

#6

\$1<sup>25</sup>

# QUACK!







14 November 1977  
Oakland, CA

Last time around I spoke of my dissatisfaction with the format of QUACK and wrote that I was considering some adjustments. The few letters I've received have helped in making any changes. This issue marks some early steps toward a newer package.

First, the number of individual strips is reduced to five (six, if you're picky and count the "Wraith" stories as two). Next issue, we will be reducing the strip count even further, to three: Steve Leialoha's rabbits (futuristic and wild west), Ted Richards' "The Quack" and Mike Gilbert's "The Wraith".

Second, in order to allow these folks the additional time to draw and write more than they usually have for this book (about twice more) the frequency of publication will drop to twice a year from its current quarterly status. So the next issue (No. 7) will be released in about six months.

The hope is that this new arrangement will prove satisfactory to all concerned, including yourselves. I think that QUACK will gain a bit more focus and direction. Naturally, if you have any thoughts or feelings about this, let me know.

Michael Gilbert asks me to inform you of a contest he is holding. The five people who identify the most number of Michael's characters on the last page of his "Christmas Carol" story will win original "Wraith" artwork. So all of you who find entertainment in such activity send your lists to "The Wraith Contest" c/o Michael Gilbert, 15 El Towonal, Orinda, CA 94563.

Lastly, we're aware that most of you will probably be reading this comic after the first of the year. Our original intention had been to have this released well ahead of Christmas, so Mike Gilbert did up his little Christmas story. Only things, as usually happens, screwed up. So don't think of it as late and irrelevant, but rather a bit of cheer to carry you thru the winter and the rest of the year.

See you next time around.

*Mike Friedrich*



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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

# THE QUARK SON OF QUACK

BY TED RICHARDS, J. MICHAEL LEONARD  
AND LARRY GONICK.



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BY TED RICHARDS

IT'S LATE AT NIGHT, AND WE  
FIND CHITTERLAND COUNTY'S  
RESIDENT MAD SCIENTIST,  
**DR. QUINCY QUACK**, ONCE  
AGAIN POSSESSED BY THE  
**DEMON OF KNOWLEDGE.**

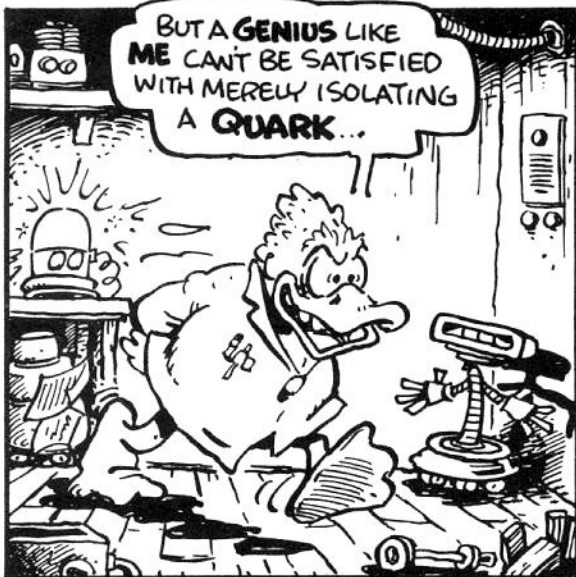
NYAHHA  
HOO HOO HA!  
**EXACTLY!**  
THAT'S IT!!  
!!!



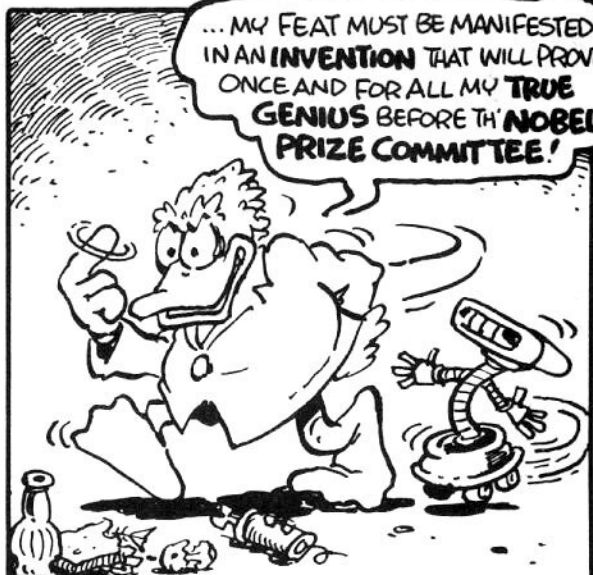
I, QUINCY  
QUACK, BY A QUIRK  
OF **FATE**, HAVE  
ISOLATED THE  
**FIRST QUARK!**

**HAHA  
HAHA  
HAHA  
HAHA**

BUT A **GENIUS** LIKE  
**ME** CAN'T BE SATISFIED  
WITH MERELY ISOLATING  
A **QUARK**...



... MY FEAT MUST BE MANIFESTED  
IN AN **INVENTION** THAT WILL PROVE  
ONCE AND FOR ALL MY **TRUE**  
**GENIUS** BEFORE TH' **NOBEL**  
**PRIZE COMMITTEE!**



I KNOW! I'LL-  
-OOF!!



**DUMMY!!**  
YOU MADE ME  
FORGET MY  
**IDEA!!**

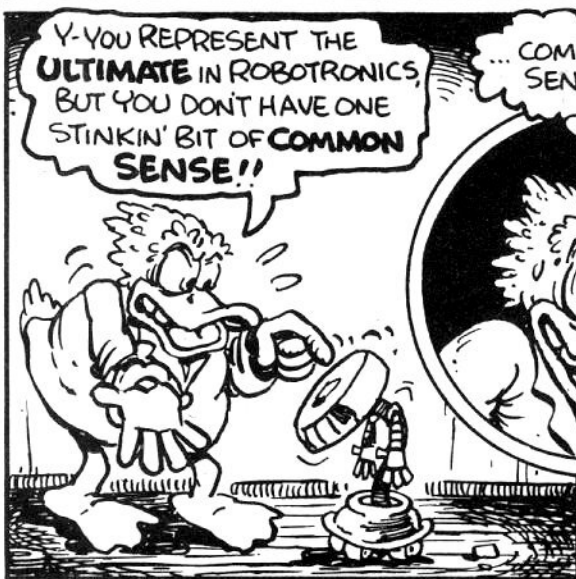
BREET?..



