

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST COMICS!!!

NO.

43

TOP-NOTCH

FEB 4

10¢

Laugh

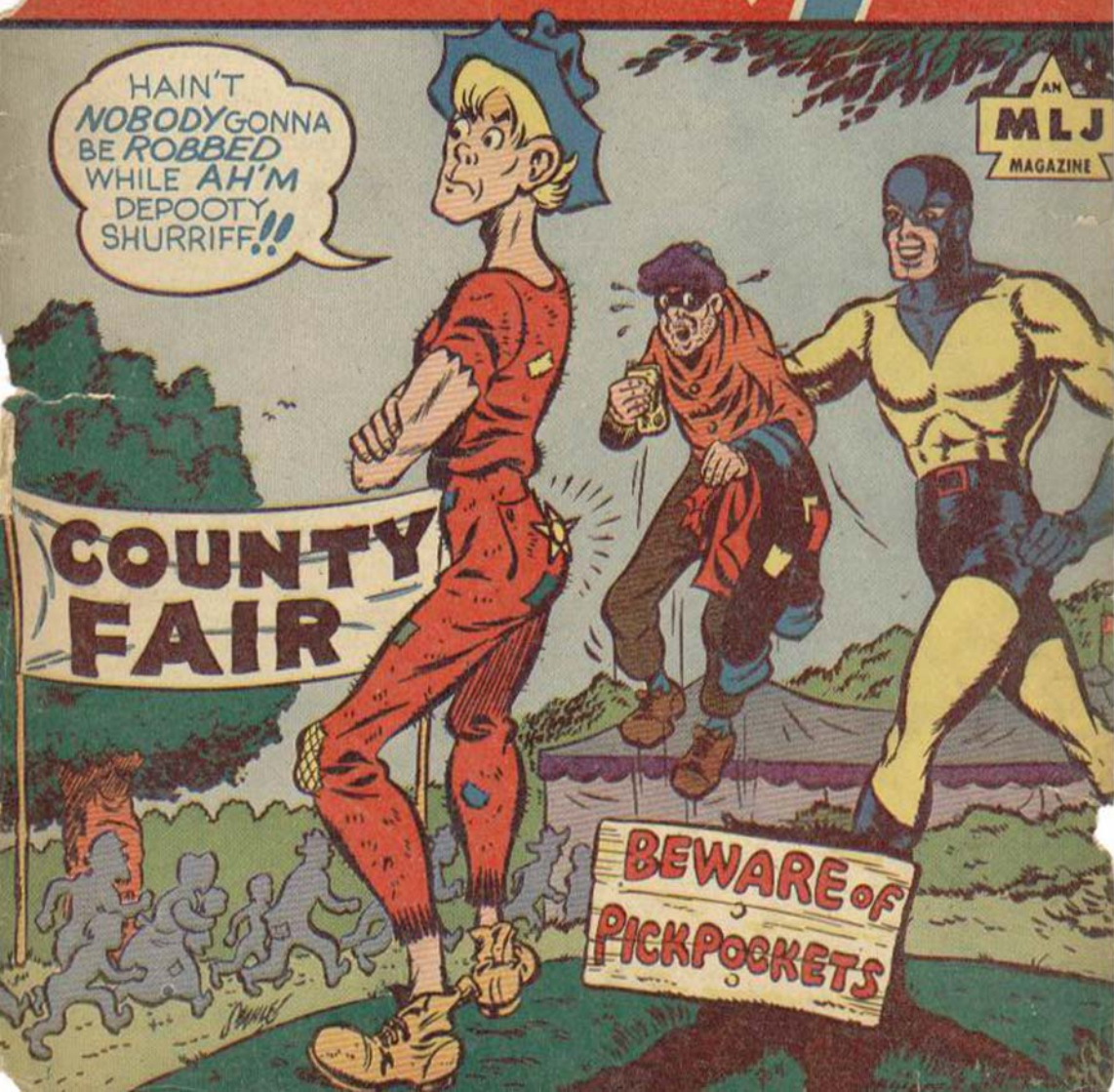
comics

HAIN'T
NOBODY GONNA
BE ROBBED
WHILE AH'M
DEPOOTY
SHURRIFF!!

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

COUNTY
FAIR

BEWARE OF
PICKPOCKETS



Send no money
for this gorgeous
flashing replica
diamond ring!



Send no money—Fill in coupon

CLIP AND MAIL NOW!

Here's how easy it is to get your replica diamond solitaire. Just print your name and address, ring size and state whether you prefer white gold color effect, yellow gold color effect or Sterling silver. Then mail coupon to us. We will send you your replica diamond solitaire ring together with matching wedding band, at no EXTRA COST.

When package arrives, pay postman \$1.49 plus 20c postage charges (\$1.69 total). Wear both rings for 10 days. If you aren't delighted—if your friends don't tell you it's the biggest bargain ever, return rings to us and get your money back—every penny.

For Ring Size . . . Cut out the strip below, wrap lightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that meets end of chart strip is your ring size.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

LADIES! Have you ever longed to have a real diamond ring? Of course you have. But today, due to the war, diamond prices are soaring higher and higher. They are beyond the reach of most people.

Yet you can still satisfy your natural desire for beautiful jewelry at a price you can easily afford. Read our great offer! Then act at once. As long as our supply lasts, we will send you on 10 day approval one of our gorgeously brilliant replica diamond solitaire rings, fashioned in the latest Sweetheart Design.

These rings are really beautiful. So full of flash and sparkle and dazzling brilliant colors. So much like real diamonds costing hundreds of dollars that they can hardly be told apart.

How your friends will admire and envy your replica diamond solitaire in its yellow or white gold color effect setting, with 2 replica diamonds on each side. But you must act fast. Because of war conditions, replica jewelry, too, is becoming scarcer and prices are bound to go up.

PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY!
IF YOU ACT QUICKLY, A MAGNIFICENT MATCHING WEDDING BAND

Of course you will want a matching wedding band to go with your replica diamond solitaire. You can get yours absolutely without extra cost—just mail coupon below. The wedding band, handsomely embossed in the latest Sweetheart Design, makes a splendid companion piece to the replica diamond solitaire ring. But you must act quickly, for this amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time.

Canadian & Foreign Customers must send \$1.50 cash or Money order with order.

HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)
30 Church St. X670, New York 7, N. Y.



HAREM CO. (The House of Rings), Dept. X670,
30 Church St., New York City 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days trial replica diamond ring in the size and setting I have checked below. You are also to include without extra cost the matching wedding band. When package arrives, I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus 20c postage charges (\$1.69 total). If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the rings you are to refund my money at once.

Size Yellow Gold Color White Gold Effect Sterling Silver

NAME
PLEASE PRINT

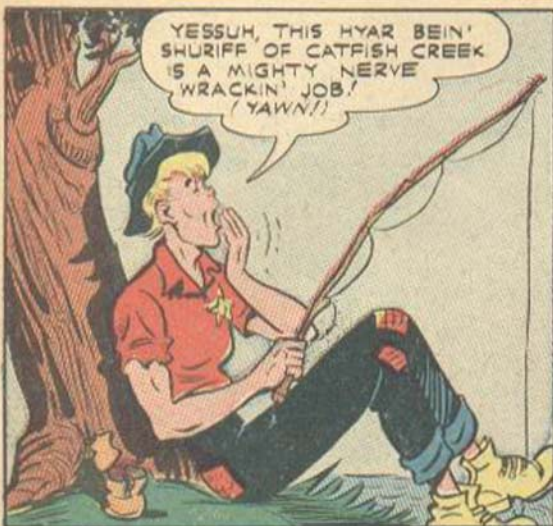
ADDRESS

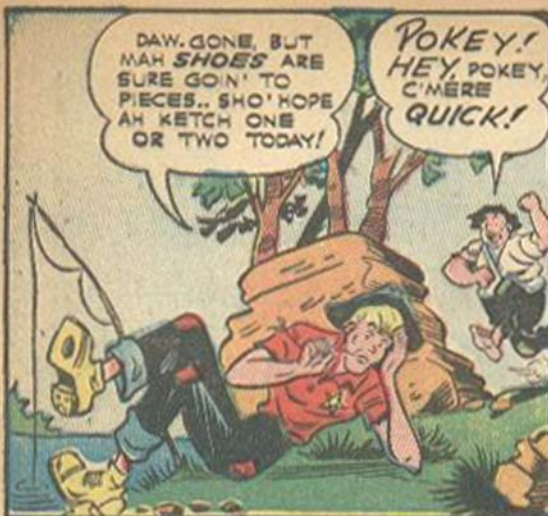
CITY STATE

NOTE: If you enclose \$1.50 with your order (Cash or money order) we will pay postage. Of course, you still have the privilege of our 10 day trial and money back guarantee. You save 10c.

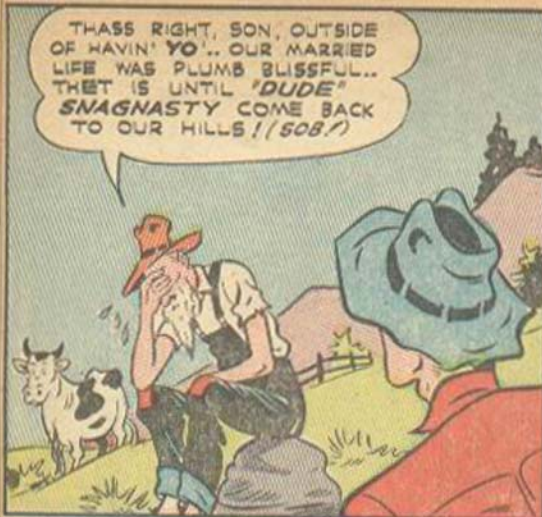
DOONKEY DOONKEY

by Don Dean ★





THASS RIGHT, SON, OUTSIDE
OF HAVIN' YO'.. OUR MARRIED
LIFE WAS PLUMB BLISSFUL..
THAT IS UNTIL "DUDE"
SNAGNASTY COME BACK
TO OUR HILLS!! (SOB!)



"DUDE"
SNAGNASTY???

YEAH! HE
WERE THE OTHAH
FELLAH AT THE
TIME AH WAS
COURTIN' YO'
MAMMY!!

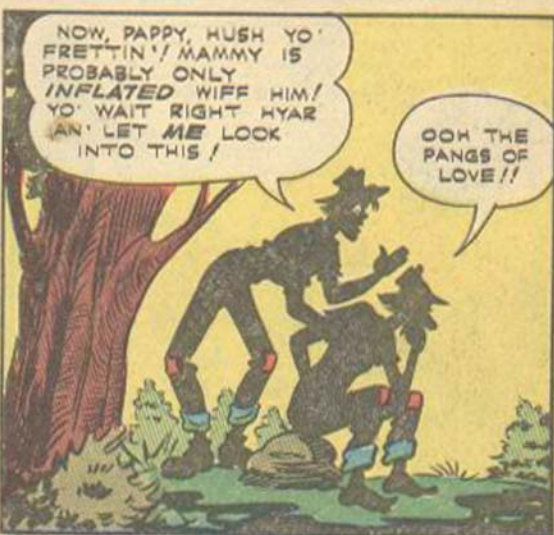


AN' NOW, AFTAH TWENTY
Y'ARS HE HAS COME BACK
TO TAKE UP WHAR HE
LEFT OFF! NOW WIFF HIS
SLICK CLOTHES AN' CITY
WAYS HE AIMS TO WIN YO'
MAMMY AWAY FROM ME!



NOW, PAPPY, HUSH YO'
FRETTIN'! MAMMY IS
PROBABLY ONLY
INFLATED WIFF HIM!
YO' WAIT RIGHT HYAR
AN' LET ME LOOK
INTO THIS!

OOK THE
PANGS OF
LOVE!!



