

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS



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

inessman 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 chorled. "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!

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

WHOA!
ALL
OUT FOR
WAGON
GAP!

INTRODUCTION

LET'S GO! HOLD
YOUR HATS!

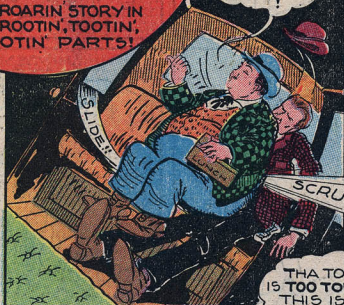
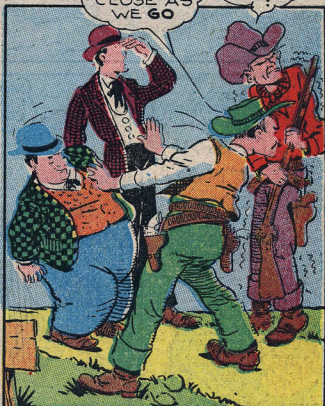
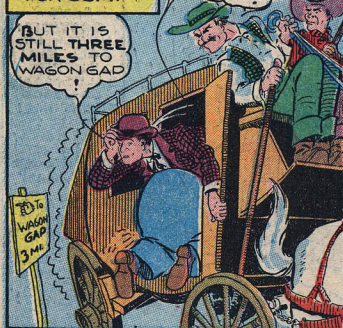
A STAGE COACH
WITH TWO
PASSENGERS JOLTS
OVER A RUTTED
MOUNTAIN ROAD
TOWARD THE TOWN
OF WAGON GAP...A
BANG, BANG BURG
WHERE BULLETS ARE
PLENTY, NECKIN' IS
DONE WITH A ROPE
AND THE LIMB OF A
TREE, AND RATTLE
SNAKES, HORNED
TOADS AND
SCORPIONS ARE
SCARCE BECAUSE
KIDS CHAW THEM
FOR GUM!

BUT IT IS
STILL THREE
MILES TO
WAGON GAP!

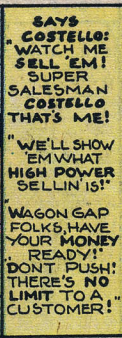
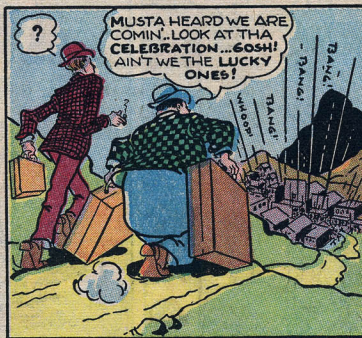
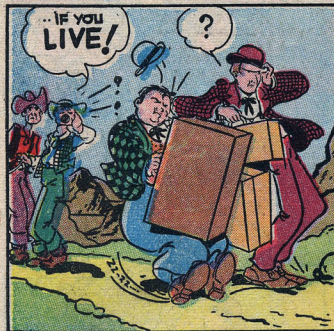
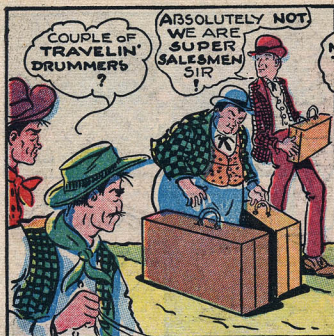
YOU HEARD THE
MAN. THIS IS THE
END OF THE LINE!
GET OFF!

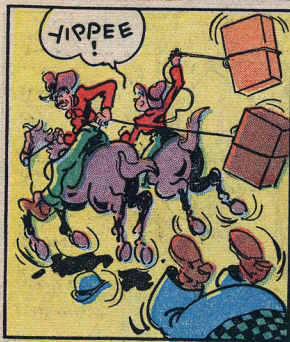
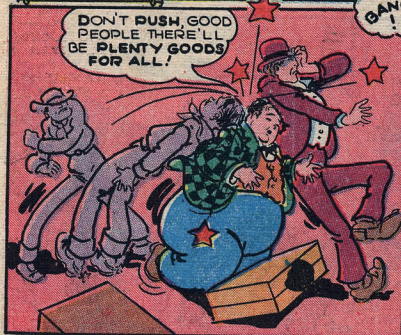
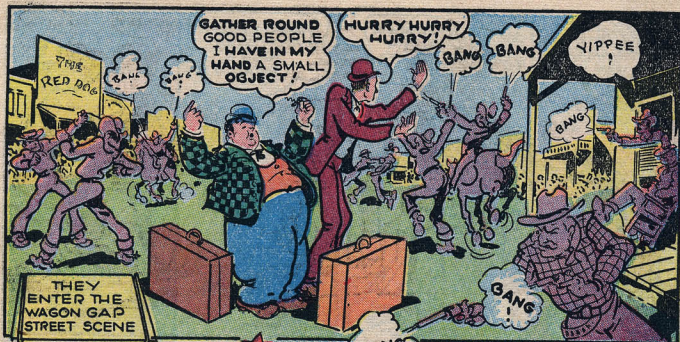
THA TOWN
IS TOO TOUGH!
THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS
WE GO

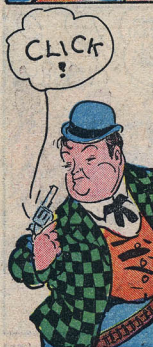
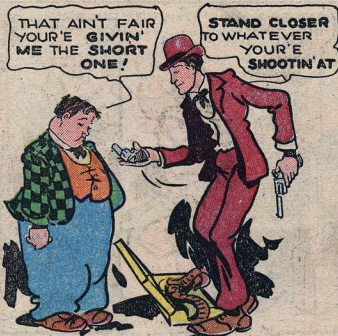
WE ARE
SKEERED
OF THE
PLACE!