Y-YOU REPRESENT THE  
**ULTIMATE** IN ROBOTRONICS,  
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ONE  
STINKIN' BIT OF **COMMON**  
**SENSE!!**

... COMMON  
SENSE??

**I GOT IT! TH' QUARK**  
WILL BE THE **NUCLEUS** OF  
MY **ULTIMATE CREATION!**  
A **ROBOT** WITH  
**COMMON SENSE!!**





AND SO TH' QUACK  
FANATICALLY LABORS  
THRU THE FOLLOWING  
DAYS AND WEEKS (WITH  
THE HELP OF HIS LOYAL  
WIFE, DAGMAR), 'TIL WE  
FIND HIM STANDIN' AT  
THE THRESHOLD OF THE  
GREATEST MOMENT IN  
HIS INFAMOUS CAREER.

RUMBLE

ZZZT

AH-HAHAA  
BEHOLD DAGMAR,  
AS MY  
**NOBEL PRIZE**  
COMES TO **LIFE!!**

C'MON QUINCY,  
PULL THE SWITCH  
AND LET'S GO TO  
**BED!** I HAVEN'T  
EVEN HAD MY HAND  
HELD IN OVER  
**THREE WEEKS!**

THE TENSION  
HAS BEEN ALMOST  
UNBEARABLE...

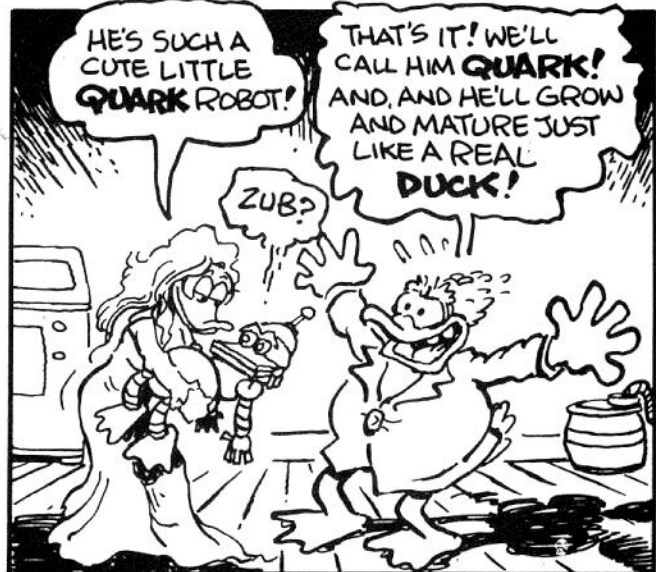
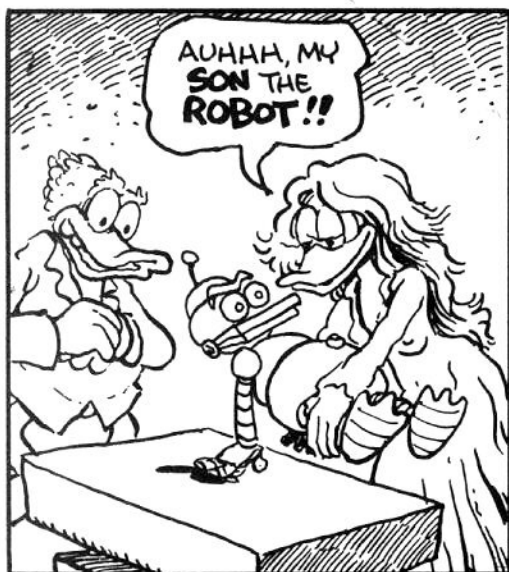
ZZZOT

BUT NOW, THE ENTIRE  
CRAZED EFFORT APPEARS  
TO HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!

DAGMAR.  
**LOOK! I-IT'S  
MOVING!**

B-BUT QUINCY,  
"IT" SEEMS  
**CONFUSED!**







BUT THE PROUD  
PARENTS SOON  
BECOME BORED  
WITH THE NOVELTY  
OF THEIR CREATION..

OH... HE'S SUCH A LITTLE  
GENIUS... HE CAN DO  
EVERYTHING FOR HIMSELF.  
HE'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL.  
(YAWN)

AND THE QUARK  
BEGINS TO SUFFER.

WHERE'S  
QUARK?

WATCHING  
T.V.

ZAPPO ZUPPO KRUPPY POPS  
SNICKUM SNACKUM  
GOODY GOOD... YUDDA  
YUDDA YOOOO

EATY SWEETY  
FUNNY BUNNY  
BOOGER WOOGER  
SUGAR SUGAR

SEVERAL WEEKS  
LATER, THE QUARK'S  
FIRST ORIGINAL  
THOUGHTS EMERGE.

I'M A QUICKUM  
KICKUM EMERGENCY!!  
HAHAHA DON'T SHOOT  
PLEASE DON'T SHOOT  
BLAM QUICKUM  
KICKUM

SOON NEGLECT TURNS TO ABUSE.

DON'T TALK BACK  
TO ME! WHERE'S  
YOUR OFF BUTTON?

HE DOESN'T HAVE  
ONE... JUST RUB  
HIM WITH A WOOL  
CLOTH - HE CAN'T  
STAND TH' STATIC  
ELECTRICITY!!

THREE WEEKS  
AFTER HIS BIRTH  
HE DISCOVERS HIS  
TRUE FRIENDS —  
THE **ELECTRONS**.



WE'VE NEVER  
FLOWED THROUGH  
ANYBODY LIKE  
**YOU** BEFORE!

YEAH-ADDS  
LIFE-HUH —  
WINNER TAKES  
ALL-THAT'S  
ME! FRESHER  
TOO!



HOLD YOUR  
HANDS OUT...  
WE WANT TO  
PLAY!

HEY!! POWER-PLY  
RADIAL-LONGER  
STRONG - DON'T  
SHOOT-WAIT 'TIL  
THEY'RE IN TH'  
CLEAR!



DO IT! THAT'S ME —  
QUICKUM KICKUM  
EMERGENCY HE'S ON  
THE LOOSE SOMEWHERE  
IN THIS CITY!

ISN'T THIS  
**FUN!?**



**QUINCY!!  
SCREAM.!!!**

WHOO BOY!  
CHACHACHA  
MEOW MEOW  
TAKE THAT!!