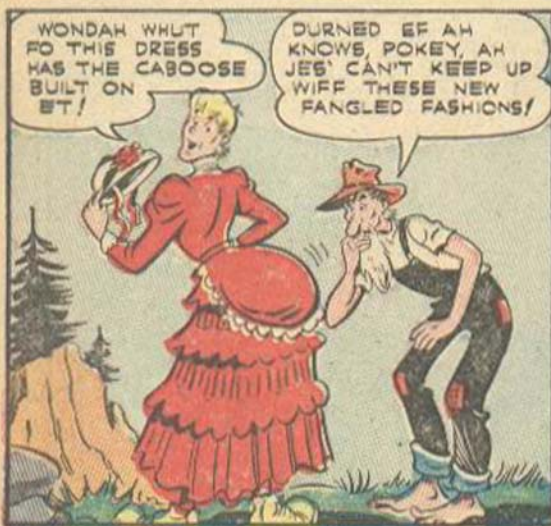
WALL, CUSS ME!
THET'S "DUDE"
ALL RIGHT, AN'
THE HOME
WRECKIN'
SKONK IS
SERENADIN'
MY PO' OL'
MAMMY!

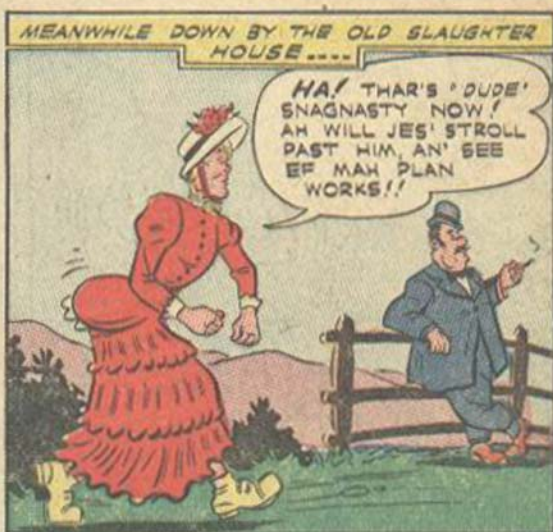
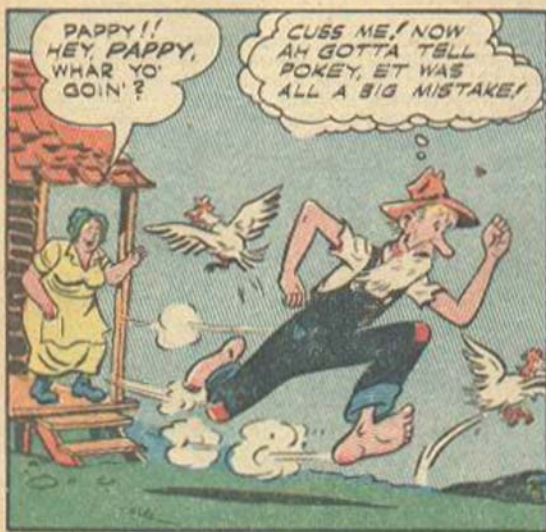
♪ OHHH THE
MOON SHINES BRIGHT
ON PURTY RED
♪ WING!!! ♪

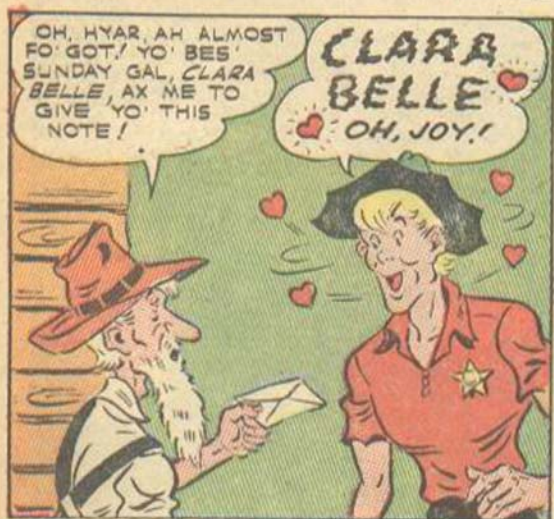


AH OUGHTA GO RIGHT
UP AN' WALLOP HIM GOOD..
STILL WHUT EF HE SOCKS
BACKF MAYBE AH BETTAA
USE SI. COLLY. GEE!









Señor SIESTA

Wm. V. Goddard

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE IS ALWAYS TRYING TO GET SENOR SIESTA OFF THIS EARTH... WE MEET OUR... ER... HERO, RUNNING... AS USUAL FROM HIS ENEMIES... SO THAT HE MAY REMAIN A LITTLE LONGER HERE... CURTAIN!

"PUFF PUFF"
HA! I GET AWAY!
THEES LEEETLE DEVILS!

JUST FOR CURIOSITY'S SAKE... LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT "THEES LEEETLE DEVILS"!

TOO BAD...
HE GET AWAY!

NEXT TIME
WE SEE HEEM...
GRRAGH H!

I AM HUNGRY...
I WEEEL BEG FOR
A MEAL IN THEES
TOWN..

I HOPE SOME DAY
THEY CATCH
THEES CROOK,
PANCHO!

REWARD

AAAAEE!
EET EES
PANCHO!
HIMSELF!

HUH?

G..GOOD MORNING
SENOR PANCHO!

I WONDER WHY
HE CALL ME PANCHO?
HA!! HERE IS A RESTOO-
RANT! MAYBE I GET
SOMETHING?

EL EATO

RESTAURANT

EXCUSE ME, SENOR BUT COULD YOU.. ER.. COULD I.. HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

SENOR PANCHO!! COME IN- COME IN- EAT? OF COURSE..

PEDRO! FOOD FOR SENOR PANCHO! PRONTO!

BUT.. SENOR.. I AM.. NOT.. ER..

LATER...

ANYTHING ELSE YOU WEEESH SENOR PANCHO? EH?

THANK YOU VERY MUCH SENOR.. I HAVE NO MONEY.. C.. COULD I PAY EET LATER?
 (BURP)

FORGET ABOUT IT? EET WAS A PLAISEER!

FINE PEOPLE IN THEES TOWN! BUT WHO EES THEES PANCHO??

WHOOA... I AM HONGREE.. WE STOP HERE..

EL EATO

GOOD AFTERNOON..SENORS!
I... PANCHO KILLA..
WANT SOME GRUB..
PRONTO!



YOU! PANCHO!
HO.. HO.. GET OUT
OF HERE YOU
IMPOSTER!!



OUCH!
PEEGS! I SWEAR
VENGEANCE! TONIGHT
I COME AND SHOOT
THIS TOWN OFF THE
MAP!

RESTA



MEANWHILE!

I FORGET!
I LEAVE MY
LUGGAGE EEN
THE RESTURANT!
I GO BACK!



EXCUSE ME..
BUT I LEAVE
MY TOOTHBRUSH
HERE!

PANCHO!
BUT YOU
JUST LEAVE!



BUT WAIT!
THIS EES NOT
PANCHO! SEE?
HEES EAR HAS
NO MOLE!
CARAMBA!



YOU EEDIOT!
PANCHO EES INSULTED!
HE SHOOT EVERYONE
TONIGHT.. AND EET EES
YOUR FAULT! I WEEL
KEEL YOU!

PLEASE SENOR!
WAIT! DON'T
KEEL ME!



I WEEL TAKE CARE
OF THEES PANCHO
MYSELF TONIGHT!
DO. NOT WORRY!
NOW THEES EES
WHAT YOU DO...



I AM ONE BEEG
FOOL... PANCHO WEEL
KEEL ME IF MY
PLAN DOES NOT
WORK! WOE EES ME!



LATER THAT NIGHT, ALL IS QUIET IN THE
TOWN.. NOT A SOUL DOES ONE SEE ON THE
STREETS. THEN SUDDENLY..

WHOA! WHERE EES
EVERY BODY? BUT OF
COURSE.. THEY HIDE
FROM THE GREAT
PANCHO!



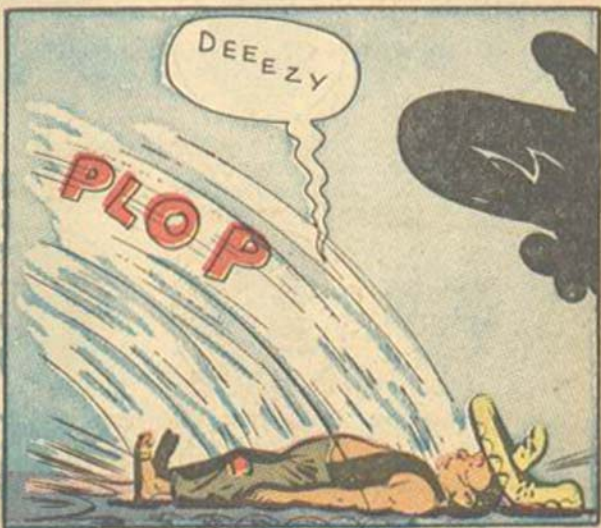
BUT FIRST.. I AM
THIRSTY.. I GO GET
A DRINK..



HEY.. BARTENDER!
A WHISKEY.. AND
MAKE EET STRAIGHT!

Y.. YES
SIR!





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 WINNING LETTER!



DAVID HALLEY
248 EAST 2ND ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Our best comic character in Top Notch Laugh Comics, is Senor Siesta. Its that mack he has for getting into trouble that gets us. The artist that draws him has some swell ideas of always getting him into trouble and then bringing him through with flying colors. That's why Senor Siesta is tops with us.

David Halley

HONORABLE MENTION



DONNA M. SCIECHERT
712 VERNAL ST.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA



BEVERLY KENNY
703 HARRISON GARDENS
HARRISON, N.J.



SEENA HERZOG
1717 11TH AVE.
ALTOONA, PA.



JANET BOGGES
43 HOWARD LANE
E. AKRON, OHIO



GEORGIA STOTTS
R.R.#1
MULBERRY, KANSAS



JESSIE AROCHO
CURTISS FARM #2
BAY CITY, MICH.



ELEANOR KABLIS
152 COURT ST.
ELIZABETH, N.J.



MAGALINE PRATER
LA FOLLETTE, TENN.
R.F.D. #3, BOX 4



VIOLET LOAKSO
ROUTE 1
GRAND BAY, ALA.



FLORINE COHEN
109 NORTH ANN ST.



WANDA COLDIRON
STERLING, ILL.



MABLE OST
FREDONIA, N.D.
BOX 147



ERYENA GABLE
CULLMAN ALA.



LAURA LANSDOUNE
ROUTE 3
PARSONS, KANSAS



STAN MILEWSKI
6400 GLADYS
DETROIT, MICH.



HONORABLE MENTION-CONT-



MARILYN FERGUSON
188 SHADHOLT
LAKES ORION, MICH.



ROBERT BERAN
1623 S. 59 AVE.
CICERO, ILL.



BUDDY RIGGIO
1152 S. MASON AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.



MARVELLA KOCH
WHEATLAND, IOWA



JANICE BRULE
395 N. FRONT ST.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



JEANETTE JOHNSON
FREEMAN AVE.
HEMPSTEAD RFD #1



CAROL GUALDONI
1562 LAPPIN AVE.
DETROIT MICH.



JANIE ERVING
1659 ETHEL AVE.
LINCOLN PARK, MICH.



CAROLMAE FENWICK
1009 JOHNSTONE ST.
SAULT ST MARIE, MICH.



MARION ZIVAN
1450 FULLERTON
CHICAGO, ILL.

**DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF ENTRANTS TO THIS CONTEST,
WE ARE FORCED TO DEVOTE ANOTHER PAGE TO THEIR PICTURES!**

HONORABLE MENTION--CONT--



AMALIA SUSAN
305 N. COM'L ST.
TRINIDAD, COLO.



JOAN MARRY BIZZO
45 WILLARD AVE.
BRADFORD, PA.



RAMON SPAPPERI
4815 W. WALTON ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.



CAROL GUSSERT
1941 N. 24. PLACE
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



FINA DISTEFANO
520 WILLIAMS ST.
OMAHA, NEBR.



ROSEMARY TETTIS
143 N. BROAD ST.
RIDGWAY, PA.



JEAN TURNER
511 BRIDGE ST.
VERNONIA, ORE.



