



ROBIN, THE RED BREASTED HOOD

"Robin-a-Bobbin
He bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon
And killed a crow;
Shot at another
And killed his brother,
Did Robin-a-Bobbin
Who bent his bow."*

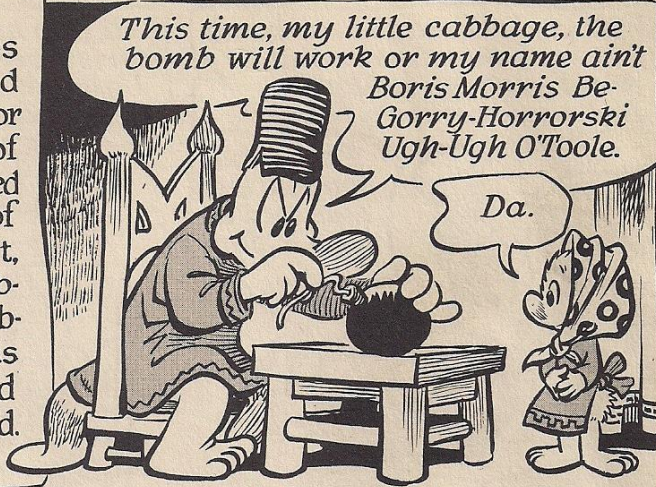
***"Once again it is borne
out that he who bends
his bow may himself be
bent or borne out."*

Old authority

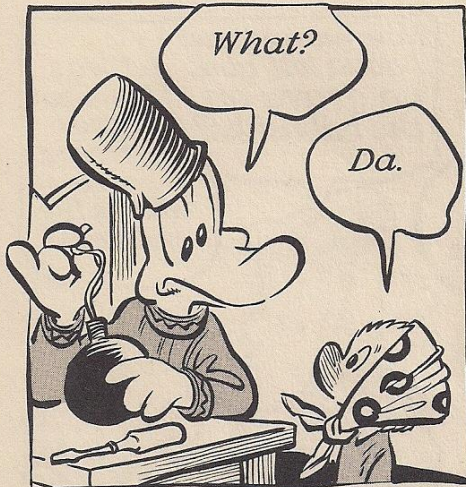


Once, perhaps two hundred years ago, take or give a couple of centuries, there lived on the steppes of Sherwood Forest, a shaggy bomb-maker named Bob-olinkovitch, alias Robin, the Red Breasted Hood.

This time, my little cabbage, the bomb will work or my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrorski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole.

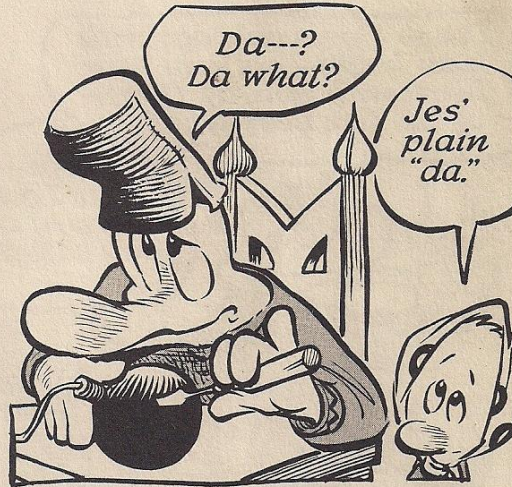


Da.



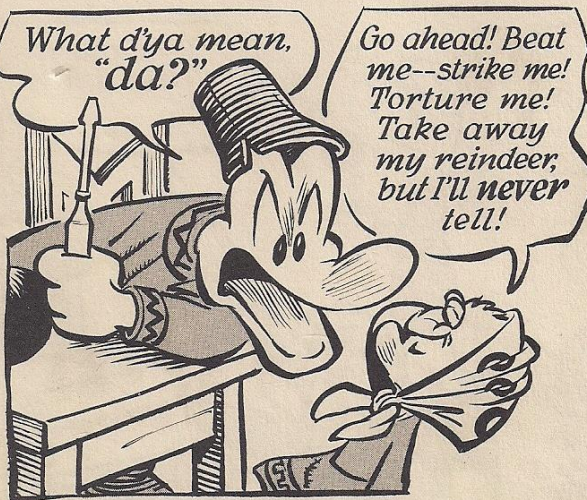
What?

Da.



Da---?
Da what?

Jes' plain "da."



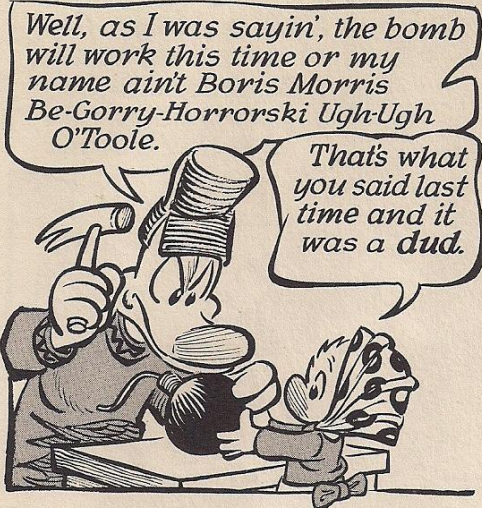
What d'ya mean, "da?"

Go ahead! Beat me--strike me!
Torture me!
Take away my reindeer,
but I'll never tell!



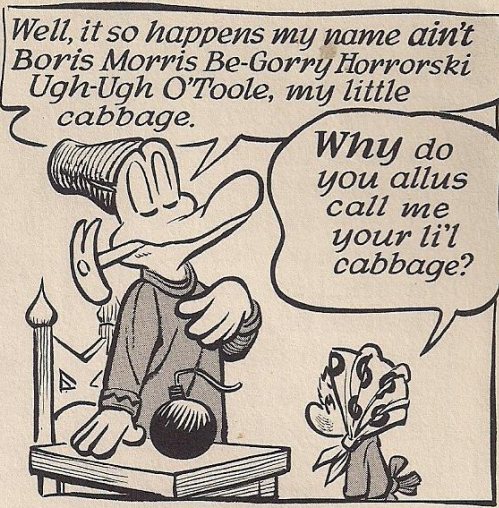
Why can't you talk English?

'Cause you're in a Roosian meller-drama--- an' they ain't no way out of it.



