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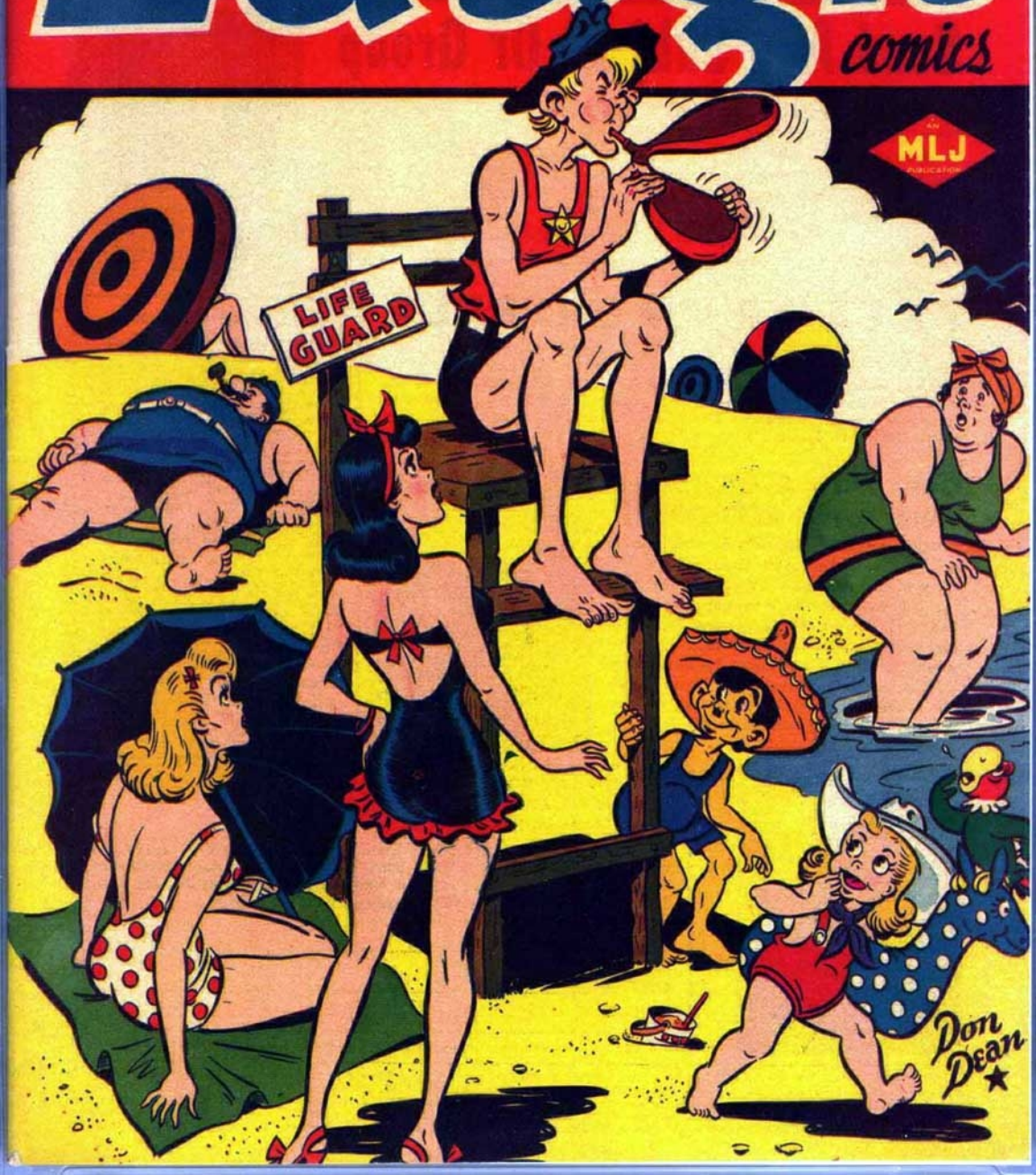
D7-44

TOP-NOTCH

SEPT. 10¢

Laugh

comics



Don
Dean
★

POKEY OAKKEY

by Don Dean.

LAST MONTH POKEY ENCOUNTERED A STRANGE COUPLE STRANDED ON "MISERY LANE", AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY AND HER SMALL SON-- HE THOUGHT, AT HIS SUGGESTION, THEY ARE NOW STAYING AT HIS HOME UNTIL THEIR CAR IS PUT INTO ORDER. NOW LET'S GET GOING-----



POKEY, THE MAYOR AX ME TO DROP THESE HYAR. **WANTED SIGNS** OFF WIFF YO. HE WANTS YO SHOULD TACK THEM UP.

THANKS, LEM, AH SHO NUFF WILL -----
EEE-OW--



WANTED!
BY POLICE AUTHORITIES OF 39 STATES

705212.



SADIE "LA SMOOTH"
HEIGHT --- 5-2
WEIGHT --- 115 LBS.
AGE --- 22 YRS.



"PEE-WEE MCGEE"
HEIGHT --- 3-6
WEIGHT --- 48 LBS.
AGE --- 39 YRS.

WANTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY,
MURDER, JAIL BREAK



WHUT'S A MATTAH,
SHURIFF, ANYTHING
WRONG??

HUH? E-ERA
NOPE! NOPE!
EVAVHTHING IS JES'
FINE (HEH HEH) SEE
YO LATER, LEM.



DAWGONE EF THESE
HAINT THE SAME FOLKS
THET AH HELPED OVAH
TO MAH HOME AN' THET
LIL BABY IS REALLY
A **GEN-U-WINE**
MIDGET.



THET MEANS THET ME THE SHURIFF
HISSELF IS GUILTY OF AIDING
FOO-GITIVES O' JUSTICE
AN' HARBORIN' THE SAME. **OOOH**
HAS AH GOT **MISERY** (GROAN)



MAH FAULT IS THET AHM
JES' TOO TRUSTING OR
JES' PLAIN DUMB ---
JES' TOO TRUSTING MOS'
PROBABLY



THE SOONAH AH
POPS THEM **IM-POSSY-TORS**
IN THE JUG THE BETTAH,
MAH **DOOTY** CALLS
ME.



SAAY, DADDY WHUTS
GOING ON HYAR?
WHAR'S THE LADY?

OH, SHE WENT OUT
PICKING FLOWAHS
OR SOMETHING
AN' AHM MINDING
HER BABY --
AH PASS

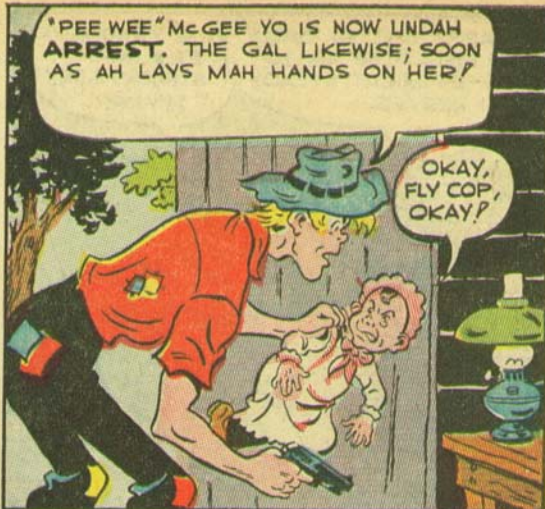
OH-OH!



BABY MAH FOOT? THIS HYAR IS A MIDGET AN' A CRIMINAL — DROP THAT SHOOTING IRON MCGEE P?

RATS!

WAL — BUS' MAH SPENDAH'S WHO WOULD OF THINK ET?



'PEE WEE' MCGEE YO IS NOW UNDAH ARREST. THE GAL LIKEWISE; SOON AS AH LAYS MAH HANDS ON HER!

OKAY, FLY COP, OKAY!



SPEAKING OF HANDS, MR. SHERIFF, PLEASE ELEVATE YOURS — BUT QUICKLY P?

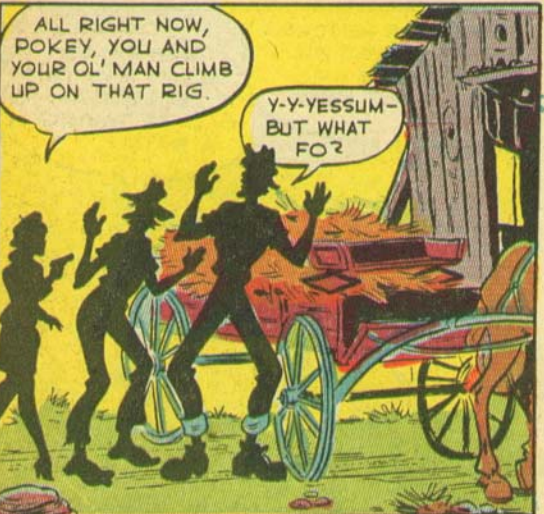
HUH?

ATTA BABY, SADIE!



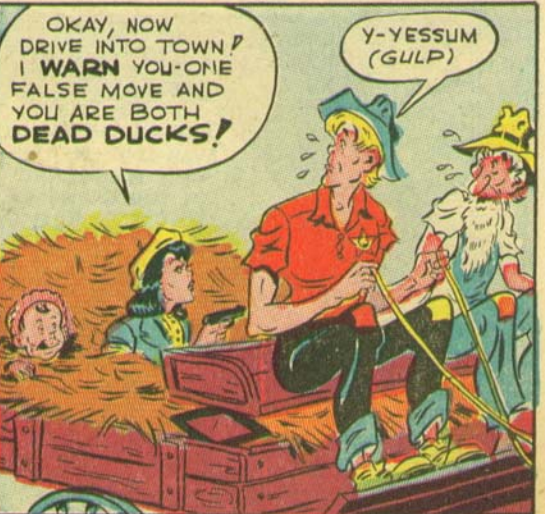
WELL, WOTTA YA WAITING FOR, SADIE, GO AHEAD AN' BLAST THE HICKS P?

DON'T BE TOO IMPATIENT, RUNT. YOU FORGET WE NEED A CAR TO BLOW WITH AND THE SHERIFF, HERE, IS GOING TO GET IT FOR US.



ALL RIGHT NOW, POKEY, YOU AND YOUR OL' MAN CLIMB UP ON THAT RIG.

Y-Y-YESSUM — BUT WHAT FO?



OKAY, NOW DRIVE INTO TOWN! I WARN YOU — ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU ARE BOTH DEAD DUCKS!

Y-YESSUM (GULP)

PAPPY WILL YO KINDLY
GIVE ME A PUFF ON YO
PIPE - ET MIGHT STEADY
MAH NERVES.

S-S-SHO-NUFF
ET ALWAYS
STEADYS MINE
HYAR

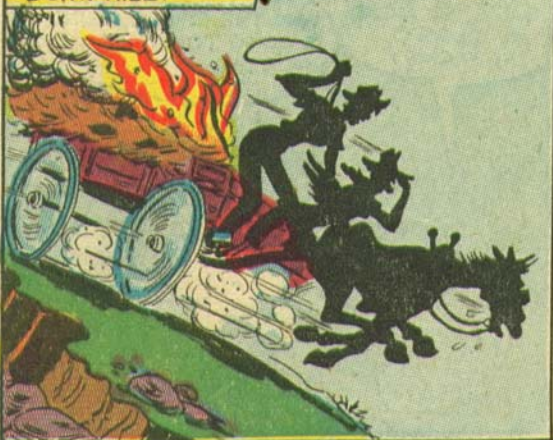


UNNOTICED, POKEY OAKLEY TAPS THE
PIPE'S HOT COALS INTO THE STRAW.

ETS MOS' BURNT
OUT RECKON AH'LL
HAFTA RELOAD ET!



THE LIVE COALS ARE FANNED INTO
OPEN FLAME AS POKEY BREEZES
DOWN HILL.



WOW!
FIRE!!

YOU G-@ P.P.P.
HILLYBILLY APE
TAKE THAT!

BANG

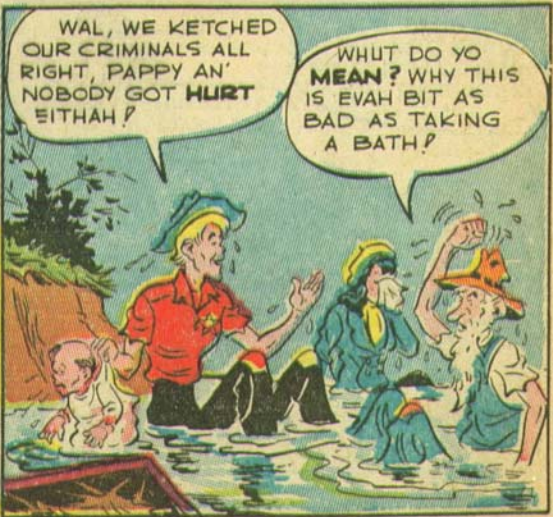


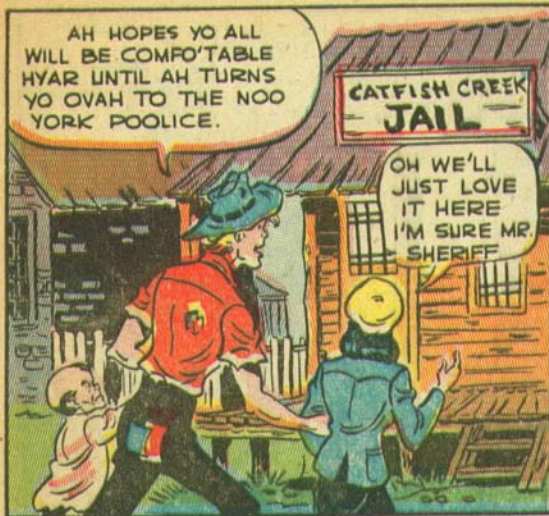
HANG TIGHT
EVAH ONE - WE 'LINS
ARE HAIDED FO
THE DRINK!



WAL, WE KETCHED
OUR CRIMINALS ALL
RIGHT, PAPPY AN'
NOBODY GOT HURT
EITHAH?

WHUT DO YO
MEAN? WHY THIS
IS EVAH BIT AS
BAD AS TAKING
A BATH!





AH HOPES YO ALL WILL BE COMFO'TABLE HYAR UNTIL AH TURNS YO OVAH TO THE NOO YORK POOLICE.

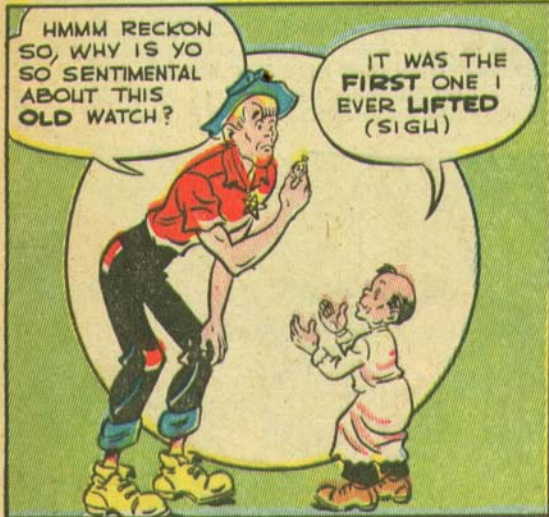
CATFISH CREEK JAIL

OH WE'LL JUST LOVE IT HERE I'M SURE MR SHERIFF



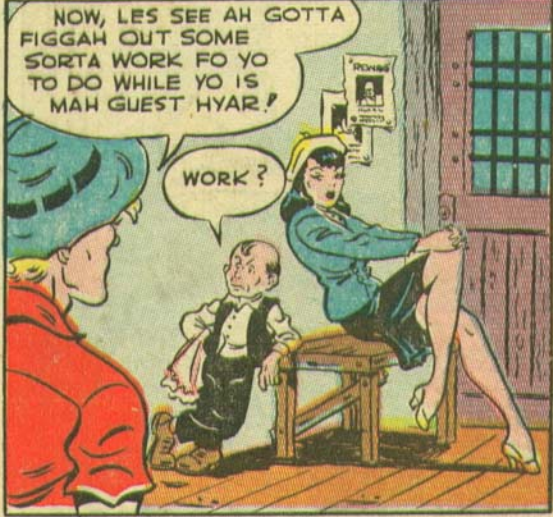
FUST, YO GOTTA TURN ALL YO VALOOABLES OVAH TO ME FO SAFE KEEPING. ET'S THE LAW.

OKAY, BUD, BUT KIN I JUST KEEP THIS WATCH. I HAVE A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT FOR IT?



HMMM RECKON SO, WHY IS YO SO SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THIS OLD WATCH?

IT WAS THE FIRST ONE I EVER LIFTED (SIGH)



NOW, LES SEE AH GOTTA FIGGAH OUT SOME SORTA WORK FO YO TO DO WHILE YO IS MAH GUEST HYAR!

WORK?



I GOT IT, BUD, GIMME A COUBLA DAYS PRACTICE AN' I'LL BE ABLE TO DO ALL YOUR 'CHECK SIGNING'.



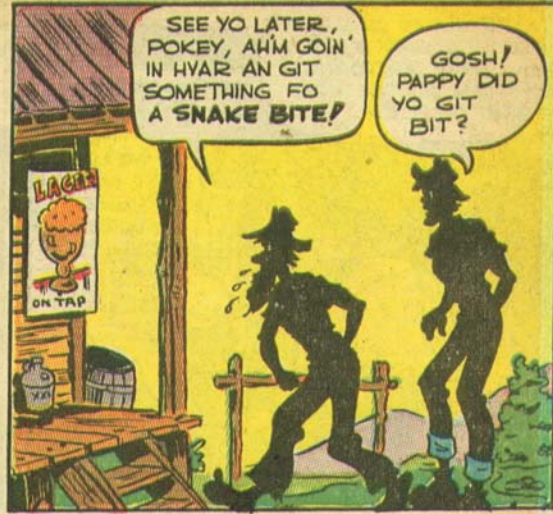
WAL, FO THE TIME BEING JES' MAKE YO'SELFS TO HOME - REMEMBAH 'IRON BARS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE'.

YEAH, WE KNOW. YOU JUST GOT US HYP-NOTIZED, THAT'S ALL!



SON, AHM PROUD THE WAY YO CAPTURED THEM CRIMINALS. ET'S EASY TO SEE YO GETS YO BRAINS AN' INTELTY-JUNTS FROM ME!

YEP AN' YO GOOD LOOKS TOO! GOOD OL' PAPPY!

