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TOP-NOTCH

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POKEY OAKY

by
Don Dean

ILLINOIS HAD IT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BUT ARKANSAS HAS YOUNG POKEY OAKY. NOW SHOULD OUR HILL-BILLY HERO EVER REACH THE WHITE HOUSE, WE URGE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES--JUST SO YOU CAN SAY YOU KNEW HIM WHEN!

POKEY! WAKE UP, ET'S BAR' NEAR 5'O'CLOCK--HAIN'T FIXIN' TO SLEEP ALL DAY ARE YO'?

OOF! WHUT A WAY TO TREAT YO' LOVIN' SON! (SPUTTER!)



(YAWN!) SET SOME FIRE UNDAH MAH HAM AN' AIGS, WILL YO, MAAW?

YEP! BUT YO' DAST ONLY HAVE A **DOZEN** THIS MORNIN'--HENS HAIN'T BEEN LAYIN' SO GOOD LATELY!



ONLY A **DOZEN**? SHUCKS, MAAW, THET HAIN'T ENOFF NOO-RISHMENT FER A GROWIN' BOY--BETTAH FRY UP **NINE** ER **TEN** AIGS AT TH' LEAST!



SAKES A' MIGHTY, POKEY, YO' ARE SLOWER THEN A TURTLE AILIN' WIFF LUMBAGO, GET A MOVE ON YO' SELF OR YO' WILL BE LATE FER YO' SHERIFFIN'!

YESSUM!













THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

WHAT COULD BE MORE LONELY THAN THE COLD DARKNESS OF A CARNIVAL AT NIGHT! WALLS THAT WERE RINGING WITH LAUGHTER AND CHEERS FOR THE CLOWN, THE BAREBACK RIDER, THE MAGICIAN AND THE ACROBATS... ARE NOW SILENT! SILENT AS THE GRAVE! WHAT LURKS IN THE DIM SHADOWS? IS IT MEMORIES OF THE PAST? WHAT IS THAT COLD, COLD BREEZE THAT SWINGS THE GAY ROPES AND MAKES THE SAWDUST SHIVER?

NO! DON'T COME IN! DON'T WALK WITH US INTO THE DARK EMPTINESS OF THE DESERTED TENT! WE WARN YOU! TOO LATE, NOW! YOU'VE SEEN IT! YES, YOU'RE LOOKING AT DEATH ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!



COOPER

AGAINST THE
WATCHMAN RUNS
FOR HELP!

IT'S
DOREEN
...THE...THE
TRAPEZE
GIRL!

OPERATOR!!
GET ME EMIL
CLAXTON AT THE
ROYAL RITZ...
QUICK!! THERE'S
BEEN A **MURDER**!!
AT HIS CARNIVAL!!

AT THE ROYAL RITZ HOTEL
WE FIND EMIL CLAXTON...

A...A
MURDER!!
...
**GREAT
SCOTT!!**

I'LL CALL
CLAXTON
RIGHT
AWAY SIR!
...HELLO..
RITZ
HOTEL?

SO...DOREEN WOULDN'T
MARRY ME, EHF? WELL
I'LL BE RID OF HER
BEFORE LONG!

RING
RING
RING

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A
THIRD-RATE HOTEL WHERE
PALIACCI. THE CLOWN STARES
IN THE MIRROR
UNHAPPILY...

AND WHEN
CLAXTON
ANSWERS
THE
PHONE!

MURDERED!
DOREEN'S
MURDERED!
BUT IT CAN'T
BE... I'D BETTER
CALL EVERYONE
AND TELL
THEM TO COME
OVER TO THE
CARNIVAL
RIGHT
AWAY!

LAUGH AT ME,
WILL SHE! DOREEN'S
NOT WORTH IT!
SHE'S NOT WORTH
IT! SHE'S LAUGHED
AT ME FOR THE
LAST TIME

THE PHONE RINGS
AND PALIACCI ANSWERS
IT...



YES, MR. CLAXTON...
I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!

I WONDER
IF IT COULD
BE THAT
?!

IN ANOTHER PART OF
TOWN TWO OTHER MEM-
BERS OF CLAXTON'S
CARNIVAL ARE DESCEND-
ING IN THE SAME ELE-
VATOR... TEXAS JIM, THE
COWBOY, AND SARDINI,
THE MAGICIAN!



SO CLAXTON
PHONED YOU
TOO, EH, JIM?
...DOREEN'S
BEEN
MURDERED
!!!

YOU OUGHTA
KNOW! YOU
HATED HER.
SARDINI, BECAUSE SHE HAD
HER NAME IN LIGHTS!!

AND AS THEY
LEAVE THE
HOTEL...

YOU'RE A
FINE ONE TO
MAKE ACCUSATIONS!
...YOU PROBABLY
PRACTICED YOUR
ROPE TRICK ON
HER AND HUNG
HER!!



IN A FAR CORNER
OF THE LOBBY, THE
BLACK HOOD IS
GIVING AUTOGRAPHS
TO WAR STAMP
BUYERS...



SAY...!

I'LL TEACH YOU
TO ACCUSE
ME!

Jack

NOT SO FAST!
TAKE IT EASY,
BOYS! WHAT
GOES ON
HERE
??

HELLO, BLACK
HOOD... DOREEN
HAS BEEN MURDERED
AT THE CARNIVAL
AND THAT ROPE-
JUGGLER IS
ACCUSING
ME!!



THE TRAPEZE
ARTIST? YES,
I'VE SEEN
HER ACT!!
HAS ANYONE
TOLD HER
HUSBAND
YET...
...I WONDER
?!



I'LL MEET YOU AT
THE CARNIVAL...
AND NO MORE
FIGHTING,
DO YOU
HEAR?

DOREEN AND HER
HUSBAND USED
TO LIVE IN THE
SUBURBS! TOO
BAD THEY'VE NO
TELEPHONE! THAT
MEANS I'LL
HAVE TO BREAK
THE NEWS
MYSELF!

LUCK'S WITH
ME... THEY'RE
LIVING AT
THE SAME
ADDRESS!

R-I-N-G
R-R-

THE GREAT REX,
DOREEN'S HUSBAND
LOOKS OUT OF AN
UPPER WINDOW...

MINUTES LATER, THE
BLACK HOOD HAS BRO-
KEN THE NEWS AS
GENTLY AS POSSIBLE...

W. WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

IT'S VERY
IMPORTANT!
MR. REX,
LET ME
IN!

THIS IS
TERRIBLE,
TERRIBLE!!

GET
DRESSED,
MR. REX!
WE'D BETTER
GO TO
THE
CARNIVAL!

AT THE CARNIVAL ENSUES
A WEIRD SCENE MEN-
BERS GATHER UNDER
THE SWAYING SHADOW
OF THE TRAPEZE ARTIST!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT! WE WERE REHEARSING
A NEW ACT, EARLIER
THIS EVENING!
DOREEN SAID, SHE'D
SPEND THE NIGHT
WITH MADAME
ZONGA!

THE FORTUNE
TELLER?
I'LL HAVE
TO SPEAK
TO HER!