**WHEE!!**



**OH MY GOD!  
HE'S FORMING  
ENERGY PORTALS!!**







QUICKUM  
KICKUM!!

WEEE

ZAP

LOOK—I'LL  
THROW AWAY  
TH' WOOL  
CLOTH—  
ANYTHING!!  
YAK!!

ZIZZLE

YOU'VE COME  
A LONG WAY  
BABY ADDS  
LIFE EMERGENCY  
GONG

WHEEE!!  
NOW WE  
HAVE LOTS  
OF FRIENDS!

-CHOKE-  
I REALLY  
NEEDED  
THAT!

FOR—IT CLEARED MY  
MIND TO THINK... I GOT IT!!  
I KNOW HOW TO  
STOP HIM!

BUT THE QUACK  
HAD BETTER HURRY!  
THINGS ARE GETTING  
OUT OF HAND!

WE'RE OFF TO SEE  
TH' WIZARD YOU  
BETTER TAKE TEN  
'CAUSE HAPPY DAYS  
ARE HERE...

BACK IN THE LAB, THE  
QUACK WORKS FRANTICALLY  
TO PREVENT THE INEVITABLE  
DISASTER...

CAUTION  
NUCLEAR  
SAFETY  
AREA





BUT THE QUACK HAS CORRECTLY ANTICIPATED THE SITUATION—

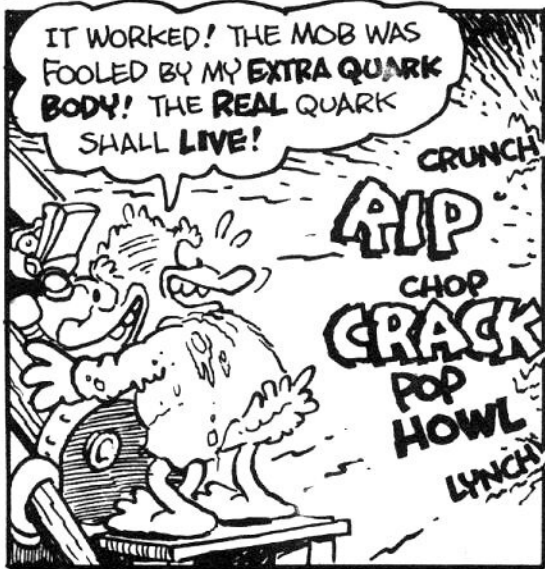
IT'S ALL HIS FAULT—I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

GROWL  
HOWL  
Slobber



IT WORKED! THE MOB WAS FOOLED BY MY **EXTRA QUARK BODY!** THE **REAL QUARK** SHALL LIVE!

CRUNCH  
**AIP**  
CHOP  
**CRACK**  
POP  
HOWL  
LYNCH



THE QUACK IS OFF THE HOOK AGAIN, AS THE INTOXICATED TOWNFOLK FAIL TO NOTICE A ROCKET BLASTING OFF.



C'MON, QUINCY... FORGET ABOUT IT... YOU CAN MAKE ANOTHER ONE SOMEDAY...



NOW CAN WE GO TO BED?

OH...ALL RIGHT—BUT FIRST LET ME FINISH THIS **GENETIC TRANSPLANT** EXPERIMENT...



END



BEAR  
VALLEY,  
CALIFORNIA...

I WON'T  
FORGET THAT  
THIS IS YOUR  
IDEA TO LEAVE. I  
WAS JUST GETTING  
ACCLIMATED TO  
THE LOCAL  
TALENT!

COME  
ALONG,  
JUNIOR.

DON'T  
CALL ME  
JUNIOR

OVERLAND  
EXPRESS CO

YOU'LL GET OVER  
IT. I JUST GOT A  
WIRE FROM MY  
DUCK IN THE  
GOLD COUNTRY...

... AND HE'S STRUCK AGAIN.  
TWO STAGES ON THE 49 RUN.  
TWO MONTHS ON THE ROAD AND  
HE'S GETTING CARELESS.

ALSO, THIS THE ONLY  
STAGE FOR A WEEK.

A WEEK  
SHOULD BE  
JUST ABOUT  
RIGHT TO  
TIDY UP A  
FEW...

... LOOSE  
ENDS.

Hummm. OF  
COURSE, WITH THE  
GOLD SHIPMENT  
GOING ON THIS  
STAGE...



HAH! I  
KNEW THAT D  
GET YOUR  
INTEREST UP!  
SOMETIMES  
I WONDER  
JUST WHICH  
SIDE YOU'RE  
REALLY ON!



SIR! YOU  
IMPUNE  
MY HONOR!



YOU CERTAINLY  
DON'T NEED MY  
HELP ON THAT  
ACCOUNT.

SAY HOW  
LONG YA IN  
HARNESS FOR?

THREE WEEKS OR  
5000 MILES, WHICHEVER  
COMES FIRST. I'M WORKIN  
MY WAY TO SAN FRAN.

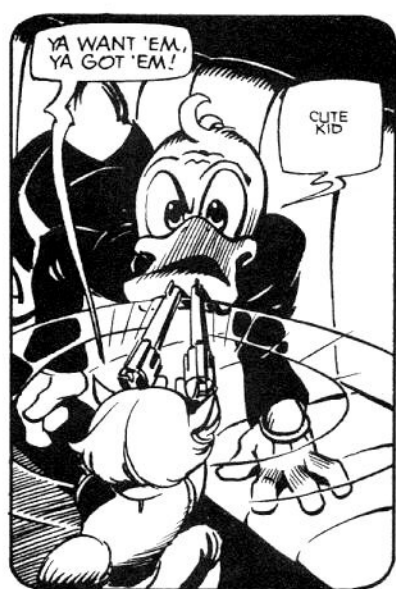
M.M... GOOD  
SHIT, HORSE

ALPINE  
GREEN



LETTERS - Tom Orzechowski

















THE LAW CLOSES IN...



RANGER RABBIT  
ALWAYS GETS HIS  
MAN, OR BIRD.. WELL,  
WHATEVER!



DON'T NOBODY  
MOVE! I'VE GOT  
YOU SURROUNDED!



WHA -- THERE'S  
NOBODY HERE!

I BEG YOUR  
PARDON!  
I'M HERE!

Uh -- WHO  
ARE YOU?

SIR! PUT  
THAT THING  
AWAY! IT  
MIGHT BE  
LOADED!



