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March, 1943. Vol. 1, No. 33. TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS is published monthly by M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Editorial offices: 160 W. Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1942, M. L. J. Magazines, Inc. Yearly subscription $1.20 in the U. S. A. Single copies, 10c. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 60 Hudson Street, New York City.

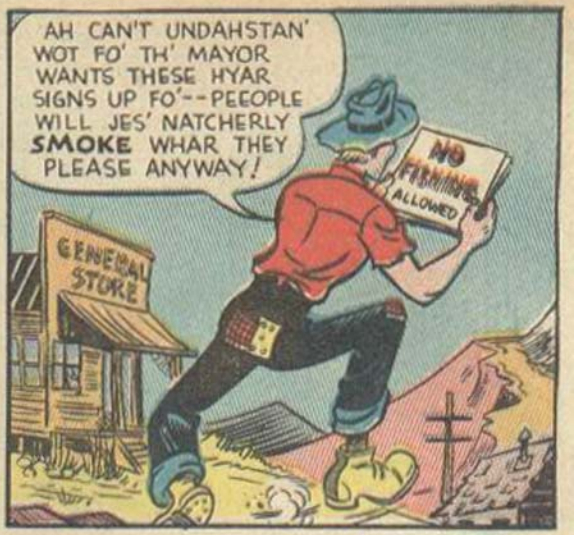
POKEY OAKEY
by Don Dean
ILLINOIS HAD IT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BUT ARKANSAS HAS YOUNG POKEY OAKEY. NOW SHOULD OUR HILL-BILLY HERO EVER REACH THE WHITE HOUSE, WE URGE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES--JUST SO YOU CAN SAY YOU KNEW HIM WHEN!
POKEY! WAKE UP, ET'S BAR' NEAR 5'O'CLOCK --HAIN'T FIXIN' TO SLEEP ALL 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-RISH-MENT 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!

HYARS YO' LUNCH, SON, WHY DON'T YO' AX PAAW TO DRIVE YO' TO TH' OFFICE?
WHUT! IN THET CRATE? WHY TH' RAY-DI-ATOR LEAKS SO BAD HE HASTA HAVE TH' SKID CHAINS ON ALL TH' TIME!
AH HEERD THET REMARK! AH'LL HAVE YO' KNOW THET AFTAH ALL TH' REPAIRS AH DONE PUT INTO THIS VEHICKLE--FIVE HUNERT WOULDN'T TAKE ET!
YEP! AN' AH'M ONE OF 'EM!
ANYWAY, AH WANT YO' TO DRIVE POKEY DOWN TO THE JAIL HOUSE! HE IS LATE THIS MORNIN'!
BUT, MAAW! YO' KNOWS AH ONLY USE THIS AUTY FO' PLOWIN' AN' GOIN' TO FOONERALS AN' SPECIAL STUFF!
YO' HEERD ME, PAAW!
OHH, AWRIGHT, BUT THIS HYAR FOOL GAS RATIONIN' IS CAUSIN' ME TO USE UP ALL MAH LIKKER! (SOB!)
YESSUH, THIS HYAR AUTY GIVES ME FOND MEMORIES--WHY ME AN' YO' MAAW USED TO SPARK PLENTY IN HYAR!
SHO' WISH'T WE HAD SOME OF THET NOW! GRUNT! PUFF!
CHUG POP!!
YEP! HEAP OF SPIRIT LEFT IN THIS HYAR VEHICKLE--LOOK--WE'S DOIN' FORTY NOW!
YESSUH! BUT WHUT HAPPENS WHEN WE HAS TO GO UP A HILL?

KEERFUL, SON, SO'S YO' WON'T SCRATCH TH' PAINT!
WAL, AH SHO FOUND THET OUT QUICK ENUFF, DIDN'T AH, PAAW?
PAAW, EF YO' DON'T STEP ON ET AH'M GONNA BE LATE FO' WORK, SHO' NUFF!
HUSH YO' FRETTIN', SON, AH KNOWS A SHORT CUT!
THAR ET IS NOW--OVAH YONDAH!
BUT, PAAW, DO YO' THINK ET OKAY TO USE THIS TUNNEL?
WHOSE GOT A BETTAH RIGHT? YO' MAAW'S HALF HALF COUSIN USETA BE A CONDUCTAH ON THIS HYAR LINE, DIDN'T HE? SHO' HE DID!!
TUNNEL SOUND WHISTLE
YESSUH, YO' GOTTA USE YO' BRAINS NOW-A-DAYS, POKEY!--AN' AH WUZ RIGHT THAR WIFF MAH BUSHEL BASKET WHEN THEY WAS DISHED OUT!
WHOO... WHOOOOO OO.

CRASH!
BANG!
WAL-- SCRAP FO' TH' JAPS!!
CUSS ME! THA'S WHUT AH GIT FO' NOT HAVIN' A HORN!
NOW, PAAW, DON'T TAKE ET SO HARD-- AFTAH ALL ET WERE A POWAHFUL OL' CAH!
YEAH, BUT AH WAS FIXIN' TO TRADE ET IN ON ONE O' THEM ROCKET-SHIPS! (SOB)
WAL, AH GOTTA GIT GOIN' OR AH'LL BE LATE! S'LONG, PAAW!
AH'S ONE SHURIFF WHUT KEEPS REGULAR HOURS, YESSUH! PUFF! PUFF!
CARSON MEAT MARKET
JAIL
WHEEEE! AH MADE ET!!!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
DING!

$500.00 REWARD
NOW TO GET DOWN TO BIZZNESS! LE'S SEE, FUST AH WAS FIXIN' TO TACK UP A FEW SIGNS!

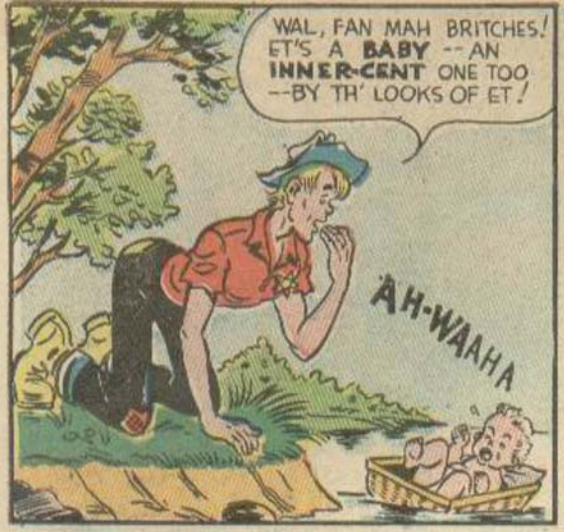

AH CAN'T UNDAHSTAN' WOT FO' TH' MAYOR WANTS THESE HYAR SIGNS UP FO'--PEEOPLE WILL JES' NATCHERLY SMOKE WHAR THEY PLEASE ANYWAY!
NO FISHING ALLOWED
GENERAL STORE

WAL BLESS ME! DAWGONE EFFIN' THET HAIN'T TH' BIGGEST CATFISH AH SEEDED IN Y'ARS!!

LUCKY AH HAD SOME LINE WIFF ME--NOW TO GO AFTAH THET FISH --Z-Z-Z-Z

1 HOUR LATER
HEY, POKEY! YO' KETCHIN' ANYTHIN'?
NOT YET! RECKON THIS DARN WORM JES' HAIN'T TRYIN', CLEM!

2 HOURS LATER
HO-HUM! GUESS THET FISH JES OUT-SMARTED ME--HARD AS ET IS TO DO--
HEY! WHUT'S THET??
WAAAAA



CAN THIS TINY FOUNDLING THAT POKEY FOUND BE OF **ROYAL** BLOOD -- WATCH NEXT ISSUE AND FIND OUT!! **O-BOY!!!**

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 BARE-BACK 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

AGHAST, THE WATCHMAN RUNS FOR HELP!..
IT..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...
SO... DOREEN WOULDN'T MARRY ME, EH? WELL I'LL BE RID OF HER BEFORE LONG!
RING RING R-RING
A...A MURDER!! .... GREAT SCOTT!!
I'LL CALL CLAXTON RIGHT AWAY SIR! ... HELLO.. RITZ HOTEL?
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 MEMBERS OF CLAXTON'S CARNIVAL ARE DESCENDING IN THE SAME ELEVATOR... 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...
S-SAY...!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO ACCUSE ME!
SOCK
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...
W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! MR. REX! LET ME IN!
MINUTES LATER, THE BLACK HOOD HAS BROKEN THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE...
THIS IS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE!!
GET DRESSED, MR. REX! WE'D BETTER GO TO THE CARNIVAL!
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 EXTRAORDINARY TRAPEZE ARTIST
ASSISTED BY "REX"
THE FORTUNE TELLER? I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO HER!
AT THE CARNIVAL A WEIRD SCENE ENSUES AS THE CARNIVAL MEMBERS GATHER UNDER THE SWAYING SHADOW OF THE TRAPEZE ARTIST!
WE'VE MET ALL OF YOU, NOW! ALL EXCEPT MADAME ZONGA!
I AM SHE! WHAT DO YOU WANT!

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!
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!
NO, VERY PECULIAR!
DID YOU EVER SEE A KNOT, LIKE THE ONE AROUND HER NECK?
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..
I MIGHT FIND SOME-THING INTEREST-ING IN DOREEN'S DRESSING ROOM...
HMMM... CLOSED! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORCE IT...
...LIKE THAT, OOOOF!
CRASH
LOOK OUT, BLACK HOOD.. THOSE HANDS!!

