



# Don't Hoard Money; Spend it for Fun

## by Count Marco

My aunt, the Contessa, always says, "You never see an armored car following a hearse." And how true.

So many of you American women keep saving for that gloomy day when you'll be alone—because you know that statistics and quite a bit of help from your sharp tongue will make all this come true.

You hide your money in mattresses, safe deposit boxes, sugar cans, under rugs and in other odd places—depending on how odd you yourself are.

But *quelle tragedie*. Suddenly comes the day when you open the door to your hoard and all you have is money.

And pray tell: what good is money to a woman who has no man left and faces the added tragedy of a dull past and a miserable future.

All you have is money that you can't take with you. Or at least, to my knowledge nobody has yet. Spend it, my dears, and have a ball before the ball is deflated. Have it while he's around to help you enjoy it.

Certainly I don't say you should spend yourself into debt to satisfy foolish whims. But there's also a limit to not spending.

Every family budget—along with the allotment of money to food, medical expenses, rent, car, education and so forth—should have another item marked **EXTRAVAGANCE**.

Each pay period, a certain amount should be set aside for that fund as regularly as you set

aside for other essentials.

And when the end of the year comes around, you happily spend THAT money on nothing but some such delightful extravagance as a trip, a fabulous night on the town together or a glamorous at-home robe in which to entertain him.

Under no circumstances do you spend that treasure of joy on something like children's teeth, broken legs, or prom dresses. These needs would have arisen anyway, without a reserve such as an extravagance fund. Dig up the money required for them somewhere else.

Besides, inspirational spending while you're young gives him more incentive to make the money you'll need when you're going it alone. And the happiest thought of all is the fact that you'll leave no enemies behind—because there'll be no money left to fight over.

### RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

ROASTED QUAIL FOR BREAKFAST? JUST LIKE-UM BIG CITY HOTEL? WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW?

FIRST WE BUILD A RAMADA FOR SHELTER. THEN YOU HUNT RABBITS, AN' I'LL DRY 'EM FOR JERKY!

THEN WE STITCH TOGETHER A SKIN BAG 'TOLD ENOUGH! WATER T' GET YOU BACK ACROSS TH' DESERT? YOU BRING ME BACK A HORSE AN' A RIFLE, AN'...

HEY! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT THING?

OH, ME FIND-UM OUTSIDE LITTLE CAVE WHEN ME HUNT-UM QUAIL FOR BREAKFAST!

A SPANISH SWORD—OR BREAD? THAT'S LEFT OF IT! MUST'VE BEEN LAYIN' THERE ALMOST 400 YEARS!

WHY, WHY BACK IN 1540, A SPANISH GENERAL NAMED CORDONADO CAME UP FROM MEXICO WITH A LOT OF SOLDIERS. I FIND SEVEN GOLDEN CITIES? A FELLOW NAMED CON HEAD, CABEZA DE VACA, SAID TH' SEVEN CITIES OF COCLO WERE HERE!

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE SOME COWBOY FINDS A SPIRIT OR A HELMET WHERE CORDONADO HAD A FIGHT WITH TH' PUEBLO INDIANS!

ME THINK ME SAW MORE STUFF IN CAVE BY WHERE ME FIND-UM QUAIL SWORD!

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN USE! SHOW ME WHERE IT IS!

OKAY! BUT ME NO LIKE-UM CAVES, YOU BETCHUM!

ME FIND-UM QUAIL SWORD OUTSIDE THIS CAVE, RED RYDER!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

THERE BE DEAD MAN! ME WAIT FOR YOU OUTSIDE, MEBBE FIVE MILES!

LOOK AT THAT! LAYIN' RIGHT WHERE HE DIED WITH AN ARROW IN HIS RIBS, THREE CENTURIES AGO!

I HATE T' DISTURB YOUR BLEEP, OLI MAN! BUT IF YOU GOT ANY THING I CAN USE, I NEED IT BAD!

THERE'S A HELMET AN' A STEEL CROSSBOW WITH ARROWS! THIS THING'D STILL SHOOT IF TH' BOWSTRING WASN'T ROTTED!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOU?

ME SCARED T' LOOK! YOU SURE YOU NOT GHOST OF DEAD MAN IN CAVE?

WHAT BE THAT?

IT'S A CROSSBOW! ALL IT NEEDS IS A NEW BOWSTRING!

WHY YOU MAKE-UM BOWSTRING SO THICK?

IT'S ONLY RABBIT SKIN! AN' THIS WEAPON'LL KNOCK OVER A BULL BUFFALO! I'LL SWAP AN ORDINARY BOWSTRING LIKE THIS!

LE'S TRY IT OUT!

MAN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO T' COCK IT!

