

# Super DUCK

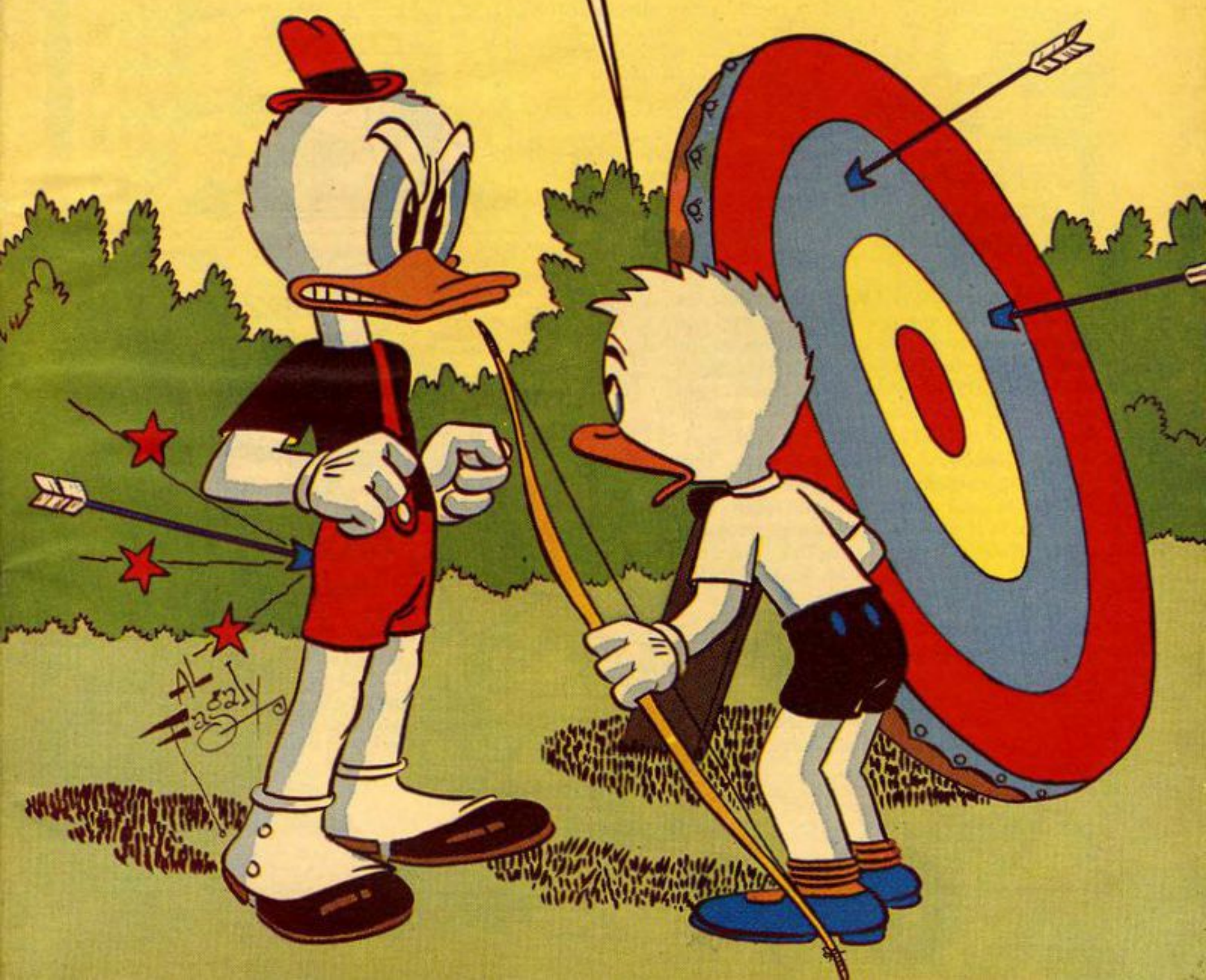
AN  
**Archie**  
MAGAZINE



comics

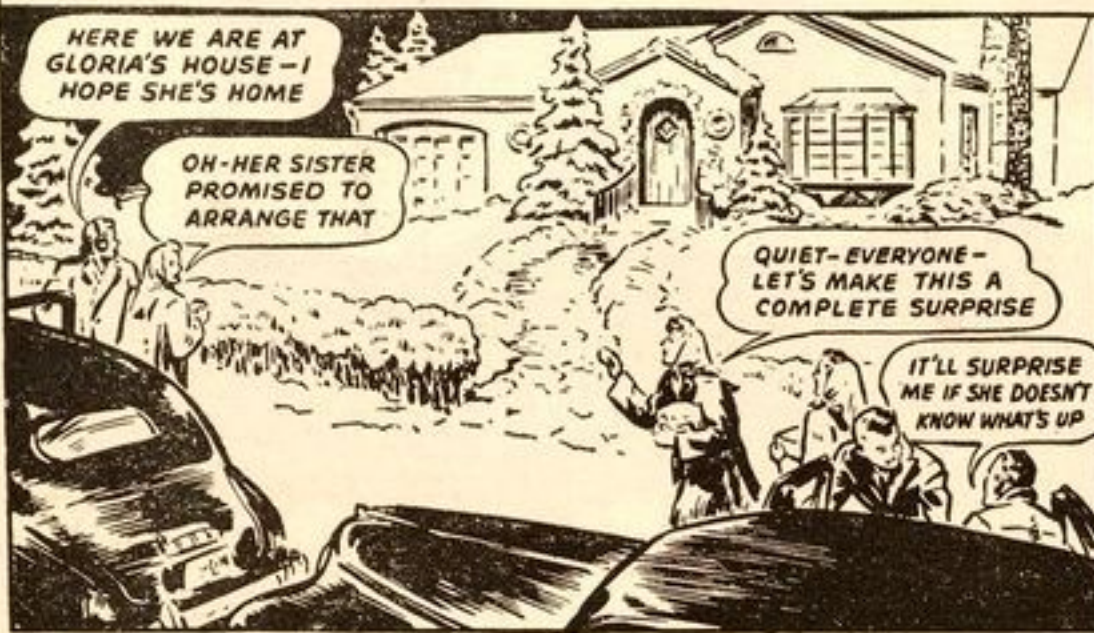
## THE COCKEYED WONDER

HEY, SUPE, I LOST AN ARROW!  
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OF IT?



AL  
82/1  
25/1

# Surprise Party for Gloria - IN WHICH SHE PULLS A FAST ONE AND SURPRISES EVERYBODY!



## Amazing "MAGIC" KEYBOARD MAKES YOU PLAY PIANO

In as little as 15 minutes

*Play Before You Pay*



I've created a new piano teaching device and system that makes you play so easy, it's amazing! My new Magic Keyboard fits right on your piano and shows you simple as ABC how to play waltzes, hymns, marches, western songs and dance numbers. You play on sight and this offer proves it!

**FREE TRIAL  
PROVES IT!**

**Pay Nothing Now...  
Nothing C. O. D.**

Just mail coupon with your name and address and I'll send you my new Magic Keyboard and show you how to play 3 songs... "Home on The Range," "Oh, Susannah" and "Long, Long Ago." My Magic Keyboard picks out all chords, right hand and left hand, entirely without conventional music notes of any kind. No exercises, no scales, no books... no reading page after page of puzzling instructions. Play these three songs *instantly* to your delight and satisfaction. Convince yourself my new method does teach you to play piano and play it well. Only when you are satisfied beyond all doubt, send me \$1.49.

**PLAY BEFORE YOU PAY.**

Nothing in advance, nothing C.O.D. If I don't teach you to play 3 songs, return Keyboard and you owe me nothing! That's how sure I am I can teach you piano with my Magic Keyboard System! Mail coupon with your name and address today.

**MAIL THIS  
COUPON...**

*You don't put up  
one single penny*

Dave Suttle, Piano Teacher, Dept. 365-E  
230 East Ohio, Chicago 11, Ill.

Send Magic Keyboard and show me how to quickly play 3 songs. When and only when I can play all three songs to my delight and satisfaction I'll pay you \$1.49. If I am not satisfied I'll return Keyboard and owe you nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**DAVE SUTTLE PIANO TEACHER**  
Dept. 365-E • 230 E. Ohio Street • Chicago, Ill.

# D SUPER DUCK

THE COCKEYED WONDER

in

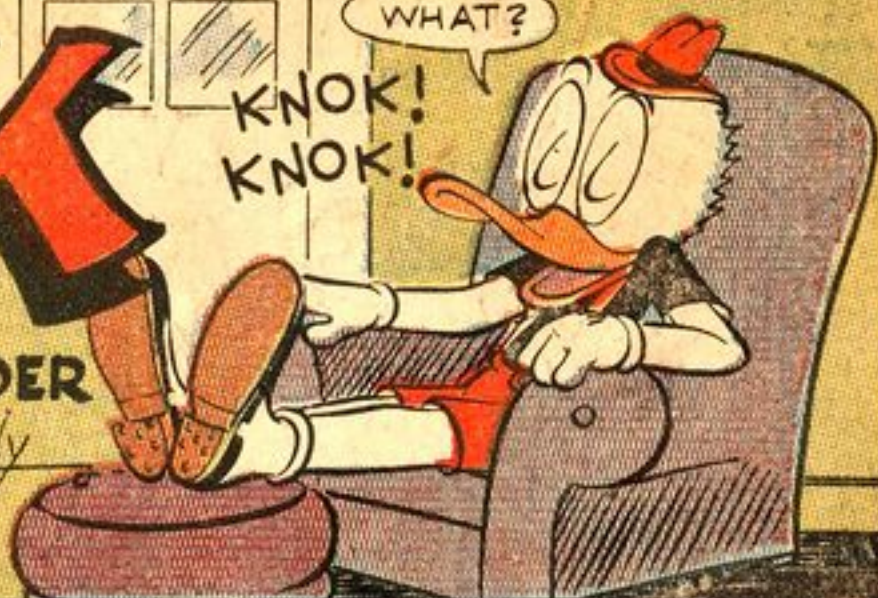
By AL Fagaly

"the PESTY GUEST!"

AH! IT'S GOOD TO RELAX AT HOME ALL ALONE!

WHAT?

KNOK!  
KNOK!

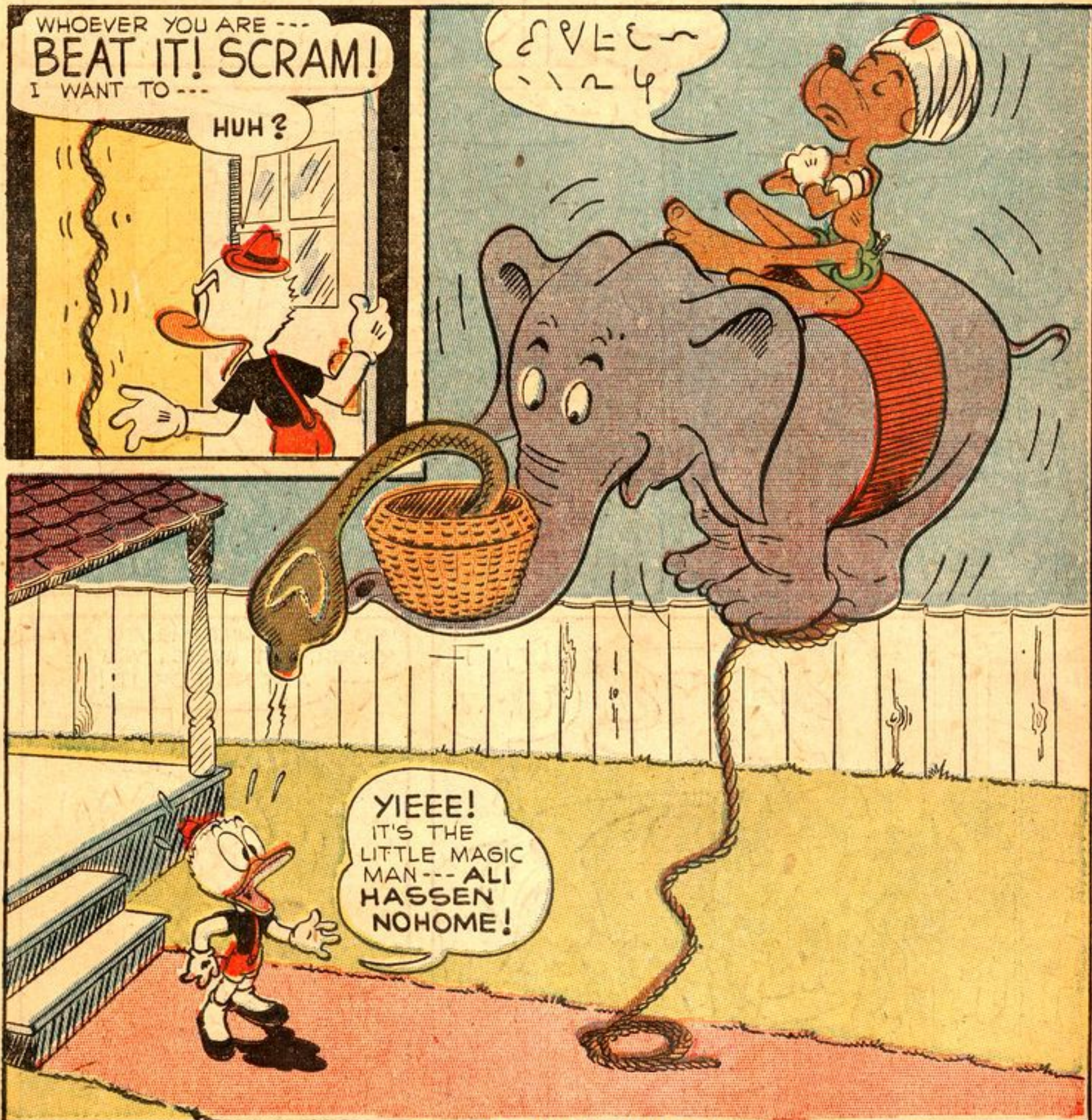


WHOEVER YOU ARE ---  
BEAT IT! SCRAM!  
I WANT TO ---

HUH?

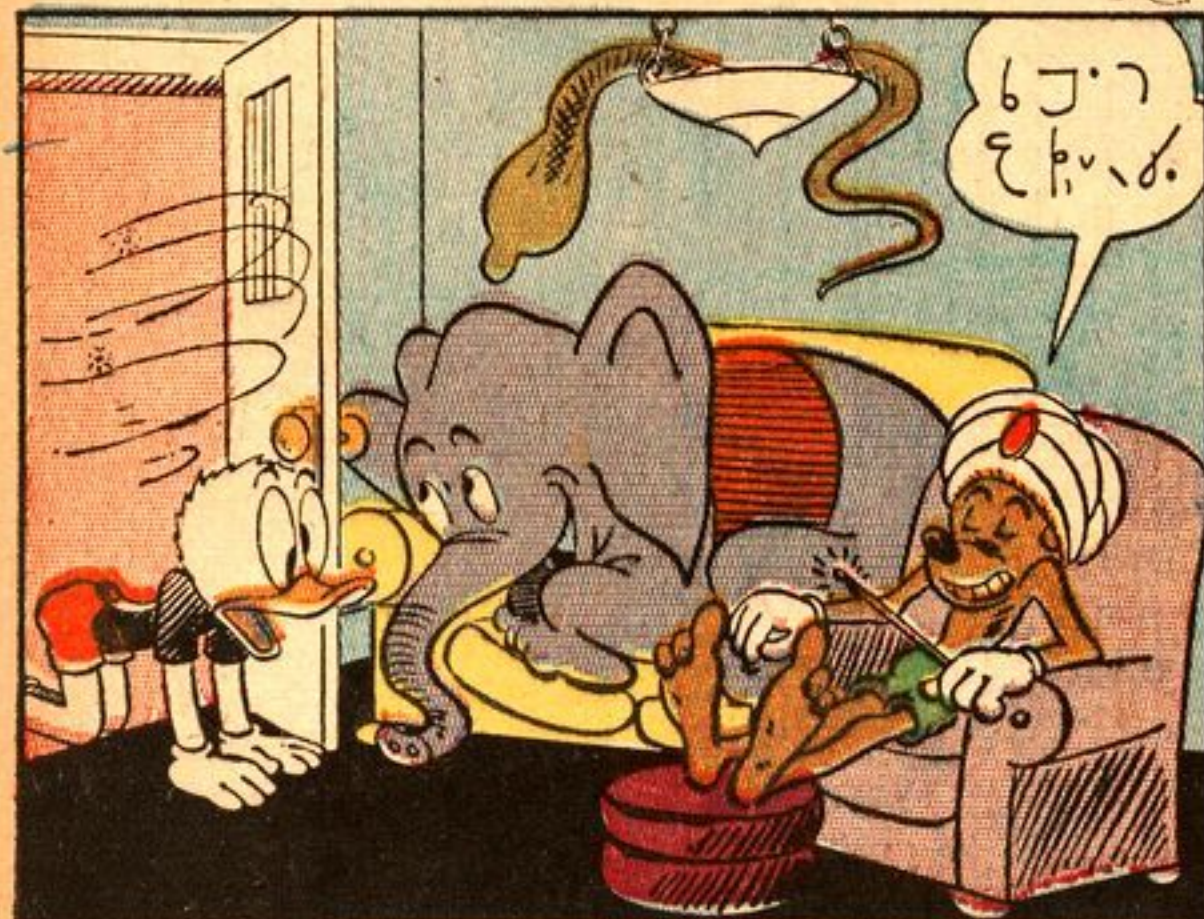
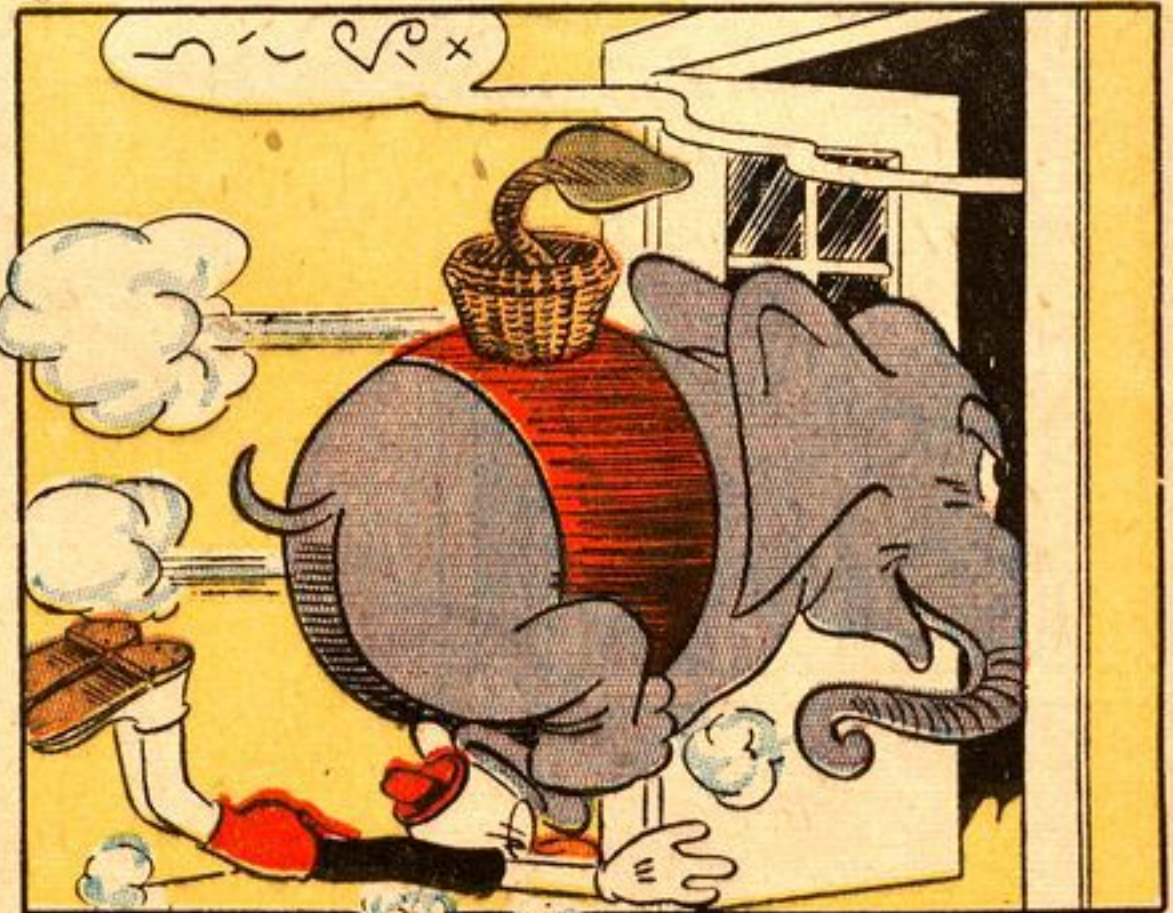
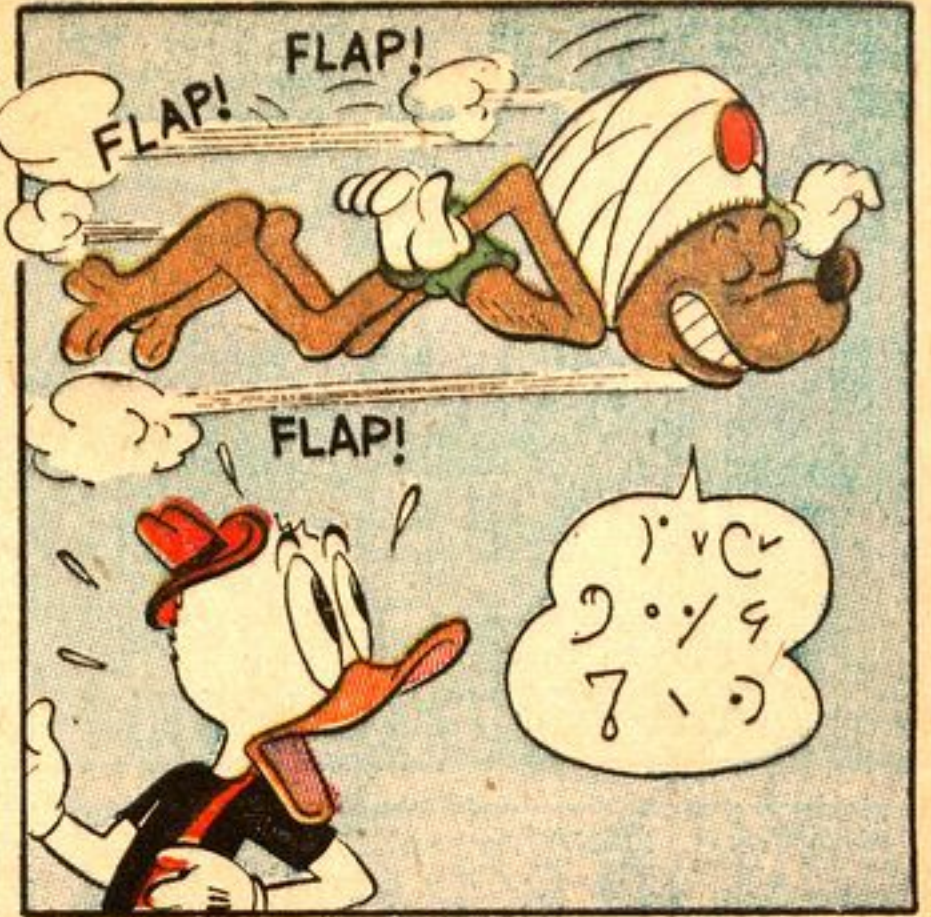


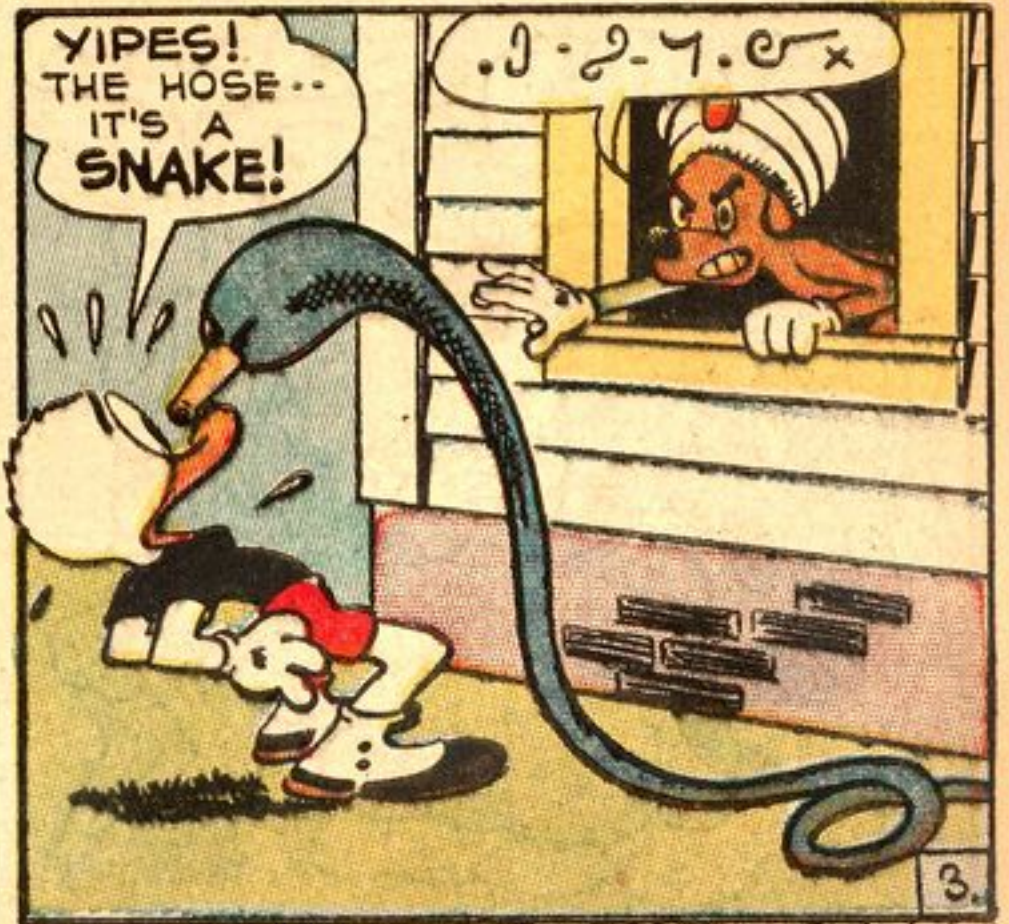
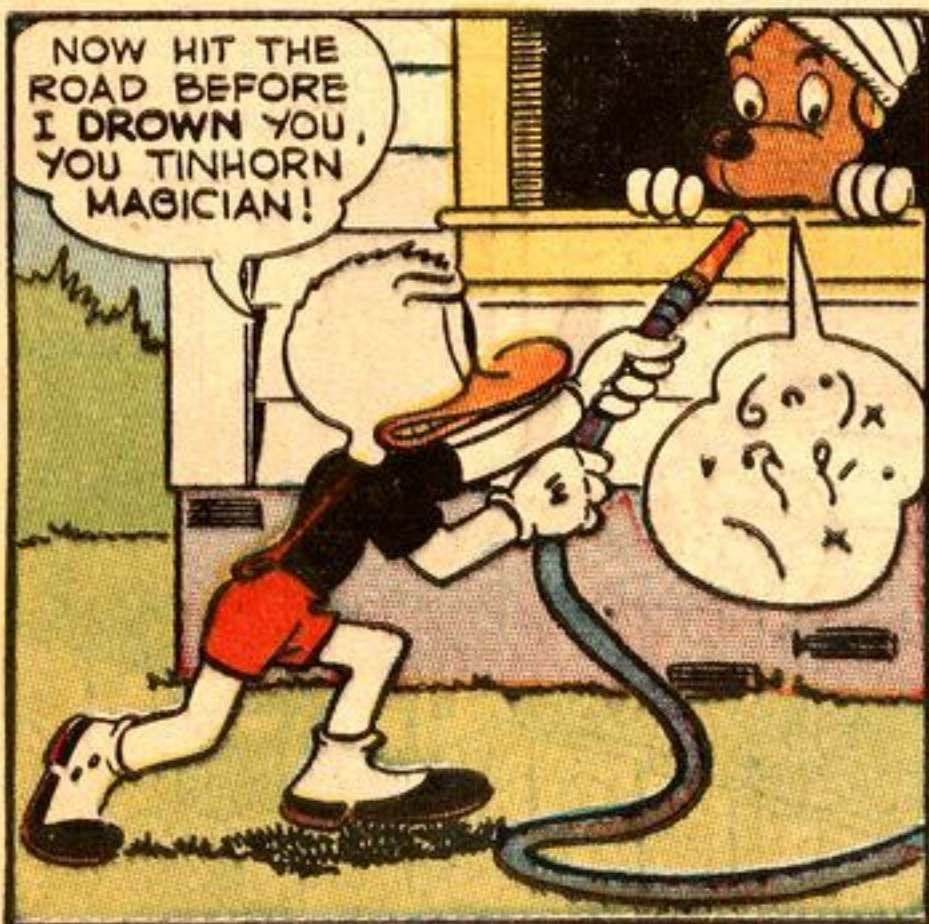
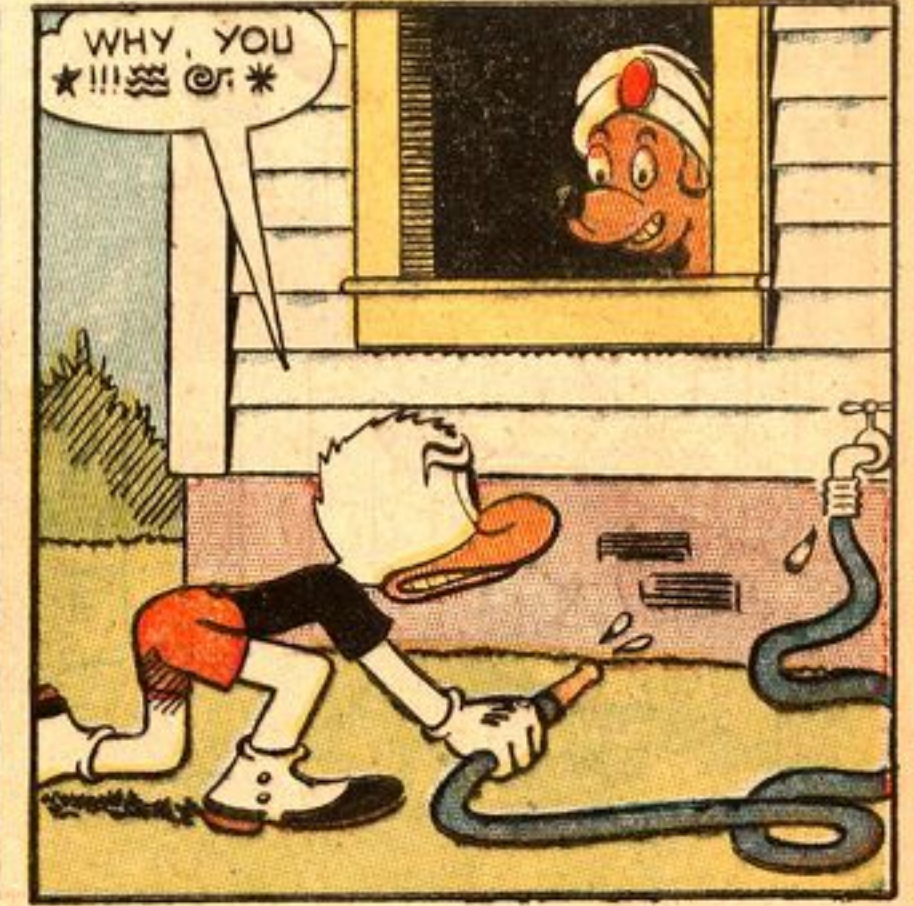
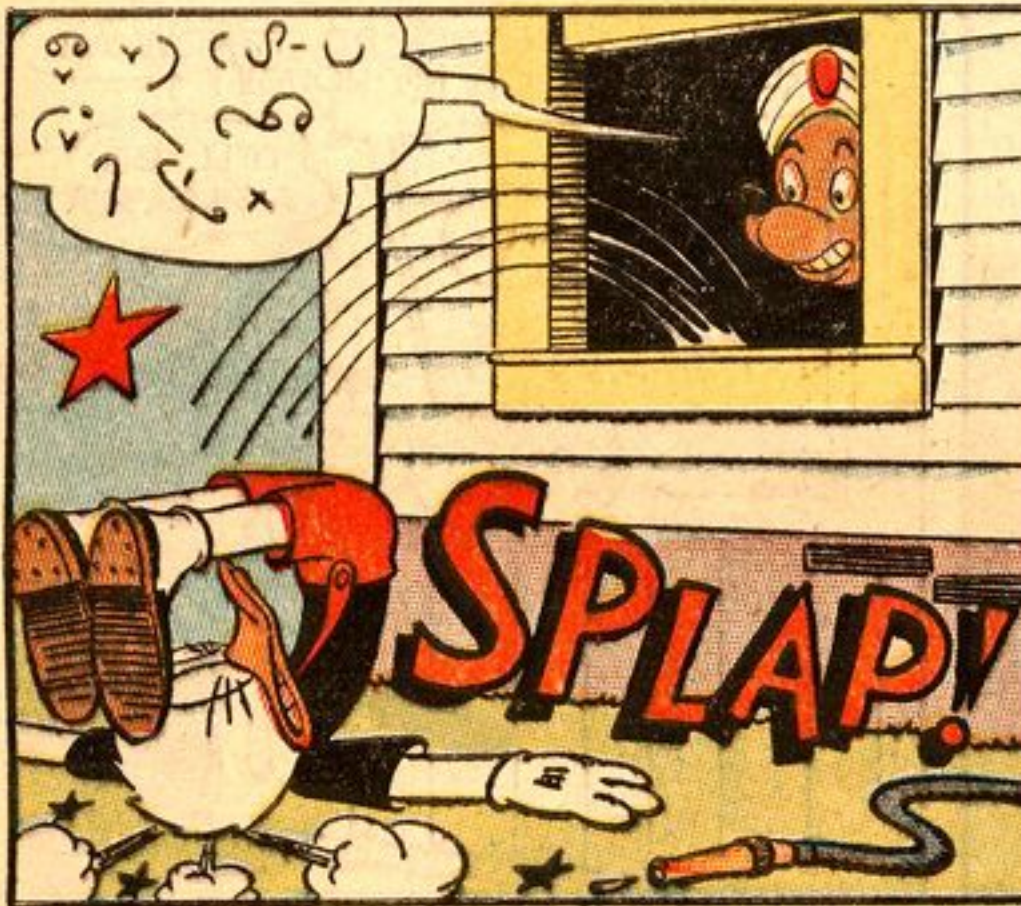
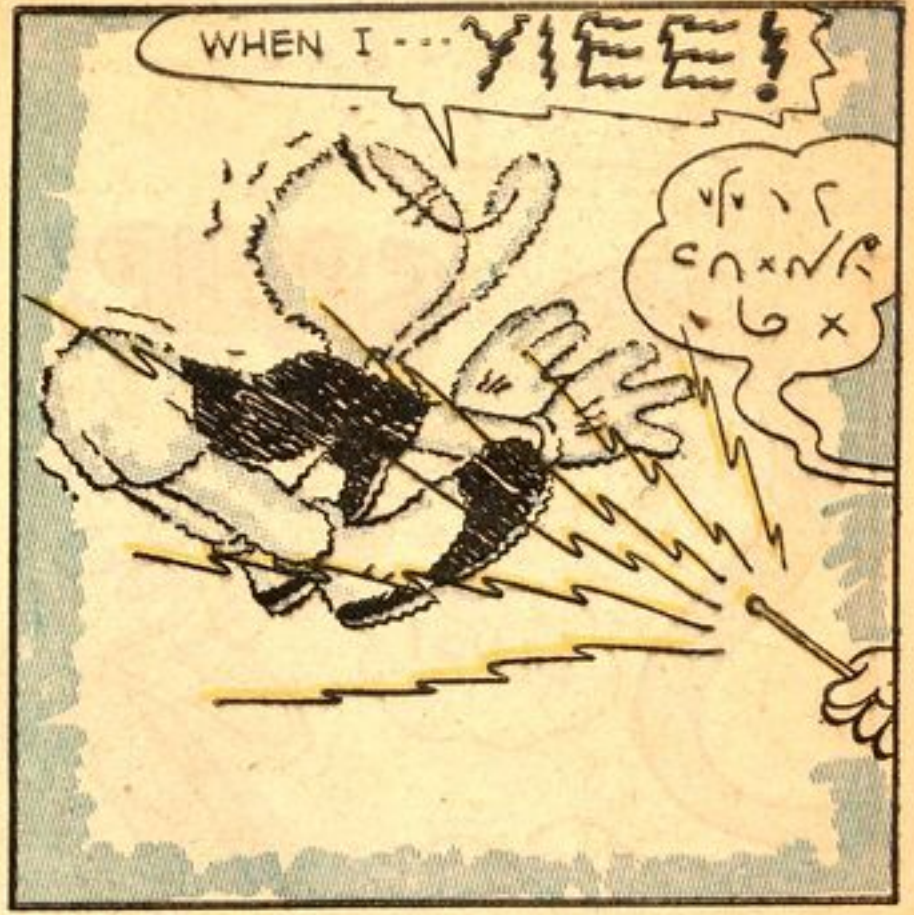
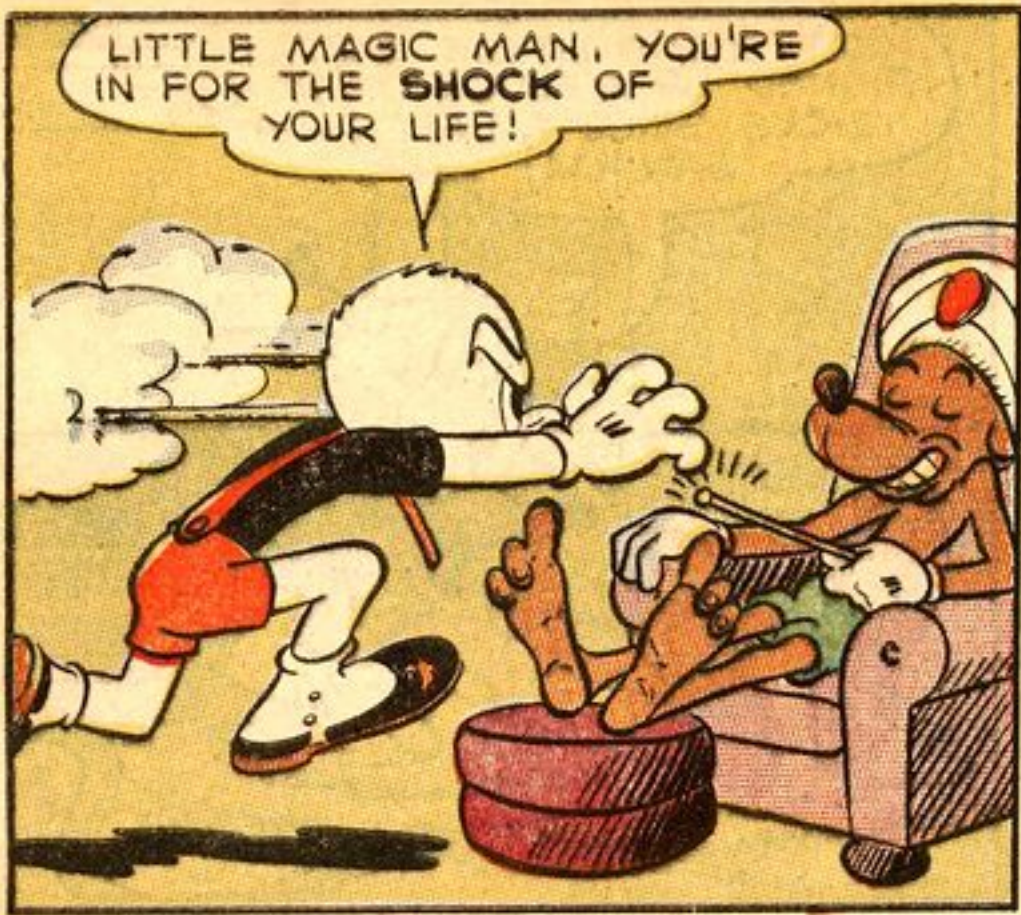
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- 1 2 4

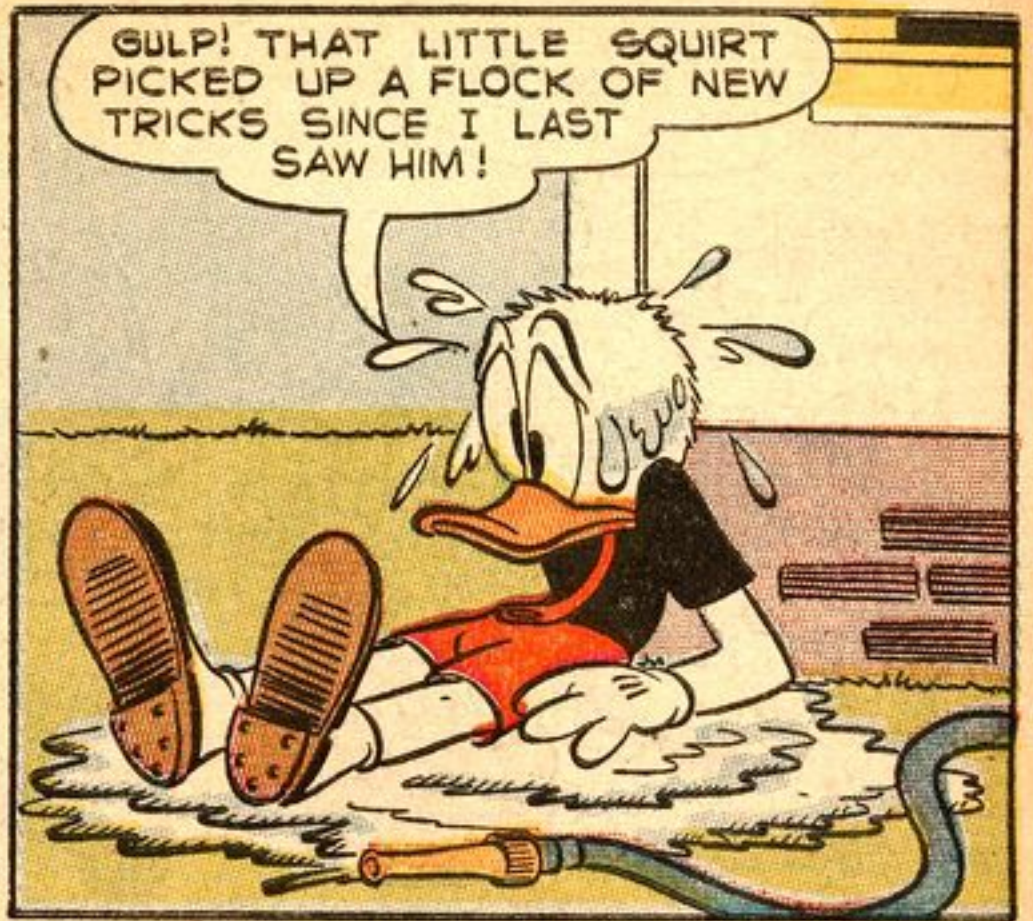


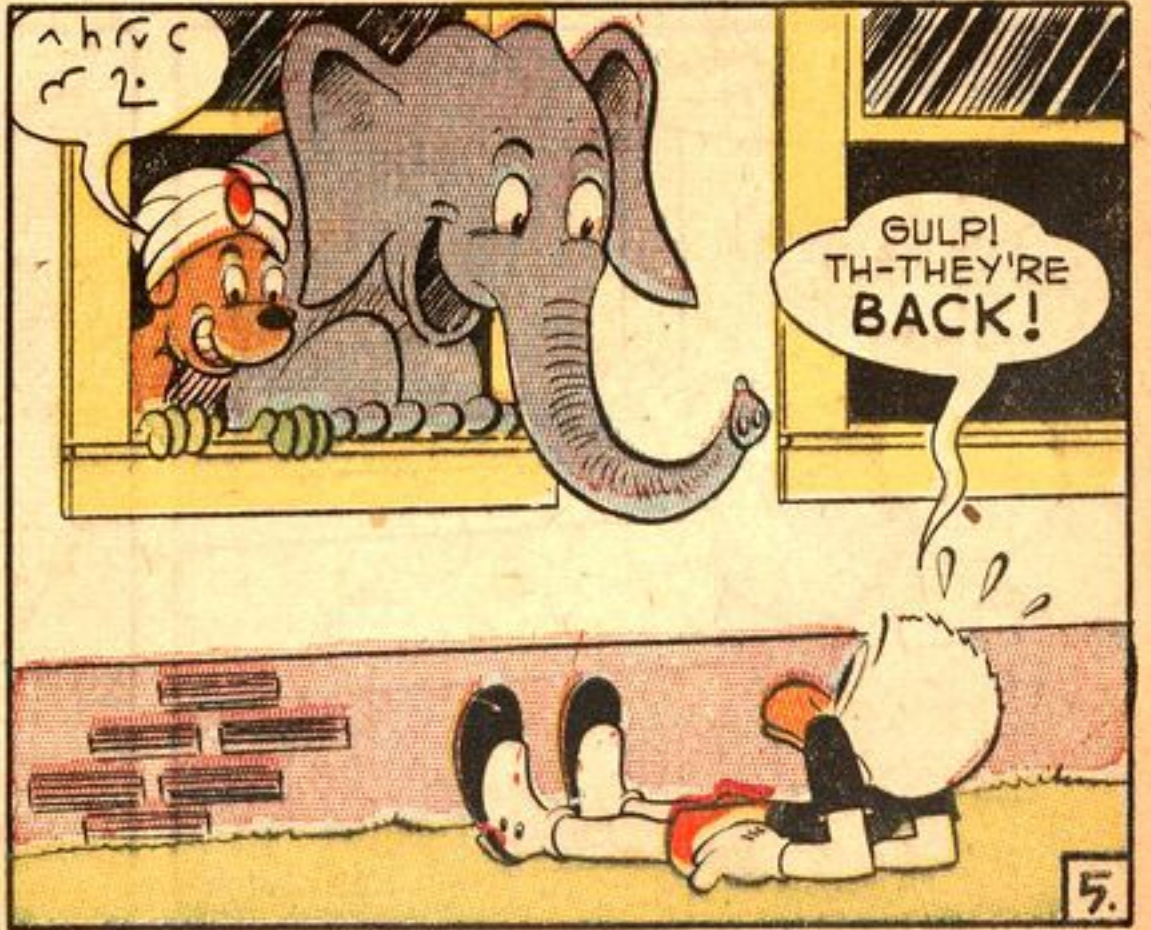
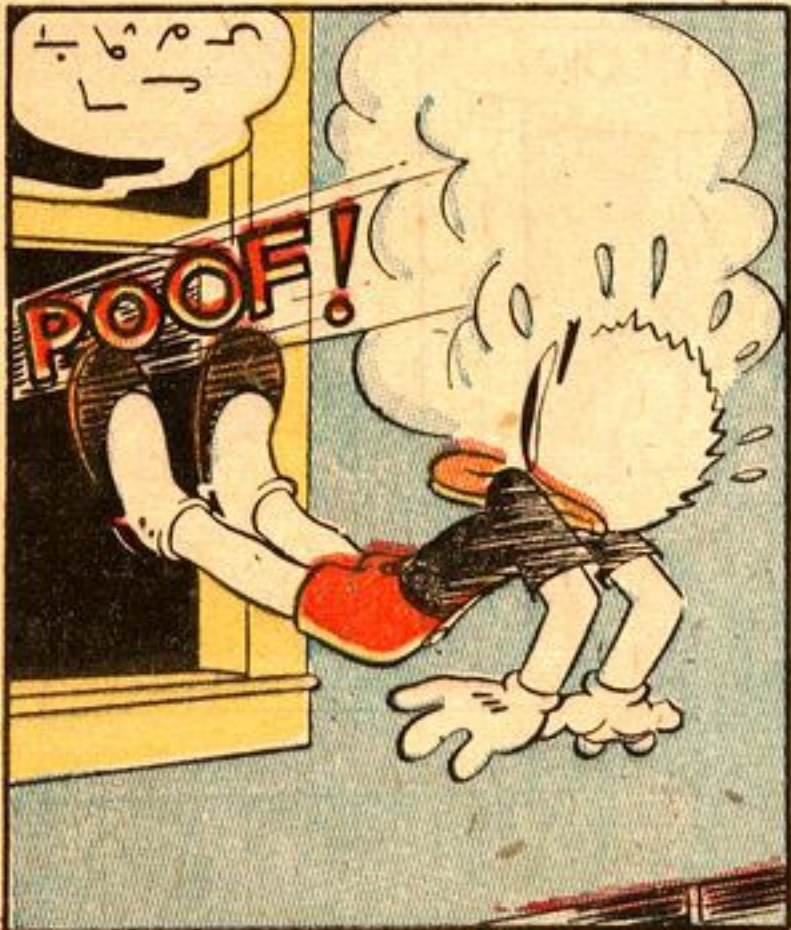
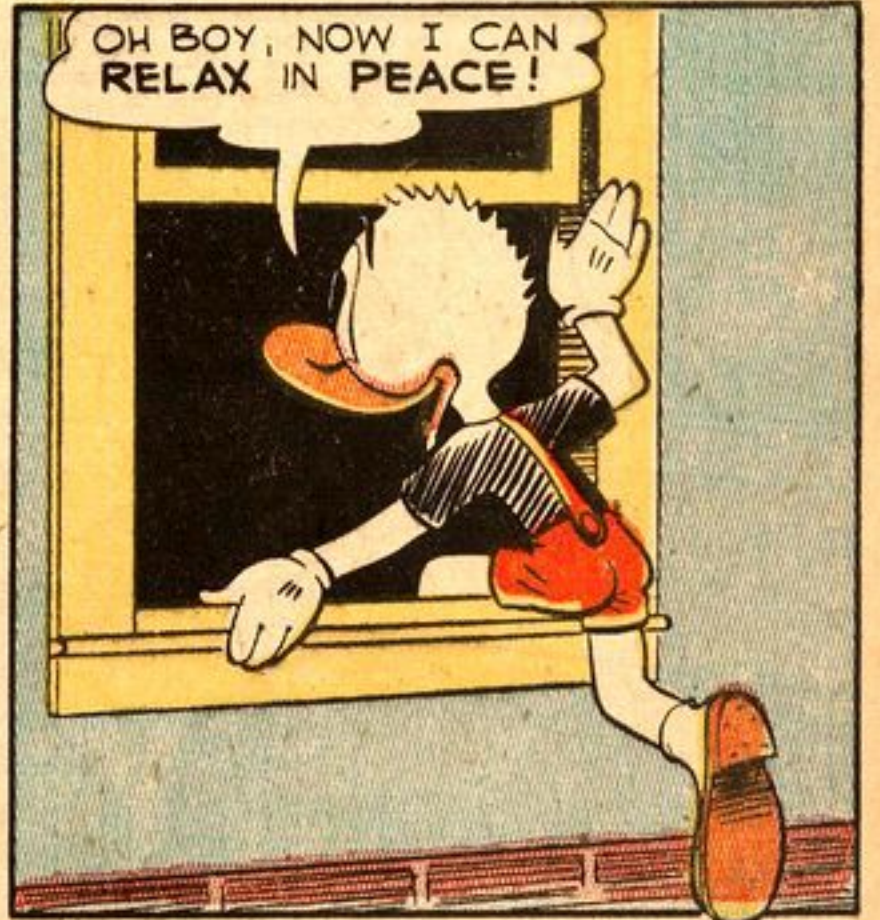
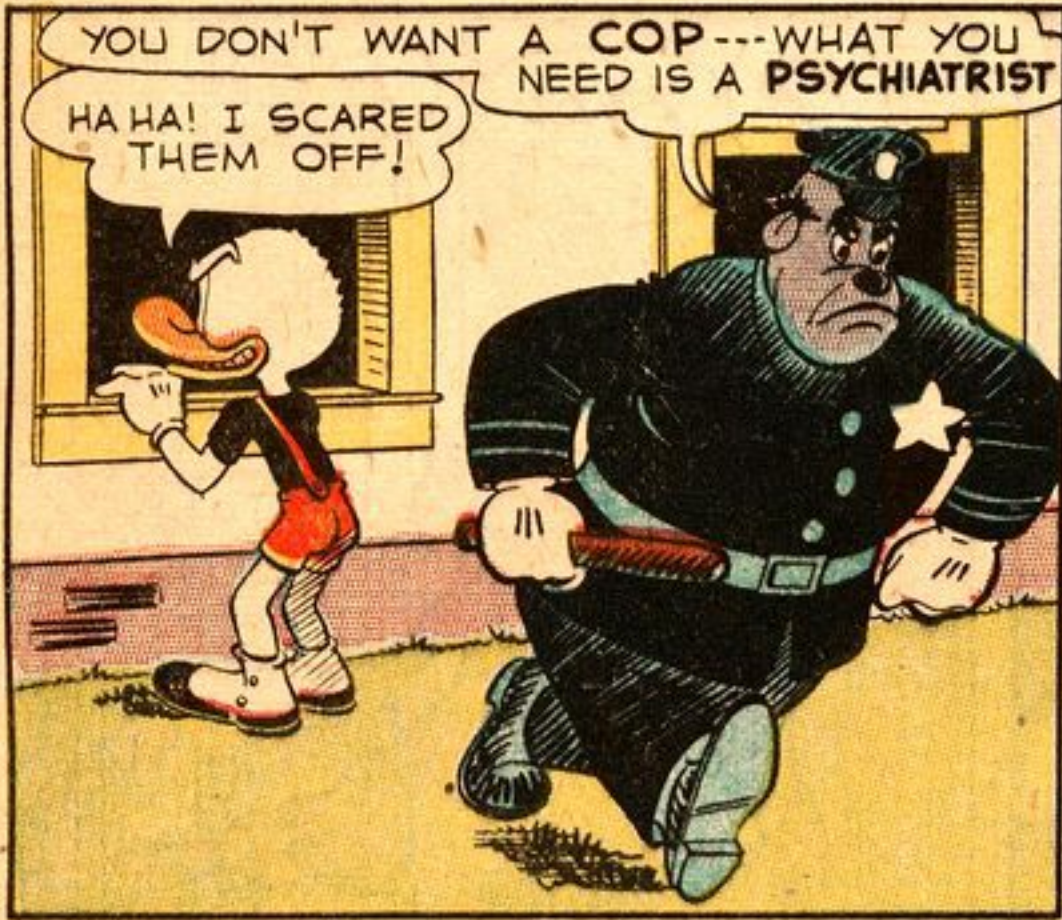
YIEEE!  
IT'S THE  
LITTLE MAGIC  
MAN --- ALI  
HASSEN  
NOHOME!