WE'VE MET
ALL OF YOU,
NOW! ALL
EXCEPT
MADAME
ZONGA!

I AM
SHE!
WHAT
DO
YOU
WANT!

THE EXTRAORDINARY
TRAPEZE ARTIST
ASSISTED
BY

DID DOREEN SPEND
THE NIGHT AT YOUR
HOME, MADAME
ZONGA?

SHE CERTAINLY
DID NOT! I WOULD
NOT HAVE THAT
WOMAN, ANYWHERE
NEAR ME! AND
I'M GLAD SHE'S
DEAD! I HATED
HER!

NO,
VERY
PECULIAR!

DID YOU
EVER SEE
A KNOT,
LIKE THE
ONE AROUND
HER NECK?

I MIGHT
FIND SOME
THING
INTEREST-
ING IN
DOREEN'S
DRESSING
ROOM...

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE POLICE
ARRIVE, THE BLACK HOOD DOES
A LITTLE FIGURING OF HIS OWN...

YOU GOT
HOLD OF
HER, MIKE?

HMMM!
EVERY SINGLE
MEMBER OF
THIS CARNIVAL
HATED DOREEN,
AND HAD A
MOTIVE FOR
WANTING TO
KILL HER!

ALL RIGHT, YOU!
YOU CAN ALL GO
HOME NOW, BUT DON'T
ANY OF YOU TRY TO
LEAVE TOWN!

MINUTES
LATER WHEN
THE CARNIVAL
IS DESERTED.

I'VE AN
IDEA...
THINK I'LL
INVESTIGATE..

HMMM...
CLOSED! WELL,
I'LL JUST HAVE
TO FORCE IT...

...LIKE
THAT,
OOOOP!

CRASH

LOOK OUT, BLACK
HOOD.. THOSE
HANDS!!

SUDDENLY, THE PAIR OF HANDS REACH
OUT AND LIKE A VISE, CLAMP
TIGHTER AND TIGHTER....

AGGHHH!

I'LL DO THE
TEACHING,
BLACK HOOD.
AND YOU'LL
LEARN
PLENTY!

GRAB AT ME, WHEN
MY BACK'S TURNED,
WILL YOU?
MAYBE THIS'LL
TEACH YOU
TO BE MORE
POLITE!

IN A
BLINDING
MOMENT
THE
HOOD
CRASHES
TO THE
BOTTOM
OF THE
STAIRS..

THAT SETTLES
HIS HASH!
I'D BETTER
GET OUT,
WHILE THE
GETTING'S
GOOD!

HOURS PASS... THE
CRIME IS STILL A
MYSTERY... AND AS
THE GREY FINGERS
OF MORNING POINT
OUT ANOTHER DAY,
THE CARNIVAL
PERFORMERS REHEARSE
FOR THAT AFTERNOON'S
SHOW....

CRASH

REX, THE ACROBAT WATCHES
EVERYONE SUSPICIOUSLY...

JO JO, THE
CLOWN MUST
HAVE KILLED HER!
HE TRIED TO
MAKE UP TO
DOREEN, BUT
SHE ONLY
LAUGHED AT
HIM!

AND THEN THE HUSBAND OF THE MURDERED WOMAN TURNS AND WATCHES...

...TEXAS JIM! HE'S VERY HANDY WITH A ROPE... COULD HE HAVE STRUNG UP DOREEN?



OK HELLO, HOOD! MAY I COME IN??

CERTAINLY, REX! I'M DOING A LITTLE INVESTIGATING! SAY... WHAT'S THIS?



I'M GOING DOWN TO THE MORGUE TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR WIFE'S BODY! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!

I HOPE YOU TRACK DOWN THE BLACK MURDERER!!



OR WAS IT CLAXTON, THE CARNIVAL OWNER, OR SARDINI?? THERE IS THAT ROPE TRICK HE DOES! WHO...? WHO KILLED HER?



WHERE DID DOREEN GET THIS REVOLVER??

OH, I GAVE IT TO HER, TO PROTECT HERSELF! YOU KNOW WHAT CARNIVAL LIFE IS!



UPSTAIRS IN DOREEN'S DRESSING-ROOM THE BLACK HOOD ASKS HIMSELF THE SAME QUESTION...

WHO DID IT? OBVIOUSLY THE SAME PERSON WHO CONKED ME ON THE HEAD TO PREVENT ME FROM CONTINUING MY EXAMINATION! HMM... A GAS-BURNER FOR MELTING MAKE-UP!



YES, I DO! HELLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? TOOLS? A HAMMER!

OK, YES... THE CARPENTER LEFT THEM! HE WAS PUTTING UP SHELVES FOR DOREEN!!



IT IS NOON, AND THE BLACK HOOD RETURNS TO FIND THE CARNIVAL DESERTED... SUDDENLY A BLACK FORM HURTTLES DOWN OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS?

THE HOOD SWINGS WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK, BUT MISSES AS HIS ATTACKER DUCKS...



... AND DIVES INTO A NEARBY MAGIC BOX...



BUT WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE BOX...



THAT'LL BE QUITE A BLOW TO YOU!



OHNNH! ANNNH! I... GOT.. TO.. GET.. TO MY.. FEET... BEFORE HE... GETS... AWAY!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU... BUT YOU'RE A PRETTY PERSISTENT GUY!!



WELL, I DON'T LIKE BEING FOLLOWED! THIS BICYCLE IS JUST THE THING!!



BUT WITH
A SUDDEN
LURCH THE
BLACK HOOD
TWISTS OUT
OF HARM'S
WAY...

I'LL CUT
THESE
ROPE'S,
AND SWING
AWAY ON
THIS
TRAPEZE!

LEAVING SO
SOON?

THE PLATFORM!
IT'S SHAKING!
IT'S GOING
TO CRASH!

SWOOSH
WITH EVERY MUSCLE STRAIN-
ING, THE HOOD LEAPS ACROSS
THE YAWNING CHASM...

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

AND
STEELY
FINGERS
GRASP AT
THE
KILLER'S
ANKLE!

SNAP
THE SUDDEN ADDED
WEIGHT ON THE ATTACK-
ER'S HANDS TEARS
THEM LOOSE AND...

CRASH

IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT
THE HOOD LETS GO AND HIS
FINGERS CLOSE LIKE A
STEEL VISE ON ANOTHER
TRAPEZE...

H-HELP!
I-I'M
FALLING!

S-SAVE
ME!



SECONDS LATER...



The End



CARL OSCAR GRAVES, KNOBEL, ARKANSAS, THE WINNER OF THE MARCH TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS CONTEST!

EVERY ONE OF YOU TOP NOTCH LAUGH READERS CAN WIN A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS DID CARL GRAVES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER OR POSTCARD TO TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS 60 HUDSON STREET, RM. 315 N. Y. C., TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A HAND-COLORED, LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF OR HERSELF! AND EVEN IF YOU DON'T WIN YOUR PICTURE WILL APPEAR IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! EVERYBODY IS ELIGIBLE, EVEN IF YOU'VE ALREADY TRIED!

