

NO. 28

JULY 10¢

# TOP-NOTCH Laugh comics

THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL POKEY OAKY!!

POP MUH BOTTLE, BLACK HOOD, I ARRIVED!!



WE DARED TO DO IT!! A JOKE BOOK THAT'S REALLY FUNNY!

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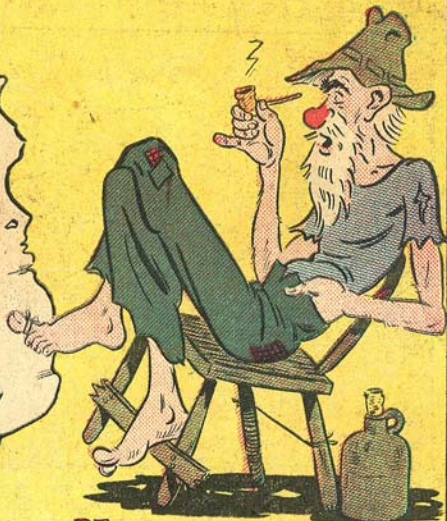


# POKEY OAKLEY

IF YOU HAVE EVER NURSED THE URGE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL, WORK, WORRY, WAR HEADLINES AND PERHAPS BILL COLLECTORS-- THEN, **CATFISH CREEK** IS YOUR DESTINATION.....

THIS FLYSPECK HAMLET DROWSES DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS, UNSCATHED BY PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY. POSSIBLY THIS EXPLAINS WHY FOR GENERATIONS THE FAMILY TREE OF **POKEY OAKLEY** BORE NO FRUIT, YET HAD PLENTY OF **SAPS !!**

*Don Bean*



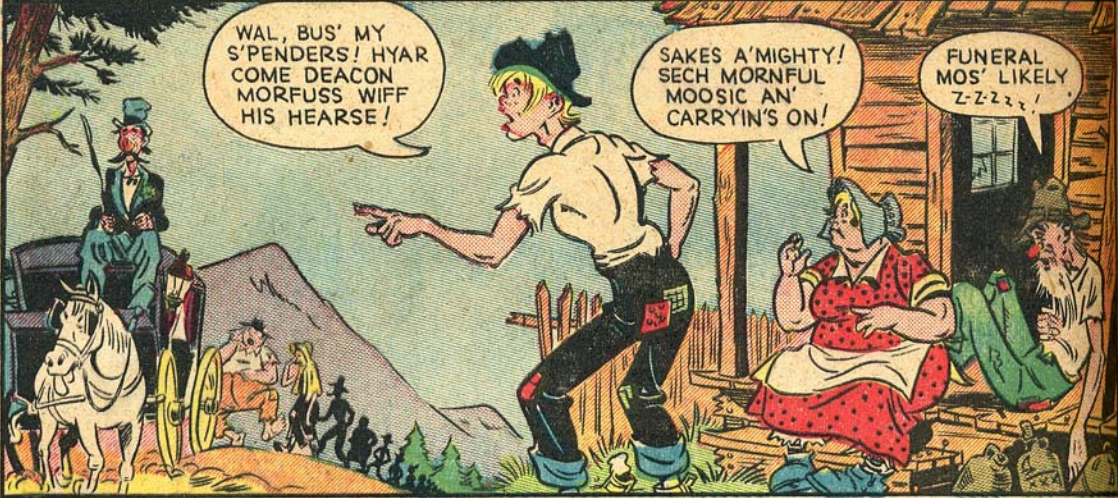
**N**OW HEAD OF THE CLAN WAS **ADAM OAKLEY**, HE WAS A GREAT ONE TO CARVE SHIPS IN BOTTLES -- AFTER HE HAD EMPTIED THEM---OF COURSE!



**T**HEN THERE WAS **MAW OAKLEY**. SHE WASN'T MUCH OF A HAND AT FARMING OR PLOWING --- SAID THE HARNESS HURT HER SHOULDERS!

**O**NLY SON AND OUR HERO IS **POKEY OAKLEY**. POKEY HAD TWO REGRETS IN LIFE-- ONE THAT HE HAD TO WAKE UP TO EAT AND THE OTHER, THAT HE HAD TO QUIT EATING TO SLEEP!

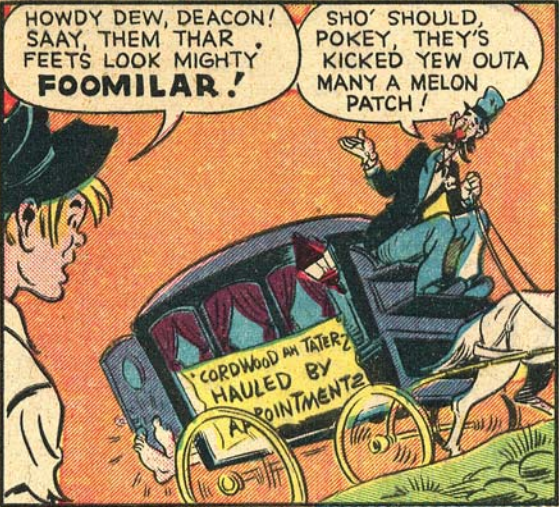
**P**OKEY HAD ONE SISTER CALLED, **BUTTER BEAN**, WHO WAS GOING ON TWELVE AND GRACEFULLY PASSING INTO SPINSTERHOOD--- A SHAME TOO!



WAL, BUS' MY S'PENDERS! HYAR COME DEACON MORFUSS WIFF HIS HEARSE!

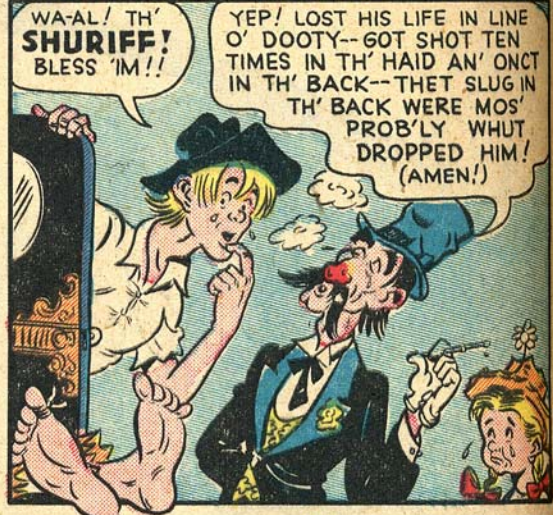
SAKES A'MIGHTY! SECH MORNFUL MOOSIC AN' CARRYIN'S ON!

FUNERAL MOS' LIKELY Z-Z-z-z!



HOWDY DEW, DEACON! SAAY, THEM THAR FEETS LOOK MIGHTY FOOMILAR!

SHO' SHOULD, POKEY, THEY'S KICKED YEW OUTA MANY A MELON PATCH!



WA-AL! TH' SHURIFF! BLESS 'IM!!

YEP! LOST HIS LIFE IN LINE O' DOOTY--GOT SHOT TEN TIMES IN TH' HAID AN' ONCT IN TH' BACK--THEY SLUG IN TH' BACK WERE MOS' PROBL'Y WHUT DROPPED HIM! (AMEN!)



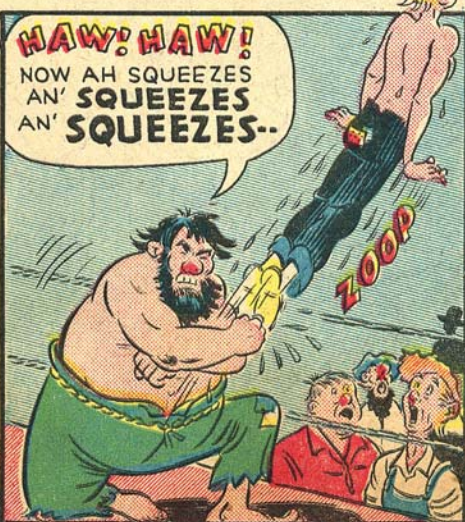
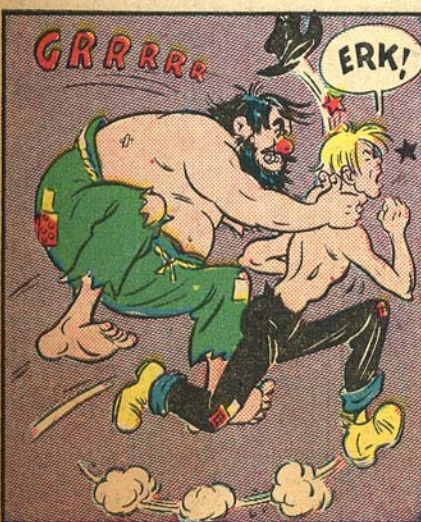
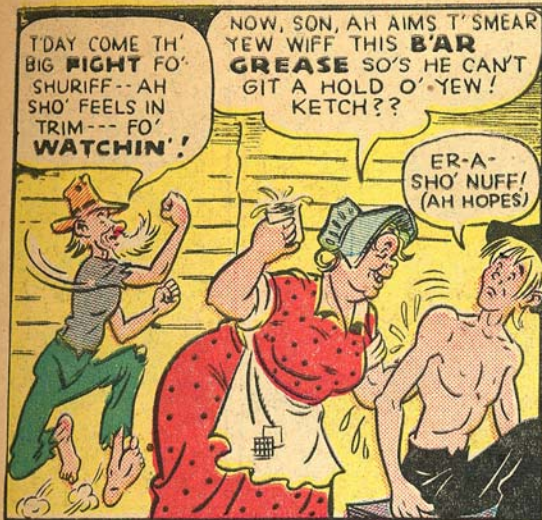
THEY MEANS THAR'LL BE A BARFIST WRASSLIN' MATCH TO ELECT A NEW SHURIFF-- TH' WINNER BEIN' ELECTED ACCORDIN' TO CUSTOM!

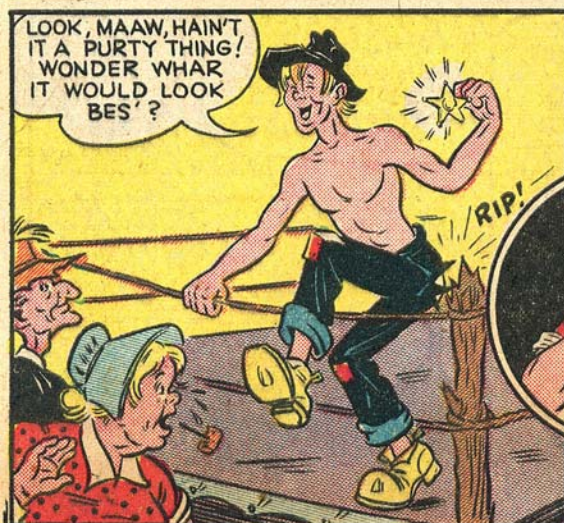
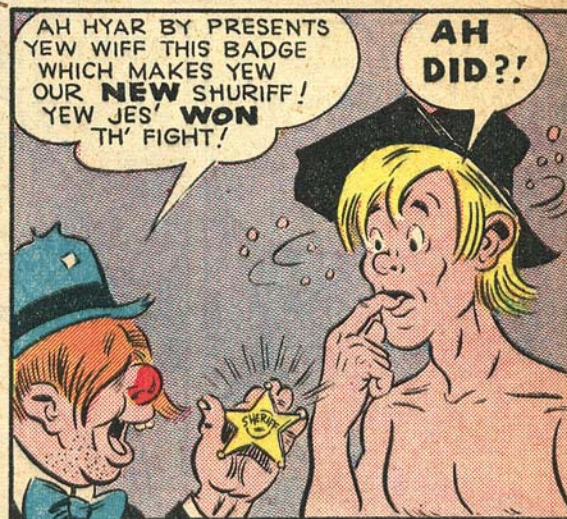
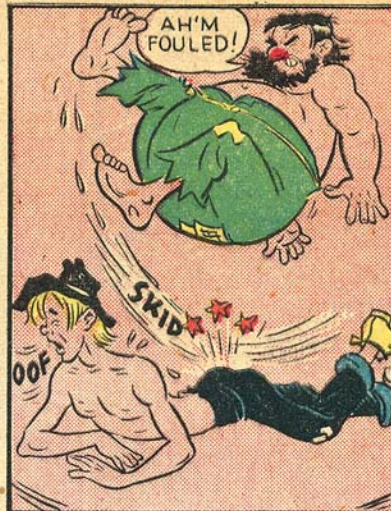
YEP! IT'S TO BE HELD T'MORROW BEHIND TH' SLAUGHTER HOUSE, BUT AH DON'T EXPECTS T' SEE ANYONE GO AGIN' **WILD WILLIE REB!** NO, SUH!



**WILD WILLIE REB!** THAR HAIN'T A MAN IN THESE HILLS DAST LIFT A FINGER AGIN' HIM-- HE'S A PUR-FESH-NIL BONE BUSTER, MAAW!

POKEY! YEW'S A GOIN' TO WHIP THAT SKUNK T'MORROW--AH GOT ME A PLAN!!





HARRY UP WIFF THET  
PATCH-WORK, MAAW!  
BEIN' HYAR IN TH'  
RAIN BARREL MIGHT  
GIMME A **BAD** REP-U-  
TA-SHUN! FOLKS'LL  
THINK AH'M TAKIN'  
A **BATH!**

LAN' SAKES AH'M  
SHO' PROUD MAH  
CHILE IS SHURIFF  
--WONDER WHUT  
TH' JOB PAYS,  
SON?



MEBBE PAYDAY YEW  
KIN SEE FIT T' BUY  
ME A **BAROMETER**  
--SHO' IS PAINFUL  
HAVIN' T' KEEP MAH  
CORNS JES' SO'S YORE  
PAAW KIN KNOW TH'  
WEATHER!

AN' MEBBE YEW KIN  
FETCH ME SOME STORE  
**TEETH** AN' A BAG  
O' THET **PEANOOT**  
**CANDY**, EH?

SUTTIN'LY!  
AH'M GONNA  
BE **RICH!**



SAAY, HAIN'T  
THET TH' NEW  
SHURIFF OVAH  
YONDAH?

YEP! RECKON  
WE'RE MAKIN'  
THIS **LONG**  
'NUFF FO'  
HIM?

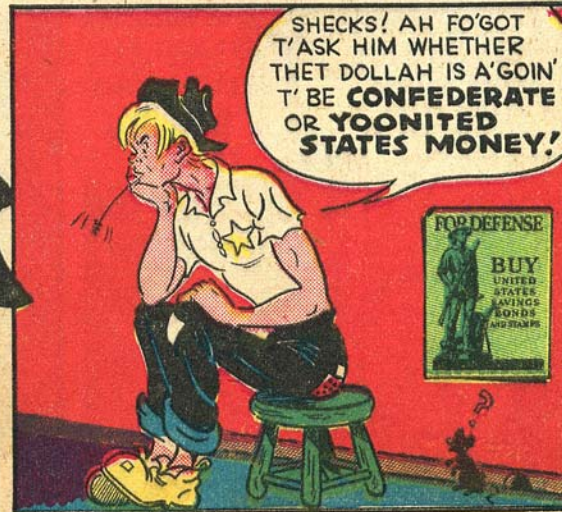
HOWDY DEW, POKEY!  
WELCOME T' YORE  
NEW OFFICE-- YEW  
ALSO IS TH' GAME  
WARDEN, FIRE  
CHIEF AN' DOG  
KETCHER, Y' KNOWS!

AH' MIGHTY GLAD  
T' HEAR THET, SUH!  
TH' MO' JOBS TH'  
MO' **MONEY**, HUH?  
WHUT'S MAH  
SALARY?

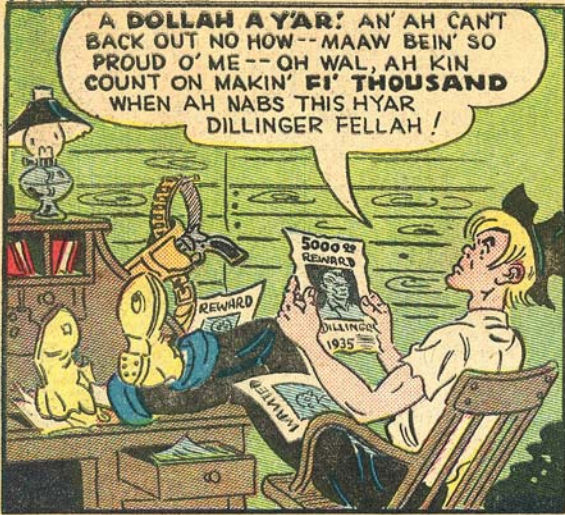


WHY, DON'T YO'  
KNOWS--YORE  
A **DOLLAR**  
A YAR MAN!

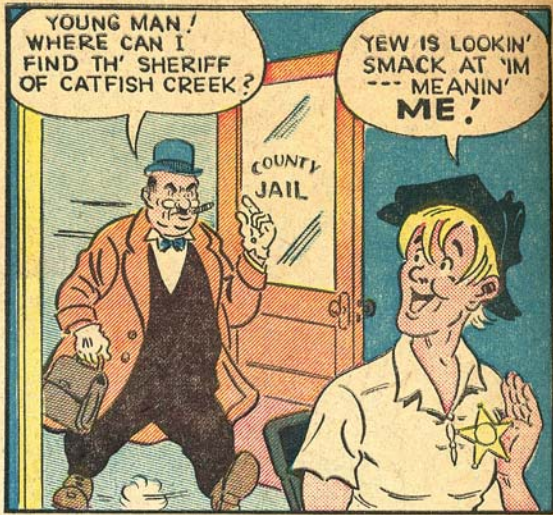
A--A--  
**DOLLAR**  
A YAR!!  
(CHOKE!)



