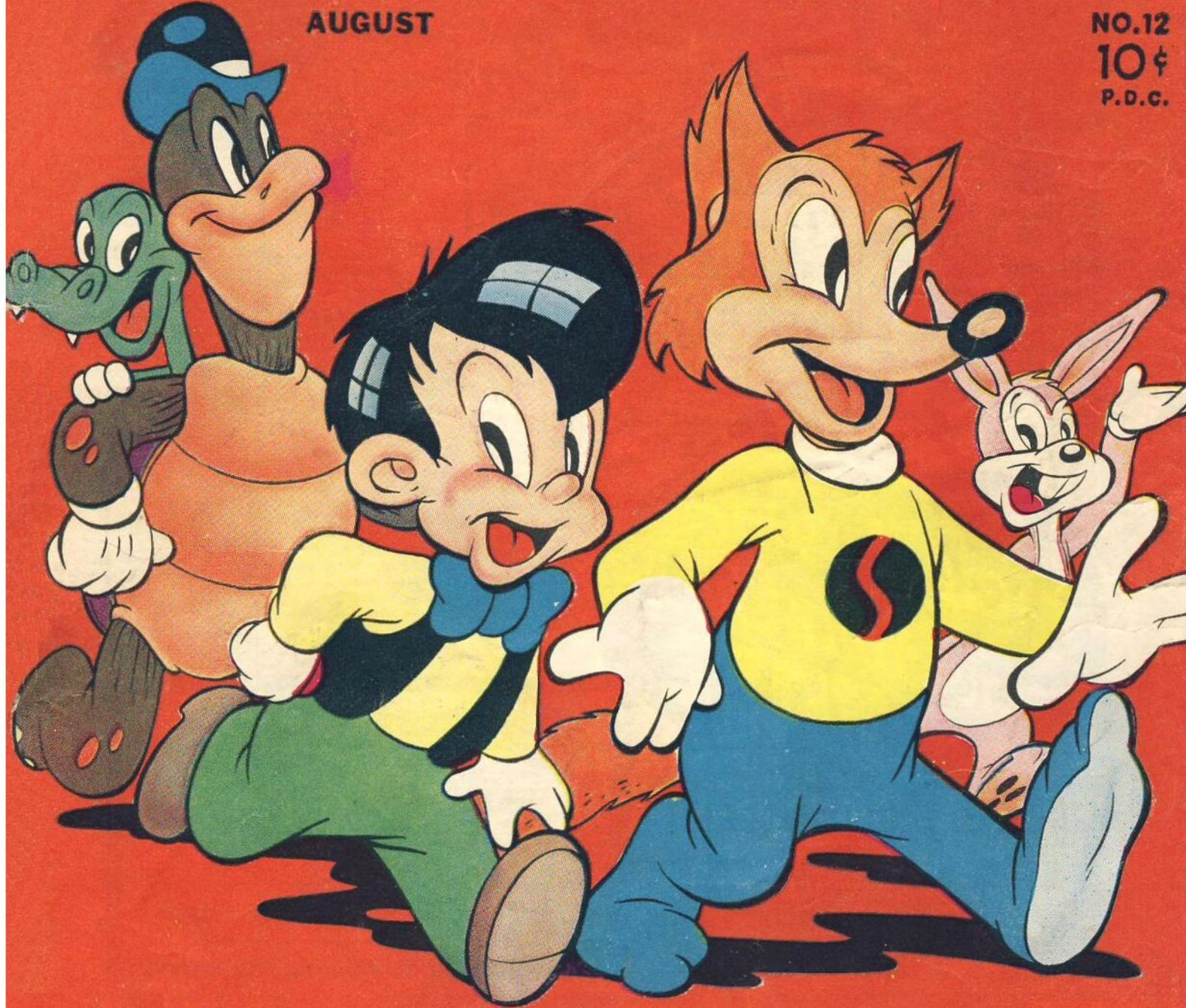


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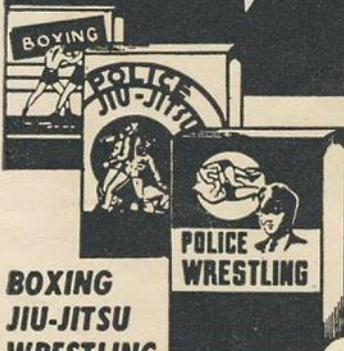
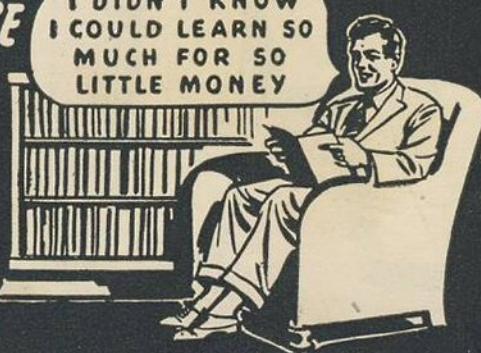
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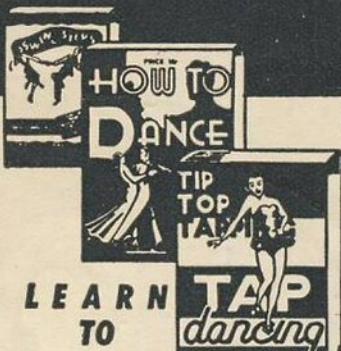
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# SUPERFOX

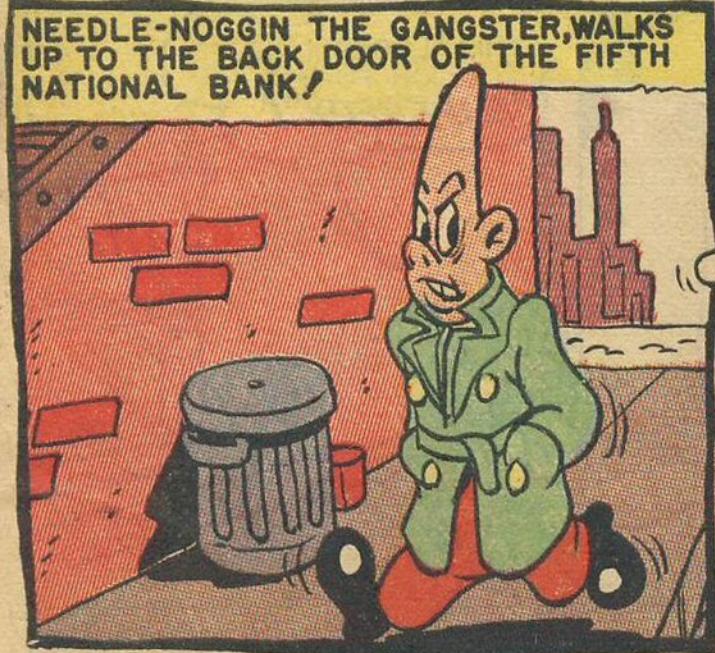
VERSUS  
"NEEDLE-NOGGIN"

— IN PERSON !

IT'S SUPERFOX !



NEEDLE-NOGGIN THE GANGSTER, WALKS UP TO THE BACK DOOR OF THE FIFTH NATIONAL BANK!



NEEDLE NOGGIN!

C'MON, BRING OUT A BAG OF DOUGH! A BIG BAG !!



HERE YOU  
ARE, SIR!

T'ANKS!

NEEDLE-NOGGIN SPEEDS OUT OF  
TOWN IN A STOLEN CAR—

POLICE BROADCAST AN ALARM...

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE  
LOOKOUT FOR NEEDLE-NOGGIN...  
HAS JUST ROBBED A BANK AND  
IS SPEEDING OUT OF TOWN IN A  
GRAY SEDAN!

JUST OUT OF THE CITY LIVES WEBB  
J. FOX WHO HEARS THIS ON HIS  
POLICE-CALL RADIO SET!

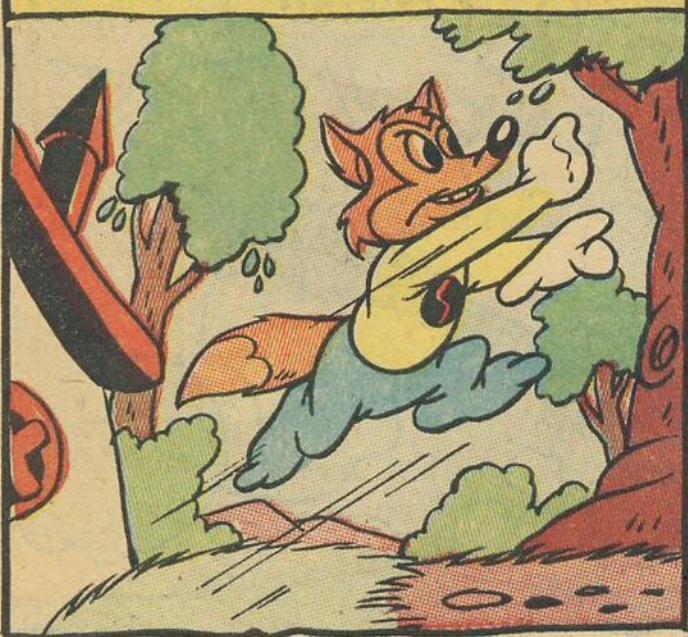
—A GRAY  
SEDAN—

WHAT?

LAST SEEN GOING  
NORTH ON HIWAY  
99A—

THIS LOOKS LIKE  
A JOB FOR—  
"SUPERFOX"!

A QUICK TRANSFORMATION AND  
WEBB J. BECOMES—SUPERFOX!



I'LL GO UP HIGH AND SEE IF I  
CAN SPOT NEEDLE-NOGGIN!



AH! THERE HE IS!  
RIGHT ON TIME, TOO!

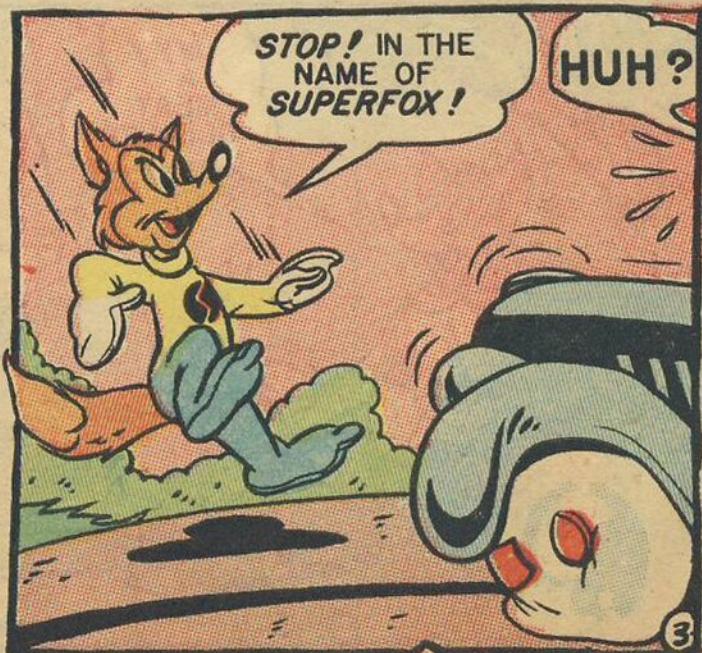


I NEVER DID HAVE PATIENCE  
WITH BANK-ROBBERS!

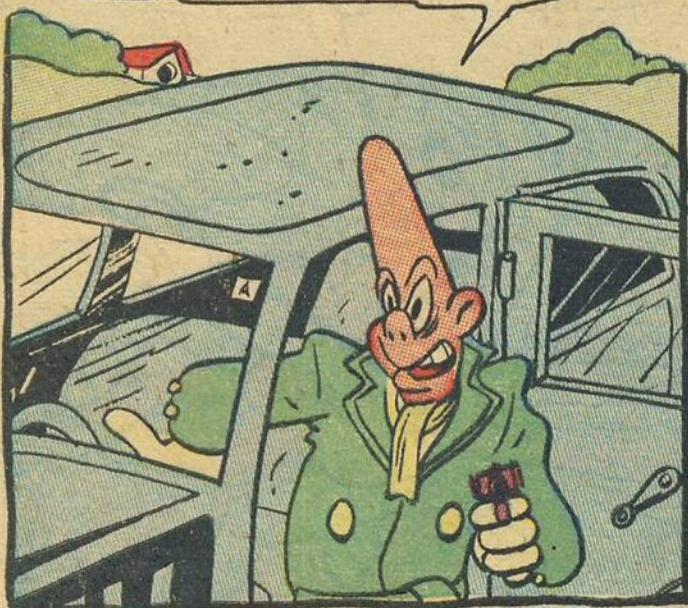


STOP! IN THE  
NAME OF  
SUPERFOX!

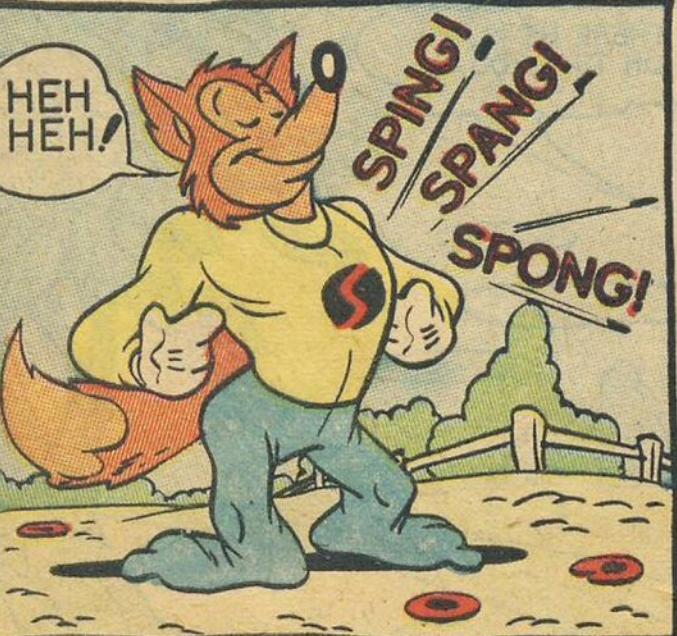
HUH?



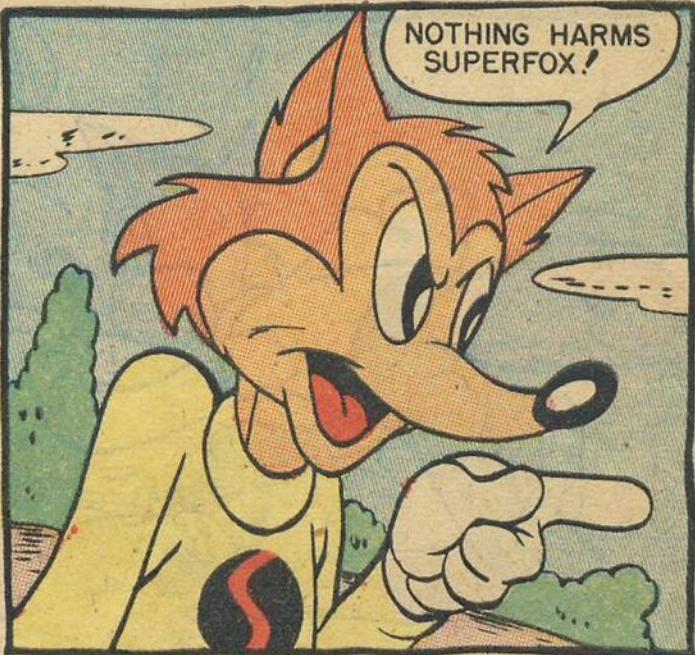
SUPERFOX! I THOUGHT CLAY-FACE AND HIS GANG KILLED YOU!



-I'LL FINISH WHAT THEY STARTED! - TAKE THAT!

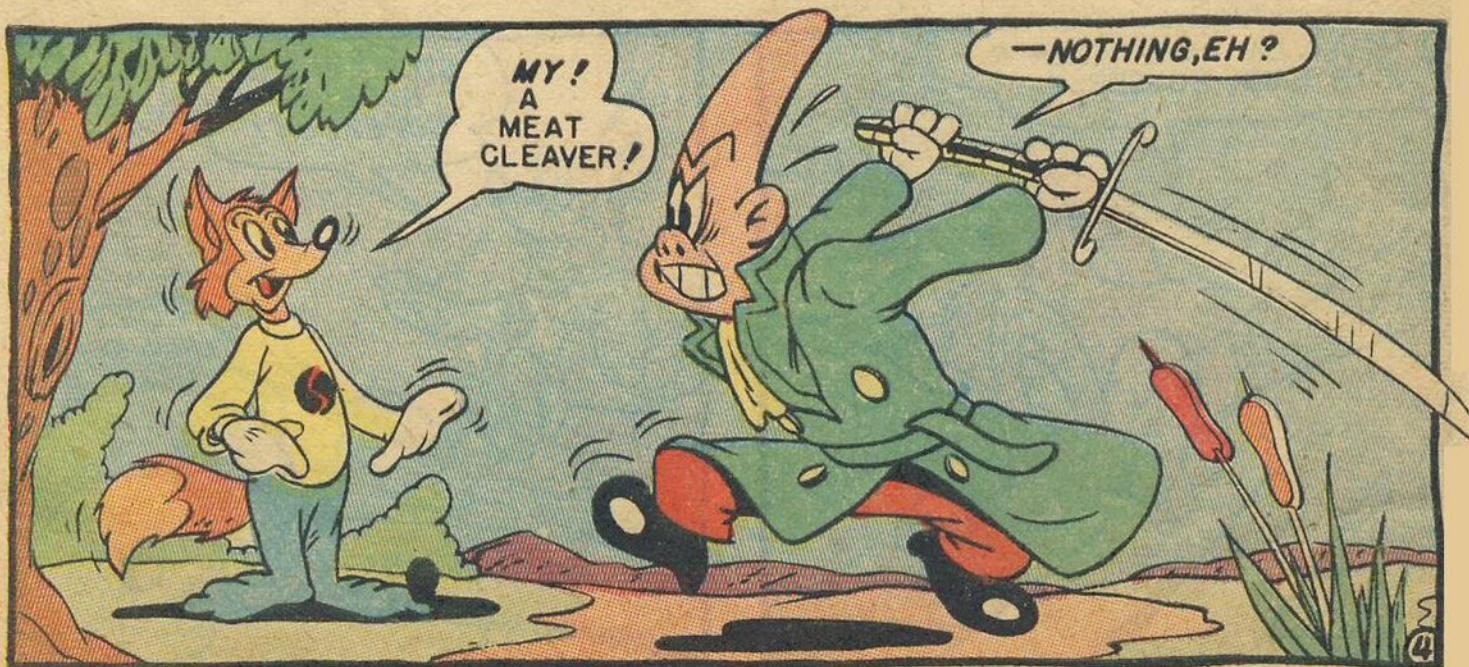


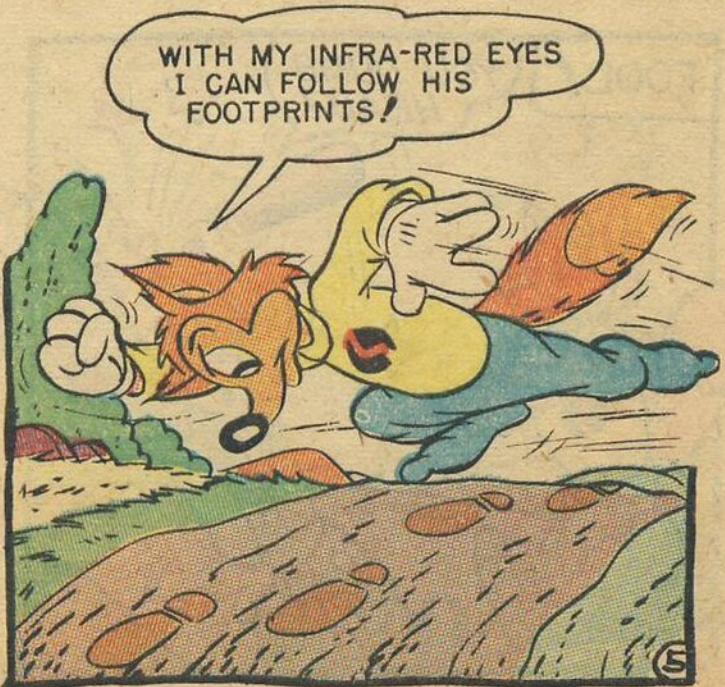
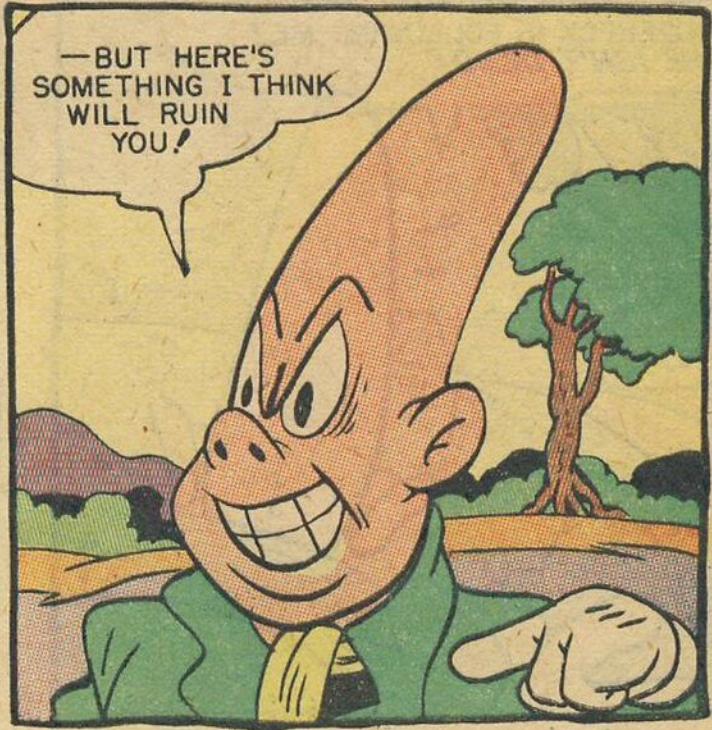
NOTHING HARMS SUPERFOX!



