

D10-22

3

THE BLACK HOOD

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--

NO.
42

TOP-NOTCH

DEC.
10¢

Laugh

comics



**DOTTY
DITTO**



SURE

Señor
SIESTA



WHO KILLED
**COCK
ROBIN**
??

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

Sauer

POKEY

POKEY

by Don Deon!

AFTER BREAKING UP A BOGUS MEDICINE SHOW GANG, WHO WERE FLEEING THE INHABITANTS OF CATFISH CREEK, POKEY THE HILL-BILLY SHERIFF IS APPROACHED BY A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER !!!

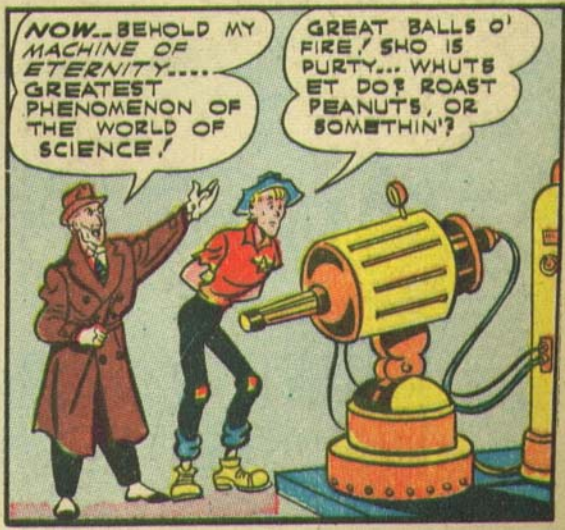
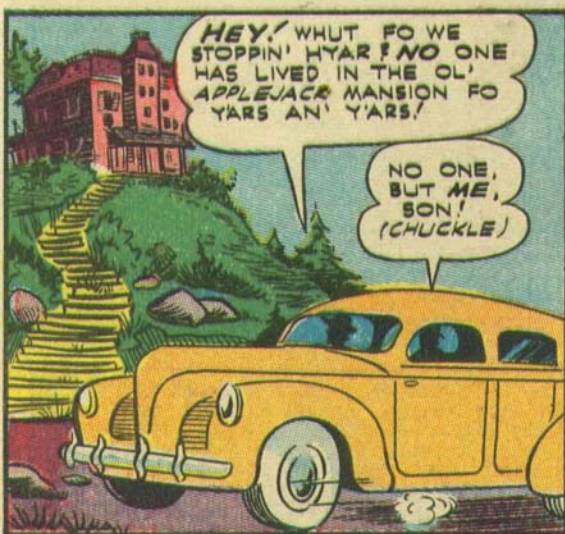
QUITE A SKIRMISH YOU HAD WITH THOSE RUFFIANS, LAD! MAY I GIVE YOU A LIFT? I AM DOCTOR ZOOK!

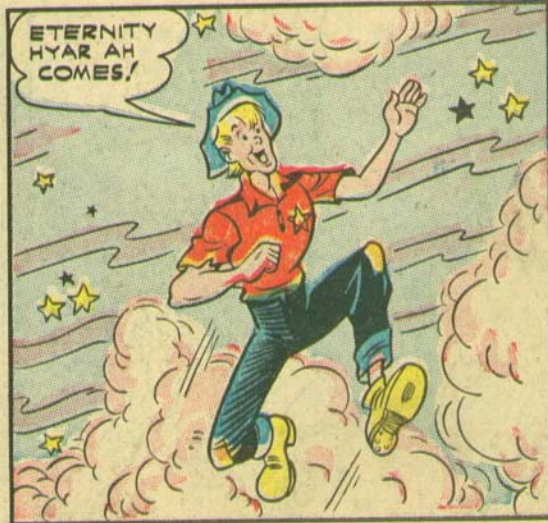
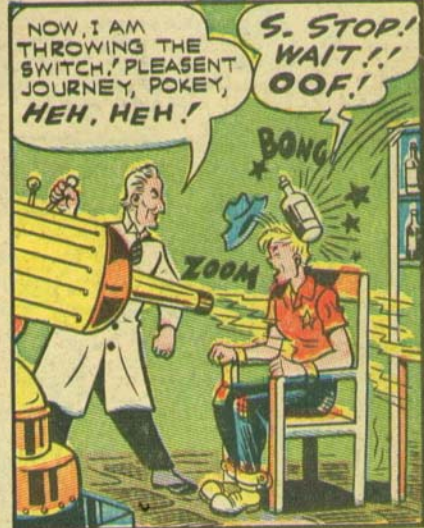
MANY THANKS, SUH, DON'T MIND EFFIN' AH DO RIDE A PIECE WIFF YO'!

YOUR PROFESSION AFFORDS YOU A GOOD MANY THRILLS, I WILL WAGER, EH, MY LAD?

NOPE ET HAIN'T NUFFIN' TO BEIN' A SMALL TOWN'S SHURIFF! AH WISH'T AH LIVED IN THE OLD DAY WHEN THAR WERE **REAL** DESPERADOS!



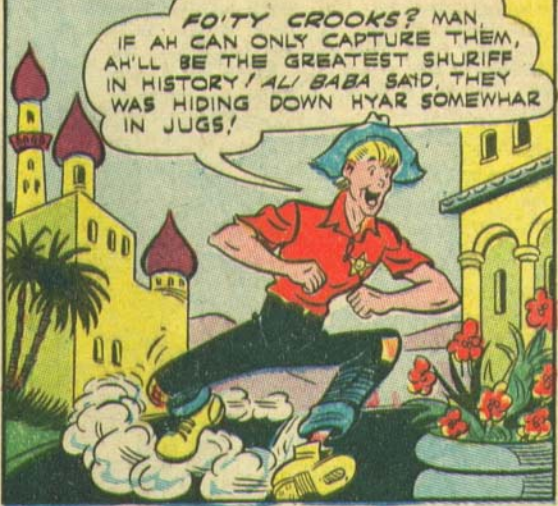




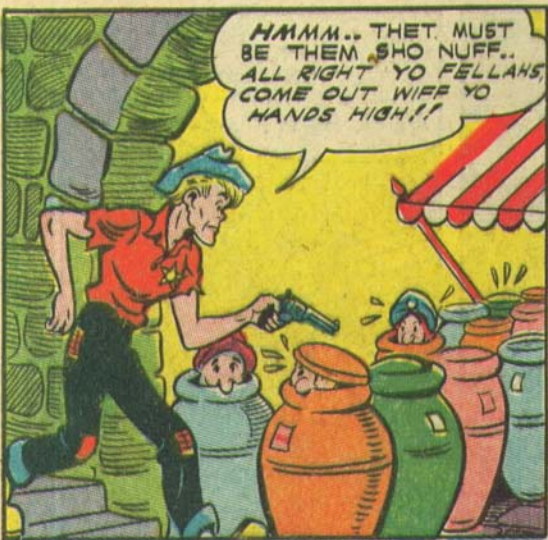


G. GORSH.. WHUT A STRANGE PLACE! WHO CAN THIS FUNNY GENT BE?

I'M ALI BABA! FLEE! FLEE! THERE BE FORTY THIEVES THAT WOULD HAVE MY BLOOD!



FO'TY CROOKS? MAN, IF AH CAN ONLY CAPTURE THEM, AH'LL BE THE GREATEST SHURIFF IN HISTORY! ALI BABA SAID, THEY WAS HIDING DOWN HYAR SOMEWHAR IN JUGS!



HMMM.. THET MUST BE THEM, SHO NUFF.. ALL RIGHT YO FELLAHS, COME OUT WIF YO HANDS HIGH!!



HOORAY! AH DONE KETCHED ME THE FO'TY THIEVES!

THIEVES? BY ALLAH, WE BE HONEST MEN, ONLY WAITING TO HAVE OUR PANTS PRESSED!!

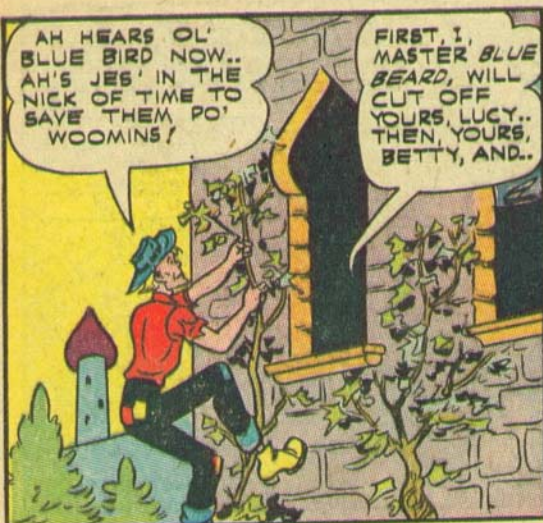


SCRAM! YOU ARE RUINING MY BIZZNESS, FOREIGN DOG!

OOF! SORRY, SUH.. AH WAS MISTAKEN!



SAAAY.. WHUT'S THIS? WHY, THIS IS THE SKONK THET'S ALWAYS CHOPPING WOOMIN'S HAIDS OFF! AH WILL DO MAH DOOTY, AN' BRING HIM TO JUSTICE! YESSUH!



AH HEARS OL' BLUE BIRD NOW.. AH'S JES' IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE THEM PO' WOOMINS!

FIRST, I, MASTER BLUE BEARD, WILL CUT OFF YOURS, LUCY.. THEN, YOURS, BETTY, AND..



..THEN, JOAN'S TURN WILL BEING NEXT.. EGAD THIS NOT BEING ABLE TO HIRE A DECENT HAIR DRESSER IS DRIVING ME NUTS!

SNIP! SNIP!



GULP! WOE IS ME! WHAR, OH WHAR CAN AH KETCH ME A RE-SPECK-TABLE CRIMINAL..... GROAN...



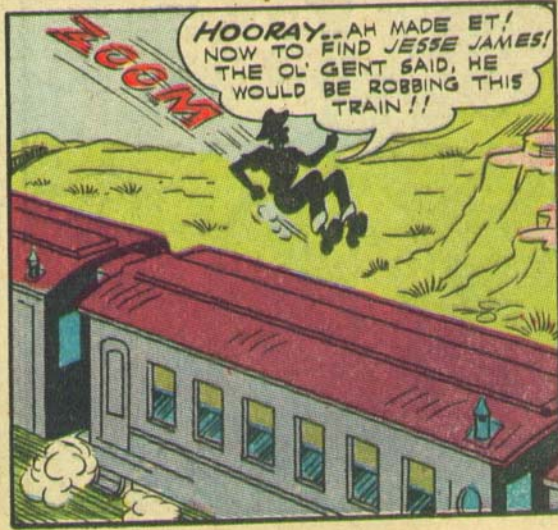
PSST! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER JESSE JAMES, MY BOY?

JESSE JAMES? THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBER? OBOY, LEAD ME TO 'IM!



YOU WILL FIND HIM ABOARD THE CANNON BALL EXPRESS, DOWN YONDER.... HURRY!

SHO NUFF, AN' THANKS A.PLENTY!



HOORAY...AH MADE ET! NOW TO FIND JESSE JAMES! THE OL' GENT SAID, HE WOULD BE ROBBING THIS TRAIN!!



GANG WAY!
LEMME OFF,
JESSE JAMES
IS IN THE
COACH.. UP
AHEAD!

DON'T WORRY,
SUH, AH IS HYAR,
TO PUNISH THET
THIEVIN' SKONK!



OKAY, MISTER, WHAT'LL IT
BE? CANDY BARS..ONE DOLLAR,
ORANGES TWO BUCKS APIECE..
LAUGH COMICS FIVE BUCKS
A COPY!

ER.. A..
JUST THE
COMIC!!...



JESSE JAMES
YO' HAS ROBBED
YO' LAST
VICTIM!

GREAT BALLS O'
FIRE.. TH'
LAW!



JESSE JAMES,
YOU IS A.. BURP..
..HUH.. WHAR
IS AH?

C'MON, BUB, SNAP
OUTA IT! YOU GOT
A BAD BUMP ON
THE NOGGIN!



YO' MEANS AH
HAINT IN
EEETERNITY
A..TALL?
WHAR'S
DR. ZOOK?

WE'RE TAKING HIM
TO THE BOOBY HATCH!
SOUNDS LIKE HE HAS
BEEN SINGING HIS
PIPE DREAMS TO
YOU TOO, HUH?



MAN, OBOY, THE WORLD IS
SHO FILLIN' UP WIFF DAFFY
PEOPLES! ME FO HOME,
AND A GOOD MESS OF
CATFISH !!

BUT BE WITH US AGAIN, AND
SEE, IF POKEY FINDS HIS
PEACE ON EARTH!

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

LISTEN TO THE BLACK HOOD'S OATH ON
STATION WOR-MUTUAL, EVERY DAY!