SHECKS! AH FO'GOT  
T' ASK HIM WHETHER  
THET **DOLLAR** IS A'GOIN'  
T' BE **CONFEDERATE**  
OR **YOONITED**  
**STATES MONEY!**

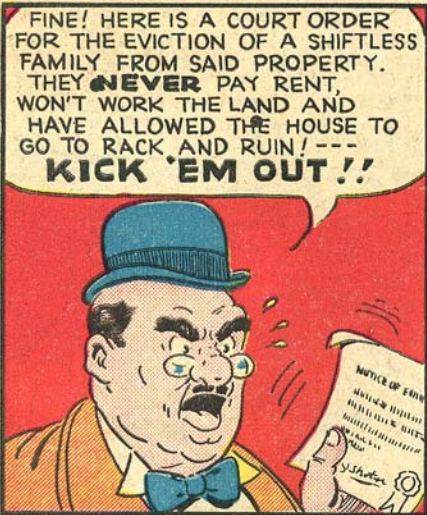


A DOLLAR A YAR! AN' AH CAN'T BACK OUT NO HOW--MAAW BEIN' SO PROUD O' ME--OH WAL, AH KIN COUNT ON MAKIN' FI' THOUSAND WHEN AH NABS THIS HYAR DILLINGER FELLAH!



YOUNG MAN! WHERE CAN I FIND TH' SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK?

YEW IS LOOKIN' SMACK AT 'IM --- MEANIN' ME!



FINE! HERE IS A COURT ORDER FOR THE EVICTION OF A SHIFTLSS FAMILY FROM SAID PROPERTY. THEY NEVER PAY RENT, THEY WORK THE LAND AND HAVE ALLOWED THE HOUSE TO GO TO RACK AND RUIN! --- KICK 'EM OUT!!



WHY TH' WORTHLESS CHEATIN' SKONKS! AH'LL DEAL WIFF THEM RIGHT NOW WHO IS THEY??



THE OAKEYS!



HYAR COME POKEY, MAAW, WIFF HIS FACE LOOKIN' LONG ENUFF T' LICK BUTTER OUTA TH' BOTTOM OF A CHURN!

BUT WAIT TILL HE SEES TH' MESS O' CATFISH AH FIXED S'PESHLY FO' HIM!



AH (SOB) GOTTA DO MAH D-DOOTY!

WILL POKEY KICK HIS OWN FAMILY OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS? SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR THRILLS AND LAUGHS!!





BOY, LOOKS LIKE OUR NEW TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS HAS CAUSED QUITE A COMMOTION, POKEY OAKY!

BUS' MAH BRITCHES, BLACK HOOD, IT SHORE DO SEEM THAT WAY!



HI, KIDS! LOOK WHAT I GOT! IT JUST CAME OUT TODAY!



HAW, HAW! THAT POKEY OAKY'S A RIOT!

TEE HEE! I LIKE SUZIE THE BEST!



THE BLACK HOOD'S THE BEST IN THE BOOK, I TELL YA!

SURE HE'S GOOD BUT KARDAK'S BETTER!



3 MONKEY-TEERS!

CUT THAT OUT, KIDS!

SUZIE!

PERCY



LOOK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW YOU CAN EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS - AND NOT FIGHT. WE'LL RIPA A PAGE OUT OF MY NEWEST BOOK --- THERE!



AND THIS'LL BE YOUR PAGE. YOU GO ON HOME AND WRITE LETTERS TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST - AND MAKE ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU WANT!



ALSO SEND A SMALL SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELVES ALONG WITH IT. THE BEST LETTER WRITERS WILL GET THEIR PICTURES PUBLISHED IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

WHEE!

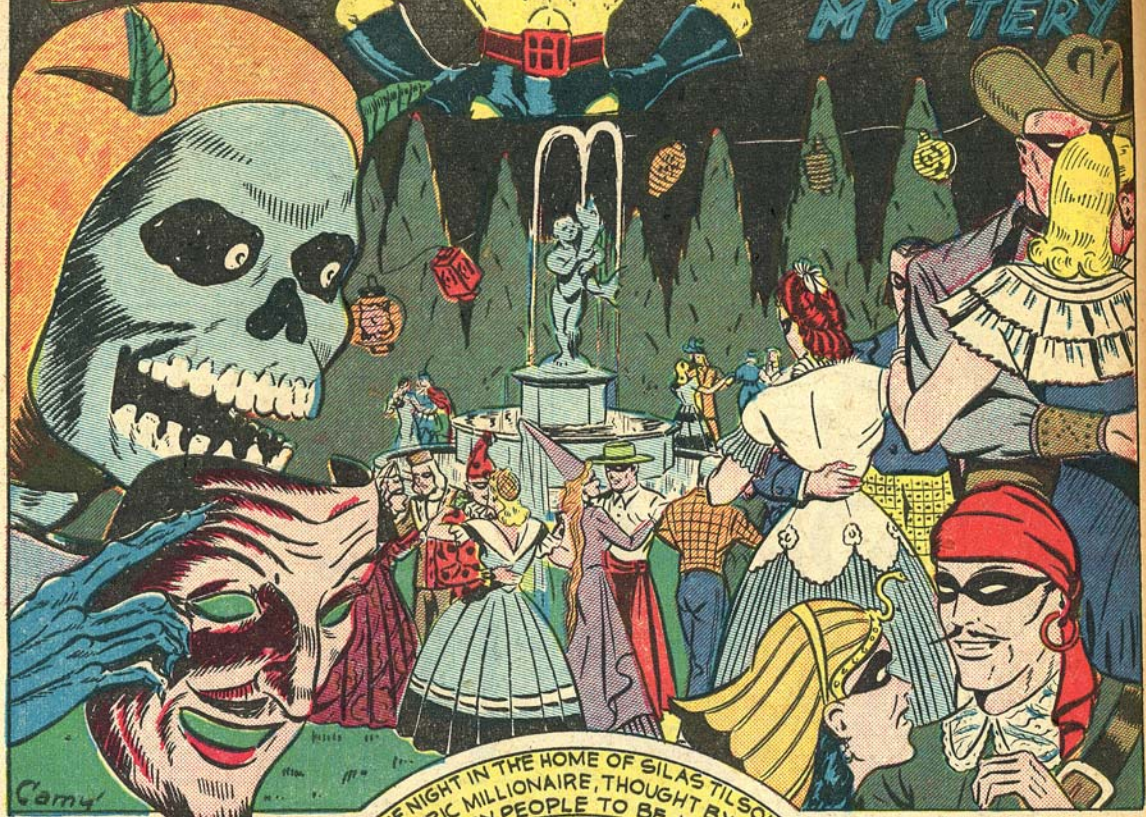


AND THAT'S NOT ALL. WE'LL HAVE YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST DRAW A PORTRAIT OF YOU AND SEND IT TO YOU! NOW HURRY HOME AND WRITE TO..... TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 315 - RIGHT NOW!

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

# THE BLACK HOOD

## MAN OF MYSTERY



Camy

ONE NIGHT IN THE HOME OF SILAS TILSON  
 ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, THOUGHT BY A  
 GOOD MANY PEOPLE TO BE INSANE

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT DEATH. NOT MURDER NOR SUICIDE NOR THE ETERNAL CURTAIN THAT DROPS WHEN A MAN'S SPAN OF LIFE IS DONE. NO, IT IS THE GRAY-GARBED FIGURE, THE MASTER OF ETERNITY HIMSELF, STEPPING ONTO OUR MORTAL TERRAIN. YES, THIS IS INDEED A STORY OF DEATH AND HOW ONE SINGLE FIGURE DEFIED HIM UNFLINCHINGLY. CAME FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH AND ACCEPTED HIS CHALLENGE, UNAFRAID. AND THAT FIGURE..... THE BLACK HOOD.

BUT I ASSURE YOU, MR. TILSON, THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEALTH!

BAH! YOU'RE A FOOL, DOCTOR!



I'M GOING TO DIE, I TELL YOU. GO ON, CALL ME CRAZY LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES - BUT MARK MY WORDS, MY TIME IS UP, I KNOW, I.....



KNOW... HEH... HEH!



YOU, LAWYER MASON, WILL DRAW UP MY WILL AT ONCE! I WANT YOU TO ACT AS WITNESS, DR. SIMON!

VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST, MR. TILSON!



A GOOD MANY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO REJOICE AT MY DEATH, SO I'M GOING TO MAKE IT A VERY APPROPRIATE AFFAIR. I WANT A PARTY HELD THE NIGHT I'M GOING TO DIE - A MASQUERADE PARTY!

WHAT?



MR. TILSON! IS THIS... A JOKE?

YES... BUT NOT ON ME!... NOW EITHER YOU DO AS I SAY - OR I'LL GET SOMEBODY WHO WILL!



HE IS MAD, LAWYER MASON. THAT MAN IS NO MORE SICK THAN I AM... EXCEPT THAT HE'S A CRIPPLE!

I AGREE WITH YOU - THAT'S WHY I THINK IT BEST TO HUMOR HIM!



AND YET... YET IT'S A PECULIAR KIND OF INSANITY.. HE'S SO CERTAIN OF HIS RENDEZ-VOUS WITH DEATH IT FRIGHTENS ME!



A LOVELY THOUGHT.. CELEBRATING MY DEATH WITH A MASQUERADE PARTY. AND ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE WAITING FOR ME TO DIE SHALL BE MY GUESTS OF HONOR!



NEXT DAY, JAMES TILSON, SILAS'S SON RECEIVES A WEIRD INVITATION..

WHAT'S THIS? I'M TO APPEAR AS ROMEO IN A MASQUERADE PARTY CELEBRATING MY FATHER'S DEATH!



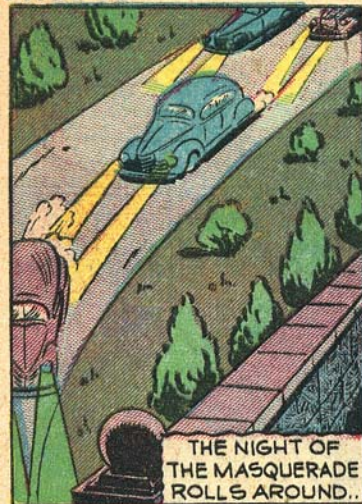
AND HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, RITA...

I ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS INSANE.. THIS PROVES IT. I'M TO BE JULIET AT HIS PARTY!

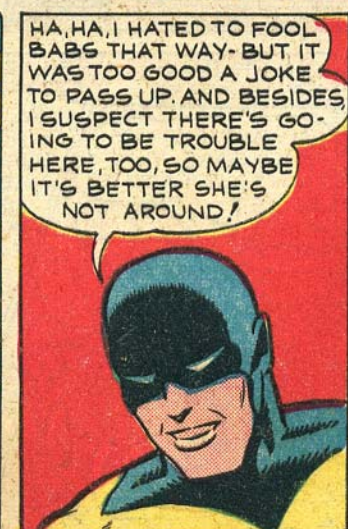


SILAS'S BROTHER, EDWARD...

HMM.. I'M TO DRESS AS THE POET, SHELLEY. THAT MAD MISER'S DEATH WOULD BE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE



AND SOON THE FESTIVITIES ARE IN FULL SWING - BUT STILL NO SIGN OF SILAS TILSON...



MR. TILSON, THE GUESTS ARE ALL ARRIVED, SIR!

GOOD!... NOW I'LL PAY MY RESPECTS TO THEM!

MR. TILSON DON'T YOU THINK IT UNWISE?

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FOOL!

I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, AND I WOULDN'T THINK OF LEAVING THIS WORLD WITHOUT MY PARTING MESSAGE. NOW GET ME MY WHEEL CHAIR!

HA, ENJOYING THEMSELVES, EH? ALL GLAD TO CELEBRATE SILAS TILSON'S DEATH, AREN'T THEY?

LISTEN TO ME, EVERYBODY. YOU'RE ALL WAITING FOR ME TO DIE - AND YOU SHAN'T BE DISAPPOINTED. BUT THERE ARE SOME AMONG YOU WHO ARE GOING WITH ME!

DEATH IS GOING TO VISIT THEM JUST AS IT DID THE FAMOUS CHARACTERS THEY ARE IMPERSONATING!

SUDDENLY, A THICK FOG DESCENDS ON THE THRONG... A COLD SHIVER RUNS ALONG EVERY SPINE...

THIS THING IS BECOMING MORE THAN CRAZY... IT'S TERRIFYING! I'M GOING UP ON THAT BALCONY!

WHEN THE FOG CLEARS...

HE'S... HE'S DEAD!

THEN THE HOOD NOTICES THE GRAY-GARBED FIGURE HOVERING IN THE BACKGROUND. SILENTLY, INTENTLY, THE TWO GAZE AT EACH OTHER...



AND AT THAT MOMENT, THEIR GAYETY COMPLETELY DISSIPATED,.... THE FRIGHTENED GUESTS BREAK UP THEIR PARTY...

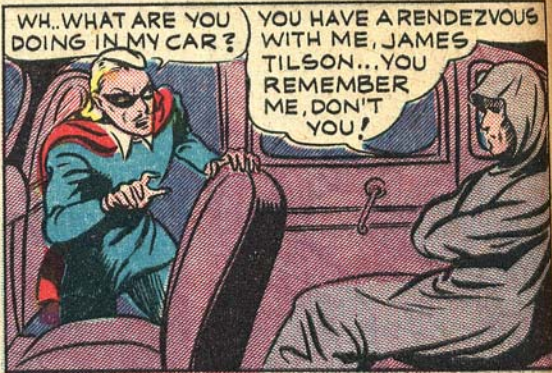


JAMES TILSON SCURRIES FOR HIS CAR...



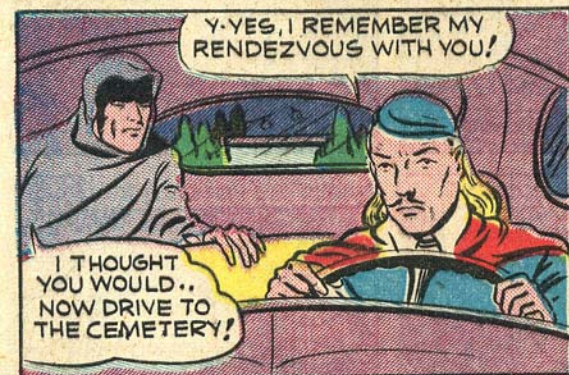
WH..WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CAR?

YOU HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH ME, JAMES TILSON...YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU!



Y-YES, I REMEMBER MY RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.. NOW DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY!



LATER, IN BARBARA'S APARTMENT...

CONFESS, NOW, KIP! IT WAS REALLY THE BLACK HOOD I SPOKE TO AT TILSON'S PARTY!

YES, BABS, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE FUN WITH YOU!



BUT THE FUN WAS SHORT LIVED. I HOPE I'M WRONG, BARBARA, BUT I SUSPECT THERE'S GOING TO BE TRAGEDY. WEIRD, UNBELIEVABLE TRAGEDY THAT NO REPORTER CAN WRITE ABOUT!



WHY, KIP, YOU SOUND POSITIVELY MORBID.. OH, EXCUSE ME .... THE PHONE!



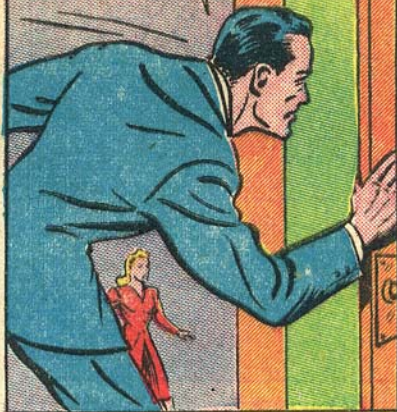
HELLO! OH, EDITOR BROWN, WHAT! SAY, YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ME? JAMES TILSON, EH? SOUNDS KIND OF CRAZY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN TO THE CEMETERY AND GET A STORY FOR YOU!



TILSON WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE MAUSOLEUM... STILL IN HIS ROMEO OUTFIT AND THE QUEER PART IS THAT HE DIED JUST LIKE ROMEO DID. ALMOST LIKE A RE-ENACTMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT SCENE!



MY HUNCH CAME TRUE QUICKER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THERE'S WORK FOR THE BLACK HOOD.. PLENTY OF IT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE CEMETERY...



NOTHIN' DOIN'.. YOU REPORTERS DON'T GET IN UNTIL THE CORONER VIEWS THE BODY!



NOW, DON'T FORGET, MEN... YOUR ORDERS ARE TO KEEP EVERYBODY OUT... GET IT?

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT MCGINTY, A FLY COULDN'T GET BY US!

IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC! MAD! AND YET I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S COINCIDENCE. AT ANY RATE I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE!



A PAGE OUT OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA, BARBARA SAID. IN THAT CASE JULIET IS DUE TO DIE SOON!



GREAT LORD! IT'S SILAS TILSON'S DAUGHTER IN LAW!



SORRY, MRS. TILSON. BUT HISTORY ISN'T GOING TO REPEAT ITSELF THIS TIME!



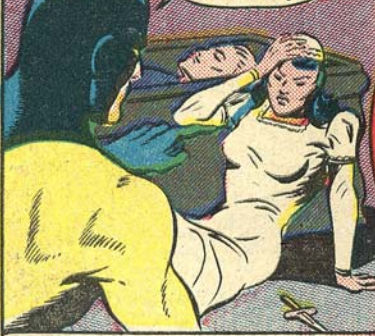
WHA- LET ME GO- I MUST KILL MYSELF! I MUST!

FIGHTING, BITING, GOUGING, MRS. TILSON STRUGGLES LIKE A WILDCAT TO KEEP HER RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH...



