



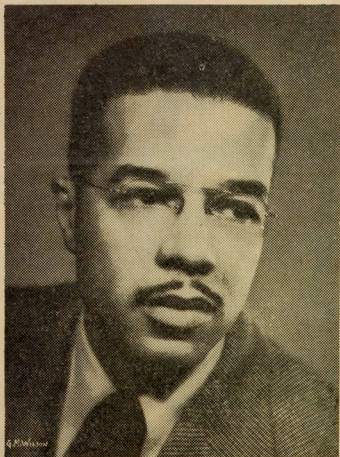
ALL-NEGRO COMICS

15¢



ALL-NEGRO COMICS

Presenting Another *FIRST* in Negro History:



ORRIN C. EVANS

President, All-Negro Comics, Inc.

Former reporter and editor in the Negro newspaper field. Over a period of more than 25 years, he served with the Afro-American newspapers, the Chicago Defender, the Philadelphia Tribune, the Philadelphia Independent, the Public Journal and the American and Musician and Sportsman's Magazine. He also has been a contributor to The Crisis, official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

And through Sugarfoot and Snakeoil, we hope to recapture the almost lost humor of the loveable wandering Negro minstrel of the past.

Finally, Dew Dillies will give all of us—young and old—an opportunity to romp through a delightful, almost fairy-like land of make-believe.

And we're proud, too, of our big educational feature—a monthly historical calendar on which the contributions of the Negro to world history will be set forth in each issue.

Orrin C. Evans

Dear Readers: This is the first issue of All-Negro Comics, jam-packed with fast action, African adventure, good clean humor and fantasy.

Every brush stroke and pen line in the drawings on these pages are by Negro artists. And each drawing is an original; that is, none has been published ANYWHERE before. This publication is another milestone in the splendid history of Negro journalism.

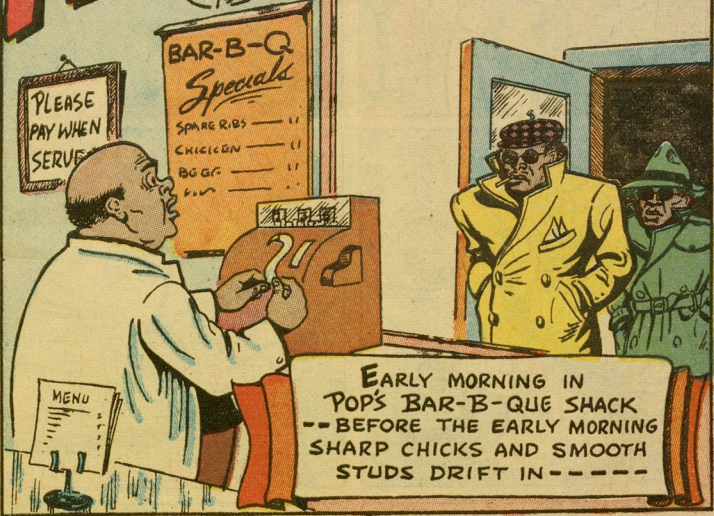
All-Negro Comics will not only give Negro artists an opportunity gainfully to use their talents, but it will glorify Negro historical achievements.

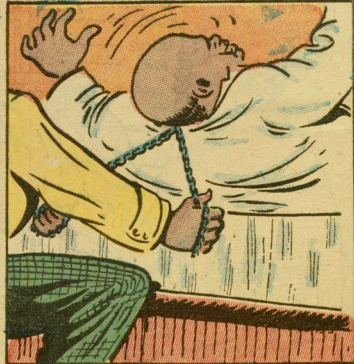
Through Ace Harlem, we hope dramatically to point up the outstanding contributions of thousands of fearless, intelligent Negro police officers engaged in a constant fight against crime throughout the United States.

Through Lion Man and Bubba, it is our hope to give American Negroes a reflection of their natural spirit of adventure and a finer appreciation of their African heritage.

ACE HARLEM

by John Terrell



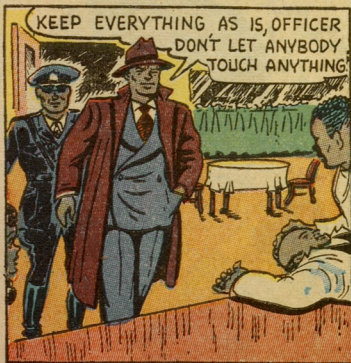




ACE HARLEM
FAMED NEGRO DETECTIVE—
ARRIVES— HE TAKES
IN EVERYTHING—AT A GLANCE!

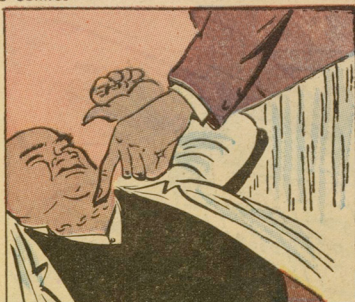


KEEP EVERYTHING AS IS, OFFICER
DON'T LET ANYBODY
TOUCH ANYTHING!



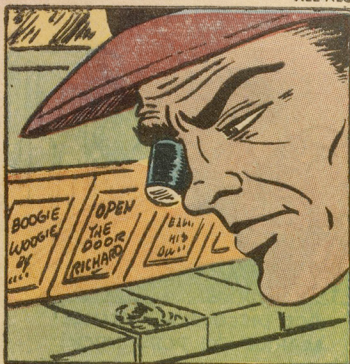
LEAVE THAT STUFF ALONE—
—HONEY—I SAID—EVERYTHING
AS IS!

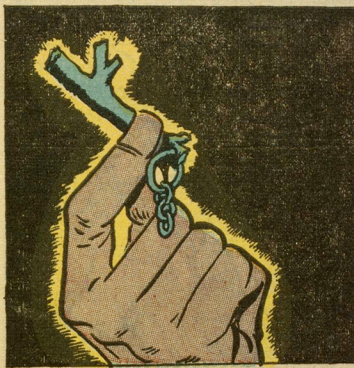


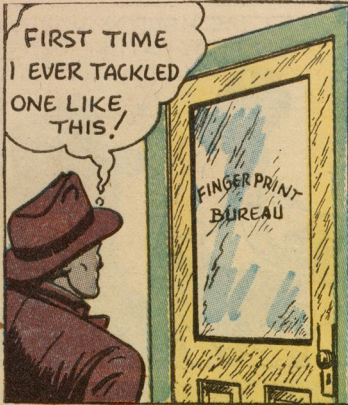


ACE DISCOVERS STRANGE MARKS ON POP'S NECK!









ACE ENTERS THE HERB STORE OF "DOCTOR" ALI BEN, MAN OF MYSTERY

AH, HONORED INDEED BY THE GREAT DETECTIVE — HE IS IN MUCH DIFFICULTY AND HAS CALLED UPON ME!

YOU SAID IT — YOU OLD FAKIR, — KNOW WHAT THIS IS? — IT'S A LUCK CHARM, — ISN'T IT?

ONLY IT DIDN'T BRING ANYBODY ANY LUCK, — YOU EITHER, — IF YOU DON'T TELL THE TRUTH!

ON MY HONOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT

YOU SOLD THIS TO A MAN — WHO COMMITTED MURDER.

I'LL TALK, — MR. HARLEM — SOLD THAT TO A BOY, FROM JACKSON'S BOADIN' HOUSE, — YASSUH!

HOW'RE YOU SURE ITS FROM JACKSON'S?

GIMME THIS \$2 BILL AND ITS GOT JACKSON'S NUMBER ON IT.

H'M — JACKSON ALWAYS PUTS HIS LUCKY NUMBER ON UNLUCKY MONEY. — C'ON LUCKY CHARM — WORK FOR ME!

TWO VICIOUS YOUNG HEP-CATS, NEW TO CRIME,
BUT CONFIDENT THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH IT,—
AND, LIKE ALL CRIMINALS,— THEY ARE TOO SMART
TO GET CAUGHT — — — THEY THINK!!!

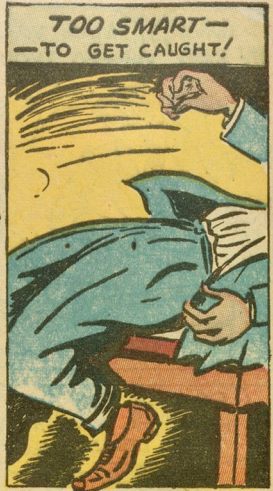


OPEN THE DOOR, LIZARD, AND
SPLIT THAT
CASH MONEY!



LIZARD! LOOK! YOU DONE
LOST YOUR LUCK
CHARM ROOT!





TOO SMART—
—TO GET CAUGHT!



