

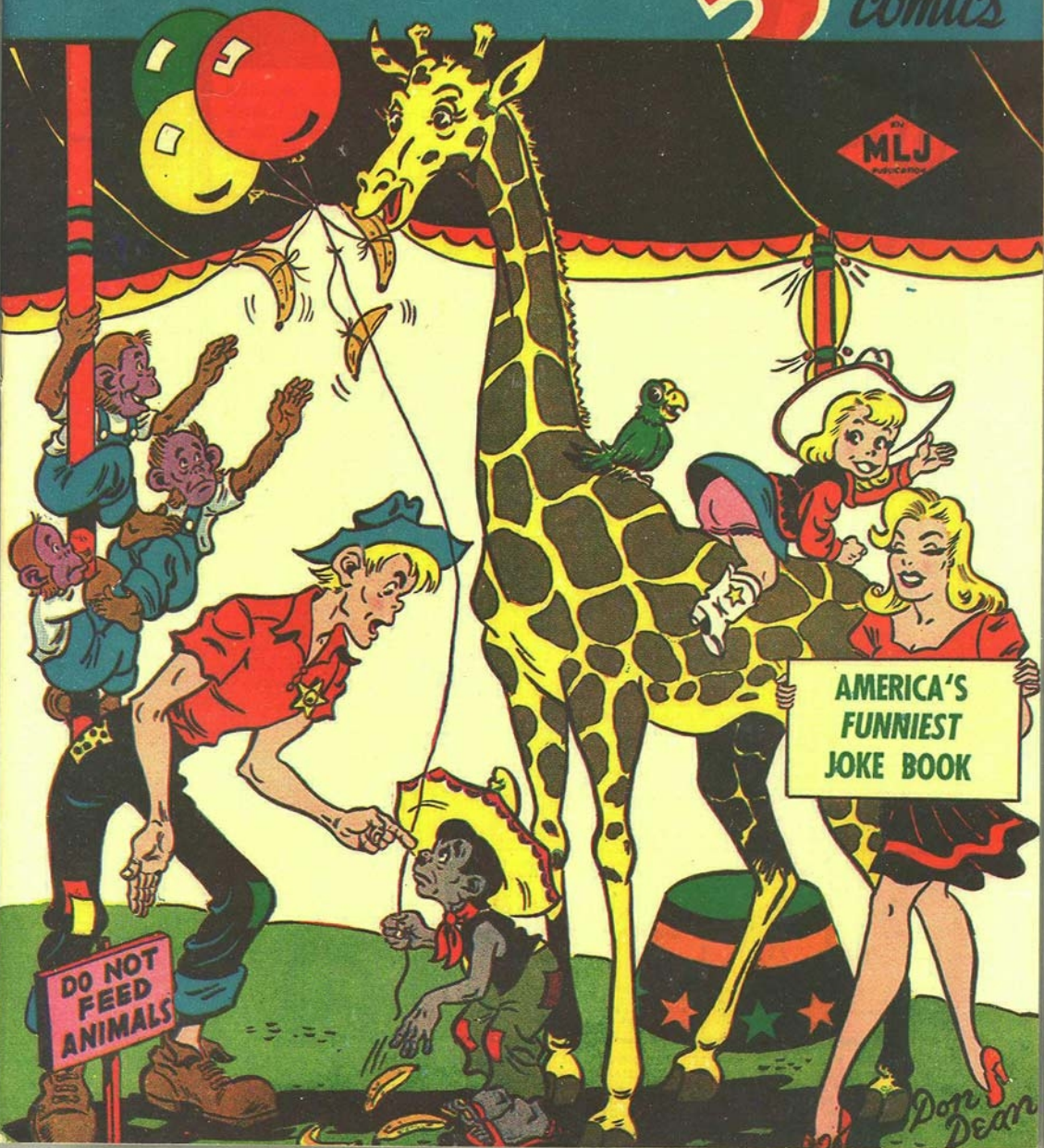
NO.
38

TOP-NOTCH

AUG.
10¢

Laugh

comics

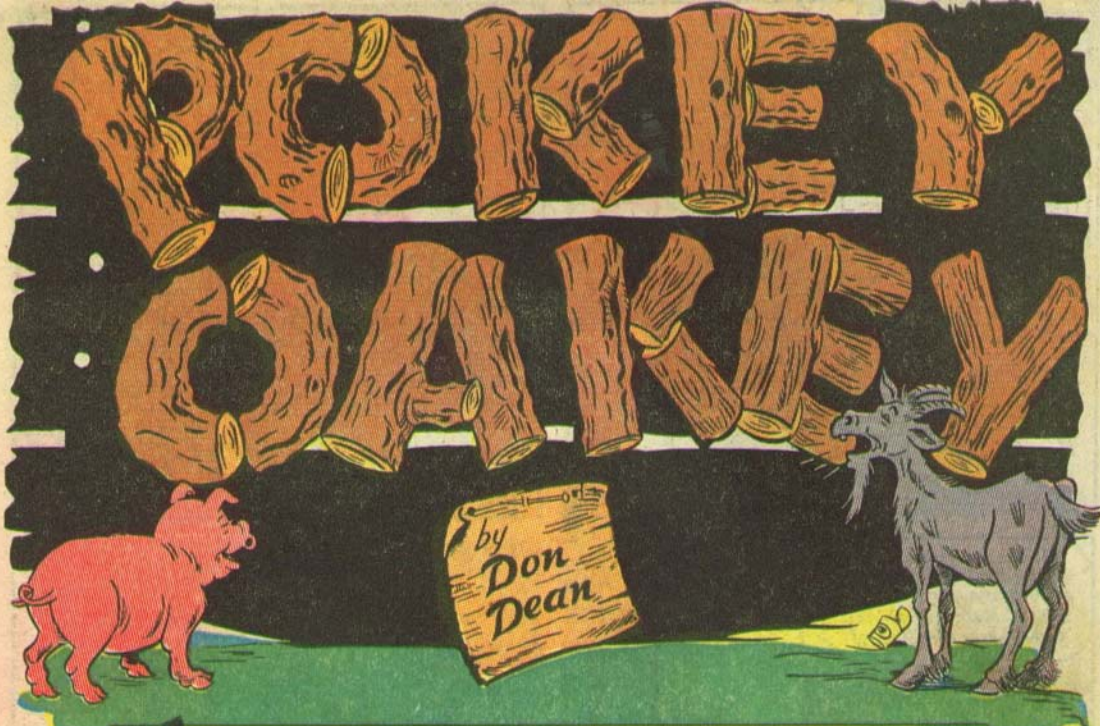


MLJ
PUBLICATIONS

AMERICA'S
FUNNIEST
JOKE BOOK

DO NOT
FEED
ANIMALS

Don Deane



IS THIS YOUR FIRST MEETING OF **POKEY OAKY**, THE HILL-BILLY SHERIFF? IF SO, IT IS ONLY FAIR TO EXPLAIN THAT AS A SHERIFF, POKEY WOULD MAKE A GOOD FARMER AND AS A FARMER HE WOULD BE THE TYPE TO FEED HIS COW **TOOTH POWDER** IN HOPES OF GETTING **DENTAL CREAM**!!
SO NOW YOU HAVE IT!!



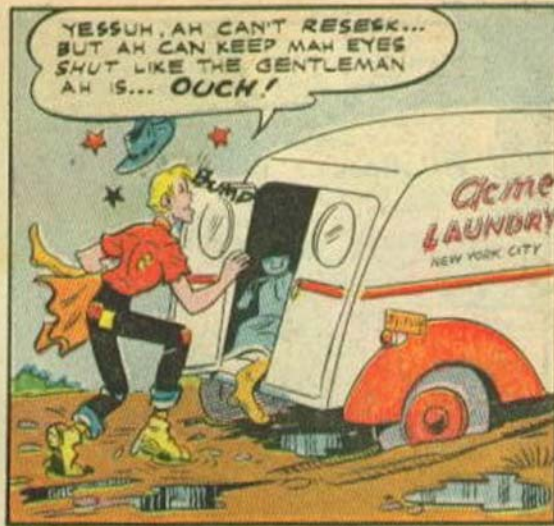
LOOKY THAR!
 HAIN'T THET
 SOMEONE
 GOIN' DOWN
MISERY LANE?

YUP! AN' ET'S
POKEY OAKY!!
 MOS' PROBABLY HE IS
 THE ONLY ONE IN
 THESE HYAR PARTS
 DUMB ENOFF TO
 TRAVEL ON A ROAD
 WIFF A **CURSE**
 ON ET!



RECKON AH MUST BE GETTIN'
 NEAR THET STRETCH OF GROUND
 KNOWN AS '**MISERY LANE!**' **BRRRR..**
 THEY SAY THET HIM THET
 WALKS ON "**MISERY LANE**" IS
 IN FOR SHO 'NUFF **TROUBLE!**
DAWGONE! THINK THEY WOULD
 PUT UP SIGNS OR SUM'PIN
 TO **WARN A FELLAH!!**





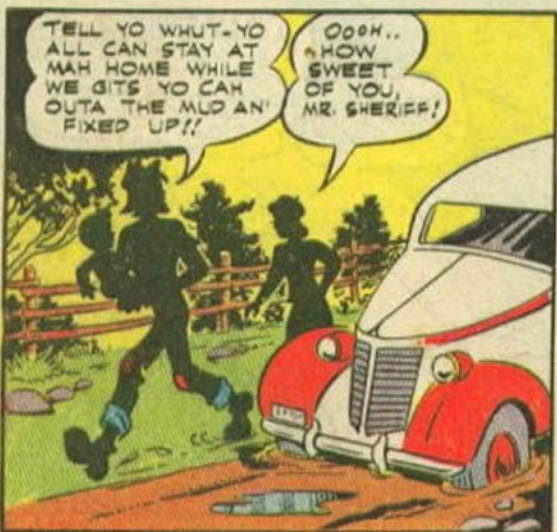


TAKE THAT ROPE
OUTA YOUR PUSS
AND PLAY ALONG,
YOU, JERK, IT'S
OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BOOHOO...
WHAT CAN I
DOOOO...



HMMM... LEMME THINK
BUT FUST LE'S GIT OUTA
HYAR.. FO ALL THE MISERY
YO IS SUFFERIN'
WE MUST BE ON
" MISERY
LANE!"
(BRRR...SHUPPER!)



TELL YO WHUT-YO
ALL CAN STAY AT
MAH HOME WHILE
WE GITS YO CAR
OUTA THE MUD AN'
FIXED UP!!

OOOH..
HOW
SWEET
OF YOU,
MR. SHERIFF!



GOD-GOD,
FUNNY
MANS!

EEEOO! YO CHILE
SHO PACKS SOME
WALLOP, FO A
BABY, LADY!

NOW, JOEY,
DARLING,
NAUGHTY,
NAUGHTY!
MAMA
SPANK!!



WOW!