..AT LAST FALLS EXHAUSTED...

NOW CALM YOURSELF MRS. TILSON... WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL YOURSELF?



!.. I DON'T KNOW.. I ONLY KNOW I HAD TO! THE MAN IN GRAY TOLD ME TO!



I THOUGHT I HEARD HOLLERING... HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE, HOOD? AND WHO'S THAT GIRL?



STICKIN' YER NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS AGAIN, EH HOOD? THIS TIME I'LL ...OOF!



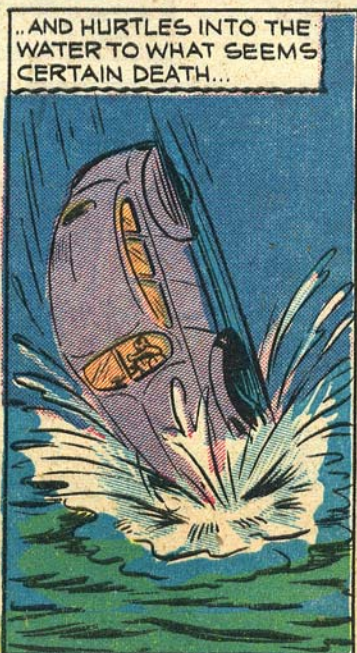
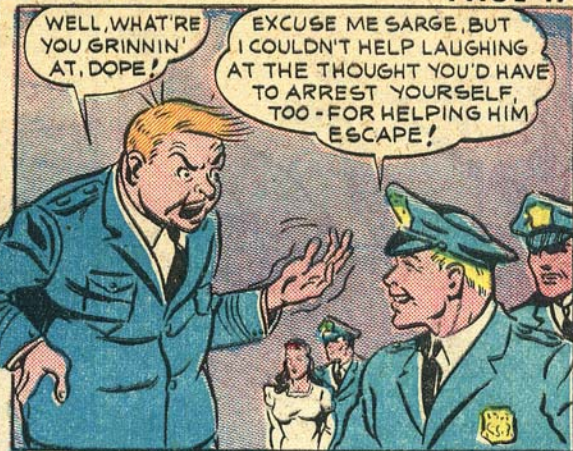
SORRY MCGINTY! AS USUAL I HAVE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.. NOT THAT YOU'D UNDERSTAND EVEN IF I DID!

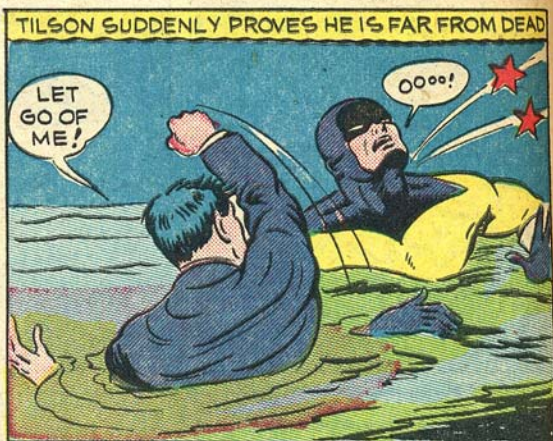
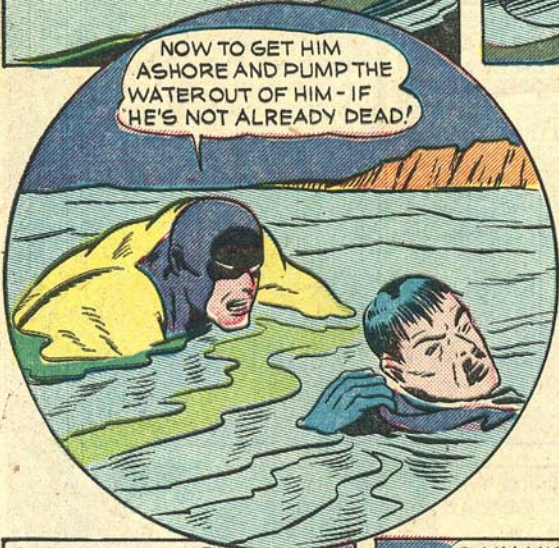


THANKS FOR THE BOOST, MCGINTY, SO LONG!









ONCE AGAIN, THE THICK, DAMP FOG SUDDENLY DESCENDING UNCANNILY, CLAMMILY...



BLACK HOOD... THIS IS TWICE YOU HAVE INTERFERED WITH ME!

YES...AND TWICE MORE IF NECESSARY



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YES! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, KNEW IT THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU... YOU ARE DEATH!



YES, DEATH! YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN..NOT MANY COULD MEET ME FACE TO FACE AS YOU HAVE - AND BE UNAFRAID. YOU HAVE CHEATED ME, HOOD! CHEATED DEATH!



I COULD EASILY TAKE YOU WITH ME, HOOD, BUT I SHAN'T.. I ADMIRE BRAVERY. IF MORE MORTALS WERE LIKE YOU, THEY WOULD NOT DREAD MY COMING AS THEY DO. I AM A PEACEFUL INDIVIDUAL, HOOD! VERY PEACEFUL.. HA, HA, HA!



YOU SEE, I ALSO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR. THAT'S WHY I CAME DOWN AT SILAS TILSON'S CALL... IT STRUCK ME AS A SPLENDID JOKE.. FAREWELL, HOOD, WE SHALL MEET EVENTUALLY!



LATER, IN BARBARA'S OFFICE...

YES, BARBARA, THE TILSON CASE IS A CLOSED ONE.. THANK HEAVEN!

HOOD, YOU'VE BEEN TALKING IN RIDDLES LONG ENOUGH! WON'T YOU PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT?



NO, BARBARA, LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT IT IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE. AN ETERNAL RIDDLE. A STORY BEST LEFT UNTOLD!

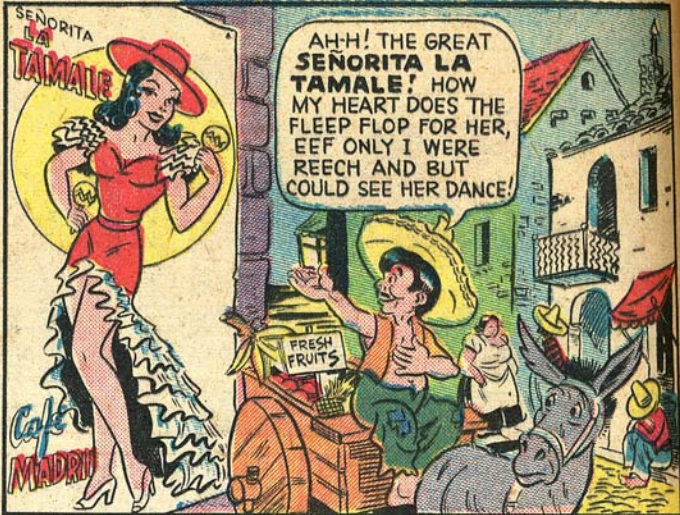


IF YOU HAVEN'T YET GOT YOUR COPY OF JACKPOT NO. 5 DON'T WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT THE BLACK HOOD'S GOT A YARN THAT'LL RAISE THE HAIR ON YOUR HEAD!

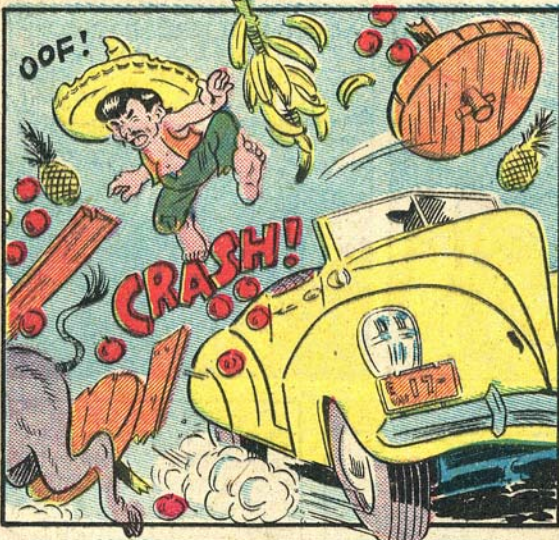
OF ALL THE COLORFUL CHARACTERS THAT EKE OUT AN EXISTENCE IN THE CASABA MARKET PLACE, WE PREFER TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH BUT ONE--A TINY GENTLEMAN KNOWN ONLY AS

# Señor SIESTA

BY Don Dean



AH-H! THE GREAT SEÑORITA LA TAMALE! HOW MY HEART DOES THE FLEEP FLOP FOR HER, EEF ONLY I WERE REECH AND BUT COULD SEE HER DANCE!



CRASH!



DÍOS MÍO! MY CART--MY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ARE EEN A MEELION PIECES! WHAT WEEL I DO?

YOU MIGHT SCRAPE EET UP AND GO EEN TO THE SALAD BIZZNESS--YOU-YOU PEASANT!



SEE! YOU HAVE MADE A SPOT ON MY NEW CAR--THE GREAT SEÑORITA LA TAMALE'S CAR!

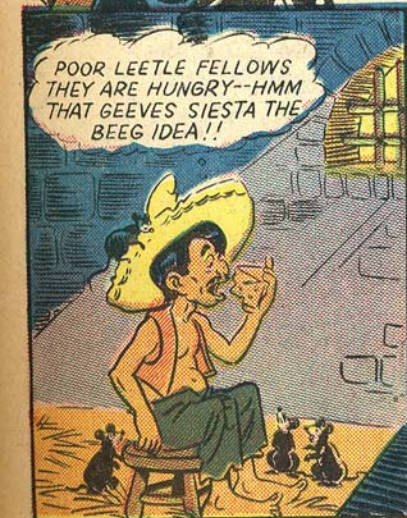
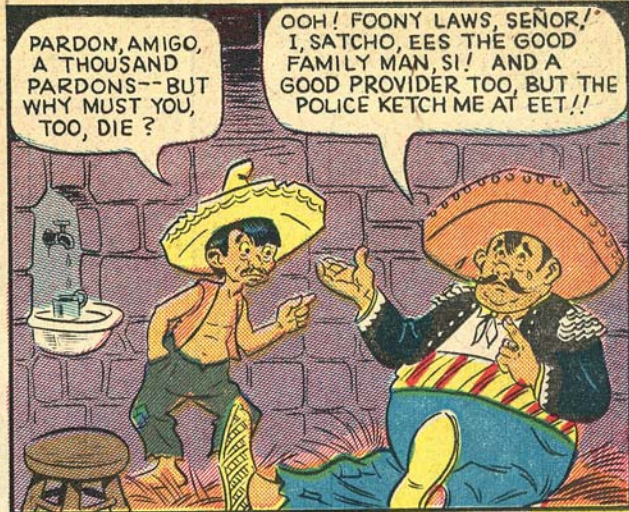
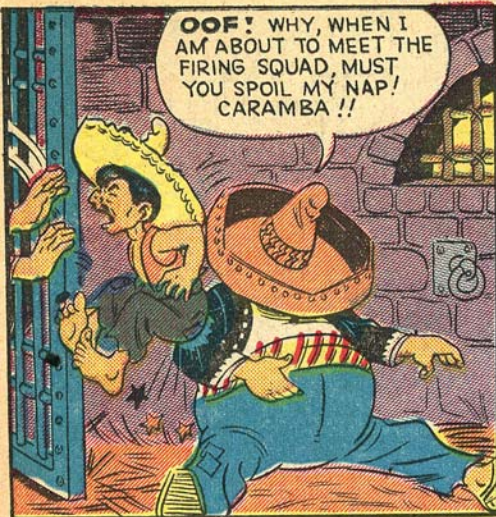
SEÑORITA! ALLOW ME TO DEAL WEETH THEES BEGGAR!!

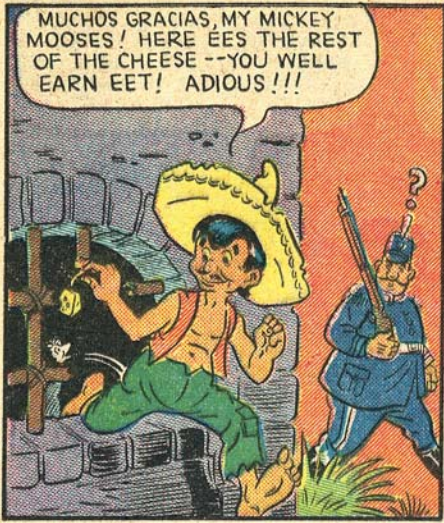
SEÑORITA LA TAMALE?



GRACIAS, CAPTAIN MÍO--BUT I DO NOT WEESH THEES UGLY PUBLICITY OR COURT SCENES--JUST QUIETLY SHOOT HEEM!

SI, SI! MY BOO-TI-FUL WAN!

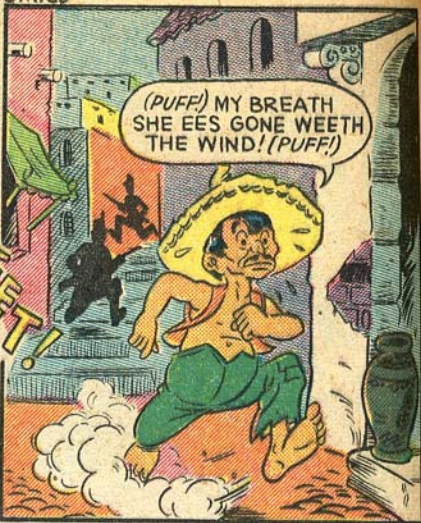




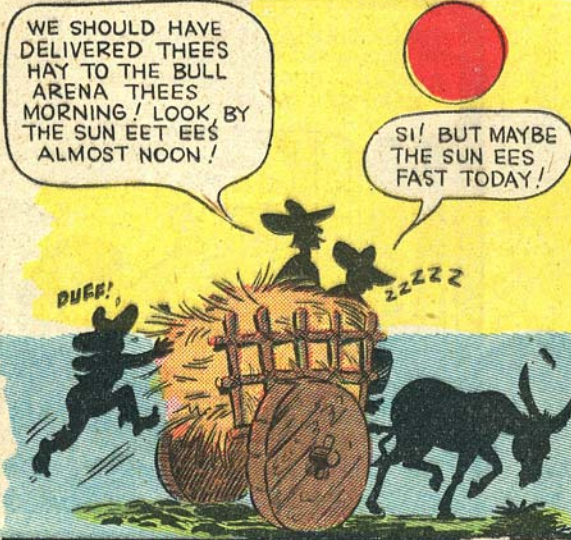
MUCHOS GRACIAS, MY MICKEY MOOSES! HERE EES THE REST OF THE CHEESE --YOU WELL EARN EET! ADIOUS!!!



BUT SEÑOR SIESTA'S ESCAPE DOES NOT GO UNDETECTED!



(PUFF!) MY BREATH SHE EES GONE WEETH THE WIND!(PUFF!)



WE SHOULD HAVE DELIVERED THEES HAY TO THE BULL ARENA THEES MORNING! LOOK, BY THE SUN EET EES ALMOST NOON!

SI! BUT MAYBE THE SUN EES FAST TODAY!



WAKE OOP, PEDRO! ALREADY WE ARE AT THE ARENA! GRAB YOUR PEECH FORK AND HELP UNLOAD!!



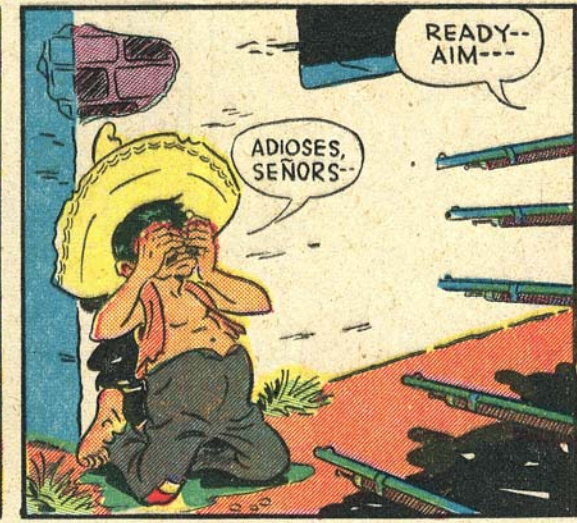
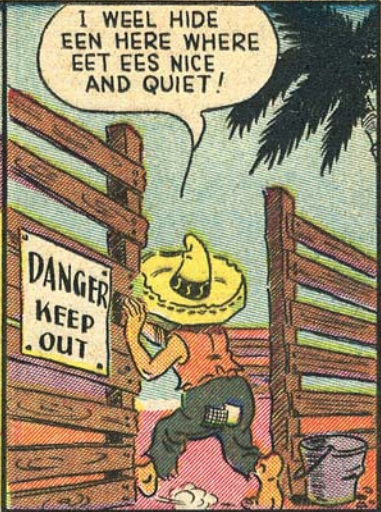
LOOK AT THE LUCKY STABLEMAN WEETH HEES HAN'SOME UNIFORM! I WEESH I HAD HEES UNIFORM-- I WEESH I HAD HEES **BROOM!** GRRR!

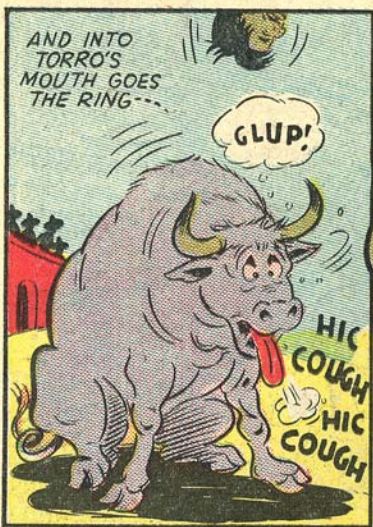


EEEEOW!