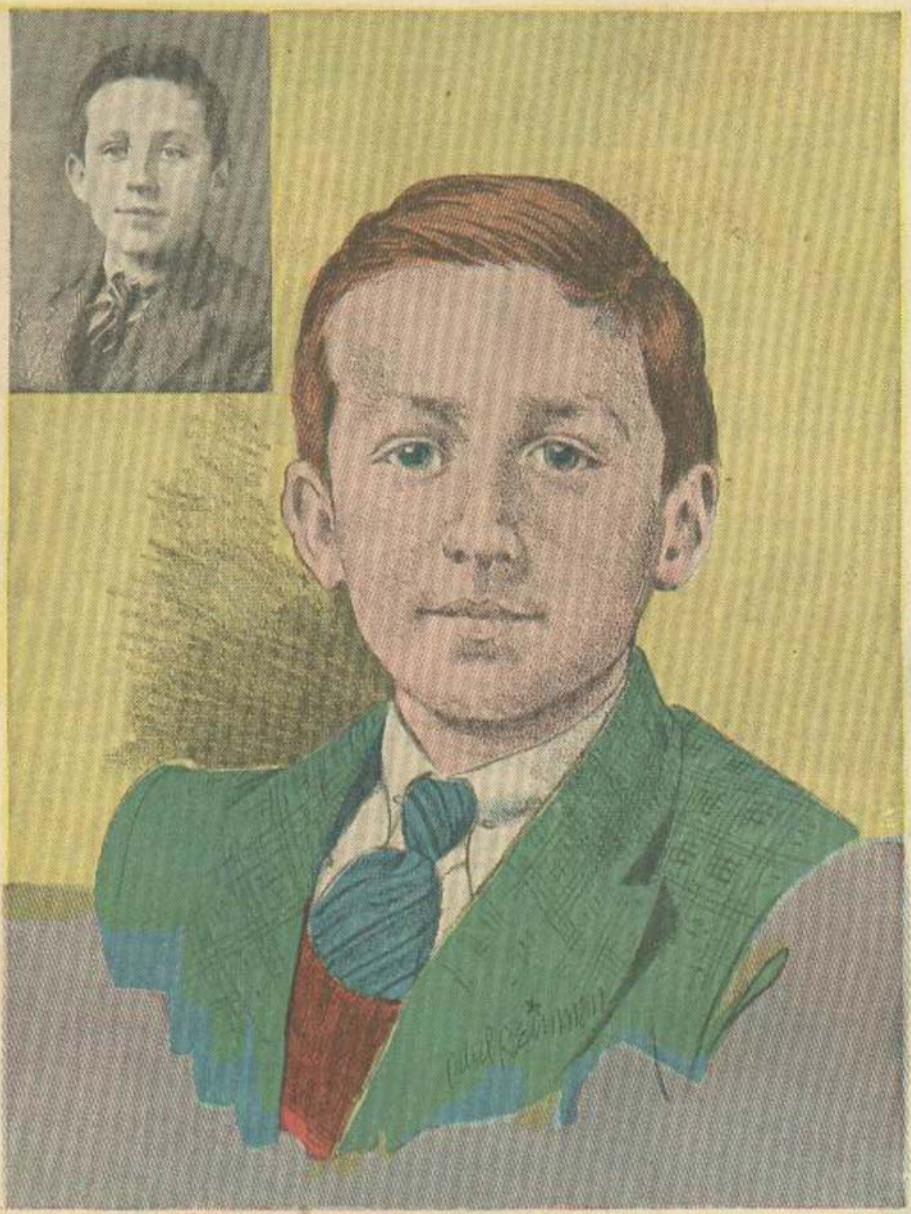
SUDDENLY, THE PAIR OF HANDS REACH OUT AND LIKE A VISE, CLAMP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER....
AGGHHHH
I'LL DO THE TEACHING, BLACK HOOD.. AND YOU'LL LEARN PLENTY.!
GRAB AT ME, WHEN MY BACK'S TURNED, WILL YOU? MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE POLITE!
IN A BLINDING MOMENT THE HOOD CRASHES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS..
THAT SETTLES HIS HASH! I'D BETTER GET OUT, WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!
CRASH
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....
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?
OR WAS IT CLAXTON, THE CARNIVAL OWNER, OR SARDINI?? THERE IS THAT ROPE TRICK HE DOES! WHO..? WHO KILLED HER?
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! HMMM! A GAS-BURNER FOR MELTING MAKE-UP!
OH HELLO, HOOD! MAY I COME IN??
CERTAINLY, REX! I'M DOING A LITTLE INVESTIGATING! SAAY.. WHAT'S THIS?
WHERE DID DOREEN GET THIS REVOLVER??
OH, I GAVE IT TO HER, TO PROTECT HERSELF! YOU KNOW WHAT CARNIVAL LIFE IS!
YES, I DO! HELLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? TOOLS? A HAMMER!
OH, YES. THE CARPENTER LEFT THEM! HE WAS PUTTING UP SHELVES FOR DOREEN!!
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!
IT IS NOON, AND THE BLACK HOOD RETURNS TO FIND THE CARNIVAL DESERTED... SUDDENLY A BLACK FORM HURTLES DOWN OUT OF THE SHADOWS.
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS?

THE HOOD SWINGS WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK, BUT MISSES AS HIS ATTACKER DUCKS...
SWISH
..AND DIVES INTO A NEARBY MAGIC BOX...
YOU'RE NO MAGICIAN, PAL! YOU WON'T GET FAR!!
BUT WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE BOX...
HERE IS A TRICK!!
THAT'LL BE QUITE A BLOW TO YOU!
POW
UNH!
AHHH!
OHHHH! AHHH! I..GOT..TO..GET..TO MY... FEET...BEFORE HE...GETS..AWAY!
CURSE HIS TOUGH SKULL! THAT SANDBAG BLOW.... SHOULD HAVE FINISHED HIM!
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...
SWOOSH
I'LL CUT THESE ROPES, AND SWING AWAY ON THIS TRAPEZE!
LEAVING SO SOON?
THE PLATFORM! IT'S SHAKING! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!
WITH EVERY MUSCLE STRAINING, THE HOOD LEAPS ACROSS THE YAWNING CHASM...
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
SNAP
AND STEELY FINGERS GRASP AT THE KILLER'S ANKLE!
THE SUDDEN ADDED WEIGHT ON THE ATTACKER'S HANDS TEARS THEM LOOSE AND...!
CRASH
H-HELP! I-I'M FALLING!
IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT THE HOOD LETS GO AND HIS FINGERS CLOSE LIKE A STEEL VISE ON ANOTHER TRAPEZE...
S-SAVE ME!

NO! NO! HELP!
SECONDS LATER...
WHY, IT'S REX! IS HE...??
HE'S DEAD, MR. CLAXTON! HE TRIED TO KILL ME, BECAUSE I KNEW HE KILLED HIS WIFE!
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
VERY SIMPLE! I EXAMINED DOREEN'S DRESSING ROOM, AND FOUND THREE WAYS OF KILLING HER! GAS, A REVOLVER, AND A HAMMER! NOW THE ONLY REASON THE MURDERER WOULDN'T USE THESE HANDY METHODS.. WAS TO IMPLICATE SOMEBODY ELSE!
B-BUT..
... WHO DID REX WANT TO INCRIMINATE?
YOU, SARDINI! AND TO DO THIS, REX USED THE SAME KNOT ON HIS WIFE'S NECK AS YOU USE IN YOUR INDIAN ROPE TRICK! BUT IT WASN'T BY HANGING THAT DOREEN DIED!..
FINGERMARKS UNDER THE ROPE PROVED, REX STRANGLED DOREEN, LAST NIGHT WHILE THEY WERE REHEARSING! THOSE FINGER-MARKS POINTED DOWNWARD! ONLY AN ACROBAT HANGING HEAD-DOWN OVER HIS QUARRY WOULD HAVE LEFT SUCH IMPRINTS! AND THE MOTIVE? SHEER JEALOUSY! BECAUSE HIS WIFE WAS REGARDED AS A BETTER ACROBAT!... AND NOW, FOLKS... THE BLACK HOOD BIDS YOU GOOD-BYE!
The End



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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 everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a getaway. 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 triggerman. 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 EVERY PAYDAY 10¢ AT LEAST

WEEL THEES ROOM BE SATISFACTORY, GRACIOUS SEÑORES?
HMMMM, EET LOOKS HOKAY, BUT I HOPE THERE EES NOT A SEENGLE BED BUG EEN HERE!
OH, NO, NO, SEÑOR --- THEY ARE ALL MARRIED AND HAVE CHILDREN!
NOW, SIESTA, MY FRAN, YOU JUST LAY DOWN AND RELAX. I WEEL BE BACK SHORTLY!
BUT --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SANCHO?
OUT TO GEET A BEEG INSURANCE POLICY ON YOU, MY FRAN!
(GROAN) MY HEART SHE EES SAD --- TOMORROW I FIGHT THE DUEL WEETH SEÑOR SATANI, GREATEST PEESTOL SHOT EEN ALL MEXICO! WHAT WEEL I DO!
HMMM, SOMEWAN HAS LEFT THEES EMPTY MEEDICINE BOTTLES HERE --- EET GEEVES ME THE BEEG IDEA! SI, SI!

HO! HO! LOOK, SIESTA, IAM THE BEARER OF GOOD NEWS!
YOU MEAN THE SEÑOR SATANI WEESHES TO CANCEL THE DUEL, SI!

NO, LEETLE PEANOOT, I GOT THEES INSURANCE POLICY ON YOU FOR FIVE THOUSAND PESOS— NOW WE HAVE NOTHEENG TO WORRY ABOUT! HO! HO! HO!

EET EES NO USE, SANCHO, I CANNOT GEET TO SLEEP!
DO LIKE I TOLD YOU, SIESTA, COUNT THE SHEEP!

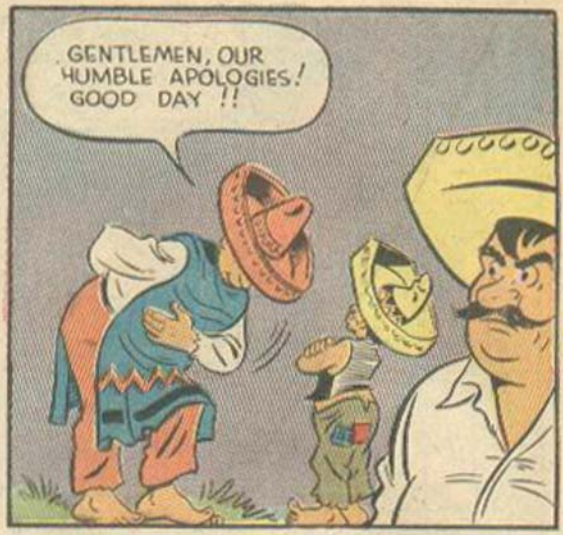
BOOT I DO NOT LIKE MUTTON!
BAA! FOO! THEN COUNT PRETTY SEÑORITAS!