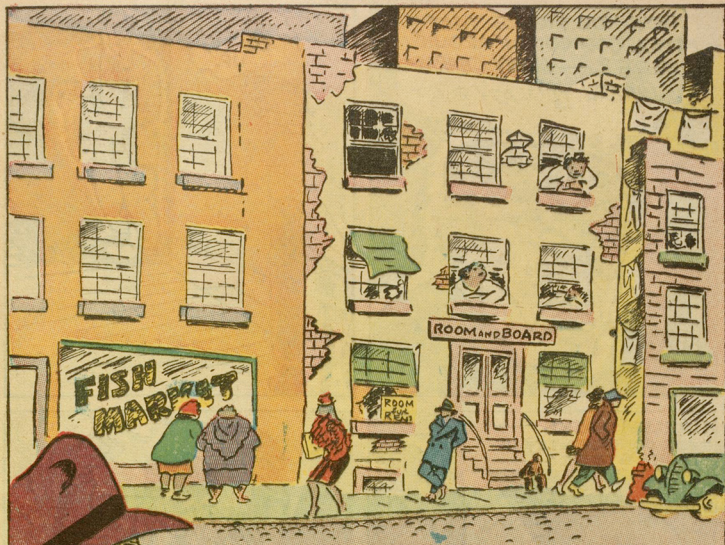
FRANTIC FOOL!— LET
HIM GIT OUTA' THE
HOUSE AND WERE BOTH
DONE FOR!



HOLD IT!— POLICE
CAR DOWN THERE—
LOOKS LIKE!



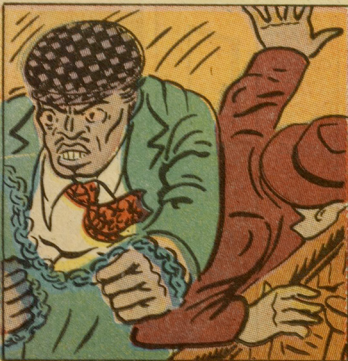
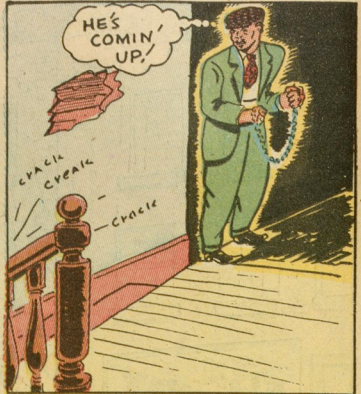
BE BETTER
WORKIN' BY
MYSELF,
ANYWAY!



ACE HARLEM—RIGHT OR WRONG—REGARDS ALL CRIMINALS AS COWARDS.— IN A GLANCE HE NOTES THE DRAWN SHADE ON THE TOP FLOOR!



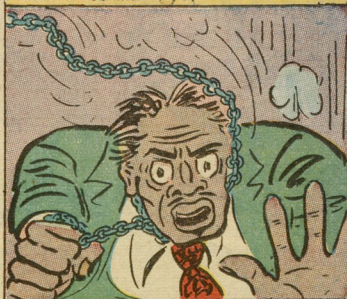
AS "LIZARD" OPENS THE DOOR TO LEAVE HE HEARS ACE ENTER THE HALLWAY



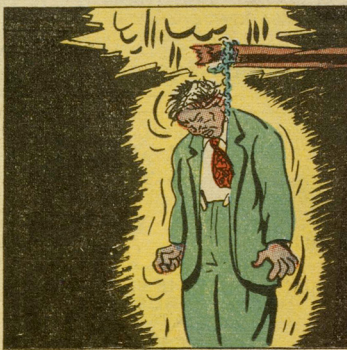
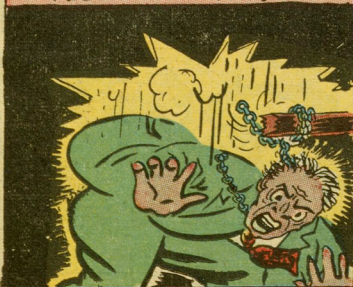


HARLEM SIDESTEPS ON THE RICKETY STAIRS!

THE KILLER'S HEADLONG PLUNGE CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE RAILING, !!!



UNDER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF LIZARD'S FALLING BODY - THE FLOOR GIVES WAY!



HATE TO SEE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR CHEATED - THAT WAY!!

NEVER SAW A CASE SOLVE ITSELF SO QUICK BEFORE. THOSE TWO TOOK CARE OF THEM - SELVES!



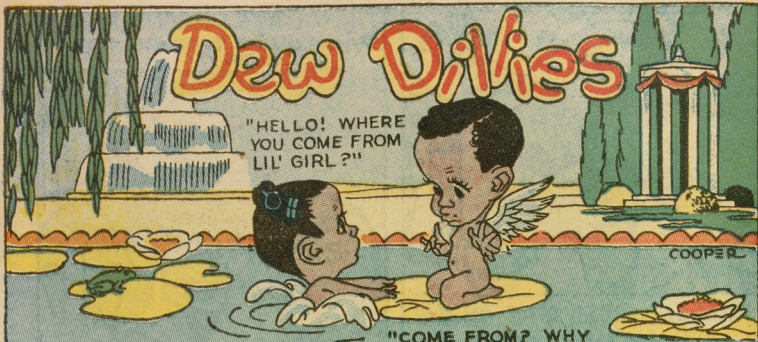
I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE OLD STUFF TO YOU - BUT I NEVER HEARD OF A CRIME YET THAT EVER GAINED ANYBODY ANY GOOD!



LOOK FOR ACE HARLEM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ALL-NEGRO COMICS WATCH FOR ALL-NEGRO COMICS ON THE STANDS!

Dew Dillies

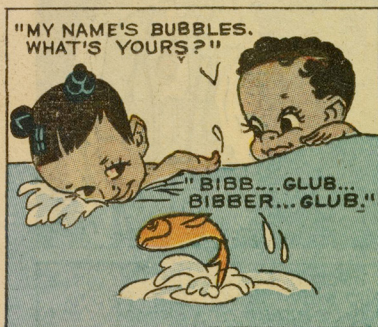
"HELLO! WHERE YOU COME FROM LIL' GIRL?"



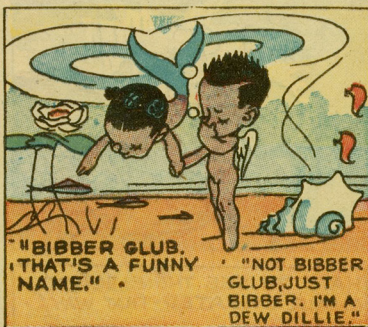
"COME FROM? WHY I LIVE HERE."

GROWNUPS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THE WORLD 'ROUND US IS FULL OF LI'L DEW DILLIES. MOSTLY THEY LIVE 'ROUND LAKES AND PONDS; ONLY THE SMALLEST CHILDREN SEE THEM — SO IT WAS NOT EASY FOR US TO GET THESE SCENES.

"MY NAME'S BUBBLES. WHAT'S YOURS?"

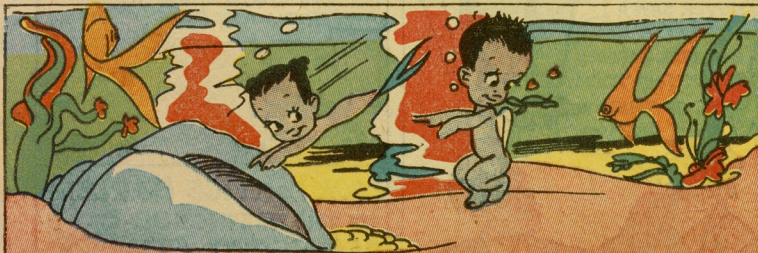


"BIBB... GLUB... BIBBER... GLUB."

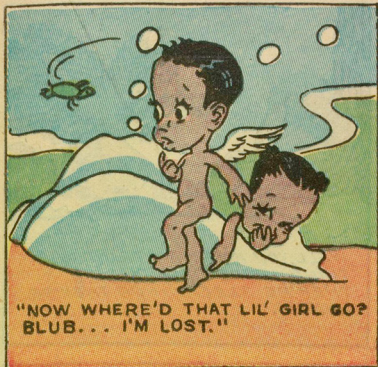


"BIBBER GLUB. THAT'S A FUNNY NAME."

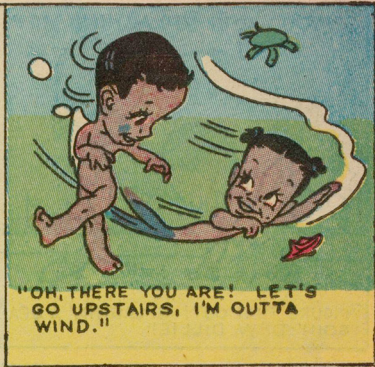
"NOT BIBBER GLUB, JUST BIBBER. I'M A DEW DILLIE."



"WHAT'S THIS FUNNY LITTLE THING WITH THE PIE CRUST ON HIS BACK?"



"NOW WHERE'D THAT LIL' GIRL GO?
BLUB... I'M LOST."



"OH, THERE YOU ARE! LET'S
GO UPSTAIRS, I'M OUTTA
WIND."



"HITCH ON, HERE WE GO! I'M
A DEWDILLIE TOO, A SEA-GOIN'
DEWDILLIE."