NOW **TWO** OF US WEESH THE SAME THEENG, SEÑOR!!!



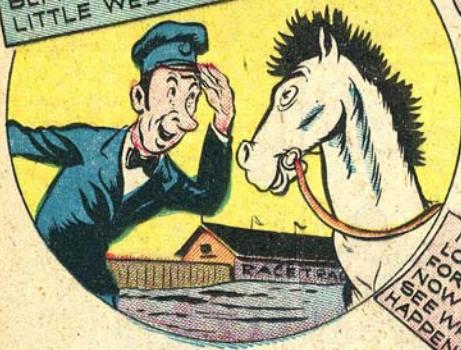




# SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH....

IF YOU REMEMBER, SNOOP MCGOOK HAD LOCATED THE MISSING HORSE, BEPPO, AT A RACE TRACK IN A LITTLE WESTERN TOWN...



...ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY THAT OLD HOSS THIEF, BOSS MCGIVERN, WHO STUCK A ROSCOE IN MCGOOK'S BACK AND BEGAN TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, TIGHTER... AND TIGHTER...



IT SURE LOOKS BAD NOW MCGOOK... BUT LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING

REMEMBER THIS GUY? IT'S JOE SHLUMP, BOSS MCGIVERN'S MYSTERIOUS GO-BETWEEN...



DON'T SHOOT THE DOPE HERE! THERE'S TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND. BESIDES THAT'S THE ONLY TROLLEY UNIFORM IN TOWN!

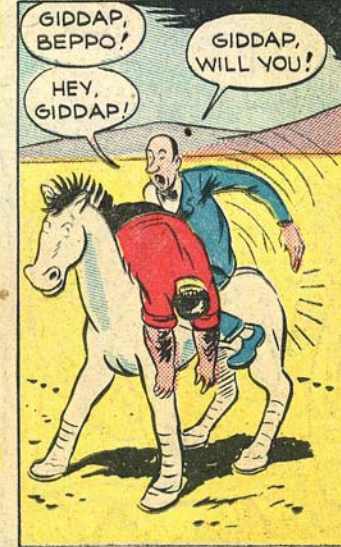
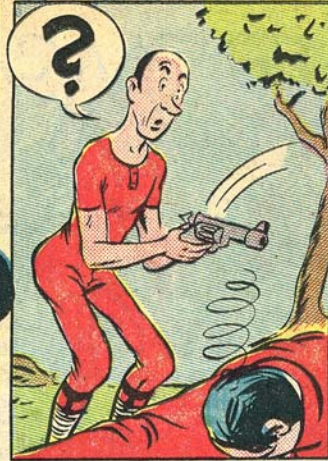


THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! GIT OUTTA THAT UNIFORM!



D-DON'T THINK YOU'LL G-GET AWAY WITH T-THIS!







A LITTLE LATER MCGOOK ARRIVES IN ARSONVILLE...



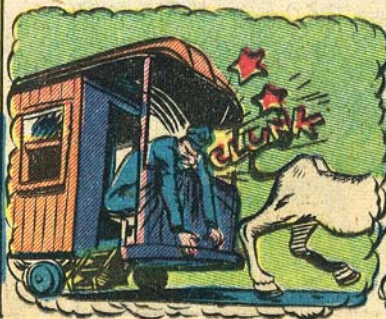


HERE WE ARE, BEPPO! MAYBE WE CAN GET THIS MONTH'S PEP COMICS!



EVERY TIME I OR THE PASSENGERS GOT SETTLED COMFORTABLY IN THE CAR, BEPPO WOULD START MOVING AN' WAKE US ALL UP...

MANY'S THE COLD NIGHT I HAD TO TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM A FRIENDLY GAME WITH THE BOYS TO GO THROW ANOTHER BLANKET ON THAT HAY BURNER...



BEPPLO INSISTED ON BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING AT 6 A.M. SHARP. IT FINALLY GOT SO I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY MORE...



HO-HUM! AM I G-GROGGY!

BESIDES, I FIGURED IF BEPPLO DISAPPEARED THE TOWN MIGHT PUT IN AN ELECTRIC LINE!



CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU... WELL, I'LL SPEAK TO THE MAYOR AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

SOME TIME LATER THE TRAIN ARRIVES IN NOPEOPLE...



WE MUST HAVE VISITORS, SHE'S STOPPIN'!



LOOK, IT'S MCGOOK!

HE'S GOT BEPPLO!

RAY FOR MCGOOK!

THAT NIGHT A BIG BANQUET IS HELD TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF NOPEOPLE'S ONLY HORSE...

AND IN THIS CORNER... ER.. AH.. I MEAN ON MY LEFT IS THE MAN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF BEPPLO!

WON'T YOU SAY A FEW WORDS MR. MCGOOK? A VERY FEW?



UNPREPARED AS I AM EXCEPT FOR... ER.. A FEW NOTES I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE ONE OR TWO REMARKS ON HOW I SOLVED THIS BAFFLING CASE, ETC. ETC. BLA, BLA.



SMART BOY, THAT MCGOOK! YES SIREEE, HE'S A SHREWD...



HALP! POLICE! HALP!

WHY, MR. MCGOOK? MY WATCH! WHAT'S ALL THE HOLLERING ABOUT?



SOMEBODY SWIPED IT AT DINNER... OF ALL THE...!

WONDER WHERE WALDO DISAPPEARED TO! THEY MUST HAVE SWIPED HIM, TOO!



WHAT'S THAT SCRATCHING?

WALDO! SO YOU STOLE MY WATCH! WHY YOU...!



HMM..I SEE YOU'RE DETERMINED TO STICK AROUND. WELL, OKAY, I CAN USE AN ASSISTANT-ESPECIALLY FOR THE CASE I GOT LINED UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!



AKK AKK

# COMING AT YOU LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE IN THE NEW JACKPOT NO. 5



BLACK HOOD

MR. JUSTICE

ARCHIE

STEEL STERLING

CLANCY AND LOONEY

# JACKPOT

**NO. 5**

THRILLS WITH  
 STEEL STERLING AND  
 SERGEANT BOYLE!  
 CHILLS WITH  
 THE BLACK HOOD  
 AND MR. JUSTICE!  
 GIGGLES WITH  
 ARCHIE AND  
 CLANCY AND LOONEY!

THE MAGAZINE THAT'S  
 GOT EVERYTHING!

SERGEANT BOYLE

BIGGER AND  
 BETTER THAN EVER  
 ON SALE  
 AT ALL NEWS-  
 STANDS  
**RIGHT  
 NOW!**



DAT RUSSIAN!!  
HE'S BEATIN' UP  
TH' GUARD!!

# THE LOST LEGION

**SLAM WHACKO POW**

SOMEWHERE IN A CON-CENTRATION CAMP IN THE VAST DESERTS OF LYBIA A HUGE RUSSIAN SOLDIER WATCHES HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, AN ENGLISHMAN, NAMED LIMEY BEING WHIPPED MERCILESSLY.. SUDDENLY, THE RUSSIAN, UNABLE TO STAND BY ANY LONGER, RUSHES FORTH AND....



HIT MINE FRIEND,  
EH??!! LET DAT  
BE A LESSON  
TO YOU!!

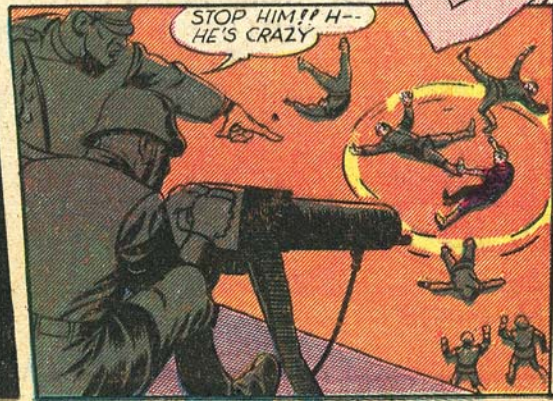


STAND ONE  
SIDE, LIMEY,  
I GOT MORE  
VOIK TO  
DO!!

TIKE IT  
EASY  
MOSCOW



BRING ON MORE  
CHOIMANS!



STOP HIM?? H--  
HE'S CRAZY



SUDDENLY ANOTHER FIGURE COMES HURTLING AT MOSCOW



SHHH. KEEP QUIET... IF I HADN'T KNOCKED YOU DOWN THOSE BULLETS WOULD HAVE GOT YOU!!

DANKS, BUT WHO ARE YOU??



VOT'S DE BIG IDEA OF STICKIN' YOUR NOSE INTO DIS, YOU YANKEE PIG!!

OHH.. WELL YOU SEE... ER...



I JUST FIGURED I'D SAVE YOU GUYS SOME TROUBLE AND STOP HIM FOR YOU!!



FOR DAT YOU MAY HAVE ZOOP AS A REWARD..



HEY, FRITZ!! THIS SOUP STINKS!!

VOT!

LATER THAT DAY THE AMERICAN PRISONER IS SERVED HIS SOUP...



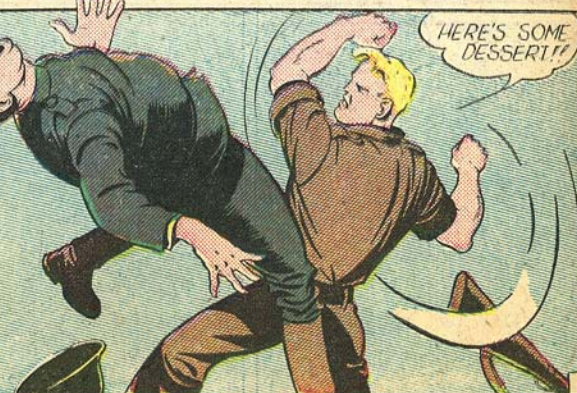
LOOK!! IT'S LIKE MUD!!

DON'T SAY DAT!! CHOIMAN ZOOP IS DE BEST IN DE VOILD!!



THEN YOU DRINK IT!!

ULP!!



HERE'S SOME DESSERT!!





THE AMERICAN LEAVES THE NAZI IN HIS STEAD...



HERE'S YOUR FOOD... YOU DOG...  
OH! OH!



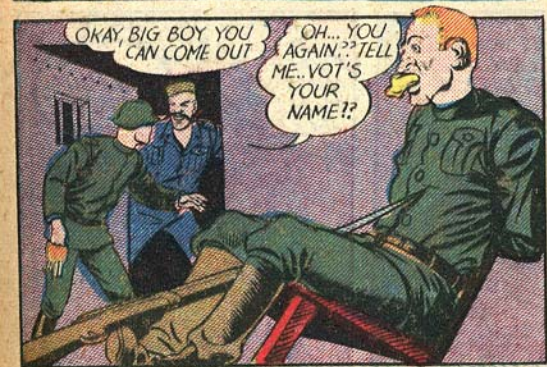
... I HAVE CHICKEN AND YOU GET DOG'S MEAT... HA! HA! HA!



HMM!  
GOOT!



ULP!  
VOT'S DOT!!



OH... YOU AGAIN?? TELL ME... VOT'S YOUR NAME?  
OKAY, BIG BOY YOU CAN COME OUT



JUST CALL ME ME, BROOKLYN  
BROOKLYN?? HATHA! JUST CALL ME MOSCOW



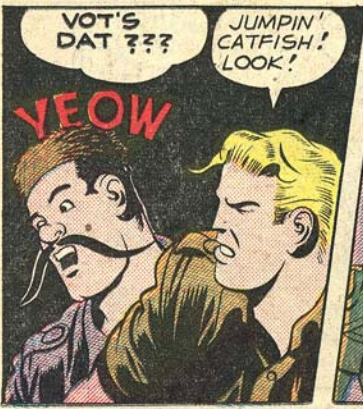
HMM... DIS CHICKEN IS GOOT!! SAY... HOW ARE DE DODGERS BUMKINS, EH?? OH... I FORGET!! VE MUST VISIT MY FRIEND LIMEY, COME WID ME!!



YOHOO YUF NEIGH YOHOO YUF NEIGH



SILENTLY THEY STEAL THE GUARD'S TOWER...THEN...



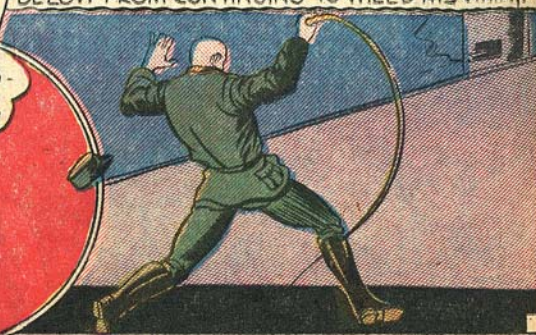
AND DOWN BELOW IN THE COURTYARD....



AS THE TWO NAZIS STEP OUTSIDE TO INVESTIGATE...



MOSCOW QUICKLY STOPS THE NAZI GUARD BELOW FROM CONTINUING TO WIELD HIS WHIP..





AFTER DRIVING FOR MANY HOURS, THE ESCAPED PRISONERS STOP SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST DESERT... MOSCOW INTRODUCES HIS TWO COMPANIONS TO THE FRENCHMAN...



FOUR MEN! EACH FROM A DIFFERENT LAND, UNITE AND PROMISE TO GIVE THEIR LIVES IF NECESSARY THAT DEMOCRACY MAY LIVE...

# BLOOD ON THE MOON

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

**K**IP BURLAND stopped outside the entrance to the wax museum.

"Barbara, this is silly," he said for what must have been the hundredth time. "You were just imagining things."

Barbara's lovely face was white and strained. "Kip, I saw that skeleton. It was supposed to be a fake, like the others, but it was real!"

"Probably some exhibit for use in medical class-rooms. There are hundreds of them."

Barbara turned to him. Her voice was low and tense. "Then what was it doing with a bullet hole right through the center of its forehead? . . . I tell you, they didn't want me to see that skeleton. If I hadn't forgotten my purse, and had to go back for it after the place was closed, I never *would* have seen it. They'd probably have disposed of it by now."

Kip shrugged. "All right. We'll probably be arrested for breaking into the place at this hour. But you won't be satisfied unless we do."

Inside the wax museum utter darkness reigned. The figures loomed up ghost-like as they felt their way among them. Kip began to get the strangest feeling, as though these waxen images were really alive and were watching them with cold, baleful eyes as they groped their way in the darkness.

"It's over here," Barbara

whispered. "Behind this next group of statuary."

At that moment Kip saw a glint of light in the darkness ahead of him. He yelled, "Look out!" and in the same movement flung Barbara to the floor.

A gun cracked, spitting an ugly blue-red flame. The bullet whizzed past the spot where Barbara had been standing an instant before.

Kip had been right. That glint of light had been the reflection from a gun barrel!

Barbara was calling, "Kip, Kip! Where are you?"

Abruptly the lights went on. In the far corner of the room, near the figure of a skeleton loosely mounted on a pedestal, two men were standing with drawn guns.

One of the men was raising his gun to fire again, when a choked cry from his companion stayed him.

Like an avenging fury, the Black Hood crashed into their midst!

The Black Hood's fist met the first man's jaw with crunching power. The man went back, flopped limply, lay sprawling on the floor.

The other man had time to fire once.

His shot went over The Black Hood's head as that mantled man of justice ducked and came in to the attack. His

fist bounced off the gunman's jaw, the gun flew wild. Then the Black Hood brought up his right with all the momentum of his body behind it.

The gunman went down and out. He didn't move a muscle from the time he hit the floor.

Later, as Kip Burland, the hero of that evening's encounter sat on a divan in Barbara's apartment while she read him the newspaper accounts of the smashing of the murder ring that had been using the wax museum as a front for their activities.

"But why should they have gone to so much trouble just to dispose of the bodies of the men they murdered?" Barbara asked.

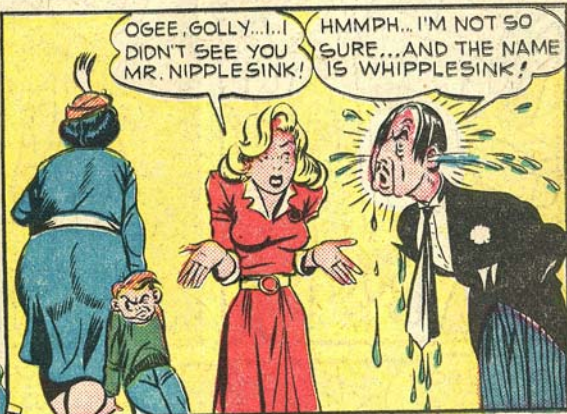
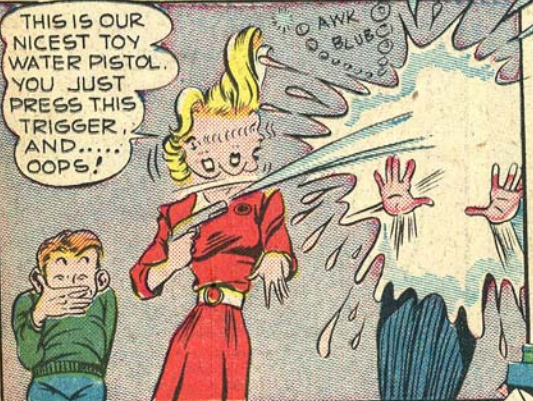
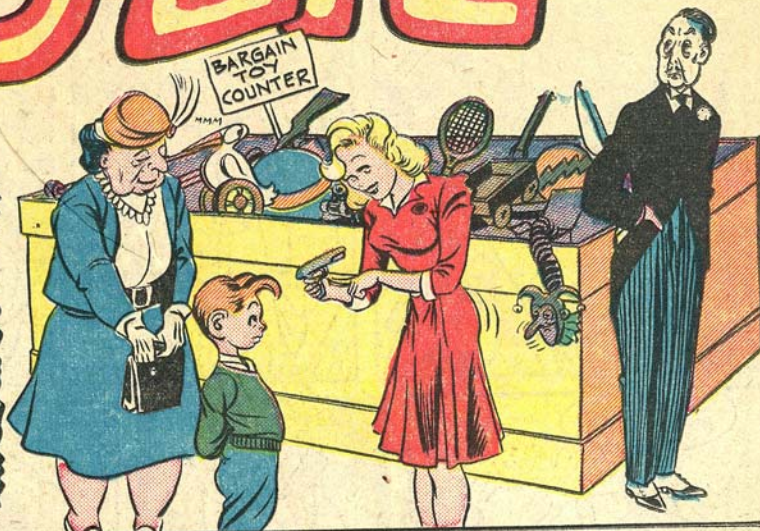
"For a very good reason," Kip replied. "The law says that unless there is a body, what they call the *corpus delicti*, there can't be a conviction for murder. So, by getting rid of the bodies of their victims, the murder ring was making sure that there never could be any future indictments against them."

