POOR PRIVATE PERKINS! SOMEBODY TOLD HIM THE WAR WAS OVER!!
'Snake-Eye Looj': The man wanted by ten states for doing bank jobs!

Begorra, if I only could capture him --- that would be something for Casey to talk about!

There isn't a cop alive that's been able to slip the handcuffs on him --- but with Casey's plan -- ??

Shh - hold your breath here I go ...!

'vais easy to slip the 'bracelets on him, Mike, all I did was slap him on his sunburnt back!

Yeow!
You've heard of weeping willows, of course... but have you ever run across a tearful tomato, or an unhappy artichoke? Well, that wouldn't have surprised Penniless Palmer, his beautiful and far from dumb secretary, Sunny, and his underfed but somewhat overstuffed operative, Oxie, when they contracted to crack the slightly demented case of...

"The discontented coconuts!"

You can never eat too much scruncho.

It's a bright sunny day in the country, as three scoundrel-squelchers drive with staring eyes past fields of luscious food!

Rows of radishes, columns of cantaloupes, platoons of potatoes...
I can't believe my eyes!

What do you expect to see growing in the country...
Boeing bombers?

I expect...
Hey, look! Palm trees!

They're coconut palms, Oxie, which don't ordinarily grow in this climate! But they're doing nicely, thanks to Mr. Martin Mulch, the plant genius!
NEVER MIND MR. MULCH, BOYS... HERE'S OUR DESTINATION!

A FOOD FACTORY! THIS IS ONE CASE I'M GOING TO ENJOY!

BUT DON'T FORGET, OXIE, WE'RE HERE TO DETECT, NOT EAT! LET'S FIND MR. FINNEGAN AND LEARN WHAT'S WRONG!

FINNEGAN'S FINE FOODS

PRESENTLY...

AH, MR. PALMER, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! THIS CASE WAS DRIVING ME FRANTIC!

LACK OF A CASE WOULD DO THE SAME THING TO ME!

GOSH, IF I OWNED THIS FACTORY, I'D PUT SOME WEIGHT ON!

AMONG OTHER THINGS, WE PRODUCE SHREDDED COCONUT, GETTING OUR COCONUTS FROM MR. MULCH'S PALM TREES. WE DISCARD THE HUSKS, OF COURSE, AND PILE THE COCONUTS READY FOR PROCESSING IN THIS BIN...

BUT EVERY MORNING WE FIND THE BIN EMPTY! WE'VE WATCHED FOR THE THIEVES, BUT NEVER FOUND THEM! IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS IF THOSE COCONUTS DON'T LIKE IT HERE! AND WE TREAT THEM SO WELL!

THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NUTS! THIS IS A GREAT PLACE!

YOUR PROBLEM PROVIDES FOOD FOR THOUGHT, IF NOTHING ELSE, MR. FINNEGAN. BUT NEVER FEAR... YUM, YUM! WE'LL SOLVE IT!

OXIE, BE CAREFUL! YOU'LL MAKE YOURSELF SICK!

NO DANGER OF THAT MISS... THIS IS A SPECIAL BREAKFAST FOOD!

WE PREPARE IT FOR PEOPLE WHO WISH TO REDUCE! IT CONTAINS NO NOURISHMENT WHATSOEVER... NOT A CALORIE IN A CARLOAD! WONDERFUL INVENTION, ISN'T IT?

WHAAA... I FEEL JUST AS EMPTY AS WHEN I STARTED!
ALL FUNNY

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU! THIS IS NO TIME FOR BREAKFAST!

OR FOR ANY OTHER MEAL! WE'RE STAYING HERE DURING THE NIGHT TO CATCH THOSE CROOKS... AND YOU WORK BEST WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY!

GOSH, THAT'S ALL THE TIME!

THAT NIGHT, AS THREE HUNGRY SLEUTHS PROWL THE DESERTED FACTORY...

NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING WRONG YET! WON'T FINNEGAN BE SURPRISED TOMORROW MORNING TO FIND THOSE COCONUTS STILL HERE!

I'M SLOWLY STARVING TO DEATH! I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING FAST!

BUT ALL THE FOOD'S LOCKED UP EXCEPT... HMM, THOSE COCONUTS! MR. FINNEGAN WON'T MIND IF I TAKE JUST ONE...

I'LL TELL HIM IN THE MORNING... IT'LL BE LIKE AN ADVANCE ON MY SALARY...

SUDDENLY... HEY... THEY'RE FLYING AWAY! MAYBE THEY DON'T LIKE IT HERE!

THE COCONUTS... AND THERE'S AN AwFUL WIND!

THEY'RE BEING DRAWN AWAY BY A VACUUM! THAT'S HOW THEY'RE STOLEN WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF THE CROOKS BEING AROUND!

I JUST HOPE THEY WAIT FOR ME!

THAT PIPE IN THE BACK OF THE BIN LED IN THIS DIRECTION... THE CROOKS MUST BE WAITING FOR THE COCONUTS AT THE OTHER END OUTSIDE!
THREE THEY ARE! "HEY, BOSS... SOMEBODY'S BUTTIN' IN... AND IT LOOKS LIKE PENNILESS PALMER AND HIS PALS!"

OWWW! "IT STRIKES ME THAT YOU'RE RIGHT!"

AND IT'S GOING TO STRIKE YOU AGAIN, CHUM!

YEEE! DIS IS FIERCE!

HERE'S SOMEBODY WHO OUGHTTA BE EASY... DIS DAME MUST HAVE A PUNCH LIKE A POWDERPLUFF.

IS THAT SO?

I OUGHT TO BE FIERCE... THEY'VE BEEN STARVING ME FOR A LIFETIME.

TRY POWDERING YOUR NOSE WITH THAT!

BONG!

AAAAA...

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE FAST, OR WE'LL BE CAUGHT, AND EVERYTHING WILL BE REVEALED! IF I CAN SNEAK INTO THE TRUCK...

A TREMBLING HAND TUGS AT A LEVER, AND THEN...

I JUST TURNED ON THE VACUUM ONCE MORE, AND THE COCONUTS STARTED TO FLY AROUND AGAIN. I'M REALLY WONDERFUL!

AAAAA...
TOO BAD I HAD TO KNOCK OUT MY OWN MEN TOO... BUT THEY'VE GOT HARD HEADS, AND WILL RECOVER FAST! MEANWHILE, I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS...

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN OUR SLEUTHS COME TO...

WHERE ARE WE? I'M ALL TIED UP! I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

ME TOO!

HEY, WE AREN'T TIED AT ALL! WE'RE FROZEN INTO THIS TUB!

HMM. IT GIVES A LITTLE WHEN I TRY TO MOVE! I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS.

BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL COLD! THIS CAN'T BE ICE!

IT'S GELATINE DESSERT!

LUCKY WE'VE GOT YOU WITH US, OXIE... YOU'RE THE ONE MAN WHO CAN GET US OUT OF HERE!

YOU WERE LOOKING FOR FOOD, AND NOW YOU'VE GOT IT... A WHOLE VATFUL!

YOU'VE GOT TO EAT YOUR WAY OUT!

WHAA...? BUT, GOSH, PENNY... IT SMELLS LIKE LEMON, THE ONE FLAVOR I CAN'T STAND! CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE?

BUT WRACK HIS BRAINS AS HE WILL, OUR HERO CAN THINK OF NO OTHER MEANS OF ESCAPE, AND SO OXIE SELF-SACRIFICINGLY BEGINS TO EAT... AND EAT... AND EAT... UNTIL FINALLY...
UGH... SORRY, PENNY, I DID MY BEST, BUT I CAN'T EAT ANOTHER MOUTHFUL!

NEVER MIND, YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH! I CAN PULL MYSELF LOOSE AND FREE YOU AND BUNNY TOO!

LOOK, BUNNY, A COCONUT MUST HAVE SPLIT AGAINST THE HEAD OF ONE OF THOSE THUGS, AND THIS COCONUT MILK LEAKED OUT! IT LEFT A TRAIL...

