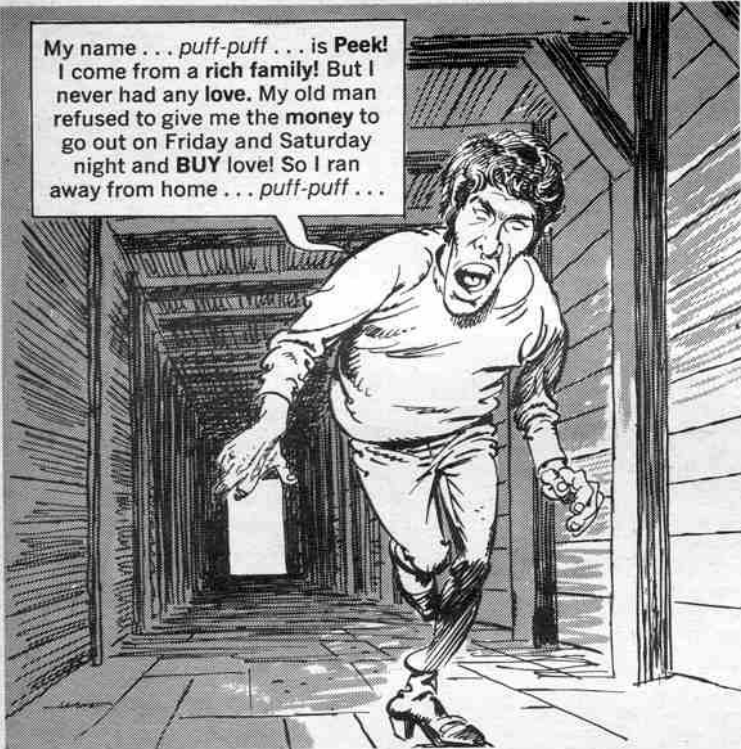


TEENY-COPPERS DEPT.

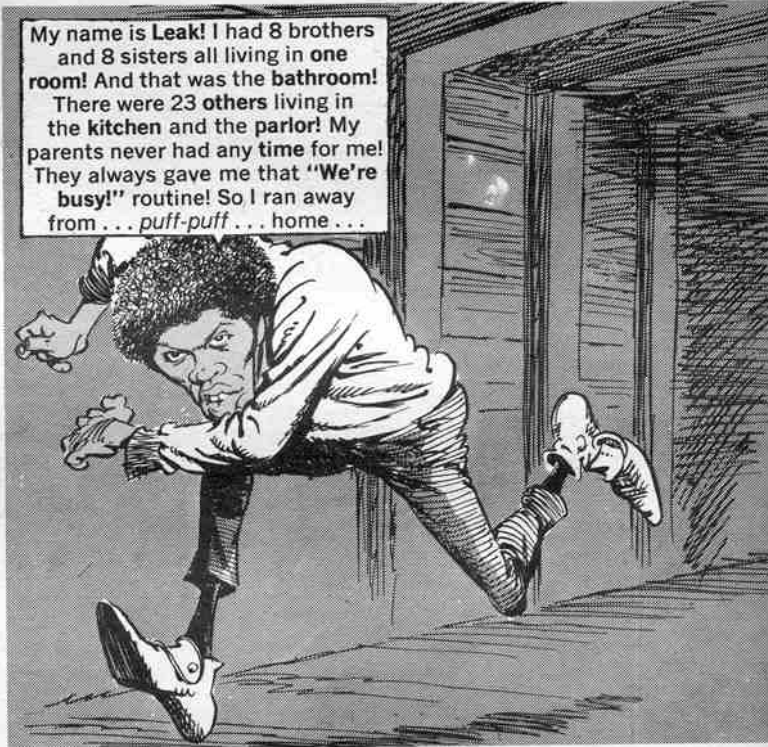
HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:



My name . . . puff-puff . . . is Peek! I come from a rich family! But I never had any love. My old man refused to give me the money to go out on Friday and Saturday night and BUY love! So I ran away from home . . . puff-puff . . .