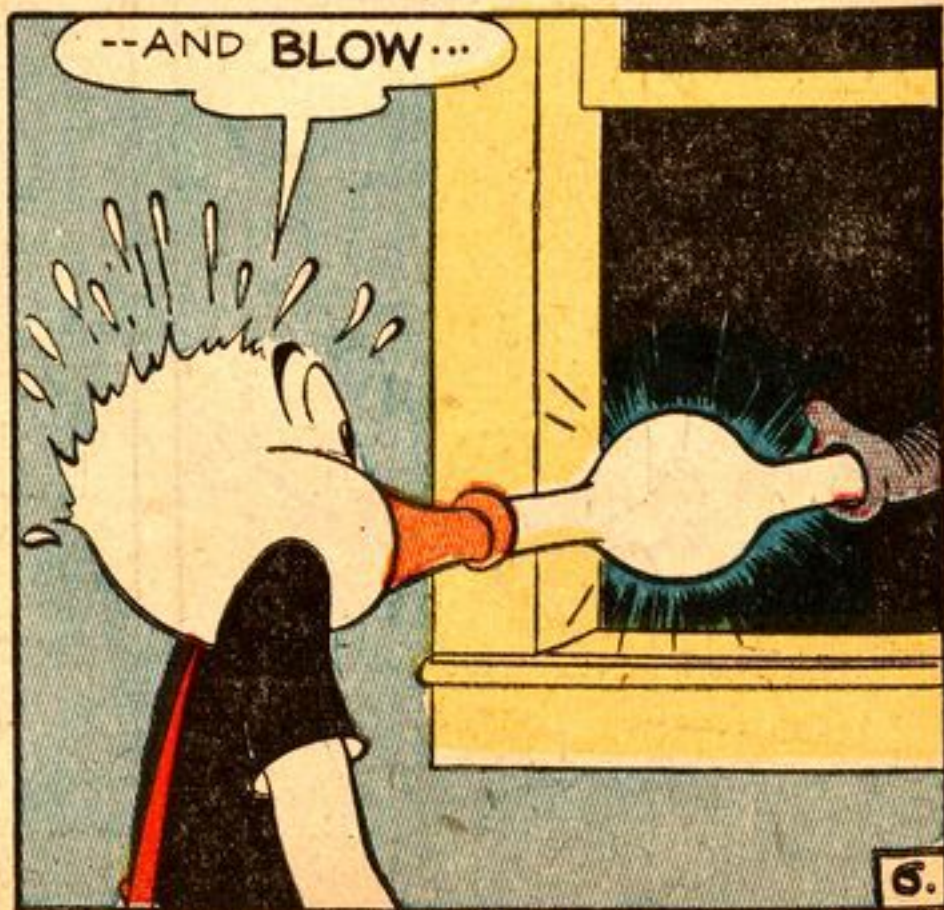
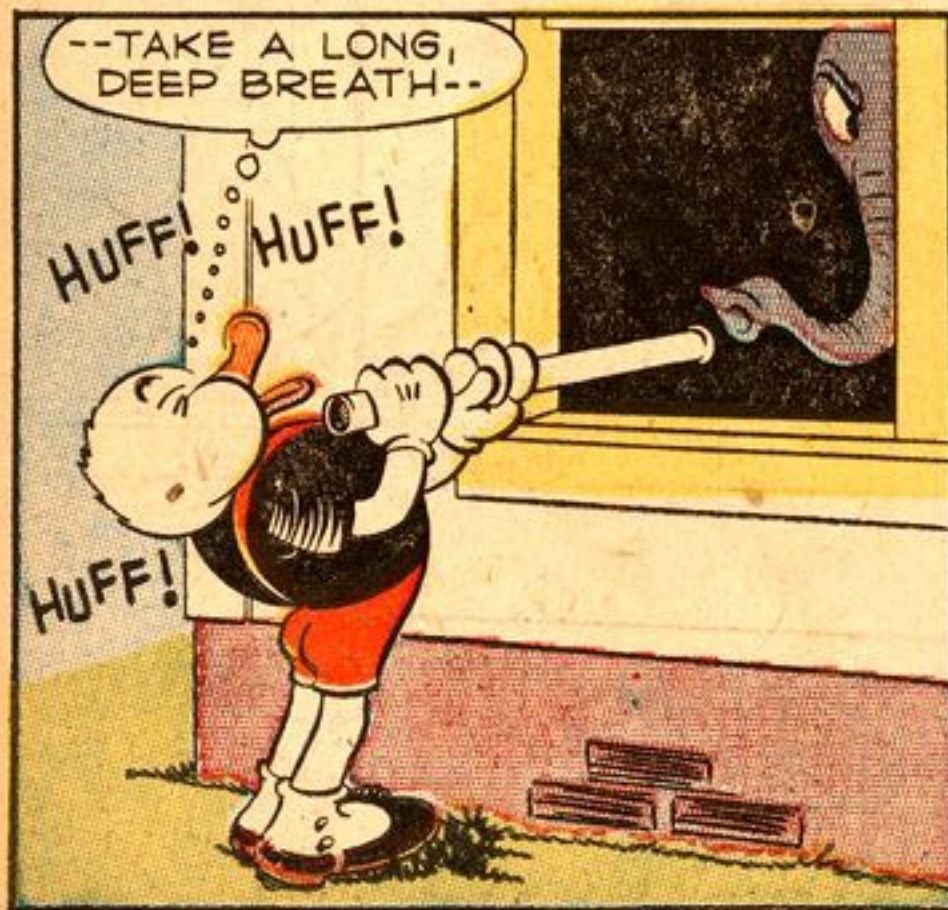
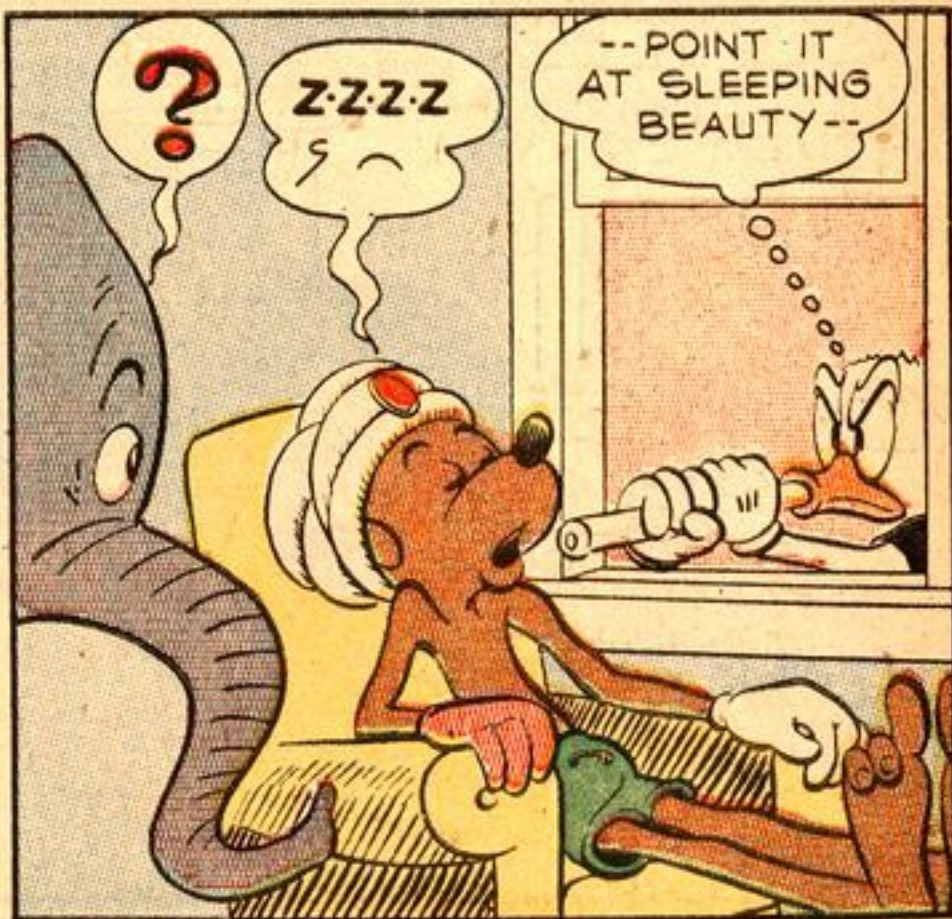
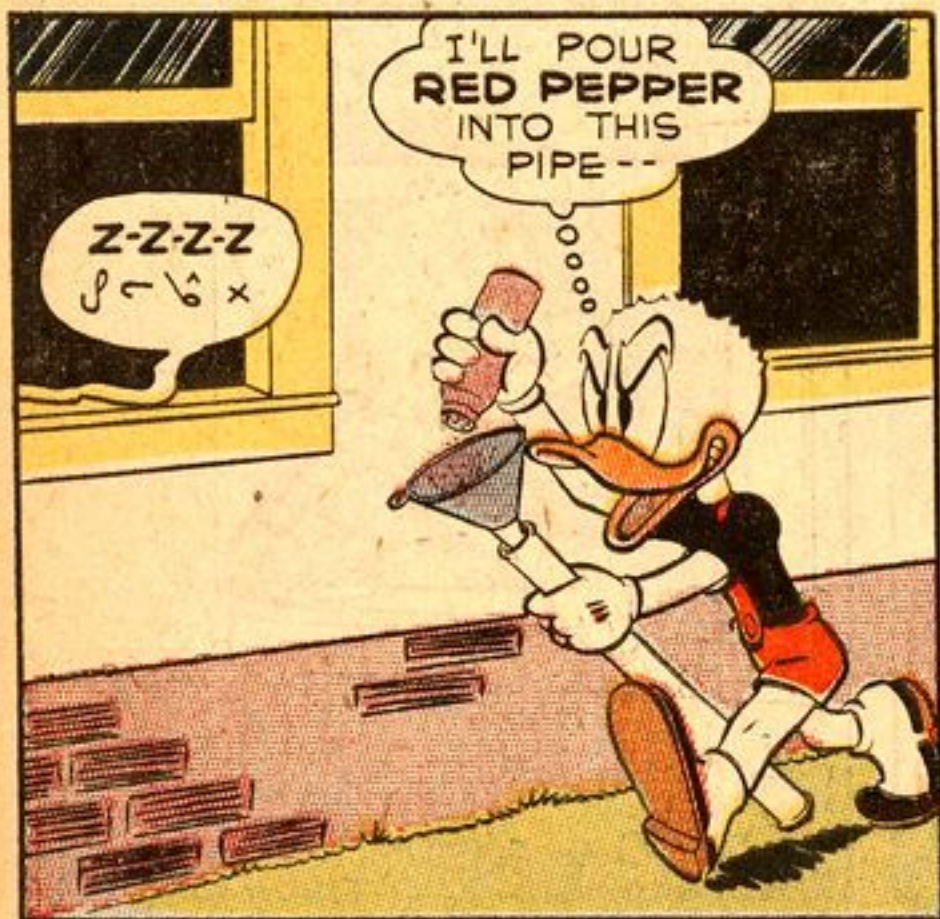
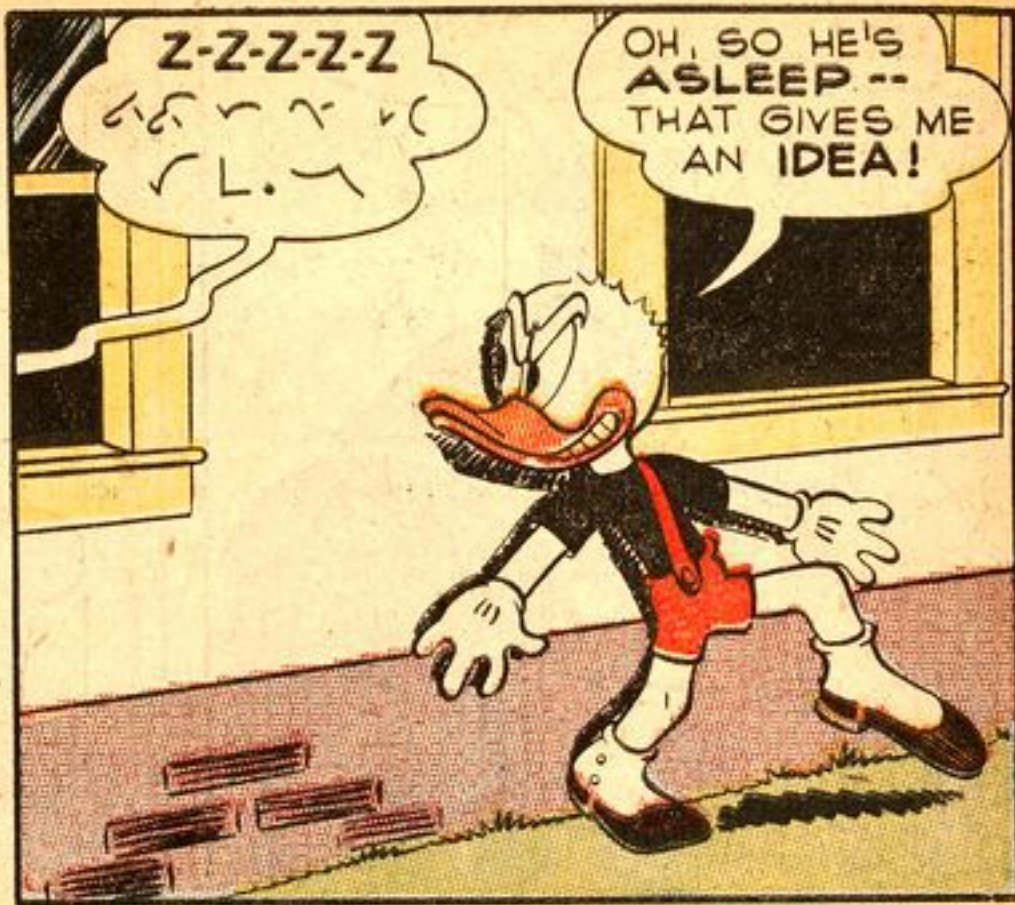
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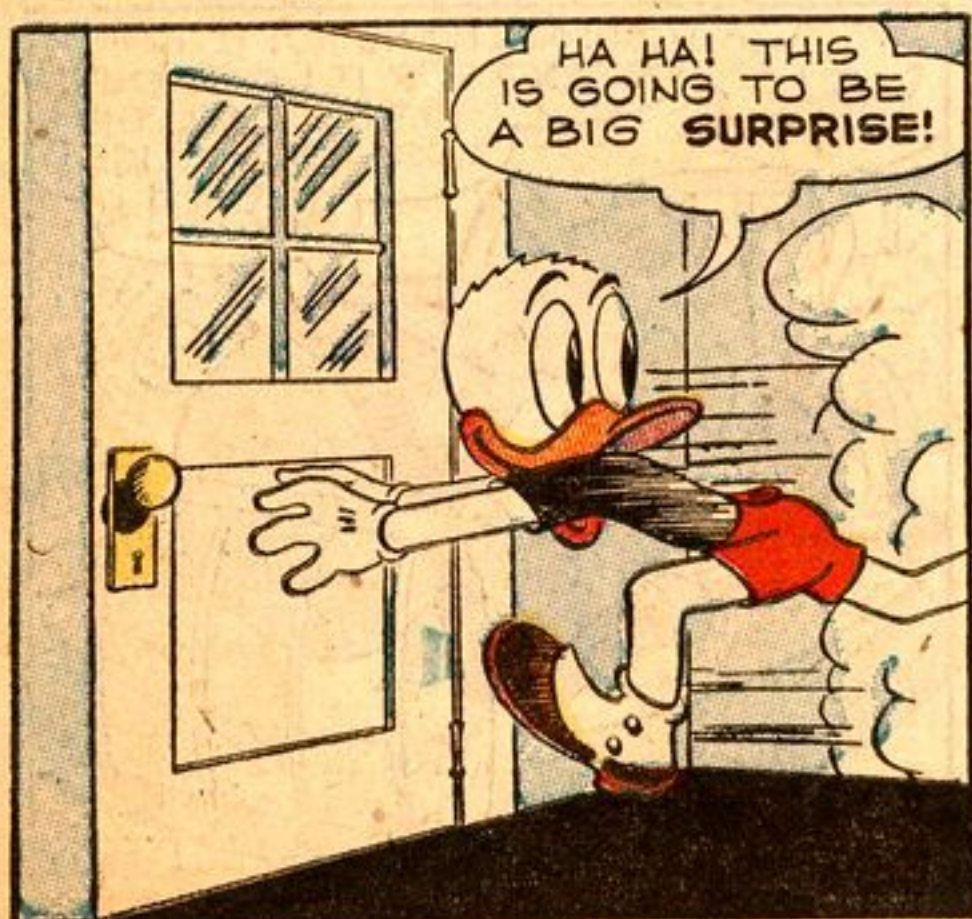
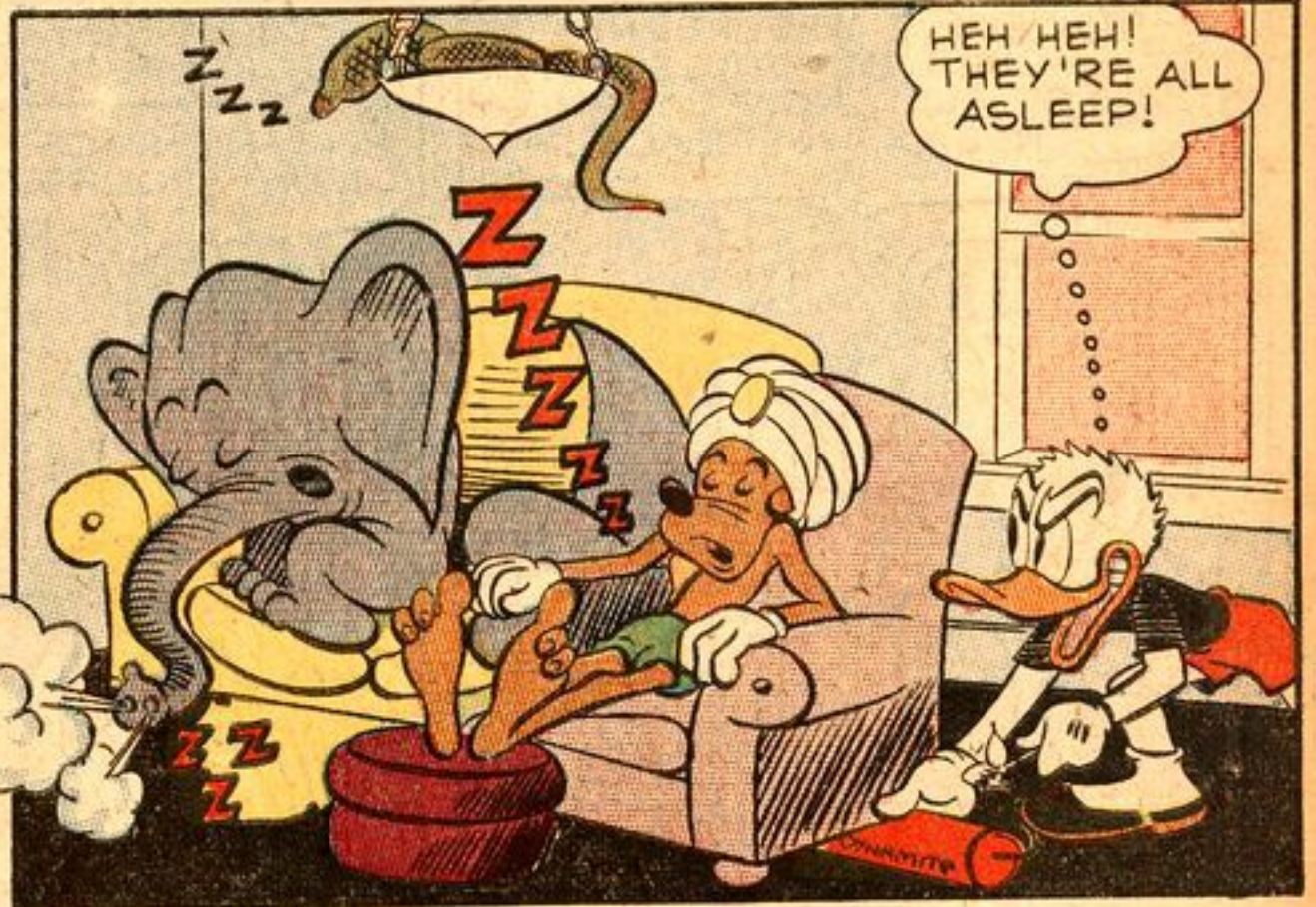
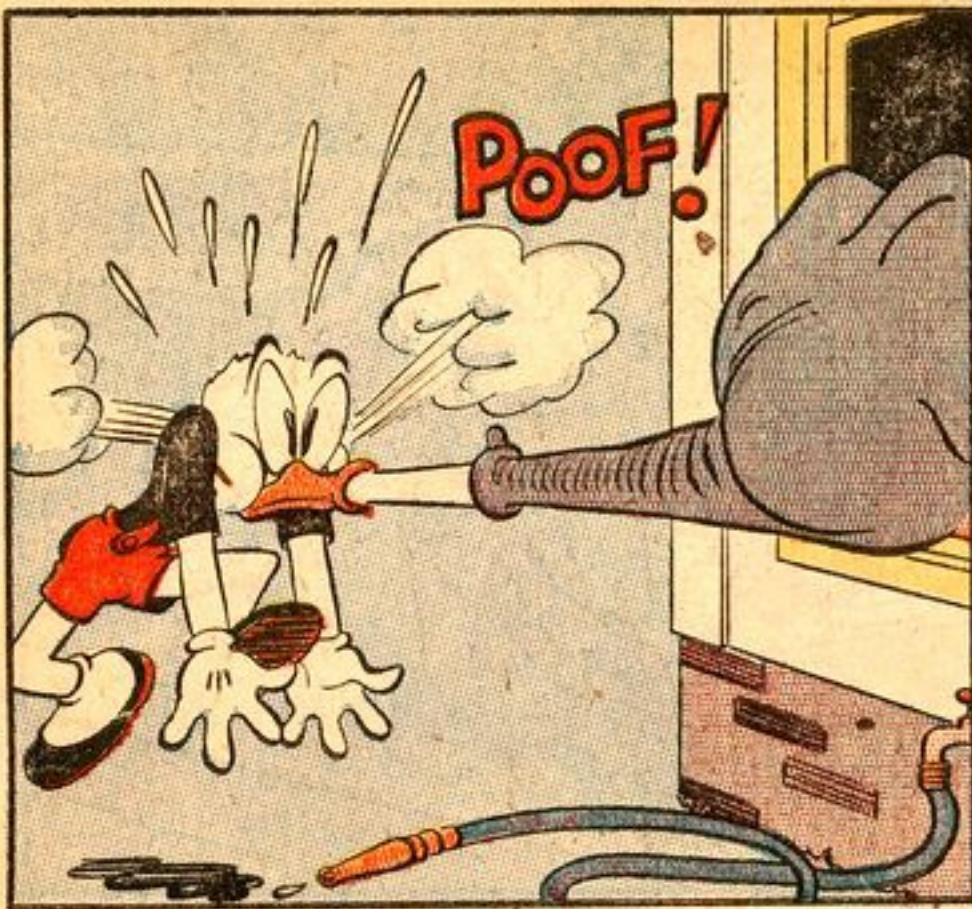


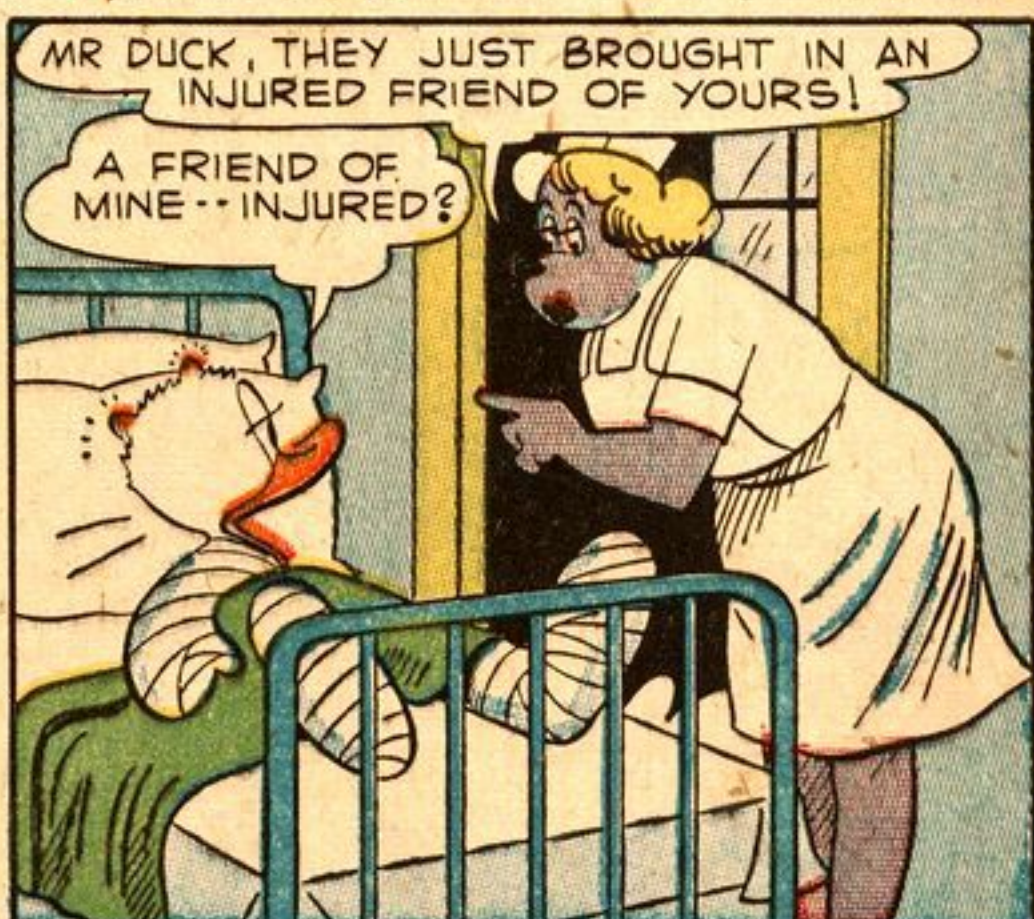
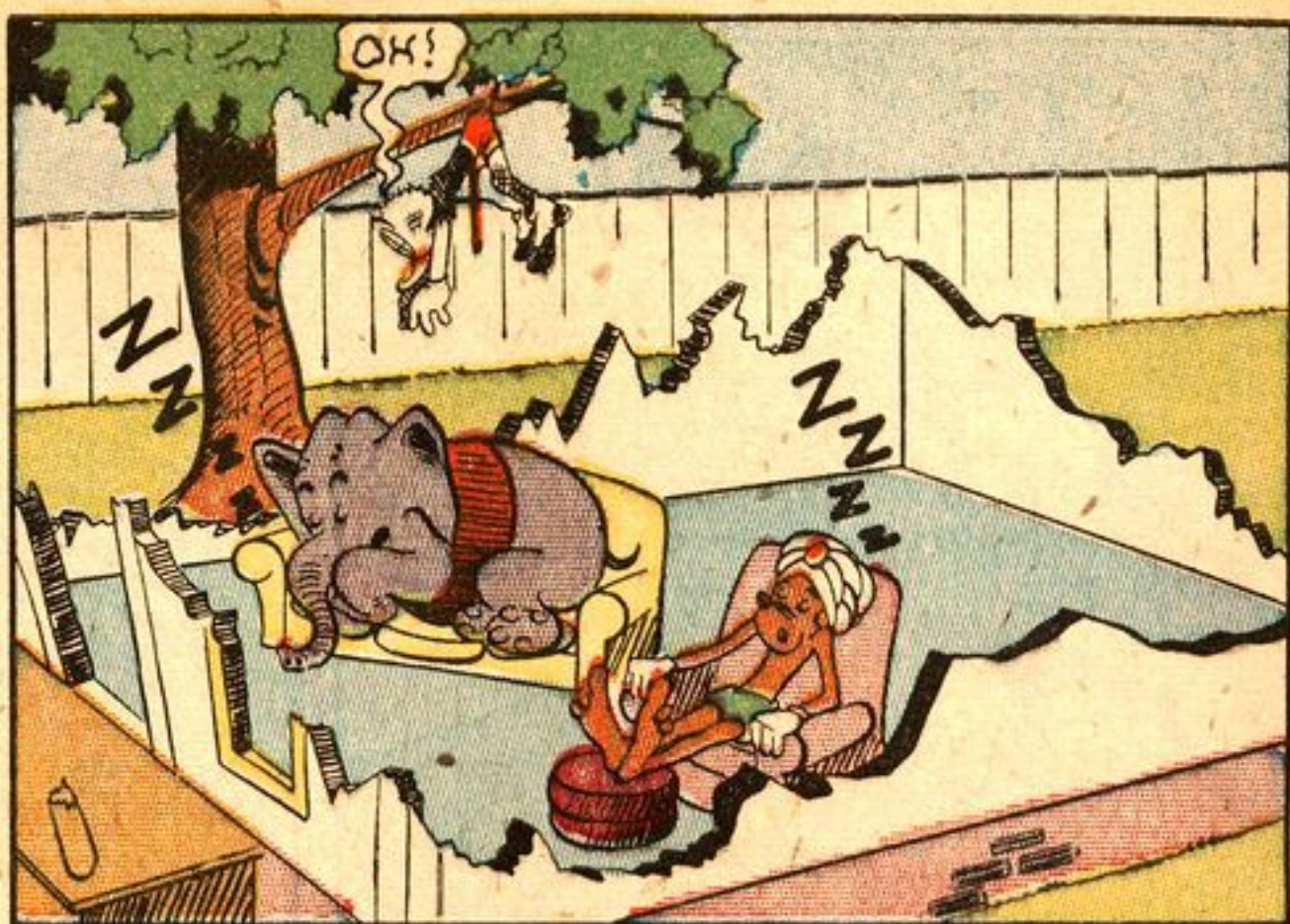














Meet a

SHE MAKES  
A HONEY OF  
A RESCUE!



HERE HE COMES!  
BOY, IS HE  
TRAVELING!

CREEPS!  
THAT PROP'S  
ROTTED!



THAT JUMP PROP  
IS BUSTED!...IT'S  
SLANTED TO SEND  
HIM INTO THE  
CANYON!

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN,  
MISTER! HELP ME  
BREAK THIS PROP! WE'VE  
GOT ABOUT FIVE SECONDS!



IF ONE'S ROTTED  
THIS OTHER MUST  
BE TOO...AH!



BOY! THAT  
WAS CLOSE!

HOORAY FOR BIT-O-HONEY!

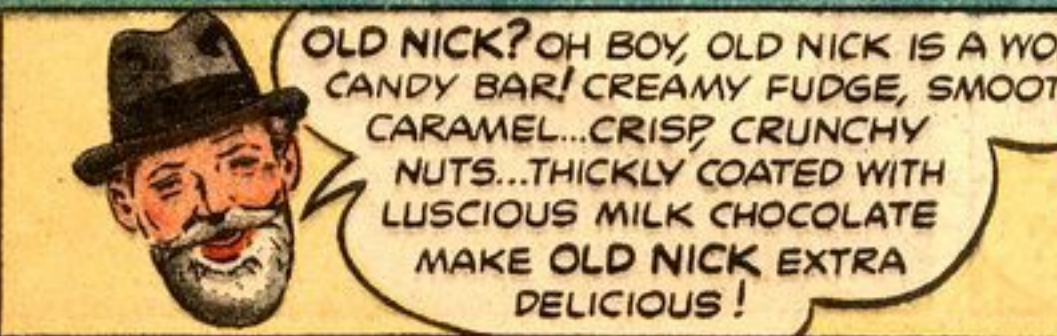


ALL THE REWARD I WANT IS  
THAT YOU WIN THE BOX OF  
BIT-O-HONEY CANDY BARS  
OUR CLASS BET ON YOU

AND DON'T THINK  
I WONT, WHEN THAT  
CHUTE'S REPAIRED.  
BOY, THESE  
BIT-O-HONEY  
CANDY BARS ARE  
DELICIOUS!



Eat a  
**BIT-O-HONEY**  
TENDER, MILD  
HONEY-FLAVORED  
CHEWY CANDY,  
BLENDED WITH TOASTED ALMONDS.  
SIX CONVENIENT SEPARATELY  
WRAPPED PIECES. BIT-O-HONEY, A  
HONEY, HONEY, HONEY!  
OF A CANDY BAR!



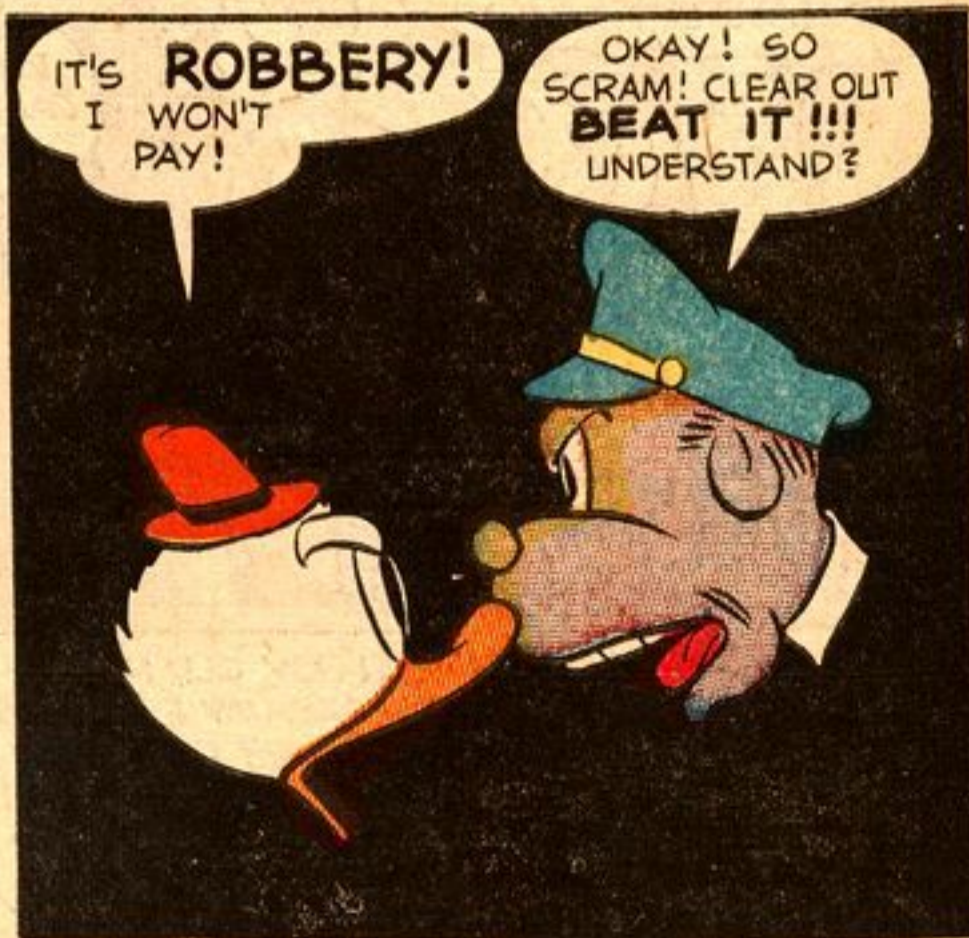
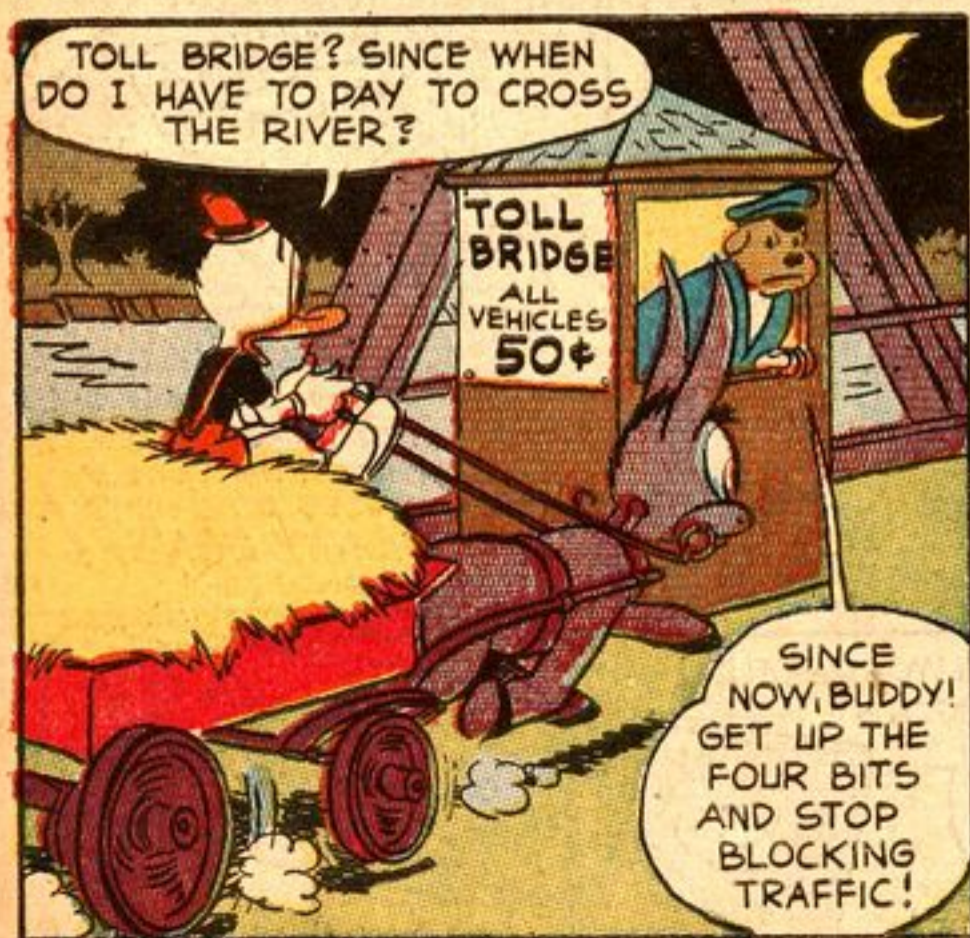
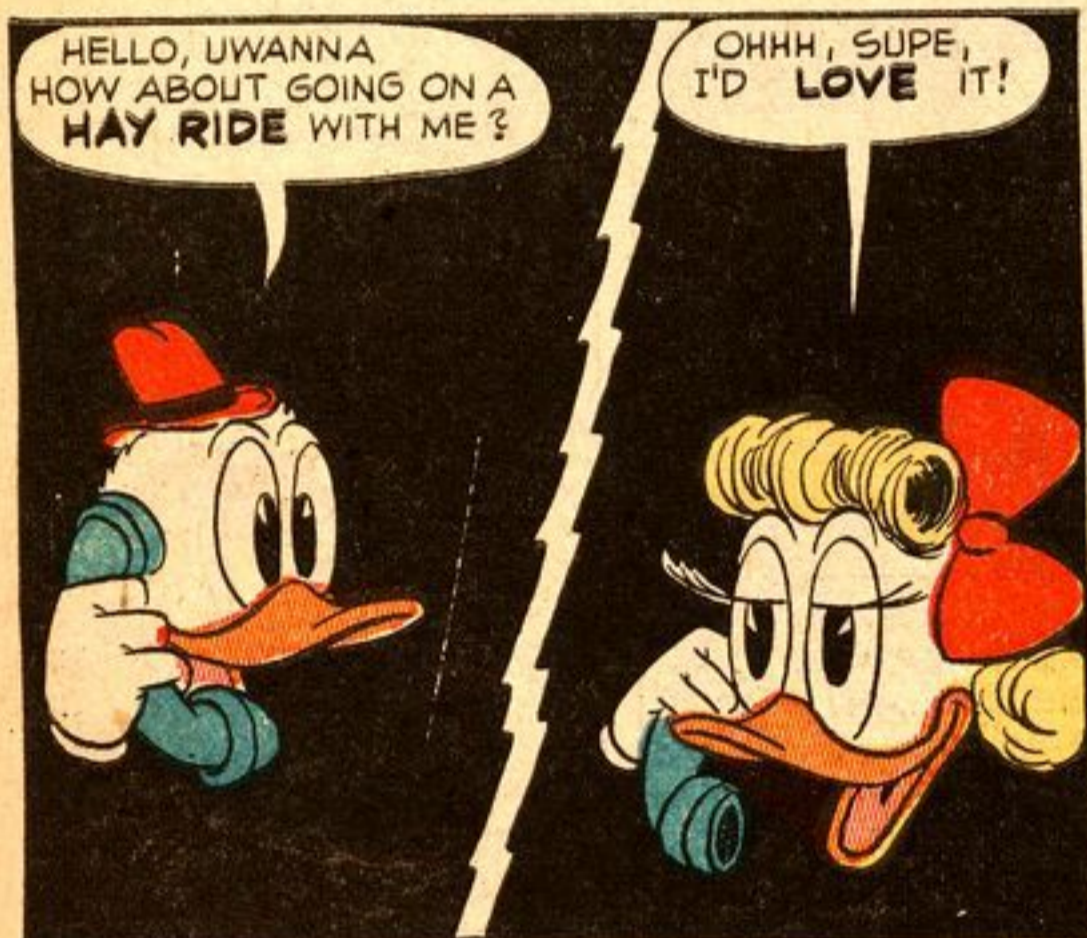
OLD NICK? OH BOY, OLD NICK IS A WONDERFUL  
CANDY BAR! CREAMY FUDGE, SMOOTH  
CARAMEL...CRISP, CRUNCHY  
NUTS...THICKLY COATED WITH  
LUSCIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE  
MAKE OLD NICK EXTRA  
DELICIOUS!

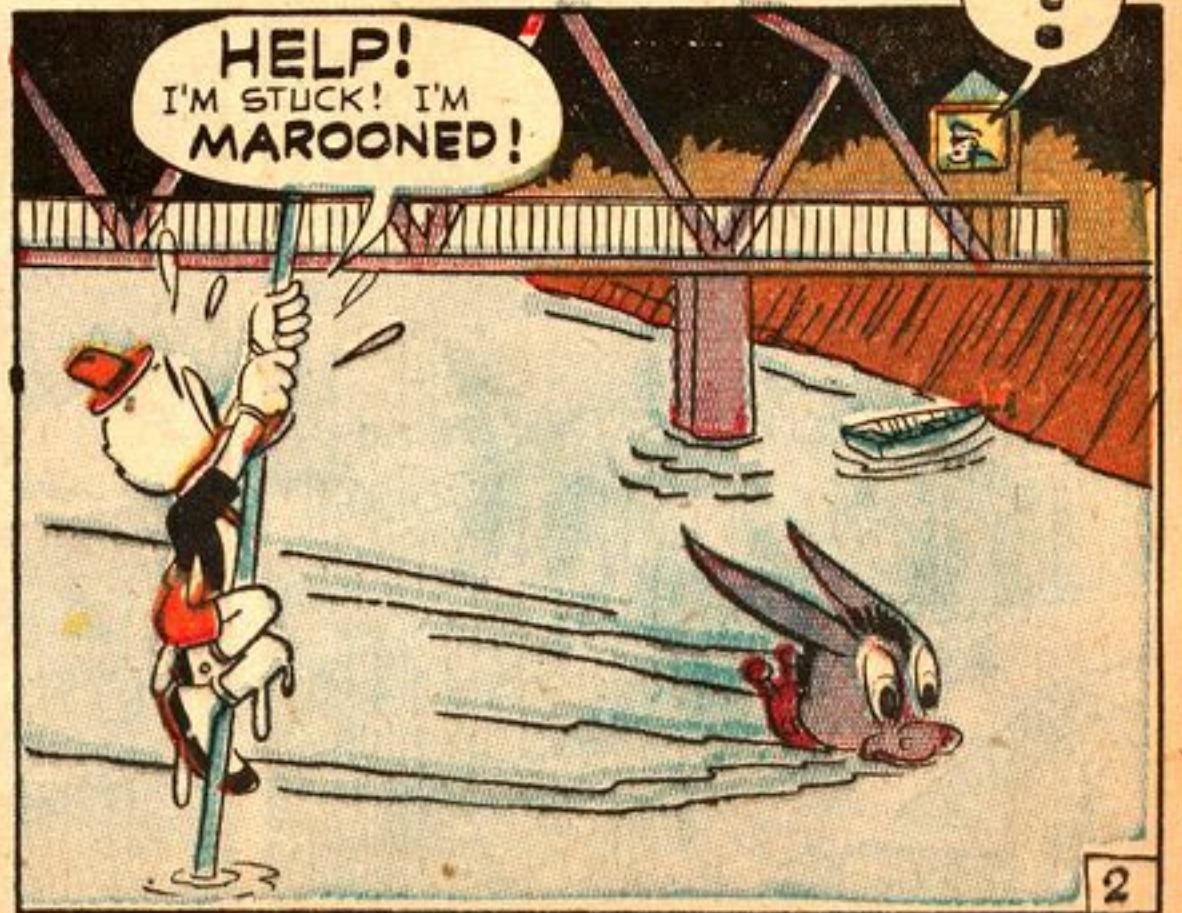
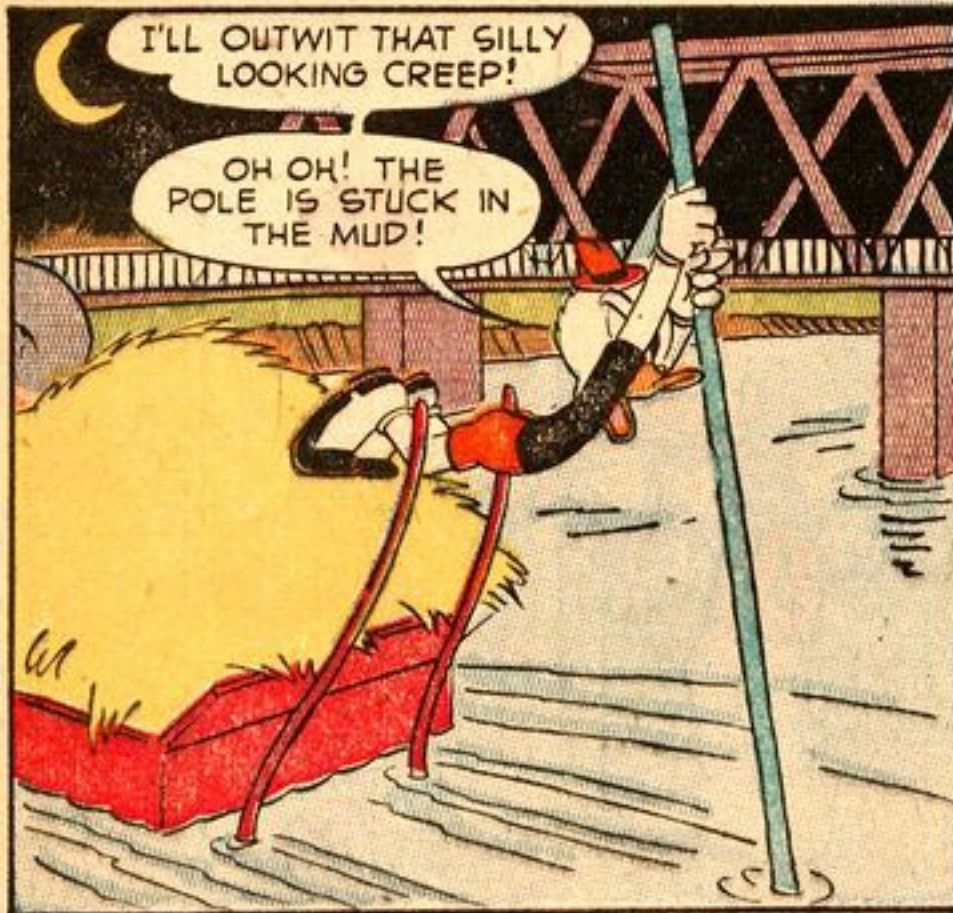
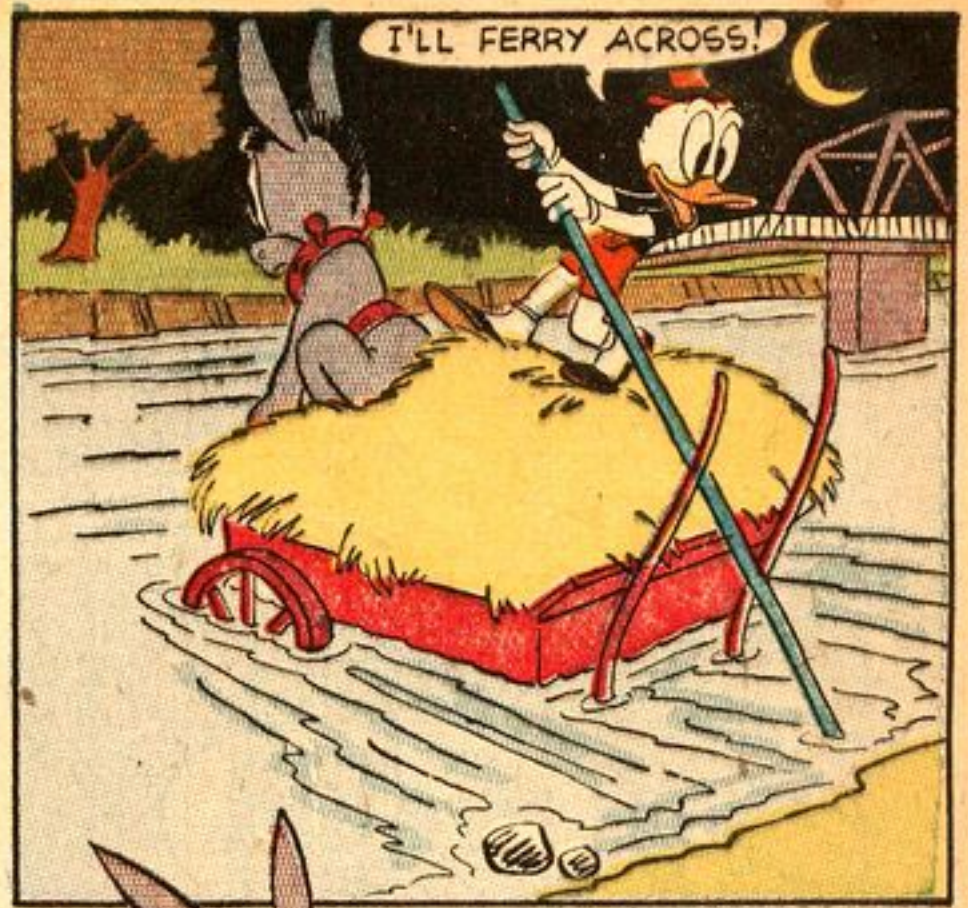
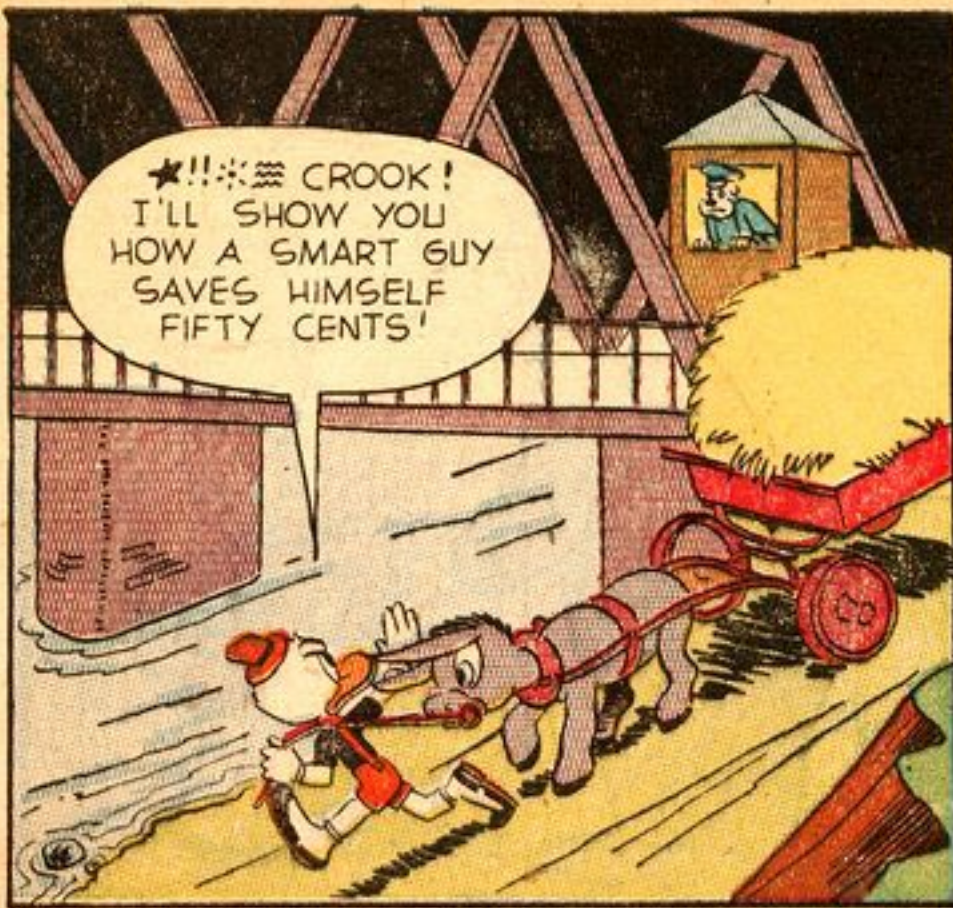