MY!  
A  
MEAT  
CLEAVER!

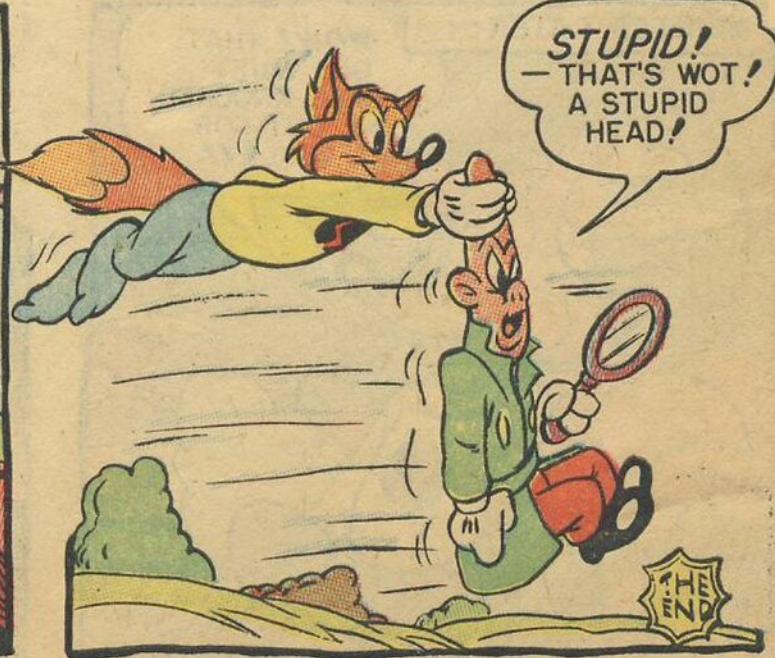
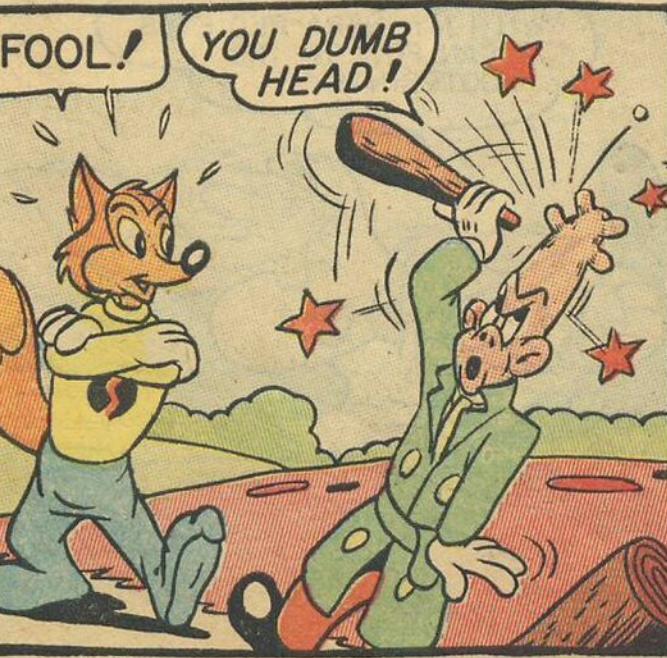
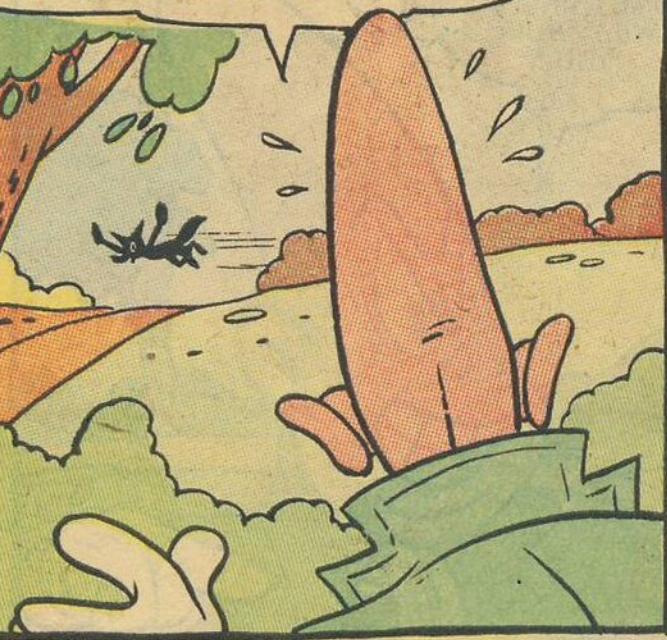
-NOTHING, EH?

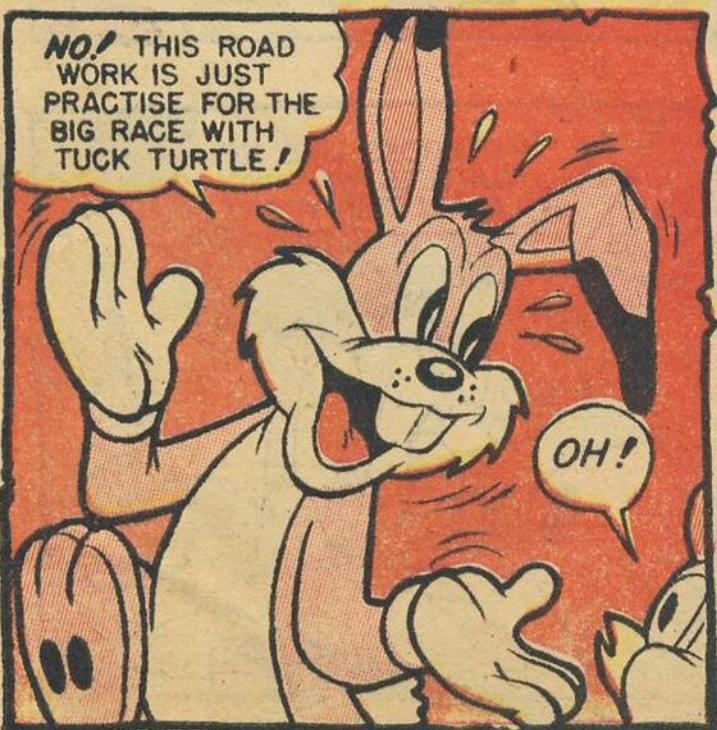
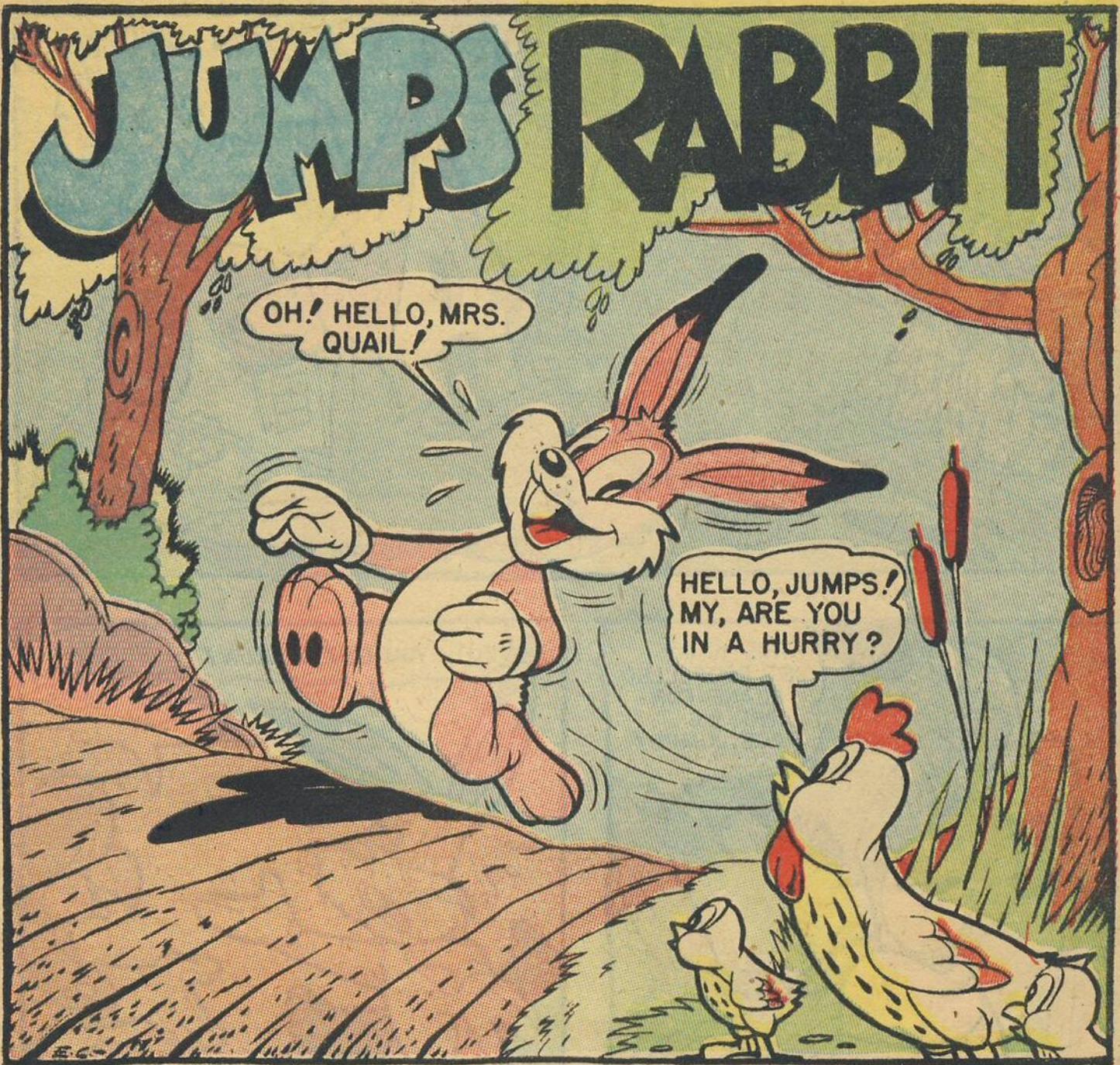


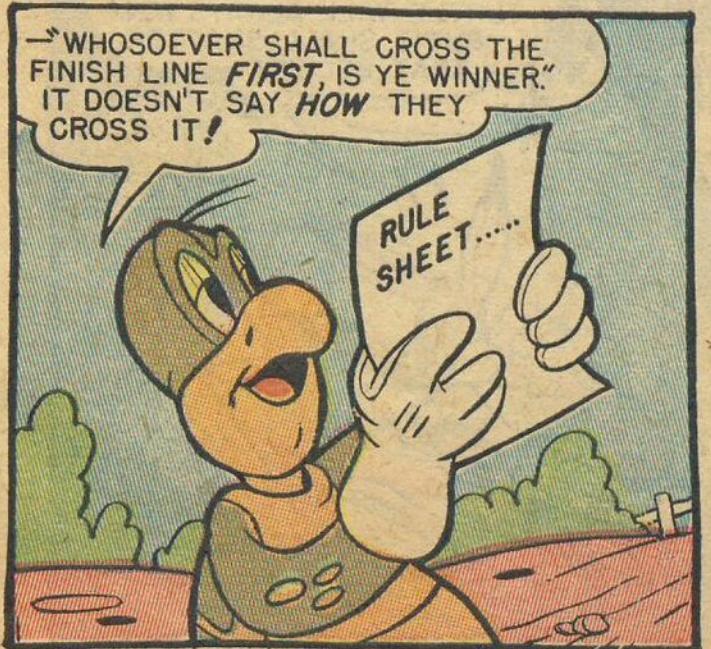
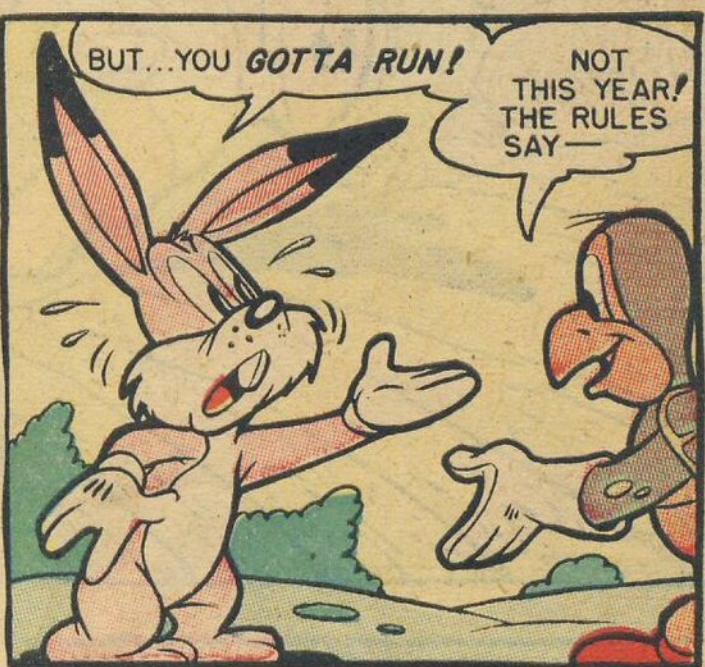
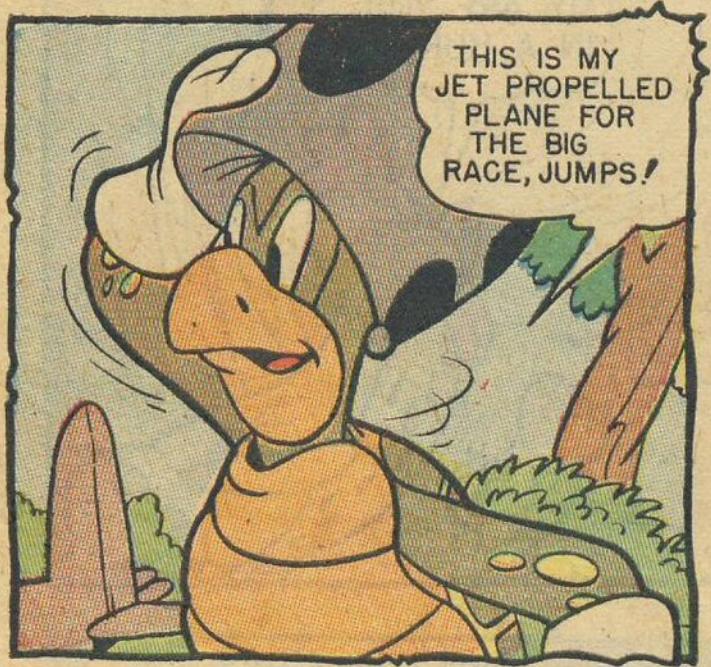


SUPERFOX IS FOLLOWING ME!  
HE ISN'T DEAD!

I'LL STAY HIDDEN  
BEHIND THESE  
BUSHES!

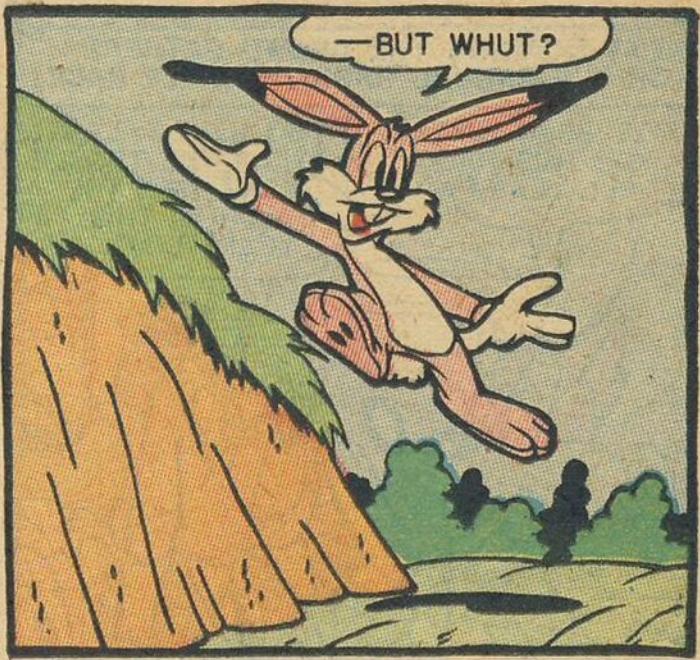
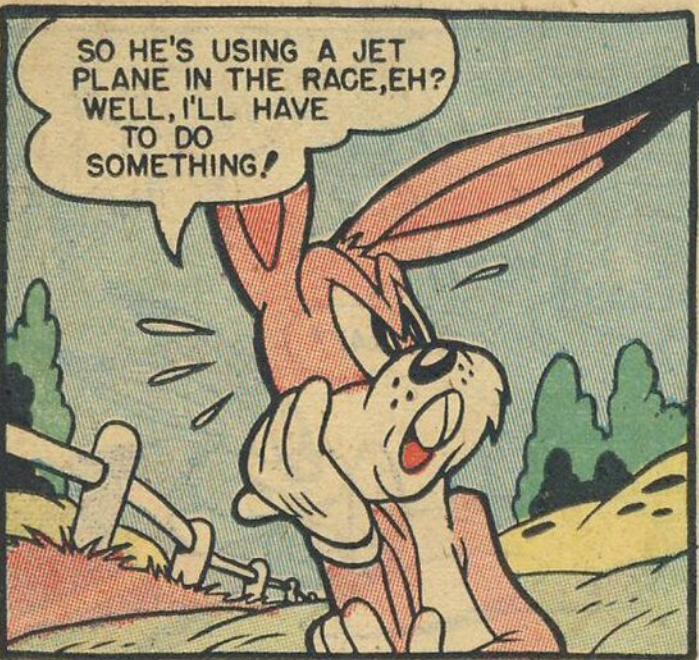




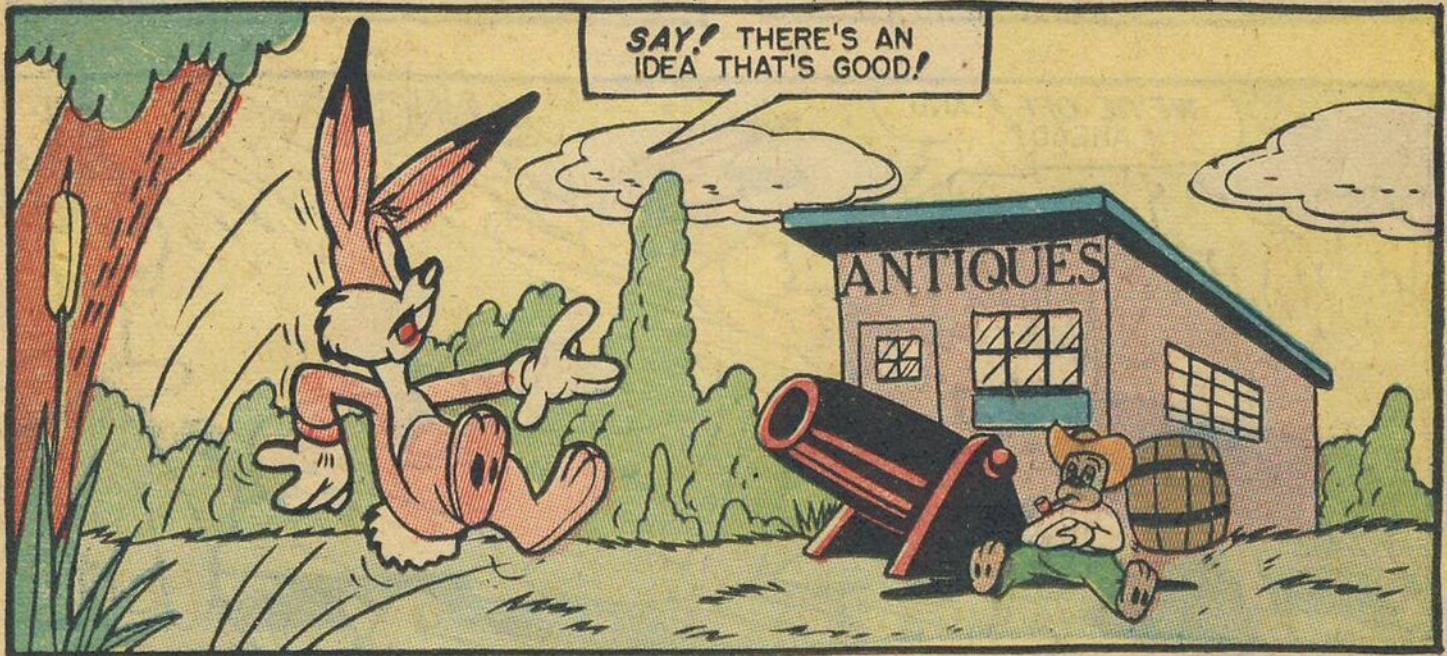


SO HE'S USING A JET  
PLANE IN THE RACE, EH?  
WELL, I'LL HAVE  
TO DO  
SOMETHING!

