PRIVATE PETE

OH COLONEL, IT WAS SO SWEET OF YOU TO GIVE MY HERBY A PASS!

THERE - JUST FOR BEING NICE!

SMACK!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT - ER - ULP...

H'LO COLONEL!

??

DEAR DIARY - MY AMBITION IS TO BE A COLONEL - AND REAL SOON!
Lots of soap and water and plenty of scrubbing and rubbing should give a fellow a clean shirt! But when the results are splotches and shirtless Mondays, it’s time for that intrepid trio of sleuths, Pen Palmer, Bun, and Oxie, to knock the spots off crime and complete the job with a...

“CLEANUP at the CLEANERS!”

Well, our profits this month are the same as last... exactly ZERO!

And my appetite is a month older.

Must be poor... hasn’t even a shirt to his back!

Oh, Palmer... you’ve got to help me! My laundry’s in a terrible mess!

Hope Pen asks for our fee in advance!

But there’s a rich client... I hope!
...YOUR FEE? OF COURSE, YOU'LL GET A REWARD... I'M MR. U. SCRUBIM, THE LAUNDRY AND CLEANER KING! BUT HURRY...

COME ON, KIDS! OUT TO THE PLANT, THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! ER... I MEAN, CRIME!

PEN PALMER PRIVATE DETECTIVE

AND MINUTES LATER...

PALMER, MEET MY ENGINEER-MANAGER! ALL LOOKS PERFECT, DOESN'T IT? BUT NOW—WATCH HOW IT DOESN'T WORK!

PUT IN SOAP POWDER, CLEAN WATER... WE'LL TRY ONCE MORE!

FOLKS WON'T SEND ME THEIR CLOTHES ANY MORE... THESE ARE JUST ITEMS WE KEPT FROM PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T PAY THEIR BILLS LAST MONTH!

JUST AS YOU SAY, CHIEF!

HMM... THERE'S A SHIRT OF MINE, AND TWO OF PALMER'S!

LET THEM GET NICE AND... ER... WHITE... EHH, BOYS?

HERE THEY COME, MR. SCRUBIM! I HOPE THEY'RE OKAY THIS TIME.

I'M AFRAID TO LOOK... I STILL SEE SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES!

ME TOO... WHEN I'M WEAK FROM HUNGER!

WOW! SPOTS IS RIGHT... THIS STUFF IS RUINED!

AND SO AM I IF YOU DON'T HELP ME!
OONH...OUR SHIRTS! THAT WRINGER REALLY WRENCHES!

TOO BAD...TELL YOU WHAT, MR. SCRUBIM, I'LL BUY THE PLANT AND DISMANTLE IT FOR SCRAP IRON! YOU ALREADY OWE ME AND MY CREW, PLENTY IN BACK PAY!

GRINK!

GUSS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR OFFER...COME TO MY OFFICE!

HMM, IT SAYS CLEAN WATER, BUT...

IT DRIPS BLACK OIL! THAT'S STRANGE!

AND LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

GET THEM SNOOPERS...BEFORE THEY QUEER THE BOSS'S DEAL!

COAL DUST INSTEAD OF SOAP!

LOOK OUT!

AHA...JUST AS I SUSPECTED! DIRTY WORK AT THE CLEANERS!

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED. HERE'S YOUR SHARE!

HELP! I'M FULL OF FISTS!

AND HERE'S ANOTHER HELPING!

NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE SHRINK-PROOF!

YOW! IT AIN'T SATURDAY NIGHT!
I USED TO BE ON THE SCRUB TEAM IN COLLEGE.
AND MY SPECIALTY USED TO BE A STIFF-ARM.
WHAT GOES ON?
COME ON, MEN! HELP THOSE DETECTIVES! YOU KNOW HOW!

HAW! HAW! AND HOW!
UGH!
BLACKOUT!

AND MOMENTS LATER, BESIDE A GIANT CLEANING TANK...

BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY ENGINEER! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

HA! HA! WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE THE NEW SCRUB-AND-RUB KING OF THE CITY!

OF COURSE... IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME NOW.
AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO TREAT YOU TO A BIG "BLOW"!
ERR... MAKE MINE HAM-BURGER!

IT'S BENZINE... IT'LL EXPLODE!
RIGHT... AS SOON AS IT GETS CLOSE ENOUGH TO MY CIGAR! AND ONCE THIS PLACE GOES UP IN SMOKE, I'LL COLLECT THE INSURANCE AS THE NEW OWNER!

YOU MEAN...
HE MEANS HE'S BEEN SABOTAGING YOUR PLANT!/ COAL AND CRUDE OIL IN YOUR WASHERS... RAZOR BLADES IN THE CLOTHES WRINGER!
AND NOW, WE'RE THE ONES WHO ARE BEING SABOTAGED!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—THIS SMELL'S SPOILIN' MY APPETITE!

BUT NOTICE WHAT A WONDERFUL CLEANING FLUID IT IS!

A-HA... THAT CIGAR!

THERE GOES AN OLD SPOT OF GRAVY OFF MY SUIT.

Oooh! He's getting it over with fast!

DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! IT'S NOT SUICIDE!

SEE? ONE BURNING CIGAR... PLUS ONE ROPE... EQUALS...

I'LL GET RID OF THIS TORCH.

AND I'LL OPEN THIS DOOR. GET SET.

FREEDOM TO FIGHT! HURRY OVER TO ME!

STRAIGHT FOR THE OFFICE! THEY'LL BE IN THERE—IT'S NEAR THE FIRE ESCAPE.

YIPPEE! WE'RE HEADED FOR THE LAST CLEANUP!

HEY... THEY GOT OUT! ROUND 'EM UP!

COME ON, GANG, GRAB YOUR GADGETS, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!
This ought to iron out the situation.

I always prefer handwork in a laundry!

Hey... behind you!

Mind if I join in? Start soaking, you dirty blums!

Nice work, Mr. Scrubin! Now turn your hose this way!

Next step is to rinse 'em... and then we whirl 'em dry!

Well, that cleans up this job!

Stop! We give up!

Whee! Who says the laundry business is dull!

And later...

Well, there's your plant, Mr. U. Scrubin! Ready for business again!

And now, a-hem... it's time we eat!

I need cash badly now, but here's a gift! And by the way, there's no charge for cleaning all your clothes in my tank!

My salary!

My old shirt!

My stummick!

The End
DOVER AND CLOVER

TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE DETECTIVE BECAUSE THEY ARE TWINS!

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT DOVER AND CLOVER PASS UP A CHANCE FOR SLEUTHING, AND WHEN A STRING OF PRICELESS PEARLS VANISHES, THEIR DAFT DEDUCTIONS—WE MEAN DEFT DEDUCTIONS—SOON HAVE THEM HARD ON A TURBULENT TRAIL OF...

"RAGS—AND RICHES!"

DOVER AND CLOVER, THOSE TWIN ERRORS—PARDON, TERRORS—OF DETECTING, ARE ALWAYS BUSY...

WEIGHING EVIDENCE IS FUN. THIS OLD SHOE WEIGHS TWO POUNDS... THAT SHOULD BE EVIDENCE OF SOMETHING, CLOVER'

VERY SIGNIFICANT, DOVER,' BUT LISTEN TO THIS...

IT SAYS: "LOST: PEARL NECKLACE. REWARD, HUGH & SUMS OF HEDD ACRES."

WE'LL TAKE THE CASE! I CAN FINISH WEIGHING MY EVIDENCE LATER!
FIRST, WE'LL BURN THIS AD!

EXCELLENT... THEN NO ONE BUT US WILL KNOW THE PEARLS ARE MISSING! WE DON'T WANT ANYBODY CHISELING IN ON THIS CASE!

AND EN ROUTE TO HEDD ACRES... TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT... IF EVEN THAT...

AND THIS IS JUST THE PLACE TO GET IT!