SCRUNCH!









JAKE FRAME WILL SET UP FREE DRINKS FOR SAVIN' HIM THE TROUBLE!



JAKE FRAME
OWNER OF
ROUND-UP
TAVERN
BOSS OF TOWN
GANGSTERS...



HEY!

THAT'S FRAME.
HE WANTS TO
BUY THE
DRINKS!

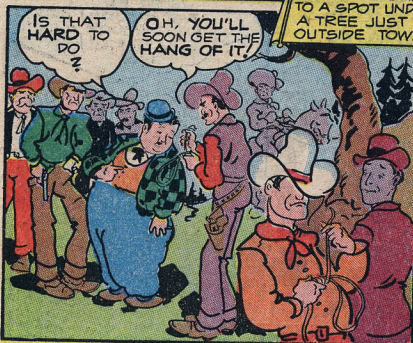


A COUPLE OF
STRANGERS RIDE IN
AN' SHOOT DOWN A
BELOVED CITIZEN IN
COLD BLOOD



IT'S GITTIN' SO
WAGON GAP
AIN'T SAFE...
THIS CALLS
FOR A ROPE

IS THIS THE GUY
WHO'S GONNA
BUY US A DRINK?



IS THAT
HARD TO
DO ?

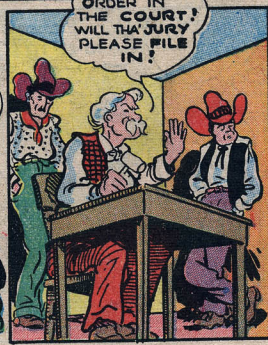
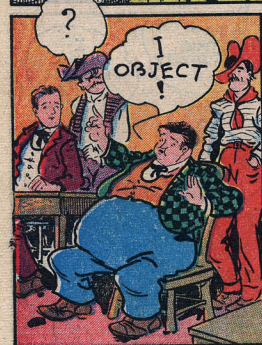
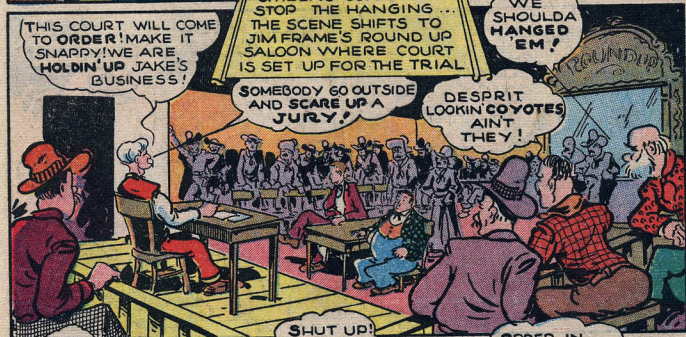
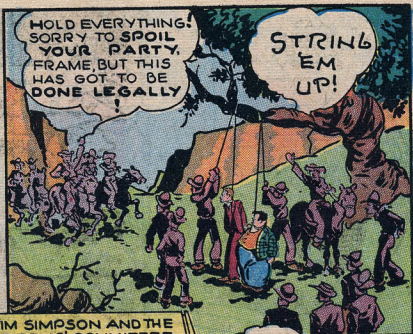
OH, YOU'LL
SOON GET THE
HANG OF IT!

THE SCENE SHIFTS
TO A SPOT UNDER
A TREE JUST
OUTSIDE TOWN...



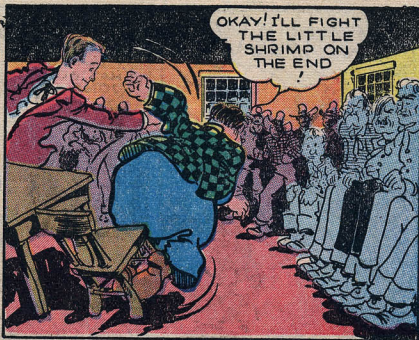
TRY
THIS
FOR SIZE!

I
WEAR
SIZE
16 1/2
!



YOU MAY
CHALLENGE
ANY MEMBER
OF THE JURY

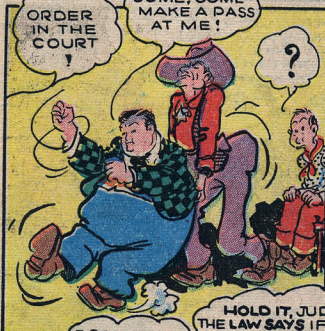
OKAY,
I'LL
LOOK 'EM
OVER !



ORDER
IN THE
COURT
!