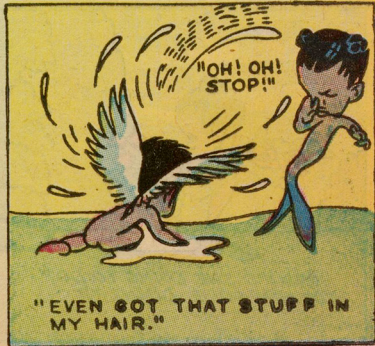


"GIMME LAND, LOTTSA
LAND!"

"FUNNY, HE
DON'T SEEM
TO LIKE
WATER."



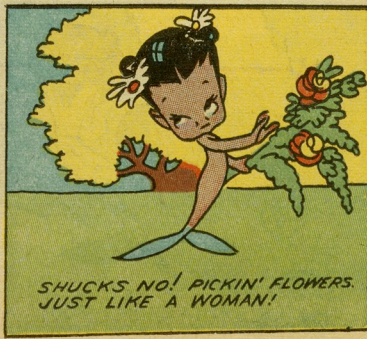
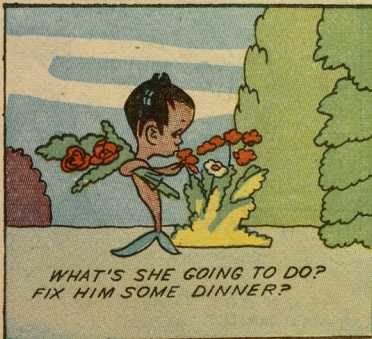
"WATER'S OKAY, ON'Y TOO
MUCH OF IT."



"OH! OH!
STOP!"

"EVEN GOT THAT STUFF IN
MY HAIR."

ALL-NEGRO COMICS







FISH HAWK, YOU AINT GOT NO SENSE. LOOK OUT!

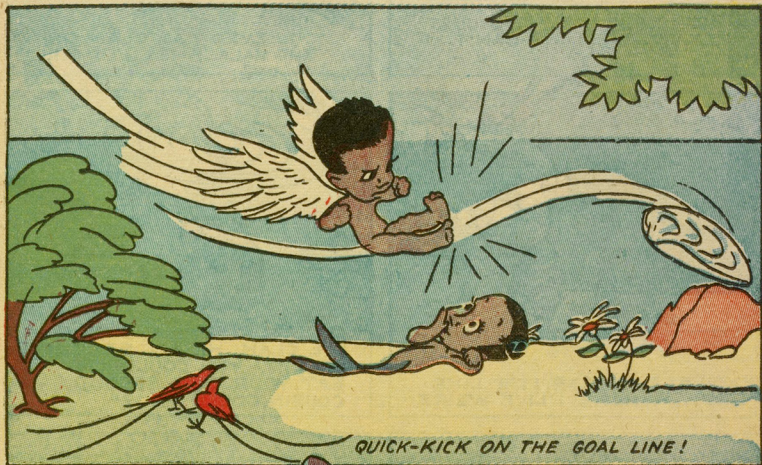


COME ON BIBBER. WAKE UP!



"OH! OH! HELP! BIBBER!"

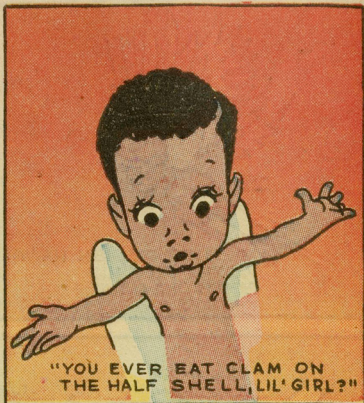
"BY GOSH AND BY GOLLY! NOW LOOKIT THAT CLAM!"



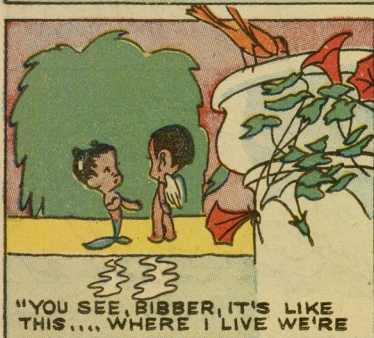
ALL-NEGRO COMICS



"IT ISN'T THAT, IT'S JUST THAT...WELL...I CAN'T..."



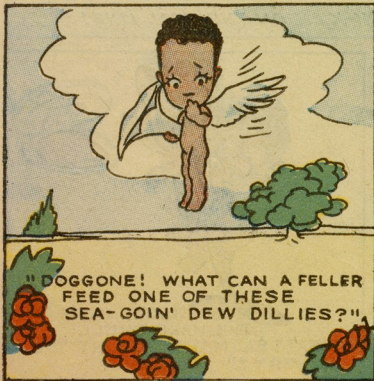
"YOU EVER EAT CLAM ON THE HALF SHELL, LIL' GIRL?"



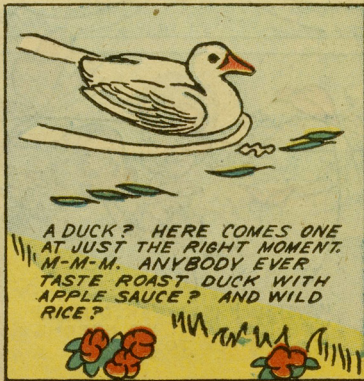
"YOU SEE, BIBBER, IT'S LIKE THIS WHERE I LIVE WE'RE



ALL RELATED. AND THIS LIL' CLAM HE'S A SECOND COUSIN. YOU COULDN'T EAT YOUR OWN SECOND COUSIN, COULD YOU?"



"DOGGONE! WHAT CAN A FELLER FEED ONE OF THESE SEA-GOIN' DEW DILLIES?"

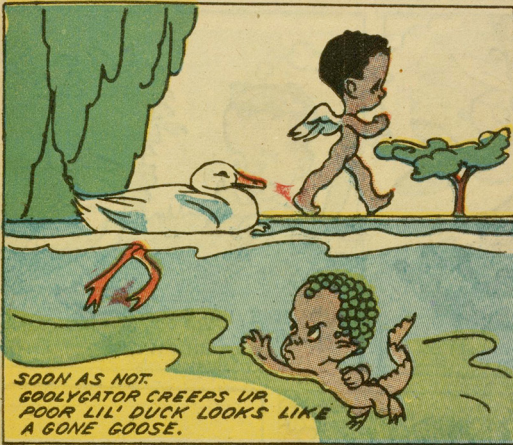


A DUCK? HERE COMES ONE AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT. M-M-M. ANYBODY EVER TASTE ROAST DUCK WITH APPLE SAUCE? AND WILD RICE?

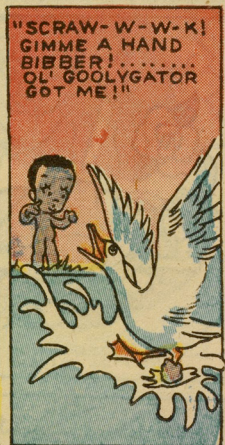
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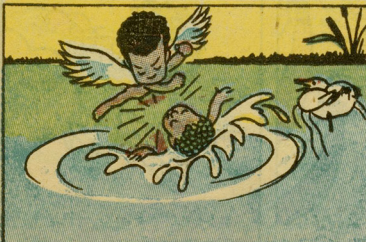
BUT HERE COMES SOMEBODY ELSE WITH DINNER ON HIS MIND. THIS OL' GOOLYGATOR-AND HE'D TAKE A BITE OUT OF YOUR LEG, AS —



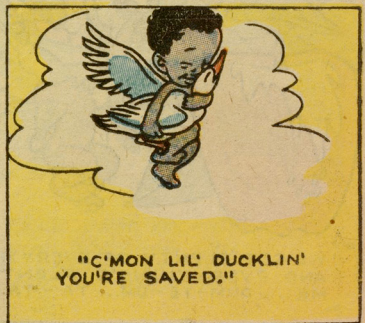
SOON AS NOT, GOOLYGATOR CREEPS UP. POOR LIL' DUCK LOOKS LIKE A GONE GOOSE.



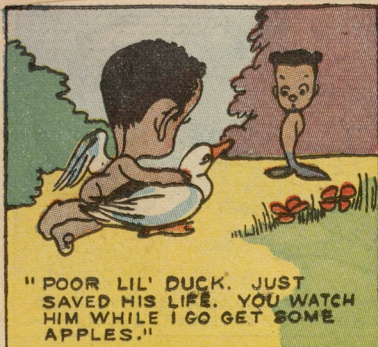
"SCRAW-W-W-K! GIMME A HAND BIBBER!..... OL' GOOLYGATOR GOT ME!"



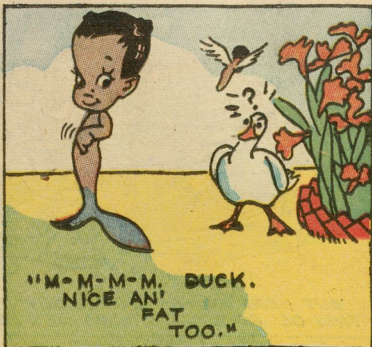
"LEARNED THAT ONE FROM JOE LOUIS. GOOLYGATOR, YOU ARE TAKIN' THE COUNT."