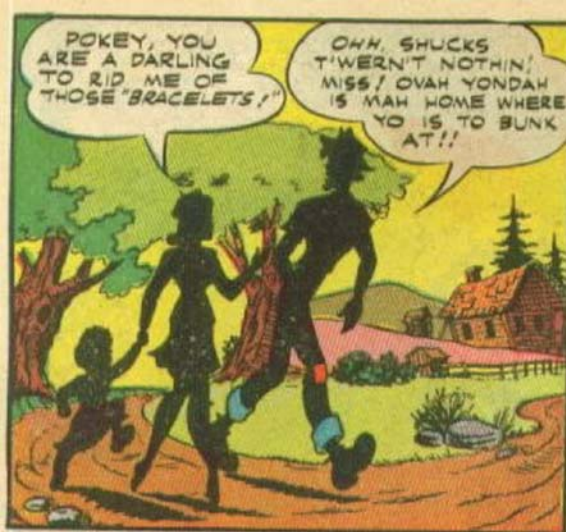
OH THAT'S AWRIGHT,
LADY, AH LOVES KIDS
ANYWAY- SAAY, WHUT'S
THEY DANGLIN' FROM
YO WRIST???

OH!



W-WHY, WHY IT
IS THE HAND. CUFFS
FROM LITTLE JOEY'S
G-MAN OUTFIT--
WE WERE PLAYING
AND-I-I COULDN'T
GIT THEM OFF!

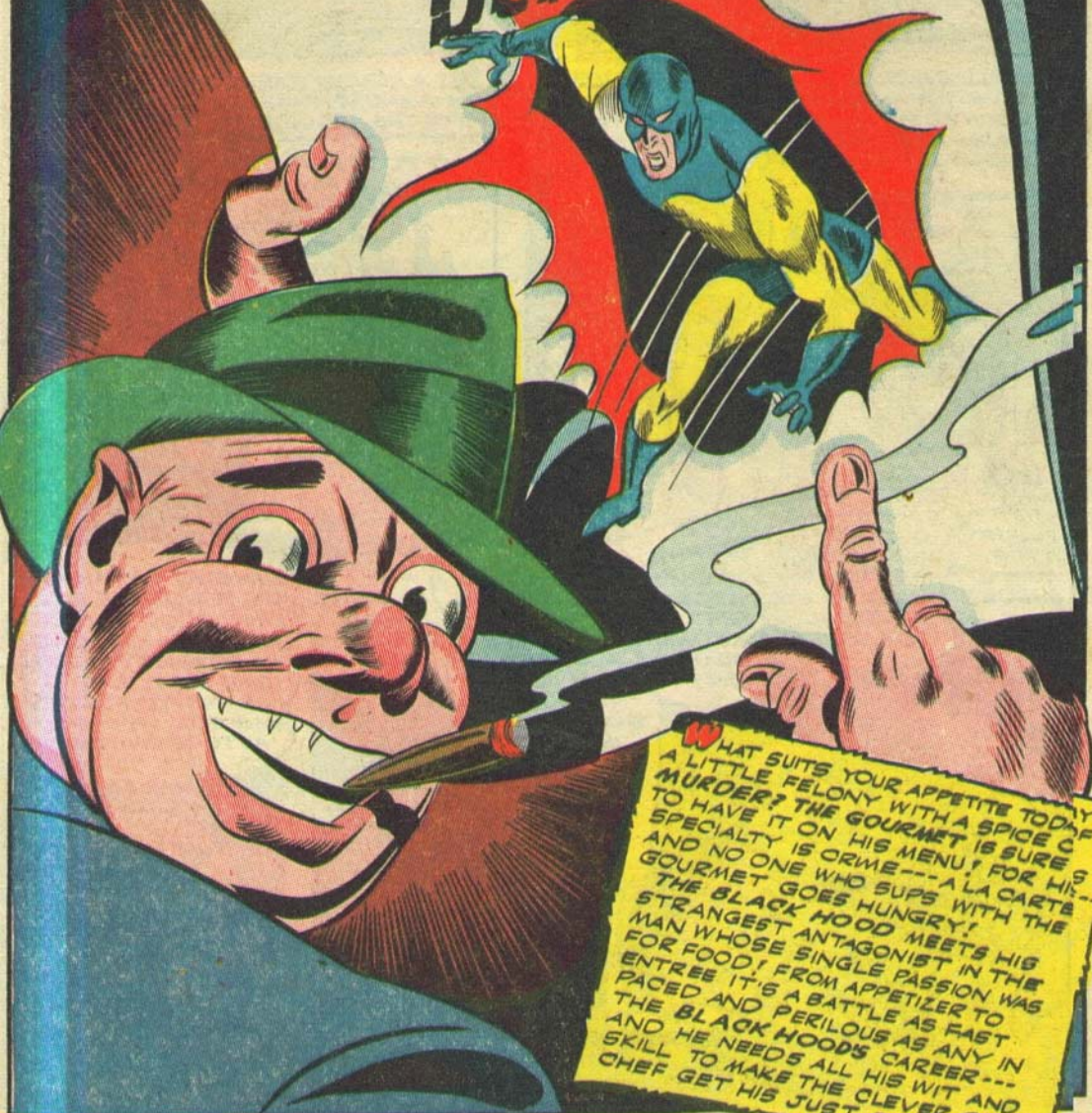




THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

Menu
OF
DEATH



WHAT SUITS YOUR APPETITE TODAY? A LITTLE FELONY WITH A SPICE C MURDER? THE GOURMET IS SURE TO HAVE IT ON HIS MENU! FOR HIS SPECIALTY IS CRIME---A LA CARTE AND NO ONE WHO SUPS WITH THE GOURMET GOES HUNGRY! THE BLACK HOOD MEETS HIS STRANGEST ANTAGONIST IN THE MAN WHOSE SINGLE PASSION IN THE FOR FOOD! FROM APPETIZER TO ENTREE IT'S A BATTLE AS FAST PACED AND PERILOUS AS ANY IN THE BLACK HOOD'S CAREER--- AND HE NEEDS ALL HIS WIT AND SKILL TO MAKE THE CLEVER CRIME CHEF GET HIS JUST DESSERT!

AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT TABLE, A STRANGE LITTLE MAN FINISHES HIS DINNER---



EXCELLENT! THE FROG'S LEGS IN NORMANDY SAUCE WERE PARTICULARLY GOOD!

I'M SO GLAD, SIR! WILL YOU PAY THE CHECK NOW?



A TRIFLING SUM FOR SO MAGNIFICENT A FEAST! BUT I CANNOT PAY IT! I HAVE NO MONEY AT ALL!

SO? WE HAVE WAYS OF DEALING WITH PEOPLE LIKE YOU!



I SHALL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU AN I.O.U. AS SOON AS MY FINANCES ARE SOMEWHAT BETTER--

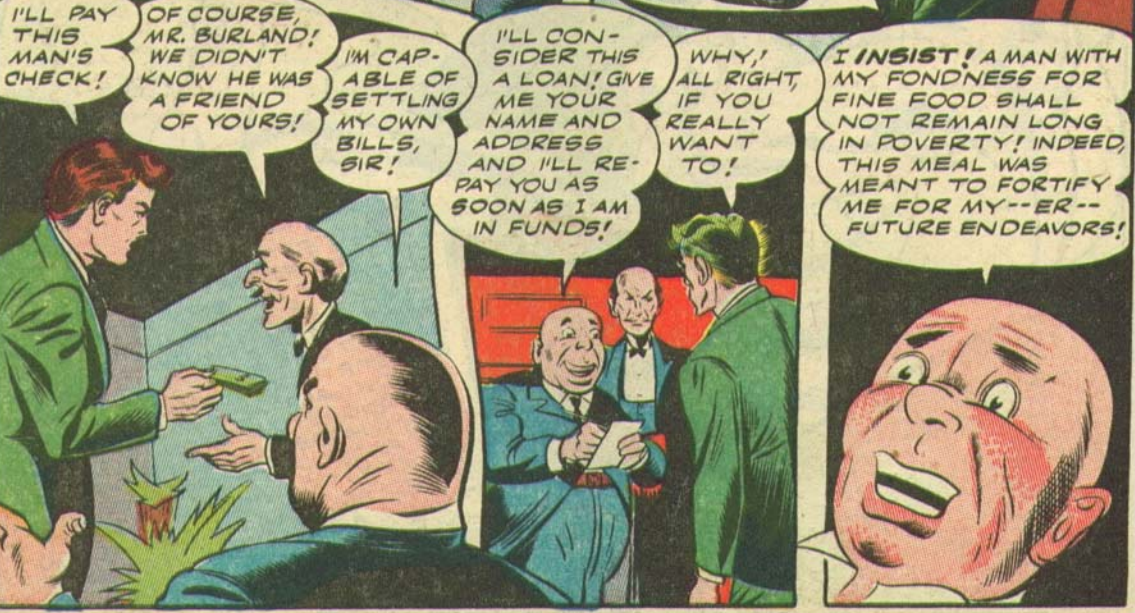
YOU'LL PAY NOW-- IN CASH! OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



AT A NEARBY TABLE KIP BURLAND AND HIS FIANCEE, BARBARA SUTTON, OVERHEAR THE ARGUMENT--

THAT POOR MAN CAN'T PAY HIS CHECK! KIP, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!



I'LL PAY THIS MAN'S CHECK!

OF COURSE, MR. BURLAND! WE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS!

I'M CAPABLE OF SETTLING MY OWN BILLS, SIR!

I'LL CONSIDER THIS A LOAN! GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND I'LL RE-PAY YOU AS SOON AS I AM IN FUNDS!

WHY, ALL RIGHT, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO!

I INSIST! A MAN WITH MY FONDNESS FOR FINE FOOD SHALL NOT REMAIN LONG IN POVERTY! INDEED, THIS MEAL WAS MEANT TO FORTIFY ME FOR MY--ER-- FUTURE ENDEAVORS!



A QUEER CHAP!
I WONDER IF
I'LL EVER
SEE HIM
AGAIN!

SO
LONG!

WHAT QUESTION IS NOT LONG IN BEING ANSWERED! NEXT DAY, A CURIOUS PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY DOWN A CROOKED BOWERY STREET----



THE MISSION IS
DIRECTLY
AHEAD!

BORRY, GENTLEMEN!
THE MISSION
ISN'T OPEN
DAYTIMES!

WE'RE FROM
THE IDLE HOUR
RESTAURANT!
THESE ARE CON-
TAINERS OF SOUP FOR
POOR UNFOR-
TUNATES!

COME RIGHT IN! WE'RE ONLY
TO GLAD ---
UHHH!

THE PLEASURE
IS ALL OURS!

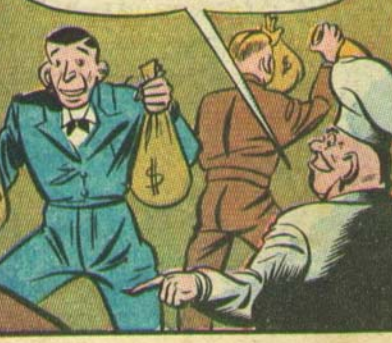


THE GOURMET AND HIS HENCHMEN
WASTE NO TIME IN REVEALING THEIR
TRUE BUSINESS---

NOW WE'LL PUT THE "SOUP" TO
GOOD USE! THE CARETAKER
DIDN'T KNOW THAT "SOUP" IS
ALSO THE SLANG TERM
FOR NITROGLYCERINE!



THOSE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR
THE POOR WILL MAKE A TIDY
SUM! ONLY A CLEVER PERSON
LIKE MYSELF COULD THINK
OF FINDING WEALTH IN
THE MIDST OF POVERTY!



NEXT DAY, IN BARBARA SUTTON'S APARTMENT-

3¢ **DAILY EAGLE** 3¢
**FOOD THIEVES
ROB MISSION**
POSING AS WAITERS, MEN
BRUTALLY ASSAULT CARETAKER-
IN DARING ROBBERY!