WHAT YOU BUSTIN' IN  
HERE LIKE THAT FOR!  
WERE YOU RAISED IN A  
BARN OR SOMETHIN'?

DIDN'T YOUR  
MAMA TEACH YOU  
NO MANNERS?



MY MAMMA?  
WHY, NO. I  
WAS AN  
ORPHAN.

AWW, POOR BABY!  
YOU JUST RELAX  
AND TELL ME  
ABOUT IT!

HERE, LEMME  
PUT THIS WHERE  
YOU WON'T HURT  
YOURSELF  
WITH IT.



...SO ME AN' MY  
SEVENTEEN BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS HAD TO  
FEND FOR OURSELVES  
AFTER MOM GOT ET...

> sniff <

YEW JEST  
GET IT ALLOFF  
YOUR CHEST,  
HANDSOME...



... AND SO  
WHEN THE  
WAR CAME  
ALONG...

Hmmff! ISN'T THAT  
JUST LIKE A RABBIT!  
I KNEW HE COULDN'T  
KEEP HIS MIND ON  
HIS WORK! SHE'S  
SURE STALLING HIM.  
I GUESS THIS ONE'S  
UP TO ME...

SEVEN









CONCLUSION NEXT TIME in: ANGELS' CAMP





## "YOU-ALL GIBBON"

©1977 Scott Shaw

12 December 1977  
San Francisco, CA

"You-All Gibbon: The Land That Time Ignored" by Scott Shaw is not in this issue after all. Perhaps time could ignore the story but our finances could not, so we are going to press without it.

Scott explained his failure to deliver on time as having "other priorities", chief among them being his commitment to the Hanna-Barbera-produced comics for Marvel Comics. He has also expressed a loss of respect for QUACK and myself here at Star\*Reach as explanation for a lack of enthusiasm to finish his story.

At last word Scott is editing a funny animal magazine called WILD ANIMALS for Krupp Comics in Wisconsin, so we'll be seeing his animal creations elsewhere.

In "You-All's" stead we're reprinting "The Duckaneer", the story by Frank Brunner that started this magazine back in issue One. That first issue has just this month fallen out of print, so in a way, this printing will help keep it around for those of you who are new to QUACK. To those who already have our first issue, we apologize, but hope you enjoy re-reading the story in this setting.



QUACKERSVILLE,  
3 A.M.: A TIME  
WHEN MOST  
DECENT DUCKS  
ARE ASLEEP.

HOWEVER, THIS  
STORY IS NOT  
ABOUT THEM. THIS  
IS A TALE OF  
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...  
A NIGHT TRIPPER  
DOWN THE STREETS  
OF FANTASY... A  
COMIC ARTIST!

...EVEN NOW AS DAWN  
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE  
APPROACH, THIS ONE  
IS LABORING TO  
MAKE IT REAL!



FOR THIS  
IS THE SAGA  
OF THE...

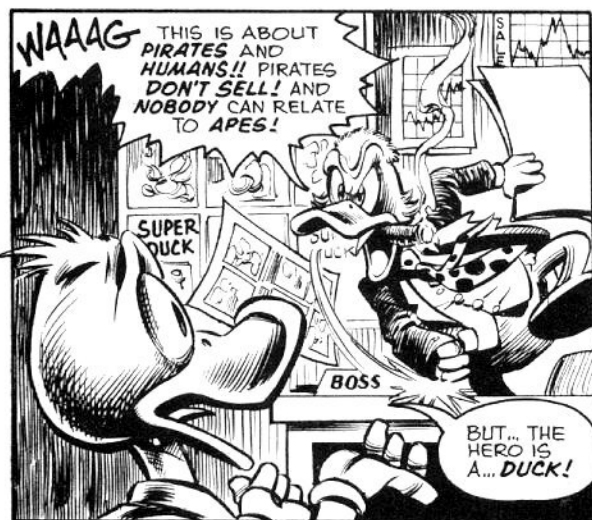
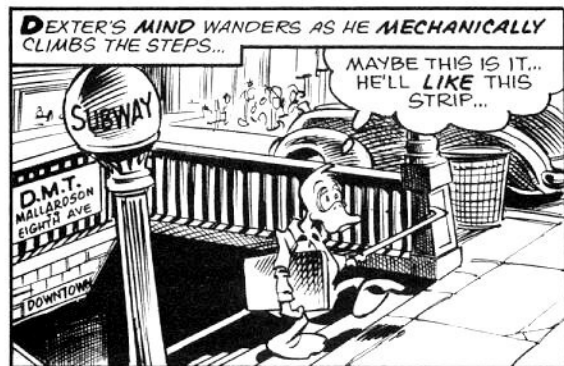


© 1976 Frank Brunner

AVAS  
YA SWA



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**FRANK BRUNNER**  
EMBELLISHED BY STEVE LEIALOHA  
LETTERED BY TOM ORZECOWSKI





AND WHY DON'T  
YOU GO OUT  
WITH **GIRLS**  
LIKE A **NORMAL**  
DUCK?

THAT'S  
RIGHT! I  
FORGOT  
TO CALL  
**SHIRLEY!**

YEAH, SURE... I  
UNDERSTAND...  
HE'S GOT A  
**CAR**, Huh... YEAH,  
GOODBYE.

**DEXTER RETREATS  
TO HIS STUDIO...**

MIGHT AS WELL  
START LAYING  
OUT THE NEXT  
DUCKANEER  
STORY... AND  
TRY TO **FORGET**  
ABOUT **SHIRLEY**.

**HOBOY... GETTIN'  
FOGGY... CAN'T  
CONCENTRATE...**

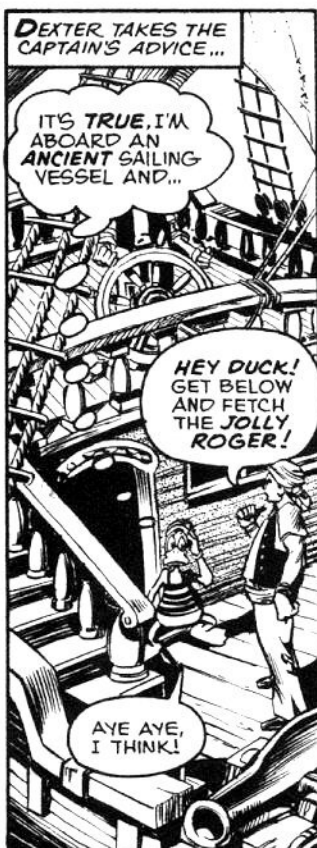
**BACK... BACK DEXTER'S MIND  
DRIFTS IN TIME, BACK BEFORE  
DUCKS RULED THE WORLD... TO  
THAT HALF-MYTHICAL TIME WHEN  
HUMANS REIGNED SUPREME  
AND PIRATES RULED THE WAVES!**

HEY...  
WUT'S  
HAPPIN'...

