



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."*

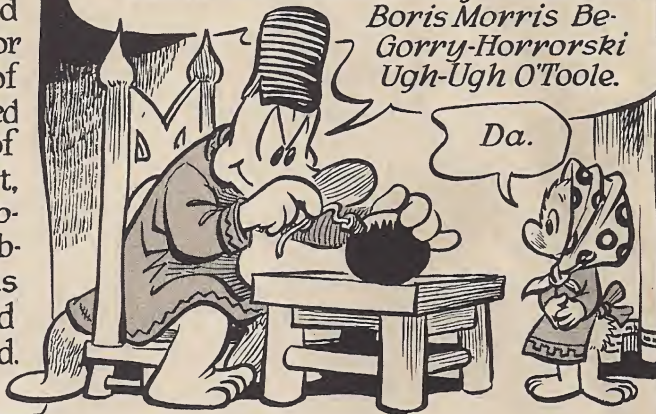
***Once again it is borne
out that he who bends
his bow may himself be
bent or borne out."*

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 aint Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrorski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole.

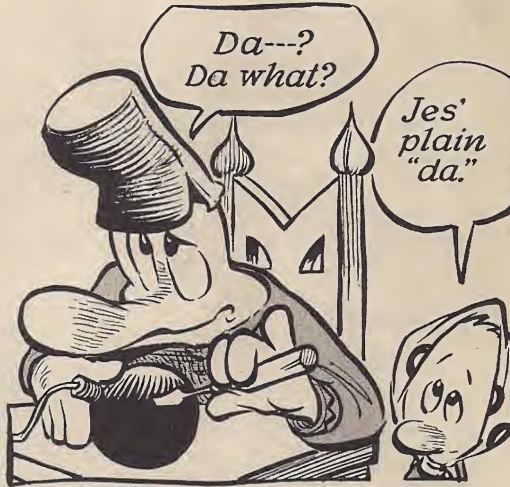


Da.



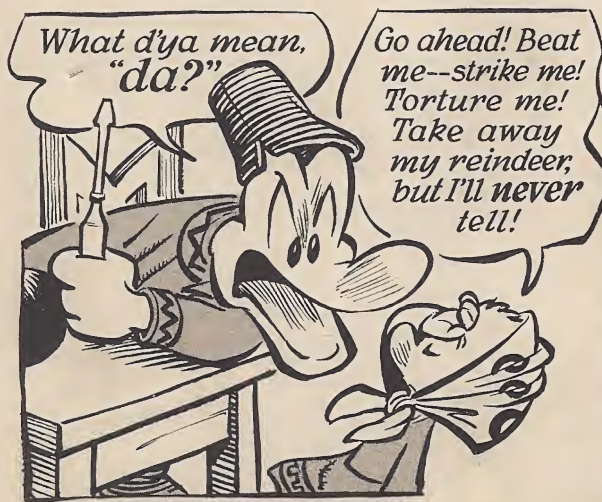
What?

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!



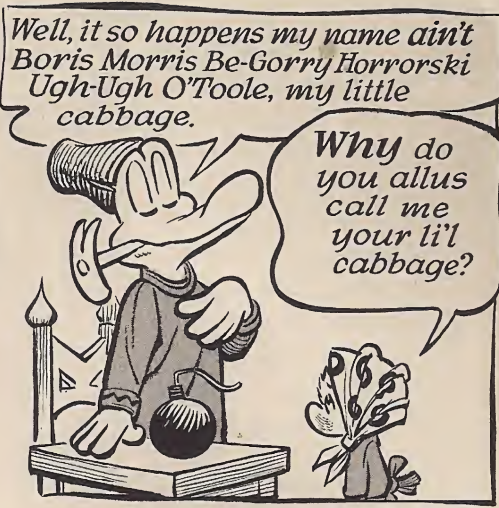
Why can't you talk English?

'Cause you're in a Roosian meller-drama---an' they aint no way out of it.



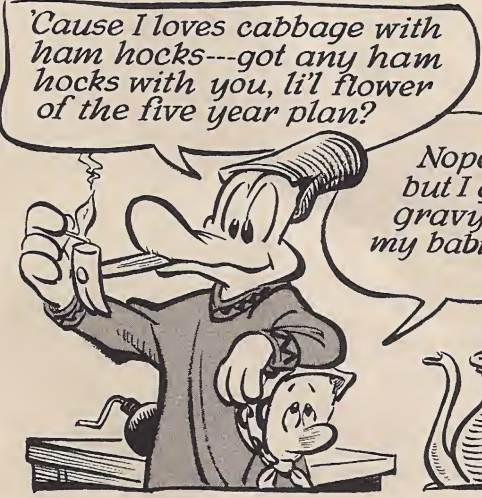
Well, as I was sayin', the bomb will work this time or my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrroski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole.

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



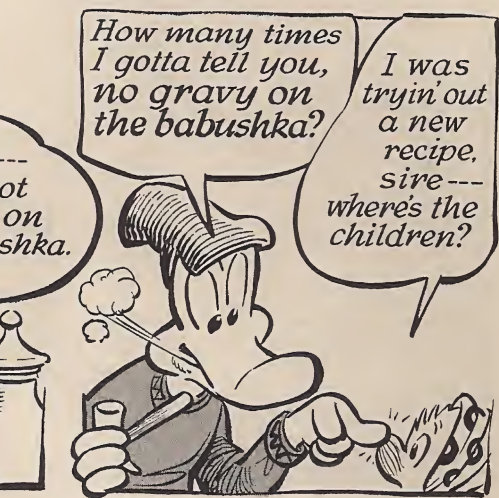
Well, it so happens my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry Horrroski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole, my little cabbage.

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?

