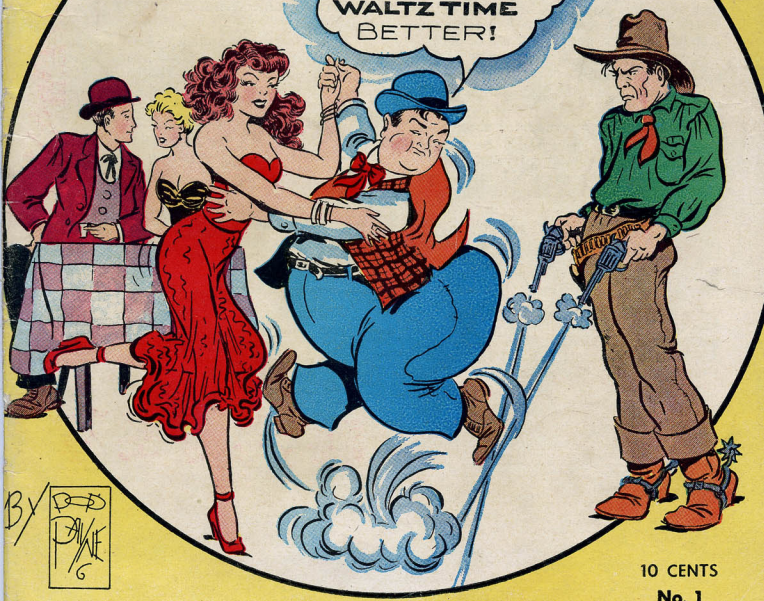


ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS

THAT GUY
SYNCOATES
HIS SHOTS! I LIKE
WALTZ TIME
BETTER!



BY DAVE COVERLY
6

10 CENTS
No. 1

From Riches To Rags

with
ABBOTT and COSTELLO

"IDIOT! Dope! Moron!" stormed Bud Abbott.

Lou Costello just smiled his big-baby smile. "I don't care *how* you flatter me," he said, "I'm *still* going into business!"

Abbott groaned. "Ooooh, murder! What're you using for brains?"

"Brains!" Costello replied brightly. "Just wait till I'm the Bubble Gum Baron. You'll be sorry you tried to discourage me."

"The *what?*" Abbott could scarcely believe his ears.

"The Bubble Gum Baron. Ya see, I just bought up five hundred dollars' worth of bubble gum. That's a lotta gum, Abbott. An' I'm gonna *sell* all of it!"

"What makes you so sure?" Abbott asked suspiciously.

"I'm only chargin' five cents a slice, that's what!"

"Well, what's so wonderful about that!"

"Gosh, Abbott you must be stupid!" Here Costello looked pityingly at his partner. "Don'tcha get it? I myself paid six cents a slice. It's a bargain. The kids'll buy, buy, buy!"

"And you can say 'bye-bye' to your money, flattop! Don't you realize that you're paying *more* than your customers? Every single slice of bubble gum costs you, personally, a penny!"

Costello looked sadly at Abbott, shook his head and clucked. "Gee, you don't get it," he said finally. "It's the quantity, Abbott the *turnover!* What I lose on each slice, I make up buy selling a *lot!*"

Abbott stood up, looked coldly at Costello and said, "You'll lose your shirt!"

Two days later, in the office of Costello Enterprises, the little, chubby bus-

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO
MARJORIE MAIN

in

"THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP"

with

George Cleveland William Ching

Screenplay by
ROBERT LEES FREDERIC I. RINALDO
and JOHN GRANT

Based on a Story by
D. D. Beauchamp and William Bowers

Directed by CHARLES T. BARTON

Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

nessman sat at his desk and moaned, "You were right! I did lose my shirt! I still can't understand it! Such a bargain, such a . . ."

Abbott was triumphant. "Ah!" he chortled. "Maybe this will teach you a lesson! I warned you Costello, that your hare-brained schemes would lead to ruin and disaster!"

"Yeah," sighed Costello. "That's why I decided on a *sure thing* this time!"

"Uh-oh!" Abbott shuddered. "Here we go again! Look, Costello, how many times must I . . ."

"You can't stop the spirit of enterprise!" exclaimed Costello, pounding his desk. "I am now in . . . the post office business!"

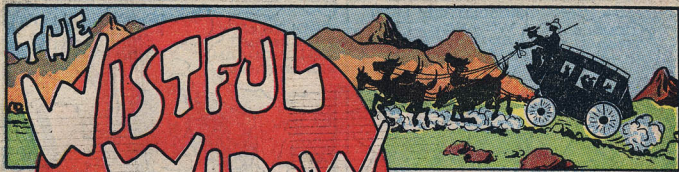
Abbott did a fast double take. "Give me that again!" he demanded.

"Sure," Costello exclaimed agreeably. "I figured out, all by myself, that the government is making plenty of cabbage by printing and selling stamps. So what did I do?"

"Don't tell me," wailed Abbott, covering his ears.

"I designed the new Costello stamp with a picture of me on it! I sell every stamp

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THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP

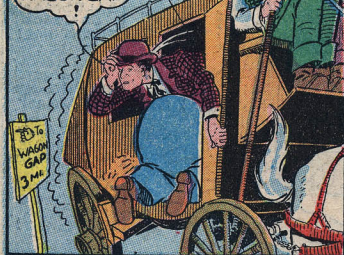
A RIP ROARIN' STORY IN
4 BIG ROOTIN', TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN' PARTS!

INTRODUCTION

LET'S GO! HOLD YOUR HATS!

A STAGE COACH WITH TWO PASSENGERS JOLTS OVER A RUTTED MOUNTAIN ROAD TOWARD THE TOWN OF WAGON GAP... A BANG, BANG BURG WHERE BULLETS ARE PLENTY, NECKIN' IS DONE WITH A ROPE AND THE LIMB OF A TREE, AND RATTLE SNAKES, HORNED TOADS AND SCORPIONS ARE SCARCE BECAUSE KIDS CHAW THEM FOR GUM!

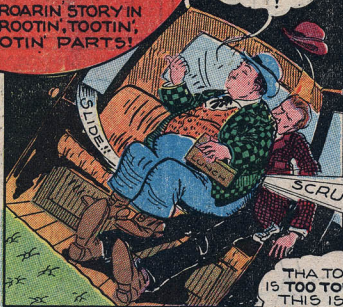
BUT IT IS STILL THREE MILES TO WAGON GAP!



YOU HEARD THE MAN, THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! GET OFF!

THEY MUST BE FIXIN' THE PAVEMENT OUT HERE, OR SUMTHIN'!

WHOA! ALL OUT FOR WAGON GAP!