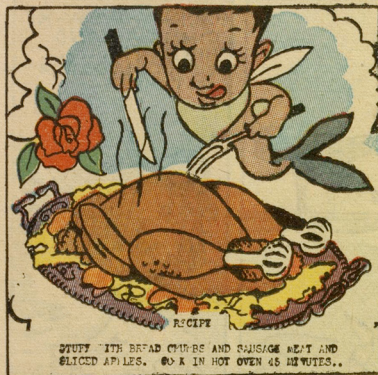
"'C'MON LIL' DUCKLIN' YOU'RE SAVED."



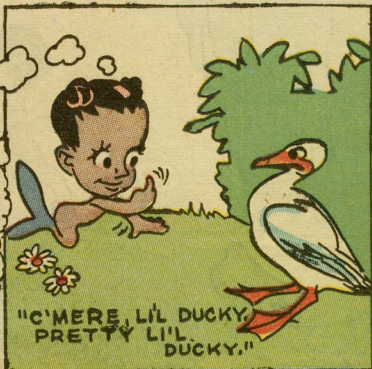
"POOR LIL' DUCK. JUST SAVED HIS LIFE. YOU WATCH HIM WHILE I GO GET SOME APPLES."



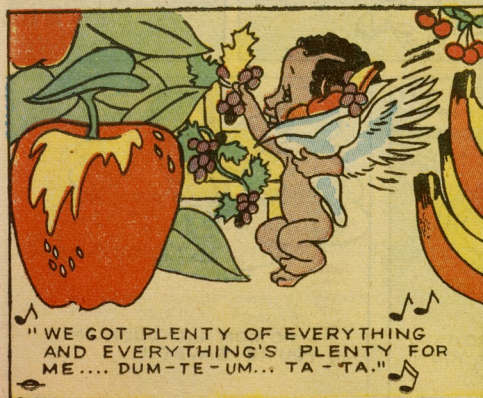
"M-M-M-M. DUCK. NICE AN' FAT TOO."



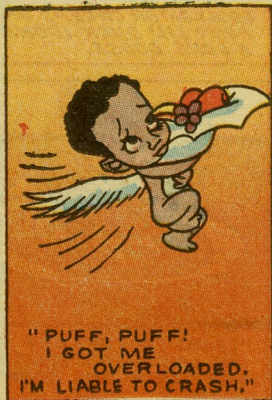
RECIPE
STUFF WITH BREAD CUBES AND SAUSAGE MEAT AND SLICED APPLES. BAK IN HOT OVEN 45 MINUTES..



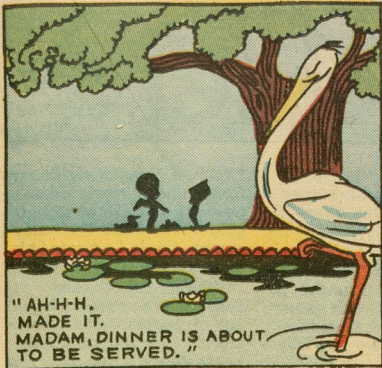
"C'MERE, LIL' DUCKY. PRETTY LIL' DUCKY."



"WE GOT PLENTY OF EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING'S PLENTY FOR ME.... DUM-TE-UM... TA-TA."



"PUFF, PUFF! I GOT ME OVERLOADED. I'M LIABLE TO CRASH."

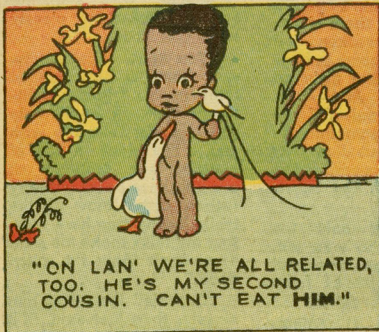


"AH-H-H,
MADE IT.
MADAM, DINNER IS ABOUT
TO BE SERVED."

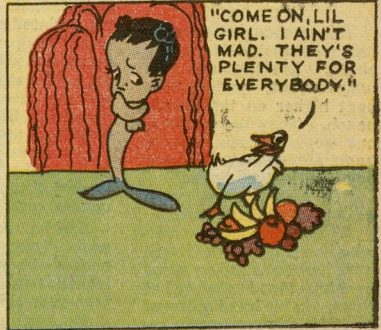


"GOODY! WHO'S GOING TO COOK
THE DUCK?"

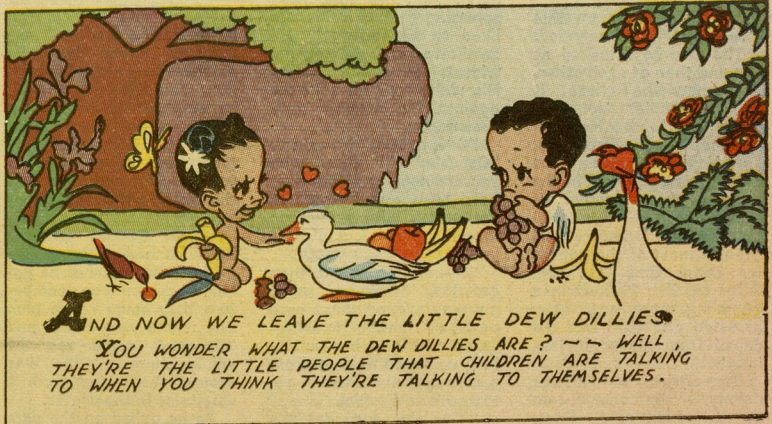
"AIN'T NOBODY GONNA
COOK HIM."



"ON LAN' WE'RE ALL RELATED,
TOO. HE'S MY SECOND
COUSIN. CAN'T EAT HIM."



"COME ON, LIL
GIRL. I AIN'T
MAD. THEY'S
PLENTY FOR
EVERYBODY."



AND NOW WE LEAVE THE LITTLE DEW DILLIES
YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEW DILLIES ARE? -- WELL,
THEY'RE THE LITTLE PEOPLE THAT CHILDREN ARE TALKING
TO WHEN YOU THINK THEY'RE TALKING TO THEMSELVES.



Ezekiel's

"Oh, yeah?" "Geechie's" face was twisted in anger. "March up to the shack," he ordered.

They marched, and then turned toward "Geechie." The man's face, under a stubble of beard, was gaunt and seemed dark from hunger. He looked awfully evil.

"Brothers, ain't you?" He squinted at them closely. "Well, I reckon you young uns will come in handy. I'll keep the little un with me, see? And—" he pointed at Ezekiel—"if you don't get me somethin' to eat, without squealin', your little brother's gonna have a shot through the heart, unnerstan'?"

Ezekiel saw only too well. Tom, who was then, choked back a cry and looked trustingly at fourteen-year-old Ezekiel.

Then Ezekiel remembered that he had read somewhere that criminals liked to be flattered. He swallowed and grinned his widest, ear-to-ear smile. His white teeth shone against his smooth dark brown skin.

"Gee, mister," he said to "Geechie." "I know who you are now, and you must have been awful smart to get away, with every cop around here lookin' for you."

"Geechie" frowned, then growled, "Reckon I know my way around these here parts, all right." He swaggered a little as he went to pick up a coil of rope from a corner of the shack. He tossed it to Ezekiel.

"Tie the kid to the bunk," he commanded.

"Yeah, I skinned right out from under your dumb noses, I did. Now you git goin', and fetch me some ammunition a long with some vittles."

"Sure," said Ezekiel. "I can swipe some cartridges out of Jackson's hardware store." He had to tie the knots tight, because "Geechie" was standing over him watching closely as he tied Tom.

"You know, mister," he said when he had finished tying up his frightened little brother, "I could help you if you'd take me with you. I've done a lot of hunting and trappin' all around these parts with my father, and I know all the trails 'round this here way. And my folks make me sick. They don't think I'm much good."

"Geechie" looked at him closely, then just said, "I'll think it over."

He looked sly. "You bring me the food and ammunition first. Can't go nowhere on an empty stomach. And with only one—" he stopped as if catching himself—"only one cigarette. Bring me some cigs, too. Beat it, now, and if you double-cross me it's the end for your kid brother, ya unnerstan'?"

When Ezekiel left he knew he had to save Tom all by himself, for if he got help Tom would be dead before they could reach him. The island was small, and "Geechie" could see the whole shore all the way around the island from a small rise in the center.

As he pulled on the oars of the rowboat on his way

Manhunt



to the mainland, Ezekiel thought of something "Geechie" had started to say. The killer had started to say: "One shot," when he had said, instead, "One cigarette." He must have only one bullet left. A desperate plan began forming in Ezekiel's mind.

He was back in less than an hour. "Geechie" was on the shore waiting for him.

"I swiped my dad's lunch pail!" Ezekiel cried eagerly, "and I—"

"Wait a minute," growled "Geechie." "Put that pail on the ground." Then he came forward and slapped Ezekiel's pockets. He pulled out five cartridges and grunted, "This all you could get?"

Ezekiel was trembling from head to foot. He had emptied all the powder out of the cartridges and had filled them with sand.

"I broke into the store," he said very fast. "Then I heard somebody comin', so I had to run."