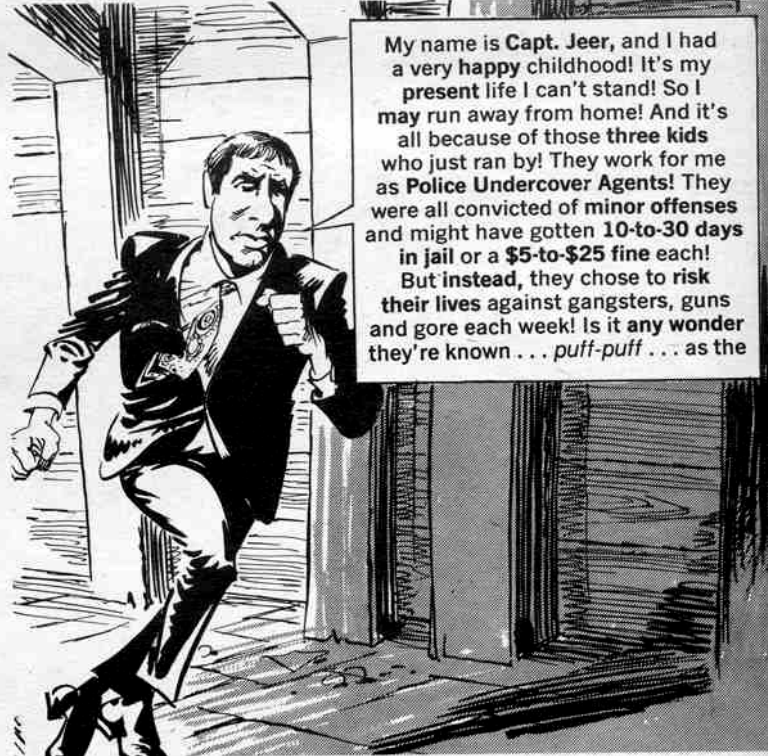
My name is Leak! I had 8 brothers and 8 sisters all living in one room! And that was the bathroom! There were 23 others living in the kitchen and the parlor! My parents never had any time for me! They always gave me that "We're busy!" routine! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



My name is Stoolie! My mother worked the streets! My father was in the Sanitation Business, too! We lived in a dump, and we could never get close to one another! But, then, Sanitation People rarely do! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



My name is Capt. Jeer, and I had a very happy childhood! It's my present life I can't stand! So I may run away from home! And it's all because of those three kids who just ran by! They work for me as Police Undercover Agents! They were all convicted of minor offenses and might have gotten 10-to-30 days in jail or a \$5-to-\$25 fine each! But instead, they chose to risk their lives against gangsters, guns and gore each week! Is it any wonder they're known . . . puff-puff . . . as the



"ODD SQUAD"



Why do we have to run through the tunnels all the time? Couldn't we take a train just once?!

Hey, man! You know we're anti-subway!

But it's so damp and wet down there!

Dampness is my bag! I never had dampness when I was a kid! All I ever had was dry! Do you know you could blow your mind with too much dry?

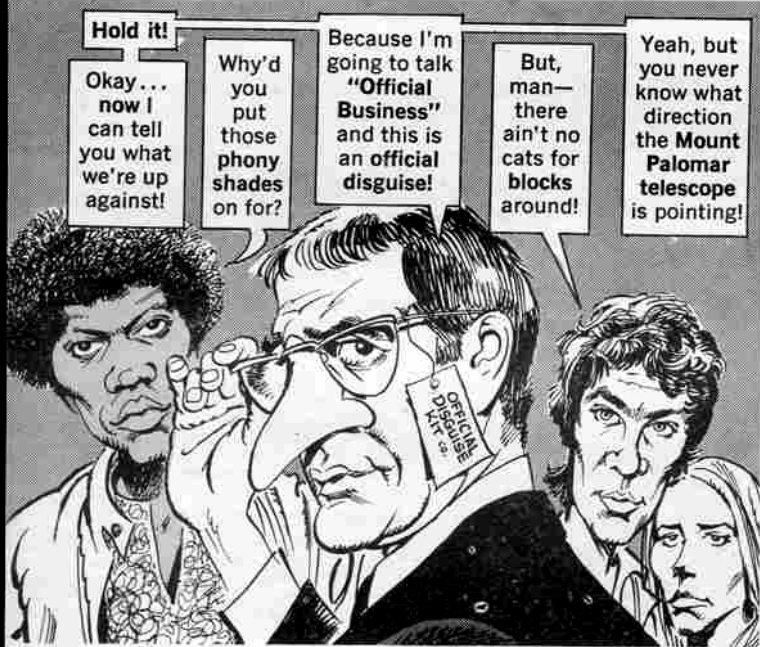
And it's also so black down there!

Something bugging you, Capt.? Why don't you get it off your chest, baby?

Nothing's bugging me! Then how come you never say it's WHITE down there?!

Hey, like, wow, man! Don't be so uptight! We don't want a bad scene!

It's too late! We just had one!