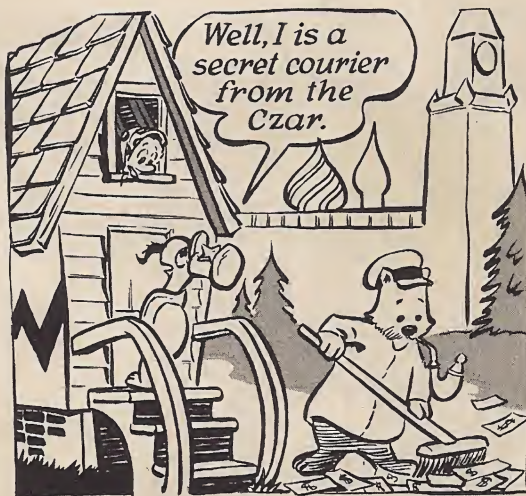
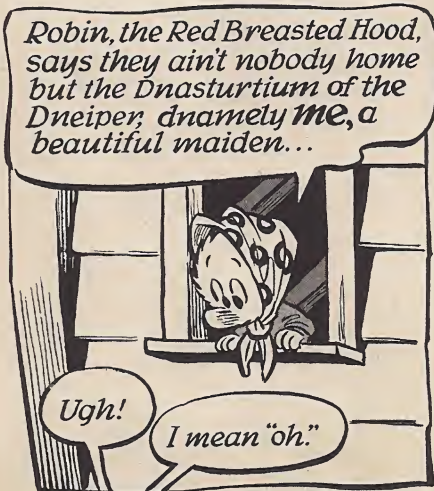
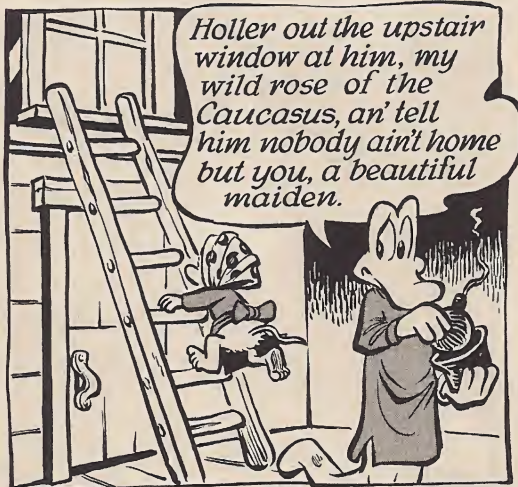
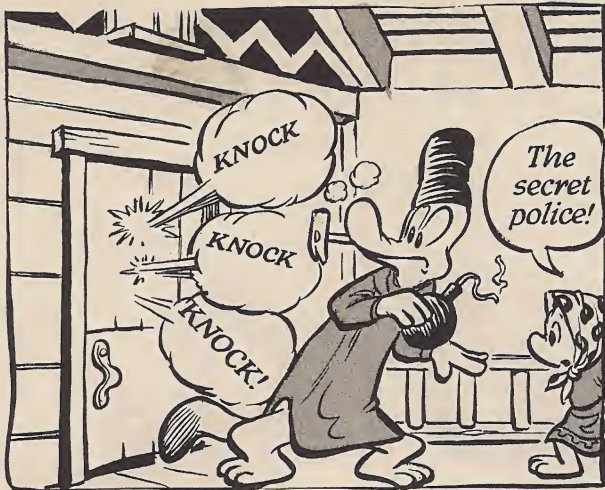