"Well, this'll have to do," snorted "Geechie." "You're some kid. Want to help me, huh?"

They entered the shack. "Geechie" motioned for Ezekiel to sit facing him on the box against the wall. Ezekiel gripped the edges of the box. The next five minutes were win or lose, life or death. . . .

"Geechie" slipped four of the cartridges into his gun. He rolled the last in his fingers. "That's a load off my mind. I only have one slug left. You never thought of that, huh?"

Ezekiel managed to say,

"Gosh, no, mister. You pulled a smart bluff on me, all right."

"Geechie," smiling, pushed the last cartridge into place. "Now let's see what you got for my dinner." He took the lid off the large lunch pail.

"Well, hush my big mouth, this is pretty ritzy. All spread with a nice napkin."

"Geechie's" right hand went into the pail to pluck off the napkin. Ezekiel braced himself, ready to jump. There was a sharp click, then a scream of pain and rage as "Geechie" leaped up. His hand was caught across its bleeding middle by the sharp teeth of a muskrat trap. Shouting and cursing, the shouting man swung the trap's heavy chain and reached for the gun with his left hand. But Ezekiel had beaten him to the gun.

Ezekiel started running to a far corner of the room. He felt "Geechie" grasping for him. The man was almost upon him. Ezekiel aimed blindly at the looming man, then pulled the trigger. The one good cartridge was under the hammer of the gun. There was a flash, a groan, and "Geechie" sank out of sight.

Ezekiel quickly made his way to Tom. He got Tom's hands loose, then removed the gag around his mouth.

Then "Geechie" came to, cursing with pain. The shot had merely creased the side of his neck. Like lightning, Ezekiel grabbed the now useless gun.

"Don't move," he cried

sharply. If only Ezekiel knew he was going to get hold of the revolver, he wouldn't have faked the cartridges.

Fear was in "Geechie's" eyes. "Hey, be careful of that gun. It'll go off."

"I know it will," bluffed Ezekiel.

"You dirty double-crossin' little bum," screamed "Geechie."

Just then Tom jumped to a window, shouting "Hooray, hooray!"

And then the door opened and a man's voice said, "Hold it!" It was the game warden, his loaded shotgun aimed straight at "Geechie."

"I knew you'd come if you heard the shot," explained Ezekiel, "to see if someone was shooting ducks before the season."

He told the game warden the whole story. And he knew he'd never forget the game warden's roar of laughter or "Geechie's" bellow of rage when he learned that Ezekiel had held him with a gun full of dud cartridges.

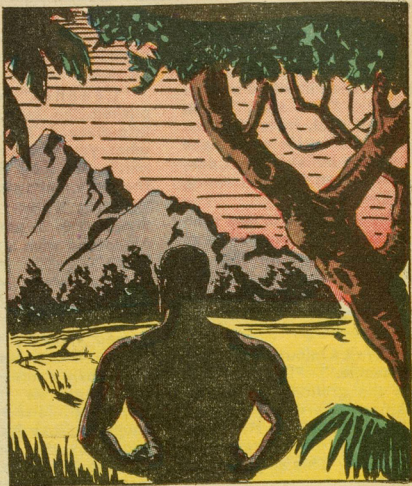
"And the reward will be all yours, Ezekiel," said the game warden. "It's a big one, too. Then you and your brother can buy bikes for yourselves."

Lion Man

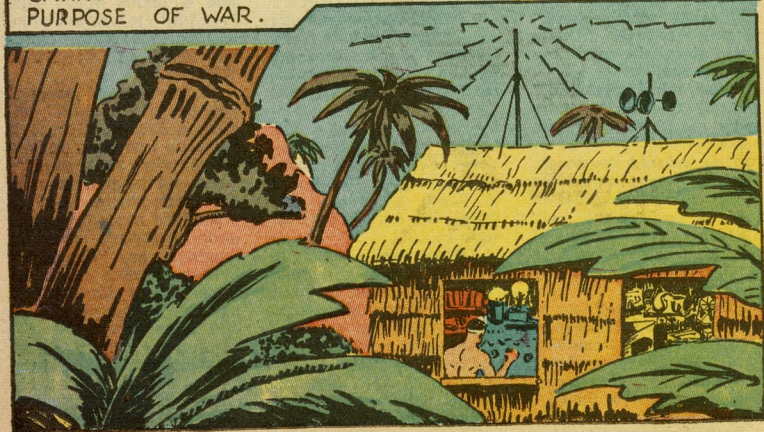
By
GEO. J. EVANS JR.

FOREWORD

AERICAN-BORN, COLLEGE EDUCATED, LION MAN IS A YOUNG SCIENTIST, SENT BY THE UNITED NATIONS TO WATCH OVER THE FEARSOME "MAGIC MOUNTAIN" OF THE AFRICAN GOLD COAST. WITHIN ITS CRATER LIES THE WORLD'S LARGEST DEPOSIT OF URANIUM -- ENOUGH TO MAKE AN ATOM BOMB THAT COULD DESTROY THE WORLD.



LION MAN'S JOB IS TO REPORT ON THE DOINGS OF ANY TREACHEROUS NATION THAT MIGHT SEEK TO CARRY AWAY ANY OF THE LETHAL STUFF FOR THE PURPOSE OF WAR.

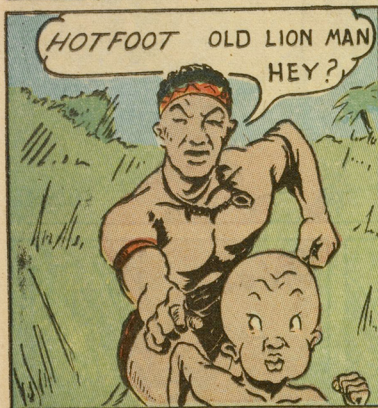


LION MAN HAS BEEN WARNED AGAINST AGENTS OF A CERTAIN WARLIKE NATION WHO MIGHT TRY TO SMUGGLE SOME OF THE MOUNTAIN'S TREASURE OUT OF AFRICA. HIS SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS INDICATE A SHIP HAS MOVED UP A NEARBY RIVER.



WORN OUT BY LACK OF SLEEP, LION MAN LIES DOWN FOR A SNOOZE. BUBBA, A LOST ORPHAN WHOM LION MAN HAS ADOPTED IS BORED. ~ ~ ~ THIS IS A ZULU HOTFOOT.





LION MAN'S FEARS ARE PROVED TRUE ~ FOOTPRINTS

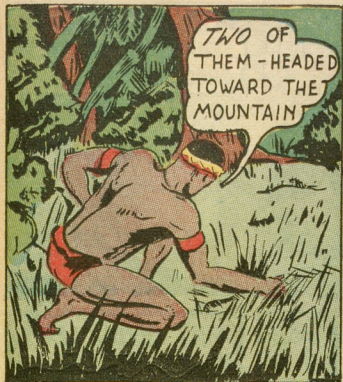


HIKING BOOTS!

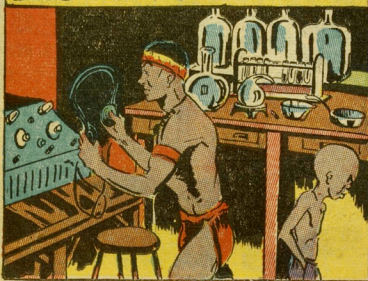


A CIGARETTE BUTT - STRANGERS!!

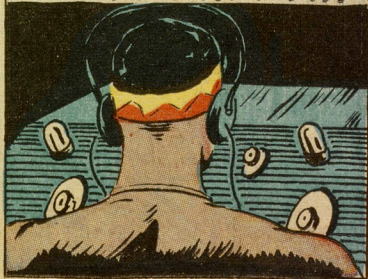




LION MAN EXAMINES HIS RADAR
NO DAMAGE DONE
BUBBA SLINKS OUT.



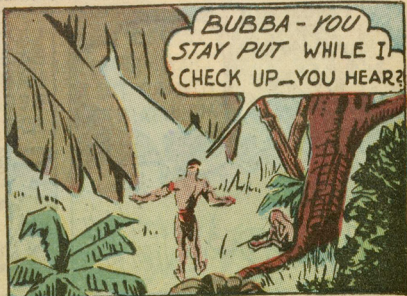
LION MAN BEAMS HIS RADAR
ALL AROUND - TWO PERSONS
NEAR THE MOUNTAIN!!



LION MAN CHECKS WITH HIS KEEN INSTINCT. HE SMELLS TROUBLE IN THE AIR.



BUBBA - YOU STAY PUT WHILE I CHECK UP - YOU HEAR?