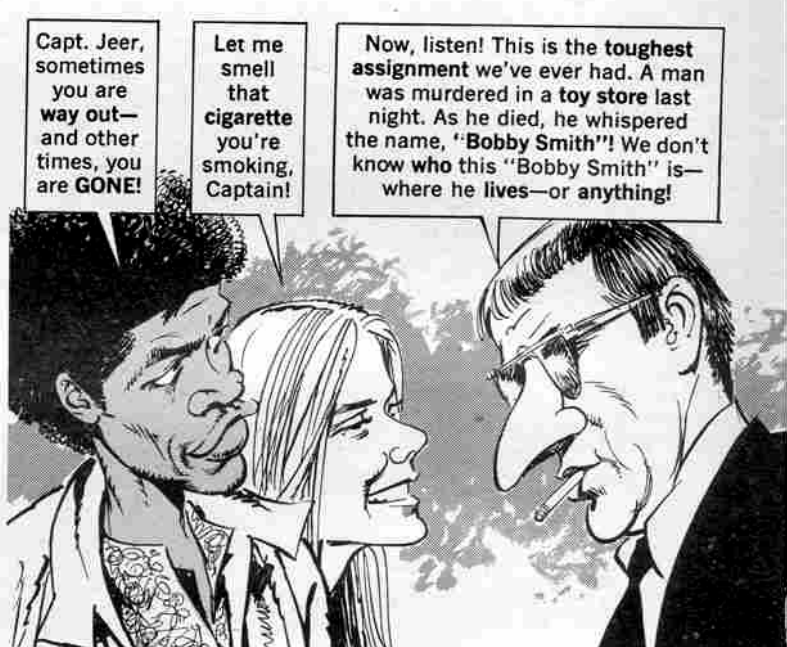
Hold it! Okay... now I can tell you what we're up against!

Why'd you put those phony shades on for?

Because I'm going to talk "Official Business" and this is an official disguise!

But, man—there ain't no cats for blocks around!

Yeah, but you never know what direction the Mount Palomar telescope is pointing!



Capt. Jeer, sometimes you are way out—and other times, you are GONE!

Let me smell that cigarette you're smoking, Captain!

Now, listen! This is the toughest assignment we've ever had. A man was murdered in a toy store last night. As he died, he whispered the name, "Bobby Smith"! We don't know who this "Bobby Smith" is—where he lives—or anything!

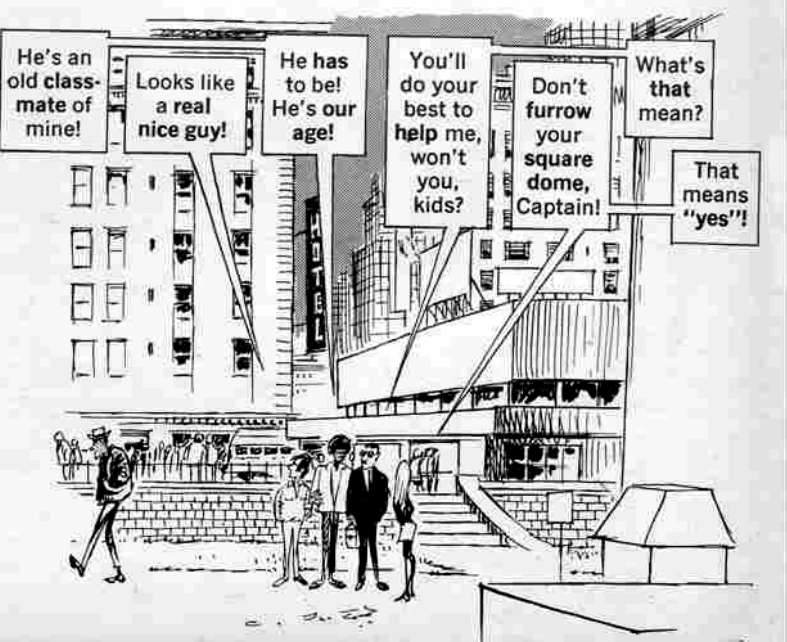


Cool the mouth a minute, Capt.! Here comes an old class-mate of mine...

Hiya, Bobby!
Hiya, Leak!

Be sure to give my regards to your mother... Mrs. Smith!

Okay, man! But don't tell anybody you saw me, y'hear!



He's an old class-mate of mine!

Looks like a real nice guy!

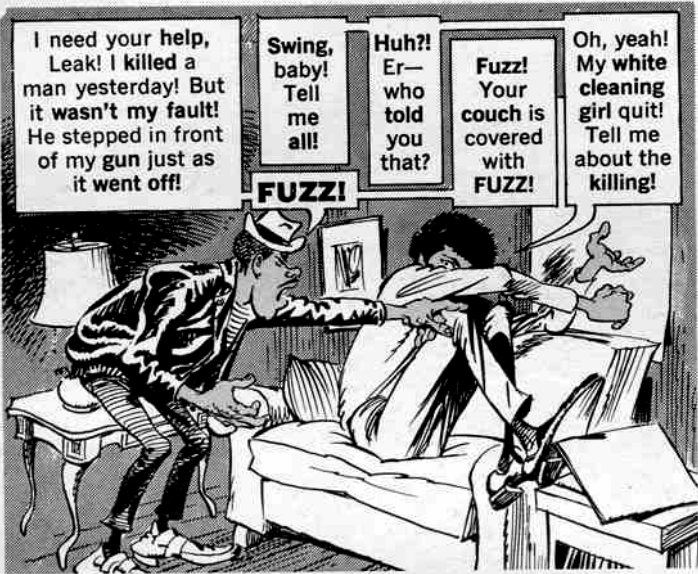
He has to be! He's our age!