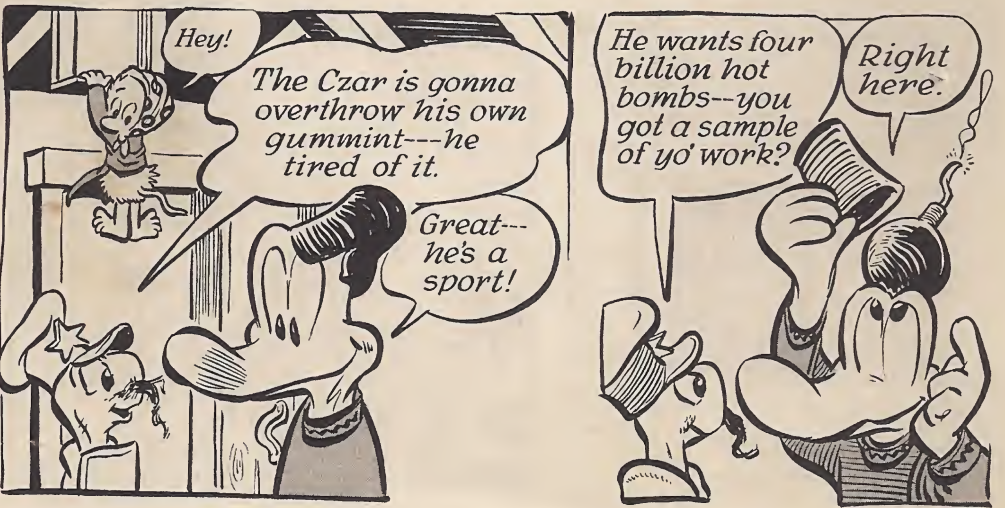
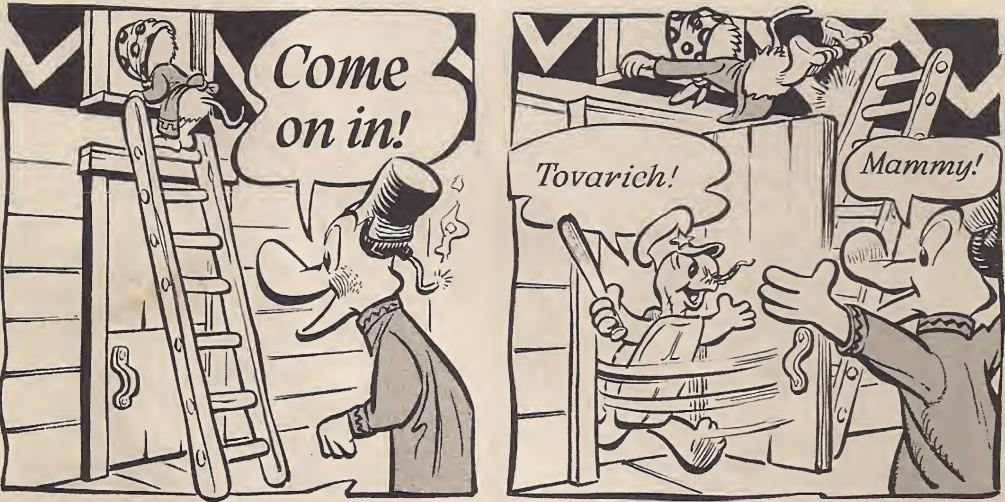
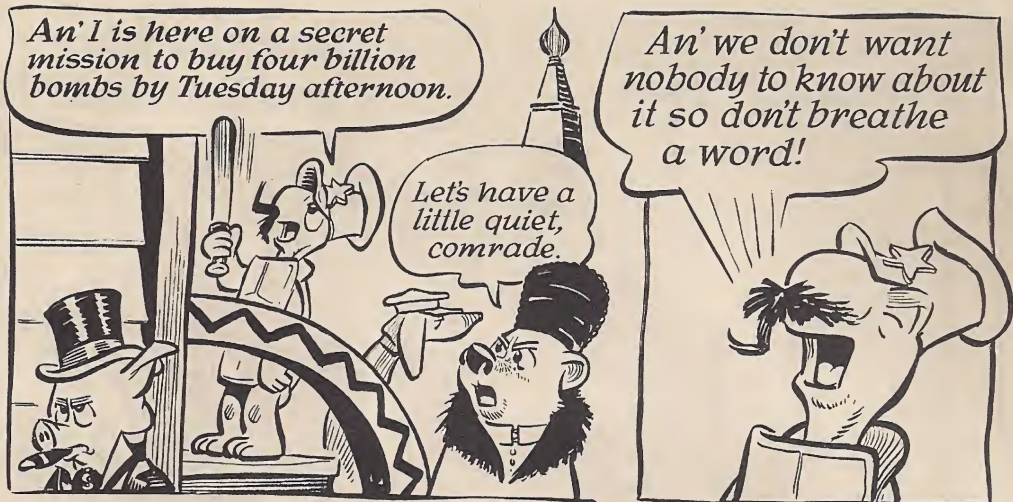
Eatin'.

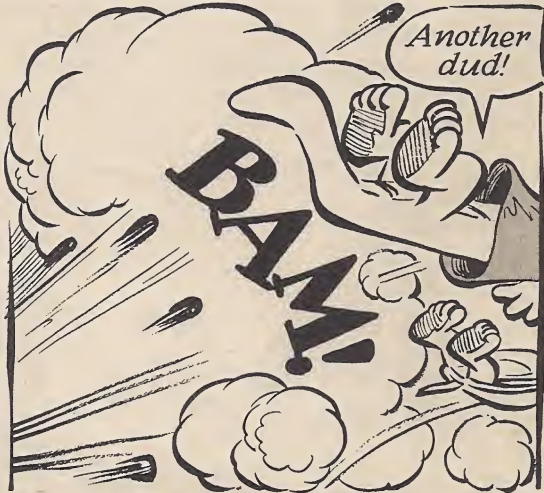
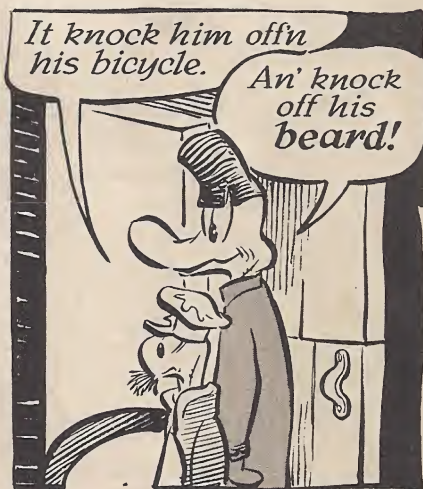
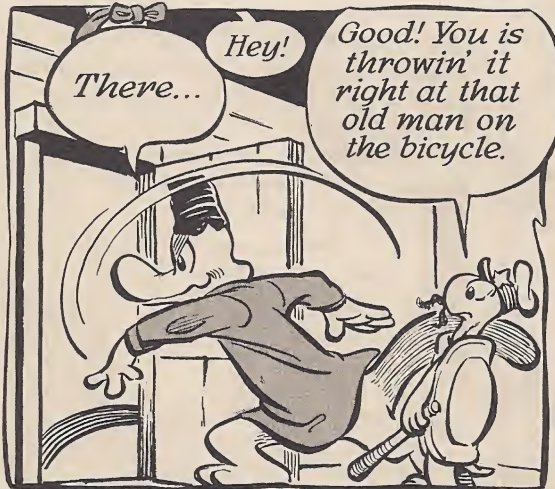
Eaten?