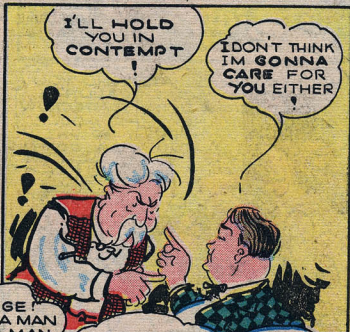
COME,
COME, COME
MAKE A PASS
AT ME !

?



I'LL HOLD
YOU IN
CONTEMPT
!

IDON'T THINK
IM GONNA
CARE FOR
YOU EITHER !

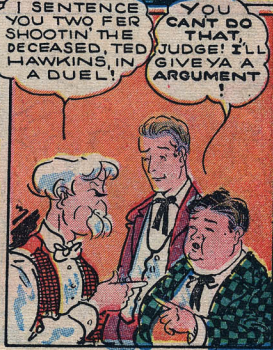
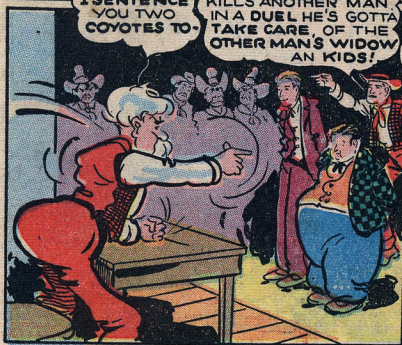


I SENTENCE
YOU TWO
COYOTES TO-

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
AND KIDS!

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

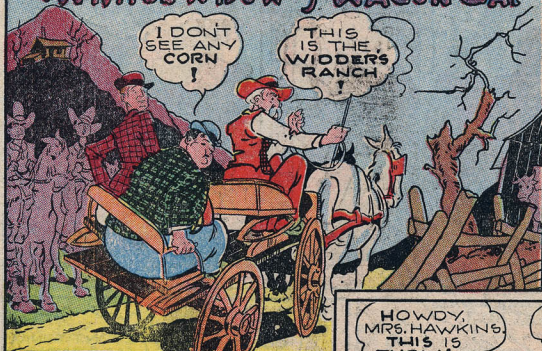
YOU
CANT DO
THAT,
JUDGE! I'LL
GIVE YA A
ARGUMENT
!



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!



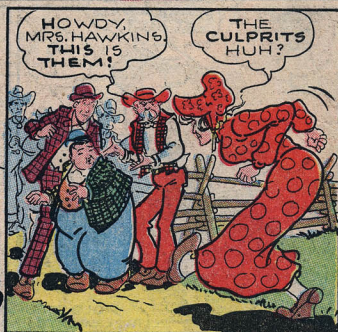
I DON'T
SEE ANY
CORN
!

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!

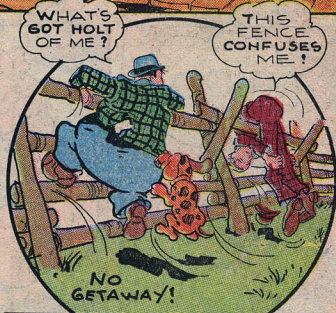
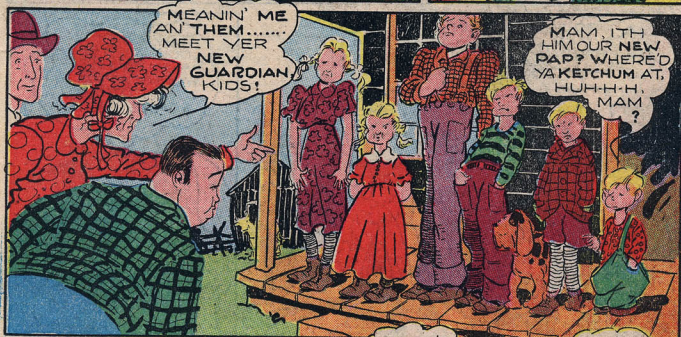
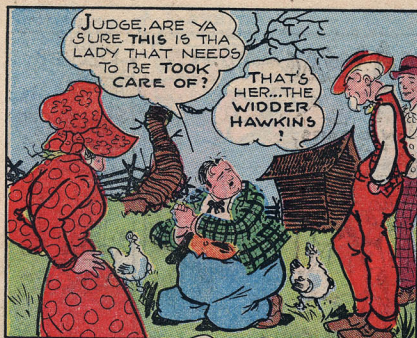
THE
CULPRITS
HUH?

GENTS MEET
THA WIDDER
HAWKINS!

PLEASED
TO MEETCHA
!