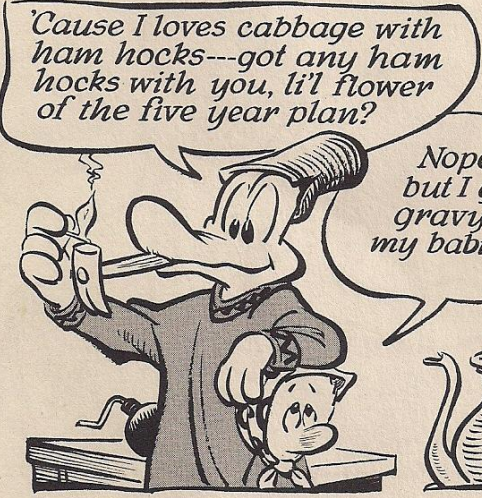
Well, as I was sayin', the bomb will work this time or my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrorski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole.

That's what you said last time and it was a dud.



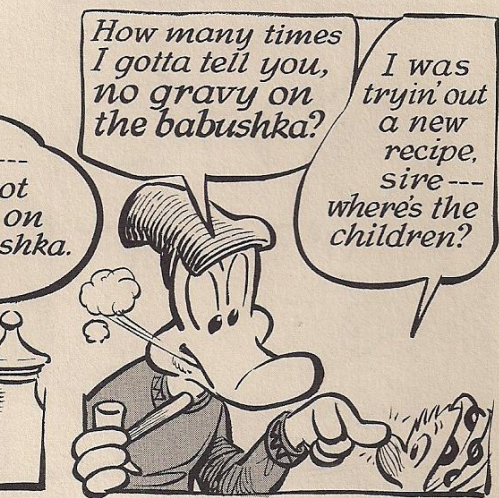
Well, it so happens my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrorski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole, my little cabbage.

Why do you allus call me your li'l cabbage?



'Cause I loves cabbage with ham hocks---got any ham hocks with you, li'l flower of the five year plan?

Nope--- but I got gravy on my babushka.



How many times I gotta tell you, no gravy on the babushka?

I was tryin' out a new recipe, sire--- where's the children?

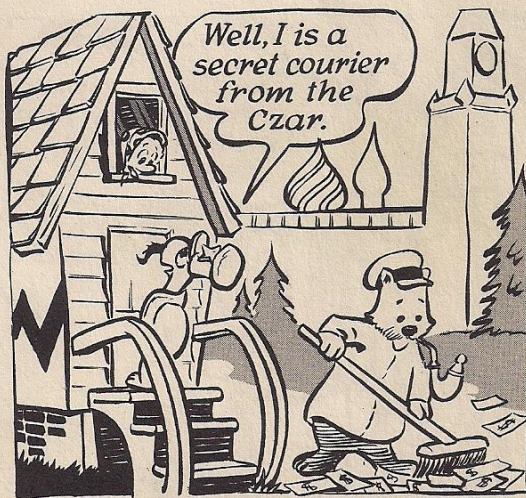
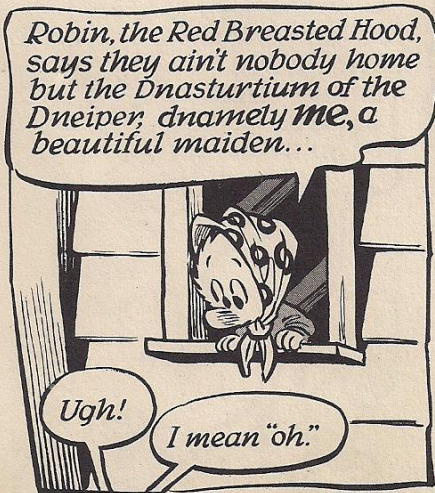
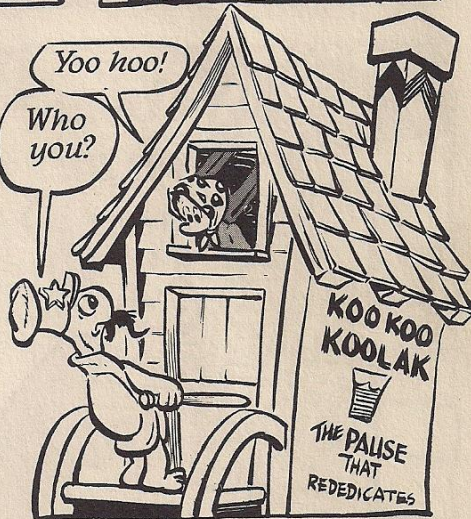
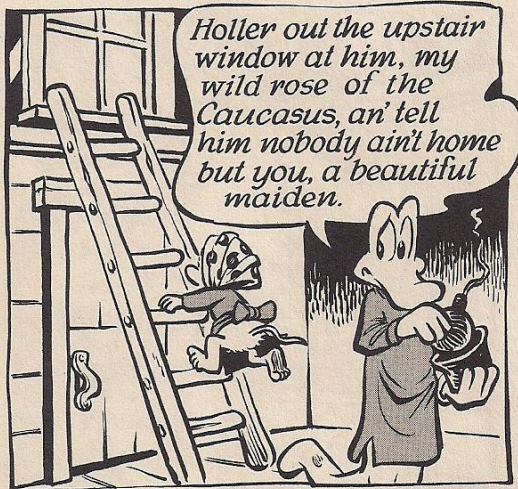
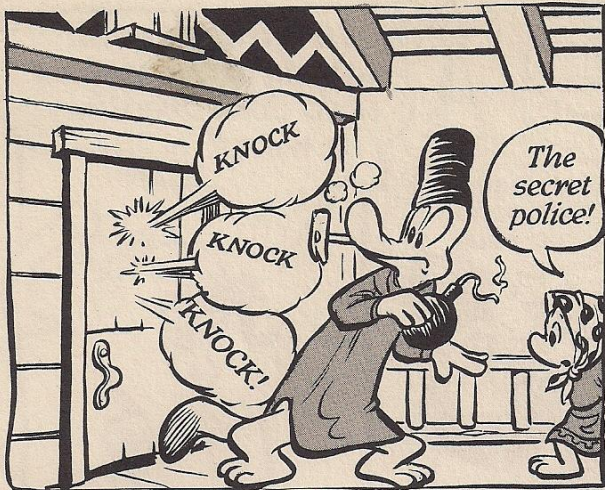