10,465
10,466
10,467
10,468
10,469
10,4..
SNORE ZZZZZZZZ

205,901
205,902
205,9..
ZZZZZZ DOZE
HEY, SIESTA! WAKE OOP!! YOU WANT TO SLEEP ALL DAY?

HURRY, SIESTA, OR WE WEEL BE LATE. THE DUEL EES TO BE FOUGHT BEHIND THE SANTA ROSA CEMETERY!
THEES SEÑOR SATANI THEENKS OF EVERYTHEENG, NO!
SI, EET WEEL BE A WARM DAY AND HE DOES NOT WEESH YOU TO SPOIL!
GULP!
LOOK! THERE EES SEÑOR 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!
EEF I WERE A SKUNK I WOULDN'T NEED ANYTHEENG ELSE!
SEÑOR SIESTA, MAKE YOUR SELECTION! SWORDS OR PISTOLS!
ERR-- AA

LET US COMPROMISE YOU TAKE THE SWORD-- --I WEEL TAKE THE PEESTOL!
BAH! ENOUGH OF THEES FOOLISHNESS! MY BLADE SHALL TASTE YOUR BLOOD!
STOP!
EET IS FOR ME TO NAME THE WEAPONS! HERE THEY ARE, SEÑOR!
TWO LEETLE BOTTLES?
SI! SI! BOTH LOOK ALIKE BUT ONE EES FILLED WEETH A DEADLY POISON. TAKE ONE AND WE BOTH WEEL DRINK AT THE SAME TIME!
W-WHY THEES IS UNHEARD OF!! SURELY YOU JEST, SENOR SIESTA!
HE ES WEETH-EEN HEES RIGHTS SEÑOR SATANI! YOU MUST CHOOSE!
SI! SI!
5



POOR LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA!! A HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS HIM -- BUT WITH PLENTY OF LAUGHS -- SO BE WITH US NEXT MONTH!!

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 SENSATIONALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION" AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

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!

SNOOP
THE SOUPY SLEUTH.....
MCGOOK
Oct. 31 '42
N.Y. City
Mr. & Mrs. Snoop
Dear Snoop-
I am a secret admirer of yours. I think you are the most wonderful man. If I should ever decide to become a crook I would consider it an honor if I were caught by you. If you should ever run for president I would vote for you. Yours —
Secret admirer
HA! WAIT TILL MY CLIENTS SEE MY FAN MAIL! ESPECIALLY THIS!
BRING!
SNOOP'S SUPERIOR SLEUTHING SERVICE!
WHAT? ROBBED? Y'DON'T SAY!
MILDEW MANOR? I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
MAJOR MILDEW?
UH HUH!
YUP!
WHOOIE! AT LAST I GOT A CHANCE TO TEST MY NEW ESCAPE SYSTEM!
I WONDER WHAT'S UP! MAJOR MILDEW SOUNDED VERY EXCITED!
HI, GUY! I WANTA SEE YOUR BOSS!
SHHH! YOU'LL DISTURB THE MAJOR! YOU'D BETTER COME BACK NEXT TUESDAY!

DON'T BUT ME, BUTLER! I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITH MAJOR MILDEW!
OH!
HE'S IN THERE BUSY AT HIS ART! DONT STARTLE HIM OR HE'LL BE VERY ANGRY!
AH! MUCH BETTER, ISN'T IT?
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD MUSTACHE, I ALWAYS SAY!
OOPS! DROPPED MY CHARCOAL!
I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, MAJOR!
OOOOHH!
OOP!
OGH!
WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'M SNOOP McGOOK! YOU SENT FOR ME, MAJOR MILDEW!
AH YES! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! MY ENTIRE COLLECTION OF CLAY PIPES HAS DISAPPEARED! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND THEM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
D-DO YOU SUSPECT ANYONE?
SH!
?

HA! GO AWAY!
HA HA HA HEE HA HEE HA HA
PSST! 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!
O.K! YOU HEAR THAT MURGISON?
YEAH! HOT DOG! SO LONG, BOSS!
HMM! WONDER IF HE SUSPECTS WE SUSPECT HIM?
LATER
MURGISON WENT IN THAT HOUSE ALL RIGHT! I'LL INVESTIGATE!
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!

OUCH! IT ISN'T EVEN SOFT COAL!
COAL BIN
GRUNT! GRUNT!
ZZZ
BLOOP!
WHAT IN...?
BANG BANG
CUT THAT OUT! BE CAREFUL!
WHATCHA DOIN' IN DERE? HIDIN' FROM DA COPS?
COPS? ER...AH..., YEAH! WHAT'S ER, ER, COOKIN' WID YOUSE?
YOU MUST BE PAW'S NEW TRIGGER MAN!
PAW AIN'T IN! WE RIGGED US UP A SHOOTIN' GALLERY WID DESE OLD PIPES WHAT WAS LAYIN' AROUND UP-STAIRS!
YE GODS! THE MILDEW PIPE COLLECTION! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
WATCH DIS AIM!
HEY! GIMME A FEW SHOTS FIRST OR I'LL TELL YOUR OLD MAN ON YOU
BANG!
JEEZ! WOTTA SHOT! SOME TRIGGER MAN! PAW'S AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW!
BANG

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
DIS GUY IS NUTS! I'M GONNA SCRAM!
?!6X*!
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!
MR. 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!
oOOOOH! 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 !!@★!?? 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 YOURSELF A GUN, AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!
BANG!
POP!
WHOOP!
WHEN A MERRY-GO-ROUND HORSE GOES AROUND BITING PEOPLES 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, moustached 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, cosily 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!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Snoop Laugh Capers, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1942.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberblatt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of The Snoop Laugh Capers, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberblatt, 160 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorten, 160 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor, John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, Louis H. Silberblatt, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 160 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberblatt, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

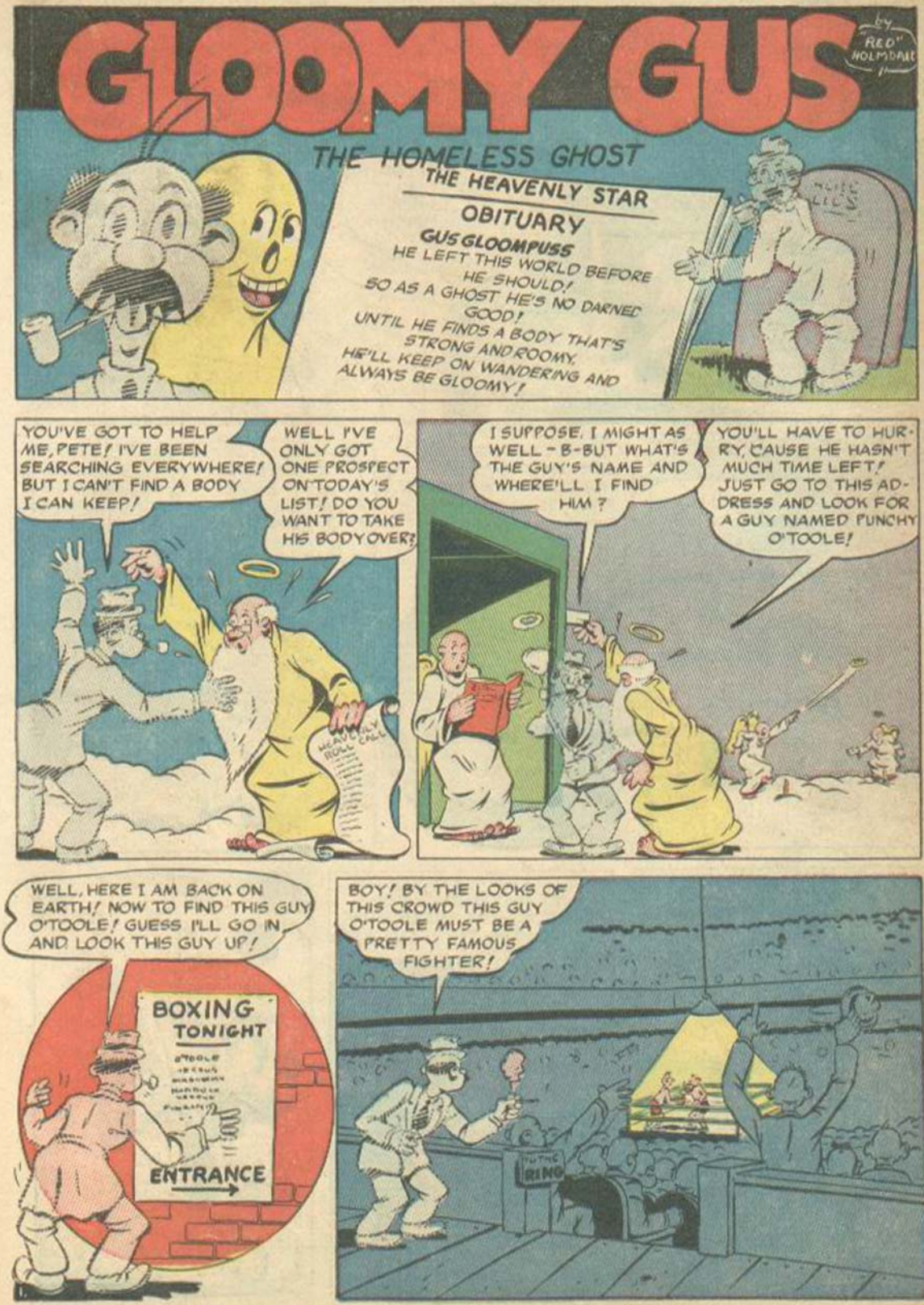
3. That the known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