BUT WHUT?



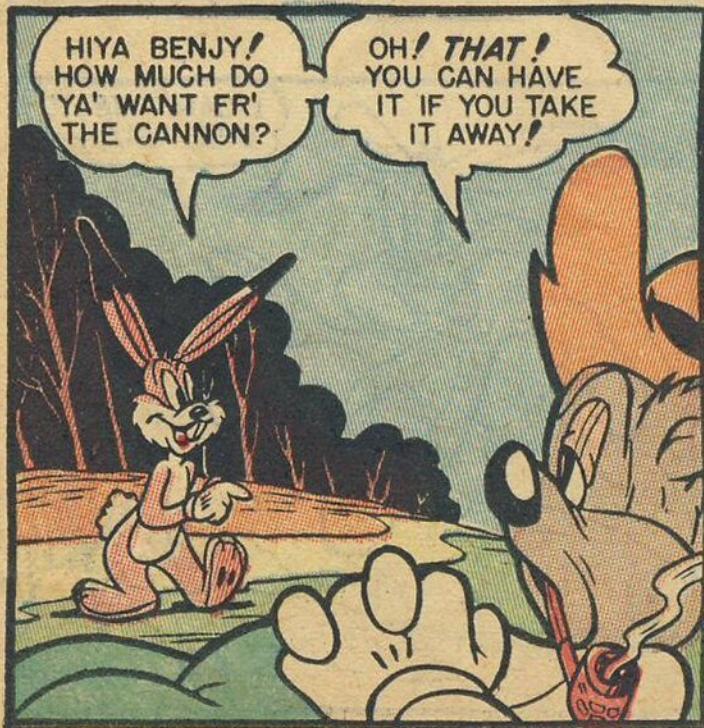
SAY! THERE'S AN  
IDEA THAT'S GOOD!



HIYA BENJY!  
HOW MUCH DO  
YA' WANT FR'  
THE CANNON?

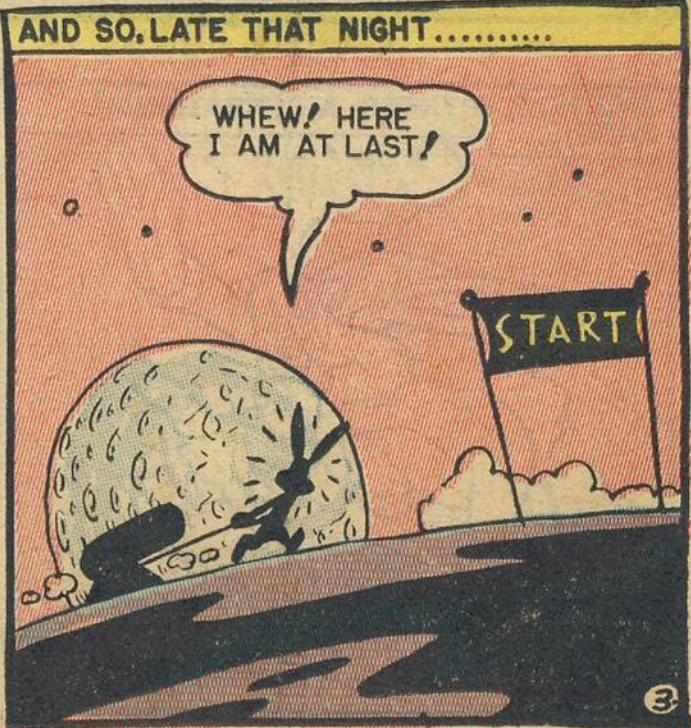
OH! THAT!  
YOU CAN HAVE  
IT IF YOU TAKE  
IT AWAY!

AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT.....

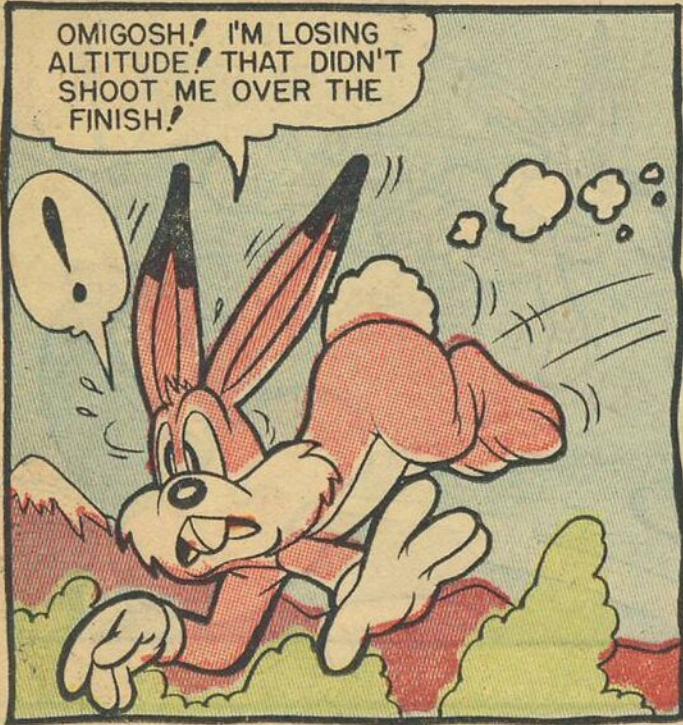


WHEW! HERE  
I AM AT LAST!

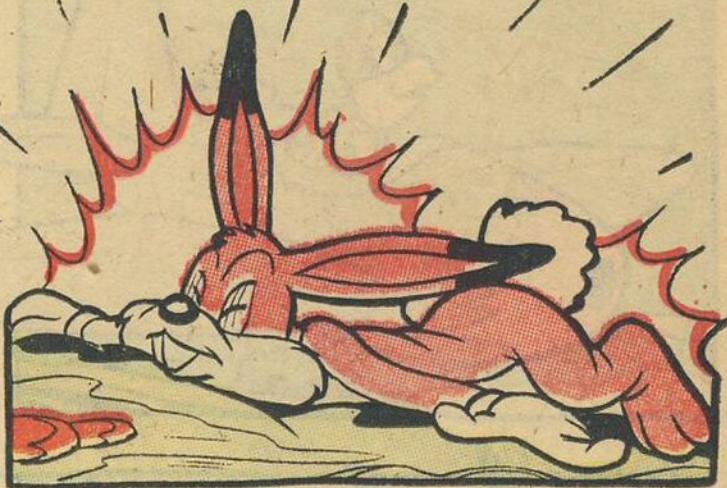
START



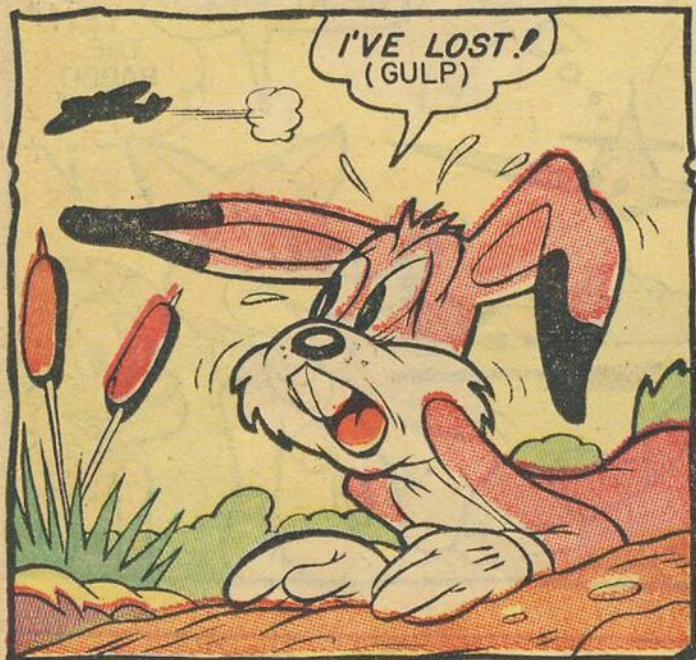
OMIGOSH! I'M LOSING ALTITUDE! THAT DIDN'T SHOOT ME OVER THE FINISH!



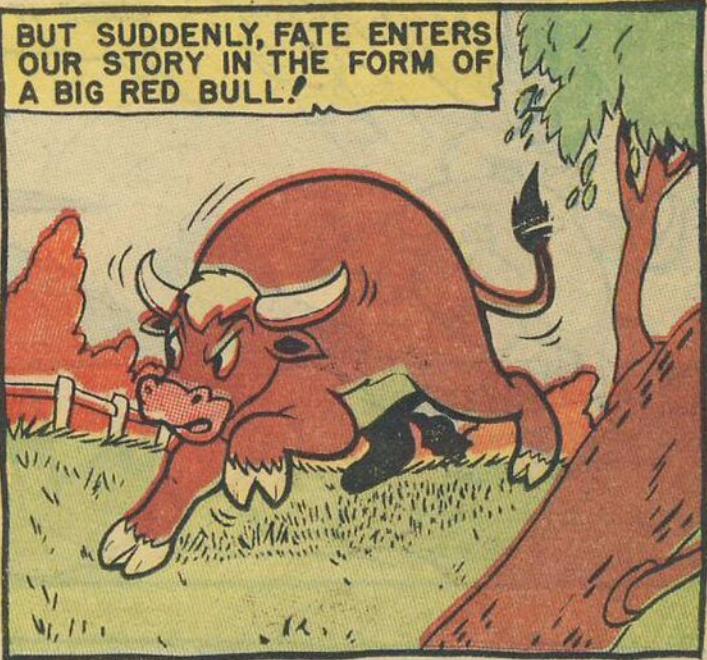
WHAM!



I'VE LOST!  
(GULP)

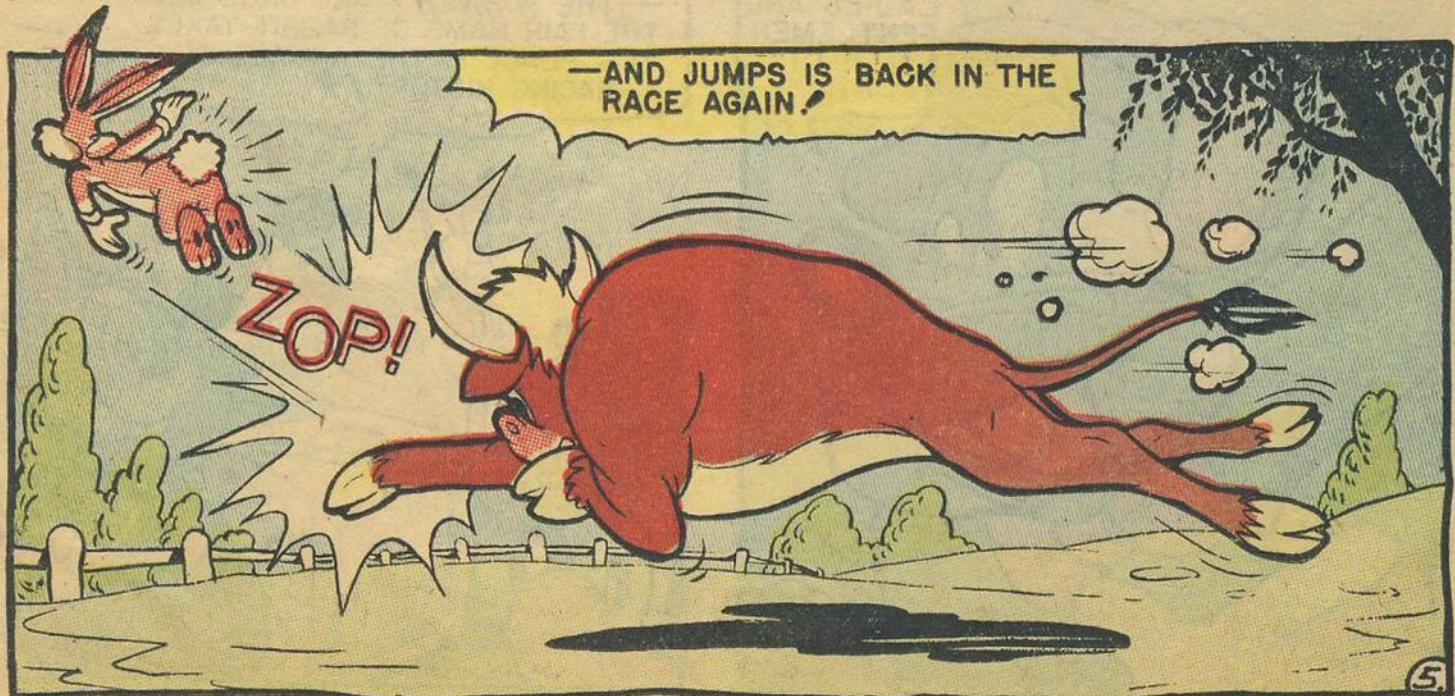


BUT SUDDENLY, FATE ENTERS OUR STORY IN THE FORM OF A BIG RED BULL!

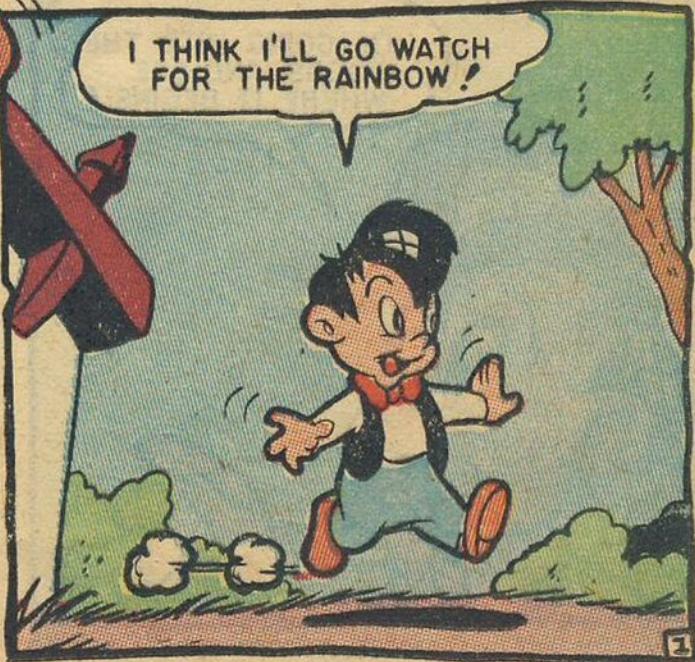
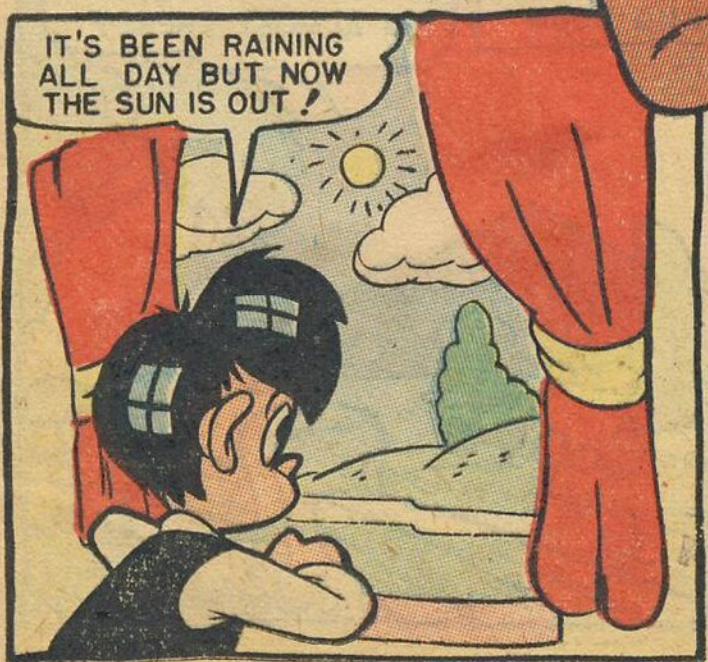
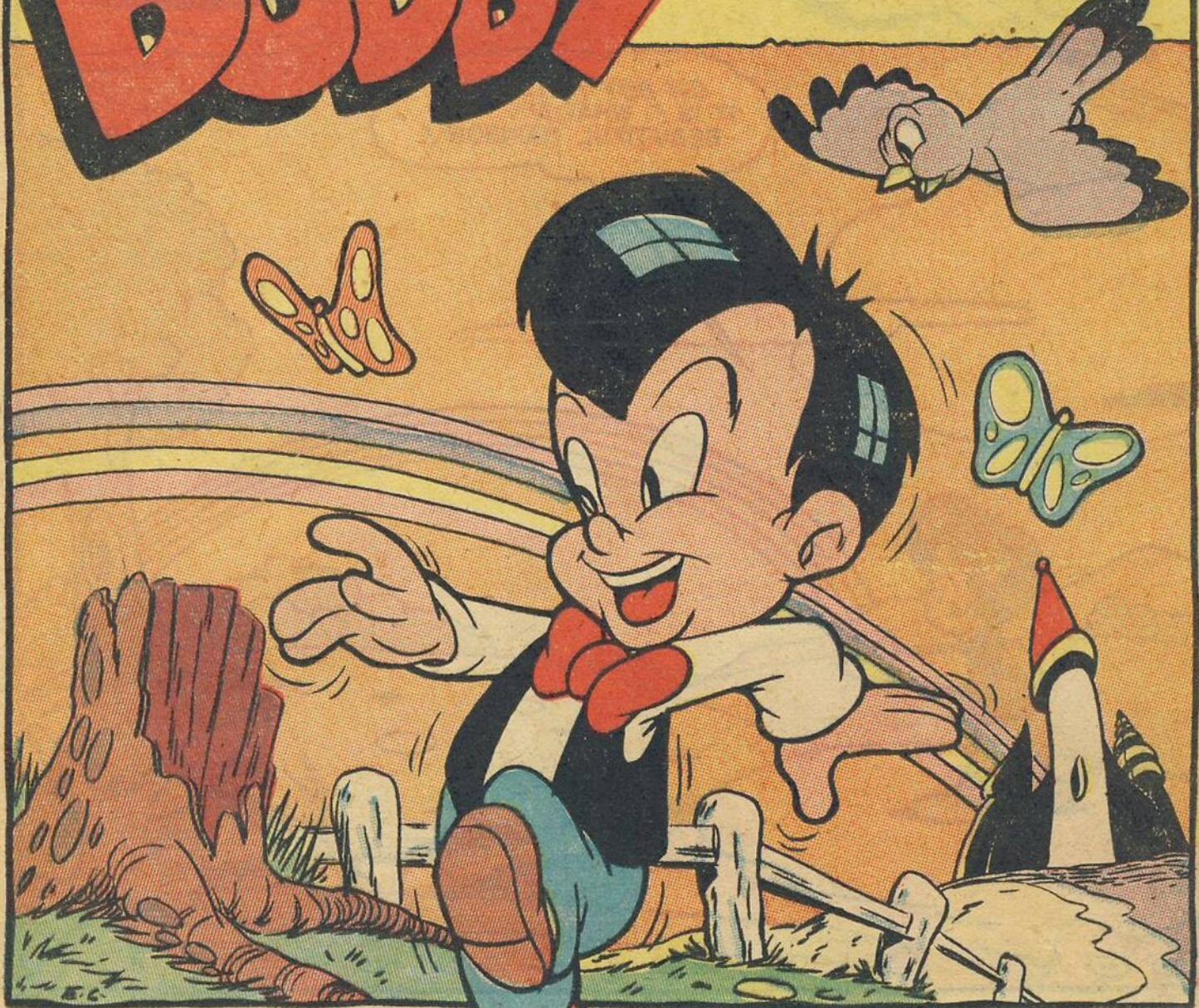