I THE BLACK HOOD,
DO SOLEMNLY
SWEAR THAT
NEITHER THREATS
NOR BRIBES NOR
BULLETS NOR
DEATH ITSELF-
SHALL KEEP ME
FROM FULFILLING
MY SACRED VOW..
TO ERASE CRIME
FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH!!





HIYA, DEMON REPORTER! WORKING HARD?

KIP BURLAND! YOU'VE BECOME A POLICEMAN AGAIN



YES, BARBARA. THANKS TO SERGEANT MCGINTY, I WAS FINALLY RE-INSTATED. HA, HA, WOULDN'T THE SARGE BE SURPRISED IF HE KNEW HE'D GOTTEN THE BLACK HOOD ON THE FORCE



WELL, SO LONG GAL! I'M OFF TO FIGHT CRIME - OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK, KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE PICKED A PIP OF A BEAT FOR ME

IT'S DEADER THAN THE PROVERBIAL DOORNAIL!



OH, OH! I SPOKE TOO SOON!



WHAT'S UP LADY?

OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME, OFFICER. MY BUTLER'S DEAD!

WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I SEE YOU'VE GOT KIP BACK IN HARNESS, SERGEANT MCGINTY

YES, BARBARA AND HE'LL STAY THERE IF HE KEEPS OUTA TROUBLE, DAGNABBIT!



THE TROUBLE WITH KIP IS HE'S TOO SCIENTIFIC! NOW TAKE ME F'INSTANCE, I'VE BEEN...

... "ON THE FORCE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS WITH THE END O' YOUR NIGHTSTICK" UNQUOTE!



WELL, IT'S TRUE!

ANYWAY, I GAVE KIP A BEAT THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUTA TROUBLE!



HELLO! YES! THIS IS MCGINTY! WHAT! DAGNABBIT...



THAT WAS BURLAND! SO YOU SOMEBODY WAS STABBED TO DEATH AT 17 KEW PLACE.. LET'S GO, MEN!

THAT WOULD KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE EH, SARGE!



HELLO, SARGE! YOU SURE GOT HERE FAST!

WHERE'S THE BODY, KIP?



IN THE NEXT ROOM. BUT DON'T MESS UP ANY FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T BE TELLIN' ME MY BUSINESS! ME, WHO'S BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS!



YEP, HE'S DEAD,
ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL
ASK SOME QUESTIONS!
WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS.
MARION. THIS
IS MY HOME—
AND THE DEAD
MAN WAS MY
BUTLER

AND I AM KALIMAR,
MYSTIC AND **SPIRITU-**
ALIST! AT YOUR
SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURN-
ED FROM KALI-
MAR'S PLACE
WHERE I WAS IN
COMMUNION WITH
MY LATE
HUSBAND

SPIRITU-
ALISM!
HOOEY!

I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT
"HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I
SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU
A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME
YOU PLEASE!

ANYWAY, SERGEANT,
I GAVE THE EVEN-
ING OFF TO MY
DOMESTICS, WHILE
I ATTENDED THE
SEANCE!

THEN WHAT WAS
YOUR BUTLER
DOING IN THE
HOUSE?

THAT'S OBVIOUS!
HE MUST HAVE
RETURNED UNEX-
PECTEDLY!

I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER
KNEW THERE'D BE NO
ONE HERE—SO HE RE-
TURNED TO ROB THE
HOUSE!

AND MURDERED
HIMSELF AFTER
HE'D DONE IT, I
SUPPOSE!

NONE O'
YER SARCASM,
BURLAND!

I'VE GOT THE
FINGERPRINTS
OFF THIS KNIFE,
SARGE!

NICE WORK
MOONEY!

WE'LL CHECK
'EM AT HEAD-
QUARTERS!

IN THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'LL HAVE THESE FINGERPRINTS PHOTOSTATED IN A MINUTE, SARGE!

HERE THEY ARE!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL CHECK 'EM WITH THE PRINTS WE GOT IN OUR FILES!



NOW TO FIND THE GUY THESE PRINTS BELONG TO - IF WE'VE GOT A RECORD OF HIM!

WOW! WE GOT 'IM! MCGINTY DOES IT AGAIN!

HERE IT IS, SARGE!

'SNAKES O' ST. PATRICK! IT...IT CAN'T BE!



NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS DIG HIM UP, SARGE AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR MURDERER!

B... BUT HOW COULD A DEAD MAN'S PRINTS GET ON THAT KNIFE?

OUTSIDE ...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT KIP?

I'M JUST AS PUZZLED AS POOR SARGE, BABS!



ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS.. SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT "NIFE" ?

GLASS EYE...
HMM... SAY BABS DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FORTUNE TELLER'S EYES ?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, YES! ONE OF HIS EYES SEEMED TO BE MADE OF GLASS!

EXACTLY! THAT MAY OR MAY NOT MEAN ANYTHING- BUT DO SOMETHING FOR ME WILL YOU, BABS ?

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. YOU WANT ME TO GET A FINGER-PRINT OF KALIMAR, EH?... CONSIDER IT DONE!



MEANWHILE THE BLACK HOOD WILL DO SOME INVESTIGATING...

AFTER BABS LEAVES...



...AT THE CEMETERY GLASS EYE'S GANG WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED HIM!



HERE'S GLASS EYE'S GRAVE!



EMPTY !!

THE HOOD IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT

HELLO! HOOD! ANY DEVELOPMENTS?

PLENTY, BARBARA!

DID YOU GET THOSE FINGER-PRINTS?

YOU BET! RIGHT ON THIS VANITY CASE-SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

HOOD! YOU REALLY THINK KALIMAR AND GLASS-EYE GANNET ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON?

KALIMAR'S FINGERPRINTS WILL ANSWER THAT QUESTION

NOW LET'S COMPARE 'EM WITH THE PRINTS OF GLASS-EYE GANNET!

DON'T GO BY ME. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE THE SAME OR NOT!

WELL, I WOULD! THEY ARE! AND KALIMAR, ALIAS GLASS-EYE GANNET IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VERY UNWELCOME CLIENT THE BLACK HOOD!

SOMEWHAT LATER, IN KALIMAR'S OFFICE WHERE A CUSTOMER IS BEING ENTERTAINED...

YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SPEAK WITH MY DEAD HUSBANDS SPIRIT?

HOPE THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER!

YOU SHALL SOON SEE MADAM. BUT REMEMBER! ANSWER ANY QUESTION HE ASKS-OR THE SPIRITUAL BOND WILL BE BROKEN!

THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS, AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDIATELY IS LIGHTED UP BY AN UNEARTHLY GLOW...



IT... IT'S CHARLES, MY HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE NOT MUCH TIME. ANSWER QUICKLY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE MONEY I LEFT YOU?



BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT HAPPENED, KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW! PERHAPS SOME INTERFERENCE FROM THE ASTRAL WORLD!

NO, KALIMAR! IT'S INTERFERENCE FROM THE BLACK HOOD



WH... WHAT!

I KNOW YOU, GANNET IN SPITE OF THAT NICE PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD DONE ON YOUR FACE!



I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET-GETTING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES—THEN ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER BUTLER!



ALL RIGHT, BLAST YOU! YOU'RE ONTO ME, BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!



THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT YOU'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE...



... BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!





NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS- IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!



HIYA, MCGINTY I WAS EXPECTING YOU!



STOP HOOD- OR I'LL SHOOT!



DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

BANG
DONT MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!



THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER. DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!



NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS... CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!

YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!



KIP! WHY DONT YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!



WELL, I DONT KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!

TUNE IN ON THE BLACK HOOD.. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM...

WELL, DEAR READERS,
IF YOU WILL REMEM-
BER THE LAST WE
SAW OF SENOR SIESTA,
HE WAS IN A TIGHT
SPOT... RUNNING FROM
SOME WILD INDIANS
WHO FELT HE SHOULD
NOT BE ALLOWED TO
RETAIN HIS SCALP!
SO NOW...

Señor SIESTA



THEES LOOKS LIKE THE NICE TOWN! NOW YOU ARE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT TO DO!

SI, SENOR MOPO! I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY!

MOPO SETS UP HIS WARES...

AMIGOS AND SUCKAIRS! STEP UP AND GET THE SEVENTH WONDAIR OF THE WORLD! A GAS PILL WEECH TURNS THE WATER TO GAS-OLINE!

URNS THE WATER TO GAS-O-LEEN! WHY WOULD ANYBODY WEEESH TO DREENK THE GASOLINE!

NO MORE RATION CARDS! RUN YOUR AUTOS WEEETH THEES PILL!

EEF SOME SENOR WHEEL STEP UP, I WEEEL PROVE MY GAS PILL WORKS!

AH.. THANK YOU, AMIGO!

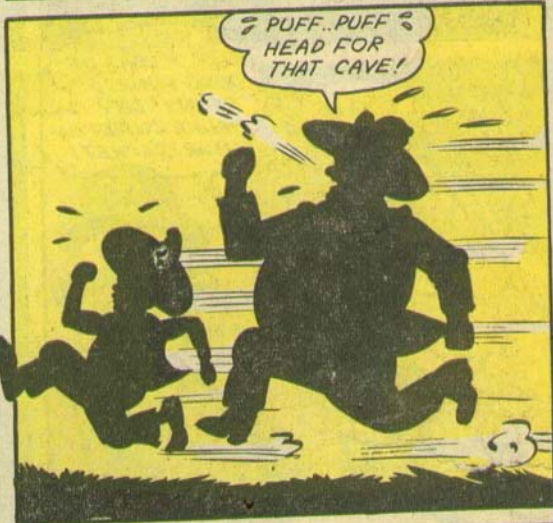
HEH! HEH!

YOU SEE HOW HE DROPS MY PILL IN THE WATER!

NOW APPLY THE MATCH!

CARAMBA! EET WORKS!

SIZZZ





I TOLD YOU NOT TO EAT ALL THAT CANNED FOOD.. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HIDIN' OUT FROM THE SUCKERS WE SOLD THOSE PHONY OIL STOCKS TO- NOT HOLDIN' A BANQUET!

SURE! BUT IT TASTED SO GOOD, BENNY!

BUBB



BUENOS DIOS, SENORS! I AM ALSO THE..ER.. SUPER SALESMAN. COULD I HELP YOU SELL YOUR SPLENDID PRODUCT?

HUH?

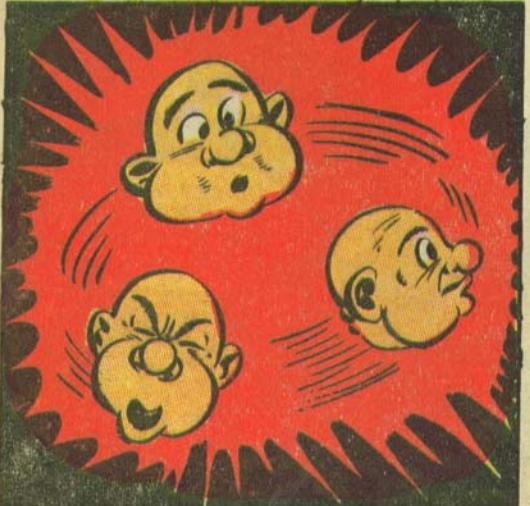


DUM DE DA

GET A LOAD OF DESE PUNKS, BENNY! DEY WANNA CUT IN ON OUR RACKET!



YOU HANDLE 'EM, BENNY, WHILE I SETTLE ME GAS PAINS!

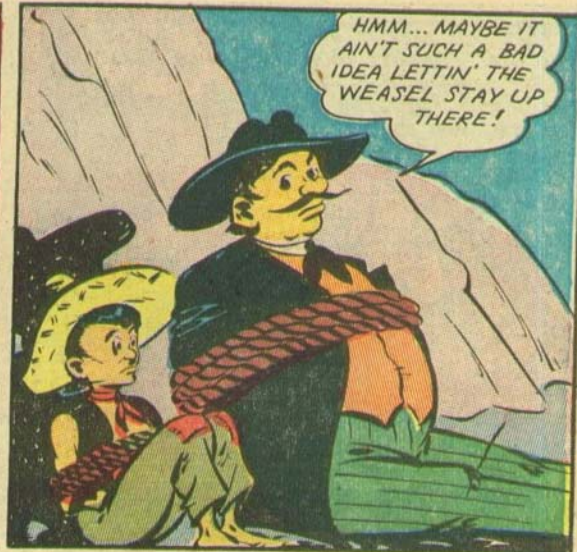


HALP! GET ME DOWN!