ME FIND-UM SOMETHING FOR TARGET!

LITTLE BITTY BOW AN' ARROW LIKE KID'S TOY! YOU WASTE-UM TIME!

DON'T LAUGH YET! THIS CROSSBOW'S TEMPERED STEEL! SET THAT OL' PRICE OF ARMOR OUT ABOUT 100 YARDS!

YOW-EE! ARROW GO RIGHT THROUGH STEEL ARMOR!

PLUMB CENTER!

NOW WE GOT-UM SKIN WATER-BAG AN' BLETNY' CRIED MEAT. ME BETTER GO BACK HOME AN' BRING-UM BACK HORSE AN' GUN FOR YOU!

S'POSE ME BRING-UM SHERIFF AN' OL' TIMER, TOO? THEN WE ALL GET ON TRAIL OF BRONCO BOYD AN' THAT PROFESSOR!

I BEEN THINKIN'—I'VE GOT TH' CROSSBOW! AN' THOSE TWO MAY BE HOLED UP NEAR HERE! I'D HATE T' LET 'EM GET AWAY!

YOU THINK MAYBE THEY BE GONE WHEN ME GET BACK, HURT OKAY? ME GONNA TAKE-UM PONY AN' LOOK FOR THEIR CAMP!

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON...

ME FIND-UM BRONCO BOYD'S TRACKS, AN' SEE-UM SMOKE IN FOOTHILLS!

GOODY! THERE'S A FULL MOON T'NIGHT! WE'LL START AFTER DARK!

IN THEIR CAMP BRONCO BOYD AND PROFESSOR'S SEE BEGINNIN' TO GET ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES!

IT'S A WEEK SINCE I CUT DOWN DAVE MORGAN FOR YOU? I'M SICK OF LOOKIN' AT YOUR LEG! I'VE GOT T' GONNA PULL OUT!

DON'T BE STUPIDER THAN YOU CAN HELP! IF YOU'RE CAUGHT WITH THAT COWBOY'S HORSE, YOU'LL GONNA GO TO SWINE YOUR NECK!

### JEFF COBB

By PETE HOFFMAN

SO YOU WANT THE LOWDOWN ON THE TWO GUESTS IN 901!

STRICTLY FOR PROFESSIONAL REASONS, OF COURSE!

SURE, DOC! WELL... MRS. LONDON'S A WIDOW... SHE'S HERE WITH HER NIECE FOR SHOPPING... SHOWS... THINGS LIKE THAT!

UH... ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HOW MUCH DOUGH MRS. LONDON'S GOT?

NO! BUT IF YOU WANT TO TELL ME...

I'M REALLY NOT INTERESTED IN HOW MUCH MONEY MRS. LONDON HAS... BUT...

I'LL TELL YOU ANYHOW, DOC!

SHE'S A WIDOW WHO'S GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH STASHED AWAY!... AND...

THAT'S ENOUGH! GOOD NIGHT!

AND A MOMENT LATER...

TENNY, HOW IS MY FAVORITE PATIENT, MRS. LONDON, FEELING?

WONDERFUL! SHE SAYS, DR. BARRIS... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE MY AUNT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE "DAILY GUARDIAN" NEWS ROOM...

FLIP, IN HOW MANY DEATHS IS THAT MISSING QUACK KNOWN TO BE INVOLVED?

TWO... SO FAR!

THE HOUR IS LATE... AND IN THE "DAILY GUARDIAN" NEWS ROOM...

HOW MANY DEATHS IS THAT MISSING QUACK INVOLVED IN?

TWO... SO FAR, CHIEF!

HMM... MAYBE WE'D BETTER HAVE SOMEONE FOLLOW UP ON THE STORY, FLIP!

WELL, WE BOTH KNOW A REPORTER WHO'S ALWAYS EAGER... ALERT... WIDE AWAKE...

AND A MOMENT LATER...

SO, AS MORNING ARRIVES...

POLICE HQ.

THE MISSING QUACK MENTIONED IN IT... HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY LEADS ON HIM YET?

COBB, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE OR WHERE HE IS!

BUT I'D BET MY LAST DOLLAR SOME #44 "DIPLOMA MILL" IS THAT KILLER'S ALMA MATER!

MEANWHILE, IN A LOCAL HOTEL ROOM...

AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING THIS MORNING, MRS. LONDON?

SORRY... WONDERFUL, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE?

ONLY FOR A HALF HOUR, TENNY!

I HAVE A SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR MRS. LONDON... IT DEMANDS PRIVACY!

WELL... ALL RIGHT!... IF YOU SAY SO!

SPECIAL TREATMENT! WHAT KIND COULD AUNT NORA BE GETTING?