MOMENTS LATER...

WELL, FOLLOW THIS TIME SOMEBODY'S GOING TO HAVE REASON TO CRY OVER SPLIT MILK.

AT THE END OF THE MILKY WAY...

SO, OUR COCONUT-SNATCHING CHUM, WE MEET AGAIN!

YOU ARE TRESPASSING, MY FRIENDS!

STOP! THIS IS MR. MULCH!

BRRRRAAXXXX!

THIS RASPBERRY IS FOR THAT LEMON YOU MADE ME EAT!

I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS... HE STOLE THOSE COCONUTS!

IT WAS MY PRIDE THAT MADE ME DO IT! I DIDN'T WANT FINNEGAN TO KNOW MY PALM TREES WEREN'T BEARING, SO EVERY NIGHT I'D RECOVER THE COCONUTS, PUT THEM IN THEIR HUSKS, AND DELIVER THEM AGAIN THE NEXT DAY.

THUS MAINTAINING YOUR REPUTATION AS A PLANT GENIUS! I GET IT.

THAT'S ALL YOU GET, MR. PALMER! THE FACTORY IS IN MY NAME, BUT MR. MULCH IS THE SECRET OWNER... AND HE'S NOT GOING TO PAY YOU FOR PROVING HIM THE THIEF.

OW! AND I WAS COUNTING ON ENOUGH TO BUY A STACK OF HAMBURGERS! THAT STUFF I ATE'S AS BAD AS THAT BREAKFAST FOOD... I'M HUNGRY AGAIN!

THE END
**ALL FUNNY**

**TWO-GUN PERCY**

**BERNARD BAILY...**

HE'S A MIGHTY MEAN HOMBRE, IS SIDIWINDER... AN HOMBRE, STRANGER, THAT WILL KILL YUH AS SOON AS LOOK AT YUH! BUT TWO-GUN PERCY AIN'T NO TENDERFOOT HISSELF... AND THOUGH SIDIWINDER IS PURE PIZEN, PIZEN DON'T MEAN MUCH TO TWO-GUN AFTER HANGIN' AROUND GILA GUS'S! SO KNOWIN' THAT EVERY HEEL HAS HIS HEEL, IT' TWO GUN WHAT FIGGERS OUT... "THE SUBDUIN' OF SIDIWINDER SAM."

**LATE AFTERNOON AT GILA GUS'S EMPORIUM...**

TWO-GUN PERCY DAWDLES OVER A DIG OF CHOCOLATE PIZEN, WITH NUTS AND WHIPPED CREAM...

AIN'T GOT MUCH TO DO TODAY, LULUBELLE... HOW ABOUT GETTIN' HITCHED? YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND I'M BRAVE... A FINE COUPLE!

NO! PARDNER! YUH AINT THE FIRST WHAT'S ASKED ME TUH MARRY HIM! BUT AIN'T MARRYIN' NO COWHAND! HE MIGHT TREAT ME LIKE ONE OF HIS COWS!

LULUBELLE BEAUTIFUL? THE TRUTH IS THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG WITH OUR HERO'S EYES AS THE EYE DOC DISCOVERED SEVERAL DAYS AGO!

LOocks Tuh ME, Doc, Like A Double-Yuh AND A Yuh! HMM. EYES 25,000 - 20 AND 45,000 - 20... YUH'RE KINDA SHORT SIGHTED, AMIGO?
AIN'T MUCH I CAN DO! I'LL GIVE YUH SOME DARK GLASSES, SON!

OKAY, DOC—IF THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA BE!

Q V 3201670 ASL

SO YOU SEE WHY THE FUTURE IS SO DARK FOR OUR HERO! EVEN HIS FAITHFUL CAYUSE IS WORRIED!

HIYA, HORACE! HOW ABOUT HAVIN' A TASTE OF THIS YERE STUFF?

NO, PAR-DNER, OUTTA MY GRASS. CUT FRONT TASTE MUSTANG!

GALLOPIN' GOPHERS, BUT HE SHORE LOOKS MIGHTY ORNERY, LU-LU!

DONT LET HIM SCARE YUH NONE PERCY! THAT'S ONLY CARVER CAL!

BETTER NOT GET ME RILED, OR THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT I'LL DO!

GOSH, THIS PLACE IS BEGINNING TUH LOOK DANGEROUS!

I WANT A STRAWBERRY SODA, PAR-DNER AND I WANT IT, PRONTO!

HE'S HARMLESS AS A LAMB COMPARED TUH TUH SIDEWINDER SAM!

NEXT MOMENT:

YIPPEE! I'M A ROOTIN'- TOOTIN' TWO-GUN SHOOTIN' WOLF! AND TUNIGHT'S MY NIGHT TUH HOWL!

HUH? IS THAT SIDEWINDER LULU?
YIPPEE!

NO, THAT AIN'T NOthin' BUT RIP-SNORTIN' RALPH! HE'S KINDER HARMLESS TOO! BUT SIDEWINDER SAM!

BANG!

HEAR THAT SOUND? THAT'S THE OLD RATTLER NOW!

Huh? BUT WHAT IS IT? HE AIN'T USIN' NO SIX-GUN!

HOWDY, FOLKS, ANY BAD MEN SPLIN' FER A FIGHT?

N-NO, SIDEWINDER. I DON'T WANT A-AAA-

DON'T, SIDEWINDER! A-A-ARGH!

Yuh see now, Percy? It's them eyes of his'n that does it! They're like a rattler's--they drill yuh through paralyze yuh!

HOW ABOUT Yuh, CARVER CAL?

FLOP!

He's turnin' this way! Quick, don't stand there like a locoed hoss...HIDE!

I-I-I-I ain't a-aa-a-afraid!

Y-Yuh see? He can't hurt me!

It's yore dark glasses that's stoppin' me! But that don't mean you're gonna get the better of sidewinder Sam!
SAYS YUH! HAVE A SEAT, DIAMOND-BACK!

CRASH

OKAY, RATTLE, IF YUH WANT SOMETHING WITH A BANG, TRY THIS!

O.K., RATTLE, IF YUH WANT SOMETHING WITH A BANG, TRY THIS!

SAVE YOUR BULLETS, MUCHACHO, TILL YOU GET YORE EYES FIXED! YORE AIM'S BAD!

BUT I AIN'T GOT NO MORE TIME TUH WASTE ON YUH, Gopherpus, YAMOOSE!

SO LONG, PARDNER! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME!

DON'T GO AWAY, HORACE.. I'M COMING BACK!

YUH SEE WHAT I KIN DO IF I AIM TUH, GUS... SO YOUD BEST HAND OVER ALL THE FOLDIN' MONEY YOUD GOT, AFORE I FINISH OFF ALL YORE CUSTOMERS!

MEANWHILE IN GILA GUS'S SIDE-WINDER SHOWS HIS FANGS!

S-SURE, SIDEWINDER! JUST WAIT TILL I GET EVERYTHING TOGETHER!

DON'T YUH PRET NONE, OLD HOSs.. I FIGGERED OUT HOW TO HANDLE THE RATTLE!

BACK FOR MORE TWO-GUN? SEEMS TUH ME YOURE KINDA RESTLESS!
HOLD ON THAR, SIDEWINDER---YORE DAY OF RECONIN HAS COME!

THAT'S WHAT YUH THINK, YUH MANGY COYOTE!

YER, THAT'S WHAT I THINK---AND THIS MIRROR WILL PROVE IT!

Huh?

JEST LIKE I EXPECTED! NOBODY'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO STAND A GLANCE FROM SIDEWINDER--NOT EVEN SIDEWINDER!

LATER

HMM, HE Ain'T DEAD...BUT THE SHOCK ALMOST KILLED HIM! HE'S GONNA BE A MIGHTY SICK MAN! NO MORE COW-PUNCHIN' FOR HIM!

GOSH, DOC! DO YUH MEAN IT?

GOSH, DOC! I SHORE DO, GAL!

GALLORPIN' GOPHERS, GOSH, IF HE Ain'T GONNA, YUH CAN'T DO THAT Tuh ME!