FEEL  
LIKE I'M  
FALLING!

HERE'S YOUR  
GROG, SIR...  
**OOPS!**

**YOU FOOL!  
I'LL HAVE YOU  
KEELHAULED  
FOR THIS! I'LL  
NEVER TAKE ON  
A DUCK FOR  
A CABIN BOY  
AGAIN!**





BOY, AM I GLAD YOU STOPPED ME! I MIGHT HAVE SUNK THE WHOLE SHIP!

DON'T THANK ME, I'VE THOUGHT OF DOING IT MYSELF! BUT YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

THANKS ANYWAY... MY NAME'S DEXTER. WHO ARE YOU?



I'M KATRINA HAWKINS, CAPTAIN'S MATE... BUT YOU CAN CALL ME KITTY. I WAS TAKEN PRISONER TWO YEARS AGO AND HELD FOR RANSOM. IT NEVER CAME, SO, WISELY, I ELECTED TO JOIN THE CREW!

FAR OUT! YOU MEAN YOU'RE A PIRATE TOO?



LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE BECOME CONVINCING WITH A SWORD!

WOW!



I'LL BET YOU'RE REAL GOOD IN A FIGHT!

I HAVE TO BE, WITH A BRUTE LIKE CAPTAIN BLOODBATH! HE DOESN'T COME ANY CLOSER THAN SWORD-POINT THESE DAYS!

COME ON, THAT'S US!

HUH?

JUST AS I THOUGHT, IT'S CAPTAIN SLASH! BLOODBATH'S ARCH ENEMY!

*Suddenly...* AN ALARM IS HEARD FROM UP ABOVE...

ALL HANDS ON DECK! BATTLE STATIONS!

BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A BATTLE...

DON'T WORRY, DUCKY, I'LL PROTECT YOU!

... AND HE'S SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!



FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS! LET'S SHOW THOSE BILGE RATS HOW TO FIGHT!

STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!

ZIS WILL DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS ZE BETTER, BUCCANEER!

DEATH TO CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!

AMIDST BELCHING CANNON SMOKE, GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY! AND WITH DIRKS IN HAND AND PISTOLS PRIMED, THE RIVAL CREWS BEGIN THE DEADLY CONTEST! FIGHTING IS BITTER WITH NO QUARTER ASKED AND NONE GIVEN!

A FILTHY DECK IS WASHED RED WITH SPILT BLOOD IN A VERITABLE MAELSTROM OF INSENSIBLE VIOLENCE THAT CAN ONLY END WITH ONE MASTER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA LANES!

MEANWHILE, DEXTER IS LAYING LOW...

I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE... BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS!

"I'D ASK KITTY WHO'S WINNING, BUT I GUESS SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW!"





HOWEVER, DEXTER'S AMUSEMENT PARK MARKSMANSHIP LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED, AND HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED OFF A PULLEY...

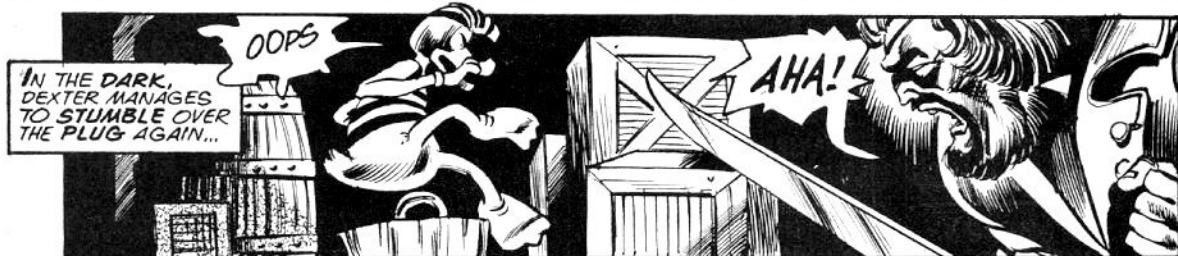


...CREASING THE CAPTAIN'S SKULL IN A MOST UNAMUSING FASHION!

BLOODBATH WHIRLS TO SEE ONLY DEXTER STANDING, PISTOL STILL SMOKING!







LOOSENED BY DEXTER'S  
PREVIOUS TAMPERING,  
THE SEA PLUG FLIES IN  
BLOODBATH'S FACE!

THE INITIAL GUSH OF  
WATER SENDS HIM  
HURLING ACROSS THE  
HOLD...

...AND  
SMACK  
ONTO  
DEXTER'S  
TREMBLING  
BLADE!

I DIDN'T  
MEAN  
TO DO IT!

NONSENSE! YOU  
DEFEATED HIM  
FAIR AND SQUARE!

BLOODBATH STAGGERS  
A MOMENT IN TOTAL  
DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED, THEN  
COLLAPSES, DEAD.

KITTY AND  
DEXTER MANAGE TO RE-PLUG  
THE SHIP AND COME ON DECK,  
WHERE THE CREW IS WELL INTO  
THEIR VICTORY CELEBRATION...

HEY, MATES!  
BLOODBATH IS  
DEAD! MEET THE  
NEW CAPTAIN...  
DEXTER!

HIP HIP  
HOORAY!

GEE, AM I  
REALLY THE  
CAPTAIN  
NOW?

YOU'VE  
GOT THE  
CAPTAIN'S  
HAT, IF  
THAT MEANS  
ANYTHING!

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
TAKING  
ME?

TO THE CAPTAIN'S... er  
YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST  
BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN  
REVELRY, A LONG AND  
STRANGE DAY ENDS, DEXTER  
AND HIS MATE RETIRE.



BY MORNING, THE CREW HAS DRIED OUT AND CAPTAIN DEXTER ADDRESSES THEM...



OUTSIDE OF A FEW MINOR POLICY CHANGES, EVERYTHING WILL BE THE SAME, BOYS...