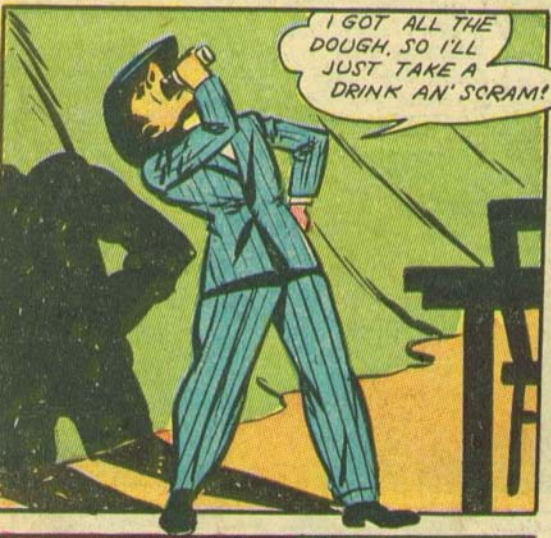
SMART GUYS, EH?
I THINK YOU'RE
COPPERS, SEE?



HMM... MAYBE IT
AIN'T SUCH A BAD
IDEA LETTIN' THE
WEASEL STAY UP
THERE!



I GOT ALL THE
DOUGH, SO I'LL
JUST TAKE A
DRINK AN' SCRAM!



HELP!

HEH!
HEH!



SPLENDID WORK
SIESTA! YOU HAVE
DEESCOVERED A
NEW USE FOR
MY GAS PILL!



NOW I WEEL
JUST BREAK
THEE'S BOTTLE!





AND CUT OUR
ROPE'S WEETH
THE GLASS!



SIESTA, I HAVE
DECIDED TO
BECOME THE
HONEST MAN!

EXCELLENT, SENOR
MOPO! AND WHY
DEED YOU
MAKE
THEES
DECISION?



BECAUSE I RECOGNIZE
THESE TWO CROOKS!
THEY ARE SLICK BENNY
AND WILLIE THE WEASEL!



AND THERE EES
A VERY HANDSOME
REWARD FOR
THEIR CAPTURE!
SI, SENOR SIESTA,
HONESTY PAYS!

HAMM.. AND YOU
REFUSE TO BE
HONEST UNTEEL
YOU ARE POSITEEVE
EET DOES, EH?



LATER...

GREAT

SAINTS!

AND
LEETLE

DEVILS!



HELP!

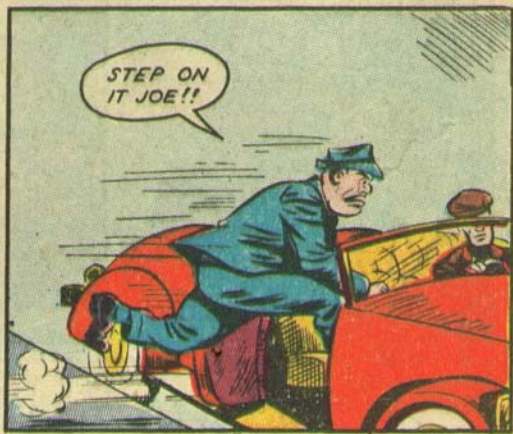
LET ME
DOWN!

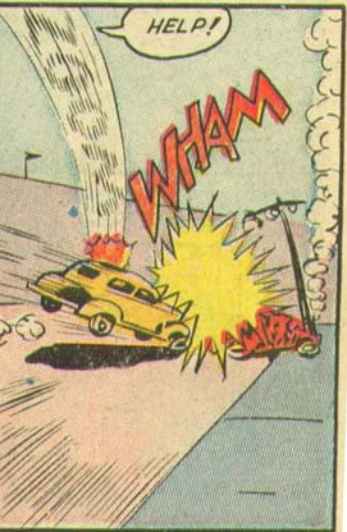
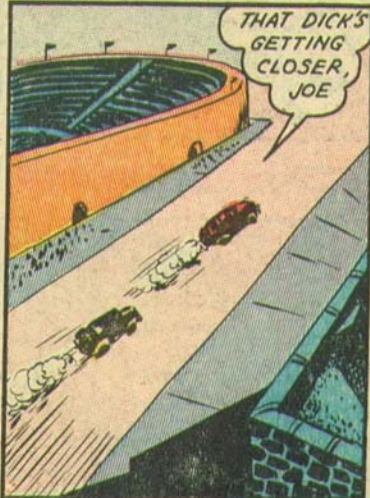
HEH
HEH!

ONLY A SHORT
WAY TO THE
JAIL-HOUSE
NOW, SENORS!

SNOOP M'GOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH









I'LL GET ON THE OPPOSITE TEAM...THEIR UNIFORM IS THE SAME COLOR AS MY UNDERWEAR..THEY WON'T NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE..I'LL GET THOSE CROOKS YET!



HEY!
REFEREE!



I'M SUBSTITUTING AT RIGHT GUARD!
TAKE YOUR POSITION, STRETCH!



I'LL GIVE YOU A TIP BUD.. WATCH OUT FOR THAT BRUISER ON YOUR RIGHT! HE'S A KILLER!

GULP



THE PLAY BEGINS...

SIGNALS
1-20-36
HIKE!

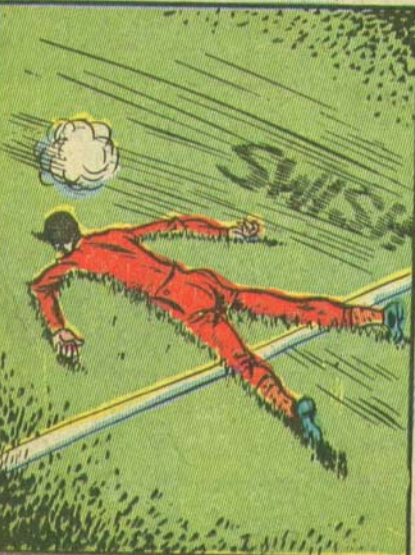


OUCH!
I'VE GOT IT!

THIS WAY JACK!

EASY BOY!

SEND IT HERE!



LISTEN, DICK! GET OFF THIS FIELD BEFORE I MURDER YOU!



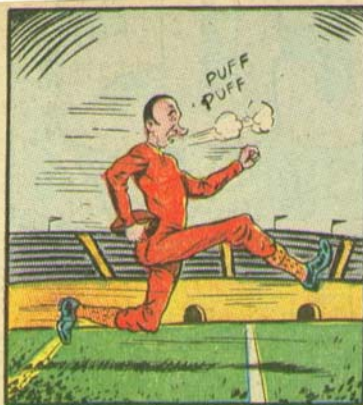
SUDDENLY...

SIGNALS
36-21-6
HIKE

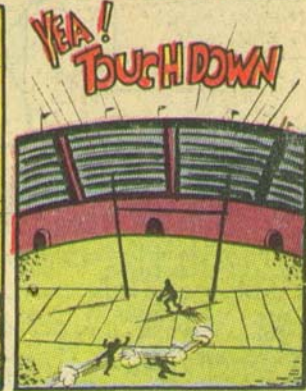
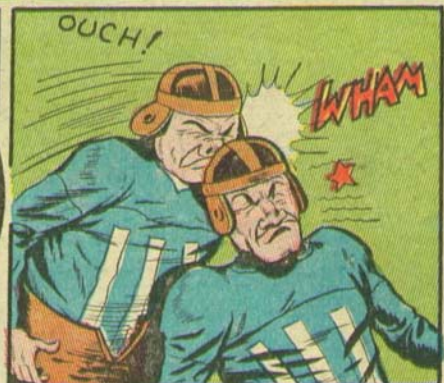
RUN!

PLOP

RUN!
GET A TOUCHDOWN!

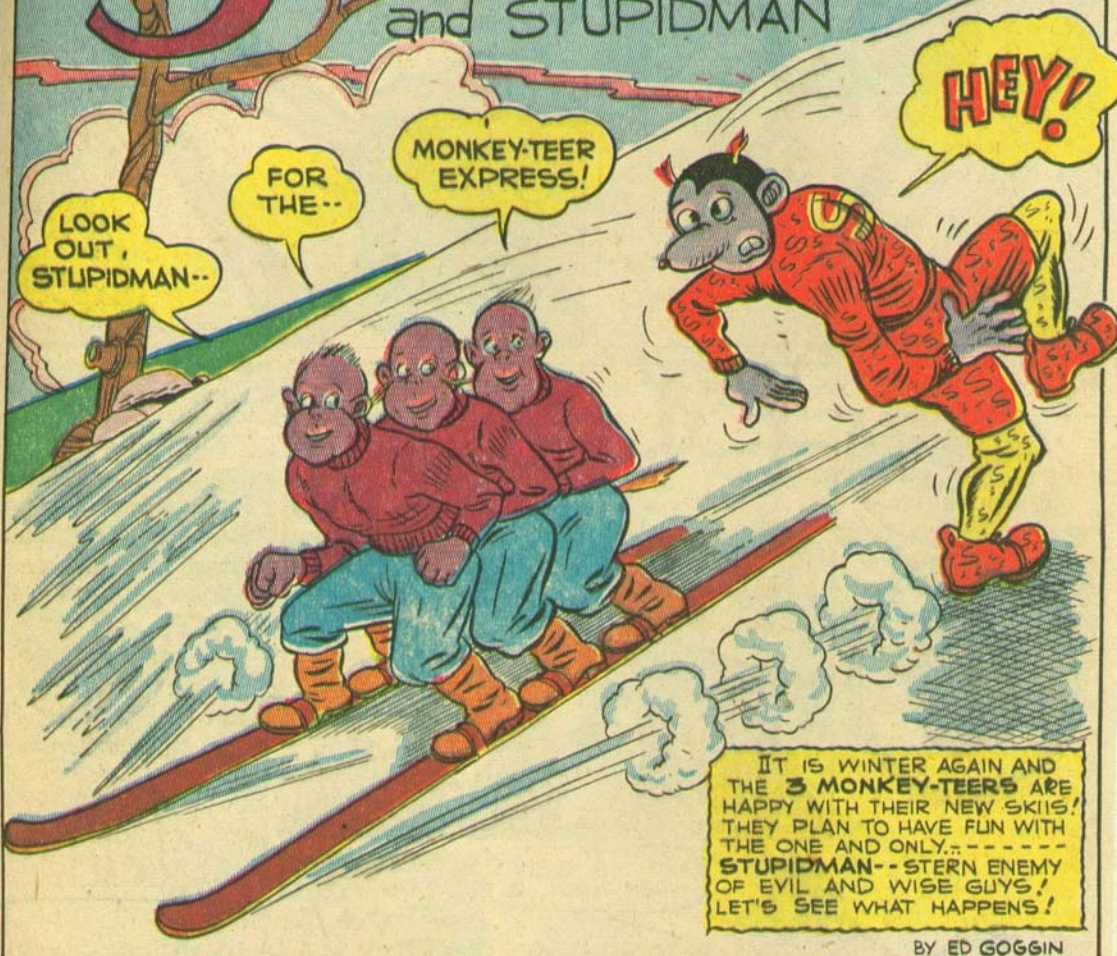


BUT WALDO, SNOOP'S SQUIRREL, IS ON THE JOB, AND TRIPS THE HOODLUM..