YOU ASKED ME TO READ
THE FOOD ROBBERY
STORY TO YOU!
AND YOU'RE
NOT EVEN
LISTENING!

I WONDER IF THERE
ISN'T A CONNECTION
BETWEEN THAT AND THIS
PIECE OF PAPER!



SEE THE NOTE
SCRIBBLED
ON IT! IT'S
SIGNED
FROM THE
GOURMET!

THIS MORNING I GOT A
LETTER! IT CONTAINED
THE EXACT AMOUNT I
LOANED THAT MAN IN THE
RESTAURANT! THE MONEY
WAS WRAPPED
IN THIS
PIECE OF
PAPER!

WHAT'S
SO
STRANGE
ABOUT
THAT?



THAT NIGHT AS A PALATIAL SEA
LINER, HEADS OUT TOWARD THE
OPEN SEA, THE **BLACK HOOD**
KEEPS A CONSTANT VIGIL -----

A GOURMET IS A MAN
WHO LOVES FINE FOOD!
AND THAT MISSION
ROBBERY WAS PULLED
OFF WITH FOOD AS THE
SYMBOL! IT'S JUST POS-
SIBLE THAT THE GOURMET
INTENDS TO STRIKE AT
THAT SHIP NEXT!

I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT! THE
BLACK HOOD IS
GOING TO TAKE
A SEA CRUISE--
AND NOT FOR
HIS HEALTH!

IF THE GOURMETS GOING TO
SHOW UP, HE'LL FIND SOME
UNEXPECTED COMPANY!



YOU
THINK HE MAY
BE THE MAN
IN THE
RESTAURANT!



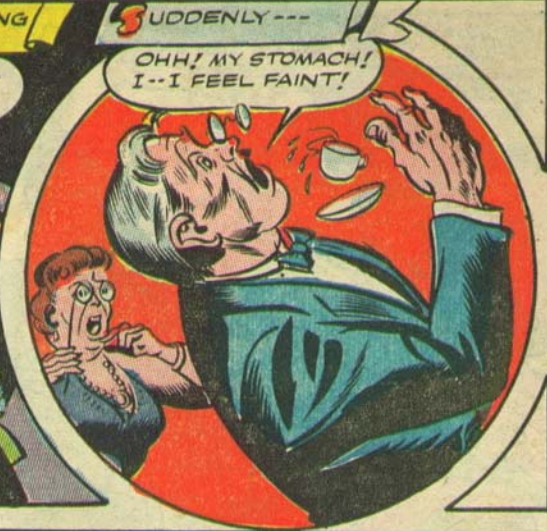
SOON A WAITER PASSES UNOBSERVED AMONG THE GUESTS IN THE SHIP'S SALON ----

SUDDENLY ---

A CUP OF BOUILLON, MADAME? IT IS OUR CHEF'S OWN RECIPE!

YOU CERTAINLY GET SERVICE ON THESE NEW LINERS!
THANK YOU!

OHH! MY STOMACH! I--I FEEL FAINT!

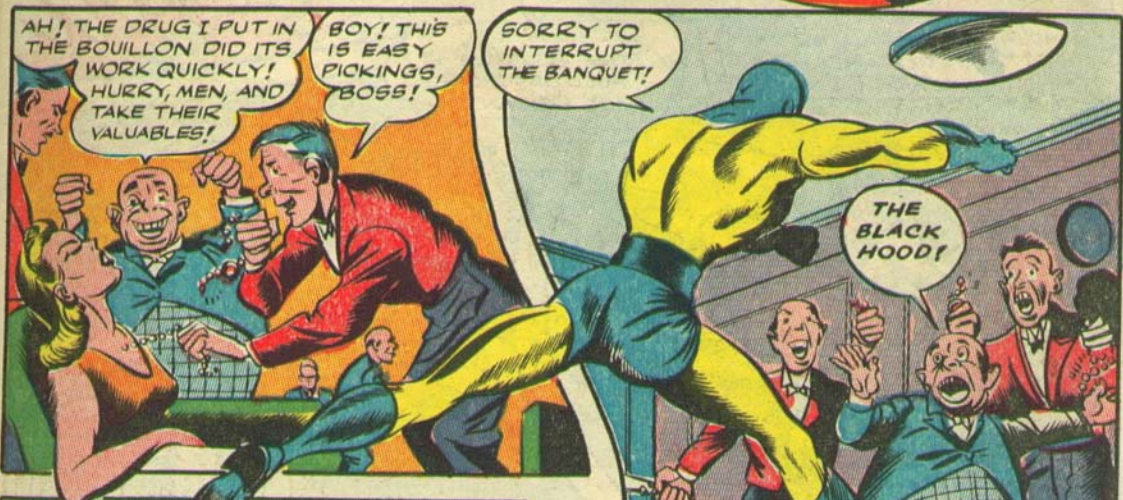


AH! THE DRUG I PUT IN THE BOUILLON DID ITS WORK QUICKLY! HURRY, MEN, AND TAKE THEIR VALUABLES!

BOY! THIS IS EASY PICKINGS, BOSS!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE BANQUET!

THE BLACK HOOD!



BUT THIS IS ONE TIME YOU DON'T GET THE SUGAR!

ALL YOU GET ARE THE LUMPS!



GOURMET,
YOU'RE
THE LAST
ON THE
MENU!

THESE VITAMIN
PILLS ARE AN
ADMIRABLE
FOOD!

THE "VITAMIN PILLS" CRASH TO THE
FLOOR AND A DEADLY SWEET GAS
STOPS THE **BLACK HOOD** IN HIS TRACKS.

A CLEVER
WEAPON,
DON'T YOU
THINK?

3 SECONDS LATER THE
GOURMET AND HIS
MEN ARE GONE ---

THE GOURMET IS
FULL OF TRICKS!
BUT HE CAN'T
HAVE ESCAPED
YET!

WHEW!
I STILL
FEEL
DIZZY!

3 SWIFTLY THE MOTORBOAT CUTS IN
TOWARD THE DOCKS WITH THE GOURMET
AND HIS MEN UNAWARE OF THE LONE
FIGURE DESPERATELY CLINGING TO
THE TOWLINE ---

THERE HE GOES!
BUT HE MADE ONE
MISTAKE!

HE FORGOT
TO PULL
IN THE
TOWLINE!



HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GOURMET! YOU TOOK CARE OF THE BLACK HOOD!

NATURALLY! NO ONE IS A MATCH FOR THE GOURMET!



COME, GENTLEMEN! YOU'VE EARNED A SUMPTUOUS REFECTION! I WILL TREAT YOU TO A DINNER THAT WOULD TEMPT THE PALATE OF EPICURUS HIMSELF!

WHAT MOB DID HE BELONG TO?



JUST IN TIME!



THE BLACK HOOD LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOF OF THE CAR ----

I'M INVITING MYSELF TO THAT DINNER!



SOON AFTER, THE CELEBRATION FEAST BEGINS ----

GOSH! I NEVER TASTED NOTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE!

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS, GOURMET?

YOU MIGHT CALL THIS YOUR LAST SUPPER!

AHH! I'VE BEEN POISONED!

YOU FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO SHARE MY PROFITS?

YOU DID THIS TO US, GOURMET!





YOU WON'T HAVE TO SHARE THE **NOOSE** EITHER!

YOU AGAIN?

HAVE SOME PHEASANT?

NO, THANKS!

YOU TRY THIS!

TOO BAD THE OVEN ISN'T LIT! OR I'D HAVE TO BASTE YOU EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES!

GAS I CAN'T BREATHE!

LATER, WITH THE GOURMET SAFELY IN PRISON---

I CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOW THE GOURMET IS GOING TO LIKE THE FOOD THEY SERVE IN JAILS!

HE'LL PROBABLY GO ON A DIET-- BUT NOT FOR LONG-- WITH A **DEATH** SENTENCE HANGING OVER HIS HEAD!

GOURMET CAPTURED

KIP, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED THE CAVIAR! WON'T YOU TRY SOME?

ER--NO THANKS! I'LL TAKE THE HAM-BURGER!

YOUR GOOSE SHOULD BE WELL COOKED BY NOW! I'LL TURN OFF THE GAS!



Readers' Page

EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS- AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS 60 HUDSON ST. R.M. 315 N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW! --AND HIS WINNING LETTER!

the
WINNER!



ROBERTA JONES
1704 EAST ST.
BOX 155
ALTMAR, CALIF.

I think that Top Notch Laugh Comics should be highly recommended because they have so many interesting characters. However the character I like best is Señor Quitta. He is very enjoyable and I like him also because he is always getting into trouble with his partner. He is very funny and full of personality.
Roberta

HONORABLE MENTION



DEAN GADDIS
1751 EUCLID AVE.
KNOXVILLE, TENN.



BOB MILLIGAN
839 ARMSTRONG AVE.
KANSAS CITY, KAN.



MARY EDDINS
BOX 574
WADESBORO, N.C.



JOHN MELIA
4 SPRUCE ST.
METHUEN, MASS.



LUCY FANELLI
28 SCRANTON ST.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SAM MARX
181 COURT ST.
NEWARK, N.J.



NANETTE SACKETT
1631 SUMMIT ST.
COLUMBUS, OHIO



ISABELLE BYRON
169 BORDEN ST.
FALL RIVER, MI.



JOE CISNEROS JR.
1505 JACKSON ST.
BROWNSVILLE, TEX.



JOAN UTTARNARK
MARION, WIS.

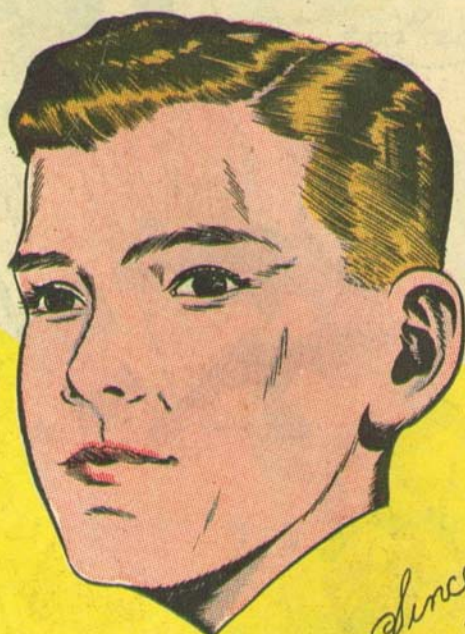


JAMES FUCETALA
35 COLYMAN ST.
NEWARK, N.J.



LOIS DOWLER
CENTERTVILLE, PA.

WE PRESENT THE WINNER OF THE JULY 'LETTER CONTEST AND THE PRIZE!



*Sincerely,
M.L.J.*

ALAN PRUSAN
1372 E. 15TH ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

HONORABLE MENTION (CONTINUED)



JOE MARINO
456 SUMMER ST.
PATERSON, N.J.



**DOLLIE HOLMS
PERRY, L.A.**



LEE DUHON
518 SO. RENDON
NEW ORLEANS, LA



DELLA JONES
BOX 57
DONNELLY IDAHO



ERNEST FODOR
4847 DRUMMOND ST.
EAST CHICAGO, IND.



VIOLET BOGGESS
43 HOWARD LANE
AKRON, OHIO



LEONARD STINGER
RONAN, MONTANA



JOAN DURHAM
LAKE VILLAGE,
ARKANSAS

THE FUTURE AND THE PAST

by HARRY ROSE

IT WAS a corpse, a shapeless mass huddled on the warm Tahitian sand. It lay a few feet off shore, black and shriveled, untouched by swells.