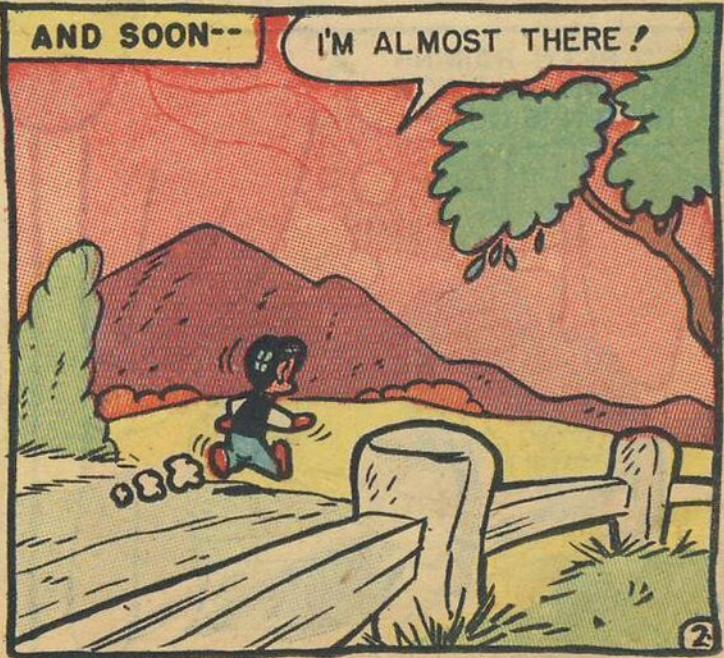
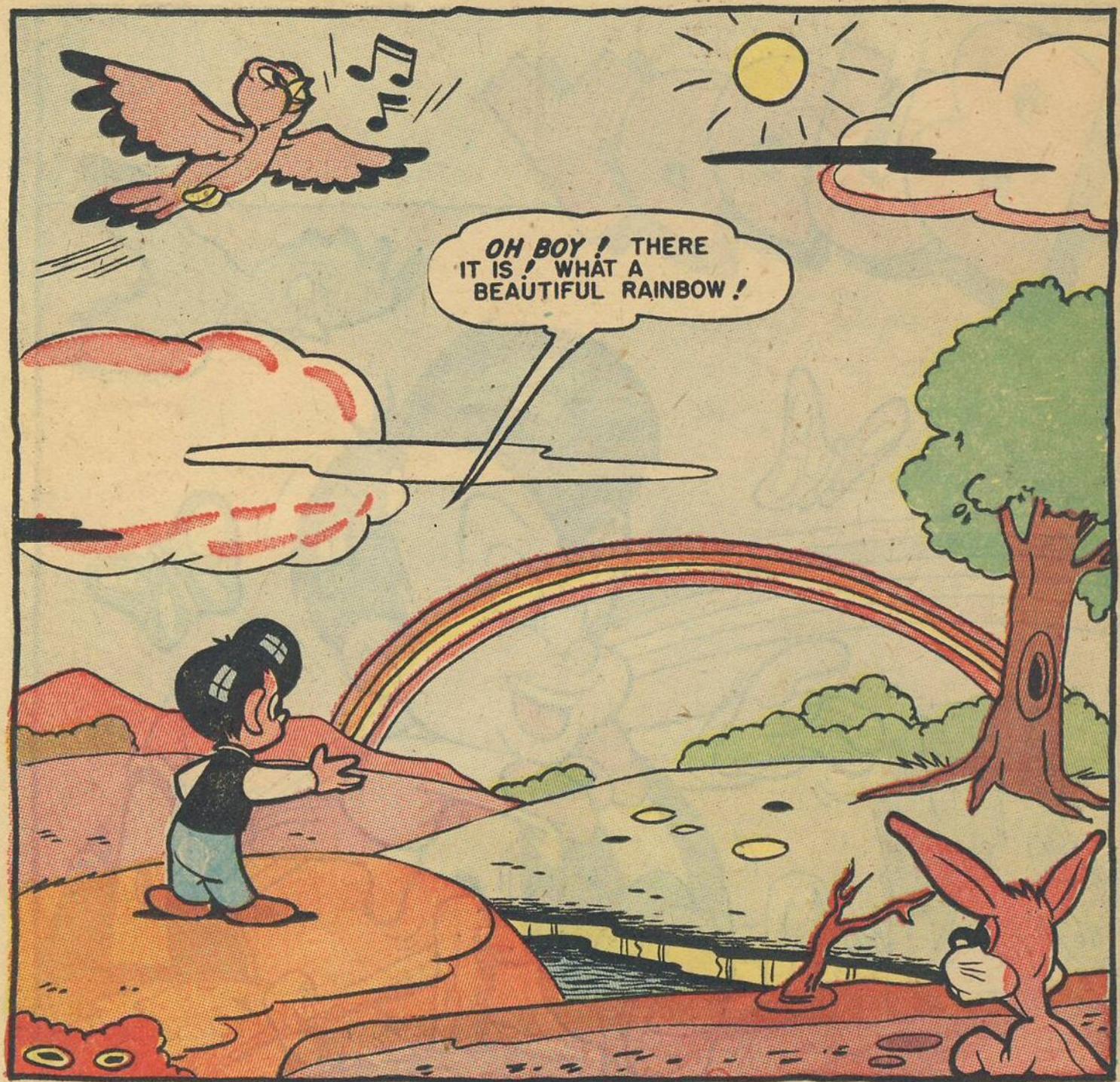
—AND JUMPS IS BACK IN THE RACE AGAIN!

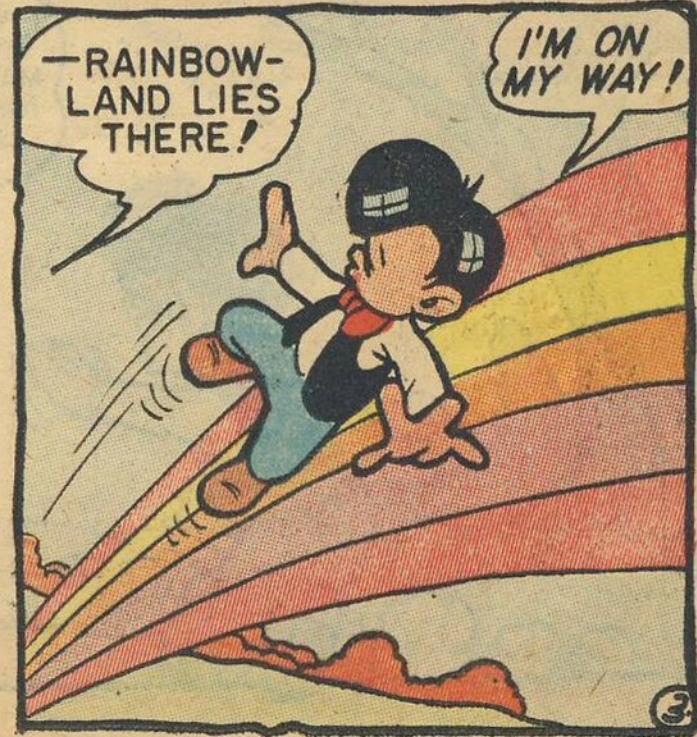
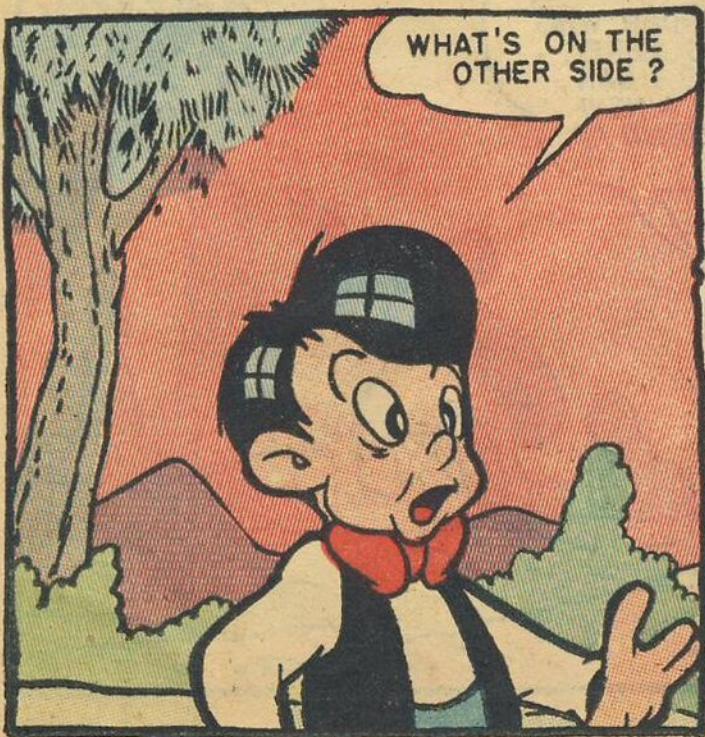
ZOP!



# Buddy







NEXT MORNING THE CROWD GATHERS FOR THE ANNUAL RABBIT-TURTLE RACE...

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS RACE ALL YEAR!

SO HAVE I! LAST YEAR THE TURTLE WON! HE'S THE FAVORITE THIS YEAR, TOO!

BUT THE RABBIT LOOKS MIGHTY DETERMINED!

WOT A PLANE!

YEH!

I'LL SAY!

WE'RE OFF! AND I'M AHEAD!

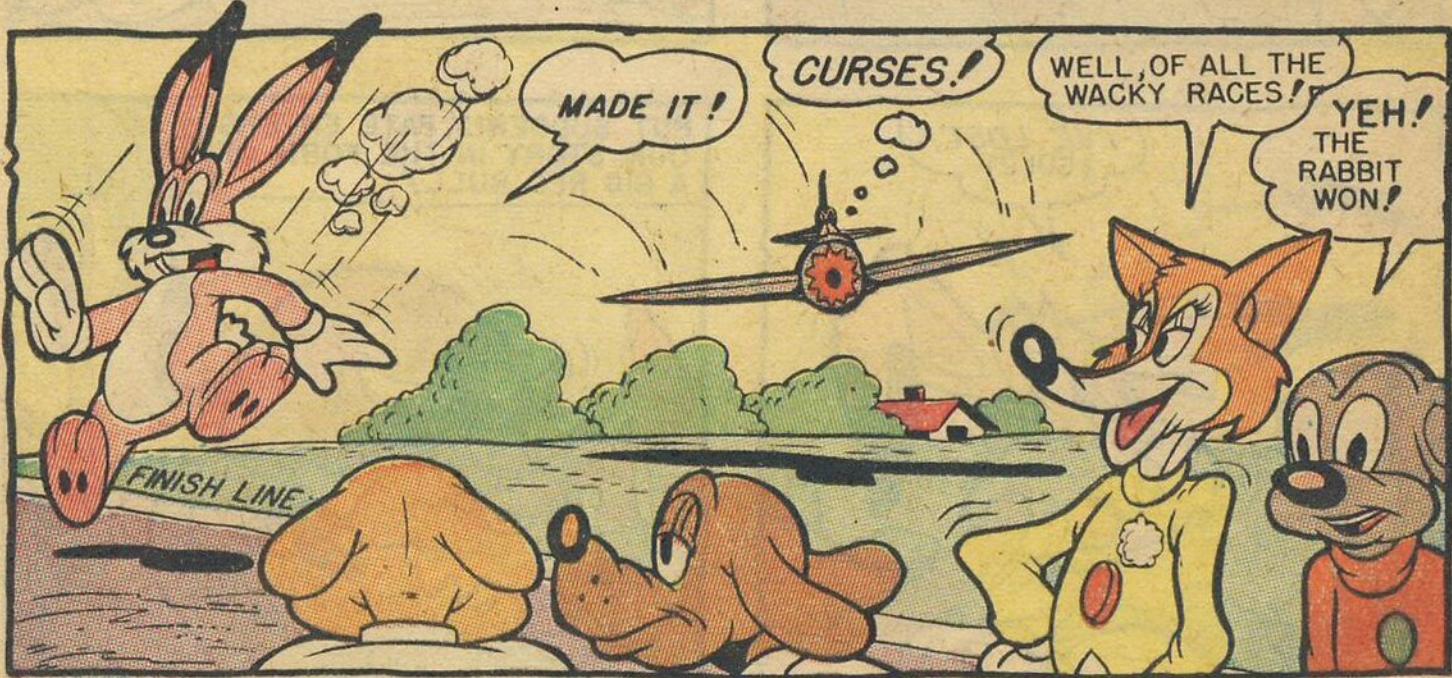
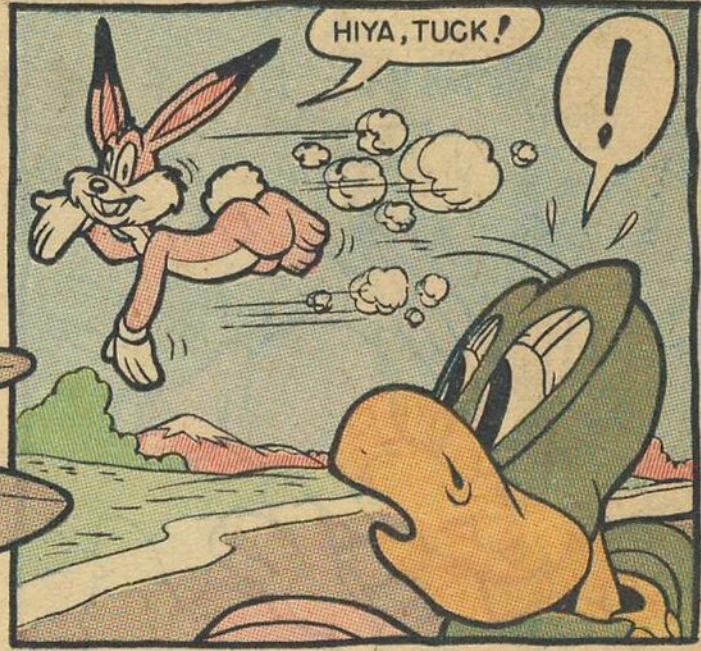
BANG!

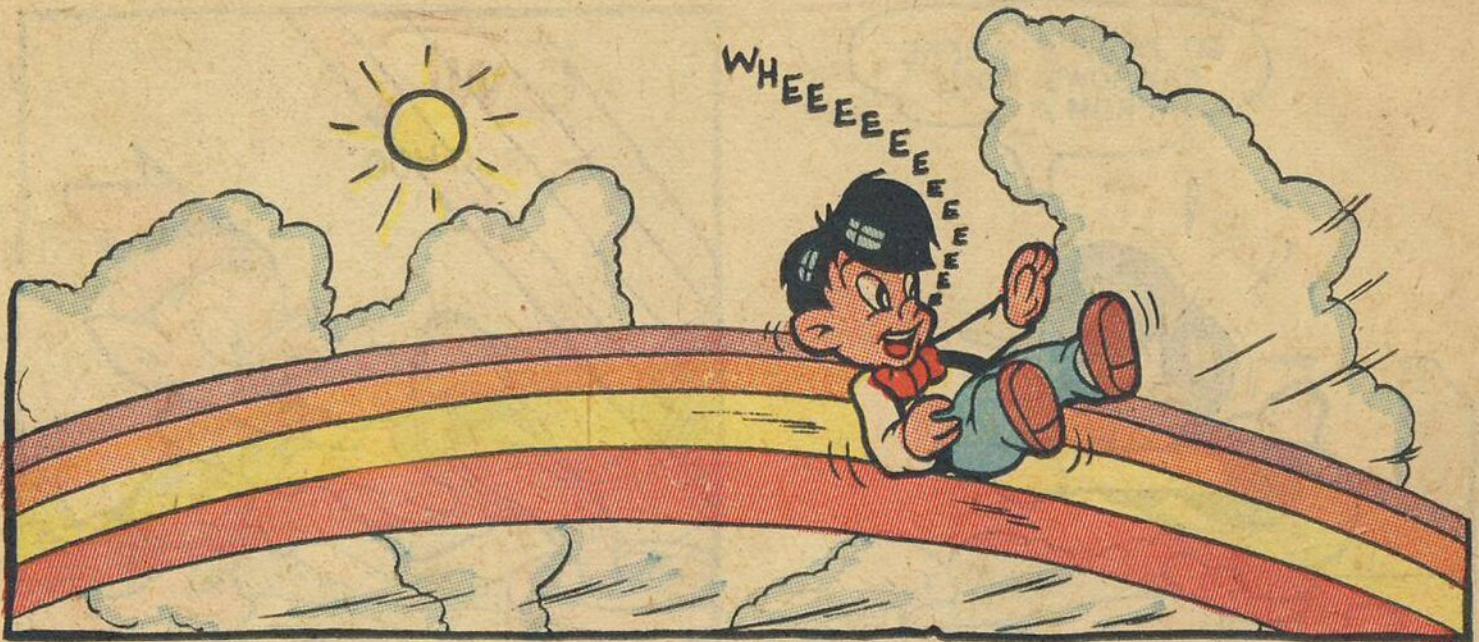
AND NOW, WITNESS A SENSATIONAL RACE...