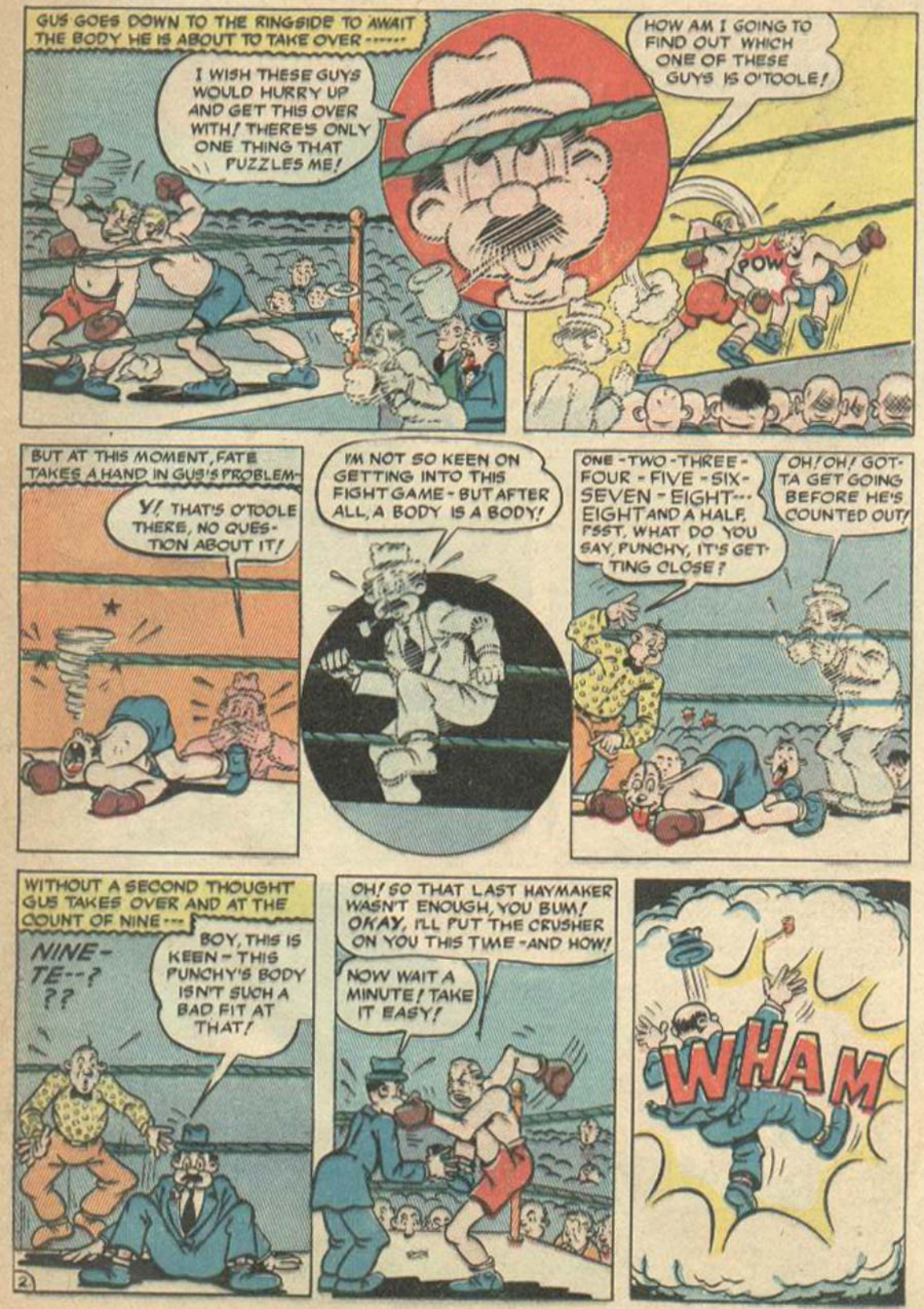
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERBLATT
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, (My Commission expires March 30, 1944.)
[SEAL]


GLOOMY GUS
by "RED" HOLMDALE
THE HOMELESS GHOST
THE HEAVENLY STAR
OBITUARY
GUS GLOOMPUSS
HE LEFT THIS WORLD BEFORE HE SHOULD!
SO AS A GHOST HE'S NO DARNED 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?
HEAVENLY ROLL CALL
I SUPPOSE, I MIGHT AS WELL - B-BUT WHAT'S THE GUY'S NAME AND WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?
YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY, CAUSE HE HASN'T MUCH TIME LEFT! JUST GO TO THIS ADDRESS 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
O'TOOLE
ENTRANCE
BOY! BY THE LOOKS OF THIS CROWD THIS GUY O'TOOLE MUST BE A PRETTY FAMOUS FIGHTER!
TO THE RING


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!
POW
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. PSST, 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
2

EIGHT - NINE - TEN -- YOU'RE OUT!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL!

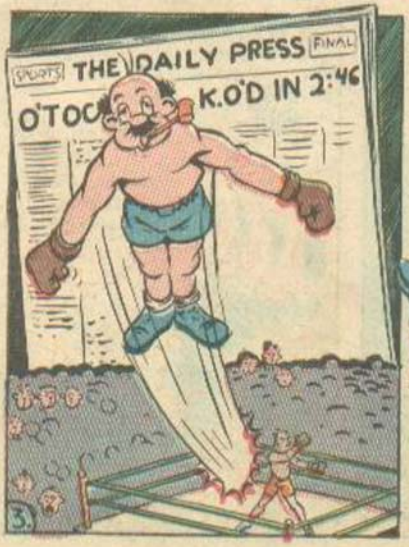
LATER, IN THE DRESSING ROOM-
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT- IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN MANAGING O'TOOLE, HE NEVER FOUGHT AS BAD AS HE DID TONIGHT!
YAH, BOSS! HE SURE WAS OFF TONIGHT!

WHEW! WHAT HAPPENED? YI! JUST LET ME OUTTA HERE- I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
LISTEN TO HIM RAVE, SAM -- HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO WALK OUT ON US --- JUST WHEN WE'VE GOT HIM SET ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

YER NOT GOING TO LET TONIGHTS FIGHT GET YA DOWN, ARE YA - WAIT'LL YA SEE THE SWELL SET-UPS I'VE GOT LINED UP FOR YA! WHAT DO YA SAY?
WELL IF YOU'RE POSITIVE THAT I'LL BE THE CHAMP, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!

AND NOW WE SEE GUS AS HE EMBARKS ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
HE'S GETTING A FEW WARM-UP FIGHTS UNDER HIS BELT - AMONG OTHER THINGS!

SPORTS
THE FORT LEE SENTINEL
PUNCHY O'TOOLE K.O'D IN THE FIRST


SPORTS
THE DAILY PRESS FINAL
O'TOOLE K.O'D IN 2:46

THE NEWS
O'TOOLE LO AGAIN-

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME COUNTING! HE NEVER GETS UP 'TIL AFTER TEN, ANYHOW!
PUNCHY, GET UP! THAT BUM CAN'T HURT US!

I GIVE 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!
S'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!
DON'T 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!
4
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!
BEAACCKK! 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 OUTTA HERE!

HEY YOU! THAT STEWBALL SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO US - GIVE HIM THE BOUNCE IF YA DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE--- SEE?
HUH--- SURE, SPATS! S-SURE!
OKAY, PUNCHY, GO TO IT! THIRD TABLE ON THE AISLE! DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, TOSS HIM OUT LIKE YOU MEAN IT!
LEAVE IT TO ME BOSS!
I'LL BOUNCE HIM SO HARD THEY'LL SALVAGE HIM FOR THE SCRAP RUBBER DRIVE!
ATTABOY, PUNCHY! AND DON'T TAKE ANY BACK TALK, EITHER!
I WON'T I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE UP MY MIND!
--- SHOULD I PULVERIZE HIM - OR JUST MUTILATE HIM?
OWOOO! HE'S AT THE WRONG TABLE! HE'S GOT THE CHAMP!
WHAT TH-- HEY, TAKE YOUR MITTS OFF ME, YOU---!
!?★!
AND THAT'S THAT!
SLAM
PUNCHY YOU DOPE! YOU THREW OUT THE WRONG GUY! YOU BOUNCED THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMP!
YEAH, YA PUNCH-DRUNK BUM! YER NOT KIDDIN' ME! I KNOW YOU FIGURED ON GETTIN' ENOUGH PUBLICITY TO FORCE MY BOY INTO A FIGHT!
THE CHAMP?
OKAY! SO YOU GOT IT - SEE? THE CHAMP'S BEEN WANTIN' A WARM-UP FIGHT WITH SOME SUCKER, AND YOU'RE IT!
HUH - WHO ME?
THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT ARRIVES----
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE---
WOE IS ME!
5.

THE BELL RINGS AND THE FIGHT GET UNDER WAY AS BOTH FIGHTERS COME OUT OF THEIR CORNERS!
HMPH!
BONG BONG
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!
C'MON LAY DOWN, WILL YA? BEFORE I BREAK MY KNUCKLES ON YOU!
OH! OH! LOOK OUT FOR THAT MICROPHONE, GUS!
YEOWY!
PSSSSST
HEY, ONLY THIS COULD HAPPEN TO GUS - HE GOT TANGLED IN THE MIKE CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT!
HEY-WHERE'D HE GET ALL THAT PEP?
?!
YI! I'M BURNING UP! HALPPP!
BUT AT THIS MOMENT----
HEY!
PLOP
SAY PETE, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRAGGING ME UP HERE JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK OUT THE CHAMP?
TUT, TUT! I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK OVER THE STOCK OF MERCHANDISE THAT JUST CAME IN!
DON'T FORGET TO WATCH FOR GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH

WORLD WONDERS

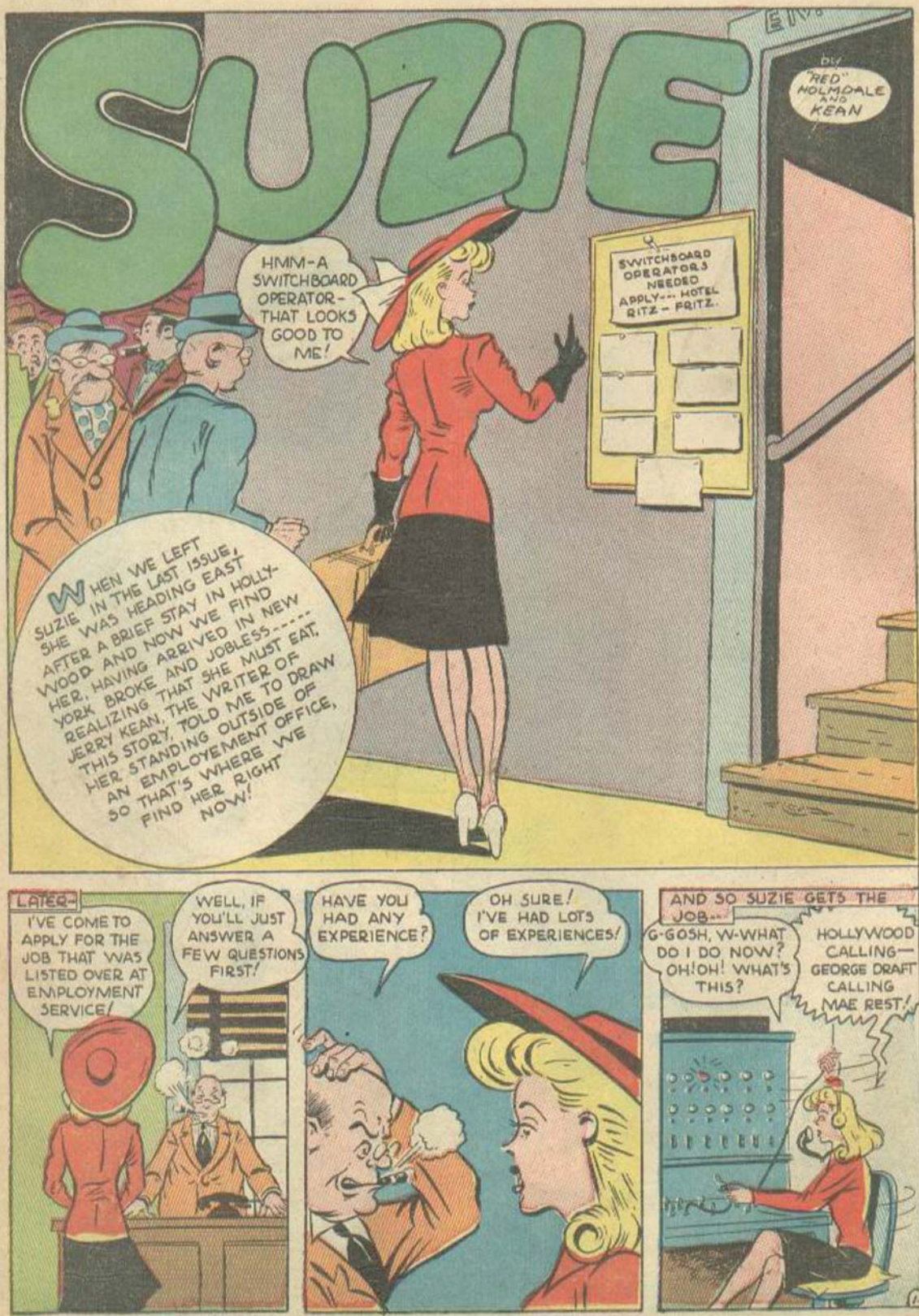
THE IRISH POTATO DIDN'T COME FROM **IRELAND** BUT WAS FIRST GROWN BY THE ANCIENT INCAS OF PERU AS EARLY AS **1000** A.D.

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

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,

-Gosz

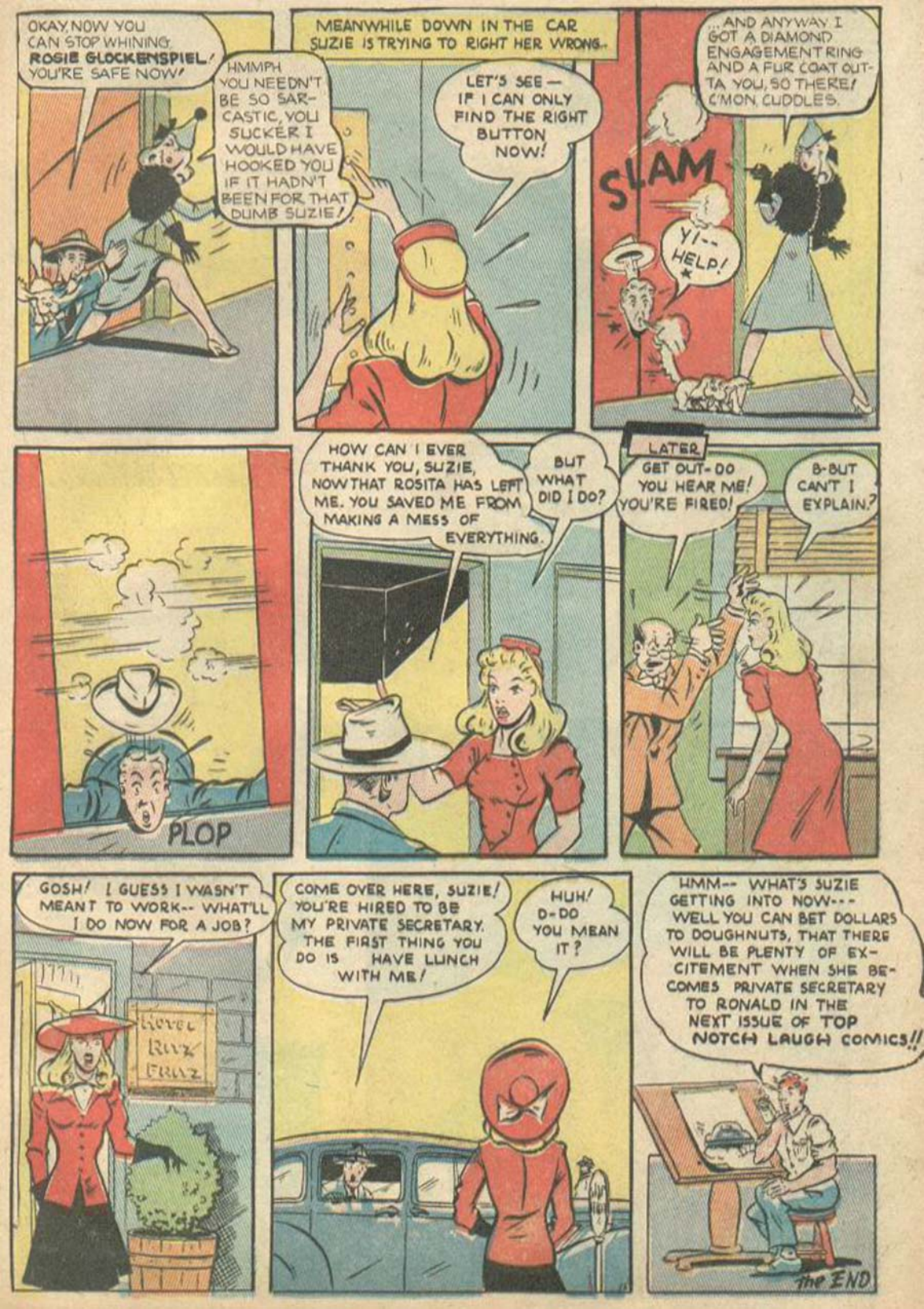

SUZIE
DIV. "RED" HOLMDALE AND KEAN
SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS NEEDED APPLY--- HOTEL RITZ - RITZ.
HMM-A SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR-THAT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!
WHEN WE LEFT SUZIE IN THE LAST ISSUE, SHE WAS HEADING EAST AFTER A BRIEF STAY IN HOLLYWOOD AND NOW WE FIND HER, HAVING ARRIVED IN NEW YORK BROKE AND JOBLESS----- REALIZING THAT SHE MUST EAT, JERRY KEAN, THE WRITER OF THIS STORY, TOLD ME TO DRAW HER STANDING OUTSIDE OF AN EMPLOYEMENT 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!
PLEASE SEND A BUCKET OF ICE TO ROOM 116.
---SIGH--- GEE-GEORGE DRAFT-- ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!
HELLO CHICAGO! COME IN, CHICAGO!
THERE'S A MEETING OF THE DIS-TEMPERANCE LEAGUE IN 788!
WHILE SUZIE LISTENS TO HOLLYWOOD -- LET US LOOK AT THE CROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS SHE'S GIVING TO ETC., -- ETC.....
FOR INSTANCE IN ROOM 233 --- MR. AND MRS. HACKENZOCKER.... NEWLYWEDS.....
...AND YOU'RE POSITIVE, DUCKY-WUCKY, 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 sweetie-pie for all those Dinderful moments we've had together you know who
2

AND NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN! YOU TWO-TIMER!
B-BUT, DARLING!
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!
BUZZ BUZZ BEEE
BUT AGAIN SUZIE GETS HER WIRES CROSSED ---- AND MINUTES LATER IN THE SOUTH PENTHOUSE---
AND FURTHER-MORE I THINK WE SHOULD-- BLA-- BLA---
YOU'RE RIGHT SENATOR!
KNOK! KNOCK!
HMM, NO ANSWER! I'LL JUST WALK RIGHT IN.
KNOCK KNOCK!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TRYING TO DO? PLAY POSSUM! WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS LIVES HERE?
WHY I DO!
W-WHY THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'M SENATOR WHIFFLE AND I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG BUSINESS DEAL!
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 IN-SIDE HERE BEFORE! BUT THIS IS WHERE THE SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR SAID I WAS TO GO TO FIX A LEAK!
P-PARDON ME, GIRLS! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE LEAK IS?
HELP!
EEEEK!
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 MANAGE THAT?
IT SEEMS EASY ENOUGH!
Later--
COME, RONALD, AND BE CAREFUL WITH ITTLE 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 POOCH DID! DID YOU HAVE TO TAKE CUDDLES ALONG WHEN WE'RE ELOPING, SWEETS?
GOLLY, SHE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR... WHERE HAVE I SEEN HER BEFORE? HMMM.... NOW I KNOW!
HELLO... ROSE GLOCKENSPIEL! REMEMBER 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!