LOUISE SMITH
150 W. BROAD ST.
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA



AL AMISS
106 CHURCH ST.
BATON ROUGE, LA



PATRICIA LORD
FEDERAL BAKE SHOP
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



DIANA DER VARTANIAN
1749 BEECHER ST.
DETROIT, MICH.



JACQUELINE NORTHUP
7349 COLDWATER RD.
FLUSHING, MICH.



JUDITH LERNER
415 CHRISTOPHER
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



ELEANOR DEIFIK
444 HENDRIX ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



JOHNNY BOURHIS
139 BURNS AVE.
LODI, N.J.



JOAN ROSE
308 W. 82 ST.
SELKIRK, N.Y.C.



RUTH THORN
PLANVIEW CAMP
MEOSHO, MI.



HELEN COLLINS
330 HOLMES ST.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



PATRICIA FOX
541 BRIAR PL.
CHICAGO, ILL.



ALBERT DELAUE
103 S. BRODY ST.
BLAUSVILLE, PA.



ALEXA RUFFO
130 S. PINE AVE.
WARREN, OHIO.



EILEEN HOPKINS
1671 E. 35 ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



BEVERLY WILSON
E. 627 NORA AVE.
SPOKANE, WASH.



MARY DEWHURST
PAOLI, IND.



JIM MILLIGAN JR.
116 AMERICA ST.
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

SUZIE



HOW DO I
LOOK LIKE AS
A DUMMY,
MR. BIRDSEED?

OWOOO!
AFTER WHAT
YOU DID TO
ME, DO I HAVE
TO ANSWER
THAT QUESTION,
SUZIE??

HELLO! MODEL AGENCY?
SEND A MODEL TO THE
BRIDAL DRESS SHOP
AT ONCE!

I'M FROM THE
MODEL AGENCY,
M.A.M.! MY NAME'S
SUZIE!!

WELL, GET
INTO A BRIDAL
GOWN! I WANT
TO SEE HOW
YOU
LOOK!

DO I
LOOK
ALL
RIGHT?

NOT BAD AT ALL!
NOW, I'LL SHOW
YOU, **HOW**
TO DEMONSTRATE
A GOWN!!



Bridal Shoppe

I WANT YOU TO WALK LIKE THIS! DAINTY!

COME, COME, SUZIE! LIFT YOUR LEGS DAINTY BUT REALLY KICK!

SOUNDS SILLY TO ME..

.. BUT IF YOU REALLY INSIST!

BUT YOU ASKED ME TO KICK..

YOU.. YOU.. GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!

GOOD MORNING, MADAME RENEE!

HAVE YOU GOT A GOWN TO SHOW ME? I'M IN AN AWFUL HURRY!

CERTAINLY, MISS FLOOZIE!

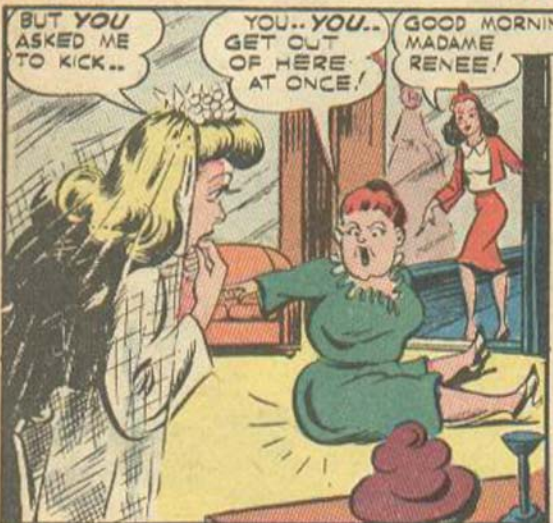
THAT ONE LOOKS LOVELY! PLEASE, I'LL TRY IT ON! BUT HURRY! I'M EXPECTING MY FIANCE TO PICK ME UP IN A FEW MINUTES!

THIS IS ONE OF OUR LOVELIEST NUMBERS!

YOU LOOK EXQUISITE MY DEAR! ARE YOU GETTING MARRIED TODAY?

AT ONCE, MADAME RENEE! CHARLIE'S THE IMPETUOUS TYPE, YOU KNOW, TEE, HEE!

TEE, HEE! I TOLD HIM, I'D KEEP MY VEIL OVER MY FACE! IT'S BAD LUCK TO SEE THE BRIDE THE DAY OF THE WEDDING!!



MEANWHILE...

I RAN OUT SO FAST, I FORGOT TO CHANGE! I'LL JUST WAIT HERE IN THE DOORWAY TILL MADAME RENEE GETS THROUGH WITH THAT CUSTOMER!



MAMIE SWEETHEART! YOUR LITTLE CHARLIE HASN'T KEPT YOU WAITING TOO LONG, HAS HE?



COVER UP THAT PRETTY LITTLE FACE AT ONCE! YOU TOLD ME YOURSELF, IT'S BAD LUCK TO LOOK AT THE BRIDE, HEH, HEH!

B. BUT! UG... GLUB!



I'VE GOT A HORSE AND CARRIAGE TO TAKE US TO THE CHURCH... JUST LIKE YOU WANTED!



NO... NO...

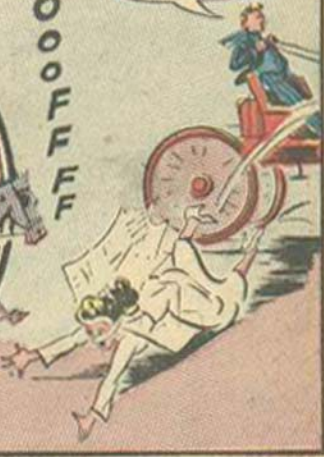
MAMIE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT.....



WHOA...

O O F F E E



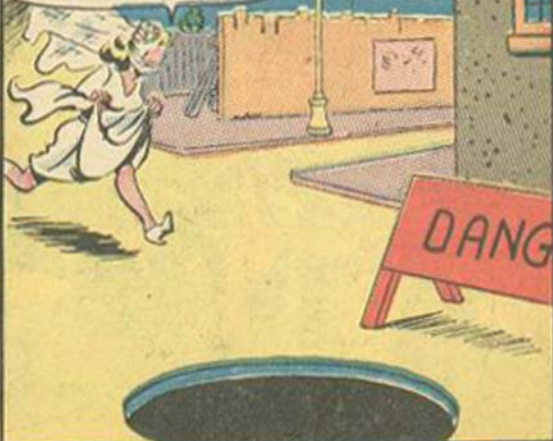
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?



MAMIE, DARLING! ARE YOU HURT?

NO, BUT I WILL BE...

.. IF I DAMAGE THIS DRESS, MADAME RENEE WILL MURDER ME!





OGEEGOLLY! THE DRESS IS A LITTLE DIRTY ALREADY! MADAME RENE'LL THROW ME IN JAIL FOR LIFE!! BET SHE HAS THE POLICE LOOKING FOR ME ALREADY!

GULLY THE POLICE!

I'LL HAFTA SNEAK OUT THROUGH THE SEWER!

OGEEGOLLY! THERE'S THAT POLICE MAN STILL WAITING BY THE SEWER!

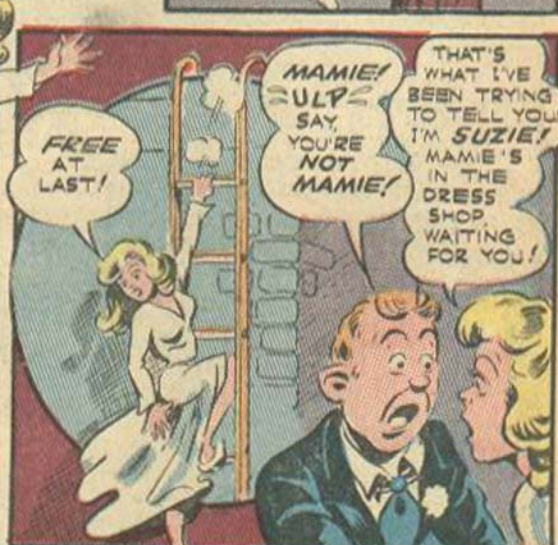
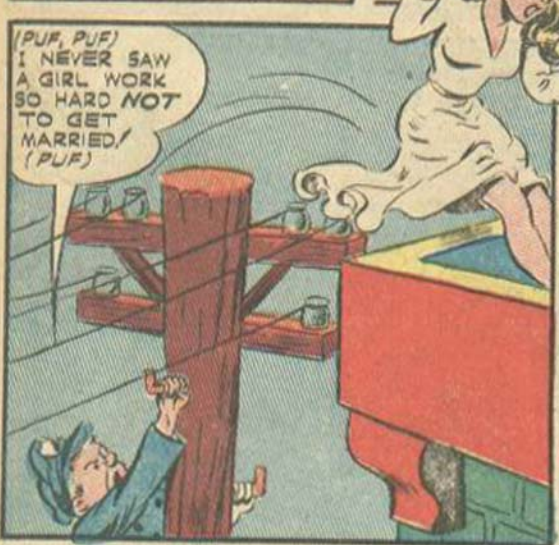
I'M GOING TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

HEY, YOU!

GOLLY! HE'S GAINING ON ME!

I'LL TRY TO LOSE HIM IN THIS FOOD MARKET!

SWISH



SNOOP MCGOOK

THE SOUPY SLEUTH

SNOOP HAS DECIDED TO RELAX AND IS SPENDING THE EVENING AT THE THEATRE WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF HYPNOTISM BY SWAMI RIVAH...

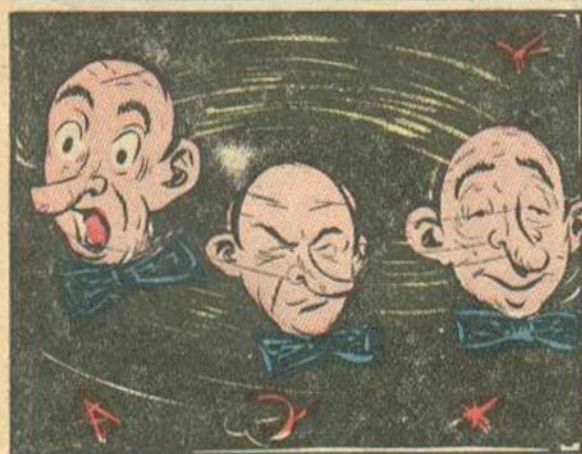
I NEED A SUBJECT... YOU THERE... COME UP HERE PLEASE!



MIGOSH!!
I'VE FORGOTTEN
THE MAGIC WORD
FOR AWAKENING!

I'LL HAVE TO
LET HIM GO... NO ONE
MUST KNOW OF THIS
OR MY REPUTATION
WILL BE RUINED!

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR SNOOP NOW? HOW LONG IS HE DESTINED TO BE IN A TRANCE ASIDE FROM THE ONE HE IS ALWAYS IN?



AT THAT MOMENT

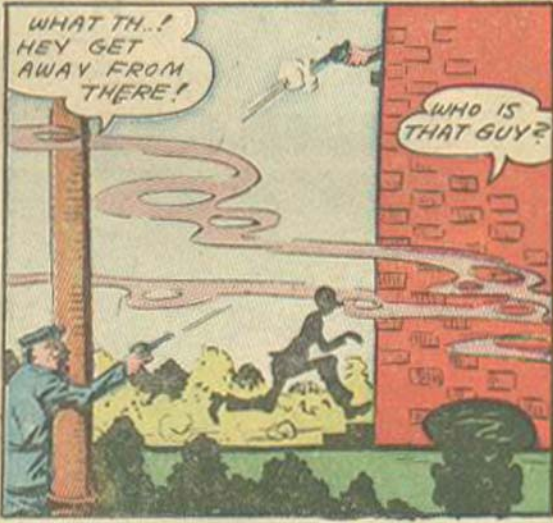
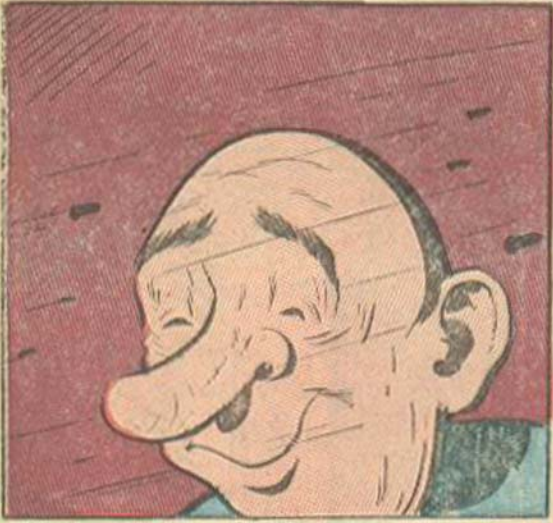
THE COPS HAVE GOT
TERRIBLE McGOVERN
CORNERED IN THAT
HOUSE!