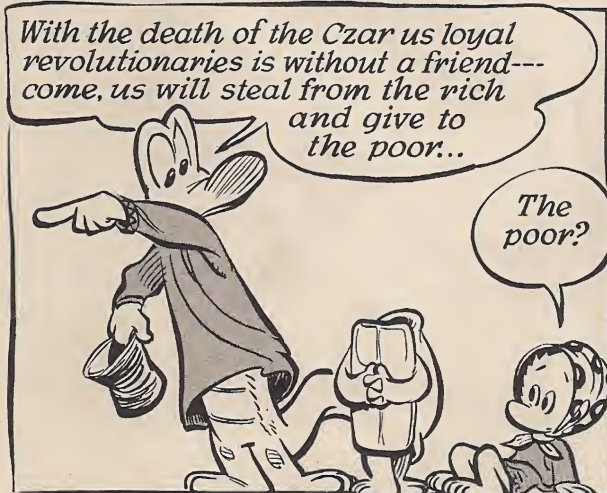
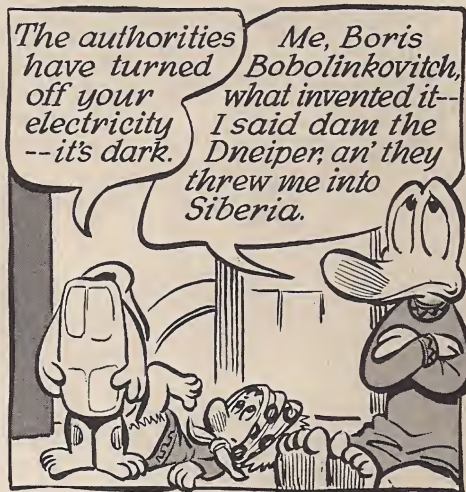
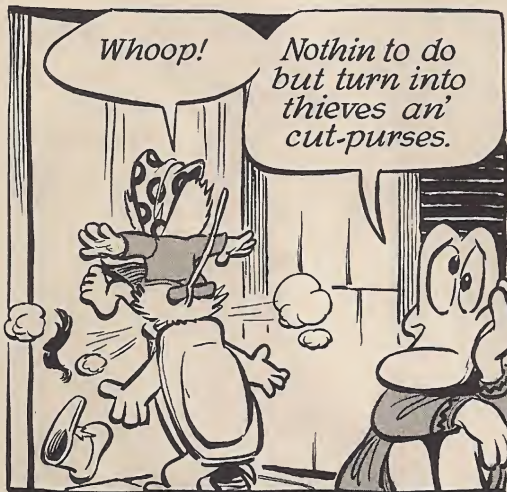


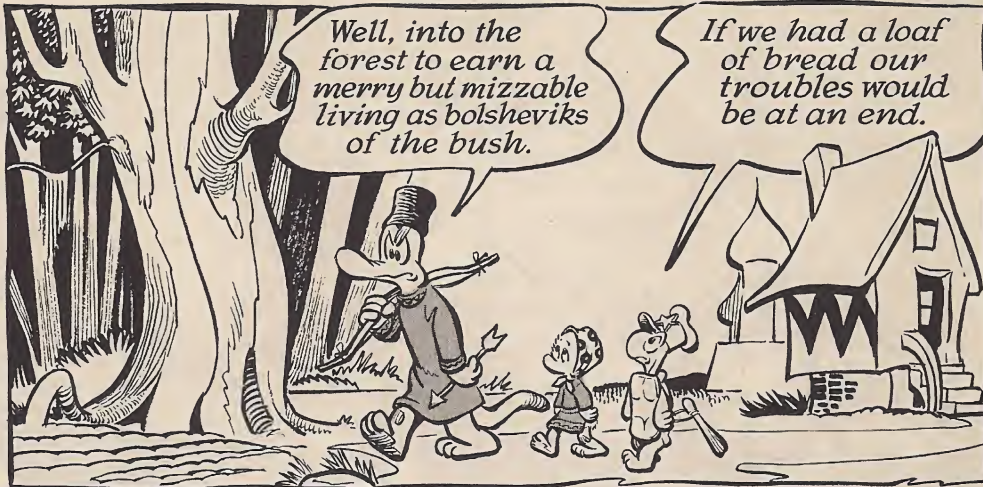
Who did it this time?











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.



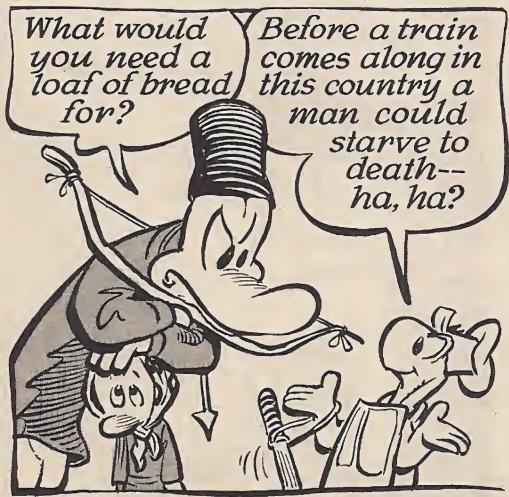
Sure, we could eat it.

No, we could commit suicide.



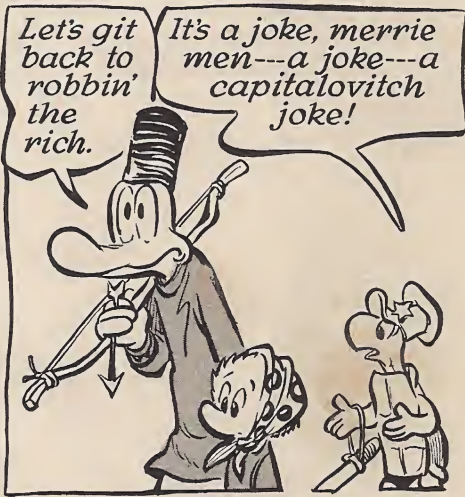
Feel his head. I don't b'leeve he's as merry a man as Robin's band kin use.