D-DON'T YUH TELL ME WHAT I KIN DO, PARDNER!

I WON'T, LULUBELLE! GOSH, YUH GOT NEEDLES IN YORE GLANCE, GAL!

AND AT SUNSET...

OLD HOSS, I Ain'T EVER GOIN' TO ASK ANOTHER GAL TO MARRY ME! DEPEND ON IT!

UNTIL THE NEXT TIME, PARDNER! I KNOW YUH!
AND DON'T YOU TRY TO SNAP ANYTHING UP TO HIm?

WHO, ME?

GOSH BUT IT'S COLD!

Grandpa Peters

HUNTED MINERVA SENDING ME TO BEP OUT WITH SUPPER FOR BEING KEPT AFTER SCHOOL FOR NOT LEARNING MY ARITHMETIC.

I WAS TOO BUSY WONDERING IF MY GRANDPA REALLY DID DISCOVER THE SOUTH POLE THAT TIME.

HE SAID IT WAS THIS WAY. WHEN HE WAS DOWN IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY, HE CAME ACROSS A BIG POLE, SO HE TOOK 3 GUESSES AND GUESSED SOUTH POLE EVERY TIME. ON ACCOUNT OF IT, HE LIKED TO CALL IT A MAY POLE, A TELEGRAPH POLE, OR A BARBER POLE.

LUCKY HE DIDN'T SCREW THAT POLE BACK BEFORE HE WENT ON ABOUT HIS BUSINESS.

BUT I'M HUNGRY!

BANG! BANG!

GOOD EXERCISE ANYWAY!

SO HE DID THIS WITH THE BIG IVORY TUSK OF SOME KIND OF ANIMAL HE PICKED UP FOR A SOUVENIR. A COUPLE OF MILES WEST, AND PRETTY SOON.

WHAT- NO HOT MINCE PIE!

JUST AS HE GOT TOL OF EVERYTHING BUT DESSERT, THE STRANGERS WENT BACK TO WHEREVER IT CAME FROM, AND SOME STRANGERS SHOWED UP, HEARD THE BOOM WHEN THE GEYSER GOT STARTED NO DOUBT.

THE POLE BEGAM TO UNSCREW OUT OF THE GROUND AS HE PULLED THE IVORY TUSK AROUND AND AROUND. HE SAID HE WAS SO SURPRISED HE THOUGHT HE WAS DREAMING.

FIRST, HE LOOKED DOWN THE HOLE FROM WHERE THE POLE UNSCREWED OUT OF. HE COULDN'T SEE A THING. THEN HE DID THIS, AND COULDN'T FEEL A THING. HE WAS GETTING NOWHERE.

AFTER A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP WHICH LASTED SIX MONTHS, ON ACCOUNT OF THATS, HOW LONG A NIGHT IS DOWN THERE. HE WOKE UP AND ASKED IT THAT WAS THE SOUTH POLE HE DISCOVERED, AND HE WAS PUT RIGHT TO SLEEP AGAIN, SO HE GUESS SOMETHING SEEMS LIKE THAT WAS THE WORST THING YOU COULD ASK THOSE STRANGERS OUTSIDE OF WHAT MAKES THEM SO STRANGE.

AND NOW, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MY SPEECH FOR ME. WILL YOU BUB?

YES, SIR.

WHERE GRANDPA'S LOOKS WERE ALL THE TIME. I WAS LOOKING FOR THEM WITH MY IDEA. BUT WHEREEVER. WHEREVER.

LOOK
When a cross-country contest offers a chance to make some money, those insane inventors, Ham and Eg, are ready to overcome all obstacles to win it! If they can’t go around an object, they can always go over, under, or through it! All of which they proceed to demonstrate in a most amazing way when they enter... "The Obstacle Race."

Extra! Getcha extra paper here! Well, if you’re sure it’s an extra one and you won’t miss it, I’ll take it, thanks.

Says here there’s going to be a big obstacle race. What do you say we try to win it?

No sir, not me! I never could ride one of those things!
AN OBSTACLE IS SOMETHING TO BE OVERCOME, LIKE A RIVER, OR A CLIFF, OR A BIG WALL, SEE?

CITY JUNK HEAP

COME ON AND CARRY SOME OF THIS STUFF HOME. WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A CAR SO WE CAN ENTER THAT RACE.

GOLLY, IT OUGHTTA BE A CINCH TO BEAT THEM. NONE OF 'EM CAN RUN A STEP!

SAY, I JUST GOT AN IDEA HOW TO KEEP THE FRONT BUMPERS FROM GETTING BUMPED!

THAT'S SWELL. IT'LL BE A BIG HELP FOR THAT OBSTACLE RACE. HOW DO WE DO IT?

PUT 'EM ON THE REAR OF THE CAR!

A FEW HOURS AND INJURIES LATER...

JUST LOOK AT HER. A BEAUTIFUL JOB!

YES, WE OUGHT TO CALL IT DUCKLING, IT'S SO UGLY!

NOW, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET IT DOWN ON THE STREET? I GUESS A CRANE WILL DO IT.

A CRANE? EGBERT, DO YOU THINK A BIRD IS STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THAT CAR?

HURRY UP NOW. WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO THE STARTING LINE!

I'D RATHER TAKE IT TO THE FINISH LINE. WE'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF WINNING!

I FEEL LIKE I WAS RIDIN' ON AIR!

YOU ARE!
WE'RE WAY BEHIND. WE'VE GOT TO GO FASTER!
I COULD GO FASTER, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CAR HERE.

HERE IT COMES... A BIG HILL!
I'LL GET A GOOD RUNNING START...

YEEOW! WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE THE HILL!

THE PROPELLER'S DIGGIN' A TUNNEL AHEAD OF US!

FIRST OBSTACLE STEEP HILL!

IFS YOU ASK ME, THIS IS A MIGHTY DIRTY TRICK.
I'D SAY WE WERE JUST GETTING DOWN TO EARTH!

WE'RE GOIN' ALONG WIT' THESE RACERS, SEE? I GOT A HUNDRED GRAND BET ON NUMBER FIFTEEN. IT'S GOTTA WIN!

SURE BOSS!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF ANYBODY ELSE!

ON THE ROAD AHEAD...

FIFTEEN'LL WIN—AS SURE AS I'M STANDIN' HERE!

GANGWAY!

HAAAALP! I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A GROUND-HOG... I MEAN A ROAD-HOG!

STOP YELLING, PLEASE, I CAN'T HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING...

TELL HIM TO GET OFF OUR CAR. HE AIN'T ONE OF THE OBSTACLES!
That car is winnin', nails! The others ain't come over the mountain yet!

What? Let's go get 'em! We'll show those guys!

Keep it up... We'll catch 'em in a minute!

Maybe we can hit them before that.

If this is more obstacles, I don't like it.

They're gangsters. They're trying to put us out of the race! They want to kill us!

I still don't like it!

Oh, stop beefing and see where we're going! I can't see anything down here!

Neither can I, Egbert. I can't see a thing!

For goodness sakes, take your hands away from in front of your eyes!

I still can't see anything. Just clouds, and a lot of sky...

What? Where'd the road go to?

We left more than that behind. How are we gonna get down from here?

We left those killers behind, all right!

Stop worrying. After all, we've invented a new type of airplane!

I wish we'd learned how to fly one before we invented it, then...

Whoa!...
SOME LANDING! I COULD DO BETTER WITH MY EYES CLOSED.
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK MINE WERE OPEN?

I BET THAT CHICKEN WAS JUST LAYIN' FOR ME...
WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME HERE. WE HAVE OTHER PLACES TO GO!

BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN TRYING TO BRING THIS PLACE ALONG WITH US!

THEY DIDN'T MAKE ENOUGH OBSTACLES FOR YOU. YOU HAVE TO GO AND INVENT SOME MORE!

I SEE THE ROAD UP AHEAD. IT WON'T BE LONG TILL WE'RE ON OUR WAY AGAIN...