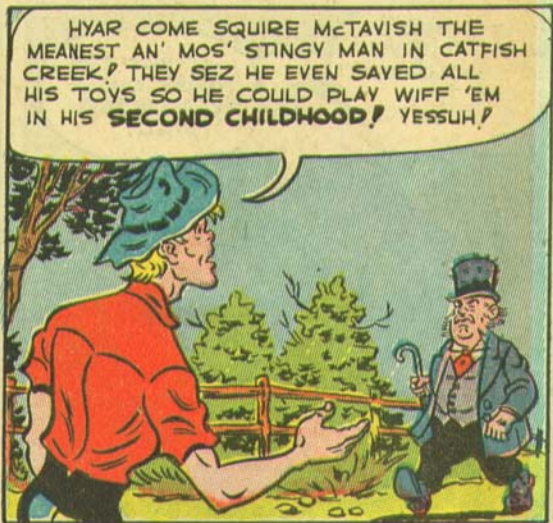


SEE YO LATER, POKEY, AHM GOIN' IN HYAR AN GIT SOMETHING FO A SNAKE BITE!

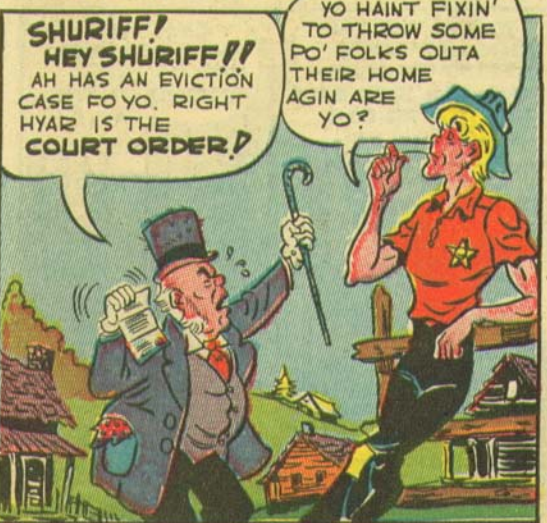
GOSH! PAPPY DID YO GIT BIT?



WAL-NOPE NOT YET? BUT A FELLAH NEVAH KIN TELL!



HYAR COME SQUIRE McTAVISH THE MEANEST AN' MOS' STINGY MAN IN CATFISH CREEK! THEY SEZ HE EVEN SAVED ALL HIS TOYS SO HE COULD PLAY WIFF 'EM IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD! YESSUH!



SHURIFF! HEY SHURIFF!! AH HAS AN EVICTION CASE FO YO. RIGHT HYAR IS THE COURT ORDER!

YO HAINT FIXIN' TO THROW SOME PO' FOLKS OUTA THEIR HOME AGIN ARE YO?



RIGHT? AN THIS TIME ET'S THET LOONEY COL. QUAGMIRE!

COL. QUAGMIRE? WHY EVEN YO COULDN'T DO THET TO A FINE OL' GENTLEMAN LIKE HIM --- COULD YO?

SO, NEXT MONTH WE MEET COL. QUAGMIRE, ONE OF THE GREATEST CHARACTER EVER TO APPEAR IN COMIC BOOKS.

The BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

by CLEM + ZULTAN



HANK WAS A CUB REPORTER AND LIKE ALL CUB REPORTERS HE DREAMED! WILD DREAMS OF JOURNALISTIC FAME!

HANK WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR A SCOOP AND JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS WORK ABOVE LIFE ITSELF A STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE TALE IS BORN!



YOU DAY DREAMING AGAIN! WHY AREN'T YOU TYPING UP THAT BOY-SCOUT STORY?



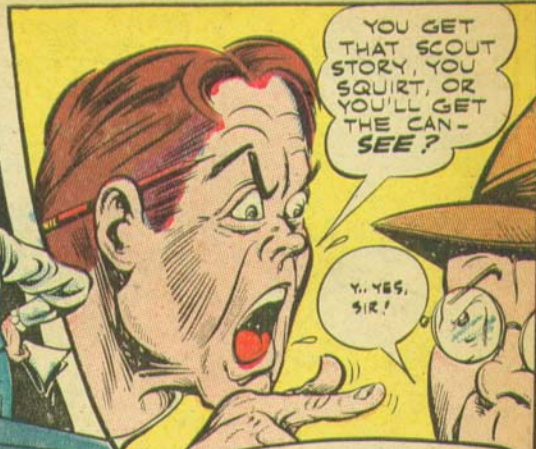
LOOK HERE, BOSS, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THESE BABY JOBS! I WANT BIG STUFF, SEE?





I.. I'M (GULP) A REPORTER NOT A WET NURSE!

HMM... IZZAT, SO!



YOU GET THAT SCOUT STORY, YOU SQUIRT, OR YOU'LL GET THE CAN-SEE?

Y.. YES, SIR!



HIYA, DEMON REPORTER! WRITE THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL, YET?!

WELL, WELL.. IF IT AIN'T OUR ACE REPORTER!..

HAW, HAW!



AND YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE LOOK ON HANK'S FACE WHEN HE WALKED OUTA THE CHIEF'S OFFICE!



HMM.. LOOKS LIKE HANK'S GETTING RIBBED AGAIN, BARBARA!

YES, KIP!.. AND I THINK IT'S DESPICABLE!



DON'T LET 'EM GET YOU DOWN, HANK, OLD BOY! EVERY CUB GET'S RIBBED!

SURE! YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS, HANK! YOU'LL GET YOUR SCOOP YET!



AND WHEN YOU DO, JUST CALL ON ME! I.. ER.. HAVE SOME IN-FLUENCE WITH THE.. AH.. BLACK HOOD! HELL GIVE YOU A HAND IF YOU NEED IT!!



HEY, JOE! HOW ABOUT PULLIN' THE BLOODY MASSACRE GAG ON HANK!

SWELL IDEA, GUS! HE OUGHTA GO FOR IT, HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!!

HELLO! IS THIS THE DAILY TRIBUNE? SEND A REPORTER DOWN TO 17 VINE ST. RIGHT AWAY!...

WHAT.. BLOODY MASSACRE.. HUNDREDS OF CORPSES? YEOWWW. THERE'LL BE A REPORTER DOWN THERE, AND HOW!

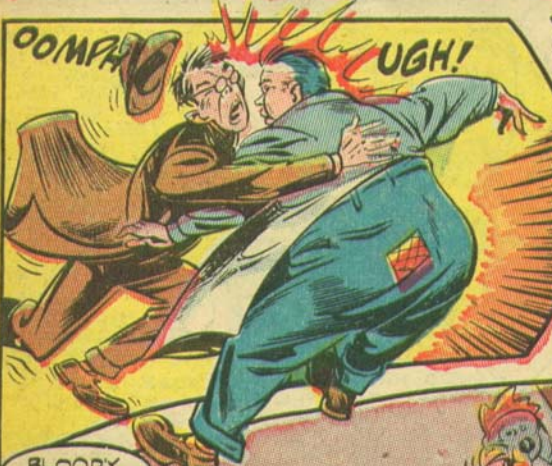


THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYBODY ELSE COVER THIS YARN!



CUB REPORTER, EH? I'LL SHOW 'EM!

17 VINE ST. THIS IS THE PLACE!



WHERE YOU GOING? WHAT IS YER HURRY?

I'M THE REPORTER FROM THE TRIBUNE! (PUFF) WHERE ARE THE BLOODY CORPSES? (PUFF)



BLOODY CORPSES? ONLY ONES WE HAVE HERE ARE THE CHICKENS!



WANNA COME INTO THE SLAUGHTER ROOM? I'LL SHOW 'EM TO YOU!

NUTS!





MADE A FOOL OUTA ME.. THAT'S WHAT! GOTTA GOOD MIND TO QUIT! (MUMBLE, MUMBLE!)



WHASSAT?

MURDER



HELP! POLICE!



THERE'S A DEAD BODY UP THERE.. I TELL YOU!! I SAW IT!!

SHUT UP YOU FOOL!



I'M A REPORTER AND.. SAY.. YOU'RE JOHN LANDIS, THE D.A.!

THAT'S RIGHT, MY BOY! MY WIFE IS HAVING A BAD CASE OF NERVES!



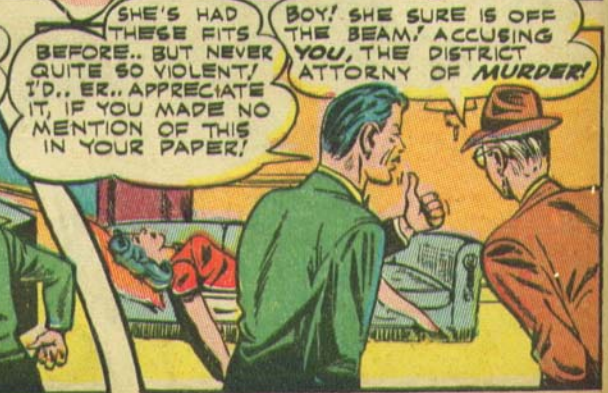
NO, I'M NOT! I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN, JOHN! BUT I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYTHING NOW! I WON'T HAVE BLOOD ON MY HANDS! I...



YIFE! SHE'S FAINTED!

OOOH

POOR LEAH! JUST PUT HER ON THE COUCH!!

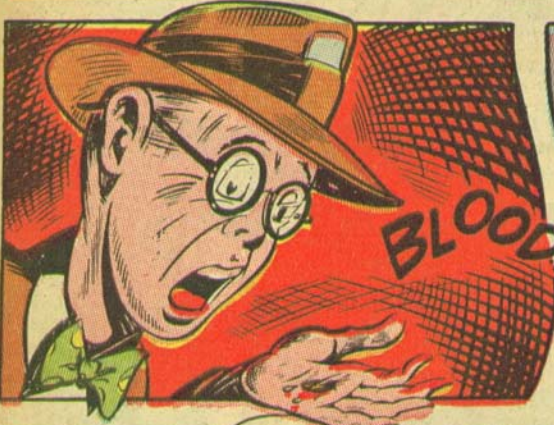
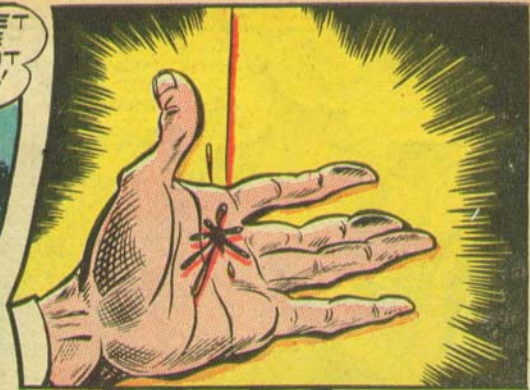


SHE'S HAD THESE FITS BEFORE.. BUT NEVER QUITE SO VIOLENT! I'D.. ER.. APPRECIATE IT, IF YOU MADE NO MENTION OF THIS IN YOUR PAPER!

BOY! SHE SURE IS OFF THE BEAM! ACCUSING YOU, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF MURDER!



BUT DON'T WORRY I'LL GET ENOUGH KIDDING AT THE OFFICE, AS IT IS, WITHOUT THIS SCREWY BUSINESS! S'LONG, D.A.!



BLOOD!



IT CAME FROM THE CEILING, YOUR WIFE ISN'T SO NUTS AFTER ALL! THERE IS SOMETHING UP THERE!

HERE TAKE THIS AND FORGET ABOUT IT, I TELL YOU!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR FILTHY DOUGH! I'LL WRITE THIS UP IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

WHY, YOU!



IF IT'S THE LAST THING HE DOES, EH? THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH A COUPLE OF THE BOYS!



AS HANK IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING..

DAILY TRIBUNE

WHA..


HIYA, PAL!

JUST A MINUTE, SONNY, BOY!



I GET IT NOW! THE D.A. SENT YOU TO KEEP ME FROM..

SHUT UP AND GET INTO THAT CAR!




HEARD ANYTHING YET FROM THAT KID REPORTER, BARBARA?

NO, KID! NOT FOR A WEEK, NOW! HANK'S DROPPED COMPLETELY FROM SIGHT--AS THOUGH THE EARTH SWALLOWED HIM!



I CAN'T BELIEVE HANK WOULD QUIT! SOMEHOW, HE STRUCK ME AS A PERSON WHOSE VERY LIFE WAS WRAPPED UP IN HIS WORK!

NO FIRE COULD WARM ME, BURLAND! I MUST TALK FAST! I'VE SO MUCH TO SAY, AND SO LITTLE TIME TO SAY IT!



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, MISS SUTTON!

HANK!

GOOD LORD, MAN! COME OVER TO THE FIRE! YOU'RE DRIPPING WET!



YOU ONCE PROMISED TO HAVE THE BLACK HOOD HELP ME GET A STORY! I'VE COME TO MAKE YOU KEEP THAT PROMISE! MY STORY IS IN THE BLACKWELL SANITARIUM, WHERE MRS. JOHN LANDIS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S WIFE IS BEING KEPT--- ALTHOUGH SHE ISN'T IN-SANE!

HEY, WAIT!

GET HER OUT OF THERE! SHE HAS MUCH TO TELL--- AND NOW, GOODBYE!

GONE! BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE DISAPPEARED SO QUICKLY?

KIP! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW!

BUT I PROMISED THAT KID THE HOOD'S HELP... AND HE'S GOING TO GET IT! I'M OFF TO THE BLACKWELL SANITARIUM!

SLAM



LATER THAT NIGHT--

THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO GET IN WITH-
OUT BEING SEEN!

AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!



UP WE GO--
AND OVER!



BEST THING TO DO IS FIND MY WAY TO THE HEADMAN OF THIS JOINT!



--AND THIS GUY'S GONNA HELP ME!

AAARGH...

LIKE TO KEEP BREATHING, BUD? WHERE'S THE GUY IN CHARGE?

UGH--DOCTOR CARSON'S OFFICE, THIRD DOOR TO LEFT (GASP!) IN BUILDING DIRECTLY BEHIND!



THANKS--AND NOW I'LL BE SURE YOU KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE--HAPPY DREAMS!

CRACK



IN THE OFFICE OF DR CARSON--

DON'T WORRY, LANDIS, YOUR WIFE IS SAFELY UNDER LOCK AND KEY-- AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE STAYS THERE-- FOR A LONG TIME!

DR. CARSON THE JIG'S UP! THE BLACK HOOD'S HERE AND HE'S LOOKING FOR MRS. LANDIS!

THE BLACK HOOD HERE!



YEAH---AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE COPS ARE RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

I'VE PREPARED MYSELF FOR THIS EMERGENCY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF MRS. LANDIS *RIGHT NOW!*

A LITTLE OVERDOSE OF SLEEPING POWDER AND MRS. LANDIS WON'T ANSWER ANY INCONVENIENT QUESTIONS!

LET ME OUT OF HERE YOU MURDERERS! YOU AND MY WICKED HUSBAND WON'T ESCAPE THE LAW-- KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

HOLD HER WHILE I ADMINISTER THE SLEEPING POTION!

NO, DOC! I'LL ADMINISTER THE SLEEPING POTION!

DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, MRS. LANDIS! I'M THE BLACK HOOD! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

THANK HEAVENS! MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

MIKE! LOOK, THAT CAR'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THE GATE!

AIM FOR THE TIRES!

THANK GOD, BLACK HOOD, YOU GOT ME OUT OF THAT DREADFUL PLACE! TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR PLEASE!

AH---A CAR! HOW CONVENIENT!

CRASH!

BANG



WEANTIME--IN THE TRIBUNE OFFICE ---

FUNNY! I SEEM TO HEAR A TYPEWRITER! I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WORKING OVERTIME!



HOLY SMOKE! HANK!



Y--YOU'RE DRIPPIN' WET AN' FULL O' SEAWEEED! WHERE'VE BEEN? WHAT?

I'M A REPORTER, CHIEF! A REAL RE-PORTER AND THIS STORY WILL PROVE IT! MY FIRST AND LAST STORY, CHIEF!



LAST NIGHT JOHN M. LANDIS THE D.A. WAS PROVED THE "BIG BOY" PROTECTING THE RACKETEER'S IN THIS TOWN! THE EVIDENCE WAS SUPPLIED BY HIS WIFE WHOM HE TRIED TO LOCK UP IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! BUT THE BLACK HOOD LANDIS AND DISCLOSED THE WHOLE ROTTEN SET-UP!



THE POLICE CORROBORATED EVERY LINE OF HANK'S! THE D.A. CONFESSED EVERYTHING! BOY THAT HANK'S GONNA BE MY STAR ---

HOWLIN' HEADLINES! I'M GONNA CHECK ON THIS YARN AND IF IT'S TRUE ---



GONE! WHERE THE HECK DID HE DISAPPEAR TO NOW?



HELLO! EDITOR RAMSEY? POLICE CALLING! WHO DID YOU SAY TURNED IN THAT LANDIS SCOOP, AGAIN?

MY CUB REPORTER, HANK HENNIG! WHY?



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! A BODY WAS FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER LAST NIGHT, AND DEFINITELY IDENTIFIED AS HANK HENNIG!

The End

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-SIZED PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

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

THE WINNER!

....AND HIS WINNING LETTER!



PVT. J.E. HANCOCK
HQ. 8-HQ. SQDN. FLIGHT 8,
BOCA RATON FIELD, FLORIDA

As a soldier in the U.S. Army Air Force I read Top Notch Laugh Comics to pass away the time and have a few laughs. We all get the blues very often and a good comic book sets everything off. The character I like most is the Black Hood for we are all black hoods and supermen trying to defeat the videre and Toys and all odds who don't like our way of life. I get lots of laughs & thrill out of Top Notch Laugh Comics. I also want you to tell all to buy Top Notch and stamps to help win through for James C. Hunsel

HONORABLE MENTION



SNOWDEN WALTERS
208 CHAPLIN AVE.
WINCHESTER, KY.



CAROLE RIBETH
1535 TAYLOR AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.



LEONARD ANDERSON
101 3RD STREET
LESTER, PA.



MARGUERITE KELLER
EDISTO DRIVE
ORANGEBURY, SC.



CECIL L. BOYD
EWING, ILLINOIS



RENEE THORF
BOX 327
MONTPELIER, IDAHO



FRANKLIN WORKMAN
BOX 42
MEBANE, N.C.



MARIE MACPHAIL
2471 DAVIDSON AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.



DALTON SMITH
BOX 43
SILVER CITY, N.C.



KATINA SARRAMIS
229 HANOVER ST.
PORTSMOUTH, N.H.



CHILO GARCIA
RT. 2, BOX 847
GANGER, CALIFORNIA



HONOR BETHKE
1321 S. 29th ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE WINNER OF THE AUGUST TOP NOTCH LAUGH CONTEST!