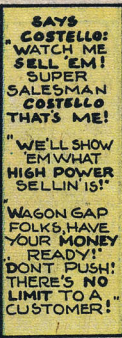
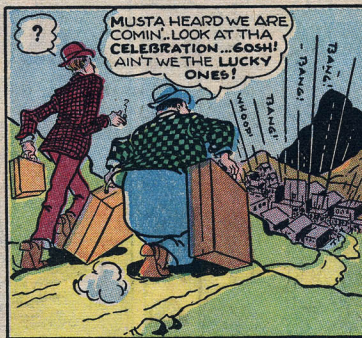
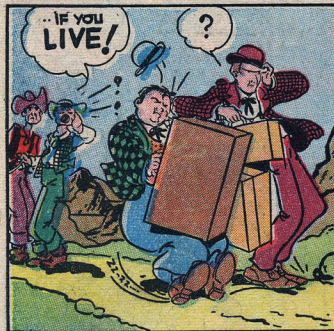
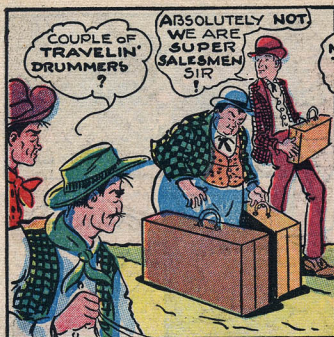


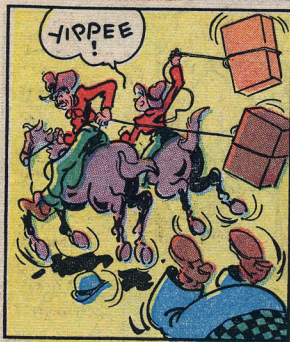
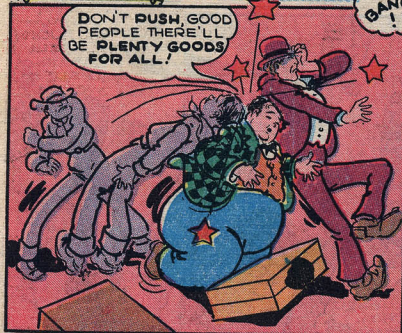
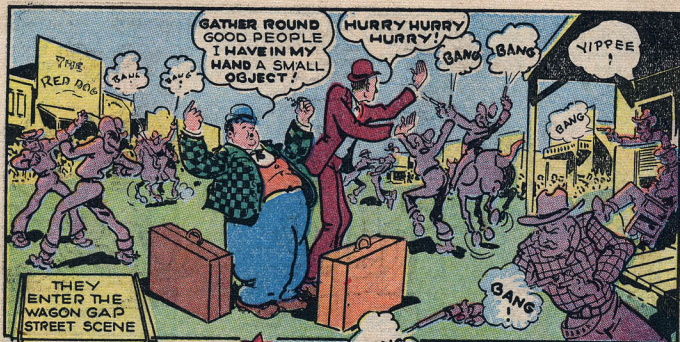
SCRUNCH!

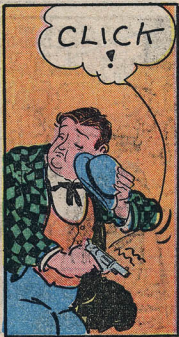
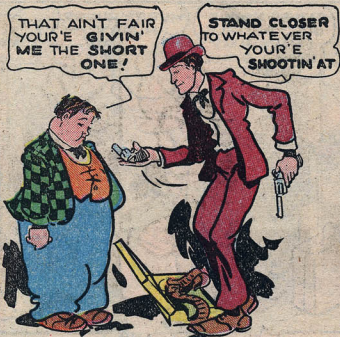
THA TOWN IS TOO TOUGH! THIS IS AS CLOSE AS WE GO

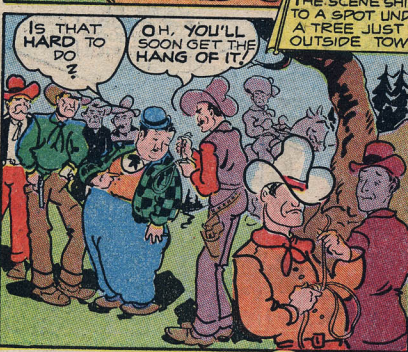
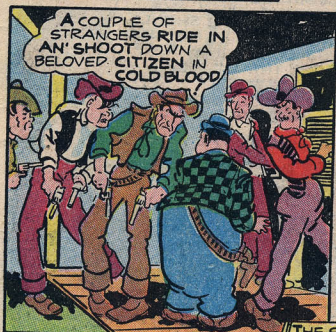
WE ARE SKEERED OF THE PLACE!

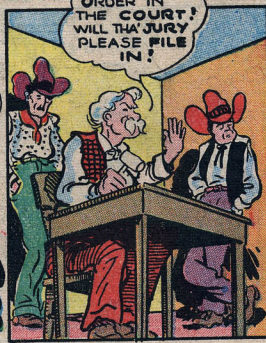
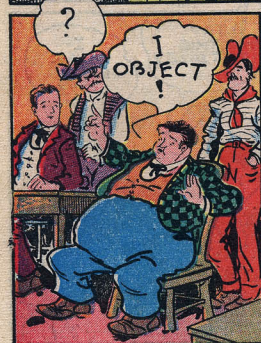
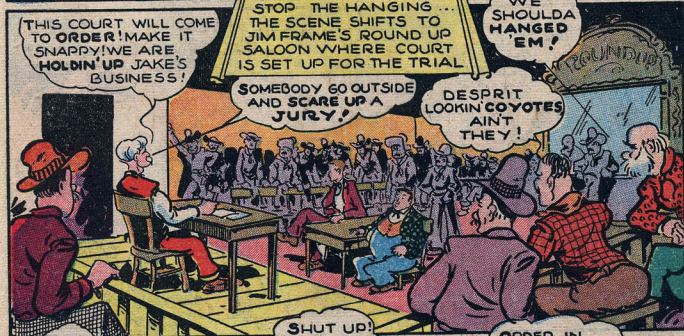
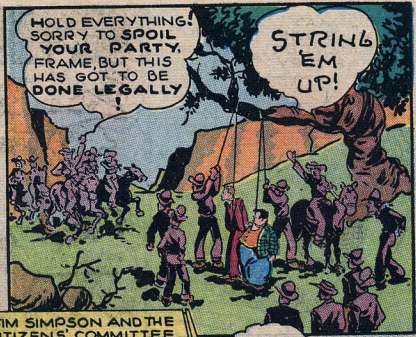






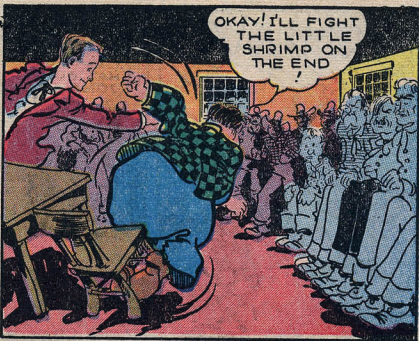
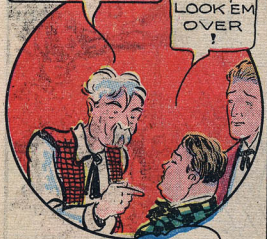






YOU MAY CHALLENGE ANY MEMBER OF THE JURY

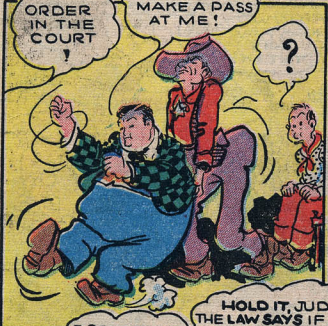
OKAY, I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER!



OKAY! I'LL FIGHT THE LITTLE SHRIMP ON THE END!

ORDER IN THE COURT!

COME, COME, COME MAKE A PASS AT ME!



I'LL HOLD YOU IN CONTEMPT!

IDON'T THINK IM GONNA CARE FOR YOU EITHER!