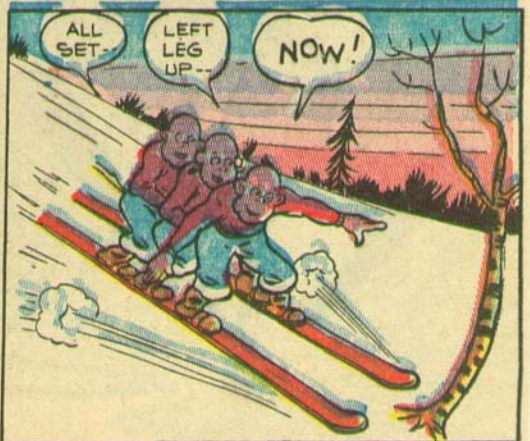
The 3 MONKEY-TEERS

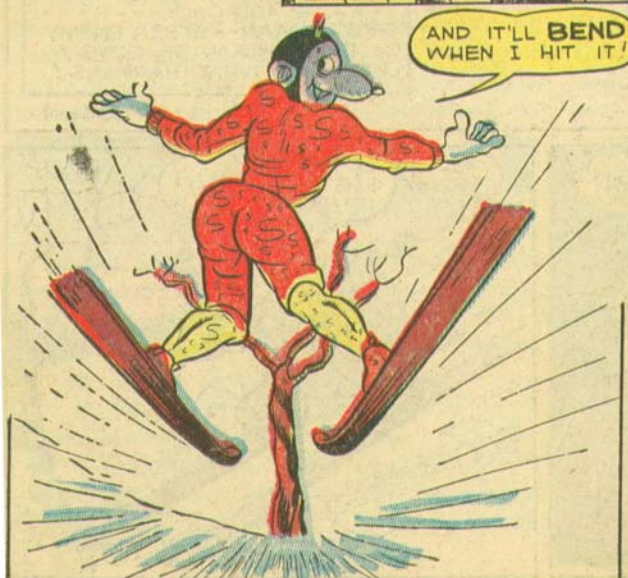
and STUPIDMAN

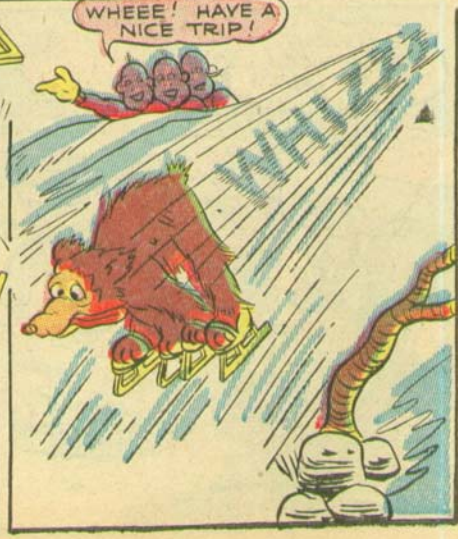
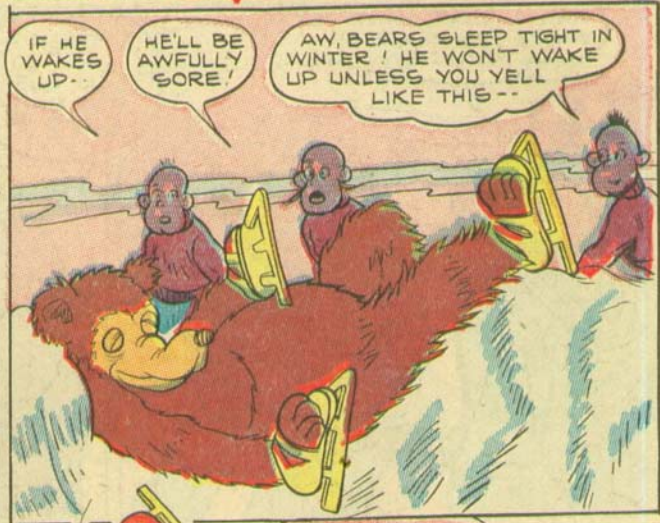


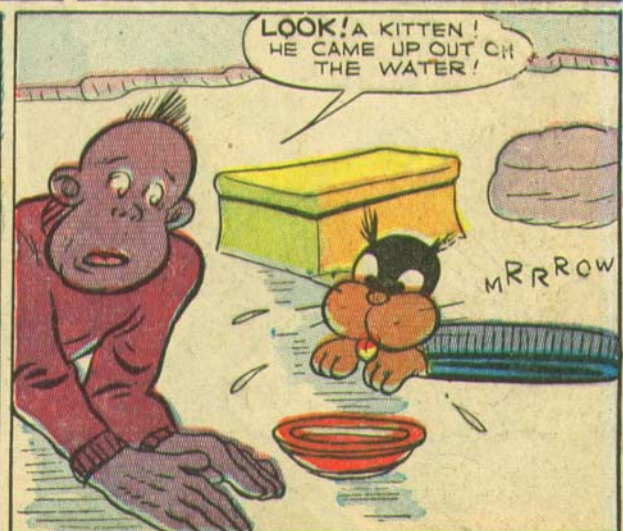
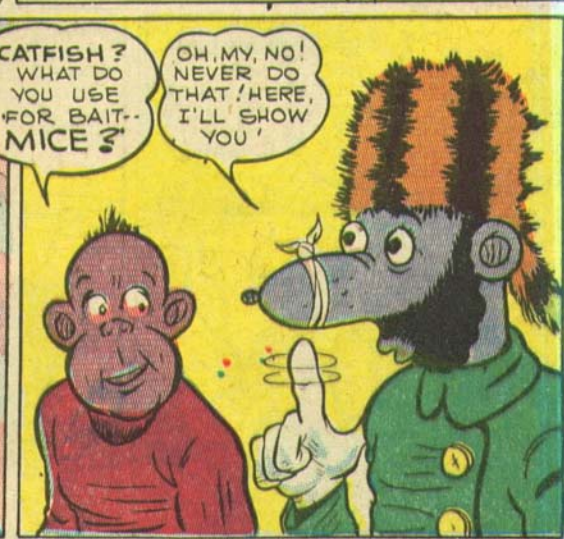
IT IS WINTER AGAIN AND THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS ARE HAPPY WITH THEIR NEW SKIS! THEY PLAN TO HAVE FUN WITH THE ONE AND ONLY-- ----- STUPIDMAN-- STERN ENEMY OF EVIL AND WISE GUYS! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

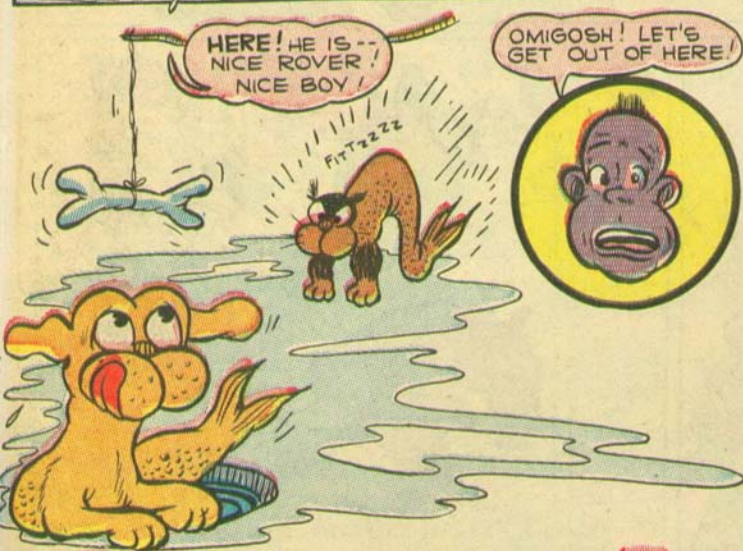
BY ED GOGGIN

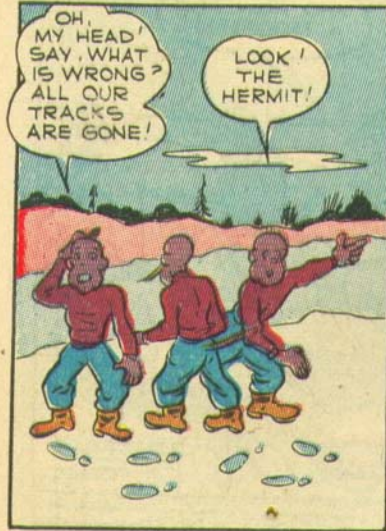












OH, MY HEAD! SAY WHAT IS WRONG? ALL OUR TRACKS ARE GONE!

LOOK! THE HERMIT!



AH! A FINE SPECIMEN! SIMIAN TYPE 4Z... JUST THE THING FOR MY COLLECTION!



DON'T BE AFRAID, BOYS! I'M ONLY GATHERING FOOT-PRINTS --- I SAVE 'EM --- MY HOBBY, YOU KNOW!



AND IT KEEPS THE SNOW UN-MARKED!

DON'T BE AFRAID -- NOTHING HAPPENS TO GOOD BOYS!

SUDDENLY



OW

WHOP



WHY LOOK! IT WAS STUPIDMAN DRESSED AS THE HERMIT ALL THE TIME!



GOSH, WERE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS BAD!

IMAGINE TRYING TO MAKE US BELIEVE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A CATFISH WHO LOOKS LIKE A KITTEN!

OF ALL THINGS -- DID YOU SEE THAT GOOD GOSH --- ENOUGH OF THIS! BUT SAY, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THAT BEAR ON SKATES LET US KNOW !!!!

BEST LETTER THIS MONTH IS FROM DELBERT OTT TONOPAH, NEVADA BOX 425 --- WHO RECEIVES AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO FROM STUPIDMAN

SEE YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

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 IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS YOU LIKE BEST! 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 HER WINNING LETTER!



EMMA GRADECKI
320 WALKER ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Although I'm not a little girl, I have read Top Notch Laugh Comics for quite some time and I find it very unusual and entertaining. Pokey Oakes is my choice for the favorite. He no sooner gets out of one mess than he is in the middle of another amusing one. Never a dull moment when reading Pokey Oakes and Top-Notch Laugh Comics!

Emma Gradecki

HONORABLE MENTION



JOHN SULLIVAN
45 ALEXANDER ST.
DORCHESTER, MASS.



CONNIE BERAVIDES
187 RUSS STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



TONY STAGNER
3151 SO. THIRD ST.
LOUISVILLE, KY.



RUTH SPIKER
18LAND ST.
LANACONING, MD.



CATHERINE PIVEDOM
3507 FAIR AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



JACK COLLINS
19 LOCH LOMOND ST.
50. UNIONTOWN, PA.



GWYN INGRAM
JEFFERSON, GA.



RICHARD LONG
403 IRVING ST.
MUSKOGEE, OKLA.



SHIRLEY GLICKMAN
3739 BURLINGAME
DETROIT, MICH.



IZZY ORINGER
148 BROOME ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



LYNELLE STRICKLAND
RT. 4 BOX 75
OSYKA, MISS.



DIMITRI SAFOUTIN
15963 HOFT RD.
BELLEVILLE MICH.



JACQUELINE KAPLAN
2604 HADDON AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.



JERRY SMITH
510 1/2 BURLINGTON
LOS ANGELES, CA.



BARBARA EPSTEIN
1773 PARK PLACE
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THIS IS THE PORTRAIT EMMA GRADECHI RECEIVED



Sincerely
M.L.J.

HONORABLE MENTION ---- *Continued...*



HENRY DUNCAN
1014 EOLNEY RD.
NORFOLK, VA.



OLIVIA ALPHONSE
1034 STAFFORD RD.
FALL RIVER, MASS.



JOSEPH ARES
144 W. 28th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



CAROL DERR
1018 NO. LOWREY AV.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



RAYMOND ROGERS
RD #2 BROOK RIDGE
LAUREL, MD.



BETTY SAXBY
BIRCHWOOD, WIS.



BURNELL CONN.
PORT ALLEN,
LOUISIANA



ANNA HABEL
7251 THEISEN AV.
DEARBORN, MICH.



BERNARD HUDAK
509 W. 161 ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



ABAK HERRING
RT. 4
GARDO, ALA.

A TRUE FACT STORY

by the Black Hood

"EPHRAIM, go down to the hospital and get me a pint of blood."

Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the Harvard Medical School, took down a quart jar from a shelf in Dr. John Webster's chemical laboratory and asked if that would do. The Professor, a short middle-aged man, side-whiskered as befitted a gentleman of Boston in 1849, nodded. Littlefield, who was general man at the newly established institute, left; but he was unable to successfully fulfill his mission. That day, which was Thursday, November 22nd, there was no blood to be had nor was there any available Friday morning. Dr. Webster was chagrined. He needed the blood for a lecture, he said.

Dr. George Parkman was a fairly wealthy man. It was he who had endowed the Medical School only the year before and who had gained Webster his place there. But Webster owed him money on a mortgage covering a valuable collection of minerals the chemist owned. Parkman was a philanthropist when he wanted to be but he was also a tight-fisted businessman. He believed in collecting debts even when they were owed by men who had to subsist on the poor salaries of college professors. And it was that Friday morning that Webster at last notified his creditor that he would pay him the money that was due him, a matter of some four hundred dollars. He would settle the debt that afternoon at one o'clock, at his laboratory. The matter was known to Littlefield, who had overheard discussion of it several days before.

Littlefield was a strange person, but typical enough in one matter; there is a New England type like him. Given to keeping their own counsel, given to certain eccentricities. He lived in his own quarters in the Medical School building, had access to the rooms and laboratories, tended the furnace, and kept watch on the great underground vault below wherein were thrown the used remains of the multifold cadavers used by the students in anatomy classes. Of all the men employed in Harvard, he alone seemed most able to penetrate into the foul recesses of the vaults amid the stench of decaying flesh.

Parkman, a tall gaunt man, bald, with a sharp-

ly jutting jaw, set out promptly that afternoon to the Webster laboratory to keep his appointment. He called in a grocery store on his way, nodded to several people, and was seen to enter the door of the college. He was never seen to leave.

Now Parkman was a man of strict punctuality; when he failed to meet other appointments in the afternoon and failed to show up at home in time for supper his family became aroused and concerned. They notified the city marshal, a Mr. Tuckey, and search was started at once. All night they searched and all the next day. Posters were sent out and a reward of \$3000 was offered for knowledge leading to either the finding of Parkman, his body, or his murderers.

Dr. Webster did not hear reports of his creditor's strange absence until they appeared in the papers several days later. He immediately went to the Parkman family, telling them that he was the party with whom the missing man had had his appointment.