ROBERTA JONES
ALTMAR, CALIFORNIA



HONORABLE MENTION - Continued -



JOSEPH SEDACCA JR.
146 LUDLOW ST.
N.Y.C.



ROSALIND ENGEL
1840 PHELAN PL.
BRONX, N.Y.



EUGENE WHITT
2911 BLACKHUROR AVE.
ASHLAND, KY.



LOIS KENNEDY
RD. 1 #08
ELIZABETH, N.J.



JACK HIBBS
TRUEMANN,
ARKANSAS



JOE L. CROW
APACHE, OKLA.



RITA SVINDEE
BOX 118
PARRISH, ALA.



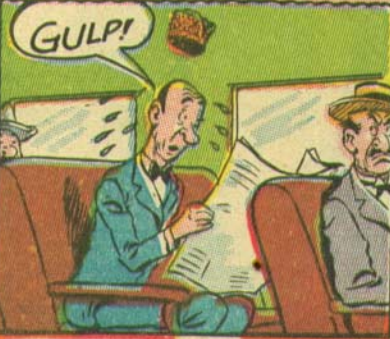
SANDY FRAUD
230 WASHINGTON ST.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

SNOOP M'GOOK

The Soupy Sleuth

by Carl Hubbell

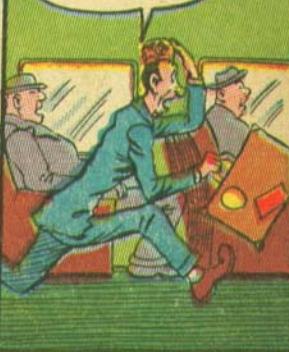
RETURNING ON THE TRAIN FROM HIS VACATION, SNOOP M'GOOK PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER--AS HE LOOKS AT IT HIS EYES...POP--HE SWEATS!!



MUGGING MONSTER TERRORIZES CITY!!!



WHOA! CONDUCTOR!



ER--I'VE DECIDED NOT TO GO BACK TO THE CITY FOR A WHILE! LEAVE ME OFF AT THE NEXT STOP!

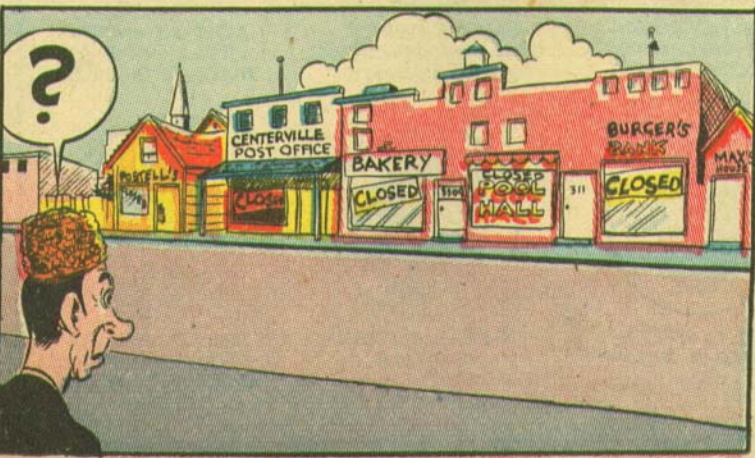
NO MORE STOPS! THIS IS AN EXPRESS TO CENTERVILLE!



GOOD NIGHT NURSE! I WOULD PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO COME BACK TO TOWN! N--NOT THAT I'M S--SCARED--



THE TRAIN ARRIVES IN CENTERTOWN --



WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T JOE SNOOCH! SAY, HOW COME EVERYTHING'S ALL CLOSED UP!

ALMOST EVERYBODY'S LEFT TOWN BECAUSE OF THY M-MYSTERIOUS MONSTER! EXCUSE ME, I GOTTA GET HOME BEFORE IT GETS DARK!





HMM--- IT IS GETTING LATE AT THAT! I THINK I'LL GO HOME TOO!

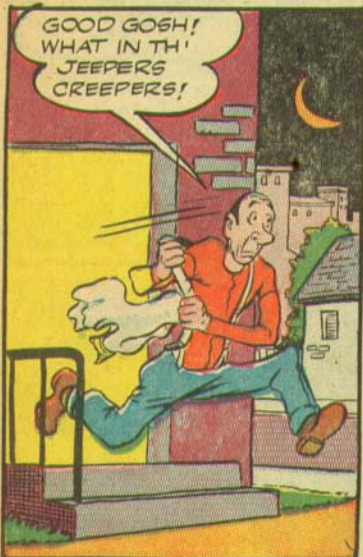


THAT NIGHT THE CITY IS WRAPPED IN SLEEP-- THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT-- THEN SUDDENLY--



HAALP! BIM! CRASH!

ZZZ ZZZ ZOOOP
ZZ HUH?



GOOD GOSH! WHAT IN TH' JEEPERS CREEPERS!



FER PETE'S SAKE! WHAT HAP- PENED MR. WEISER?

IT WAS THE MONSTER! HE CAME GALLOPING OUT OF THIS STORE WITH A WHOLE SIDE OF BEEF! IF I HADN'T JUMPED OUT OF THE WAY, HE WOULD'VE TRAMPLED ME TO DEATH!



THE MONSTER, EH? THAT BABY'S GETTING ENTIRELY TOO TOUGH! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR YOU MR. MCGOOK!

YEH! I'LL SHOW THAT-- WHO? ME?



SURE! YOU'RE A DETECTIVE, AINTCHA? START DETECTIN'!

ALL RIGHT! DON'T RUSH ME!

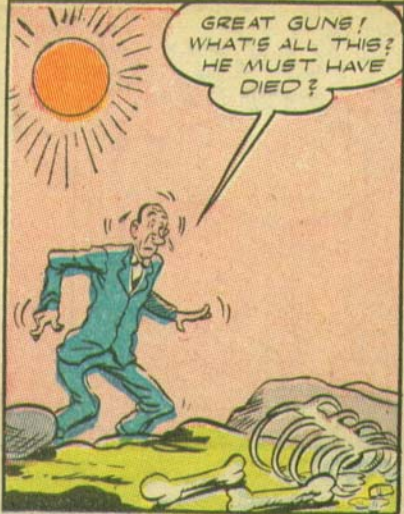


JUDGING FROM THE SIZE OF THOSE FOOTPRINTS, THE MONSTER MUST BE PRETTY TALL! ABOUT (GULP) FIFTEEN FEET!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER---

WHEW! I'M DEAD TIRED! BUT I'VE GOTTA KEEP GOING BEFORE HE GETS TOO FAR AHEAD!



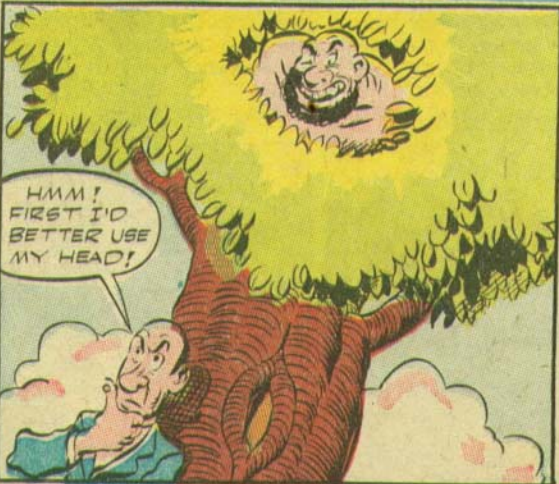
GREAT GUNS!
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
HE MUST HAVE
DIED?



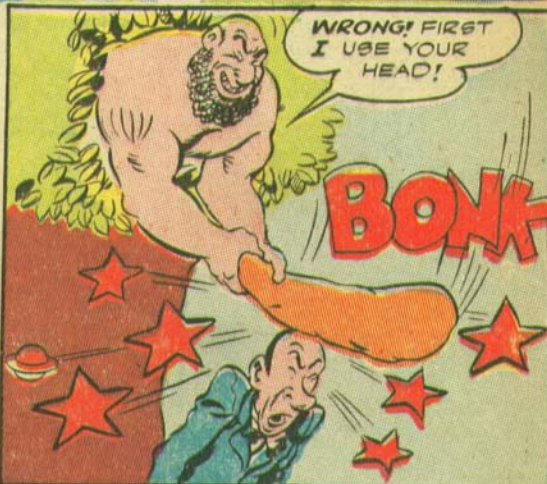
HECK! THEY'RE
BEEF BONES!
I GUESS HE
STOPPED
FOR A
SNACK!



THAT'S FUNNY!
THE FOOT-
PRINTS
END
HERE!



HMM!
FIRST I'D
BETTER USE
MY HEAD!



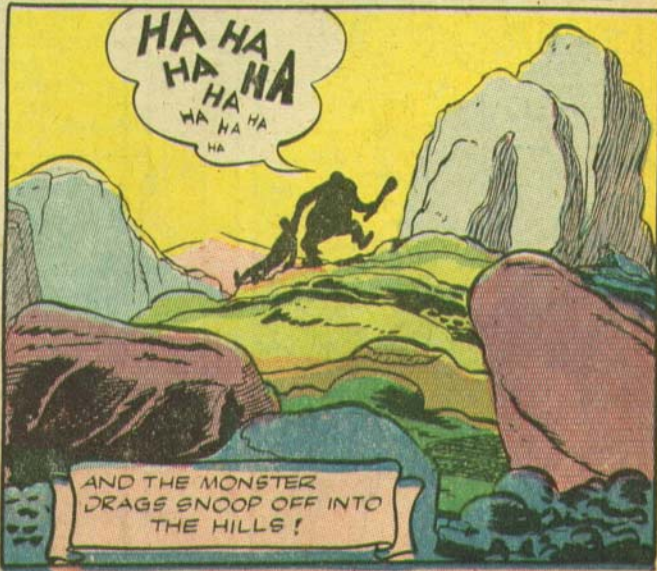
WRONG! FIRST
I USE YOUR
HEAD!

BONK



GO! FUNNY
LITTLE MAN
THINK HE
CATCH ME!
HO-HO!

TWEET
TWEET



HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA

AND THE MONSTER
DRAGS SNOOP OFF INTO
THE HILLS!

SOMETIME LATER---



OH HHH! WHERE AM I? WHAT AN AWFUL DREAM!



THAT WASN'T NO DREAM! NOW LAY DOWN AN' SHUT UP!



WH--WHAT DO YOU WANT ME F--FOR M--MONSTER? (GULP!)

CAN YOU WRITE WRITIN' MEGOOK?



WH--WHY YES! BUT HOW COME?

THASS FINE! YOU'RE GOIN' TO WRITE A LITTLE LETTER! KINDA LIKE RANDOM SEE?



COURSE! IF THEY DON'T SEND NO MONEY, I CAN ALWAYS KILL YOU! IT DON'T MATTER WHICH!



AH! HERE'S A LIKELY PROSPECT! MULE-FACE MEGILLICUDY!

N-NOT MULE-FACE! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS! I CAN'T DO HIM DIRT!

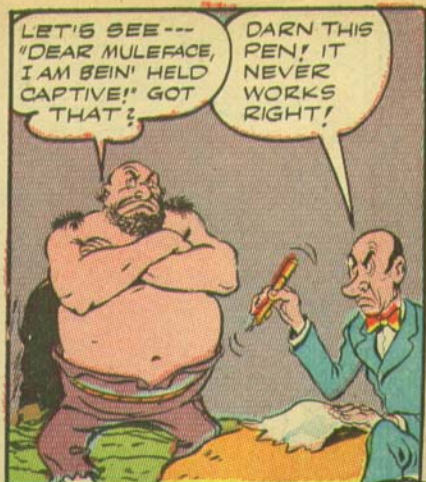


SPEAKIN' OF DIRT, MEGOOK, THEY'LL BE SHOVELIN' IT IN YOUR FACE, IF YOU DON'T OBEY ORDERS! START WRITIN'!

Y-Y-YES SIR! B-BUT WHAT'LL I WRITE ON?



USEB YOUR SHIRT, SAP! YOU CAN WRITE ON THAT!



LET'S SEE --- "DEAR MULEFACE, I AM BEIN' HELD CAPTIVE!" GOT THAT?

DARN THIS PEN! IT NEVER WORKS RIGHT!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT? GIVE IT HERE!



HMM! WHAT'S THIS LITTLE THING ON THE SIDE?

LOOK OUT! THAT'S THE---



YEOW!

SQUISH!



HALP! SAVE ME!

OH H! I CAN'T LOOK!



TSK-- TSK--

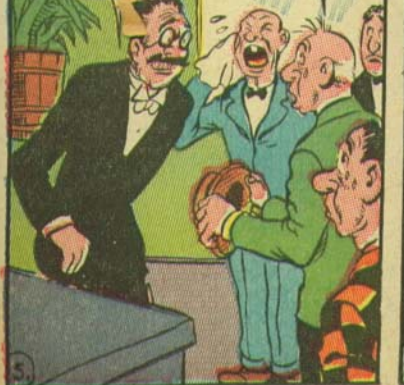
CRASH!

MEANWHILE A DELEGATION OF SNOOP'S FRIENDS CALL UPON THE LOCAL UNDERTAKER--

BUT GENTLEMEN, HOW CAN I CONDUCT A FUNERAL WITH NO-ER-- AH--BODY!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HE WENT TO CAPTURE THE MONSTER!

FUNERAL



I SEE -- WELL--ER--

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE OUTSIDE?

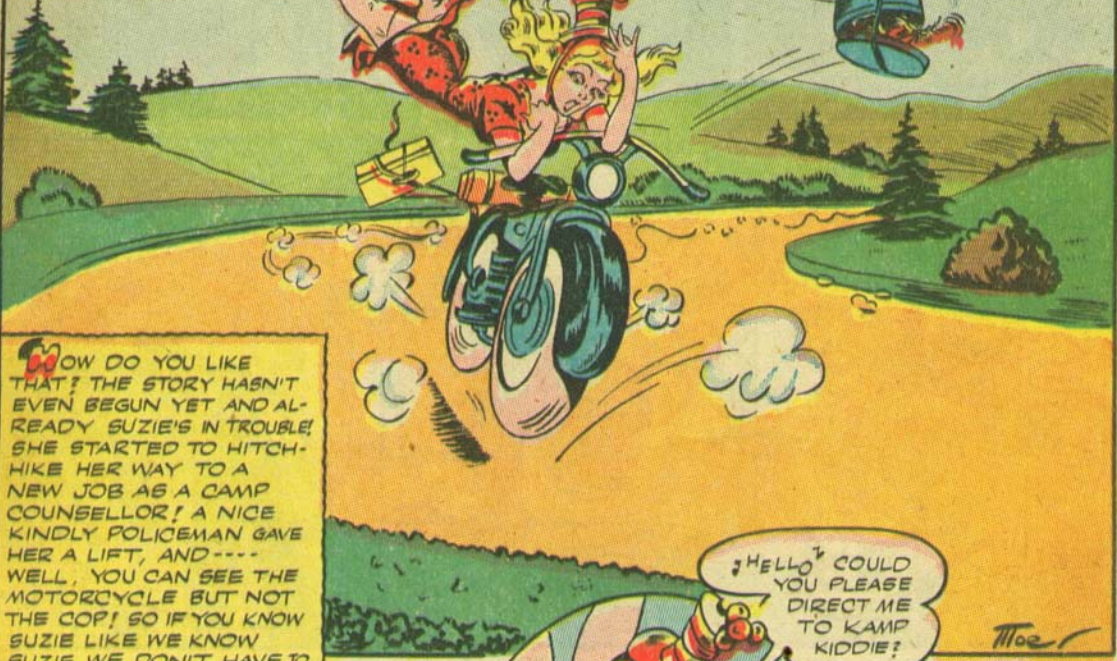
?



HERE'S YOUR MONSTER, BOYS! HE WAS A PUSHOVER!

SNOOP WILL HAVE A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU NEXT MONTH!

SUZIE



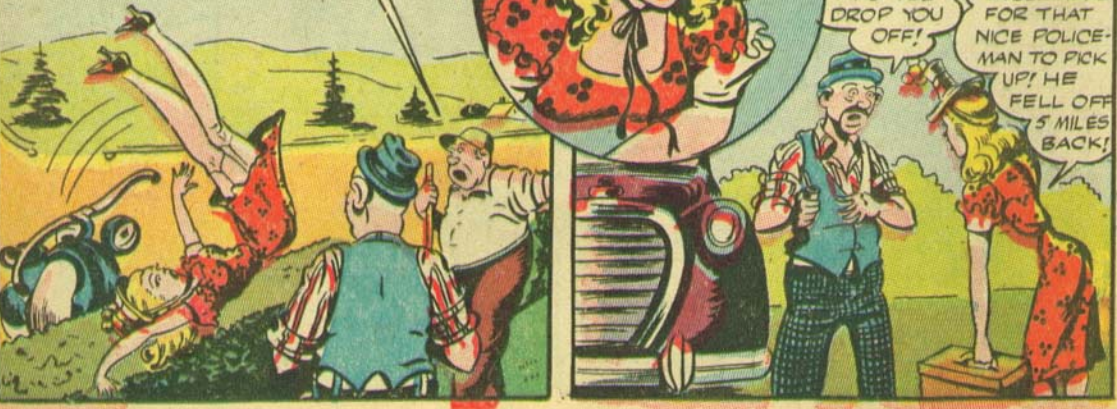
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THE STORY HASN'T EVEN BEGUN YET AND ALREADY SUZIE'S IN TROUBLE! SHE STARTED TO HITCHHIKE HER WAY TO A NEW JOB AS A CAMP COUNSELLOR! A NICE KINDLY POLICEMAN GAVE HER A LIFT, AND---- WELL, YOU CAN SEE THE MOTORCYCLE BUT NOT THE COP! SO IF YOU KNOW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE WE DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!

WHAT IN TARNATION IS THIS?

HELLO! COULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT ME TO KAMP KIDDIE?

HOP IN, MISS! I'M JUST DELIVERIN' MILK THERE AND I'LL DROP YOU OFF!

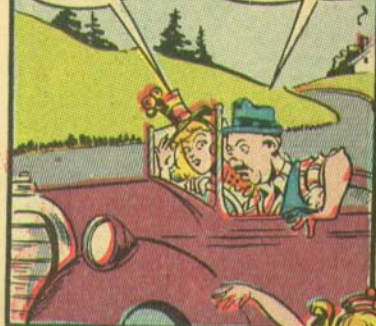
OH, THANK YOU! I'LL JUST LEAVE THE MOTORCYCLE HERE FOR THAT NICE POLICEMAN TO PICK UP! HE FELL OFF 5 MILES BACK!