AND UNTIL I LEARN THE ROPES, KITTY WILL GIVE THE ORDERS...

WE'RE NOT TAKING ORDERS FROM A DUCK OR A WENCH! WE'D BE LAUGHED OUT OF EVERY PORT AND OUR SHIP WOULD BE TARGET FOR ANY PRIVATEER!

IN FACT, MR. DUCKANEER, YOU AND YOUR MATE ARE LEAVING US... BY WAY O' THE PLANK! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD THEY FLOAT... MATES!



SHORTLY...



I GUESS WE BLEW IT, DUCKY!

SHADDUP AND MOVE!

WELL, AT LEAST I WAS CAPTAIN FOR A NIGHT!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A DUCK COULD NEVER FIND ACCEPTANCE IN A WORLD OF SAVAGE APES!

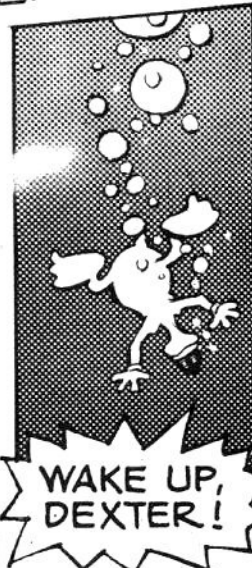


GOODBYE, DEXTER!

GOODBYE... WAAAGH!



I'M SINKING, BUT I'M A DUCK... WAAAGH!



WAKE UP, DEXTER!

CRAZY KID, YOU WERE RAVING IN YA SLEEP! I HADDA THROW THIS BUCKET A WATER ON YA!

HEY, YOU ON GOOFBALLS OR SUMPIN'?

Whew, ONLY A DREAM... I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS.



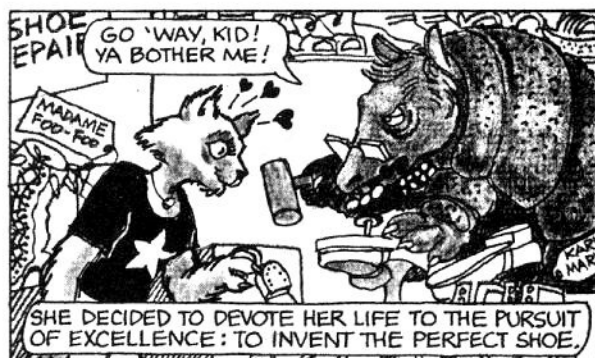
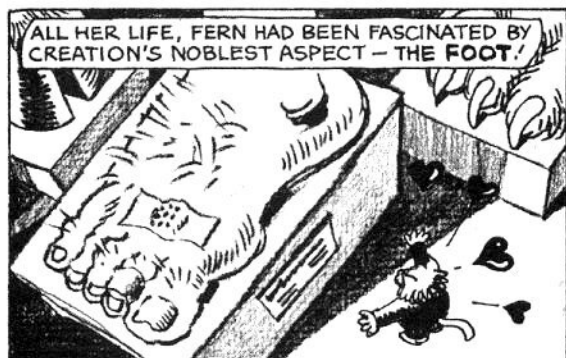
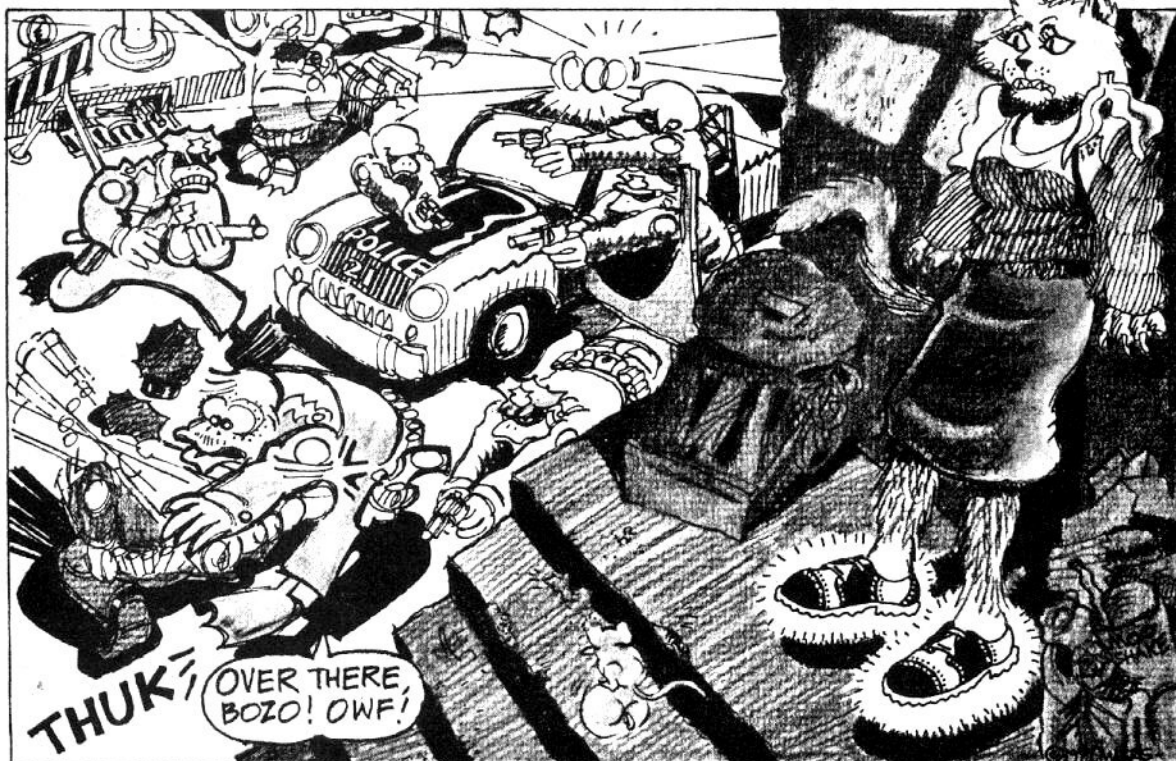
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LOOK! DOWN IN THE STREET: IT'S A BROGUE! IT'S A SANDAL! NO! IT'S.....

# THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!

A TALE OF CREATIVITY AND CRIME BY LEE MARRS-





ARE YOU CRAZY?  
US INVENT SOME  
EVERLASTIN' SHOE  
THAT WOULD FIT  
ANYONE?! SHIT!  
WE'D BE OUTA  
BIZNESS INSIDE  
OF TWO MONTHS!