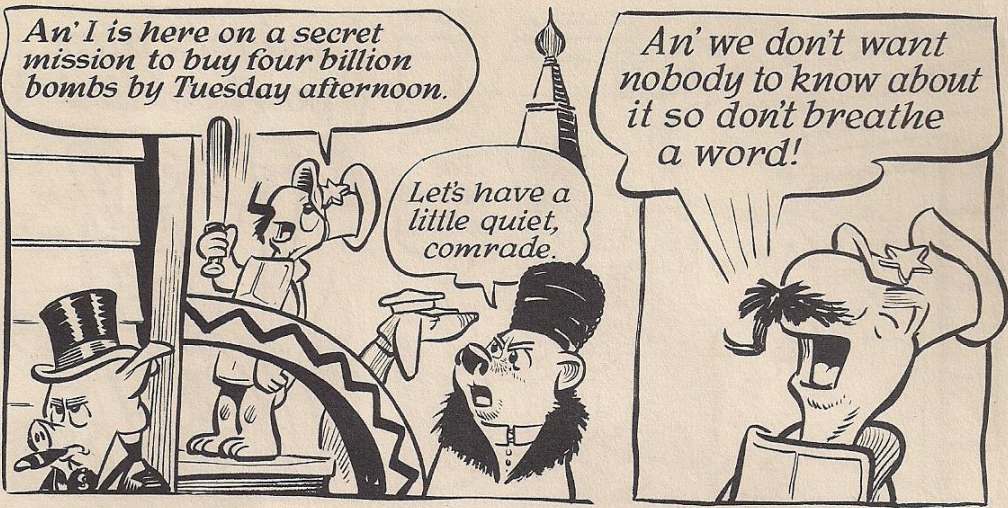
Eatin'.

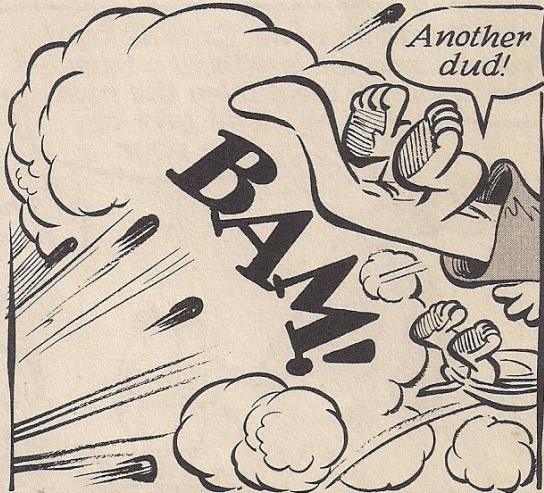
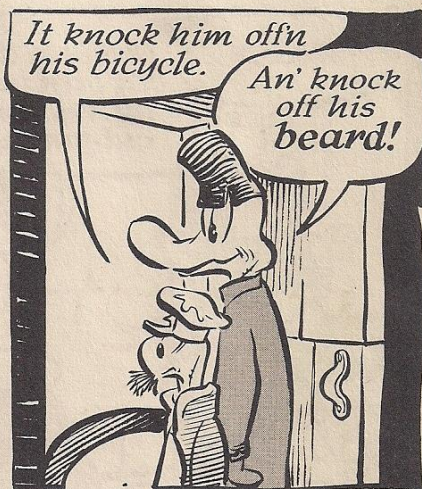
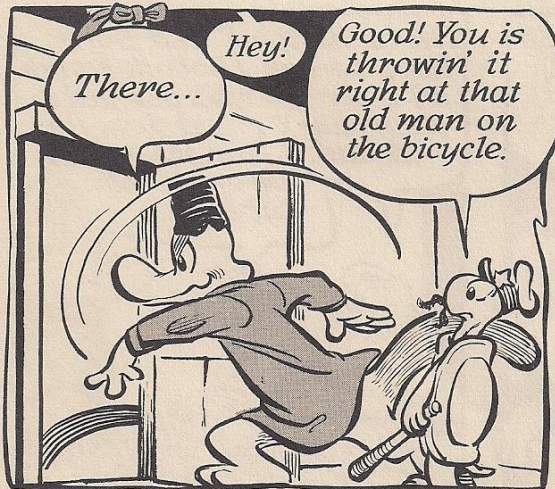
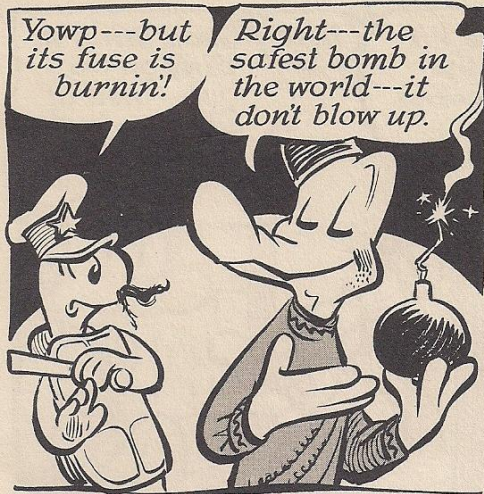
Eaten?

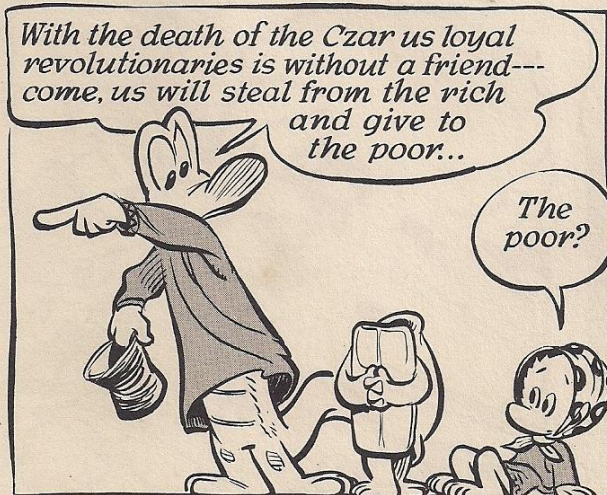
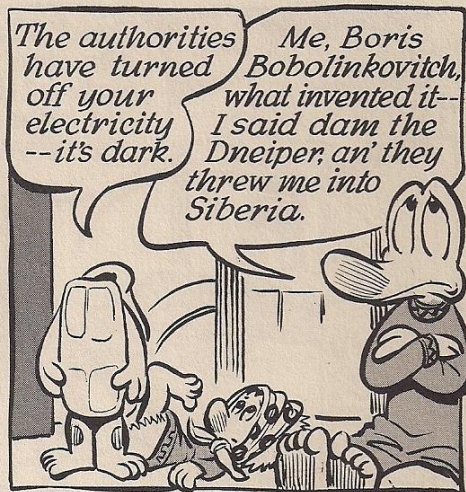
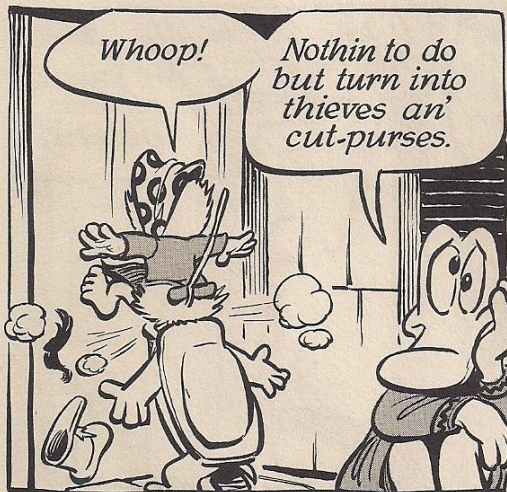
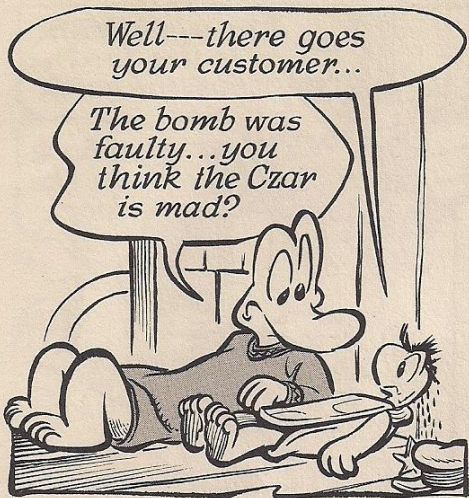