CONSIDERING THAT WE'RE HUNTING FOR PEARLS, I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE THE PROPER EQUIPMENT, CLOVER!

MINUTES LATER...

ACCORDING TO MY READING, NOTHING BEATS OUTFITS LIKE THESE FOR PEARL HUNTING, CLOVER!

IT'S A GREAT IDEA, DOVER!

LATER, OUR TWO QUACK—PARDON, CRACK—HEROES, ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...

TELL YOUR MASTER WE'VE COME TO HUNT FOR THE PEARLS.

YES, AND DON'T STARE SO! DON'T YOU KNOW IT MAKES PEOPLE NERVOUS?

'ALP! 'ALP! IT'S A BLOOMIN' INVASION FROM MARS!

HE'S TRICKY—NOTICE HOW HE DROPPED TWO 'H'S AND THEN ADDED THEM ON AGAIN, CLOVER?

MUST BE SOME KIND OF CODE, DOVER!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...

CALL YOURSELF, MR. HUGH G. SUMMS! WE HAVE COME TO FIND YOUR PEARLS.

CALM YOURSELF, JUST BE PATIENT AND WE'LL HAVE THEM IN A JIFFY!

WHAT???
ALL FUNNY

MERCIFUL HEAVENS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TUT, TUT, MY GOOD MAN, YOU ENGAGED US TO HUNT FOR YOUR PEARLS, DIDN'T YOU?
HE DID, DOVER, HE DID!

S-U-D-D-E-N-L-Y...

GOOD BOY, RAGS... TAKE 'EM, BOY!

HUIH??

WHAT?

THEY SAY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK THEM IN THE EYE WHEN THEY ACT LIKE THIS, DOVER!

BUT WHICH EYE, DARN IT--WHICH EYE?

G-R-R-R!

OH, WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO DESERVE BEING VISITED BY THESE BARBARIANS?

LET'S GET OUT THESE WINDOWS QUICK, CLOVER!

QUICKLY... WATCH THE GRAMMAR, DOVER!

WOW! G-R-R-R WOOF!

CRASH!
This bending branch saved us from a fall, Clover!

And the window saved us from that dog!

But the giant branch rebounds with its sappy... pardon, Snappy-Burdens...

Wh-e-e-e-e! What a ride!

Great fun, Dover! Only... it's the sudden stop at the end I'm thinking of!

Yow! Now we're really in the dog house!

Come out, you two! ANYMORE monkey-shines and I'll turn Rags loose on you again!

The next moment...

Look, your pearls!

Yes... reposing right on the floor of this canine domicile!

Good heavens! Mrs. Summs lost them shopping, the Day Rags strayed from her! The dog brought them home!

And later...

Well, we got the reward. That Rags was a crook in disguise, I bet you, Clover!

Yes, a clever criminal who led a dog's life. Dover.

The end.
ALL RIGHT--I GET IT! YOU GUYS GET YOURSELVES POSTED FOR K.P. JUST SO YOU CAN BE AROUND WHERE THE WHEATIES ARE!

Morning chow becomes mighty important eating when it includes a big bowl of milk, fruit, and wheaties. The same nourishing dish that's a training table favorite with many leading coaches and champion athletes. Good whole grain food values in wheaties. And deliciously good flavor. A zesty blend of nutty, toasted tastes and mellow, malt sweet syrup that sets your appetite for second helpings. Get yourself posted for solid nourishment and snappy flavor and swell fun. Put in your bid for lots of milk, fruit, and wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

Have your wheaties every day.

"Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit. A product of General Mills, Inc. "Wheaties," "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade-marks of General Mills, Inc.
Far be it from Sadface Charlie, that Duke of Dejection, to seek adventure; for this damp-souled defeatist's motto is, "The best you can get is the worst of it." But his purchase of a bit of stock unbolts the floodgates of a festival of giddy, galloping action-- Until Fickle Fate decrees which of its puppets shall be... "Foiled in oil!"

As you may remember, Sadface Charlie inherited $1000 but is he happy over it? No, Sadface Charlie is not happy... Sadface Charlie is anxious...

I've gone from rags to riches! So to speak, ah me--I hope it doesn't develop into a round trip!

P.S.S.T! Do you see what I see? Wow... Let's go into our act, Les!

I could get a broom and sweep some up--but that would make dust--then, I'd sneeze--and there's no one around to say "bless you." (Sigh) Ah me!

I hope you didn't sell any of our wonderful oil stock to banker Phil D. Valt, Les!

Nope, Gil, I didn't. He cried like a baby, but I told him our wonderful oil stock was only for deserving household people!

Gosh, Lucky! I heard 'em! Last luck I had was that $5 pearl in my oyster stew--an' the dentist's bill came to $10.
SO I SAID TO J.P., I SAID... HUH?

HEY, WAIT. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU TWO FELLDERS!

I-I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU SAID. COULD I BUY SOME OF YOUR OIL STOCK? "EAVES-DROPPING. EH? DON'T KNOW IF I APPROVE OF THAT. I'M MR. GILTEDGE. I'LL HAVE TO CONSULT MY PARTNER HERE, MR. LES GYPUM."

AFTER THE "CONSULTATION... ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS—CORRECT! AND HERE'S YOUR STOCK!" THANKS... IT'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU TO SELL ME SOME...

MOMENTS LATER... "WOW, THAT WAS THE EASIEST PICKIN'S WE'VE NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!"

AND IT'S A CINCH. WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

SAY, YOU TWO... "I CUT 'ROUND THE BLOCK JUST TO CHECK ON— THAT WHEEL-BARROW'S ABOUT TO GO UP. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM.

HUH? YOU!

NOW, NOW, BEFORE YOU ASK ANY QUESTIONS, JUST SET YOURSELF COMFORTABLY!

I'M WORRIED. I WANT TO CHECK ON—

TUT, TUT, YOU MUST SIT DOWN FIRST. WE INSIST!

HEY!

WHAT? LEAVING US SO SOON?

TA, TA, OLD TOP! IF YOU MUST GO.
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE. LET'S GET OUT OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD FAST.

AW, HE'LL BE UP THERE FOR HOURS. BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AIN'T GOT STAIRWAYS. HOW WOULD HE GET DOWN?

EE-YOU! YOU?

THE FOREMAN GOT SORE AND DUMPED ME DOWN!

WOW!

WHAT'S WORRYING ME IS THAT I WANT TO CHECK ON...

YES, YES, IN A MINUTE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS PEST!

OH合金！

IF GIL CAN JUST KEEP HIM LIKE THAT A SECOND LONGER, THE HOOK'LL GET HIM!

NOW, MR. SADFACE, TO CHECK, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A STATUS QUO, REFERENDUM, VERBUS NULLUS, WHICH WILL...

IT DON'T SOUND TOO CHEERFUL TO ME. BUT GO ON!

HEY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED AGAIN! I'M WORRIED I WANT...

SEE YOU IN THE FUNNIES! SORRY YOU HAD TO LEAVE.

CUT THE COMEDY, AND LET'S GET TO OUR ROOM. THAT GUY'S A HOODOO!

WELL, WE'RE RID OF HIM AT LAST. WHAT A PEST!

YEAH... HE'LL NEVER FIND THIS ROOMING HOUSE!

BUT OUR HERO’S CONVEYANCE, HAVING GONE SOME DISTANCE, AND THEN RETURNED FOR FORGOTTEN TOOLS, MEETS WITH MISHAP, AND...

AH, ME! IT'S JUST NO USE. I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SETTLE DOWN!
AND THE NEXT MOMENT...
IT'S HIM—AGAIN! HE'S HAUNTING US!
OH, IT'S YOU TWO... LOOK... WHAT I WANT TO CHECK ON IS HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS OIL IN YOUR WELLS IS GOOD OIL?