WHAT A TOUGH
GUY! HE'S
SHOOTING IT
OUT WITH
THE POLICE!

HEY! WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING?


THE GUY'S
CRAZY! HE'S
WALKING RIGHT
TOWARDS THE
BUILDING!

HE'LL
BE KILLED!







WHAT THE ?
WHERE'D YOU
COME FROM?



A COPPER, EH?
STAY BACK OR
I'LL PLUG YA!



GET BACK,
I SAY!
GET BACK!!



WHY AIN'T HE SCARIT
LIKE DE REST OF DE
COPPER'S? HE... HE
UNNOIVES ME!



I...I CAN'T
SHOOT! HE
KEEPS COMING
CLOSER!! GET
BACK!! I CAN'T
STAND THIS!



MEANWHILE LET'S SEE HOW THE SWAMI
RIVAH "THE CAUSE OF IT ALL" IS GETTING
ALONG WITH HIS CONSCIENCE ...

IF I COULD ONLY
REMEMBER THE
MAGIC WORD.. IT
SOMEHOW REMINDS
ME OF THAT DE-
TECTIVES NOSE!
HMMM.. I GOT IT.
IT'S
SAA-LAMI
!!

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! I KNOW HE WENT IN THIS DIRECTION!



I GIVE UP! YA GOT ME! ONLY KEEP DAT COPPER AWAY FROM ME! HE AIN'T HUMAN!



GOOD WORK Mc GOOK... GREATEST DISPLAY OF COURAGE I'VE EVER SEEN!

AH... THERE HE IS... SALAMI!!



WH... WHERE AM I?



LATER
HERE'S THE REWARD THAT THAT WAS ON McGOVERN!

THANK YOU, CAP!



GEE, IF I COULD LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE MYSELF, I COULD BE THE GREATEST DETECTIVE OF ALL TIME!



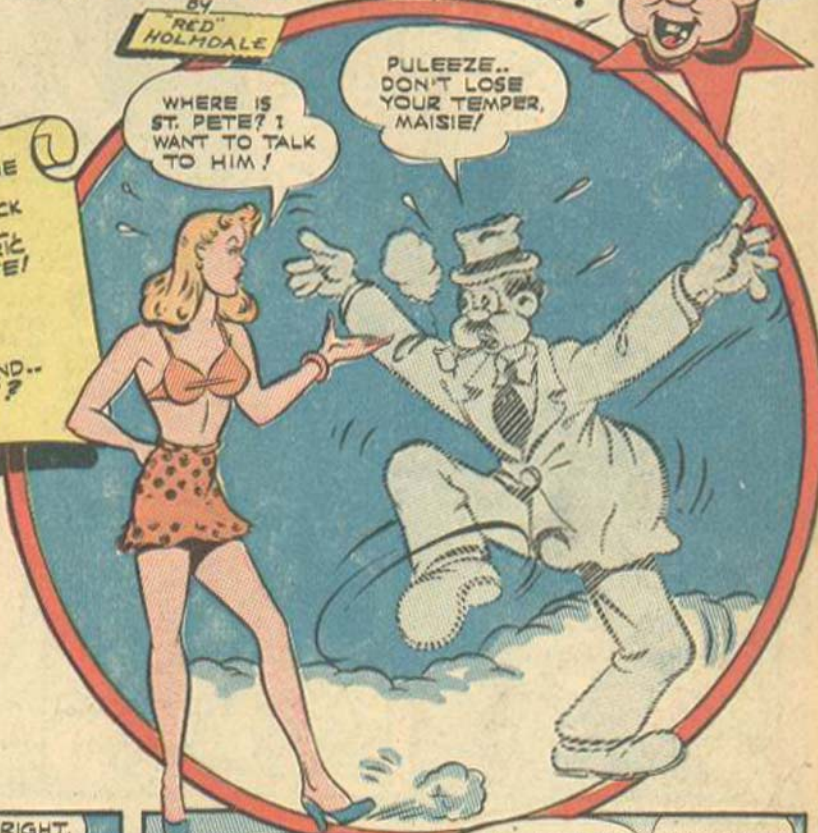
GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST AND HIS ANGELIC PAL, GABBY!

BY
RED HOLDALE



IN THE LAST ISSUE
GLOOMY GUS
WAS BROUGHT BACK
WITH A CAVE GIRL
FROM PRE-HISTORIC
TIMES, BY ST. PETE!
BUT HIS PAL,
GABBY,
THE GUARDIAN
ANGEL
WAS LEFT BEHIND--
NOW, WHAT?



WHERE IS
ST. PETE? I
WANT TO TALK
TO HIM!

PLEEZE..
DON'T LOSE
YOUR TEMPER,
MAISIE!



DON'T YOU TELL
ME WHAT TO DO!
IF IT WASN'T FOR
YOU, I WOULDN'T
BE HERE IN THE
FIRST PLACE!

ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT,
STOP YELLING!



I'LL SPEAK TO
ST. PETE FOR
YA, AN' SEE
WHAT HE CAN
DO!



HIYA, PETE!
HOW'S THINGS?

UHP! YOU
BACK AGAIN?
I DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE
WITH YOU,
GUS NOW!

WHO'S GIVING WHO TROUBLE? DIDN'T YOU STICK ME IN THE BODY OF A CAVEMAN IN THE FIRST PLACE?

SURE! BUT THAT WAS A MISTAKE!

WHERE'S GABBY, YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL?

WELL...UH... I--AH--LEFT HIM BACK IN THE STONE AGE!

OOWAAHH! DO YOU REALIZE THAT MAYBE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BRING GABBY BACK, NOW!!

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT! I JUST SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH THE UNION--AND I CAN'T OPERATE THE TIME MACHINE ANYMORE!

GOSH! THAT'S TERRIBLE! POOR GABBY!

WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

BOY! HAVE I GOT TROUBLES! GABBY GONE! MAISIE ON MY HANDS! BOY, I WISH I COULD GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!

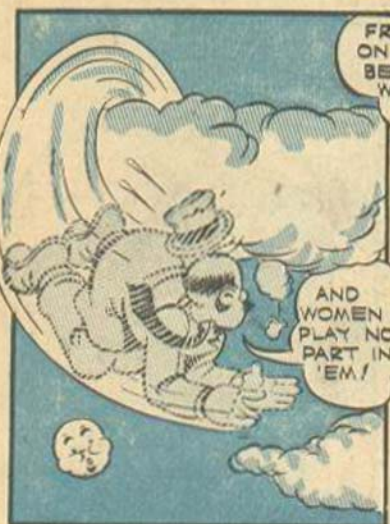


OH! OH! ST PETE LEFT HIS HEAVENLY ROLL BOOK AROUND!

I'M GONNA SNEAK A PEEK, AN' SEE WHAT CUSTOMERS ARE DUE TODAY! MAYBE I CAN GET ME A BODY!

HMM... LET'S SEE... CHORBRA... CORKERY... OH, HERE'S ONE... KERMIT THE HERMIT! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!





TWO MINUTES LATER...

HIT THE RMIT

BOY!
THIS
BODY'S A
PERFECT
FIT!!

FIRST OF ALL A LITTLE
FOOD IS JUST WHAT
I NEED! I'M
STARVED!

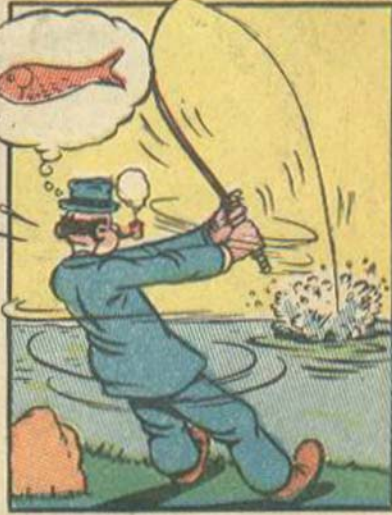
YES, SIR! NOTHIN'
LIKE GOIN' BACK TO
NATURE TO FORGET
YOUR TROUBLES!
NOTHIN' TO DO, BUT
TAKE IT EASY!



HO, HUM!



OH BOY! AT
LAST I GOT A
NIBBLE!



ULP!



OH WELL AT LEAST
IT'LL KEEP ME FROM
STARVIN' TO DEATH!
NOW, I'LL JUST LIGHT
ME A FIRE, AN'...



SUFFERING CATS... I NEVER COULD UNDER-
STAND, WHY THE INDIANS DIDN'T USE
SAFETY MATCHES,
INSTEAD OF
THIS FLINT
STUFF!





HEY! DID YOU SEE A GUY GO DOWN THERE?
YEAH! MAYBE HE'S PLAYING GAMES!



I THINK HE'S DROWNED!
WELL, IF HE ISN'T, HE HOLDS A RECORD! HE'S BEEN UNDER FIVE MINUTES NOW!



WHILE UP IN HEAVEN...



HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, EXPOSURE STARVATION, AN' PNEUMONIA! OTHERWISE HE'S OKAY!



I KNOW WHAT'LL BRING HIM TO!
OH, GABBY! MAISIE! C'MERE!



GABBY! DID I HEAR, GABBY?
HELLO, GUS!
HIYA GUS, OLE PAL!



BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, GABBY!
HMMPH.. I LIKE THAT! HOW ABOUT ME?



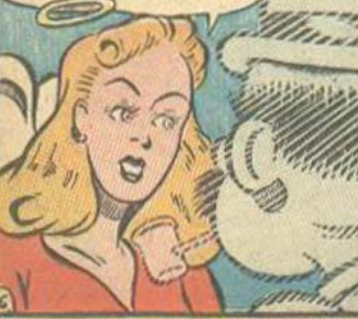
UH--AH-- SURE, MAISIE! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME, 'CAUSE I COULDN'T GET YOU BACK!



WELL, I WAS!



BUT THESE WINGS PETE GAVE ME LOOK SO HEAVENLY...



...AND BESIDES, I GOT TO LIKE IT HERE, SO I'M STICKING AROUND!
YI! THAT SETTLES IT! I'M NOT!



SO, IT LOOKS LIKE GUS AND GABBY ARE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN! DO YOU HAVE A SPARE BODY GUS CAN USE? HE SURE NEEDS ONE! LOOK UP GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH, FOLKS!

BOY! WE'RE IN LUCK TODAY SCANLON! JUST THE ISSUE OF PEP COMICS THAT'S SOLD OUT AT MY NEWSTAND!

DON'T CRY, JR. DADDY'LL RETURN YOUR PEP COMICS AFTER HIS BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING TODAY!

GOOD MORNING, PVT. THOMPSON! DO YOU WANT YOUR BREAKFAST IN BED OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO FINISH YOUR PEP COMICS IN THE LIBRARY?



The BLACK HOOD

MAN
of
MYSTERY

battles
THE BOOK-WORM



NOTHING IS MORE
LOWLY THAN THE WORM!
BUT NOT WHEN IT'S THE
BOOKWORM!
HIS TOMES OF TERROR AND
VOLUMES OF VICE SPELL
OUT A TRAIL OF DOOM AND
MYSTERY! **BLACK HOOD**
HIMSELF, THE NIGHT'S KNIGHT
OF JUSTICE, FINDS A WORTHY,
CRAFTY ANTAGONIST IN THIS
MILD-MANNERED SCHOLAR,
WHO SLAYS FOR A BOOK'S
SINISTER SECRET! THERE ARE
CHAPTERS OF CHILLS... PAGES
OF PERIL... BEFORE **BLACK**
HOOD WRITES **FINISH** TO
THE **BOOKWORM'S**
POISONOUS PLOT!!