Parkman had come to his laboratory as expected, Dr. Webster went on; he had been paid in cash on the spot by the chemist, had given Webster the cancelled I.O.U., and had immediately left in order to go to Cambridge to discharge the mortgage. That was the last that Webster had seen of him.

Professor Webster seemed much worried about the disappearance; he realized that suspicion was bound to fall upon him since he was the last man known actually to have seen Parkman and it was a fact that Parkman was a hard creditor who had hounded Webster severely. Littlefield told people of a severe argument that the two doctors had had only a few days prior to the disappearance; harsh words had been spoken on both sides and Parkman had threatened to sue for the money.

Police officers arrived Tuesday afternoon to search the building. They had determined to go over the place from top to bottom, hoping to find some sign that might point to the fate of the missing man. They found the janitor outside and made him accompany them.

They searched the place, starting with the up-

stairs rooms and the basement including Littlefield's own chambers where, unknown to the janitor, they went through his clothes. Then they went to Webster's laboratory, but it was locked.

They pounded and finally the chemist opened the door. He let them in and the men made for the professor's back private laboratory but were warned away.

"I keep my explosives and acids there."

The officer changed his mind abruptly. He had no desire to be sent to kingdom come by any accidental fumbling with violent chemicals. Then they went to the professor's basement laboratory; there was a small corner door leading to the tiny chamber which was the professor's privy. This they failed to investigate. Below this privy were the vaults wherein the wastes from the professor's experiments fell.

When the officers left, Littlefield slipped back to the door of the laboratory. He drew a knife and crouched down beside the door but the noise of someone else in the building coming his way distracted him and he went away.

The next day Littlefield continued his actions. He tried looking under the door and watching the professor at work; he could see the chemist's feet moving near the assay furnace which was a part of his laboratory equipment but he could make out nothing further. Testing the walls outside the location of the furnace he confirmed that it was in operation.

Later that day, when Webster had left, Littlefield pried around and finally forced his way into the laboratory by way of a back window. He saw that the furnace indeed had been in heavy use the past few days but that was not a new discovery. He found several suspicious wet spots on the stairs leading to Webster's basement and to his back room (the one where explosives were supposed to have been stored). These tasted to him like acid.

It turned out that these spots were from a classroom test of the chemist's.

Thanksgiving Day found Littlefield again prowling around the deserted college building. He was in the cellar opposite the wall of Webster's basement. He had started to try to dig into the back of the chemist's privy which he had failed to get into otherwise. For several hours he pried bricks loose but it was a thick wall.

He worked on his sinister project most of the afternoon, using crowbar, chisel and hammer, he removed brick after brick and finally broke

through. He rested a moment and tried to get a light through the small hole to see what was inside the professor's privy chamber.

Water was running in the sink. The first thing his light fell on were parts of a human leg and a section of pelvis. He withdrew immediately, went out and notified the City Marshal.

The searching party from the police immediately went back with him, viewed the bits of body, got into the laboratory and investigated the furnace. Littlefield put in his hand and drew from the ashes a piece of charred bone.

Webster was seized at his home and arrested that night. He denied everything but gave himself away when he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a strychnine pill he had been carrying around. His effort failed. He still denied his guilt but after a long trial was convicted. Other bones were taken out of the sealed vault and part of the torso was found in a metal container in Webster's chambers.

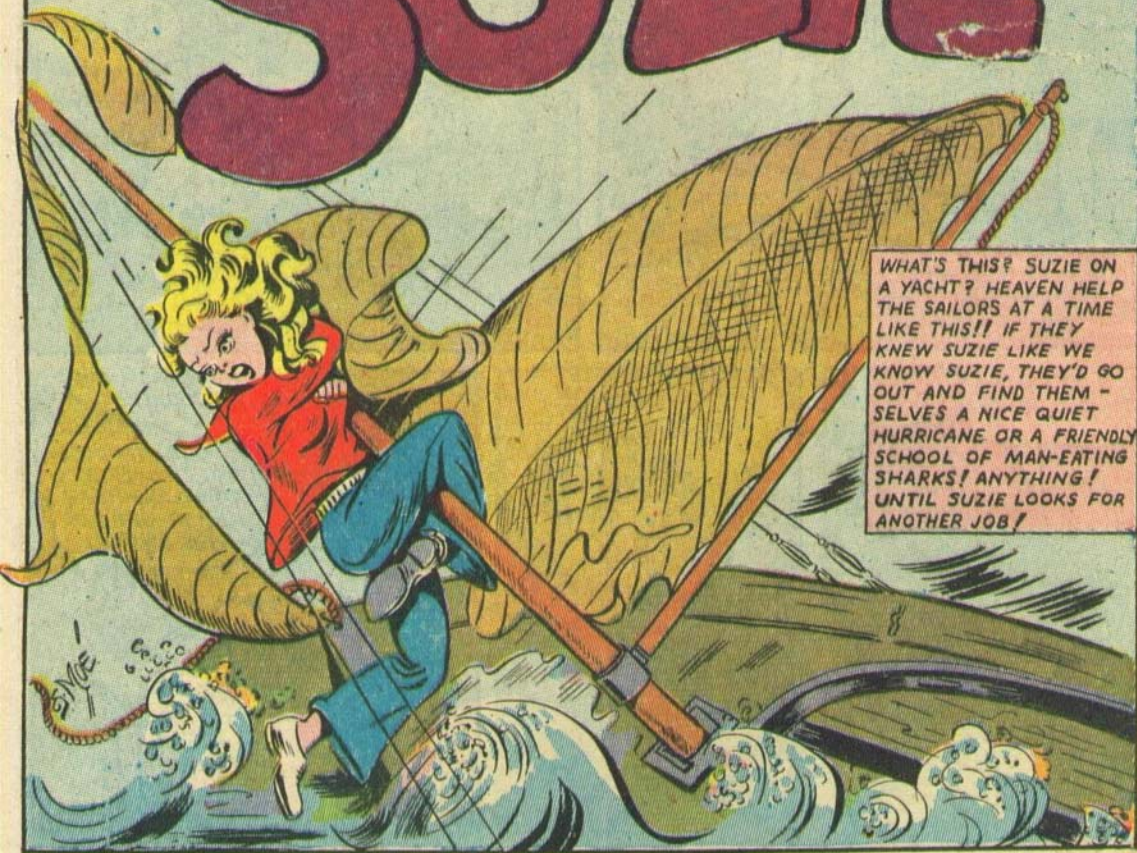
At last the little chemist confessed.

He had not had the money to pay his threatening creditor and when Parkman had come to his laboratory that fatal afternoon, he had told him so. A fight ensued, during which Webster struck the philanthropist with a club and killed him.

The mild, generally meek, professor thereupon locked the doors of his laboratories, took the documents of debt from the dead man's pockets, dragged the body into his back room and undressed it. He burned the clothes in his furnace and set about dissecting the body with as little concern as if he were demonstrating before a class room. It was not easy to get rid of the pieces because his assay furnace was small and would not take large sections. Some parts he squeezed down the privy drain; others he stowed away in the sink under running water until he could attend to burning them later. The whole process had taken a week and he had not determined how to dispose of the parts that the janitor uncovered, nor of the heavy mass of the torso.

John Webster was hanged August 30th, 1850. To his death he denied that the affair had been premeditated. But there is one thing unsolved, the question of for what purpose he intended to use the pint of blood he sent Littlefield out to obtain the day before the murder. Webster never had any use for blood in his work. It has never been explained.

SUZIE



WHAT'S THIS? SUZIE ON A YACHT? HEAVEN HELP THE SAILORS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!! IF THEY KNEW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE, THEY'D GO OUT AND FIND THEM - SELVES A NICE QUIET HURRICANE OR A FRIENDLY SCHOOL OF MAN-EATING SHARKS! ANYTHING! UNTIL SUZIE LOOKS FOR ANOTHER JOB!



I'M THE NEW GOVERNESS MRS. SNOBSNOOT HIRED. MY NAME'S SUZIE

COME IN PLEASE!



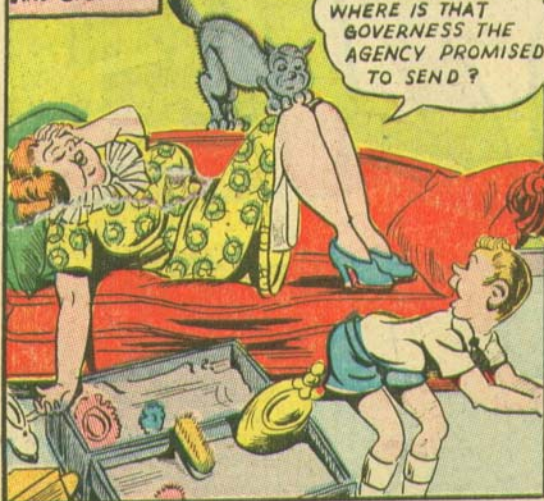
MRS. SNOBSNOOT IS UPSTAIRS PACKING, SHE'S EXPECTING YOU!

PACKING! IS SHE GOING ON A TRIP? HOW NICE! I JUST ADORE A...

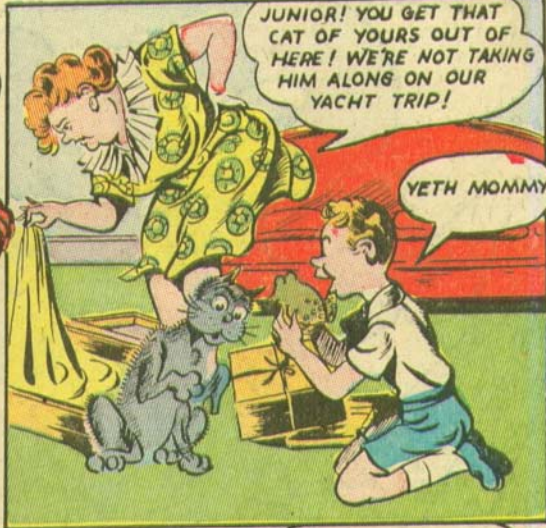


... TRIP
OOOFF

AND UPSTAIRS



OH! I'M EXHAUSTED!
WHERE IS THAT
GOVERNESS THE
AGENCY PROMISED
TO SEND?



JUNIOR! YOU GET THAT
CAT OF YOURS OUT OF
HERE! WE'RE NOT TAKING
HIM ALONG ON OUR
YACHT TRIP!

YETH MOMMY



YOU GO CHATHE
FWOGGY, KITTY!

OOONK
OOONK

YEEEOOWW



DON'T KWY, MOMMY!
YOU DIDN'T HURT
FWOGGY!

OH! WHY DOESNT
THAT GOVERNESS
COME AND TAKE
JUNIOR OFF MY
HANDS (SNIFF)



HELLO MRS SNOB-
SNOOT! HERE I AM!
I'M SUZIE, YOUR
GOVERNESS!



OH THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE
HERE! NOW I WON'T HAVE
ANY MORE TROUBLE! HELP
ME PACK, DEAR!

YES
MA'M!

OOONK

ER...AM I GOING WITH YOU ON THE YACHT TRIP?

YES SUZIE. I'LL WANT YOU TO LOOK AFTER JUNIOR ON THE BOAT

OH SUZIE! COME HERE AND STRAP MY CORSET. IT'S A LITTLE TIGHT!

OGEEGOLLY! SHE'LL NEED A PIANO MOVER TO GET HER INTO THAT 'CORSET'!



UGH!

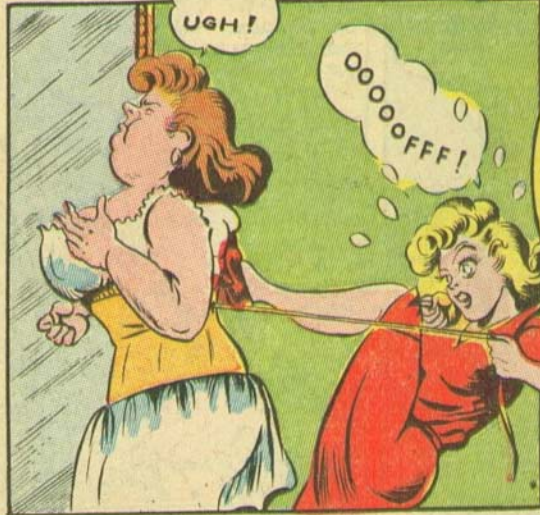
OOOOFFF!

WHILE DOWNSTAIRS

IS MY WIFE IN, THEODORE?

YES MR. SNOB SNOOT! SHE'S UP STAIRS WITH JUNIOR

I'LL JUST POP IN AND SURPRISE JUNIOR!



PEEK-A-BOO

SNAP!

ULP!

? CRASH

OGEEGOLLY! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THE STRING GO!





WHAT HIT ME ?



OH! I'M ALL BROKEN UP ALOYISIUS!