I ran to it, knelt, and took a brief glance. There was little doubt. Several days—perhaps a week it had lain there. I was a doctor and knew death when I saw it.

The body bore no external marks. The cold, discolored face was sunken, unrecognizable. Death, from all appearances, had resulted from drowning.

Rising, I looked both ways along the beach. Back of me was the lazy curve of the shore line, my footprints, and in the distance the village. Before me was a lagoon, beyond it an arching cliff. But to the right, nestled in a thick foliage past the sand was a shack, charred and broken.

I stared at it, trying to assemble my thoughts. A body washed upon the shore, for days lying unnoticed on the dry, sunbeaten sand. And the cabin—it was inhabited, for as I watched the crude wooden door opened and a man emerged. He saw me and stood still, watching.

I looked down at the huddled form again, then turned for the shack. But I saw something in the sand and stopped short. It was a faint, misshapen scrawl, etched on the beach a few inches from the head of the corpse, and it said simply: Don't go.

A message. Whether or not it was complete I couldn't tell,

Nor had I any notion of what it might mean. But it was there in the sand, and it said, "don't go."

Perplexed, I moved on up the beach to the shack. I was watched carefully by a tall, thin personage, white, shabbily dressed, and a little hawk-nosed.

He put his hands in his pockets and said: "You're from the village?"

I nodded. "I'm its one and only physician. I was strolling and came upon that corpse. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No. A corpse, eh?"

"You live here?"

He nodded.

"Don't you ever come out?"

"For air—yes." He breathed deeply and glanced at the sky. "May rain tonight." He turned his back and started for the door.

"Look," I said, following him, "there's been a body out there for almost a week and you haven't paid any attention to it. Doesn't that—"

"Had I known it was a corpse," he said drowsily, "I wouldn't have gone near it. That's something that weakens me."

I started to say something, but the words didn't come out. I was in the cabin doorway, my gaze frozen on a strange mechanism that all but filled the shack's interior. Such an affair as I had never seen before. Actually, it was indescribable, a twisted, perplexing heap of machinery.

"What's that?" I gasped, "an invention?"

The tall fellow turned and faced me. "In a way."

"But—if it isn't an invention—what is it?"

"A machine."

For a moment I was lost in bewilderment. "Who are you?" I asked, "and what is this—apparatus? What does it do?"

The other rolled a cigarette slowly, and lit it. Then he said: "I'm August Wharton—a scientist, so to speak. This is my work—my life devotion. It's a machine."

"I know—obviously it's a machine. But what's it for?"

He smiled. "I don't know yet. If it does what I think it will, its purpose could be for many things."

I stepped closer, trying to make sense out of the affair. But the thing wasn't to be understood by a doctor. To me, it was like a new language.

"Tahiti," I muttered, "is a funny place for this sort of thing. How long have you been—"

"Seven months. I'm finished now. Only a few experiments remain."

I stood there awhile, completely amazed.

Suddenly I remembered the corpse on the beach, and a few duties to perform. I hurried out, promising to return.

Natives rowed the body upshore to the village. Forbes, an assistant of mine, provided transportation to my quarters, where we awaited the arrival of authorities.

I told Forbes the story, and included Wharton.

"The name is familiar," he mused. "I believe the natives mentioned him not so long ago. Someone discovered the cabin and made an investigation. There was talk of this—machine."

"I can't understand it," I said. "It's the strangest affair I've ever seen—yet it must have some purpose. Wharton seems to know what he's doing, but doesn't care to discuss it. And the dead man—Wharton completely avoided him."

"Shut-ins get that way," said Forbes, "especially in Tahiti."

"Possibly. But I'm not satisfied with things. I'm going back. Care to come along?"

"No. I want to be in on the autopsy."

"That's an idea. Keep your eyes open."

The sun had disappeared behind clouds, veiling the shack and the winding shore line in a gray gloom. A swell formed and lapped across the beach, seeping into the damp sand a few feet from where I stood.

I was looking down at the dim outline left by the corpse, and the simple, meaningless "don't go". I wondered for a moment about the message—and the machine.

Then I turned and hurried to the cabin and flung the door back. I all but tripped in my amazement.

The shack was bare—the machine was gone and Wharton apparently had gone with it. All that remained was a battered chair, a desk, and a notebook.

Shaking a little, I took the

notebook outside, knelt on the sand and began turning the dusty, half-torn pages. Here, perhaps, was the answer, or a clue.

I came upon a penciled script, and read at random:

"April 9. Framework completed. Must stop to await arrival of last shipment from Hawaii. Progress normal."

I turned a page.

"May 12. Storm receding. Progress slowed in view of exterior work necessary on cabin."

"May 21. Visitors last night. Natives, perhaps, whose curiosity overcame them. No harm to the apparatus, though future precaution may be of value."

Another page.

"June 4. Final touches completed. Had another visitor—a white man—first to see the machine. In a few moments I shall experiment, before he returns. He discovered a corpse on the beach, and when he left I investigated. There was a strange scrawling in the sand which I did not understand. However, it is none of my concern . . ."

Running footsteps interrupted me. I looked up, and Forbes, puffing and wild-eyed, came to a halt.

"The queerest," he panted, "case we've seen. At the autopsy—they took fingerprints—the corpse is Wharton!"

"Wharton! But I saw him in the cabin—at the same time!"

"I know—but the prints don't lie—the fellow is Wharton!"

"That's crazy," I growled. "One man can't be in two places—" I paused, remembering the script. "Wait. There's more to this diary."

We read the last entry:

"Everything is in good order. My only danger lies in the rotation of the earth. If my theories are wrong, I may land in the ocean. If not, I will be transported safely seven days into the past . . ."

The same thought came to both of us. A time traveller! Suddenly it was clear. Wharton had left for the past, had landed in the ocean, and had swum ashore. The corpse—had it been recognizable—

I sat there in a stupor, unable to move. "That's it," I managed at length, "Wharton became the corpse after his time journey. You see, Forbes—the cabin is empty." I handed him the diary, and he read the last page.

Then he stood there a moment, thinking. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I see it all now. The message in the sand. He was going to warn himself, but he didn't finish—don't you see?"

"What are you babbling about?" I demanded.

"Look—the diary says Wharton saw the message before he left. So, when he swam ashore and fell exhausted on the beach, he began writing, but stopped because he remembered seeing the message before. It fits perfectly—"

"What fits? What do you mean?"

"That's right, I didn't tell you. Wharton's death wasn't caused by drowning or exhaustion. It was caused by the fact that after he had scrawled two words in the sand, he remembered that the message had ended there, and that he was going to become the corpse. The autopsy explains that. He died of heart attack."

Señor SIESTA

by
Don
Dean

IT SEEMS IN EACH MONTH'S STORY, SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW IS ALWAYS ATTEMPTING TO ANNILATE LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA! WHEN THE CURTAIN ROLLED DOWN LAST ISSUE, POOR SIESTA WAS TO BE THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF A "NECKTIE" PARTY!...





NOW, SCRAMA BEFORE I MAKE THE MEENCE MEAT WEETH YOU!!!

VER' WELL, BOOST YOU HAVE JOOST CHEATED THE DEVIL OUT OF A GOOD CUSTOMER!



NOW, M'FRAN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN MY ARMY??

AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE JOOST DONE FOR ME, HOW CAN I SAY NO.?



SPLENDIDO!! I, THE GREAT GENERAL GUSTAVO HEREBY SWEAR YOU EEN TO THE RANKS OF GUSTAVO'S GUERRILLAS INC. AS A PESO PRIVATE!



SIESTA, ONLY THE BRAVEST OF MEN ARE EEN MY BAND! WOULD YOU DIE, FOR YOUR COUNTRY??

SI, SI, GENERAL, BOOT I WOULD RATHER MAKE SOME OTHER HOMBRE DIE FOR HIS!!



SOON, WE WEEL ARRIVE AT THE CAMP OF GENERAL GUSTAVO, THE GREAT!!

I HOPE YOU ARE A GENERAL WHO BELIEVES THE ARMY MARCHES ON EET'S STOOMACHE!



I AM SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT A MANGY MULE!!

HO, HO, HO... THEN YOU WEEL LOVE MY ARMY, SEÑOR!.. WE HAVE EET EVAIR DAY!









ISN'T THAT SOMEONE OVER BY THE TREE? STOP!!



HEY, YOU!! WAKE UP, WHERE IS...

H-H-HUH... WOW!



?

?

ZOOM



WELL, DID YA FIND OUT ANYTHING, JOE??

NAW, THE GUYS DOWN HERE MUST BE SCREWY WITH THE HEAT! DRIVE ON! ACME PRODUCTIONS 'SET' IS SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE??



PUFF PUFF.. I WOULD NOT BELIEVE EET BOOT I SAW EET WEETH MY OWN EYES! PUFF...



HA, A CAVE! THERE EES A GOOD SAFE HIDING PLACE..

BUT POOR SIESTA COULD NOT HAVE PICKED A WORSE SPOT! BE WITH US NEXT MONTH, WHEN SIESTA GETS THE THRILL OF HIS LIFE! ADIOS - AMIGOS!

SNOOP M'GOOK

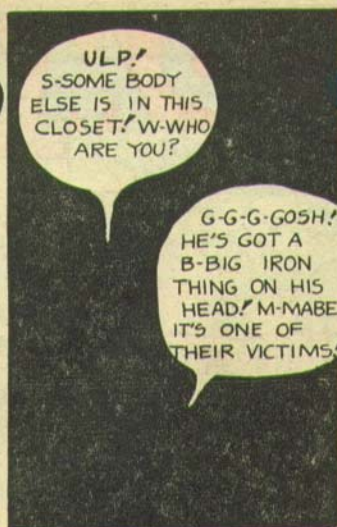
BY HUBBELL

NEXT A.M.

THE SOUPY SLEUTH!

THE LONELY COUNTRY INN, WHERE SNOOP HAS TAKEN SHELTER, TURNS OUT TO BE A DEN OF THIEVES! HIDDEN IN THE FIREPLACE, SNOOP FOUND AN OLD TREASURE MAP, WHICH HE TOOK TO BED WITH HIM. -- LATE THAT NIGHT, CURLY, ONE OF THE THUGS, SNEAKED INTO SNOOP'S ROOM IN SEARCH OF THE MAP, ONLY TO BE CONKED ON THE HEAD WITH A LAMP BY SNOOP'S SQUIRREL WALDO! THE REST OF THE NIGHT PASSES PEACEFULLY-----







OH! THE TREASURE, EH? YOU MUST BE MR. MORGAN'S SON! HENRY MORGAN I MEAN, NATURALLY!

I'M REXFORD THE RECLUSE! YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD YOUR FATHER SPEAK OF ME! HE ASKED ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE TREASURE!

WALK THIS WAY MR. MORGAN!

GOLLY! A BOAT!

CERTAINLY THAT'S TO GET TO TREASURE ISLAND!



FUNNY OLD GEEZER! IMAGINE HIM BEING HERE SINCE 1796! HE MUST BE PRETTY OLD!

GEE! I'M ALMOST THERE! GOSH! I'M ALL OF A TREMBLE!