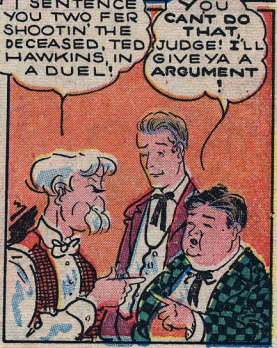
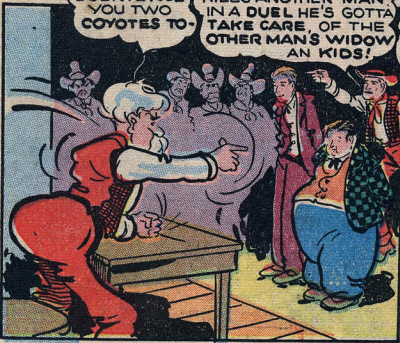


I SENTENCE YOU TWO COYOTES TO-

HOLD IT, JUDGE! THE LAW SAYS IF A MAN KILLS ANOTHER MAN IN A DUEL HE'S GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER MAN'S WIDOW AN KIDS!

I SENTENCE YOU TWO FER SHOOTIN THE DECEASED, TED HAWKINS, IN A DUEL!

YOU CANT DO THAT, JUDGE! I'LL GIVE YA A ARGUMENT!



THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP

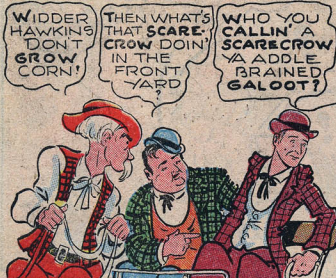
PART
2

SENTENCED
TO TAKE
CARE OF
WIDOW
HAWKINS
AND HER
KIDS, THE
JUDGE
TAKES
THEM FOR
ARIDE TO
THE
WIDOW'S
RANCH!



I DON'T
SEE ANY
CORN
!

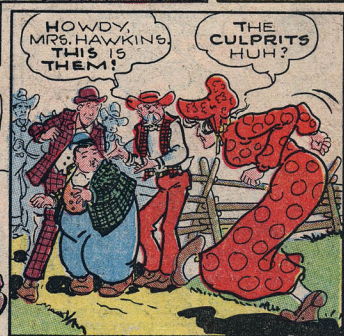
THIS
IS THE
WIDDER'S
RANCH
!



WIDDER
HAWKINS
DONT
GROW
CORN!

THEN WHAT'S
THAT SCARE-
CROW DOIN'
IN THE
FRONT
YARD?

WHO YOU
CALLIN' A
SCARECROW
YA ADDLE
BRAINED
GALOOT?



HOWDY,
MRS. HAWKINS,
THIS IS
THEM!

THE
CULPRITS
HUH?

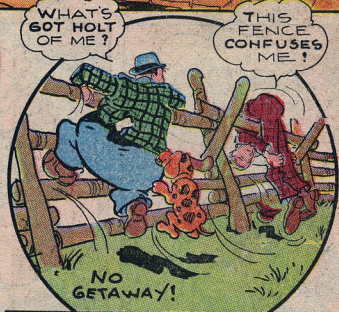
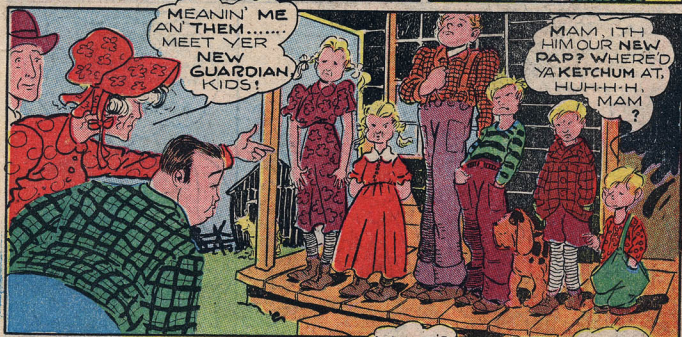
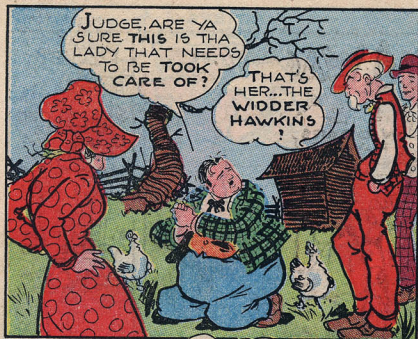


GENTS MEET
THA WIDDER
HAWKINS!

PLEASED
TO
MEETCHA
!



HOWDY
!



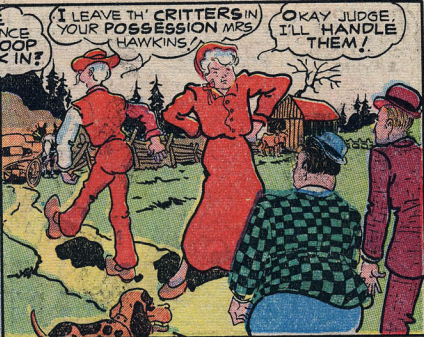
THE RANCH POOCH THROWS A COAT TAIL TACKLE ON COSTELLO...ABBOTT ALL TANGLED WITH RAIL FENCE



SEE HERE!
IF YOU WANNA
BITE OF MEAT
ASK FOR IT

HOW'D I DIVE
OVER THAT FENCE
AND LOOP
BACK IN?

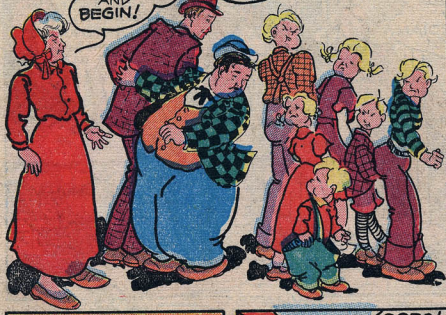
WOLF, THE RANCH POOCH,
KNOWS TH' HERDING GAME...



I LEAVE TH' CRITTERS IN
YOUR POSSESSION MRS
HAWKINS!

OKAY JUDGE,
I'LL HANDLE
THEM!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR? GET
INTO SOME WORKIN' DUDS
AND
BEGIN!



THEY DON'T
LOOK VERY TAME.
MAYBE I'VE GOTTA
WORK ON 'EM A
LITTLE. DO THEY
SCARE EASY
?



BOO
!



OOPS! DON'T
RILE 'EM, MISTER!
DON'T DO
THAT!

RR-RR!



THAT DOES IT. THEY ARE TOO WILD AND TOO MANY. I'M LEAVING!

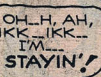
THESE AIN'T ALL EITHER...COME BACK HERE!



THIS IS JUANITA, MY ELDEST. JUANITA THIS ONE IS YOUR NEW GUARDIAN.



HOW DO YOU DO ?



OH...H, AH, IKK...IKK... I'M... STAYIN'!

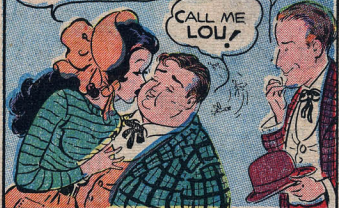


AND THIS IS A CRITTER THAT NEEDS GUARDIN'. SHE'S GOT A LOT OF FRISKY NOTIONS THAT I'M 'SPECTING YOU TO HALTER!

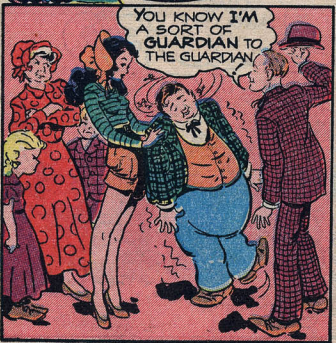


I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE MEAN TO ME... MAY I CALL YOU DADDY?

AHEM!