HERE THEY COME NOW. THEY'RE STILL LEADING, BUT THEY WON'T BE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH 'EM!

A GOOD THING YA THOUGHT OF HIRIN' A AIRPLANE TO CATCH 'EM, NAILS.

OKAY, MIKE. LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THIS RUBBISH'LL BURY 'EM DEEPER THAN A COAL MINE!

STRANGE, BUT I JUST HAD A DOWN IN THE DUMPS FEELING!

YEEOW, WE'RE BEING AVALANCHED...

AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
BOY, I CAN'T LOSE, I BET ON BOTH OF THEM CARS!

THEY SURE ARE WINNIN' IN A BREEZE, THERE'S NOBODY TO CHALLENGE 'EM!

WHERE ARE WE, HAMILTON? ACCORDING TO THIS COMPASS, WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

YEEOW! THEM!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN. I DON'T FEEL A BIT WET!

LISTEN TO ALL THAT NOISE. THAT MUST BE THE WAVES. HOORAY! RAH! RAH! YIPPEE! YAHOO!

CONGRATULATIONS! GREAT RACE! TERRIFIC! SAY, WE MUSTA WON!

HOW ABOUT A PICTURE FOR THE PRESS?

GO AHEAD, BOYS. FIRE WHEN READY!

WAIT! I HAVE YOUR PRIZE MONEY!

NINE HUNDRED... A THOUSAND

HEY, HOLD ON! I GOT A BILL FOR DAMAGES TO PRESENT TO THEM GUYS! A THOUSAND WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE ARE ABOUT TO BE STUCK... AND I DON'T MEAN BY GLUE!

WHAT GETS ME IS THE FACT WE INVENT A COMBINATION MOLE, CAR AND AIRPLANE, WIN A RACE AND A THOUSAND DOLLARS...

...AND END UP WITHOUT EVEN CARRIAGE TO RIDE HOME! WE HAVE TO WALK!
IS THAT A DANCE PLATFORM IN YOUR LITTLE ANGEL CAKE'S FRONT YARD??

NO, HER POPS IS RUNNING FOR ALDERMAN AND HE'S MAKING A FRONT PORCH CAMPAIGN!!

FELLOW CITIZENS, I COME BEFORE YOU AT MY PARTY'S CALL!!

THERE'S THE DOOR BELL!! ... IT MUST BE THE COMMITTEE!!

HIYA, MR. GRUFF ... WHERE'S SUSIE?? I'M HERE WITH SOME SWEET PLATTERS THAT'LL OPEN HER HAZEL EYES!!

I'LL TAKE THE MESSAGE, BUT WHEN SUSIE COMES IN YOU'LL BE OUT!!

AND STAY OUT!!

GBYE MR. GRUFF!!

RELAX, BUZZY!! YOU WIN THE FIRST FALL!!
YOU'RE A MEANIE!! ... I'M GOING OUT TO SAVE THE PIECES!!

IT WILL BUILD YOU UP WITH Popsy IF YOU'LL LEAVE THE SWEET TRUMPET OUTSIDE, AND TAKE AN INTEREST IN HIS CAMPAIGN!!

I'M YOUR SLAVE, L'il TIDBIT!!

DON'T PICK ME UP ... YET

JUST BEFORE I SPEAK THE BAND WILL PLAY THE ANTHEM SOFTLY AND A SPOTLIGHT WILL PLAY ON MY PICTURE!!

THE WIND'S GOT IT KINDA OUTA LINE, MR. GRUFF!!

HOLD THE LADDER MY BOY ... I'LL HAVE IT FIXED IN A FEW MOMENTS!!

WHAT A CRANKY LOOKIN' Pooch!! NICE DOGGIE!! --- GO'WAY!!

SCRAM!!

YOWP!!

GRRRR!!
YOU IDIOT!
STEADY!

SPLOP!!

SPEAK TO ME, MR. GRUFF

BUZZY HAS KILLED POPSY!

I'LL HAVE HIM ON HIS FEET FOR THE RALLY... BUT HE'S STILL A LITTLE DIZZY!!

HE ALWAYS IS,... I MEAN....

I WON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE TILL THE RALLY AND I'LL FORGIVE THAT JELLYBEAN!!... THERE MAY BE SOME VOTES IN HIS FAMILY!!
YOUR PORS IS A SOLID SENDER AFTER ALL, KITTEN!! I'M GONNA GET OUT AN' WORK FOR HIM!!

I COULD GET INTO CLOSE HARMONY WITH MY LITTLE ANGEL CAKE'S POP, IF I COULD HELP HIM GET IN UNDER THE WIRE!!

RASSLUS US UP A COUPLA DOUBLE CHERRY COKES, IVAN....WE GONNA DO SOME HEAVY THINKING!!

LATER

WE'VE MADE OL' POP GRUFF THE HEP CAT'S CHOICE, STOUT FELLOW!!...WE PUT FIRE WORKS AND PIN WHEELS OVER THE SPEAKER'S STANDS, AND WELL PLANT FIVE SWING BANDS IN THE CROWD TO GIVE OUT FOR HIM!!

AH-HH...I HEAR MUSIC!! THEY'RE CALLING MY NAME!!

MY ENEMIES HAVE DONE THIS....!!!....THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO SMEAR ME!!

THE HONORABLE HOMER GRUFF IS THE HEP CAT'S CHOICE
STOP CARRYING ON SO, POPSY! THE RALLY'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!!

WITH THE HEPCATS AND LONG-HAIRS BOTH GOING FOR PORS GRUFF, THE OLD SMELT'S IN!

IT WILL BUILD ME SOLID WITH MY LITTLE HOT CAKE!!

WE DEMAND SHORTER DAYS AND LONGER NIGHTS.

HE'S THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

ANY PARTY.

WE WANT GRUFF!!

OLD HOMERS GOING OVER GREAT!

POPP GRUFF'S STEPPING ON THE PLATFORM! TELL SKEET TO TOUCH OFF THOSE PINWHEELS!!

I DIDN'T READ THE DIRECTIONS, BUT HERE'S THE FUSE!!

S-ZZZ

BAH!

OW!!
HOT GRAVY! This looks like the last days of Pompeii!! I better turn on the sprinkler system!!

Pow!

Homer will be read out of the party for this!

It comes of sowing his wild oats too late in life!!

It matters little now... I'm a dying man... but if I could collar that jelly-bean!!

Here comes the little pigeon's pop... with fire in his eye!!

You're gaining on him, Homer!

Ow!
DOVER AND CLOVER

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

GOING INTO A MENTAL MUDDLE--PARDON--MENTAL MUDDLE, DOVER AND CLOVER TAKE OFF ON A FAST AND FURIOUS HUNT FOR A CRIMINAL IN THE VERY CITADELS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, AND TACKLE A JOB FOR...

"A CONNOISSEUR OF CRIME!"

CRIME FICTION WRITER, MEL O. DRAMMER, IS IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION--STUCK...

I'VE GOT TO FIND A GOOD NAME FOR THE VILLAIN OF THIS STORY I'M WRITING!

I HAVE IT! I'LL CALL A DETECTIVE AGENCY, DESCRIBE THE VILLAIN, AND ASK THEM FOR A SUITABLE NAME!

I'M FIGURING OUT AN INTELLIGENCE TEST TO FIND OUT IF A CRAZY QUILT IS REALLY CRAZY, CLOVER!

THUS, A MOMENT LATER AT THE OFFICE OF DOVER AND CLOVER...

I'M MAKING UP CROSS-EXAMINATION QUESTIONS TO LEARN JUST HOW MUCH OF A LIAR THE LYRE BIRD REALLY IS, DOVER! WHUPS! THE PHONE!
DOVER AND CLOVER
AGENCY? NEL O. DRAMMER
SPEAKING. I WANT TO
DESCRIBE A VILLAIN...
BLACK SUIT AND HAT,
BIG MUSTACHE AND NOSE,
STEALS MONEY FROM
ORPHANS, ROBS
WIDOWS AND...