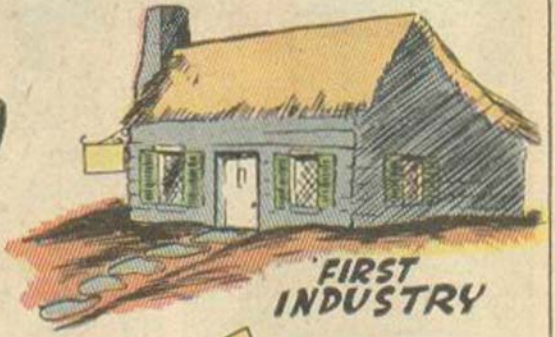
ROSE GLOCKENSPIEL! LUNCH WAGON! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MARRYING ME FOR MY MONEY
ARE YOU GOING TO BELIEVE A CHEAP LITTLE ELEVATOR OPERATOR, OR ME? I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS TALKING ABOUT!
AND THEN---
OW!!
WHY YOU *!!#@ DOG! I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON -- THERE! TAKE THAT -- OOPS!
OW!
KICK ME, WILL YOU, SUZIE? TAKE THAT!
OW!
YOU CALLED HER BY HER NAME, ROSITA. YOU DO KNOW HER, THEN!
OH! OH! SUZIE, LOOK OUT FOR THOSE ELEVATOR 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, ROSITA VAN ROLL-DOUGH, THE HEIRESS -- BALONEY. YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A GOLD DIGGER AFTER ALL!
OH, ALL RIGHT, YOU SAP. 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.


OKAY, NOW YOU CAN STOP WHINING ROSIE GLOCKENSPIEL! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
HMMPH YOU NEEDN'T BE SO SARCASTIC, YOU SUCKER! I WOULD HAVE HOOKED YOU IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT DUMB SUZIE!
MEANWHILE DOWN IN THE CAR SUZIE IS TRYING TO RIGHT HER WRONG..
LET'S SEE — IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE RIGHT BUTTON NOW!
...AND ANYWAY, I GOT A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING AND A FUR COAT OUTTA YOU, SO THERE! C'MON, CUDDLES.
SLAM
YI-- HELP!
PLOP
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, SUZIE, NOW THAT ROSITA HAS LEFT ME. YOU SAVED ME FROM MAKING A MESS OF EVERYTHING.
BUT WHAT DID I DO?
LATER
GET OUT- DO YOU HEAR ME! YOU'RE FIRED!
B-BUT CAN'T I EXPLAIN?
GOSH! I GUESS I WASN'T MEANT TO WORK-- WHAT'LL I DO NOW FOR A JOB?
HOTEL RITZ FRITZ
COME OVER HERE, SUZIE! YOU'RE HIRED TO BE MY PRIVATE SECRETARY. THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS HAVE LUNCH WITH ME!
HUH! D-DO YOU MEAN IT?
HMM-- WHAT'S SUZIE GETTING INTO NOW--- WELL YOU CAN BET DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS, THAT THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT WHEN SHE BECOMES PRIVATE SECRETARY TO RONALD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!!
THE END

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, GLASSMAKING.

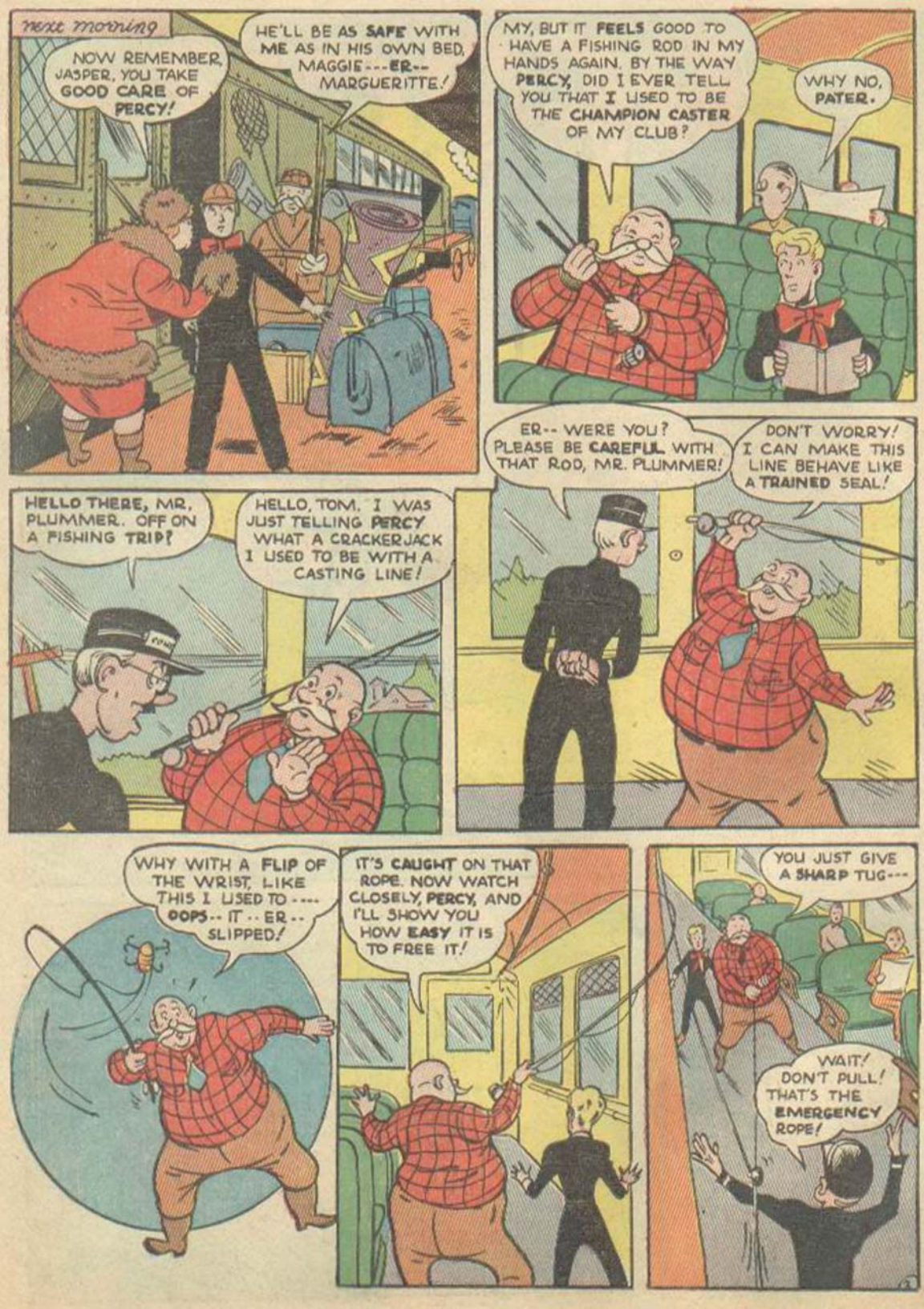
CAMOUFLAGE

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

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!

-GOSS

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!

SCREECH!
SCREEEECH!
BONK
GEE! GOSH!
SIR!
HOW DARE YOU!
WHY ELMER!
BAW! AND YOU PROMISED TO BE TRUE TO ME. I'M GOING HOME TO MOTHER!
FRESH!
SMACK
SMACK
ER, I GUESS I LET MY ENTHUSIASM RUN AWAY WITH ME, PERCY. ANYHOW WE'RE ALMOST THERE AND A LITTLE WALK WILL DO US GOOD!
I THINK THE ENGINEER WAS A LITTLE ANGRY PATER!
MAY I HELP YOU PATER?
IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, PERCY-- WHY I USED TO HIKE 30 MILES WITH A FULL PACK!
PUFF! PUFF!

AND THE HUNTING LODGE IS J-JUST AT THE T-TOP OF THE HILL!
WOULD YOU PLEASE HELP ME GET PATER TO BED, MR. BROWN? I THINK HE'S A BIT TIRED!
NEXT MORNING...
WELL, PERCY, ARE YOU ALL SET FOR A VIGOROUS DAY IN THE WOODS?
YES, PATER.
THERE'S A POOL JUST ABOVE THE RAPIDS, WHERE THE TROUT ARE AS BIG AS WHALES!
YOU'D BETTER GO UPSTREAM WHERE IT'S SAFE, PERCY!
IT'S TOO NEAR THE FALLS HERE AND I PROMISED MATER TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!
AH, A BITE! NOW TO HOOK HIM SECURELY WITH THE OLD PLUMMER TECHNIQUE! I'LL JUST GIVE THE LINE A SHARP TUG AND---
OOPS!
SPLASH