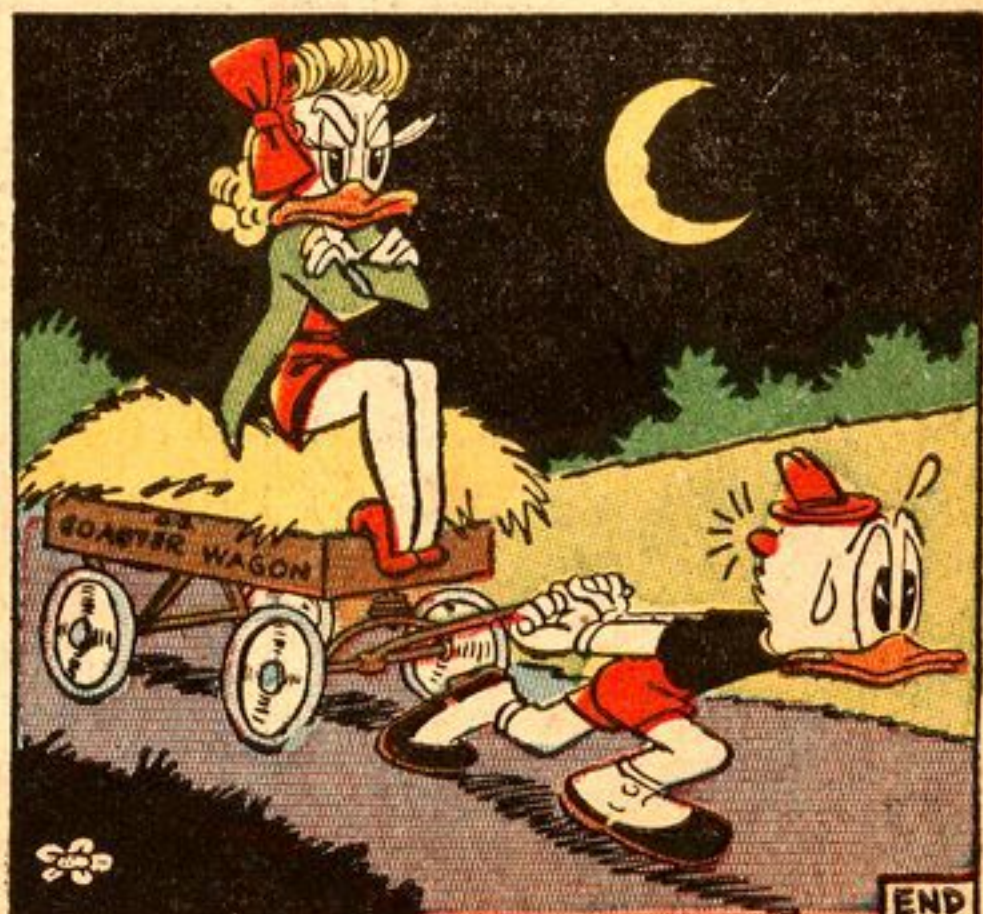
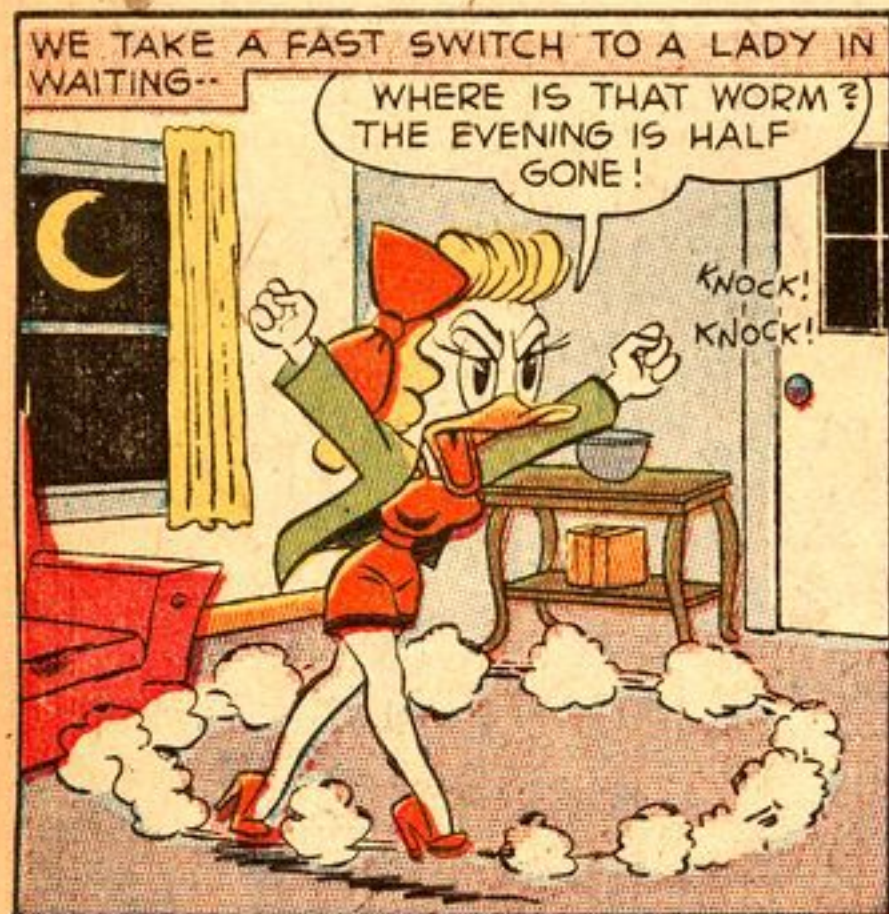
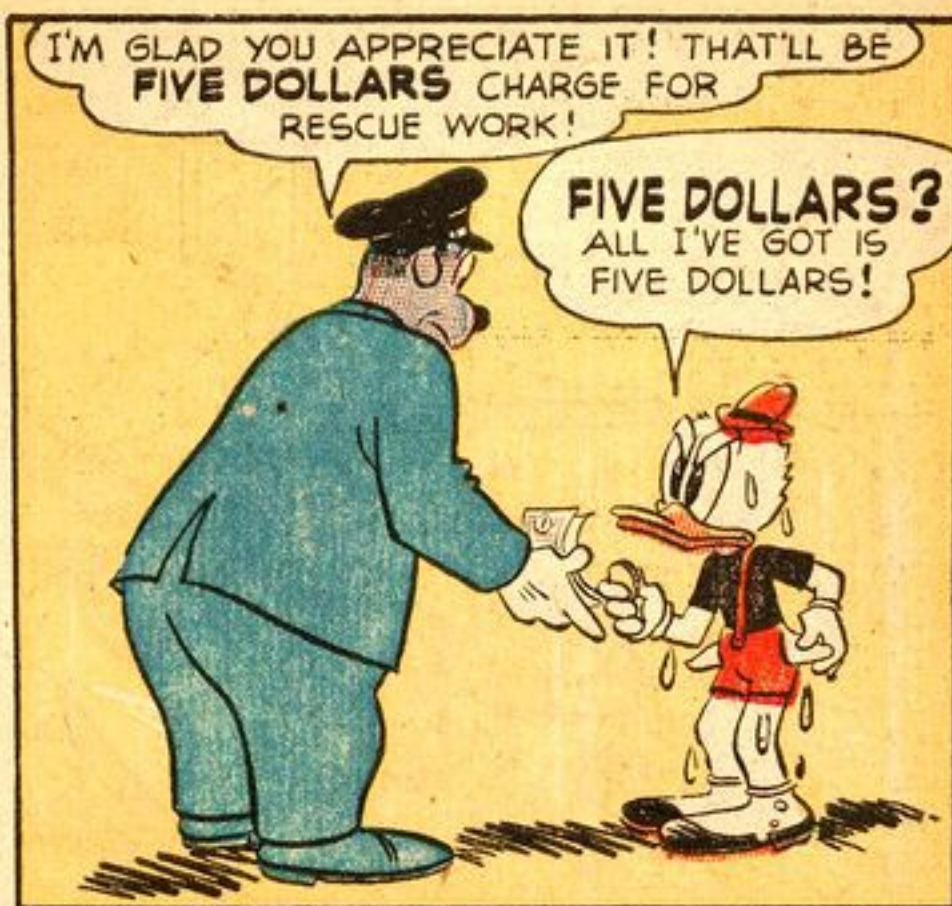
# D SUPER DUCK



## THE COCKEYED WONDER



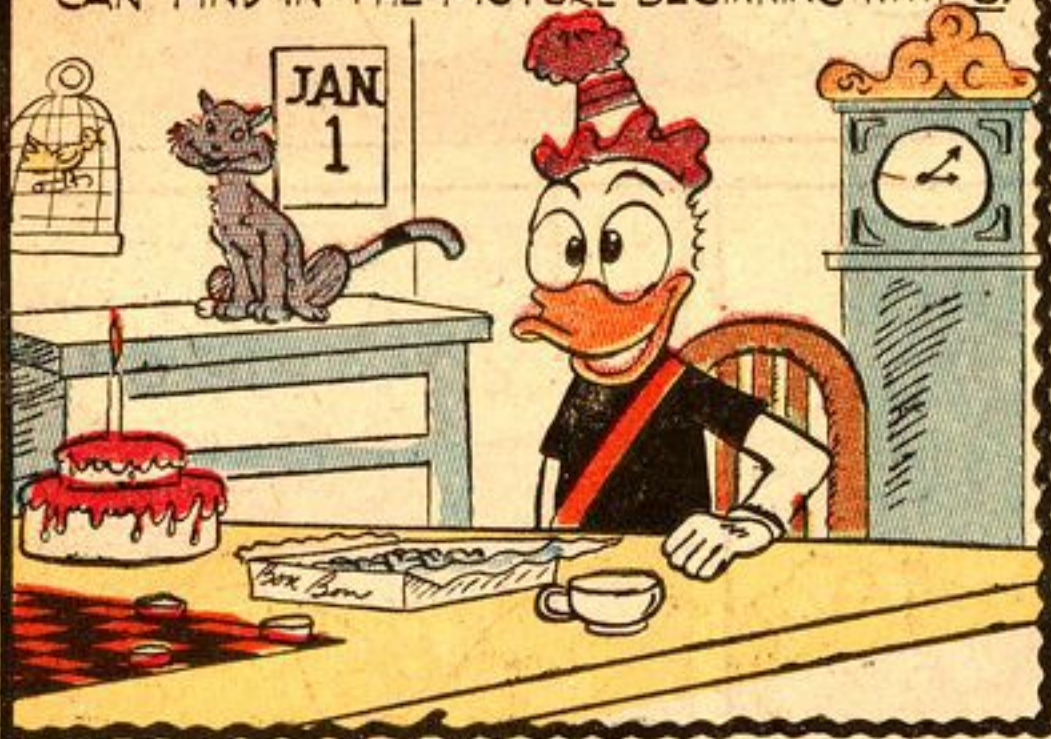




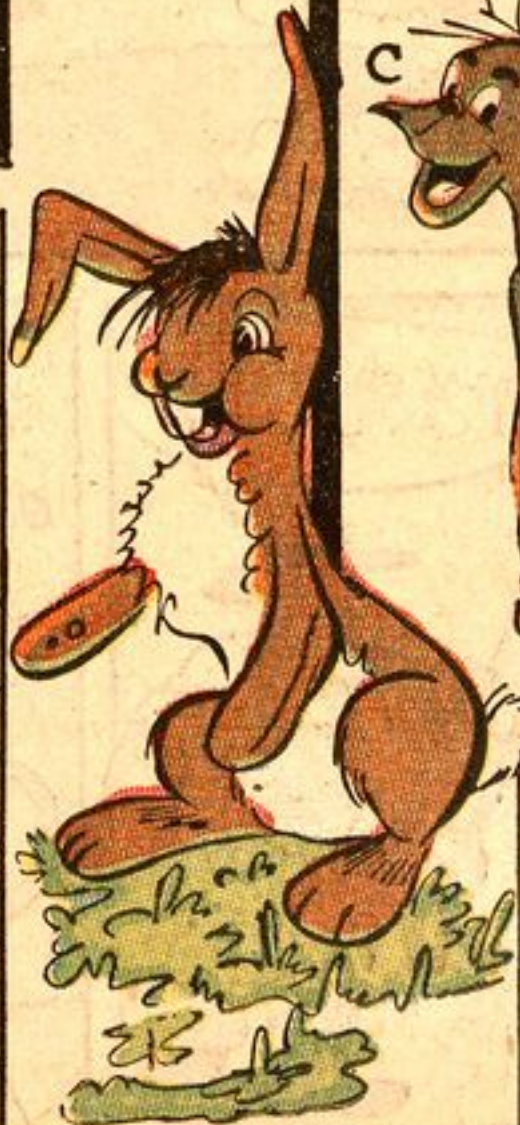
# Super DUCK

P U Z Z L E P A G E

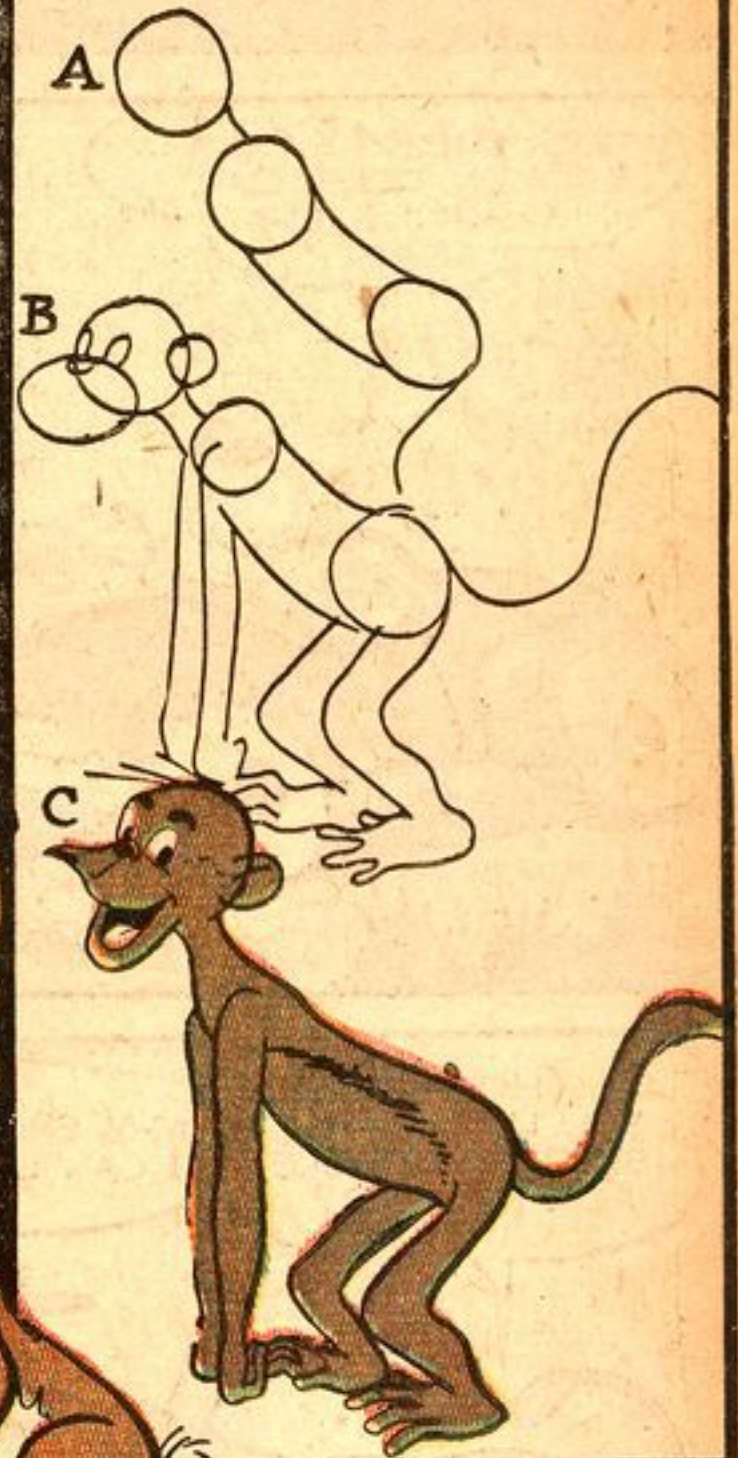
YESIREE! IT'S SUPERDUCK'S BIRTHDAY!  
HE WANTS TO PLAY A LITTLE PARTY GAME  
WITH YOU! SEE HOW MANY OBJECTS YOU  
CAN FIND IN THE PICTURE BEGINNING WITH "C!"



FIND OUT WHO HARRY HARE'S  
FRIEND IS, BY FILLING IN THE  
DOTTED AREAS!



DRAW  
ME!



## ANSWERS

BIRTHDAY PARTY  
CAT  
CHAIR  
CANARY  
CLOCK  
CAGE  
CALENDAR  
CUP  
CHECKERS  
CANDY

# SUPER DUCK

THE COCKEYED WONDER

By AL Fagaly

OH BOY! IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE HOMEWARD BOUND!

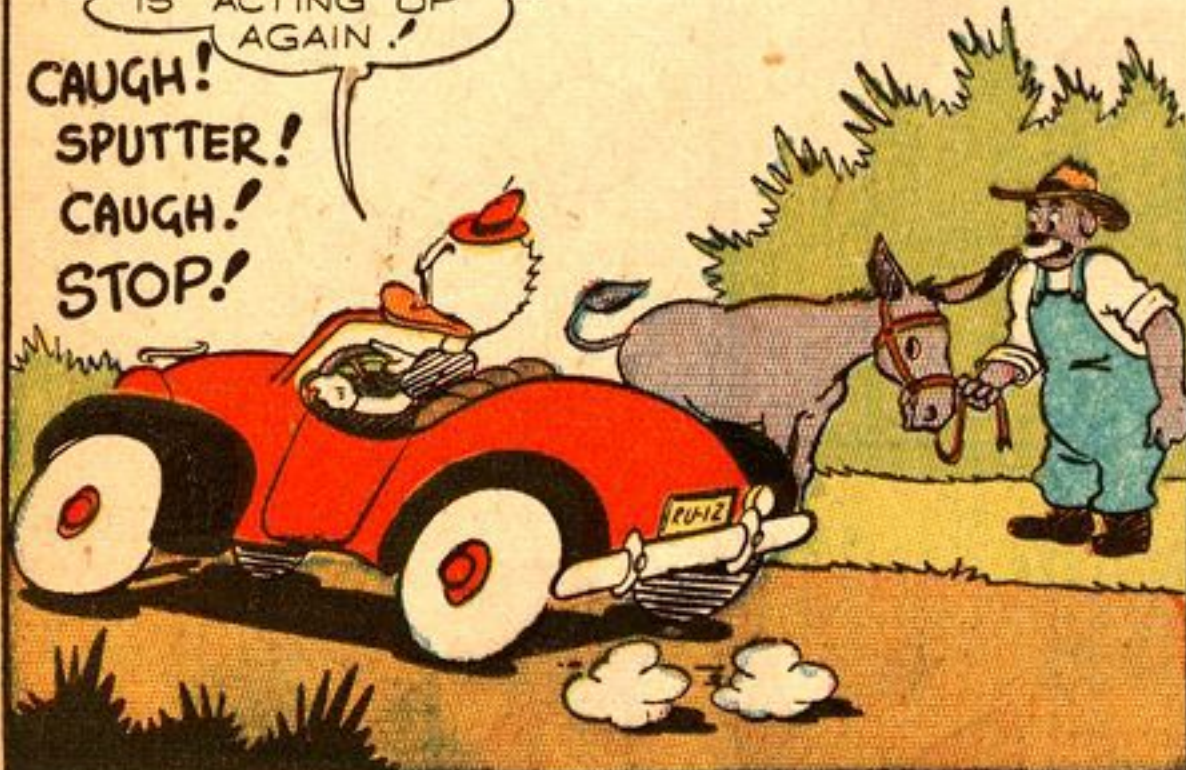
OH! OH!

CHUG! CHUG!  
SPUTTER!  
CAUGH!



THIS @\*!/?!@#...  
BROKEN DOWN CAR  
IS ACTING UP  
AGAIN!

CAUGH!  
SPUTTER!  
CAUGH!  
STOP!

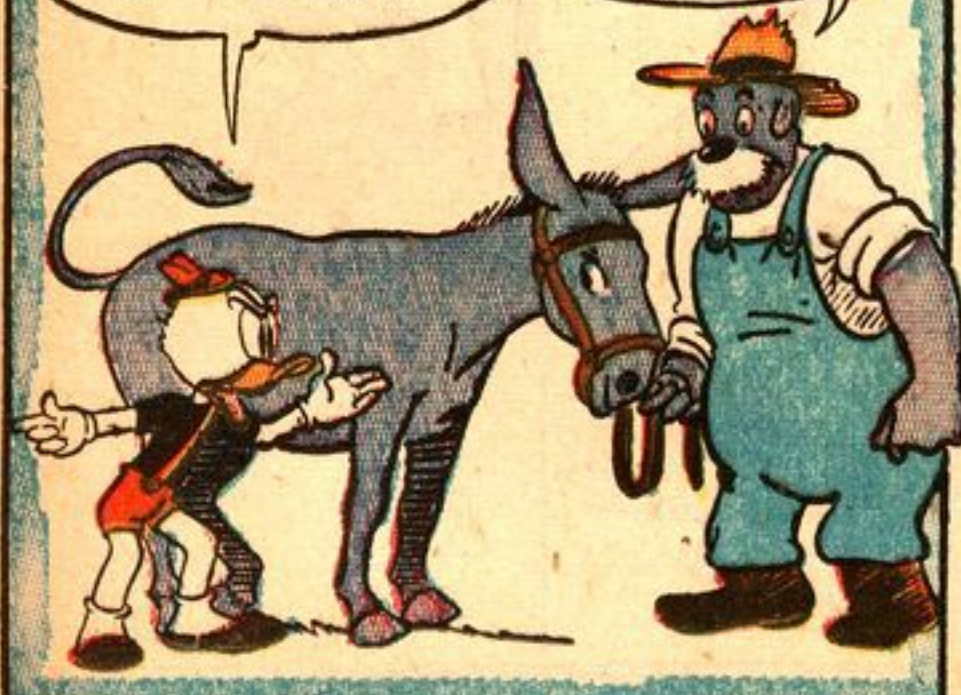


\*!#@#?!!! I'M GOING TO  
GET RID OF IT  
THE FIRST CHANCE  
I GET! I WANNA  
GO HOME!

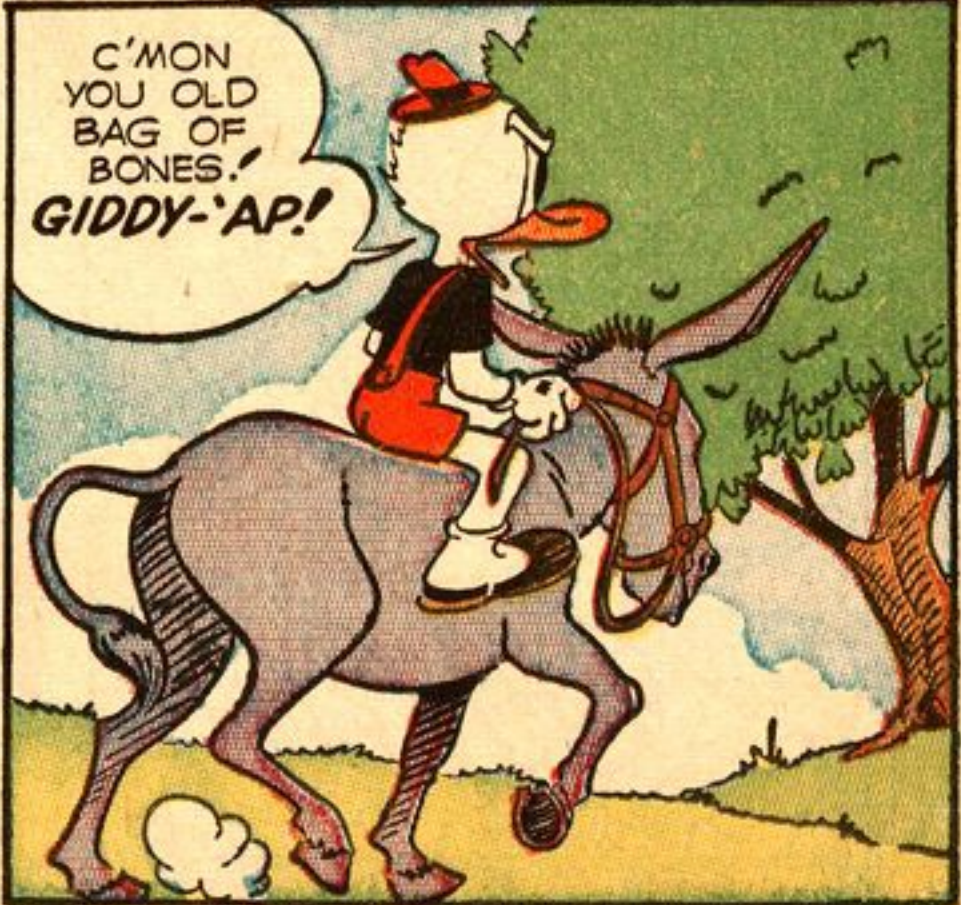


SAY, HOW WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO  
SWAP YOUR MULE  
FOR MY CAR?

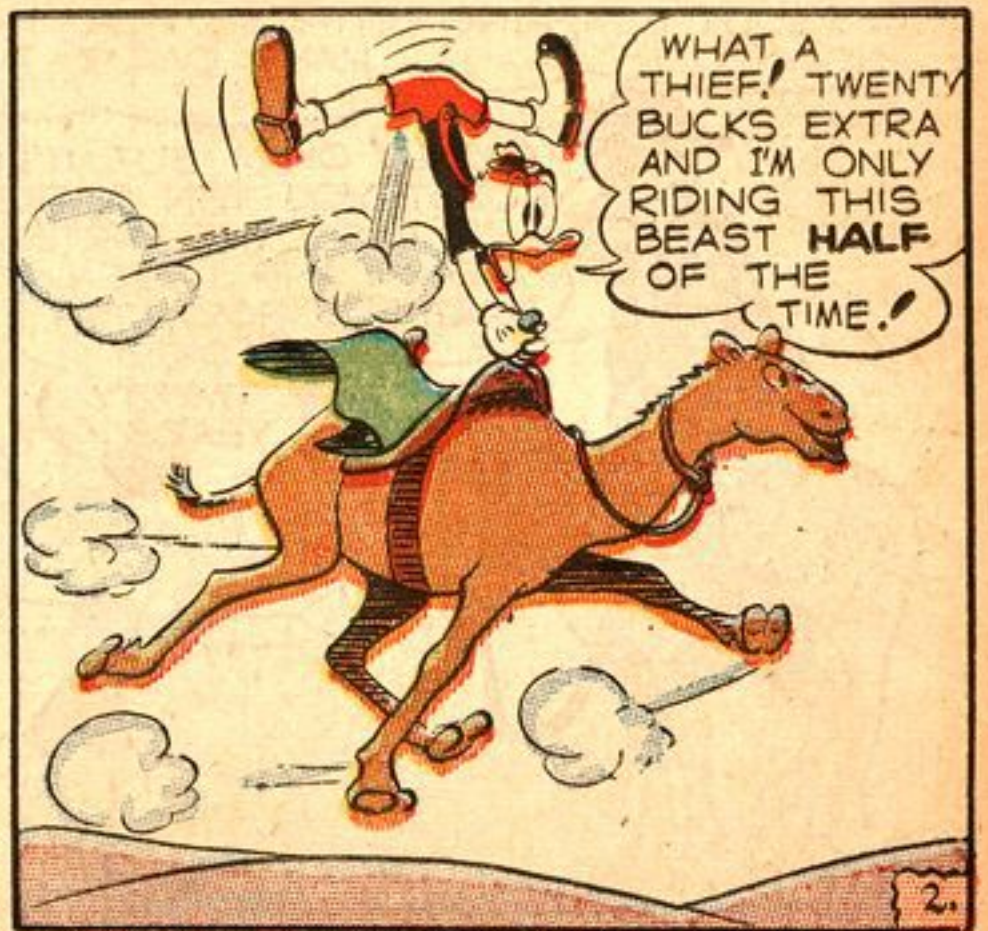
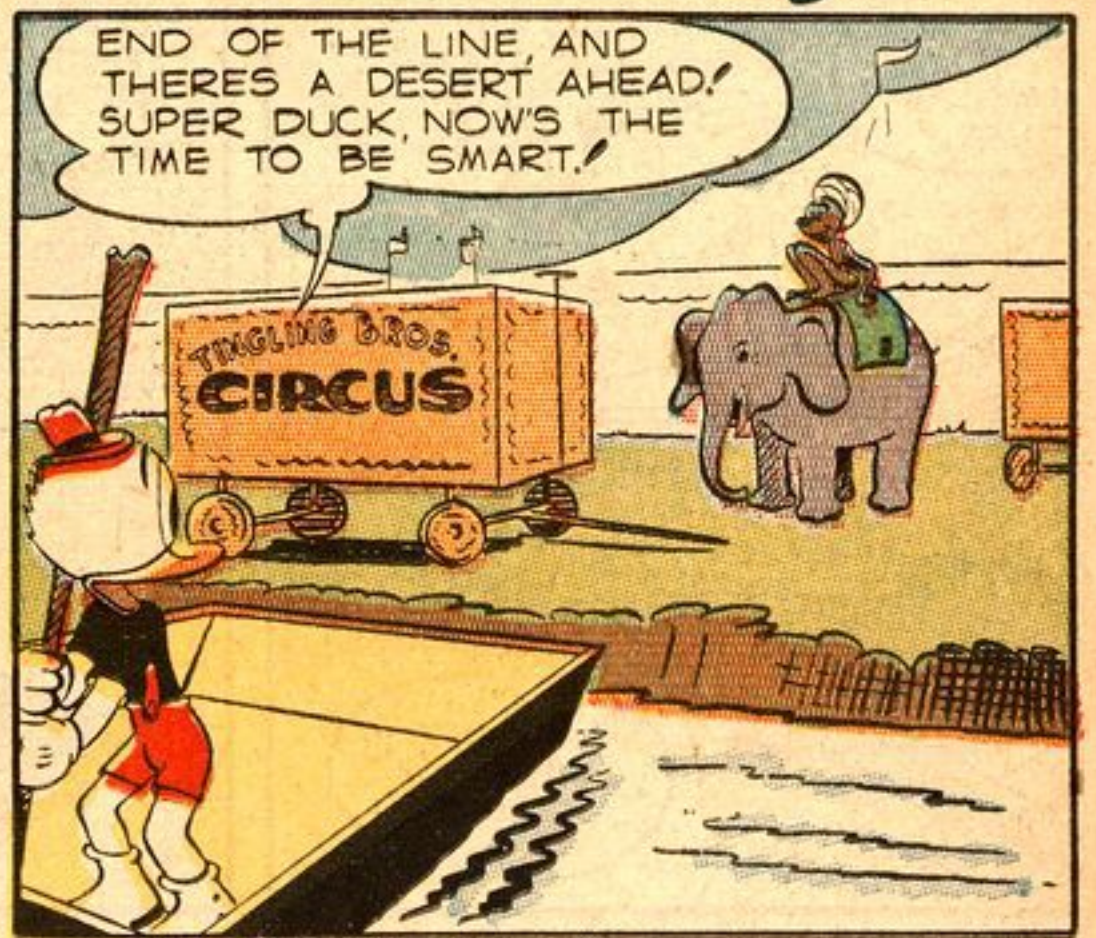
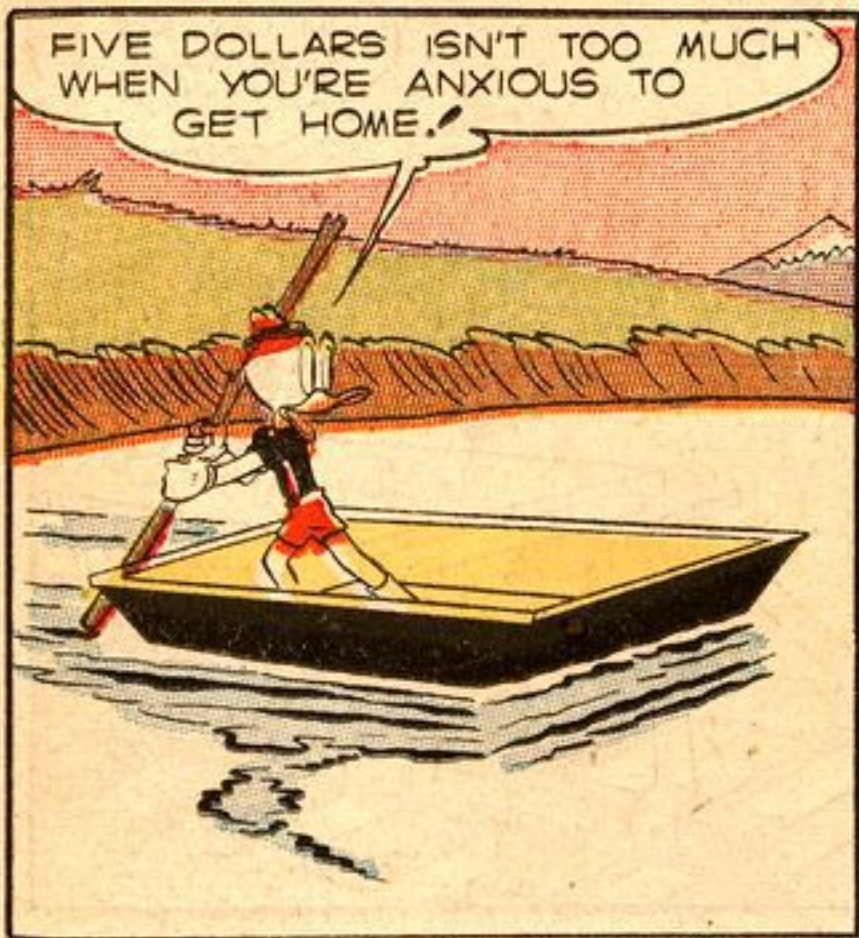
WHY, SHORE, SON!  
I CAN USE IT!

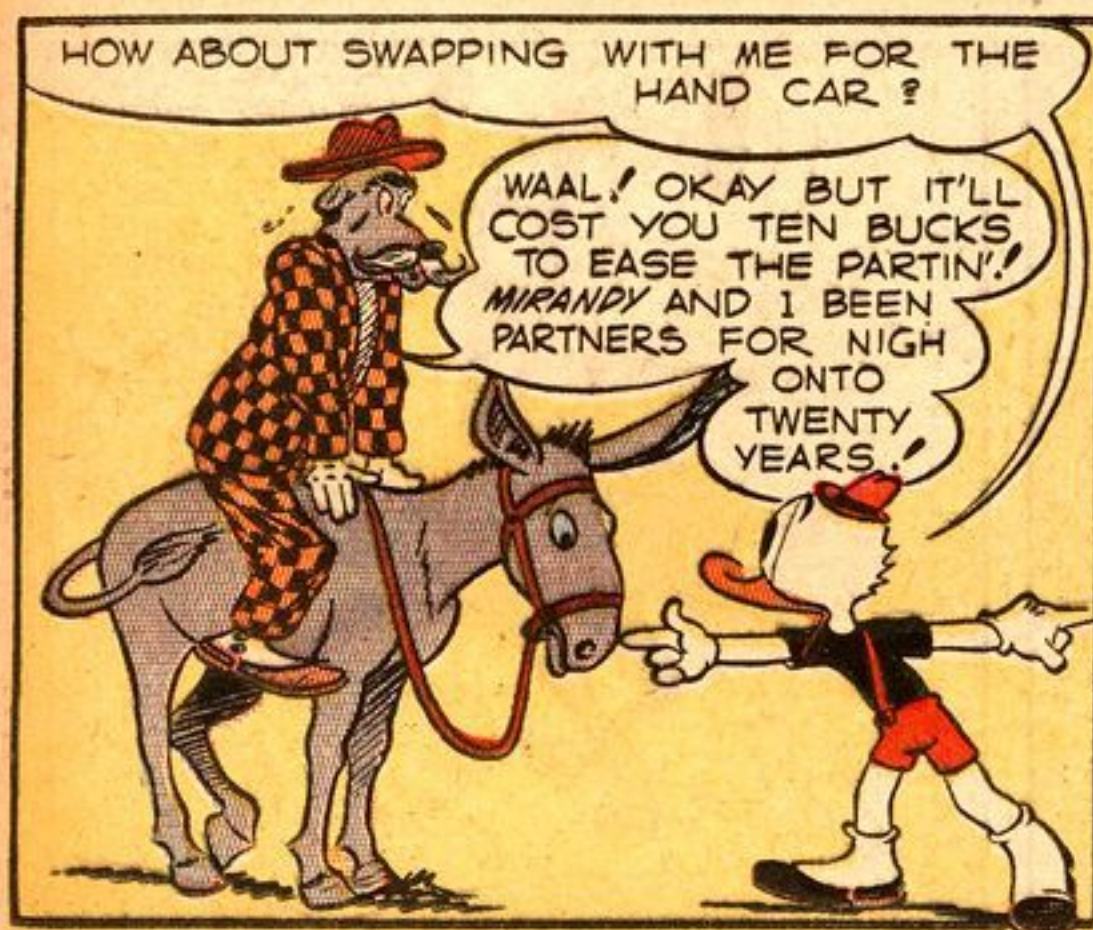
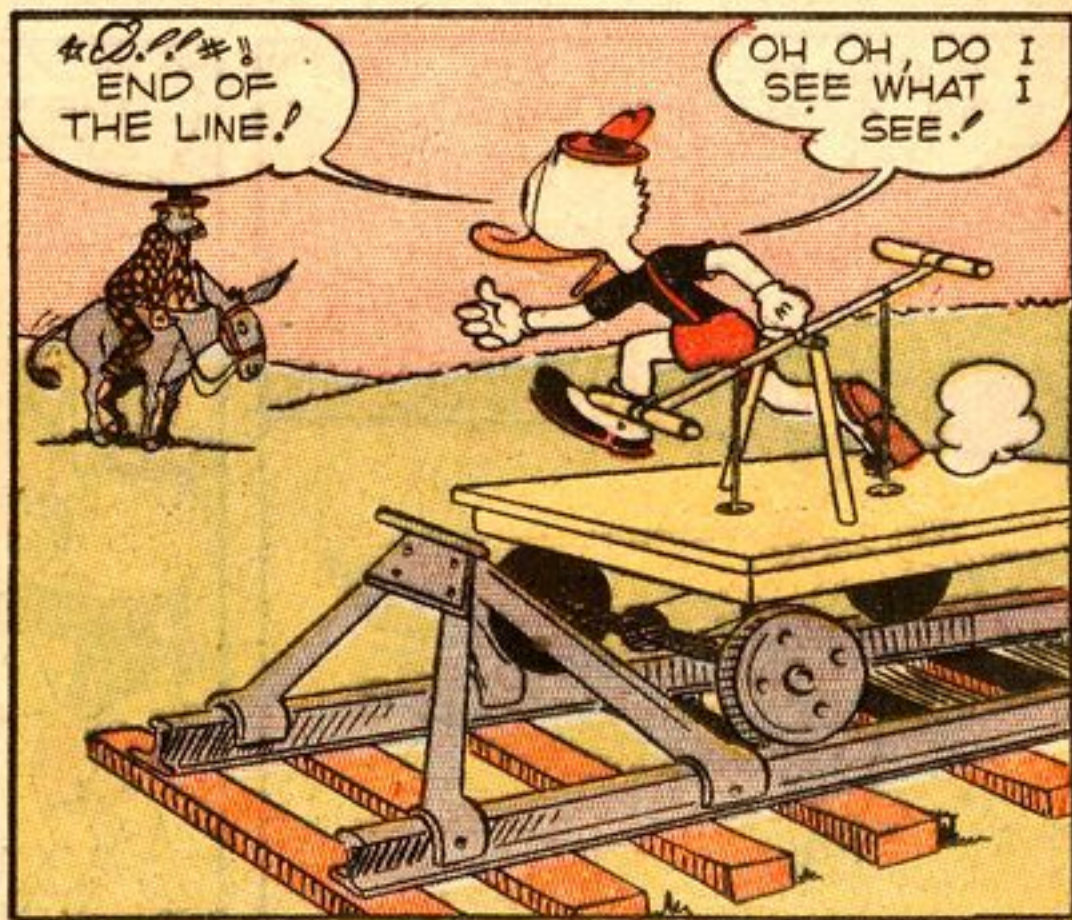
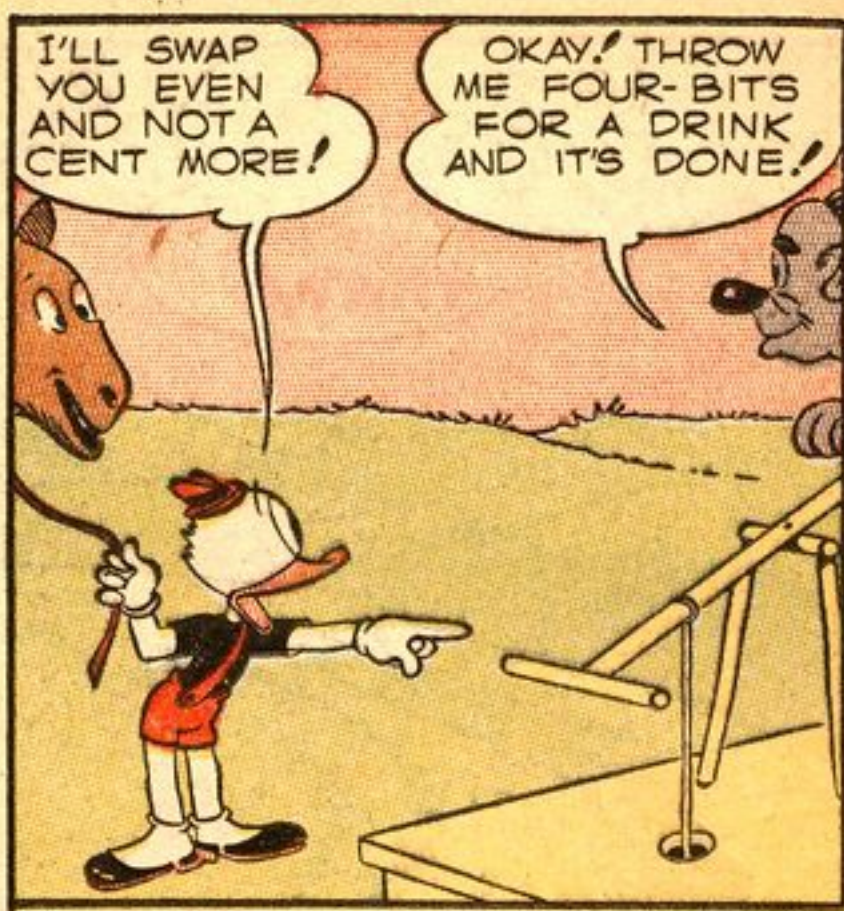
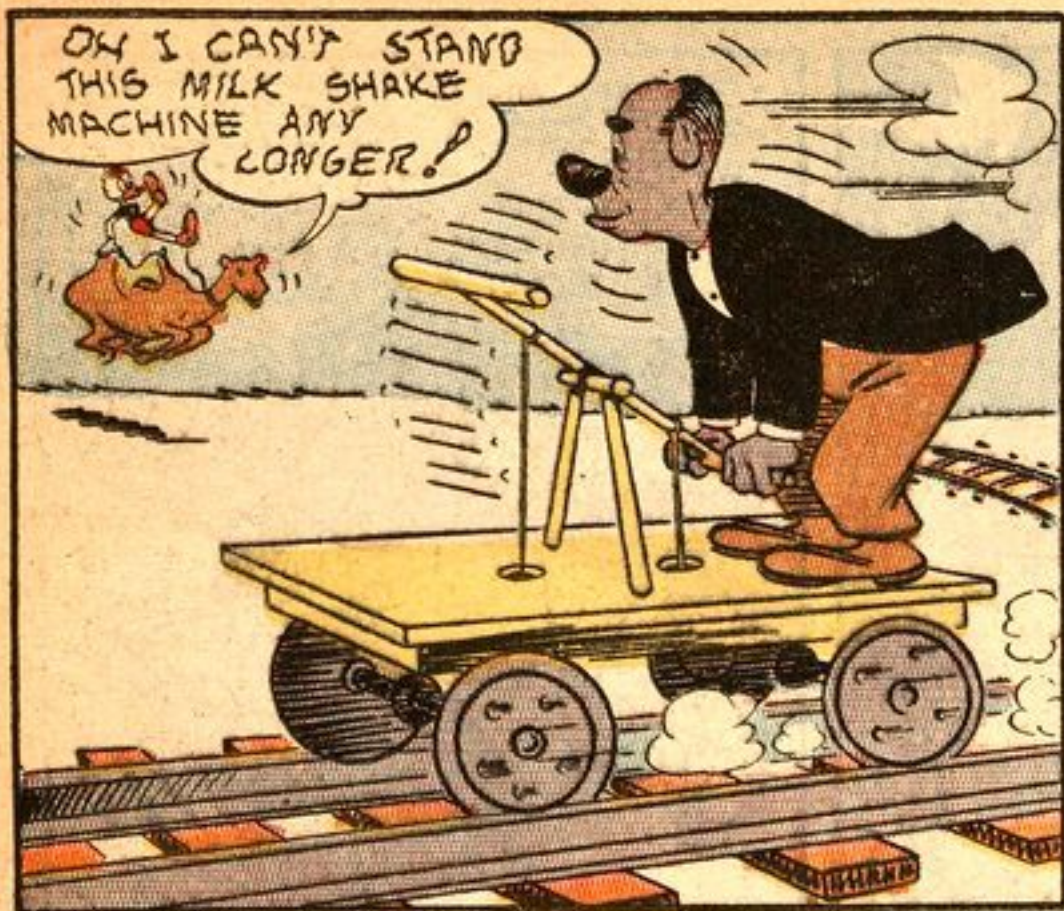


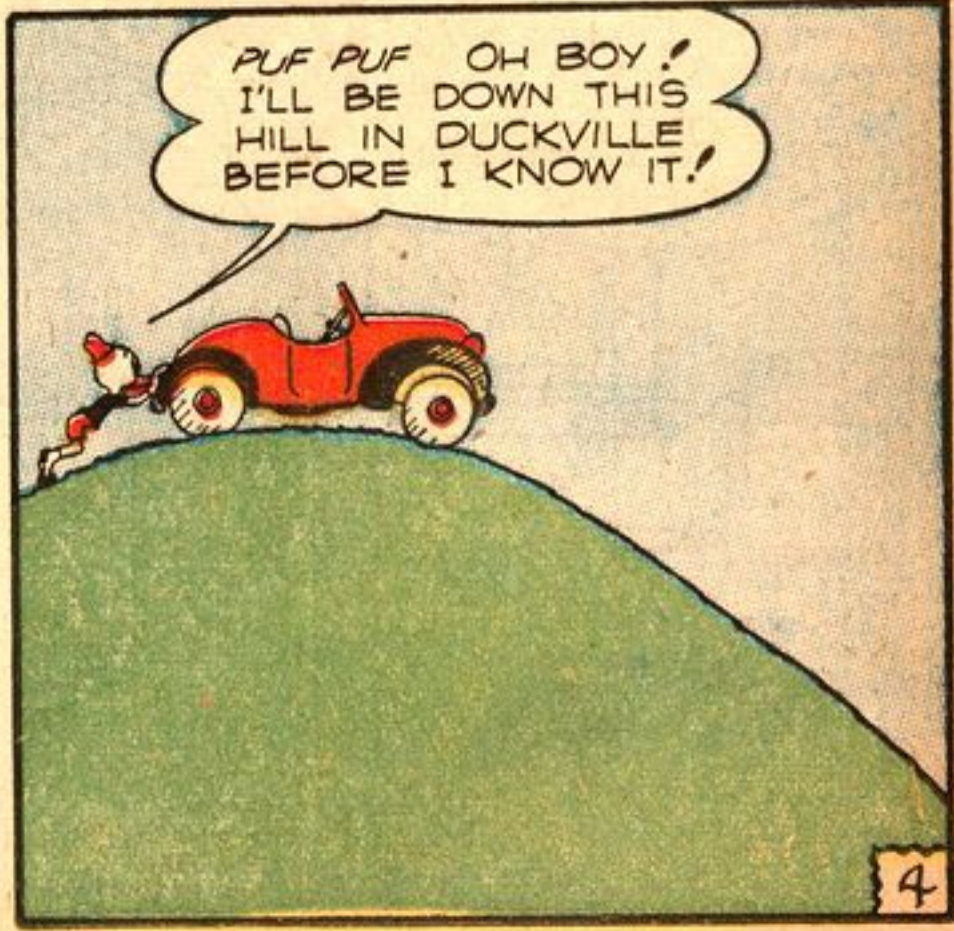
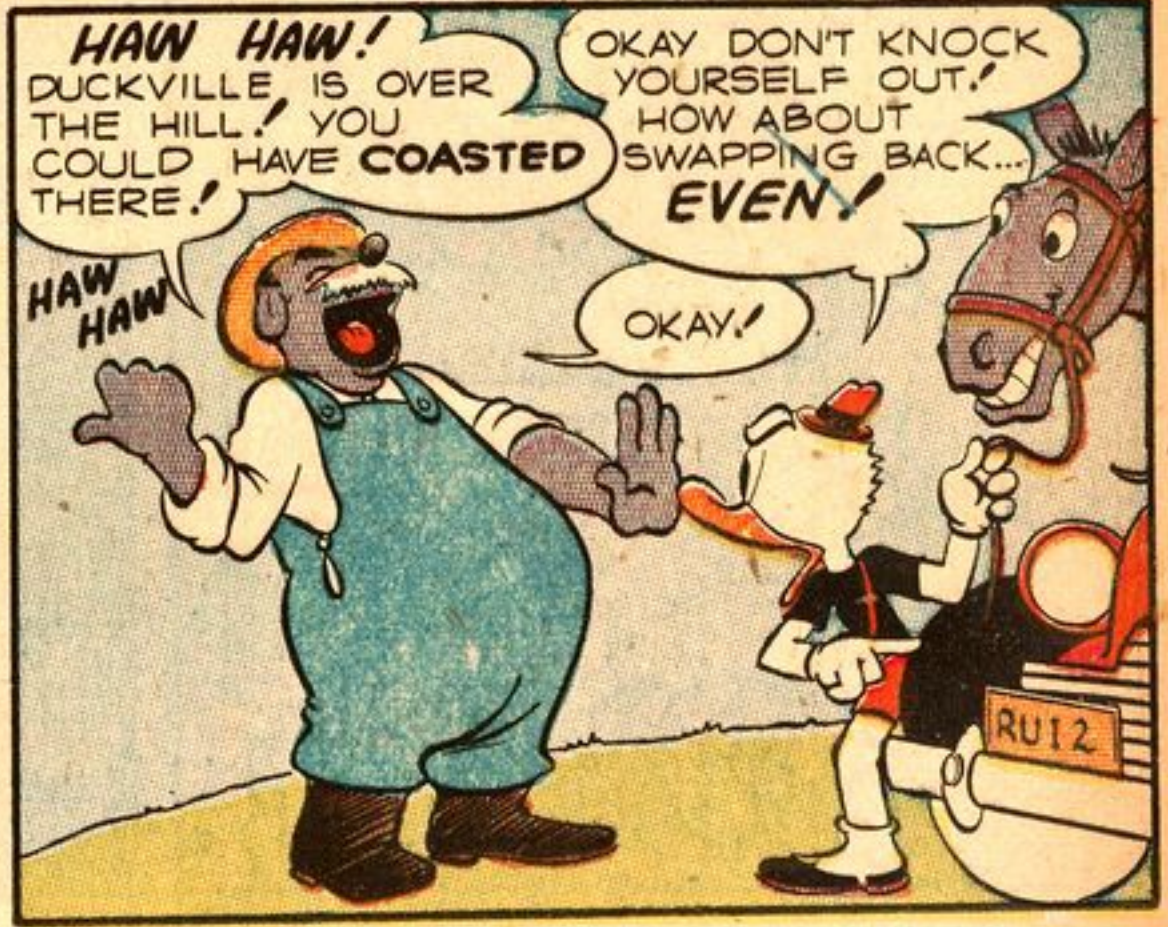
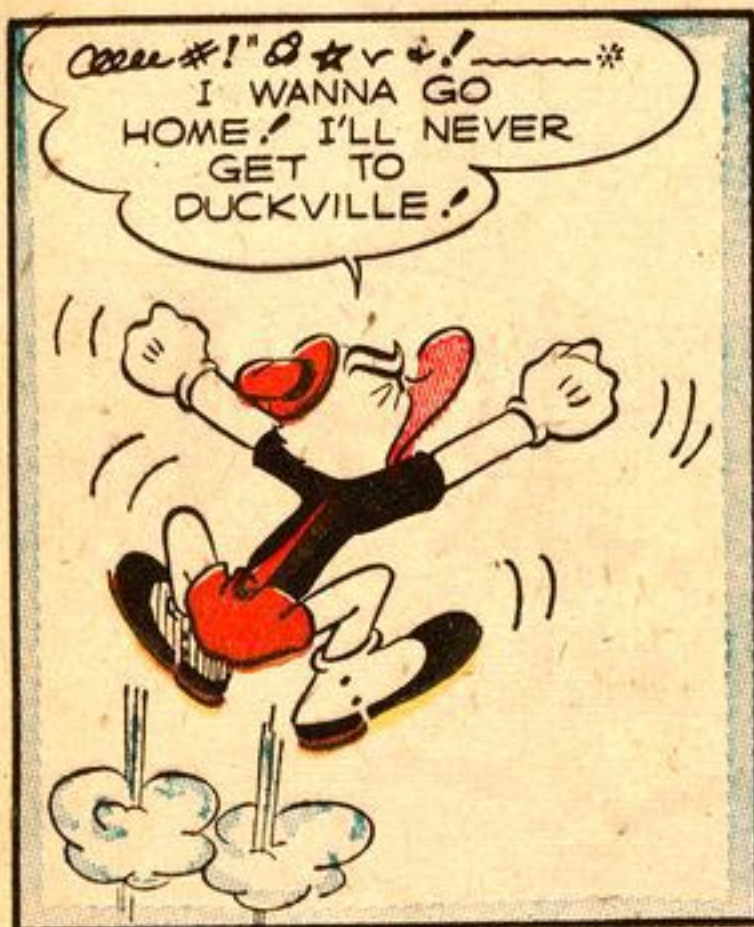
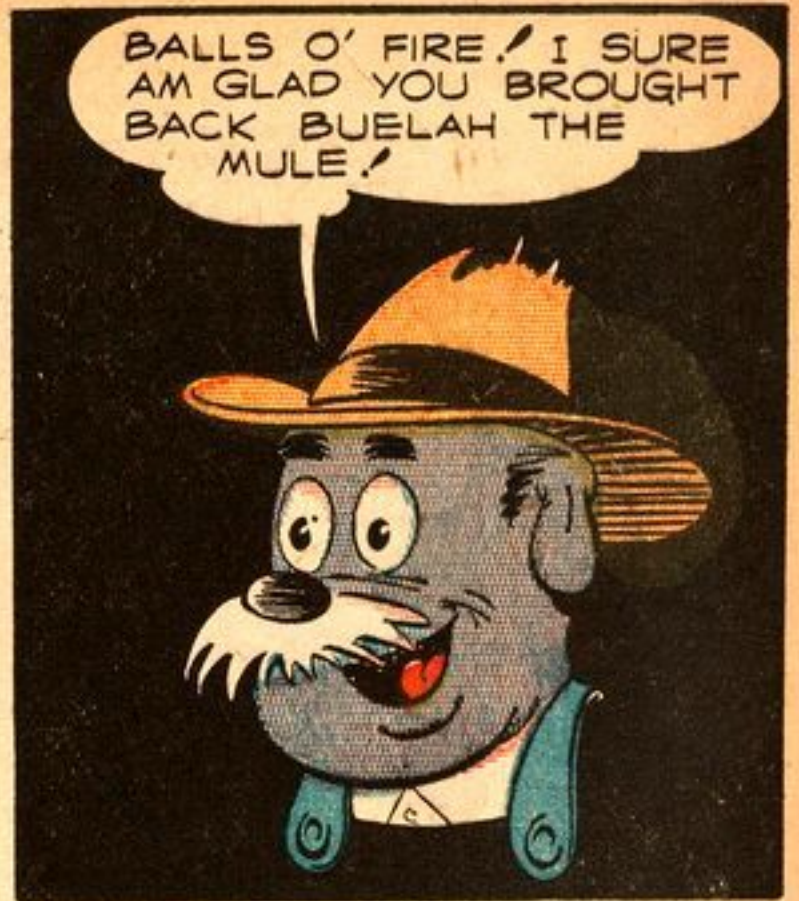
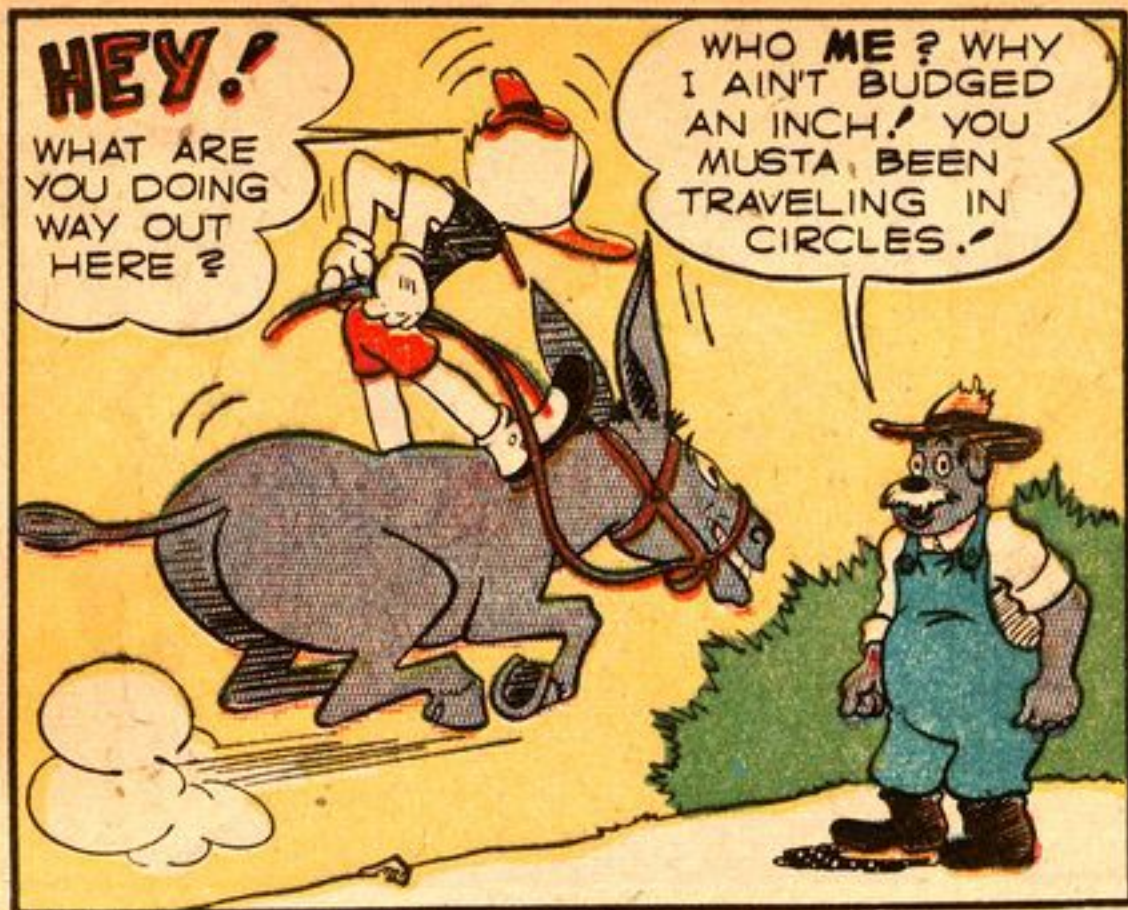
C'MON  
YOU OLD  
BAG OF  
BONES!  
GIDDY-'AP!