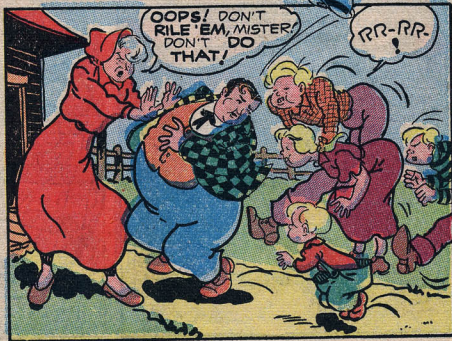
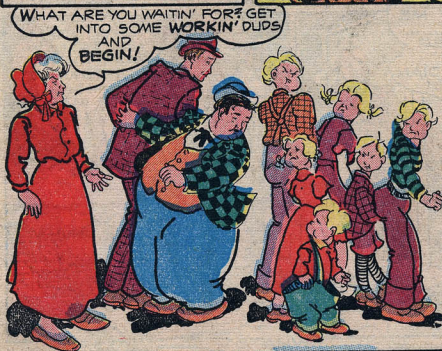
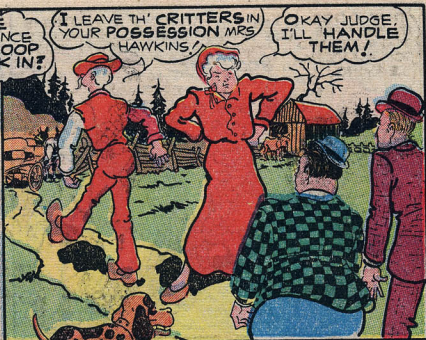
HOWDY
!

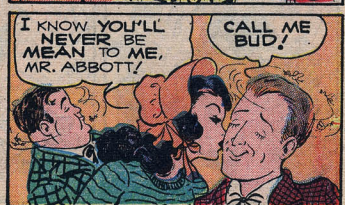
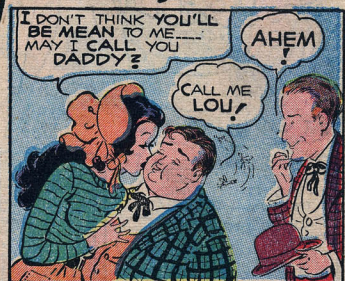
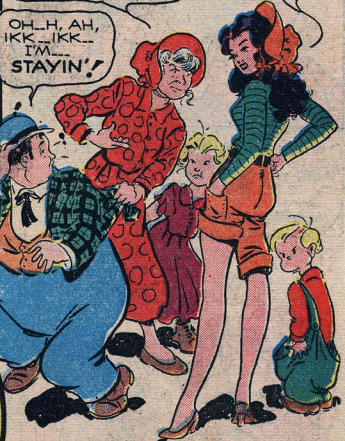
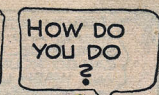


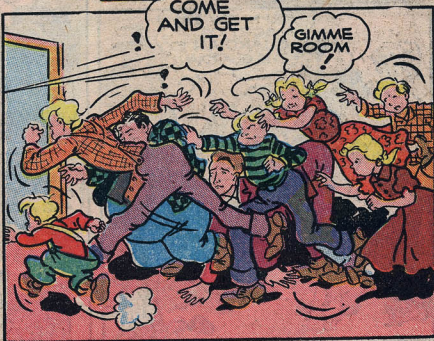
THE RANCH POOCH THROWS A COAT TAIL TACKLE ON COSTELLO. ABBOTT ALL TANGLED WITH RAIL FENCE



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







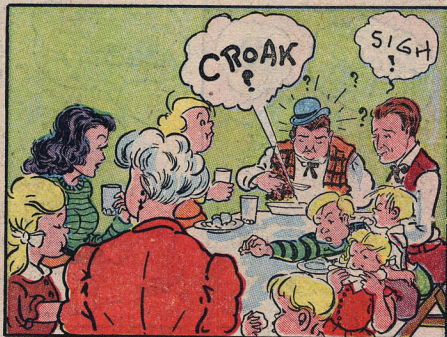
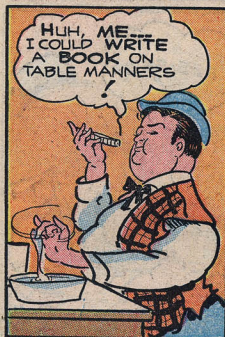
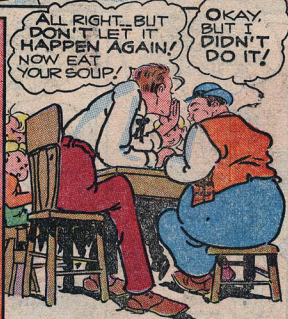
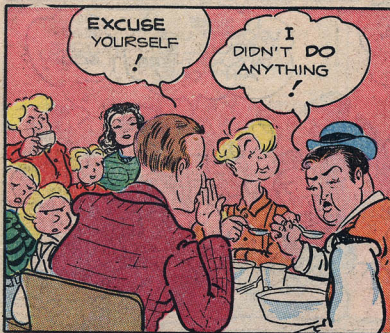
THEY MAKE IT TO THE TABLE, BUT THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WATCH!

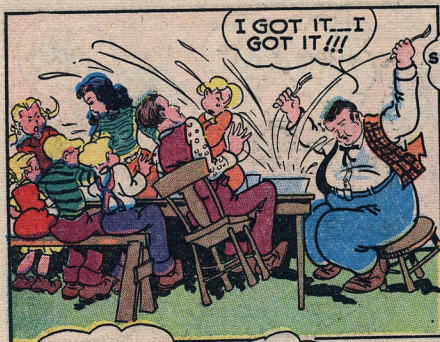
HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD, MR. COSTELLO?

OH, T'ANKS!

CROAK!

?