Moore

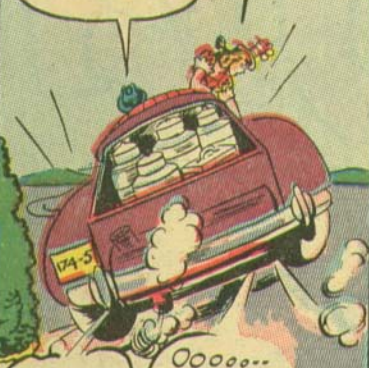
HE WAS GOING AWFULLY FAST! I GRABBED HIM! AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW HE WASN'T THERE!

HMM--WELL DON'T GET SCARED ON ME! I'D LIKE TO STAY IN THIS CAR -- BY CRACKY!



OH, GOLLY! WE'RE STOPPING! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

'PEARS LIKE WE'VE RUN OUTTA GAS!



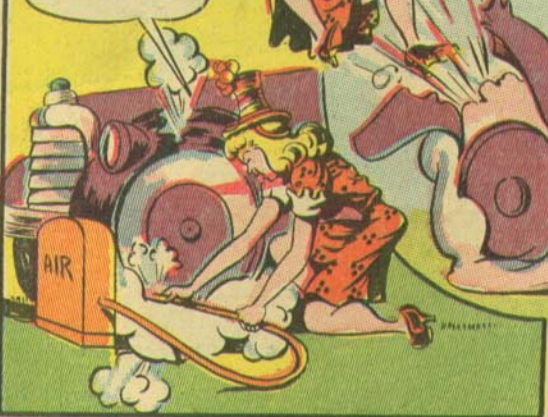
HIS TIRES SEEM KINDA LOW TOO!...

HOW MANY?

A DIMES WORTH ZEKE!



I'LL JUST HELP OUT THAT NICE MAN AND FILL UP HIS TIRES!



EEEEK

Ooooo-- MY GOOD TIRE!

YOU-- YOU--

GOLLY! I DON'T THINK THE AIR CAME THROUGH SO FAST--HONEST!



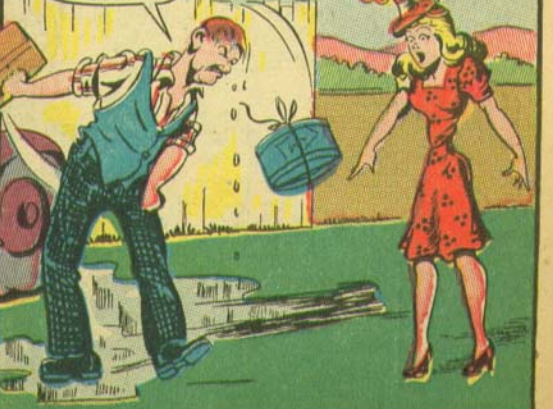
ALL I DID WAS PRESS THIS BUTTON JUST LIKE THIS -- AND--



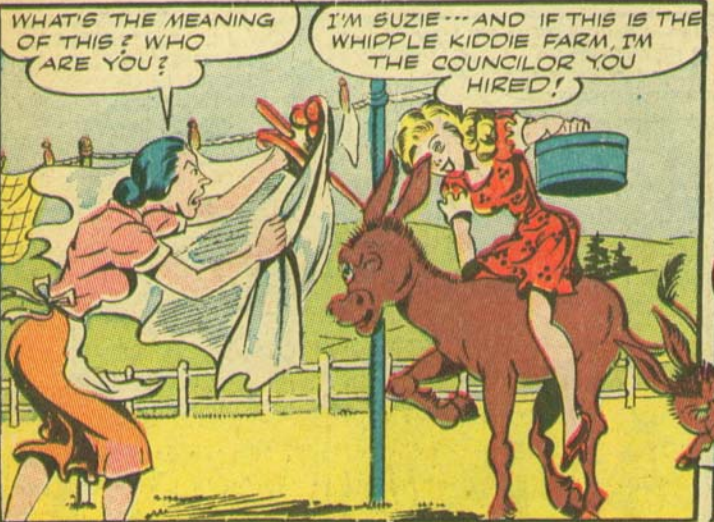
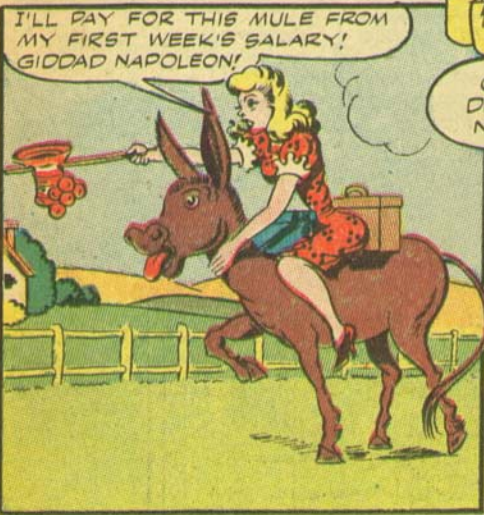
YUF

PHHATT

GIT OUTTA HERE, CONGARN YE, AFORE I FORGET YER A LADY!



HMMPHH-- FRESH!



I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING!
YOU-YOU LOOK SO
FUNNY!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S A FACT,
MINERVA! YOU DO LOOK
FUNNY SETTIN' IN THAT
BASKET!

AS FOR YOU,
HIRAM, GET
INTO THAT
'COWSHED
AND START
MILKIN' THOSE
COWS!

NOW, NOW,
MINERVA, DON'T
BE TOUCHY!
'COURSE I'LL
GO!



AND YOU, SUZIE! THERE'S
YOUR SCHEDULE FOR
TODAY! THERE'S
PLENTY OF WORK
FOR YOU! SO GET
BUSY!

YES'M!

O'DEAR!
HOW'LL I
STOP THEM
FROM
CRYING?

YOU FIGURE
IT OUT!
THAT'S WHAT
I HIRED YOU
FOR!

FIRST THING ON THE
SCHEDULE IS TO BATHE
EDGAR! THIS ONE HAS
A TAG THAT READS
EDGAR! SO HERE
GOES!

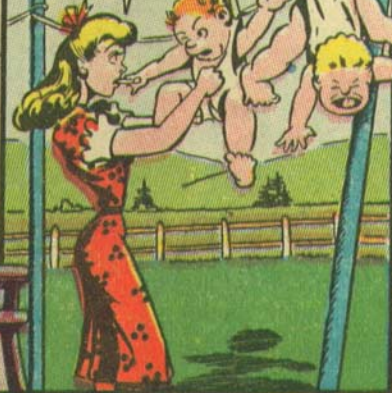


NEXT--HMM-- PUT BURTON AND
THROCKMORTON OUT TO PLAY
AND IT SAYS BE SURE TO
KEEP A LINE ON THEM!

FUNNY WAY FOR KIDS
TO PLAY--ON A
LINE! BUT ORDERS
ARE ORDERS!

WAAAHH!

NOW, I'LL JUST POWDER
THESE TWO! GOLLY
THIS JOB IS GOING
TO BE EASIER THAN
I THOUGHT!





HELLO, MRS. WHIPPLE, EVERYTHING IS GOING FINE! I JUST POWDERED THESE TWO!

LAND SAKES! ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL THESE CHILDREN! THAT'S ROACH POWDER YOU PUT ON 'EM!



WHAT DID YOU DO WITH BURTON AND THROCK-MORTON?

WHAT?

HUNG 'EM OF COURSE!



HIRAM! HELP! WE'VE GOT A MURDERER WORKING FOR US!



SHE HUNG TWO OF THE CHILDREN AND TRIED TO POISON TWO OTHERS! SHE TOLD ME SO HERSELF!

LAND O' GOSHEN!

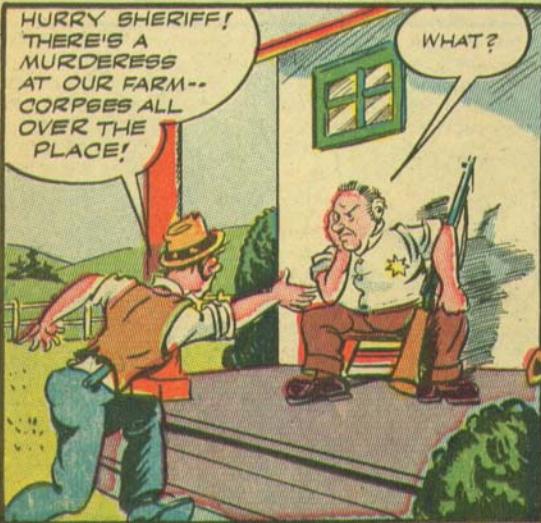


YOU STAY RIGHT HERE, MINERVA! I'LL RUN AN' GIT THE SHERIFF!

I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMPIN' WRONG WITH THAT GIRL! SHE HAD A FUNNY LOOK IN HER EYE!

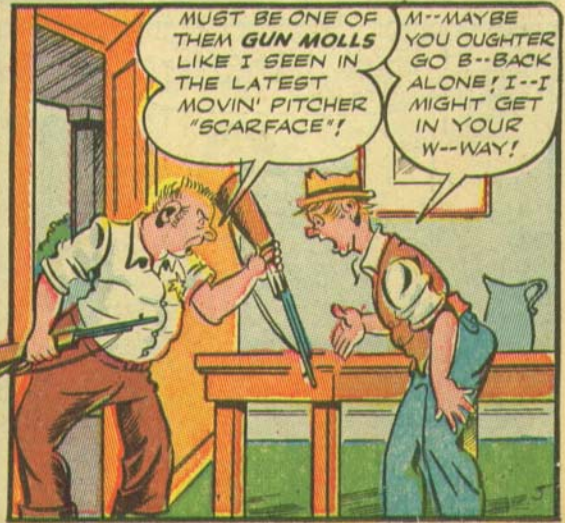


HIRAM! HELP! HELP!



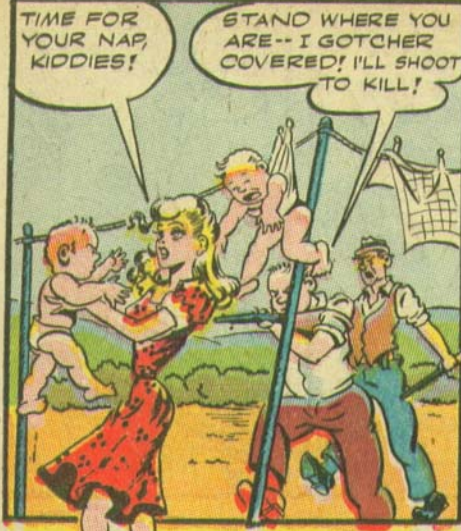
HURRY SHERIFF! THERE'S A MURDERESS AT OUR FARM-- CORPSES ALL OVER THE PLACE!

WHAT?



MUST BE ONE OF THEM GUN MOLLS LIKE I SEEN IN THE LATEST MOVIN' PITCHER "SCARFACE"!

M--MAYBE YOU OUGHTER GO B--BACK ALONE! I--I MIGHT GET IN YOUR W--WAY!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE-- I GOTCHER COVERED! I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!



THE ONES YOU HUNG O' COURSE!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT BABY CORPSES!



15--16 THAT WHERE YOU HUNG 'EM?



ULP--MINERVA--I JEST REMEMBERED--I LOCKED HER IN THE BARN WITH THAT MEAN BULL!



GARSH! SHE STOPPED HOLLERIN! MEBBE THAT BULL KILLED HER!

WAAL! YE BETTER GIT THAR FAST! PUSSONALLY, I THINK YOU'D BE BETTER OFF FACIN' A WILD BULL THAN A WILD WIFE!

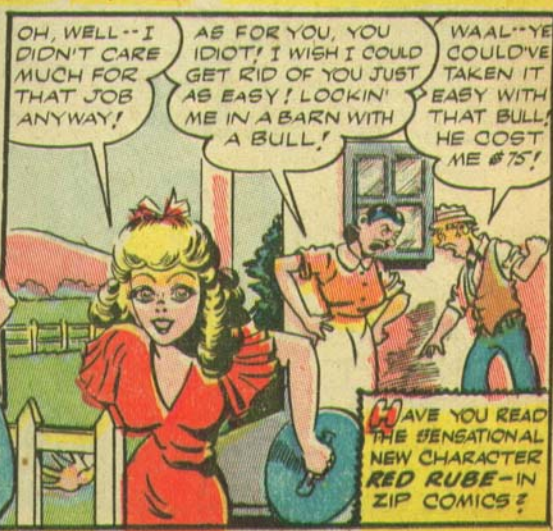


MINERVA, --- MINERVA, COURAGE I'M COMING!



YOU IDIOT, DON'T JUST STAND THERE--HELP ME--DO SOMETHING!

ULP!



OH, WELL--I DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR THAT JOB ANYWAY!

AS FOR YOU, YOU IDIOT! I WISH I COULD GET RID OF YOU JUST AS EASY! LOOKIN' ME IN A BARN WITH A BULL!

WAAL--YE COULD'VE TAKEN IT EASY WITH THAT BULL! HE COST ME \$75!

HAVE YOU READ THE SENSATIONAL NEW CHARACTER RED RUBE--IN ZIP COMICS?



MISTAKING A UNIT OF HOLLYWOOD ACTORS DISGUISED AS NAZI TROOPERS FOR THE REAL THING, SEÑOR SIESTA WAS LEFT FLEEING THE COMIC OPERA ARMY OF GUSTAVO'S GUERRILLAS INC. SO, WITH THIS MONTH'S ISSUE WE FIND HIM MAKING FOR THE HILLS POST-HASTE, WHEN...





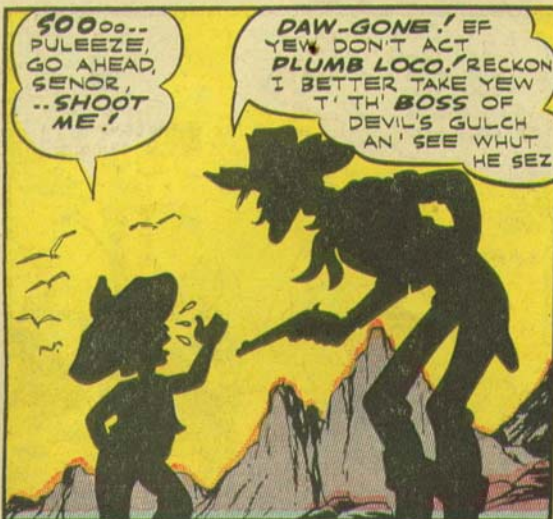
HOKAY, SENOR, FEENISH ME OFF.. BOOT **QUEEKLY**, PULEEZE!

WAL, WHUT 'DYA KNOW! A **TALKING JACK-RABBIT!**



COURSE I WAS AIMING T' PLUG YEW, STRANGER, JES' FER MUH MORNING EXERCISE.. BUT DID I HEER YEW SAY YEW **WANTED T' DIE?**

SI, SENOR ALL MY LIFE EET SEEMS I HAVE BEEN BOOT WAN JUMP AHEAD OF THE UNDER-TAKER, AND NOW I AM SEECK OF EET!



50000... PULEEZE, GO AHEAD, SENOR, ..**SHOOT ME!**

DAW-GONE! EF YEW DON'T ACT **PLUMB LOCO.** RECKON I BETTER TAKE YEW T' TH' **BOSS OF DEVIL'S GULCH** AN' SEE WHUT HE SEZ!

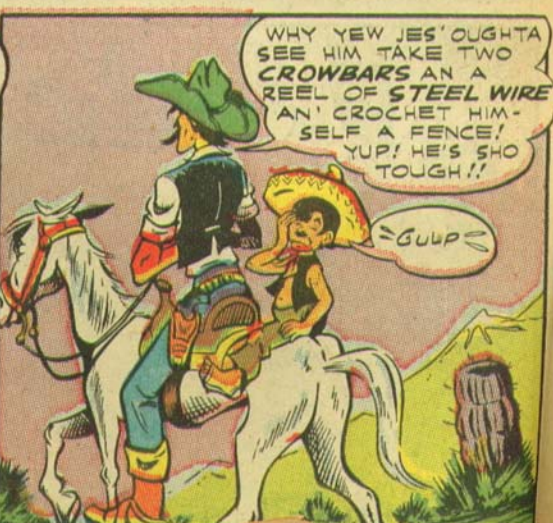


HAAAA... MY LEETLE PLAN, SHE EES WORKING



EES THE **BOSS OF DEVIL'S GULCH**, TOUGH MAN, TOO SENOR??

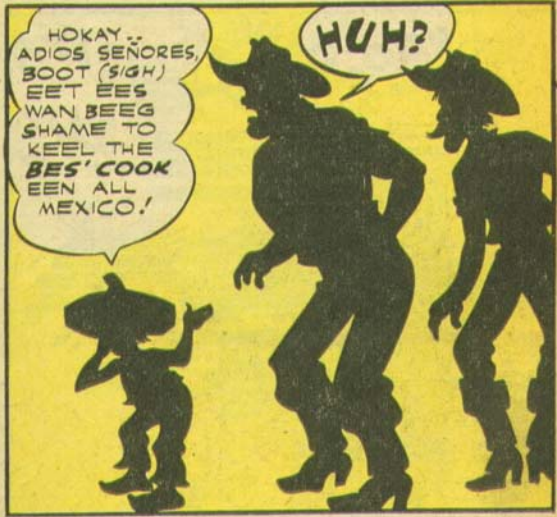
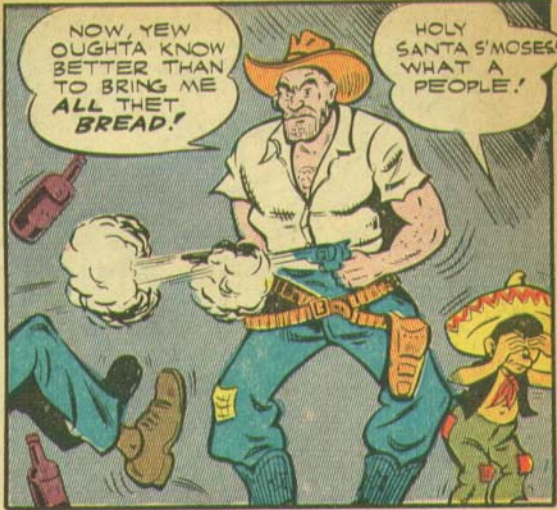
IS HE **TOUGH?**



WHY YEW JES' OUGHTA SEE HIM TAKE TWO **CROWBARS** AN A REEL OF **STEEL WIRE** AN' CROCHET HIMSELF A FENCE! YUP! HE'S SHO **TOUGH!!**

=GULP=







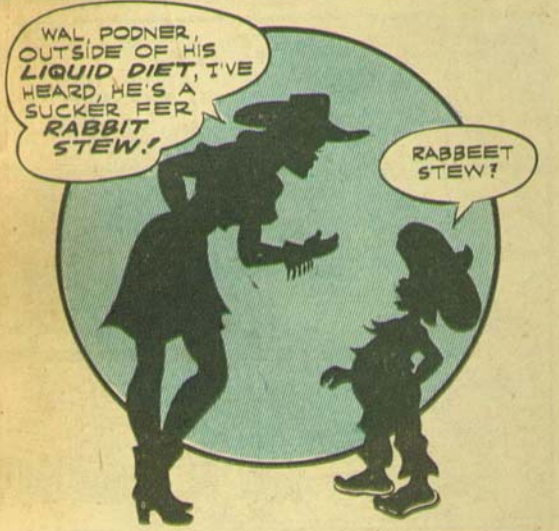
HOWDY PODNER,
AND WHO MIGHT
YEW BE??