You'll do your best to help me, won't you, kids?

Don't furrow your square dome, Captain!

What's that mean?

That means "yes"!



I need your help, Leak! I killed a man yesterday! But it wasn't my fault! He stepped in front of my gun just as it went off!

Swing, baby! Tell me all!

FUZZ!

Huh?! Er— who told you that?

Fuzz! Your couch is covered with FUZZ!

Oh, yeah! My white cleaning girl quit! Tell me about the killing!



Well, this guy comes up and offers me a chance to make some quick bread! I should have known something was wrong! After all, he was . . . an ADULT!

Keep spilling your guts, baby!

FEZI!

I didn't want to be! It was that, or go to jail . . .

There's a guy down there wearing a FEZI!

For cryin' out loud, finish your story!!



Hi, Leak! Peak and I had an idea about—

FIZZI!

Who told him?! Leak, you know that's a secret!!

FIZZI! It's like "Fresca" only better! Try some?

He's THE "Bobby Smith"—and you're hiding him, aren't you Leak? You couldn't trust us! You couldn't trust us because you have something in common with him that you don't share with us! You're both TALL!!



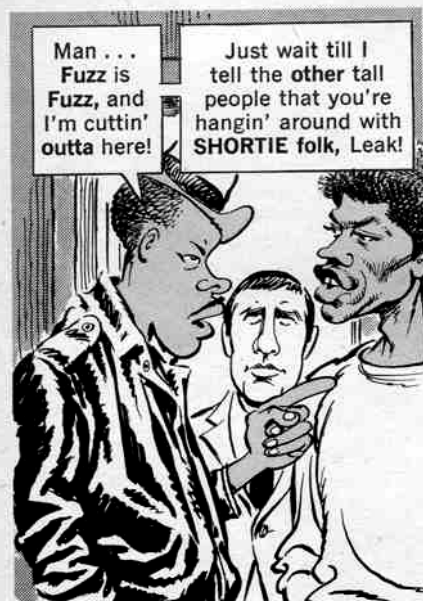
Let us help you before Captain Jeer finds out what's happening!

FUZZ!

Hey, man! You already told me about the couch!!

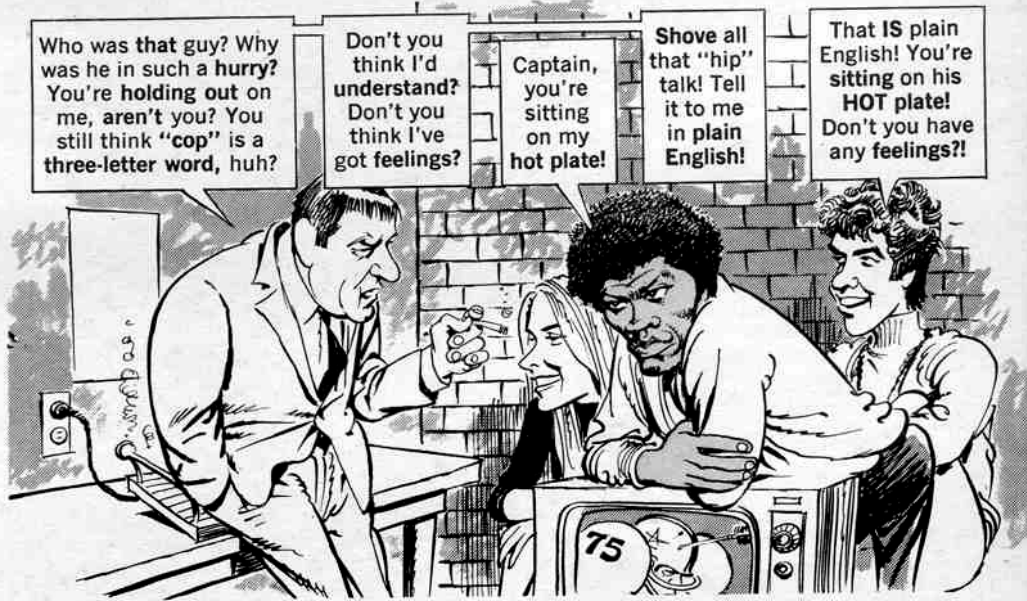
What couch?!? You're FUZZ! COPPERS!! FLATFOOTS!! JOHNNY LAWS!! You're working for Capt. Jeer!

But we're NOT Fuzz! We help people! In the last 13 weeks, we helped 10 muggers, 3 rapists, and 5 murderers get off scot-free! They're back on the streets now, thanks to us!