CALL ME LOU!



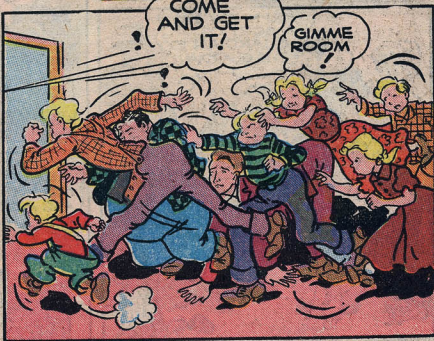
YOU KNOW I'M A SORT OF GUARDIAN TO THE GUARDIAN.



I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER BE MEAN TO ME, MR. ABBOTT!

CALL ME BUD!





THEY MAKE IT TO THE TABLE, BUT THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WATCH!

HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD, MR. COSTELLO?

OH, T'ANKS!



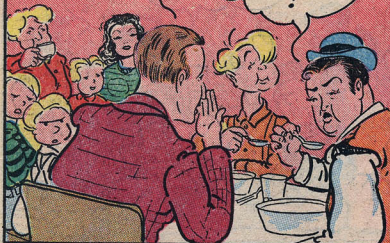
CROAK!

?



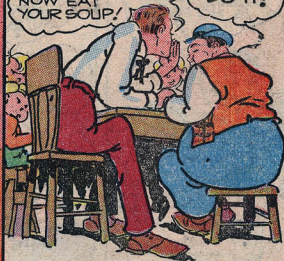
EXCUSE YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

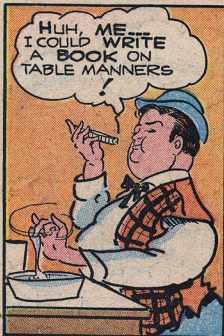


ALL RIGHT...BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW EAT YOUR SOUP!

OKAY, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!

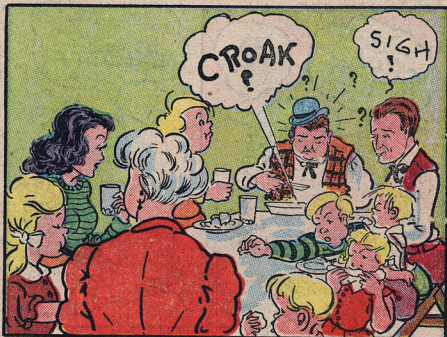


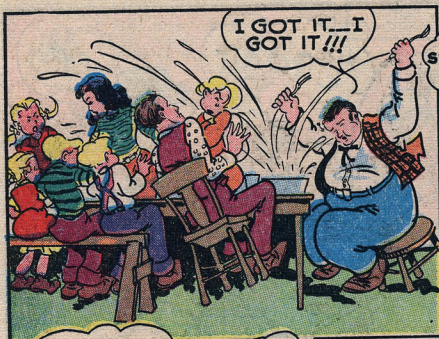
HUH, ME... I COULD WRITE A BOOK ON TABLE MANNERS!



CROAK!

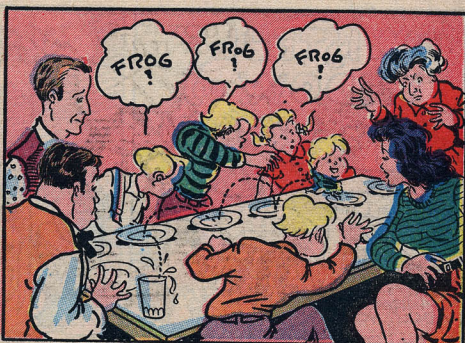
SIGH!



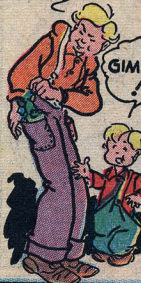




THEN MR. FROG DECIDED TO LEAVE.



I GOT IT!



GIMME!

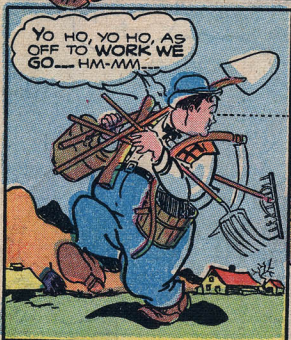


NOW YOU CAN DO THE CHORES, MR. COSTELLO.

DO THE CHORES? OH, SURE! IS IT ANYTHING LIKE THE RHUMBA?



CHOP TH' WOOD
CUT THE GRASS
SWILL TH' HAWGS,
GRUB THE FENCE CORNERS,
DO THE HORSE'S CHAMBER WORK, MILK THE COWS!



YO HO, YO HO, AS OFF TO WORK WE GO—HM-MM—



WHAT IS THIS PANICKY EMERGENCY? IS THERE A FIRE? THE FOLLOWING PART 3, MAY TELL...

THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP

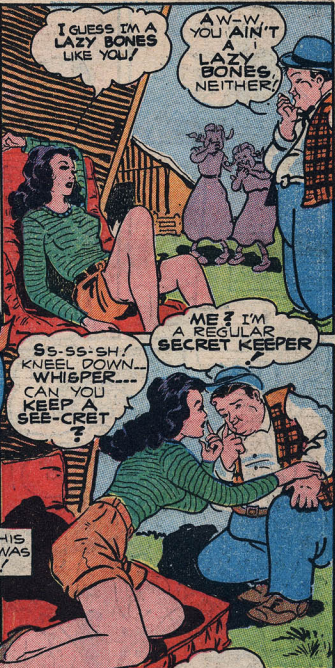
PART 3



OH HELLO GUARDIAN DEAR. NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! I WAS JUST LYING HERE THINKING ABOUT YOU!

OL' FORGETFUL ME! HERE YOU ARE ALL ALONE AN' ME NOT GUARDIN' YOU!

AHA! SO THIS IS WHY HE WAS RUNNING!



I GUESS I'M A LAZY BONES LIKE YOU!

AW-W, YOU AIN'T A LAZY BONES NEITHER!

ME? I'M A REGULAR SECRET KEEPER

SS-SS-SH! KNEEL DOWN... WHISPER... CAN YOU KEEP A SEE-CRET?



SS-SS-SH! COME CLOSER SS-SSSH!

YEH CLOSER SS-SSSH!



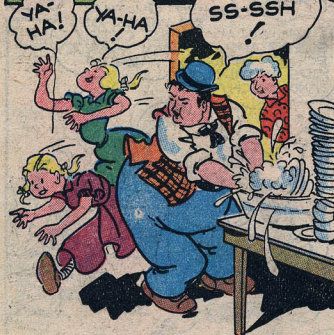
SS-SH!

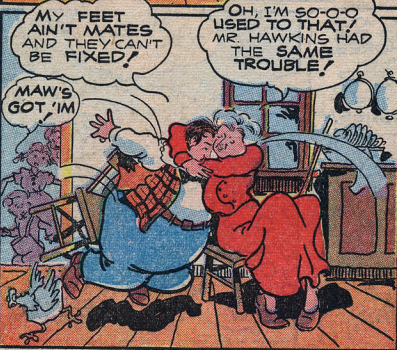
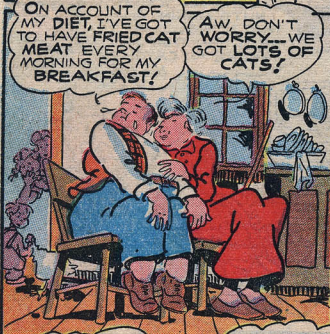
TWEET TWEET



SS-SSS-SSH, I DIDN'T WASH THE DISHES. WILL YOU WASH THEM FOR... ITTY ME?