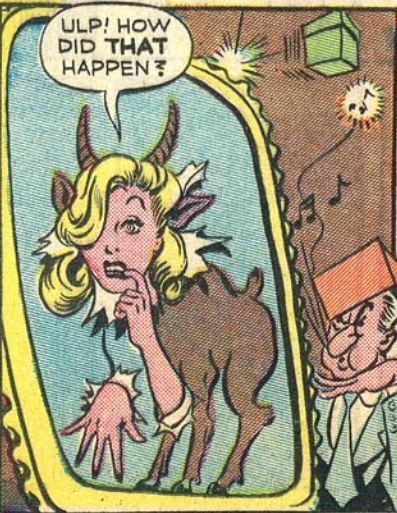
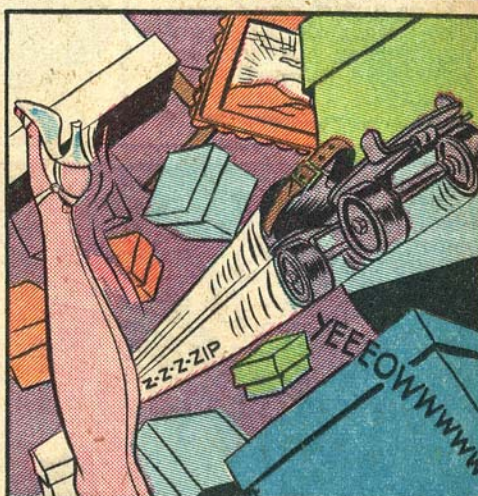
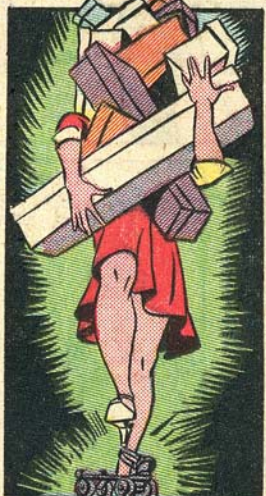
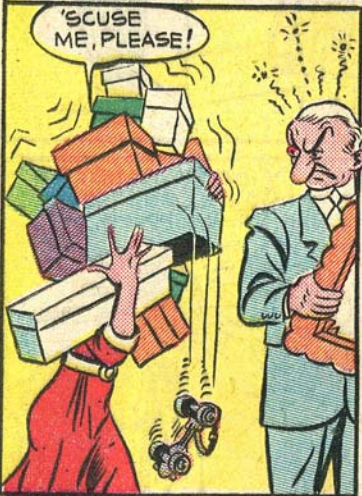
"And they'd have gotten away with it, too," Barbara murmured, "if it hadn't been for The Black Hood!"

Kip laughed. "And for a woman's curiosity," he said. "Don't forget that, Barbara. And the next time, be careful where you lose your purse!"

# SUZIE

IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE SHOPPING IN MOOCHER'S DEPARTMENT STORE, AND YOU FIND YOURSELF THREE AISLES OVER, TO THE REAR, RIGHT BY THE TOY COUNTER... LOOK FOR THE NEAREST EXIT... THEN RUN- DO NOT WALK, BEFORE SUZIE SEES YOU... OR MAYBE YOU LIKE LOTS OF TROUBLE... THEN ASK SUZIE TO WAIT ON YOU!







MR. MOOCHEER, ONE OF OUR SALES HELP IS VERY INEFFICIENT. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HANDLE THIS YOURSELF!

M-M-M!  
YES -  
M-M-M!



HRMPH, PMMPH... CAN'T STAND IN-EFFICIENCY! MUST BE DISCIPLINED.. SEND HIM IN!

8-2-2-2-



IT'S A GIRL, MR. MOOCHEER.. HERE SHE IS...

WHA..ER.. SO IT IS, AHEM.

ZING



WHIPPLESINK, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HOUNDING THIS POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL? TROUBLE IS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HUMAN NATURE! NOW, GET OUT!

(CHOKE)  
Y-YES SIR!



AHEM... AND IF HE GIVES YOU ANY MORE TROUBLE, MISS! ER..WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

SUZIE, MR. MOOCHEER! ...OHOOH...! DROPPED MY HANKIE!



DON'T BOTHER.. I'LL PICK IT UP FOR YOU, HEH, HEH, HEH, AWRRK!

ARRR!

?



OH, AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.. WON'T YOU LET ME FIX THEM FOR YOU, MR. MOOCHEER?



ALL RIGHT, BUT HURRY BACK. I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING THIS AFTERNOON!



I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY, MR. MOOCHEER!

LADIES LOUNGE

DE DEE  
DA DUM



YOO HOO, SUZIE! HAVE I GOT DIRT FOR YOU? ABOUT THAT SNOOTY LUCKLE DAME!

WHAT HAPPENED, MYRA?



TIME MARCHES ON  
BLA HE HE  
SO HE--HEE HE  
BLA FBLA SO OH, YES F  
BLA CLUCK AND I BLA BIG  
NO? REALLY HE DID? WHY  
REALLY? \$6 I KNEW I THOUGHT I'D DIE  
YES OF COURSE  
HE BZZ  
BLA



GREAT CAESAR! WHAT'S KEEPING THAT GIRL? THE BOARD'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



MR. MOOCHER, THE DIRECTORS ARE HERE.. I'LL BRING THEM RIGHT IN!  
YIPE... I GOTTA DUCK-ARE BUTT WHERE?



THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN!

FIRE EXIT



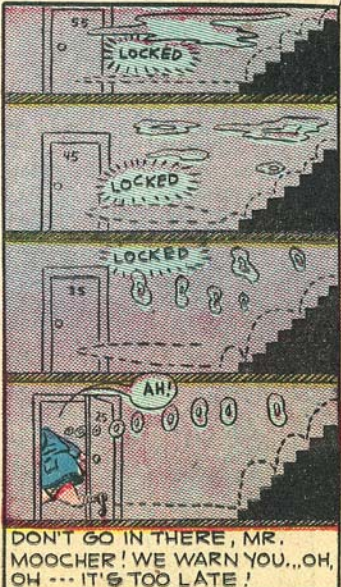
WELL, WHERE IS HE?

HOW? WHERE? BUT I NEVER SAW HIM LEAVE!

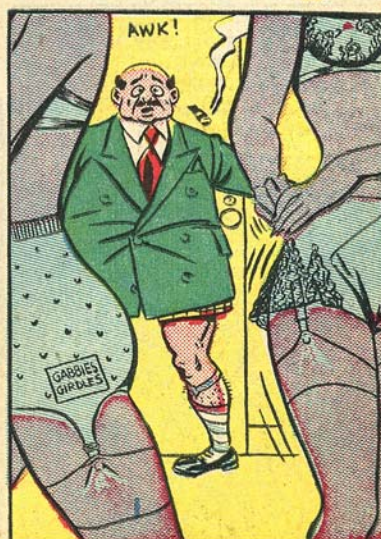


THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE GONE! NOW TO GET BACK IN MY OFFICE!

WHAT TH... LOCKED! THESE THINGS DON'T OPEN FROM THIS SIDE!



LOCKED  
LOCKED  
LOCKED  
AH!  
DON'T GO IN THERE, MR. MOOCHER! WE WARN YOU...OH, OH... IT'S TOO LATE!



AWK!

GABBY'S GIRBLES





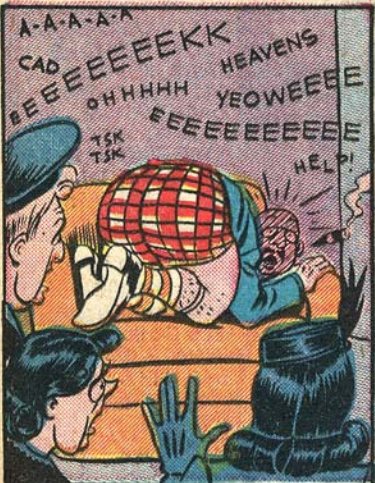
BLANKETY-BLANK-BLANK I WOULD DUCK INTO THE REAR OF THE FASHION SHOP!



MODELS! (GROAN) EVERYWHERE I TURN + MODELS!



BUT MR. MOOCHER IS ON A REVOLVING STAGE, WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE... AND NOW, MRS. DROOPJOWLS, THIS



A-A-A-A-A CAD EEEEEEEKK OH HHHH YEOWEEEE TSK TSK EEEEEEEEEEE HELP!



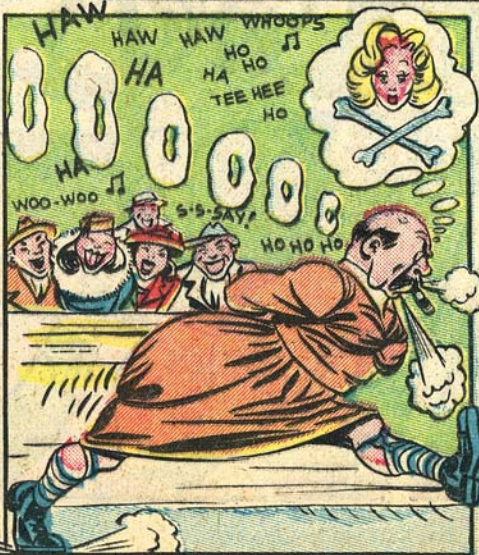
BUT, MR. MOOCHER.. WH-- GIMME THAT DRESS... SHUT UP!



MEANWHILE... AND THEN SOMEBODY CALLED HER A PANTS CHASER, AND... CLUCK BLA BZZZZZZ CHATTER



PANTS-AWK!..... THE BOSS'S PANTS... I FORGOT THEM COMPLETELY!

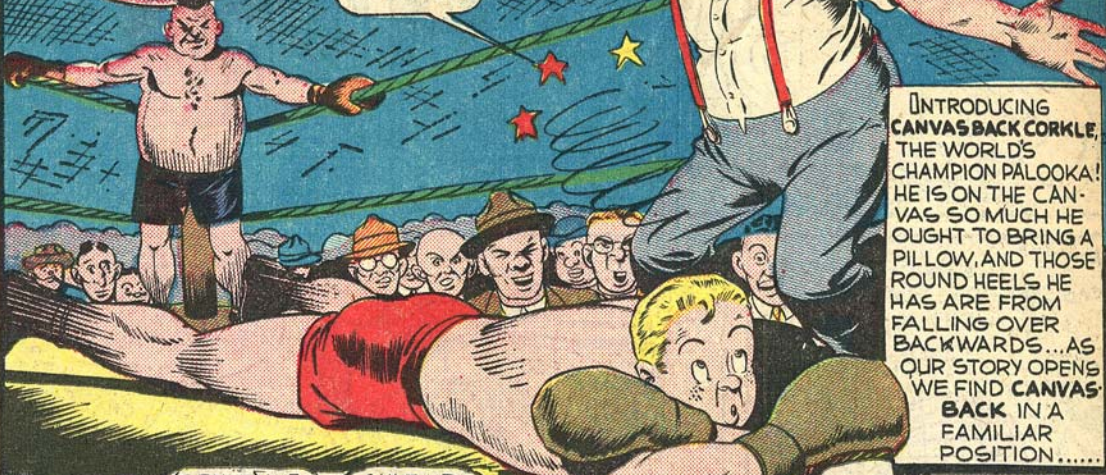


HAW HAW WHOOPS HA HO HO TEE HEE HO WOO-WOO S-S-SAY HO HO HO HO



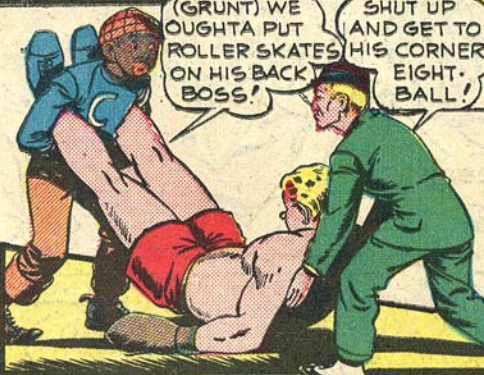
OH WELL, THAT NIGHT... I WAS GETTING TIRED OF THAT JOB ANYWAY. LET'S SEE NOW.. WAITRESS, COOK, MAID...

# CANVAS BACK CORKLE



9-10 YOU'RE OUT!

INTRODUCING CANVAS BACK CORKLE, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PALOOKA! HE IS ON THE CANVAS SO MUCH HE OUGHT TO BRING A PILLOW, AND THOSE ROUND HEELS HE HAS ARE FROM FALLING OVER BACKWARDS... AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND CANVAS BACK IN A FAMILIAR POSITION.....



(GRUNT) WE OUGHTA PUT ROLLER SKATES ON HIS BACK BOSS!

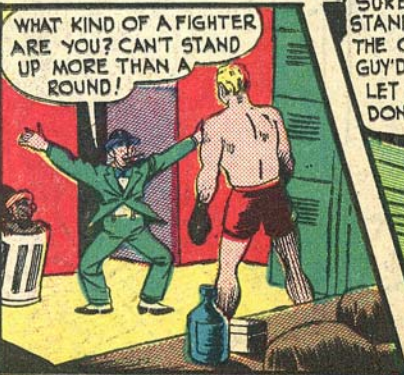
SHUT UP AND GET TO HIS CORNER EIGHT-BALL!

GEE, IT'S A SHAME TO WAKE HIM, BOSS - HE'S SO PEACEFUL!

COME ON WAKE UP YOU CHAMP CHUMP!

HELP! BLUB BLUB! MAN OVERBOARD!

LET'S GO IN. I WANT A TALK WITH YOU.



WHAT KIND OF A FIGHTER ARE YOU? CAN'T STAND UP MORE THAN A ROUND!

SURE I KIN STAND UP... IF THE OTHER GUY'D ONLY LET ME! GEE DON'T SHOUT!



OH! NOW YOU'RE GIVING ME ORDERS!! WELL I'M THRU WID YOU!!



LATER...  
(SIGH) I GUESS I'M A WASHOUT AS A PRIZE-FIGHTER EIGHTBALL!

NO, MISTAH CORKLE.. MAYBE A SLIGHT DRIP... BUT NOT A WASH-OUT!



LOOKA DIS BOOK, BOSS! IT SAYS "HOW TO GAIN CONFIDENCE AND CON-QUER DE WOILD"...

HMM, MAYBE I OUGHTTA READ IT- IF I STILL RE-MEMBER HOW TO READ!



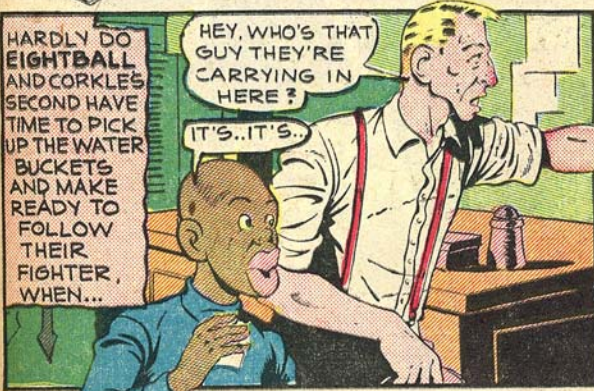
AND THE NEXT FIGHT!...  
COMING RIGHT OUDT!  
HMM  
HMM  
HMM

OKAY CORKLE YOU'RE WANTED IN THE RING.



I'VE GOT CONFIDENCE NOW, EIGHTBALL! I'LL TEAR THIS GUY APART. I'LL MOIDER 'IM! GRR... LEMME AT 'IM!

YOU'RE UP AGAINST A TOUGH BABY, CORKLE!



HARDLY DO EIGHTBALL AND CORKLE'S SECOND HAVE TIME TO PICK UP THE WATER BUCKETS AND MAKE READY TO FOLLOW THEIR FIGHTER, WHEN...

HEY, WHO'S THAT GUY THEY'RE CARRYING IN HERE?

IT'S...IT'S...