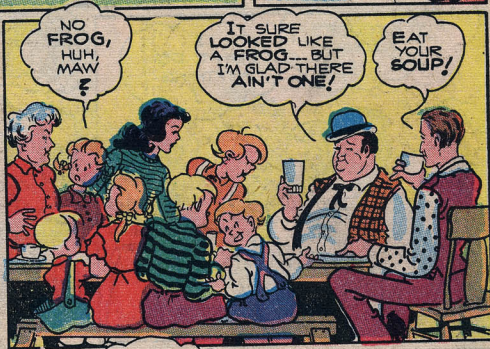
I GOT IT... I GOT IT!!!

STOP SPLASHIN'!

I SEEN IT... I SEEN IT... IT POPPED UP AN' DOWN— THIS BIG!



SEE THERE IS NOTHING IN THE SOUP BUT SOUP. THERE IS NO FROG!



NO FROG, HUH, MAW?

IT SURE LOOKED LIKE A FROG... BUT I'M GLAD THERE AIN'T ONE!

EAT YOUR SOUP!



CROAK!

?



IKK... IKK... FFT... FFT... UKK... UKK... ABBOTT!

AND THEN!!

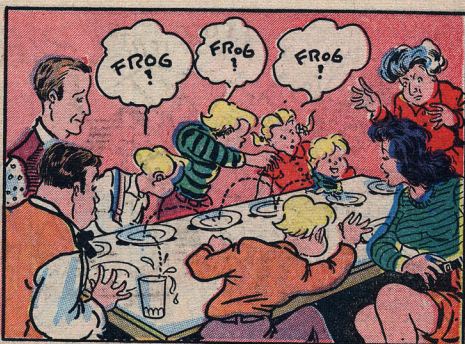


FSS-SS-ST!



THEN MR. FROG DECIDED TO LEAVE.

I GOT IT!

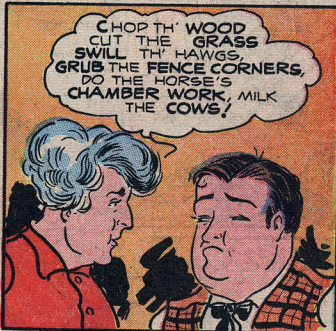


GIMME!



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—



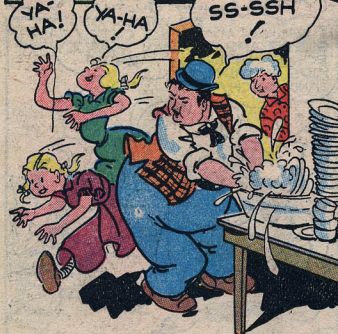
TWEET-TWEET!

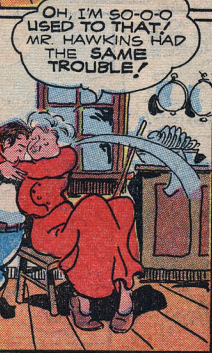
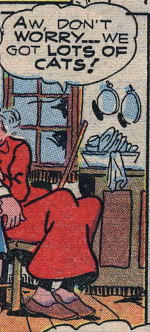
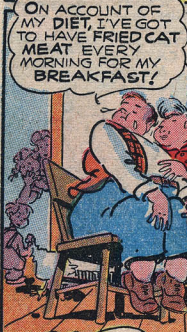
WHAT IS THIS PANICKY EMERGENCY? IS THERE A FIRE? THE FOLLOWING PART 3, MAY TELL...

THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP

PART 3







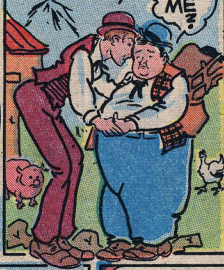
TAKE HER
DOWN AND
THROW HER
IN THE
CREEK!

SOLD!



HOLD HER HANDS
AND WHISPER SWEET
NOthings IN HER
EAR!

WHO
ME?



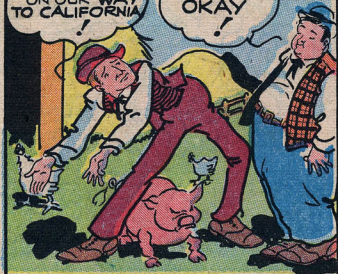
BUT I
DON'T KNOW
NO SWEET
NOthings

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?



WHAT!
SO
QUICK?

NO!
TONIGHT



OH-H,
WONDERFUL

GRAB!





THIS WAS ABBOTT'S IDEA!



HASN'T HE THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS?

WELL, YES AND NO!



CAN YOU SWIM, MRS. HAWKINS?

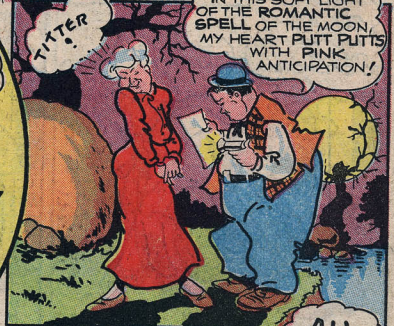
NO, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN WATER!

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!