Man . . . Fuzz is Fuzz, and I'm cuttin' outta here!

Just wait till I tell the other tall people that you're hangin' around with SHORTIE folk, Leak!



Who was that guy? Why was he in such a hurry? You're holding out on me, aren't you? You still think "cop" is a three-letter word, huh?

Don't you think I'd understand? Don't you think I've got feelings?

Captain, you're sitting on my hot plate!

Shove all that "hip" talk! Tell it to me in plain English!

That IS plain English! You're sitting on his HOT plate! Don't you have any feelings?!



All right, here's what we've found out so far! **Bobby Smith** was employed by a **Toy Manufacturer** named **Wayne Gibson**. We know a few things about Gibson. He likes to swim at the **Y.M.C.A.**! **Stoolie**—you go down to the "Y" and poke around the locker room! See what you turn up!

And we know that **Gibson Toys** were featured recently in a magazine article! **Peek**, you go to the offices of "**Ebony Magazine**" and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your brother!

And **Leak**—you find out all you can about this cancelled check we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials "**K.K.K.**"! Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the **Ku Klux Klan**!

Well, I never promised this work would be **EASY!!**

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

THE NEXT DAY

Hi, gang! Any luck?

Hmmm! Okay, let's try another plan! One of you will pose as a camera-girl in a night club!

Leak ... ?

Peek ... ?

Not me, Captain!

Forget it, Captain!

Then I'm afraid it will have to be you, Stoolie!

Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the night club, take his picture with whoever he's with! We want to know his accomplices!

Which night club do I go to?

There are 8000 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Peek! You'll pose as a bank guard! When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he deposits, and who the checks came from!

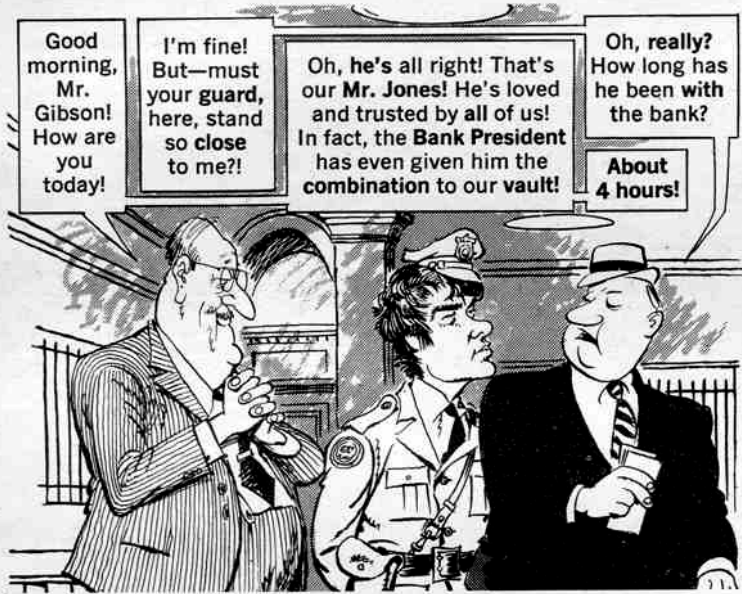
Which bank will I guard?

There are 4,580 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Leak! You'll pose as a cab driver and pick up Gibson as a fare! When you do, try to listen to his conversation if he's with someone, or make conversation if he's alone!

Where's the best place to pick him up as a fare?

Where else? Mid-town! The way this show goes, you'll ALL score!!



Good morning, Mr. Gibson! How are you today!

I'm fine! But—must your guard, here, stand so close to me?!

Oh, he's all right! That's our Mr. Jones! He's loved and trusted by all of us! In fact, the Bank President has even given him the combination to our vault!

Oh, really? How long has he been with the bank?

About 4 hours!

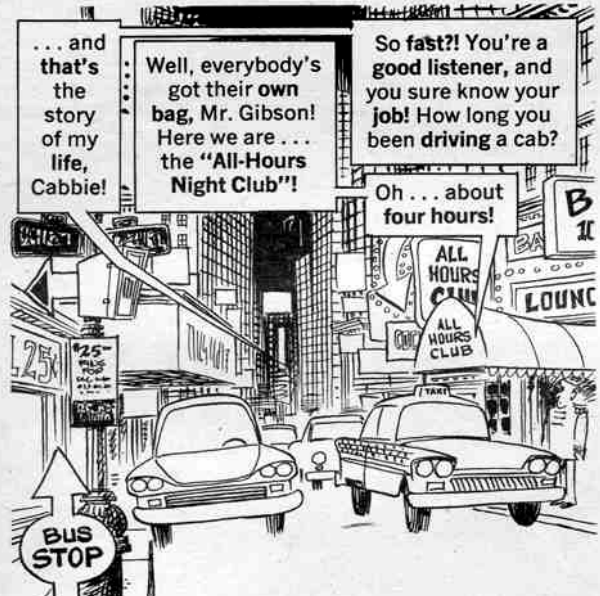


Cabbie! You... Cabbie! Wake up! Are you working or not?