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everything we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everything in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a creased look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

* * *

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobsters crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger-man. Smiley let him have it! Bullets whizzed out of the gun, imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lips till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Nor had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low-down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean

THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN, LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA MUST FIGHT A DUEL WITH SEÑOR SATANI, WHO HAS BEEN A GREAT BOON TO THE UNDERTAKERS OF MEXICO.

EVERYBODY
EVERYBODY



SIESTA, I WEEEL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BE INSULTED! **YOU** WEEEL DUEL THE SEÑOR SATANI TOMORROW. --REMEMBER I AM **BEHIND** YOU!

I WOULD FEEL MUCH SAFER EEF YOU WERE EEN **FRONT** OF ME!

NOW WEETH SUCH AN ORDEAL FACING YOU TOMORROW, YOU MUST HAVE **REST**! COME, WE GO TO THE HOTEL!

SANCHO, AS USUAL YOU THEENK **ONCE** FOR ME AND **TWICE** FOR YOURSELF!

ATTENTION, SEÑOR!! WE WEEESH A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT!

SI! SI! SEÑOR, WEETH BATH?

☆ @ **SANTA S'MOSES** ☆ **CARAMBA!** ☆
☆ @ SUCH AN IMPUDENT QUESTION TO ASK TWO SUCH GENTLEMEN AS WE --
-- **OF COURSE NOT!**





HURRY, SIESTA, OR WE
WEEL BE LATE. THE DUEL
EES TO BE FOUGHT BEHIND
THE SANTA ROSA CEMETERY!

THEES SENOR
SATANI
THEENKS OF
EVERYTHEENG,
NO!

SI, EET WEEL BE
A WARM DAY AND
HE DOES NOT WEESH
YOU TO **SPOIL**!

GULP!

LOOK! THERE EES
SENOR SATANI
NOW, ON THE
FIELD OF HONOR!

HOW I
WEESH HE
WERE **UNDER**
EET!

BUENOS DIAS, SENORES!
SIESTA, YOU MAY
CHOOSE WHAT WE
WEEL COMBAT WEETH!

HOKAY!
CREAM PUFFS
AT THREE
PACES!

SILENCE!!
DO NOT WASTE THE
GREAT SATANI'S
TIME. NAME YOUR
WEAPONS, SKUNK!

EET I WERE
A SKUNK I
WOULDN'T
NEED ANYTHEENG
ELSE!

SENOR SIESTA,
MAKE YOUR
SELECTION!
SWORDS OR
PISTOLS!

ERR--
AA





ARCHIE COMICS IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!
A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL
SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATION-
ALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION"
AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY
THE BEAR

BUMBIE, THE
BEE-TECTIVE

SQOIMY,
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S
PAL
JUGHEAD

ARCHIE'S
GIRL FRIEND
BETTY COOPER

AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER
ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS! ARCHIE COMICS # 2 IS ON SALE AT
YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW! DON'T WALK, RUN TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!







HA!
GO
AWAY!

HA HA
HA HEE
HEE HA
HA



PGGT! I THINK MURGISON,
THE BUTLER, IS THE
THIEF! WHEN EVER I
PEEK THROUGH A
KEYHOLE, I FIND
HIM PEEKING
BACK!

OH, I
DO NOT,
YOU FAT
OLD THING!



OH, YOU
DO TOO!

COME, COME! WE
AREN'T GETTING
NOWHERE THIS
WAY! YOU GIVE
HIM THE DAY OFF
AND I'LL SHADOW
HIM!



OK! YOU
HEAR THAT
MURGISON?

YBAH! HOT
DOG! SO
LONG, BOSS!

HMM! WONDER
IF HE SUSPECTS
WE SUSPECT
HIM?



LATER

MURGISON
WENT IN
THAT HOUSE
ALL RIGHT!
I'LL INVEST-
IGATE!



I'LL TELL
'EM I'M FROM
THE GAS
COMPANY!

KNOCK
KNOCK



WALK RIGHT IN,
BUD! DON'T STAND
ON CEREMONY!



ER, AY YUST
DE GAS MAN! AY
KOM TO READ DE
METER, PLIZ!



QUIT YER KIDDIN,
COPPER! TIE HIM
UP, BOYS, AND TOSS
HIM IN THE CELLAR!
I'M GOIN' OVER TO SEE
LOUIE, DE FENCE, ABOUT
DESE PIPES!





D'S GUY IS NUTS!
I'M SONNA SCRAM!



?!GXX!



YER ALL UNDER ARREST!
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, LAD?



HEY!



DISTURBING THE PEACE...
ASSAULT... CARRYING GUNS
WITHOUT A LICENCE... CONTRIBUTING
TO DELINQUENCY OF JUVENILES,
ETC...

TSK
TSK
TSK



I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,
CAPTAIN! I'M TRACING DOWN A
DANGEROUS RING OF CROOKS THAT
STOLE THE VALUABLE MILDEW PIPE
COLLECTION! NOW HERE'S WHAT I
WANT YOU TO DO...



IT SOUNDS PHONEY BUT WE'LL
GIVE YOU ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG
YOURSELF! GO AHEAD!

THANKS! BE SURE TO HAVE
THOSE POLICEMEN THERE LIKE
YOU SAID!



WOT COOK RETURNS TO THE
CELLAR OF MURGISON'S HANGOUT...

WELL, I'VE GOT MR. MILDEW'S
PIPES AND... WHAT'S THAT?



NOW TO FINISH OFF DAT DOPEY
DICK!

WOT IN TH-? THE JOINT'S
FLOODED! HE MUST BE DROWNED!



OOOOOHH!
I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM BACK SO
SOON! IF THEY FIND ME HERE
I'M SUNK!

I HOPE THEY FIND THE NOTE I
LEFT UPSTAIRS!



HEY, CHIEF!
DA PIPES IS
GONE! HERE'S
A NOTE!



LEMME SEE THAT!
I AM RETURNING-MR.
MILDEW'S COLLECTION
TO HIM! PHOOEY ON
YOU JERKS! SNOOP
MCGOOK

JOIKS!
WHO-
US?



WHY THAT LITTLE
!!G*/F? C'MON,
BOYS, WE'RE GOIN'
BACK TO MILDEW'S
SHACK AND GET
THOSE 'PIPES'

YEAH!
DIS TIME
WE WON'T
MISS!



OKAY, MILDEW!
TROT OUT THOSE
YOU-KNOW-WHATS-
AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

MURGISON!



STICK 'EM UP!
WE'VE GOT YOU
COVERED!

YEAH!
IT'S A
PINCH!



WONDERFUL WORK,
MR. MCGOOK! FINE JOB!
FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL
BE REWARDED!



ER... THIS
COLLECTION OF
PIPES MUST BE
VERY VALUABLE,
-I IMAGINE!

YES, YES,
YES, INDEED!
AH YES!



IN FACT, I
NEVER USE
ANYTHING
ELSE!



PERFECT FOR TARGET
PRACTICE! COME ON,
MCGOOK, GRAB YOUR-
SELF A GUN, AND
WE'LL HAVE
SOME FUN!

BANG!

WHOOOP!