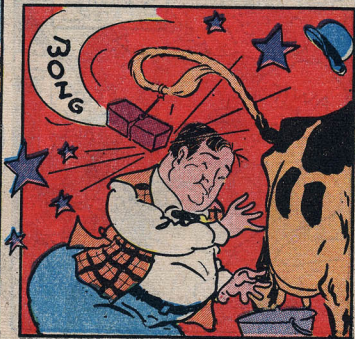
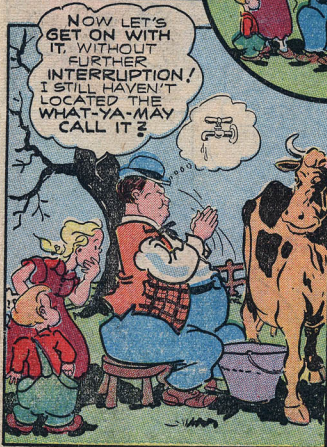
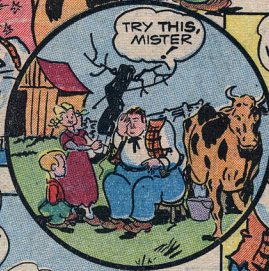
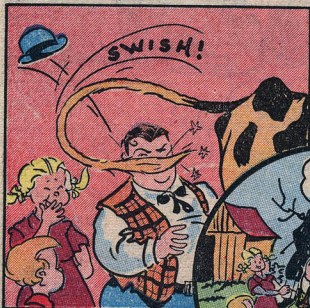
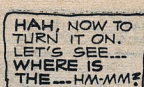
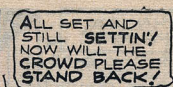
OH, YOU'RE BACK FROM THE MOONLIGHT STROLL? HOW'D MY IDEA WORK OUT?

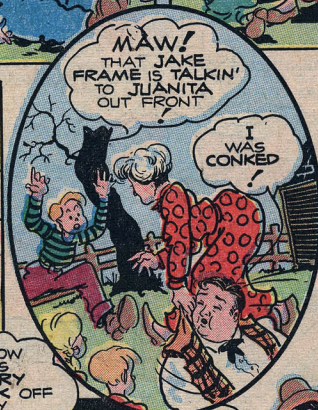
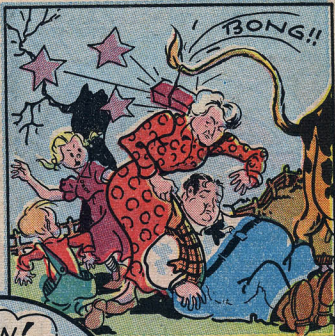
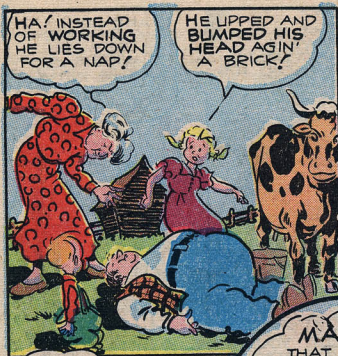


ALL WET!

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







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

JUST
TRY IT!

YOUR
LATE
HUSBAND
OWED ME
\$1,100!

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

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!

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

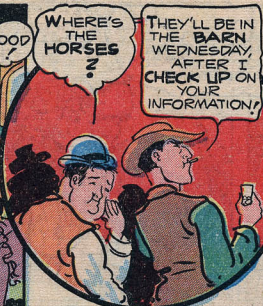
SO WE CAN SET
A TRAP FOR
FRAME AND
HIS GANG ON
THURSDAY!



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



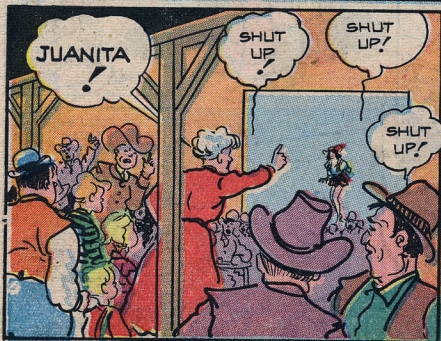
OH-H, I WAS JUST COMING HOME!

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



HA!

THAT'S HER VOICE SHE'S IN THERE!

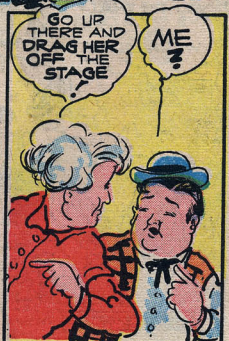


JUANITA!

SHUT UP!

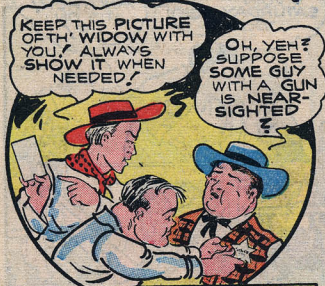
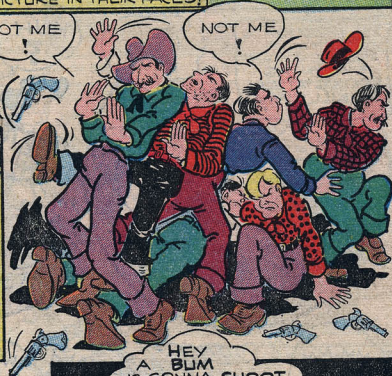
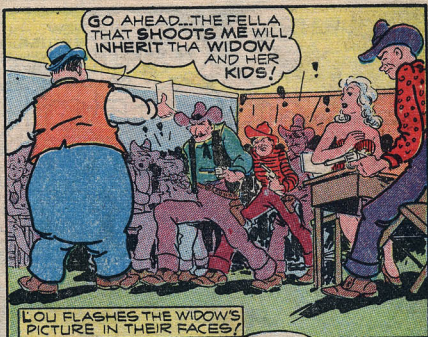
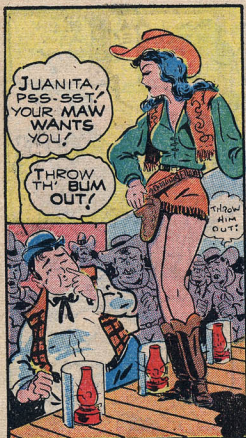
SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!