**CORKLE!**



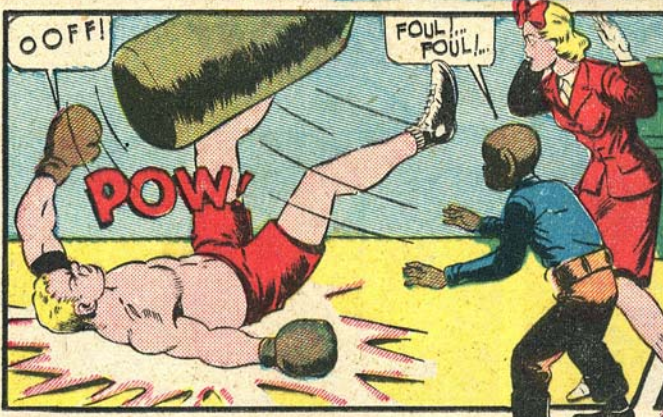
AH CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BOSS... IS YOU POSITIVE YOU READ DIS BOOK?

SURE!



ONLY DE OTHER GUY/ WELL, ANYWAY, WE MADE ENOUGH FOR PORK AND BEANS AS USUAL!

WELL, ANYWAY, WE MADE ENOUGH FOR PORK AND BEANS AS USUAL!



OH POOR CORKLE, I'M AFRAID HE'S PICKED THE WRONG PROFESSION!

IF ONLY HE COULD WIN ONE FIGHT, MISS BABS, JUST ONE!

HE JUST NEEDS CONFIDENCE IN HIS-SELF. I BET IF HE WALKED OUTTA THE RING ONCE ... THAT'D DO IT!

MAYBE, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'LL EVER DO IT!

AND AT THE SAME TIME IN THE TRAINING CAMP OF BORNEO SAM, LEADING CONTENDER FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP...

BORNEO I JUST LEARNED SLUGGER BROKE HIS WRIST AND WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT YOU!

SNIFF... SAY, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL OF ONIONS @!\$\*

AWRIGHT, I'M SORRY I FORGOT!

BUT YA OUGHTTA HAVE AT LEAST ONE MORE FIGHT BEFORE YA MEET THE CHAMP! HMM...WHO CAN WE GET THAT WILL "POSITIVELY" LOSE?

MEANWHILE...

WELL, HERE WE ARE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM. ANYWAY, WE'RE SURE OF EATING!

GOSH, BABS, YOU'RE SWELL HONEST. GEE!

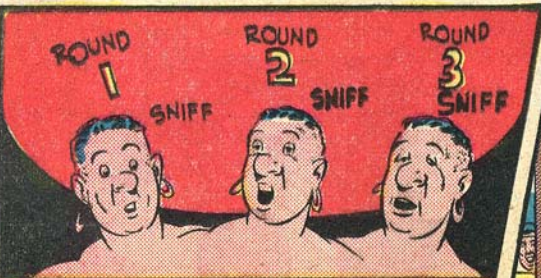
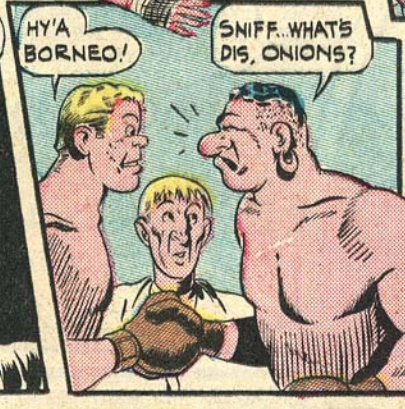
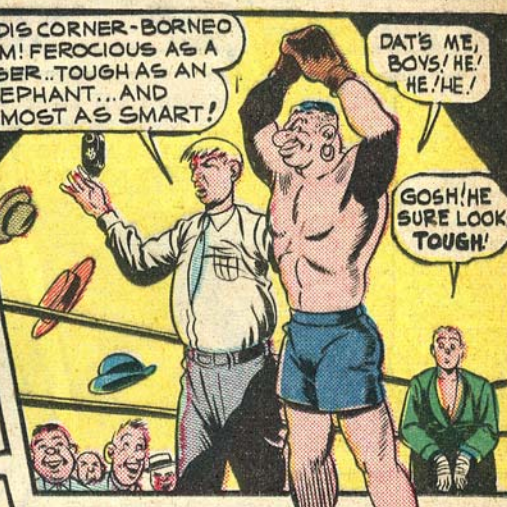
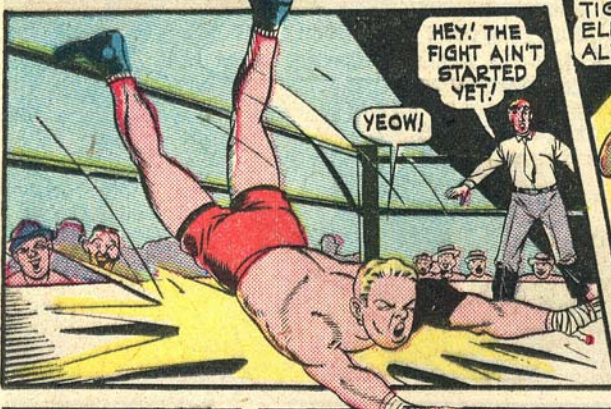
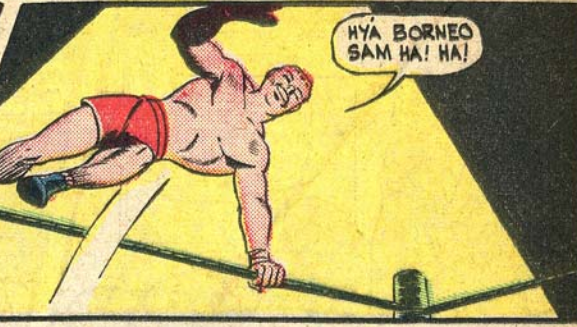
TELEGRAM FOR YOU MA'M SIGN HERE!

FOR ME? WONDER WHO IT CAN BE FROM?

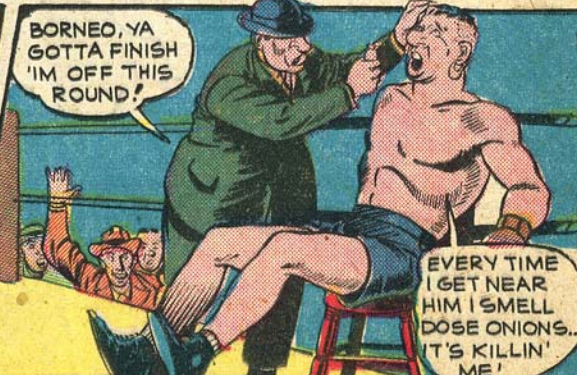
CORKLE! THEY WANT YOU TO FIGHT BORNEO SAM THE WINNER GETS A CHANCE TO FIGHT THE CHAMP!

MAN OH MAN!

GOSH!



THE CROWD IS THUNDER-STROCK AS THE ROUNDS GO BY - AND STILL NO KAYO. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BORNEO SAM?



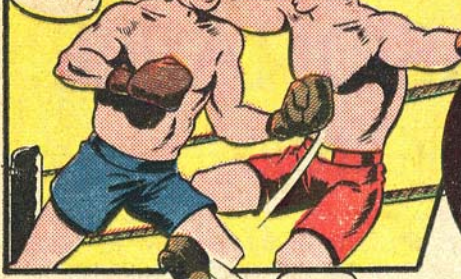
DESPERATELY, BORNEO RUSHES IN FOR A QUICK KILL, AND...

OH, OH, SOMETHING'S UP, THERE'S A PECULIAR GLAZE IN BORNEO'S EYES RIGHT AFTER THAT LAST WHIFF OF CORKLE'S BREATH!

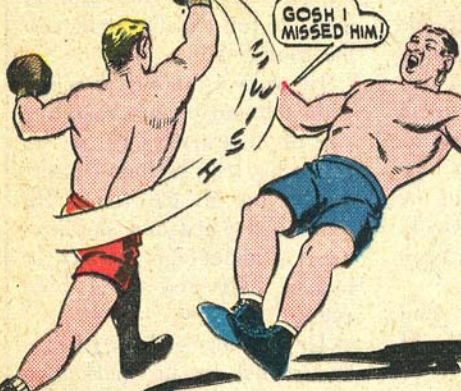
FINISH HIM OFF CORKLE!

SNIFF-SNIFF!

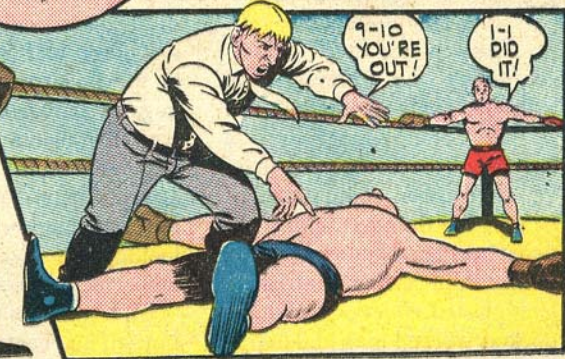
OOFF!



YEOWW! HE'S WIDE OPEN! YOUR RIGHT, CANVASBACK! THROW THAT RIGHT!

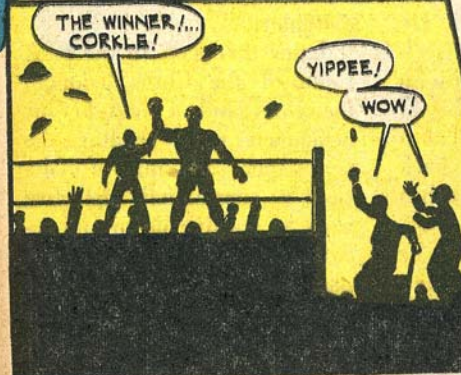


GOSH I MISSED HIM!



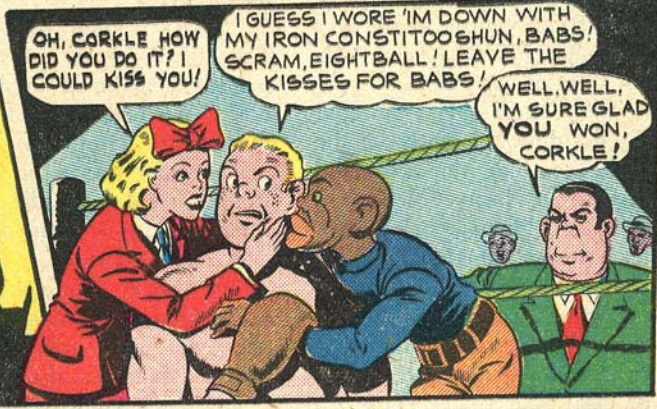
9-10 YOU'RE OUT!

I- I DID IT!



THE WINNER!... CORKLE!

YIPPEE!  
WOW!



OH, CORKLE HOW DID YOU DO IT? I COULD KISS YOU!

I GUESS I WORE 'IM DOWN WITH MY IRON CONSTITOOOSHUN, BABS! SCRAM, EIGHTBALL! LEAVE THE KISSES FOR BABS!

WELL, WELL, I'M SURE GLAD YOU WON, CORKLE!



G-GOSH! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE CHAMP BUD AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT ME NEXT!

GOSH! CORKLE'S FAINTED!

GOSH! WONDER WHAT MADE HIM DO DAT!

HE'S JUST REHEARSIN' FOR HIS FIGHT WID ME. I SOITANLY AM ANXIOUS TO GET INTO THE RING WID CORKLE... VERY ANXIOUS! HEH, HEH, HEH!



NEXT MONTH CORKLE FIGHTS THE CHAMP! ... DON'T MISS IT!

# CRIMES COMMITTED— RATES REASONABLE!

## A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

**S**NOOP McGOOK stepped into the office of the Police Commissioner.

"You sent for me?" he asked, fixing the Commissioner with his eagle-like stare.

The Commissioner was a red faced, beetle-browed man. He had the reputation of being the dumbest chief the department had known in years. Under him crime flourished. Unmolested, thieves and pick-pockets worked long and happy hours. Gambling dens prospered. The guards in the city jail-house grew fat and lazy for want of customers.

The Commissioner brought his fist down violently on the desk, so that the ink-stand jumped in alarm. "McGoek!" he roared, "the mayor's daughter has been kidnapped and my whole blankety-blank police department can't find her! The Mayor's given me just twenty-four hours to get her back—or else! And you've got to do it!"

McGoek raised a bony finger. "Never fear," he said. "Either I shall return with the girl in twenty-four hours, or I shall return without her!"

The commissioner sat down heavily and mopped his brow. "That's fine," he said.

McGoek went first to the Club Redondo, where the Mayor's daughter had last been seen. A swarthy looking man

was wiping glasses near the end of the bar.

McGoek whipped out his spy-glass and stared intently at the fingerprints on the mahogany bar, comparing them with the prints on a card he had taken from his pocket. The swarthy man came around the bar and stood next to McGoek, looking over his shoulder. Soon other men joined him.

McGoek looked up to find himself the center of a ring of hostile eyes.

"What'cha doin' that for?" The swarthy man asked. He put his hand on McGoek's elbow. "We better take him in the back room to see the Boss!"

The Boss was sitting at a wooden table in the back room, playing solitaire with a deck of soiled cards.

"So you're McGoek?" he said, "and the Commissioner sent you here to find the Mayor's daughter, did he?"

McGoek nodded. Against his back he could feel the cold pressure of a gun.

"That's right. And, unless I find her in twenty-four hours, the Commissioner is going to be out of a job!"

On hearing this, the Boss laid down his pack of cards. He leaned forward. "Is that the truth?" he asked. At the same time he made a motion with his hand.

McGoek saw the gun barrel

rise in an arc above his head, but he was just too late to duck. It felt exactly as though the roof fell in.

He woke up in a dark room, with a bump on his head the size of an ostrich egg. As he got to his feet, he heard someone crying in the room. He went to the bed and saw her, a girl of about eight, with curly blonde hair and wide blue eyes.

He did not need the picture he carried in his pocket to know that this was the Mayor's daughter.

Later that day, in the back room of the Club Redondo, the Boss and a few of his henchmen were reading the newspaper account of McGoek's sensational detective work in trailing down and recovering the Mayor's kidnapped daughter. "The Greatest Detective Since Sherlock Holmes," said the accounts.

The Boss winked at his men. "Too bad we had to pass up the ransom money for the Mayor's daughter, eh, boys?"

One of the henchmen nodded solemnly. "Yeh. But anything was better than for the Commissioner to lose his job. Boy, we'd go out of business without that dumb cluck! What hurts me, though, is that that bone-head detective, McGoek, is gonna get all the credit for this!"



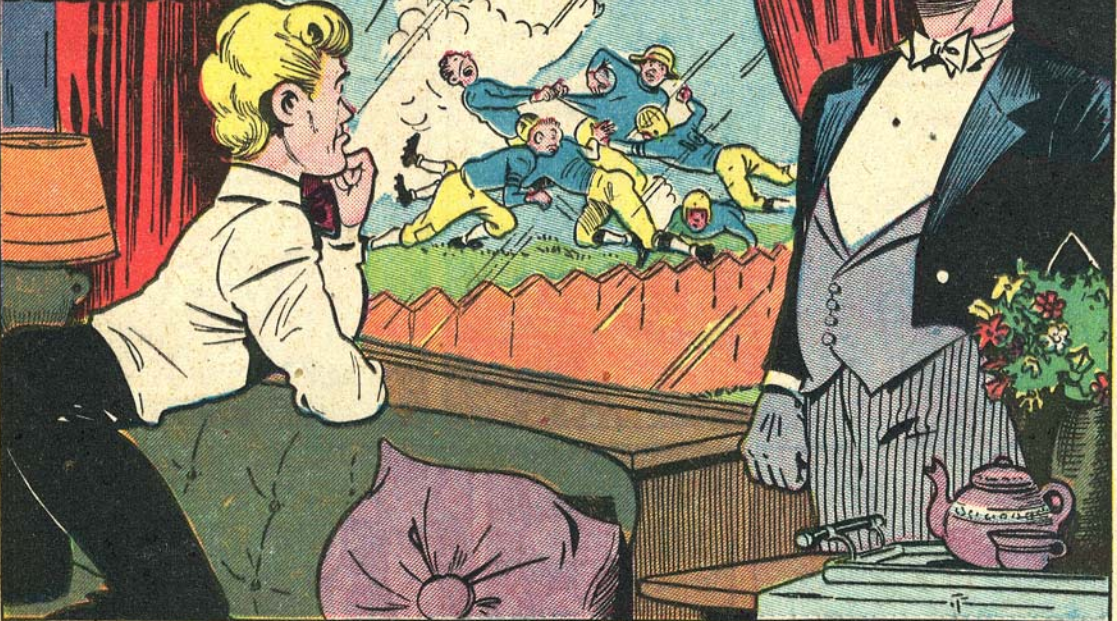
# PERCY

by  
MONTANA  
and  
KEAN

IT'S A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S A GUY GOING TO DO WHEN ALL HE WANTS TO BE IS ONE OF THE GANG? A REG'LAR FELLER? NOT THE BLUE-BLOODED YOUNG GENTLEMAN HIS WEALTHY PARENTS ARE TRYING TO MAKE OF HIM. SO STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET - PERCIVAL PLUMMER.

FINE THING. THERE'S THE GANG PRACTICING. AND ME, THE COACH, STUCK IN HERE!

MASTER PERCIVAL, YOUR SINGING TUTOR HAS ARRIVED!



HOLY CATS! I'LL BE STUCK FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR... I'LL NEVER MAKE PRACTICE, NOW



ER-AH... COULDN'T WE POSTPONE TODAY'S LESSON, MR. SCREECH!

CERTAINLY NOT! YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE THE PRIVILEGE OF PRIVATE TUTORING. NOT MANY BOYS ARE AS FORTUNATE!



NOW WE COMMENCE.. DO, RE, ME, FA, SO, LA, SO --

A VOICE LIKE THAT AND HE CALLS IT A PRIVILEGE!