**TREASURE
ISLAND**

IN THE HUSHED SILENCE OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY, AN ODD LITTLE FELLOW REQUESTS A RARE AND VALUABLE BOOK

YOU ARE SURE THIS IS A FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND?

YES, AND VERY VALUABLE IT IS... WORTH \$5000!

SIGN HERE, PLEASE! NAME AND ADDRESS.

YOU ARE INDEED CAREFUL WITH A BOOK LIKE THIS, AREN'T YOU? NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY STEAL IT, CAN THEY?

A. Bookworm
13 Burrow

"A. BOOKWORM" IS THAT YOUR... AH... REAL NAME?

WHY NOT? IT DESCRIBES ME PERFECTLY. I'VE BEEN A LIFETIME SCHOLAR AND BOOK READER!

NOW... IF I CAN ONLY FIND WHAT I'M SEEKING! COULD IT BE A NOTE ON SOME FLYLEAF?

THAT GUARD MAKES ME NERVOUS! I MUST GET THE BOOK OUT BEFORE HE SUSPECTS ME! AH YES, THIS SUBSTITUTE BOOK WILL DO!

I'M THROUGH. HERE'S YOUR BOOK BACK. GOOD DAY!

WHA? WAIT. THIS IS THE WRONG BOOK! COME BACK! GUARD!

SUDDENLY THE FALSE BOOK SPRAYS OUT THICK SMOKE!

COUGH! UGH! I CAN'T SEE A THING!

A .A SMOKE BOMB! GASP... COUGH!

AND THE BOOKWORM CALMLY WALKS AWAY WITH THE STOLEN BOOK!

THAT COVERS MY ESCAPE! NOW TO EXAMINE THE BOOK MORE THOROUGHLY, WITHOUT INTERFERENCE, IN THIS ALLEY!



BUT AFTER CAREFUL, LONG SCRUTINY...

BAH! IT WASN'T THIS ONE AFTER ALL! ALL MY LABORS FOR NOTHING!



AND CARELESSLY, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT, THE BOOKWORM DISCARDS A RARE BOOK WORTH \$5000! WHAT IS THE SECRET HE IS TRAILING, BESIDE WHICH \$5000 MEANS NOTHING?

MEANWHILE, PASSING THE LIBRARY, BARBARA SUTTON DASHES IN FOR THE STORY...



THE SECRET I SEEK MUST LIE IN SOME OTHER FIRST EDITION OF 'TREASURE ISLAND'!

WHAT HAPPENED? A LITTLE CHAP-BOOKWORM! AND WHO THREW THE SMOKE-BOMB? HE MADE OFF WITH A RARE FIRST EDITION OF 'TREASURE ISLAND - THE SCAMP'!



SHE REPORTS TO PATROL MAN KIP BURLAND...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT KIP? HMM! SIMPLE ENOUGH, BABS. HE'S A RARE-BOOK THIEF! FIRST EDITIONS ALL RUN INTO BIG MONEY!



ANYWAY, THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DETECTIVES, NOT A MERE PATROLMAN WHO'S ALREADY LATE FOR HIS BEAT! UP TO S'LONG BABS! SOME THING, KIP!



A SHORT WHILE LATER

SMART GIRL THAT BARBARA. I AM UP TO SOMETHING... A CALL ON HIRAM SYKES, THE FAMOUS COLLECTOR OF FIRST EDITIONS, TO BE EXACT!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN, HIRAM SYKES ENTERTAINS A CALLER...

MY BUTLER ANNOUNCED YOU AS...ER...A BOOKWORM! IS THIS SOME JOKE?

INDEED NOT! I UNDERSTAND YOU BUY ALL RARE BOOKS YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON, FOR YOUR MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION. LOOK AT THIS ONE!

WELL, I'LL LOOK AT IT! HMM, THESE PAGES STICK...



GET OUT YOU MORON! WHY, THESE PAGES ARE ALL BLANK!

YES.. AND POISONED! IN WETTING YOUR THUMB AND TURNING THE PAGES SEVERAL TIMES, YOU ABSORBED THE POISON ON YOUR TONGUE!

WITH DEADLY SWIFTNES, THE POISON SLAYS THE RARE-BOOK COLLECTOR!

MURDER IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I SEEK!

AG HHHH!

AH YES, HERE IS HIS FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND



HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SYKES?

WHA... BLACK HOOD!

AND YOU, I PRESUME, ARE THE BOOKWORM! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE PLEASED TO MEET ME!





A POWERFUL FIST, MY FRIEND! BUT THE BOOKWORM IS NOT AS HELPLESS AS HE SEEMS! AMONG THE BOOKS I BROUGHT ALONG IS THIS ONE...



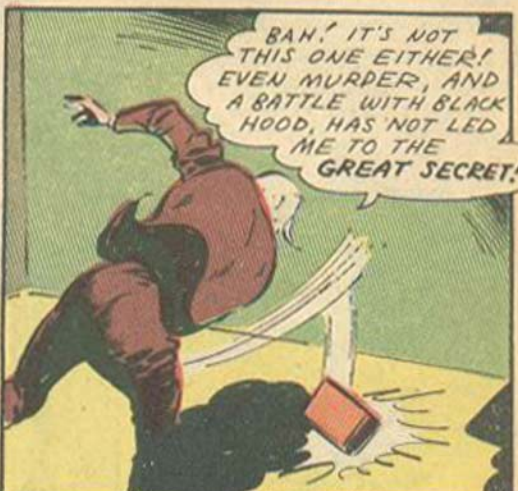
... AN IRON BOOK!

CLUNK

UGH!



NOW TO CONTINUE MY SEARCH UNINTERRUPTED THIS TIME!



BAH! IT'S NOT THIS ONE EITHER! EVEN MURDER, AND A BATTLE WITH BLACK HOOD, HAS NOT LED ME TO THE GREAT SECRET!



NOW TO COVER MY TRAIL! MANY BOOKS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE PERFECT CRIME... BUT THIS WILL BE THE REAL THING!



I'LL JUST PUT THE POISONED BOOK HERE IN THE HOOD'S HAND... AND THEN CALL THE POLICE!



LATER, THE HOOD REGAINS HIS SENSES TO FIND...

AT LAST WE'VE GOT YE COLD BLACK HOOD!

MCGINTY! WH... WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOK, HOOD! YER TALKIN' TO A COP WHO'S BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS, YE KNOW! SO DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME!

YOU MEAN YOU THINK I MURDERED HIRAM SYKES?

I DON'T THINK! I KNOW... HEY STOP... OR YER A DEAD MAN!

SO ARE YOU, M'GINTY! DEAD FROM THE EARS UP!

I'M REALLY IN A JAM NOW, WITH A MURDER RAP PINNED ON ME. I'VE GOT TO GET THE BOOKWORM... OR THE BLACK HOOD'S CAREER IS FINISHED!

LATER, AT BARBARA'S

BABS.. YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER WOMAN! KNOW OF ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT HAVE A FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND?

I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING ON IT IN MY FILES!

HERE IT IS! THERE'S A COPY OF IT AT THE PARKSIDE MUSEUM... BUT WHY?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW. I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS LATER!

AT THE PARKSIDE MUSEUM, CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT...

OH, IS IT CLOSED? AND I SO WANTED TO GET IN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK TO-MORROW, MISTER!

AGAIN ONE OF THE BOOKWORM'S DIABOLICAL BOOKS DOES ITS CUNNING WORK!

WILL I? I INSIST ON GOING IN TONIGHT, MY GOOD MAN! THESE ETHER FUMES WILL MAKE YOU FORGETFUL!

GASP! CHOKE!

PRINTING EXHIBITION-- THAT'S IT! WILL I FIND THE SECRET HERE?

MY, MY... WHAT WEALTH LIES BEFORE MY SCHOLARLY EYES! OLD BOOKS WORTH COUNTLESS THOUSANDS!



...THIS FIRST EDITION OF TREASURE ISLAND! MY STAKES ARE MUCH BIGGER THAN THE VALUE OF THESE BOOKS!



BUT ALL I WANT IS ONE BOOK...



AT LAST! AT LAST I HAVE IT! HERE ARE THE COMPLETE DIRECTIONS, DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL! I HAVE IT!



YOU HAVE ME TOO! WHETHER YOU WANT ME OR NOT!



AND HERE'S SOMETHING YOU WON'T FIND IN ANY BOOK!



WHY WASTE TIME? ONE OF THE BOOBY-TRAP BOOKS I BROUGHT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM IN A MOST UNSCHOLARLY MANNER!



WOW! AN INCENDIARY BOMB!

YES! YOU STAY AND PUT OUT THE FIRE, MR. BUSYBODY!

SWIFT ACTION BY THE BLACK HOOD PUTS OUT THE FLAMES!

THAT'S THAT! BUT THAT WORM SKIPPED MEANWHILE!

BUT HE LEFT THE TREASURE ISLAND FIRST-EDITION BEHIND! LET'S SEE WHAT HE FOUND IN IT...FOR WHICH HE HAS KILLED AND FOUGHT

JUST THEN BABS ENTERS BREATHLESSLY...

HOOD... I ALSO FOUND THIS IN MY FILES. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING, SO I HURRIED AFTER YOU. IT'S AN OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!

SO THAT'S IT! A MESSAGE POINTING THE WAY TO HIDDEN LOOT! BUT WHOSE? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

loot in hollow tree - middle of lagoon island - use boat!



LONG JOHN SILVER SENTENCED! THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT, LONG JOHN SILVER, WAS SENTENCED 20 YEARS FOR LARCENY. BUT HE REFUSED TO TELL WHERE HIS LOOT, FROM A DOZEN WEALTHY CITIZENS, WAS HIDDEN. HIS LAST MOCKING WORDS WERE: "IT'S ON TREASURE ISLAND. VA DOPES!" CURIOUSLY THE LOOT AMONG WAS A FIRST EDITION

WOW. THIS IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE, BABS! THE BOOKWORM MUST HAVE SOMEHOW DISCOVERED THAT LONG JOHN SILVER HAD RECORDED HIS HIDDEN LOOT IN THIS FIRST EDITION HERE TWENTY YEARS AGO!

NOW, HE'S HEADED FOR THAT "TREASURE ISLAND" HE'S GOT QUITE A START ON ME, BUT I STILL MAY CATCH UP WITH HIM!





MEANWHILE... ON LAGOON ISLAND.



NOW TO FIND THE TREASURE, AND... WHA... WHO'S THERE?



I'M LONG JOHN SILVER. I JUST GOT OUTA STIR AND I CAME AFTER MY LOOT. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT MONEY! IT'S MINE! MINE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

UGH... YOU'VE GOT... ME... BUT I'M TAKING YOU ALONG... WITH...



...MY BOOK... GRENADE

BANG



LATER WHEN THE HOOD AND BARBARA ARRIVE...

GOOD LORD! TWO CORPSES! AND ONE OF THEM IS...

...LONG JOHN SILVER! I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HIS PICTURE IN YOUR FILES!



WHEW... TAKE A LOOK AT ALL THIS WEALTH!

GOOD GRIEF! IT MUST RUN INTO THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS!



YES! VERITABLE PIRATES WEALTH... AND PIRATE'S FATES! THIS BOOK, IF THEY'D REALIZED IT, FORE-TOLD THEIR DOOM!

END

WATCH FOR THE NEXT EXCITING ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK HOOD—

KILLER'S FINAL CURTAIN

by Wilbur S. Peacock

CURTIS DREXLER watched the wrinkles disappearing from his face beneath the protective screen of grease paint and powder, and there was a weariness in his heart that even the false elation could not lift. He knew then, as he had never known before, that he was too old to remain the matinee idol he had been for years. And the knowledge that the murder of James Stephen would make him wealthy within a year brought him no comfort at the moment. For he knew that wealth could never make up for the adulation in which he had basked all of his life.