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



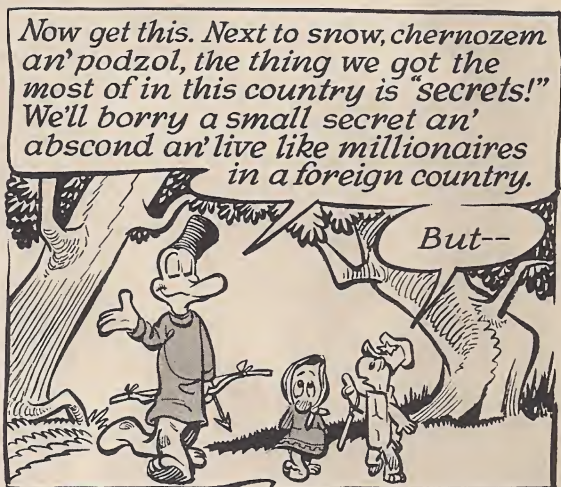
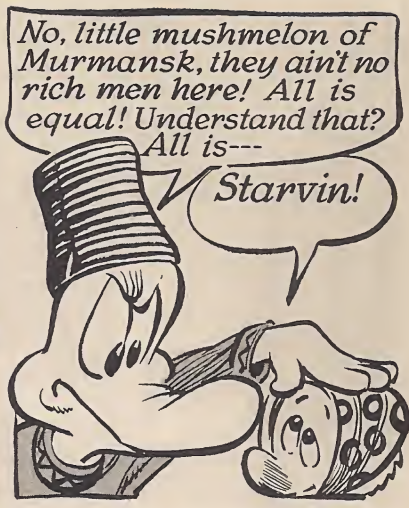
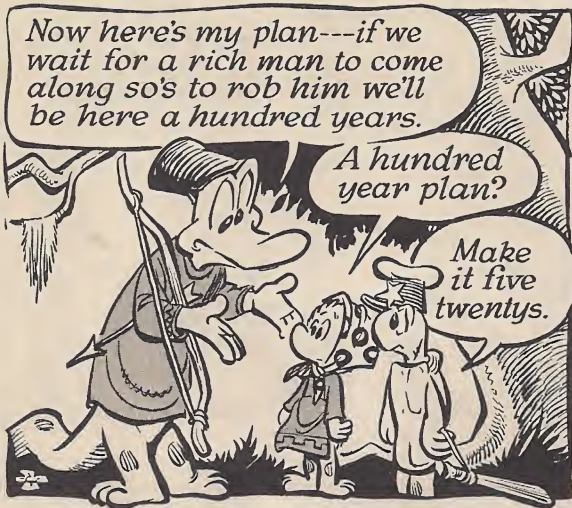
What would you need a loaf of bread for?

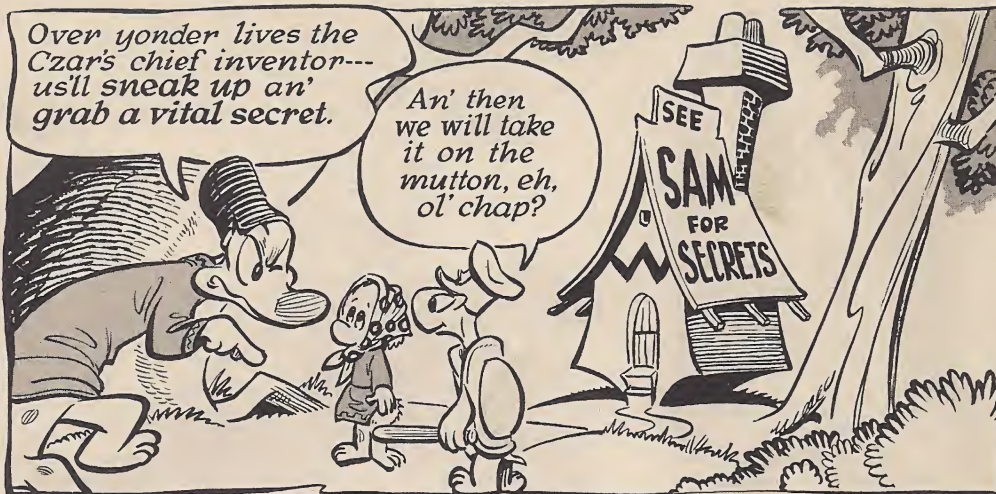
Before a train comes along in this country a man could starve to death--ha, ha?

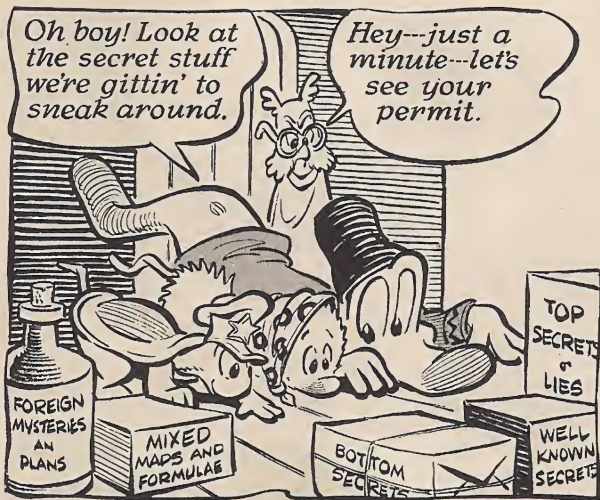
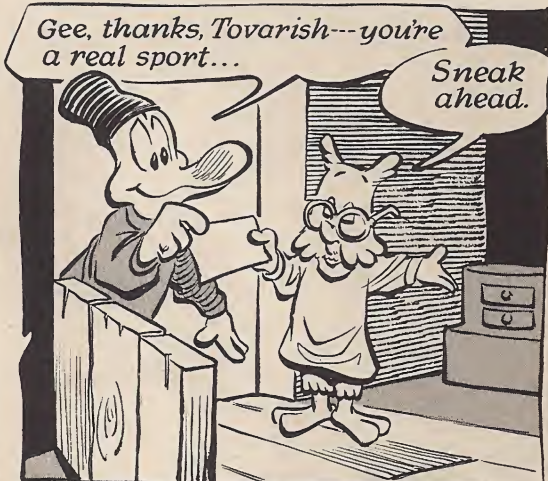
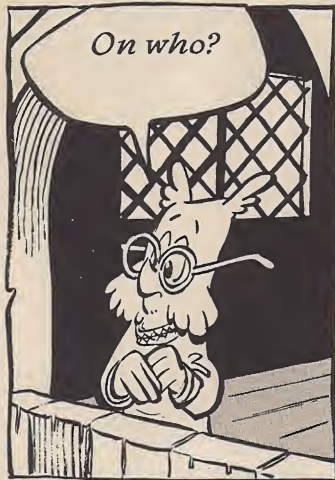