Hey, man! Lay off me and go bug some other taxi jockey for his wheels! I'm waiting for a special fare!

Nobody talks to Wayne Gibson like that!

Wayne Gibson! Well, it's about time! What kept you, man? Get in...!

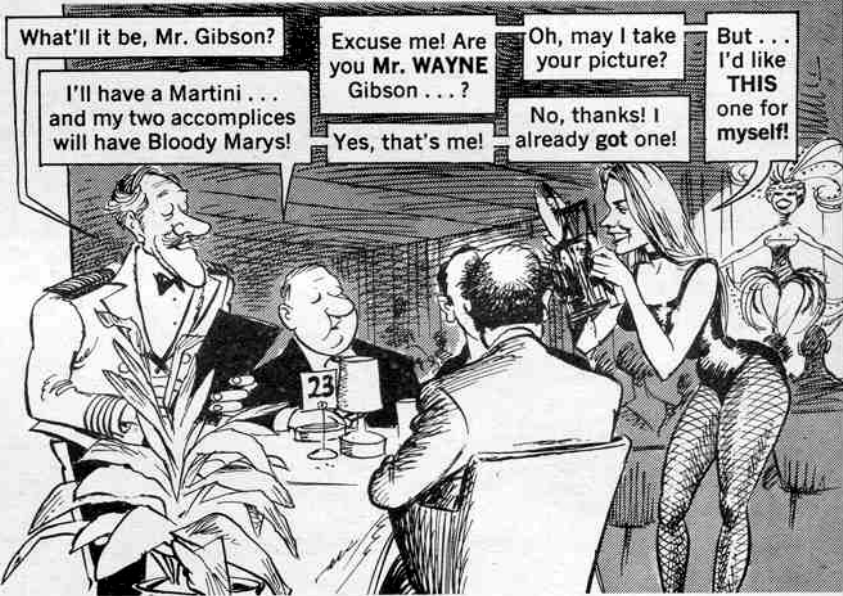


... and that's the story of my life, Cabbie!

Well, everybody's got their own bag, Mr. Gibson! Here we are... the "All-Hours Night Club"!

So fast?! You're a good listener, and you sure know your job! How long you been driving a cab?

Oh... about four hours!



What'll it be, Mr. Gibson?

I'll have a Martini... and my two accomplices will have Bloody Marys!

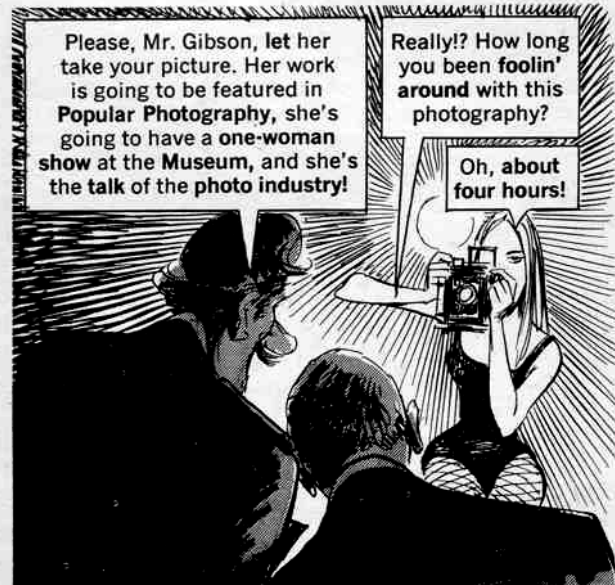
Excuse me! Are you Mr. WAYNE Gibson...?

Yes, that's me!

Oh, may I take your picture?

No, thanks! I already got one!

But... I'd like THIS one for myself!



Please, Mr. Gibson, let her take your picture. Her work is going to be featured in Popular Photography, she's going to have a one-woman show at the Museum, and she's the talk of the photo industry!

Really?! How long you been foolin' around with this photography?

Oh, about four hours!



Has anybody seen our fearless leader?

I'm right over here!