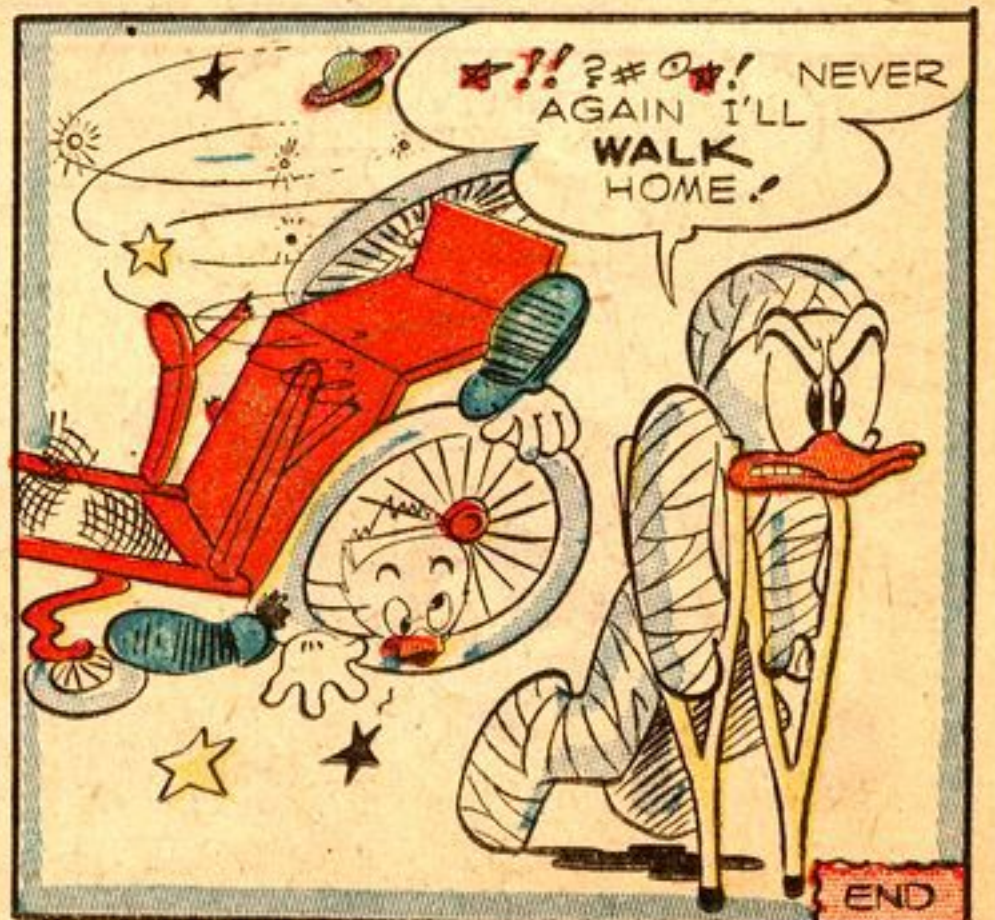
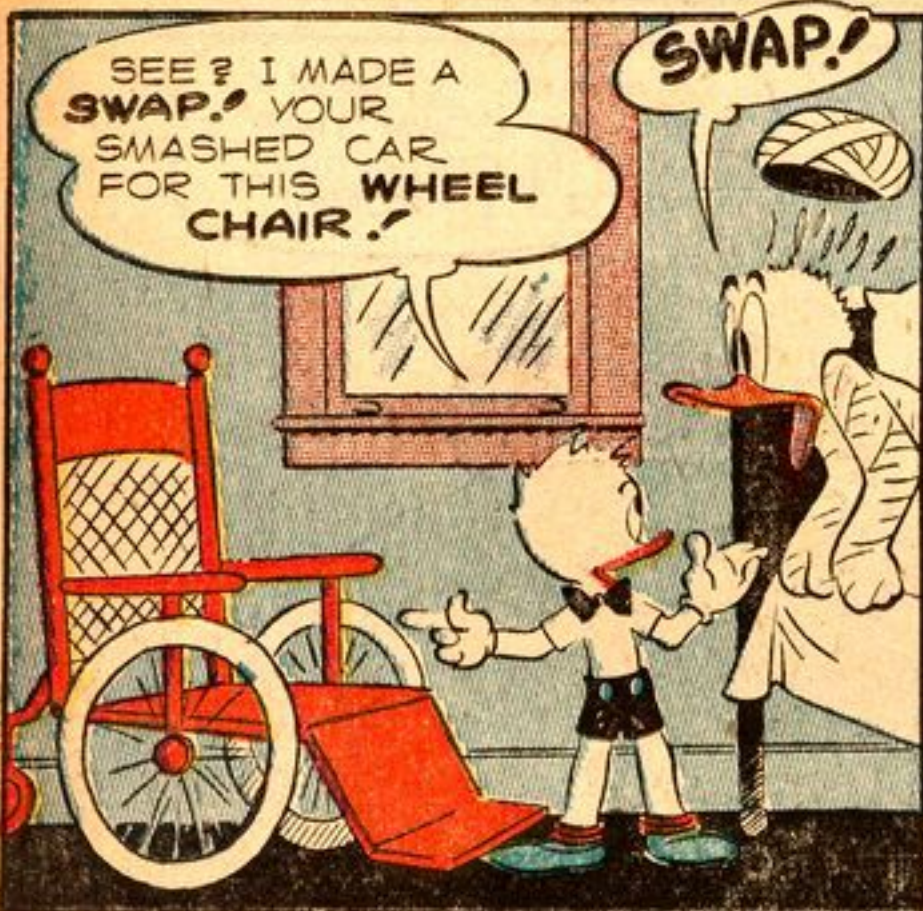
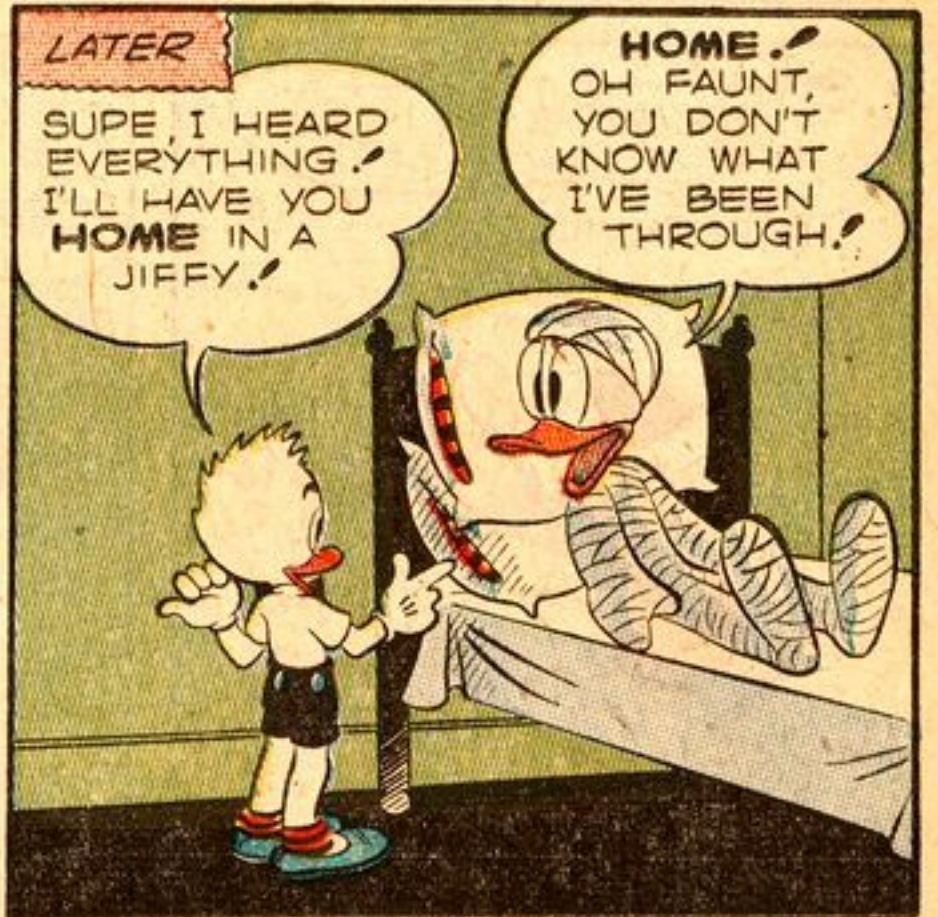
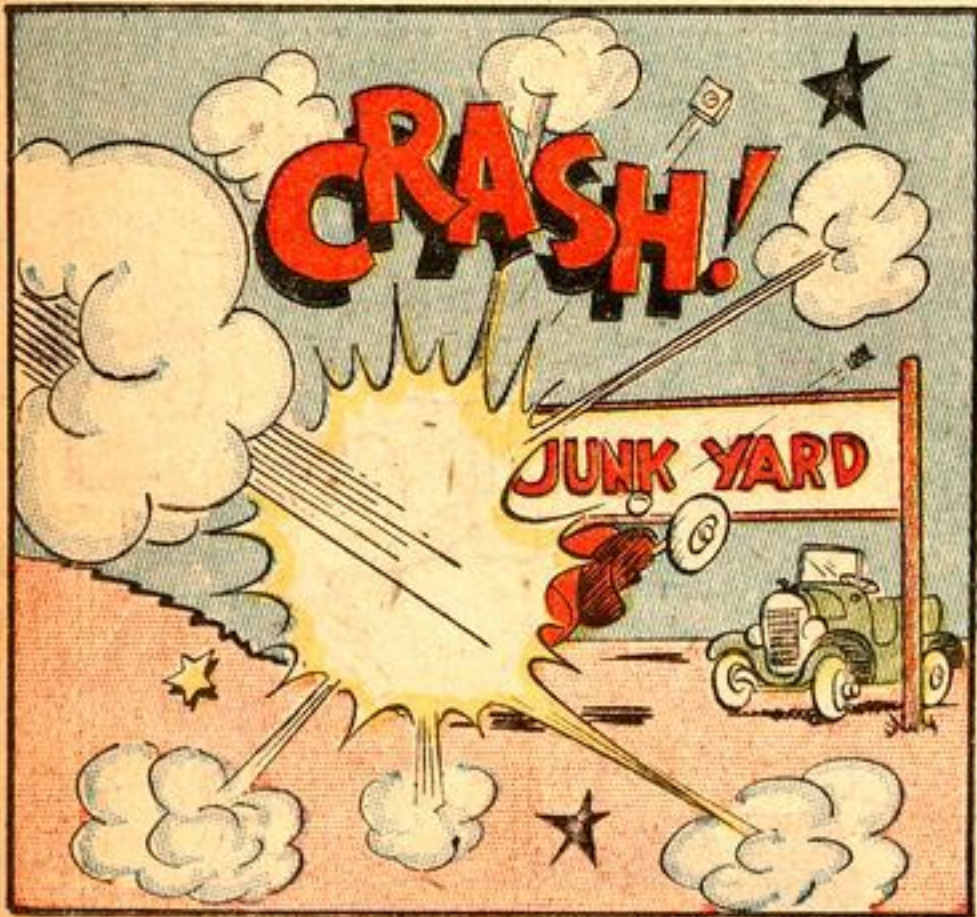








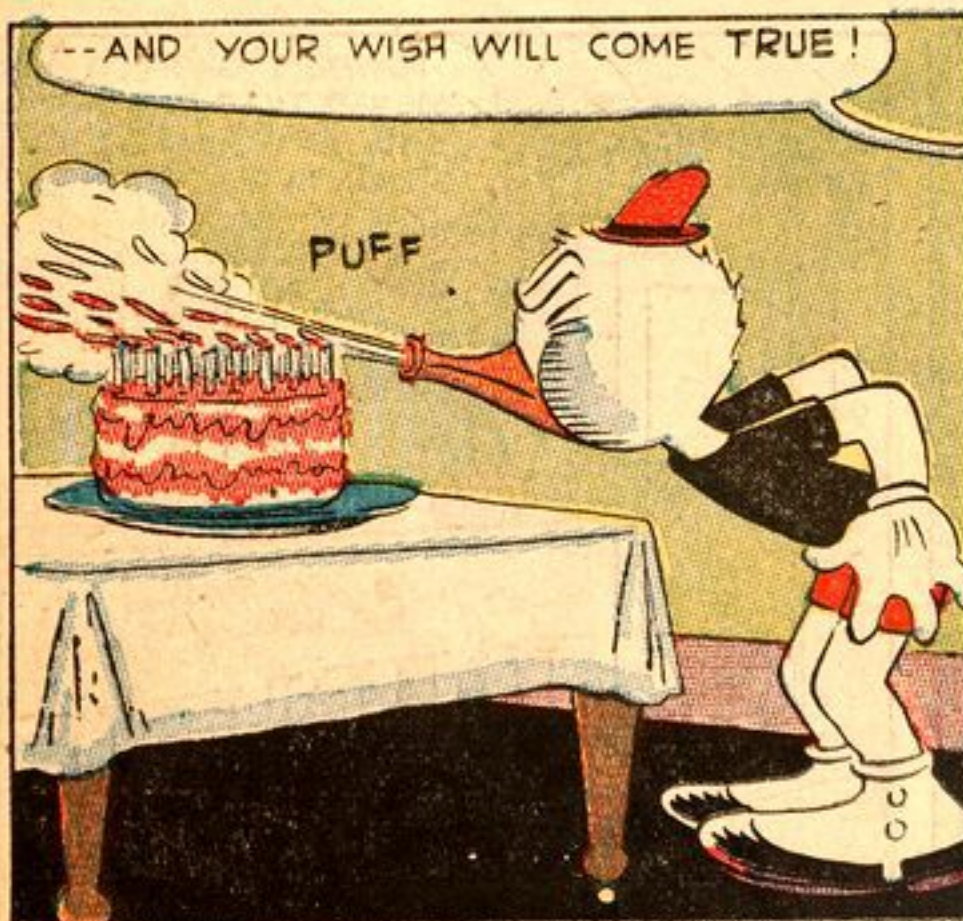
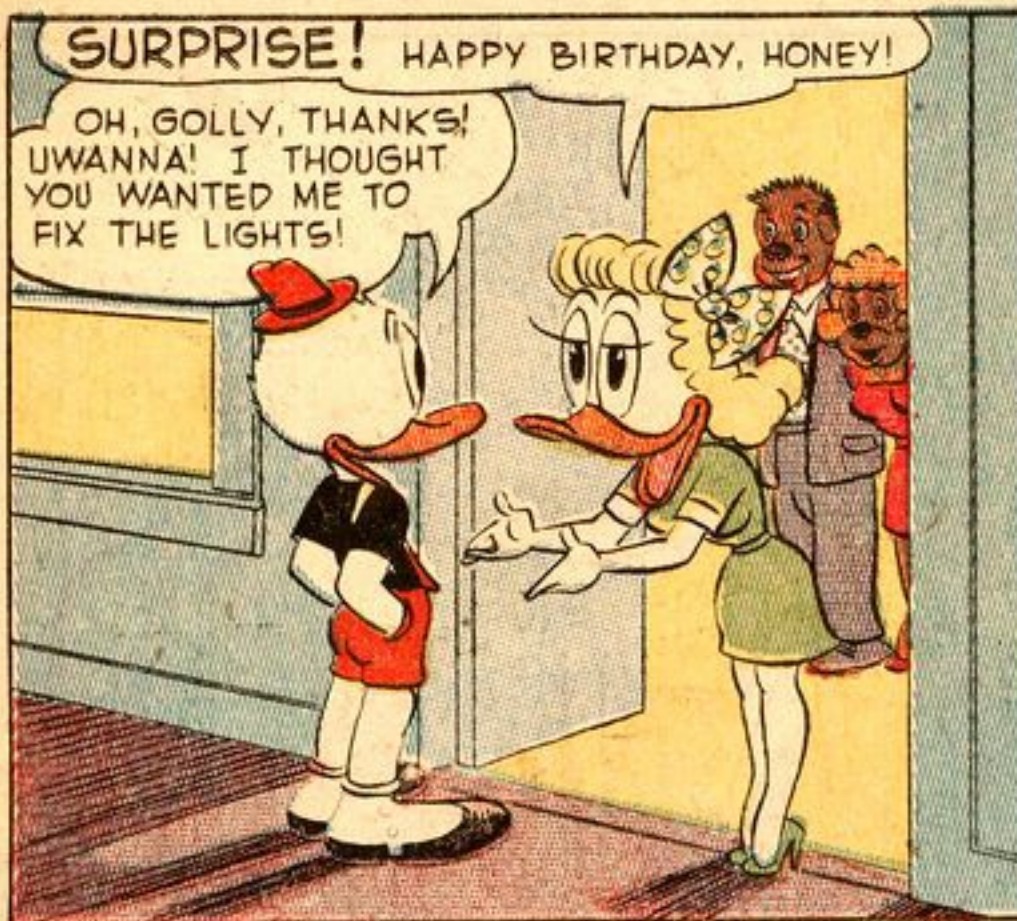


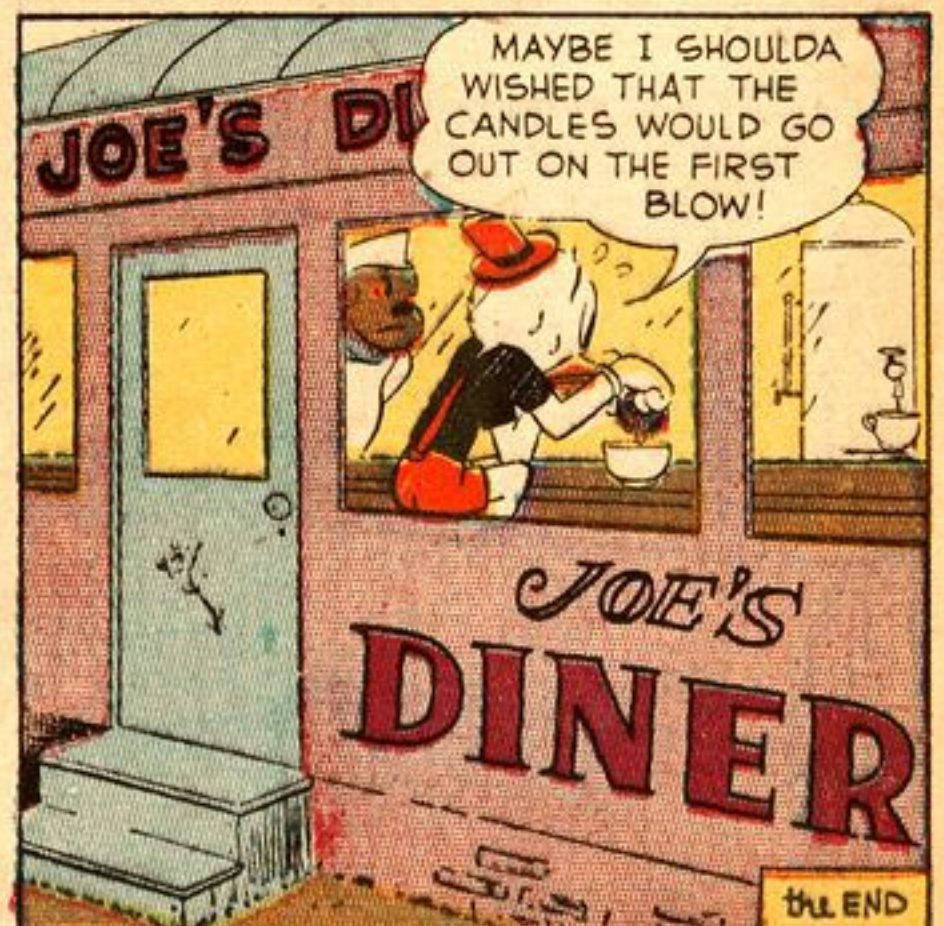
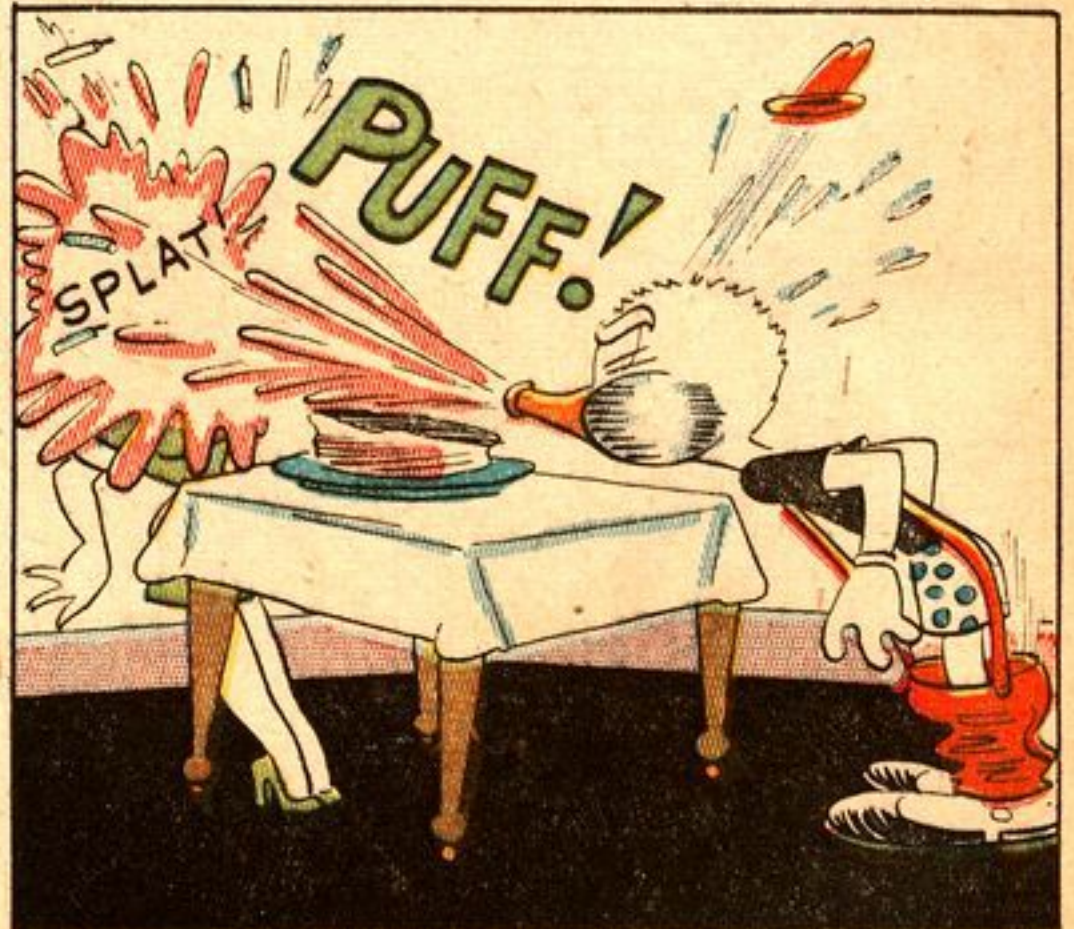
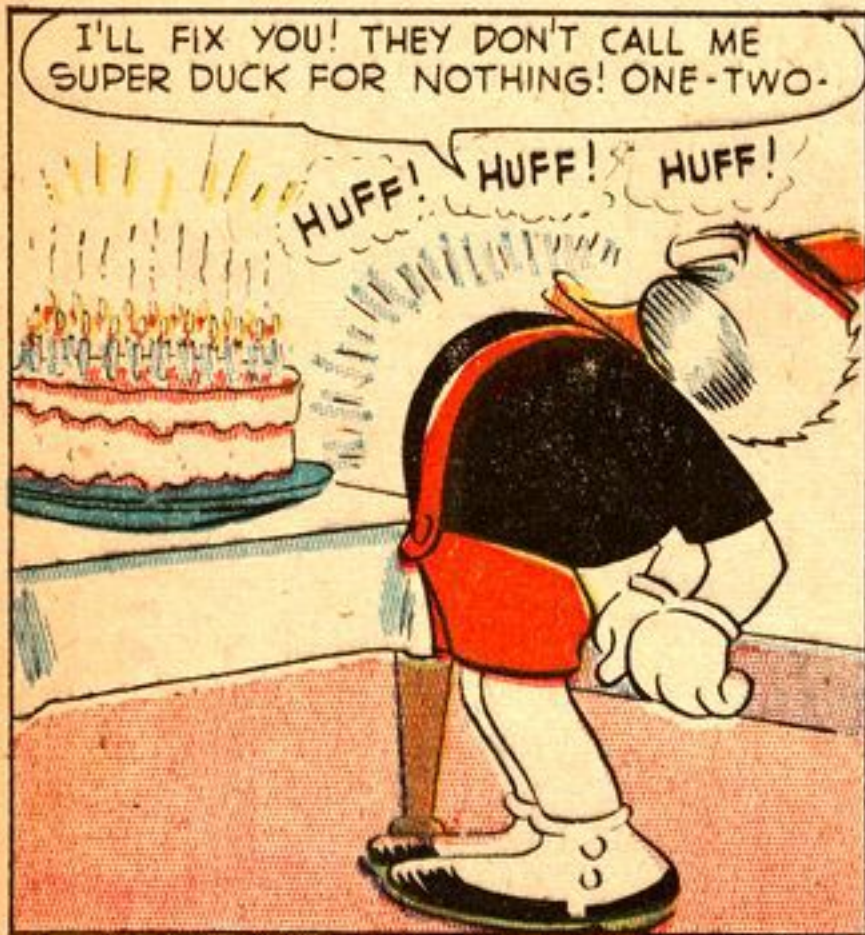


# D SUPER DUCK

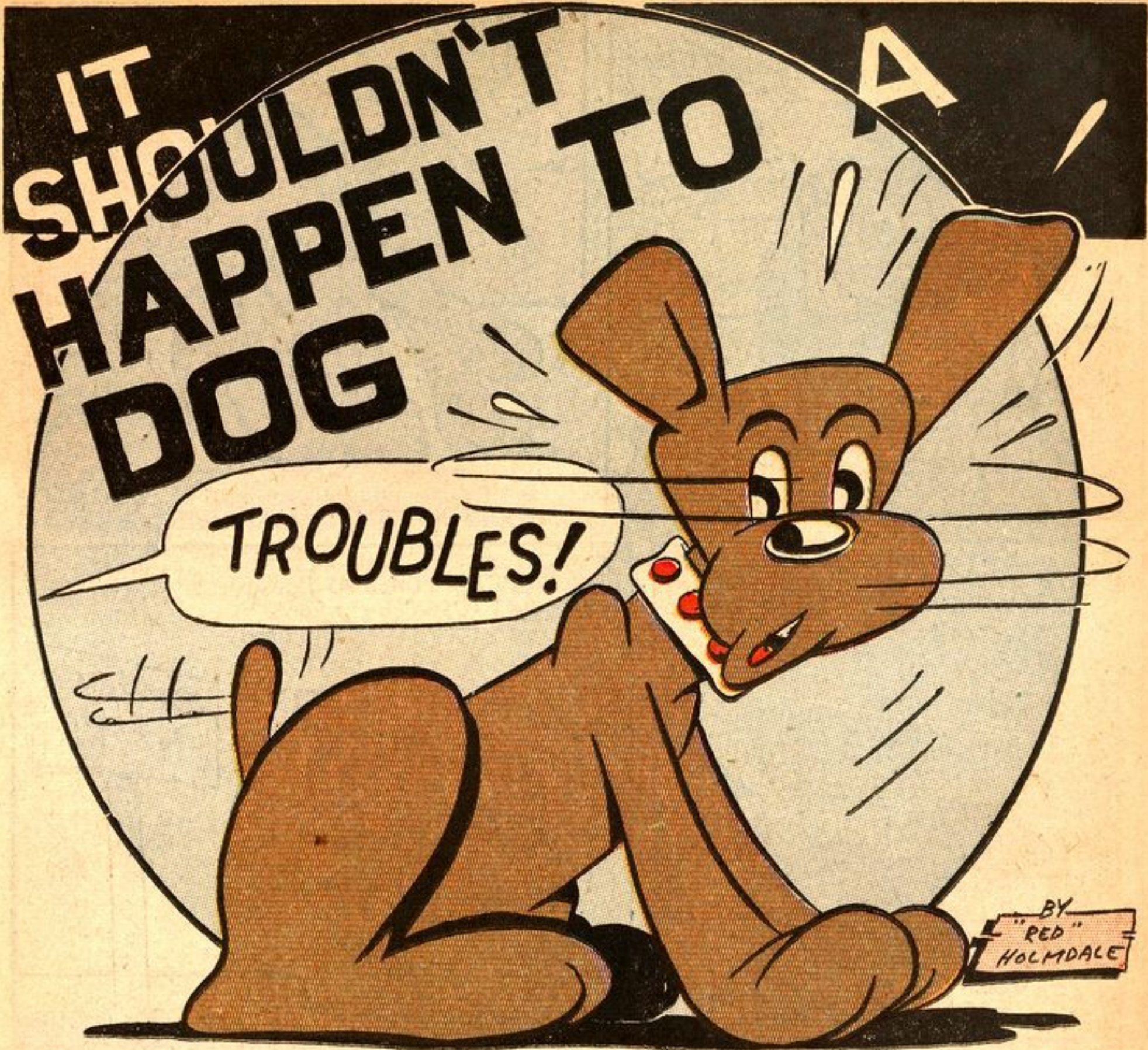
## THE COCKEYED WONDER

By AL Fagaly

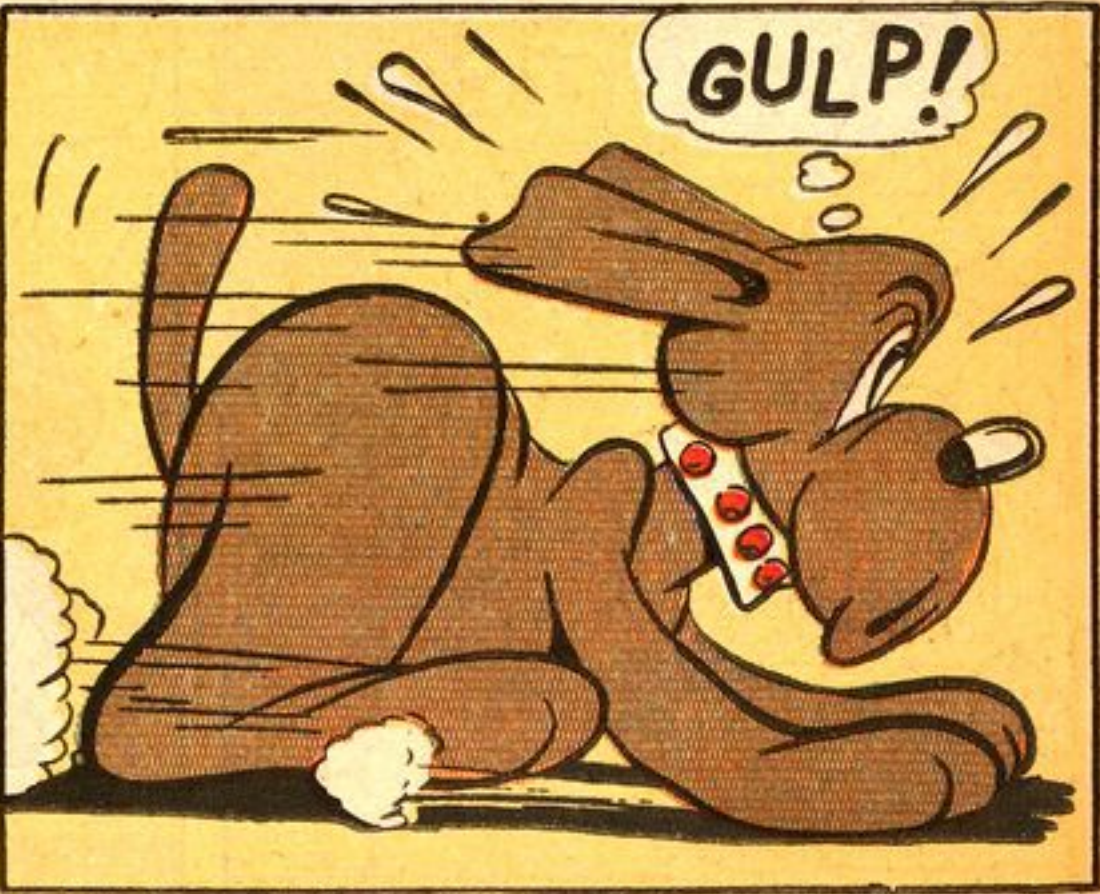
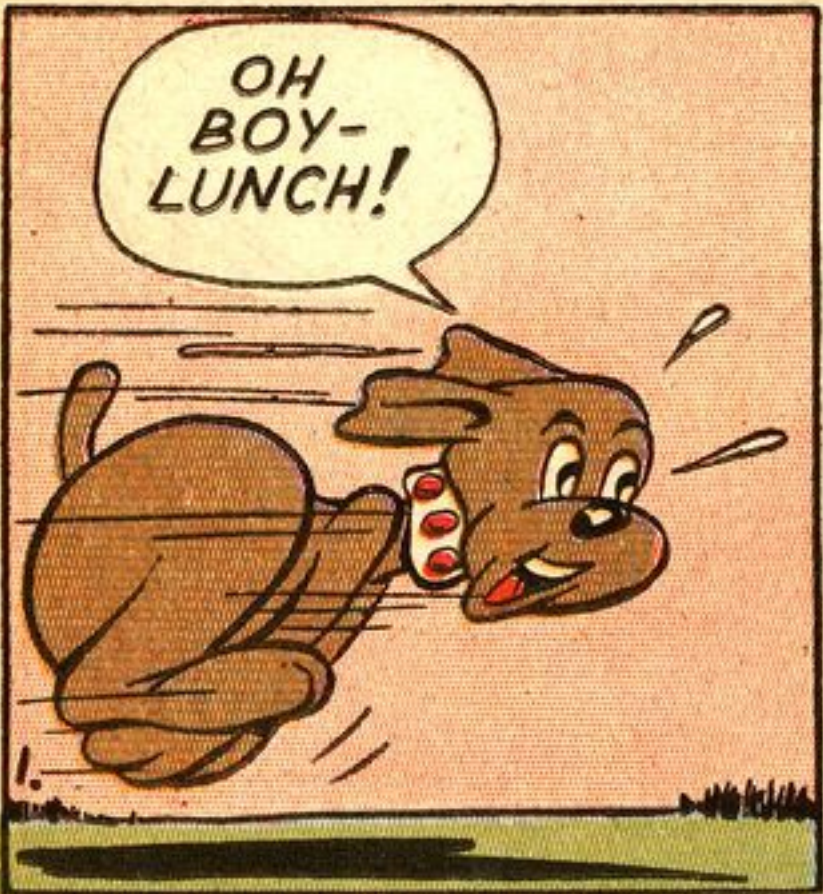


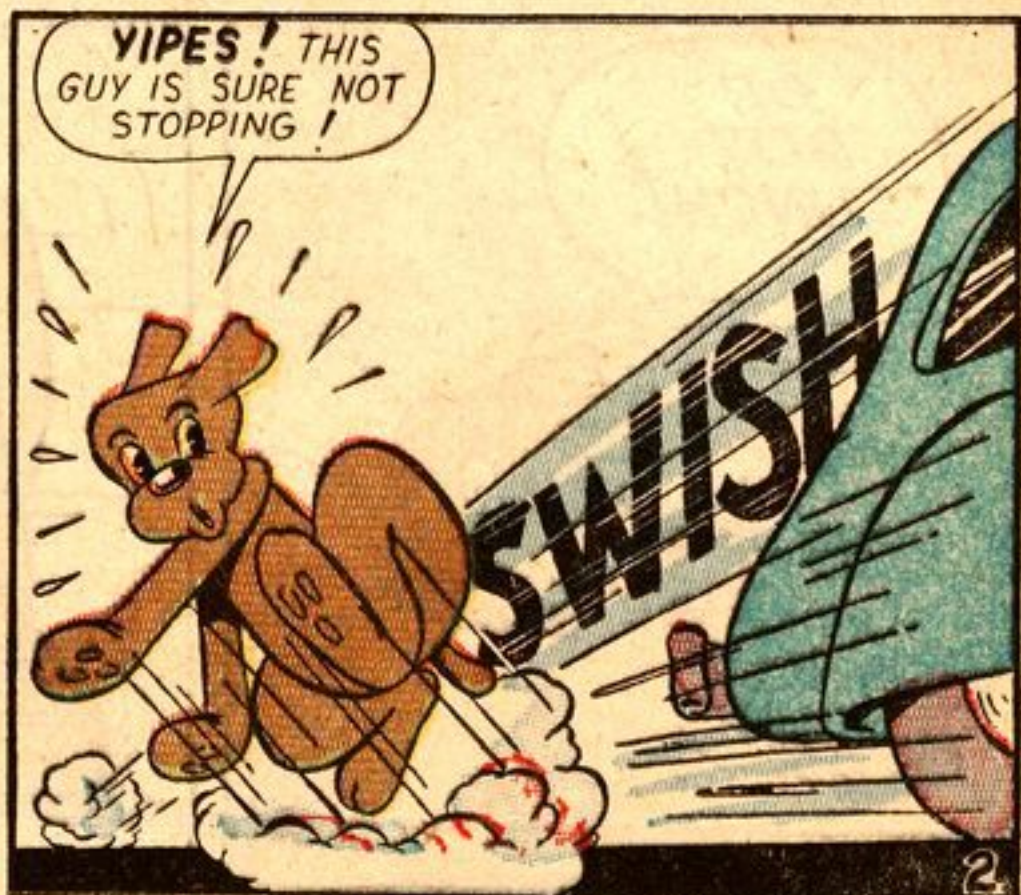
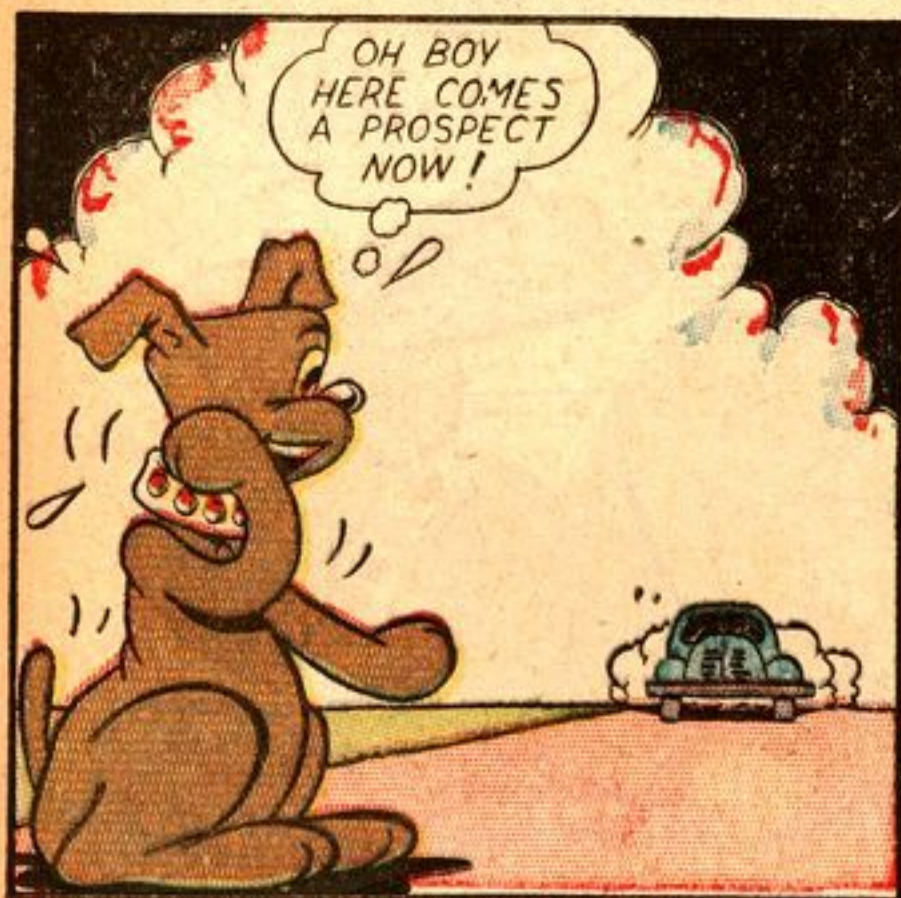
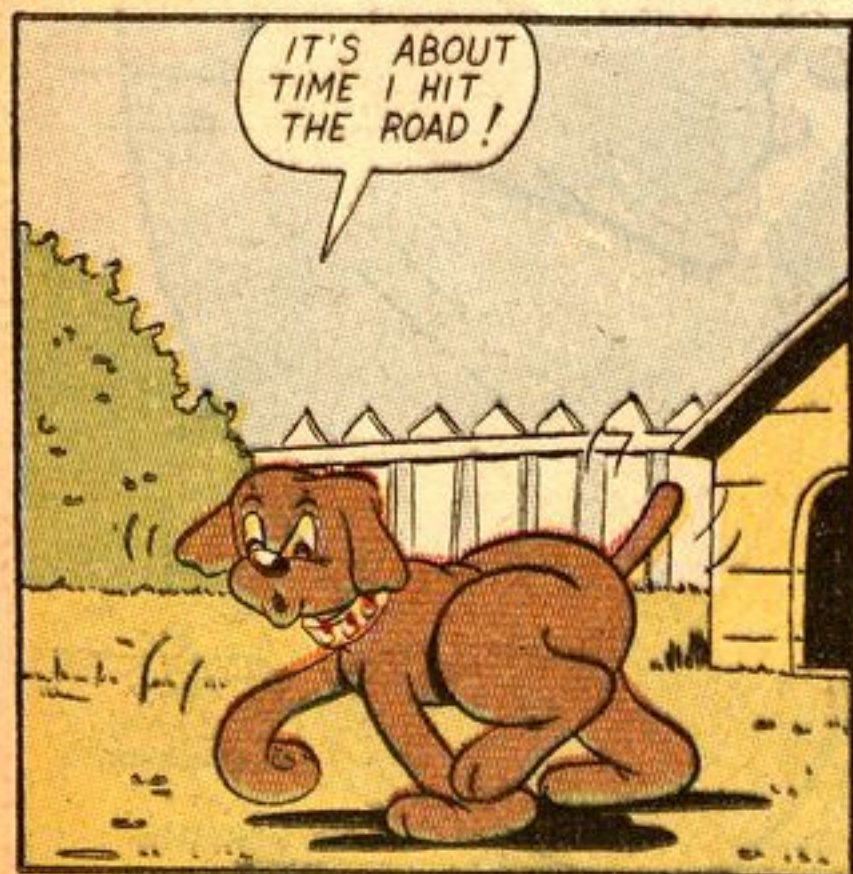
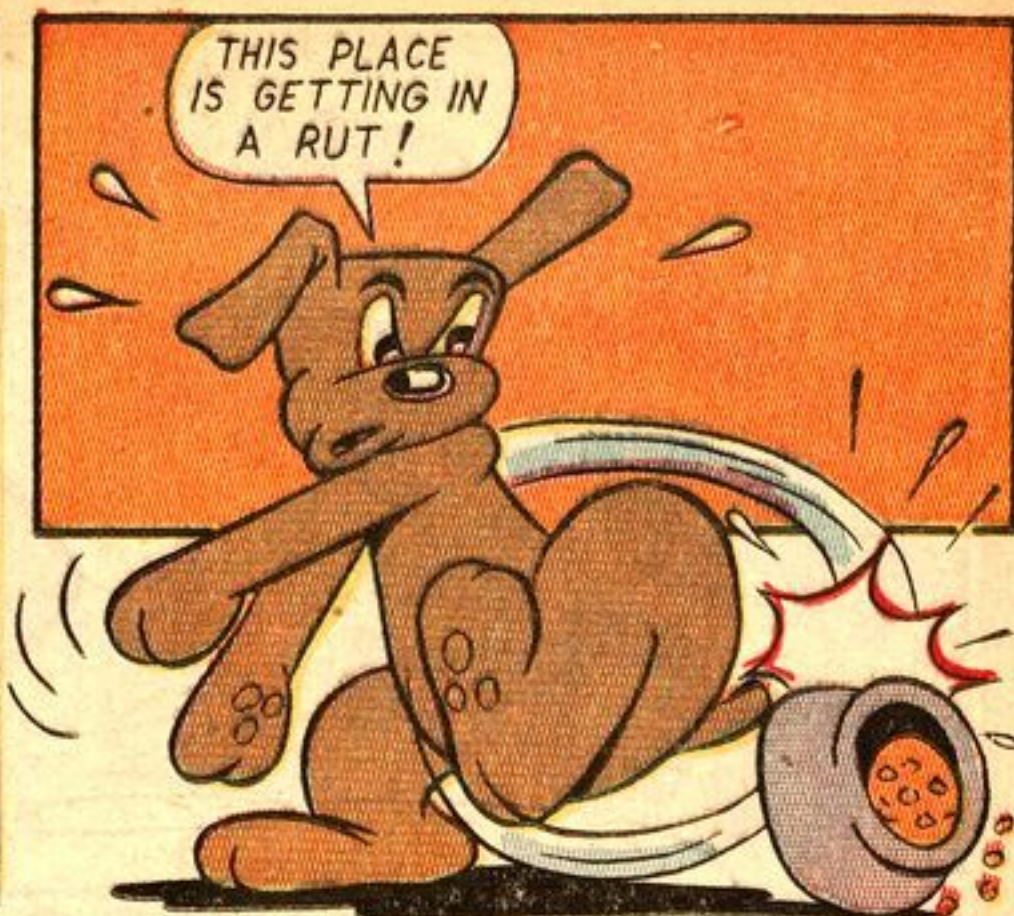


THE END

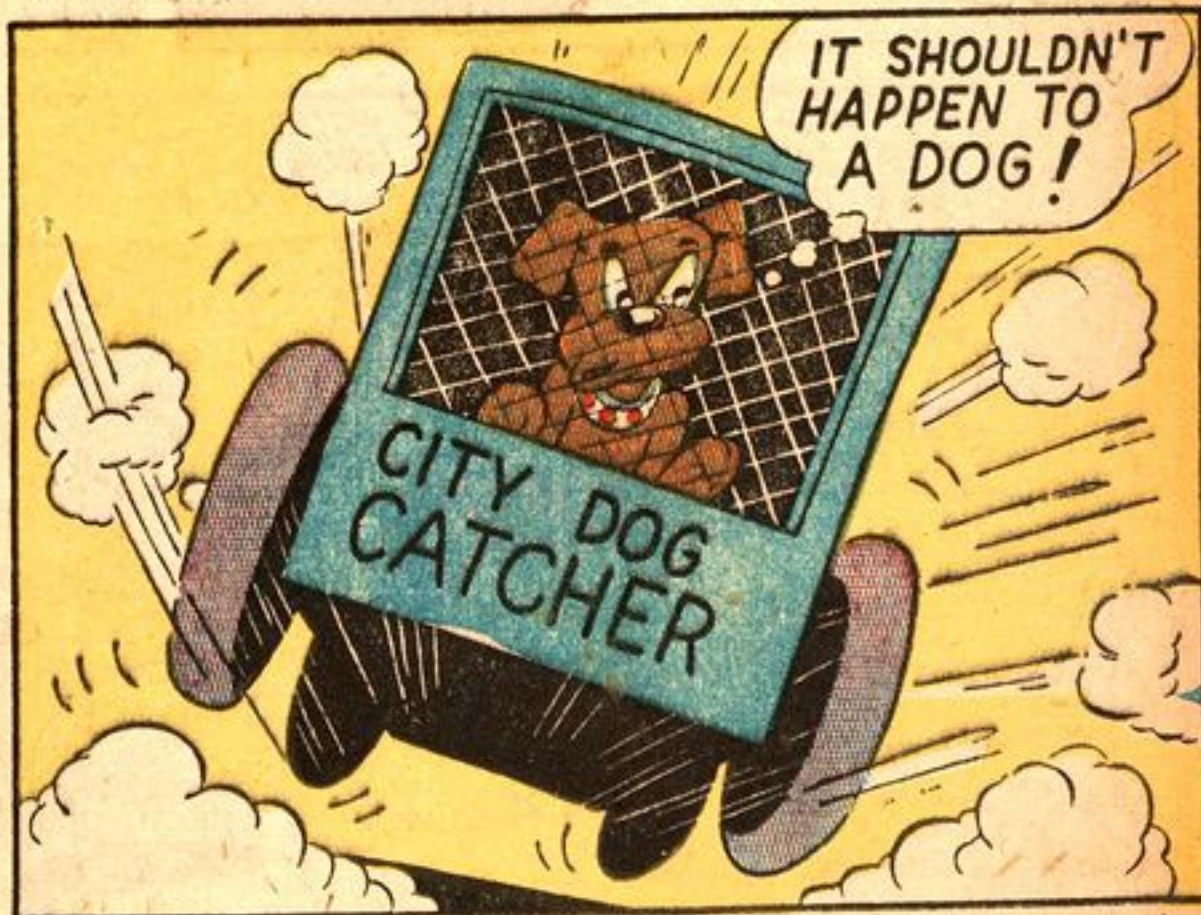
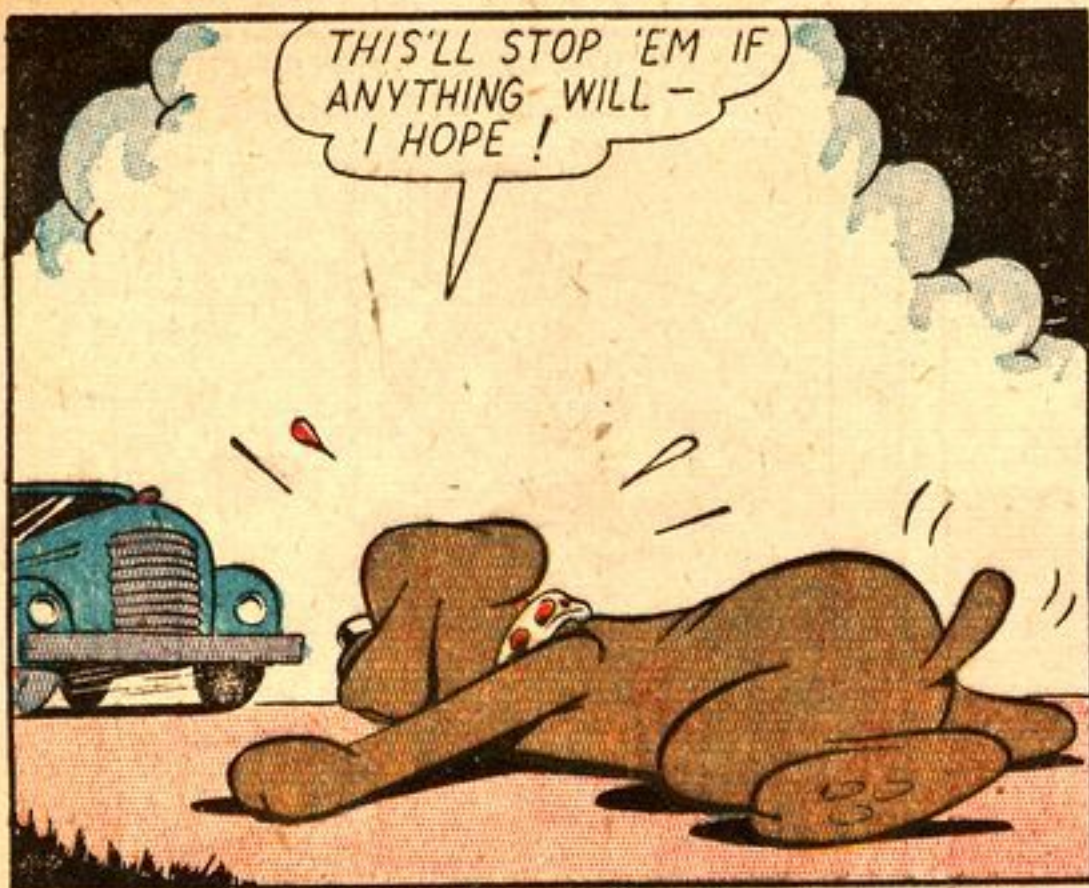