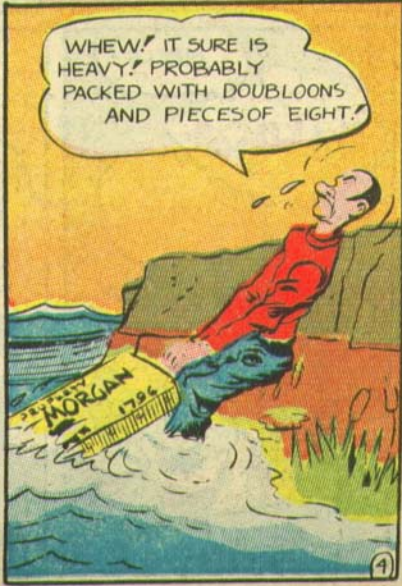
WELL, I'LL SOON BE A RICH MAN! NOW, I CAN RETIRE FROM THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS AND WRITE MY MEMOIRS!



B-B-OY! IT'S COLD DOWN HERE! WET, TOO!

YIPPEE! THERE SHE IS! AT LAST!

WHEW! IT SURE IS HEAVY! PROBABLY PACKED WITH DOUBLOONS AND PIECES OF EIGHT!





BACK SO SOON?
HAVE ANY
TROUBLE?

OFF... STOP
TALKING SO MUCH AND
GIMME A
HAND, POP!

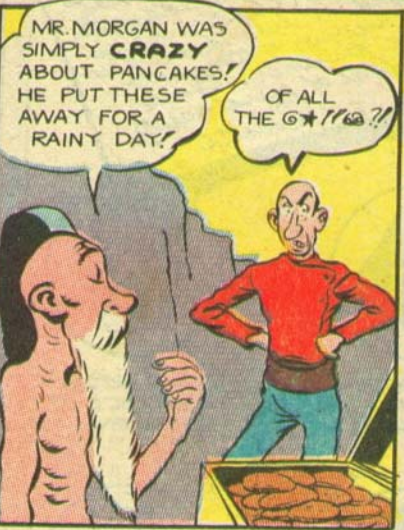


BOY OH BOY,
COME CLOSER,
REXIE, AND GET A
GOOD GANDER WHEN
I OPEN THE LID!



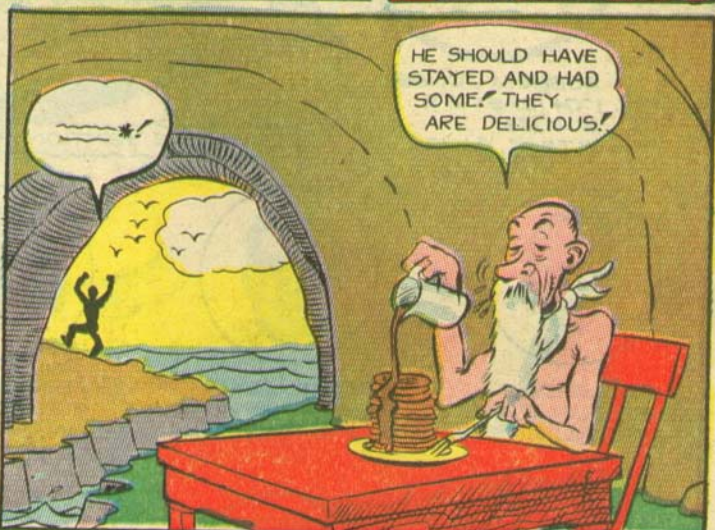
WHAT'S
THIS?
PANCAKES?

NATURALLY,
WHAT DID
YOU EXPECT



MR. MORGAN WAS
SIMPLY **CRAZY**
ABOUT PANCAKES!
HE PUT THESE
AWAY FOR A
RAINY DAY!

OF ALL
THE **GW***!!



HE SHOULD HAVE
STAYED AND HAD
SOME! THEY
ARE DELICIOUS!



BURP! TOO BAD HE
LEFT SO HURRIEDLY
I MEANT TO ASK
HIM WHAT HE
WANTED DONE...
BURP!



...WITH ALL THIS GOLD!
I CAN'T STAY HERE FOR-
EVER! IT'S TIME I
GOT MARRIED AND
SETTLED DOWN!



ON HIS WAY HOME, **SNOOP** PICKS
UP A PAPER! AS HE READS IT---
HE CHOKES--HIS EYES POP OUT!--
HE SWEATS!

GULP!

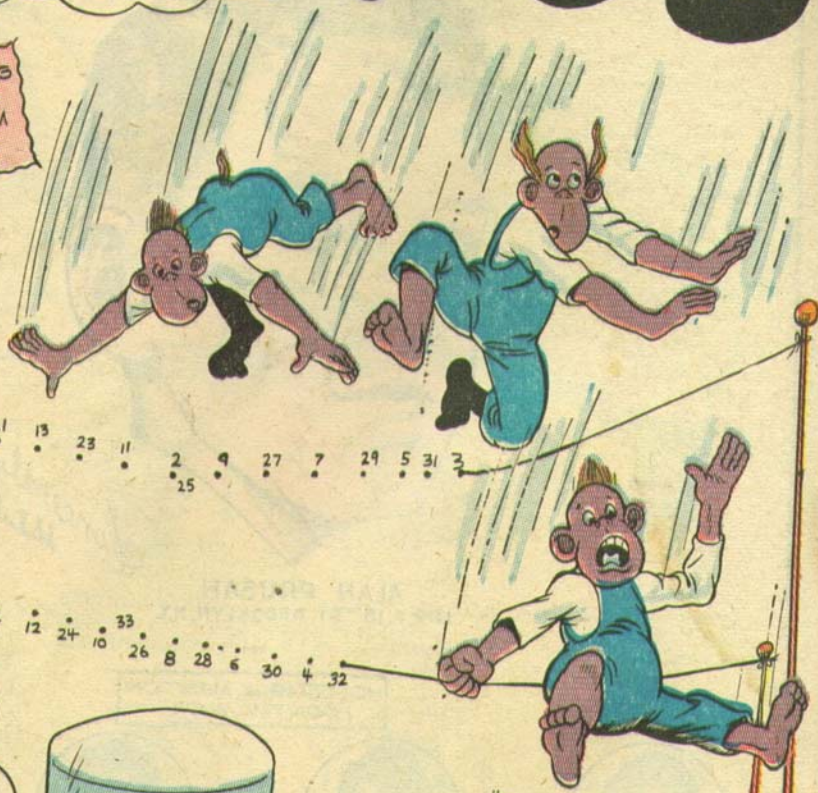
WHAT CAN IT BE THAT HAS
SNOOP SO UNSTRUNG?? DROP IN
NEXT MONTH FOR A BIG **SHOCK!**



HIYA, GANG! I'VE STARTED THE STUPIDMAN COMMANDO SCHOOL FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS. THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS!... ON THIS PAGE ARE A FEW PROBLEMS I'VE PREPARED FOR THEM ... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO AS WELL AS THEY DID ?

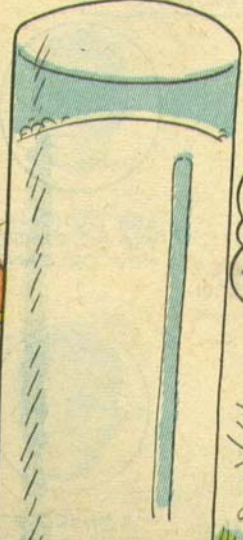
The 3

FIRST... BY CONNECTING THE NUMBERED DOTS YOU CAN SAVE THEM FROM A HORRIBLE FATE ...

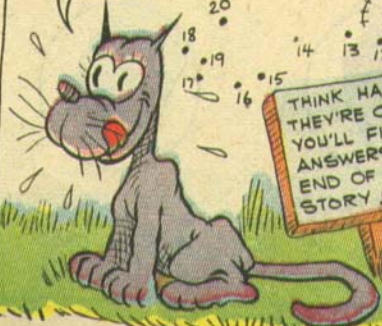


HELLO! I'M VERONICA LOU! DO YOU KNOW THE BEST AND CHIEF USE OF COWHIDE ?

AND HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT DRINKING THIS GLASS OF MILK FROM BOTTOM TO TOP INSTEAD OF THE USUAL WAY ?



I'M GEORGE, AND VERY TRICKY! FOR INSTANCE ... HOW WOULD YOU MILK A CAT ?



THINK HARD ... THEY'RE CATCHY... YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS AT THE END OF THIS STORY!

17 19 15 21 13 23 11 2 9 27 7 29 5 31 3
1 25

34 18 16 20 14 22 12 24 10 26 8 28 6 30 4 32

4 25 3

22

21 8 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

5 1

MONKEY-TEERS

HERE COMES STUPIDMAN DRESSED AS A DELICATESSEN CLERK...LET'S SHOW HIM WE'VE LEARNED THE COMMANDO TRICKS HE TAUGHT US!

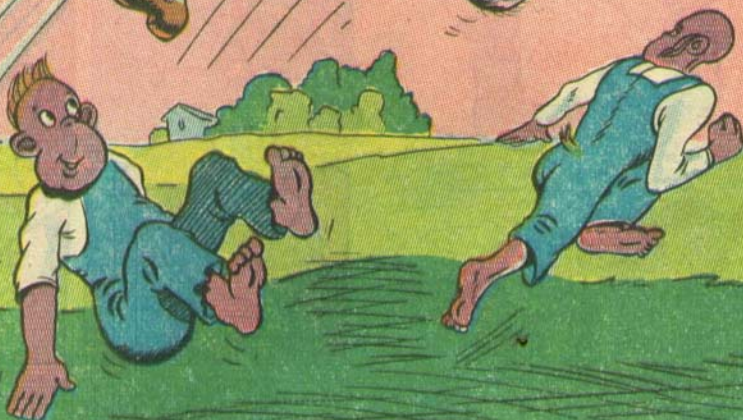


LET 'ER GO!

ATTACK!



ALL TOGETHER!



BY ED GOGGIN

HIT THE ENEMY WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT --- YOU TOLD US!



OH, SO I'M AN ENEMY, AM I? WELL AS SOON AS I DISROBE I BECOME...