WHEN A
MERRY - GO -
ROUND HORSE
GOES AROUND
BITING PEOPLE'S
HANDS OFF,
YOU CAN BE
SURE OF
PLENTY OF
EXCITEMENT.
IT'S
SNOOP
MCGOOK'S
STRANGEST
CASE TO
DATE!
DON'T
MISS THESE
PAGES NEXT
MONTH!

ALL THAT WORK, AND NO MONEY!

A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

by VIVIAN LIPMAN

ONCE again that super-duper private detective extraordinary, Snoop McGook, had a client. There are some who would dispute Snoop McGook's right to have a client, claiming he never solved a case in his life, or if he did, it was just an accident. However, Snoop had a PRIVATE DETECTIVE sign on his door, so naturally, that made him a private detective, and gave him priority claims on any clients that were floating around.

Anyhow, Snoop McGook's client came into his office one bright, sunny morning, and said, "Mr. McGook, my butler has been receiving letters threatening his life for the past two weeks, and they are getting fiercer. I don't want to take this to the police because of the publicity, so will you please see what you can do about it?"

"Is there anything you can tell me about those letters?"

"My butler can give you the most complete information. In fact I planned on your talking to him personally. He is at my home waiting for you with all the information and letters. I don't mind telling you, Mr. McGook, this has really made me worry, because indirectly the letters threaten my life, also. There will be a very high fee for you if you solve this case."

Snoop looked at his client, and from the wealthy appearance he gave, he knew that what the man had said was true. The call of easy money started his blood running once more, and the entire half pint of red liquid that he owned started racing through his vessels heading for that empty space known as Snoop's head.

"All right," answered Snoop. "I'll start right away."

Snoop obtained the address from the man, who declined to come with him, stating that he had other business to attend to.

Snoop started out on his great adventure, finally reaching his destination. He went up to the doorway of a beautiful little home, rang the door-bell with true McGook self-confidence. He received no answer. Snoop decided not to waste any time, and to get right down to business. He opened the door, walked right in, and found his business . . . lying on the floor, dead! The corpse was a middle-aged man, dressed in a tuxedo. "The typical butler type," thought Snoop.

Quickly, he got to work to discover the murderer, visions of the handsome fee promised him dancing before his eyes. He noticed the man was only dead a few minutes, as his body was still very warm.

"Ah," exclaimed Snoop to himself, "the murderer must still be in the house!"

Then Snoop looked at the knife with which the man had been stabbed. It was just an ordinary kitchen knife.

"Ah, a clue," thought Snoop.

Then he examined the knife a little further. The wooden handle was plainly smeared with buttery fingerprints, some of which were mixed with the blood which stained the knife handle. Suddenly, Snoop felt inspired. He thought of the clues offered him, and like a flash the answer came. All the clues pointed to the cook of the house! Snoop made a rush for the kitchen, where he expected to find the cook hiding from him.

Snoop burst through the kitchen door, a trifle dizzy from all this thinking, and much to his surprise, his theory turned out to be correct. There was the killer, a fat, mustached man, calmly washing the blood from one hand, as he held another knife pointed at Snoop in the other.

"Don't come near me!" The man hissed at Snoop.

The visions of green-backs still were before Snoop's eyes, as he made for the murderer. With a quick turn he grabbed the wrist of the man and twisted it, making him drop the knife. Then Snoop stumbled. As he was going down, the top of his head hit the murderer on the chin, and knocked him out. There they both were, cooily situated on the floor, Snoop and the murderer. The only difference was that the murderer was really knocked unconscious while Snoop was just his usual unconscious self.

Snoop dragged the murderer out on the front porch in order to call a cop, when he saw his client walking down the street.

"Hey!" He called. "I've got the man. It's your cook. I was too late. He killed your butler. He's on the floor in your living room."

"You dope!" The client exclaimed. "That isn't my house. I live on the other side of the street. You're fired!"

Snoop's mouth fell loosely open. The first time in his life he had ever really solved a crime, and it turns out to be the wrong one! All that work and no money. Snoop sank to the porch floor in a deeper state of unconsciousness than he had ever been in before. Even that half pint of blood gave up!

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GLOOMY GUS

by
RED
WOLFE

THE HOMELESS GHOST

THE HEAVENLY STAR

OBITUARY

GUS GLOOMPUS

HE LEFT THIS WORLD BEFORE
HE SHOULD!
SO AS A GHOST HE'S NO DARNEE
GOOD!
UNTIL HE FINDS A BODY THAT'S
STRONG AND ROOMY.
HE'LL KEEP ON WANDERING AND
ALWAYS BE GLOOMY!



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP
ME, PETE! I'VE BEEN
SEARCHING EVERYWHERE!
BUT I CAN'T FIND A BODY
I CAN KEEP!

WELL I'VE
ONLY GOT
ONE PROSPECT
ON TODAY'S
LIST! DO YOU
WANT TO TAKE
HIS BODY OVER?



I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS
WELL - B-BUT WHAT'S
THE GUY'S NAME AND
WHERE'LL I FIND
HIM?

YOU'LL HAVE TO HUR-
RY, CAUSE HE HASN'T
MUCH TIME LEFT!
JUST GO TO THIS AD-
DRESS AND LOOK FOR
A GUY NAMED PUNCHY
O'TOOLE!