He used the touch-up pencil on the streaks of white in his thick main of hair, cursed suddenly and bitterly, and whirled to where his dresser stood white-faced and fearful.

"This isn't my pencil!" he barked savagely.

"Look, Mr. Drexler," the dresser said nervously, "I thought the number two pencil would give better color, make better stage!"

Curtis Drexler slammed the pencil against the wall. "Who the hell cares what a young squirt like you thinks; get the hell out of here and don't come back! I knew what made good stage before you were born!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Drexler; I'm sorry, Mr. Drexler!" the youth sidled through the door, closing it softly.

The actor grinned, stepped softly to the door and turned the key. Then he returned to the light-framed mirror, finished his make-up for the third and final act.

"Five minutes, Mr. Drexler," a voice called just outside the door, and light footsteps drifted down the hall.

Curtis Drexler stood, opened the right-hand drawer of the dressing table, slipped the revolver into the side pocket of his tweed coat. His face was suddenly hard, and his eyes bleak and piercing, beneath the mask of grease paint.

He had to work fast now, for he had less than five minutes to commit a murder and make his stage appearance for the final act. He smiled a bit when he saw the automatic on the top of the table.

He used the gun in the play; and later, when the police investigated the shooting of the producer, he would casually offer it for examination in the ballistics laboratory. They would never know that he had brought a revolver with him this evening.

His eyes flicked to the clock above the mirror, and he felt his breath catch in his throat. He had less than four and one-half minutes left.

He unbolted the small door at the rear of the room, slipped through into the property tunnel, raced lithely toward the iron steps at the end. His nerves crawled at the thought that some grip might spy him running down the dim hall.

He went up the iron steps swiftly but quietly, anxious now to finish what he had planned. The iron treads creaked and squealed a bit in protest, and he slowed so that there would be less noise.

He heard the dull murmur of

the audience behind the balcony door at the first turn of the stairs, felt a dull glow of satisfaction. He knew what they were talking, could almost give their comments word for word. He had known for a week that the play would be a smash hit, and that knowledge had consolidated the vagrant plans he had nurtured in his mind for the past month.

He felt no animosity or hate against James Stephen; he was but an obstacle that had to be removed. With James Stephen's death, his fifty per cent interest in the play would revert to Curtis Drexler by virtue of a clause in the contract that they had drawn up before casting the play.

Drexler had written the drama three years before, but had been unable to find a backer. Then Stephen had put up most of the money necessary, for a fifty per cent interest. Drexler had retained twenty per cent, and the remaining interest had been sold to three men.

Because he and Stephen had known each other for twenty years, and to keep chisellers from gaining an interest in the play, the contract had been drawn so that the interest owned by either man reverted to the other in the event one died during the play's run.

Now, with the play a decided hit, James Stephen had to die, so that when the run was over, Curtis Drexler would not have to end his life as a hundred matinee idols had before him.

Drexler passed the balcony door, ran lightly up the remaining steps to the upper floor of the theater building. He cau-

tiously opened the stairway door, made certain that no one was in the hall, then slipped through.

He huddled at the producer's office door, listening intently for the sound of voices. Satisfied that the man was alone, he palmed the knob, carefully and quietly edged the panel open a crack.

The office was so tiny and cramped that the opening door almost touched the back of the chair in which Stephen was sitting. The producer was poring over a set of books, totally oblivious of the opening door, his white shirt gleaming in the dim light.

Curtis Drexler lifted the revolver in a hand that was rock-steady, tightened his finger on the trigger. The gun blasted again and again in the stillness of the tiny room, the reverberations almost deafening. Six dark spots sprang into high relief on the whiteness of the producer's back.

James Stephen came to his feet, his head turning toward the murderer, his face tight with agony and surprise. He tried to whirl, but his feet tangled, and he fell heavily to the cluttered floor.

Curtis Drexler caught his breath in horrified excitement, jerked the door shut, raced the few feet down the hall to the panel that led to the property tunnel.

He fled down the steps, remembering the terror and agony in the man's face, and he thought for a moment he would be ill. Then his face hardened and his eyes lost their look of fright. He turned the stair corner, took the last few steps in three leaps, scurried into the open door of the furnace room. He jerked open the door of the roasting furnace, tossed the murder weapon into the crackling flames.

Then he whirled, dashed down the tunnel until he came

to the small door of his dressing room. He locked the door behind him, sat breathlessly at the dressing table. He smiled tautly when he saw that he still had thirty seconds before his entrance. He touched at his make-up with a powder puff, caught up the automatic, and left the room.

"Mr. Drexler?" his dresser said the moment he appeared from the dressing room.

"Get to hell out of my sight!" The actor's nerves were still so taut he almost struck the youth.

And then he was on stage, coming in from the left, his resonant voice picking up his cue with the ease of long practice. He bowed slightly, acknowledging the muted applause of the audience, then played the part he had written for himself so many months before.

He spoke his lines with all of the skill he possessed, acting his part like an automaton that could do nothing less than excellent, but his mind was on those last hurried minutes before his entrance.

He could find no flaw that might trip him up. Should he be questioned about his footprints scattered here and there in his hurry, he could almost laughingly explain that he had the run of the building since he was a co-producer. And should they make a nitrogen test of his hand, he had only to say that there would naturally be burned powder on his skin since he fired a gun during the play.

No, he could not find the slightest of flaws.

He was making his next to the last speech, when he saw the men gathered in the wings. He staggered a bit, recognizing them, regained his poise almost immediately. He felt the wild gust of laughter beating at his throat, but his voice was even and unhurried.

He made his fifteen-second exit, right center, caught at the frightened arm of his dresser.

His voice was harsh and strained, with an undercurrent such as the youth had never heard.

"You did it again, didn't you?" he said, "You thought you'd prove that you know better staging than myself!"

The youth shrank back, tried to free his arm from the heavy hand.

Curtis Drexler laughed aloud, shrugged tiredly. "Forget it, lad," he said. "Maybe you're right. My day has already passed."

He heard his cue, stepped back upon the boards. He spoke then as he had never before in his career, giving each line the mocking cynical twist that it demanded, hearing none of it, conscious only of the shocked incredulous face of James Stephen who stood in the wings with three of the house detectives.

He took the automatic from his pocket, as the action demanded, laughed cynically as the actress flinched in simulated terror. He lined the gun on her, felt the mockery of his heart flooding his mind with regret because of the thing he had tried to do.

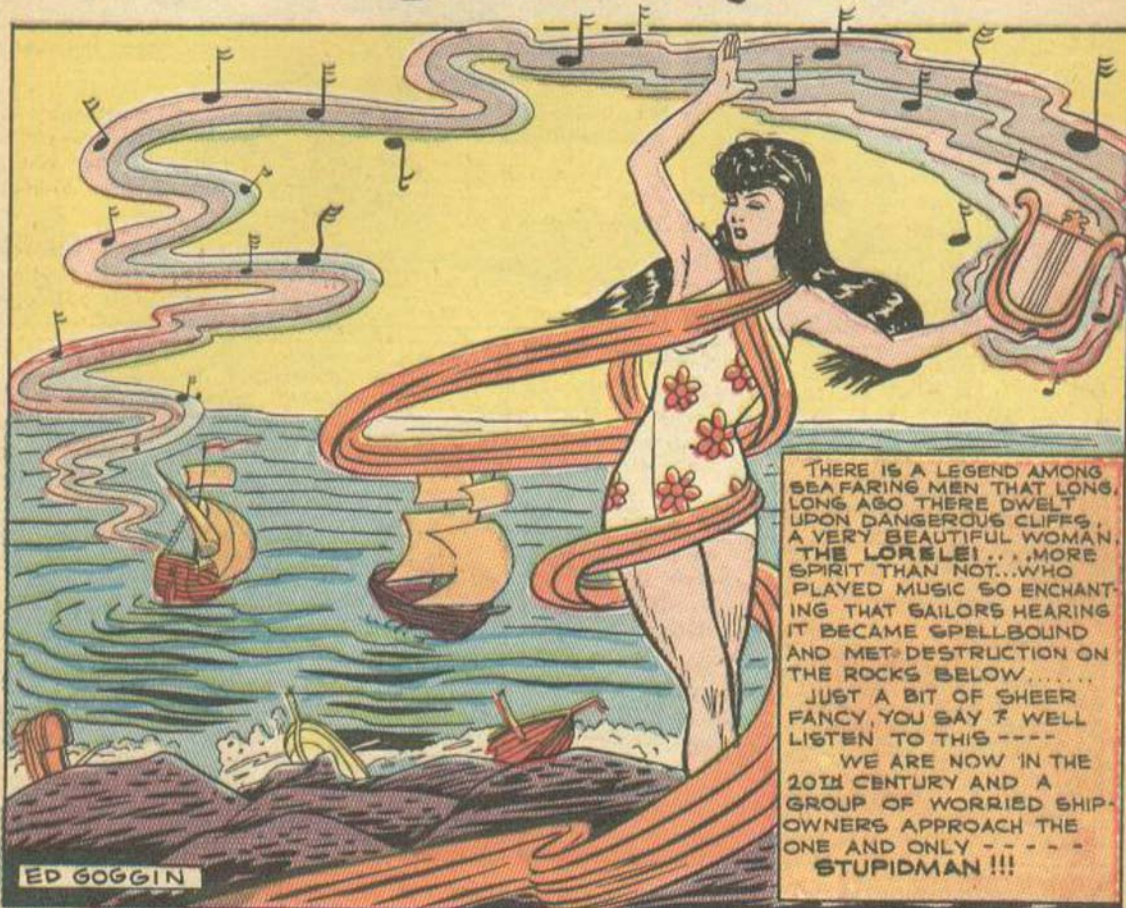
He looked once directly at the audience that sat so tensely, so breathlessly, in wait for the smashing climax. He heard the frightened cry of his dresser as he lifted the gun the youth had thought did not have the stage appeal of the blued revolver. He had known, when he saw James Stephen still alive, that the youth had switched the blanks and real bullets in the two guns with the intention of telling him before he took a gun on stage.

He lifted the squat automatic, as the action demanded, placed the muzzle squarely at his temple, and pulled the trigger.

He didn't see the final curtain come swooping down, but he would have been gratified to have heard the smashing applause that echoed for minutes after his last appearance.

STUPIDMAN

and the 3 monkeyteers



THERE IS A LEGEND AMONG SEAFARING MEN THAT LONG LONG AGO THERE DWELT UPON DANGEROUS CLIFFS, A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, THE LORELEI!... MORE SPIRIT THAN NOT...WHO PLAYED MUSIC SO ENCHANTING THAT SAILORS HEARING IT BECAME SPELLBOUND AND MET DESTRUCTION ON THE ROCKS BELOW.....

JUST A BIT OF SHEER FANCY, YOU SAY? WELL LISTEN TO THIS ----

WE ARE NOW IN THE 20TH CENTURY AND A GROUP OF WORRIED SHIP-OWNERS APPROACH THE ONE AND ONLY ---- STUPIDMAN !!!

ED GOGGIN

BLESS YOU, STUPID-MAN!

AND I TELL YOU, STUPIDMAN, THE LORELEI HAS COME BACK! WE'LL BE RUINED!

TUT, TUT, SIR! YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER! MY VERY PRESENCE WILL SOLVE THE MATTER!

AH, HERE IS WHERE THE LORELEI IS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR ---HMMMPH--- ALL SEEMS WELL!



AND FAR BELOW THE SHIPS STEAM BY



YES--ALL SEEMS WELL.

DON'T WORK TOO HARD NOW, FELLOWS!

WE'RE JUST CHOPPING A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT TO LET THE WATER OUT, DEAR CAPTAIN!

OKAY!

AH, THIS IS HEAVENLY!



AND,

SAY, HOW MANY OF YOU ARE DOWN THERE, MEN?

THREE OF US, KIND SIR!

WILL HALF OF YE PLEASE COME UP AND HAVE ICE CREAM AND CAKE WITH THE CAPTAIN?



AH, ALL IS WELL -- AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, I HEAR!