Who did it this time?











Well, into the forest to earn a merry but mizzable living as bolsheviks of the bush.

If we had a loaf of bread our troubles would be at an end.



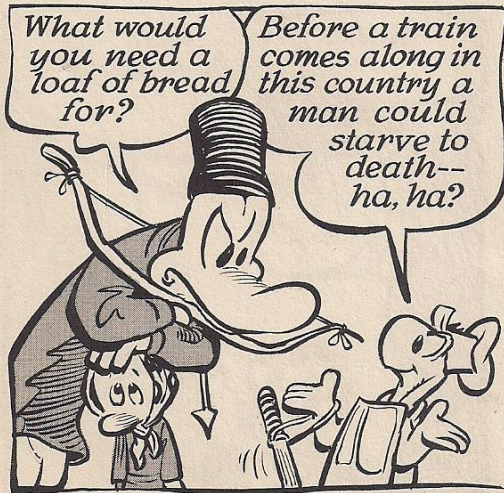
Sure, we could eat it.

No, we could commit suicide.



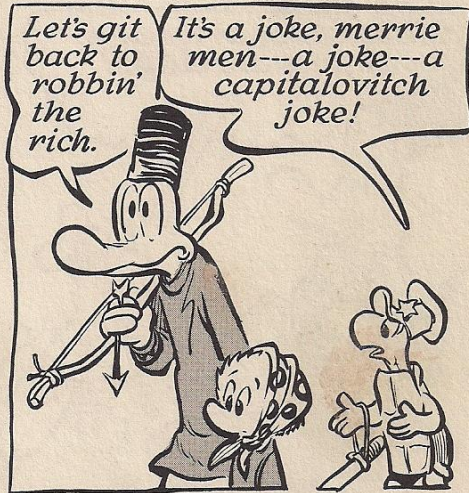
Feel his head. I don't b'leeve he's as merry a man as Robin's band kin use.

With a loaf of bread we could lie down on the Trans-Siberia tracks an' let a train run over us.



What would you need a loaf of bread for?

Before a train comes along in this country a man could starve to death--ha, ha?



Let's git back to robbin' the rich.

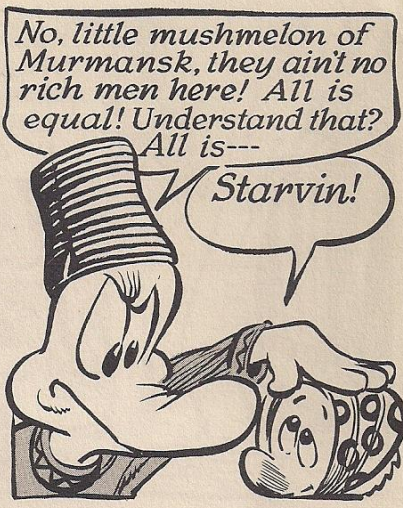
It's a joke, merrie men---a joke---a capitalovitch joke!



Now here's my plan---if we wait for a rich man to come along so's to rob him we'll be here a hundred years.

A hundred year plan?

Make it five twentys.



No, little mushmelon of Murmansk, they ain't no rich men here! All is equal! Understand that?

All is---

Starvin!



But equal starvin'!

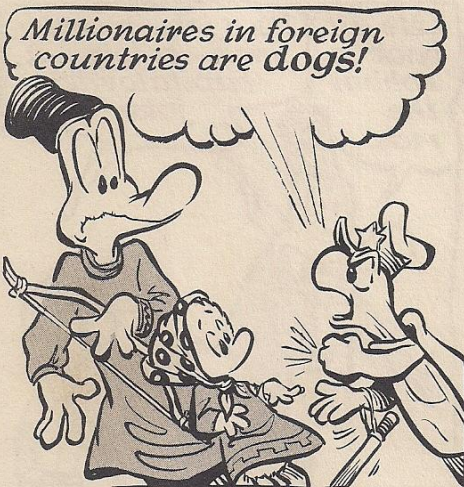
Da! Da!

Goo!



Now get this. Next to snow, chernozem an' podzol, the thing we got the most of in this country is "secrets!" We'll borry a small secret an' abscond an' live like millionaires in a foreign country.