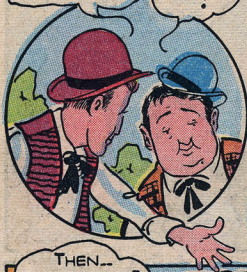
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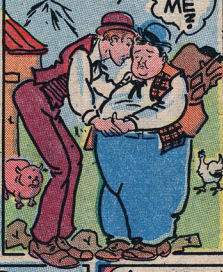
TAKE HER
DOWN AND
THROW HER
IN THE
CREEK!

SOLD!



HOLD HER HANDS
AND WHISPER SWEET
NOthings IN HER
EAR!

WHO
ME?



BUT I
DON'T KNOW
NO SWEET
NOthings

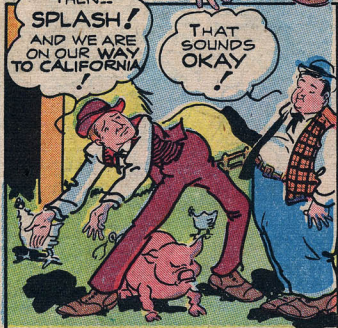
NEVER
MIND!
I'LL
WRITE
YOU SOME



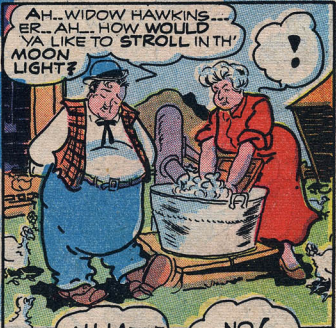
THEN...

SPLASH!
AND WE ARE
ON OUR WAY
TO CALIFORNIA!

THAT
SOUNDS
OKAY!



AH... WIDOW HAWKINS...
ER... AH... HOW WOULD
YA LIKE TO STROLL IN TH'
MOON
LIGHT?



OH-H,
WONDERFUL!

GRAB!



WHAT!
SO
QUICK?

NO!
TONIGHT





THIS WAS ABBOTT'S IDEA!

HASN'T HE THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS?

WELL, YES AND NO!

CAN YOU SWIM, MRS. HAWKINS?

NO, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN WATER!

VERY GOOD! VERY GOOD!



YES-SS, YES-SS

WIDOW HAWKINS I'VE GOT SOME SWEET NOTHINGS TO TELL YOU!

TITTER

IN THIS SOFT LIGHT OF THE ROMANTIC SPELL OF THE MOON MY HEART PUTT PUTTS WITH PINK ANTICIPATION!



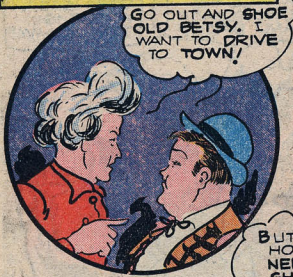
AW-W, I BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!

OH, YOU'RE BACK FROM THE MOONLIGHT STROLL? HOW'D MY IDEA WORK OUT?

ALL WET!



NEXT MORNING! IS THIS A CHANCE TO GO GALLOPING AWAY?



GO OUT AND SHOE OLD BETSY. I WANT TO DRIVE TO TOWN!



WHATTA BREAK!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BREAK?

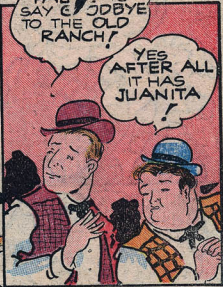
BUT THE HORSE NEEDS SHOES!



WHEN WE GET HOLD OF THAT HORSE WE HOP ON TO IT AND GALLOP AWAY FROM HERE!



I'LL SHOE IT QUICK AND AWAY WE GO!

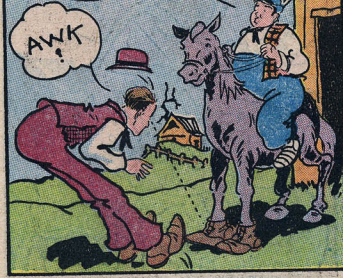


LET US PAUSE TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE OLD RANCH!

YES AFTER ALL IT HAS JUANITA!

I COULDN'T FIND HER SHOES I HAD TO LEND HER MINE! OKAY HOP ON, QUICK!

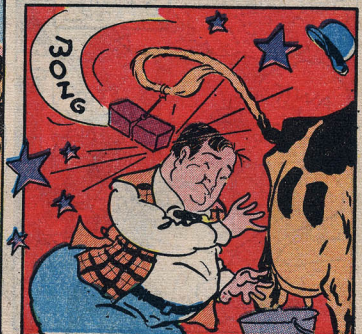
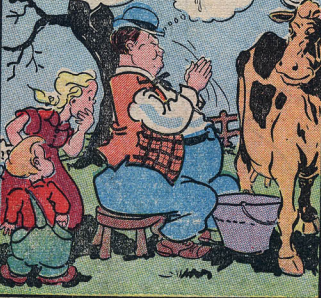
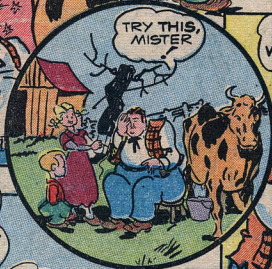
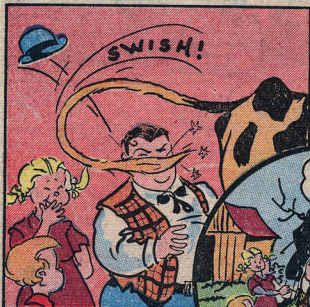
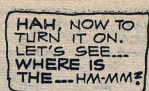
5 MINUTES LATER...

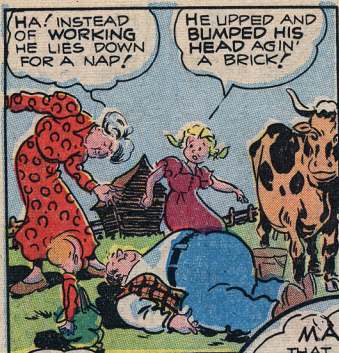


AWK!

GET OFF THAT MARE!

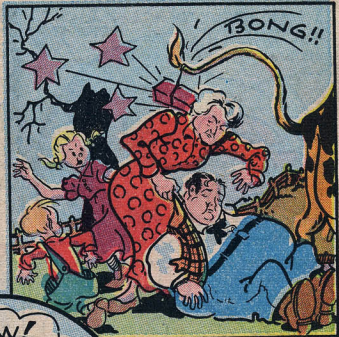






HA! INSTEAD OF WORKING HE LIES DOWN FOR A NAP!

HE UPPED AND BUMPED HIS HEAD AGIN' A BRICK!

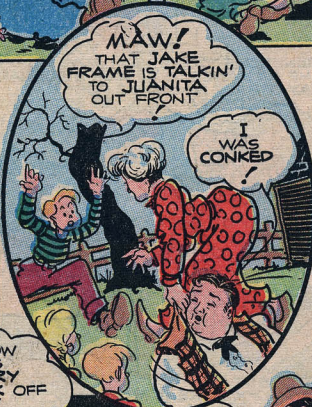


BONG!!



WHO THREW THAT PEBBLE?

NOT ME!



MAM! THAT JAKE FRAME IS TALKIN' TO JUANITA OUT FRONT!

I WAS KONKED!



COME ON YOU LAZY CRITTER I NEED YOU!