THAT'S ENOUGH
IDENTIFICATION.
WE'LL CAPTURE HIM
FOR YOU, MR. DRAM-
MER--GOOD BYE!

AND MEANWHILE...

HMM... BLACK
SUITS AND HAT,
BIG MUSTACHE
AND NOSE. WE'LL
GRAB THIS GINK
EASILY, CLOVER!

WE'LL GRAB THIS
GINK EASILY--
WATCH THE
GRAMMAR, DOVER!

WAIT, EXCEPT THAT
HE WEARS A LIGHT
SUIT AND HAT, AND
HAS NO MUSTACHE,
AND A SMALL
NOSE, THE CRIMI-
NAL'S DESCRIPTION
FITS THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER
EXACTLY, CLOVER!

AMAZING! THAT
MEANS THE
COMMISSIONER'S
BEEN IN DISGUISE
ALL HIS LIFE.
DOVER!

I'LL GET THAT
TRUCK AND SOME
ROPE IN CASE
THE COMMISSIONER
IS OBSTINATE,
DOVER.

AND I'LL GET
THE COSTUME
REPRESENTING
WHAT THE
COMMISSIONER
REALLY LOOKS
LIKE, CLOVER!

AND PRESENTLY...

THIS OUTFIT IS ALL THE
DESCRIPTION WE HAVE
OF THE CULPRIT. SO WHEN
WE PUT IT ON THE COMMI-
SSIONER, HE'S BOUND TO
BE THE GUILTY PARTY,
CLOVER!

DRIVE RIGHT TO POLICE
HEADQUARTERS,
DOVER--
VIP--E--E--!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
THE COMMISSIONER IS GIVING A PEP
TALK...

YOU MEN MUST BE
FIRM, SOLID AS ROCKS;
LET NOTHING MOVE
YOU OR SWEET YOU
OFF YOUR FEET!
Suddenly...!

Whoa!

Someone's grabbin' the commissioner!

It's him!

Get that outfit on him before he gets his wind back, Clover!

Whoosh!

Yes, it's he — watch the grammar, Dover!

Wh... what... where am I?

Aha! Pretending innocence, eh?

I dare not jump! These lunatics are going too fast!

Look! Even his own men are shooting at him now that they see him in his true colors, Clover!

Hmm... Pyrotechnics... let me see...

Sput-Sput-N'Bang!

You idiots. They've hit us, and pyrotechnics means...

Why you...?! Ninny-hammers!

Fireworks!

Tut, tut. My man, that's no alibi!

None at all. My man, where is the orphans' and widows' gold?
AND LO! FATE'S WHIMSY HAS DEPOSITED THEM ON THE GROUNDS OF NONE OTHER THAN MEL O. DRAMMER!

WHY, IF IT ISN'T BUTTON-NOSE BROPHY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE LEFT SCHOOL! I JUST MOVED HERE MYSELF.

DRAMMER--GOOD OLD DIZZY DRAMMER. I--ER--MAY NOT LOOK IT, BUT I'M POLICE COMMISSIONER HERE.

AND CLOVER... AND THIS WRETCH NOW HE ISN'T. THEN HE WAS, AND YOU CALL YOUR FRIEND IS THE MAN YOU SEEK? CLEAR ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?

REPEAT THAT, PLEASE!

AND AFTER AN EXPLANATION OF THE EXPLANATION...

HERE! THE COMMISSIONER FORGIVES YOU BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT US TOGETHER, AND I CAN USE THIS EPISODE FOR A STORY PLOT.

THANKS HORRIBLY! IT WAS A TOUGH CASE!

YES, WE EVEN HAD TO FURNISH OUR OWN CLUES!

BOY--NOW I CAN BUY THAT LIE DETECTOR FOR OUR BUSINESS!

YES, AND I'LL BUY A LIE DETECTOR TO SEE IF YOUR LIE DETECTOR IS LYING!

THE END.
BUSY BILL the BILL COLLECTOR

A NEW LAWYER HERE—HE MAY HAVE SOME SOUR ACCOUNTS WE CAN WORK ON!

HENRY QUIBBLE ATTORNEY AT LAW

SADWING LEE... I'M TOO BUSY TO DISCUSS A LAUNDRY BILL—MY OFFICE IS FULL OF CLIENTS!!

BUT THIS IS A LAW OFFICE! IF THE HEN LAYS AN EGG, I'LL HAVE LUNCH! I HAVE THE TOAST READY!

I HAVE NO ACCOUNTS TO COLLECT YET BUT I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW OF MY BUSINESS CARDS TO DISTRIBUTE!

SORRY... WE THOUGHT THIS WAS A LAW OFFICE TILL WE SAW THE TOASTER AND HEN...

THERES A PROSPECT FOR HIM!

GIVE HIM AIR!

GIVE HIM THAT LAWYERS CARD!!

NO, YOU CAN'T RIDE IN THE AMBULANCE WITH HIM—ARE YOU RELATIVES?

NO, BUT WE HAVE SOME BUSINESS WITH HIM AS SOON AS HE COMES TO!!

ROLL HIM OVER A BARREL

GET OUTA HERE!!
SILENT, SLIPPERY, SMOOTH AND SLICK, THE EEL STEALS EVERYTHING IN TOWN. HE MOVES TOO FAST AND STRIKES TOO QUICK FOR ANYONE TO BRING HIM DOWN. EVEN HENRY, THE COP, CAN'T LAY A HAND ON THIS SINISTER HEEL, THIS SUPER-THEFT, THIS SMARTEST CROOK IN ALL THE LAND, WHO BRINGS ALL SLEEPYSIDE TO GRIEF UNTIL THE LITTLE COP'S BUSY BRAIN MASTERS THE NIMBLE ACROBAT AND CAUSES TO BE MADE QUITE PLAIN THAT...

IT TAKES A CAT TO CATCH A RAT!

IGHT NESTLES OVER SLEEPYSIDE AND MORPHEUS HOLDS SWAY AND HAYFOOT HENRY SWEETLY DREAMS AFTER A BUSY DAY...

BUT ELSEWHERE IN THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE PLANS ARE AFOOT FOR PELF AND PILLAGE! WHAT EVIL SHAPE IS THIS THAT CREEPS SO STEALTHILY WHILE HENRY SLEEPS?

NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT! I'LL DO WELL THIS NIGHT!
WITH MASTERFUL
SKILL, THE EVIL
APPARITION
PICKS A LOCK
AND PURSUES HIS
CROOKED MISSION—

I WHO WORK
WHILE OTHERS
SNORE
WILL WEALTHY BE
AS NE’ER BEFORE...

AMAZING HOW MY FINGERS
WIELD
A TOUCH THAT MAKES THE
BEST SAFES YIELD.
BEHOLD THIS WEALTH OF
HOARDED TREASURE,
SOON TO BE SPENT
IN POMP AND PLEASURE!

THUS, SOME TIME LATER, HENRY’S
SLEEP IS JARRED,
WHEN HIS BEDSIDE PHONE RINGS
LONG AND HARD!

OH DEAR, A RHYME I NEEDED,
IT CAME IN A DREAM BUT
NOW IT’S RECEDED.
“ANTIOESTABLISHMENTARIANIST”
WAS THE WORD
NOW ALL I RECALL IS SOMETHING
ABOUT A BIRD!

I NEEDED A RHYME FOR MY LEXICON—
WHAT!
THE BANKS BEEN ROBBED! DID
THE CROCKS GET A LOT?
HUUH—THE EEL’S BACK IN TOWN?
HE LEFT A NOTE!
SO MY OLD ENEMY’S TRYING
TO GET MY GOAT!

THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOK THE WORLD’S
EVER KNOWN!
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING
IF I KNOW THE EEL!
HE’LL PICK SLEEPYSIDE AS DRY AS A BONE,
BECAUSE NOTHING CAN STOP HIM
WHEN HE STARTS TO STEAL!

GENTLEMEN,
I’M HERE!
THERE’S NO
MORE TO FEAR!