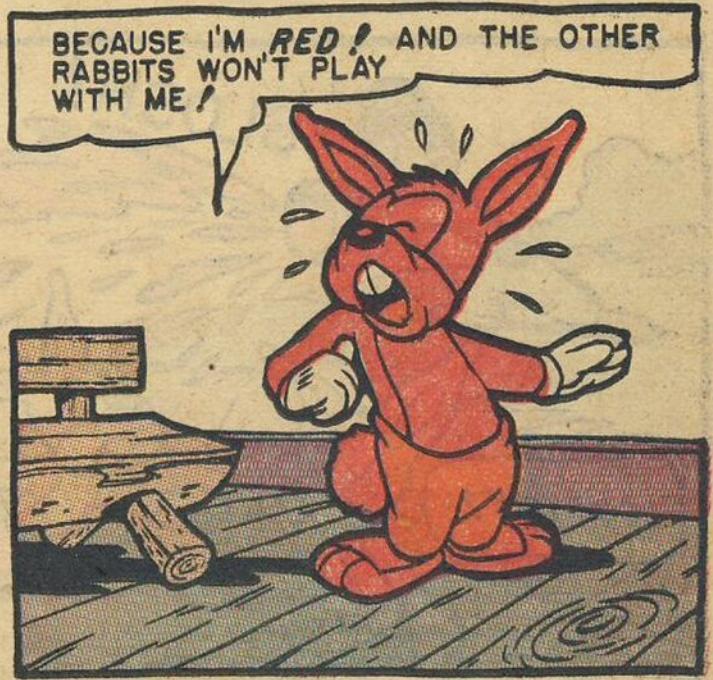
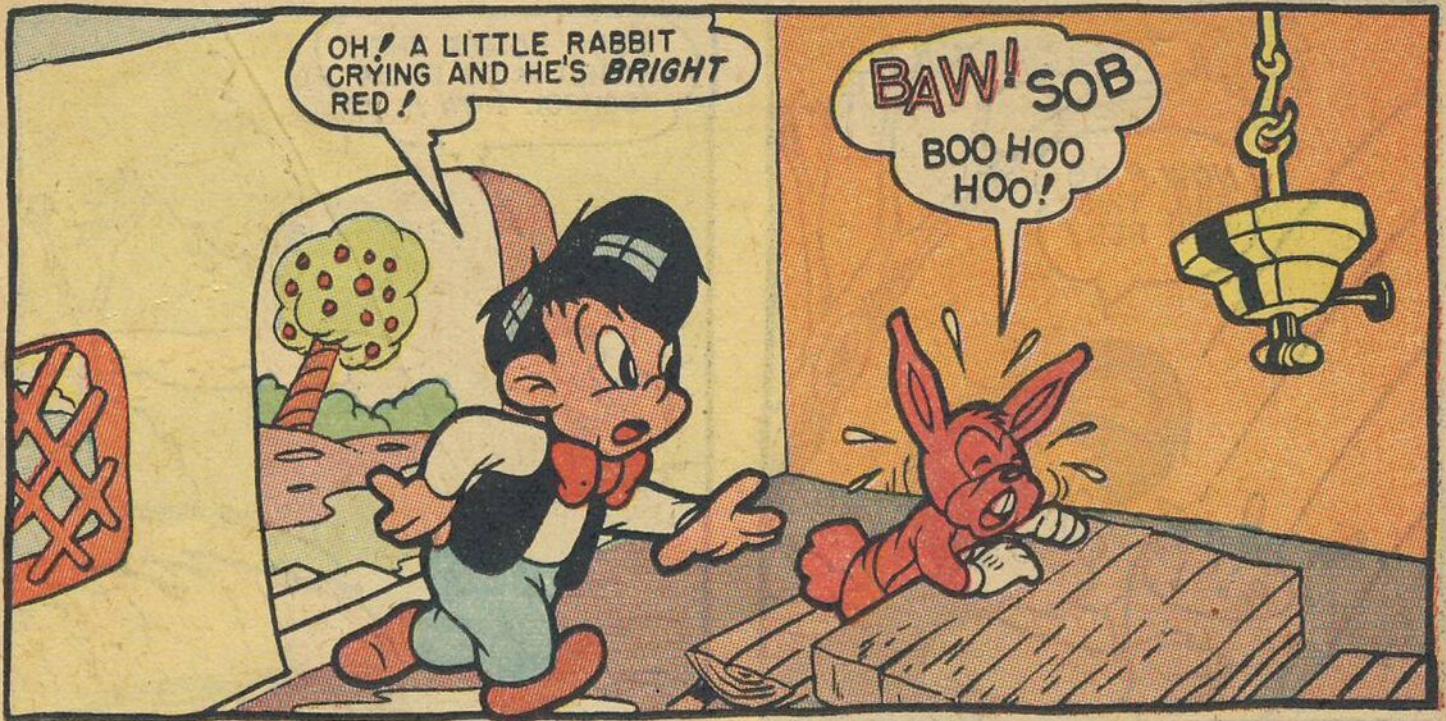
WOW! WOT A LEAD!!

I CAN'T HELP BUT WIN!

THERE'S THE FINISH LINE!  
I GUESS THE TURTLE OUTSMARTS  
RABBIT AGAIN!

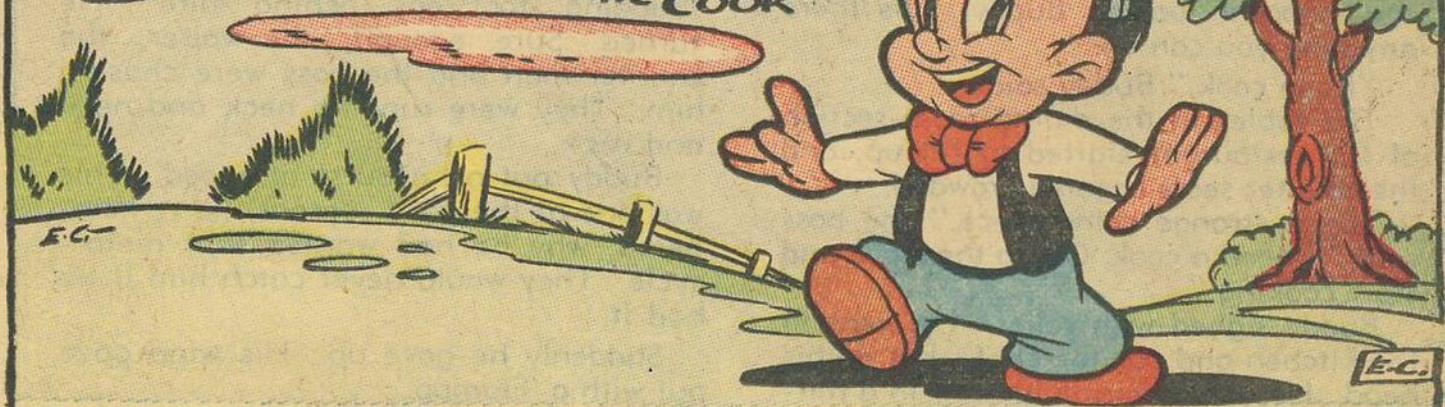






# BUDDY

"IN  
the Cook"



Buddy read the want ads. But frankly there were no jobs that seemed to fit the remarkable abilities he possessed. He put the paper down and remembered that he hadn't eaten any breakfast.

He took a couple of eggs, and holding them in one hand deposited the newspaper in the garbage can. As he did so the eggs fell to the floor; they broke.

They didn't look very appetising there, but money was a very scarce item to Buddy.

So, with but a moment's hesitation he scooped the eggs up, put them in a pan and had them on the fire.

The eggs tasted like floor sweepings and he wondered why. They didn't have to taste like floor sweepings. Just what were they feeding chickens anyway?

He pushed the eggs into the garbage can. As he did so he saw the paper again. He remembered he had to get work.

"Look," he explained to himself, "you're not going to make any money around here."

So he went out. He walked up Main Street. Nothing doing there. He walked up the west side of North Street from the southern direction. There was still no visible pile of dough beckoning to him.

But that feeling in his stomach began to annoy him again.

"Say," he said, "you're hungry, Buddy!"

The Food Haven, a neat new eatery wasn't far away so he walked over to it. He went inside and straight to the food counter. He sat down, and picked up the menu. The counter man came over.

"What'll it be bud?"

"Orange juice, Bacon and eggs, milk."

When the food was placed before him Buddy smiled and said wisely, "Nothing tastes as good as food when you're hungry."

He ate the breakfast and then sat there feeling grand.

The counter man came over, picked up the check and punched it up near the dollar area. Buddy, still marvelling at the wonder of food paid little attention to it.

After some time had gone by he looked up and saw that the counter man and the boss were together at the cash register studying him.

Buddy smiled and signalled for them to join him.

"Yes?" they said together when they came over.

"Tell me," Buddy asked, drumming on the counter with his fingers, "tell me what I can do to earn some money."

"Money?" they asked.

"Yes," Buddy explained, "I'm broke and I want to buy a motorcycle, some fancy duds, and—"

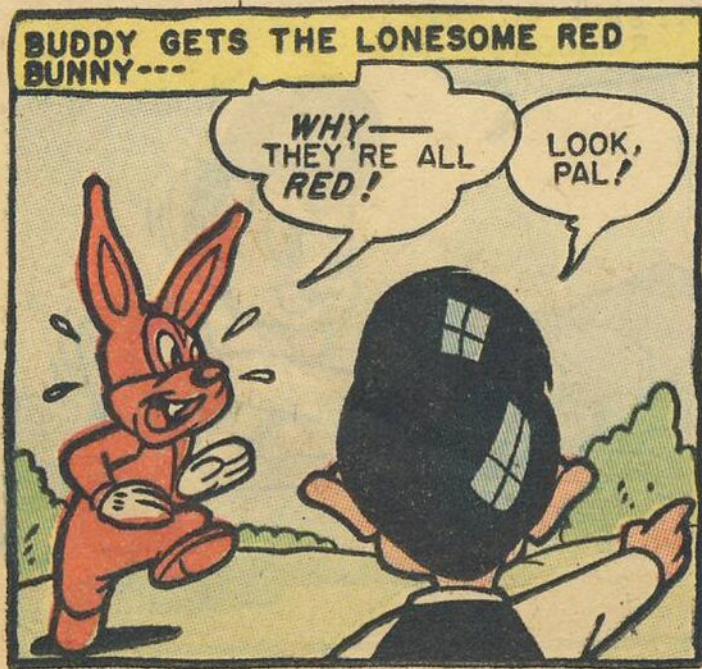
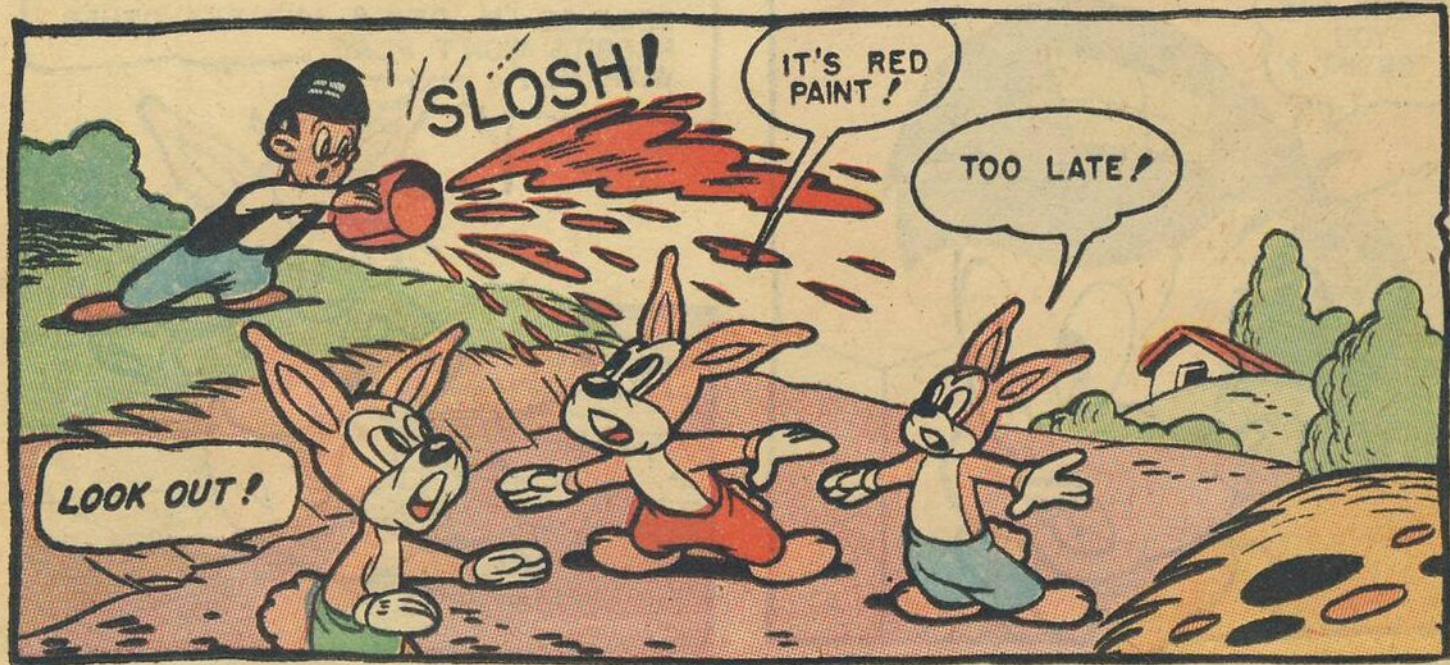
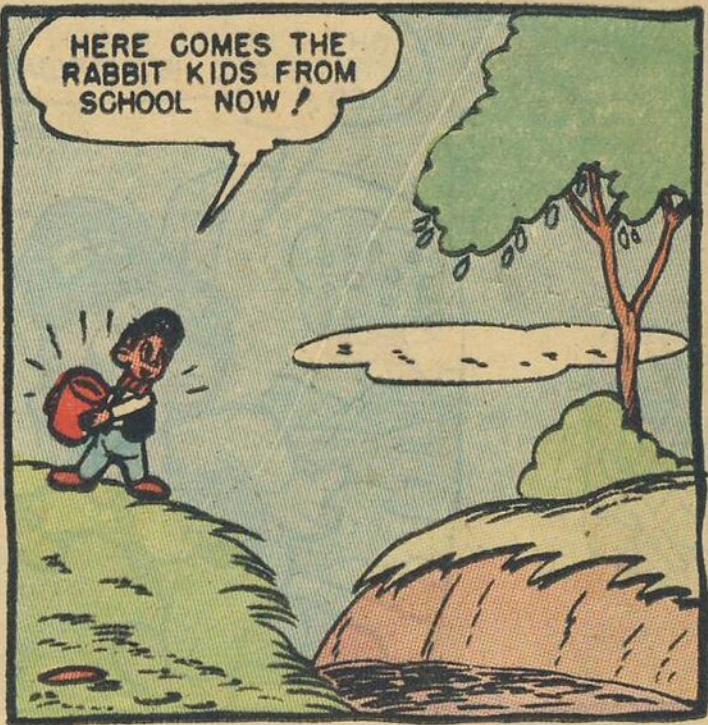
The counter man grabbed one arm, and the boss grabbed his other. Together they lifted him free of his chair.

"Hey!" Buddy said, "If you won't tell me you don't have to get violent."

They bounced him up and down on the seat until stars danced like rockets before his eyes. Still gripping his arms they carried him to the kitchen.

"There!" they pointed as one man.

Buddy looked. "Dishes!" he groaned.



"Don't," he pleaded with both men, "don't trust me with dishes. I have the world's record for breaking dishes."

"Gee boss," the counter man said, "and we're using our good service set too. This being your birthday."

"Well," the boss asked after studying the innocent looking Buddy, "is there anything you can do?"

"I can cook," Buddy said.

The tables in the dining room section of the restaurant started to fill up, and the counter seats became crowded.

"By a strange coincidence," the boss said, "I need a cook. Get to the stove and start cooking."

Buddy sighed with relief. He went to the kitchen and put the chef's hat on his head. He was admiring himself in a mirror when the waiter came in. He glanced at Buddy.

"A new cook," he commented, shrugging his shoulders. "Boy, the things that happen around here."

"Yeh," Buddy said, "I'm the new cook, why?"

"If you last through the day consider you performed a miracle."

A loud cry "WAITER!" boomed into the kitchen from the dining room. The waiter dashed out.

In a moment he was back with an order.

"Harlequin appetizer," he called off to Buddy, "Baked Ham with kumquats cut as daisies on watercress."

The waiter ducked back into the dining room.

"Harlequin appetizer?" Buddy wondered what it was. "Baked ham—" well he knew what ham was. But he couldn't find any in the kitchen. "Kumquats-Daisies-Watercress!" They all sounded like wild flowers.

The waiter came in. "This customer's got to get back to his office!" he yelled. "Snap out of it! Get the guy's order!"

Buddy watched the waiter go out. He reached in the oven. He found something that might be ham, it might as easily be corned beef, it might have been stewed leather. He admitted he didn't know. He sliced some of it. Next he found a jar labelled kumquats. He added kumquats to the dish.

But watercress had him stumped. He decided that it must be something like water lillies. He might get that where he would get the daisies.

"Ready yet!" It was the waiter from the door.

"In a minute," Buddy assured him.

As soon as the waiter left Buddy discarded the chef's hat, climbed out of the window and ran.

He hadn't gotten far when he heard thudding footsteps behind him. He turned. Sure enough; the waiter, the counter man and the boss were chasing him. They were running neck and neck and neck.

Buddy put on a burst of speed. This was one of the good reasons, he remembered, why he had wanted that motorcycle. They would never catch him if he had it.

Suddenly he gave up. His wind gave out with a 'Flumpp.'

He was sitting on the fire hydrant when they came puffing up to him.

"Listen," the boss pleaded when he caught his breath, "you satisfied our craziest customer. You got to come back and work for me. Please come back."

Buddy watched in amazement as the three of them got on their knees and begged him to go back and take charge of the kitchen.

"We'll let you have a motorcycle," the boss said. "you can have a charge account at the leading haberdasher in town."

"Well," Buddy said, "O.K it's a deal."

But of course all this was what Buddy dreamed as he washed and washed and washed the mountain of dishes.

The door opened and the restaurant owner showed his head inside.

"You finished yet!" he roared. "I got another job for you!"

Buddy leaned wearily against the pile of dishes.

"Wurr-ump!!" They went down in a crash that was like bursting atoms.

"Oh-h-h!" the owner groaned.

He wet to Buddy, grabbed him, drew back and heaved him right through the door, right through the kitchen, right across the street.

"Boy," Buddy said as he walked away home. He was tired, bruised and weary. "Now what can I do to earn money to get a motorcycle?"

"Well," he said confidently, "something will turn up. Something always turns up. Like that restaurant for instance!"

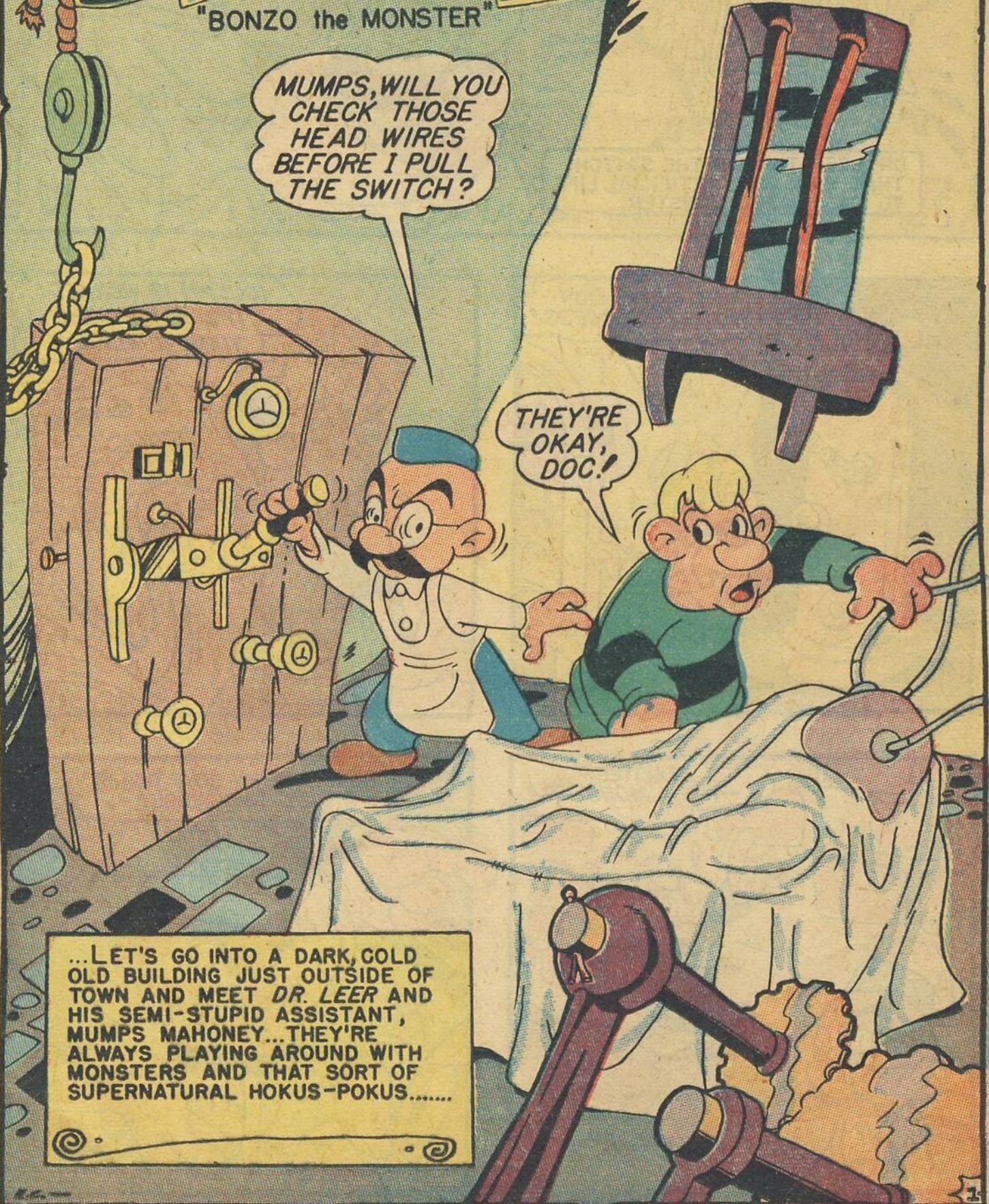
# DR. LEER

"BONZO the MONSTER"

MUMPS, WILL YOU  
CHECK THOSE  
HEAD WIRES  
BEFORE I PULL  
THE SWITCH?