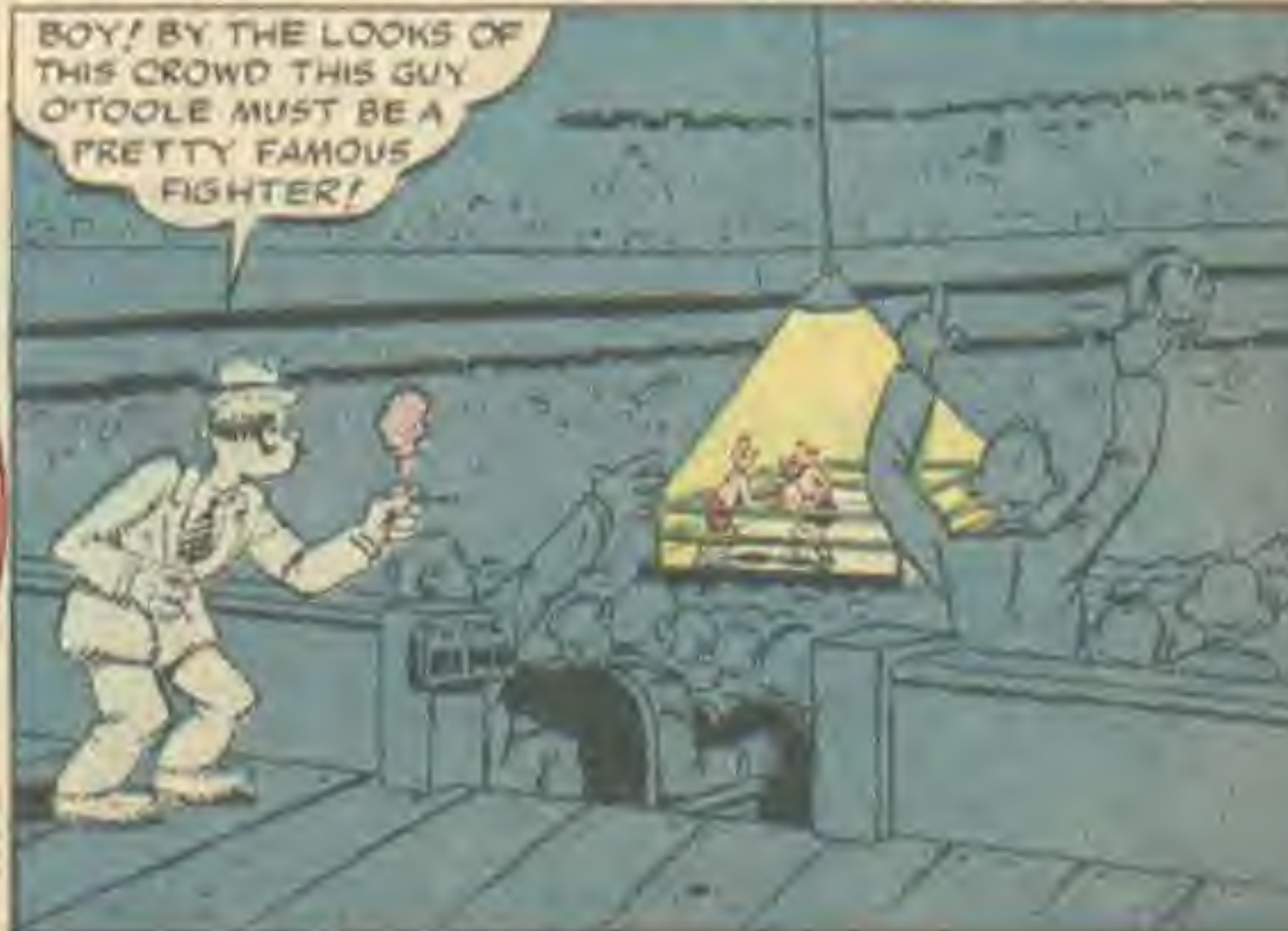
WELL, HERE I AM BACK ON
EARTH! NOW TO FIND THIS GUY
O'TOOLE! GUESS I'LL GO IN
AND LOOK THIS GUY UP!

BOXING
TONIGHT

ENTRANCE



BOY! BY THE LOOKS OF
THIS CROWD THIS GUY
O'TOOLE MUST BE A
PRETTY FAMOUS
FIGHTER!



GUS GOES DOWN TO THE RINGSIDE TO AWAIT THE BODY HE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER

I WISH THESE GUYS WOULD HURRY UP AND GET THIS OVER WITH! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME!

HOW AM I GOING TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF THESE GUYS IS O'TOOLE!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, FATE TAKES A HAND IN GUS'S PROBLEM

Y! THAT'S O'TOOLE THERE, NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!

I'M NOT SO KEEN ON GETTING INTO THIS FIGHT GAME - BUT AFTER ALL, A BODY IS A BODY!

ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR - FIVE - SIX - SEVEN - EIGHT - EIGHT AND A HALF, PSSST. WHAT DO YOU SAY, PUNCHY, IT'S GETTING CLOSE!

OH! OH! GOTTA GET GOING BEFORE HE'S COUNTED OUT!

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT GUS TAKES OVER AND AT THE COUNT OF NINE

NINE-TE--??

BOY, THIS IS KEEN - THIS PUNCHY'S BODY ISN'T SUCH A BAD FIT AT THAT!

OH! SO THAT LAST HAYMAKER WASN'T ENOUGH, YOU BUM! OKAY, I'LL PUT THE CRUSHER ON YOU THIS TIME - AND HOW!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! TAKE IT EASY!

WHAM





IGIVE UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY YOU COULDN'T BEAT A PINT OF CREAM - IF YOU'D ONLY HIT THE GUYS WITH SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES YOUR CHIN-----

I--I GUESS I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A FIGHTER. THAT'S ALL!



G...GOSH! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR-- AND NOW I'M SORRY I DID!



SO LONG YOU PUNCH-DRUNK TRAMP! I'M THROUGH WASTING MY TIME WITH YOU! MY PRESTIGE IS RUINED!

SO IS MY FACE!



LATER! WHEW! I'M SURE GLAD THAT'S OVER! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?



OH/OH! WHAT'S THIS - HMM-- THAT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

WANTED BOUNCER APPLY ON THE PREMISES

SCREECH!



SO GUS APPLYS FOR THE JOB-----

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE JOB? SOMETIMES WE GET PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMERS THAT HAVE TO BE BOUNCED OUT!

DONT WORRY MY BOXING CAREER OUGHT TO COME IN HANDY FOR THIS JOB!



THAT NIGHT GUS BEGINS TO WORK-----

HMM-- THIS IS SOME JOB. ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS WALK AROUND THIS JOINT, AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN FOR ANYONE WHO GETS OUT OF HAND!



WHILE AT ONE OF THE TABLES-----

LOOK DARLING, THERE'S THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMP- SITTING OVER AT THAT TABLE!

HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT HECKLER, SITTING AT THE NEXT TABLE!



B...B...B... YER A CHEESHE CHAMP, THA'SH WHAT (HIC)

WHY, I'LL MOIDER THAT--

EASY, CHAMP, HE'S JUST DRUNK, THAT'S ALL! I'LL HAVE THE MANAGEMENT BOUNCE HIM OUT- TA HERE!



THE BELL RINGS AND THE FIGHT GET UNDER WAY AS BOTH FIGHTERS COME OUT OF THEIR CORNERS!



AT THIS POINT I THINK IT BEST THAT WE DON'T LOOK AT THE FIGHT-BUT SKIP AHEAD TO THE SEVENTH ROUND! HOW GUS EVER MANAGED TO LAST THIS LONG-WE'LL NEVER KNOW-HOWEVER LET'S TAKE A SQUINT SO WE'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!



DON'T FORGET TO WATCH FOR GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH CLOSER

WORLD WONDERS



SOME MUSICIANS
OF THE SAMOAN
ISLAND TRIBES
PLAY FLUTES
WITH THEIR
NOSES!



THE IRISH POTATO
DIDN'T COME FROM
IRELAND
BUT WAS FIRST
GROWN BY THE
ANCIENT INCAS
OF PERU
AS EARLY AS
1000 A.D.



**THE GEOMETRIC
SPIDER** WITH
8 EYES
WEAVES A
PERFECT WEB
IN TOTAL
DARKNESS!

TICKBIRDS
GET THEIR
FOOD BY
DASHING INTO
THE MOUTHS
OF CROCODILES
TO SNATCH
LEECHES FROM
THEIR GUMS,



SUZIE

BY
"RED"
HOLMDALE
AND
KEAN

HMM-A
SWITCHBOARD
OPERATOR-
THAT LOOKS
GOOD TO
ME!

SWITCHBOARD
OPERATORS
NEEDED
APPLY-- HOTEL
RITZ-- PRIZ.