IS THAT ALL THAT'S WorryING YOU? ER... HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE STUFF. LOOKS GREAT, DON'T IT?
WELL, NOTHIN'S CERTAIN, I'VE FOUND! I DID A FELLER A FAVOR TEN YEARS AGO, AN' HE'S NEVER FORGOTTEN IT—HE'S BEEN ASKIN' FOR OTHERS EVER SINCE!
HAH, HAH. HE'S GIVING HIM THAT OLD HAIR TONIC WE FOUND IN THE CLOTHES CLOSET!

THIS CHEMIST WILL KNOW IF THE OIL'S FROM A GUSHER—BUT GUSHERS GIVE BARRELS FULL—BARRELS, AFTER THEY'RE EMPTY, MAKE NOISE—NOISE MAKES NERVOUS WRECKS—NERVOUS WRECKS ARE CROSS. AH ME, I'M MAKING THE WHOLE WORLD CROSS!

MOMENTS LATER...
WHY—WHY, THIS IS THE GREATEST HAIR GROWER EVER INVENTED—MADE BY OLD SILAS FURFERALL, WHO DIED IN THAT OLD HOUSE DOWN THE STREET, TAKING THE SECRET WITH HIM!

I'LL PHONE FOR A MASTER CHEMIST TO COME OVER TO MAKE SURE MAN, YOU'RE RICH!
WELL, THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM. I MIND THE TIME I TRIED TO STAMP OUT A CIGAR I'D THROWN DOWN AN OPEN MANHOLE!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BACK AT THE ROOMING HOUSE...
THERE'S A CHEMIST OR SOMETHING JABBERING ON THIS PARTY-LINE, WHEN HE'S THROUGH I'LL CALL ABOUT TRAIN SCHEDULES!

SHH! SOMEONE'S TALKING ABOUT THAT HAIR TONIC WE GIVE CHARLIE! IT'S A SECRET FORMULA! IF WE GET IT BACK, WE'LL BE RICH!

THEN, THROUGH A QUIRK OF FATE...
YEAH, WELL WE'LL GET OUT OF TOWN. THAT CHARLIE BLOKE IS A JINX!
At the drugstore, the master-chemist confirms the rare discovery...

Suddenly...!

Oh! The bottle dropped!

Stick 'em up!

I'll get it... whups, I slipped!

Halp! If the chemicals in those broken jars mix, there'll be an explosion!

Bang!

When the police arrive...

Take them away, officer. They swindled this man in stock, and tried to hold us up for a priceless formula. We know these two. They're tough babies!

And when the nefarious schemers have been led away...

What luck! There's enough here left to work with!

There is! Oh, dear! If there's no more bald heads, what'll the theater do with no bald-headed row?... and if the theater goes, culture goes... with no culture we'll be savages... ah me, here I've got the whole world living in caves again!

Oh-oh! You've spilled the last drop! The formula is lost forever!

Or is it??
HERE THEY COME!

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Open bridge by remote control—trains stop automatically. Also stations and signals that stop and start trains!
HAMILTON and EGBERT

OWWW!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BATHING ME WITH THE SOUP?

WELL, YOU SAID ALL IT WAS GOOD FOR WAS HOG-WASH!

HELLO, EG!
HELLO, HAM!
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME NOW, HAVEN'T WE?
WE SURE HAVE, JIM. ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?
ANYTHING WE CAN DO, ANYTHING AT ALL!

YESSIR, WE'LL LOAN YOU OUR CAR, OUR YACHT, OUR MOTORCYCLE.
WE'LL LET YOU HAVE OUR CHECKING ACCOUNT... THE SHIRT OFF OUR BACKS!
NO SIR!
THAT I WON'T GIVE HIM. HE CAN'T HAVE
THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK!

YOU WERE WILLING TO GIVE UP
A CAR, A YACHT AND A CHECKING
ACCOUNT. WHY NOT A SHIRT?

BECauses I HAVE A
SHIRT, THAT'S
WHY!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING.
I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING. I HAVE TO GO AWAY
UNDER DOCTOR'S ORDERS, AND
I WANT YOU BOYS TO
TAKE OVER MY
RESTAURANT.

YOU MEAN
WE RUN IT
FOR YOU,
AND MAYBE
GET FREE MEALS?

YES, ALL YOU
WANT. ALL YOU
CAN EAT.

SO THE NEXT MORNING, THE
INVENTORS LAUNCH THEIR
NEW CAREER...

WAITER,
THIS COFFEE
IS TERRIBLE!
IT TASTES
JUST LIKE
MUD!

NATURALLY,
SIR, IT WAS
GROUND
THIS MORNING!

WAITER,
YOU'RE LATE!
YOU SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
HERE AT NINE
O'CLOCK.

YOU
DON'T SAY?
WHAT
HAPPENED?

NEVER MIND
THE CRACKS. START
GETTING READY
FOR THE NOON-
TIME CROWD!

ALL RIGHT,
FIRE ME, BUT
I TELL YOU
I'M A STEADY
WORKER!

STeady? IF
YOU WERE ANY
STEADIER,
YOU'D BE
MOTIONLESS,
GO!

THAT'S
OUR BOAST-
EVERYTHING
STRICTLY
FRESH!

HE MEANS THE
WAITER, DUMMY!
I'LL HAVE TO FIRE
HIM OR WE'LL LOSE
ALL OUR CUSTOMERS!

YOU CERTAINLY
HAVE FRESH
HELP HERE!
NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT ON THE TABLES!

ALL RIGHT! IT'S BETTER THAN WAITING ON A STREET CORNER!

SAY, WAITER, THESE PLATES YOU JUST GAVE US ARE WET.

YES, SIR. THAT'S YOUR SOUP, SIR.

DON'T ORDER ONIONS WITH YOUR STEAK, DEAR. REMEMBER, WE HAVE A PARTY TO GO TO.

WAITER, THERE'S A FLY IN THIS JELLY.

I KNEW THE LITTLE RASCAL WOULD GET INTO TROUBLE. NOW LOOK AT THE JAM HE'S IN.


YOU SHOULDN'T KICK? YOU HAD ONE MEAL—I GOT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED OF THEM!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LADY. WHEN HE SEES THE SIZE OF THE BILL IT'LL TAKE HIS BREATH AWAY.

EEEK! A BUG IN MY SALAD.

EEEK!

WAITER—WAITER—REMOVE THIS INSECT!

YES, MA'AM!

ANNOYIN' WOMEN, HUH? WE DON'T WANT ANY BUGS LIKE YOU AROUND, INSECT!

BUT—BUT—!
AT THE END OF THE FIRST BUSINESS DAY...

HMM. WE SEEM TO BE TEN DOLLAR'S SHORT!

IS THAT SO? ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO COUNT?

YES, I KNOW HOW TO COUNT. ONLY YOU AND I HAVE THE KEY TO THAT CASH REGISTER IT'S ONE OF US THAT TOOK THAT TEN SPOT!

WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT—

LET'S EACH CONTRIBUTE FIVE DOLLARS AND SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT.

YOU CERTAINLY ARE CROOKED! BOY, YOU'RE MORE CROOKED THAN A RAM'S HORN. WHY, YOU HAVE ENOUGH NERVE FOR TWINS!

I AM TWINS!

IS THAT SO? I'VE KNOWN YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ALL MY LIFE. YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS.

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW MORE THAN MY MOTHER. ONLY LAST WEEK SHE SHOWED ME A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS TWO!!

BOY IT'S GOOD TO HIT THE HAY. I'M ALL TIRED. OUT AFTER OUR FIRST DAY.

YEAH, ME TOO. I ONLY WISH I COULD SLEEP. I'VE BEEN LYING AWAKE ALL NIGHT LATELY. I'M TRYING TO CURE MYSELF BY EATING ICE CREAM EVERY HOUR!

YOU EAT ICE CREAM EVERY HOUR? WHY, THAT WON'T HELP YOU TO GET TO SLEEP!