But--

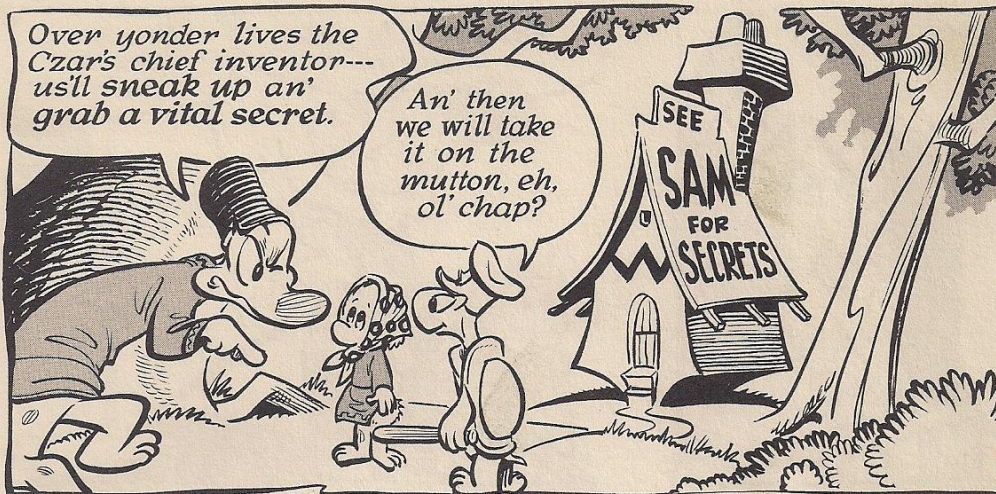


Millionaires in foreign countries are dogs!



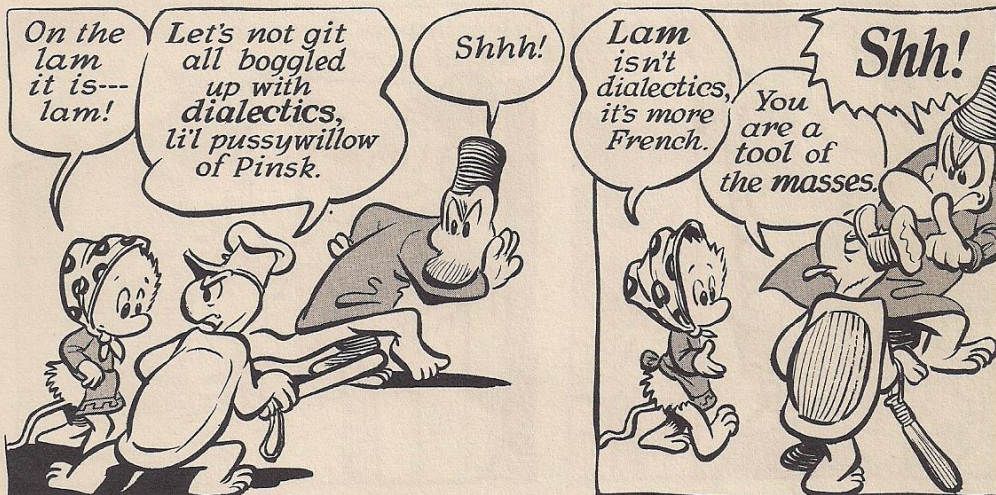
Well?

Well, bow wow.



Over yonder lives the Czar's chief inventor--- us'll sneak up an' grab a vital secret.

An' then we will take it on the mutton, eh, ol' chap?



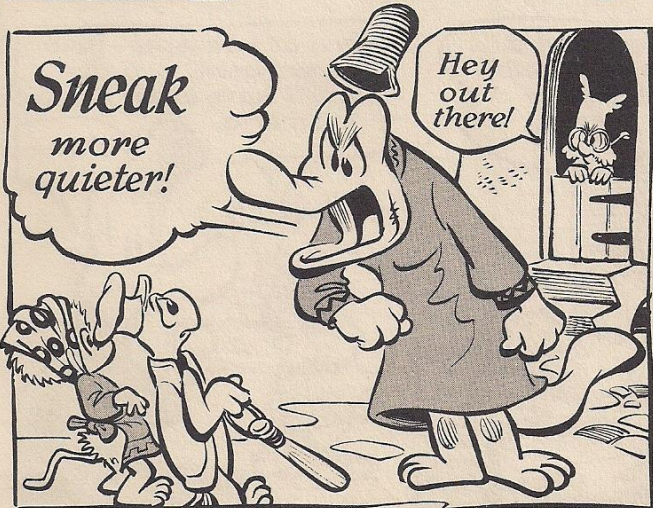
On the lam it is--- lam!

Let's not git all boggled up with dialectics, li'l pussywillow of Pinsk.

Shhh!

Lam isn't dialectics, it's more French.

Shh! You are a tool of the masses.

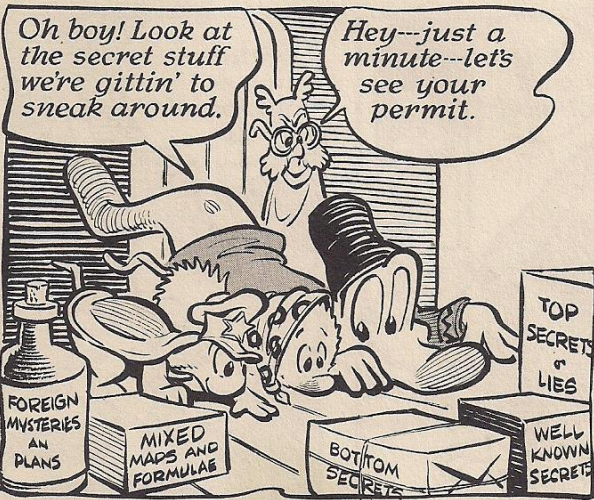
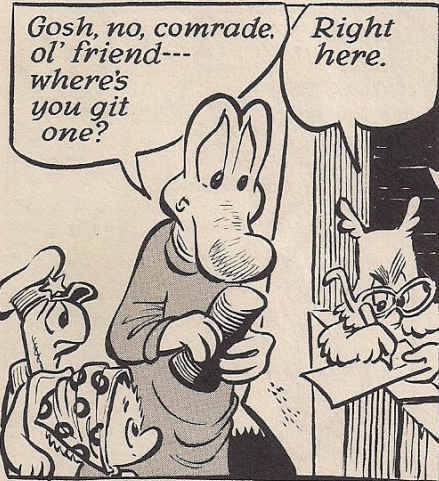
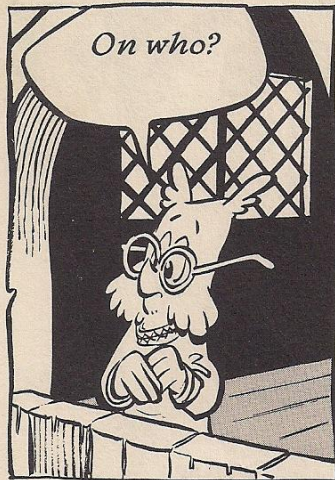