THEY'RE  
OKAY,  
DOC!

...LET'S GO INTO A DARK, COLD  
OLD BUILDING JUST OUTSIDE OF  
TOWN AND MEET DR. LEER AND  
HIS SEMI-STUPID ASSISTANT,  
MUMPS MAHONEY... THEY'RE  
ALWAYS PLAYING AROUND WITH  
MONSTERS AND THAT SORT OF  
SUPERNATURAL HOKUS-POKUS.....



HMNN! SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING'S BURNING!

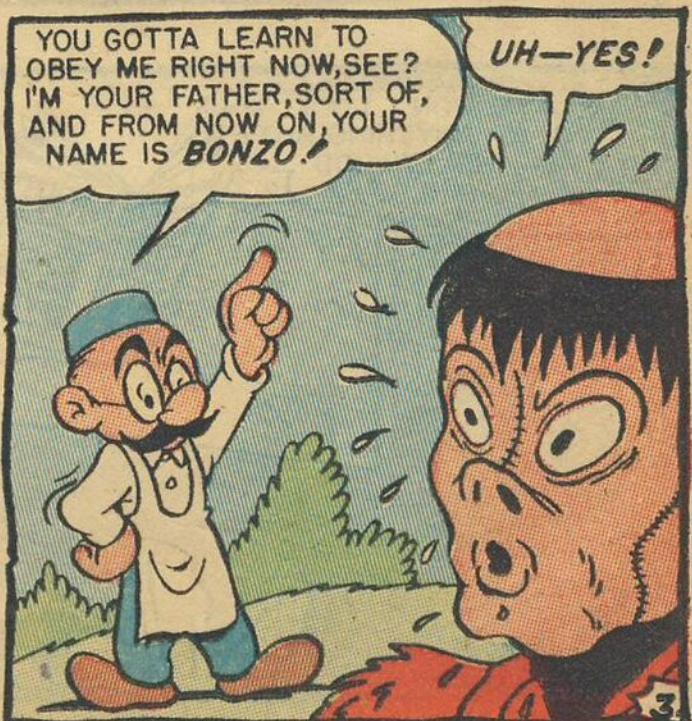
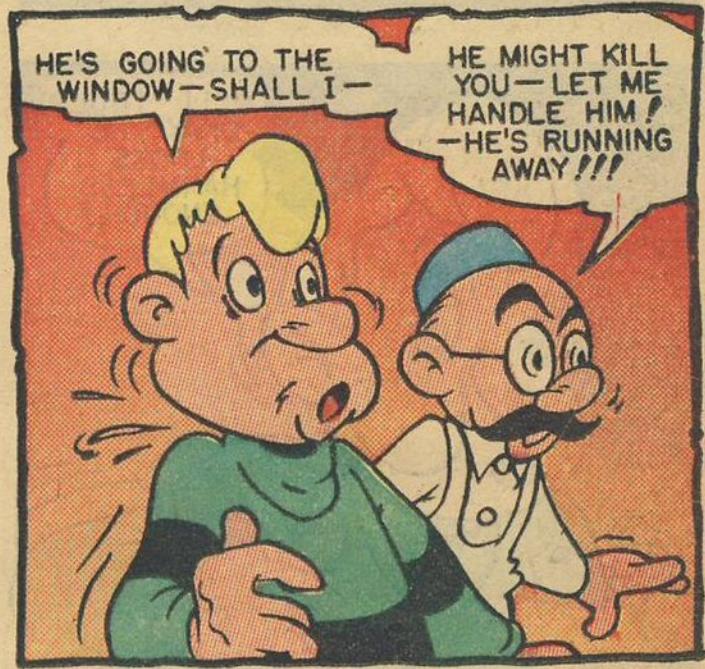
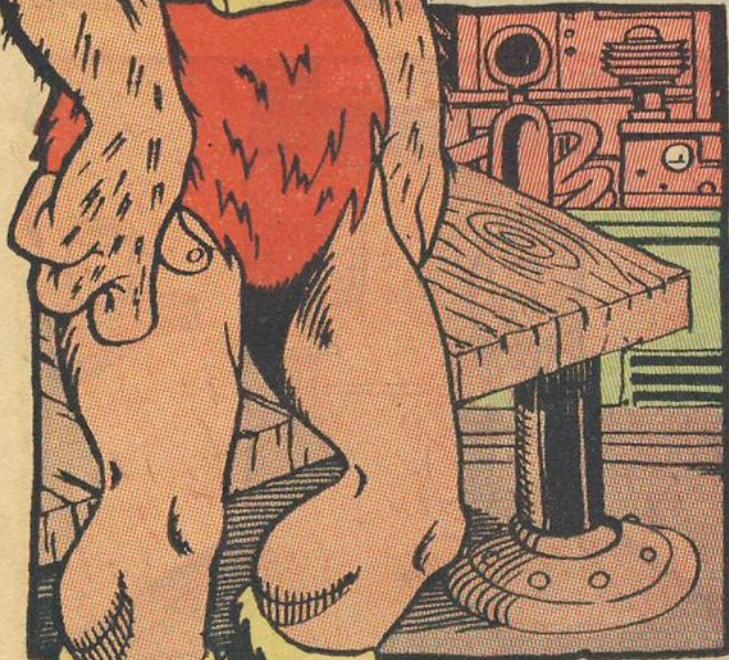
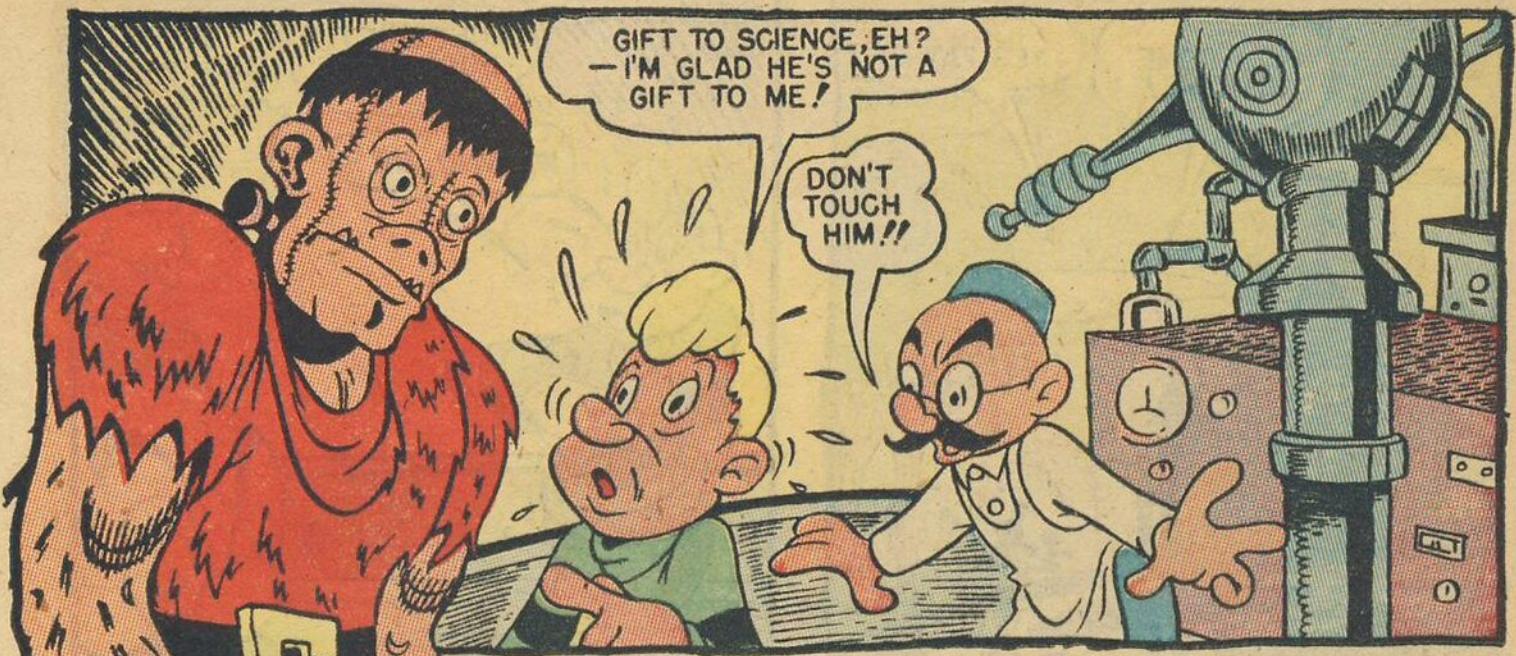
SNIFF  
SNIFF

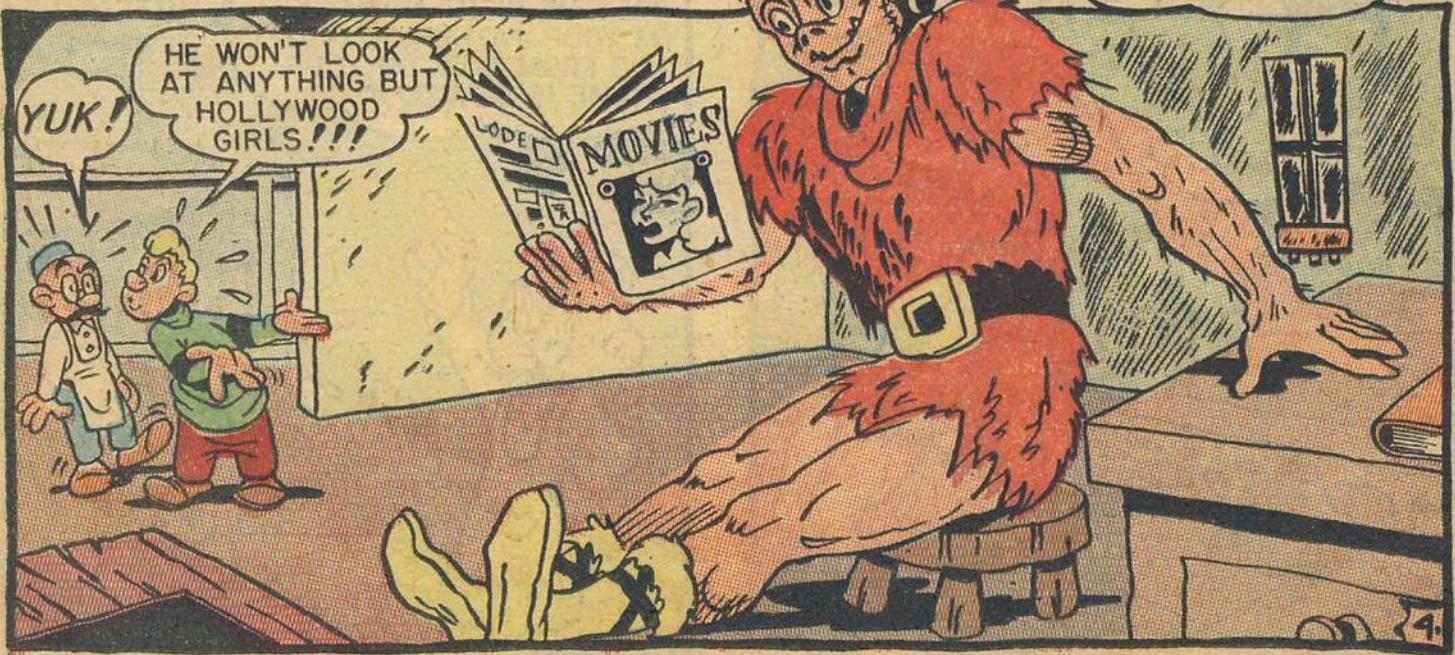
DR. LEER THROWS THE SWITCH  
THAT WILL GIVE ARTIFICIAL LIFE  
TO THE DRAPED MONSTER...

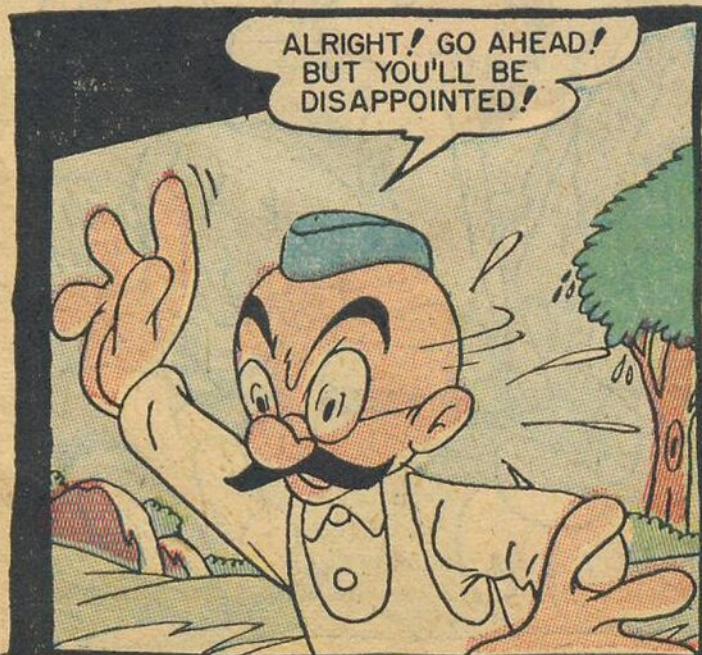
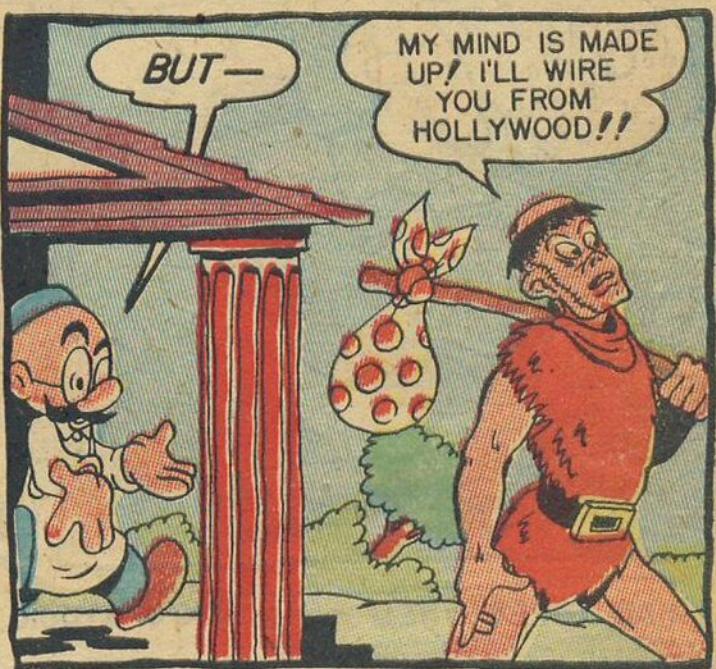
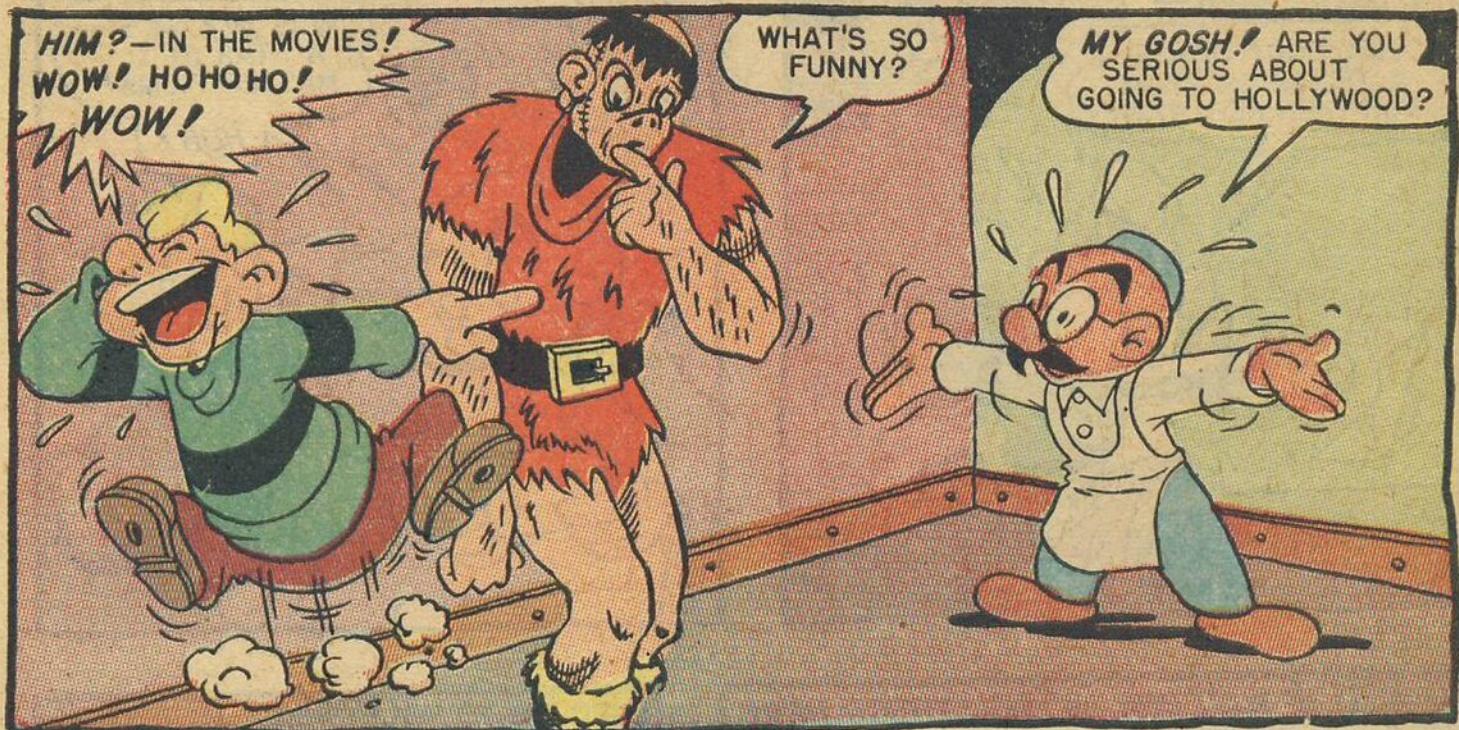
(GULP!) IT WORKED!  
IT'S ALIVE! THE  
THING'S ALIVE!

A MONSTER!  
—IT'S A MONSTER!

NONSENSE MY BOY! THIS IS  
A GIFT TO SCIENCE!







2 DAYS LATER—

HEY DOC! HERE'S  
A TELEGRAM FROM  
OUR (HEH HEH) STAR!

HE'S IN! HE'S  
A STAR AT  
MASTER FILMS!

HUH!

WAIT FOR  
ME!

HOLLYWOOD, HERE  
WE COME!

ENROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD...

A CAB TAKES THEM TO BONZO'S STUDIO...

MASTER FILMS, INC.

WELL,  
HERE  
WE ARE!

YEP!