YEAH, I KNOW—BUT WHEN I EAT THE ICE CREAM, I DON'T MIND STAYING AWAKE SO MUCH!
The days slowly merge into other days, and Hamilton and Eggbert find that a restaurant is just like any other business...

Yessir, this is a cinch. And we're making money for Jim, too.

I'll say. Well, guess I'd better get back to the tables...

Say, mister, do you serve shrimps here?

I'll say we do. Take a seat at a table and I'll send a waiter over to take your order.

Go tell that guy not to put his napkin in his shirt. It ain't polite. But break it to him gently...

Sure. I'll sort of hint at it...

Whataya want Mac - shave or a haircut?

Oh, pardon me. I thought this was a restaurant.

It certainly is. Just sit down and I'll go get you a menu!

Well, while you're at it, I'll just walk around...

Say, bud - the waiter'll bring you a menu. You don't have to snoop around like that.

A menu? What's that?

A menu is what tells you the prices of what you won't get much of if we have any left, which we probably haven't on account of the fact that we never got it in the first place.
What a piece of meat! It's tougher than new shoe-leather! Where's that waiter? Waiter!

This is terrible. It's garbage. That's what it is! Call the manager!

Well, I'll call him, but it won't do any good. He won't eat it either.

An' what's the matter with him? Aww, he doesn't know what he wants. He wanted some wild duck for dinner?

Bah!

What's wrong with that?

Nothing, but when I told him we didn't have any wild duck, but I could get a tame one and irritate it a little—he got mad!

Hello, boys. I'm home again!

Glad to see you!

Yes, sir! We sure are!

Just to show how I appreciate what you've done, I want you to sit down and have a special dinner on me. Order anything you want.

-No thanks!!——-

In this restaurant?

You want us to eat—???
SPORT SHORT

With the first game of the basketball season approaching, Bill Jenkins, the hometown star, got his feet wet and caught a cold. Without him, the hometown team is overwhelmed...

If you hadn't gotten your feet wet last week, Bill, you'd be in there running up a score for us.

Are you going to be able to go to the school dance tonight, Bill?

Now that you're over that darned cold, Bill. Why don't you have some insurance? You won't get wet feet again...

No, it's too terrible... first this cold and now we're losing the game!

Sniff! Sneak!

It's a bad night for Bill!

And later...

No, it's too terrible... first this cold and now we're losing the game!

Sniff! Sneak!

It's a bad night for Bill!

Several weeks later...

Now that you're over that darned cold, Bill. Why don't you have insurance? You won't get wet feet again...

Buy a pair of Thom McAn's shoes with waterproof Mel-Flex soles!

I'm going to Thom... and right now!

The next Saturday is the date of the big game. Having avoided a cold, Bill is right in there playing the full game and carrying his team to victory!

THOM MC AN

FELLOWS! AVOID WET FEET AND COLDS WITH WATERPROOF INSULATED MEL-FLEX SOLES!

When Uncle Sam needed all of the best sole leather for his fighting men, science developed the Mel-Flex Sole...so tough that it outwears even the finest leather! It keeps out moisture, heat and cold, too. The Mel-Flex Sole on Thom McAn shoes is flexible and shock-absorbing. Really puts pep in your step! See the wide variety of Thom McAn shoes at one of the 600 Thom McAn stores with the familiar white front!
GRANDPA PETERS

I was always a great one for singing when I was a kid, but now that time when I was a kid, I was a great one for singing. Now I gotta tone it down, before I get out of line.

Hey, there! Hurry up! I want to get to the jungle before it gets dark.

It seems that when he was taking a stroll down in the jungle one day he got lost and lonesome at the same time so he as sang a song at himself.

Note: He was only lonesome for humans.

A fine trick to play on a poor guy lost in the jungle! It's only camera, only a snake would do that. I guess that's why they call them snakes.

Note: That's King Bill Bill of the Iguanas.

Translation:

King: "Well, I'll be! Grandpa, pretty keen huh? You'll notice that everything is upside down, well, if I just press this here little button I got in my hand, I know what would happen now." 

Translation:

King: "Everything is upside down now. Grandpa: What did you press it for? Chief: For the love of Pete! All the gang will be here for the straw party pretty soon, and I won't be ready for em!

Translation:

King: "I'm taking no chances of having my kingdom turned upside down by guys like you! Beep it, straight ahead and turn right!" 

Chief: "It's turning him back up the gang on top of. Now they'll knock me off anyway, so here I go.

Translation:

King: "I'm grateful for having my kingdom turned upside down by you guys like you! Beep it, straight ahead and turn right!" 

Chief: "It's turning him back up the gang on top of. Now they'll knock me off anyway, so here I go.

Translation:

King: "I'm grateful for having my kingdom turned upside down by you guys like you! Beep it, straight ahead and turn right!" 

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Chief: "It's turning him back up the gang on top of. Now they'll knock me off anyway, so here I go.
OTHERS CAN HAVE THEIR ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' BADLANDS BANDITS! WE'LL SCAN THE SCRAPES OF THAT MENDIN', BLENDIN', PATCHIN', THATCHIN', FIXER OF VARIEGATED FIXTURES—

TINKERMAN TAD!

ESPECIALLY HIS REPAIR JOB THAT SPELLS......

KETTLES, CALAMITY AND—CASH!

WITH A PIECE OF THIS ROPE I COULD MEND THIS WHEEL CHAIR—SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE USE FOR IT!

TINKERMAN TAD 
FIX QUICK REPAIR

MIDDAY, AND THAT RENOWNED RENOVATOR, TINKERMAN TAD, KEEPS ABREAST OF THE TIMES....

HMMM, IT SEZ, "WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU'VE SPILLED INK ON THE TABLE?" HECK, THE ANSWER TO THAT IS TO GIT OUTTA THE HOUSE FAST!

HOW DO MR. BARNSTED, SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

YES, WHILE MY WIFE AND I ARE IN TOWN, YOU MIGHT RUN OUT TO MY PLACE AND MEND MY BIG KETTLE, IT LEAKS!
BY THE WAY, THAT CLOCK YOU FIXED FOR US LAST WEEK DOESN'T WORK RIGHT!

I FIXED THAT CLOCK SO IT'D MAKE AN HOUR IN LESS THAN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES, BY GUM!

NOW DON'T SAY THAT, MR. BARNSTED!

TINKERMAN TAD FIX QUICK REPAIR

TROUBLE WITH MR. BARNSTED IS HE'S TOO EXCITABLE - HE OUGHT TO LEARN TO KEEP HIS FEET ON THE GROUND!

WELL, SO LONG. SEE YOU AT YOUR PLACE, LATER?

YOWK!

YOU DO A GOOD JOB?

REPAIR

BANG!

WHAAM!

BANG!

WHAM!

UGH!

BANG!

OUGHT TO TRAVEL WITH ME AWHILE - LEARN HOW TO LIVE PEACEFUL?

I'LL - I'LL SKIN THAT GANGLING GALOOT ALIVE WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

PUTT?

PUTT?

PUTT?
HMM, TWO KETTLES! I'LL LIGHT MY BLOW TORCH SO MY SOLDERING IRON CAN HEAT WHILE I SEE WHICH ONE'S LEAKING!

NOPE, NO LEAKS HERE. I'LL LOOK AT THE OTHER ONE!

CRASH!

I WONDER, SHOULD I MEND IT INSIDE OR OUTSIDE—ONE SIDE OF A PROPOSITION GENERALLY AS SLICK AS ANOTHER—EXCEPT FLY PAPER!

I'LL FILE THIS SOLDERING IRON SHARPER. WHEN I FIX MY OIL CAN, TO OIL MY WHETSTONE, TO EDGE MY KNIFE, TO WHITTLE A HANDLE FOR THE FILE!

CRASH!

CLANK!