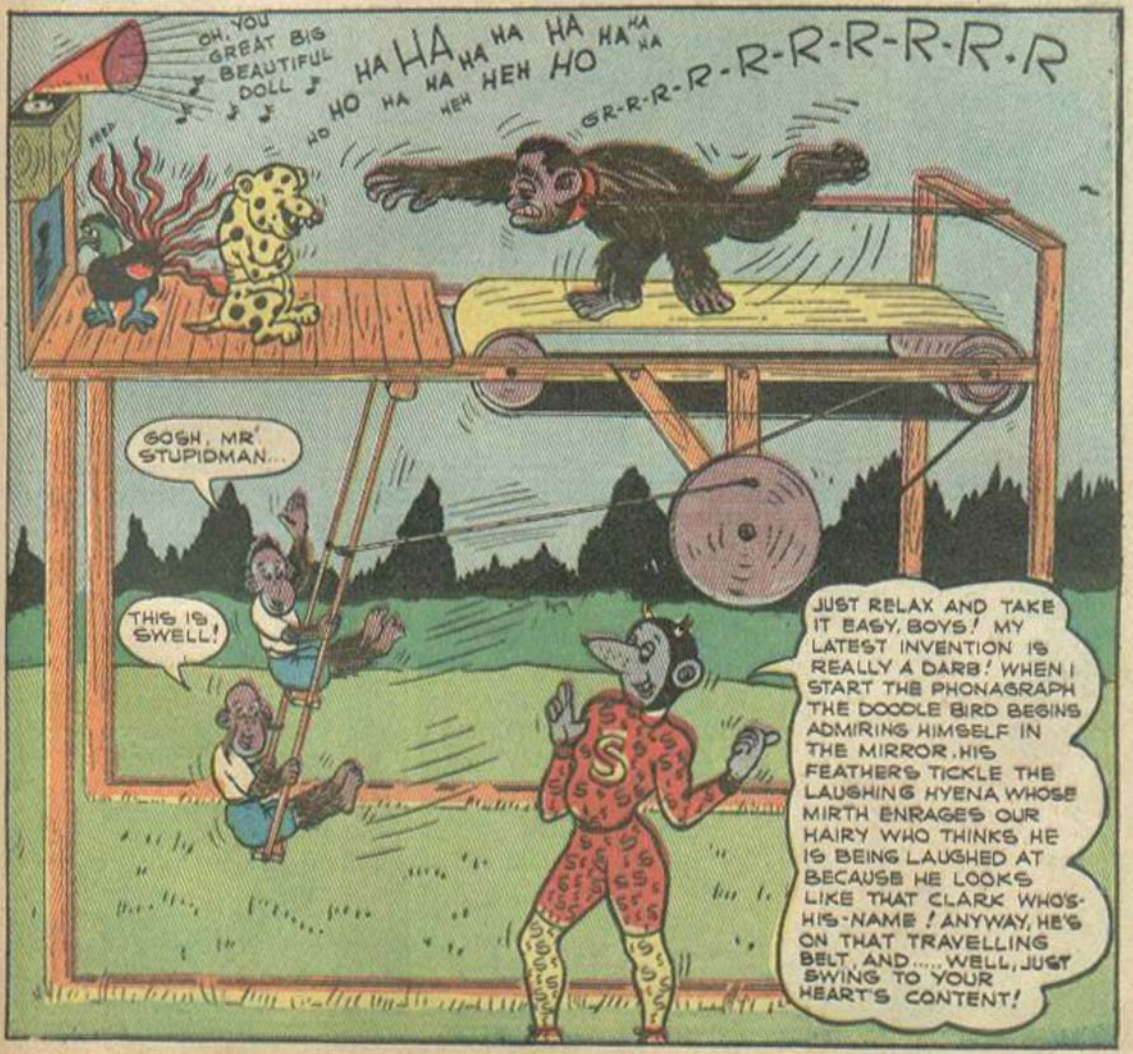
HALP! PERCY!
I'M COMING, PATER!! CATCH HOLD OF THAT FALLEN TREE!
ALL RIGHT, PATER. YOU CAN LET GO NOW! I'LL PULL YOU TOWARDS SHORE!
WELL, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT FISH THIS TRIP, PERCY. I NEVER DID CARE MUCH FOR FISH, ANYHOW!
ER--AH--- HERE'S A FEW I CAUGHT, PATER!
Later
NOW, PERCY--I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO STALK WILD GAME!
SHH! I'M GOING INTO THAT THICKET. NOW REMEMBER, PERCY, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO KEEP QUIET!
OW!
HALP! PERCY!
GR-R-R
ULP!

HOLD HIM PATER! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
GRRR
I HOPE THIS ROPE IS LONG ENOUGH!
ULP!
ONCE MORE AROUND AND I'VE GOT HIM!
?
BOOM
ER... THANKS FOR HELPING ME CATCH THAT BEAR, PERCY!
!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SOME FRIENDS CALL ON MR. PLUMMER....
- AND THAT'S HOW I KILLED THE BEAR AND GOT THIS BEARSKIN. NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS FISH...
THAT'S MY POP!!
THE END

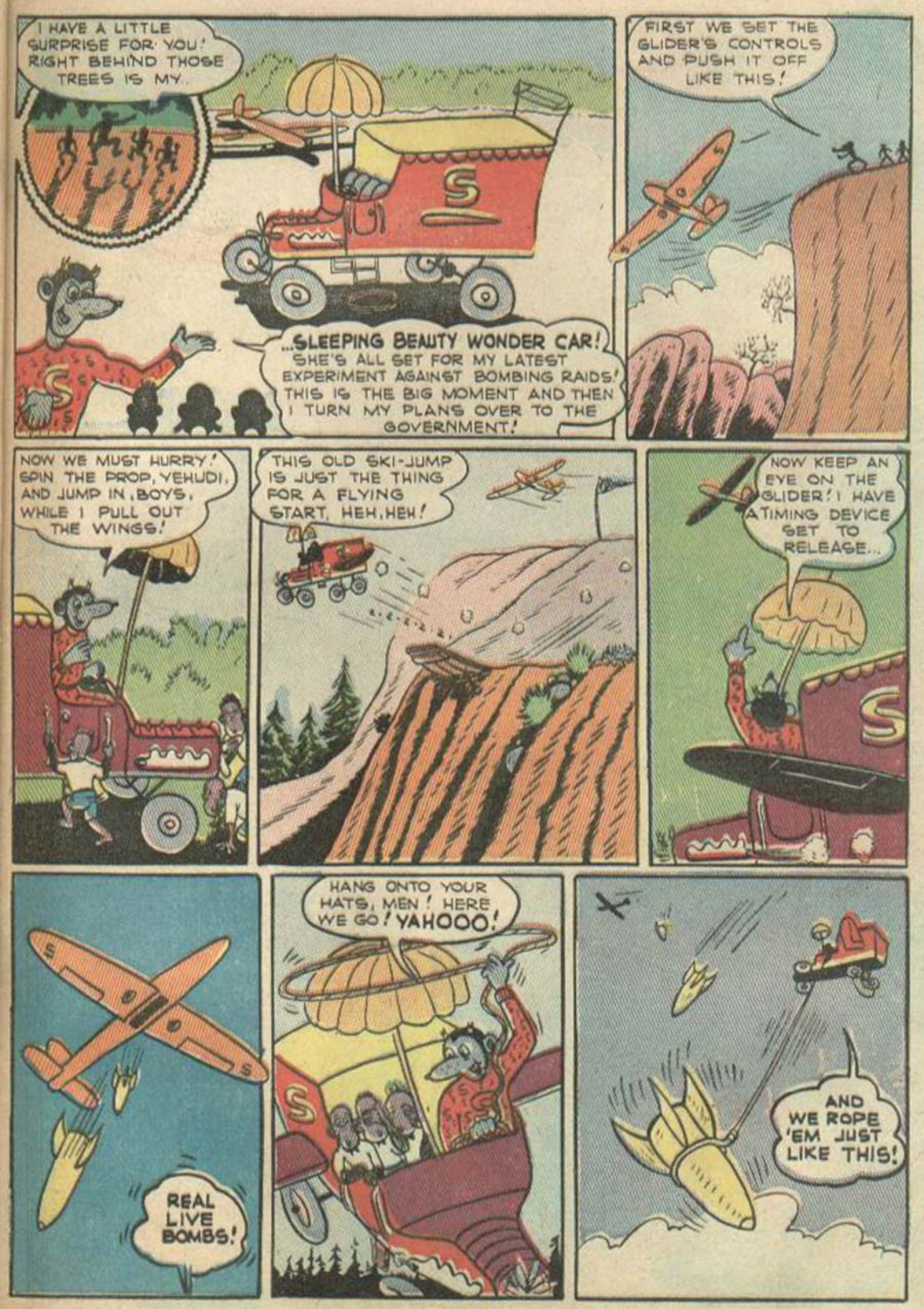
THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THE GREAT STUPIDMAN IS ACTUALLY A CLERK AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN! HE WARNS THEM THAT THEY MUST NOT REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY SO THAT HE MAY CARRY ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AND HELP THOSE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE!

WE FIND THEM INDULGING IN A LITTLE FUN...

the 3 Monkey-teers



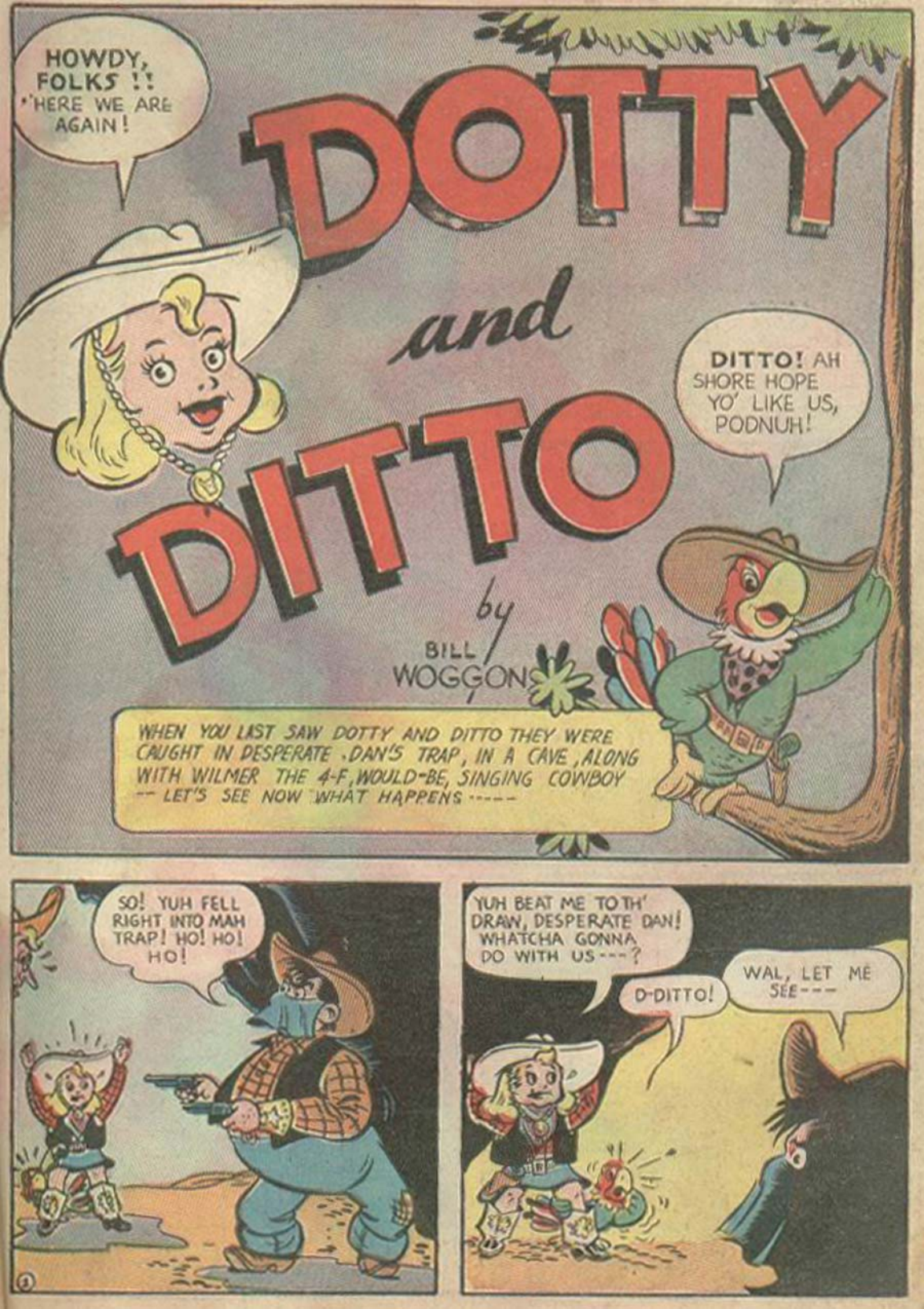
HO HO HA HA HA HEE HEE HEH HEH
I BORROWED HIM FROM A RADIO COMEDIAN! ALWAYS GITS IN THE FRONT ROW AND LAUGHS HIM-SELF SILLY!
SUDDENLY...
CRASH
GOSH, WHAT WAS THAT?
I'LL INVESTIGATE! SOME ONE MAY NEED MY ASSISTANCE!
WHY IT'S..
SMALL FRY!
GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?
GOOK
WELL, YEHUDI AND 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 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 SET 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!
BOOM
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...
WHOOOOSHH
ZIP
HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS?
ONLY ME, FAT NOSE!