YOUNG LADY! GET SOME SPIRITS FOR MY WIFE! HURRY!

SPIRITS!



I THINK HE'S CRAZY! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!



QUICK! MR. SNOBSNOOT WANTS HIS WIFE HAUNTED!

WHA... HAUNTED? WHO... HOW...



THUTHIE! DADDY FOUND THE THPIRITS OF AMMONIA HIMTHELF!

SPIRITS OF AMMONIA! OH!



MY WORD! AM I GLAD THAT SUZIE GIRL IS GOING ALONG ON THE YACHT WITH THEM!

LATER...



AH! I FEEL MUCH BETTER AFTER THAT MEAL. OH SUZIE! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUNIOR'S PETS ?



WELL, I PUT THE CAT IN THE CELLAR, MRS. SNOBSNOOT. AND AS FOR THE FROG...



OH ALOYSIUS!
OUR CHEF JUST
COOKED ME THE
LOVELIEST
MEAT STEW

THAT'S FUNNY!
JUST THIS MORNING
HE TOLD ME HE
HAD NO MEAT!

THE FROG!
WHERE DID I
PUT THE
FROG?

I DON'T KNOW!
BUT I FOUND THE
STEW IN A BROILER
IN THE KITCHEN...
AND ATE
IT!

KITCHEN! BROILER!
I REMEMBER NOW!
THAT'S
WHERE I
PUT THE
FROG!



OOOH! I'M
GOING TO
FAINT!



HELP! MY WIFE
FELL OVERBOARD!

HELP!

COURAGE
MRS. SNOBSNOOT
I'LL SAVE YOU!



OGEEGOLLY! I
JUST REMEMBERED!
I CAN'T SWIM
EITHER!

HELP!



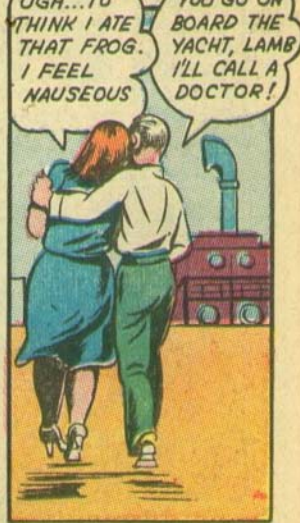
HELP!

HEL...
GLUG...



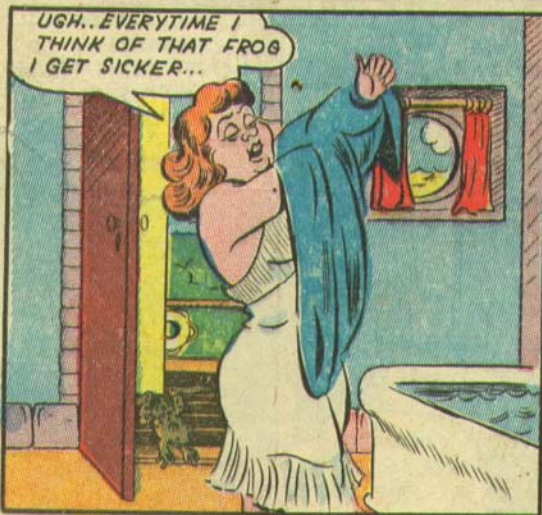
QUICK, LOVE
GRAB THIS

OGEEGOLLY!
LOOK! THE
WATER'S
SHALLOW



UGH...TO
THINK I ATE
THAT FROG.
I FEEL
NAUSEOUS

YOU GO ON
BOARD THE
YACHT, LAMB
I'LL CALL A
DOCTOR!



THANKS A MILLION FOR THAT SHOWER OF LETTERS TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK, N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTENING TO ARCHIE ANDREWS! JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY 'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING, AND KEEP WRITING!

Archie
COMICS *is*



MLJ
LEADS *the* WAY!

the **BLACK HOOD** **WANTS YOU**

to

TUNE IN
on

WOR MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Every night
5:15 EWT



GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

By RED HOLMDALE
STORY BY GOGGIN



POOR GLOOMY GUS--HE'S QUITE A GUY--- HE GOT HIT BY A TRUCK BUT DIDN'T DIE! HE BECAME A GHOST WITH OUT A HOME! HE BUILT A HEAVEN WOULDNT TAKE HIM, HE HAD TO ROAM IN SEARCH OF A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY UNTIL HE FINDS ONE GUS WILL BE GLOOMY!

HY THERE READERS--IF YOU REMEMBER IN THE LAST ISSUE I TURNED THE TIME BACK TO THE STONE AGE ON GUS AND GABBY!

WE OPEN OUR STORY IN ST. PETE'S HANGOUT WHICH IS SIX CLOUDS TO THE LEFT AND ONE TO THE RIGHT!



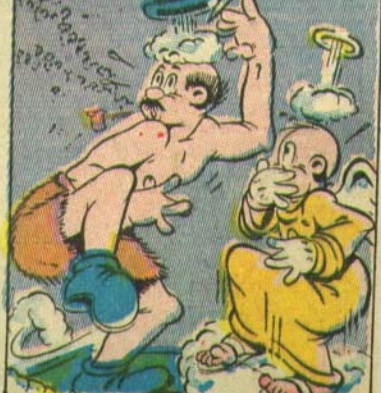
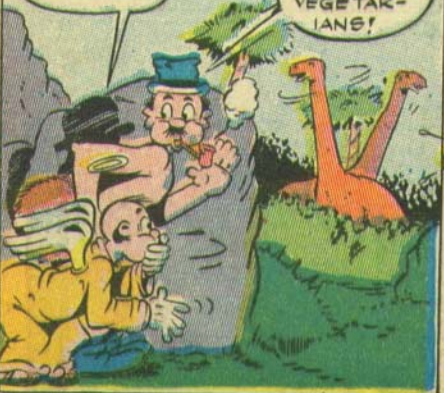
HOLY SMOKE, GUS-- WE SURE GOT INTO SOME MESS THIS TIME--LOOKIT!-- DRAGONS!

NAH! THEY'RE ONLY DINOSAURS! THEY CAN'T HURT YOU! THEY'RE HARMLESS VEGETARIANS!

THE ONES YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR ARE THE TYRANOSAURUS! BOY THEY'RE BAD BUSINESS!

GRRR

WHY I READ WHERE TH--THE--- HEY, WHAT'S TH--?





GUMBLE, MUMBLE
BATCHA--MA ZOO
GRRR--

JEEPERS CREEPERS
A CAVEMAN!

G--GUS,
I DON'T
LIKE THE
WAY HE
LOOKS!



I--I THINK HE
FEELS THE SAME
WAY ABOUT US,
GABBY!

HUMPH-- ONLY THING TO DO
IS TO WATCH OUT FOR THE
TYRANOSAURUS--BAH!
SOMETIME GUS, I THINK
YOU READ THE WRONG
KINDA BOOKS!



PUFF-PUFF--
HEY, WHERE
ARE YOU GO-
ING, GABBY?

C'MON IN THIS
CAVE, GUS--WE
CAN HIDE IN
HERE!



NO-NO, GABBY,
LOOKIT THOSE
EYES IN THERE!

-GULP-

SCHREECH

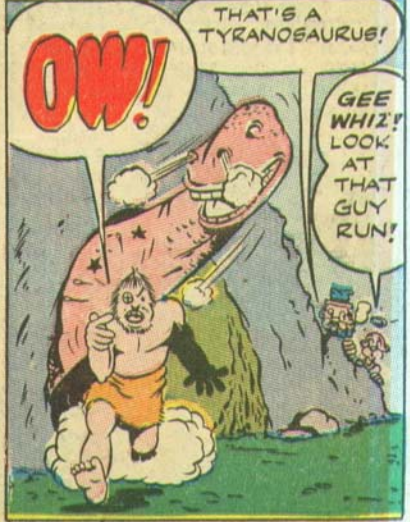


SEE GABBY-- BY HIDING IN THIS WAY
WE'VE THROWN HIM OFF OUR TRAIL!
HE THINKS WE'RE IN THE CAVE--
NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!

I STILL WISH WE
WERE BACK
WITH PETE!



BANGO
SOCKKO!



OW!

THAT'S A
TYRANOSAURUS!

GEE WHIZ!
LOOK AT
THAT
GUY
RUN!

YEAH! THAT SHOWS YOU HOW DUMB THESE GUYS ARE-- DO YOU KNOW THE BOW AND ARROW HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!



IT HASN'T!

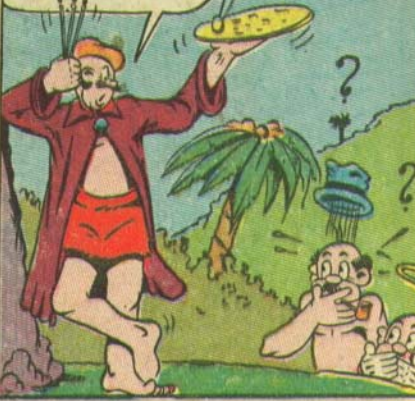
WHY THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT FIRE-- SOME DOPES, HUH?



TAKE IT EASY ON THOSE REMARKS, MY FRIEND NOT ALL OF US ARE DUMB.

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?

I AM NOVELLO MONTEZ--- THE REMBRANDT OF THE STONE AGE! SAY, DON'T JUDGE US ALL BY THAT ONE UN-COUTH SPECIMEN!



THE TRIBE I BELONG TO IS PULLENTY HEP! BUT ALAS! THOSE CAVE MEN TRY TO KNOCK US OFF EVERY CHANCE THEY GET!



HMM-- THAT'S A FAMILIAR SOUNDING STORY!

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEBODY SMART ENOUGH AND BRAVE ENOUGH TO TEACH THOSE HOODLUMS A LESSON!



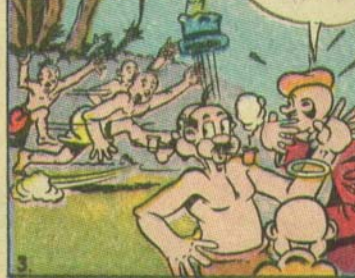
HMM--

THIS CALLS FOR CONCENTRATION, GABBY!



IF WHAT I'M THINKIN' IS RIGHT, THIS CALLS FOR THE UNDERTAKER!

AT THIS MOMENT-- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



CLUBHEADS ON THE WAR-PATH!

CLUBHEAD! HE'S THE ROUGHEST TOUGHEST CAVE MAN OF THEM ALL, BROTHER! WE'D BETTER BLOW!

NOT ME! WE'LL FIX THAT WISE GUY, HUH, GABBY?

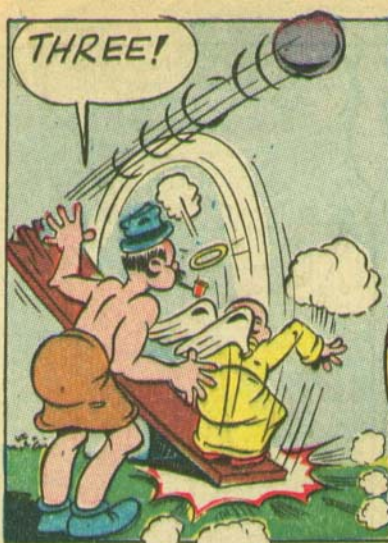


IF HE DOESN'T FIX US FIRST!

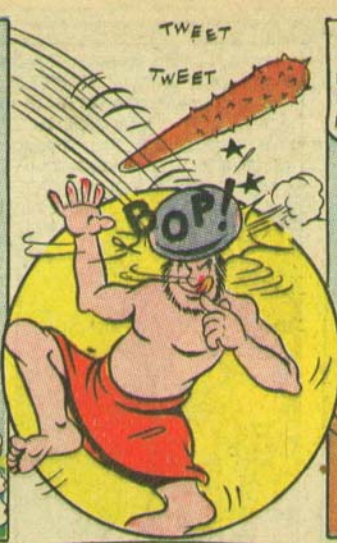
AH! HERE HE COMES--NOW GET SET, GABBY, DON'T FORGET TO JUMP ON THE COUNT OF THREE!



ONE-- TWO-- AND A--



THREE!



TWEET
TWEET

BOB!



BOY! DID WE FIX HIM-- OR DID WE FIX HIM?

Y'KNOW, GUS, SOME TIMES I ALMOST THINK YOU HAVE A BRAIN!

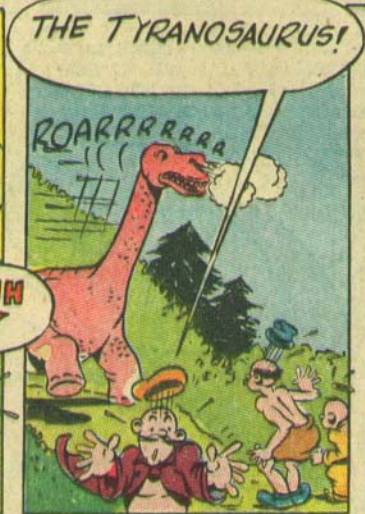
YEEOWW-- NEVER MIND YOUR BRAIN HOW'RE YOUR FEET?