YES, STUPIDMAN, BEAUTIFUL MUSIC...

OH-K-K-K-K THAT MUSIC! THAT MUSIC! IT--IT'S THE...

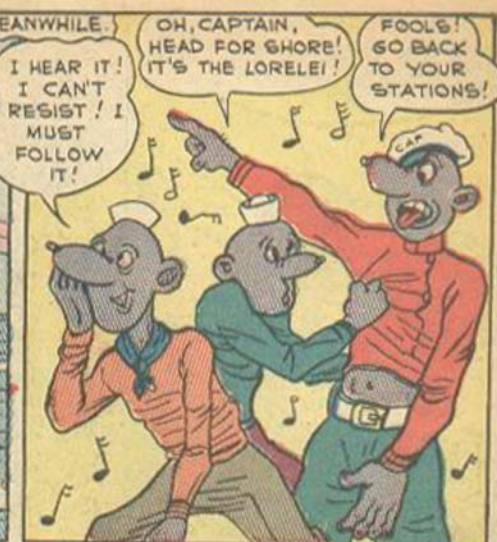


OH, HOW LOVELY!

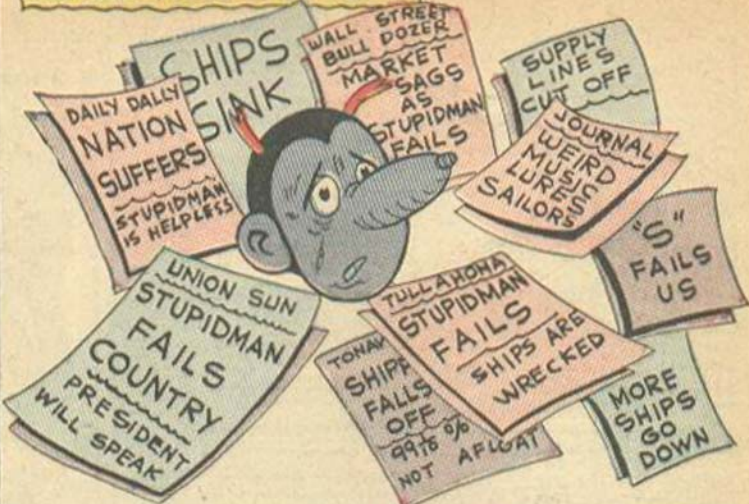
WHERE ARE YOU, LORELEI!?

COME BACK, YOU FOOLS!





OH, I CAN'T STAND TO LOOK -- THAT MUSIC -- AND STILL WE SAW NOTHING!



SLIGHTLY DEJECTED, STUPIDMAN GALLIES FORTH...

BUT HOW CAN I FIGHT SOMETHING NOBODY CAN SEE?

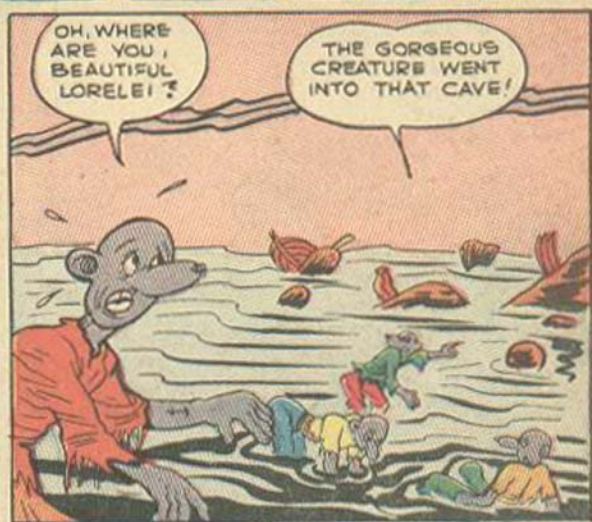


AH, THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS --- BOYS ARE YOU WILLING TO SAVE OUR COUNTRY?



THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN -- AS SOON AS I GO, STAY OUT OF SIGHT AND START TO PLAY!







ARRGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE LOOKING, REVOLTING THING!

OH, I FEEL SICK!



WAIT, WAIT, I'LL PLAY FOR YOU-- I'LL CHANGE MY TUNE!

DON'T BOTHER! WE'LL CHANGE IT FOR YOU! PTOOEY!



AND THEN...
SEE, STUPIDMAN HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

YOU SURE MADE THEM THINK YOU WERE THE LORELEI!

BUT WHY?



GOSH THERE'S THAT WEIRD MUSIC AGAIN!

THE SHIPS WILL BE WRECKED!

OH, I DON'T THINK SO!



AND ABOARD SHIP...
FOOEY, HOW CAN I ENJOY MY WORK WITH HER MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?

OH, CLARISSA, AND ALBERT, MY LOVELY WIFE AND CHILD!

NOW I AM SICK!

DEAR, HOW BORING!

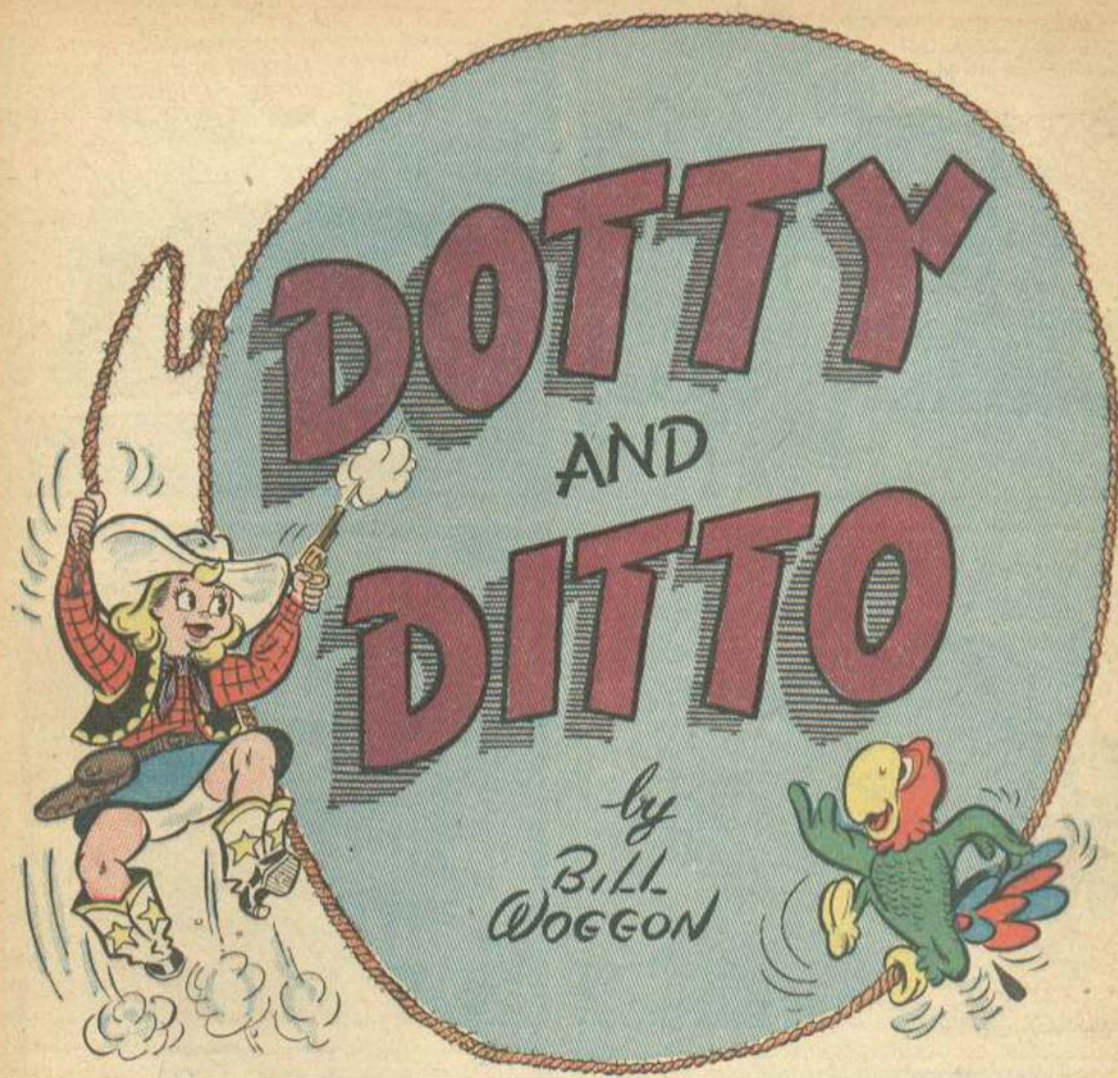


STUPIDMAN, YOU'VE DONE IT-- YOU'VE BROKEN THE LORELEI'S SPELL AND NOW OUR SHIPS WILL SAIL SAFELY ONWARD!

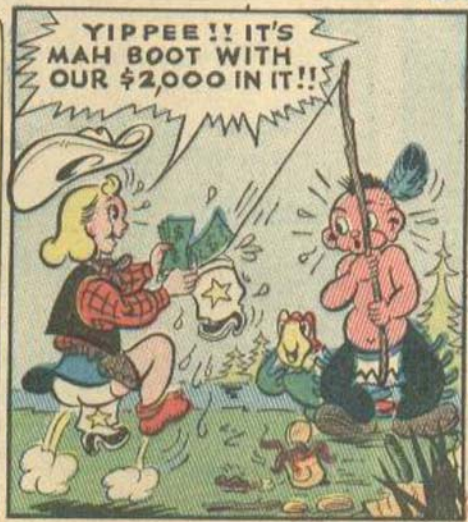
YES, THE SHIPS SAIL SAFELY ONWARD...

IF YOU LIKE THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO STUPIDMAN AND THE 3 MONKEYTEERS WRITE AND LET US KNOW
BEST LETTER RECEIVES A REAL PORTRAIT OF STUPIDMAN

AUGUST WINNER
VIRGIE BELL
E. GRUNDY ST.
TULLAHOMATENN.



DOTTY WON \$2,000 IN PRIZES AT A CHAMPIONSHIP RODEO SHOW THEN LOST IT WITH HER BOOT IN THE LAKE--THEN DOTTUM, HER INDIAN BOY FRIEND, FISHES IT OUT AND SAVES THE DAY AS WELL AS A SHOE RATION STAMP FOR DOTTY!



YIPPEE!! IT'S MAH BOOT WITH OUR \$2,000 IN IT!!!



GOSH! NOW WE BETTER HURRY BACK TO GRAN'PAPPY--HE NEEDS THIS MONEY TO SAVE TH' RANCH OR TH' SHERIFF WILL FO' CLOSE!

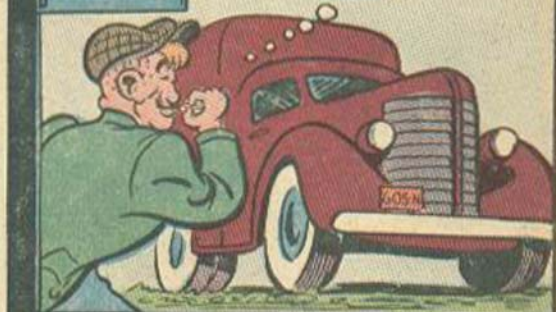
DITTO!

LOOK! HERE'S A TRUCK HEADIN' OUR WAY--C'MON! LETS HITCH A RIDE!

AH! LITTLE DO ANY STUPID AMERIKANERS KNOW DOT I AM A NAZI SPY-DELIVERIN' HIGH EXPLOSIVE IN DOT TRUCK TO BLOW UP A DEFENSE PLANT!