BUT OUR MONEY’S GONE
AND WE’RE ALL BROKE

THE EEL LEFT THIS
AS A PARTING JOKE
NOT SMART ENOUGH, HEY?
I'LL SOON PUT HIM AWAY!

FOR "ANTIDADESTABLISHMENTARIANIST" I DREAMED
A RHYME,
BUT THE SLIPPERY FELLOW BROKE OFF MY DREAM
WITH HIS DARING CRIME.
FOR THAT HE SHALL SUFFER,
THE FOUR-FLUSHING DUFFER!

GENTLEMEN! THE EEL'S STRUCK
AGAIN!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE EEL JUST HELD UP
WORDS WORTH'S JEWELRY STORE;
HE LEFT A NOTE CALLING
HENRY SHORTYFELLOW A BORE!

ENOUGH! THIS IS
THE LAST STRAW!
AM I, OR AM I
NOT, THE LAW?

GENTLEMEN, THE EEL'S
RUN AMUCK!
HE JUST HELD UP AN
ARMORED TRUCK!

MRS. BULLION'S PEARLS HAVE
JUST BEEN GYPED,
AND THE FACTORY PAYROLL
HAS BEEN CLIPPED!

OH DEAR, OH DEAR—I'M
BEATEN, I FEAR!

HENRY, YOU'RE GOT TO ACT—
BEFORE EVERY SAFE IN
TOWN IS CRACKED

EUREKA! I'M NOT LICKED YET!
BE PATIENT! THE PROBLEM HAS
BEEN MET;
THREE PLACES STILL REMAIN
TO BE LOOTED,
BUT THE LAW WILL SOON BE
REINSTITUTED!
No time is lost as Henry, the cop, visits the Sleepy Side Pet Shop!

Yes, indeed, sir—All you need, sir! That's fine! If only there's time...

Why, Henry's not even on the job. He buys pets and lets the eel rob!

The eel's an acrobat, a contortionist, too fast for me to catch him or hit with my fist... makes no sound; as he walks, he glides... but those three unrobbed safes must look at their insides!

And so after checking the last safes in the city, Henry returns home to greet a committee...

Why are you here on my doorstep waiting for me?

We want to know why you come home while the eel goes free?

Fellow citizens, have no fear! The eel's practically caught, so be of good cheer!

I suppose he'll deliver himself on your doormat. Huh? What's that shriek? It sounds like a cat!

A hundred cats! The signal I'm waiting for! Come along! The eel will steal no more!

Howling cats! This crazy business is giving me attacks of dizziness!

Help! Help! Murder! Police! Call off these cats while I'm still in one piece!

Look at him go!

The eel! And he's got our dough!
IMBLER THAN ANY LIVING MAN, THE TRAPPED EEL SCALES A BUILDING WALL, BUT THE CATS ARE NIMBLER STILL, THEY FOLLOW HIM, ONE AND ALL!

HENRY!!! WITHOUT THESE CATS, I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN FOUND. I USUALLY MOVE WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND!

THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU, EEL, WHEREVER YOU GO, SO BETTER SURRENDER, AND HAND BACK THE DOUGH!

YOU SEE, I PLANTED CATNIP IN THE STILL UNPILFERED SAFES, AND THEN RELEASED THESE TOM-CATS ALL AROUND THE TOWN. SO WHEN YOU STOLE THEIR CONTENTS AND SLUNK OFF THROUGH THE STREETS, THE CATS ALL SMELLED THE CATNIP AND FOLLOWED YOU AROUND!

OH DEAR, AT LEAST IN JAIL, I'LL BE ABLE TO WASH OFF THE CATNIP SMELL...

YES, AND THEN RELAX INSIDE SOME COZY CELL! HA! HA! LOOK AT THEM KISS HIM! THEY'LL CERTAINLY MISS HIM!

SO ENDS THE CRIME AND I'VE FOUND MY RHYME!

I WAS TRYING TO RHYME "ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANIST," I OVERLOOKED THE SIMPLE, AND NEVER THOUGHT OF "KISSED."

HE'S OFF TO HIS RHYMING LEXICON, BUT ANYWAY, HIS JOB'S WELL DONE!

KISSED, RESIST, WHIST, FIST, LIST, MISSED, GIST, ALL RHYME WITH "ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANIST"
A SENSE OF HUMOR

by Ed Selby

They were all sitting around the Lancaster, waiting for the officers, who were in the briefing room. In a very little while now, there'd be another raid over Berlin. Naturally, several new kids were going out for the first time. Those were the ones who looked excited.

"My lad," said Gunnery Sergeant Forbes to a ruddy-faced recruit named Smythe, "there's really nothing to get excited about. You've got a job to do, and you do it.

"It also helps to have a sense of humor," Forbes added.

Smythe was a serious kid, not long out of classes. He looked at Forbes' weather-beaten face, the clear blue eyes. Forbes was RAF now, and nothing could tear him away. But he had also served plenty of years in the Colonies.

"A sense of humor?" The lad looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you just laugh things off," Forbes smiled dourly. At least, he was safe enough here. These lads wouldn't really know the whole truth. "Why, I remember only a few months ago," he said, "how a sense of humor helped me out of a tough spot.

He chewed meditatively on his cud of tobacco for a moment, aware that some of the other youngsters had begun to listen.

"These here Lancasters," he resumed, "are some ships. But they're all different. They all have different personalities." He sighed. "Like the Flying Soho.

Forbes shook his head. "It was on our twentieth mission," he said, his voice impressive, "and we headed for Kiel in one of the soupiest fogs you ever saw."

Forbes was beginning to enjoy himself. It wasn't every day a man could tell the story of the Flying Soho the right way. He huddled toward his tensed listeners, and didn't see the tall, thin man come up behind him. It was dark on the field, besides.

"Yes, lads," Forbes said. "We made Kiel all right, and we laid our eggs right on the Nazi pigboats. They put up quite a fight, too, and we went through plenty of flak, but nobody noticed it much, because when you've got a job to do, you do it."

"And keep a sense of humor," Smythe piped up.

Forbes darted a glance at him, then resumed his story. For a moment he had a suspicion that he had seen young Smythe before, but he knew that couldn't be.

"That's right, m'lad," Forbes said heartily, "Keep a sense of humor. Especially when you discover you're only travelling on one engine."

"One engine?" The gasp from his ringed audience satisfied Forbes. This was more like it. These lads would learn they were really talking to an old hand at the game of fighting.

"Yes, one engine. But there's more to it than that, lads. Like the regal beauty she was, the Flying Soho tried to carry us straight home. But we knew she'd never make it. Before we had gone fifteen minutes flying time from Kiel, we ran into a fog that was as heavy as the flak we had managed to come through."

Forbes sighed again. "I hope you lads never run into fog like that. And we had a lot more trouble. I know, because I was on a waist gun and all of a sudden Corporal Bevans says to me, 'It's awful, Forbes. Our navigator's dead!'

"'Dead?' I cried. 'It can't be! He's . . .'

"'He's dead all right,' says Bevans. 'Those dirty Nazis got him with a lucky shot."

"Well, looking out at that fog, and our navigator gone, I knew we were really in a terrible fix."

Not a sound came from his audience, and Forbes smiled happily. "Well, lads," he continued, "it was really worse than that. Our radio had been smashed and we didn't have contact with GHQ. We were plain in the soup, and I do mean the soup. To put it mildly, lads, we were lost! And over enemy territory! How far over we had no way of knowing. We were losing altitude fast and it sure looked like a forced landing."

A voice interrupted in the darkness. "Gosh, Sergeant, I'll bet you were plenty scared."

"Scared!" Forbes glowered into the darkness. "There wasn't a man on that crew was scared. Maybe a little worried, yes—but after all, this was the first time I had to bail out in a hurry."

He chewed his tobacco vigorously. "But when the order came from Lieutenant Waring to go over, over we went."

He sighed again, and it was the only sound in the night. "I will never forget it," he said, "because the Lieutenant didn't jump, but managed to bring the ship down. He's that kind of a fine man, he didn't want to risk our lives. Well, you could have knocked me over with a crumpet when he set that badly
damaged plane down only four miles from us. We managed to reach him fast and help him destroy the Flying Soho. Then, we ate the rice paper on which was printed our secret data and off we went, the Flying Soho nothing but a burning piece of wreckage.”