IT'S FUNNY THAT FOLKS CAN'T DO THESE JOBS THEMSELVES. BUT THEY CAN'T. THEY GET THINGS ALL HET UP AN' TOPSY-TURVY!

SHE'S FIXED. I'LL GET A LITTLE WATER AN' TRY HER OUT!

DANGER FEROCIOUS BULL

CRASH!
Now, let's see... should I pour the kettle half full or half empty? Them things always puzzles me!

I hope that new-fangled solder works all right!

But I really don't go much for new-fangled methods like that new doctor we got. He says if a bee stings you, put ammonia on it.

But heck - who you gonna get to hold the bee while you do it? Now let's see, does she still leak?

Crash!

Wham!

Darn it, she still leaks!

I'll just snip a little piece of this wire for a plug!
NOW I'LL JUST SNIP OFF A SHORTER PIECE

OINK!

CRASH

EEE-ENK

I FIXED THE LEAK FINE MR. BARNSTED.
NO TROUBLE AT ALL

E-E-E-E-E
I'M GOING TO FAINT!

WH-

YOU WRECKED, RUINED, DEMOLISHED MY...
HENRY! THAT SATCHEL!
LOOK!

IT'S THE MONEY GRANDPAP WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT.
WE NEVER BELIEVED THE STORY

IT WAS HID IN THE RAFTERS OF THE ATTIC ALL THE TIME! WE'RE RICH!

WELL, I'LL BE GUMMED!

IT JUST SHOWS — IF A FELLOW TENDS TO HIS JOB, STRICT AND PEACEFUL LIKE, PEOPLE APPRECIATES AND PAYS WELL!
HE is not a nice looking character," Handsome Harry remarked as he stopped in front of a large cage in the main tent of the Surprise Circus Side-show.

"If you ask me," replied his pal, Muscles Malone, following the direction in which Handsome Harry was staring, "he bears a very good resemblance to a certain flatfoot of which me and you don't wish to have any part of."

"I gather you are talking about a copper by the name of Captain O'Flaherty."

"The same," Muscles replied. "He is no doubt wondering where we're hiding out at this very moment."

"You can rest your mind," Handsome Harry assured his friend. "Captain O'Flaherty will never think of looking for us in this crowd."

"The cops generally drift around these joints looking for pickpockets."

"We are not pickpockets, Muscles," his pal corrected him. "We are high class stick-up men."

Muscles shrugged his heavy shoulders. "If the cops pick us up, it won't make any difference."

Muscles turned his head and stared at the contents of the cage. "What kind of a animal is that?"

"If you read that sign," Handsome Harry pointed with his finger, "you will know everything."

"Muscles squinted and leaned slightly over the protection railing. "Wild Man, captured by U.S. Marines in the jungles of New Guinea," he read aloud. He looked at Harry and sneered. "Anything that the Marines can do, I can do.""

"The trouble with you, Muscles, is that you didn't go to school until the end. That is why you do not read a sign until the end. Either, I will finish it for you. The sign says that four Marines got mauled up before the squad could capture this wild man."

"I once laid out six of them myself," Muscles replied. "Them figures don't impress me."

"Handsome Harry stared at the animal inside the cage. It was a short, dumpy figure that resembled a man. Black, curly hair stood up on the top of his head and fell over to his shoulders. The animal had a broad, flat nose and heavy lips. Its eyes were small and set closely together. It sat on its haunches, its huge hands grasping the bars of the cage and glared at Handsome Harry."

"That thing is giving you the cold eye, Handsome," Muscles remarked. "Almost like he didn't like what we're saying."

"I am thinking of many things," Handsome said, without looking at his friend. "There are a lot of customers in this joint, for one thing."

Muscles stared at him, surprised. "Yeah, the place is jammed," he said. "But what are you thinking about?"

"This wild man," Harry answered softly, "and how we can make us a little dough."

"I don't get it. What has this wild man got to do with it?"

"Handsome Harry looked at his friend. "You said you weren't afraid of the Wild Man."

"I ain't," Muscles said. "I can handle a dozen like him."

"Good! But the crowds are plenty scared of him."

The Wild Man stood up, growled at the crowd and began to pace his cage.

"He looks human when he stands up and walks around that way," Muscles said thoughtfully. "I wonder if he can talk?"

"Sure he can speak. Only in some kind of wild language."

"Handsome Harry explained. "Don't the sign say that he is a man? A Wild Man."

"Yeah, but when he stares at me with that hairy face of his, he looks like a big ape."

The Wild Man stepped close to the bars. For a moment he stared at Muscles. Then he rolled a sound in his throat that bore a faint resemblance to a Bronx cheer. This sound was not lost on Muscles.

"I could of sworn this Wild character was razzing me," Muscles remarked, scratching his head wonderingly.

"You are imagining things," Handsome Harry said. "Let's get out of the way of the crowd. I got business to talk to you about. Enough of this wild character for now."

They slipped between the cage of the Wild Man and that of a family of chimpanzees next to it. The Wild Man continued to glare at the crowd for a moment. Then he lay down on the floor of the cage and began to roll over and over, backward and forward. Finally he rolled to the edge of the cage and dropped off to sleep.

"Now that's a funny way to fall asleep," Muscles said.

"Never mind that and listen to me," Handsome Harry said. "The cashier took an admission from every one of the suckers that came into this joint."

"That is correct," Muscles agreed.

"That dough is in the cashier's box," Handsome Harry continued. "And I think you and me can use some of it, if not all."

Muscles turned to look at his companion. His eyes narrowed with greed. "Why not?" he asked.

"That was what I was thinking," Handsome Harry said. "Only the joint is so crowded that we would be spotted in no time."

Muscles swept the crowd with his eyes, quickly. He thought for a moment, then nodded his head slowly. "Yeah. We'd never get away with it."

"You have forgotten that I have a plan," Handsome said. "That is how this wild man is going to be money in our pockets."

Muscles stared at the Wild Man. "I don't get it," he said.

"All you got to do is take a sock at this Wild Man and wake him up. Then we open the cage
Muscles face brightened up. “I get it,” he said. “We knock off the cash box and take it on the lam.”

“Precisely,” Handsome Harry said. “Shall we get started?”

For answer, Muscles cocked his right arm, leaned back, then with a powerful heave let fly at the sleeping Wild Man. Unfortunately, the Wild Man turned in his sleep slightly so that Muscles almost missed him. He struck a glancing blow on the Wild Man’s shoulders. His fist slipped and banged against the cage floor.

Muscles gave a grunt of pain. He looked at his knuckles and cursed.

“Never mind your hand,” Harry replied. “We gotta act fast. Walk by the front of the cage and pull out the catch in the gate.”

Handsome Harry distracted the Wild Man’s attention while Muscles stealthily pulled out the pin that held the gate shut.

The Wild Man, meanwhile, was rattling the bars of his cage in a fury. Weird sounds came from his throat. The milling crowd packed tighter around the cage, staring with awe at the fearsome man behind the bars. It would be but a moment before the Wild Man reached the cage’s gate, Harry and Muscles watched from the outskirts of the crowd.

“The gate will open as soon as he starts rattling it,” Handsome Harry said.

“He’s there now!” Muscles watched tensely. “He’s got his hands on it—there it goes!”

A startled gasp went up from the crowd as the cage door swung open. For a moment everything was still. Then, as the cage gate swung completely open, panic seized the crowd. With a roar, they dashed toward the exit, crying for help at the same time.

“This is our chance,” Harry said.

The two men cut behind the row of cages and made for the cashier’s wagon. The man was just emerging from his cubbyhole when they ran up to him.

“What’s the matter down there?” he asked. “What’s the shouting about?”

“They’re scared on account of the Wild Man broke loose,” Muscles shouted.

“Oh, that—” the man began. But at that instant, Handsome Harry brought the butt end of his revolver down on the cashier’s head. The man collapsed.