BY  
"RED"  
HOLMDALE







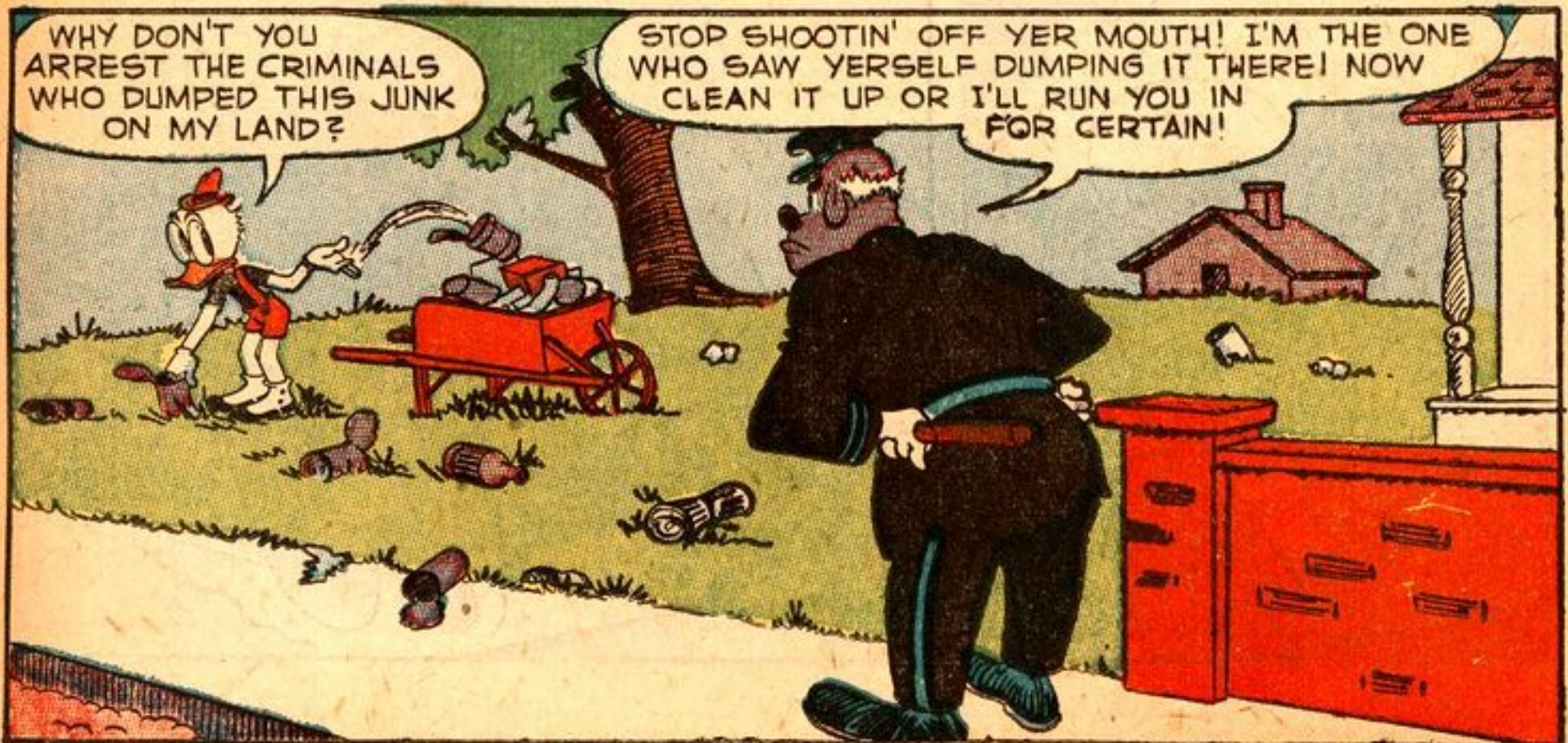


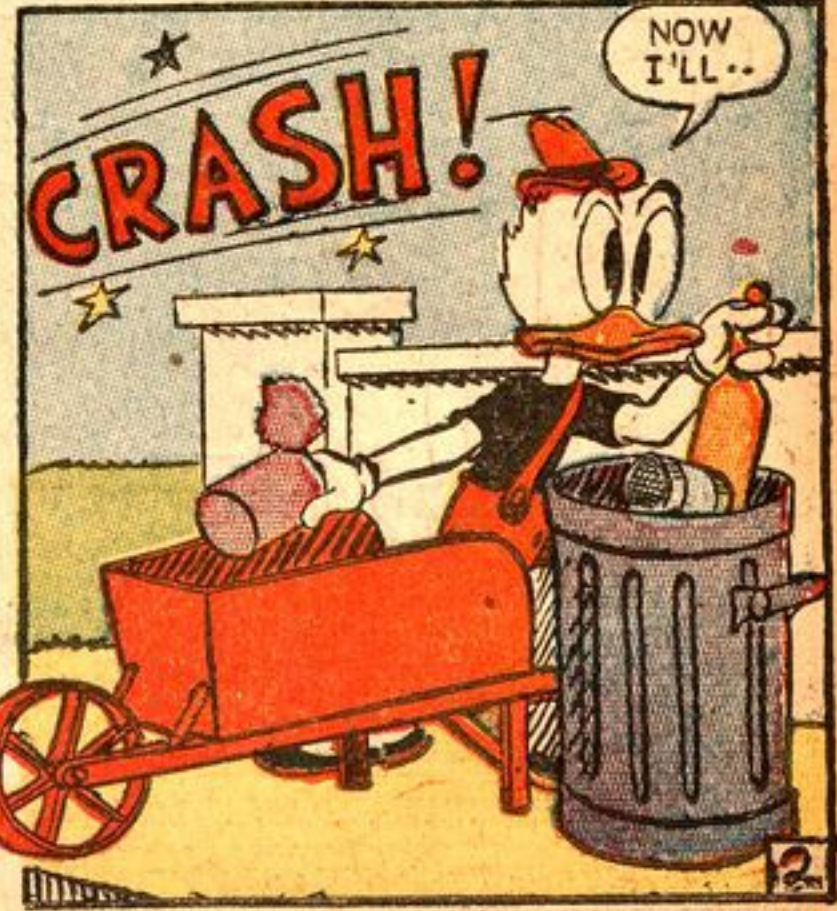
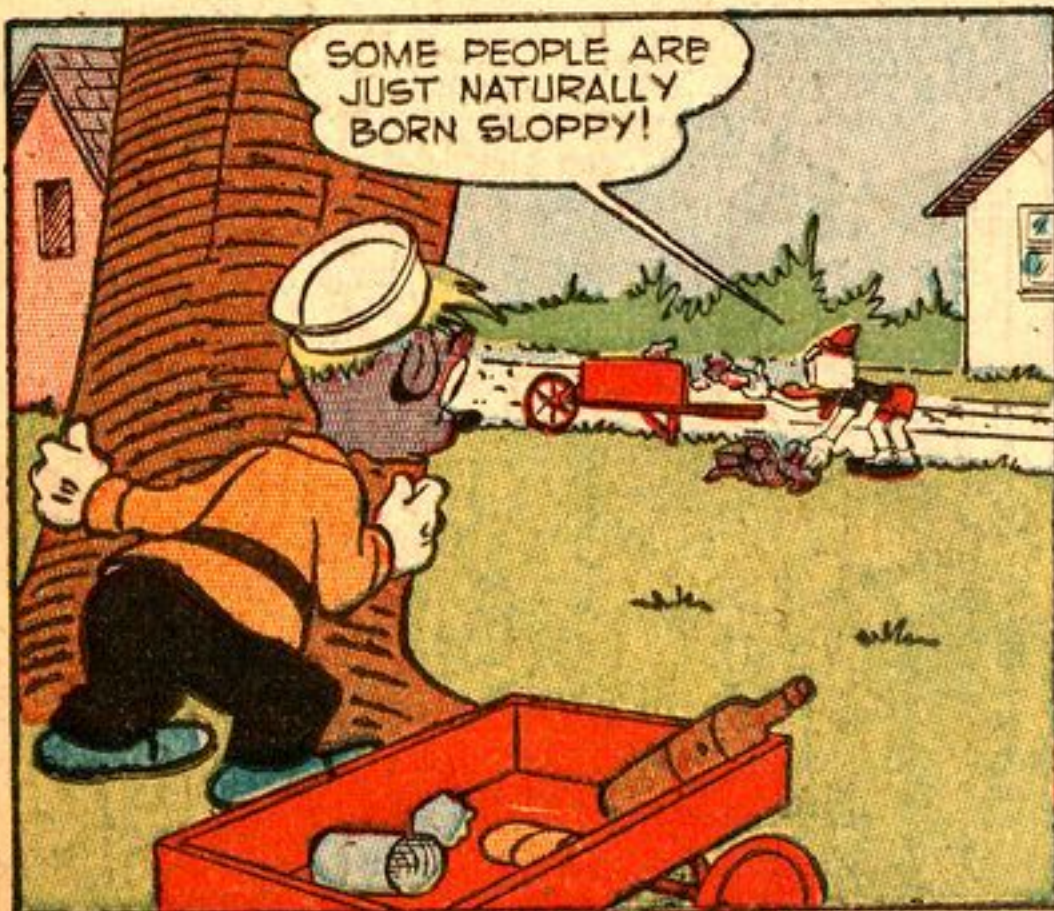
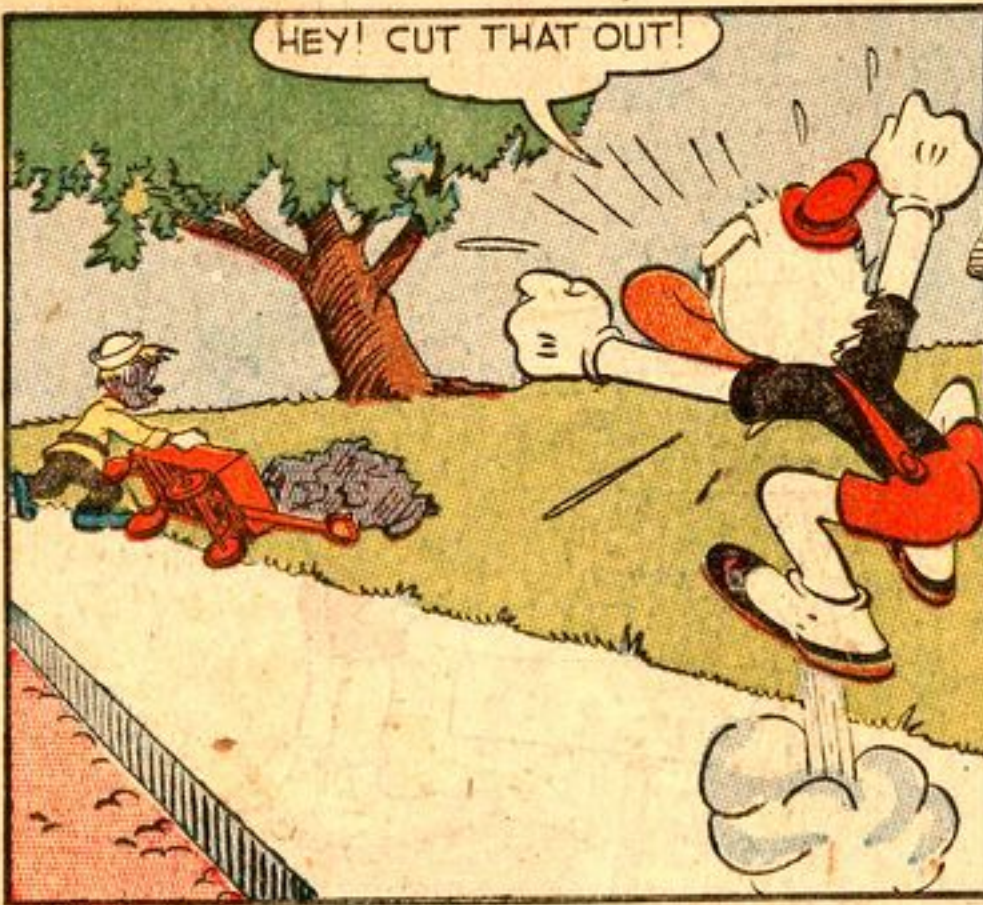
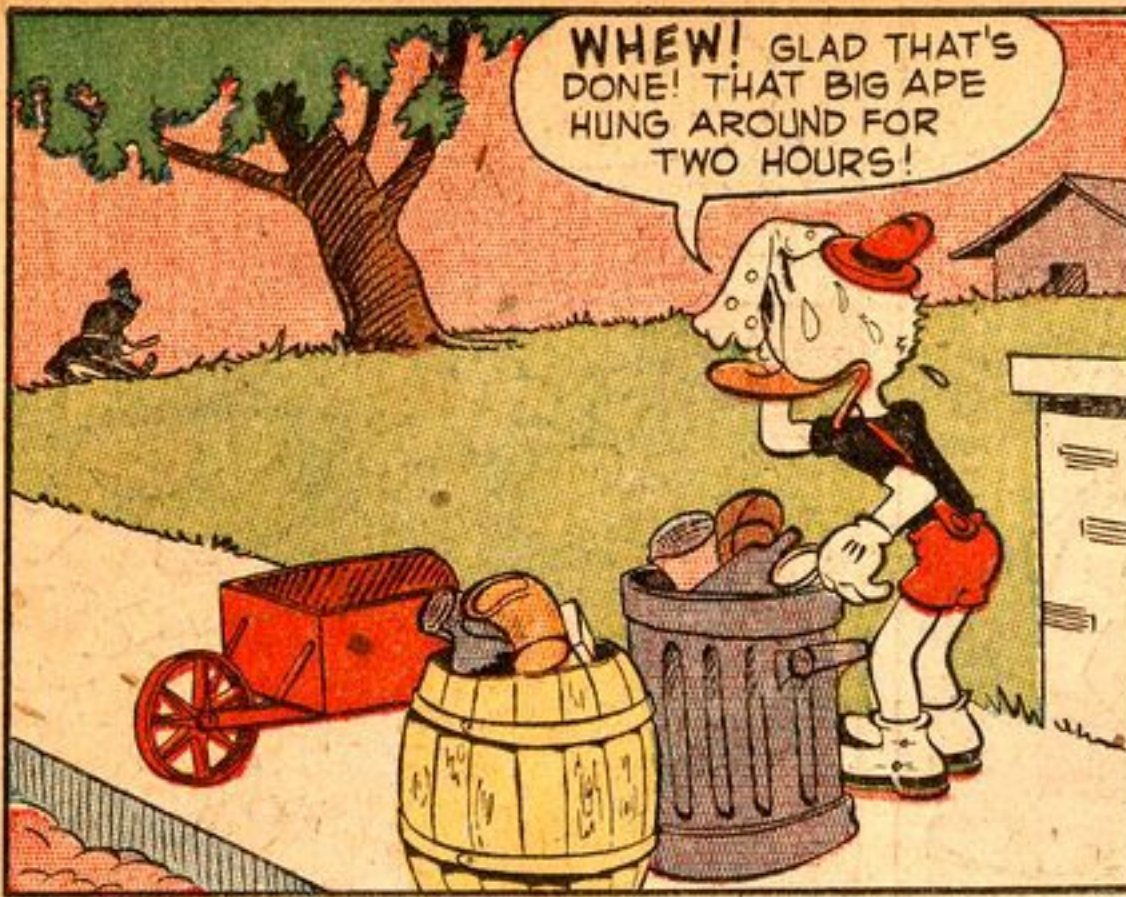
# D SUPER DUCK

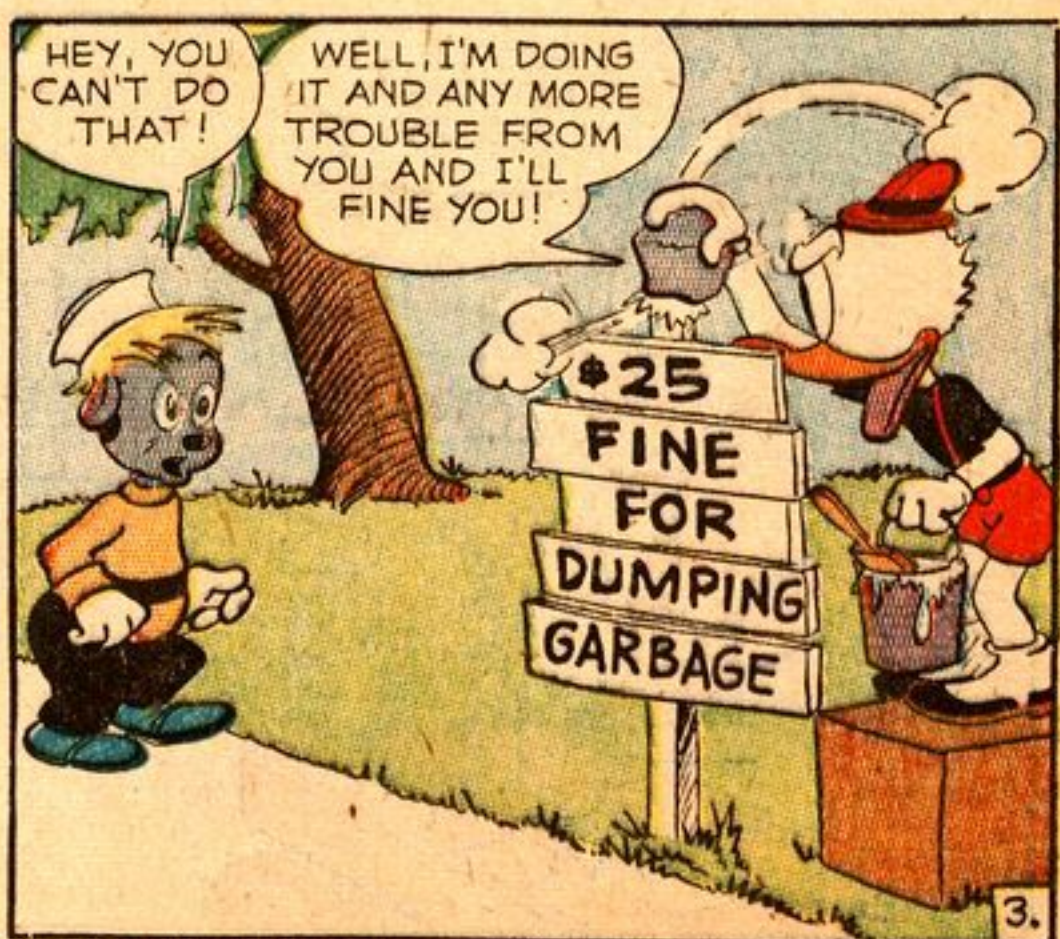
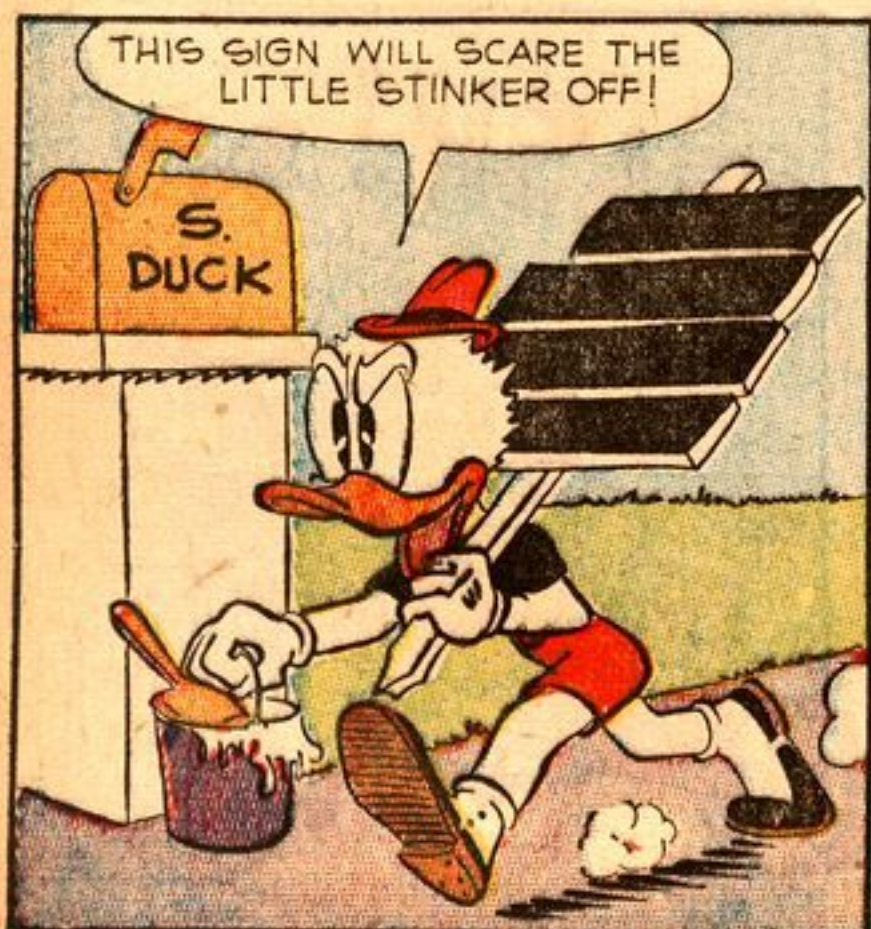
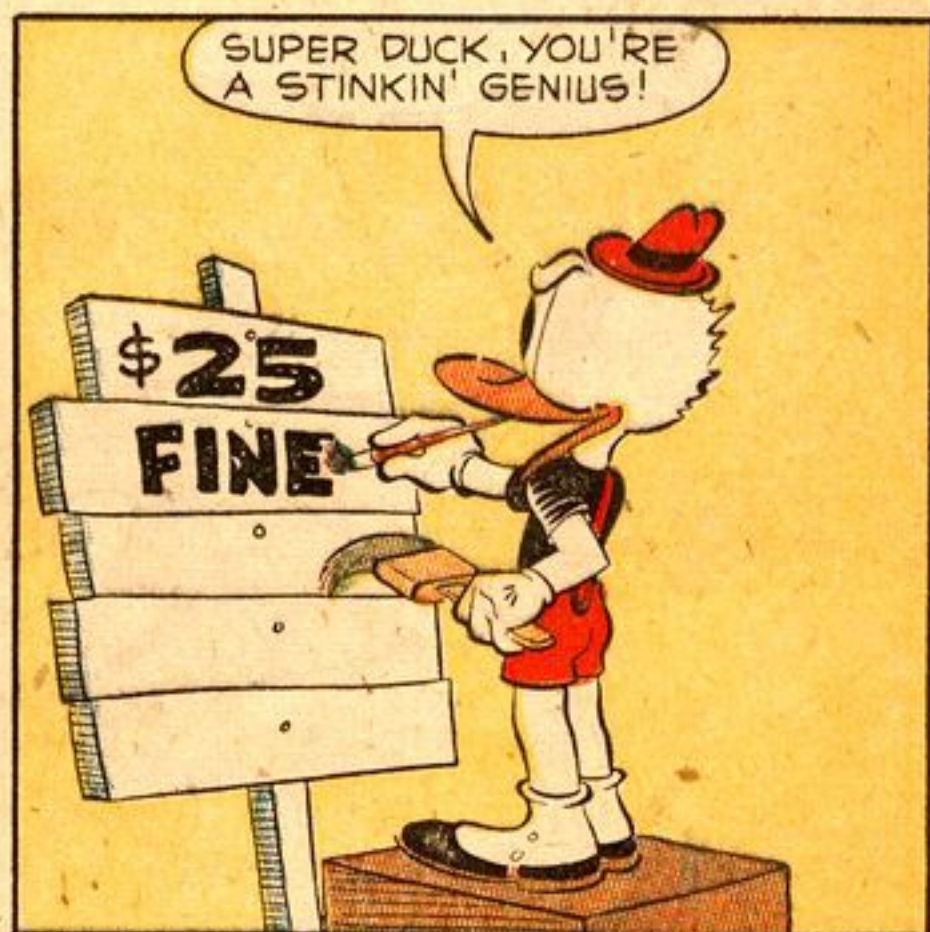
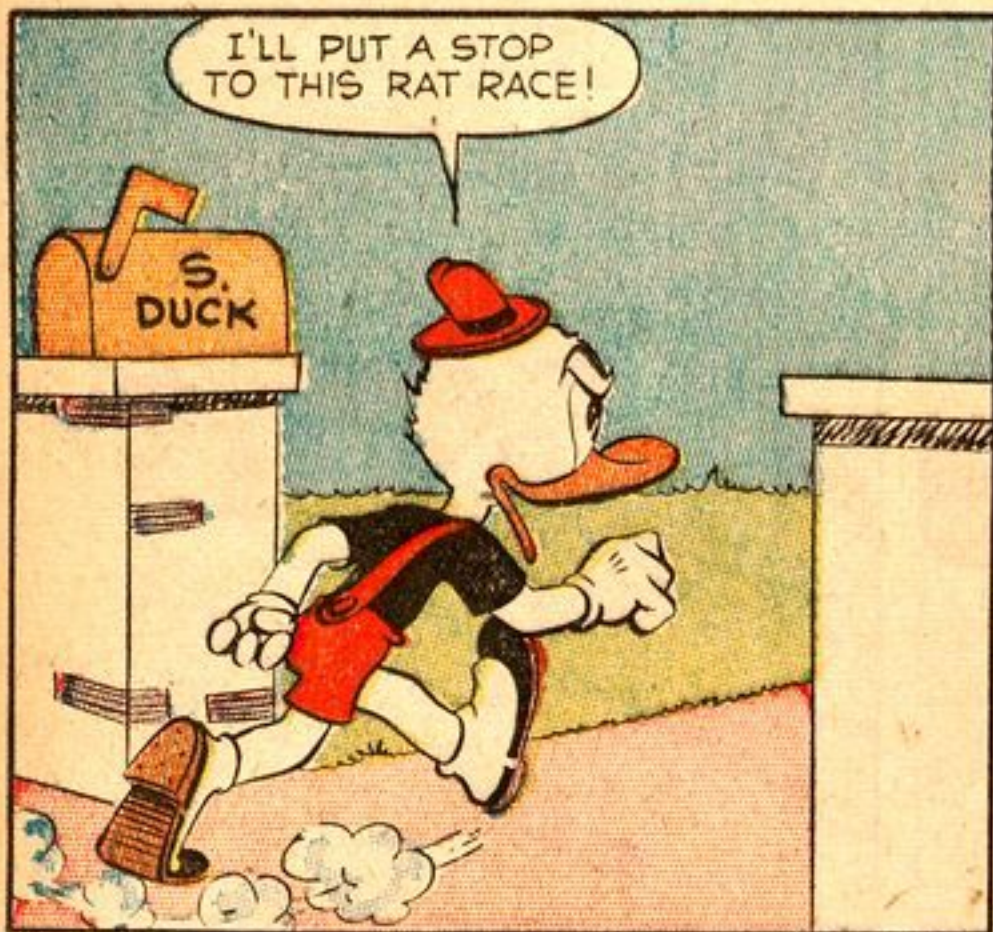
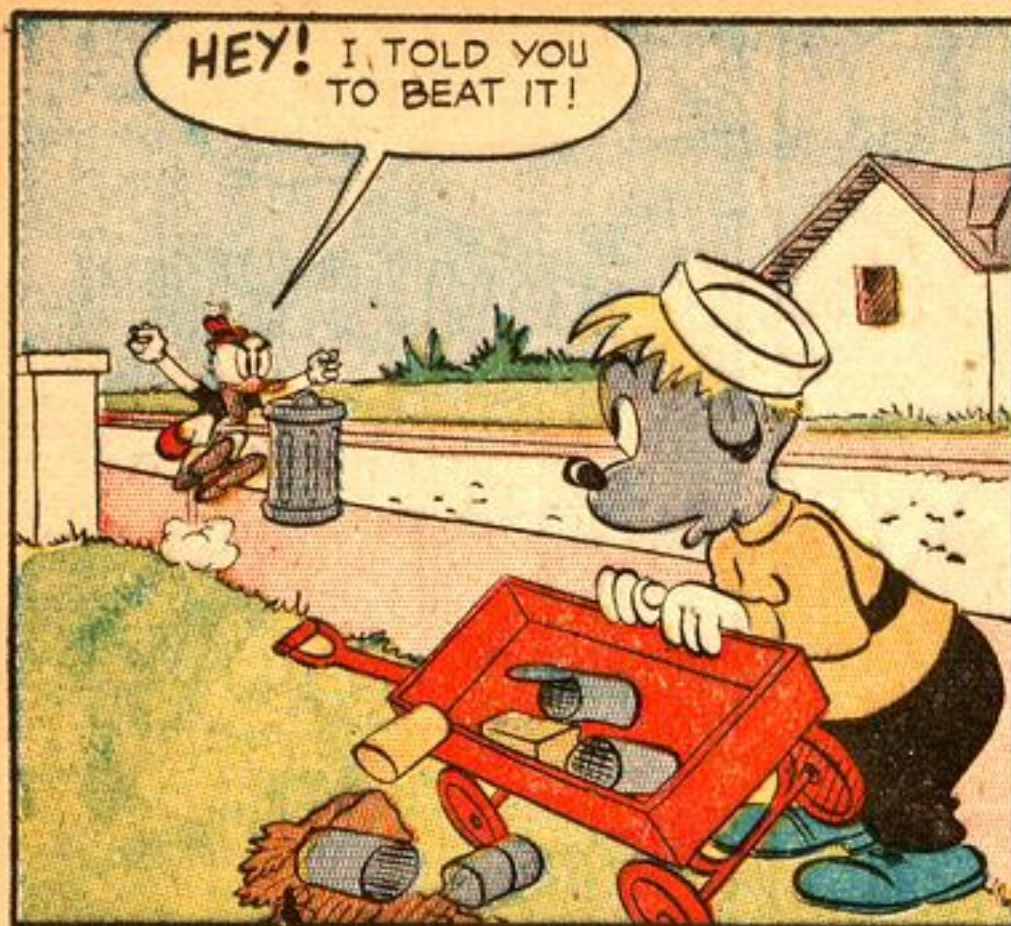
## THE COCKEYED WONDER

By AL Fagaly

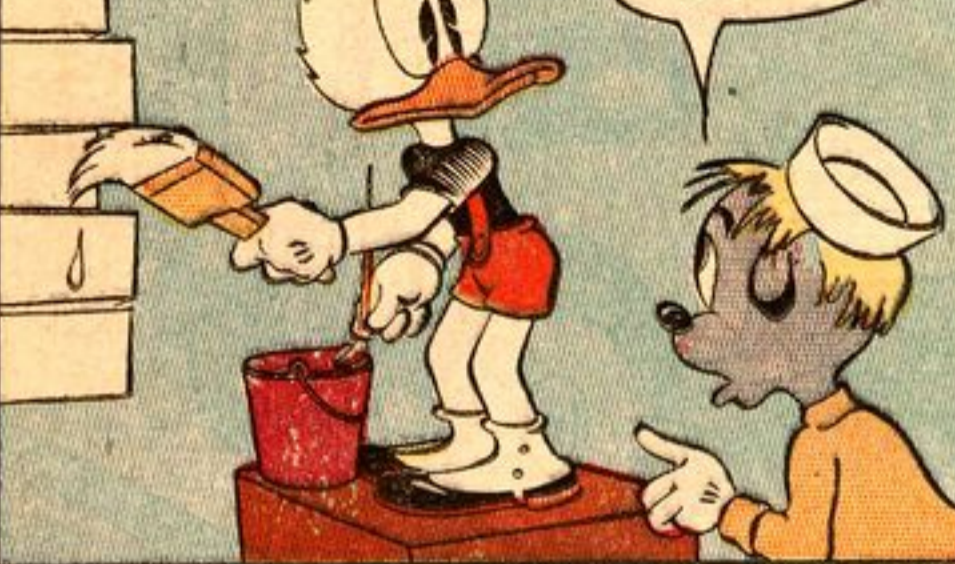
"CLEANS UP A LOT"



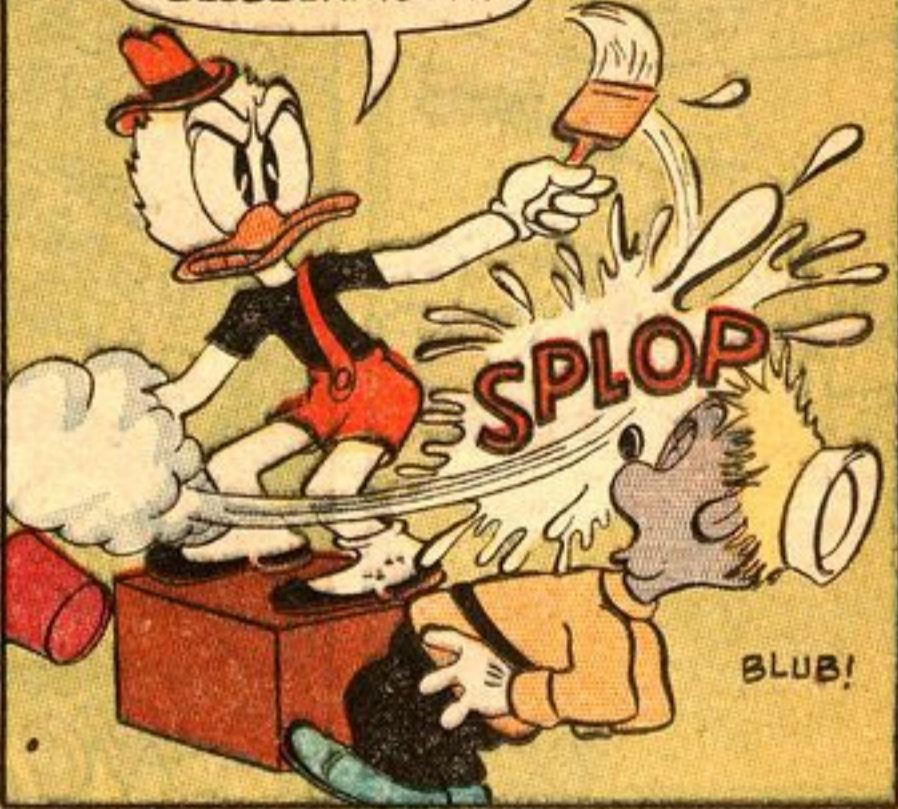




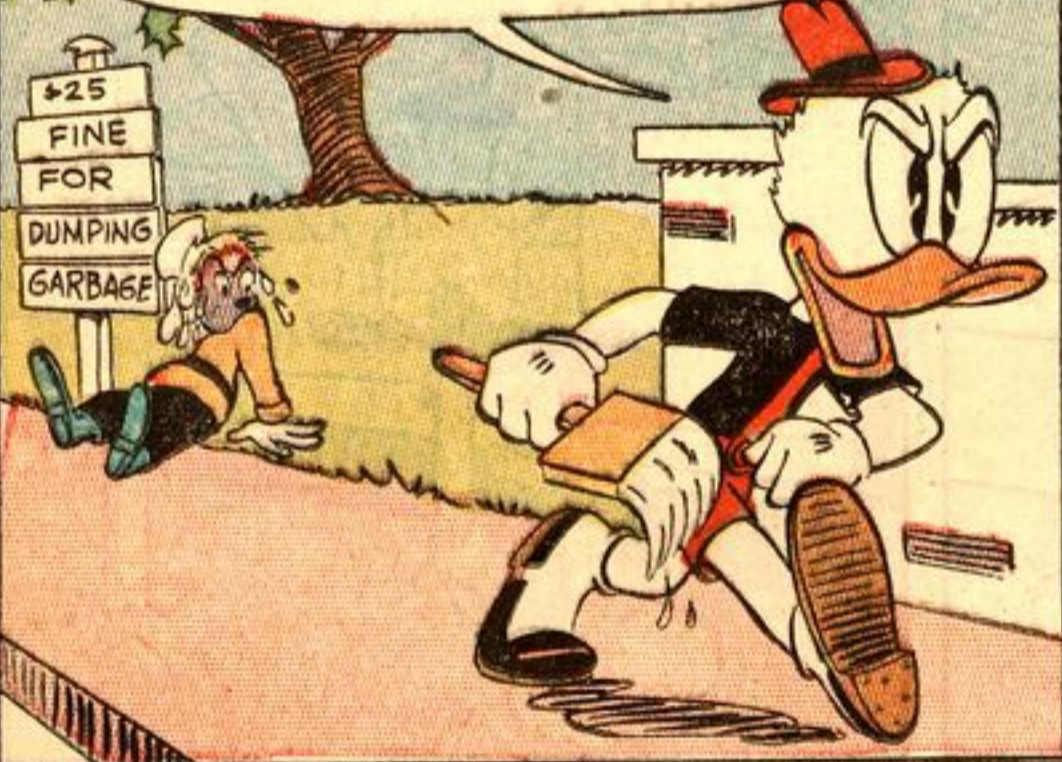
REGARDLESS OF YOUR OWNERSHIP OF THIS PARCEL OF LAND YOU HAVE NO LEGAL RIGHT TO TAKE JUDICIAL MEASURES AND THEREFORE THIS SIGN IS WORTHLESS FOR YOU HAVE NO REAL AUTHORITY TO COLLECT FINES-- AND ..



STOP FLAPPIN' YOUR TRAP, BLUBBERMOUTH!



THE SIGN IS THERE, AND THERE SHE STAYS! GO AHEAD AND DO SOMETHING AND THEN WE'LL SEE!



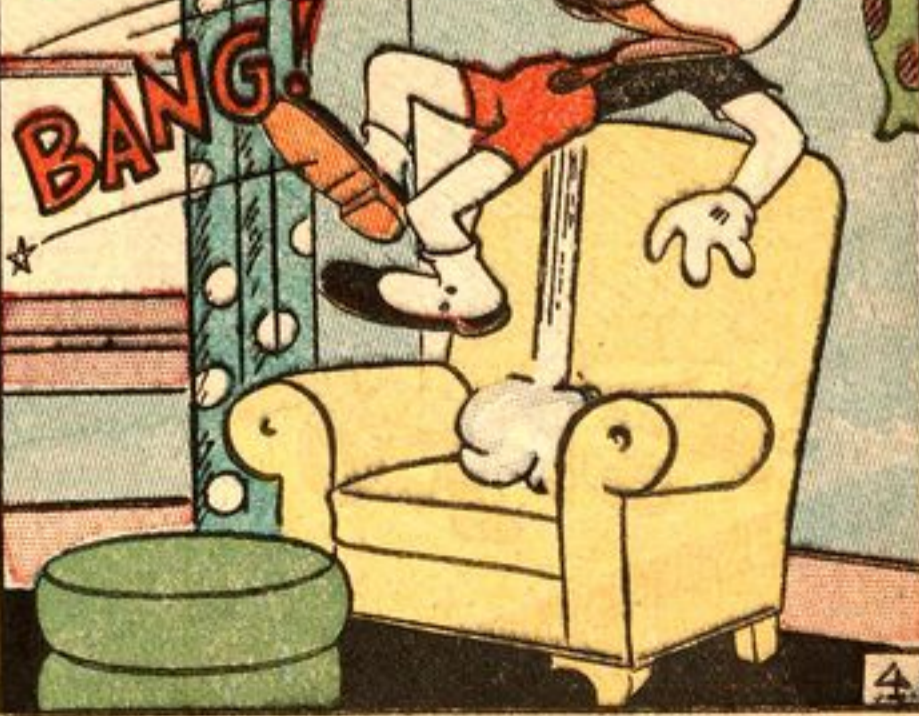
WE'LL SEE ALL RIGHT... AFTER I TAKE THE TOP OF THIS SIGN OFF!

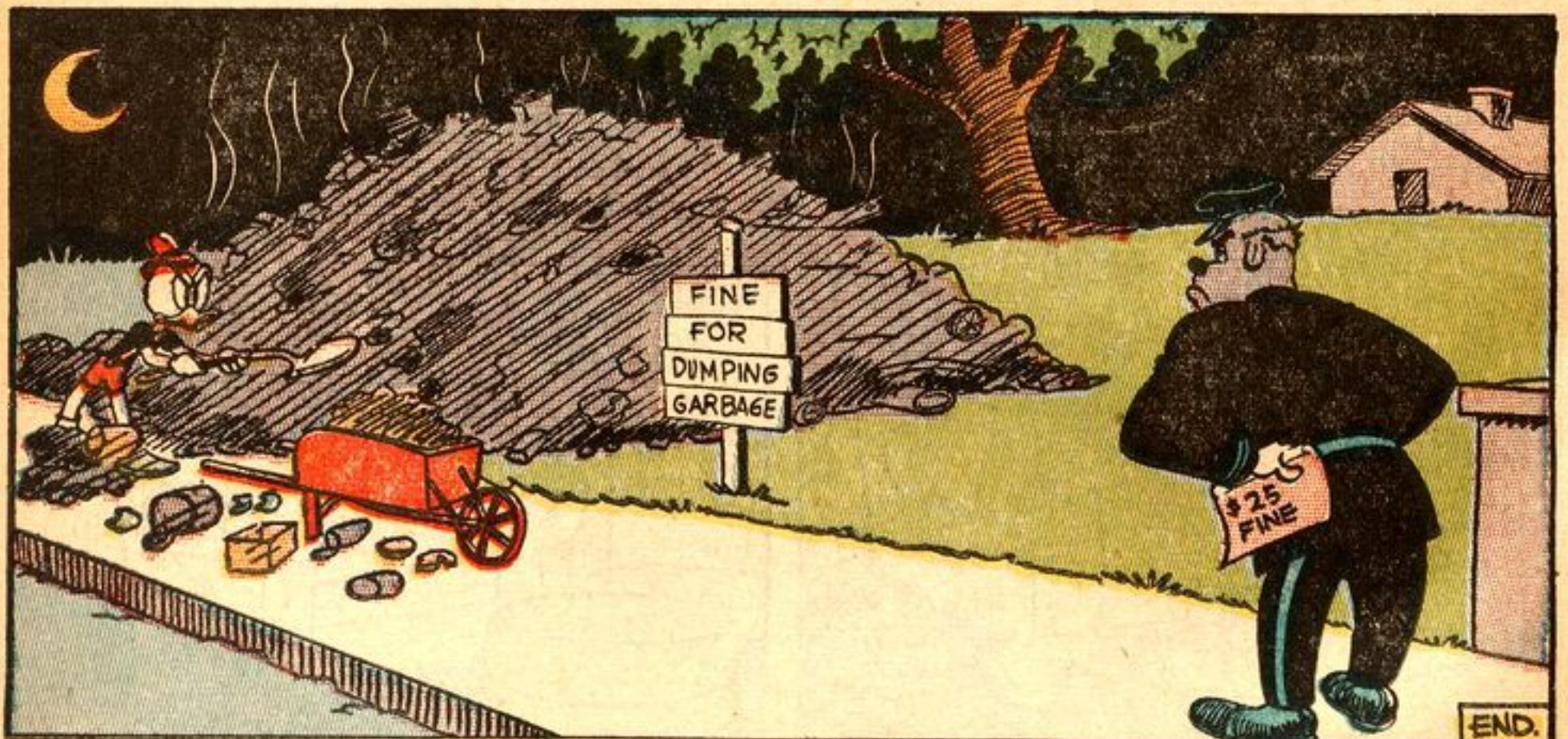
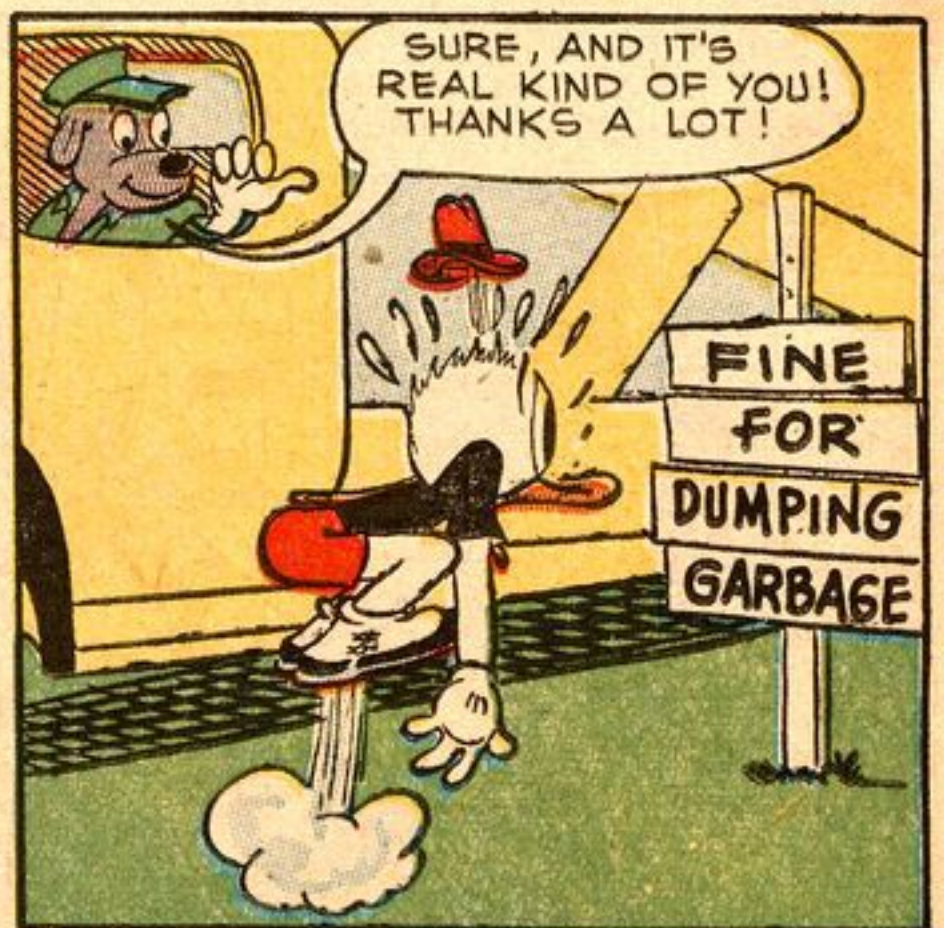
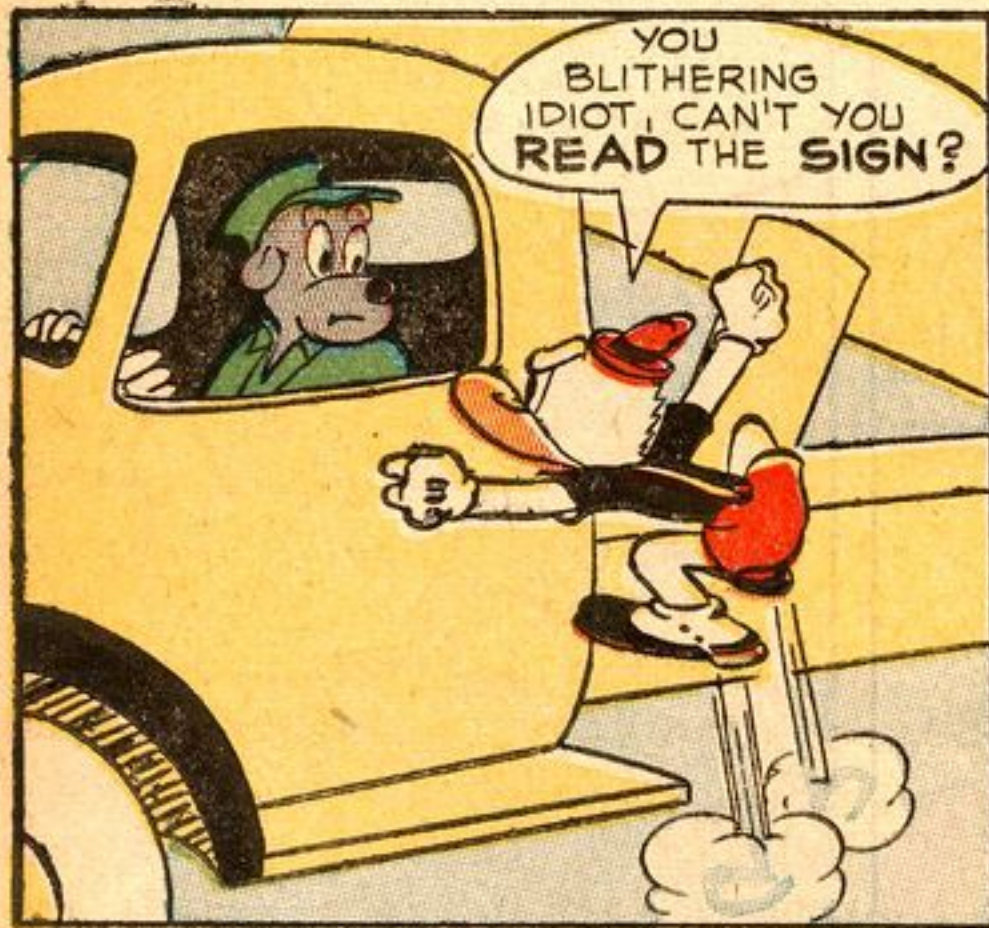
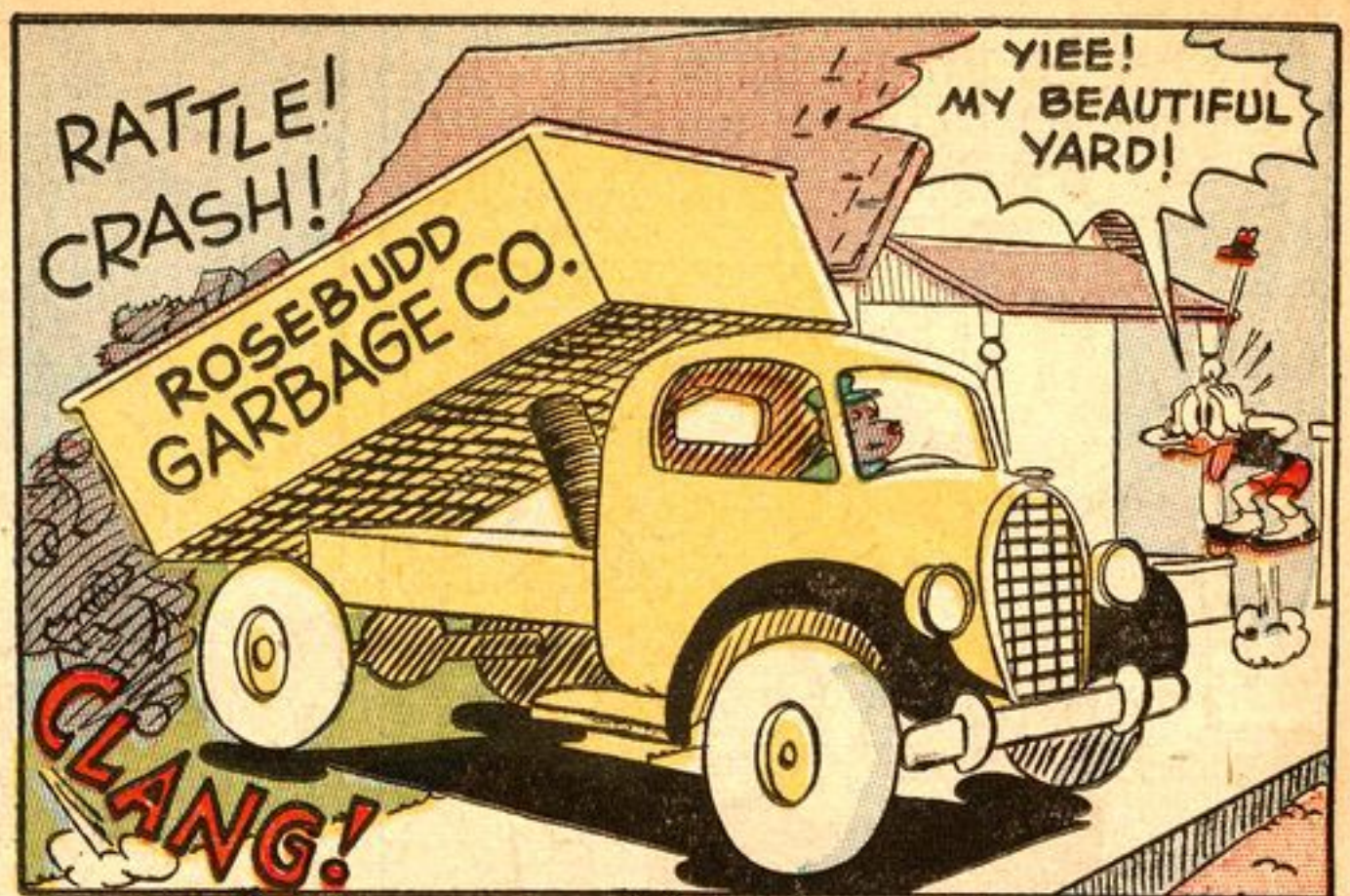
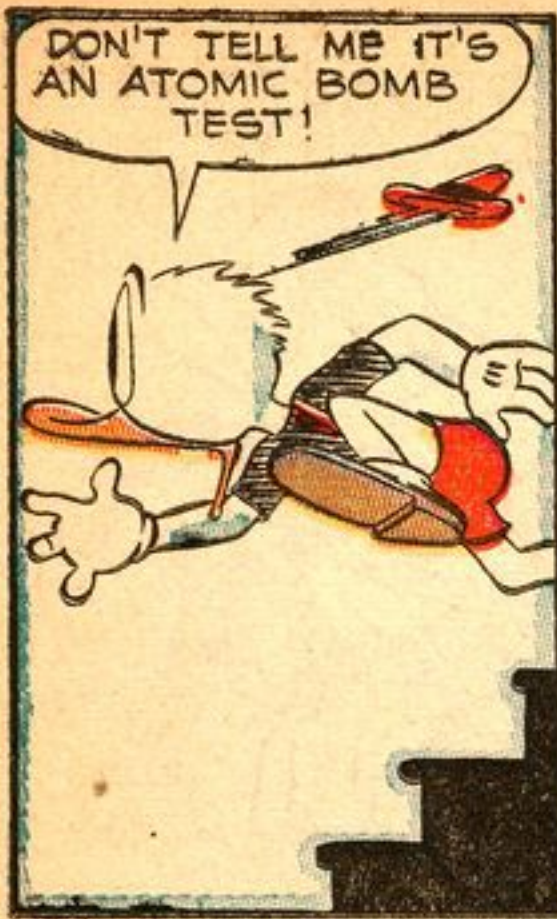


AH, SUPER DUCK, YOU'RE A TOUGH MAN, BUT YOU GOTTA BE OR PEOPLE WOULD NEVER LET YOU REST!



CRASH! BANG! YIEE!





# PARDON MY HICCUPS

## A Superduck Story

**O**LD Doc Jabbem gave Superduck a shot in the arm. "There, Supe. That 'oughta cure your hiccups."

Supe went out walking on a cloud. "Oboy," he chortled. "What a relief not to have those darned hiccups anymore. I thought I'd never get rid of 'em. Now I'm in perfect shape. A marvelous specimen of . . . HIC!"

Supe made a dash for his house. Grabbed up the phone, and called Doc Jabbem. "Doc . . . hic . . . this is terrible . . . hic . . . I got 'em again . . . hic."