WHEN WE LEFT
SUZIE IN THE LAST ISSUE,
SHE WAS HEADING EAST
AFTER A BRIEF STAY IN HOLLY-
WOOD AND NOW WE FIND
HER, HAVING ARRIVED IN NEW
YORK, BROKE AND JOBLESS-----
REALIZING THAT SHE MUST EAT,
JERRY KEAN, THE WRITER OF
THIS STORY, TOLD ME TO DRAW
HER STANDING OUTSIDE OF
AN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,
SO THAT'S WHERE WE
FIND HER RIGHT
NOW!

LATER--

I'VE COME TO
APPLY FOR THE
JOB THAT WAS
LISTED OVER AT
EMPLOYMENT
SERVICE!

WELL, IF
YOU'LL JUST
ANSWER A
FEW QUESTIONS
FIRST!

HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
EXPERIENCE?

OH SURE!
I'VE HAD LOTS
OF EXPERIENCES!

AND SO SUZIE GETS THE
JOB--

G-GOSH, W-WHAT
DO I DO NOW?
OH! OH! WHAT'S
THIS?

HOLLYWOOD
CALLING--
GEORGE DRAFT
CALLING
MAE REST!





HELLO MAE -- THIS IS GEORGIE -- WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF LATELY?



GOLLY! GEE WHIZ! THIS SURE IS INTERESTING!



NOTHING, BIG BOY! WHY DON'T YOU COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME!



...SIGH... GEE-GEORGE DRAFT-- ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!



HELLO CHICAGO! COME IN, CHICAGO!

THERE'S A MEETING OF THE DIS-TEMPERANCE LEAGUE IN 788!



FOR INSTANCE IN ROOM 233--- MR. AND MRS. HACKENZOCKER.... NEWLYWEDS.....

...AND YOU'RE POSITIVE, DUCKY-VUCKY, THAT I'M THE ONLY GIRL YOU EVER LOVED!

OF COURSE YOU PRECIOUS LITTLE DIMPLE-DUMPLING (SIGH). SINCE THE FIRST DAY I SAW YOU, NO OTHER GIRL EXISTED FOR ME!



OH/OH! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

HMMPH! CAN'T WE EVER GET AWAY FROM EVERYBODY? WHY DON'T THEY LET US ALONE!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



SORRY, SIR! SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR TOLD ME TO RETURN THESE FLOWERS TO THE GENTLEMEN IN 233. THE LADY ISN'T AT HOME TO RECEIVE THEM



WHAT?

WHO? ME?



SO! YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT ANOTHER GIRL, EH?



I SUPPOSE THIS CARD IS FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER!

To my sweetest - for all those beautiful moments we've had together. Your devoted wife



AND NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN! YOU TWO-TIMER!



WHILE DOWN AT THE SWITCHBOARD.....

SUZIE, TELL THE HOUSE DETECTIVE TO GO UP TO THE NORTH PENTHOUSE, AND THROW THE GUY OUT FOR NOT PAYING HIS BILL!



BUT AGAIN SUZIE GETS HER WIRES CROSSED --- AND MINUTES LATER IN THE SOUTH PENTHOUSE---

AND FURTHERMORE I THINK WE SHOULD-- BLA-- BLA--

YOU'RE RIGHT SENATOR!



HMM, NO ANSWER! I'LL JUST WALK RIGHT IN.



WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TRYING TO DO? PLAY POSSUM! WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS LIVES HERE?



NEVER MIND THE INNOCENT STUFF-- I'VE MET GUYS LIKE YOU BEFORE AND I'M WISE TO YOUR ALIBIS!

GOLLY! AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SENATOR WAS A MAN OF INTEGRITY



AND DOWN IN THE LADIES' TURKISH BATH....

GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE HERE BEFORE! BUT THIS IS WHERE THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR SAID I WAS TO GO TO FIX A LEAK!



P-PARDON ME, GIRLS! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE LEAK IS?

HELP! GEEK!

A MAN!



OF ALL THE NERVE-- THE MANAGER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

B-BUT, GIRLS!

THE RESULT!

AND FURTHERMORE WE'VE NEVER BEEN SUBJECTED TO SUCH TREATMENT AS WE'VE RECEIVED AT THIS HOTEL ---- OUR FRIENDS SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

B-BUT-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MUST BE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

HMM-- I WONDER IF SUZIE COULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

COME ON, QUICK! I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I GAVE YOU ANOTHER JOB TO DO!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO PROMOTE ME ALREADY!



YOU'RE GOING TO OPERATE THE ELEVATOR --- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE BUTTONS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MAN-AGE THAT?

IT SEEMS EASY ENOUGH!

Later--
COME RONALD, AND BE CAREFUL WITH LITTLE CUDDLES!

YES, ROSITA!

GOING UP!



IMAGINE MY FOLKS THINKING ANYONE AS SWEET AND INNOCENT AS YOU WANTING TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY, ROSITA DEAR

HOW UTTERLY ABSURD! OH, ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CLEVER! CUDDLES WANTS TO KISS YOU!



NOW, NOW DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T BE HARSH WITH POOR CUDDLES!

WANTS TO, HUH! THAT POORH DID! DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE CUDDLES ALONG WHEN WE'RE ELOPING, SWEETIS?

GOLLY, SHE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR --- WHERE HAVE I SEEN HER BEFORE? HMMM... NOW I KNOW!

HELLO... ROSE GLOCKENSPIEL! RE-MEMBER ME? WHEN DID YOU QUIT WORKING AT THE LUNCH WAGON?

HUH? WHY T-THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE I-I-I NEVER SAW YOU IN MY LIFE!





ROSE GLOCKEN-
SPIEL! LUNCH
WAGON! ARE
YOU SUKE YOU'RE
NOT MARRYING
ME FOR MY
MONEY

ARE YOU
GOING TO BE-
LIEVE A CHEAP
LITTLE ELEVATOR
OPERATOR, OR
ME? I'M SUKE
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SHE IS
TALKING ABOUT!



AND THEN---

OW!



WHY YOU *!!#o
DOG! I'LL FIX
YOUR WAGON--
THERE! TAKE
THAT--OOPS!

OW!



KICK ME, WILL YOU,
SUZIE? TAKE THAT!

OW!

YOU CALLED
HER BY HER
NAME, ROSITA!
YOU DO KNOW
HER, THEN!



OH/OH! SUZIE, LOOK
OUT FOR THOSE ELE-
VATOR BUTTONS!



HEY!
THE
ELEVATOR
STOPPED!

HELP!
WE'RE STUCK
BETWEEN
THE TWO
FLOORS!

WHAT'LL
WE DO
NOW!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT,
SUZIE. YOU WERE
ALWAYS GETTING INTO
TROUBLE AT THE LUNCH
WAGON. OOOooo! I
COULD SCRATCH
YOUR EYES OUT!



YOU DID WORK
AT THE LUNCH-
WAGON, THEN,
ROBITA VAN ROLL-
DOUGH, THE
HEIRESS-BALONEY.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
A GOLD DIGGER AFTER
ALL!