“Grab the dough and let’s scram,” Harry said.

“I ain’t sticking around to find out what happens to that Wild Man,” Muscles replied.

He was too busy emptying the drawers of their contents to pay attention to the heavy grunt behind him. Nor did he stop to consider the moan of pain and the thud that followed it. His eyes and mind had room for only one thing. The till was bulging with money and he meant to have every cent of it.

But as he stuffed the money into his pockets, he felt a hand grip him by the shoulders. “Cut it out, Handsome,” Muscles muttered. “Don’t you see I’m busy.”

A deep growl came from behind him. Muscles stopped. There was something funny about this. He felt heavy breathing down the back of his neck. Two hands were grabbing him from behind in a grip of steel. Could it be—

With a desperate effort, Muscles broke the grip that was holding him. He whirled about and stared into the face of the Wild Man. The earth swayed and rose up to meet his face.

When he woke up, he found himself staring at the top of a tent. He raised his hands and found a pair of steel handcuffs on them. O’Flaherty’s face leaned over and smiled.

“Feel better now, Muscles?”

Muscles nodded weakly. Someone was talking near him. He listened:

“So dis muscle-bound gorilla keeps making cranks about da Marines which I don’t like. I got two of me sons soving in da outfit, and any slurs against dem I take poisonally. So I hears dem planning to stick da joint up and I plays up to wot dey thinks is gonna be a sweet job. Den I follows dem to da cashier’s and sees dem putting deh mints into da till. So I knocks off da foist guy and grabs da big guy who was saying he could knock off six Marines. Dis big guy toins around and takes a look at me puss and faints! So help me—he passes out before I can take a sock at him!”

Muscles opened his eyes and looked at the speaker. It was the Wild Man!

He sat up! “Hey! You ain’t a Wild Man from that place in the Pacific!”

“So what?” replied the Wild Man, leaning toward him belligerently. “A guy’s gotta make a living, don’t he? Being a Wild Man in a soicus is better dan being a crook, ya crook!”

The earth turned and swayed again. Muscles lay back. This was too much for him. Faintly, far off he heard O’Flaherty saying, “He’s fainted again!”
SOME SAY THERE'S GOOD BAD MEN AND BAD BAD MEN... BUT I'M TELLIN' Y'AH, THIS YERE GRIZZLY IS AS BAD AND TOUGH AS THEY COME! WHICH EXPLAINS WHY THAT ROOTIN', TOOTIN', TWO-GUN SHOOTIN', WANDERIN' WADDY, PERY, AN' HIS CAYUSE, HORACE, HAVE TUH GET THEMSELVES AN' PLENTY OF OTHER FOLKS IN A MIGHTY SWEAT, AS THEY BEAR DOWN ON THE SIDEWINDIN' OWLHOO'T WHO STAGES...

"THE GREAT EXPRESS ROBBERY!"

INTO A VET'S WAITING ROOM BURSTS TWO-GUN PERY...

I NEED A HORSE-DOCTOR, QUICK!

Operating Room

SAY, "BAAA..." BAAA...

DOC, I NEED Y'AH RIGHT AWAY!
BAA... DOC, MY Hoss, HORACE, CAN'T TALK.

NACHERALLY, PARD! WHAT DO Yuh EXPECT OF A HOSS?

BUT Yuh DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOC! HE'S A HORSE! Yuh JUST TOLD ME THAT I KNOW HE'S A HORSE!

BUT HE'S A TALKIN' HORSE -- AND NOW HE'S HORSE WITH LARYNGITIS! HE CAN'T EVEN WHISPER!

IF Yuh'LL JUST HOLD YOUR HOSSES, PARTNER, I'LL PAY YOUR HOSSES A VISIT!

---

So Presently...

SURE LOOKS BAD! I'LL GIVE HIM MEDICINE, PARTNER, BUT I'M ADMITTIN' IT WON'T DO MUCH GOOD.

BUT WHAT CAN I DO, DOC? I HATE TO SEE MY MUSTANG SUFFER!

WHAT HE NEEDS, AMIGO, IS A CHANGE OF CLIMATE! IT'S KINDER DAMP HERE, BUT IT'S DRIER OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS!

THANKS, DOC... HEY, COME TUH THINK OF IT, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS IS WHERE WE CAME FROM!

---

I SHORE WISH Yuh HAD YORE VOICE, Yuh'D TELL THAT SAWBONES WHAT I THINK OF HIM! ADVISIN' A CHANGE OF CLIMATE! PHOCEY.

THEM PILLPUSHERS ALWAYS TELL Yuh SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT WHEN THEY CAN'T HELP Yuh! "CHANGE OF CLIMATE," "REST IN BED"... KNOCKIN' COYOTES, I COULD GIVE ADVICE LIKE THAT!

HEY, A TRAIN'S COMIN'... GET OFF THEM TRACKS! GOSH, I CAN'T TALK LOUD ENOUGH TO WARN HIM!
AS DANGER THUNDERS EVER NEADER, A DESPERATE AND FAITHFUL STEED AIDS HIS MASTER IN THE WAY HE KNOWS!

REMINDS ME OF A DOC I KNEW WAY BACK IN CHEYENNE... OR WAS IT EL PASO... LEWEE SEE NOW...

ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

SORRY PARD, IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

HEY YAY, NO FAIR DOIN' THAT WHEN I AIN'T LOOKIN'!

THEN, AS THE TRAIN GOES BY...

WELL, I'LL BE A RING-TAILED CATAWAMPUS, HORACE! TRAIN ROBBER!

WE GOT T'UH GET ABOARD, HORACE! I'LL FIX THEM COYOTES SO THEY'LL NEVER HOLD UP ANOTHER TRAIN!

WE'RE GAININ'! COME ON, HORACE, COME ON!

YUH DID IT, HORACE! LOCOMOTIVES AIN'T IN IT WITH A HOS LIKE YUH!

SHUCKS, HE DON'T REALIZE THE TRAIN STOPPED T'UH PICK UP WATER AND I'M JUST GALLOPING UP AND DOWN ALONGSIDE IT!

IT'S STARTIN' AGAIN, SO I MAY AS WELL GET ABOARD MYSELF! NO TELLIN' WHAT TROUBLE PERCY WILL GET HISSELF INTO!
OUT WITH YORE VALUABLES, FOLKS, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

YOU WOULDN'T ROB A LADY, WOULD YOU? I THOUGHT THAT ALL WESTERNERS WERE GENTLEMEN!

BUT I HAIL FROM EAST TEXAS, MA'AM! AND I AIM TUH ROB ALL THE LADIES I CAN... THEY CARRY MORE DIAMONDS AND GEWGAWS!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE TRAIN, THAT GRIZZLIED, VETERAN OF CRIME, THE GRIZZLY, IS GATHERING LOOT!

AT THIS MOMENT...

OH, HERE'S SOMEBODY WHO LOOKS BRAVE! HELP! SAVE ME FROM THIS VILLAIN!

HUUH? SOMEBODY BRAVE? YUUH MEAN... OH, IT'S ME!

START RATTLIN', SIDEWINDER! USE YORE TEETH IF YUUH HAVE TO... YORE FINISH HAS COME!

JUST A MINUTE, MUCHACHO! THAT'S A QUESTION I WANT TO ASK! HAVE YUUH GOT A TICKET?

A TICKET? WHY, NO! I HAD TUH RUSH TUH CATCH THE TRAIN, AN...

THAT'S ENOUGH, AMIGO! YUUH CAN'T RIDE WITHOUT NO TICKET. GET OFF!

SHUCKS! JUST, WHEN I WAS GONNA BECOME A HERO, AN... HEY! WHAT FOR AM I DOIN' WHAT HE TELLS ME? HE AIN'T NO CONDUCTOR!

TAKE THAT, DIAMONDBACK... OWWW, MY HAND! I RUINED IT ON THEM WHISKERS!