YES MAM!

THROW THIS ORNERY SKUNK OFF MY PROPERTY!



G'WAN HOME!



HE WON'T GO!

I WAS ABOUT TO THROW HIM OFF MYSELF, MRS. HAWKINS

JUST TRY IT!

YOUR LATE HUSBAND OWED ME \$1,100!

THIS IS A FAMILY MATTER, JIM SIMPSON... IT'S MR. COSTELLO'S JOB!

JAKE ONLY CAME HERE TO GET MY ANSWER ABOUT SINGING IN THE ROUND-UP TAVERN!

AND I THINK JAKE IS GENEROUS TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PAY OFF THE FAMILY DEBT!

YOUNG LADY, AS YOUR GUARDIAN, I FORBID YOU TO SET FOOT IN THAT TAVERN

THERE IS A REASON FOR MY WANTING YOU TO WORK IN THE ROUND-UP!

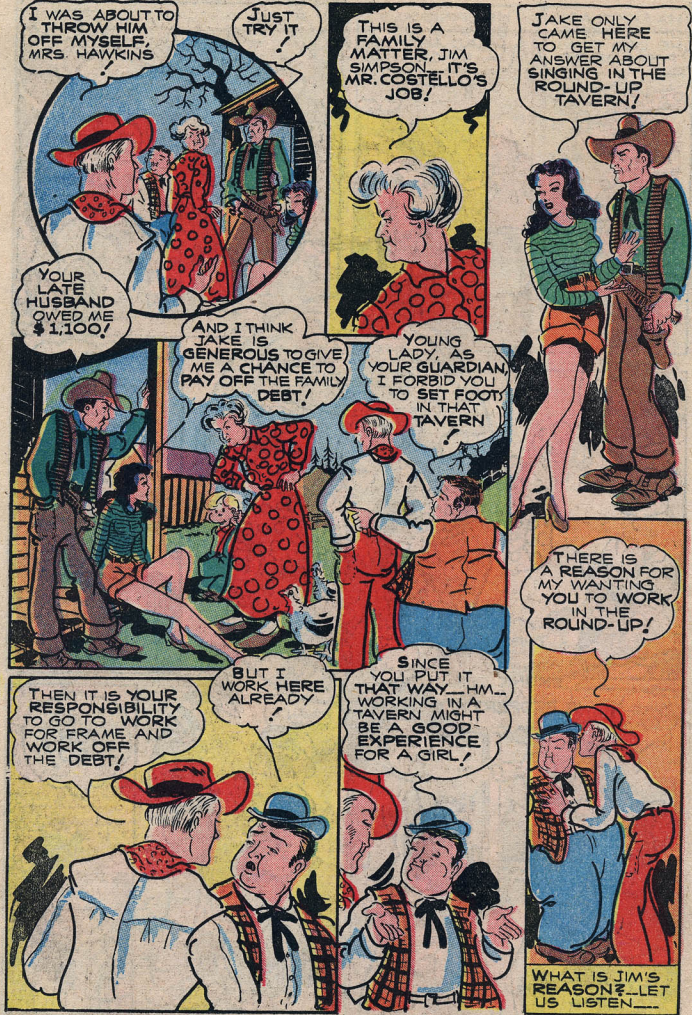
THEN IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO GO TO WORK FOR FRAME AND WORK OFF THE DEBT!

BUT I WORK HERE ALREADY!

SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY... HM... WORKING IN A TAVERN MIGHT BE A GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR A GIRL!



WHAT IS JIM'S REASON?... LET US LISTEN...



WHAT JIM SAID TO COSTELLO:

"YOU DIDN'T KILL HAWKINS, KNOLLS THE UNDERTAKER BROKE DOWN AND TOLD ME HAWKINS MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD 30 MINUTES BEFORE YOU CAME TO WAGON GAP! THE PLACE TO FIND OUT WHO DID THE KILLING IS AT THE ROUND-UP TAVERN!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EARN A COUPLE OF FAST HORSES AND A STAKE TO GET TO CALIFORNIA?

YEAH?

IF YOU FIND OUT WHEN THE GOLD IS COMING THROUGH, I'LL GIVE YOU THE HORSES!

OKAY I'LL BUZZ SIMPSON!

AHA! JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO RUN INTO!

WHAT THA...?

WHEN IS THE NEXT GOLD SHIPMENT COMING THROUGH? MR. FRAME WANTS TO KNOW BUT I MUSTN'T SAY SO

THURSDAY!

THURSDAY! OH, BOY THANKS!

WHY DID YOU DO THAT? THE GOLD COMES THROUGH WEDNESDAY!

SO WE CAN SET A TRAP FOR FRAME AND HIS GANG ON THURSDAY!



THURSDAY

HE SAYS THE GOLD IS COMING THROUGH WEDNESDAY!

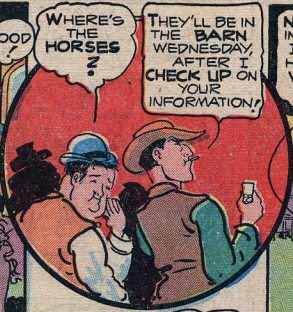
GOOD

WHERE'S THE HORSES?

THEY'LL BE IN THE BARN WEDNESDAY, AFTER I CHECK UP ON YOUR INFORMATION!

NOW I AM IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HIM THE WRONG DAY!

MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE WIDOW



OH-H, I WAS JUST COMING HOME!

OH, YEAH...I'M AFTER JUANITA! SHE AIN'T AT HOME!



HA!

THAT'S HER VOICE SHE'S IN THERE!



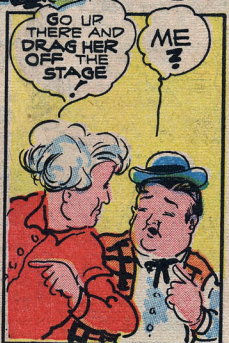
JUANITA!



SHUT UP!

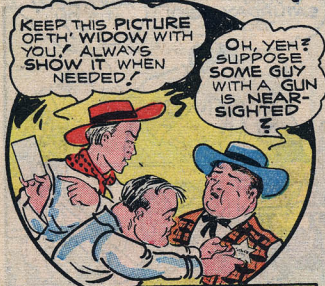
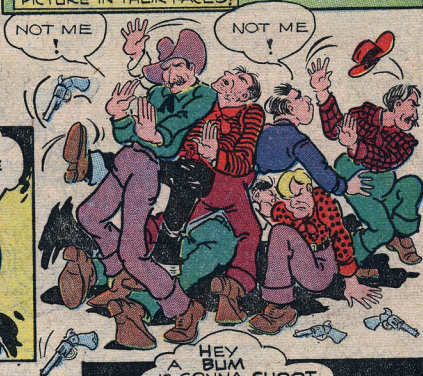
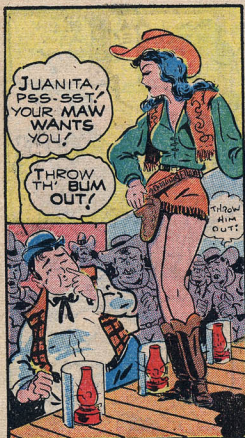
SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!



GO UP THERE AND DRAG HER OFF THE STAGE!

ME?



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO TH' SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND COSTELLO GETS A BADGE

HI-YA BIG BOY
LAY THEM PISTOLS
DOWN... MAKE IT
SNAPPY... YOU
ARE GOOFY

IT'S THA NEW
SHERIFF, EXCUSE
ME BARTENDER WHILE
I PLUG THIS CURIOUS
GALOOT!