OH, ALL RIGHT,
YOU SAY SO! I
WAS AFTER
YOUR DOUGH.
WHAT DIFFERENCE
DOES IT MAKE AT
A TIME LIKE THIS-
WHEN WE'LL ALL
BE KILLED.



STOP GETTING
HYSTERICAL!
I'LL CLIMB
UP TO THE
NEXT FLOOR
AND TRY TO
OPEN THE
DOOR.



HMMPH YOU NEEDN'T BE SO SARCASTIC, YOU SUCKER! I WOULD HAVE HOOKED YOU IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT DUMB SUZIE!



WORLD WONDERS



MOST TARANTULA
SPIDERS ARE
HARMLESS TO MAN...
SOME WILL NOT
EVEN BITE UNLESS
THEY ARE TEASED.



FIRST INDUSTRY

FROM ITS HUMBLE
BEGINNING IN
JAMESTOWN IN
1608 CAME AMERICA'S
FIRST INDUSTRY,
GLASS MAKING.



PETER THE GREAT WAS CREATOR
OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVY. IN
1695 HE RECRUITED ALL AVAILABLE
WORKERS AND BUILT A GREAT FLEET
TO GO AGAINST THE TURKS. PETER,
HIMSELF, WAS THE HARDEST OF ALL
WORKMEN!



CAMOUFLAGE

THE PTEROPHYRNE
A FISH FOUND IN THE
SARGASSO SEA CAN
CHANGE ITS COLOR
UNTIL, IN ITS NATURAL
HABITAT, IT IS HARDLY
VISIBLE!

PERCY



PERCY!



BUT, JASPER - PERCY IS SO FRAGILE I'M AFRAID YOUR HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP WILL PROVE TOO STRENUOUS FOR THE DEAR BOY!

YOU NEEDN'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT, MY DEAR! WHY I'M AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WOODS AS ON MY OWN BACK PORCH! DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!



Next morning

NOW REMEMBER, JASPER, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY!

HE'LL BE AS SAFE WITH ME AS IN HIS OWN BED, MAGGIE---ER-- MARGUERITTE!

MY, BUT IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE A FISHING ROD IN MY HANDS AGAIN. BY THE WAY PERCY, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I USED TO BE THE CHAMPION CASTER OF MY CLUB?

WHY NO, PATER.

ER-- WERE YOU? PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THAT ROD, MR. PLUMMER!

DON'T WORRY! I CAN MAKE THIS LINE BEHAVE LIKE A TRAINED SEAL!

HELLO THERE, MR. PLUMMER. OFF ON A FISHING TRIP?

HELLO, TOM. I WAS JUST TELLING PERCY WHAT A CRACKERJACK I USED TO BE WITH A CASTING LINE!

WHY WITH A FLIP OF THE WRIST, LIKE THIS I USED TO --- OOPS-- IT -- ER -- SLIPPED!

IT'S CAUGHT ON THAT ROPE. NOW WATCH CLOSELY, PERCY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO FREE IT!

YOU JUST GIVE A SHARP TUG---

WAIT! DON'T PULL! THAT'S THE EMERGENCY ROPE!







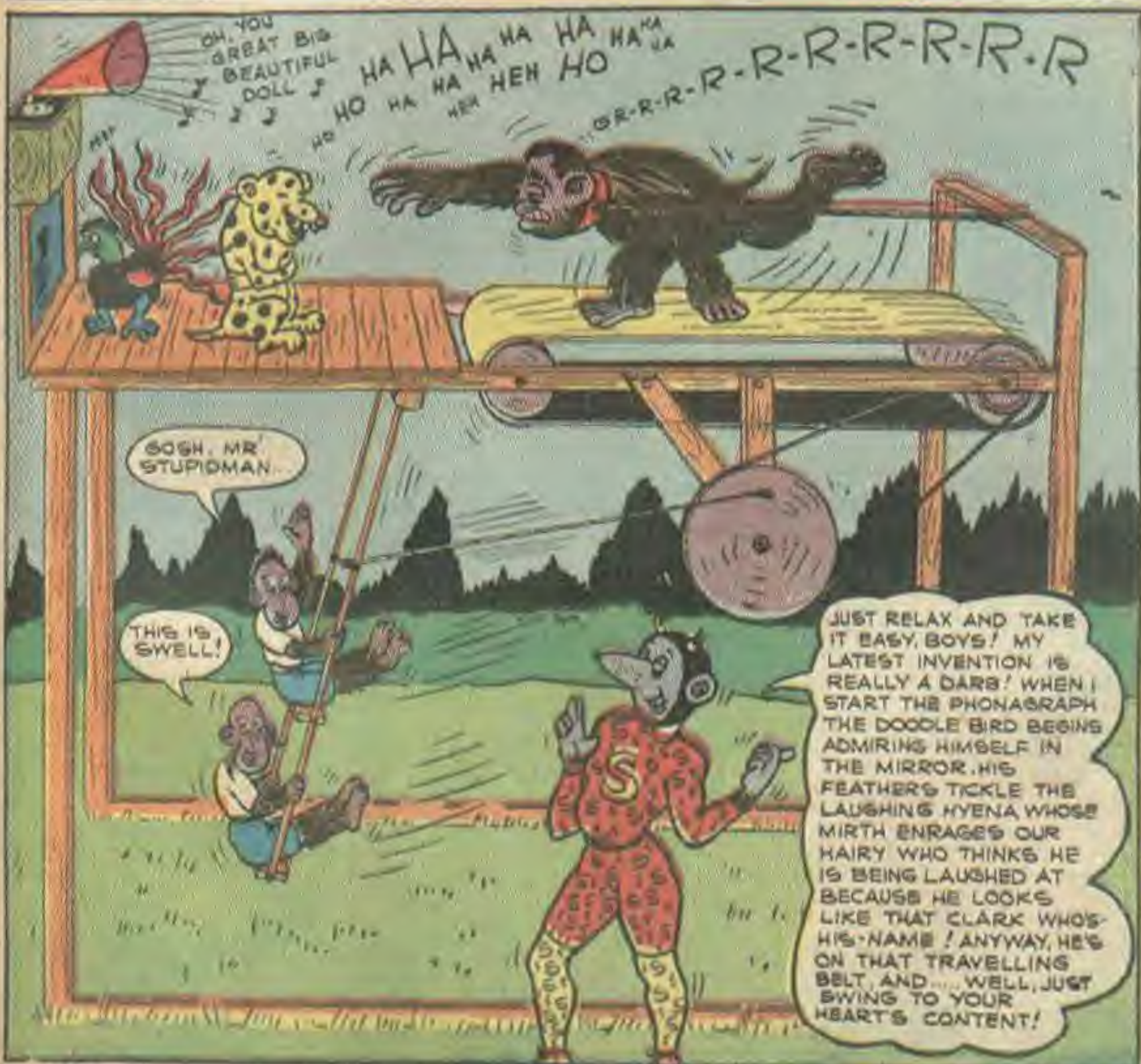


THE 3 MONKEYTEERS HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THE GREAT STUPIDMAN IS ACTUALLY A CLERK AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN! HE WARNS THEM THAT THEY MUST NOT REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY SO THAT HE MAY CARRY ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AND HELP THOSE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE!