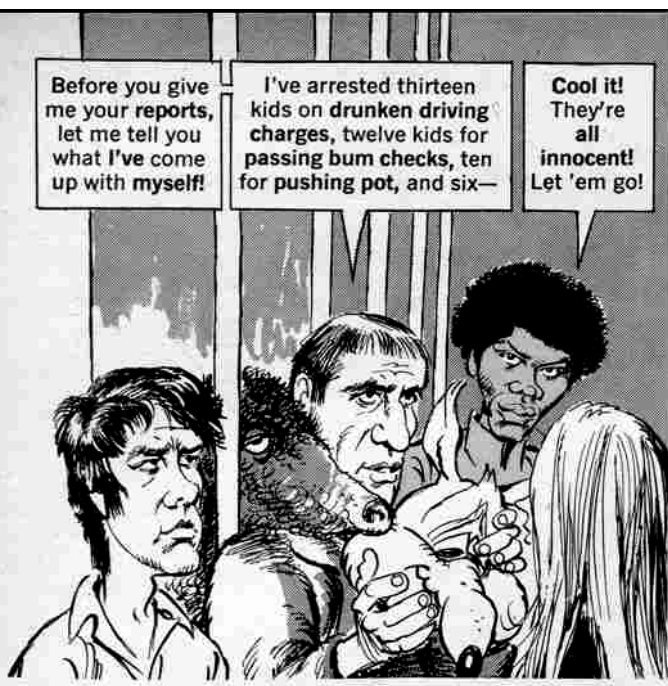
Why the disguise?

There are always EYES... watching our every move!

At MIDNIGHT?! In a Zoo that's been closed for seven hours?!

What about all the animals?

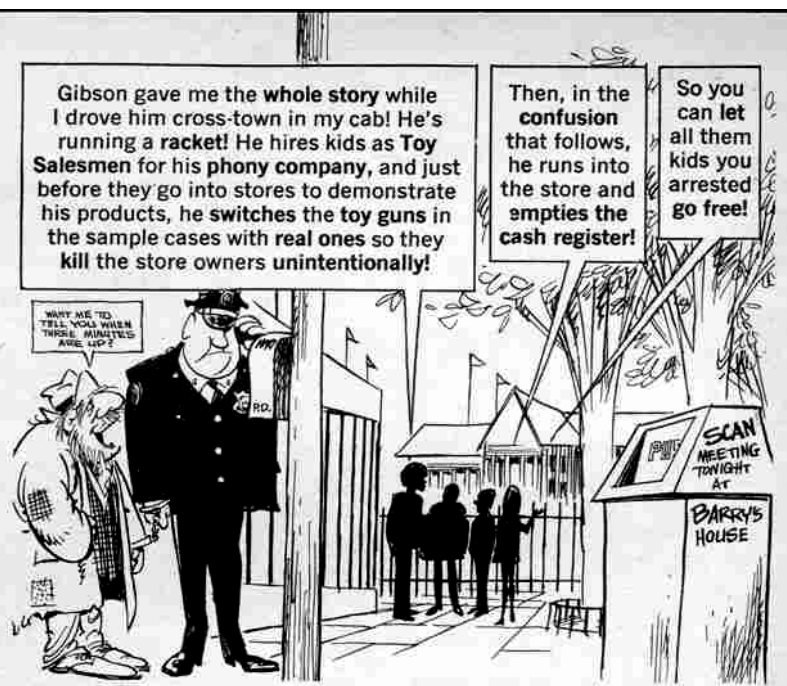




Before you give me your reports, let me tell you what I've come up with myself!

I've arrested thirteen kids on drunken driving charges, twelve kids for passing bum checks, ten for pushing pot, and six—

Cool! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!



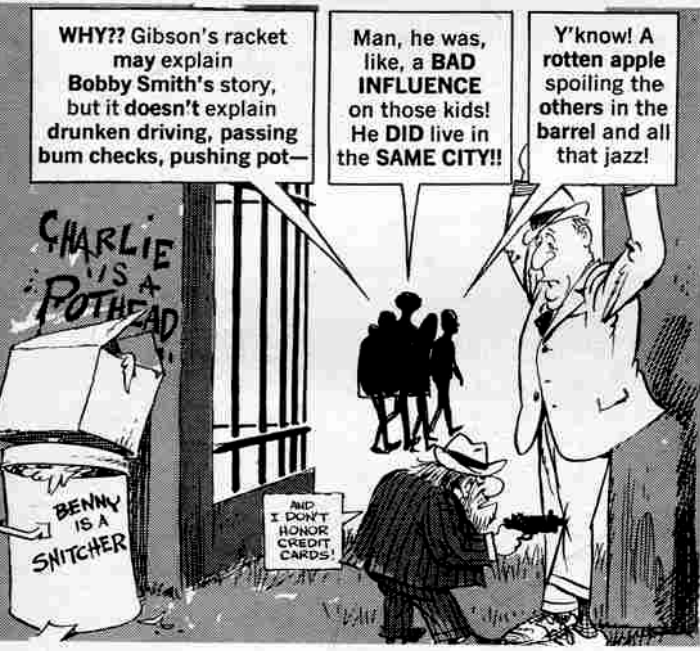
Gibson gave me the whole story while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a racket! He hires kids as Toy Salesmen for his phony company, and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he switches the toy guns in the sample cases with real ones so they kill the store owners unintentionally!