Forbes shivered. “It was sure cold and damp there. And we had a pretty good idea that we had come down in Holland. If we could work west and reach the Coast, we knew that somehow those Dutch would get us back to England.”

He pointed a finger at no one in particular. “Just you lads remember,” he admonished, “if you’re ever unlucky enough to be forced down in enemy territory, not to give up hope. Just use your heads and keep fighting.”

Forbes breathed heavily. “I’ll never forget the first few hours we went through, trying to pierce that fog. Naturally, we all had guns, but they were the last thing we wanted to use. The best thing to do was to try to avoid patrols and get to the coast. When the fog lifted we’d have a chance to make a break for safety.”

“And did the fog lift, Sergeant?” a voice asked. It was an eager, young voice.

Forbes smiled blandly. “It did not,” he said. “We managed to get away even while it was still lying on us as heavy as me Burberry.” He slapped a huge fist in his hands. “Not that it was easy, lads, not that it was easy.

“Why,” he went on, excitement coloring his voice, “we hadn’t been gone twenty minutes before we heard the boots of a patrol. They were almost upon us, too. But we managed to stumble into a culvert and we hid there while that patrol marched over us, not realizing we were beneath them, a real prize crew from a British Lancaster.”

Forbes’ heavy hand wiped imaginary perspiration from his brow, his voice seemed to shake with emotion. “And that was only one of a few narrow escapes we had that night, lads. Those patrols were everywhere, and it seemed to us, limping along and scarcely daring to breathe, that they were all out looking for us. After all, we had left a blazing bomber behind us and even though it would take time to discover whether the crew had perished with the Flying Soho, we felt every minute might be our last.”

Forbes got to his feet as a shaft of light appeared from the building where the briefing was taking place. “Well, lads,” he said. “That’s about all. I’ve got to be getting back to my ship.”

“But Sergeant...”

Forbes halted. It was the voice of young Smythe. “You didn’t tell us how you got through without maps,” Smythe pointed out. “You mean you didn’t see a signpost anywhere? Or you didn’t dare use a torch to see one.”

Forbes stiffened, and his eyes peered suspiciously in the darkness. “Of course not,” he said, coldly. “And that’s where a sense of humor helps.” He laughed, and it sounded awfully forced. “We just laughed our way to safety.”

“Ah, what’s that?”

He whirled at the voice which sounded quietly in his ear. Then he stiffened at attention, as he recognized the figure of the tall, thin man who had quietly joined his group of auditors. “Yes, Lieutenant, yes sir.”

“I think,” the Lieutenant said, “they might as well hear the rest, Forbes.” The darkness hid his grin.

“You see, men,” he said, “I was on that mission, too. And what the Sergeant has told you is substantially correct.” He coughed, and Forbes fidgeted uncomfortably. Then he went on.

“But we did light a torch that night,” the Lieutenant said. “It happened when we came to a crossroads, and we took a vote to decide whether to risk it.” He paused. “If I remember correctly, Sergeant, it was you who climbed up on the signpost. What was it the sign said, Sergeant?”

Silence. Then, almost painfully:

“London—15 miles, Sir,” Sergeant Forbes said obediently. He winced. It was a good thing he had a sense of humor, or these new lads would be poking fun at him. After all, it was no disgrace to be forced down in your own country in a fog and mistake your own patrols for those of the enemy.
VITAMIN VIC

COMING RIGHT OVER, CHIEF, A FRESH TANK FULL OF COLD WATER -- WHAT'S COOKIN'?!

VIG WIGGINS, AN HOMOR STUDENT IN CHEMISTRY AT SCHOOL HAS HIT UPON HIS OWN ORIGINAL FORMULA FOR MIXING VITAMINS -- HERE WE FIND THE YOUNG GENIUS AT WORK IN HIS HOME LABORATORY.

I'M PUTTING MORE IRON INTO THIS BATCH O' CAPSULES -- SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL BE NEEDING IT -- AND SOON!!

HEY YOU, VICTOR, GIT ALONG OUT HERE, AN' QUICK, THE DAM HAS BUST AND TH' RIVER'S RUNNIN' HOG WILD!!
Okay, Paw, I'm a-comin' on the double and a-hankerin' for trouble!

Quit the poitin' an' shake your shanks! -- Looks like the hull valley is in for a wash-out!!

Vitamin Dept. keep out.

Omigosh! -- Look at that fool river! -- It's almost up to the cow-shed already!

Oh man! -- I need a big double-helping of my own home-made vitamin pills! -- Right now!!

Look, Vic -- There goes Jeff Withers' an' party -- an' they're sure goin' straight to town!

Stay ashore you hitch-hikers! We don't aim to carry any free riders!!

And here comes Lew Holstein a-ridin' his new barn highly wide an' handsome!

O' mon, whirlaway!

Next in the line O'March is Jed Pegleg an' his troupe -- say, Paw -- I've got me an' idea!!
That flood is swinging smack across our swampy fifty acres—am I right?

Right!—so what's what, bright mind?

What's what is that I aim to anchor them on our property as they float in and then wait for the consequences!

Sonnyboy, you're either a genius or a mental case—what's the difference?

You'll soon see, pappy—first, I want to get these signs planted where they'll do the worst good!

Another scant handful of my precious vitamin pills and I am ready for anything—come what may!

Ah!—now with the superhuman strength of a boxcar load of lions, I toss myself into the swelling swirl—!

First come, first served, folks—'ll save you all!

Why the feller's got the superhuman strength of a boxcar load of lions!

Hallelujah!
There y'are, Paw -- a brand-new village right in our own back yard!

Victor, boy, you absolutely slay me with the utterest kind of amazement --!

Now we'll just shut off this flood by diverting it into Blind Alley Valley!

'La?'sakes, son, you're just plumb miraculous!

That does it, Paw, she's startin' to recede already -- an' just wait 'til our ritzey house guests read those signs I posted!

Parking one dollar a day.

Private property keep off.

Lots for sale.

Private keep out.

No trespassing.

Shucks! You know Victor, neighbors. He will have his little joke! Forget all about it. We believe strictly in the good neighbor policy. Here have a couple of vitamin tablets and he'll help carry your homes home.

Well cool my brow, 'thim vitamins of Vic's sure have got what it takes! -- Gangway!
GENIUS JONES has punctured a plentitude of puzzles, but the agile-minded ANSWERMAN never dreamed that an historical event of the dim past will shake off the mists of time, and enmesh him in a chain of deceit and danger that jangles to the tune of...

"The Bent Bugle Blues!"

A BRISK morning, and GENIUS JONES is smoothing the puckered brows of a perplexed populace, as per usual...

I'M A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR. WHAT IS THE EXACT TIME? YESTERDAY MY WATCH WAS FIVE SECONDS OFF!

FROM THE POSITION OF THE SUN, THE EXACT TIME IS TEN MINUTES AND THIRTY-THREE SECONDS PAST TEN O'CLOCK. THAT'LL BE ONE DIME, PLEASE!
THE NEXT PATRON PROPOUNDS A PUZZLER INDEED!

I AM A MYNOR, MUSIC STORE OWNER. WHY SHOULD BURGLERS STEAL AN OLD BATTERED BUGLE FROM MY STORE, INSTEAD OF EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENTS?

HMMMM, I REALLY DON'T KNOW, BUT IT IS ODD, ISN'T IT? I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

I HEARD THEM IN THE STORE, CAME DOWN AND TOSSED WITH THEM! IN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE, THEY LOST THIS EMPTY ENVELOPE!

LET'S LOOK AT IT.

WHY IT'S ADDRESSED TO NICK HARGAN AT LITTLE HOPE BASIN. "HAM-FIST" HARGAN, EH? LET'S GO!

THAT BUGLE HAD MORE WRINKLES THAN A PECK OF PRUNES!