WE FIND THEM INDULGING IN A LITTLE FUN...



The 3 Monkeyteers





HO, HO HA
HA HA HA
HEE HEE
HEH HEH

I BORROWED HIM
FROM A RADIO COMEDIAN!
ALWAYS SITS IN THE FRONT
ROW AND LAUGHS HIM-
SELF SILLY!



SUDDENLY...

CRASH

GOSH,
WHAT WAS
THAT?



I'LL INVESTIGATE! SOME-
ONE MAY NEED MY
AGASSISTANCE!



WHY
IT'S...

SMALL
FRY!

GOOD GRACIOUS,
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO DO?



WELL, YEHUDI
AND SASS HAD
A SWING SO
I WANTED TO
HAVE ONE, TOO!
I CUT THE
LIMB OFF SO
I COULD TIE
THIS ROPE
ON IT!

TSK, TSK!
NEVER MIND!
YOU COME
ALONG WITH
US WHERE
YOU'LL BE
SAFE FROM
MY HARM!



SUDDENLY...

ULK!



BOP

BANG

POW



WHOSE IDEA
WAS THIS, ANYHOW,
YOURS OR MINE?



HE'S GONE!
COME ON DOWN,
BOYS!...SERVES
ME RIGHT FOR
BEING UNKIND!
I'LL NEVER DO
IT AGAIN...S'HELP
ME...C'MON,
LET'S GO!

I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! RIGHT BEHIND THOSE TREES IS MY...

...SLEEPING BEAUTY WONDER CAR! SHE'S ALL SET FOR MY LATEST EXPERIMENT AGAINST BOMBING RAIDS! THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT AND THEN I TURN MY PLANS OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!

FIRST WE SET THE GLIDER'S CONTROLS AND PUSH IT OFF LIKE THIS!

NOW WE MUST HURRY! SPIN THE PROP, YEHUDI, AND JUMP IN, BOYS, WHILE I PULL OUT THE WINGS!

THIS OLD SKI-JUMP IS JUST THE THING FOR A FLYING START, HEH, HEH!

NOW KEEP AN EYE ON THE GLIDER! I HAVE A TIMING DEVICE GET TO RELEASE...

REAL LIVE BOMBS!

HANG ONTO YOUR HATS, MEN! HERE WE GO! YAHOOO!

AND WE ROPE 'EM JUST LIKE THIS!



SIMPLE EH? I'M PLANNING ON TRAINING WESTERNERS FOR THIS BRANCH OF THE SERVICE! I'LL CALL 'EM BOMB-BOYS!



A FELLOW HAS TO BE GOOD AND QUICK, BUT I NEVER MISS....

OR SELDOM!



GOSH!

IT BLEW THAT HOUSE...

ALL TO PIECES!



THINK NOTHING OF IT! THE PLACE WAS A WRECK ANYWAY!.. AND HAUNTED TOO, I GUESS! HEH HEH!



FYOOO BATS! SCAT! SCAT! DARN YOU! BEAT IT!



SUDDENLY...

WHOOOO SHHH



HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS?

ONLY ME, FAT NOSE!



HOWDY,
FOLKS !!
HERE WE ARE
AGAIN!

DOTTY

and

DITTO

by
BILL
WOGGON

DITTO! AH
SHORE HOPE
YO' LIKE US,
PODNUH!

WHEN YOU LAST SAW DOTTY AND DITTO THEY WERE
CAUGHT IN DESPERATE DAN'S TRAP, IN A CAVE, ALONG
WITH WILMER THE 4-F, WOULD-BE, SINGING COWBOY
-- LET'S SEE NOW WHAT HAPPENS ----

SO! YUH FELL
RIGHT INTO MAH
TRAP! HO! HO!
HO!

YUH BEAT ME TOTH'
DRAW, DESPERATE DAN!
WHATCHA GONNA
DO WITH US ---?

D-DITTO!

WAL, LET ME
SEE ---

FIRST, YOUR FRIEND CAN TIE YOU UP WEEH THEES ROPE-- THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW AH COULD USE SOME FOLDIN' MONEY, AH'M GONNA HOLD YOU FOR RANSOM-- SAY, \$5000!



AND AS FOR YOU, MY LEEGLE DRUG-STORE COWBOY-- YOU CAN CARRY MY OFFER BACK TO HER, GRAN'PAPPY!



WEETHOUT THEM NICE FANCY CLOTHES ON, OF COURSE-- SO, TAKE 'EM OFF !!

YES, SIR!!

COVER MAH EYES, DITTO, AH GOTTA BE A LADY!



NOW GIT! MEEBEE YOU WEEL GET THERE IN TIME FOR ZE BREAKFAST-- HO! HO! HO!

WAL, SO LONG, DAN, AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!



HEY, WAIT! YOU STAY HERE-- AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!

(GULP!) D-DON'T LOOK AT ME WHEN YOU SAY THAT!



NOW WE WEEL MARCH UP THEES SECRET PASSAGE TO MY CABIN !!

WVOE IS ME!

DITTO!





THAT WEEL SETTLE YOUR
HASH--! NOW, I SHALL FEEX
THE FIRE-POT FOR A NICE
PARROT STEW!



BUT MAYBE THOSE SOAP BUBBLES
ARE THE DOOM OF THE VILLAIN,
DESPERATE DAN--



OH! OH! PRETTY
LITTLE SQUAW IN
HEAP TROUBLE
--- ME FIXUM
BAD MAN!



AWK!
NOW WHAT??



AH-H! THE WATER EES
ALMOS' HOT FOR YOU,
MY LITTLE PARROT--



EOW!







SAY-Y - WAIT! AH
GOTCHA NOW, PODNUH!
YOUR NAME IS
DOTTUM -- WAL,
HOWDEE DEW !!

YEP! (GULP!)
DOTTUM
LIKE DOTTY!



WAL, AFTAH WHUT YUH
DID FO' ME -- DOTTY LIKE
DOTTUM, TOO!

SIGH!
~♥~!



AH GUESS YUH CAN TELL
YOUR INJUN PALS TO
COME OUT, NOW!



INJUN PALS MAH EYE --
A-AH CHEW, --A-AH CHEW!
HE USED MAH FEATHAHS!!



DITTO! THAT WAS A
GREAT SACRIFICE YOU
MADE ---! BLOW
HARD ---!

DITTO! -- BUT AH'M
HUMILIATED! --
--AH CHEW!

HONK!



ME WITHOUT MAH
PRETTY FEATHAHS
-- AH TELL YO' AHM
HUMILIATED! AH
CAN'T STAND IT!

NO!
DON'T JUMP!
DITTO!

UGH

WILL
DITTO END
IT ALL?
WE HOPE
NOT!
BECAUSE
WE WANT
TO SEE
MORE OF
DOTTY
DITTO AN
DOTTUM --
--CHEW!
GOSH! HE'S
GOT US
SNEEIN'
NOW!
SEE YOU
LATER --
AH CHEW!

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installers, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs
More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

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