IF THAT NOISE IS WHAT I THINK IT IS--- THE THING COMIN' OUT OF THAT FOREST IS---

CRACK!
SNAP!

HUH!



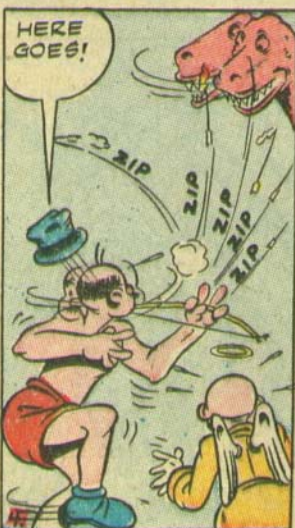
THE TYRANOSAURUS!

ROARRRRRRR



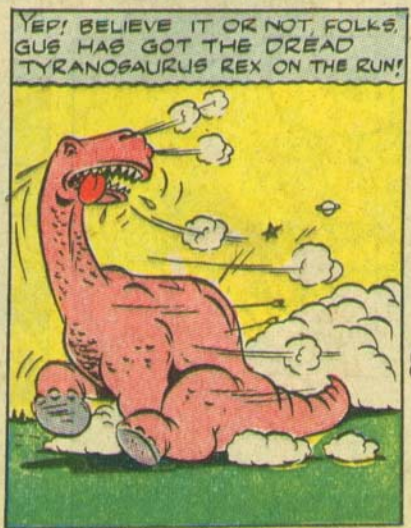
BOY! THIS IS ANOTHER CHANCE TO SHOW 'EM 202 CENTURY BRAINS!

(GULP) I--I'D R--RATHER SHOW 'EM 25th CENTURY SPEED!



HERE GOES!

ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP

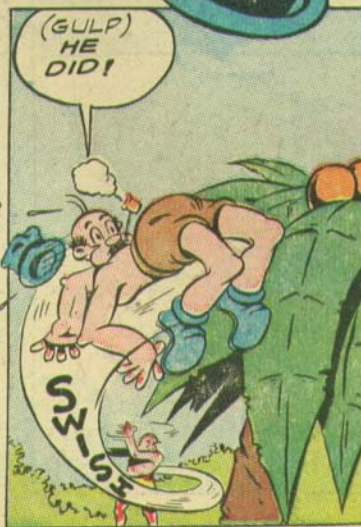
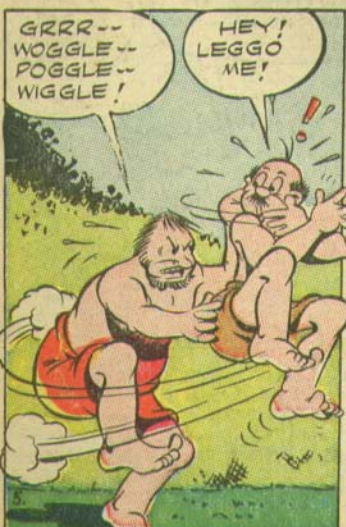
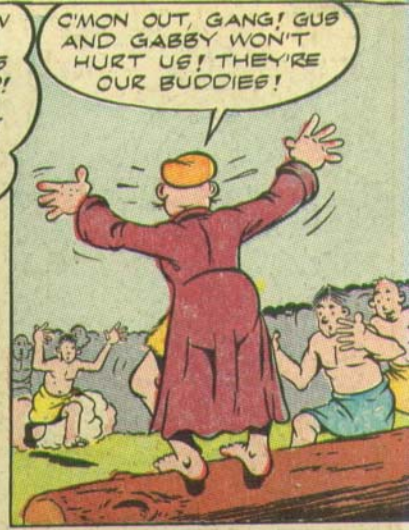


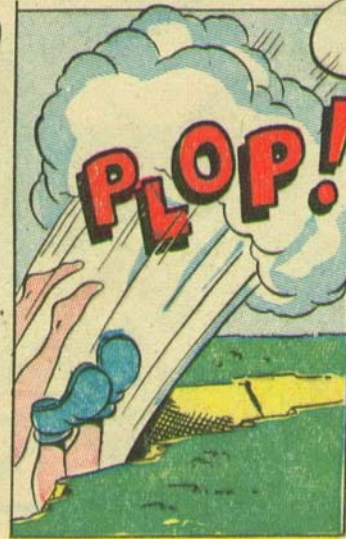
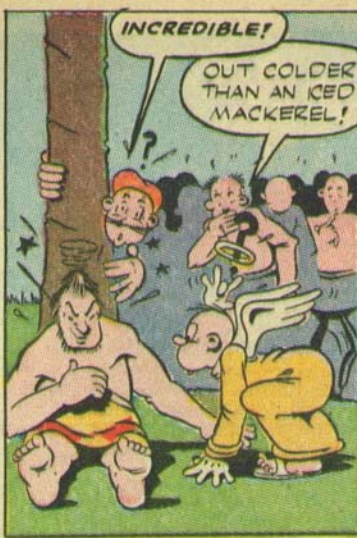
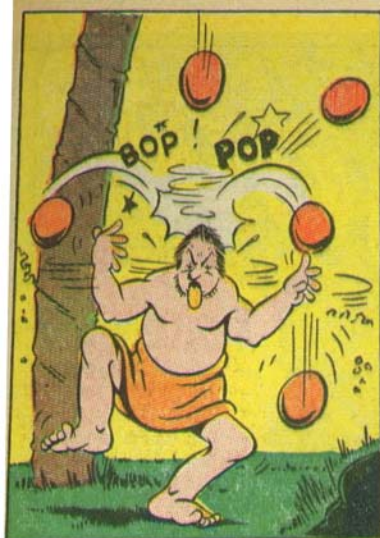
YEP! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FOLKS, GUS HAS GOT THE DREAD TYRANOSAURUS REX ON THE RUN!



YIPPEE! WE DID IT AGAIN!

YEAH, SURE, BUT--





INCREDIBLE!

OUT COLDER THAN AN ICED MACKEREL!

(GULP) IS CLUBHEAD GONE? AND HOW! HE'S GONE--BUT GOOD! YOU FIXED HIM SO THAT US CAVE MEN'LL NEVER BE AFRAID OF HIM AGAIN!

AND THE BOYS ARE SO GRATEFUL THEY WANT TO MAKE YOU KING!
C'MON AND MEET THE QUEEN!

HUH?

(ULP) HELLO--HEH--HEH--
BEAT ME, MY BIG BOLD CAVE MAN!

BEAT YOU! I COULDN'T DO THAT--EVEN IF I AM SUPPOSED TO BE A CAVE MAN! AFTER ALL--HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? THE GROUND'S SHAKIN'!

EARTH-QUAKE!

EARTHQUAKE! C'MON LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE GET HURT!
THAT HOLE! WATCH OUT!

WH--WHAT HAPPENED! WHERE ARE WE?
I GUESS I KILLED US BOTH, QUEENIE! OH WELL, ST. PETE WILL STRAIGHTEN THIS ALL OUT, SOMEHOW!

HEAVENLY EXPRESS

NOW WHAT--AND WHERE IS GABBY? BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS FOR THE ANSWERS!

DOTTY AND DITTO

DOTTY AND DITTO WITH THEIR INDIAN PAL, DOTTUM, ARE HAPPY AS THREE BUGS IN A RUG --- WHY? BECAUSE THEY'VE JUST WON \$2000 AT A RODEO

Bill Woggon

UGH! \$2,000!
THAT HEAP LOT O'
WAMPUM, DOTTY!

YO' BET, DOTTUM, AN'
NOW WE BETTER
HURRY BACK TO SAVE
MAH GRAN'PAPPY'S
RANCH THAT'S UP FO'
AUCTION!

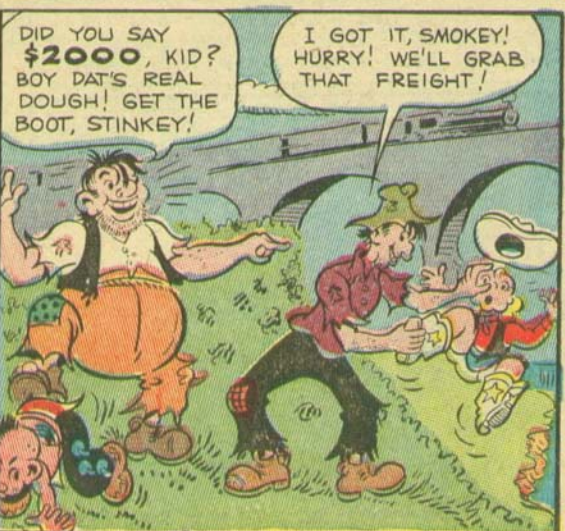
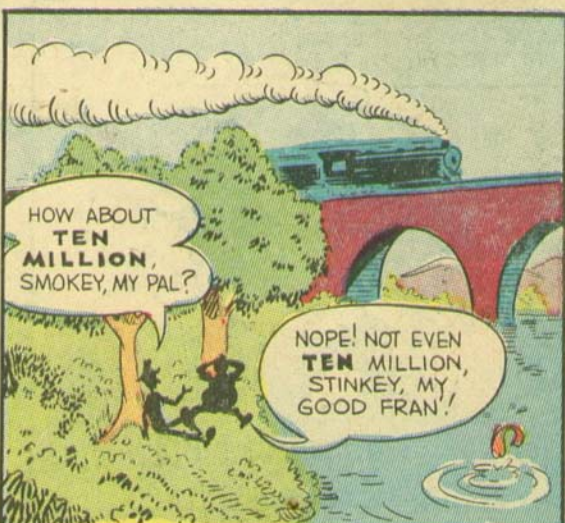
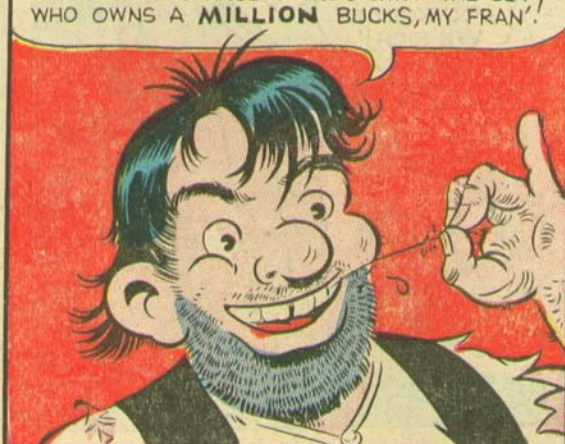
DITTO
PODNUH!

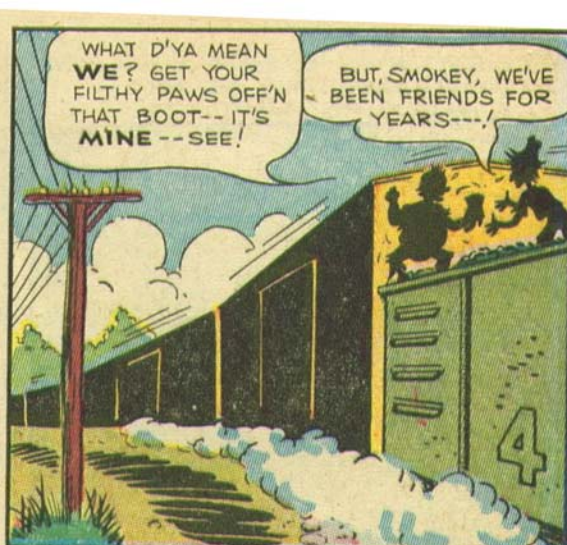
MEBBE WE BETTER
GETTUM WAMPUM OUTA
SIGHT, DOTTY,--SOMEBODY
MIGHT KNOCK US OVER,
UM HEAD AN TAKE UM!

YEAH! YOU'RE RIGHT
\$2000 IS A LOT
O' MONEY-- AH'LL
STUFF IT IN TH'
SOLE O' MAH
BOOT HEAH!

WHILE DOTTY HIDES HER MONEY IN HER BOOT TWO TRAMPS NOT FAR AWAY ARE ALSO DISCUSSING WEALTH!