"Sorry, Duck. I've done everything I can. Only thing left is to have a surgeon operate on your phrenic nerve. I can't get you an appointment for a week."

"A week!" Supe howled. "I'll be dead in a week . . . hic . . . hic . . ."

Supe slammed the phone back on the hook, and slumped miserably into a chair. Just then, his kid brother, Faunteroy walked into the room. "Hey, what gives, Supe. You look like the last rose of summer."

"It's these blasted hiccups . . . hic . . . Faunt. I can't . . . hic . . . get rid of 'em . . . hic . . ."

"Why don'cha take Aunt Ima Duck's cure for 'em, Supe?" Faunt asked. "She holds her breath and counts up to 50."

"Say! Maybe you got something there, Faunt," Supe said hopefully. "I'll . . . hic . . . give it a try . . . hic—" Supe took a deep breath and then started to count. "One, two three . . . hic . . . one,

two, three . . . hic . . . one, two, three, . . . hic . . ."

"Golly, Supe," Faunt said. "You sound like you're doing the conga. One, two, three . . . kick."

"Sno use, Faunt," Supe groaned. "I can't get past three."

"Hmm," Faunt pondered. "I see we're gonna have to use drastic measures. C'mon, follow me."

"What'cha doin, Faunt . . . hic . . . pilin' all the furniture like that up on top of each other . . . hic . . . ?" Supe asked.

"Only way to get rid of those hiccups is to frighten you," Faunt said, "and this ou'ghta do it. G'wan. Climb up and sit on the chair."

Supe looked dubiously at the chair perched precariously atop the end table which in turn was on top of the piano, "I dunno, Faunt . . . hic . . . oh, well, maybe it might work at that." Supe climbed up to the top of the heap. The furniture started to sway precariously.

"See," Faunt said, "the least hiccup'll knock the whole pile down. Why it's liable to kill you. Now you'll be afraid to hiccup."

"Say, I think it's workin' at that," Supe said. "I haven't hiccuped at all. This thing is shakin' so it's really got me worried . . . HIC."

The chair swayed. Tottered. Gave way, and down crashed Superduck followed by the rest of the furniture. When

Faunt finally dug him out from under the pile, he was black and blue. "I guess it didn't work so good, huh Supe."

"You and your bright ideas . . . hic . . ." Supe howled as he booted Faunt right in the pants. "I'll cure my own hiccups from now on . . . hic . . ."

Supe went into the kitchen, filled up a bottle full of water, then went outside in the back yard. Then he did a curious thing. He climbed up the tree behind the garage, and hung down from a branch by his legs. "This is an old cure I remember . . . hic . . . drinkin' out of a bottle when you're upside down . . . hic . . ." Supe swigged heavily from the bottle until it was completely drained. Then he came down, and waited. Nothing happened. He waited another few minutes, afraid even to take a breath. Still no hiccup.

"Whee! I'm cured! No more . . . hic . . ."

Supe shouted an oath. "They're back again. Why oh why was I ever born?" He heaved the empty bottle over the fence in disgust. The bottle landed with a crash. But not on the sidewalk. It splattered on the dome of a passing policeman. The cop looked over the fence, saw the hiccupping Superduck, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, and hauled him away. "Drunk, huh. You'll git plenty for this."

Supe tried to protest, but he didn't have much success, mainly because the cop's meaty hand was around his adam's apple.

When Supe was arraigned before the judge on charges of being drunk and assaulting an officer of the law, the judge looked sternly at him and said,

"Well young man, what have you to say?"

"You see judge, it's like this . . . hic . . ."

"You've said enough. Twenty five dollars, or twenty five days. Next case."

Supe walked glumly home, twenty five bucks lower in purse, and 100 per cent lower in spirits. "I guess it's no use . . . hic . . . I'll never be able to get rid of these hiccups . . . hic. I guess I'm not long for this world . . . hic . . ."

He walked glumly into his front yard. Suddenly a face shot out of the hedge. A huge, horrible face, bristling with hair, its huge fangs showing in a terrible snarl. Supe nearly jumped out of his skin. "YEEEOOWW!" he howled. He shot up a telephone pole like a squirrel, only ten times as fast.

"You can come down, Supe. It's only me," a voice called from below. "When Supe was able to focus his cockeyes properly, he looked down and saw Faunt standing at the foot of the pole holding the huge head of the gorilla in his hand. It was only a mask.

Supe came down almost as fast as he went up. He grabbed Faunt by the neck. "Why you little viper. Scaring me like that. I'll whale you within an inch of your life. I'll . . ."

"But Supe," Faunt protested. "I only did it to scare your hiccups away. And I did. You haven't hiccuped at all."

Supe's hand which was upraised remained frozen in mid-air. "Holy smokes! You're right, Faunt. They're gone. My hiccups are gone. Thanks a million, Faunt. You're a pal."

"That's okay, Supe. You can always depend on me. You know that . . . HIC . . . ! Gosh! Supe. I got 'em now."



# SUPER DUCK

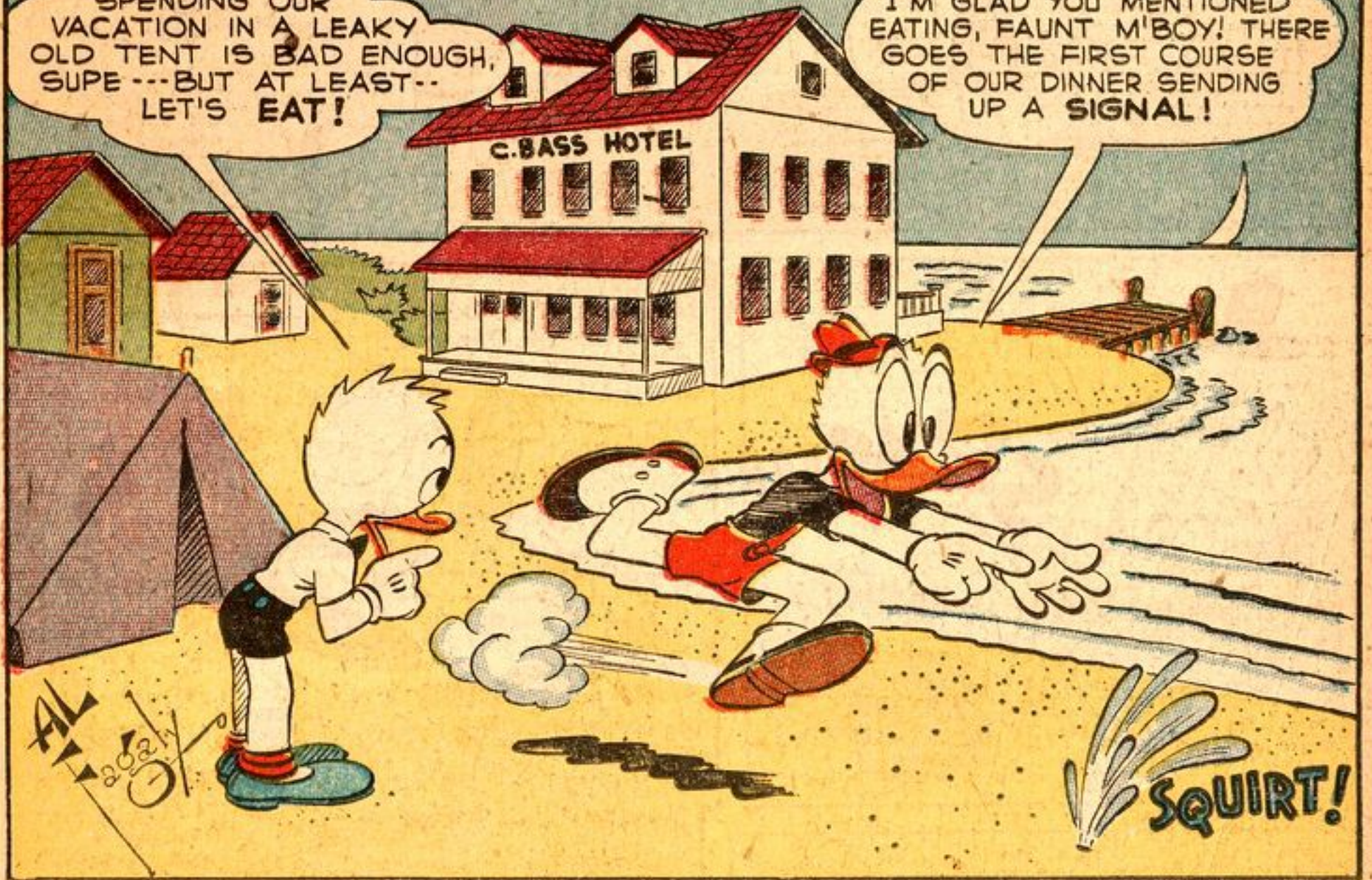
THE COCKEYED WONDER

By AL Fagaly



SPENDING OUR VACATION IN A LEAKY OLD TENT IS BAD ENOUGH, SUPE --- BUT AT LEAST -- LET'S EAT!

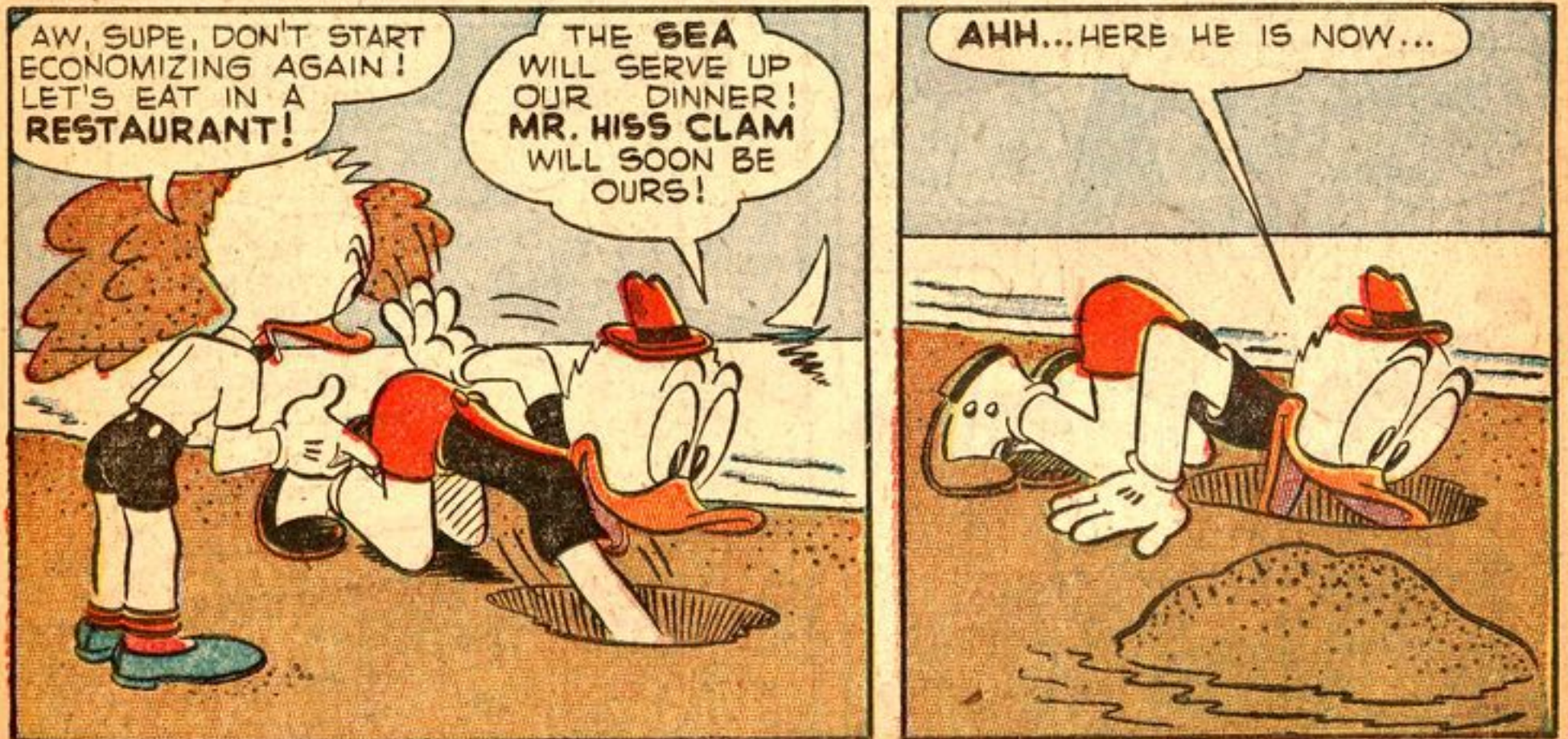
I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED EATING, FAUNT M'BOY! THERE GOES THE FIRST COURSE OF OUR DINNER SENDING UP A SIGNAL!

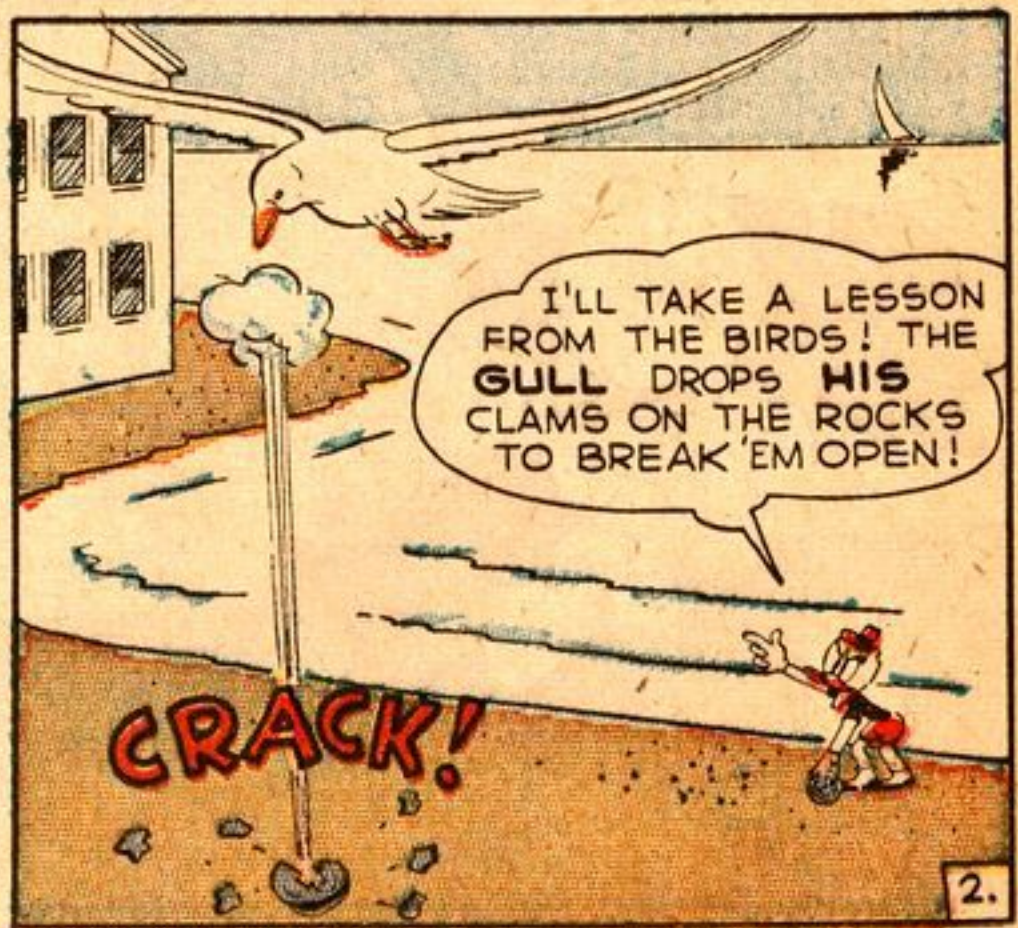
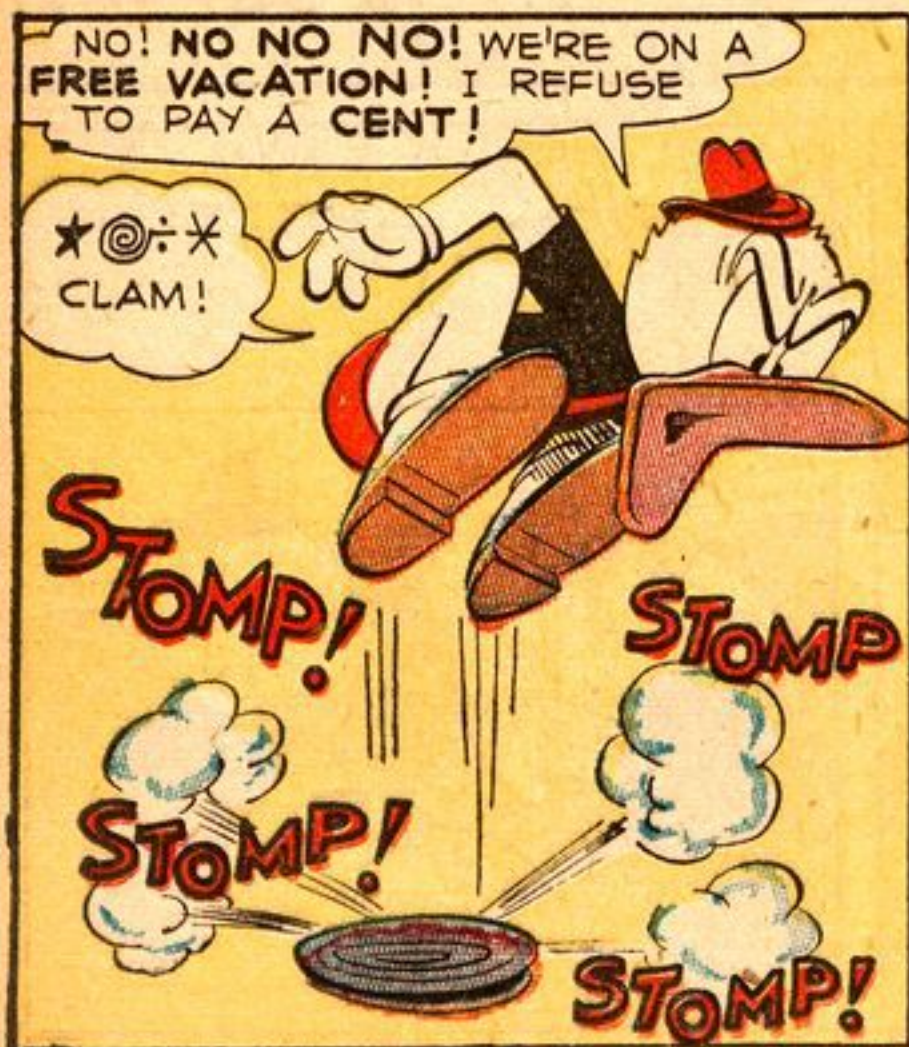
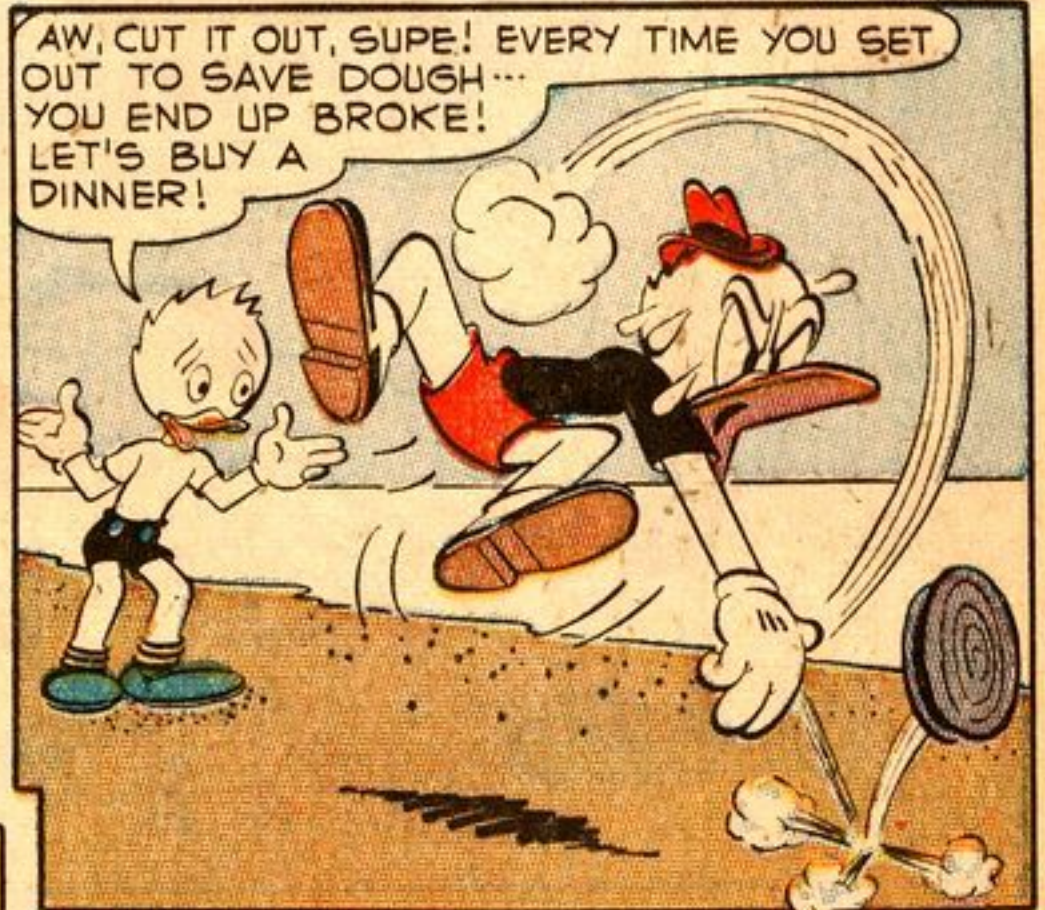
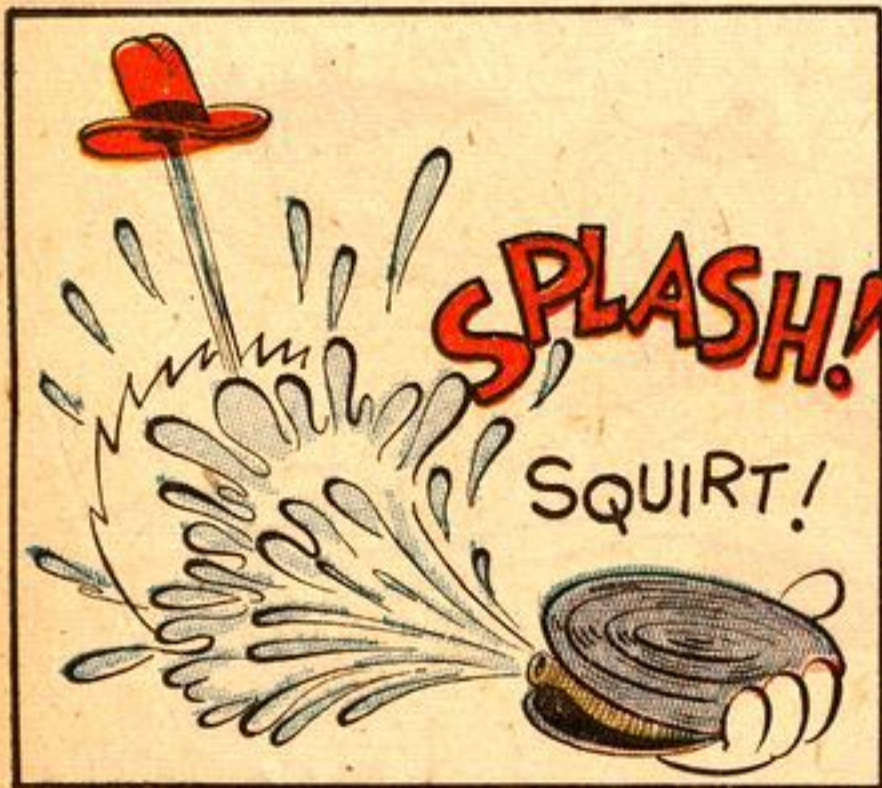
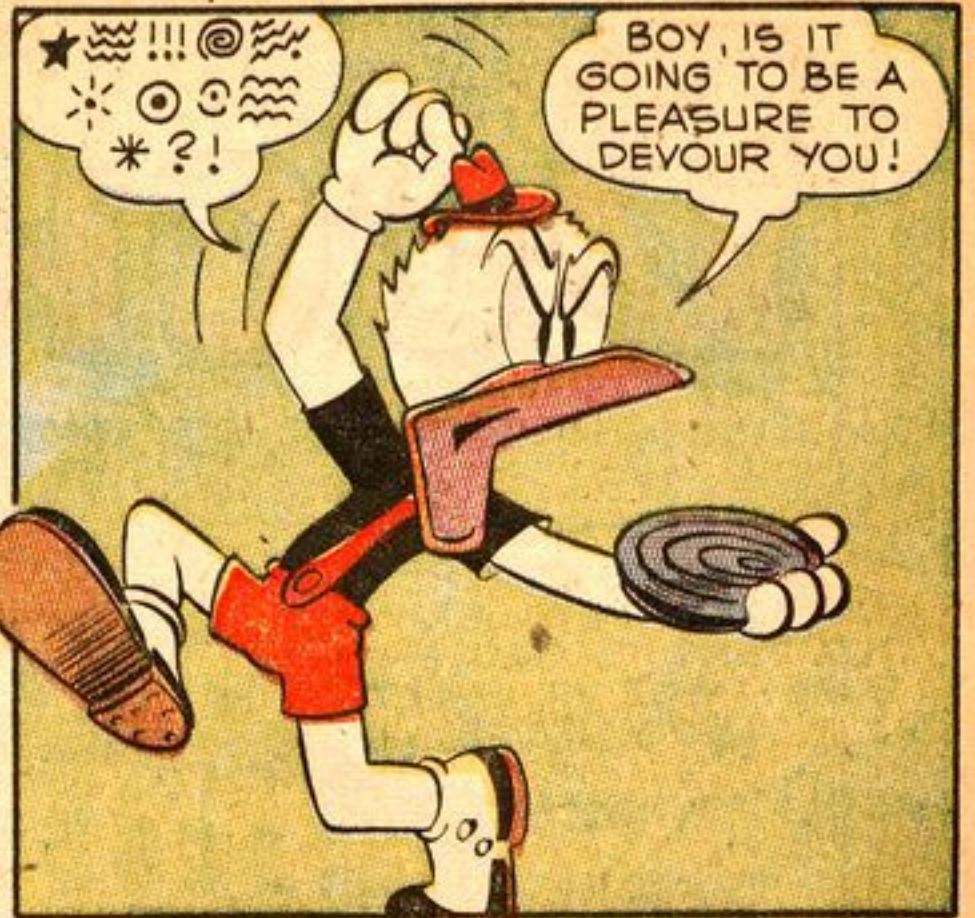


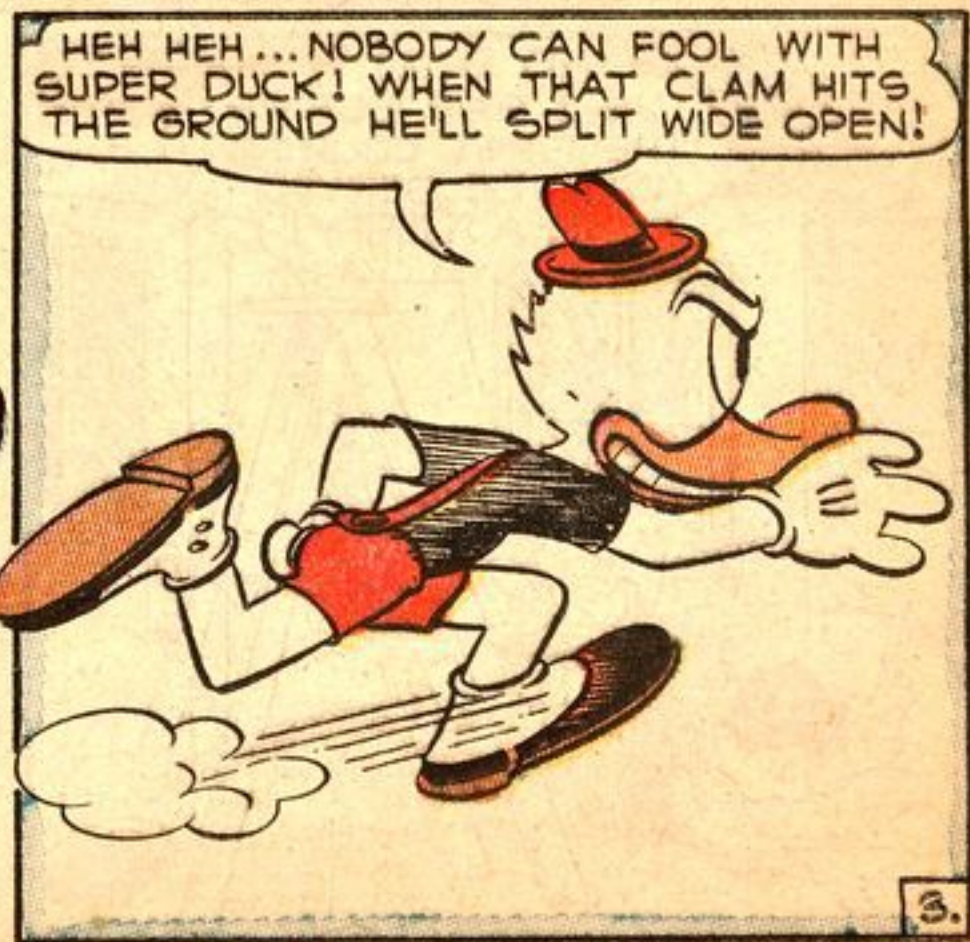
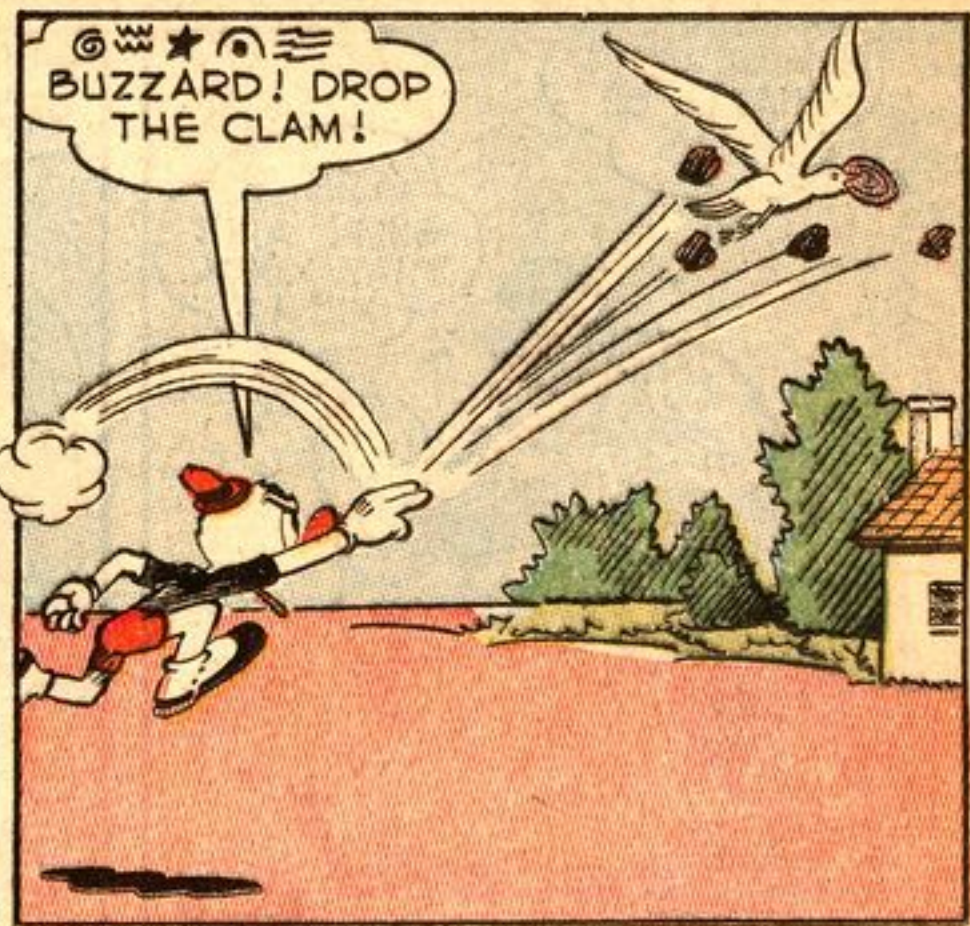
AW, SUPE, DON'T START ECONOMIZING AGAIN! LET'S EAT IN A RESTAURANT!

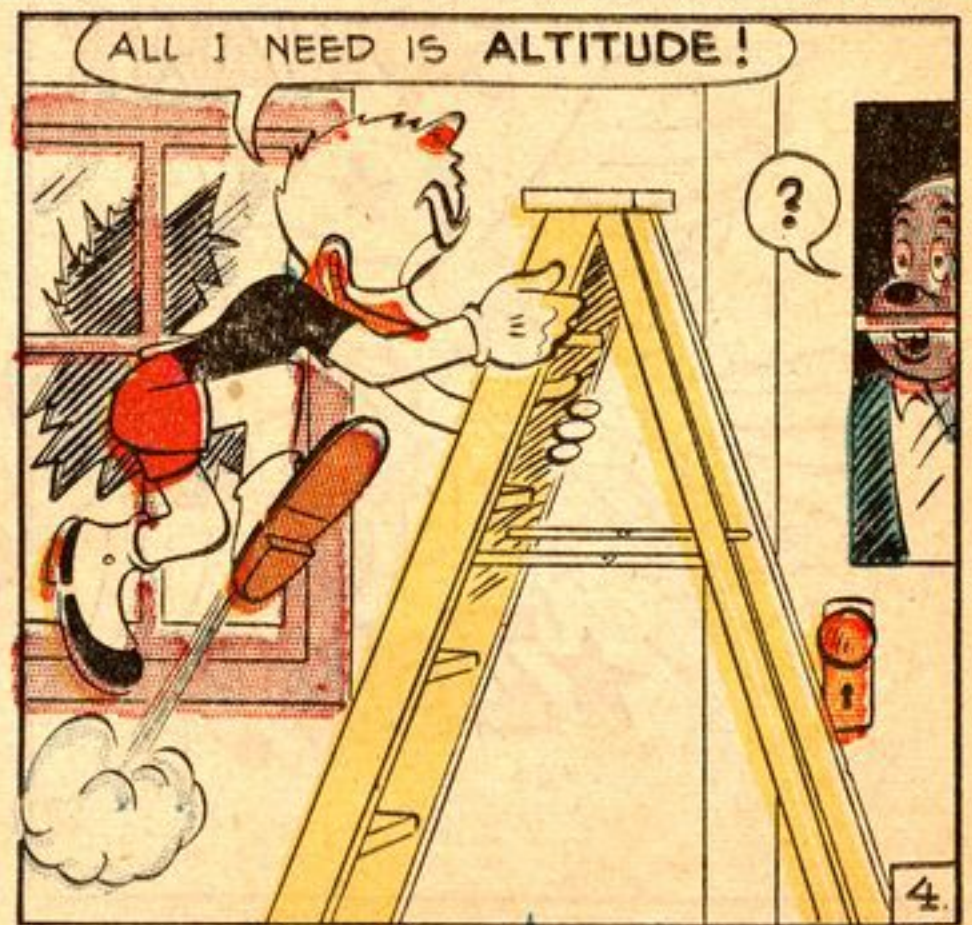
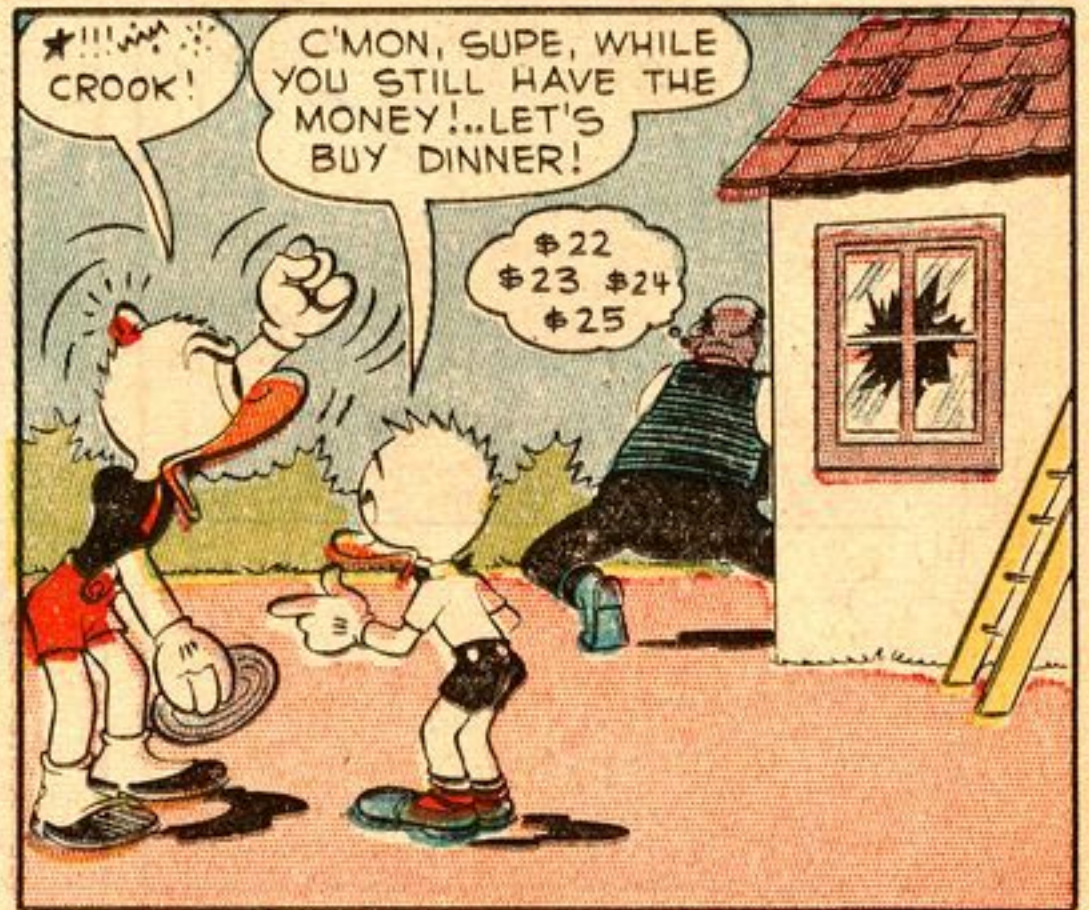
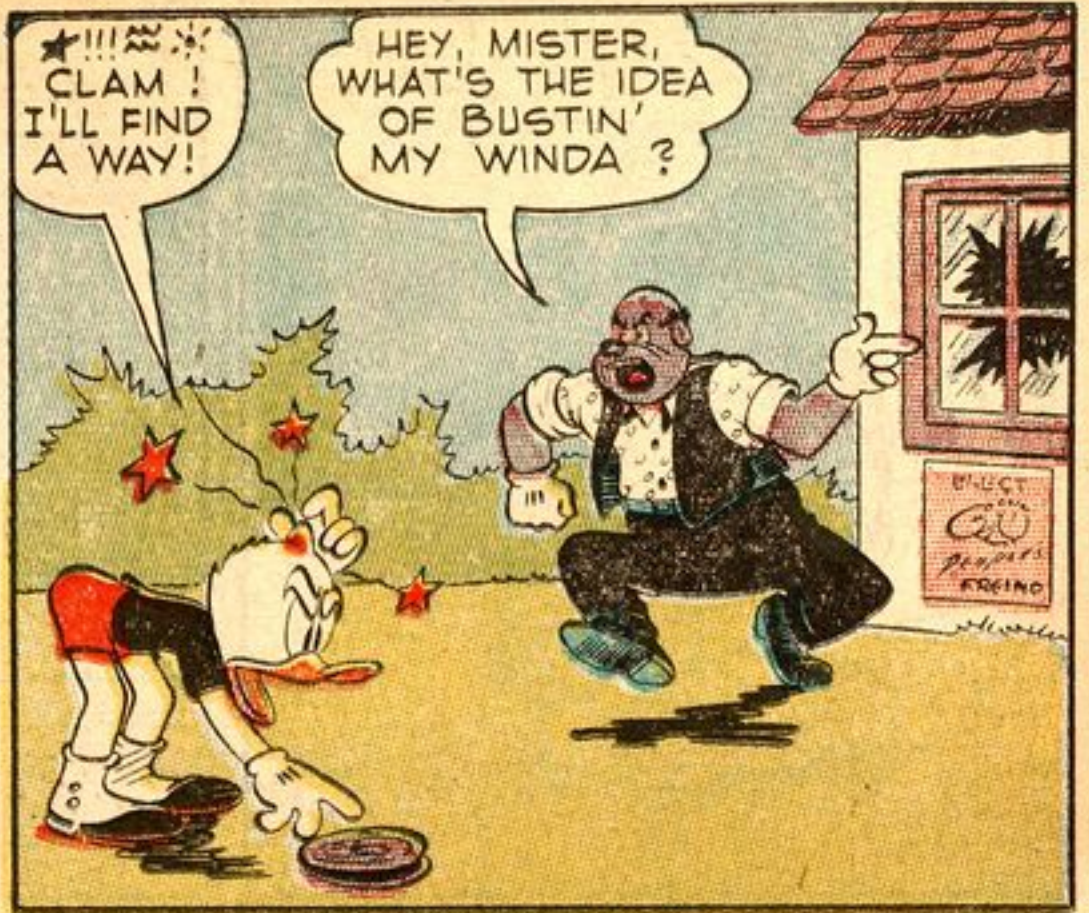
THE SEA WILL SERVE UP OUR DINNER! MR. HISS CLAM WILL SOON BE OURS!

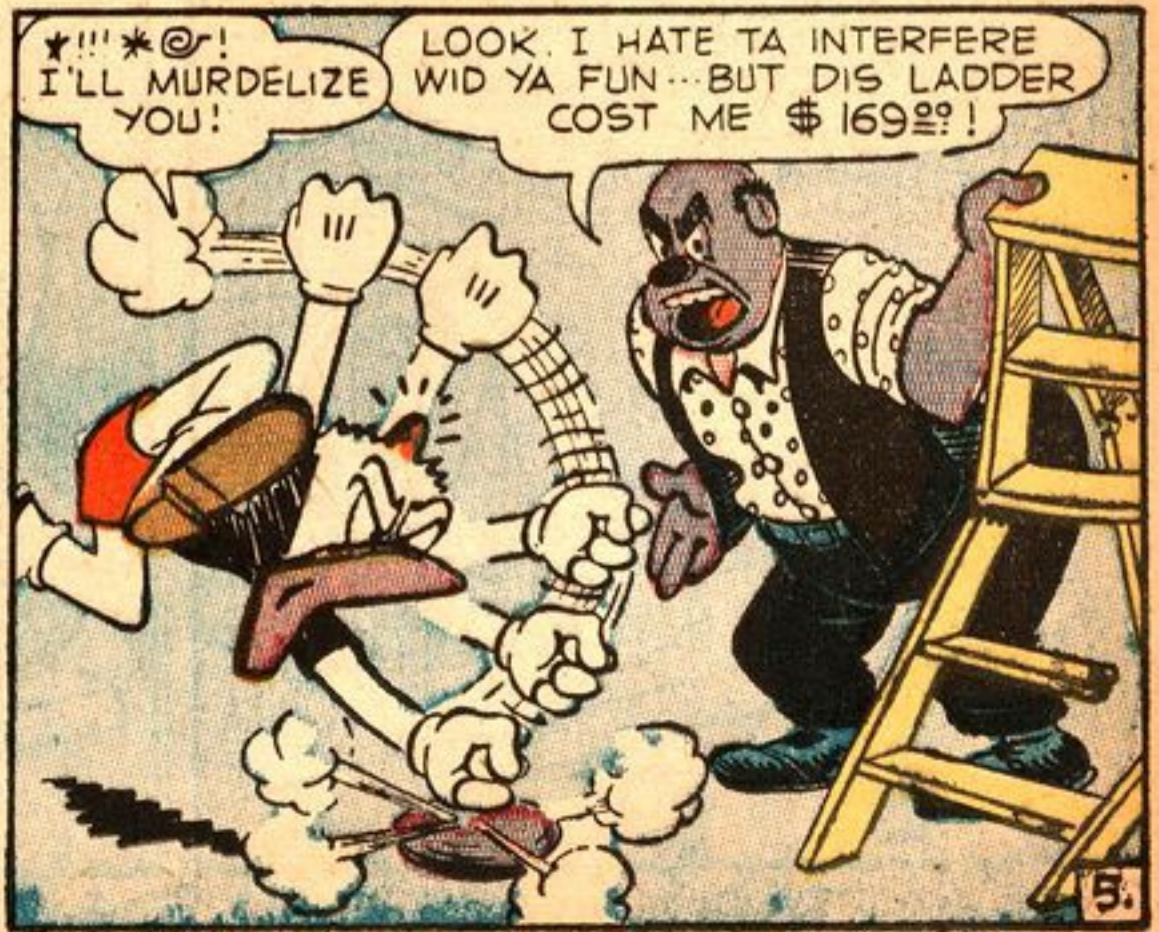
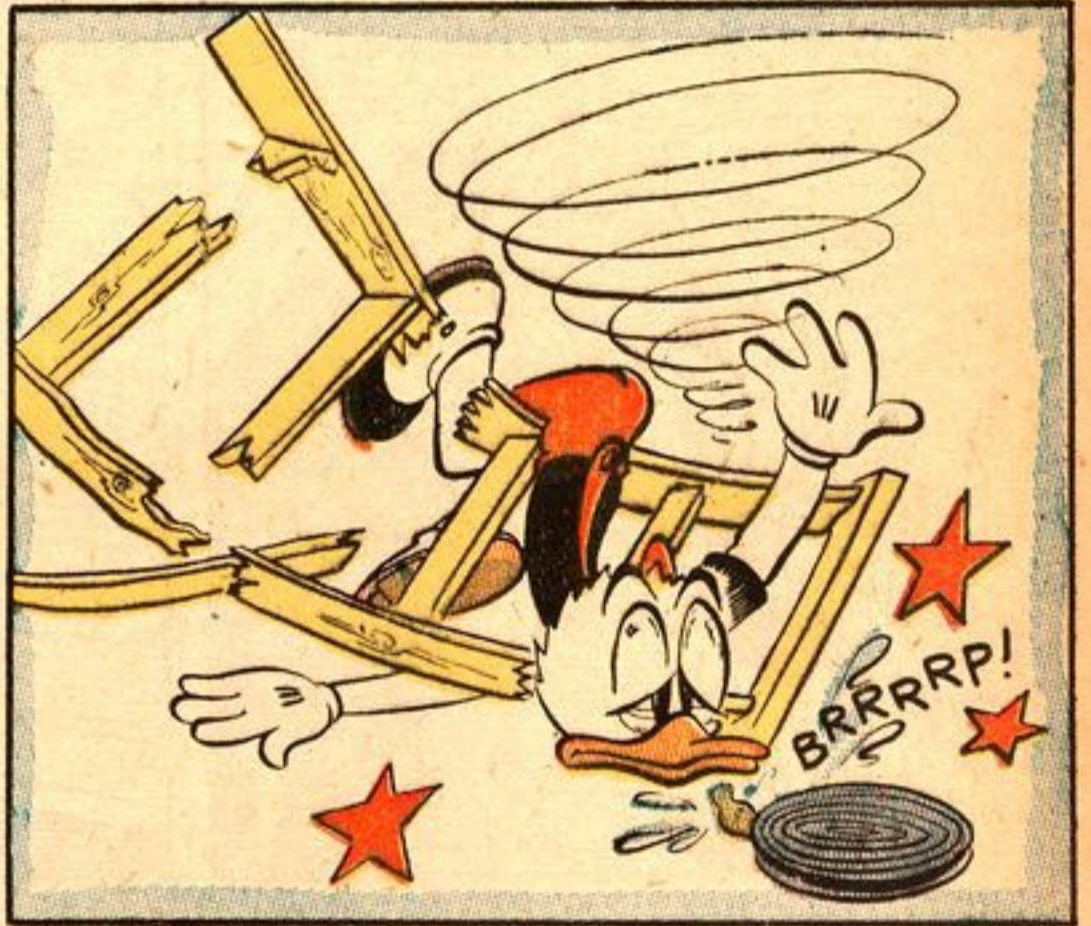
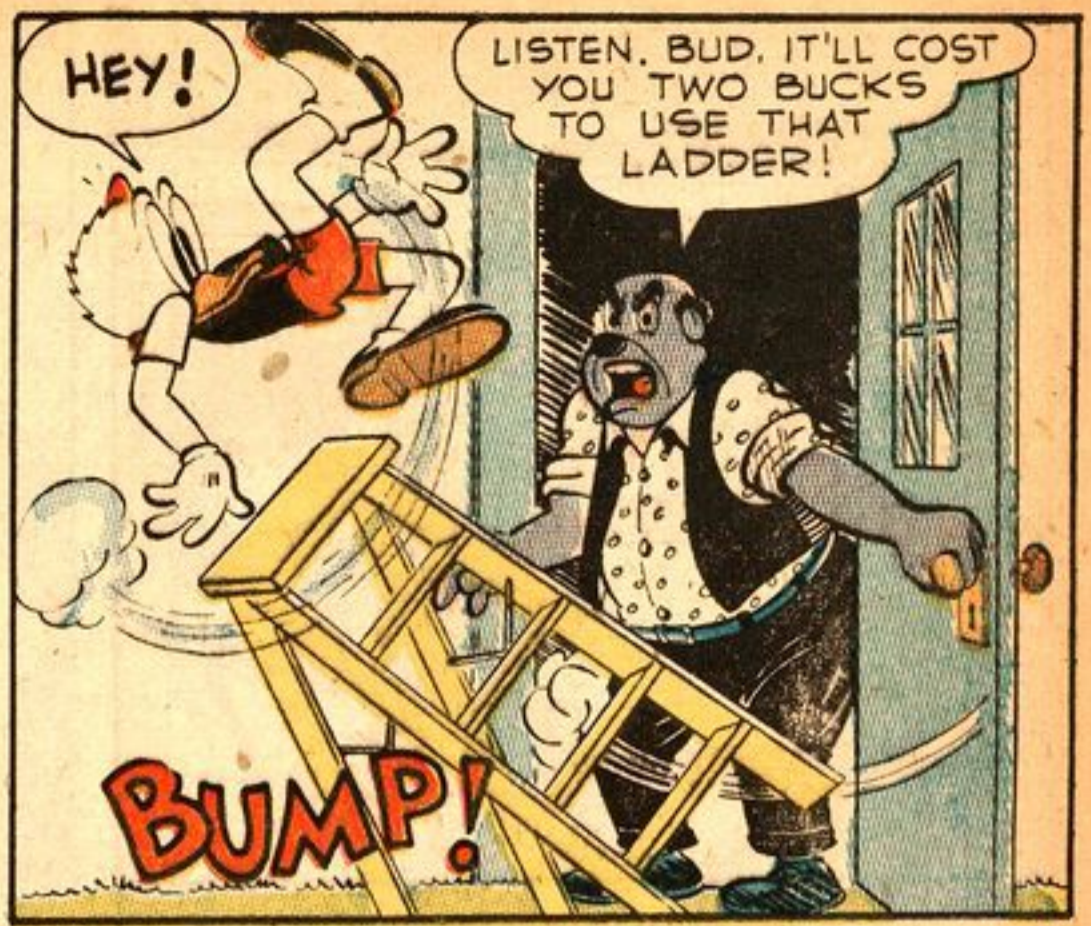
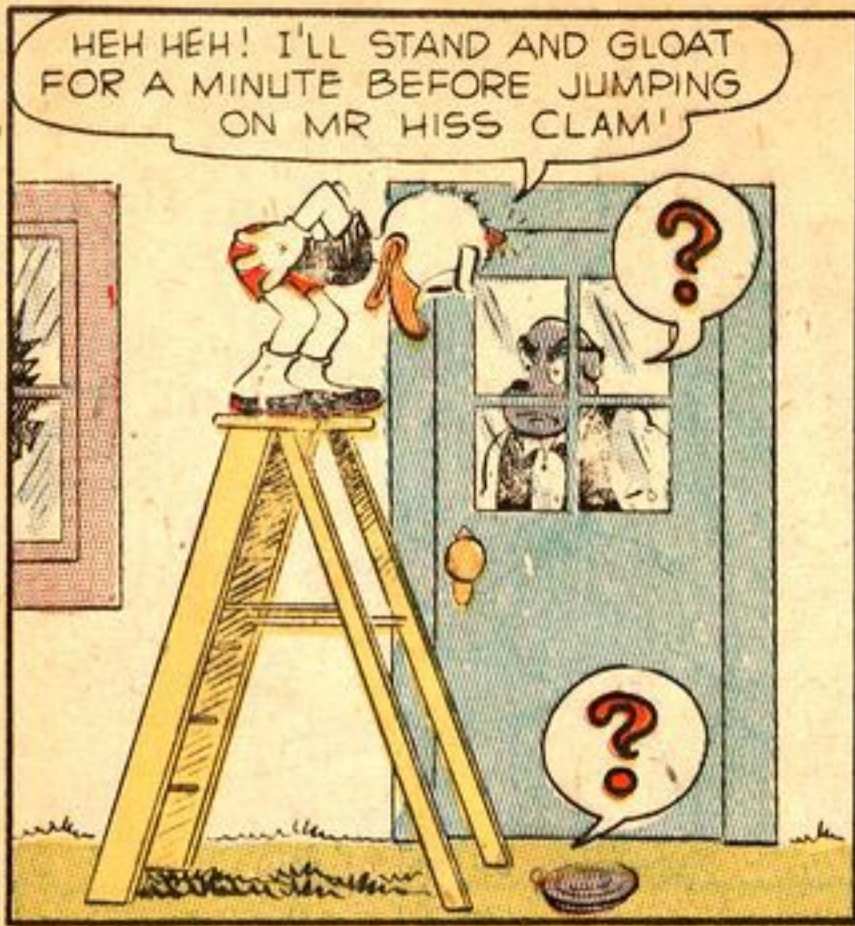
AHH...HERE HE IS NOW...