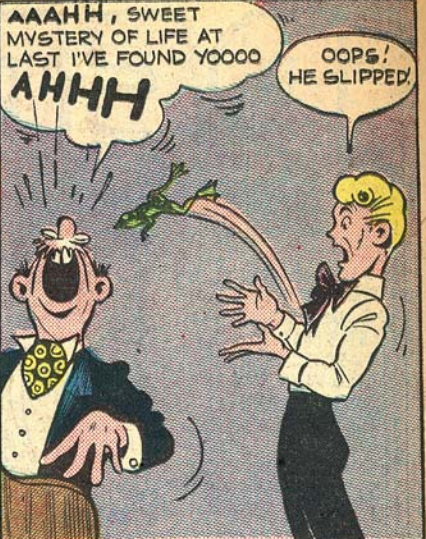




SAY...WHAT'S WRIGGLING IN MY POCKET? OH,OH...IT'S FLIP...I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM!



GEE, FLIP, I'M SORRY, OLE PAL! I'LL LET YOU OUT NOW!



AAAHH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I'VE FOUND YO000

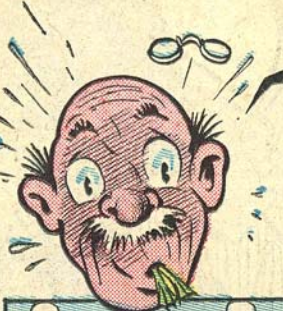
OOPS! HE SLIPPED!

AHHH

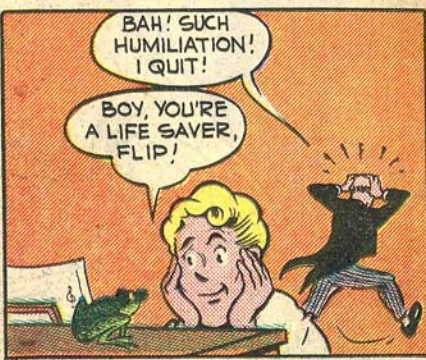


YOU YOUNG RUFFIAN! YOU DELIBERATELY PUT THAT FROG IN MY THROAT!

YOU HAD ONE THERE BEFORE FLIP JUMPED IN!



ULKKKK!

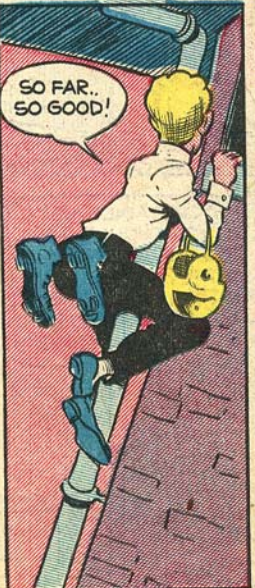


BAH! SUCH HUMILIATION! I QUIT!

BOY, YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER, FLIP!



I'M ONLY AN HOUR LATE - NOW TO SNEAK OUT WITH MY UNIFORM WITHOUT JEEVES SEEING ME!

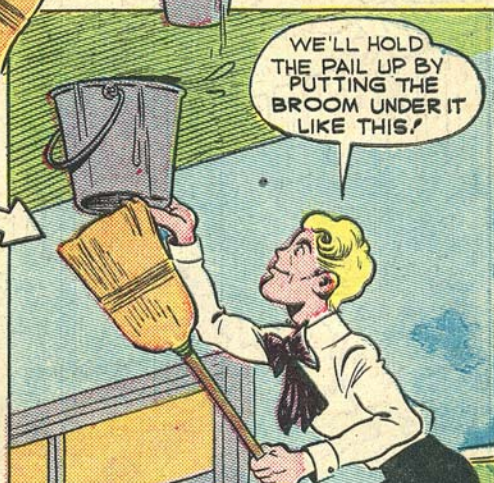
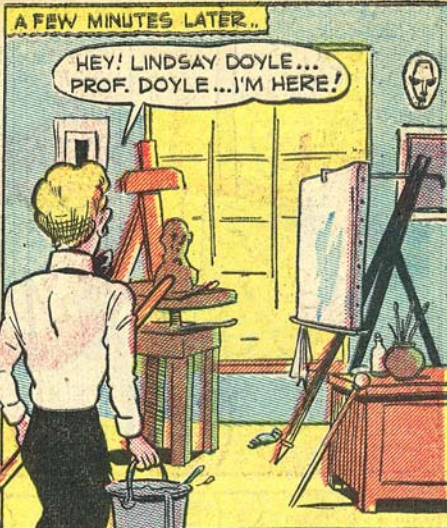


SO FAR... SO GOOD!



SO, MASTER PERCIVAL, UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN. I SHALL BE FORCED TO WRITE YOUR PARENTS OF THIS LATEST ESCAPEDE!

AW GEE, CAN I HELP IT IF OLD SCREECH WALKS OUT ON ME?



MUCH LATER...

HOW CAN I GET OUT OF ZIS?... AT LAST, HERE COME ZAT BUTLER!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?... WHERE IS MASTER PERCIVAL?

GRR-TAKE ZIS BROOM- I'LL FIND HIM- AND WHEN I DO...



BUT JEEVES GRASPS THE BROOM TOO LOOSELY...

YE OOW

SPLASH

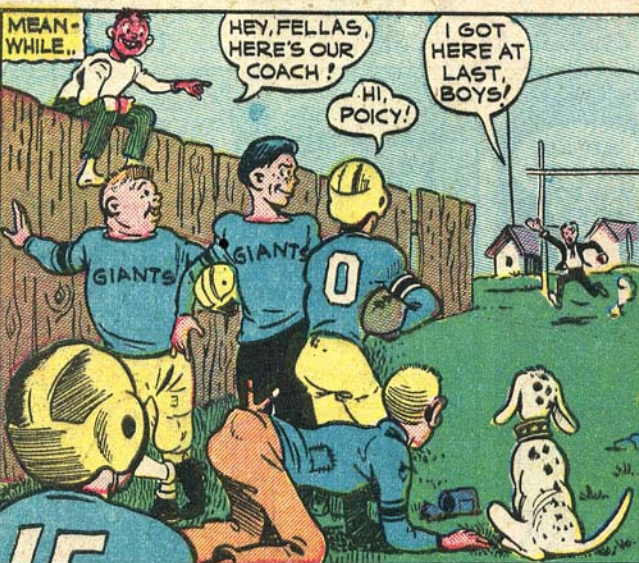


MEANWHILE...

HEY, FELLAS, HERE'S OUR COACH!

I GOT HERE AT LAST, BOYS!

HI, POICY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY AREN'T YOU PRACTICING?

WE GOT CHALLENGED BY DE CHAMBERS ST. TIGERS TO PLAY TOMORROW. IF WE DON'T HAVE SOME NEW PLAYS, WE'RE SUNK!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GET MY MATH TUTOR TO THINK UP A COUPLE... FOR ONCE HE'LL BE USEFUL... WAIT FOR ME!



...AND SO, MR. GYPS, WE ARE SUNK UNLESS WE CAN THINK UP A NEW SYSTEM OF PLAYS!

HMM... IT SEEMS VERY SIMPLE - A MATTER OF MATHEMATICS!



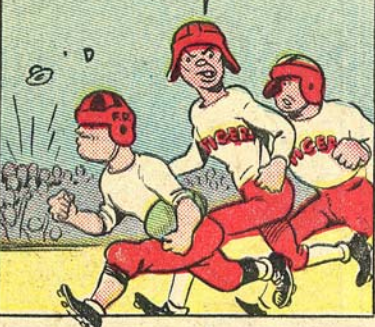
THAT NIGHT AT THE FIELD...

YOU'RE DOING SWELL, FELLAS... WE'RE ALMOST DONE NOW... MR. GYPS SAID ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF MATHEMATICS, WE CAN'T LOSE TOMORROW!



THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME -- AND THE VISITING 'BEARS' COME OUT...

DIS'LL BE EASY! WHERE'S DE FIELD?

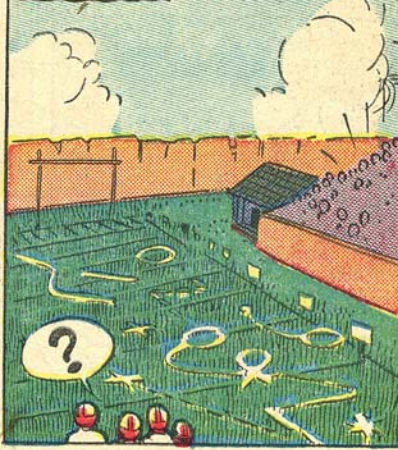


HEY, FUZ, LOOK!

IT'S GEOMETRY!

IT'S SCREWY!

THE FIELD HAS BEEN PAINTED WITH STRANGE GEOMETRIC FIGURES...



DON'T FORGET THE NEW SYSTEM! GET IN THERE AND WIN!

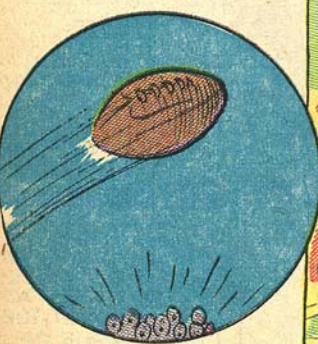


SIGNALS! TRIANGLE THREE-SQUARE OF DE HY-POT-ANEWS! SIXTY DEGREES!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ALGEBRA? WHAT ARE THESE GUYS DOIN'?

HEADS UP! IT'S A PASS!



THE BALL IS SHOT TOWARDS THE GOAL BY PERCY'S TEAM...



YA SUPPOSED TO STAND ON DIS CROSS!

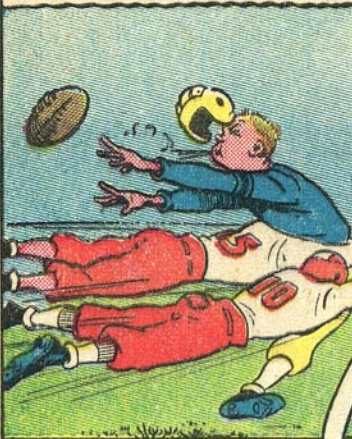
YA NUTS! POICY SAID A COYCLE!



ooo woo

LOOK WHERE THE BALL IS! WHAT A SYSTEM!

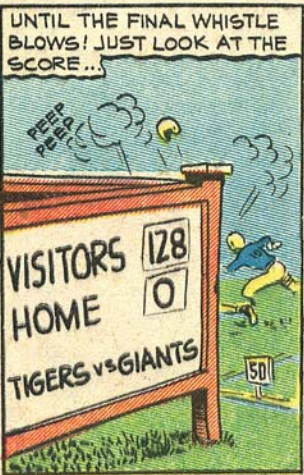
RECOVERING FROM THEIR AMEZEMENT, THE VISITING TEAM CHARGES THROUGH THE LINE TIME AFTER TIME..



YIPEE!  
ANUDDER GOAL!  
YOU GUYS BETTER USE  
YOUR MATHEMATICS  
TO KEEP SCORE!



THE GAME WEARS ON...  
OOOH... I CAN'T LOOK! MY  
TEAM IS BEING MASSACRED.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
BETTER THAN TO TRUST  
A PROFESSOR!



UNTIL THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS! JUST LOOK AT THE SCORE..



WELL, WELL, MY BOY! WAS THE GUT-COME OF THE GAME GRATIFYING?

YES, PROFESSOR. IF YOU'LL STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT THE GANG WANTS TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE!



GOODBYE, MR. GYPS!

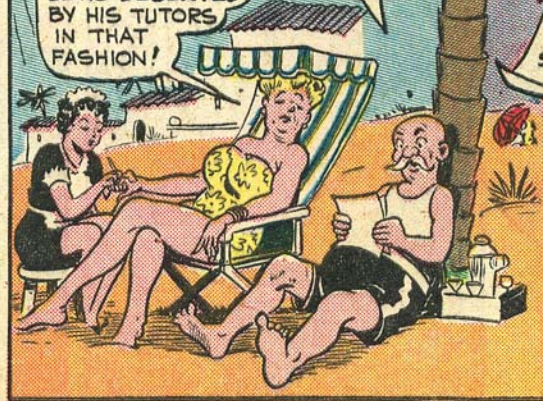


DEAREST MATER AND PATER I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT ALL MY TUTORS HAVE LEFT ME... THIS MAKES ME VERY SAD INDEED...

VACATIONING AT CLUB "FLUB-A-DUB" ARE ... PERCY'S PARENTS...

POOR, DEAR PERCY. HE MUST BE HEART BROKEN-BEING DESERTEED BY HIS TUTORS IN THAT FASHION!

HMM, I WONDER, OH, HERE'S A P.S., MY DEAR! IT SAYS...



P.S. I'M AFRAID ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR ME IS TO GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AND PUT UP WITH THOSE ROUGH-NECK FOOTBALL PLAYING STUDENTS!

WATCH PERCY DUCK THAT ASCOT TIE IN A SMACK-EROO OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS**

# BE PREPARED FOR A BOMBSHELL

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF "PEP"

SHIELD!...GET UP! WE'VE  
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!  
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED,  
SHIELD?

I-I DON'T  
KNOW, DUSTY!..  
I..I'M WEAK!..MY  
HEAD'S SPINNING  
LIKE A MERRY-  
GO-ROUND!

THE MOST  
SPECTACULAR  
EVENT IN THE  
HISTORY OF  
COMICS

...AND SOON THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE  
**WILDFIRE**

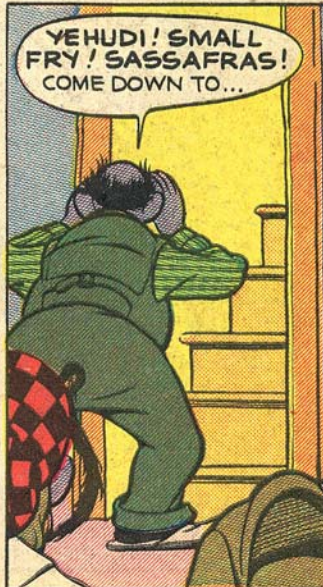
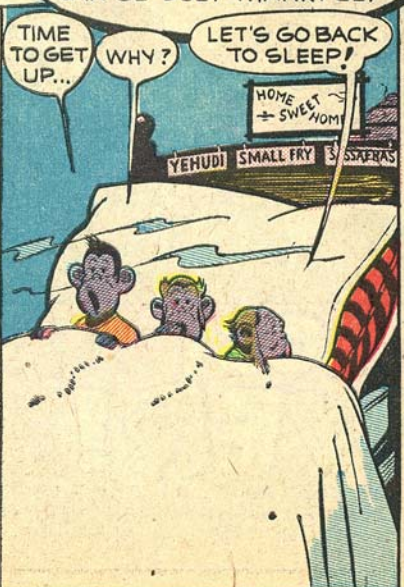
## THE SHIELD HAS LOST HIS SUPERPOWER!

IS THIS ANOTHER CATASTROPHE FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY? ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR? IS THE SHIELD'S WORK FINISHED? WILL HE EVER RECOVER? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER, AND THE THRILLING ANSWERS ARE TO BE FOUND ONLY IN JULY PEP!

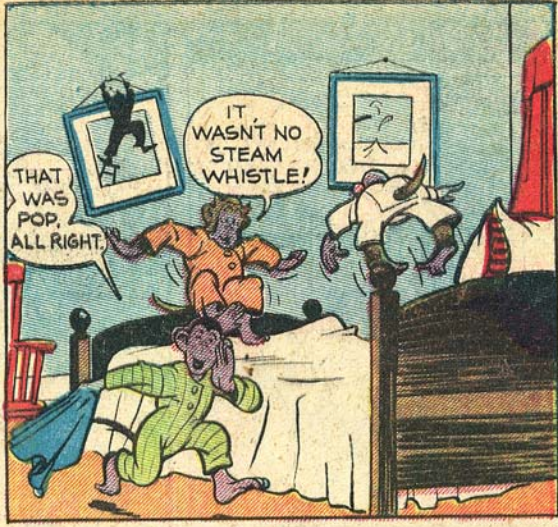
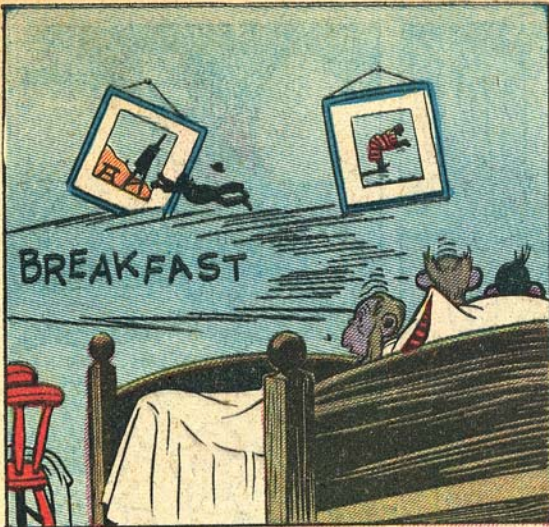
# The 3 Monkey-teers

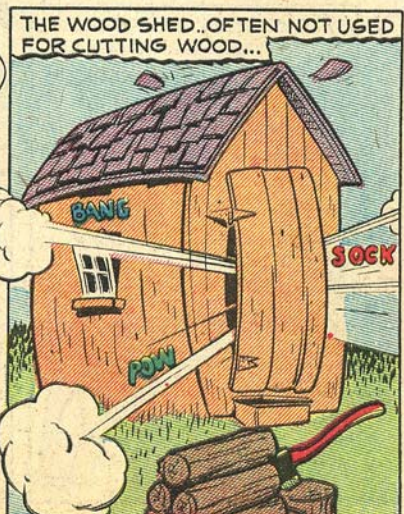
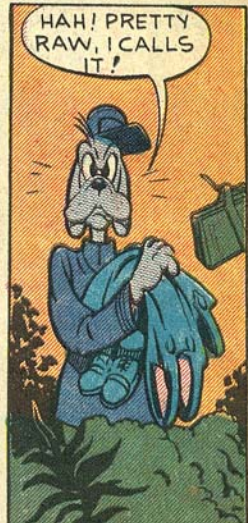
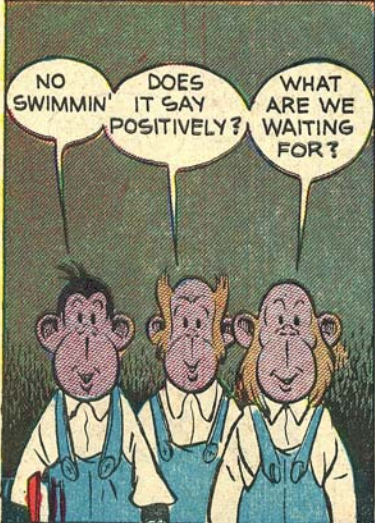
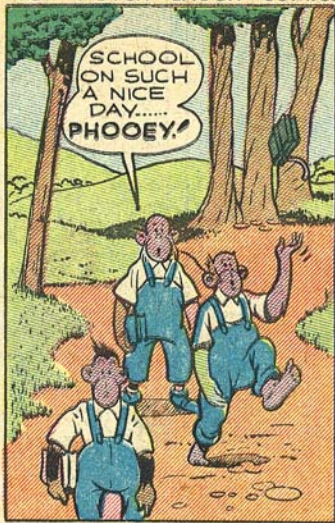


DEAR READERS, THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS ARE HERE PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY COMIC BOOK..THERE ARE POSITIVELY NO OTHERS LIKE THEM IN THE WORLD-FOR WHICH ALL PAPA AND MAMA MONKEYS CAN BE DULY THANKFUL!