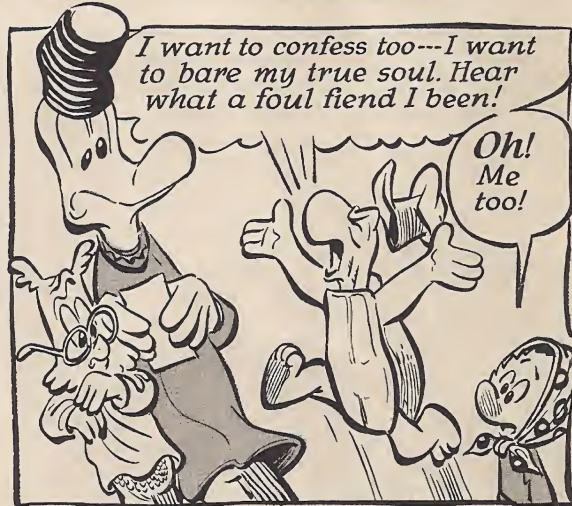
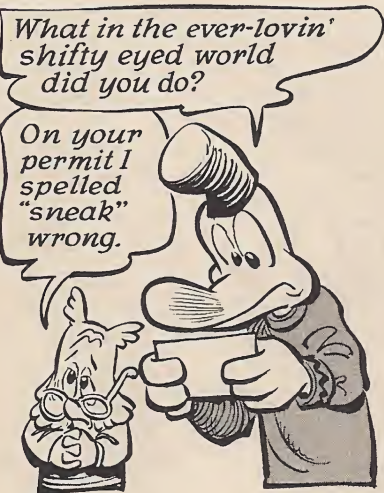
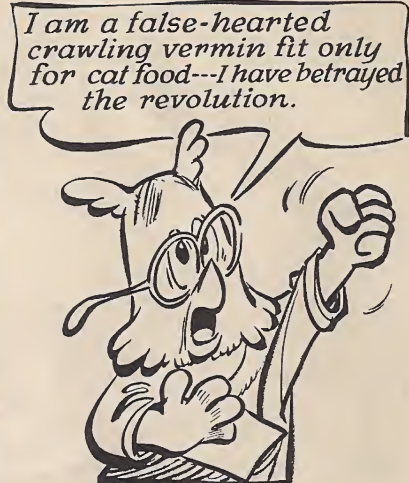
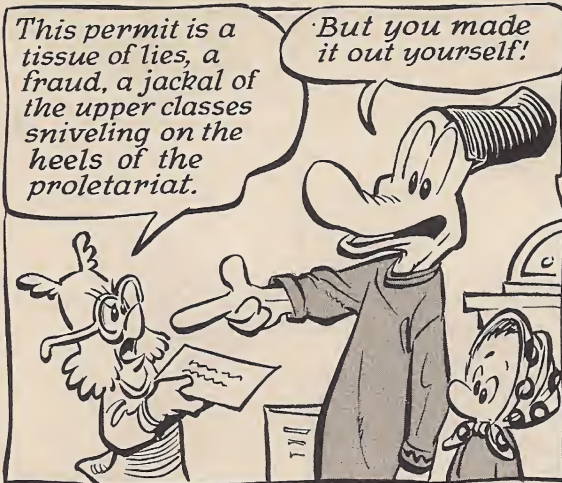
Let's git back to robbin' the rich.

