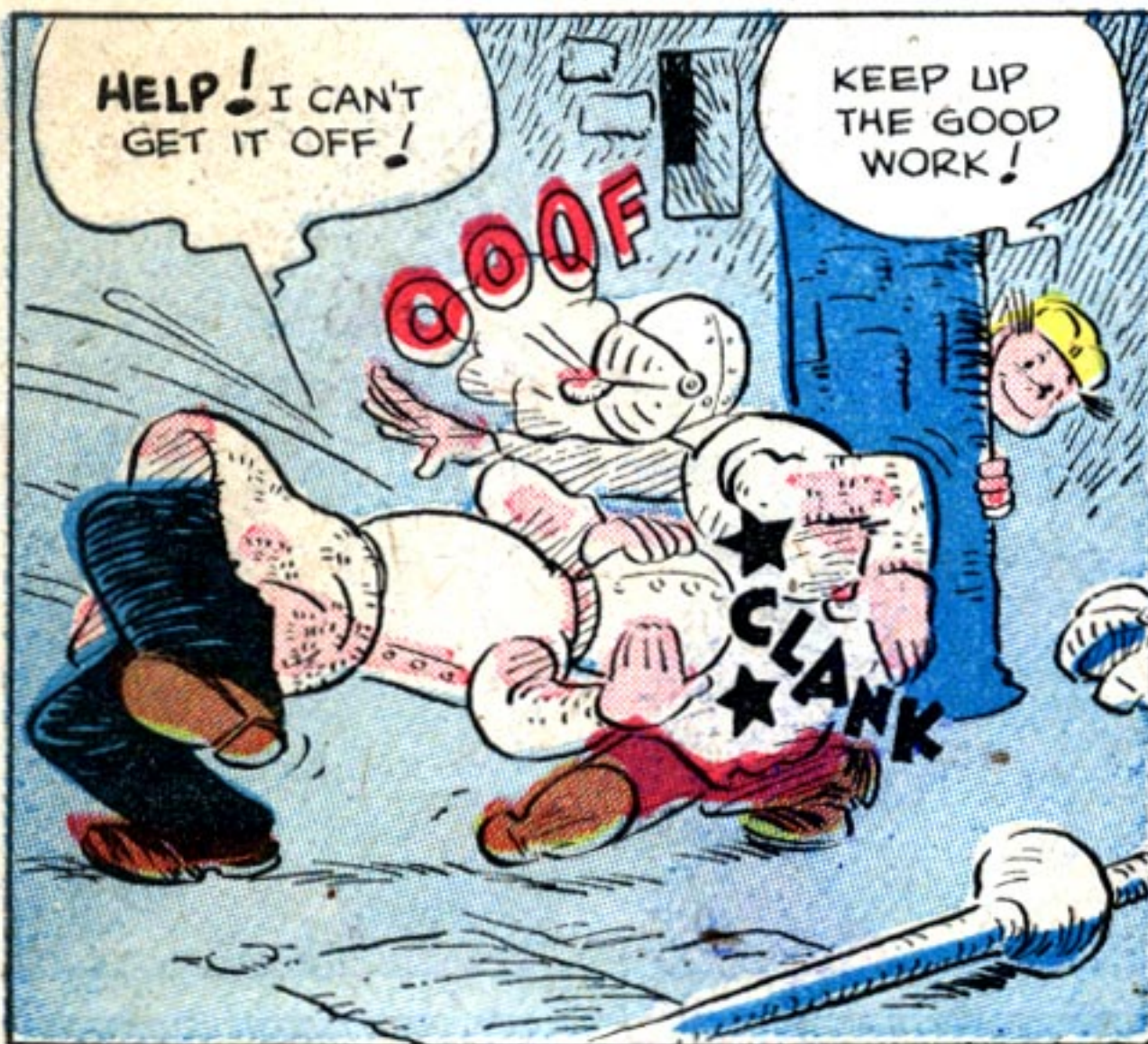
MEANWHILE, IN "**DON QUIXOTE'S**" CASTLE ...

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!







GLANCY

THE COP

HENRY BOOTH OFF



IT'S AN
AIR - RAID
SIREN !

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

PUFF

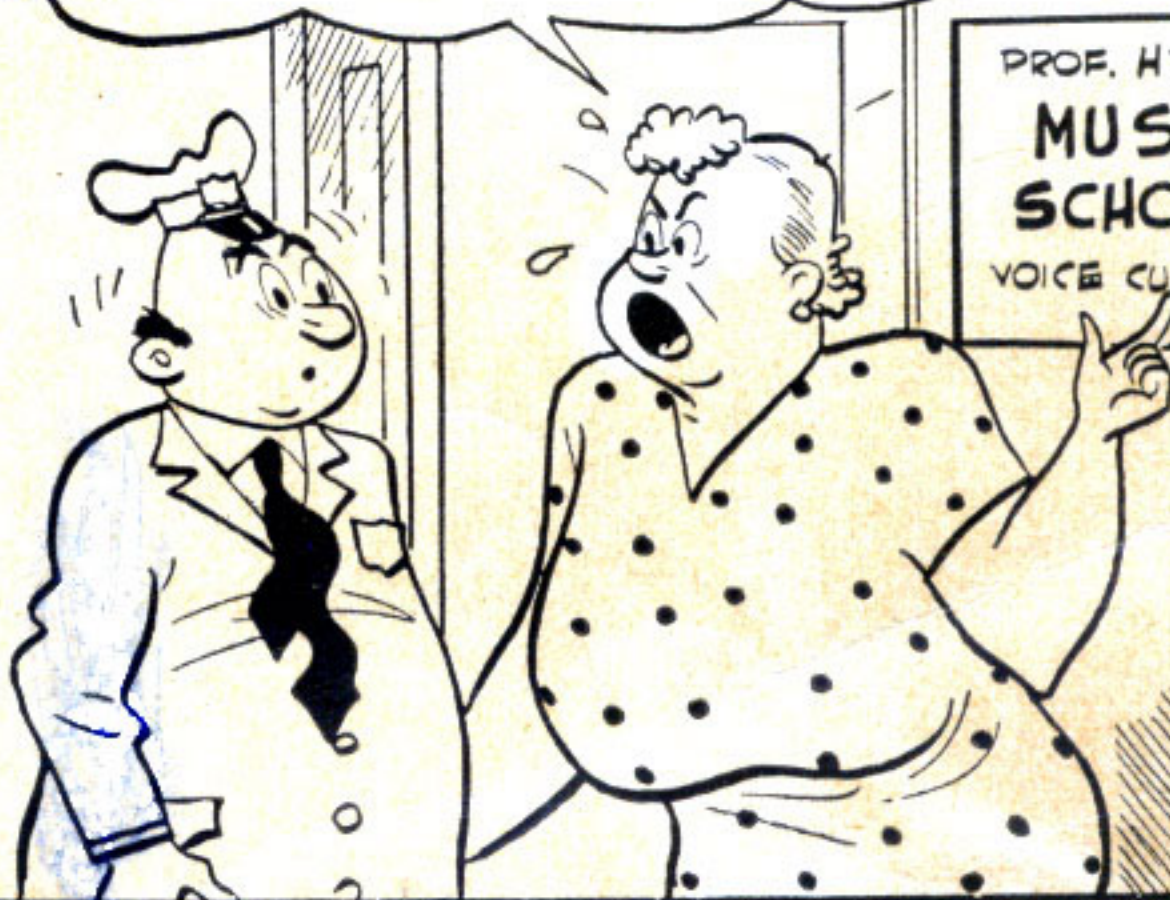
UP



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

HERB
GOLDFINE