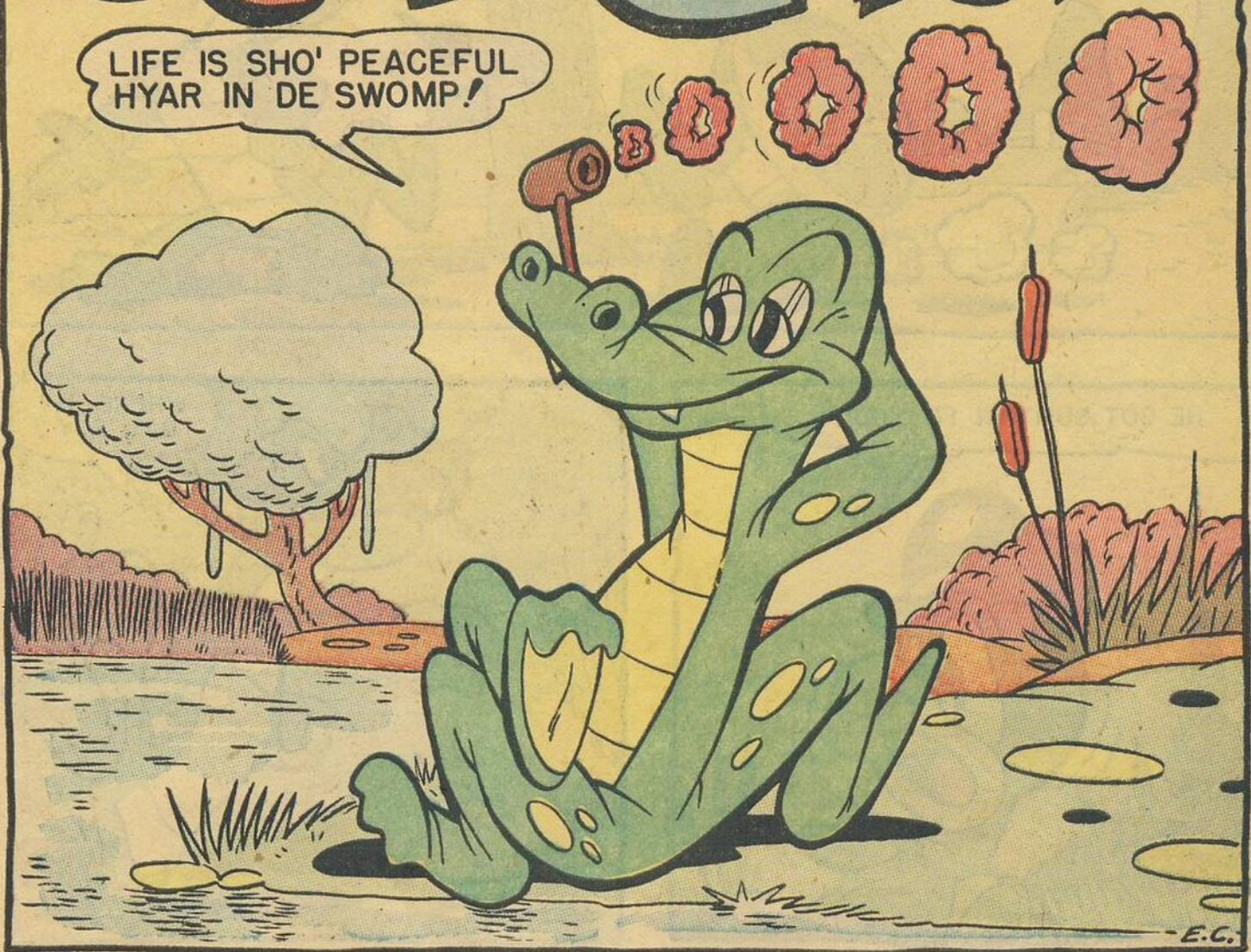
SOME  
BIRDS HAVE  
ALL THE  
LUCK!!

HEH  
HEH!

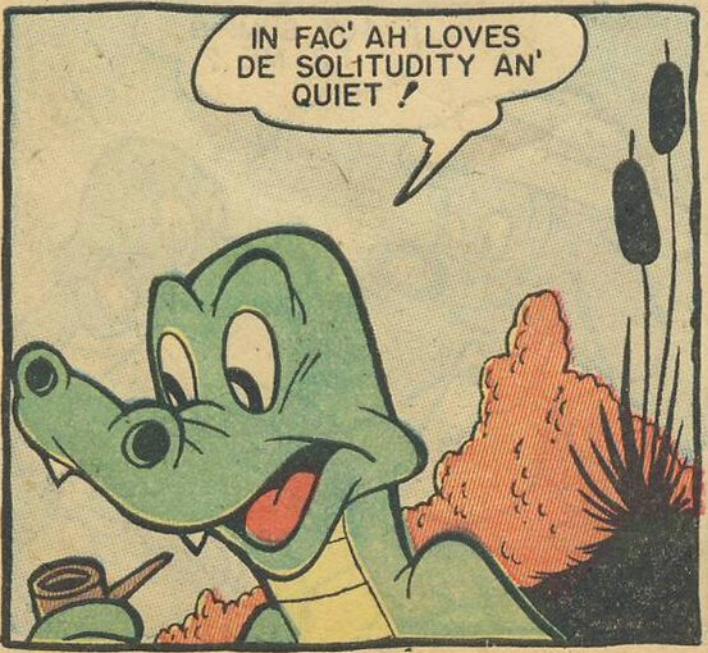
TAXI

# GOOFY GATOR

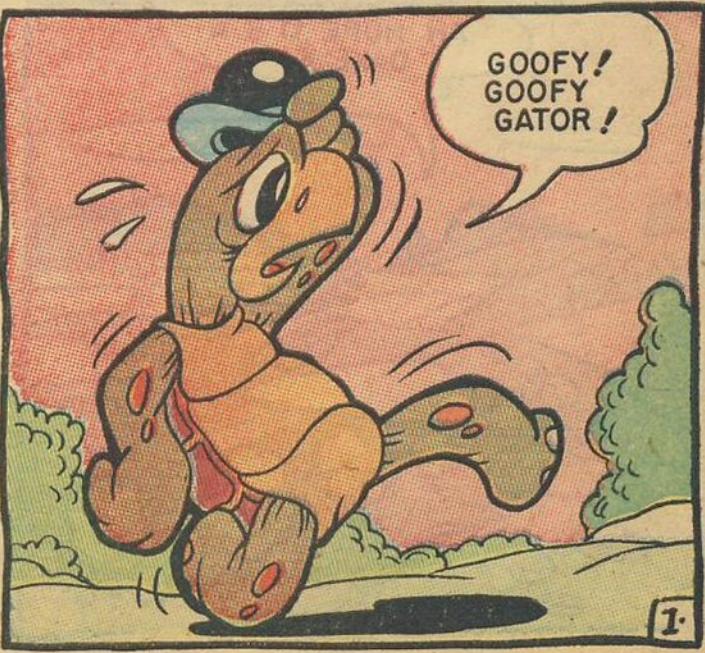
LIFE IS SHO' PEACEFUL  
HYAR IN DE SWOMP!

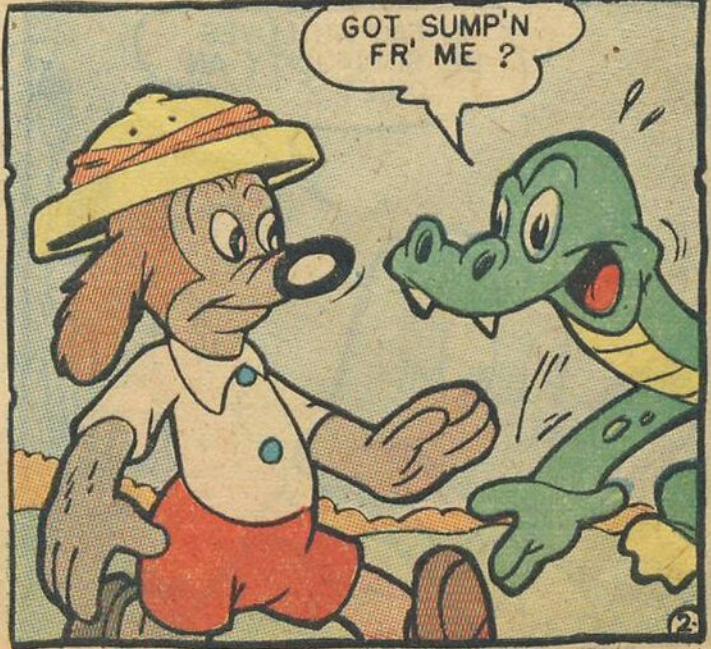
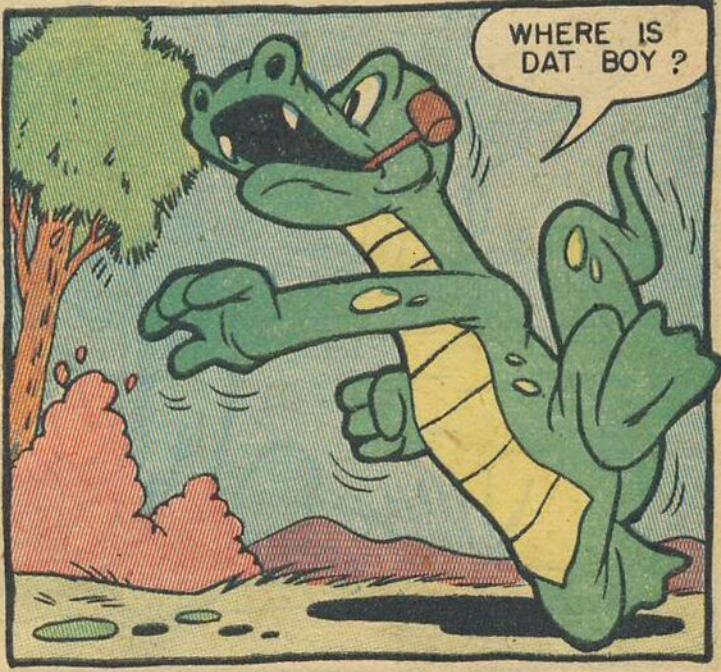
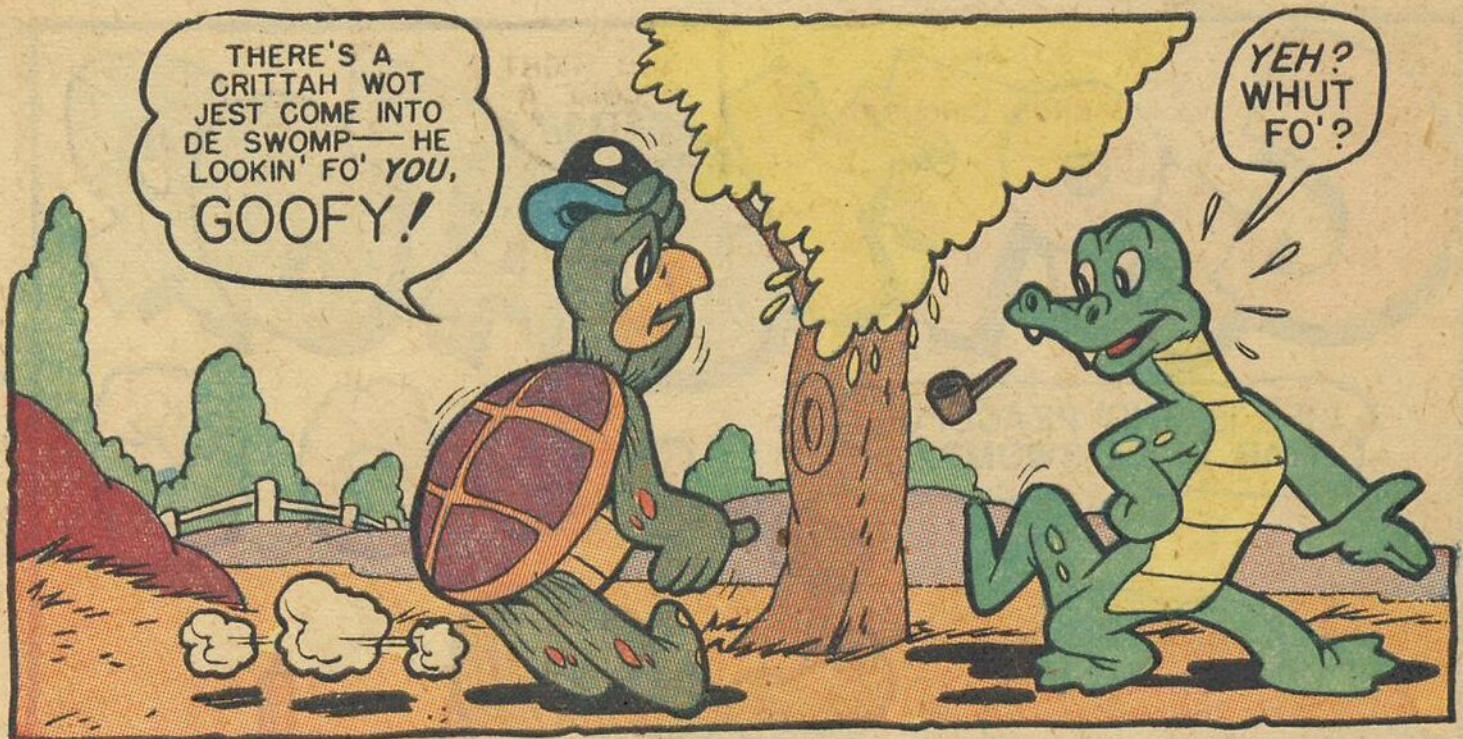


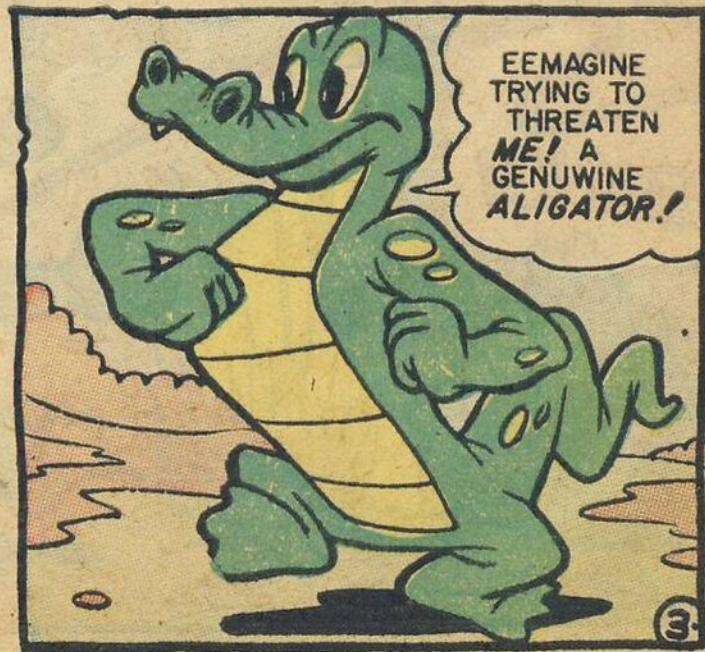
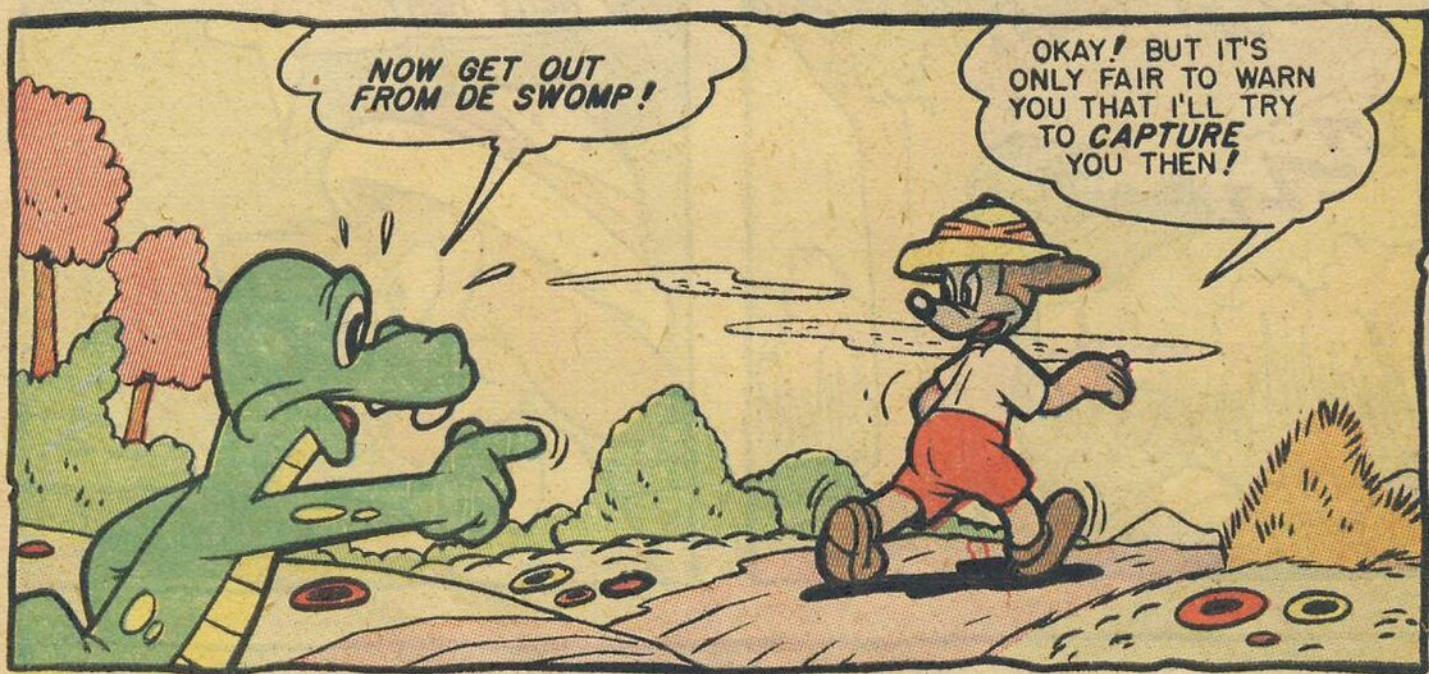
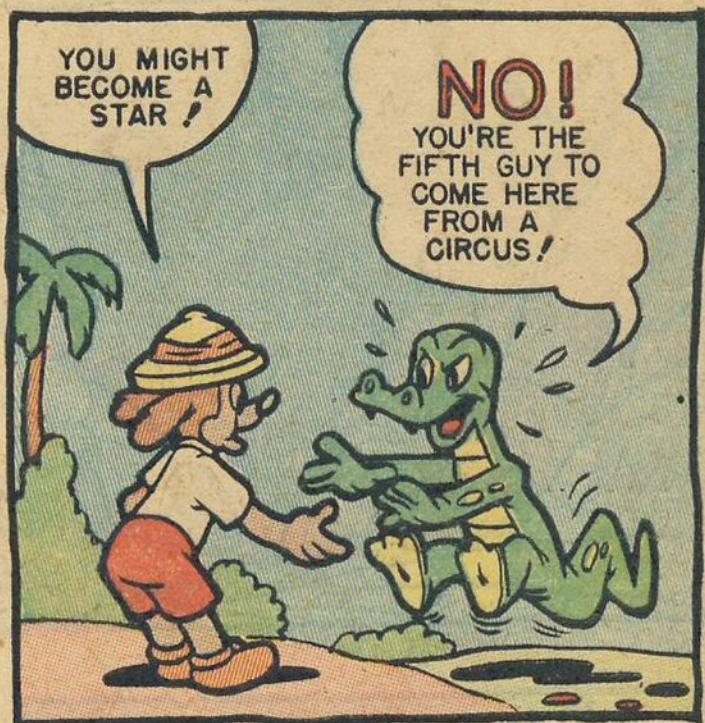
IN FAC' AH LOVES  
DE SOLITUDITY AN'  
QUIET !