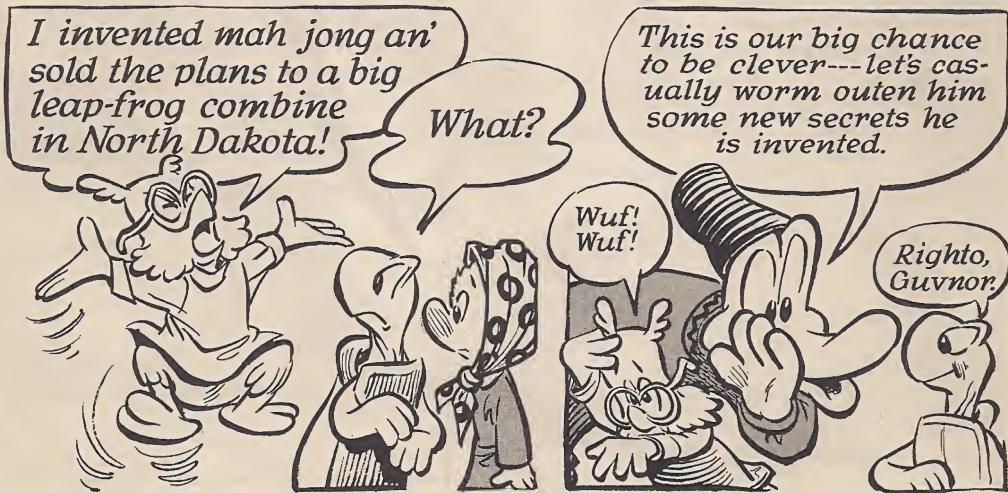
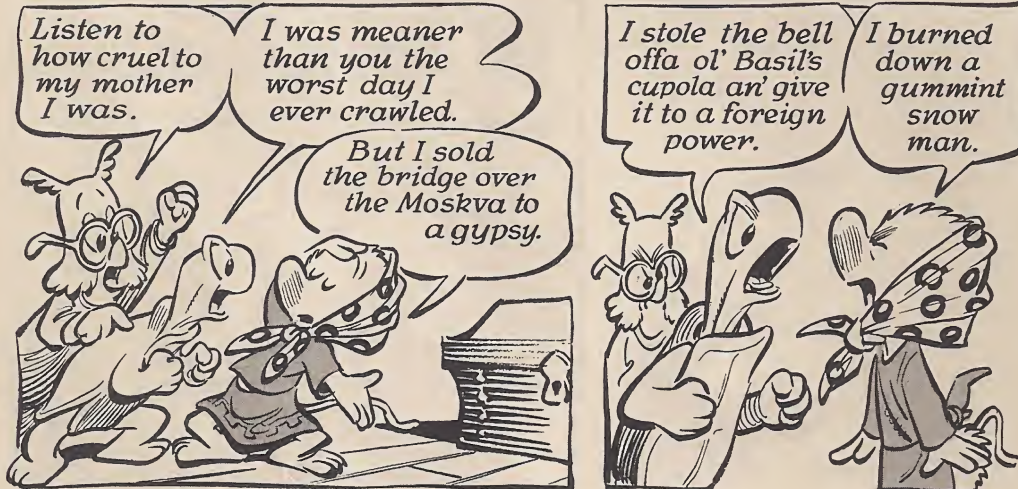
It's a joke, merrie men---a joke---a capitalovitch joke!

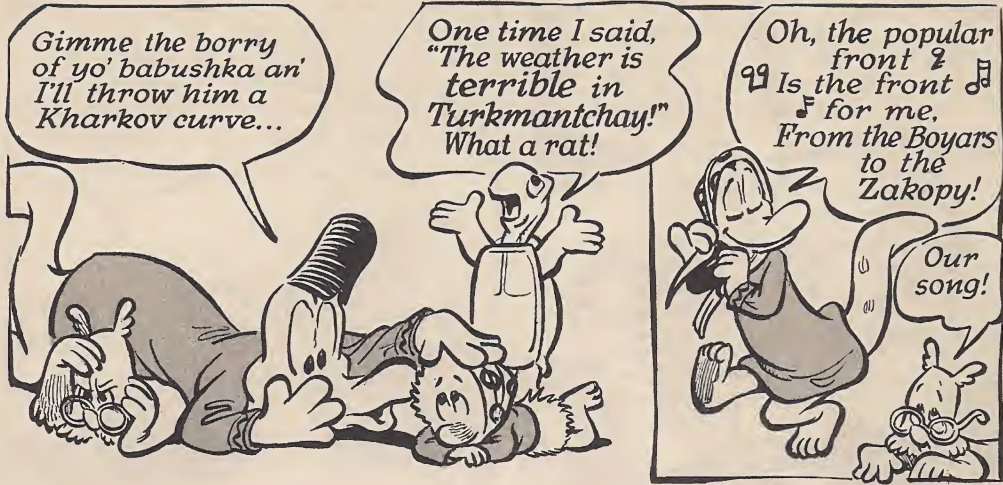










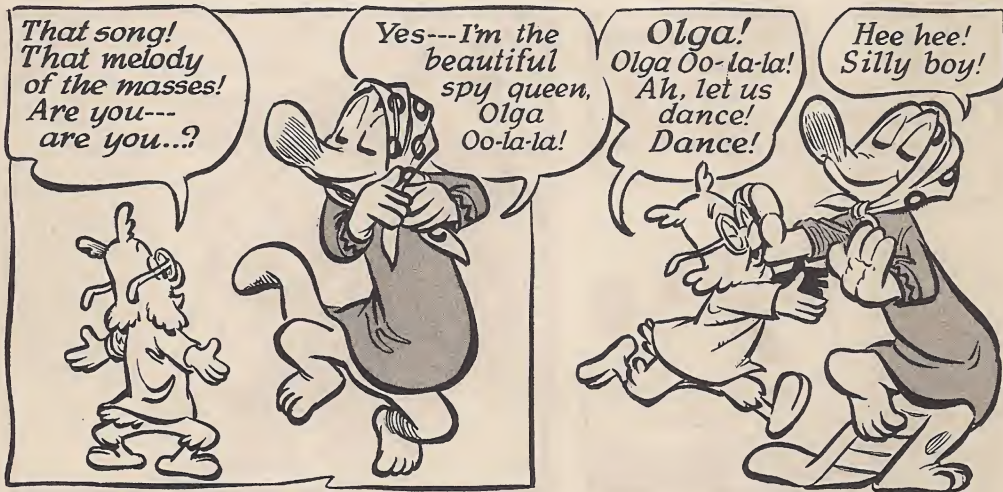


Gimme the borry of yo' babushka an' I'll throw him a Kharkov curve...

One time I said, "The weather is terrible in Turkmantchay!" What a rat!

Oh, the popular front ♪ Is the front ♪ for me. From the Boyars to the Zakopy!

Our song!