TRY HITTIN' ME AGAIN, STRANGER... NEXT TIME, MAYBE I'LL FEEL IT!
AS OUR SIMPLE-MINDED HERO TAKES THE TREACHEROUS ADVICE...

GALLOPIN' SOPHERS! BOTH MUH ARMS FEEL PARALYZED!
NOW I'LL MAKE THE REST OF YUH FEEL THE SAME WAY!
I'VE GOT TUH SAVE HIM AGAIN. GIDDYAP!

UGH! DARN THAT CAYUSE!

SORRY PARDNER, FOR REPEATING THE ACT... BUT IT'S LIFE OR DEATH AGAIN!

CRASH!

BUT AS THE TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE, OUR HERO HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE ENGINE...

OWW, WHAT A LANDING! BUT I DON'T FEEL PARALYZED NO MORE... AND I GOT AN IDEA! PARDNER, GOT ANY STEAMPIPE I COULD FIT ONTO THAT ENGINE?

PLENTY AMIGO... WHAT DO YUH WANT IT FOR?

I WISH HORACE WOULD THINK OF SOME OTHER WAY OF GETTING ME OUT OF DANGER!

THE ANSWER COMES MOMENTS LATER, WHEN A SUDDEN CLOUD OF STEAM SHOOTS THRU THE TRAIN...

HOSS, YORE LAST MOMENT HAS COME... HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S--IT'S STEAM!

PERCY MUST HAVE MORE HOSSSENSE THAN I GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR!

AFTER THE IMPROMPTU TURKISH BATH IS OVER...

WALL, MA'AM, RECKON I FIXED THAT HOMBRE! GRIZZLIES CAN'T STAND NO HOT CLIMATE! I FIGGERED THINGS OUT TO THE DOT!

OH, YOu DID? AND MAYBE YOU FIGURED THAT MY NEW EASTER OUTFIT WOULD SHRINK AND BE RUINED? TAKE THAT!

OWWWW! THAT'S GRATITUDE.

LATER...

GOSH, ONE THING I CAN'T NEVER FIGGER IS WOMEN! NOW, IF YUH COULD TALK... HUH?

BUT I CAN'T THAT STEAM BATH YUH GIVE EVERYBODY FIXED MY LARYNGITIS FINE! AN' SPEAKIN' ABOUT WOMEN... JUST LISTEN, PARD. JUST LISTEN! I GOT A LOT OF TALKIN' TIL I CATCH UP ON!
'DOUBLE DECKER'

A FELLER WITH A CONSCIENCE — (HE TALKS TO HIMSELF)

HULLO, ME — HOWM I DION?

I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE SO I REFUSE TO ANSWER!

BOY, I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF BEIN' A FLIGHTY FUMBLIN' FAT FORTY-EIGHT — I'M GON' RIGHT DOWN THIS MORNING TO SLUG' MCGRURK'S GYM AND SIGN UP FOR A FULL COURSE OF STRENUOUS 'HE-MAN' WORKOUTS.

NOW HIS CONSCIENCE STEPS IN —

HAW-HAW-HAW! — SO LIL' OL' LORD PALMIEBOY WANTS TO BE POPPED INTO A PULP DOES HE? SAY, DO YOU KNOW THE VERY FIRST THING, SLUG, 'MCGRURK WOULD DO TO YOU, CHUM?

OH, SHUDDUP! BUT COMPLETELY!

BUT HIS CONSCIENCE CARRIES ON — "THE FIRST THING, SLUG WOULD DO WOULD BE TO TOSS A FIFTY-POUND MEDAL BALL SQUARELY THROUGH YOUR PLEATED EQUATOR"

ONE THING ABOUT THIS GYM, PAL — WHETHER YOU CAN TAKE IT OR NOT, Y'GET IT!!

THEN AFTER RACING YOU INTO A SHADOW AROUND THE GYM TRACK HE'D PUT THE GLOVES ON WITH YOU FOR A FEW FAST ROUNDS, AND...

OKAY, SARATOGA, THE WHEEL-BARROW, THEN CALL JOE!!

YEAH, MAN!

THEN AFTER YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR TRANCE, I SAID — YOUR TRANCE — THEY'D PARCEL POST YOU HOME — BUT YOU WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THAT, CHUM, — BECAUSE —

10 MINUTES LATER —

TIDDLE-DE-WINKS! NOW YOU'RE SHOWING SENSE. PAL, AND IN YOUR WASHED-OUT CONDITION EVEN THAT MIGHT BE OVERDON'T IT!!

OH SHUDDUP! AND A DOUBLE SHUDDUP!!

OKAY JOE — NOW LET'S GO — DON'T STOP THIS SIDE OF BUFFALO!

OOMP!!
FLYING MODELS
OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES

ACTUALLY FLY. Designed to glide and
soar up to 75 feet or more when
launched by hand.

EASY TO BUILD. Assembly kits include
complete cut-out sheets on special
paper cover stock and step-by-step illus-
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AUTHENTIC MODELS. Realistic copies
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HOLLOW FUSELAGE. Shaped to give
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OVER 9-INCH WING SPREAD. For real
maneuvering and height.

RUGGED CONSTRUCTION. Will fly
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REALISTIC DETAIL. Including such fea-
tures as motor cowling and ventilator,
cockpit coyer, propeller hub, indicating
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FULL COLOR. Thunderbolt in regula-
tion metallic blue of U.S. Army Air
Force. Yak in bright blue with red markings.

OFFICIAL BATTLE INSIGNIA. Thunder-
bolt carries the U.S. bar and star des-
sign. Yak displays red star marking of
Soviet Air Force and special squadron,
arrow insignia along fuselage

G-LINE FLIGHT. Rigged for continuous
G-line flying, your models will soon
play, climb, and hedge-hop—under your
control.

ONLY WITH WHEATIES

These are planes 9 and 10 in a series of 12
famous fighters developed exclusively for
Wheaties. They can be obtained only
through Wheaties. Start right now to get
every one of these flying models. And start
enjoying more of the champion nourishment
and zippy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit,
and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Have Wheaties every morning . . . some-
times for lunch or supper . . . often for snacks.

BUILD AND FLY these swell new planes in the ex-
citing series of Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Flying Models.
Fly and fight realistic copies of the ravaging Russian Yak
I-26, crack Soviet pursuit ship, and the booming Re-
public Thunderbolt P-47—fast striking, death-dealing ace
of the U.S. Army Air Force.

GET TWO COMPLETE ASSEMBLY KITS to build real flying
fighters—exactly like those illustrated in this advertise-
ment. Order yours with easy-to-mail coupon. Or just send
your name and address with one Wheaties box top and
five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 8610, Chicago, Illinois.
This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or
until March 1, 1945. So send at once! Right now!

Two complete unassembled planes for only
ONE BOX TOP and FIVE CENTS

Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered
trademarks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JACK ARMSTRONG
Box 8610, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying
models: U.S. Thunderbolt and Russian Yak I-26
I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name: ____________________________

Street Address: _______________________

City: __________________ Zone: _____ State: _____
Genius Jones, that small-sized savant with the right and ready answers, gets into the daffiest dilemmas whenever he tackles a dizzy query. And when the answerman gets a question and a client that don't "suit" him, he needs a tailor's shears to cut away the shroud of mystery and mischief—in a misfit case where...

"Clothes make the Man!"

---

Oh what a beautiful day as Genius Jones spouts answers this way...

Pizarro conquered Peru in 1513. 1564 A.D.

Please... ten cents.

No madame don't bake feathers in your muffins to make them light!

He's wonderful! And so reasonable a fee!

Mumble, bumble, glump... why can't I?

Mumble that again, please...
What I asked was, "Why can't I get any clothes to fit me? Or shoes, or hats, or anything?"

You've got to help me, genius! It's serious... my best girl won't be seen walking with me! They are to large, aren't they?