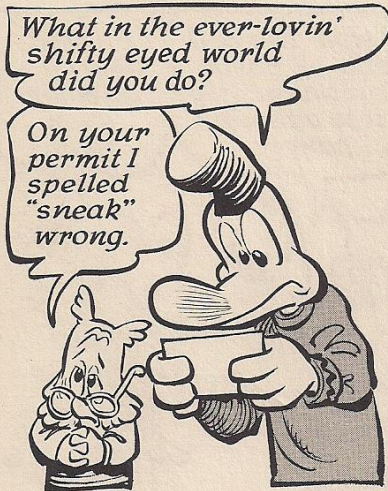
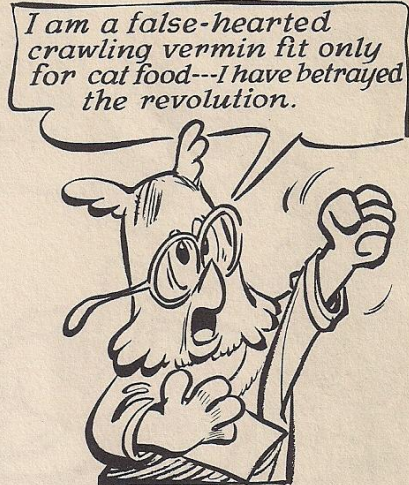
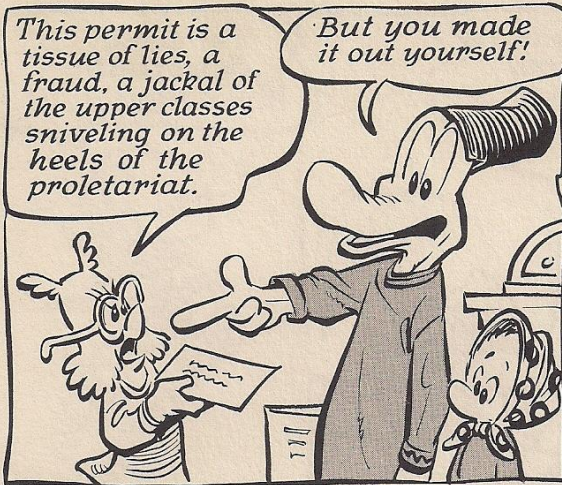
Sneak more quieter!

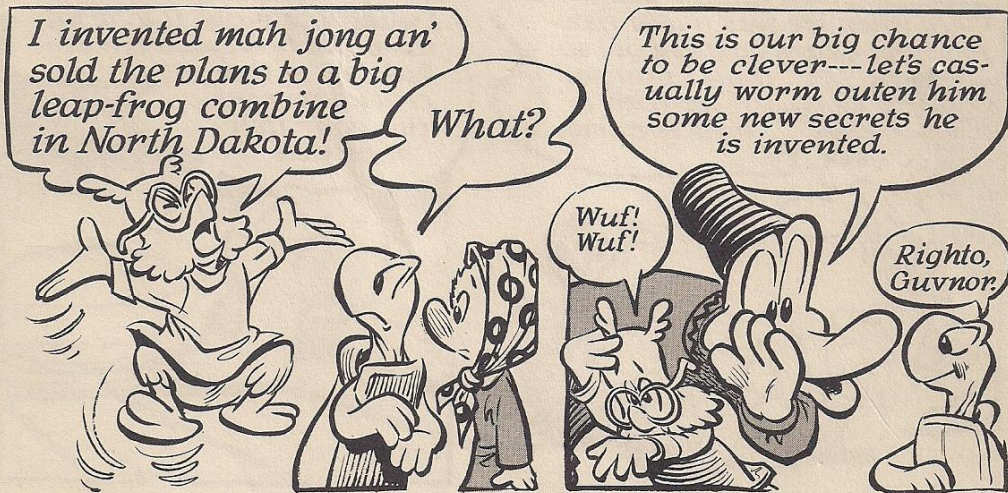
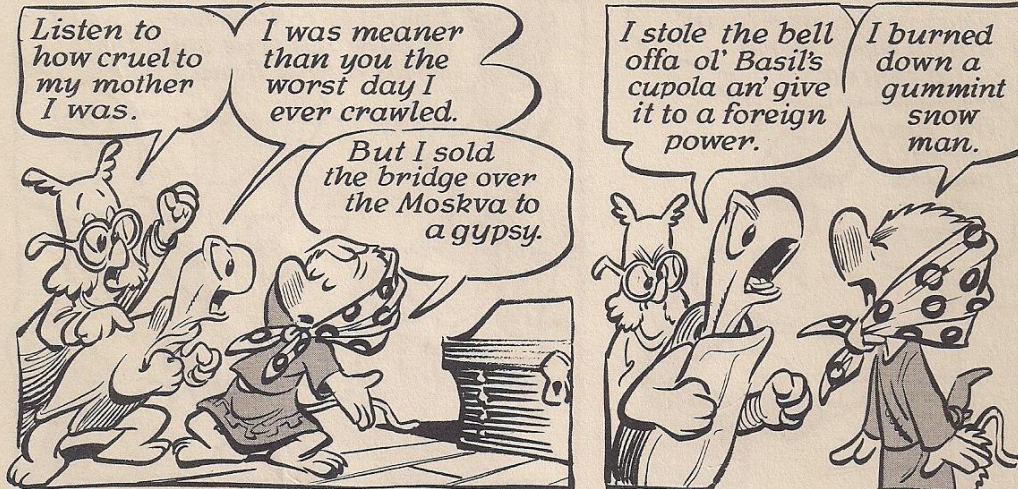
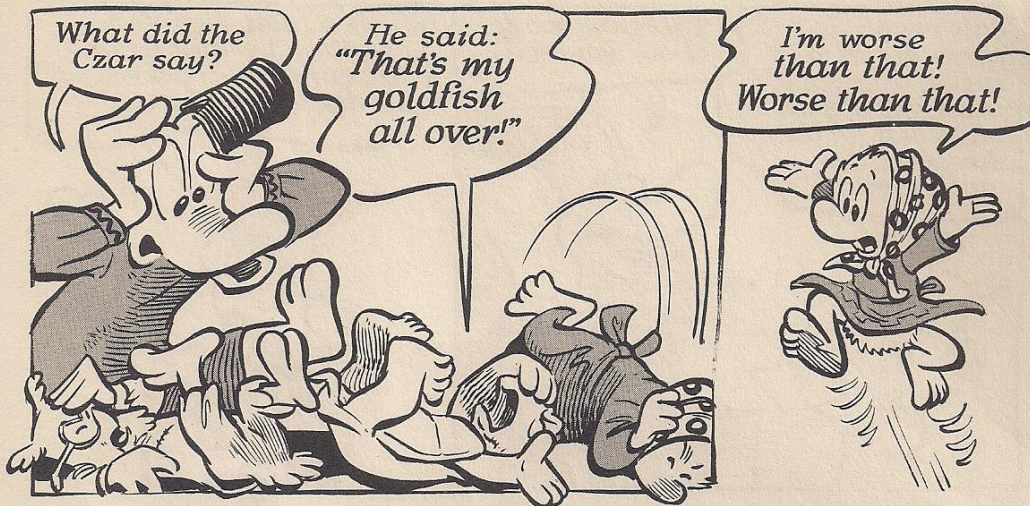
Hey out there!