WALL...IT'S GOT CLASSY RESTAURANTS, AN' SWELL LOOKIN' DOLLS AN' MOVIN' PITCHER SHOWS SO BIG THEY GOT BLOODHOUNDS TO TRACK DOWN PEOPLE WHO GET LOST IN 'EM!



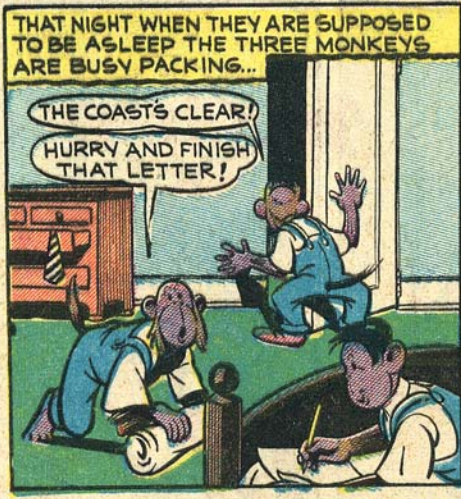
GEE! GOSH! GOLLY!  
WHY'D YOU EVER LEAVE A PLACE LIKE THAT?



I HAD A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT WITH THE COPS! IT WASN'T NOTHING MUCH, ONLY A COUPLE OF 'EM HAD TO SPEND A FEW WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL!



SO I DECIDED TO LAY LOW UNTIL THINGS KINDA QUIETED DOWN.. BUT I'M GOIN' BACK SOME DAY, I DON'T BELONG IN A CHEESY LITTLE BURG LIKE THIS!



THAT NIGHT WHEN THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP THE THREE MONKEYS ARE BUSY PACKING...

THE COAST'S CLEAR!  
HURRY AND FINISH THAT LETTER!



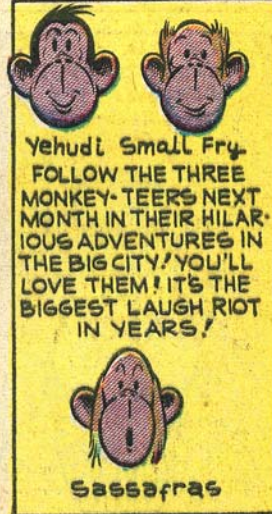
Dear mama, also papa -  
We are going to the big city... dont worry about us.  
yehudi  
Small Fry  
Sassafra  
P.S. We have lots of money (25¢)



GEE, MOMMA WAS GOING TO HAVE PANCAKES IN THE MORNING!  
SHHH!

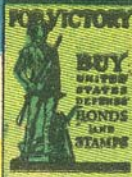


NO MORE TRUANT SCHOOL OFFICERS!  
NO MORE TRUANT SCHOOL OFFICERS!  
NO MORE SOAP  
WHOOPEE!

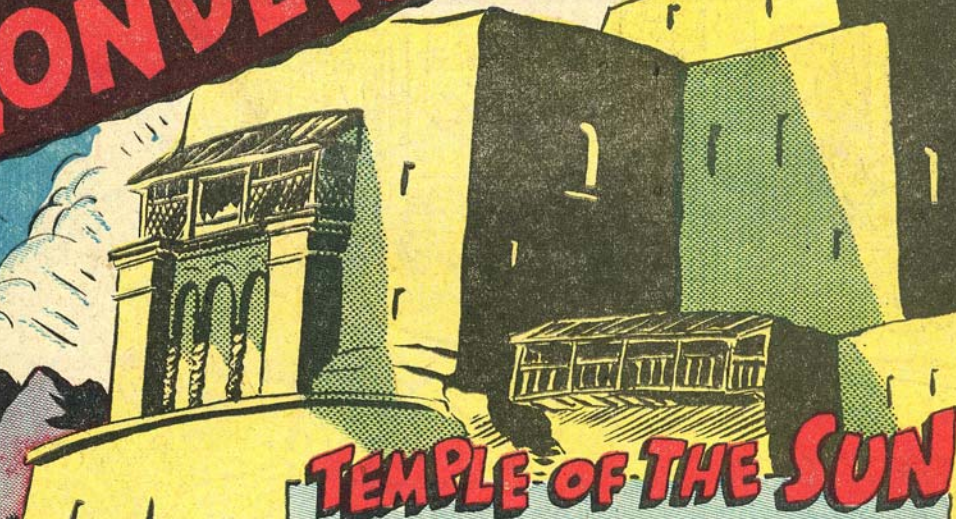


Yehudi Small Fry - FOLLOW THE THREE MONKEY-TEERS NEXT MONTH IN THEIR HILARIOUS ADVENTURES IN THE BIG CITY! YOU'LL LOVE THEM! IT'S THE BIGGEST LAUGH RIOT IN YEARS!

Sassafra

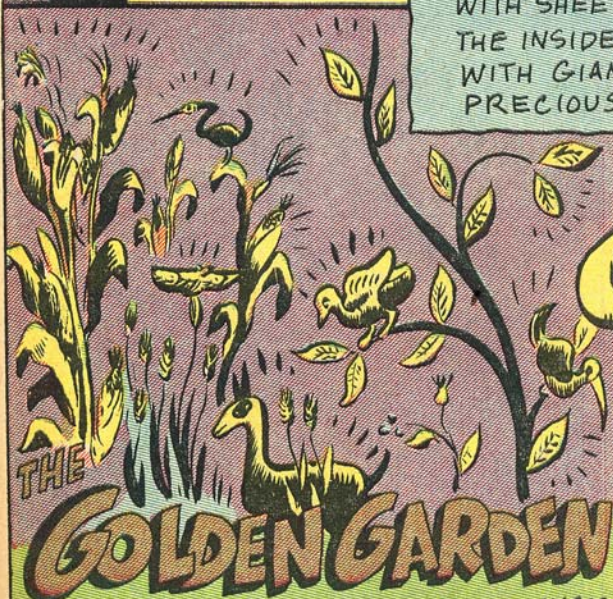


# WORLD WONDERS



## TEMPLE OF THE SUN

THE GREAT INCA BUILDING AT CUZCO IN PERU, WAS COVERED INSIDE AND OUT WITH SHEETS OF **PURE GOLD** .... THE INSIDE WALLS WERE ALSO DOTTED WITH GIANT EMERALDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.



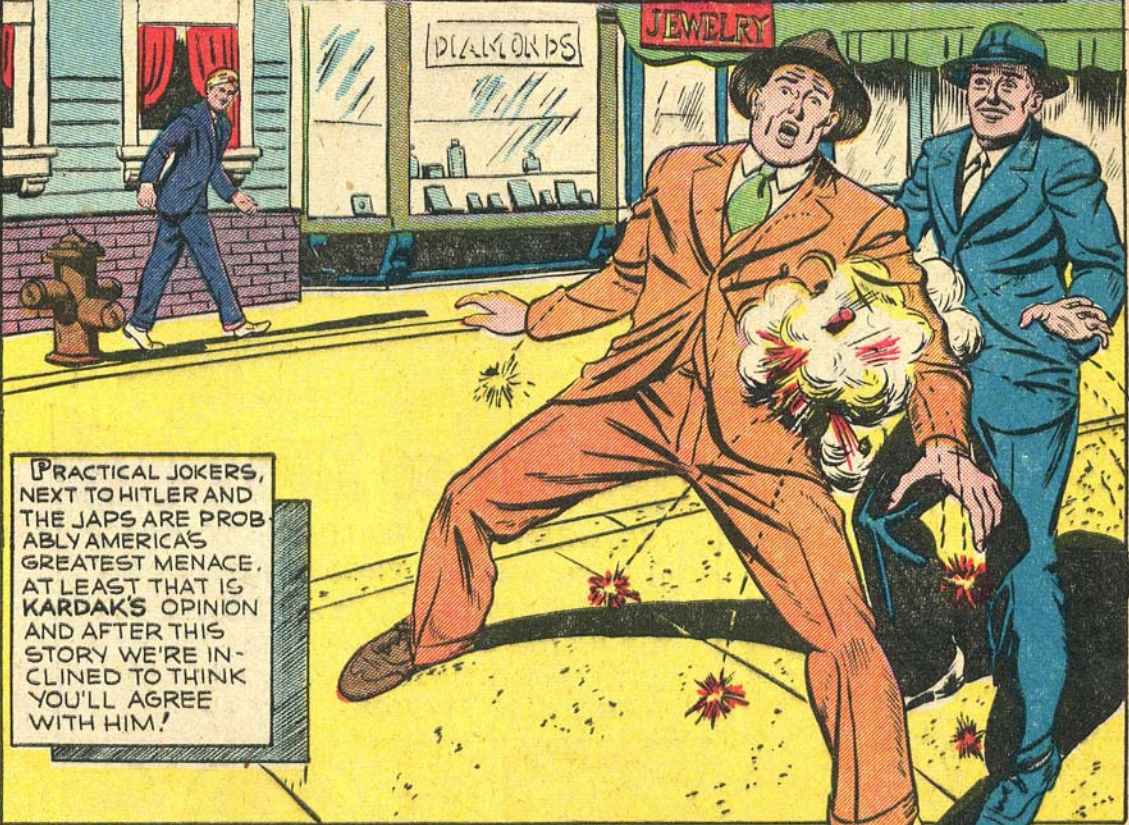
## THE GOLDEN GARDEN

ALSO AT CUZCO, WAS FILLED BY THE INCAS WITH CORN - GRAIN - BUTTERFLYS - BIRDS - ANIMALS AND TREES - ALL OF **SOLID GOLD!**



**W**HEN A SON WAS BORN TO HUAYNA CAPAC, THE LAST GREAT INCA RULER, HE WAS SO HAPPY HE HAD MADE A GIANT 700 FT. LONG **GOLDEN CHAIN** WITH WHICH HE ENCIrcLED THE WHOLE PALACE!

# THE KARDAK MYSTIC MAGICIAN



PRACTICAL JOKERS, NEXT TO HITLER AND THE JAPS ARE PROBABLY AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE. AT LEAST THAT IS KARDAK'S OPINION AND AFTER THIS STORY WE'RE INCLINED TO THINK YOU'LL AGREE WITH HIM!



HAW, HAW, NEVER EVEN SAW ME PUT THAT FIRE-CRACKER IN HIS POCKET!

OOH! MY SUIT'S SMOKING!



OH! SO IT'S YOU, JOE BLOW... THINK IT'S FUNNY, DON'T YOU?

SURE IT'S FUNNY... TROUBLE IS YOU'VE GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR!



I'LL PASTE YOU IN THE NOSE, YOU.

HERE, YOU TWO! CUT THAT OUT!



BETTER COME ALONG, MR. JOE BLOW, BEFORE THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE!

THE SOURPUSS! ALL OVER A LOUSY LITTLE FIRE CRACKER!



WELL, THANKS FOR STOPPING THAT FIGHT, MISTER. I'VE BEEN PLAYING JOKES ON ED FOR A LONG TIME AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE EVER GOT SORE LIKE THAT. JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN'T TRUST PEOPLE!



HMM! PLAYING JOKES FOR A LONG TIME, EH!... I HAVE AN IDEA, MR. JOE BLOW MIGHT BE SOMEBODY WORTH KEEPING AN EYE ON!



MEANWHILE, JOE BLOW GAILY ENTERS AN OFFICE BUILDING...

HI, THERE, DOORMAN, SHAKE!

WHY, ER YES SIR!



OW! I'M ELECTROCUTED!



JOE BLOW HAD AN ELECTRIC BUZZER CONCEALED IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND...

ISN'T HE THE FUNNIEST MAN?



WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD PAL, HANK SHORT... WONDER WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?



BIG DOINGS TONIGHT, JOE! HAVING A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MY KID. ALL THE FAMILY'S GOING TO BE THERE EXCEPTING MY MOTHER WHO'S IN TOPEKA!

LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, JOE BLOW MAKES A PHONE CALL.

HELLO, IS THIS HANK SHORT'S HOME? THIS IS LONG-DISTANCE-TOPEKA CALLING!

WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?



THIS IS MRS. SHORT'S DOCTOR... SHE'S VERY ILL AND WANTS TO SEE HER SON RIGHT AWAY. THERE MAY NOT BE MUCH TIME!



HA, HA, THAT'LL SEND HANK OUT ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE AND MISS THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. WILL HE BE SORE NOW I'LL CALL MY SECRETARY AND HAVE MORE FUN!



SEND A TELEGRAM TO MR. JONES, AT ROCK CANYON LODGE... DEAR MR. JONES YOUR HOLDINGS IN CONSOLIDATED COPPER HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY WIPE OUT!

BUT, MR. BLOW, I THOUGHT COPPER WAS GOING UP!

JONES WON'T FIND OUT UNTIL TOMORROW... IN THE MEANWHILE HE'LL WORRY HIMSELF SICK! HA, HA!



SEND THAT WIRE RIGHT AWAY, MISS WINTERS!

ALONE, JOE BLOW LOOKS UP STARTLED...

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER... I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR ACTIVITIES FOR THE PAST HOUR. THINK YOUR PRETTY SMART, DON'T YOU?







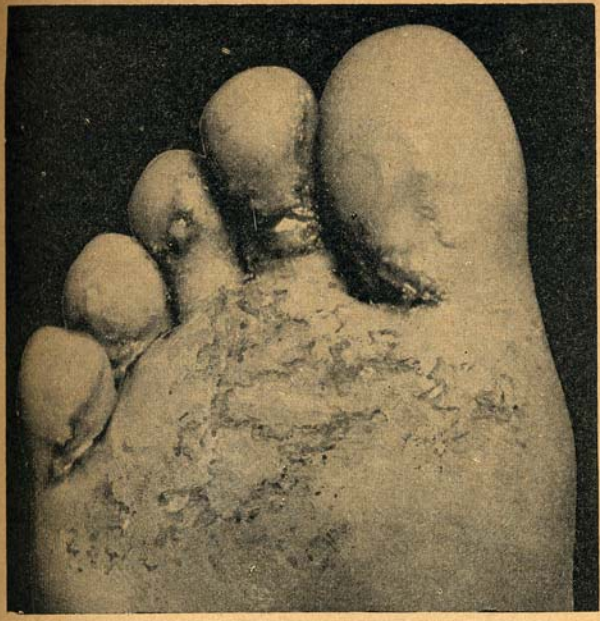
LATER, AS KARDAK LEAVES...



JOE BLOW PICKS UP THE TICKER TAPE... AND SUDDENLY HIS HANDS CLUTCH IT TIGHTLY...







# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon  
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.



## Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

### DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

### H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



### GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

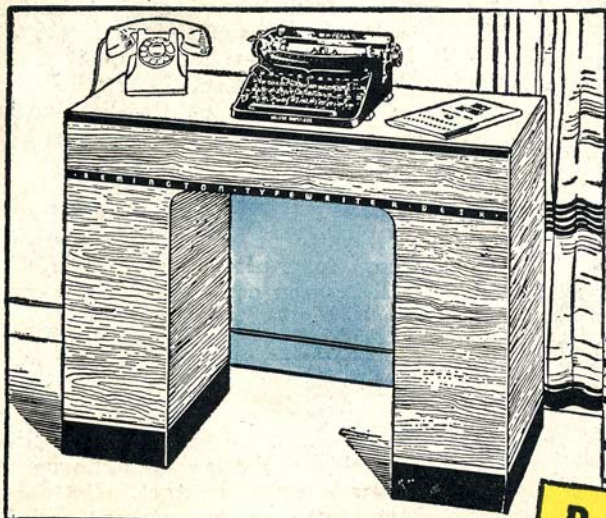
810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY..... STATE.....

# ACT NOW!

## ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



# THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

### REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

### THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

### SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

### SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

## Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. DO IT TODAY!



### SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 419-5  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about the Remington ten pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....