ALL I EVER GETS INTO IS TROUBLE



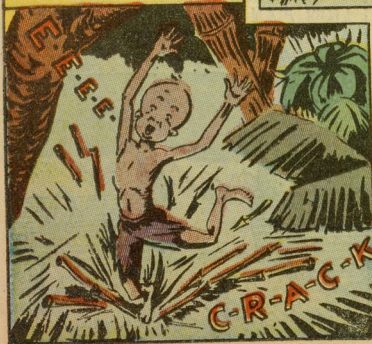
I'M GETTING CLOSER - A FRESHLY BROKEN BRANCH



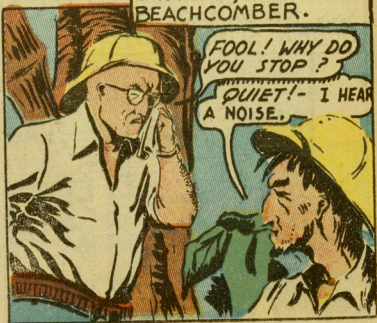
AIN'T GONNA LEAVE ME BEHIND WHEN THEY'S SOMETHIN' COOKIN'



BUBBA CRASHES INTO ONE OF HIS ANIMAL PITFALLS



NEARBY - DR. BLUT SANGRO, AN EVIL FIGURE AND HIS GUIDE BROSSER, THE BEACHCOMBER.



FOOL! WHY DO YOU STOP?
QUIET! - I HEAR A NOISE.

LION MAN IS STOPPED
IN HIS TRACKS BY
BUBBA'S CRASH —



HEH! — WHAT HAVE
WE HERE? SOME
NEW KIND OF
ANIMAL ?



AS BROSSER HELPS
BUBBA OUT OF THE
PIT, HE RECOGNIZES
HIM.

BAD MEDICINE!
THIS IS LION MAN'S
BUBBA.



THERE THEY
ARE! ONE'S
BROSSER, BUT
WHO'S THE
OTHER ONE?

AH! THERE
IT IS !!



LION MAN FACES
THE TWO SNOOPERS.



DR. SANGRO RAISES
HIS HAND IN MOCK
FRIENDSHIP.



LION MAN TRIES
TO BE FRIENDLY

THIS PLACE IS
FORBIDDEN !

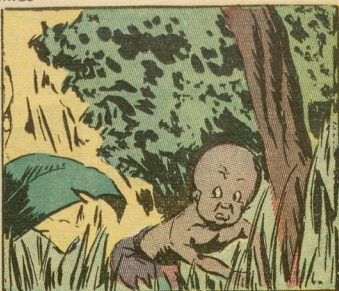
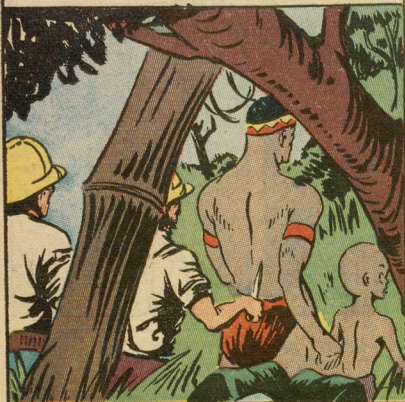


...BUT BROSSER..

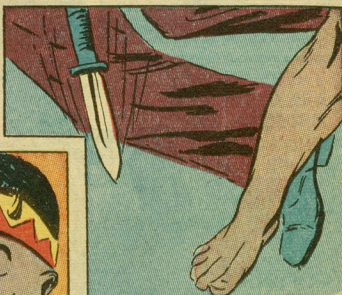
STUPID DOG!
RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP



DR. SANGRO WANTS TO SEE LION MAN'S LABORATORY ~ HE ORDERS THEM TO MOVE FASTER.



BUBBA SEES HIS CHANCE AND DIVES INTO THE JUNGLE.



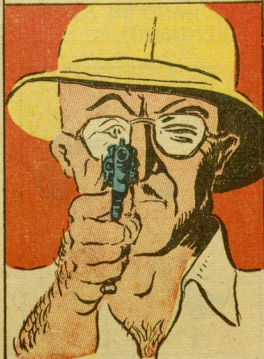
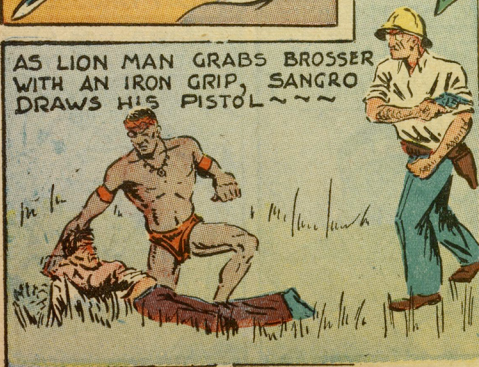
LION MAN SUDDENLY TRIPS BROSSER



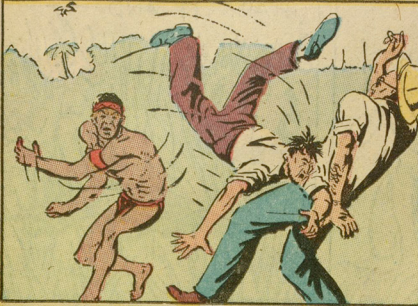
STOP, YOU FOOL - LET HIM GO - THIS IS THE ONE WE WANT

POINT BLANK RANGE !!!

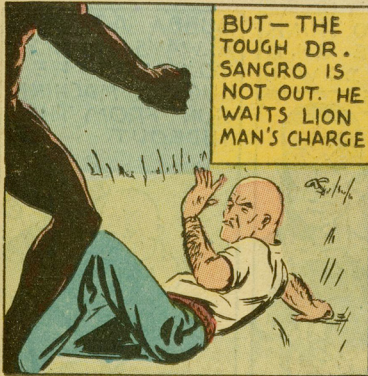
AS LION MAN GRABS BROSSER WITH AN IRON GRIP, SANGRO DRAWS HIS PISTOL ~ ~ ~



LION MAN "SHOTS" FIRST THE FLYING BODY OF BROSSER MAKES A BULL'S EYE . . .



AND



BUT—THE TOUGH DR. SANGRO IS NOT OUT. HE WAITS LION MAN'S CHARGE



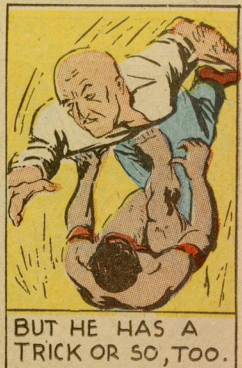
LION MAN IS CAUGHT UNAWARES WITH AN OLD TRICK ———



LION MAN IS IN TROUBLE

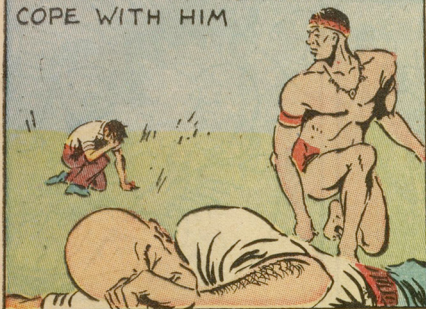


ANOTHER DIRTY TRICK. LION MAN IS ALMOST BLINDED.

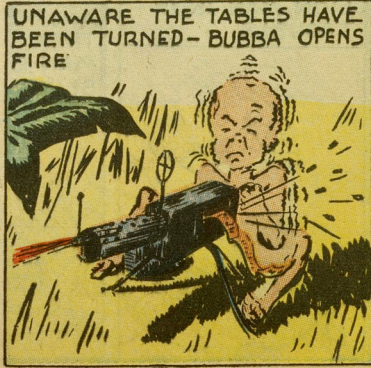
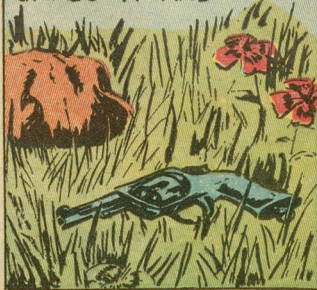


BUT HE HAS A TRICK OR SO, TOO.

BROSSER IS COMING AROUND,
BUT LION MAN IS TOO TIRED TO
COPE WITH HIM



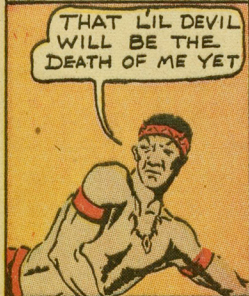
LION MAN REMEMBERS
THE PISTOL.... HE
GRABS IT AND _____



BUBBA'S MURDEROUS FIRE RIDDLES BROSSER



LION MAN WAITS FOR BUBBA TO STOP FIRING.



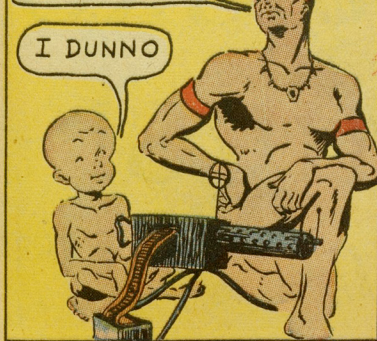
DR. SANGRO ALSO ESCAPES BUBBA'S WILD FIRING ~~~ HE MAKES OFF.



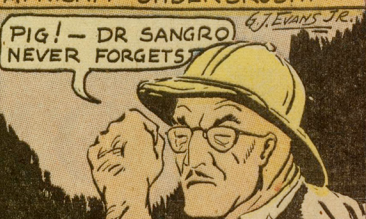
LION MAN TAKES A LONG SHOT AT THE FLEEING SANGRO



BUBBA, WHY DON'T I FEED YOU TO THE LIONS?