BUENOS DIOS,
SEÑORITA! I AM
SEÑOR SIESTA,
THE NEW
COOK!



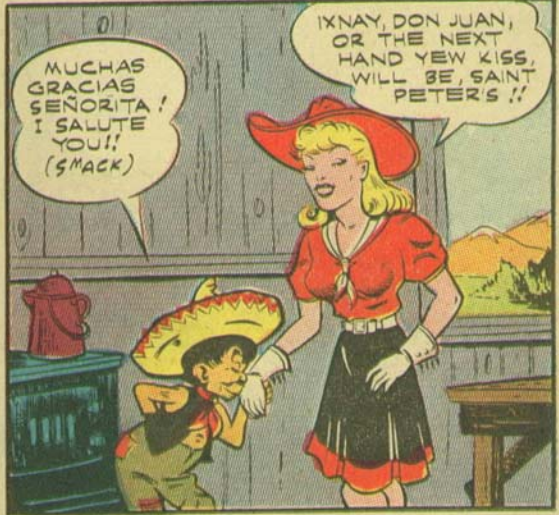
I DON'T ENVY YEW
THET JOB NONE.. GONNA
BE MIGHTY HARD TRYING
TO PLEASE THET COYOTE
DEAD HEAD'S TASTE!

TELL ME,
SEÑORITA,
WHAT EES
HEES FAVOREET
DEESH??



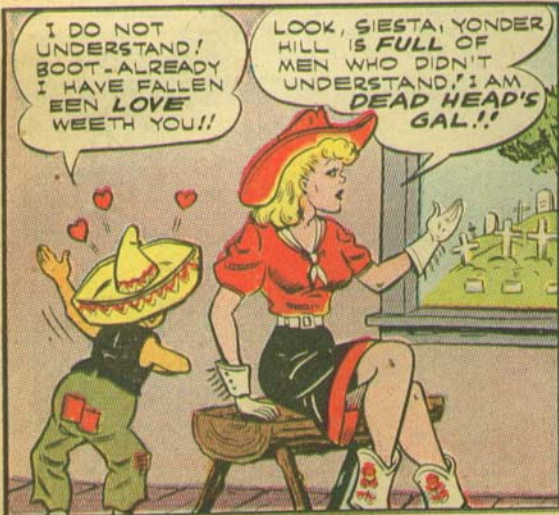
WAL, PODNER,
OUTSIDE OF HIS
LIQUID DIET, I'VE
HEARD, HE'S A
SUCKER FER
RABBIT
STEW!

RABBEET
STEW?



MUCHAS
GRACIAS
SEÑORITA!
I SALUTE
YOU!!
(SMACK)

IXNAY, DON JUAN,
OR THE NEXT
HAND YEW KISS,
WILL BE, SAINT
PETER'S !!



I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND!
BOOT-ALREADY
I HAVE FALLEN
EEN LOVE
WEETH YOU!!

LOOK, SIESTA, YONDER
HILL IS FULL OF
MEN WHO DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND, I AM
DEAD HEAD'S
GAL!!



WAL, SEE
YEW LATER,
PODNER!

ALAS, ROOMANCE
EES NOT FOR ME!
I WEEEL PEEL THE
ONION AND CRY
THEES HEART-
ACHE AWAY!
(SIGH)



TWO HOURS LATER..

HEY, SIESTA! WHAR'S MY DINNER? WHARS ALL THET FANCY CHOW, YEW WAS GONNA FIX?

PULEEZE, BE SEATED, SEÑOR DEAD HEAD, I WEEEL SERVE YOU RIGHT AWAY, QUEEEK!



YUMMM... SMACK!

SAAAY... PODNER, THIS HYAR GRUB TASTES GREAT!! WHUT IS ET ANYHOW??

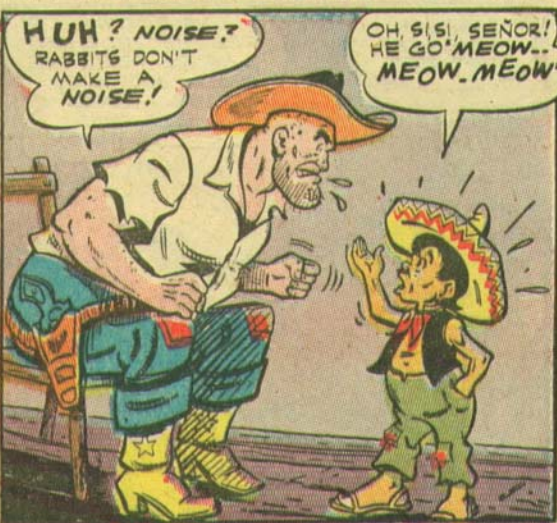
RABBIT STEW, SEÑOR!



GREAT! WHAR DO YEW GET YORE RABBITS, SIESTA? I COULD NEVER FIND ANY ROUND HYAR! SLURP!

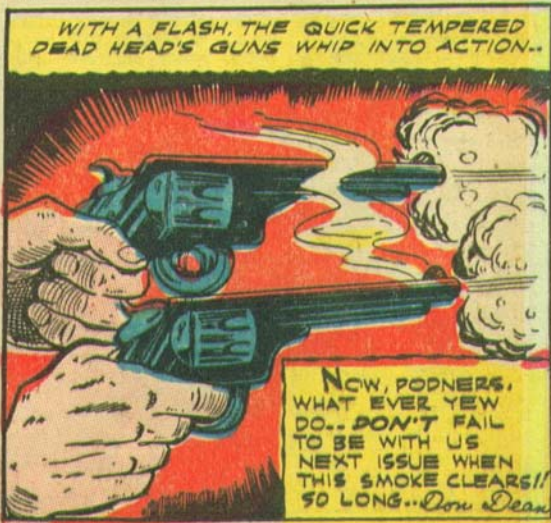


OH EES EASY, SEÑOR! I FIND THEES WAN UNDER YOUR WOODSHED WHEN HE MAKES A LEETLE NOISE!



HUH? NOISE? RABBITS DON'T MAKE A NOISE!

OH, SISI SEÑOR! HE GO 'MEOW... MEOW... MEOW'



WITH A FLASH, THE QUICK TEMPERED DEAD HEAD'S GUNS WHIP INTO ACTION...

NOW, PODNERS, WHAT EVER YEW DO... DON'T FAIL TO BE WITH US NEXT ISSUE WHEN THIS SMOKE CLEARS!! SO LONG...Don Dean

MURDER WILL OUT

OUTSIDE the log cabin Dark Hamilton looked through the lighted window, gripped his rifle, and moved cautiously nearer.

Inside the cabin a young man with stiff, corn-colored hair bent over a crude table. With painstaking effort he was writing a letter. The big, work-stained hand that guided the pencil bore down feverishly on the coarse envelope. A dull circular glow from an Alaskan gold miners' lamp threw his broad, hunched shoulders into heavy relief. His back was to that one small open window where Dark Hamilton stood seething with envy and hate.

Dark braced himself, drew a bead on the writer's back, and fired. Timmy Lane's corn-colored head half turned at the impact; then he slumped to the floor, dead.

Dark dragged out the body and rolled it down a ravine where wolves hunted nightly. He shivered and hurried back to the cabin. Intelligently he cleaned up the blood, taking care there was no stain left on his clothes. Extreme caution, perhaps, for no one would come; not when the arctic's fall snows were about to close in for the winter.

Dark's slim fingers stroked his silky, black beard which all but obliterated his saturnine features. Yesterday he had torn up a clump of grass on Timmy's claim and found gold sticking to the roots. The richness staggered him; he had supposed Timmy was boasting. And then, the thought that had smoldered

in Dark's mind for months stood out in striking clearness.

"If one of us should die, who would know when or how? Only the one who was left."

Over two years ago Dark and Timmy had come eighty unblazed miles above the arctic circle and each independently had staked twenty acres, all that Alaskan mining laws allow in a single claim. They had made a trip into Circle, a precinct town on the arctic circle, and recorded their claims; but they were both green, and described their locations with reference to two creeks which they themselves had named. Their cabin was built later. It would be easy to change the names and the claim stakes. No one had been on the ground since they located.

Jonah, an old Indian who helped them pack their outfit in, still lived across Medicine Lake eight miles away, but superstition kept him from crossing the water. The isolation was complete.

Across Medicine Lake, Dark could see Jonah's signal fire, a sign agreed upon should the Indian make a trip into Circle where a letter could be mailed. Neither Dark nor Timmy had been to Jonah's camp since Timmy had struck gold. Dark was safe there.

The sealed letter addressed to Timmy Lane's wife lay on the table. Dark must write and tell her that her husband had died; it was the natural thing to do.

But suppose the postmaster at Circle where they had recorded their claims noticed Dark's

handwriting on a letter addressed to Timmy's wife? Timmy made big, crude letters while Dark's writing was like a penman's work. You couldn't be too careful about little things, Dark considered. He'd use Timmy's addressed envelope.

Carefully he examined the envelope for bloodstains and then steamed it open. The letter was written on both sides of a lined sheet, and just as he'd thought it told a glowing story of Timmy's gold.

Dark read from the letter: "But there ain't nothing to tell one claim from the other. Dark acts sour—so remember—my claim is the one with the big split rock and a hemlock growing through the break."

Dark smiled grimly. That was sure a close squeak. Retaining the addressed envelope he burned the letter and sat down to compose a note to Timmy's wife. He wrote and rewrote, since he must be cautious without the appearance of caution.

Suddenly he was interrupted by the fearful snarling and dismal howl of wolves in the ravine. Mingled exultation and horror swept over him. But he had played safe; just in case some deputy marshal, one of Uncle Sam's guardians of the law in the arctic, got suspicious of Timmy's death and made a trip in to investigate. And Dark knew the law; without a body there is no murder.

Finally the dismal howling ceased and he continued writing. Timmy had gone moose hunting, was the story he told,

and never returned. Dark paused. Better not mention gold.

He concluded: "The only envelope I can find is one your husband addressed to you some time ago."

In the gray dawn Dark crossed the lake with the letter. Jonah was waiting on shore with his rifle and blanket ready to start on his hard trek.

"Long time wait," Jonah grunted, reached for the letter, and stalked off.

"He's anxious to be gone before the snows set in," Dark thought.

Nearing his own cabin Dark looked into the ravine to make sure the wolves had done their work. Nothing remained—nothing. He went directly to the claims and changed the claim stakes. Meticulously he examined each detail to make certain no possible clue was left. At last he was satisfied. He had been under a strain, but it was over. All he now had to do was wait; wait until spring to give the whole world news of his strike.

A week had gone by and Dark smacked his pipe and dreamed dreams. Life had become very rosy and promising. Within a few months he'd be a power, a Placer King, and men would be begging for his favor. Women too. Musingly he walked outside in the arctic sunshine and turned the corner of his cabin. A sturdy man in khaki faced him.

Dark never doubted for a moment that the man was an officer of the law. His tanned, seasoned face and hard, piercing gray eyes told that as plain as print. Uncle Sam's guardian of the arctic was making rounds. But what of it? No clue remained.

"Here alone?" the stranger asked without preliminary.

"No—and yes," Dark answered with confidence. "My companion went moose hunting a month ago and never got back. He may have struck out for Circle."

"You boys strike pay?" the stranger interrogated.

"I did," Dark said.

"Let's see your claim."

"Your name is—?" Dark inquired as they walked toward Timmy's claim.

"Regan."

They strode across the frosty tundra until they reached the ground purported to be Dark's. Like an experienced sourdough Regan panned a shovelful of pay dirt. A low astonished whistle escaped him as he gazed at the gold settled in the bottom of the pan. He stood up and looked about.

"Your claim is this gold-paved one"—Regan pointed—"with that big split rock that has the hemlock growing through it?"

Dark nodded. He smiled to himself. This cool guy with the X-ray eyes could get nothing on him no matter how suspicious he was.

"We recorded our claims down at Circle," Dark said.

"Oh, yes," Regan cocked an eye. "Did you mention the split rock or the tree?"

"No, we both overlooked the rock until after."

"I see," Regan pondered. "Better get your pack and come on."

A little tremor of fear tintured Dark's assurance.

"I don't get you," Dark glowered.

"I'm arresting you, Darkton Hamilton, for the murder of Timmy Lane. Is that clear?"

"It's a lie!" Dark almost shrieked.

"I don't need to lie." Regan's eyes were like chilled steel. "You gave the damning clue written in the plainest kind of English."

Cold sweat broke out on Dark's face. But the cop was bluffing. Suppose he saw the letter? What of it? The things he'd written and the things he'd said coincided. He couldn't have sent a clue. He had been scrupulously careful. There was nothing to get excited about.

"Get going!" Regan sneered. "Suppose you are suspicious, Mr. Deputy Regan? Where's the corpus delicti? Ever hear of that? Without a body there is no murder."

"There's proof enough for the body of the crime," Regan said grimly, and took from his pocket a bit of Timmy's stiff, corn-colored hair still attached to the scalp.

Dark's eyeballs twitched uncontrollably. But he thought fast. No use pretending he didn't recognize Timmy's hair. "The wolves got him," he gasped. "Poor Timmy."

Regan eyed him coldly. "No use, Hamilton. You furnished the unmistakable clue. When the Indian brought Mrs. Timmy Lane's letter to the post office at Circle the postmaster thought some one had tampered with it and consulted me. I opened the letter. You recall, don't you, that you steamed open Timmy's envelope? You dampened the writing which was in indelible pencil and it came off on the inside of the envelope. A mirror was all that was needed to read:

"—So remember—my claim is the one with the big split rock and a hemlock growing—"

BEFORE YOU SEE OUR LATEST ADVENTURES
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY YOUR LUCK ON THIS...

THREE MONKEY-TEERS PUZZLE PAGE

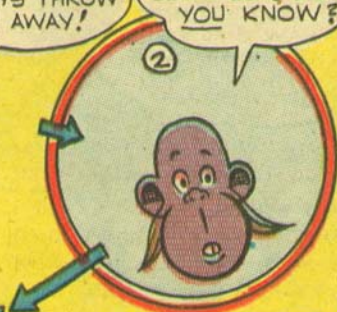
1

CAN YOU PICK UP THIS
NAIL WITHOUT
TOUCHING IT?
WITH
YOUR
HANDS?

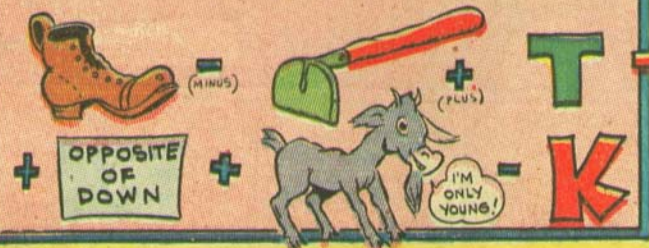
SPEAKING OF
NAILS--I ALWAYS
FILE MINE!

THAT'S
SILLY... I
ALWAYS THROW
MINE AWAY!

HOW LONG SHOULD YOUR
LEGS BE? DO
YOU KNOW?

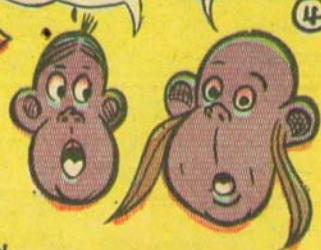


THIS PUZZLE IS KNOWN AS A REBUS...BY
ADDING AND SUBTRACTING THE LETTERS IN THE
NAMES OF OBJECTS BELOW YOU WILL HAVE A
SIX LETTER WORD THAT DOES AND DOES NOT
APPLY TO STUPIDMAN...

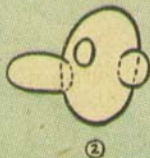


MY POP
AND I
TOOK A
TWIP ON
A TWAIN!

GOLLY,
I WONDER
WHAT HE
MEANS?



THIS IS HOW TO DRAW STUPIDMAN...



THE ONE
AND ONLY!



OKAY...NOW TURN TO THE ANSWERS AT THE END OF THIS STORY

The 3 Monkey-teers

and STUPIDMAN

DO YOU BELIEVE IN WITCHCRAFT?
WELL --- THE
3 MONKEY-TEERS
& STUPIDMAN
DON'T -- BUT...
JUST LISTEN...

HURRY, MEN,
YOU KNOW I'M
WORKING THE
SWING SHIFT
AT SCHULTZ'S
DELICATESSEN!

HEY,
EGBERT!
EGBERT
FILCH!

THAT'S
STUPIDMAN,
SILLY!

THAT HAUNTED
HAMMOND HOUSE
IS RIGHT OVER
THIS HILL MR.
STUPIDMAN!

AND IT'S
ALMOST
TWO
O'CLOCK!

BY
ED GOGGIN

WHY, FRANK
AND CHARLIE
DOUBLEDAY!