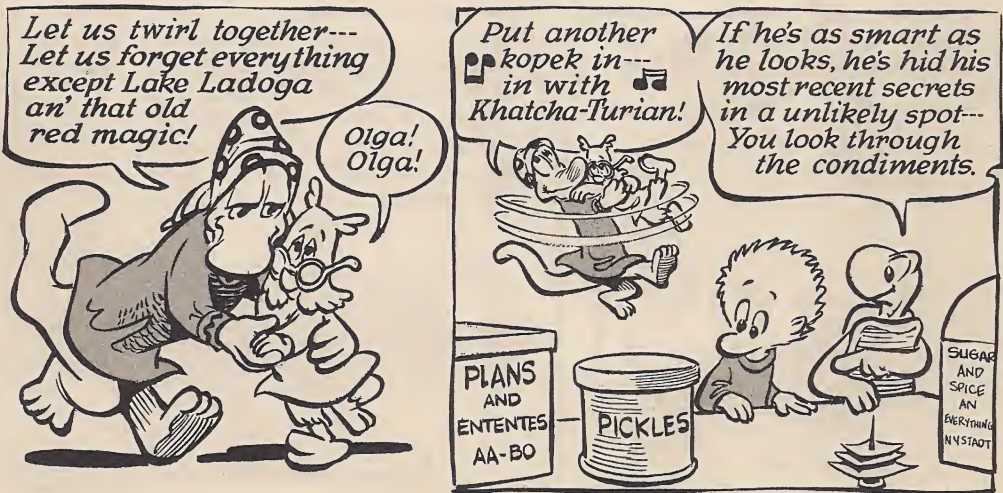


That song! That melody of the masses! Are you--- are you...?

Yes---I'm the beautiful spy queen, Olga Oo-la-la!

Olga! Olga Oo-la-la! Ah, let us dance! Dance!

Hee hee! Silly boy!



Let us twirl together--- Let us forget everything except Lake Ladoga an' that old red magic!

Olga! Olga!

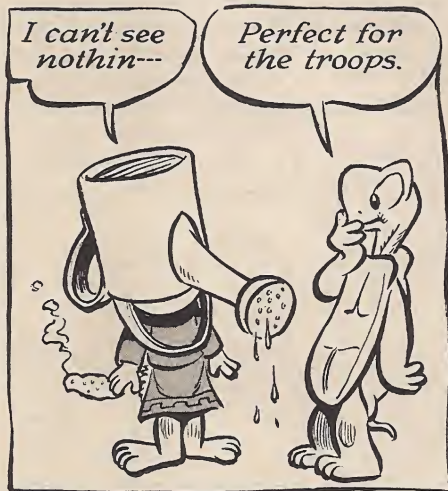
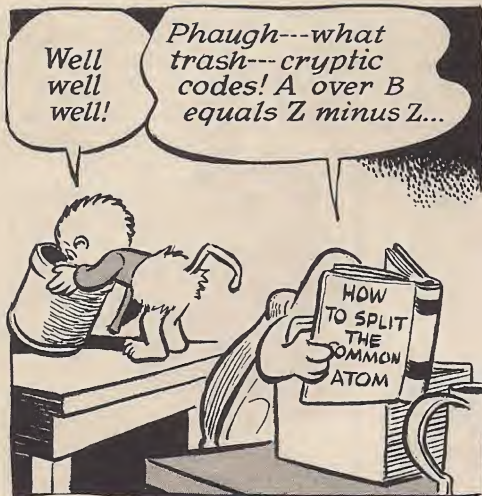
Put another kopek in--- in with ♪ Khatcha-Turian!

If he's as smart as he looks, he's hid his most recent secrets in a unlikely spot--- You look through the condiments.

PLANS AND ENTENTES AA-BO

PICKLES

SUGAR AND SPICE AN' EVERYTHING IN A STADT





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

Da.



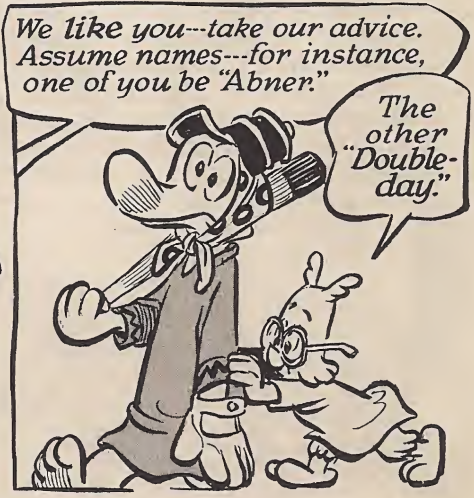
*Look, li'l rose of the
Rurals---secret plans---
a new invention---
a new game---
beisbul!*



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

Great!

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

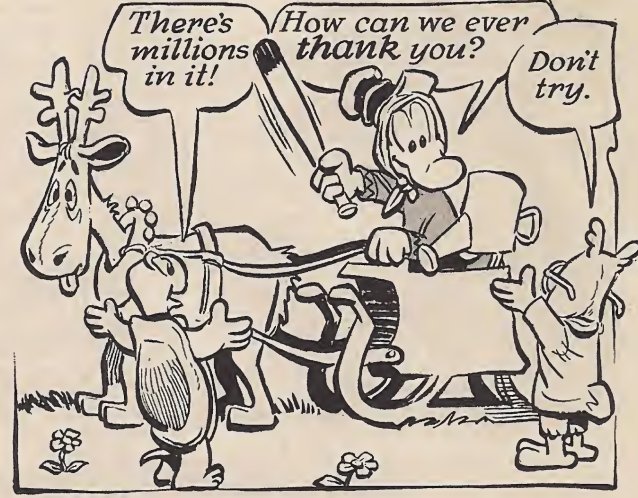


*We like you---take our advice.
Assume names---for instance,
one of you be 'Abner.'*

*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.*