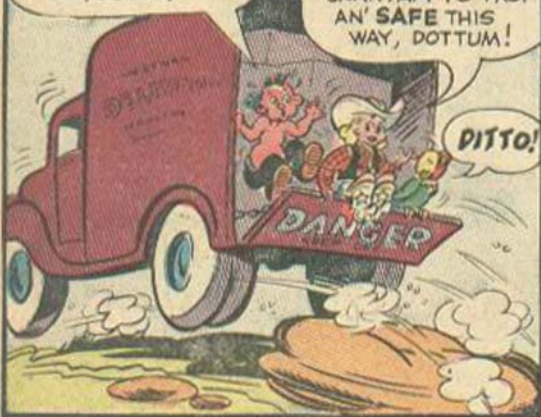
I MUST HURRY--TIMES A VASTING--HEIL HITLER--(SMACK!) DOT SAVER KRAUT MIT PIGS KNUCKLES UND PIE VAS SHORE GOOD! (BURP!)



UGH! DRIVER IN HEAP BIG HURRY--HITTIN' ALL UM BIG BUMPS TOO, DOTTY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! --WE'LL GET BACK TO GRAN'PAPPY'S FAST AN' SAFE THIS WAY, DOTTUM!

PITTO!



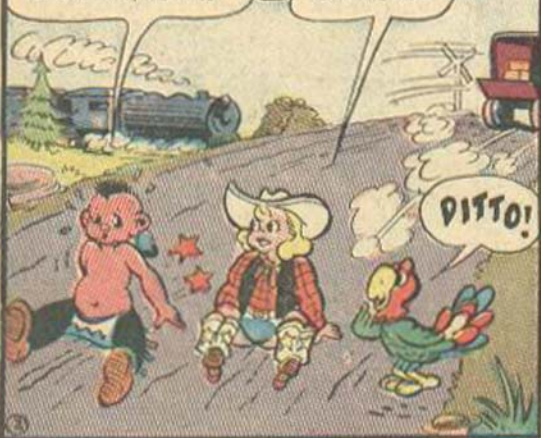
HERE'S WHERE WE GET OFF--TH' DRIVER'S SLOWIN' UP FO' THIS HERE HILL!-- --C'MON JUMP !!



UGH! HEAP GLAD WE'RE OFFA THAT BUCKIN' BRONCHO, DOTTY!

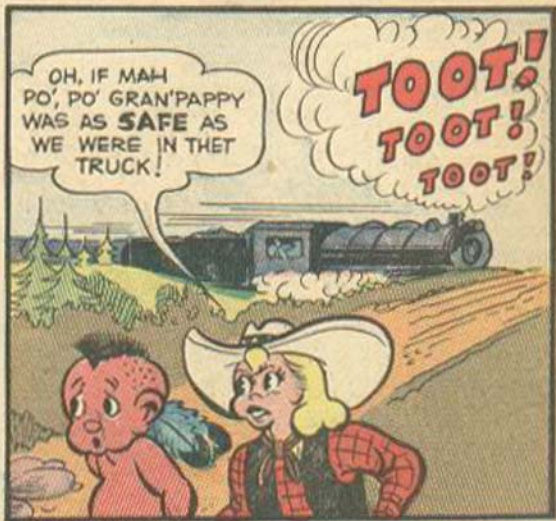
WHY, WE WAS PLENTY SAFE IN THET TRUCK, DOTTUM--

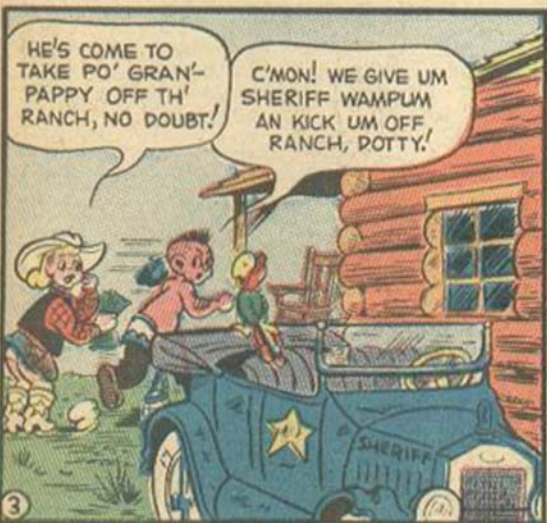
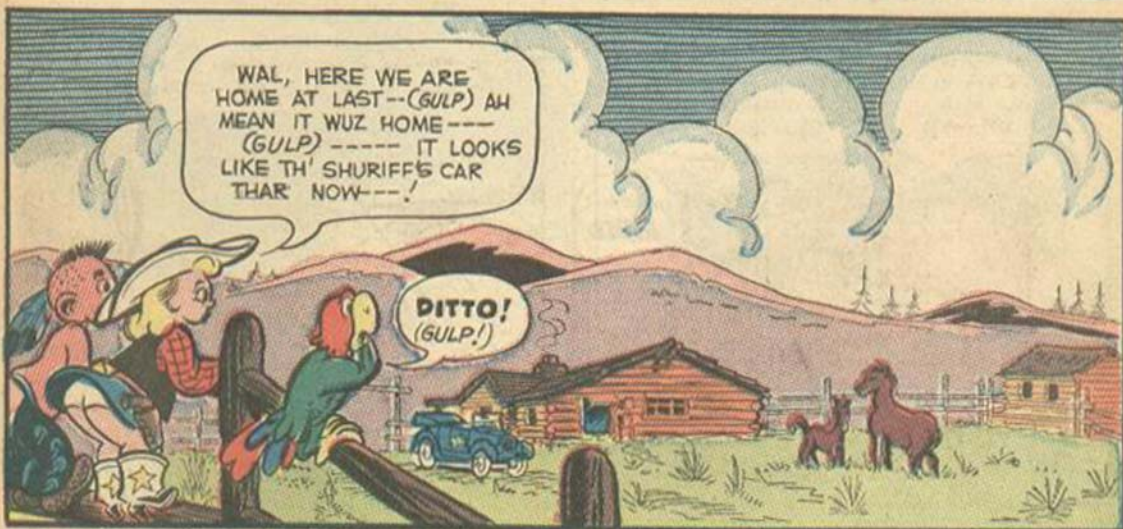
PITTO!



OH, IF MAH PO', PO' GRAN'PAPPY WAS AS SAFE AS WE WERE IN THET TRUCK!

TOOT!
TOOT!
TOOT!







SH-H! LET'S LISTEN--!

SHALL WE GO TO TH' JAIL HOUSE OR SETTLE IT RIGHT HERE, GRAMPS?

DITTO! SHH-H!

AH GUESS WE CAN SETTLE IT RIGHT HERE, SHERIFF!



PUT YER SHOOTIN' IRONS ON TH' TABLE THEN AN WE'LL GET DOWN TO SERIOUS BUSINESS!



NOW UNDERSTAND YOU GOTTA MOVE, --SO WHATCHA GONNA DO---?

AH'M STUCK, SHERIFF--CAN'T YA GIMME A CHANCE!



NO, SUH! AH'M GONNA MAKE YUH MOVE, GRAMPS!



DID YUH HEAR THAT, DOTTUM? GRAMPS WILL HAVE TO MOVE HE SEZ!

UGH! WE BETTER GIVE WAMPUM TO UM SHERIFF HEAP QUICK SO GRAMPS DON'T GET KICKED OUT, DOTTY!



NO! LET'S WAIT UNTIL TH' SHURIFF GETS READY TO TAKE HIM TO JAIL!

NOW WHUT DO YUH SAY, GRAMPS? AH GOT YUH CORNERED-- YUH GONNA GIVE UP PEACEFULLY?

WAAL! WHAT DO YUH SAY, GRAMPS? C'MON! GET GOIN'!

CONSNARN IT!
-- (GULP)
AH'M SUNK!

----BUT AH WON'T GIVE UP--AH'LL SHOOT YUH IF YUH HURRY ME!

YER DONE FO' GRAMPS, YUH BETTER GIVE UP OR AH'LL CROWN YUH!

-- BLAST YER HIDE SHURIFF, AH GOTTA LET YUH HAVE IT!-WHERE'S MAH GUN?

GOSH! GRAMPS IS GONNA SHOOT TH'SHURIFF-- C'MON!

DON'T SHOOT, GRAMPS!
AH GOT TH' MONEY!
DON'T SHOOT!!!

-- ER-AH- (GULP)
WAAL AH'LL BE--?!!

DOTTY! WELCOME BACK!
-- BUT WHUT'S ALL TH' EXCITEMENT--? WE'RE ONLY PLAYIN' A FRIENDLY GAME O' CHECKERS!!

SKID

BUT-BUT-WHAT ABOUT TH' RANCH-- AIN'T TH' SHURRIFF HERE TO FO'CLOSE ON YUH'?

GOSH NO, DOTTY! THAT WAS DON DEAN'S CHICKEN FARM UP FO' TH' AUCTION HAMMER-- AH GOT HIM IN TH' JUG NOW!

WAL AH'LL BE!-- DOTTUM, WE'RE JUS' \$2000 RICHER NOW! WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH YOUR HALF?

H-MM!-- DOTTUM GOTTUM IDEA! LISTEN!

BZZ-UGH--
BZZZ--UGH
--ZZZZ

SAAY--THET'S A SWELL IDEA!

DITTO!

HEY, DOTTUM, TH' BANK'S DOWN HERE!

UGH! ME DO UM SHOPPIN' FOR BONDS RIGHT HERE, DOTTY!

A KISS WITH EVERY WAR BOND!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

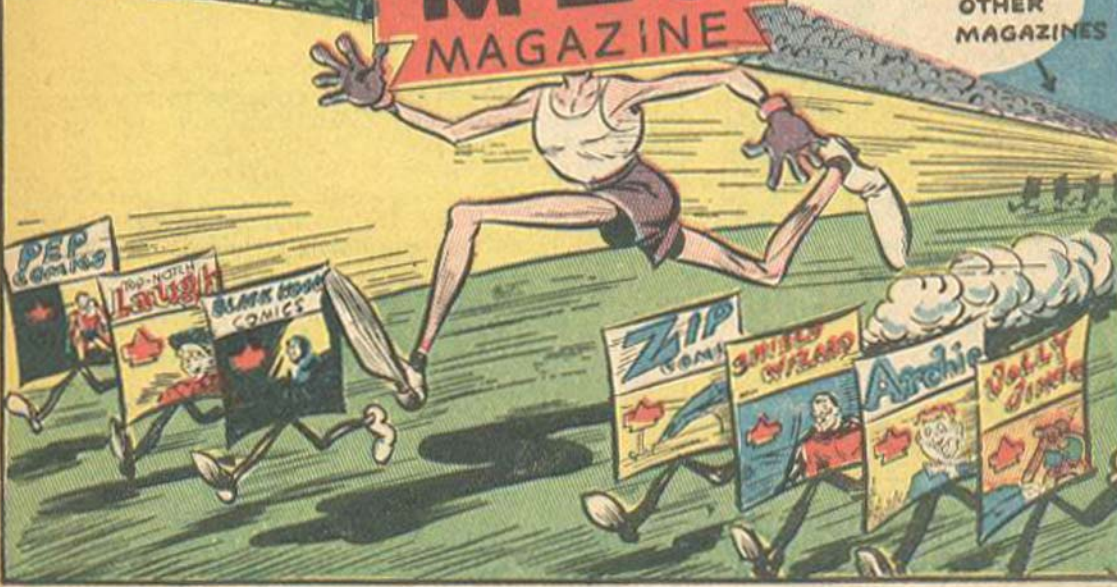
WATCH FOR MORE OF DOTTUM IN NEXT ISSUE!

W.M. Wray



AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

OTHER
MAGAZINES



REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD I MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



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**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**RUSH
COUPON
Send No
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- I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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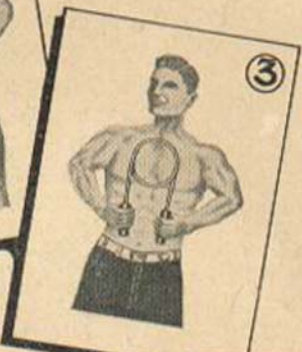
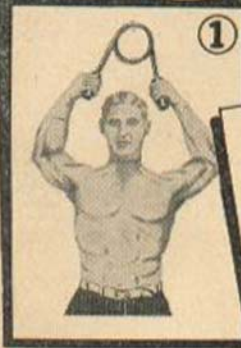
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