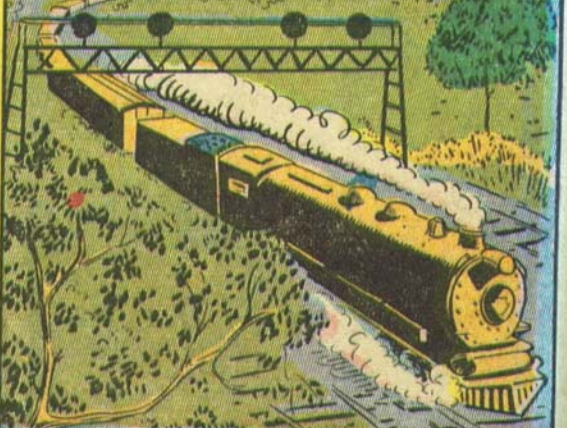
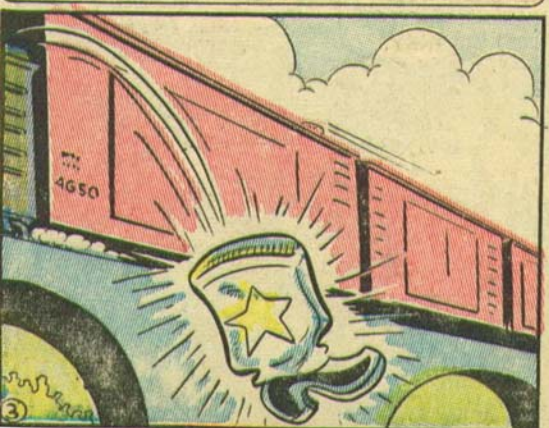
NO SHOES OR FOOD RATION TO WORRY US--NO TIRES OR GAS--NO DRAFT NUMBER! NO TAXES! I WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH THE GUY WHO OWNS A **MILLION** BUCKS, MY FRAN'!





AND AS THE TWO HOBBO CROOKS BATTLE LIKE TWO DOGS OVER A BONE-- THE \$2000 BOOT FALLS FROM THEIR HANDS

AND THE FREIGHT TRAIN RAMBLES ON---



(SNIFF!) \$2000,
GONE!-- AN' A
GOOD BOOT, TOO!

UGH! AN' NOW YOU HAVE
TO USE UM HALF RATION
STAMP TO GET
'NOTHER BOOT,
TOO, UGH!

DITTO!
(SNIFF!)

YEAH! AN' WHAT'LL GRAN'PAPPY DO?--
HE'LL LOSE HIS RANCH AN' WE WON'T HAVE
A PLACE TO **EAT AN' SLEEP!** (SOB)

UGH! YOU MAKE DOTTUM
HEAP HUNGRY WHEN YOU
SAY EAT!

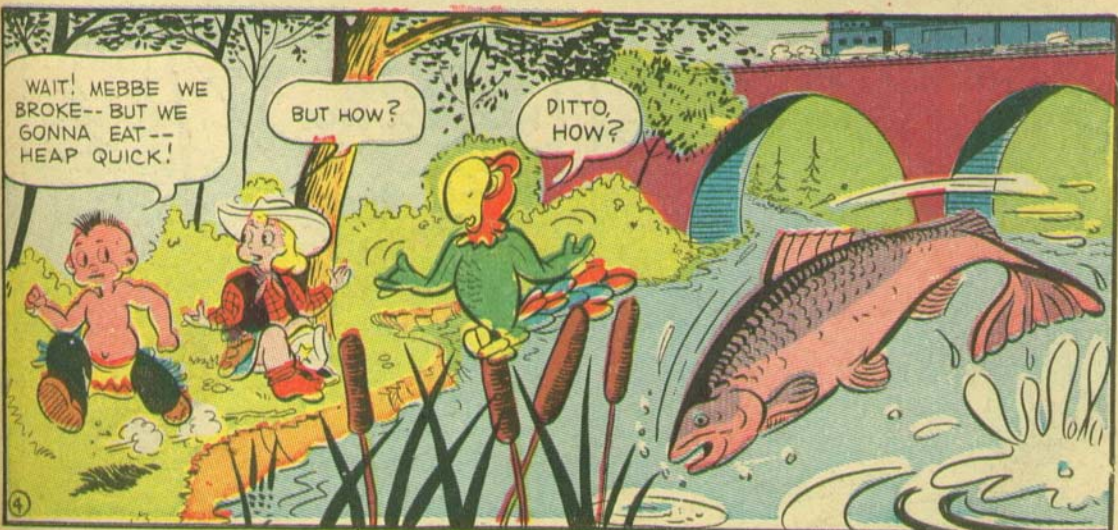
DITTO!

AH'M KINDA
HUNGRY MAHSELF
AN' NOT A CENT
IN OUR POCKETS
--(GULP)--NOW!

WAIT! MEBBE WE
BROKE-- BUT WE
GONNA EAT--
HEAP QUICK!

BUT HOW?

DITTO,
HOW?



DOTTUM JUS' TAKE UM TREE BRANCH LIKE THIS--AN' PEECE O' WIRE FOR HOOK AN' WE ALL SET TO HAVE FISH FOR SUPPER!



DITTO!

HO! HO! HEY, GANG, LOOK AT THE SET-UP TH' KID'S GOT!

YEAH! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH A THING WITH THAT!



HEY! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG SPOT, BUD, THE FISHING'S SO GOOD OUT HERE WE GOTTA HIDE DOWN IN THE BOAT TO BAIT OUR HOOKS!

YEAH! IT'S SO GOOD WE EVEN PUT AN X ON THE SIDE OF OUR BOAT TO MARK THE SPOT!

UGH! WHAT IF YOU GETTUM 'NOTHER BOAT?

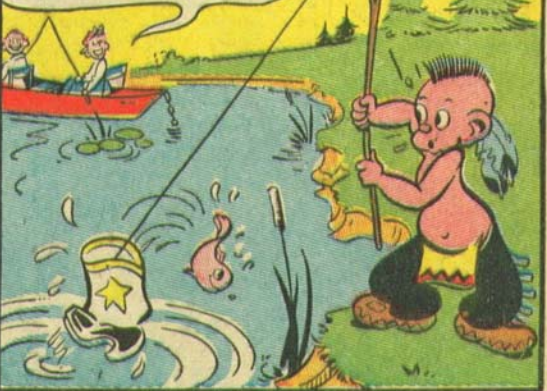


DON'T PAY NO 'TENTION TO THEM, DOTTUM, THEY GOT FISHIN' TACKLE SO MUCH IN THEIR HEAD THEIR BRAIN IS REELING!

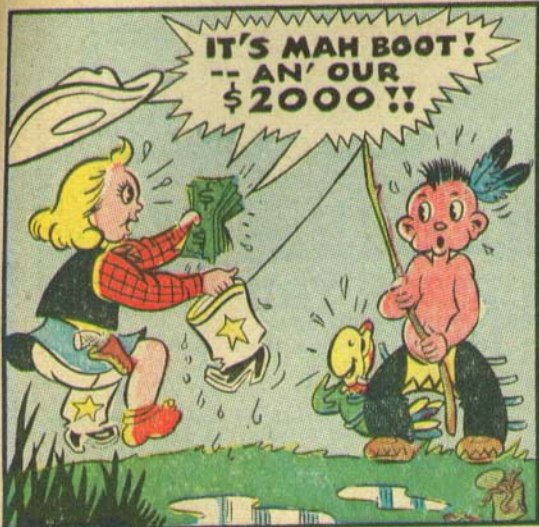
UGH! ME GOTTUM BITE!!



HO! HO! LOOK! THE KID'S CAUGHT AN' OLD BOOT! HO! HO! HO!

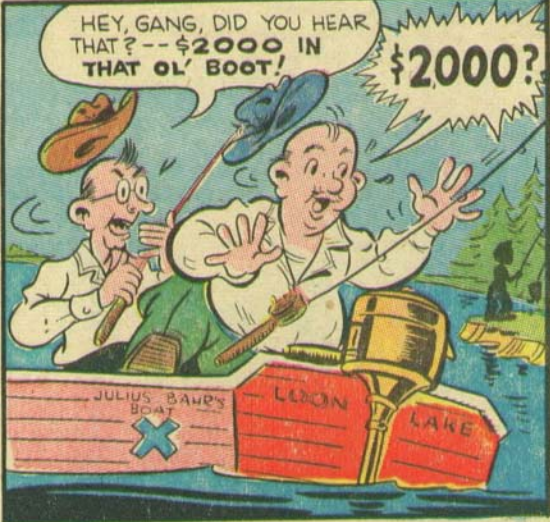


IT'S MAH BOOT!
-- AN' OUR
\$2000!!



HEY, GANG, DID YOU HEAR
THAT? -- \$2000 IN
THAT OL' BOOT!

\$2000?

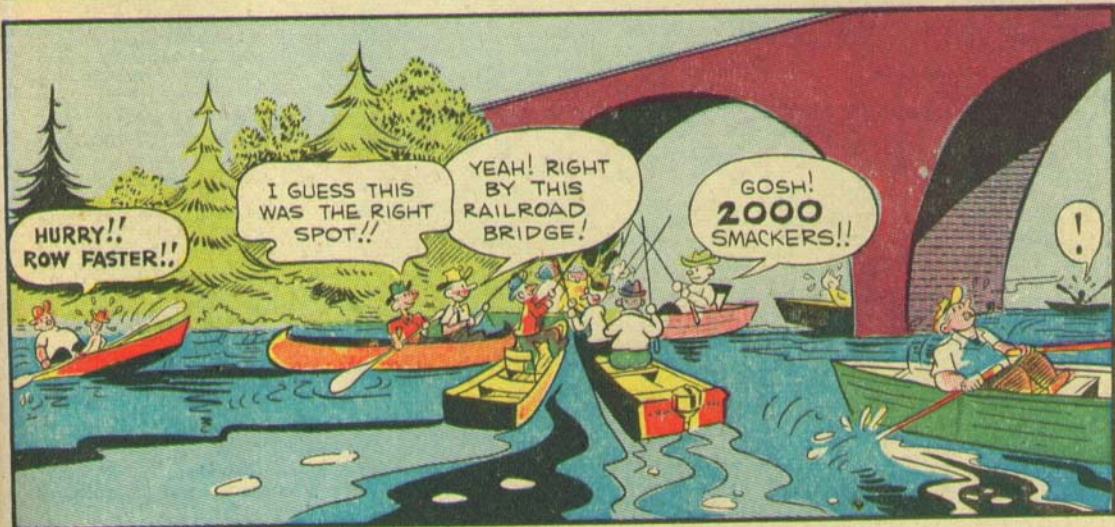


HURRY!!
ROW FASTER!!

I GUESS THIS
WAS THE RIGHT
SPOT!!

YEAH! RIGHT
BY THIS
RAILROAD
BRIDGE!

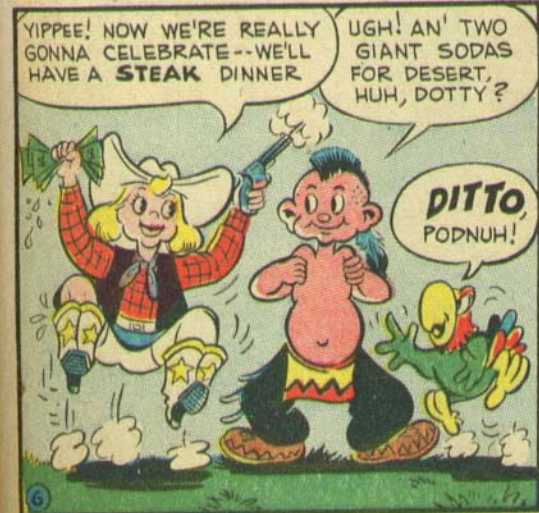
GOSH!
2000
SMACKERS!!



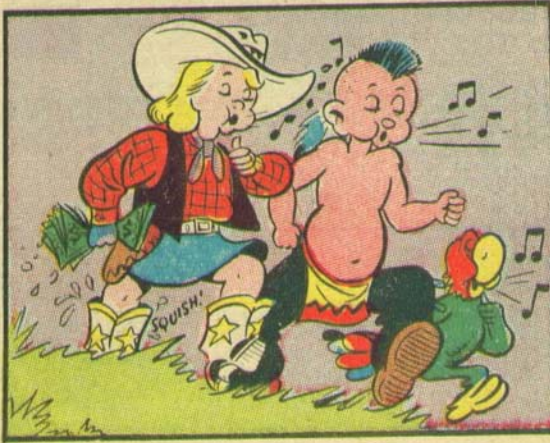
YIPPEE! NOW WE'RE REALLY
GONNA CELEBRATE--WE'LL
HAVE A STEAK DINNER

UGH! AN' TWO
GIANT SODAS
FOR DESERT,
HUH, DOTTY?

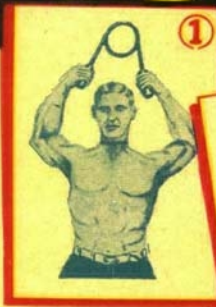
DITTO,
PODNUH!



AND DOTTY, DITTO AND DOTTUM GO MERRILY
WHISTLING AWAY-- BUT THEY WON'T BE GAY
FOR LONG.-- SEE NEXT ISSUE!



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