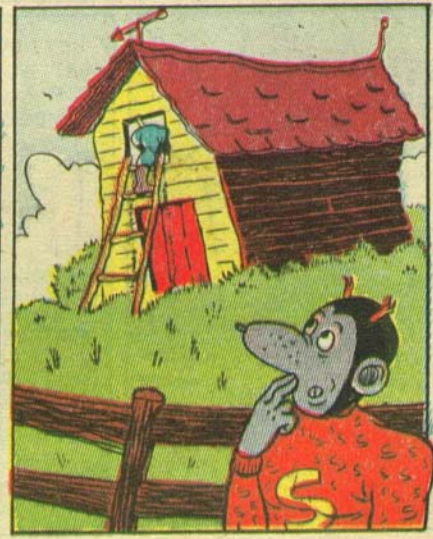
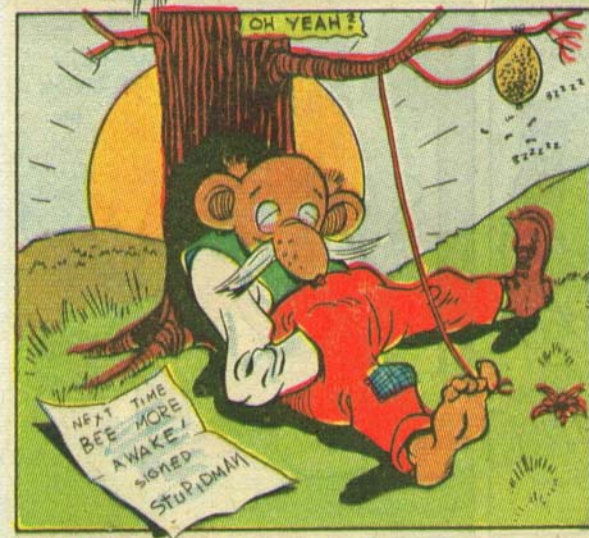
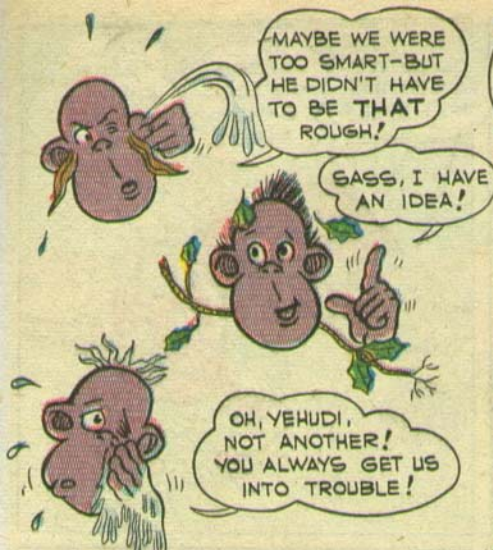


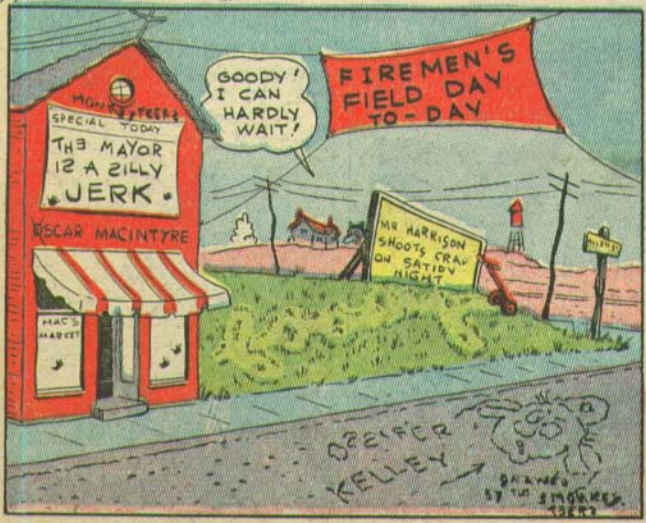
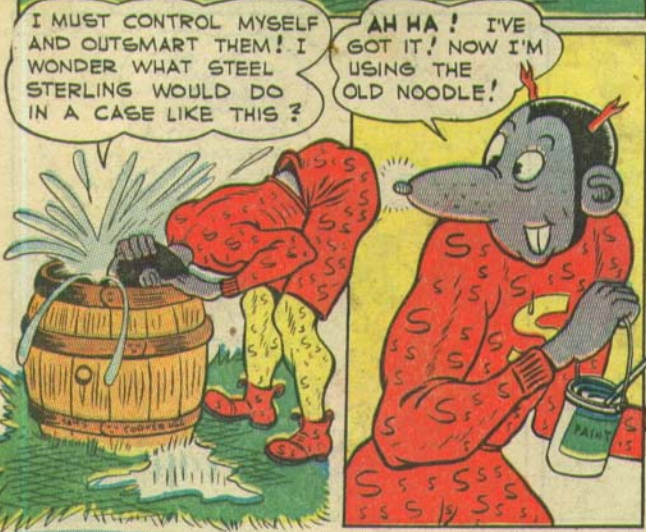
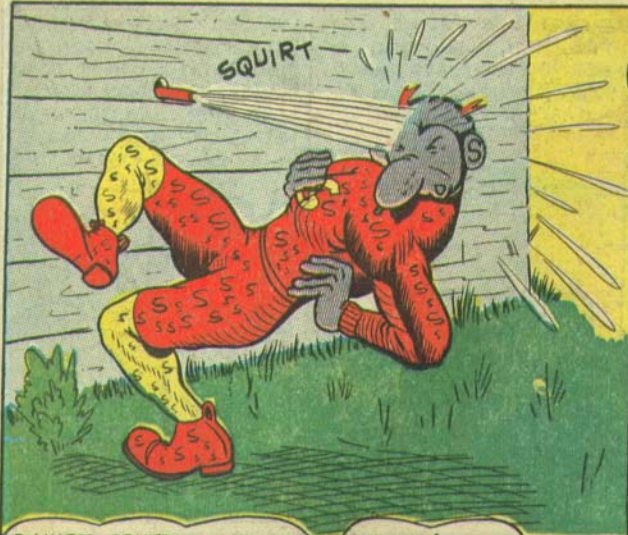
THE ONE AND ONLY STUPIDMAN ...

STERN ENEMY OF EVIL AND WISE GUYS!











THE COAST IS CLEAR! C'MON!

STOP WIGGLING, SMALL FRY!

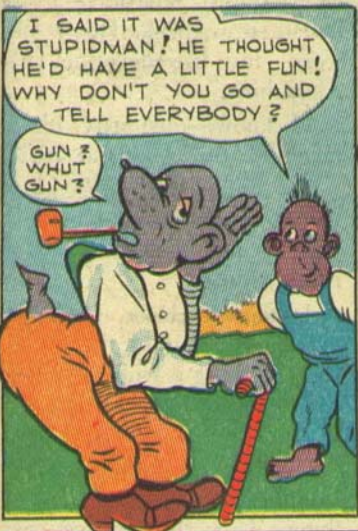
WON'T STUPIDMAN BE SURPRISED? I THINK WE LOOK JUST LIKE HIM NOW!



GOSH, HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO MESS AROUND LIKE THIS?

HEY! WHAT'S THAT THERE FELLER DOIN' IN HIS UNDERWEAR?

THAT'S ENOUGH! HERE COMES OLD DEAFY DOLAN!



I SAID IT WAS STUPIDMAN! HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE A LITTLE FUN! WHY DON'T YOU GO AND TELL EVERYBODY?

GUN? WHUT GUN?



STUPIDMAN RELAXES, SATISFIED.

AH WELL! NOTHING LIKE USING YOUR BRAIN... REWARDS FROM ABOVE ARE SHOWERED DOWN ON THE HEADS OF THE WISE!

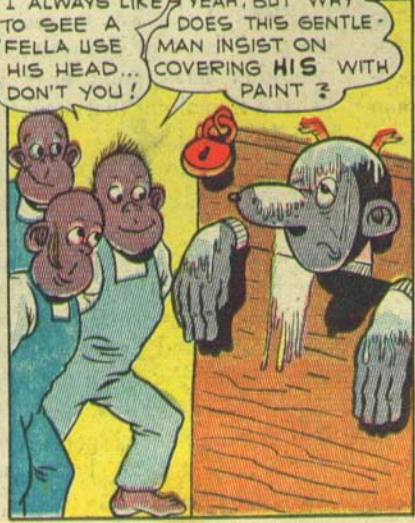


AND OTHER-WISE...

SLOP



TOO BAD WE CAN'T ENJOY A PICNIC WITHOUT SOME NINNY PLAYING PRANKS!



I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE A FELLA USE HIS HEAD... DON'T YOU!

YEAH, BUT WHY DOES THIS GENTLEMAN INSIST ON COVERING HIS WITH PAINT?

GOLLY, WE SURE HOPE YOU HAD BETTER LUCK WITH THE PROBLEMS ON PAGE ONE THAN STUPIDMAN DID IN TRYING TO TAME THE **3 MONKEY-TEERS!** ANYWAY... THE ANSWERS:
① BY CONNECTING THE NUMBERS YOU'VE BUILT 2 NETS!
② CHIEF USE OF COW-HIDE IS TO COVER THE COW!
③ BY DRINKING IT THRU A STRAW!
④ YOU'D POUR HIM A SAUCER OF MILK! IT'S LIKE WATERING A HORSE
..... OH WELL, G'BYE... SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

WE'RE IN LUCK,
OSCAR! THAT'S AN
M.L.J. PUBLICATION
HE'S READING!

PLEASE TO
GET READY!
PLEASE TO
AIM---

FOR THE LOVE
OF PETE, WILL YA
HURRY UP AND
TURN THE PAGE!
I'M DYIN' TO
FINISH THAT SWELL
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
YARN IN THE
JULY ISSUE OF
PEP COMICS!

SUZIE

MEET SUZIE, THE CHAMPION JOB LOSER! SUZIE HAS HAD, AND LOST, MORE JOBS IN LESS TIME THAN ANY PERSON ON EARTH! SHE IS SUCH BAD LUCK THAT FORMER EMPLOYERS REFUSE TO HAVE ANYONE EVEN NAMED SUZIE! SHE'S ALWAYS IN TROUBLE BUT IN THIS ADVENTURE SHE REALLY OUTDOES HERSELF-- SUZIE AND THE LIONS!!

WE FIND SUZIE IN SEARCH OF A JOB AGAIN! THIS TIME SHE'S TRYING THE AGENCIES--

50. RM 467
 OLY RM 267
 Y CO. RM 250
 TH CO. RM 407
 SA INC. RM 504
 CY RM 206
 THO RM 400
 TH CO. RM 541

HM LE'SEE ACME EMPLOYMENT AGENCY --- ROOM 206. MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME A DEFENSE JOB.

AHH! HERE IT IS-- THE J AND B

ANYONE HERE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE CATS? WE GOTTA FILL THE JOB RIGHT AWAY!

CATS? DID YOU SAY CATS?





OKAY LADY! THERE THEY ARE! RIGHT IN THE CENTRE RING! THE RINGMASTER'S ALREADY ANNOUNCED YOU SO GET ON!

OHH--- BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE---

HEY! WHAT'D YOU MEAN SAOVIN' ME IN HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

OOPS (GULP) LIONS! OH GOSH! WHAT'LL I DO! THIS IS WHAT THEY MEANT BY CATS!



HEY SHOOO! GET BACK! G-G-G-GET AWAY FROM ME!



MY GOSH! THEY DID GET AWAY! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY SEE I CAN'T HANDLE 'EM!



... BUT AS SUZIE TRIES TO SNEAK OUT, THE LIONS GET A WHIFF OF THE CATNIP-



SNIFF--SNIFF AWRRRHHH!

HELP! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK ME!



EEEK!

OH! I FORGOT TO CLOSE THE DOOR! HELP!

ARRGHH!

THE LIONS! THEY'RE ESCAPING!



OHH! THOSE LIONS ARE ATTACKING HER! I CAN'T LOOK!

HELP! I'LL BE EATEN ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

HELP! POLICE!

OHH! SAFE AT LAST!



EEEK! IT'S FOLLOWING ME! OH DEAR, WHERE CAN I GO FROM HERE!



SAVED! THE TRAPEZE SWUNG AWAY JUST IN TIME!



I'M SWINGING BACK AGAIN, RIGHT INTO THE LIONS JAWS!



I CAN'T HOLD ON I'M GOING TO FALL!



OHHH! SHE'S FALLING!

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! WHY DID I TAKE THIS JOB?

BE CALM! BE CALM EVERYONE! SHE'LL LAND IN THE LIFE NET!



I FELL AND I'M BOUNCING UP AGAIN! I MUST HAVE DIED AND NOW I'M GOING TO HEAVEN!