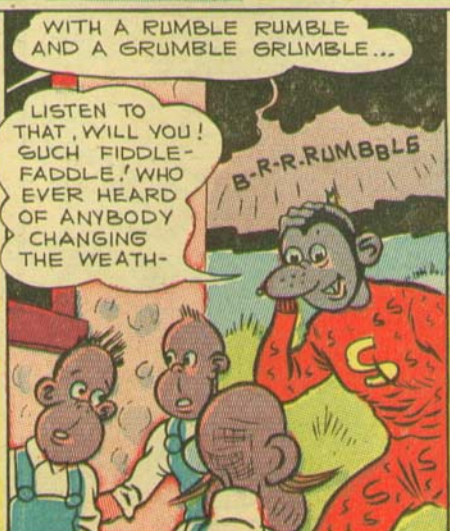
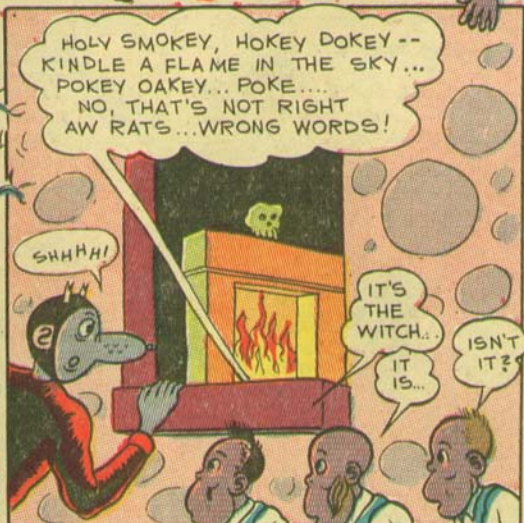
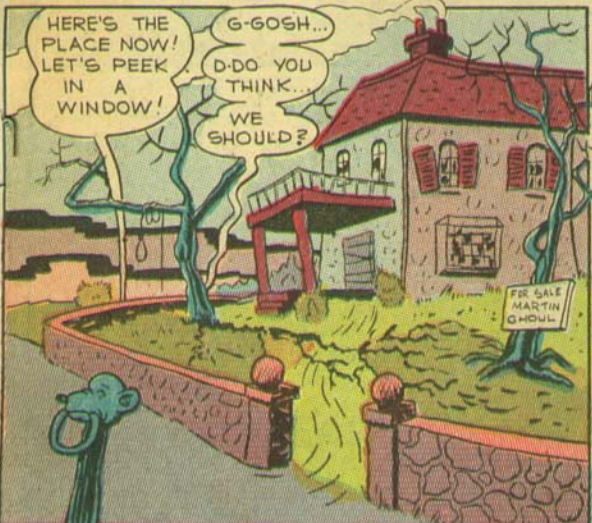
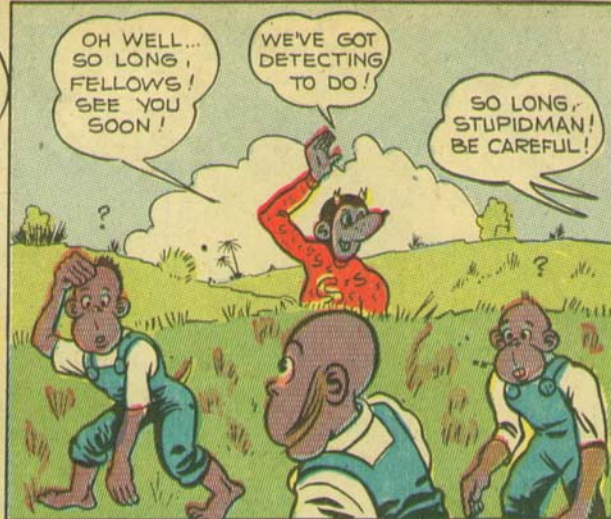
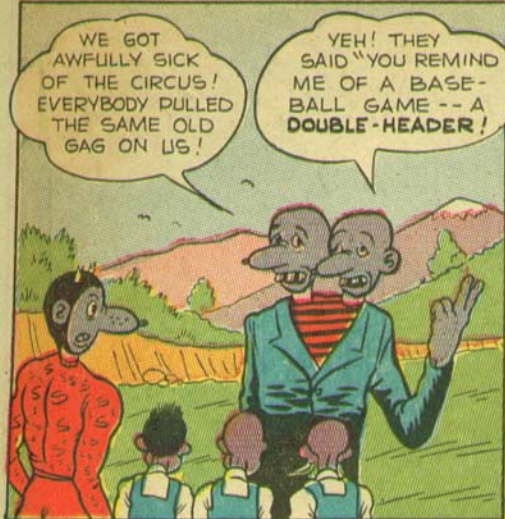
LONG
TIME NO
SEE!

NOT SINCE WE
SPENT 3 YEARS
IN THE FIFTH
GRADE TOGETHER!

HOW COME
YOU FELLOWS
AREN'T WITH
THE CIRCUS?

OH, WE
QUIT! I
WORK DAYS
AT THE
SHIPYARD!

AND I
WORK NIGHTS
AT THE AIR-
PLANE PLANT!





HMPH!
WE'LL STAY
IN THIS
SHED
UNTIL THE
STORM
BLOWS
OVER!

IT'S
STARTING
TO STOP
ALREADY!



WHY CERTAINLY!
IT WAS JUST A
COINCIDENCE
THERE IS NO
SUCH THING
AS WITCH-
CRAFT!

OH
IS THAT
SO?



THE
WITCH!

RIGHT,
BUD, AND IF
YOU'D LIKE TO
COME INSIDE
WITH YOUR 3
FRIENDS I'LL
DEMONSTRATE!



FIRST
SOMETHING
EASY LIKE
THIS!

HELLO
THERE
ECHO!

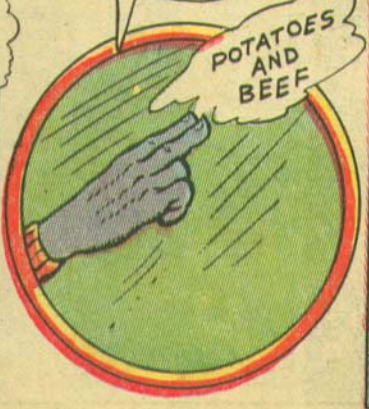
HELLO
WITCH!



WITCHCRAFT, FOOEY! JUST TRICKS!
WATCH THIS... I SPEAK TWO WORDS,
GRAB THEM LIKE THIS...

POTATOES
AND
BEEF

THROW THEM AGAINST
THE WALL LIKE THIS!
AND WHAT DO I
GET?



POTATOES
AND
BEEF



HASH

TSK, TSK, I LEARNED THAT ONE AT THE WITCH'S CONVENTION AT TONAWANDA IN 1933!.. WATCH THIS!



FASHION NOTE... FOR DIRECTIONS ON THE WITCH'S CASUAL HAIR-DO... SIMPLY WRITE IN CARE OF THIS MAGAZINE...

YOU - HOO . ECHO, WHAT TIME IS IT?



IT IS NOW TWO FIFTEEN O'CLOCK, WITCH!



NOT BAD, EH? HEH, HEH, HEH!

TSK, TSK, YOUR ECHO IS SEVEN MINUTES SLOW!



ALL RIGHT WISE GUY! YOU'RE NEXT... YOU DO SOMETHING!



YOU'RE STUCK... AINT'CHA?

NO, PANTHER-PUSS, I'M NOT! STEP ASIDE AND I'LL TURN THE LIGHTS OUT!



NOW! 14 -18 -17-6 SHIFT!

LISTEN TO HIM... THE OLD PHONEY! HEH... HEH...

WHERE THERE IS RIGHT THEN THERE IS MIGHT LET THERE BE LIGHT.. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU...

THE SPIRIT OF '76

TWEEDLE DEEDLE TWEET TWEET TWEET



RUM BUM BIM





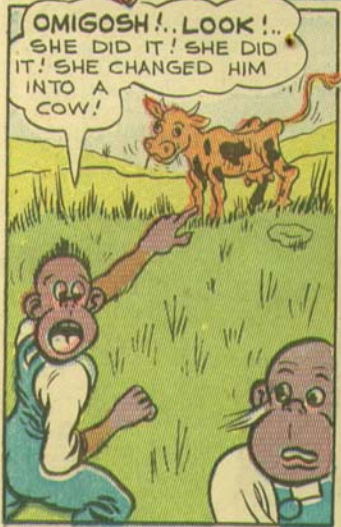
DRAT IT! YOU CAN'T MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME!



I'LL SHOW YOU... I'LL MAKE A COW OUT OF YOU!



COW, COW, BEHIND THE PLOW! COW, COW, NOW, NOW!



OMIGOSH!..LOOK!.. SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT! SHE CHANGED HIM INTO A COW!



OH, MR. STUPIDMAN, PLEASE SPEAK TO US!

HELLO-O-O BOYS



OH GOSH, THERE YOU ARE! WE THOUGHT.

NONSENSE, MY BOY! SHE'S HARMLESS! AND QUITE A LIKEABLE OLD GIRL AT THAT!

OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU THINK SO... BECAUSE-



YOU'VE SHOWED ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS! OH, DARLING, I'M SURE WE'LL BE SO HAPPY TOGETHER!

OH OH

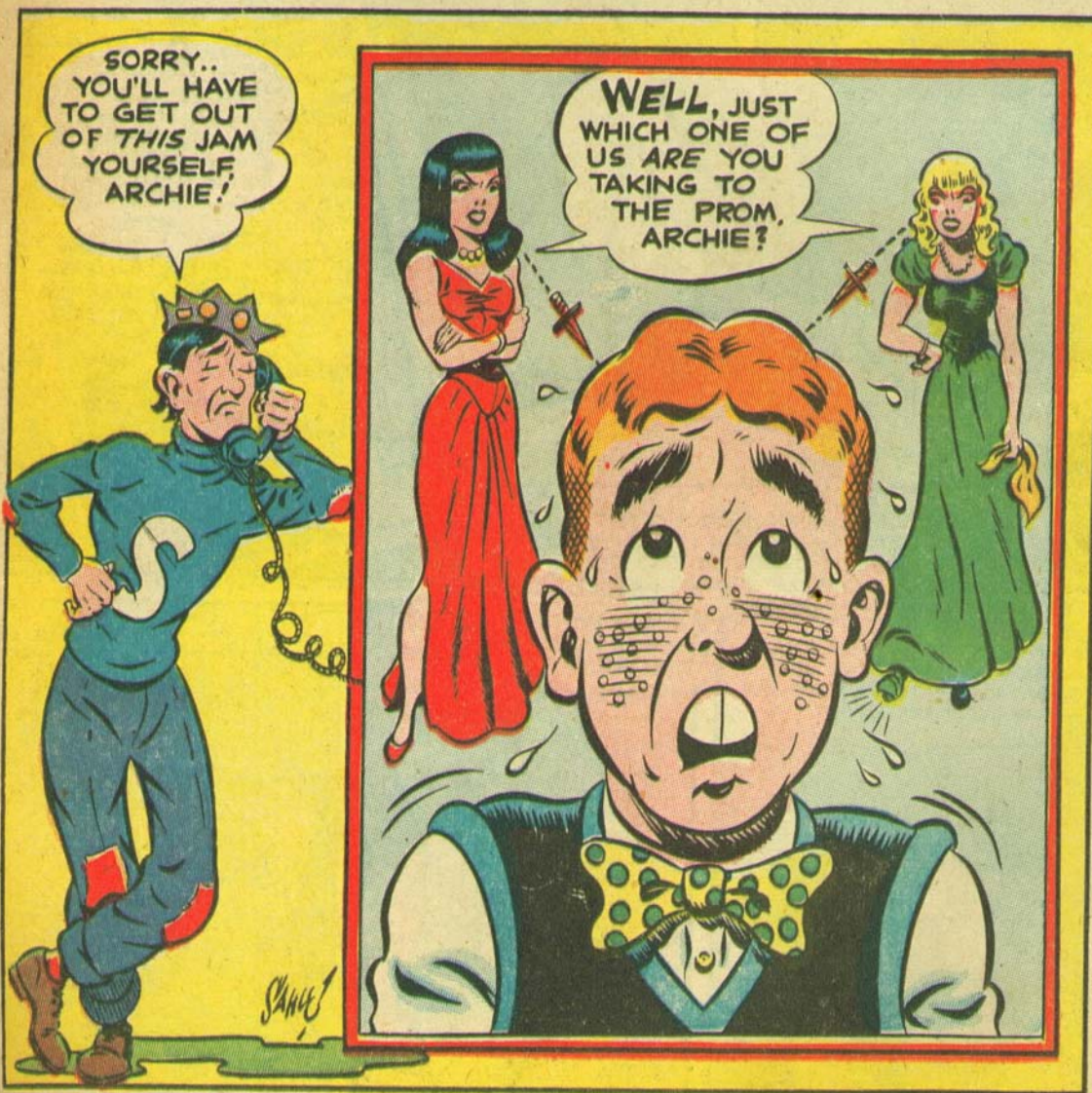


WAIT, STUPIDMAN, DON'T GO! I'VE CHANGED...HONEST, I HAVE... I'VE CHANGED!

NOT ENOUGH FOR ME YOU HAVEN'T. NOT ENOUGH FOR ME! FASTER, MEN, FASTER!

AND SO TO THE PUZZLE ANSWERS
1. LIFT THE NAIL BY SLIDING PAPER UNDER IT
2. YOUR LEGS SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE GROUND.
3. THE WORD IS "STUPID"
4. HE TOOK A "TRIP ON A TRAIN"
...
WILL THE WITCH FOLLOW STUPIDMAN?? AND WHAT ABOUT FRANK & CHARLIE DOUBLEDAY??
READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!
DROP US A LINE

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND -----
WELL ----- WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?
THE GALE OF LAUGHTER WITH WHICH
YOU GREETED THE **FIRST TWO** ISSUES
OF **ARCHIE COMICS** WILL NOW BECOME
TYPHOONS, HURRICANES OF HILARITY
AS YOU READ **ARCHIE'S LATEST**
TROUBLES!



GLOOMY GUS

66
"RED" HOLMDALE
STORY BY ED GOGGIN

THE HOMELESS GHOST

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!
IF YOU DON'T GET ME A
BODY SOON I'M GONNA
TAKE MATTERS INTO
MY OWN HANDS
ST. PETE!

(SIGH) I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL, GUS! YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD
IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WELL, ONLY THING TO
DO IS SHOW YOU TO-
DAY'S CUSTOMERS!

WHEW!

HMM-- LET'S SEE-- NOTHING
HERE FOR YOU--
BAKER ---
BARTENDER ---
BUTCHER ---
COW-PUNCHER!

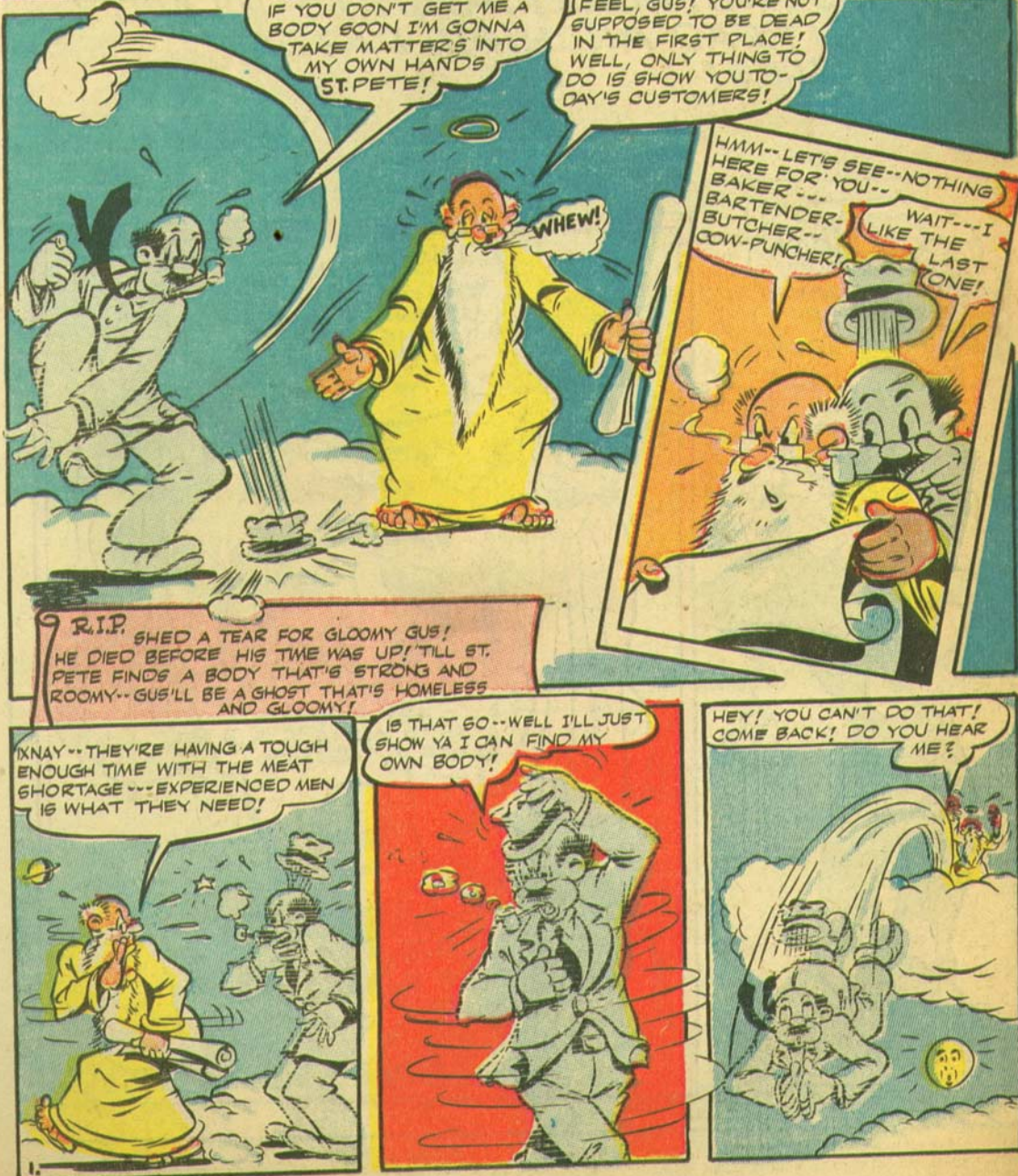
WAIT--- I
LIKE THE
LAST
ONE!

R.I.P. SHED A TEAR FOR GLOOMY GUS!
HE DIED BEFORE HIS TIME WAS UP, 'TILL ST.
PETE FINDS A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND
ROOMY-- GUS'LL BE A GHOST THAT'S HOMELESS
AND GLOOMY!

IXNAY-- THEY'RE HAVING A TOUGH
ENOUGH TIME WITH THE MEAT
SHORTAGE --- EXPERIENCED MEN
IS WHAT THEY NEED!

IS THAT SO -- WELL I'LL JUST
SHOW YA I CAN FIND MY
OWN BODY!