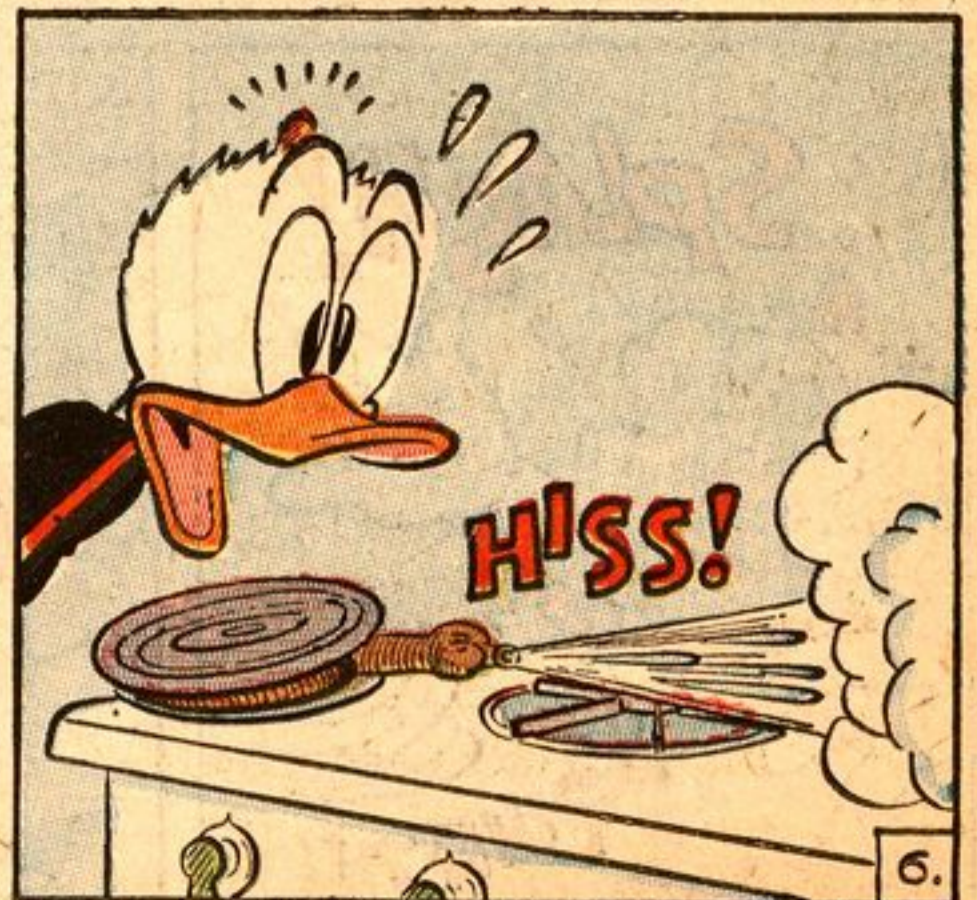
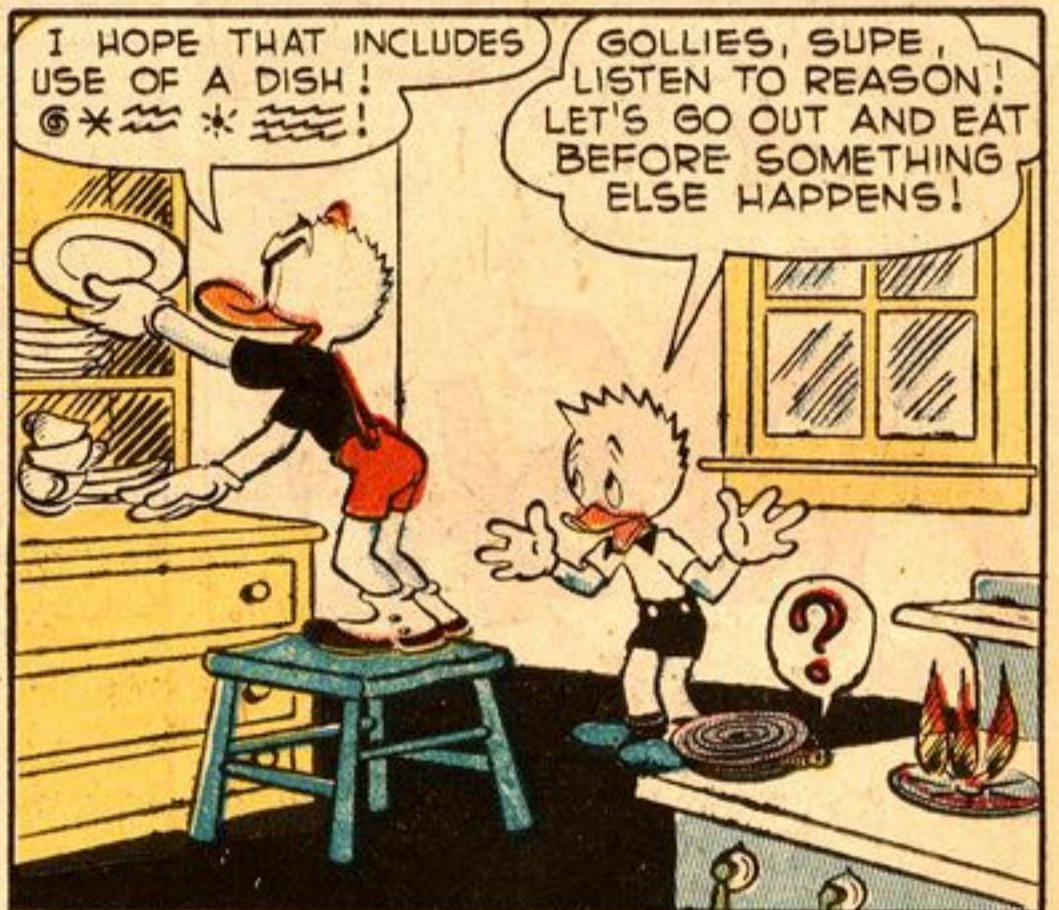
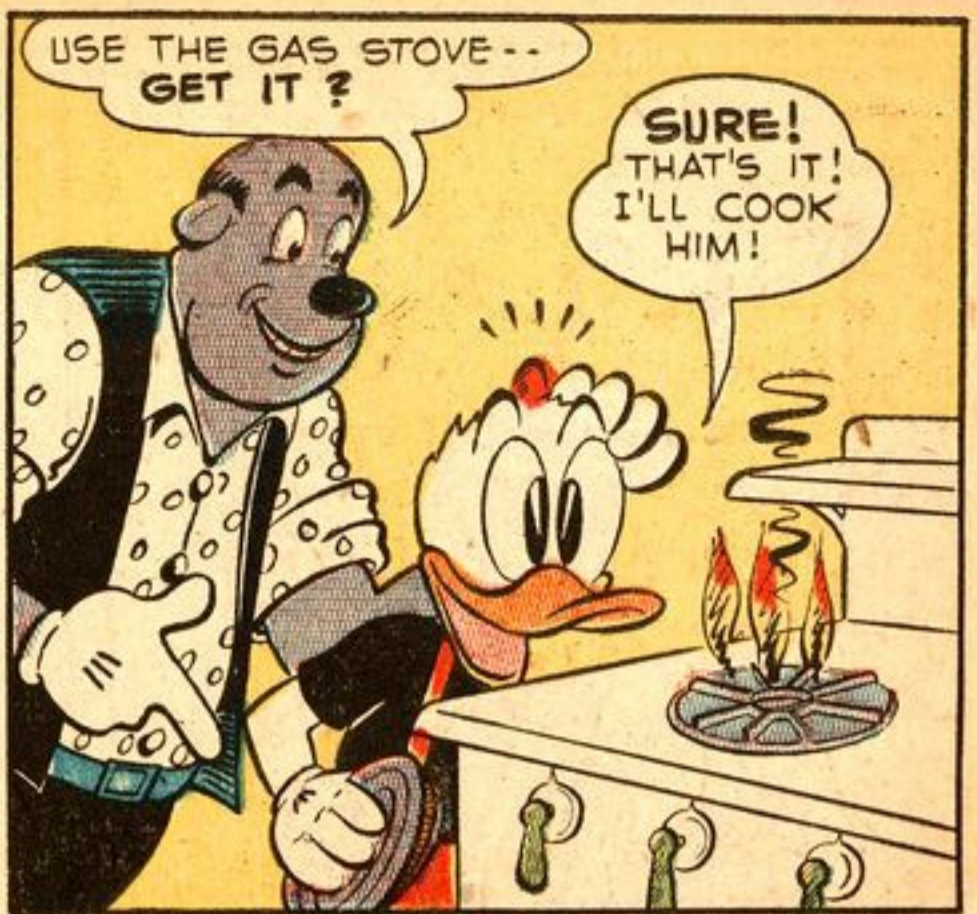
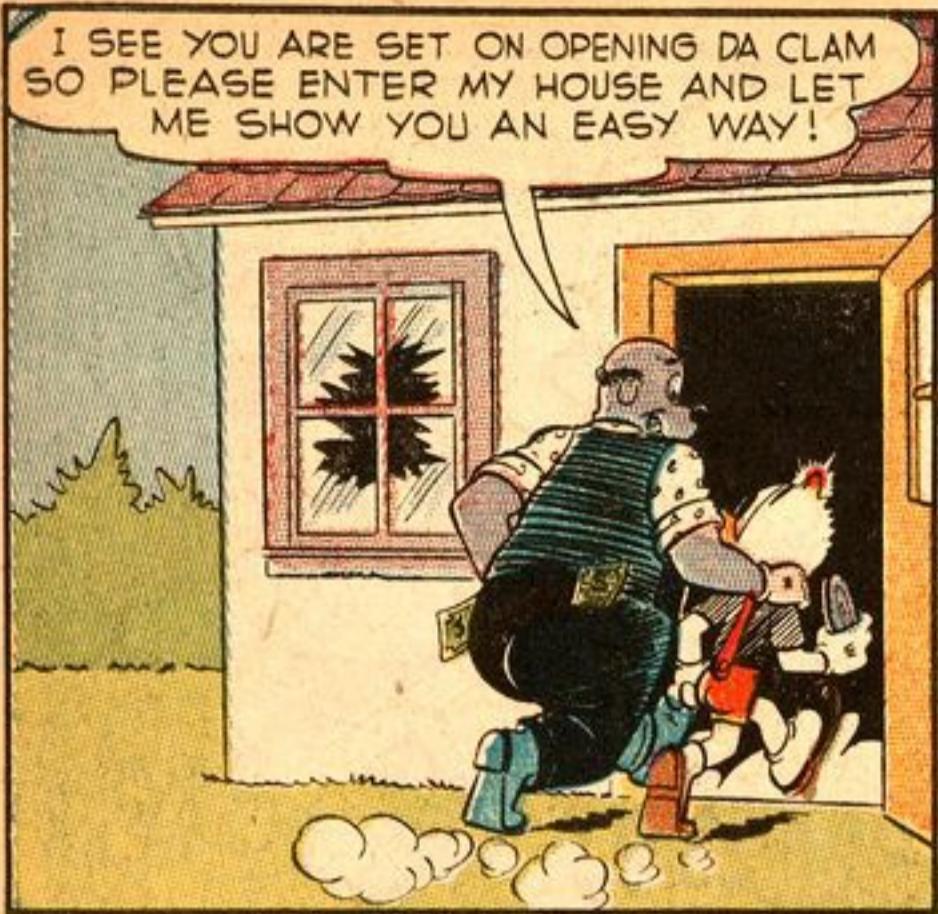


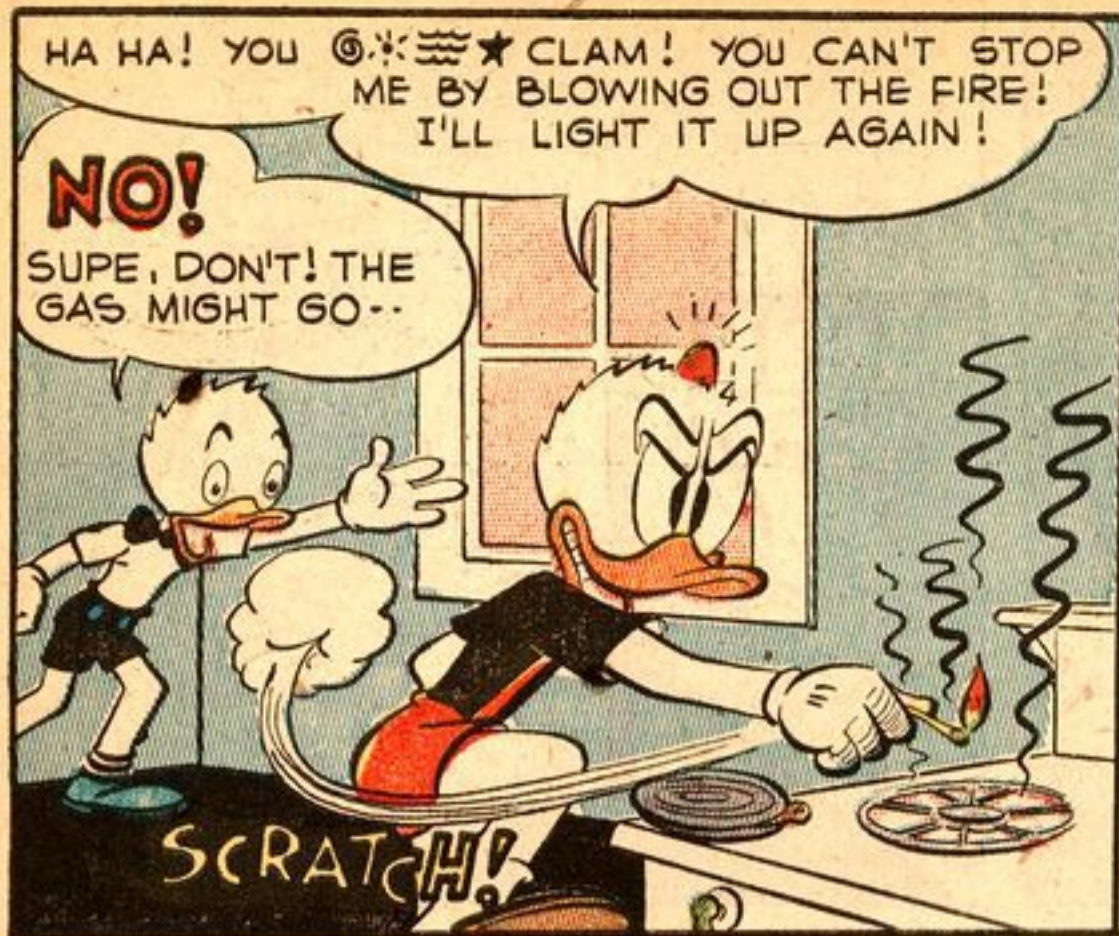




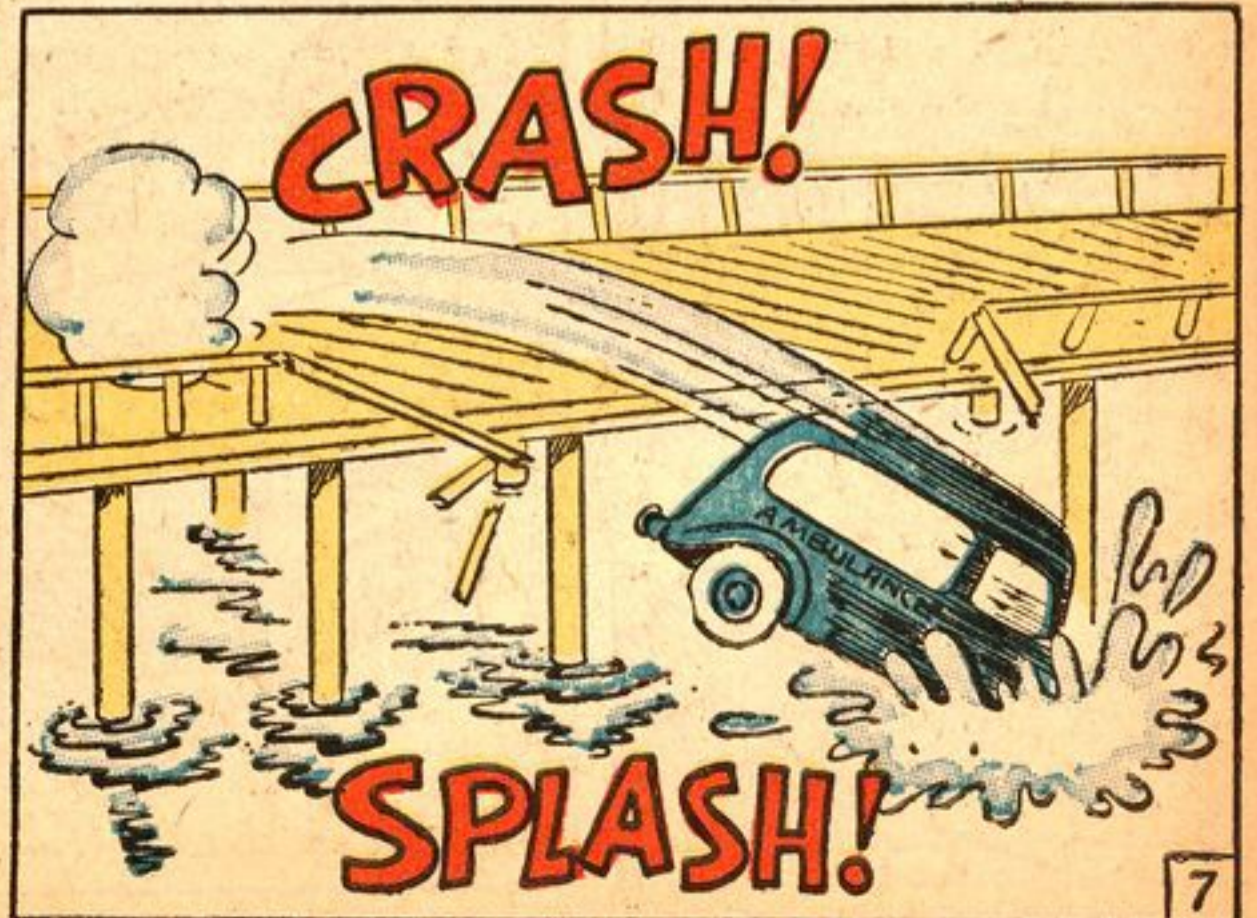


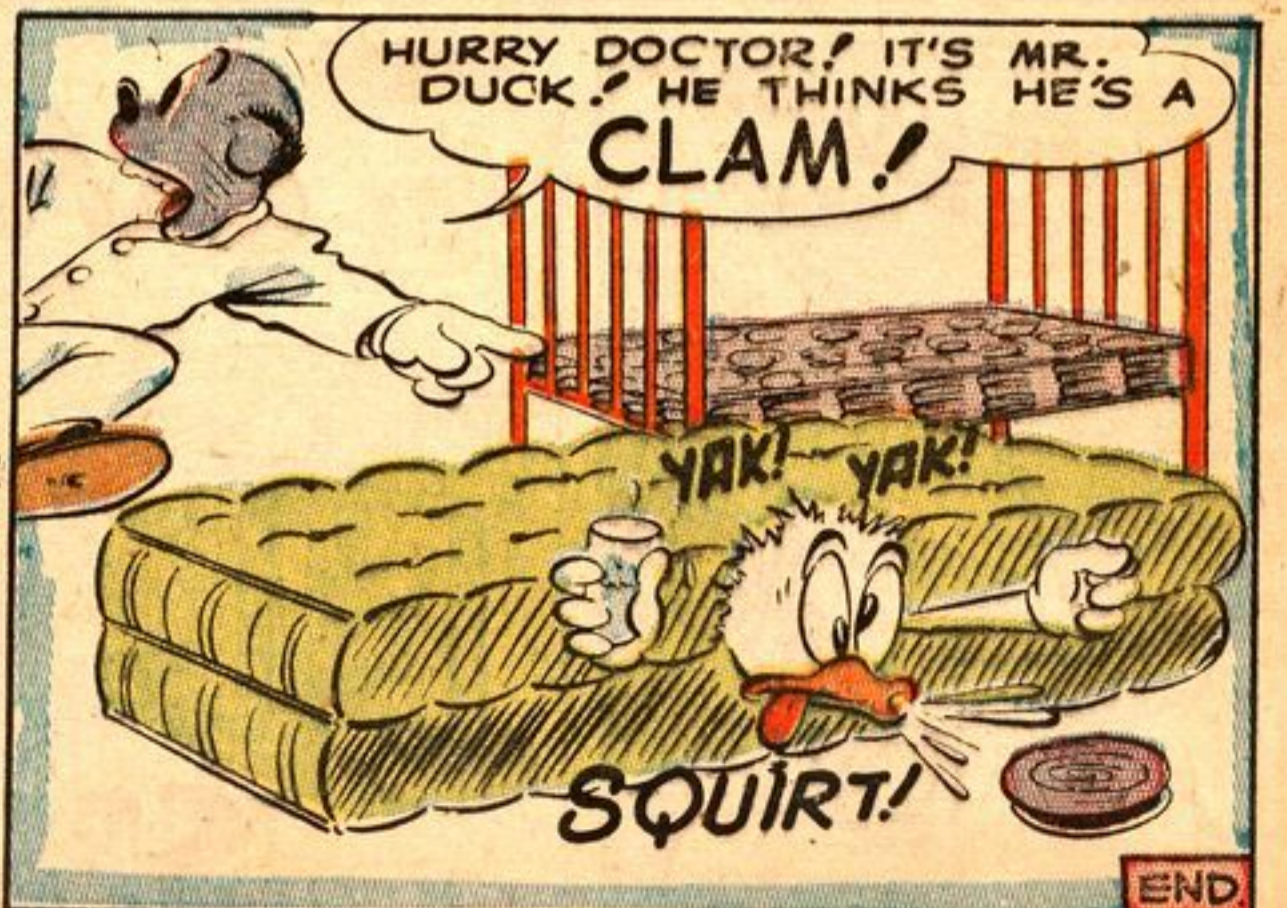
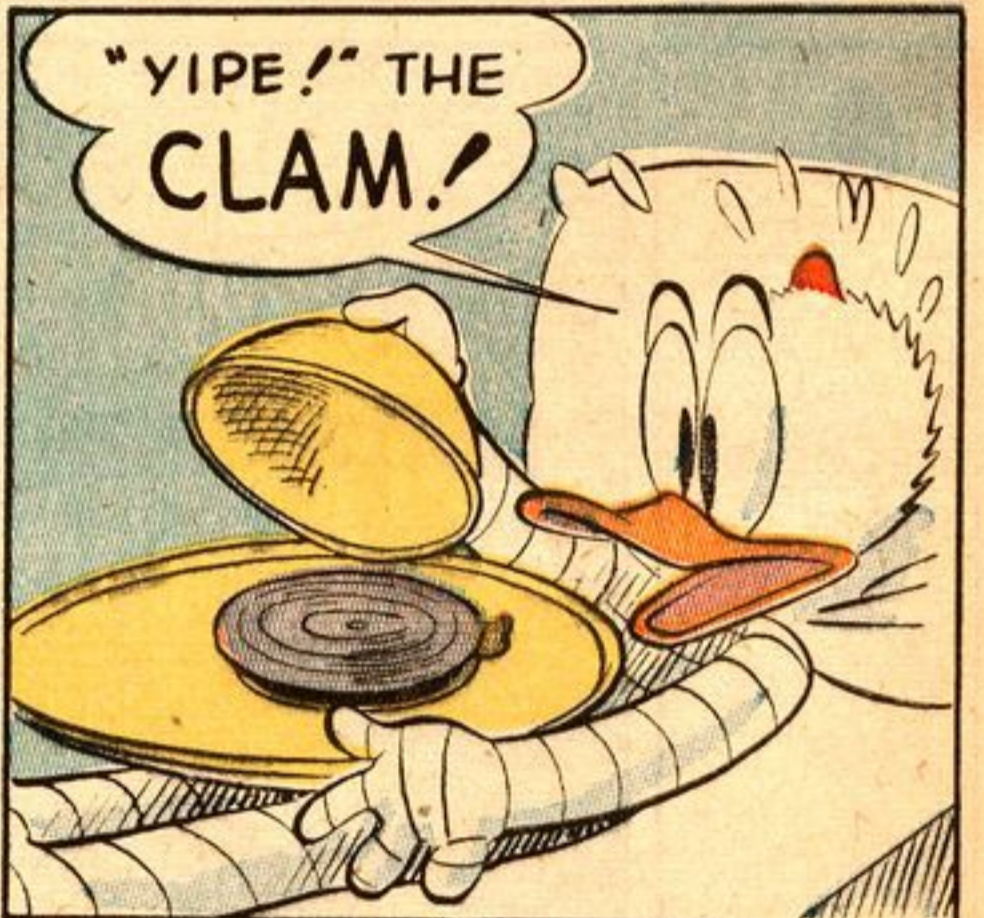
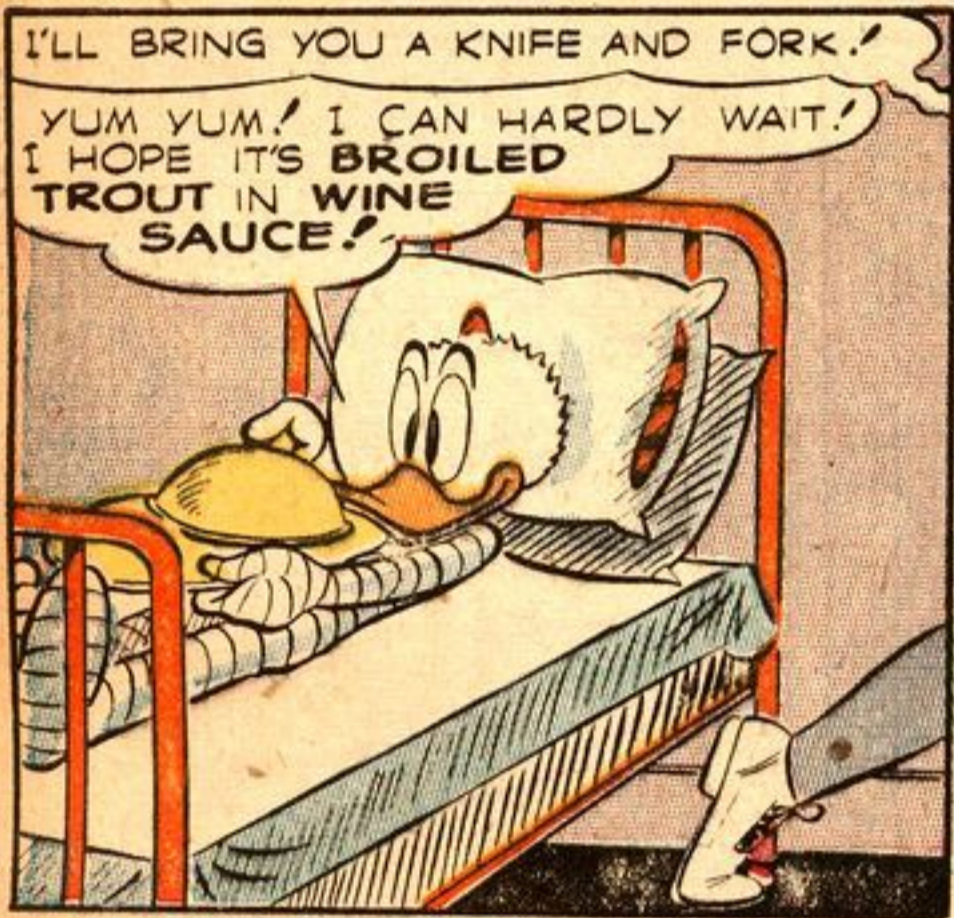
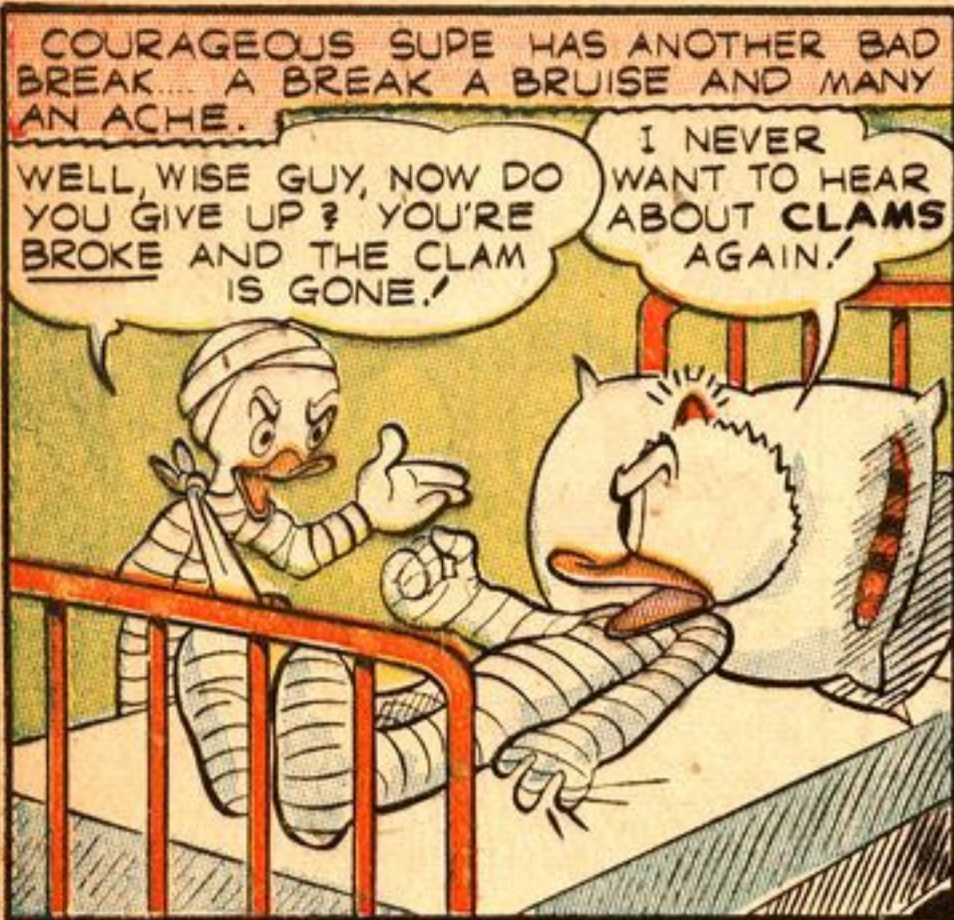






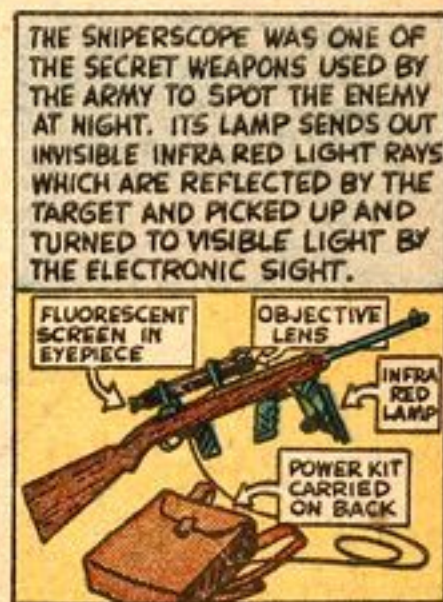
**A** ROAR LIKE THUNDER A FLASH OF FLAME! WILL THE EXPLOSION STOP SUPER'S AIM?







**TRAPS**  
**Tootsie KILLER BEAR**  
 WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT  
 BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



'COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS: LOTS OF FUN, KIDS!  
**GET THIS GENUINE COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!**  
 FOR ONLY **15¢** AND A TOOTSIE ROLL WRAPPER.

Gosh, you'll be some punkins when you get this handsome genuine 'coon tail for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like 'Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous trappers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur! Looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart swing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper. RUSH! Send for as many as you want, but quick—before they're gone! (Don't forget to send 15¢ and a wrapper for each 'coon tail.)

FOR PLAYING WOODS-MAN

SWELL FOR YOUR BICYCLE

TOOTSIE ROLLS  
 Dept. 104  
 Box 8, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail. I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!

Name.....  
 (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

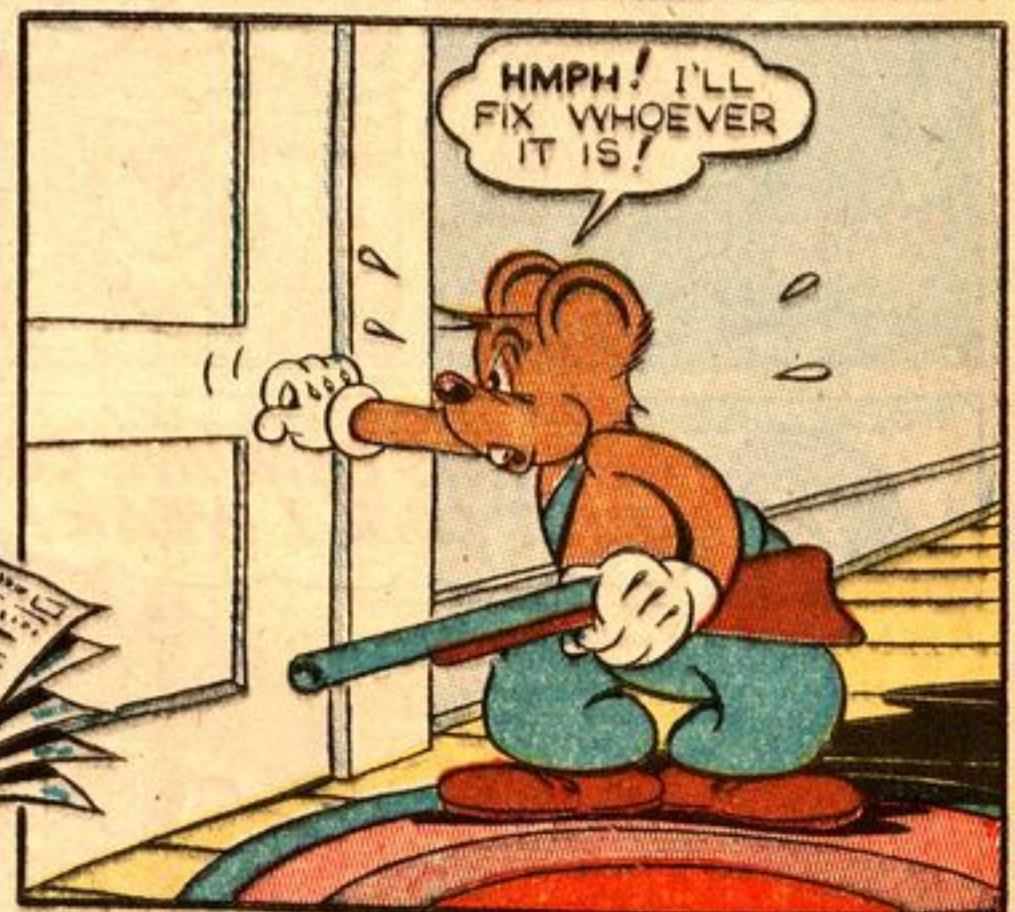
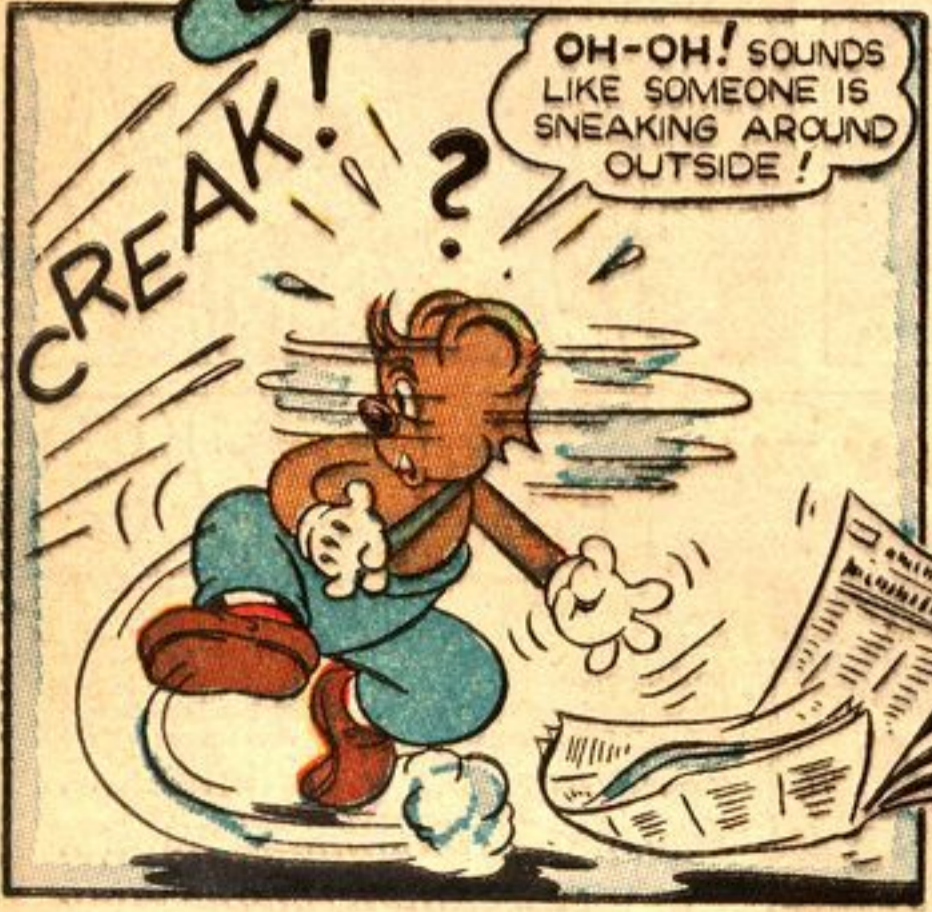
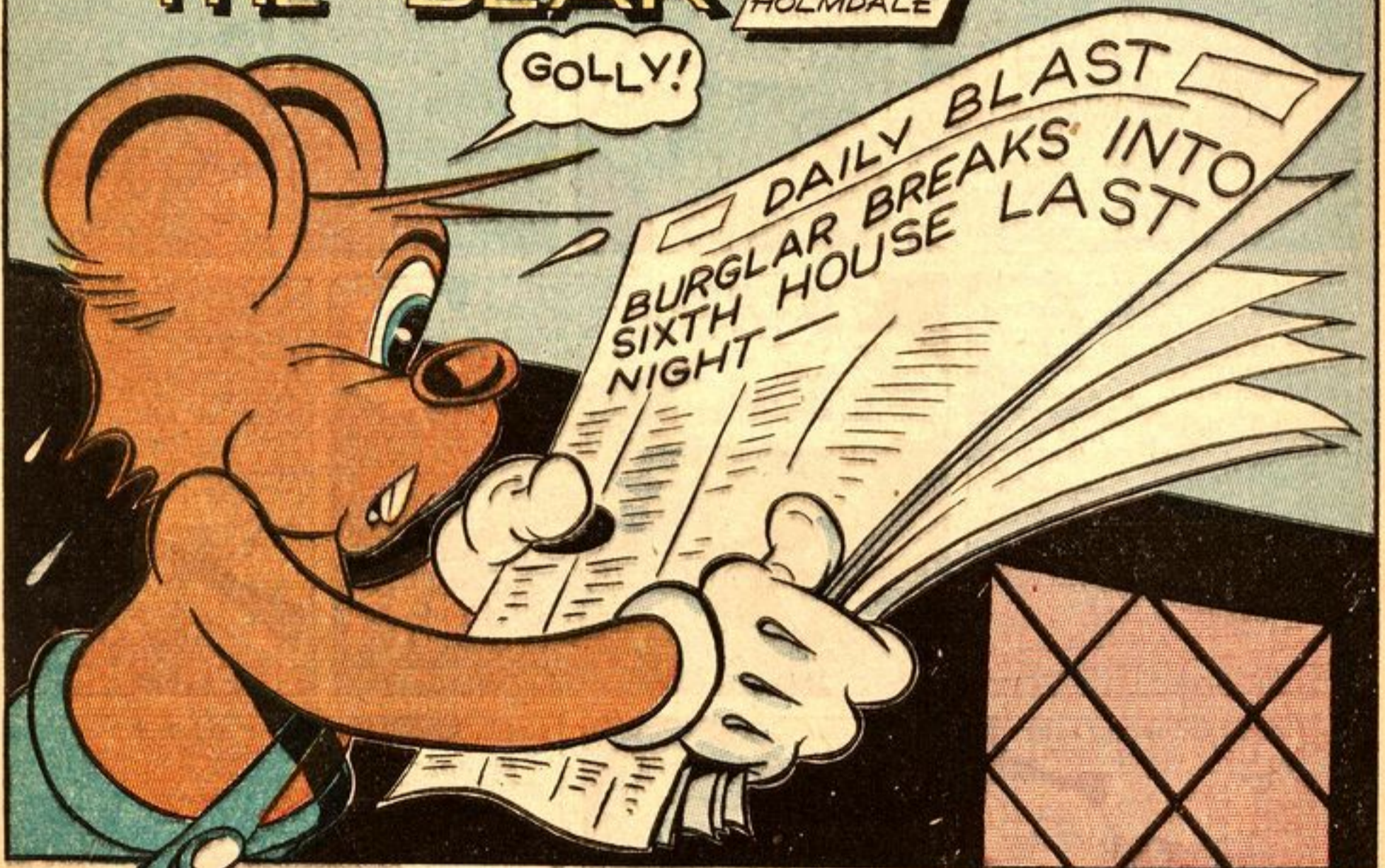
OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1948  
 SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

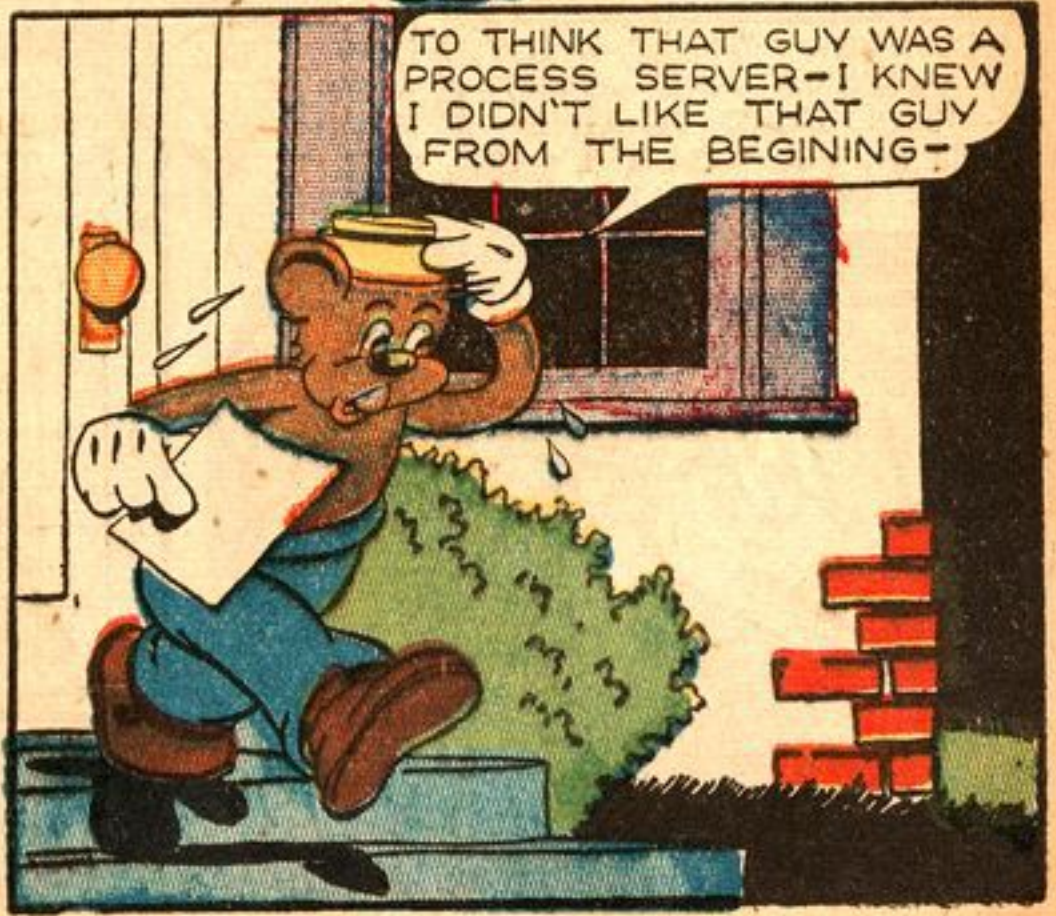
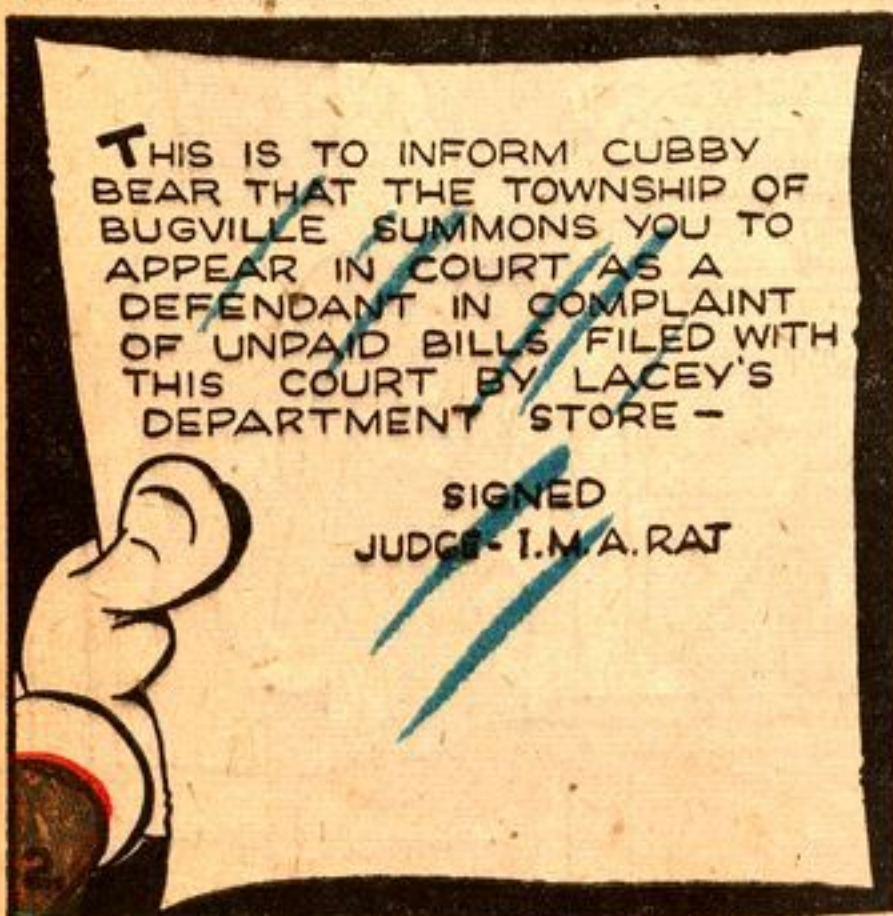
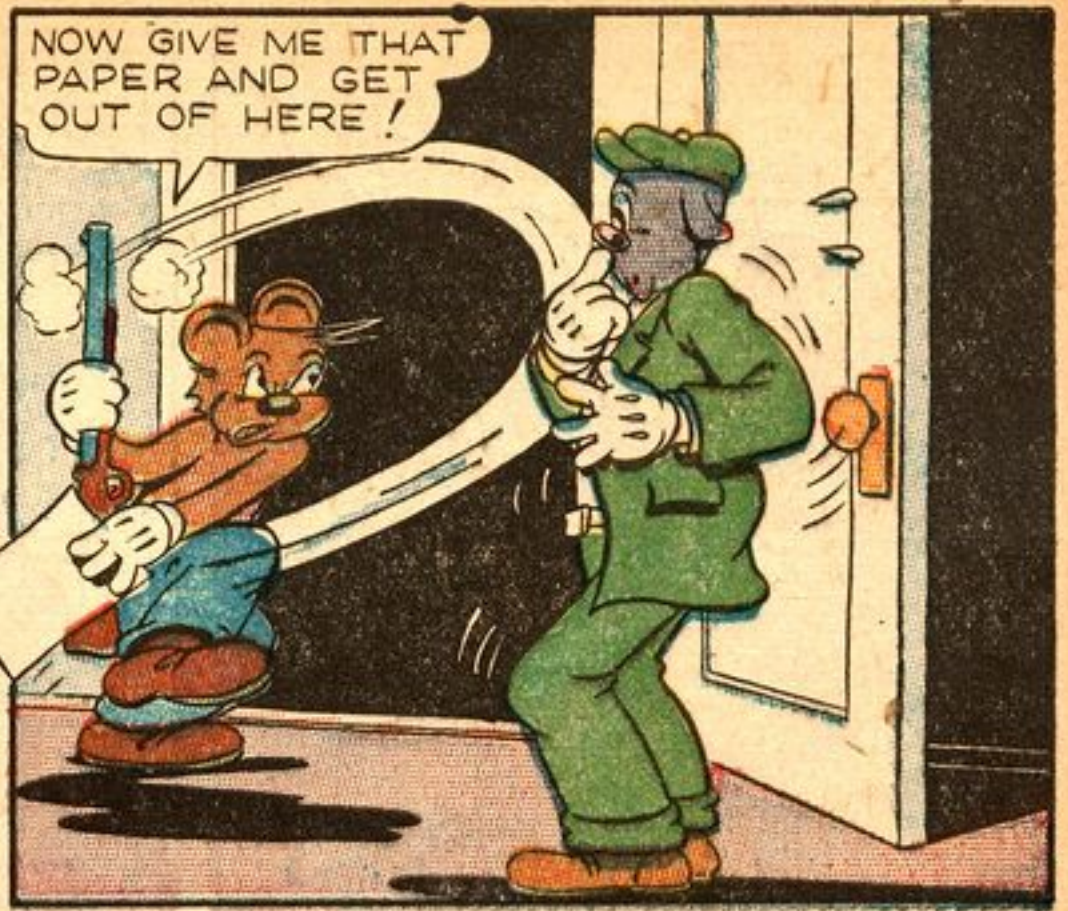
# CUBBY

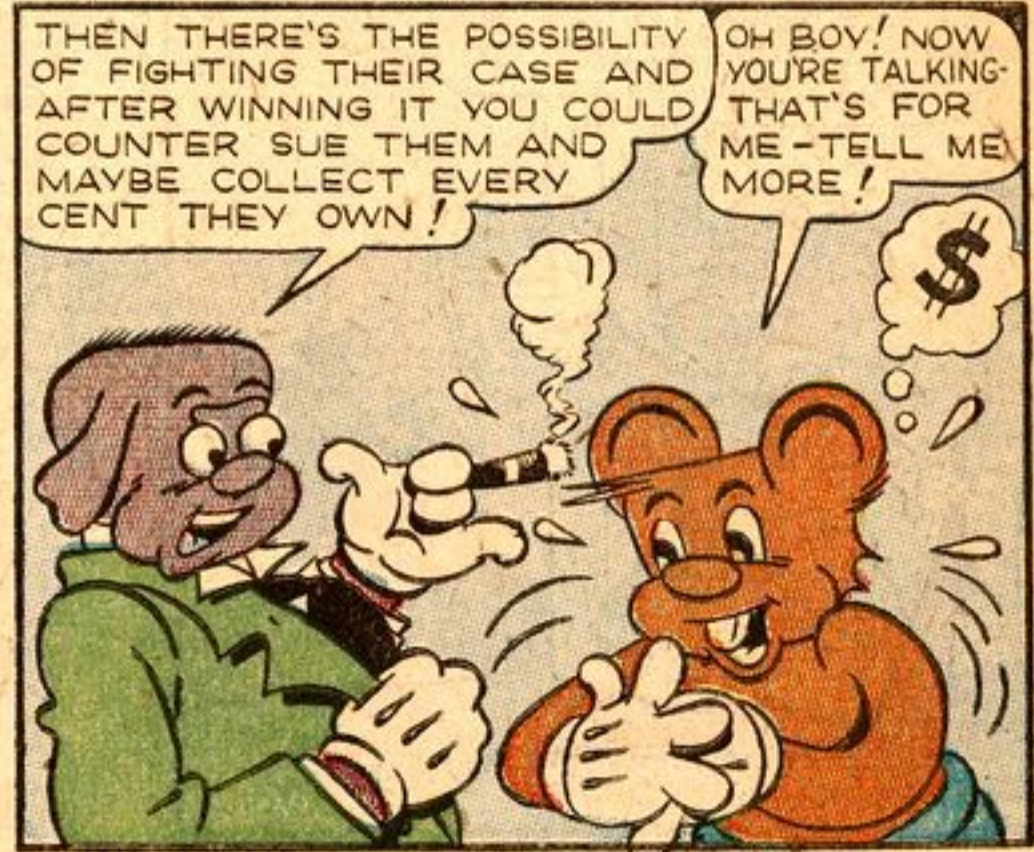
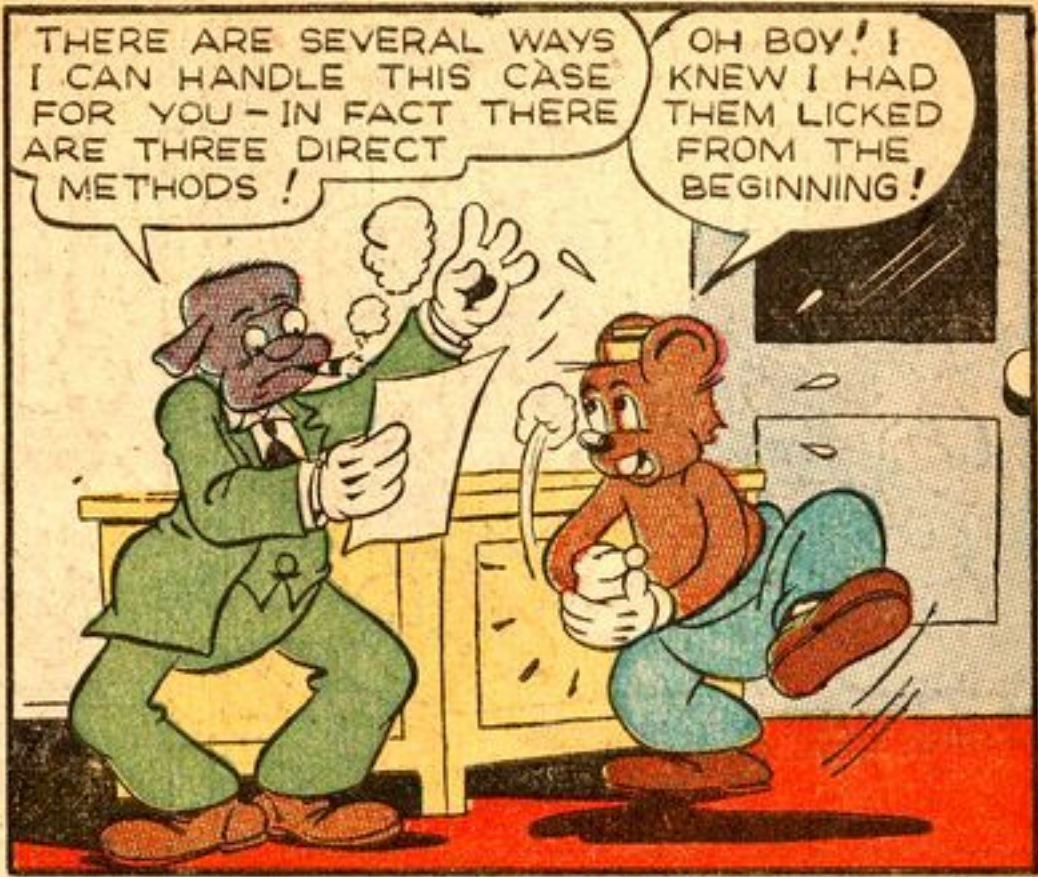
THE BEAR