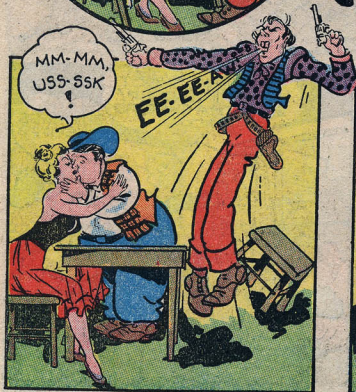
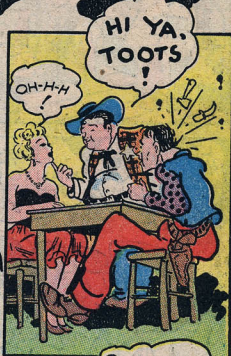
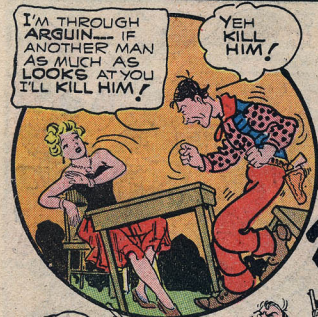
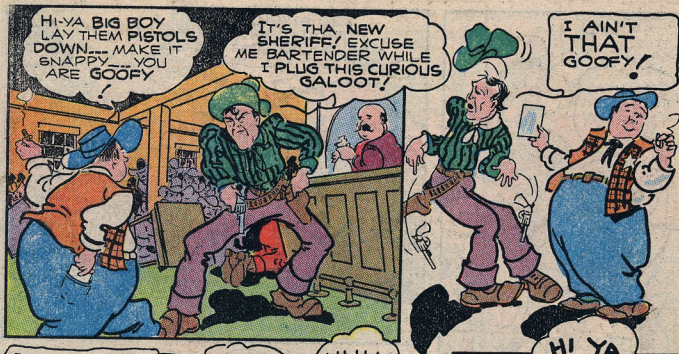


GO UP THERE AND DRAG HER OFF THE STAGE!

ME?



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



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

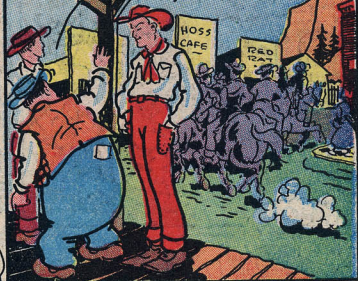
HOW
?



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!

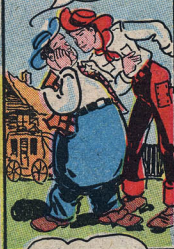
LOOK! FRAME
AND HIS GANG
RIDIN' OUT!
SAY, JIM, WHAT
DAY IS THIS

WEDNESDAY



JAKE FRAME AND HIS GANG GALLOP BY...

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

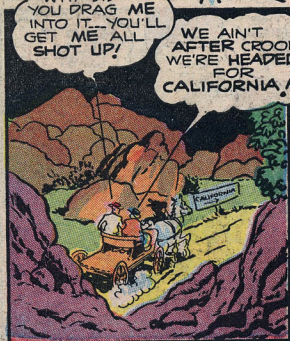


WIDOW HAWKINS
THE SHERIFF HAS
GOTTA HAVE THE
BUCKBOARD!
HE'S GOT CROOKS
TO CHASE



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

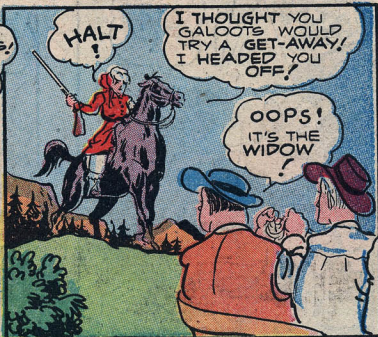
WE AIN'T
AFTER CROOKS,
WE'RE HEADED
FOR CALIFORNIA!

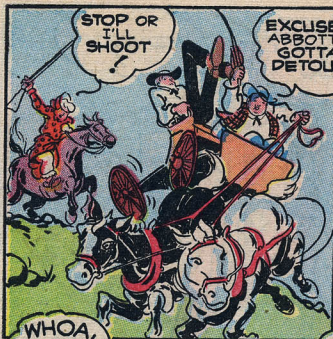


HALT

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

OOPS!
IT'S THE
WIDOW



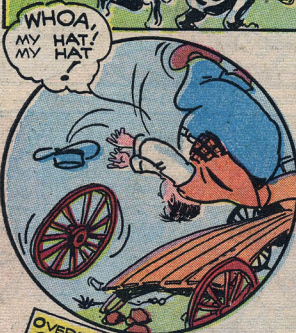


EXCUSE IT, ABBOTT, I'VE GOTTA DETOUR!