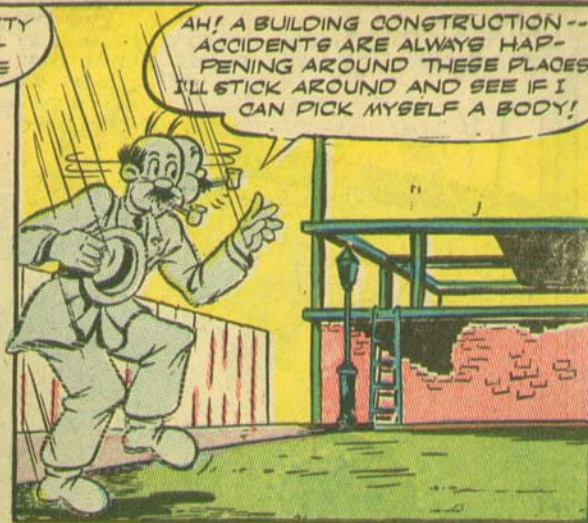
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
COME BACK! DO YOU HEAR
ME?





LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY BIG CITY--THE PICKINGS SHOULD BE PRETTY GOOD!



AH! A BUILDING CONSTRUCTION-- ACCIDENTS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING AROUND THESE PLACES! I'LL STICK AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN PICK MYSELF A BODY!



AH--THERE'S A GUY WHO LOOKS NICE AND CARELESS!

INCOME TAXES PRETTY HEAVY-- MIGHT BE ABLE TO PAY 'EM IF I WORK 24 HOURS TODAY!



FIGURING OUT HIS INCOME TAX ON THE 4-5TH FLOOR! YEP HE'S MY MAN



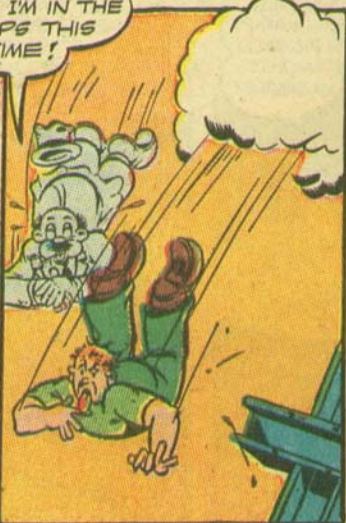
THERE HE GOES!

OOOO--I'M S---S--- SLIPPING!

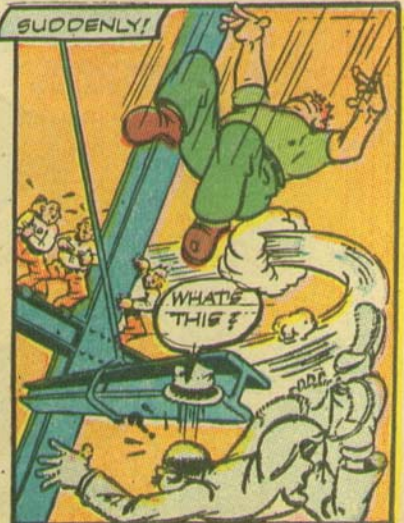


WOW! LUCKY CHARLIE'S LUCK RAN OUT ON HIM AT LAST! HE'S A GONER THIS TIME!

WAAAA!



LUCKY CHARLIE THEY CALLED HIM! I'M IN THE CHIPS THIS TIME!



SUDDENLY!

WHAT'S THIS?



YEEOWW--- LUCKY CHARLIE DID IT AGAIN!

WITH HIS LUCK HE'LL LIVE TO BE A THOUSAND!



CONGRATULATIONS CHARLIE! THAT WAS THE CLOSEST ONE YET!

WHEN'S YER NEXT CRAP GAME, CHARLIE?!

WHEW! THAT GIRDER GURE SWUNG UNDER ME IN TIME!

HMPH!



JUST A COINCIDENCE! NO SENSE IN ME GETTING DISCOURAGED-- HE'S BOUND TO SLIP UP SOONER OR LATER!

OBOY!-- THE DOPE IS WALKING TOWARD AN ELEVATOR SHAFT! NOTHING CAN SAVE HIM THIS TIME!



HELP! HELP! HELP!



YAHOO-- I GOT ME A BODY AT LAST!



HOLY SMOKES! POOR CHARLIE! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

STILL HAVEN'T HEARD HIM CRASH!



WELL I'LL BE! ONLY THIS COULD HAPPEN TO LUCKY CHARLIE!

YEAH! HE FELL DOWN THE SHAFT BUT THE ELEVATOR WAS ONLY ONE FLOOR BEHIND HIM!



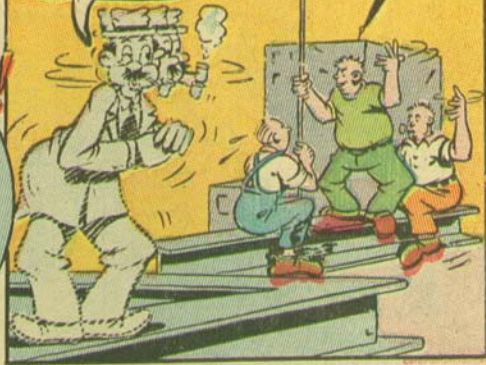
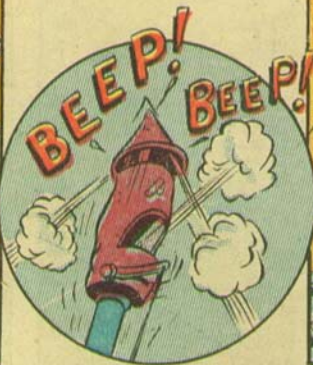
ANYTHING WRONG FELLOWS?

HE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOREVER! HE'S BOUND TO SLIP SOMETIME-- I HOPE!

AT THIS MOMENT--

LUNCH-TIME! AND STILL THAT GUY'S IN ONE PIECE! OH, WELL I'LL STICK WITH HIM! MAYBE HE'LL CHOKE OR GET INDIGESTION-- OR SOMETHING!

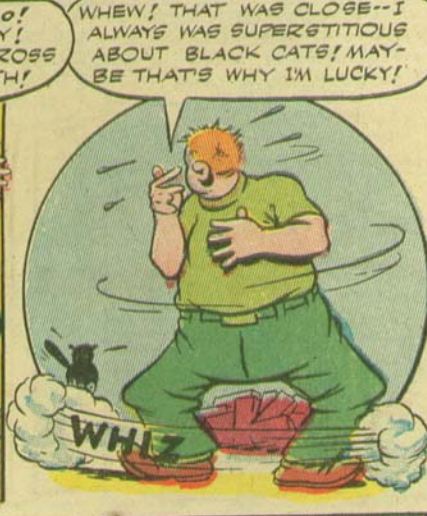
LET 'ER DOWN, JOE!



JEEPERS--THIS IS MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR--HELL BE MUTI-LATED!

SHOOO! GO AWAY! DON'T CROSS MY PATH!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE--I ALWAYS WAS SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT BLACK CATS! MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M LUCKY!

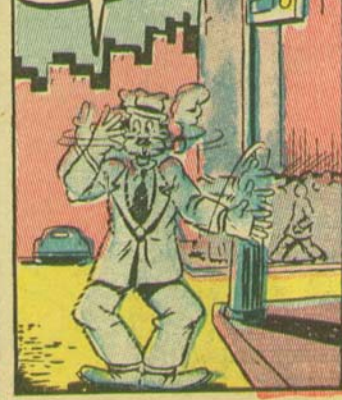
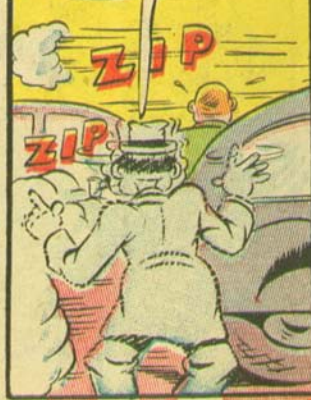


GRRR--THAT LUCKY CHARLIE'S GETTING ME MAD! CAN'T ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM?

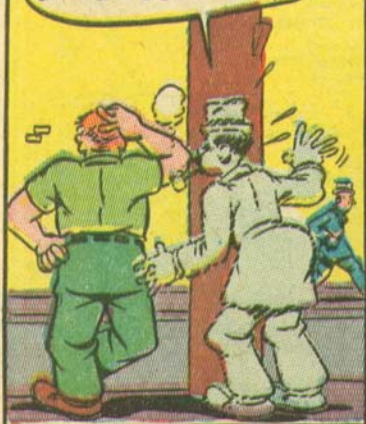
HEY-- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GUY? HE'S WALKING STRAIGHT INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC!

THAT GUY IS PUSHING A GOOD THING TOO FAR! HE CAN'T GET BY ON HIS LUCK FOREVER!

NOW WHERE DID HE GO? HE DIDN'T GET HIT, AND-- OH, OH THERE HE IS!



WONDER WHY HE'S STANDING SO STILL? HMM--MUST BE WAITING FOR A STREET CAR OR SOMETHING!

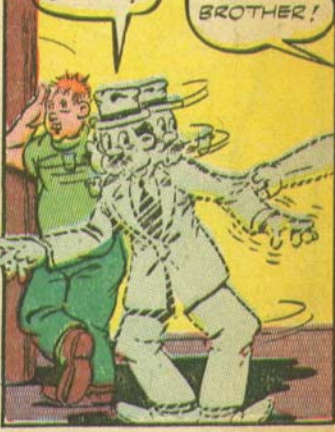


NOPE-- THAT'S THE FIFTH STREET CAR THAT'S PASSED--- AND CHARLIE HASN'T MOVED YET! WHAT'S HE UP TO ANYWAY!



WHAT'S THE USE-- I GIVE UP! I JUST DON'T UNDER- STAND!

SAY BROTHER!



LISTEN YOU'VE BEEN TAGGING ALONG ALL DAY -- WELL, IF YOU WANT HIM SO BAD, TAKE HIM! I'M SICK OF BEING CHARLIE'S SOUL!



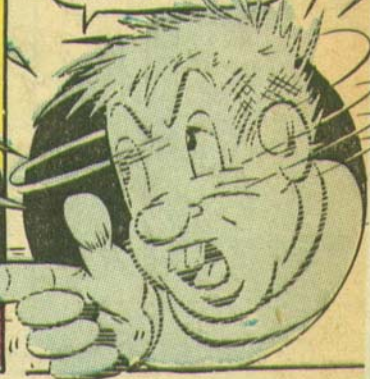
HUH!

Y-YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN CHARLIE'S BODY ANY-MORE?



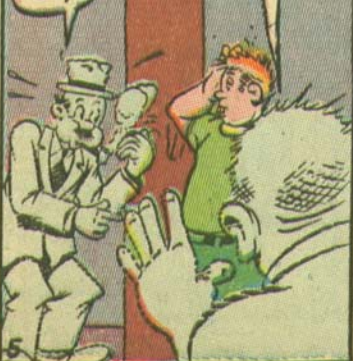
THAT'S RIGHT! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!

WITH THAT GUY'S LUCK HE'LL NEVER DIE! HE'S GOT ME ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! LOOKA THE WAY MY HAND IS SHAKIN'!



WELL, ALL RIGHT! IF YOU'RE SURE YA WANNA GIVE HIM UP!

IT'S A PLEASURE! I NEED A VACATION -- AND I'M TAKIN' IT RIGHT NOW!



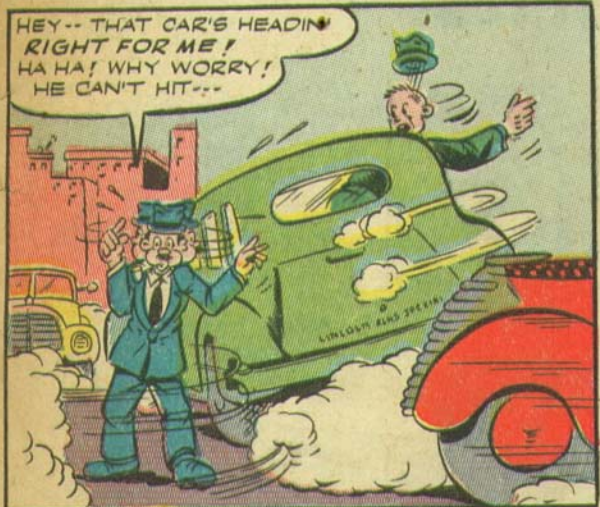
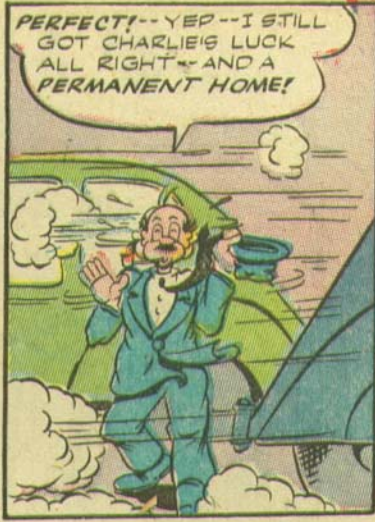
OKAY, HERE I GO S'LONG, PAL! I COULD USE A LITTLE LUCK!



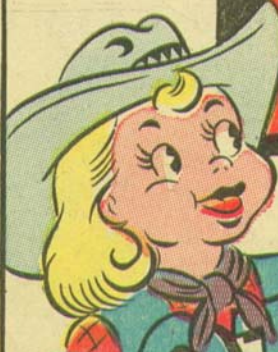
UGH-- GRUNT-- KIND OF A TIGHT FIT!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL LOSE WEIGHT QUICK ENOUGH! HE WORE ME DOWN TO A FRAZZLE!





TOP-NOTCH
Laugh
 COMICS



presents

DOTTY AND DITTO
 with **DOTTUM** in

HOLLYWOOD

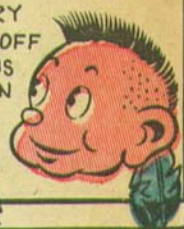
FRED EYESTARE
 XAVIER CONGA
 ORSON BELLES
 VERONICA BAKE

SONJA HONEY
 THE BARX BROS.
 CECIL B. DEPILL
 KATHARINE HEARTBURN
 SCHNOZZOLA DURANTEA

PETER HOARY
 BORIS SCARLOFF
 BETTE DAVEUS
 RED SKELETON

DIRECTED BY
Bill Woggon

Special ADDED!
 ATTRACTION!
DOTTY CUT-OUTS
 plus PICTURE PUZZLE



AS THE SCENE OPENS WE FIND CECIL B. DEPILL FRANTICALLY TRYING TO GET UNDER WAY TO MAKE OUR COWGIRL HEROINE, DOTTY, INTO ANOTHER SHIRLEY PIMPLE



QUICK! WHERE'S ORSON BELLES, MY DIRECTOR, WE'VE GOT TO START SHOOTING--I WANT **ACTION!** IF MR. KAISER CAN BUILD A SHIP IN A DAY WE CAN MAKE A PICTURE IN THE SAME TIME !!

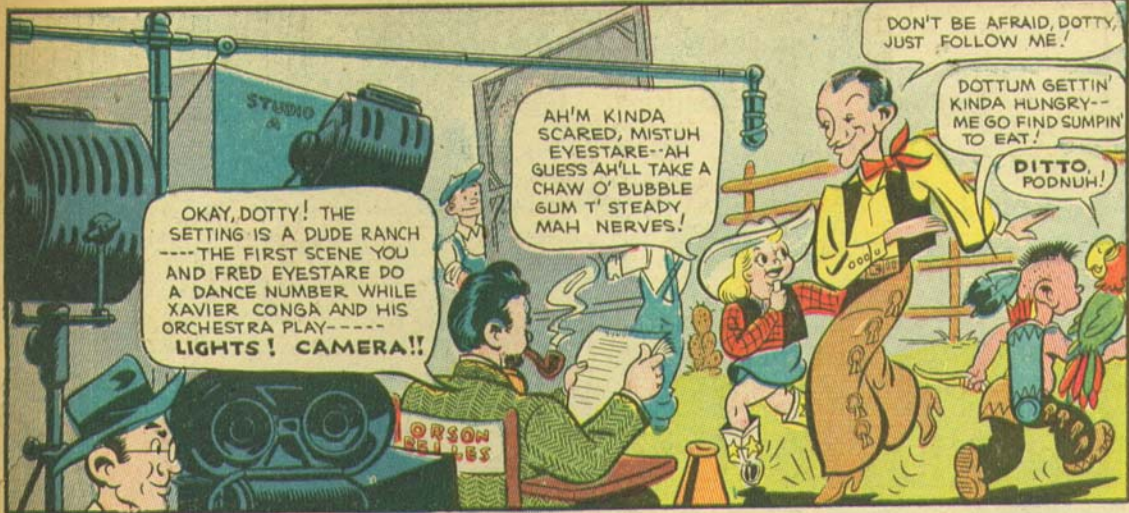
BUZZ

DITTO, PODNUH!



ORSON, HERE'S THE SCRIPT--AN' HERE'S OUR NEW SHIRLEY, GIVE HER A GOOD SUPPORTING CAST FOR HER FIRST PRODUCTION--HAVE HER DANCE WITH **FRED EYESTARE**, SKATE WITH **SONJA HONEY**--CLOWN WITH THE **BARX BROTHERS**--SHUDDER AT **BORIS SCARLOFF** AND **PETER HOARY**----I'LL HAVE A CAST OF **THOUSANDS!** BUT **HURRY!** START SHOOTING--I WANT **ACTION!!!**

YES, C.B.!



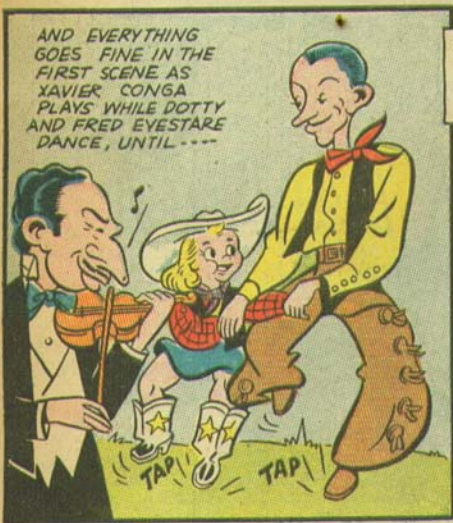
OKAY, DOTTY! THE SETTING IS A DUDE RANCH ---- THE FIRST SCENE YOU AND FRED EYESTARE DO A DANCE NUMBER, WHILE XAVIER CONGA AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAY ----
LIGHTS! CAMERA!!

AH'M KINDA SCARED, MISTUH EYESTARE--AH GUESS AH'LL TAKE A CHAW O' BUBBLE GUM T' STEADY MAH NERVES!

DON'T BE AFRAID, DOTTY, JUST FOLLOW ME!