IF YOU'RE IN THE HABIT OF GOING AROUND DROPPING BLOCK BUSTERS ON PEOPLE'S HOUSES, I DON'T LIKE IT, SEE?
SO TAKE THAT, YOU BEAST!
WHACK
I'LL TEACH YOU NAZIS! ...THIS IS A WOMAN'S WAR!
AND THAT!
AND THIS!
SOCK
SMACK
AND HERE'S ONE WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!
WHEEE
G-GOSH! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL! WE'LL CRASH!
HANG ON T-TIGHT!
WO-OHHH!
WE BROKE LOOSE!
HELP!
LOOK AT MR. STUPIDMAN HOW HE'S DRIVING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY!
HELP ME UP, SASSAFRAS!
HE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!
GEE, I THINK HE'S GOING TO

CRASH
BOY, WHAT A CRACK-UP!
WOW! I HOPE WE LAND IN THE ROAD!
OUCH! WE DIDN'T!
CRACK
GOSH, I HOPE MR. STUPIDMAN WAS AS LUCKY AS US!
COME ON! LET'S FIND HIM!
JUST THEN...
HE'S ONE O' THIM SABO-TOORS! DROPPIN' BOOMS! GIT UP AND FIGHT, YE BLACKGUARD!
THE LIKES OF 'IM SHOULD BE DRIVEN FROM THE COUNTRY!
OHHHHH! IF ONLY I COULD TELL THEM I'M WORKING AGAINST TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION! AND THE THREE BOYS... THEY'RE GONE...GONE...
SOB SOB
ANIMATED HOUSEBOAT
NO, IT AINT...ER... ISN'T POSSIBLE. THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! THEY CAN'T PUT STUPIDMAN IN PRISON. NOW ANYBODY CAN BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL: JUST ANYBODY! AND THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. WHY HE'S LIABLE TO BE KIDNAPPED 3 TIMES A WEEK - MAYBE 4. AND THEN, WHAT ABOUT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN? WHO'S GONNA SWEEP UP THE JOINT? NO SIR! THIS CATASTROPHE SHALL NOT HAPPEN. NOT IF THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT AND THEY HAVE PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!
OH, THANK HEAVENS, THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE FELLOWS! I'M GLAD YOU'RE SAFE! REMEMBER ME WHEN I'M GONE!
ANIMATED HOUSEBOAT
GOSH, MR. STUPIDMAN..
...TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE!
THAT WOULD NEVER DO. I MUST REMAIN SILENT AND ONLY FATE, ITSELF, KNOWS WHAT IS IN STORE FOR ME... FAREWELL!


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 TO TH' DRAW, DESPERATE DAN! WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH US---?
D-DITTO!
WAL, LET ME SEE---

FIRST, YOUR FRIEND CAN TIE YOU UP WEETH THEES ROPE--THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW AH COULD USE SOME FOLD IN' MONEY, AH'M GONNA HOLD YOU FOR RANSOM--SAY, $5000!
$5000?
WHY, YOU DIRTY

AND AS FOR YOU, MY LEETLE 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! MEBBE 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!
2

NOW WE WEEL MARCH UP THEES SECRET PASSAGE TO MY CABIN !!
WOE IS ME!
DITTO!

PLOP!
UPON REACHING HIS CABIN HIDE-OUT, DESPERATE DAN TOSSES WILMER'S PANTS TO ONE SIDE ------ BUT, LOOK! SOMETHING FELL OUT OF THE POCKET!!
HMM-M FOOD!!
VITAMINS P-D-Q VITAMINS
GULP!
GULP!
AND AS THE PILLS TAKE EFFECT, OUR TIMID HERO BECOMES STRONGER AND STRONGER, AND BRAVER AND BRAVER UNTIL--
GRRR!
GRR! I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU --BLANKETY BLANK!!
ZOOM!
OWW!
WHAT EES THEES?--SO! YOU THEENK YOU ARE BEEG ENOUGH TO SWEAR, HUH?
AWK!
THEES WEEL FEEX YOU!!
GULP!
SOAP
3

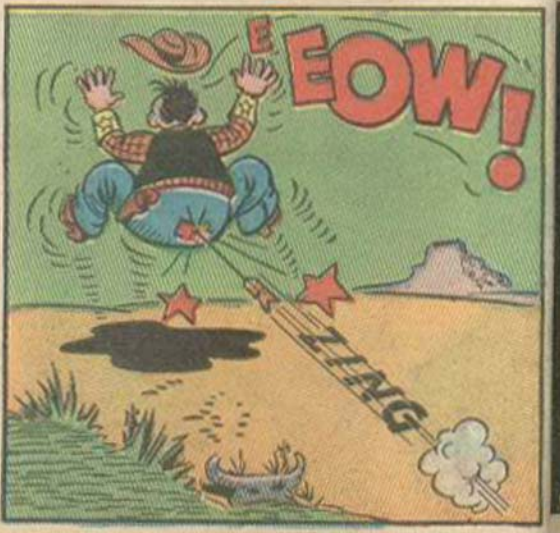
THAT WEEL SETTLE YOUR HASH--! NOW, I SHALL FEEX THE FIRE-POT FOR A NICE · PARROT STEW !
BURP!
AWK!
BURP!

BUT MAYBE THOSE SOAP BUBBLES ARE THE DOOM OF THE VILLAIN, DESPERATE DAN---
UGH!--HEAP FUNNY LOOKIN' SMOKE SIGNALS--ME GO SEE!

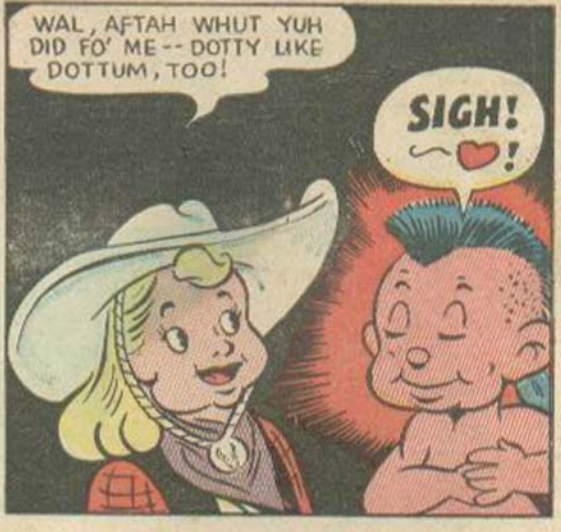
OH! OH! PRETTY LITTLE SQUAW IN HEAP TROUBLE ---ME FIXUM BAD MAN!
AWK!
BURP

BURP!
AWK!
AWK! NOW WHAT ??

AH-H! THE WATER · EES ALMOS' HOT FOR YOU, MY LEETLE PARROT--
4


EOW!
ZING

INJUNS!
SWISH
HOW, PALEFACE-- ME DOTTUM!
HOWDY, INJUN! --I'LL SAY YOU GOTTUM--RIGHT IN TH' PANTS!!
NO! NO! ME DOTTUM! ME LIKE YOU!!
AH LIKE YOU TOO, PODNUH, -AN' I SHORE HOPE TO KISS A PIG'S SNOOT YOU GOTTUM--MAH NAME'S DOTTY, WHAT'S YOURN?
ME DOTTUM!
WAL, AH'LL BE-- YOU'RE SHORE A PERSISTENT LI'L CUSS, AIN'TCHA!



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 SNEEZIN' 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.

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!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own FULL time business . . . making $30, $40, $50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get *paid* while learning!

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to $50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that *knows how* to help beginners get started.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.

Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

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, installation, 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.

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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This Genuine Gene Autry Guitar will delight you. Given for selling only one order PLUS $3.00 extra.

PEPPERELL BLANKET Genuine Pepperell "Warmweave" Blanket for selling only one order.

VICTORY LIGHT. Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—RED for warning, WHITE for regular use, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries. Sell one order.

CHEMISTRY SET. Famous "Chemcraft" Set for interesting home experiments. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

VICTORY WATCH & FOB Handsome Modern Pocket Watch. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

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Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

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