I AIN'T
THAT
GOOFY!

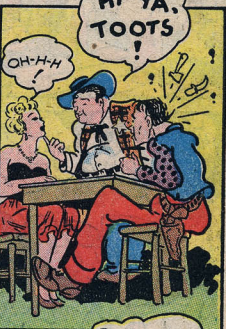


I'M THROUGH
ARGUIN'— IF
ANOTHER MAN
AS MUCH AS
LOOKS AT YOU
I'LL KILL HIM!

YEH
KILL
HIM!

HUH
?

HI YA,
TOOTS!



OH-H-H!

MM-MM,
USS-SSK
!

EE-EE-AW

WHATCHA
DOIN
SATURDAY NIGHT
TOOTS?

OH, HOWDY
SHERIFF, HAVE
ANOTHER!
IT'S ON
ME!



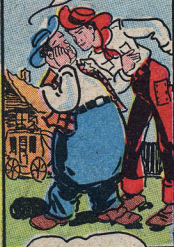
SS-SHH!
I'VE FIXED
IT SO WE
CAN GET
AWAY!

HOW
?



THE FIX-
ABBOTT
HAS
SPREAD A
FAKE STORY
THAT THE
RAILROAD
RIGHT-OF-
WAY WILL GO
THROUGH
THE WIDOW'S
RANCH
MAKING HER
VERY RICH.
THE JUDGE,
FRAME, AND
EVERY OTHER
MAN IN
TOWN WILL
WANT TO
MARRY HER!

THIS WILL
KILL YOU—I
GAVE FRAME
THE WRONG
DAY!

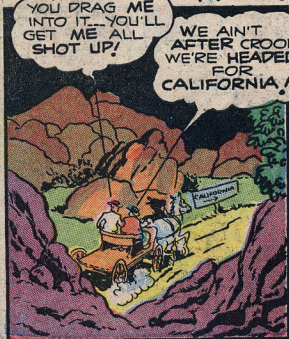


BUT THE
SHIPMENT OF
GOLD IS COMING
THROUGH
TODAY! GET
OUT THERE
AND STOP THE
ROBBERY



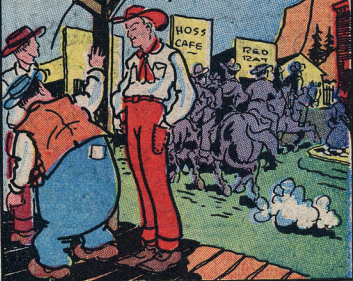
WHY DID
YOU DRAG ME
INTO IT...YOU'LL
GET ME ALL
SHOT UP!

WE AIN'T
AFTER CROOKS,
WE'RE HEADED
FOR CALIFORNIA!



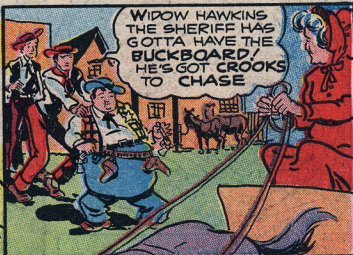
LOOK! FRAME
AND HIS GANG
RIDIN' OUT!
SAY, JIM, WHAT
DAY IS THIS

WEDNESDAY



JAKE FRAME AND HIS GANG GALLOP BY...

WIDOW HAWKINS
THE SHERIFF HAS
GOTTA HAVE THE
BUCKBOARD!
HE'S GOT CROOKS
TO CHASE

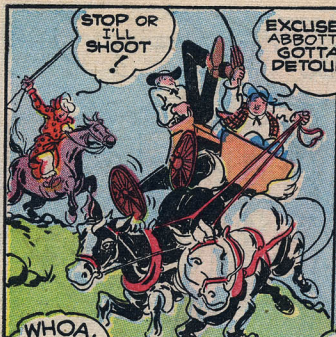


HALT

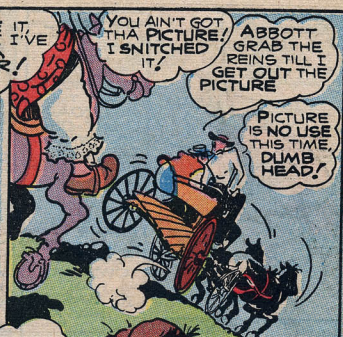
I THOUGHT YOU
GALOOTTS WOULD
TRY A GET-AWAY!
I HEADED YOU
OFF!

OOPS!
IT'S THE
WIDOW





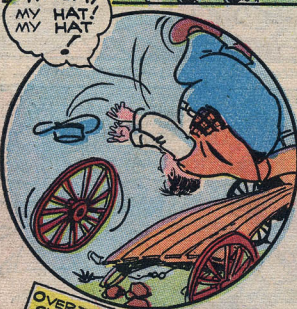
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



YOU AIN'T GOT THA PICTURE! I SNITCHED IT!

ABBOTT GRAB THE REINS TILL I GET OUT THE PICTURE

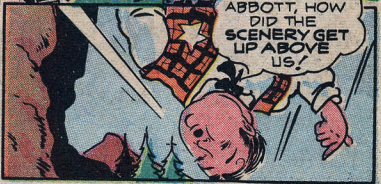
PICTURE IS NO USE THIS TIME, DUMB HEAD!



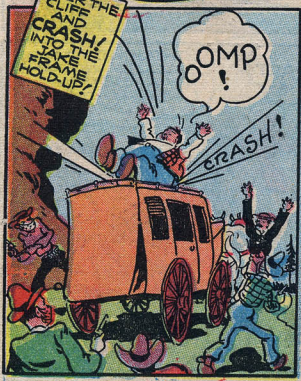
WHOA, MY HAT, MY HAT!



BLIM SPRINGS!



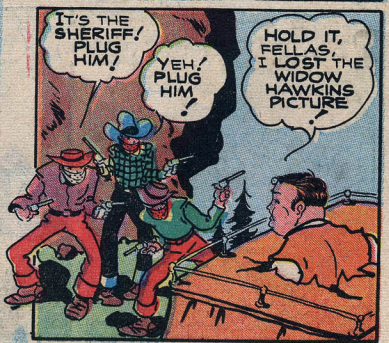
HI-I-I-I ABBOTT, HOW DID THE SCENERY GET UP ABOVE US!



OVER THE CLIFFS AND CRASH! INTO THE JAKE FRAME HOLD-UP!

OMP!