I'll take your case! Take the ten cents in advance, please, and I'll switch to my answerman outfit! You're nearer to it than I am.

Come on! First, let's shop for some footwear!

I'm sorry, Danny, but I haven't your size yet!

Ouch! All you've got? They're too small!

That's strange, because Danny really has a normal foot!

That's easily solved! I'll be rough on socks, but easier on your corns!

Now what about my hat?

That's simple! Just try a swap with this hay-hay special!

At last, a hat that fits! Now my suit...

???

Swish!

Shh!

...
WE'D LIKE TO EXCHANGE THIS TENT FOR THREE SUITS!

I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING A LITTLE SNUGGER!

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE... AND ANNABELLE. HERE'S MY PRIZE CUSTOMER, RICH "SPATS" DUDE!

MY FIRST, BEST, AND ONLY GIRL! I'M SO ASHAMED!

OH, DANNY, WHY CAN'T YOU GET CLOTHES THAT FIT?

GOSH, ANNABELLE, NOBODY IN TOWN CAN GIVE ME MY SIZE!

SCHLASS... SEND THOSE IN SUITS RIGHT OVER TO ME!

YES, MR. DUDE!

PSST... DON'T WORRY! THE SHOPKEEPERS ARE STILL SCARED STIFF!

WAIT RIGHT HERE! I HOPE YOU DON'T CATCH COLD IN THAT SUIT WHILE I DO SOME CUTTING UP INSIDE!

OKAY, YOU GUYS! HERE'S YOUR CUT FOR THIS MONTH... AND KEEP GIVING DANNY WRONG SIZES!

A-HA... JUST AS I SUSPECTED! HATTER, SHOE MAN, TAILOR... ALL IN CANOOTS!

THIS JOKE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I WON'T TAKE THIS BRIBE! POOR DANNY...

YOU'D BETTER BE GOOD, OR WE'LL CUT YOU INTO PAPER DOLLS!
OUR JOB IS TO MAKE DANNY LOOK RIDICULOUS UNTIL "SPATS" DUDE MARRIES ANNABELLE. NOW SCRAM!

HMMMM... HERE'S AN ARMY, TAILORMADE AND ON WHEELS, FOR FAST ASSAULT!

HEY! WE'RE BEIN' ATTACKED!

DUMMY SOON WILL MEET DUMMY!

IT'S GENIUS JONES!

LET'S SEE... WOULD THEY LOOK GOOD IN BROAD STRIPES?

MY, MY! A "BOLT" FROM THE BLUE SERGE!

THAT'S NO WAY TO PICK UP A PIN!

YIIII!

BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

MY OWN ROBOTS HAVE TURNED ON ME!

HERE'S A TAPE MEASURE! TIE HIM WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.

YOU TOO, DANNY! WE'RE MEASURING YOU FOR A STRAIGHT-JACKET!
GOSH, ANSWERMAN. WERE PRESSED FOR TIME. THOSE TAILORS SAID "SPATS" DUDE IS PROPOSING TO MY ANNABELLE RIGHT NOW!

HMM... PRESSED FOR TIME! HA-HA... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THAT'S A BURNING QUESTION, BUT I'LL SOON ANSWER IT.

WATCH OUT... THEY'RE COMING!

DAN, YOU MAKE THEM SEE THE "POINT" WITH THOSE SHEARS AND I'LL "IMPRESS" THEM FURTHER!

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TOUCH THIS LITTLE LEVER?

YOUR COAT IS WRINKLED... WE PRESS WHILE YOU WAIT!

OF COURSE, ONE SHOULD REALLY REMOVE CLOTHES BEFORE PRESSING!

THE ANSWER: HE'S FIXED THOSE YEGGS!

NOW WE CAN HELP DANNY! WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO, BUT...

HURRY! "SPATS" DUDE MAY BE RUSHING ANNABELLE TO A PREACHER!

SSSSSS

HOP!

SSSSSS

NOW...
I've got shoes! This should ensure a perfect fit! I'll help sew it! I've got hats!

Needles fly, and a stitch in time makes it fine... for Danny!

Your hat, sir! Perfect, now to find Annabelle and Dude!

There they are... I know you never use your fists, genius! So let me handle this by myself!

I've been saving this up for months!

Woppo!

I've lost my spats... I'm ruined socially!

Oh, Danny! I had already said "no" to his proposal!

It rhymes with dove and above... and isn't it grand?

So, another day, another dime! Another query some other time!
AMAZING NEW GAME

Sensation

"LET'S GO TO COLLEGE"

Once in a Blue Moon comes a game like this. Fascinating! Grows on everybody! Panics a party! By Christmas—the fad of the nation! Your friends have an unforgettable good time.

Brings together excitement of rolling dice, the fun of rummy, interspersed with the rah-rah spirit of College Life.

Every throw of the dice attracts attention, and the result affects all players. Each player rolls the dice to pass his courses. Hilarious incidents of Sports, Fun, Re-exam and Flunk cards keep the game full of pep from start to finish. The player with the best hand at end of game is the winnah!

Panic a party

You'll want one to make your home parties a riot of fun. Also a ideal holiday gift. Send your order today: only $1 postpaid.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Electric Game Co., Inc.
24 Canal Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Please send games "Let's Go To College"

Name

Street

City and State

Amt. Enc.
HANDY ANDY

First step: Go to your nearest neighborhood tinsmith and buy yourself exactly 100 lbs of liquid tin. (Lukewarm preferred.)

Don't mind if it packs a l'il vegetable flavorin', do you, son? Heh-heh-heh, I jus' melted down a load of empty soup cans.

Shoot th' works, Pappy!

Place the can of liquid tin dead center over a slow-burning stove previously installed atop your home water tank.

Yup! I didn't have a single water tank around the place so I had to buy me one. Smart, eh?

Mebbe so, mebbe no!

Next pick an acre of ground. Any acre, nearest your house... and hurriedly construct an intricate but efficient sprinkling system to cover the entire area.

Now mebby hook up your sprinkling system to a master pipe line, directly connected with your tank of liquid tin.

Phew-w!... And I definitely do mean, phew-w!

Next plant 12 even rows of tomatoes, corn, peas, lima beans, beets, and cucumbers, making sure to utilize the entire acre.

Now just rock on your front porch for three lazy months (cropping season) then casually adjust nozzles (this is most important—can-shaping nozzles) to your entire sprinkling system and then... shoot the works!!

Result: A self-canning victory garden!—(Just borrow a can-opener and serve!)

Whooppee! Every nozzle sprays perfect quart-sized tin cans over the entire crop, and then seals them to boot. Hot dog!!
Boys! Girls!

Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Kit

Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

Now have all the thrills 'n' chills of playing Detective Spy, Saboteur games! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you.

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit almost free so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M. Hurry! Mail coupon now.

TUNE IN DICK TRACY—
See Radio Page for time and station

At your grocer's no ration points

Tootsie rolls co., dept.F-5
P.O. Box 16, New York 11, New York
Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15c in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.

Name:
Address:
City State

Mail coupon today!

Please print plainly. Offer expires September 1943.

Capt. Tootsie and the Toy Cannon

The wicked Dr. Narsi, who loves to make small children unhappy, is enjoying himself. I'll take that wicked Narsi! I'll make him face a baby. I'll make him face a baby. Dammit! I can't throw a baby in the air! I can't pull a baby's hair! I must get stronger. I must get to be captain Tootsie!

When Rollo Toots for Tootsie Captain Tootsie comes running!

Heh, heh, you'll get weaker and weaker, Captain Tootsie! Because with that cork in your mouth you can't eat Tootsie Rolls for energy!

Put Rollo and the Secret Legion to the Rescue!

Curse, I must flee; not so fast, Dr. Narsi! I'm taking you back to prison again!

Boy, I'm glad we've been eating Tootsie Rolls regularly! They gave us the extra energy to help our captain!