SLIPPERY DR. SANGRO ESCAPES INTO THE DENSE AFRICAN UNDERBRUSH.



WILL DR. SANGRO AND HIS WARLIKE NATION TRY AGAIN? WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LION MAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ~"ALL-NEGRO COMICS"

ALL-NEGRO COMICS

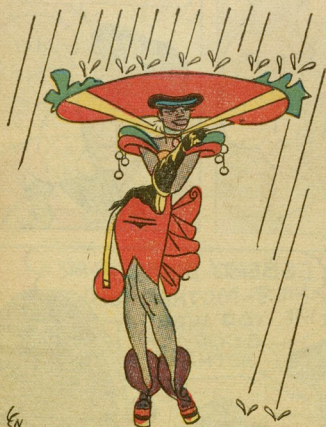
Your

BEST BET

—Is—

**ALL NEGRO
COMICS!**

the chicks on parade



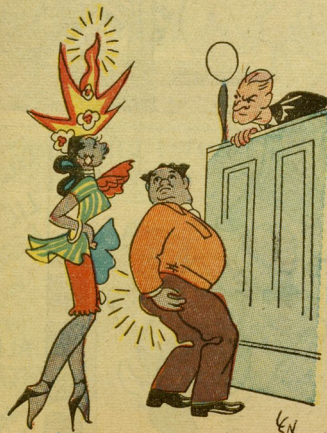
EN

"RAINING! AND I WOULD FORGET MY UMBRELLA!"



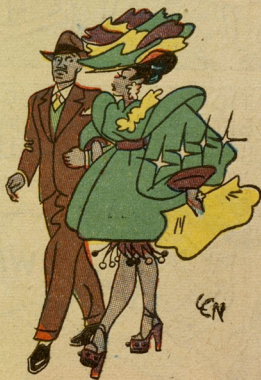
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"NOTICE THE SIMPLE NECKLINE, MADAME!"



EN

"BUT YOUR HONOR, HE SAT ON MY HAT!"



EN

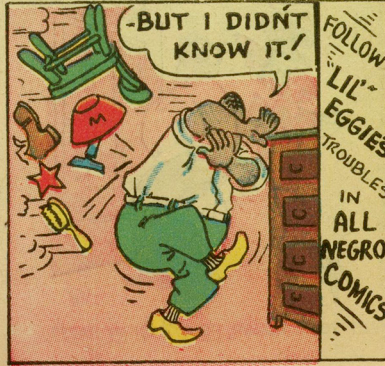
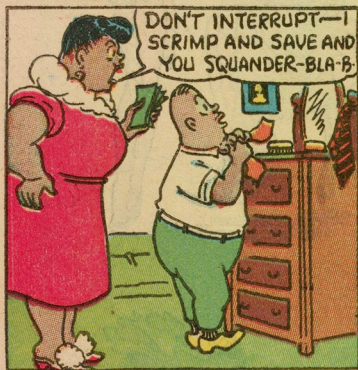
"THAT TIE ATTRACTS TOO MUCH ATTENTION, BILL."

Lil' EGGIE

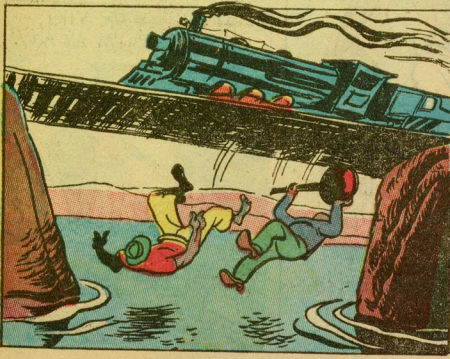
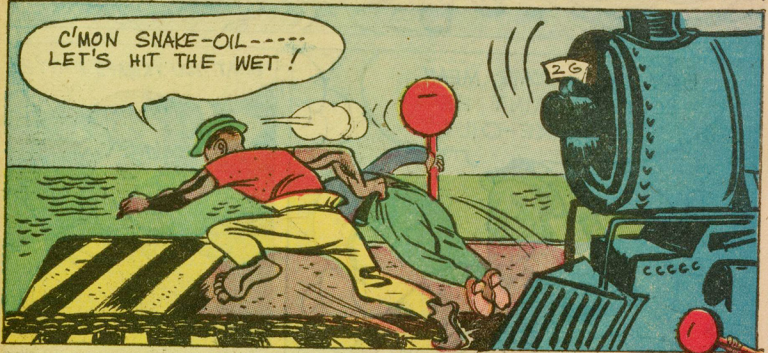
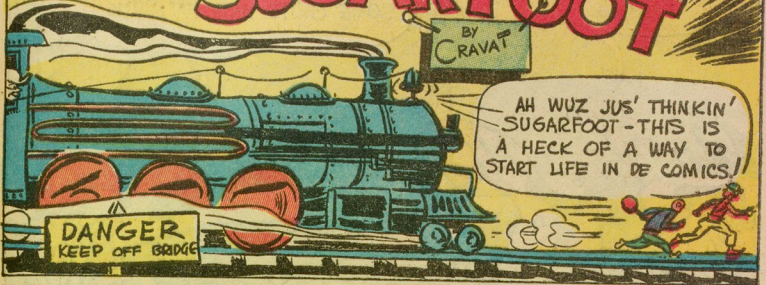
BY Ferrell

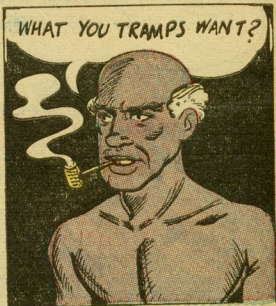
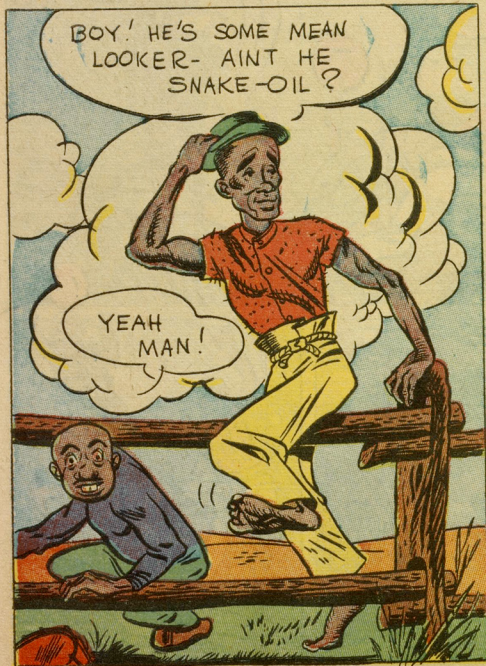
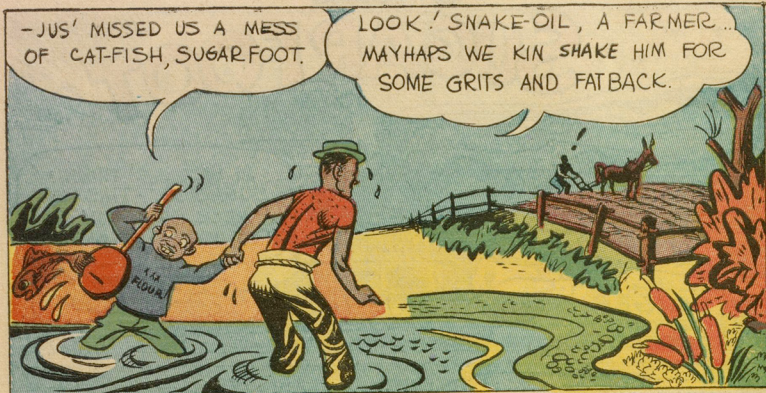


I GUESS YOU THINK
YOUR ALLOWANCE
ISNT ENOUGH!-WELL
TWO DOLLARS A WEEK
IS PLENTY FOR YOU
TO THROW AWAY!



SUGARFOOT





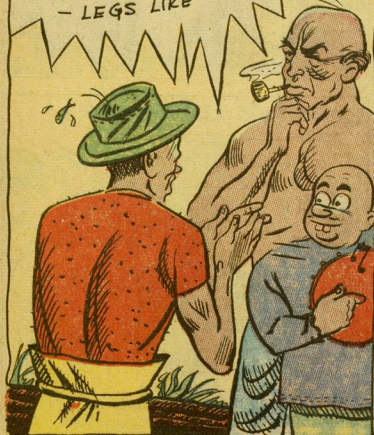
MY DUB AND ME IS MUSIC— MAKING MEN
AND WE'S HONGRY!

YEAH? IF YOU'RE MUSIC-
MAKING MEN BEAT OUT
SOME HARMONY.



HOW'S THS, POP?