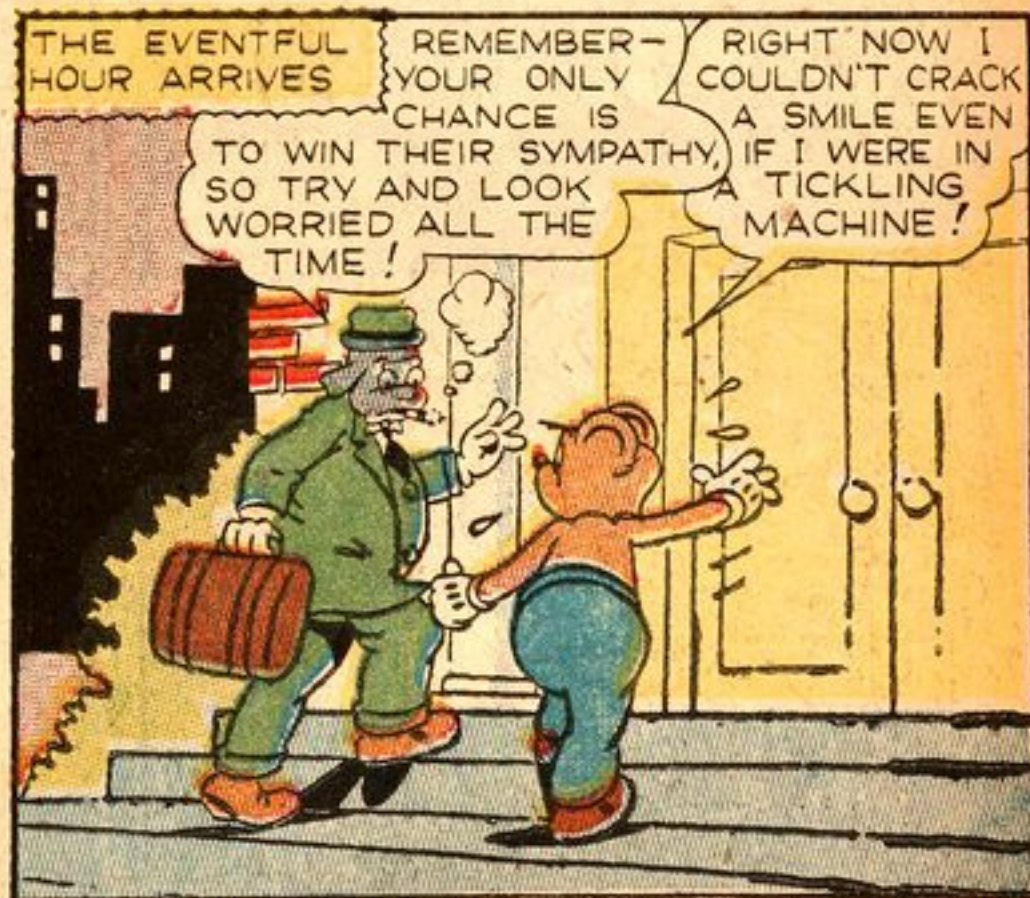
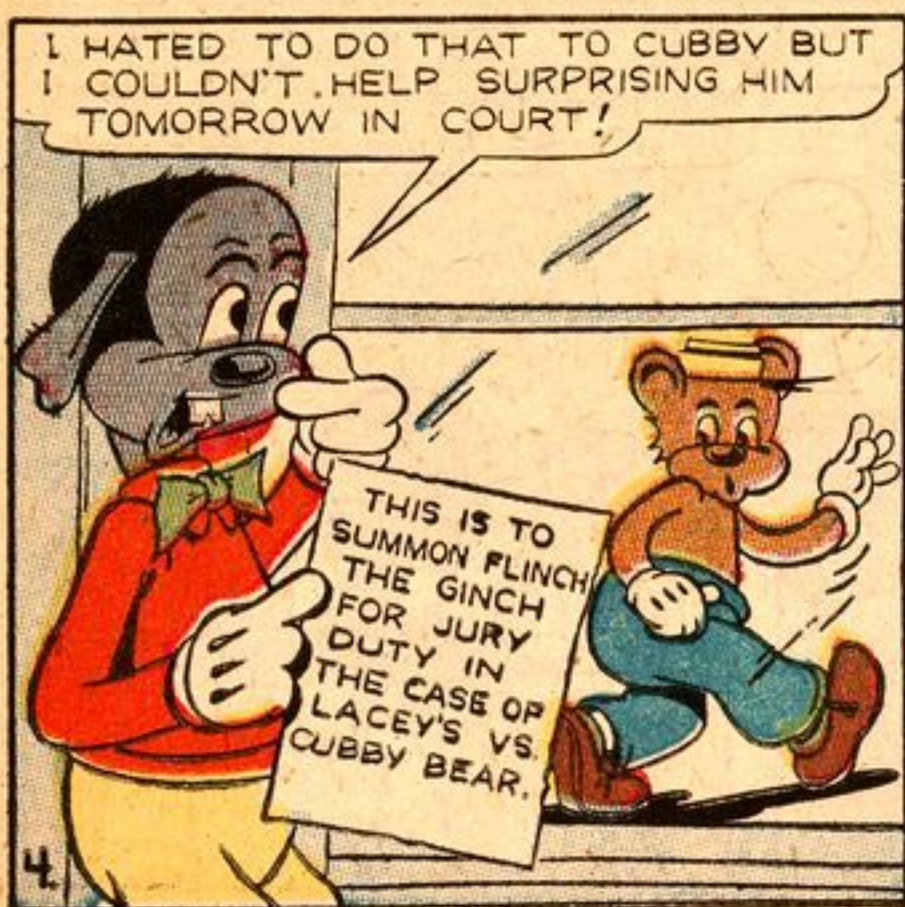
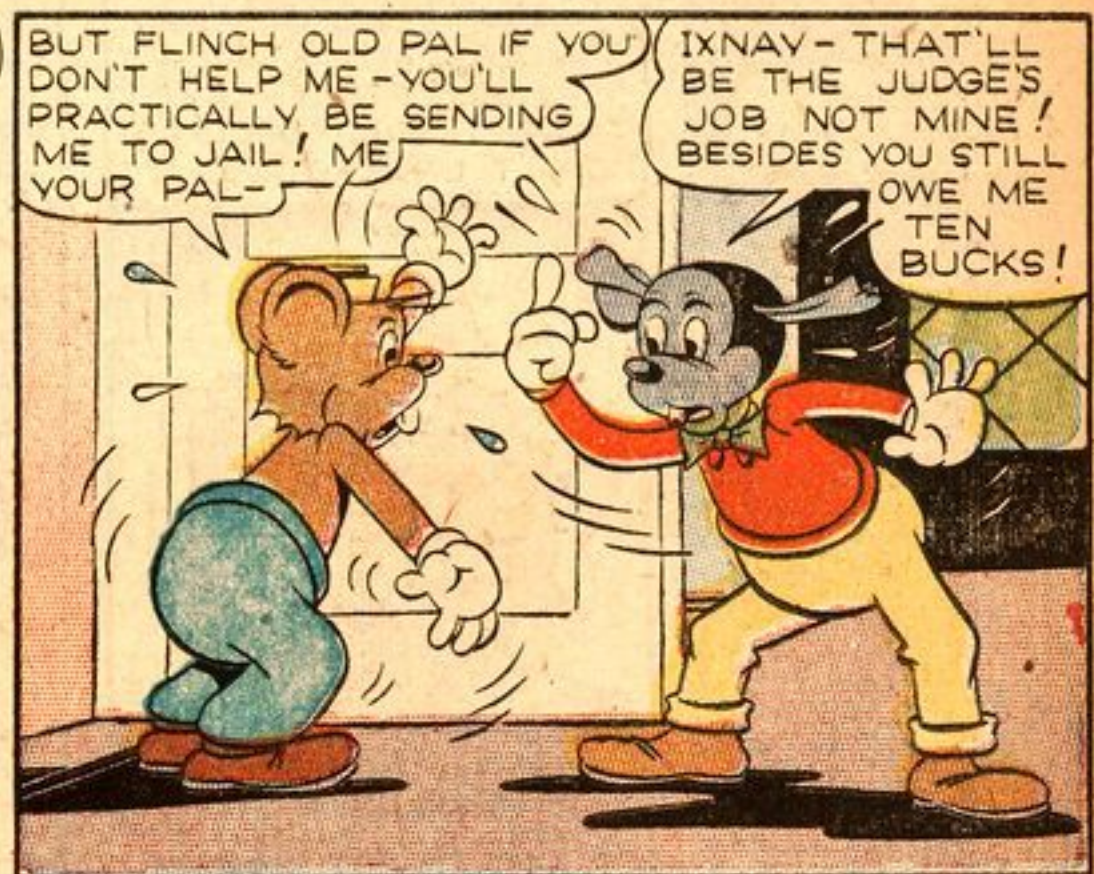
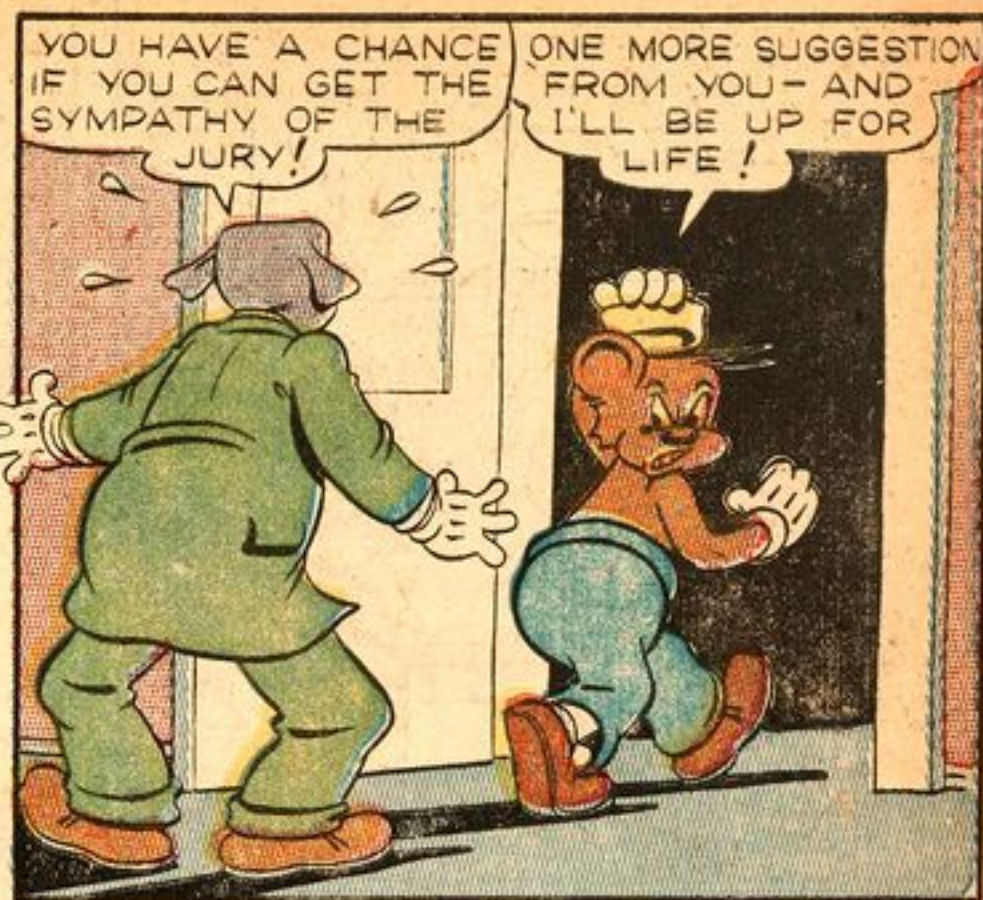
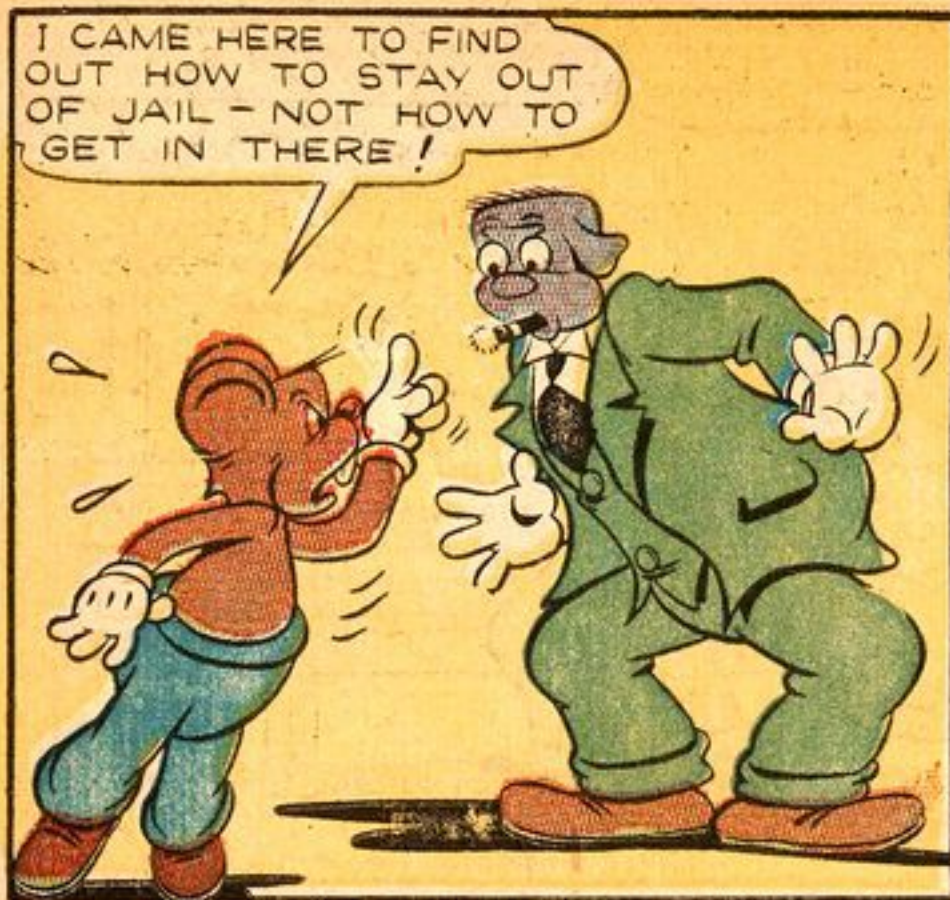
By "RED" HOLMDALE

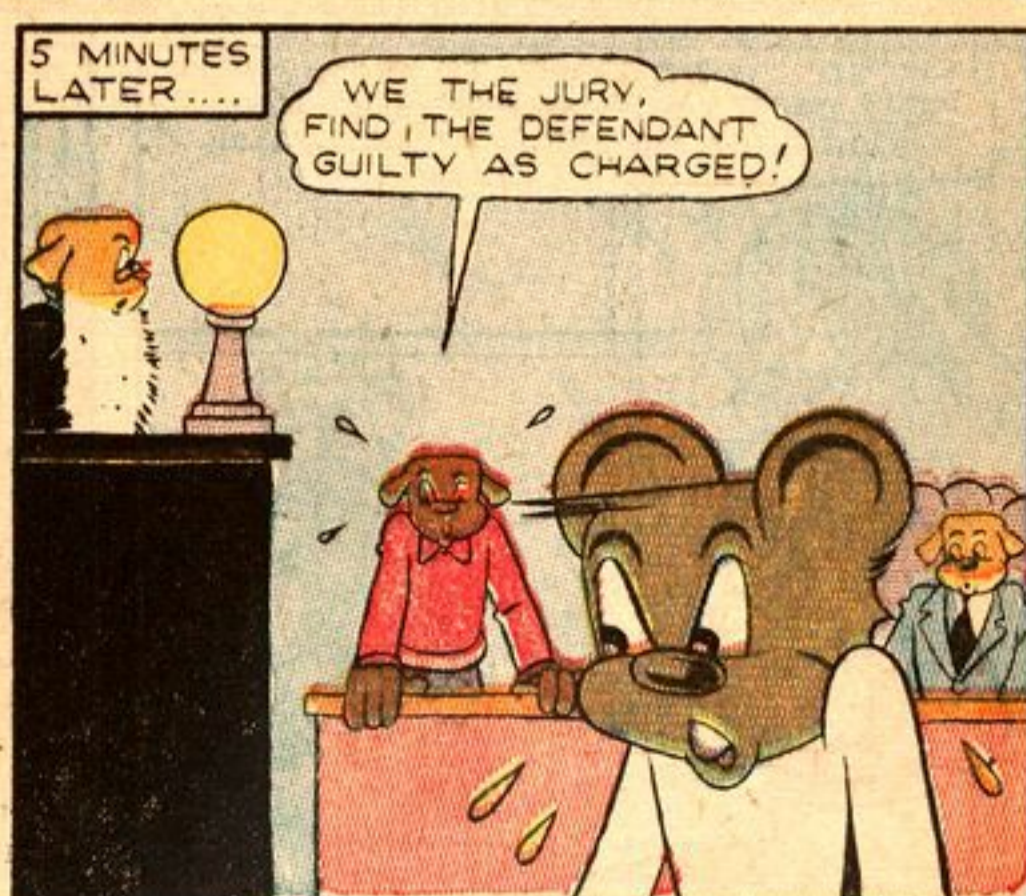
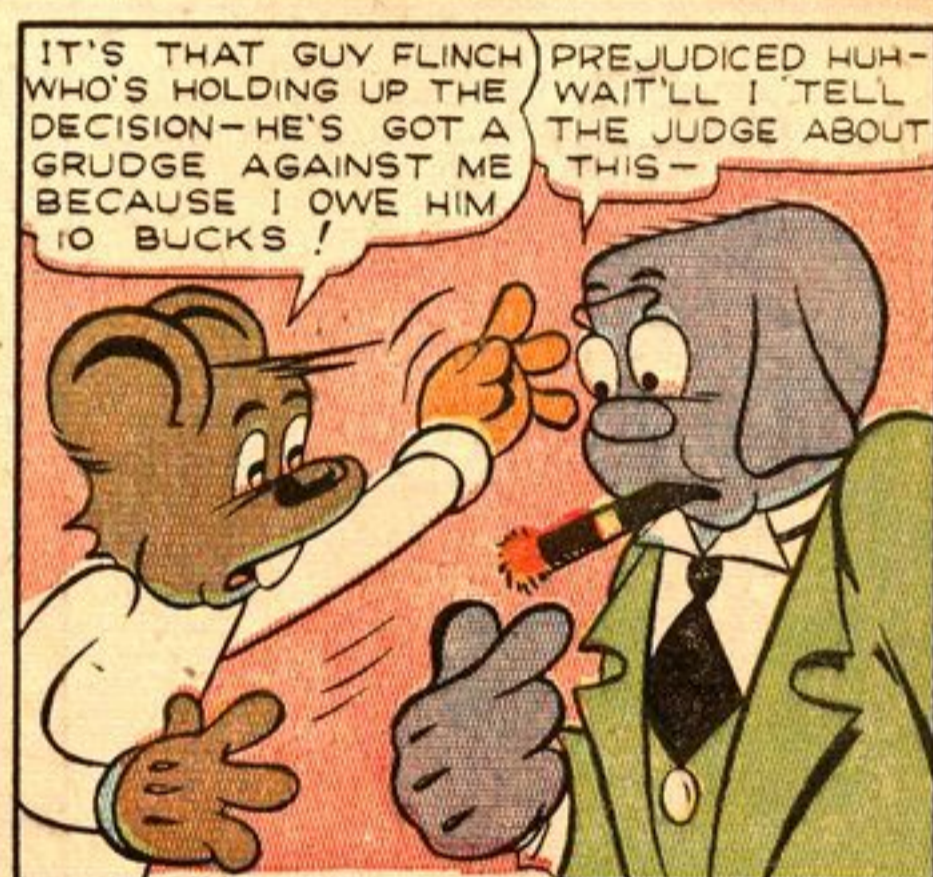
GOLLY!



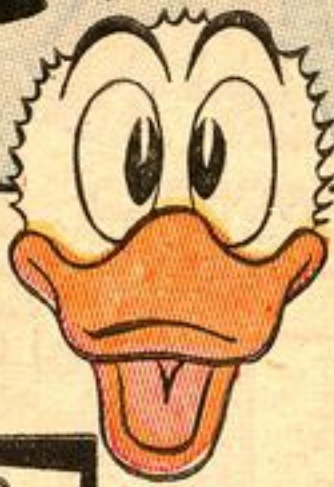








# SUPER DUCK PUZZLE PAGE



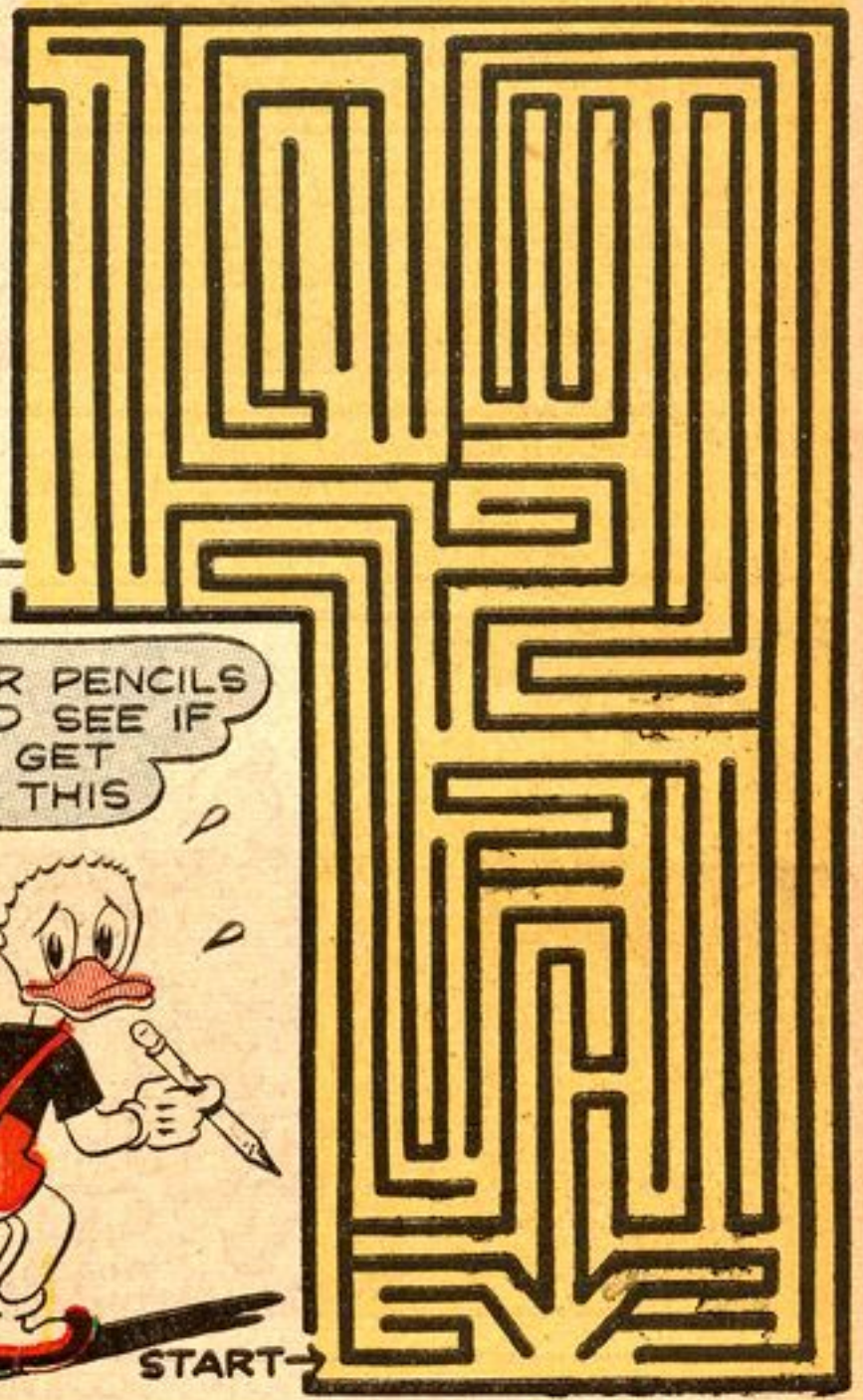
## 1. WORD LADDER

FARE
RUSK

BEAR
BEAT
BOAT
BOOT
LOOT
LOON
LION

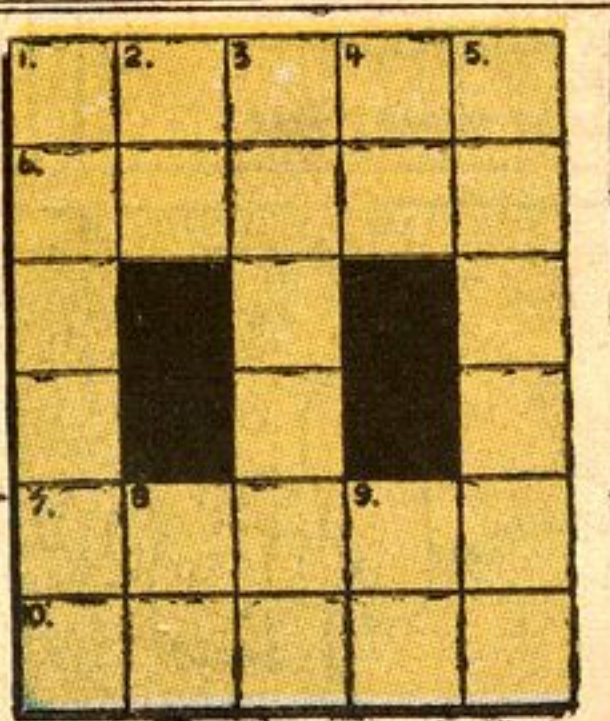
THE WORD AT THE TOP OF THE WORD LADDER CAN BE TRANSFORMED INTO THE WORD AT THE BOTTOM BY MERELY CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER IN THE WORD AT A TIME AS YOU GO DOWN EACH SPACE - NOTE HOW IT IS DONE IN THE ABOVE EXAMPLE -

GET YOUR PENCILS GANG AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET THROUGH THIS MAZE!



## 2. CROSSWORD FUN

- ACROSS**
1. MOISTURE IN AIR
  6. SOLITARY
  7. CONSUME FOOD (PAST TENSE)
  10. PERCH UPON
- DOWN**
1. ONE WHO VARIES
  2. ALFRED (ABBR.)
  3. A VEG-ETABLE
  4. REGRET
  8. ARMY ORDNANCE (ABBR.)
  9. ELLS SCOTCH (ABBR.)



## ANSWERS

R	O	O	S	T
E	A	T	E	N
I	A			
R	T			
A	L	O	N	B
V	A	P	O	R

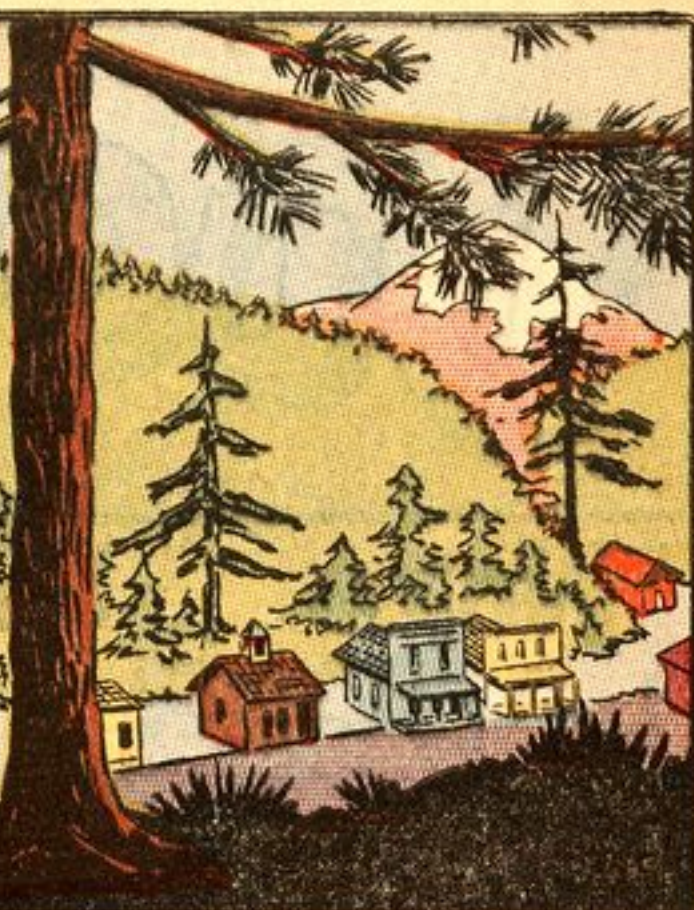
PUNZLE №1  
FIRE, FIRE,  
WIRE, WIRE,  
RISK, RISK,  
RISK, RISK,  
PUNZLE №2

# D SUPER DUCK

## THE COCKEYED WONDER

STARRING HAM BURGER IN "FOR HAM THE BELL TOLLS" By AL Fagaly

**S** NUGLY SETTLED IN THE FOREST CLOSELY HIDDEN BY THE TREES SETS THE CAMP "HOTOOTSYMAMA." THERE DWELL BOY SCOUTS SUCH AS THESE.....



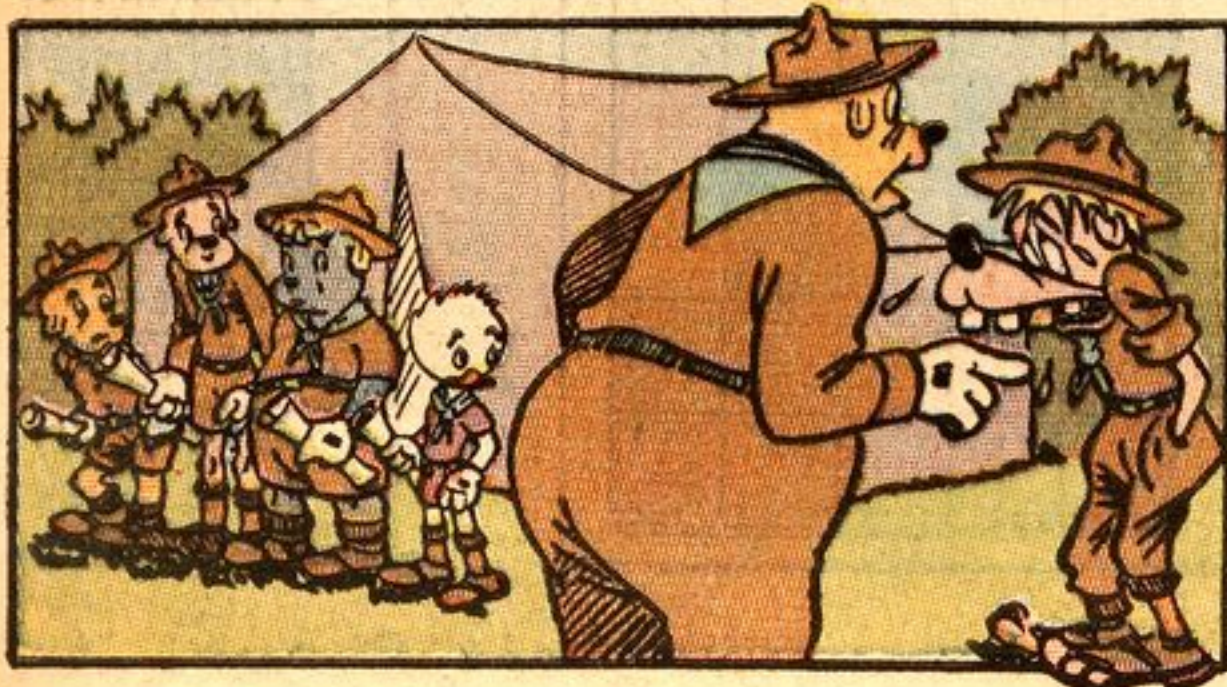
A WILY SCOUT IS FAUNT THE DUCKLING: AT HIS SIDE IS ONE NAMED HAM! GAILY TRIPPING, FLIPLY QUIPPING STRIDE THEY FORTH IN SUITS OF TAN!

"COME AND GET IT" YELLS THE MASTER. "I'VE AWARDS FOR ONE AND ALL. THERE'S A PRIZE FOR WOODCRAFT, SCOUTCRAFT. HEAR YOUR NAME AS LOUD I CALL!"



EVERY SCOUT IN ALL THAT WOODLAND WINS A PRIZE, BUT NONE FOR HAM. "YOUR HEAD IS JUST A HATRACK" FROM THE MASTER. "YOU'RE THE **BIGGEST HAM WHAT AM!**"

"AT SCOUTING WHAT A FUMBLER, WHY HIS BRAIN IS ALMOST DEAD! AWARDS ARE WHAT HELL LONG FOR UNTIL HE LEARNS. **TO USE HIS HEAD!**"





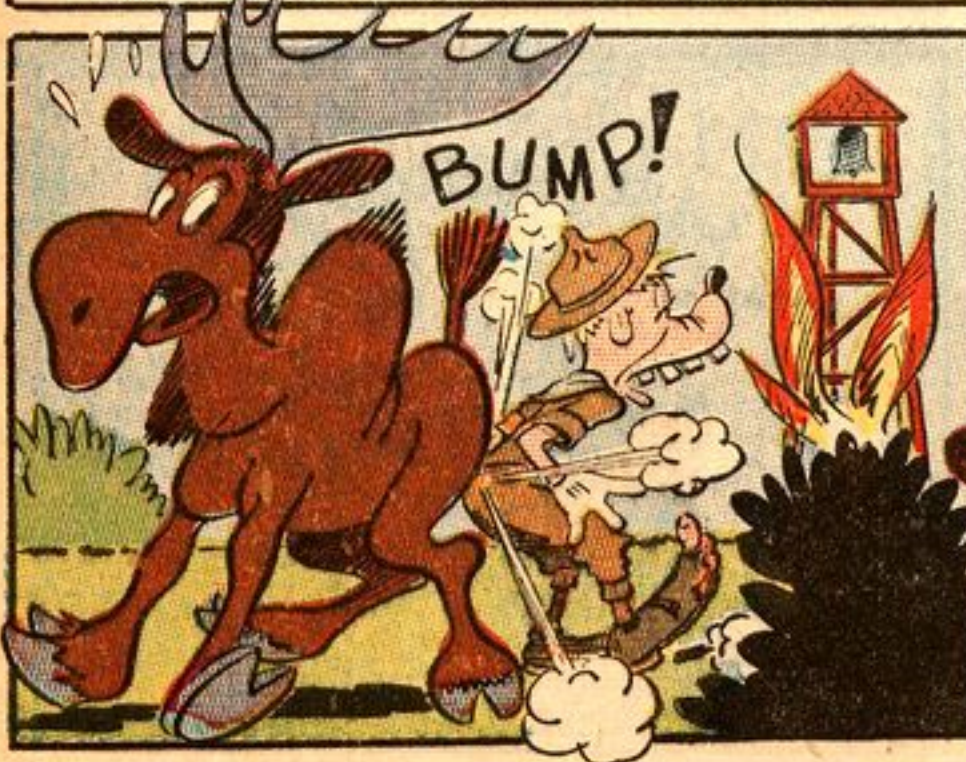
THEN SUDDENLY SPRINGS THE SCOURGE OF FOREST!  
 FLAMES GO RACING 'ROUND THE SPIRE  
 CLIMBING, TWISTING, TURNING, JUMPING  
 UNTIL WE HEAR THE CRY OF...



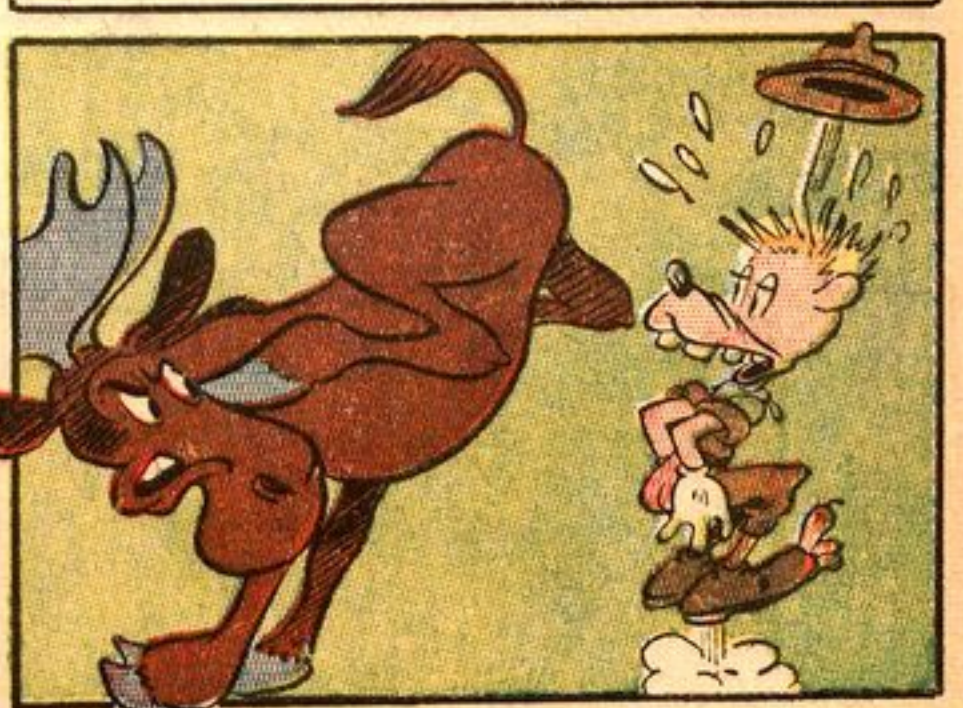
"WE'RE LOST" CRIES OUT THE LEADER,  
 "WE'RE LOST" CRIES HE WITH MOURNFUL  
 YELL  
 "NO ONE CAN CLIMB THE TOWER LADDER  
 TO CALL THE FIRE ENGINES WITH OUR  
 BELL!"



SCARED, AND CHASED BY TONGUES OF FIRE  
 HAM'S POOR HEART GOES "BUMP" AND JUMPS.  
 BACK HE STUMBLES, GRUMBLES, FUMBLES  
 UNTIL INTO A MOOSE HE BUMPS.



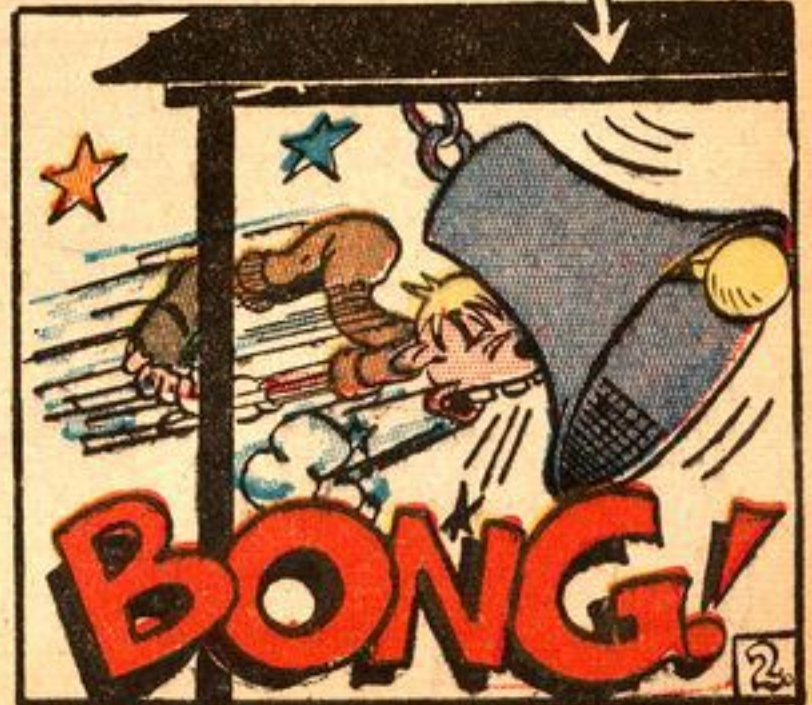
"GOOS, THE MOOSE" IS ONE VAIN HOMBRE  
 VERY TOUCHY OF HIS COAT SO SLICK.  
 "OH!" HE GROWLS "I THINK YOU'RE A WISE  
 GUY!.....  
 AND WHEN IN DOUBT... I ALWAYS KICK!"



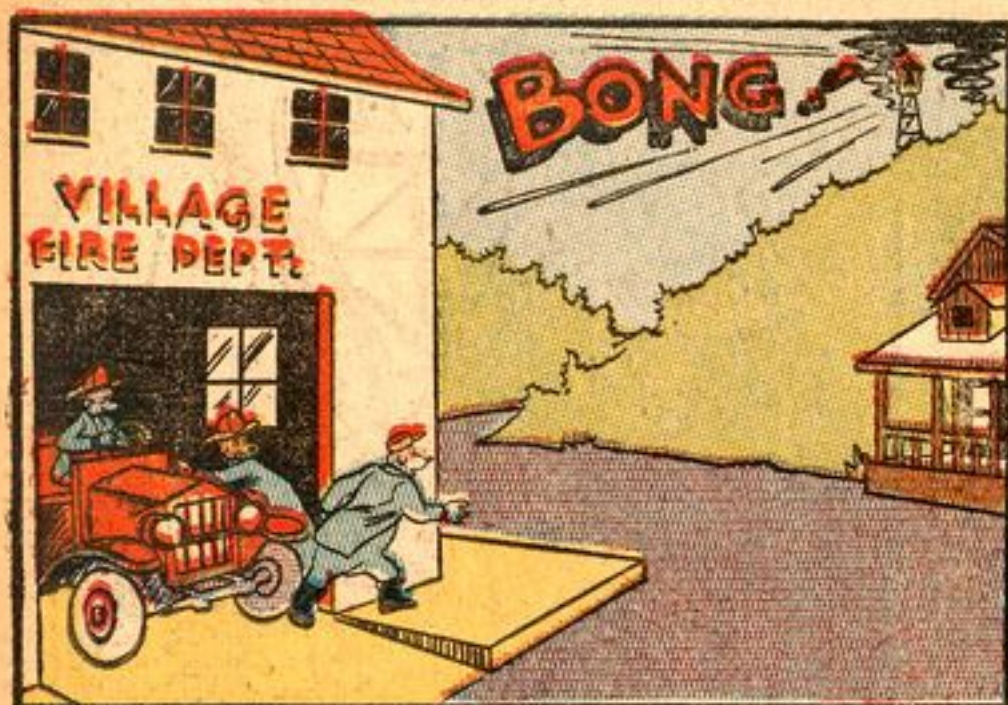
SAILING UPWARD THROUGH THE OZONE  
 HAM GOES FLYING T'WARD THE BELL!  
 DOWN BELOW HIM FLAMES ROAR SKYWARD  
 BLASTING UP AS HOT AS.....WELL.....



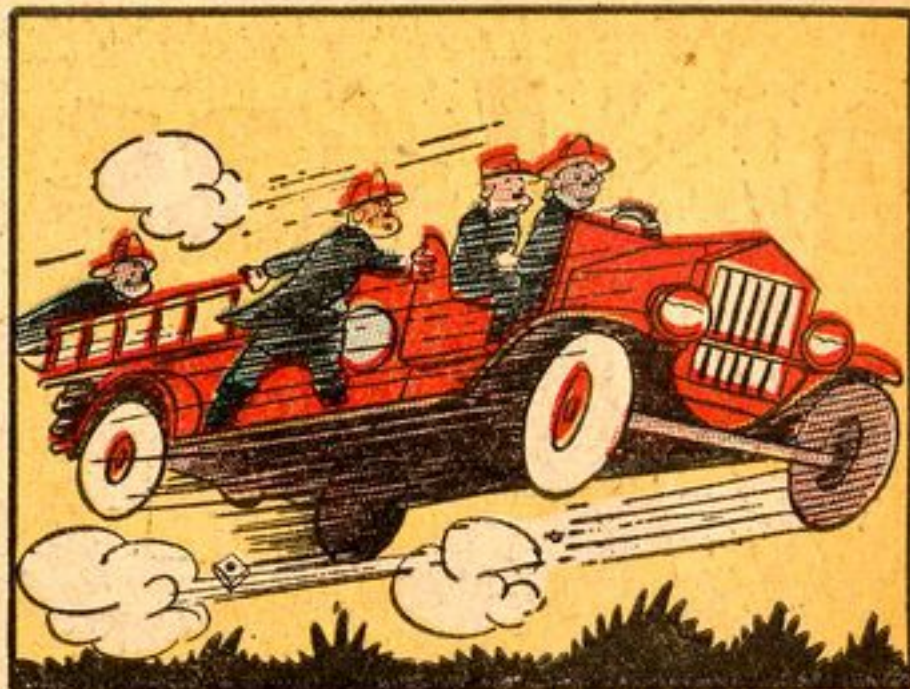
SAILING ONWARD THROUGH THE TOWER,  
 HEADFIRST HAM 'KERPLUNKS' THE GONG  
 GIVING OFF A LOUD VIBRATION  
 THAT IS BEST DESCRIBED AS



DOWN BELOW IN YONDER VILLAGE  
FIRE LADDIES HEAR THE KNELL  
"GAD! GAZOOKS" THEY CRY IN HORROR  
"IT'S THE SCOUT CAMP! HEAR THE BELL!"

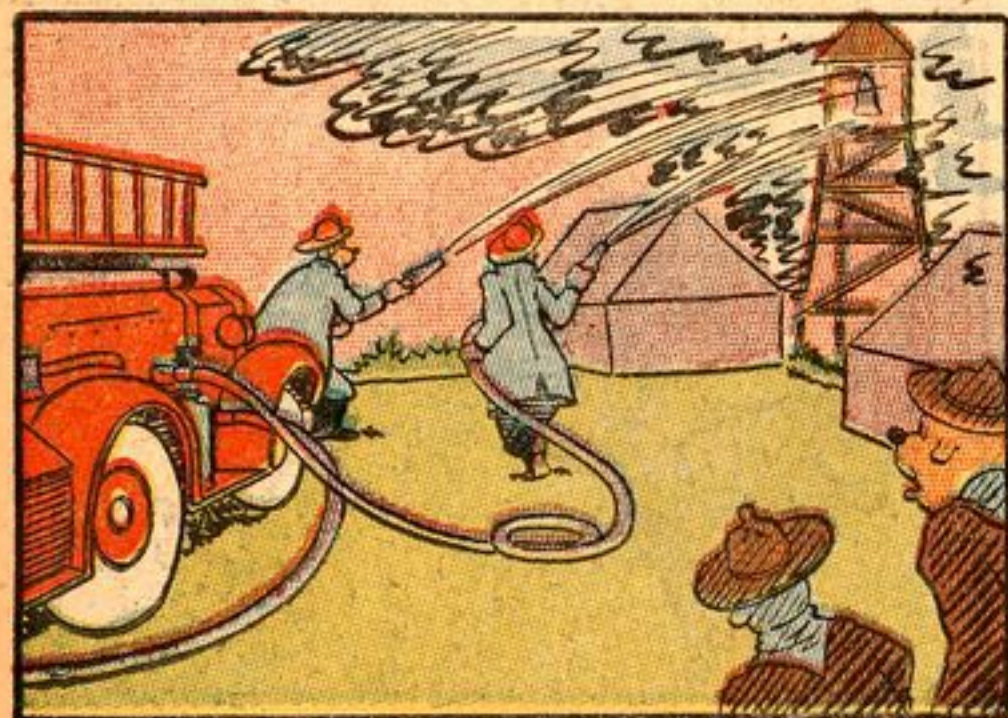


ROARING UPWARD O'ER THE MOUNTAIN  
THROUGH THE STANDS OF CEDAR, PINE  
HUFFING, PUFFING GO THE ENGINES!  
WILL THE HELP ARRIVE IN TIME?



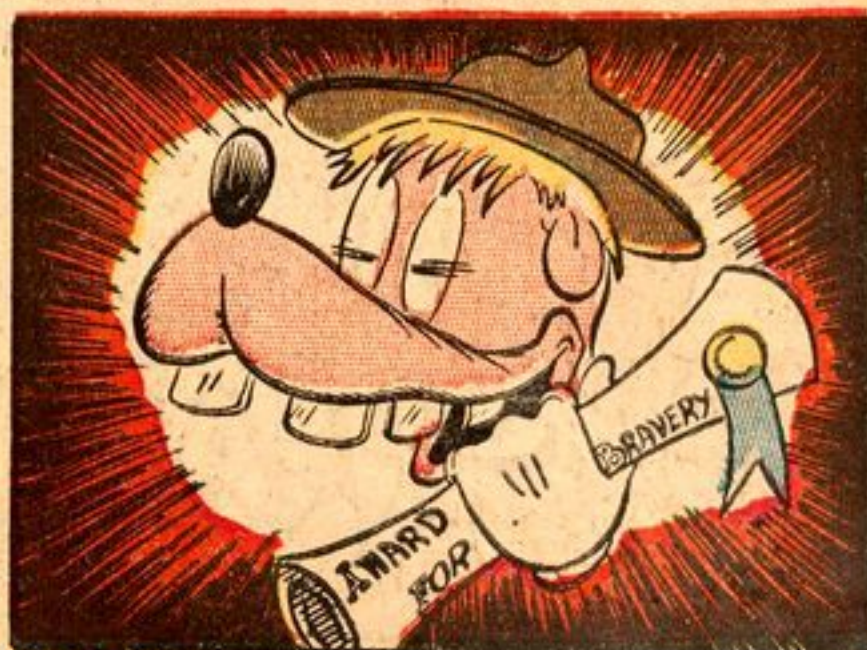
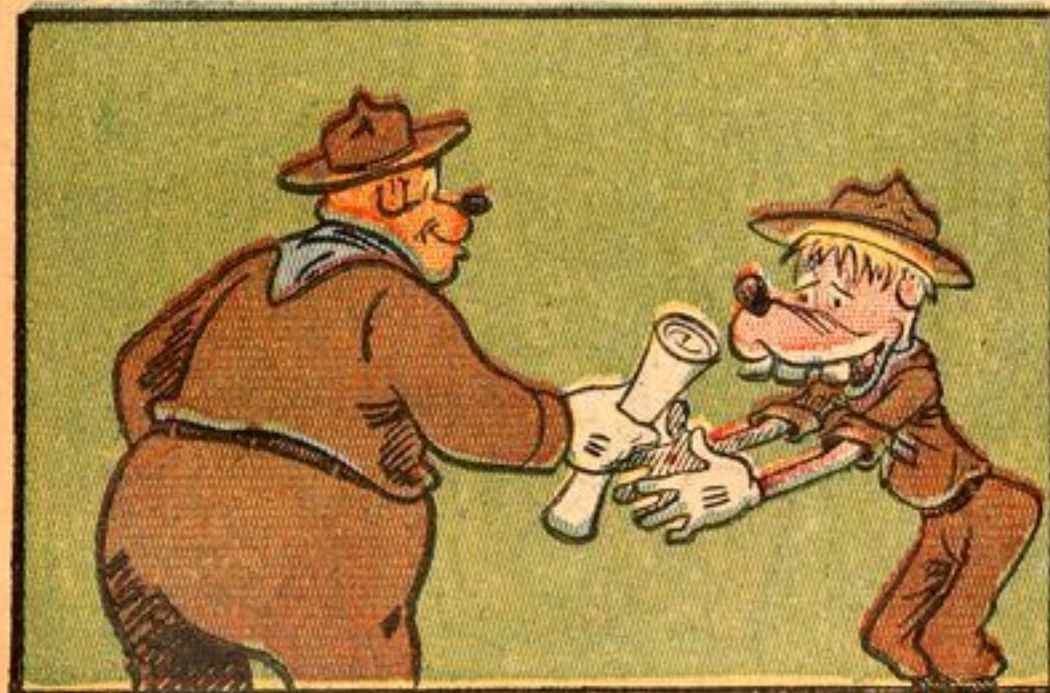
JUST WHEN HOPE IS ALL BUT VANISHED  
HOSE AND WATER SQUELCH THE FLAME  
"WHO RANG THE BELL IN THAT INFERNO?  
TELL US NOW, OH, WHAT'S HIS NAME?"

THEN STANDING THERE AMIDST THE SMOULDER  
SHOUTING OUT HIS NAME ABOVE,  
STAND THE BOY SCOUTS AND THEIR LEADER,  
OF THE BOY THEY ALL NOW LOVE!



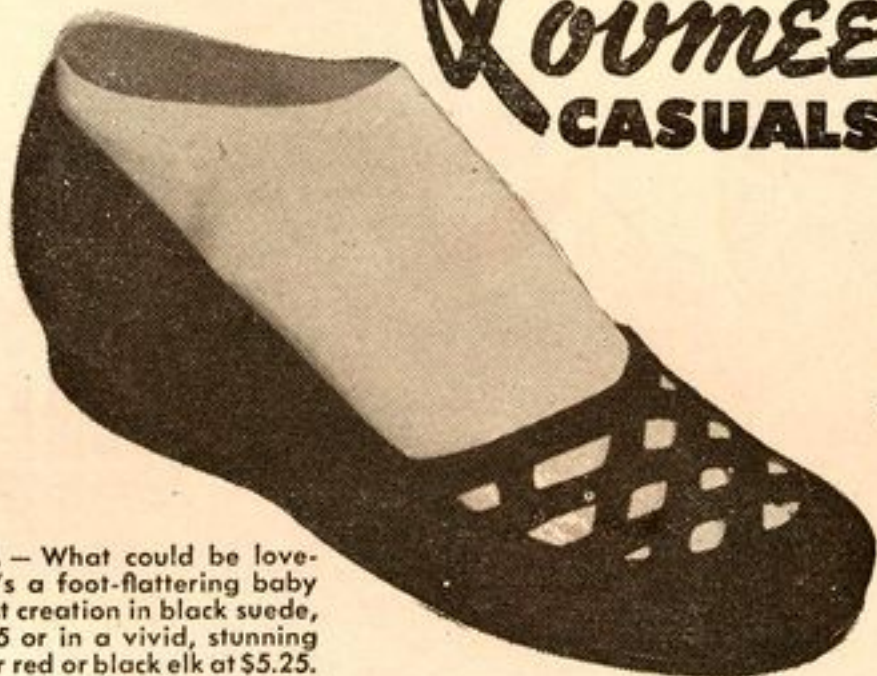
THEN BRISKLY, STEPPING SWIFTLY FOR'ARD  
WITH WORDS "HOW GLAD I CANNOT TELL.....  
I'M READY TO AWARD YOU FOR YOUR ACTION.  
WE WERE JUST SAVED, BY THE BELL!"

"OH, THANK YOU" SMILES THE MODEST  
HERO  
"MY NOODLE... TAIN'T SO VERY DEAD!  
BY GAWSH I SAVED THE WHOLE CABOODLE..  
JUST BECAUSE I USED MY HEAD"



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