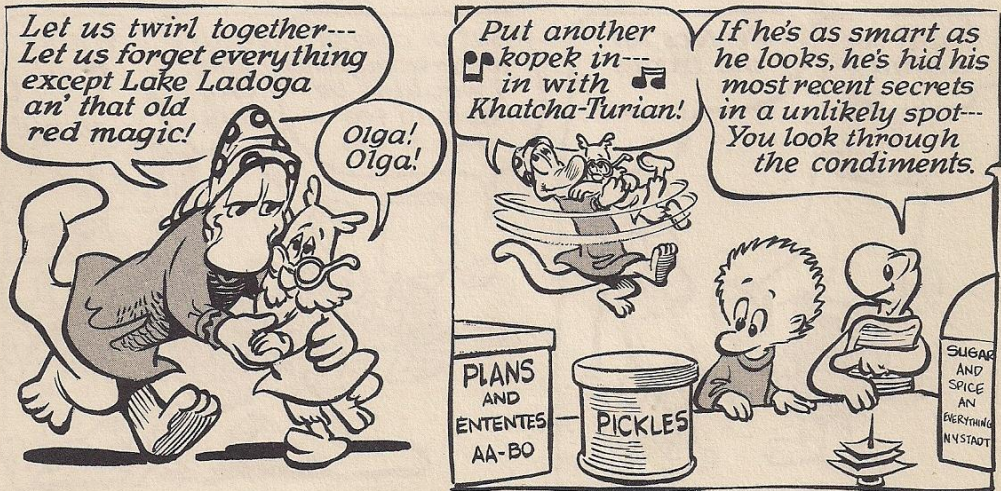
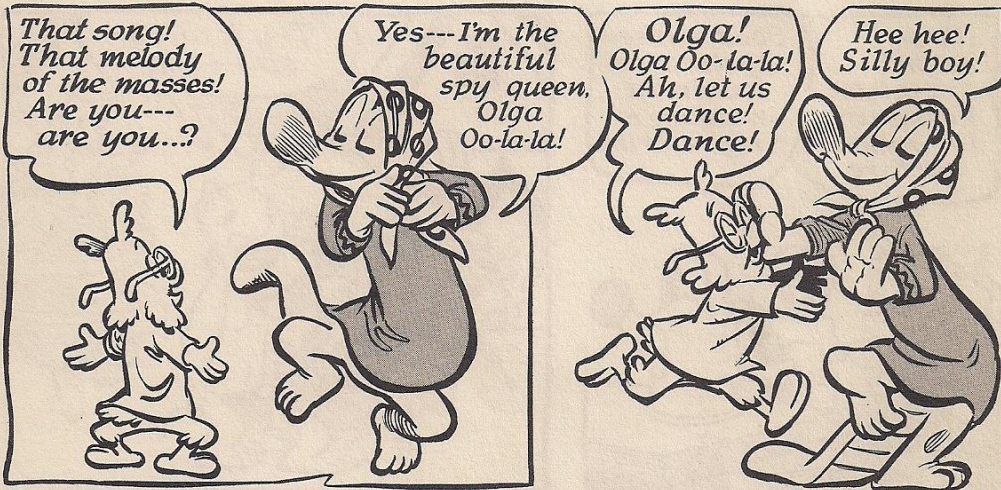
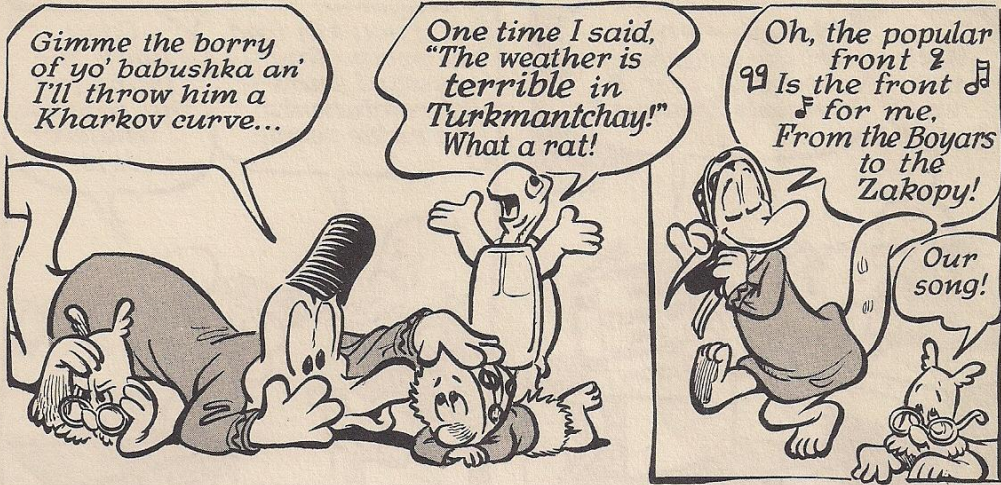