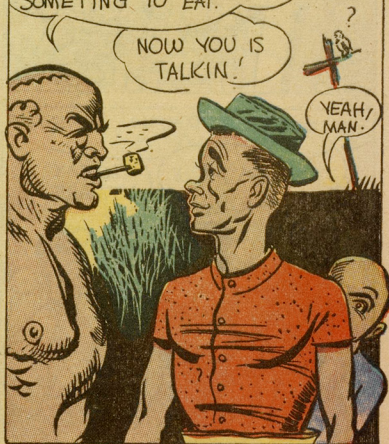
♩ ♪
"HEAD LIKE A ROCK—
— LEGS LIKE A FROG—"

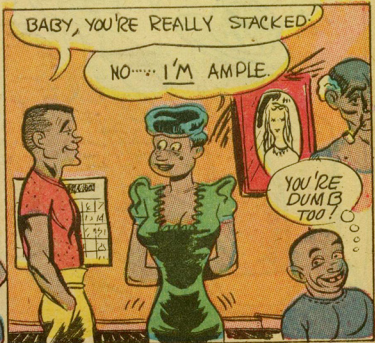
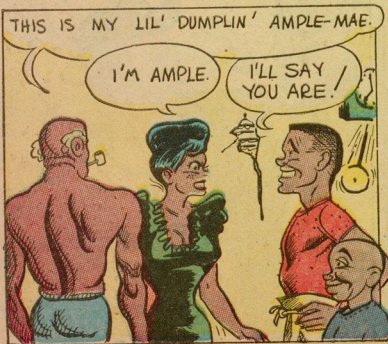
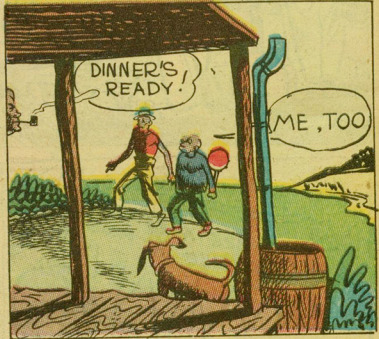
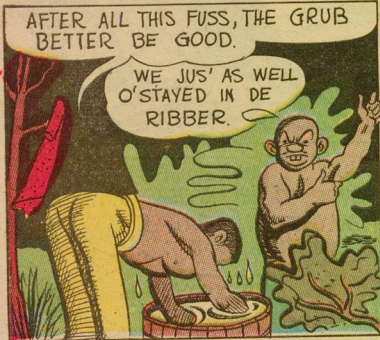
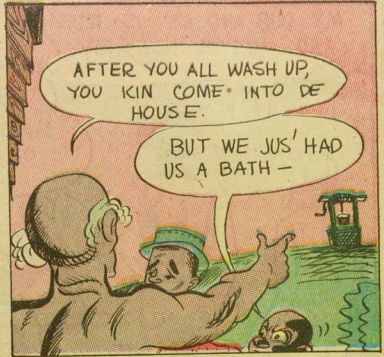
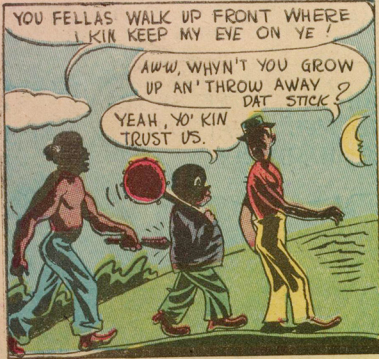


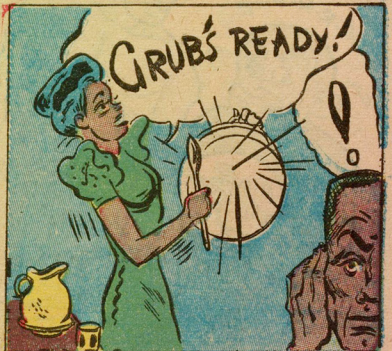
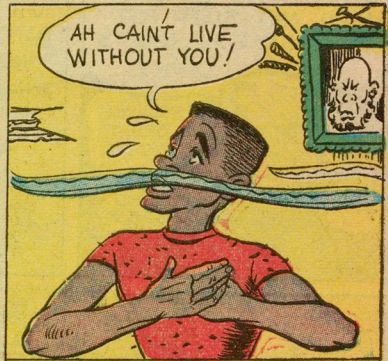
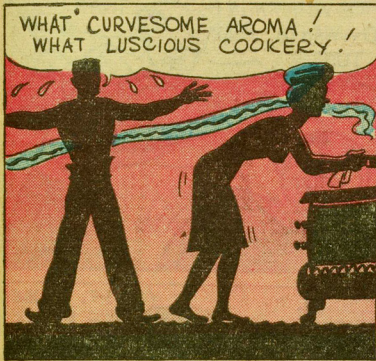
WAL, I DUNNO, BUT COME
OVER TO MY HOUSE ANYHOW,
MAYBE MY GAL HAS
SOMETHING TO EAT.

NOW YOU IS
TALKIN'!

YEAH,
MAN.







DONT EAT SO FAST, SUGARFOOT. YOU'LL GET SICK!

AMPLE, BABY - THE ONLY THING EVER MADE ME SICK WAS NOT EATING!

YOU GIT MUSIC OUTA' SOUP, TOO... HUH?

DAT -GURP- SHO' WAS TASTY

SLURP!



WAL, I'LL JES' LIE BACK NOW AND SLEEP FOR FO'TY DAYS AN' NIGHTS.

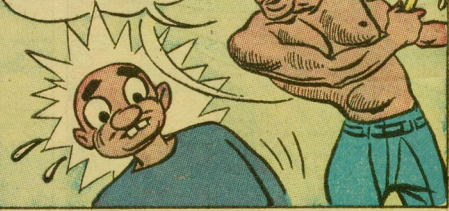
SIGH

SHO' WAS A GREAT FEED!

ZZZ



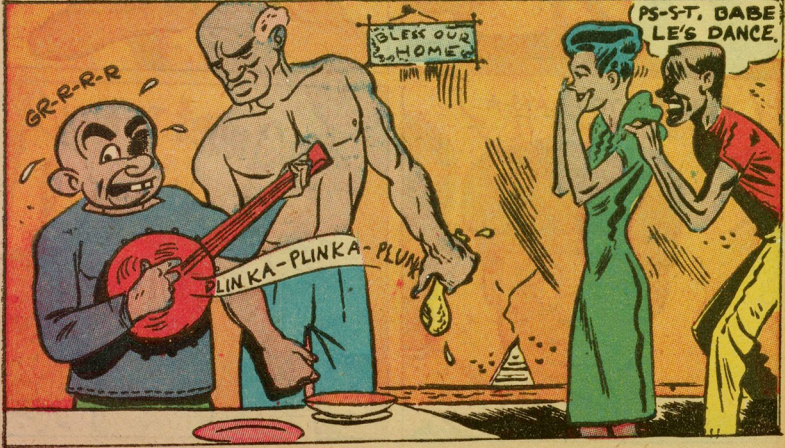
NO YOU DONT! YOU LAZY LIL' TRAMP! GIT TO WHAMMING THAT BANJO - WANTA HEAR SOME TUNES.

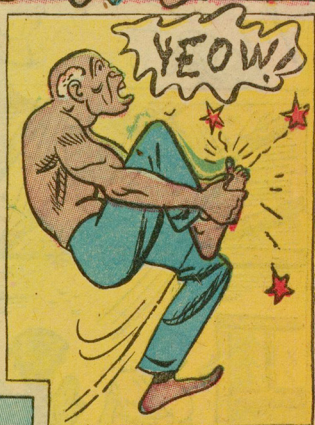
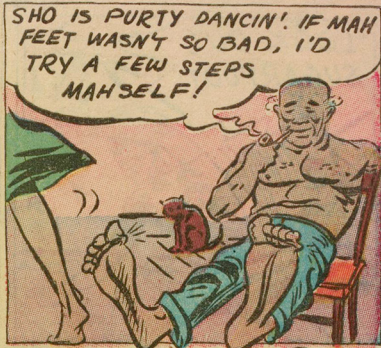
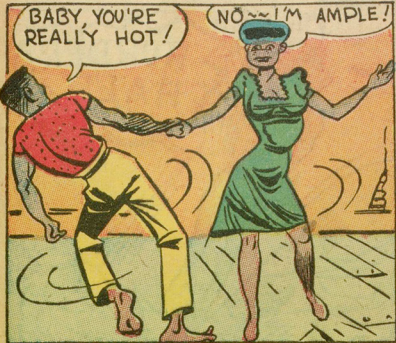


PS-ST, BABE LE'S DANCE.

GR-R-R-R

PLINKA-PLINKA-PLUNK!









**REMEMBER—
CRIME DOESN'T PAY, KIDS!**

STICK TO THE CHURCH, AND USE UP
YOUR ENERGY IN GOOD CLEAN SPORTS.

— ★ — ★ — ★ —
BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE PICTURE STORY—IN COLOR—OF—
NEGRO TRAILBLAZERS AND CHAMPIONS
IN THE SPORTS WORLD

BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF—
ALL-NEGRO COMICS

IT'S NEW!

ALL-NEGRO COMICS



LOOK FOR ACE HARLEM - SUGARFOOT - SNAKEOIL IN - NEXT ISSUE



ALL-NEGRO COMICS

15¢

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A Soothsayer Scan