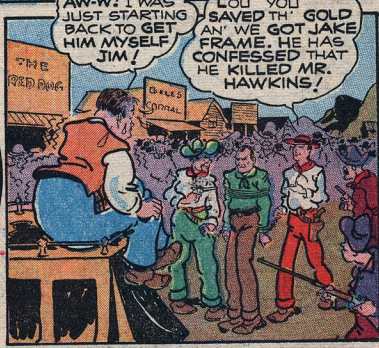
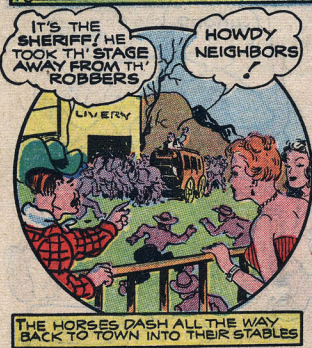
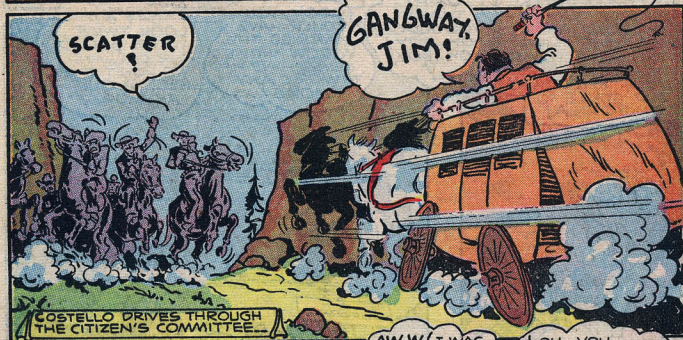
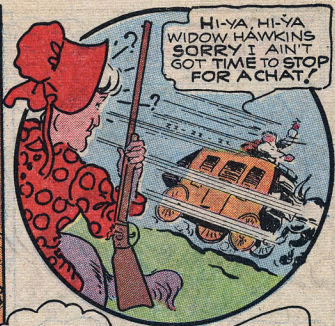
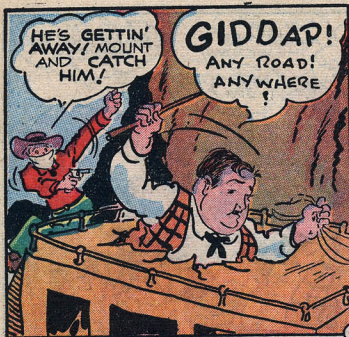
CRASH!



IT'S THE SHERIFF! PLUG HIM!

YEH! PLUG HIM!

HOLD IT, FELLAS, I LOST THE WIDOW HAWKINS PICTURE!



THE WINDUP

MRS. HAWKINS, I'M SORRY I SPREAD A FAKE STORY ABOUT A RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY.



BUT IT IS TRUE! IT IS COMING THROUGH MY RANCH, I'LL BE VERY RICH!

AND I'M MARRYING THE WIDOW!

AND I'M MARRYING THE HEIRESS

NICE GOIN', JIM!

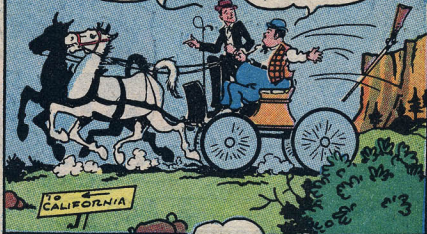


IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SAVING THE GOLD AND CLEANING THE TOWN OF OUTLAWS, WE ARE HANDING YOU A FINE TEAM! AND STAKE TO CALIFORNIA!

OH-H! THANK YOU JUDGE! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

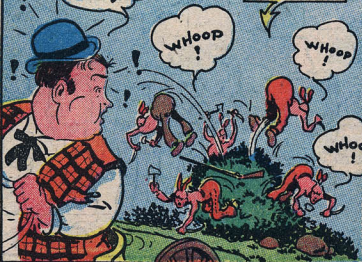
LOOK, YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE WIDOW AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD TO WORK ANY MORE!

YEH? BUT LOOK TWICE... WE'RE BOUND FOR CAL, AND WE DON'T EVEN NEED A GUN ANYMORE!



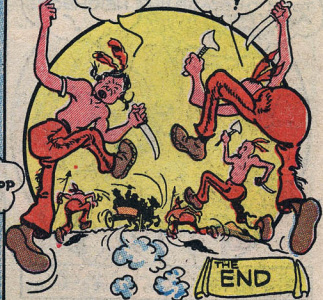
HEY ABBOTT! IN JUNS!

WHEN THE GUN CRASHED INTO THE BRUSH!



WHOO!

WHOO!



THE END

for one cent, see? Then I deliver the letter myself, see? Then I make plenty of cabbage too, see?"

"Then you get arrested for breaking the postal laws, see?" Abbott shouted.

"Aah, what can they do to me? I'm a citizen! I'm, a tax-payer! I'm a voter!"

A hard voice broke into Costello's impassioned speech. "Are you Lou Costello?" asked a muscular man with a tough expression.

"That's me," Costello answered.

"You're under arrest . . . federal of fense!" announced the detective.

Abbott waited for Costello outside the courthouse. When he saw the little round man leaving the building, he yelled, "Lou! What happened?"

Costello wiped a tear from his eye. "The judge said I was a ba-a-a-d boy!" he sniffed. "He fined me five hundred dollars!"

This was too much for Abbott's patience! "Now are you satisfied?" he demanded. "Now that you've lost all your money, have you learned your lesson?"

"I still have a hundred bucks left," Costello said. "An' while the judge was talkin' to me, I got a terrific idea! I'm gonna put water in bottles the size of glasses! Then, when somebody wants a glass of water . . ."

"No, no, no! I forbid it! I'm against it! I tell you . . ."

"You don't like it, huh? Too high-class, huh? Well, how about this? Who's richer than anyone else, Abbott? A millionaire, right? So, how's about a rest home for homeless millionaires? With my money, I could . . ."

"You could march to the bank and deposit it!" Abbott ordered firmly. "For the last time, Costello, I'm telling you. Save your money and forget business. You haven't got a head for it! In fact, you haven't got a head!"

Costello's feelings were hurt. He turned away and marched down the street, without a word to Abbott. To himself, however, he said plenty. "No head!" he repeated. "All the time, he discourages me! After all, I'm a man with vision, ambition, courage! Also, I still have one hundred bucks and *that* gives me an idea!"

Late that afternoon, a truck drew up outside the office of Costello Enterprises. "Lou Costello?" the truckman inquired.

"No, I'm Abbott, I'm happy to say. *He's* Costello!" Bud Abbott pointed scornfully at pugy Lou.

"I'll unload the stuff right here," said the truckman.

In half an hour, the office was filled, almost to the ceiling, with thousands of strange-looking objects. Costello rubbed his hands together gleefully and chuckled, "They're mine! All mine!"

Abbott's voice was a mere whisper. "Okay, so they're yours," he rasped. "Now would you mind telling me what they are?"

"Who knows?" Costello shrugged. "The War Assets Administration was selling them cheap. Government surplus, see? So I figured that if Uncle Sam's selling, who am I not to buy. The stuff's good . . . whatever it is!"

"You figured!" To Abbott, this was the last straw. "I oughta have you committed. With your last hundred bucks, you buy up a roomful of useless junk that nobody . . ."

A timid knock sounded at the door. "Come in," thundered Abbott.

"Er . . . are you Lou Costello?" a small, thin man with a worried face entered the office and looked wistfully at Bud Abbott.

"For that insult, I could kill you!" Abbott shouted. "No, I'm not Lou Costello, *he* is! And whoever you are, get out! We haven't any more money and we're not buying anything . . . so beat it!"

"Oh, but I'm not *selling* anything!" the newcomer explained. "I'm here to offer Mr. Costello a quarter of a million dollars!"

"I'll take it!" Costello said quickly. Abbott could do nothing but gasp. "For . . . for what?" he breathed.

"For these!" answered the little man, pointing to the wooden objects. You see, these time clock handles were put on sale *by mistake!* Now, all Washington's going crazy! Without time clock handles, the government can't get any work done. *Please* sell them back to us. You *must!*"

"I said I would," Costello grinned. "Lend me your pen, Abbott!"

As Bud Abbott weakly handed Costello his fountain pen, the barrel-shaped little guy grinned again. "Hey, Abbott," he said, "with this dough, I can *really* go into business! How'd you like to be my office boy?"

Abbott and Costello are at their hilarious best in the new Universal-International picture of the early west, "The Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap." Find out when it's coming to your local theatre, then make sure to see it.