Then, in the confusion that follows, he runs into the store and empties the cash register!

So you can let all them kids you arrested go free!

WHY ME? TELL YOU WASH THREE MINUTES AWAY?

SCAN MEETING TONIGHT AT BARRY'S HOUSE



WHY?? Gibson's racket may explain Bobby Smith's story, but it doesn't explain drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—

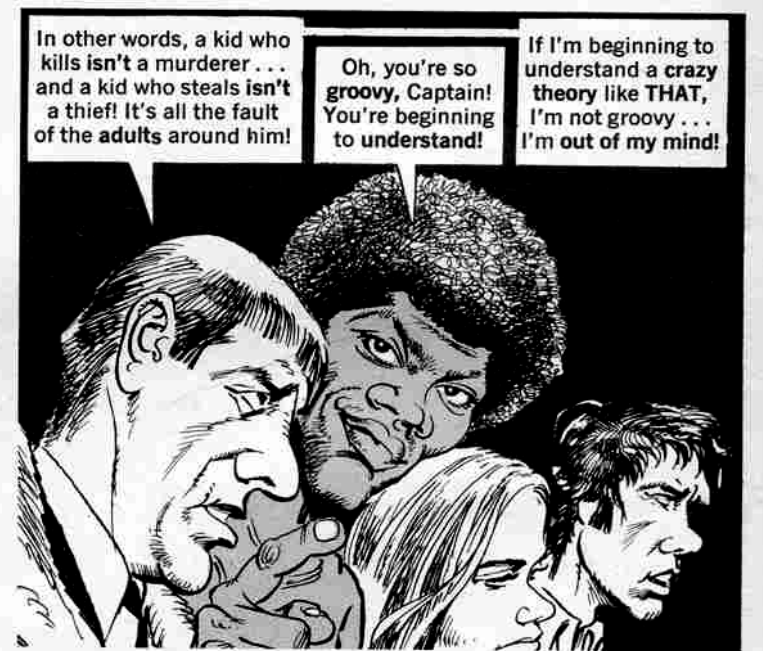
Man, he was, like, a **BAD INFLUENCE** on those kids! He **DID** live in the **SAME CITY!!**

Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!

CHARLIE IS A POTHEAD

BENNY IS A SNITCHER

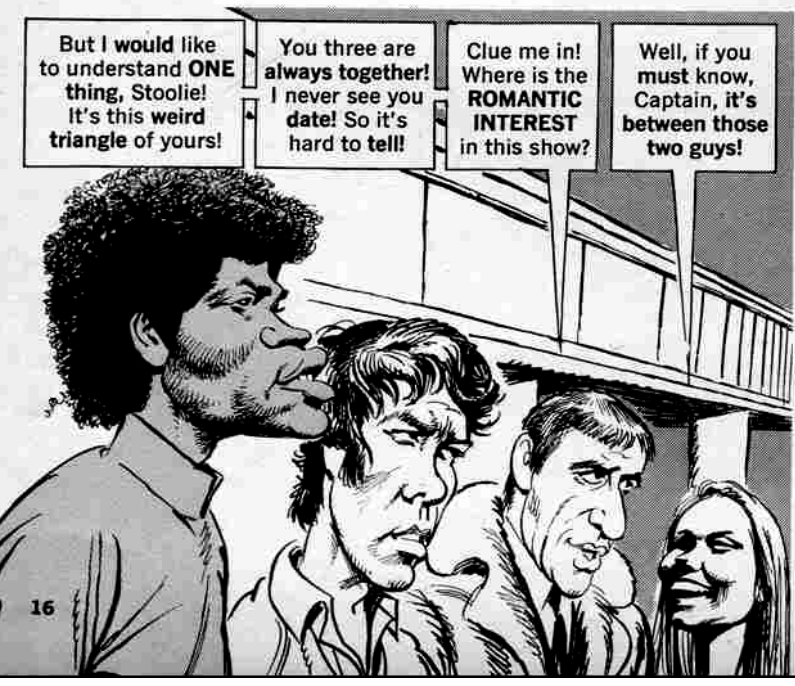
AND I DON'T HONOR CREDIT CARDS!



In other words, a kid who kills isn't a murderer... and a kid who steals isn't a thief! It's all the fault of the adults around him!

Oh, you're so groovy, Captain! You're beginning to understand!

If I'm beginning to understand a crazy theory like THAT, I'm not groovy... I'm out of my mind!



But I would like to understand **ONE** thing, Stoolie! It's this weird triangle of yours!

You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to tell!

Clue me in! Where is the **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show?

Well, if you must know, Captain, it's between those two guys!



I **KNOW** that! I guess it's too controversial for television to tell me **WHICH** guy, huh?

It may be too controversial for television, but I just **TOLD** you! The **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show is between **THOSE TWO GUYS!!**