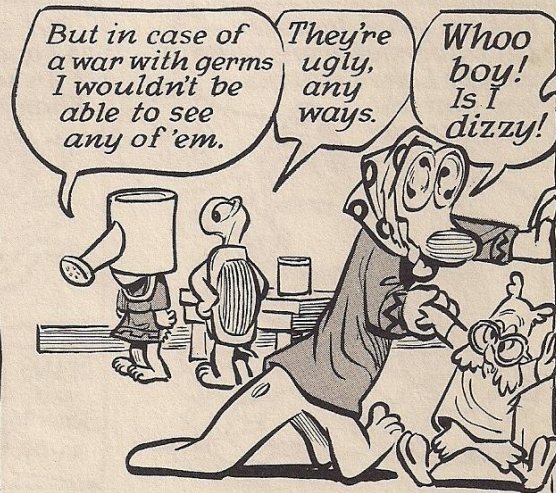
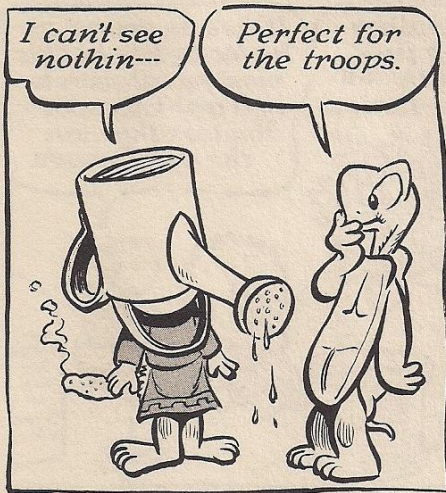
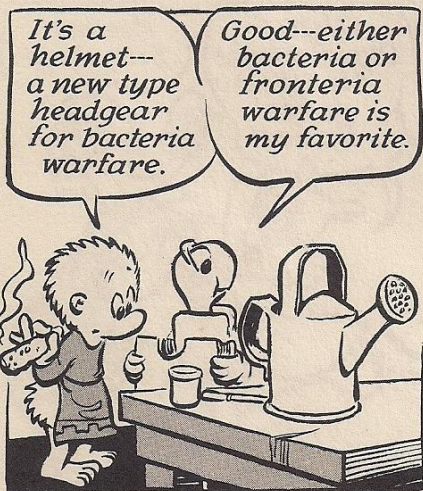
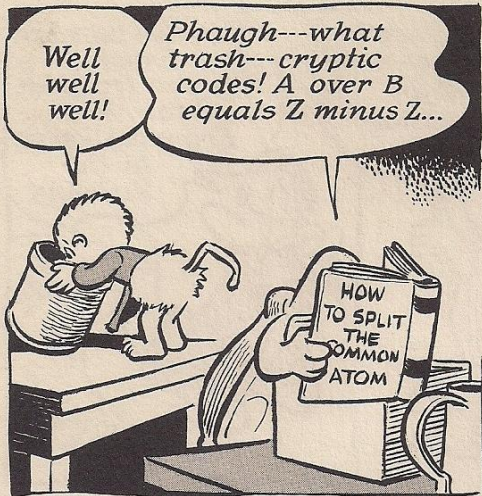
Shhh--- we is sneakin' up.







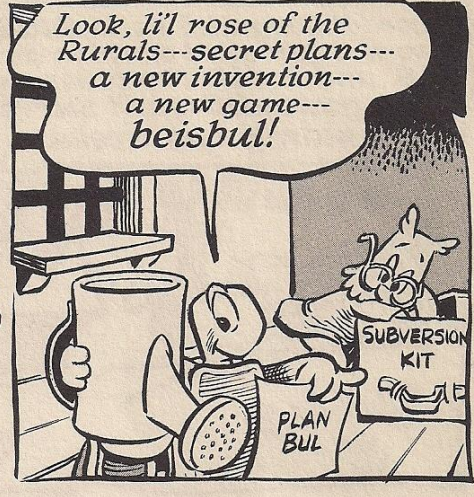




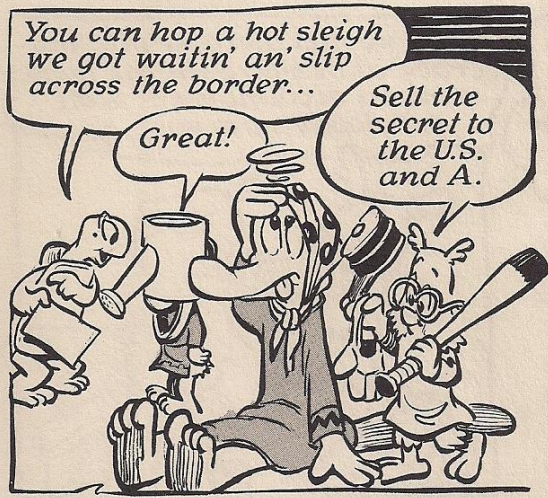


*Hsst, secret operative 29!
Psst! Now's our chance to
slip 'em the plans what'll
overthrow the West.*

Da.



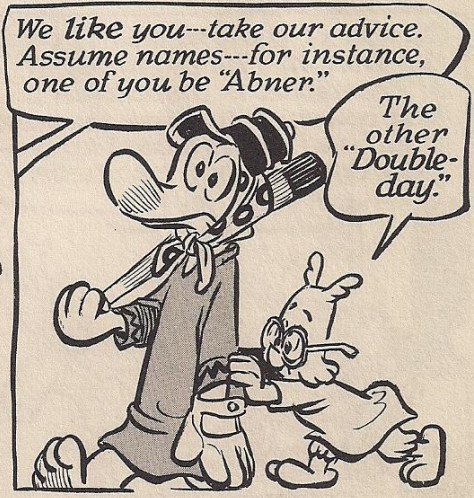
*Look, li'l rose of the
Rurals---secret plans---
a new invention---
a new game---
beisbul!*



*You can hop a hot sleigh
we got waitin' an' slip
across the border...*

Great!

*Sell the
secret to
the U.S.
and A.*

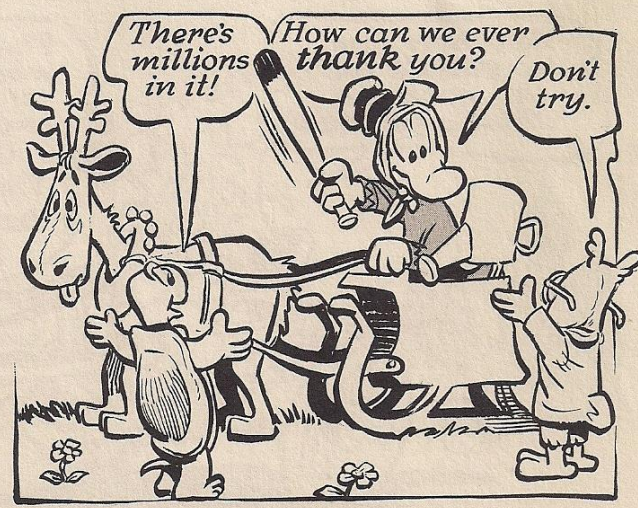


*We like you---take our advice.
Assume names---for instance,
one of you be "Abner."*

*The
other
"Double-
day."*



*Form two leagues,
one the Amerikanski,
the other the
Natsionalni.*



*There's
millions
in it!*

*How can we ever
thank you?*

*Don't
try.*