A SHORT TIME LATER ...

THAT SOUR NOTE! IT'S THE BUGLE! I MUST BE COOL--COOL AS A C-C-CUCUMBER!

DON'T WORRY, JUDGE FROM YOUR SHIVERING, YOU'RE EVEN COOLER!

THERE'S YER BUGLE, JONES, BUT A LOT O' GOOD IT DOES YA! TIE 'EM UP BOYS!

HMM ... THE RADIO'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! IF THAT CLOCK IS RIGHT AND I CAN REACH THE SWITCH...

GENIUS JONES, EH? WELL, SPYIN' US OUT WON'T HELP YA NONE! INSIDE WITH 'EM, BOYS!

YOU'VE GOT THE DROP. "HAM-FIST" HARGAN, BUT WE'LL GET THAT BUGLE AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!

SUDDENLY ...

HANDS UP! YOU'RE ALL-COVERED!

WH--WHAT? TH'COPS!

IT WORKED! THE NEW ELEVEN-FIFTEEN RADIO DRAMA THAT BEGINS WITH A "HANDS UP" COMMAND!
GET READY TO HAND ME A CIGAR, MR. MYNOR. ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, I'LL NEED IT!

YOWW!

THE GENTLEMAN RINGS THE BELL. THE GENTLEMAN WINS A CIGAR!

LOOK OUT, G.J.!! THEY'RE GOING TO RUSH YOU!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, GENIUS... THEY'LL KILL YOU!

TUT, TUT, MR. MYNOR. LET US VIEW THIS MERELY AS A PICNIC...

AND THIS IS THE WAY WE CRACK THE HARD-BOILED EGGS!

MEANWHILE, THE REVIVED GANG LEADERS WARPED MIND HAS CONCEIVED A FOLL DEVICE!

HALP! I TOOK OFF MY COAT TO FIGHT, AND HE'S MADE A HUMAN SLING SHOT OF ME!

OWK

AW'RIGHT, GANG --- BEAT IT!

AND MOMENTS LATER...

THEY'VE VAMOOSED. THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT. WHEN THEY HAD THE ADVANTAGE! LET'S LOOK AROUND!

THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN LOOK AROUND, AROUND, AND AROUND... OH, MY HEAD!
ALL FUNNY

HMM... THEY TOOK THE BUGLE WITH THEM, OF COURSE. NOW, IF...

JONES, GENIUS JONES! COME HERE AND LOOK!

THE BUGLE IN THIS ANTIQUE GUIDE BOOK IS DENT FOR DENT, IDENTICAL FOR MINE, AND IT SAYS IT'S THE ONE NAPOLEON'S BUGLER BLEW THE RETREAT AT WATERLOO WITH, AND IS WORTH $1000! I'M RICH!

YES—EXCEPT THAT "HAM-FIST" HARGAN HAS THE BUGLE, NOT YOU!

AH, WOE IS ME—(MOAN) HAPPINESS IS BUT A BUBBLE ON THE SEA OF LIFE—(SIGH)

SILENCE, MR. MYNOR—MY CEREBRICAL ASSIDUOUSNESS MUST NOT BE IMPeded BY YOUR MAlCONTemT WITH LIFE'S LAMENTABLE VICISSITUdES! H-M-M-M-M!

FINALLY...

MY PREDICTIONS LEAD TO ONE CONCLUSION—you will receive word pertaining to the bugle soon, perhaps tomorrow! I'll explain later!

THEN THERE'S HOPE?

AND NEXT MORNING...

IT'S COME, IT'S COME—a letter from Hargan about the bugle—how did you know they'd get in touch with me?

TUT, TUT, MR. MYNOR—ALL IN GOOD TIME... LET'S GO INSIDE AND LOOK AT IT!

MYNOR

One of my gang was hid in the room, and when we left yesterday to go home, I knew you would know the bugle's value. At four o'clock today, I'll sell it to you for $2000. No copies or fakes, genius Jones or I'll sell the deals off. Ham fist Hargan

I DON'T LIKE THIS! ARE YOU GOING THROUGH WITH IT?

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

YES! I'LL MAKE $8000! HE'S GOT TO SELL OR I'LL WARN ALL DEALERS ER—HERE'S YOUR DIME... YOU ANSWERED MY QUESTION...
**What's This? Genius Jones With - Drawing From A Case?**

No thanks! Good bye!

I'm sorry you feel that way about it...

**Genius Jones Or Not, Events Move Forward, And, As The Hour Nears, A Man Battles With His Conscience.**

I shouldn't go through with it, it's wrong -- against the law -- but $8,000!

Drum? I ordered no drum. Never mind. Leave it; I'm busy.

**And Then--The Fateful Moment...**

Okay, Mynor. We was staked out-side and saw that ya obeyed orders. Gimme them $2,000!

I--I can't do it! I won't! It'd be aiding you thieves.

**When Suddenly...**

Bravo, Mynor! I knew you'd change your mind!

Then I'll take the dough! Wh-what! Genius Jones!

Dat's rich. Th' boss will take the dough off him anyhow!

**Let Us Make Music!**

Oof!

I'm just an alley alligator, full of jitteroo jive!

This is the banjo jam fest--I bang you with the banjo, and jam your head in the piano!

Plank

Groong
Then, during a lull in the activities...

They're forming to rush, Genius. What'll we do? Let them rush. We'll...

...just go on with our swing lesson!

Punk plunk plunk.

Swish.

Do you think we're in the groove, Mr. Mynor?

Right on the beam, Genius! I've always wanted a snubber to stop me from pulling the bow out too far.

What's all the racket? Oh, "Ham Fist" Hargan and his mob. Eh?

We were just giving them a little jam session, but you can have them now, officer!

What a haul!

Boom ow star.

Halp! We quit!

And later...

You see I knew it was fishy all through. Crooks don't carry addressed envelopes on jobs. Hargan wanted you to go there. He staged a fight to sweeten the bait; then ran when he really had the advantage....

He'd pasted a fake page in the antique guide, made from a picture he took of your bugle, and wanted you to see it. I knew, because it was Napoleon's drummers who beat out the retreat. The bugle's worthless!

Too bad, but your marvelous deduction saved me $2,000. So here's your dime back, Genius Jones!

The end.
TAKE YOUR PICK!

You can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. Those can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

BOYS

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 38
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME __________________________ AGE ______

ADDRESS __________________________ ( ) Postal Unit No. ______

CITY __________________________ STATE ______

* If your city is so divided
OBOY! LOOK AT THAT SOLDIER JUMP, ROLLO!

HE'S A PARATROOPER TOUGHENING UP HIS LEGS, FATTY. LET'S GIVE HIM THE "T" FOR TOOTSIE'S SECRET COUNTERSIGN!

OBOY! HE BELONGS TO THE CAPT. TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION!

YOU BET I DO! I GET PLENTY OF ENERGY FROM TOOTSIE ROLLS.

I'M GONNA PRACTICE UP AN' BE A PARATROOPER!

LATER... FATTY DOES A VERY FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS THING!

WHEN ROLLO BLOWS THAT WHISTLE, CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A FLASH!

WE'LL HAVE TO RESCUE HIM BEFORE THAT UMBRELLA BREAKS! HURRY!

CAN YOU REACH HIM YET, ROLLO?

NOT QUITE! A LITTLE MORE...

OH, OH! FATTY'S IN TROUBLE! I'LL TOO FOR TOOTSIE!

OOF! OH!

BEFORE THEY REACH THE GROUND, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE GRABS ANOTHER LIMP!

WHHEW!

THE LIMP BROKE!

GOSH, CAPT. TOOTSIE, I GUESS I'LL NEVER BE AS STRONG AS YOU!

WHY NOT? EVERYBODY CAN GET EXTRA ENERGY FROM TOOTSIE ROLLS!

ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY FROM A CHEWY, CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

AND STILL ONLY 1¢

Cheewy, chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS, made with milk, enriched with dextrose, are real energy food. Get Tootsie Rolls! See how they help you win. 3¢ and 1¢.