HEY CUT IT OUT!
QUIT DROOLING?

SLURP



STOP! YOU'RE
TICKLING ME!
HA-NA-NA-



OH STOP
SCARING THEM!
THEY'RE HARMLESS!

GET BACK!
GET BACK! WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA?



Y'KNOW IT'S THE
FUNNIEST THING!
WHEN I TOOK THE JOB I
THOUGHT I WAS SPOSED
TO HANDLE HOUSE CATS!
SO I WAS SCARED STIFF
OF THE LIONS! BUT THEY'RE
JUST LIKE KITTENS!
ALL THEY WANTED
WAS THE CATNIP
IN MY POCKET!

WHAT!



YOU MEAN THIS
IS THE FIRST
TIME YOU
HANDLED LIONS?



YOU'RE FIRED! I OUGHTA
HAVE YOU JAILED!
YEAH-- JAILED FOR
INCITING A RIOT, RUINING
THE SHOW, IMPERSONATING
A LION TAMER! I'M GOIN'
NUTS! GET ME OUTA HERE!

YOU MEAN I CAN'T
BE A LION TAMER-- JUST
WHEN I STARTED
TO LIKE IT!



GEE WHIZ! I
HAVE THE WORST
LUCK! AFTER ALL
EVERYONE MAKES
MISTAKES!

HEY YOU! COME
BACK WITH THOSE
CATS! HELP!
POLICE!
STOP THIEF!



HELLO? MR. GAINES,
YOU ADVERTISED
FOR A GIRL TO BE
A HOSTESS AT YOUR
SUMMER HOTEL!
I'D LIKE TO
APPLY FOR THE
POSITION!

OH-OH! SUZIE'S LINING UP
ANOTHER JOB! WE HAVE
A HUNCH SHE'S GOING TO GET
IT SO BE SURE TO GET THE
NEXT ISSUE OF TOPNOTCH
LAUGH COMICS -----

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

by
"RED"
HOLYDALE

AND DON'T
FORGET ME
READERS-I'M
GUS'S ASSISTANT!
GABBY'S THE
NAME!

R.I.P.

GUS GLOOMPUS
UNLUCKIER THAN MOST!
HE CAN'T BE HUMAN, HE
CAN'T BE GHOST!

HE WANTS A BODY
THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY!
UNTIL HE FINDS IT, GUS
WILL BE GLOOMY!

JEEPERS--
GABBY! WE SURE
GOT OURSELVES
INTO SOMETHING
WHEN WE GOT INTO
THESE SOLDIERS'
BODIES!

HEY YOU ROOKIES! ON YOUR
FEET! GET YOUR EQUIPMENT
PACKED! WE'RE MOVING
OUT TONIGHT!

HUH? HEH?
WHAT?
YES SIR!

GOH! I WONDER WHERE WE'RE
GOING? I WAS JUST GETTING
USED TO THIS
PLACE!

DUNNO, GLOOMY!
BUT I HOPE
IT'S A REST-
FUL PLACE!

HEY GABBY! WHAT LUCK!
WE'RE RIDING! I WAS
AFRAID WE WERE
GOING TO MARCH!

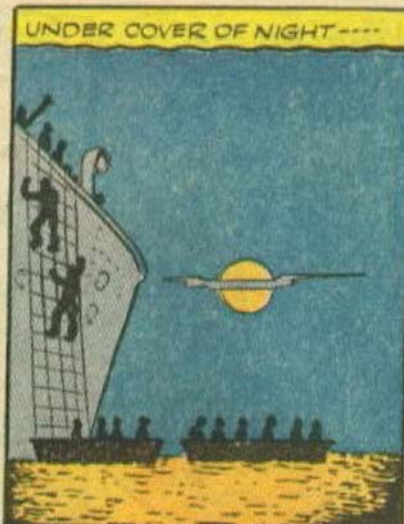
C'MON
THERE!
STEP
LIVELY!
THIS
AIN'T NO
TEA PARTY!

LATER, AS THE TRUCKS
ZUMBLE THRU THE NIGHT--

SNIFF-SNIFF--
S'FUNNY-- IT
KINDA SMELLS
LIKE SEA
AIR DOESN'T
IT, GUS?

HMM--
COME TO
THINK OF
IT, GABBY,
IT SURE
DOES!

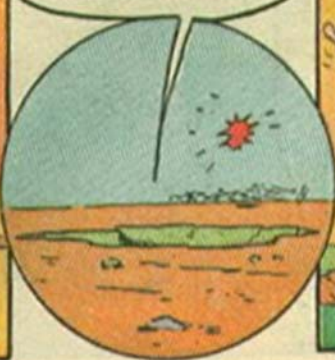




HMM! I WONDER IF IM GOING TO GET ONE AFTER ALL? OH SURE! THERE'S ONE NOW!



BOY! NOT BAD! A PRETTY GOOD FIT! WILL GABBY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME! IT'S FUNNY SOMETHING IS STRANGE ABOUT THIS BODY! IT FEELS DIFFERENT!



HEY GABBY! WHERE ARE YOU? LOOK! I'VE FOUND A BODY!



HI GABBY! FAST WORK, HUH! HERE I AM READY TO CONTINUE THE ATTACK!



GUB! MIGHOSH! YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL MISTAKE! GOSH, WHAT AM I GONNA DO!

A NAZI! BOY! WILL I LET HIM HAVE IT!



Y'SEE! THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU! NOW WHAT'LL YOU DO?



FORWARD MEN! WE MUST PRESS OUR ADVANTAGE!



I HOPE THIS ONCE THAT LUCK WILL BE WITH ME! WE MUST WIN!

CHARGE! AAAGHH THEY GOT ME!



NOW I'LL NEVER BE A HERO! I'VE FAILED! THE MEN WILL NEVER ATTACK! I WOULDN'T MIND DYING IF TO LED A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK!

HE WANTS US TO COMMIT SUICIDE!



NOW! LOOKS LIKE THE GENERAL'S FINISHED!

THE MEN ALWAYS CALLED ME A JINX! I GUESS THEY WERE RIGHT! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE DIED A HERO!

THAT SETTLES IT! I'M NEXT IN COMMAND, AND I'M GONNA ORDER A RETREAT!



NO YOU'RE NOT! YA CANT RETREAT NOW! ME AN' GUS WON'T LET YOU!

WHASSAT? I HEAR A VOICE, BUT I DONT SEE ANYONE!



WHAT'S THAT? I SEE OVER THERE? IT'S A BODY!



GABBY--GABBY! HANG ON TO THAT BODY FOR ME! I'M GONNA GET INTO IT!



THERE! HOW'S THAT FOR A SIZE

GUS! B-BUT YOU'VE GOT THE GENERAL'S BODY!



THE GENERAL'S BODY? THAT GUY'S A JINX! SUMPING GONNA HAPPEN ANY SECOND! I KIN JUST FEEL IT IN THE GENERAL'S BONES!

OH-OH! IT'S HAPPENED!



YI---!!! A BOMB!



BOY! JUST GOT RID OF THAT IN TIME!



ACH DU LIEBER!

VE SURRENDER!

HIMMEL! VOT GIFFS!

KAMERAD!

IT MUST BE DER NEW SECRET VEAPON!

A STRAY HORNET FROM THE NEST ATTACKS GUS!



OHHH! I'VE BEEN WOUNDED!



HEY GUS! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY! THAT'S THE ENEMES' LINES! COME BACK!



LOOK GANG! THE GENERAL DIDN'T DIE AFTER ALL-- AND HE'S LEADING THE ATTACK-- SINGLE-HANDED!



BOY! WHAT COURAGE! C'MON WE CAN'T LET HIM DOWN! LET'S FOLLOW UP!

WE'RE WITH YOU GENERAL! WE'LL MOP UP THEM NAZIS!



THEY GOT THE GENERAL THIS TIME! C'MON GANG--WE'LL EVEN FOR 'IM!



GUS, GUS ARE YOU GIVIN' UP YOUR APARTMENT AGAIN!

YEAH--SNO USE, GABBY! I JUST CAN'T GET ME A STEADY JOB! WHAT'S GOIN' ON! OUR BOYS ARE CHARGIN' LIKE MAD!



WOW! THE WAY THEY'RE PILIN' INTO THOSE NAZIS THERE WON'T BE A DECENT BODY AROUND! LET'S GO GABBY!



MEANWHILE ON EARTH-- I DON'T SEE HOW THE GENERAL COULD HAVE LED AN ATTACK! THE FIRST



GAD! WOTTA HERO! HE JUST REFUSED TO DIE UNTIL HIS ATTACK SUCCEEDED!



GUS, YOU'RE JUMPING INTO BODIES THIS WAY UPSETS MY RECORDS! I CAN'T HAVE IT I TELL YA!



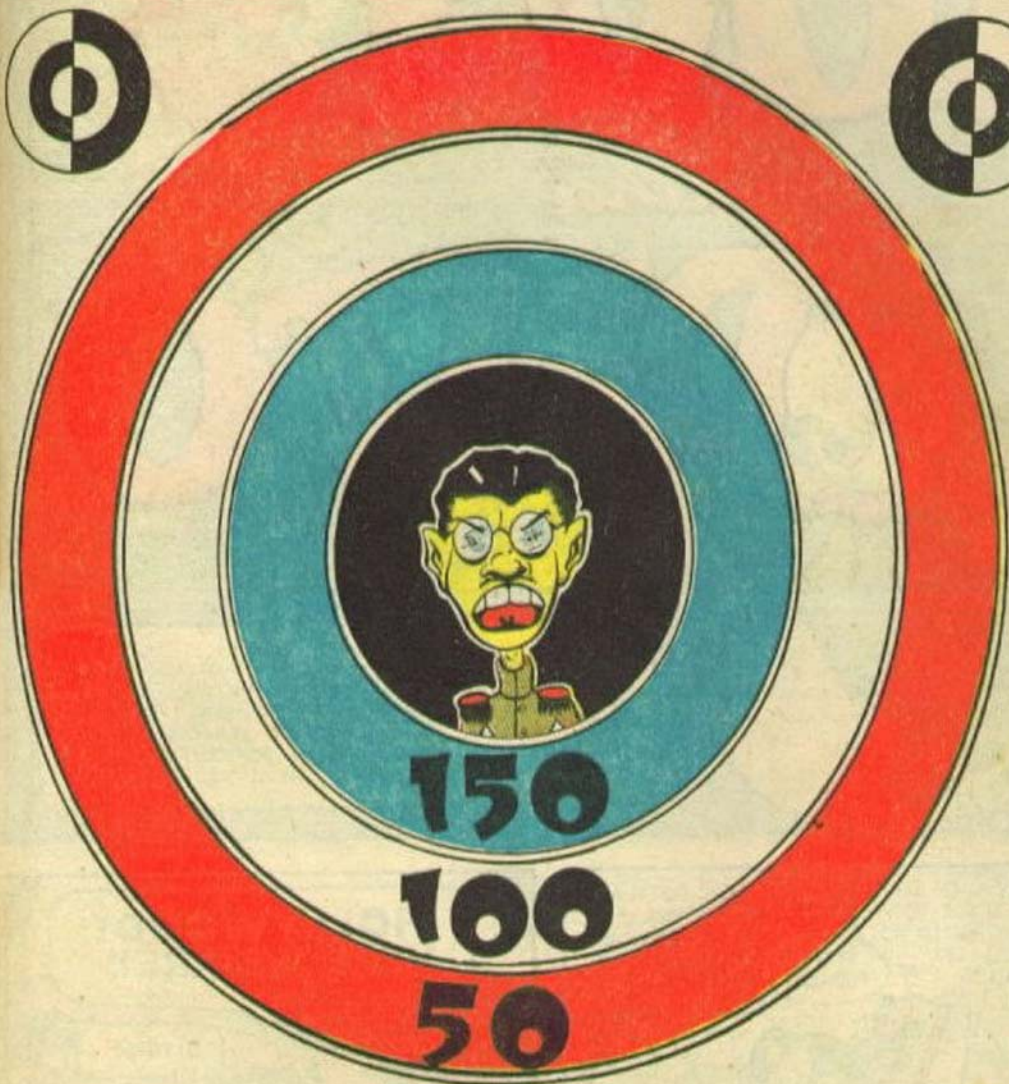
I GOT IT PETE! I GOT IT! I KNOW JUST WHOSE BODY GUS CAN TAKE! WOW! WHAT AN IDEA!