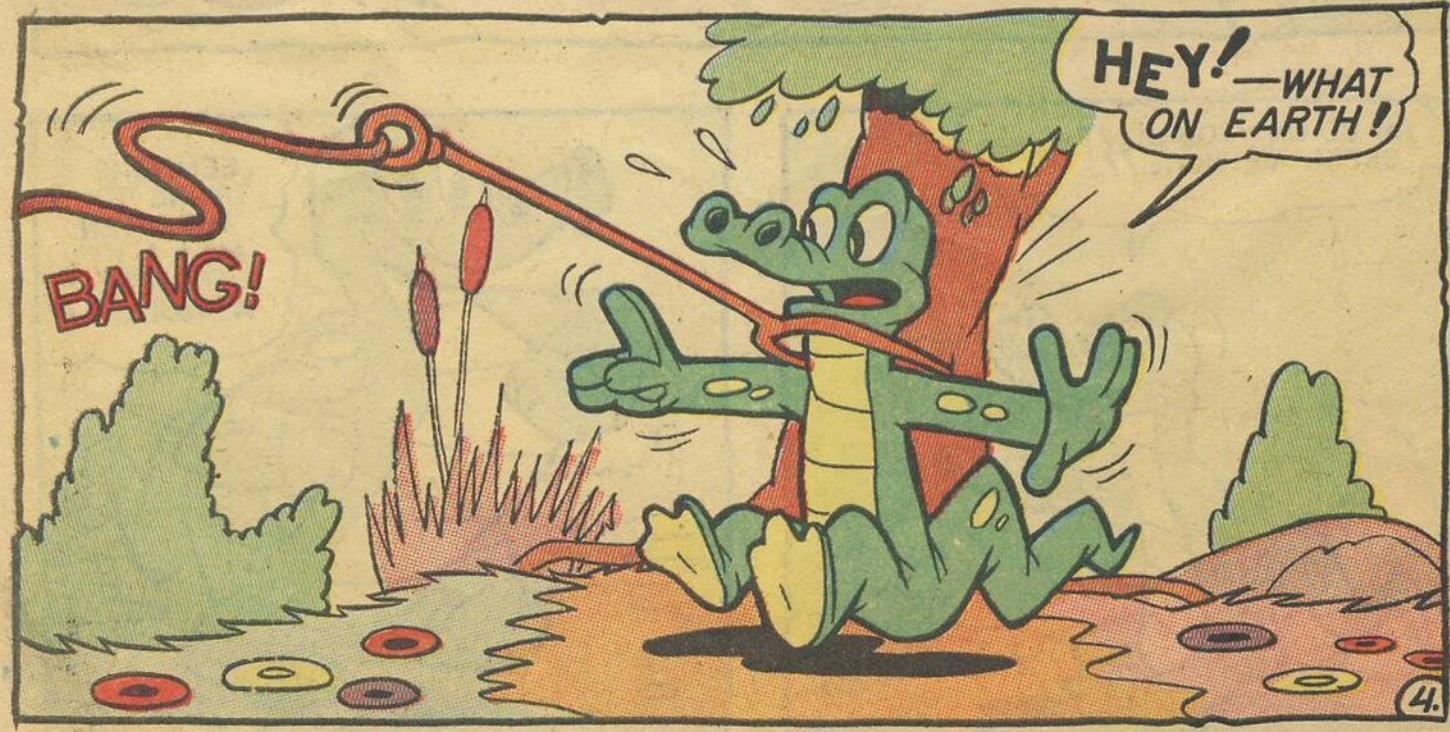
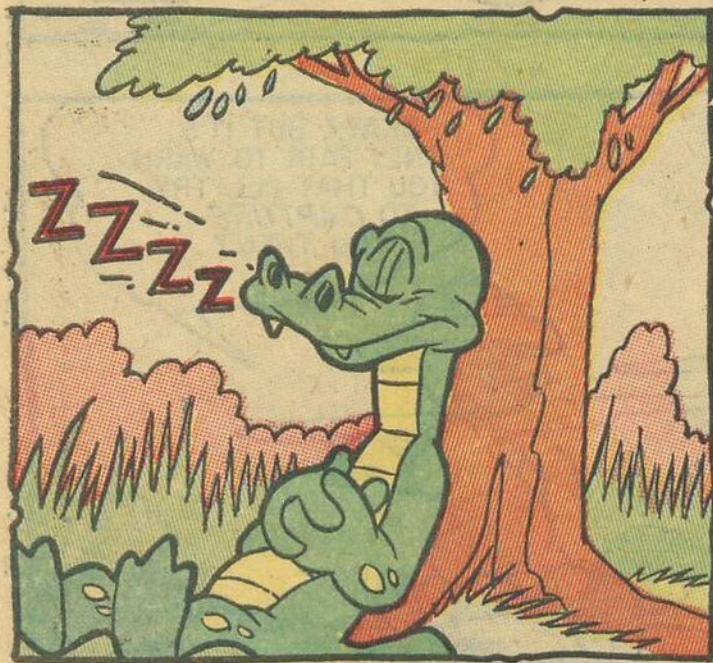


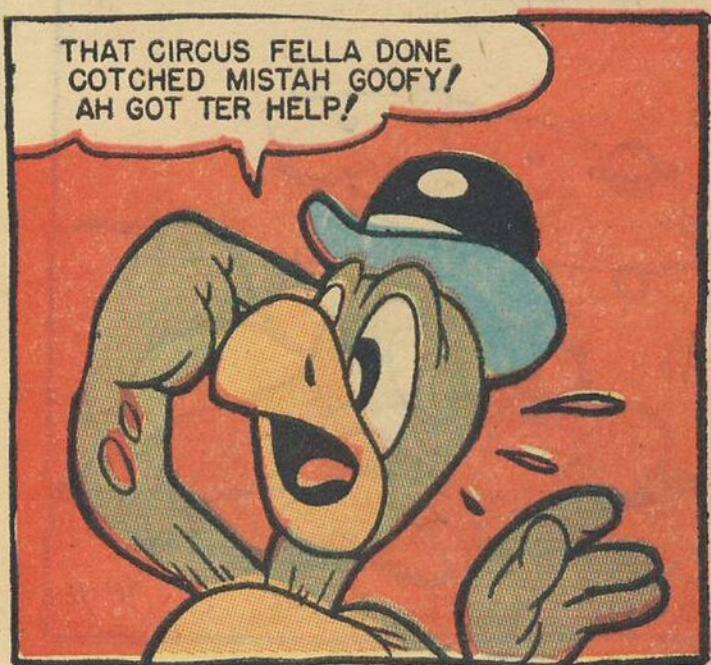
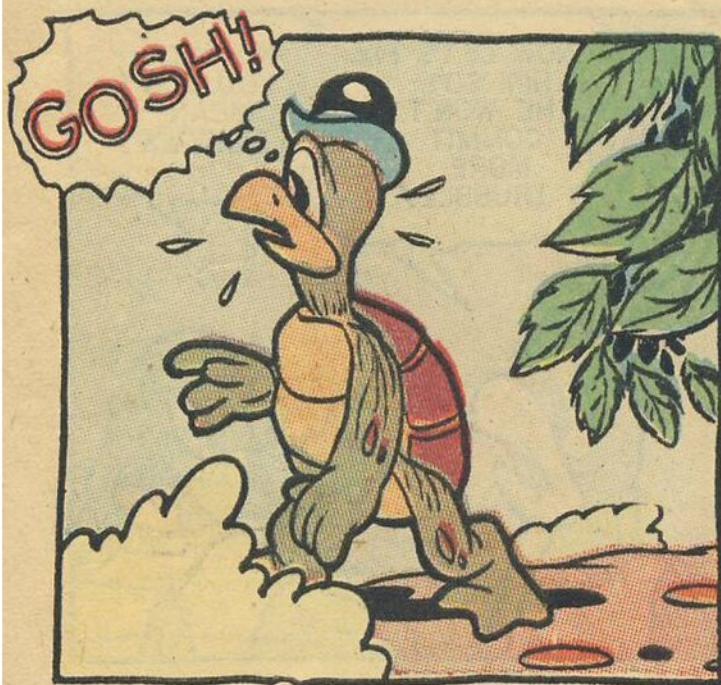
GOOFY!  
GOOFY  
GATOR!

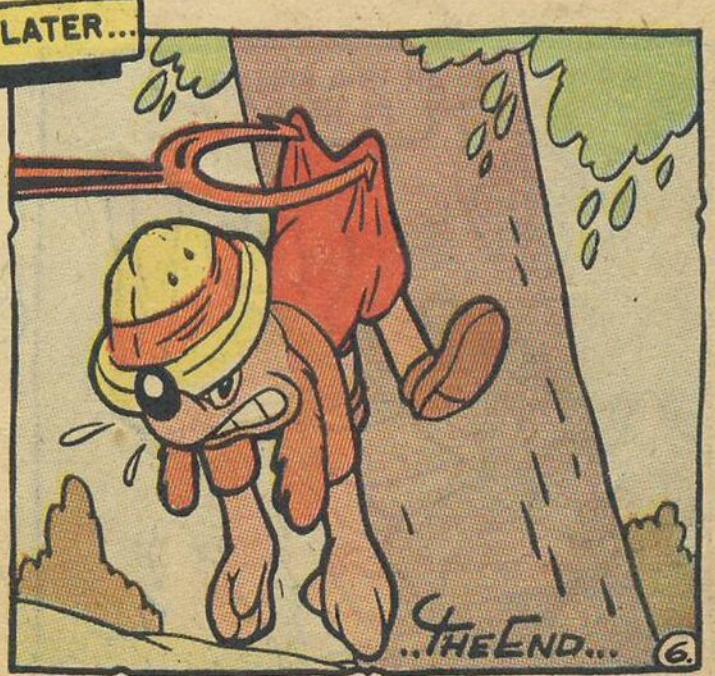
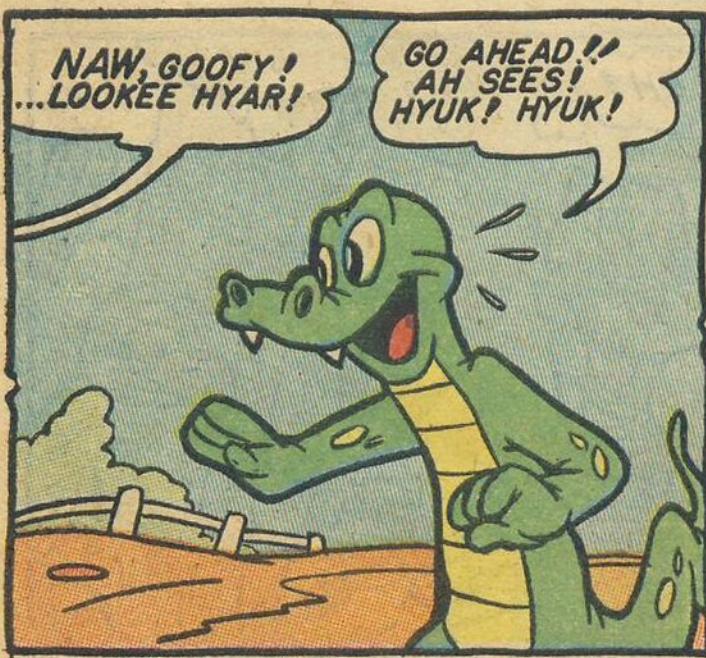
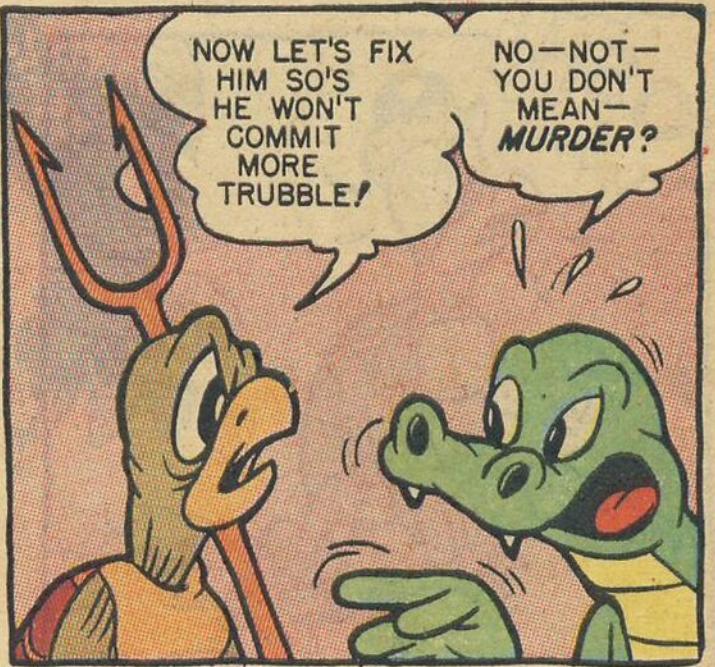
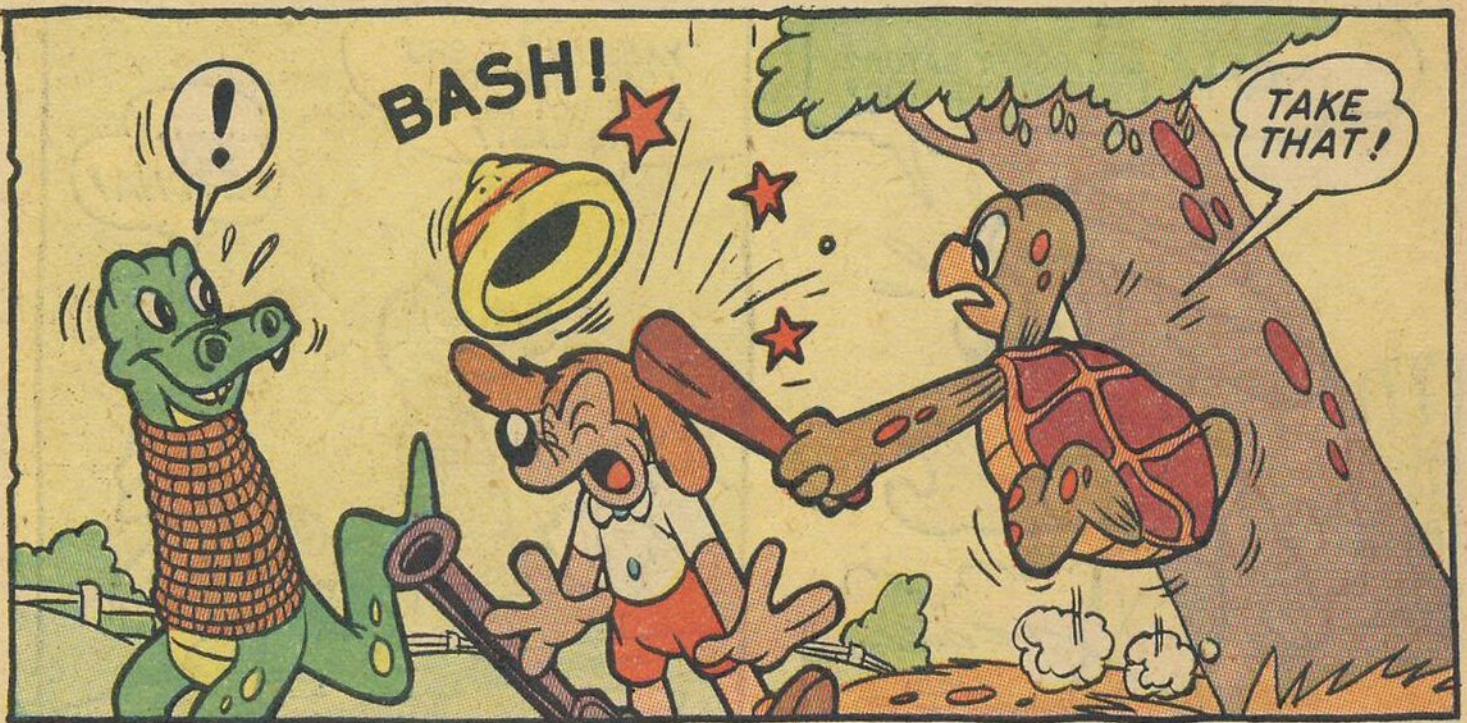












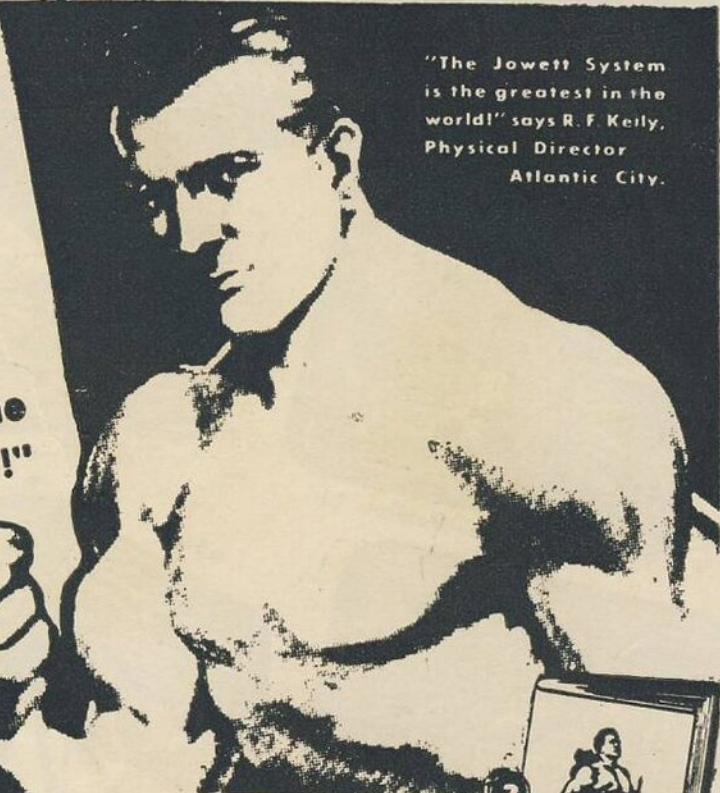
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Style 536—Mexican Girl



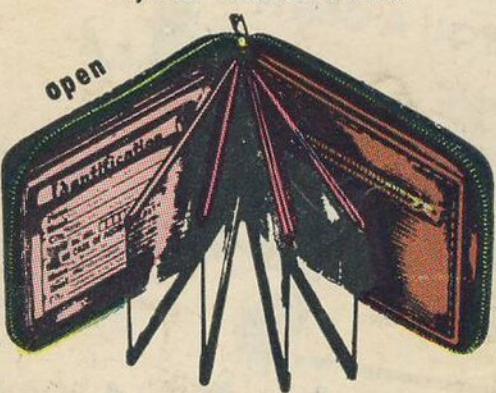
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene

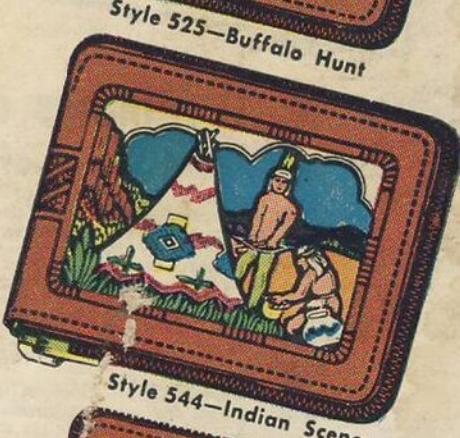


Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers

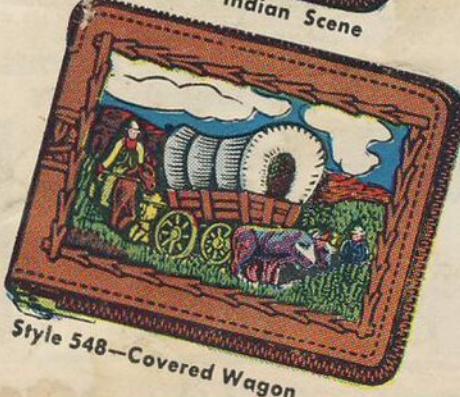
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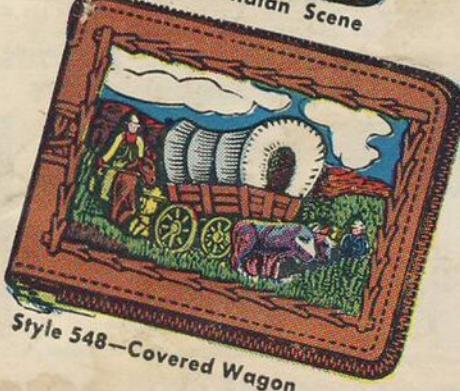
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