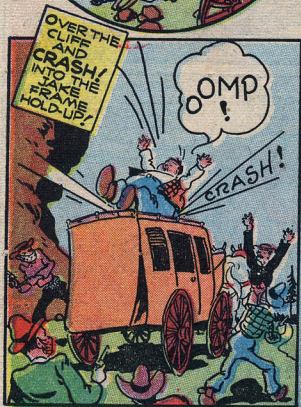
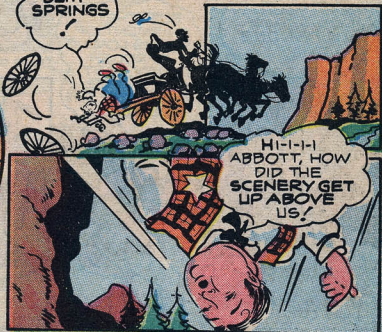


ABBOTT GRAB THE REINS TILL I GET OUT THE PICTURE

PICTURE IS NO USE THIS TIME, DUMB HEAD!

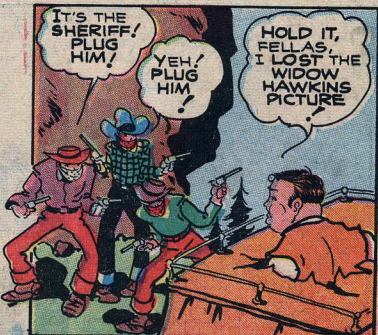


BUM SPRINGS



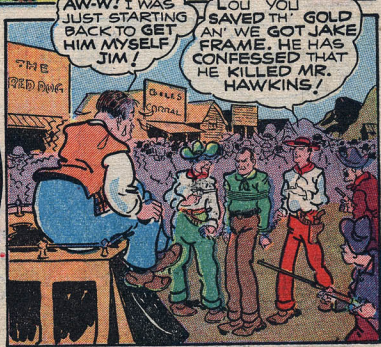
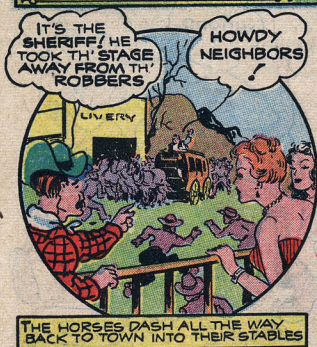
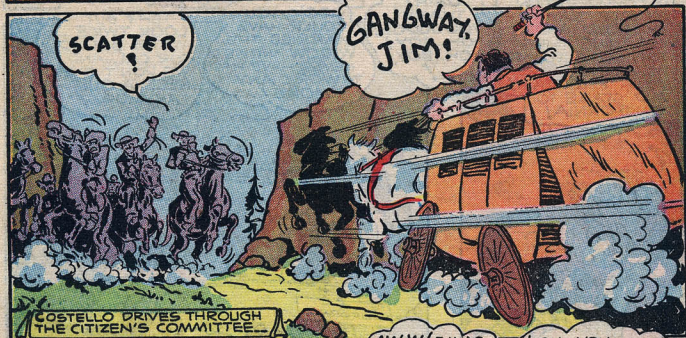
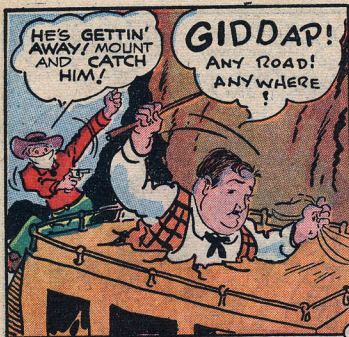
OMP!

CRASH!



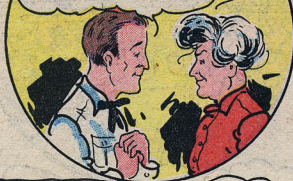
YEH! PLUG HIM!

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!

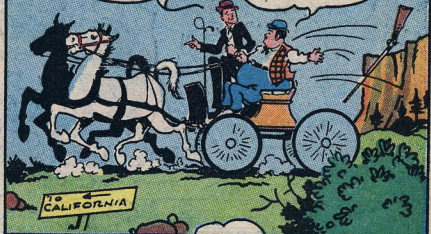


IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SAVING THE GOLD AND CLEANING THE TOWN OF OUTLAWS, WE ARE HANDING YOU A FINE TEAM! AND STAKE TO CALIFORNIA!

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

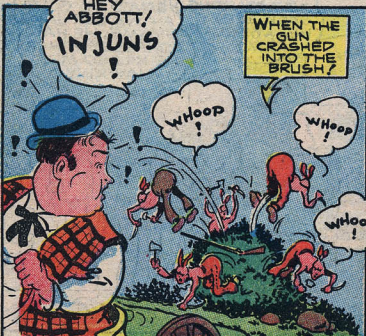
LOOK, YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE WIDOW AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD TO WORK ANY MORE!

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 pudgy 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.