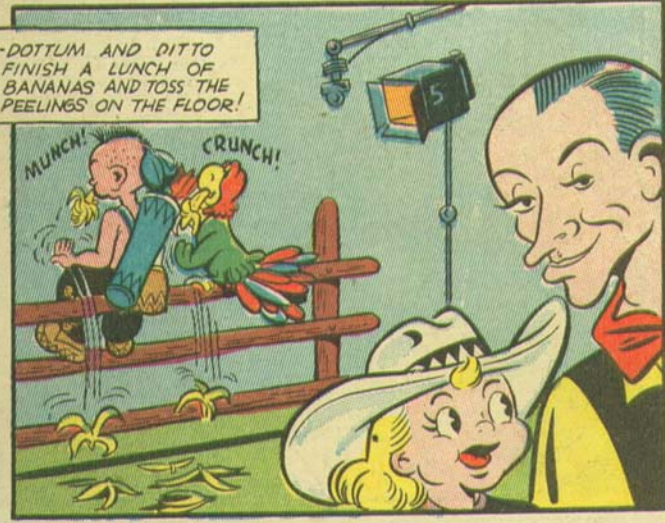
DOTTUM GETTIN' KINDA HUNGRY-- ME GO FIND SUMPIN' TO EAT!

DITTO, PODNUH!



AND EVERYTHING GOES FINE IN THE FIRST SCENE AS XAVIER CONGA PLAYS WHILE DOTTY AND FRED EYESTARE DANCE, UNTIL ----

TAP! TAP!

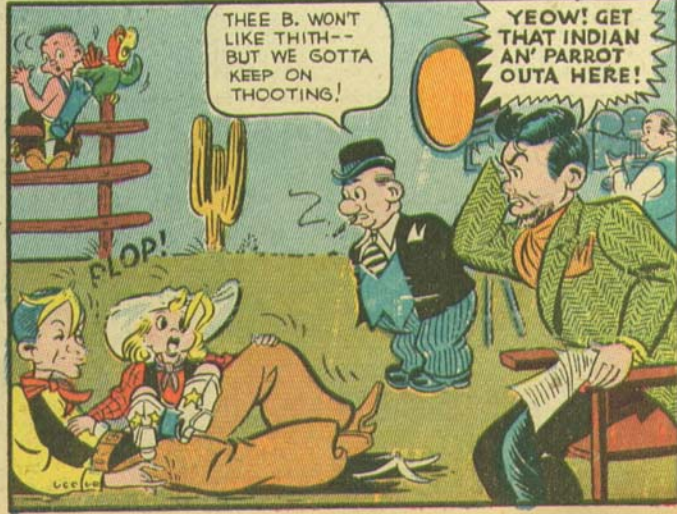


--DOTTUM AND DITTO FINISH A LUNCH OF BANANAS AND TOSS THE PEELINGS ON THE FLOOR!

MUNCH! CRUNCH!



OOOPS!



THEE B. WON'T LIKE THITH-- BUT WE GOTTA KEEP ON THOOTING!

YEOW! GET THAT INDIAN AN' PARROT OUTA HERE!

FLOP!

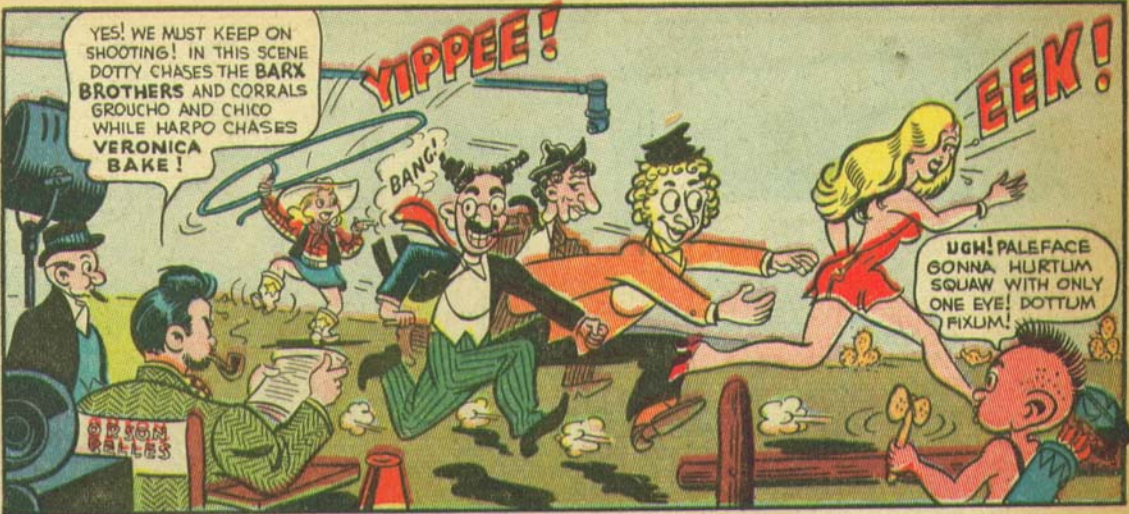
YES! WE MUST KEEP ON SHOOTING! IN THIS SCENE DOTTY CHASES THE BARX BROTHERS AND CORRALS GROUCHO AND CHICO WHILE HARPO CHASES VERONICA BAKE!

YIPPEE!

EEK!

BANG!

UGH! PALEFACE GONNA HURTLUM SQUAW WITH ONLY ONE EYE! DOTTUM FIXUM!



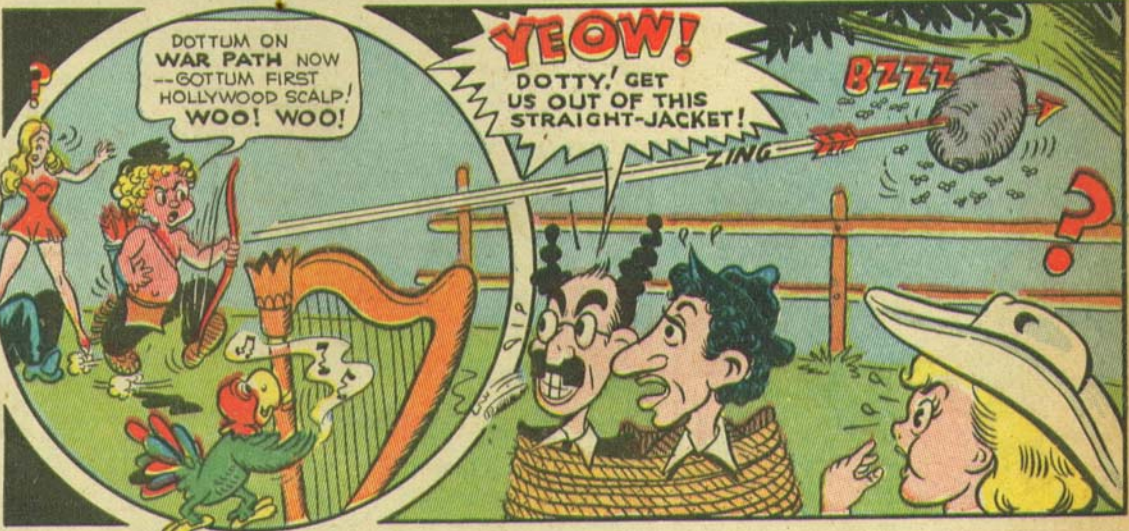
DOTTUM ON WAR PATH NOW --GOTTUM FIRST HOLLYWOOD SCALP! WOO! WOO!

YEOW!

DOTTY! GET US OUT OF THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET!

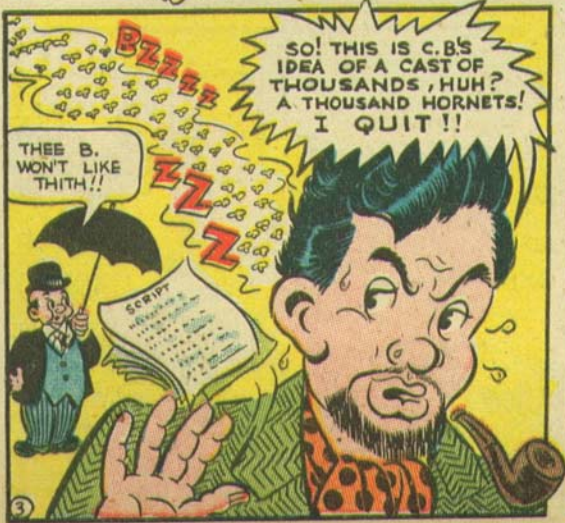
BZZZ

ZING



SO! THIS IS C.B.'S IDEA OF A CAST OF THOUSANDS, HUH? A THOUSAND HORNETS! I QUIT!!

THEE B. WON'T LIKE THITH!!



WE GOTTA KEEP THOOTING, THO, I WILL DO THE DIRECTING -- HERE COME PETER HOARY AND BORITH THCARLOFF TO THCARE DOTTY---
ACTHUN! CAMERA!
THTART THOOTING!



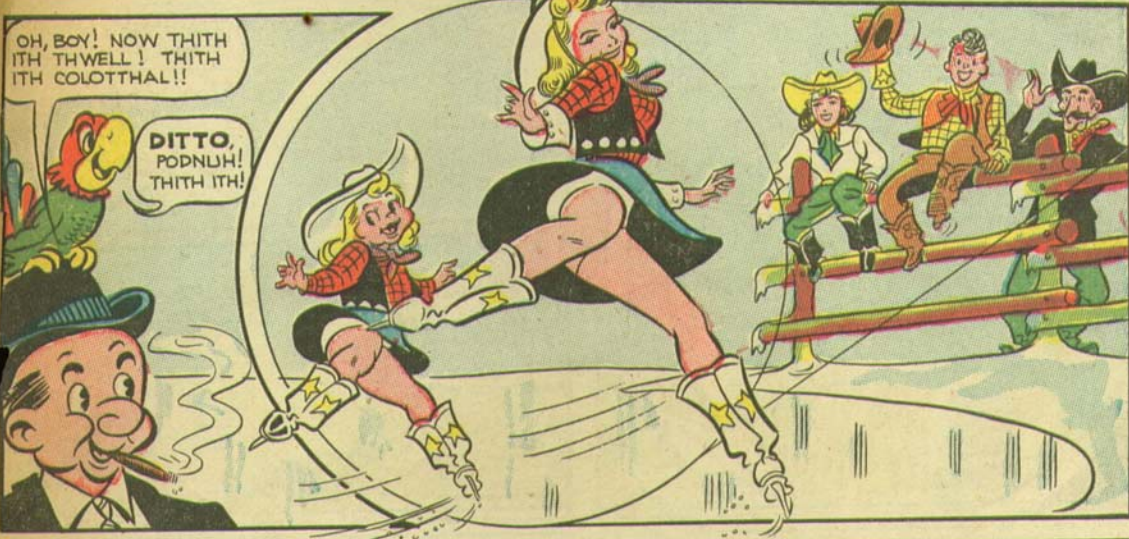


GOODNETH! THAT INJUN ITH THCARING THCARLOFF AND HOARY! ACTHUN! CAMERA !!

ZING!

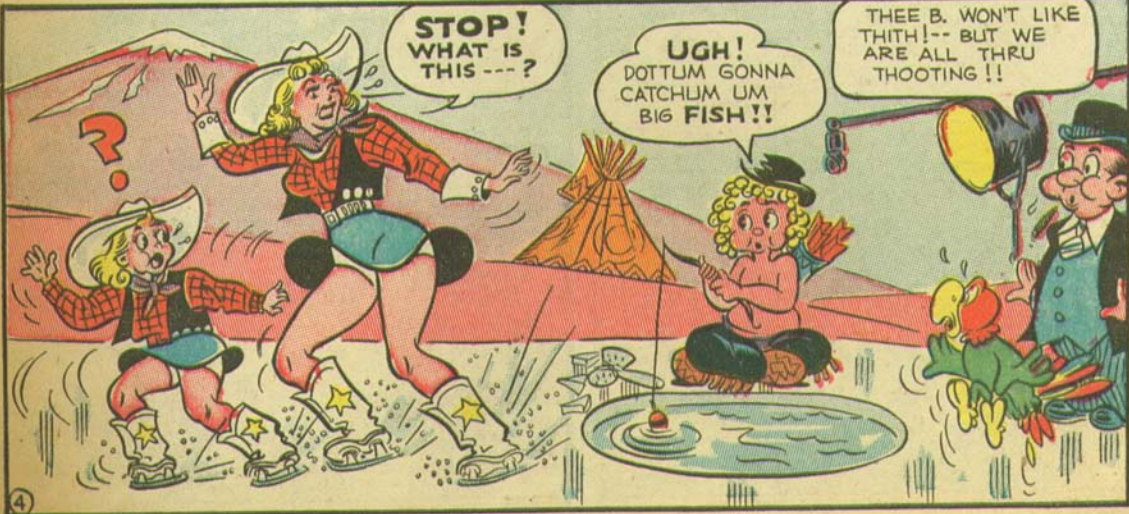


THEE B. WON'T LIKE IT, BUT WE MUTHT KEEP ON THOOTING-- NEXT THEE THONJA HONEY ITH THKATING WITH DOTTY!!



OH, BOY! NOW THITH ITH THWELL! THITH ITH COLOTTHAL!!

DITTO, PODNUH! THITH ITH!



STOP! WHAT IS THIS --- ?

UGH! DOTTLUM GONNA CATCHUM UM BIG FISH!!

THEE B. WON'T LIKE THITH!-- BUT WE ARE ALL THRU THOOTING !!



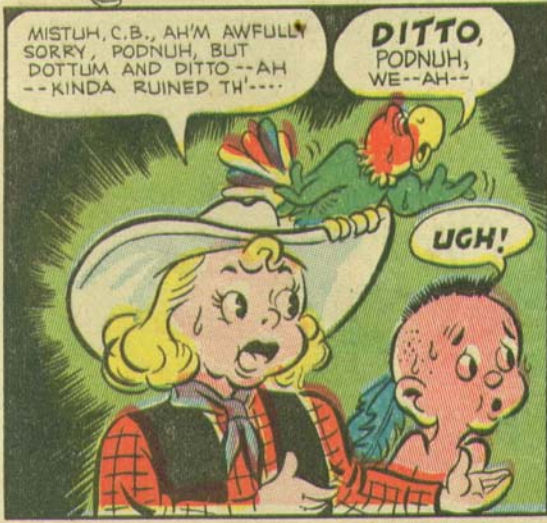
SO! ORSON HAS FINISHED MY COLOSSAL PRODUCTION ALREADY! FINE! FINE!

BUT, THEE B.---I--AH-MUTH TELL YOU THUMPIN'!



TELL ME LATER! QUICK! GIVE ME THAT FILM-- ALL THE STARS ARE GATHERED AT THE "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"-- I'LL HAVE A SNEAK PREVIEW FOR THEM AND THE BOYS IN THE ARMED FORCES!!

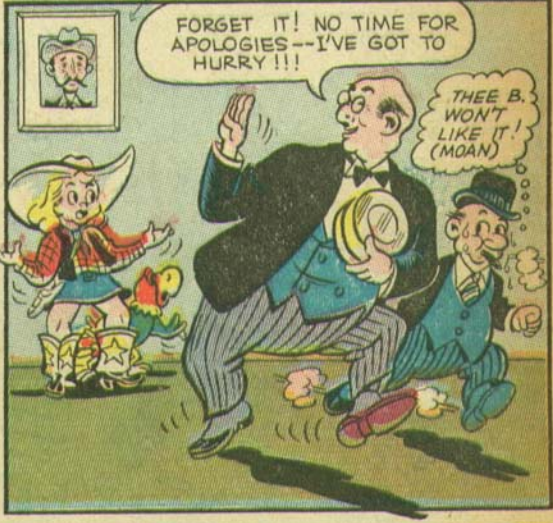
BUT, THEE B. --AH--



MISTUH, C.B., AH'M AWFULLY SORRY, PODNUH, BUT DOTTUM AND DITTO--AH--KINDA RUINED TH'----

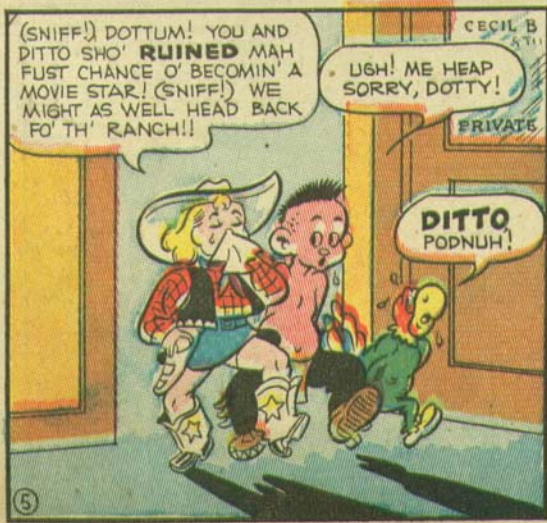
DITTO, PODNUH, WE--AH--

UGH!



FORGET IT! NO TIME FOR APOLOGIES--I'VE GOT TO HURRY!!!

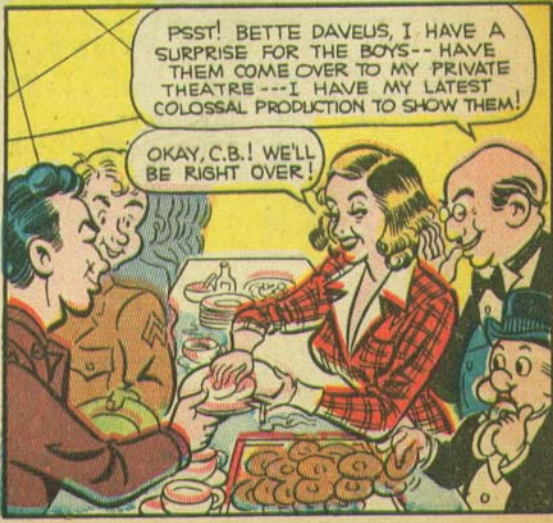
THEE B. WON'T LIKE IT! (MOAN)



(SNIFF!) DOTTUM! YOU AND DITTO SHO' RUINED MAH FUST CHANCE O' BECOMIN' A MOVIE STAR! (SNIFF!) WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK FO' TH' RANCH!!

UGH! ME HEAP SORRY, DOTTY!

DITTO PODNUH!



PSST! BETTE DAVEUS, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THE BOYS-- HAVE THEM COME OVER TO MY PRIVATE THEATRE ---I HAVE MY LATEST COLOSSAL PRODUCTION TO SHOW THEM!

OKAY, C.B.! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!