WHAT IS THIS TERRIFIC IDEA GABBY HAS? BOY, YOU'LL LOVE IT!

FUN FOR ALL

And All
For Fun



1. FIRST WE MUST GET A HOLLOW PAPER STRAW AND PUTTY, OR CLAY. THEN FASHION THE PUTTY INTO SMALL BALLS, TINY ENOUGH TO BE BLOWN THRU THE STRAW! THEN CUT OUT THE GAME AND MOUNT IT ON CARDBOARD!!

2. YOU BLOW THE CLAY AT THE TARGET.. IF YOUR PIECE OF CLAY LANDS ON THE JAP'S FACE, YOU GET 200 POINTS! THE PERSON WITH THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF POINTS, WINS!!

DOTTY

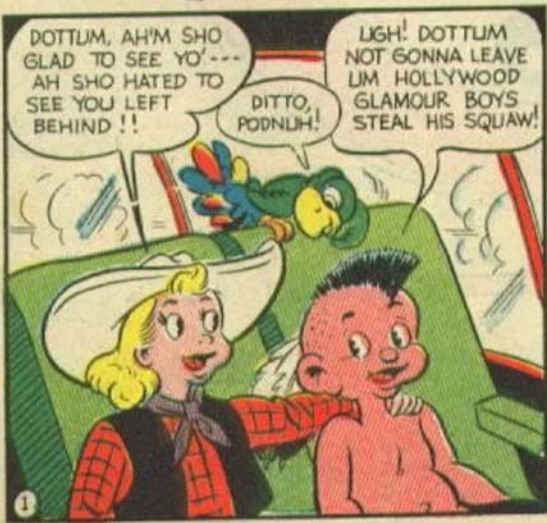
and

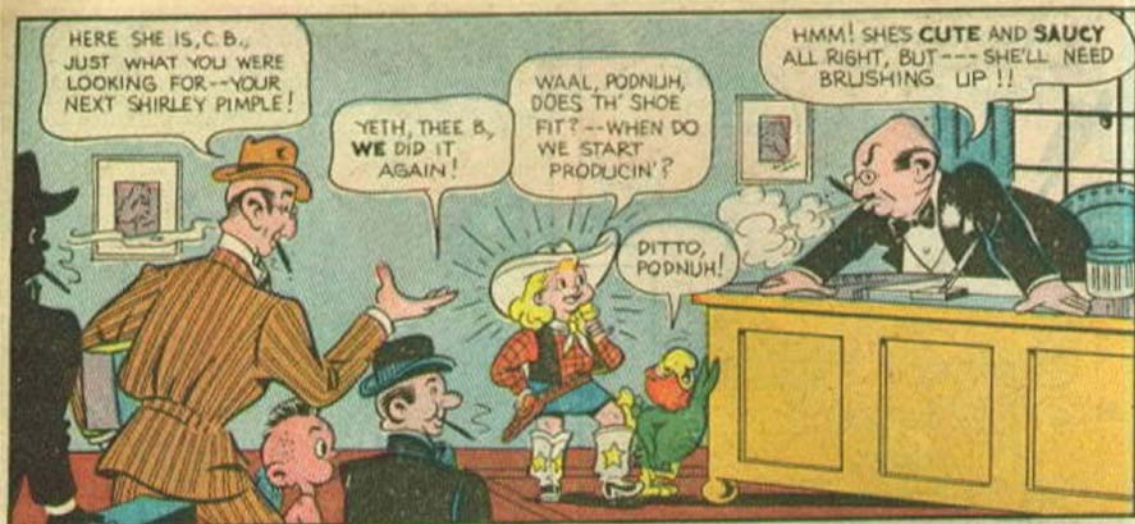
DITTO



by
BILL WOGGON

DOTTY, OUR ROOTIN' TOOTIN' COWGIRL HEROINE, AND HER PET PARROT, DITTO, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HOLLYWOOD BY PLANE TO MAKE THEIR DEBUT IN CECIL B. D'PILL'S NEXT COLOSSAL PRODUCTION. DOTTY'S INDIAN BOYFRIEND, DOTTUM, HAS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED AS A STOWAWAY!





AND WHILE DOTTY IS DRIVING MR. LILAC FRANTIC WE FIND DITTO TRYING TO LEARN A NEW LINGO ----



NOW DON'T THAY "DITTO, PODNUH," AND THTOP THWEARING!



OKAY! DON'T THAY DITTO, PODNUH, AND THTOP THWEARING!

WEE!! BLANKETY BLANK! I'BL MAKE YOU THTOP THAYING "DITTO" IF WE HAVE TO THTAY, HERE ALL NIGHT!

AND DOTTUM TRIES, OH SO HARD, TO BE AN ELEPHANT BOY-- SO THEY WON'T SHOVE HIM OFF THAT CLIFF!



UGH! SO YOU WANTUM ELEPHANT BOY, HUH? OKAY! WHERE'S UM ELEPHANTS-- ME WATER UM!



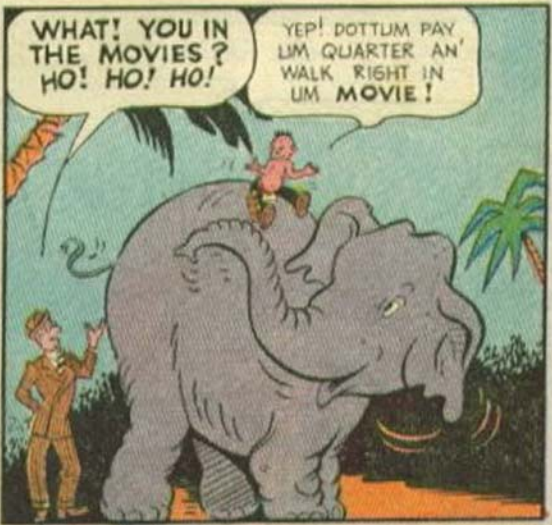
NO! NOT WATER THEM! RIDE THEM-- TALK TO THEM-- THIS ISN'T A CIRCUS THIS IS A MOVIE !!

OKAY! UGH! ME SAPU-- YOU HEAP BIG ELEPHANT, BOY!



UGH! YOU CAN'T ACT! WHY YOU PROBABLY NEVER SAW A MOVIE! LET ALONE BE IN ONE !!

DOTTUM WAS IN UM MOVIES ONCE!



WHAT! YOU IN THE MOVIES? HO! HO! HO!

YEP! DOTTUM PAY UM QUARTER AN' WALK RIGHT IN UM MOVIE!

WHERE'S MY NEW SHIRLEY PIMPLE,
AND CAST FOR MY NEXT COLOSSAL
PRODUCTION - I WANT ACTION!
WHAT'S THE BIG DELAY??

YES
C.B.!

BZZ!
BZZ!

WELL, COME IN---
WHAT HAVE YOU
ACCOMPLISHED?
QUICK! QUICK!
ACTION!!
THIS IS NO TIME
FOR GAMES!!!

WAAL, PODNUH, (SPAT) YO' SEE
AH'VE SHO' ACCOMPLISHED
SUMPIN' WITH DOTTY, EH?

DITTO, YOU---
BLANKETY BLANK!
DITTO, PODNUH!

PING!

YETH,
THEE
B!!

UGH! ME GOTTUM HEAP
BIG INJUN ELEPHANT
BOY READY FOR UM
PICTURE, TOO, UGH!

OWWWW!!!

UGH! WHERE'S UM
ASPIRINS? QUICK !!
UGH! UGH!!

COMIN' RIGHT
UP, PODNUH!

DITTO, THTOP THWEARING, PODNUH,
NOW LETS BE CALM-- UGH! ACTION
ACTION! QUICK! (GULP) GETTUM
ANOTHER BOTTLE OF ASPIRINS !!
GULP! UGH!

LET'S HOPE C.B. DON'T HAVE A NERVOUS COLLAPSE
BEFORE THE PICTURE IS STARTED !! BE ON
THE SET WITH DOTTY AND DITTO NEXT ISSUE!
AND DON'T FORGET! BUY WAR BONDS !!!

WHILE WE'RE WAITING TO SEE
WHAT HAPPENS TO DOTTY
AND DITTO IN HOLLYWOOD
LET'S TAKE OUR SCISSORS
AND PLAY WITH THESE

CUT-OUTS ^{of} DOTTUM

DOTTUM
HEAP BIG
INJUN
CHIEF!



CUT ALONG
DOTTED LINE
AND PLACE
INDIAN BONNET
ON DOTTUM'S
HEAD.



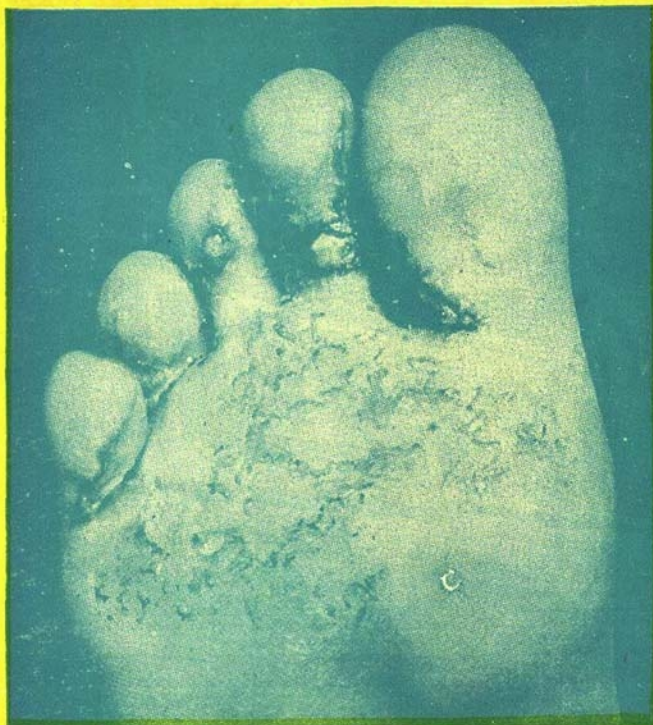
THESE CUTOUTS OF
DOTTUM SUGGESTED
BY JACKIE COBLE
AND NANCY
POGGEMEYER,
PERRYSBURG, OHIO.



SEND IN YOUR CUTOUT IDEAS TO
"DOTTY AND DITTO" M.L.J. MAGAZINES,
160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer.

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.



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon



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.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. A

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.....