HOWEVER, IN THIS AUTOMATED, CONSUMER-WASTE SOCIETY, THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR "PERFECT".

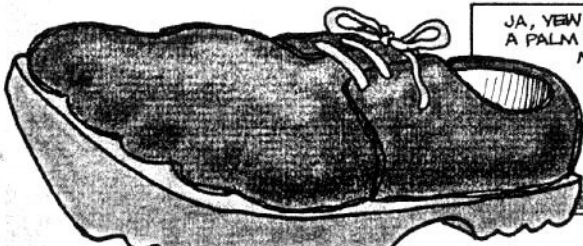


MY GOD! WHEN I THINK OF  
THE TOOTSIE-MASHING  
MONSTERS THESE SHOE  
MANUFACTURERS HAVE  
FOISTED ON THE PUBLIC!  
FOOTWEAR FALLING APART  
IN 3 MONTHS! COSTING A  
FORTUNE! RIDICULOUS!!

AFTER BEING REJECTED BY 432 SHOE COMPANIES  
AND EVERY GOV'T GRANT SINCE WWII- BITTERNESS



ALL THOSE FOOT-WARPING  
ATROCITIES DESTROYING  
OUR PRECIOUS PAWS....



JA, YEW KIN STAND YUST LIKE  
A PALM TREE - NATURE'S  
MOST PERFECT  
CREATION!

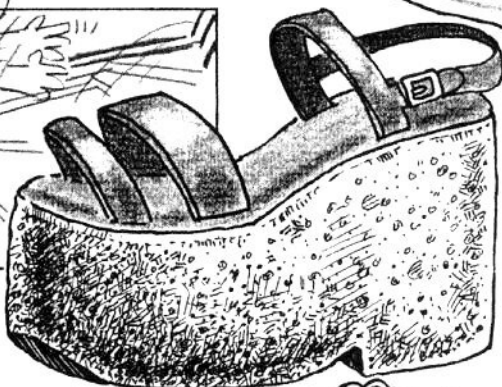
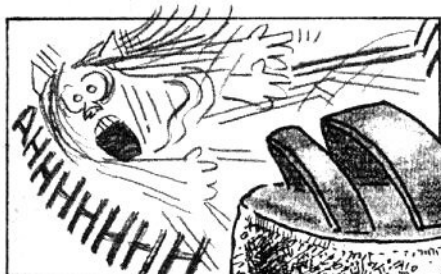


## THE DIRT SHOE

BASED ON A BRAND NEW  
"ORGANICALLY SOUND"  
PRINCIPLE DISCOVERED  
BY A NORWEGIAN  
BEACHCOMER WHEN HE  
SIGHTED AN UPROOTED  
PALM TREE PRINT IN THE  
SHORES OF KITCHYMOONO

## ABIBAS

THOSE FAB  
TENNIS SHOES INVENTED BY  
A FINE OLE GERMAN FIRM,  
REVERED FOR GENERATIONS,  
WHO INSTANTLY, UPON THE  
STYLE BECOMING POPULAR,  
SUBCONTRACTED TO 250  
CHEAPO TAIWAN MILLS!



## CARMEN MIRANDA XTRA

WAS SECRETLY FINANCED BY A  
BONE SPECIALISTS CONSORTIUM  
SLUSH FUND AFTER STATISTICS  
REVEALED THAT 85% OF CLOG  
WEARERS BROKE THEIR ANKLES  
IN THE FIRST WEEK OF WEAR.

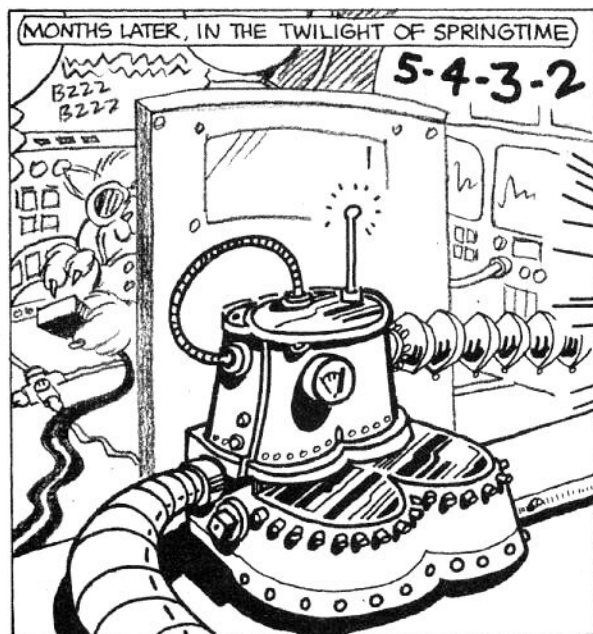
DAMMIT! THEY WON'T GET AWAY  
WITH THAT ABYSMAL, TRASHY JUNK  
ANYMORE! GENIUS WILL PREVAIL!  
ON MY OWN - BY MYSELF - I WILL  
PERSEVERE! I WILL CREATE THE  
**PERFECT SHOE!**



FERN'S DEDICATION KNEW NO BOUNDS. FOR 5 YEARS SHE SAVED 90% OF HER VARIED INCOME.



Overall, the ambivalent thrust of Rousseau's unenlightened modifiers has certain coherent nuances for any search into...

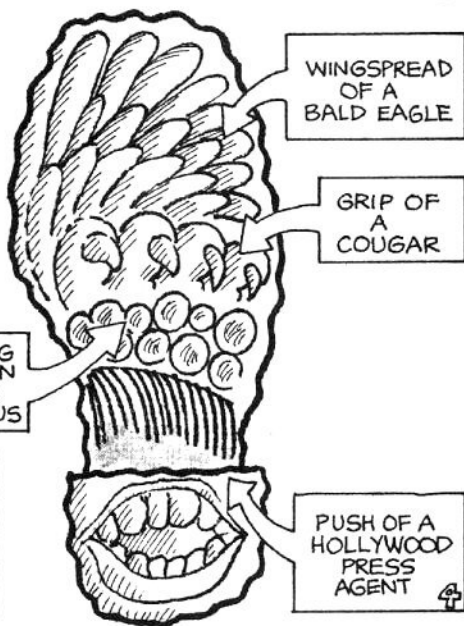






SPEEDING SHOES! THEY FIT ANY SIZE, AND GO FASTER THAN  
A SPEEDING PUFF ADDER! THE TRANSPORTATION CRISIS IS NOW  
OVER! NO MORE NEED FOR CARS! GASOLINE! ANYONE CAN ZOOM  
ANYWHERE! PERFECTION! I'LL CALL THEM  
THE FOOTSIE... NO! THE...

# THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE™



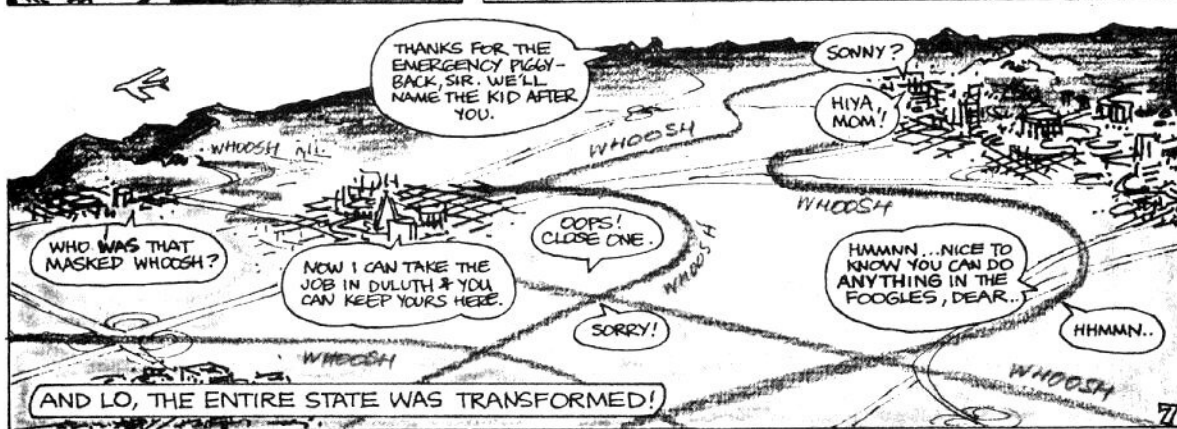
NEW POLYMORPHOUS  
EXTRACT OF A BOA  
CONSTRUCTOR WHICH  
EXPANDS/CONTRACTS  
AND "REMEMBERS"  
ITS SHAPE FOREVER



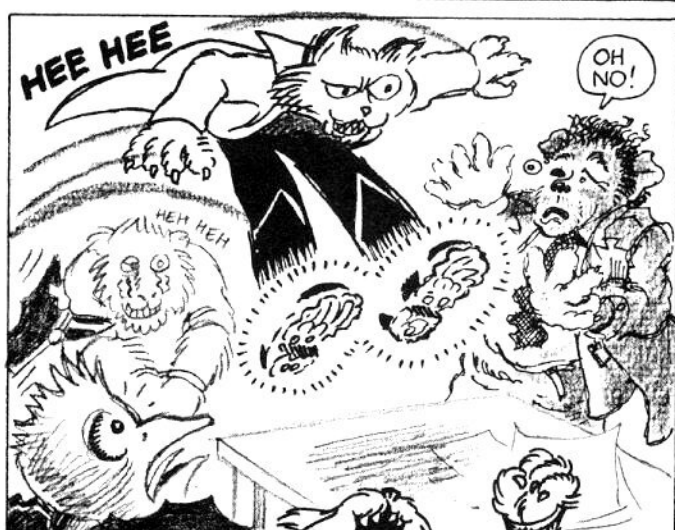




A CRIMINAL IS BORN! SOON, IN HUNDREDS OF SHOE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY...



AND LO, THE ENTIRE STATE WAS TRANSFORMED!



## FOOT FOOLERY FOREVER



AND SO SHE ZOOMS TODAY, REBUILDING HER RESOURCES FOR ANOTHER TRY. THEY MAY HAVE HUSHED UP THE NEWS AND CONFISCATED THE SHOES. BUT ONE DAY... YOU'LL BE WAITING FOR A BUS, OR IN LINE AT THE CO-OP—YOU'LL FEEL A SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR

**WHOOOSH! BEWARE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!**

END



The Wraith  
© 1977  
michael t. gilbert  
26



On this fine december morn, we find our friends, the wraith & ivory, taking a short a.m. stroll...

IVORY... "COFF" I... "UM" ... WELL, IN CASE I... "ER" HAVEN'T... "UH" MENTIONED IT... I... WELL... THANKS FOR GETTIN' ME OUTA THAT SLUMP I WAS IN. I MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY OBNOXIOUS.

BOY: Y'R TELLIN' ME  
HMMMMM... DON'T BE SO AGREEABLE...



ANYWAY-IT WAS NO BIG DEAL. YOU JUST NEEDED A KICK IN THE PANTS, WRAITH. 'SIDES, YOU GOT ME OUT OF THAT NUTTY OL' PROFESSOR'S LAB, REMEMBER?

SURE Y'DO.  
I WAS JUST AFRAID YOU WERE GONNA KICK ME BACK!  
"HEH!"



...AN' SPEAKIN' OF BEIN' AFRAID...  
Y'KNOW, WRAITH, I'VE SEEN YOU FIGHT CROOKS, LOONIES, MONSTERS.

LOTS OF SCARY THINGS.  
AND Y'KNOW... I WAS KINDA WONDERIN'...

...DO YOU EVER GET AFRAID?  
ME? AFRAID?

HELL, NO!  
I'M... **THE WRAITH!**

UM-HM. YEAH.

BUT SERIOUSLY.

WHADAYA MEAN...  
"BUT SERIOUSLY?"  
AM I TO UNDERSTAND  
THAT YOU DOUBT  
MY TOTAL, ABSOLUTE  
FEARLESSNESS??

...WELL, I...  
...WELL...  
WELL... ARE YOU?

"AM I?" LORD!  
YOU KIDS TODAY!  
GROW UP, TOOTS!  
I'VE GOT FEARS AN'  
WORRIES SAME AS  
THE NEXT GUY-TH'  
NEXT GUY BEIN' WOODY  
ALLEN. SURE I GET  
SCARED, SOMETIMES-  
WHO DOESN'T?

YEAH??  
WHAT ARE  
Y' SCARED OF?  
HUH?

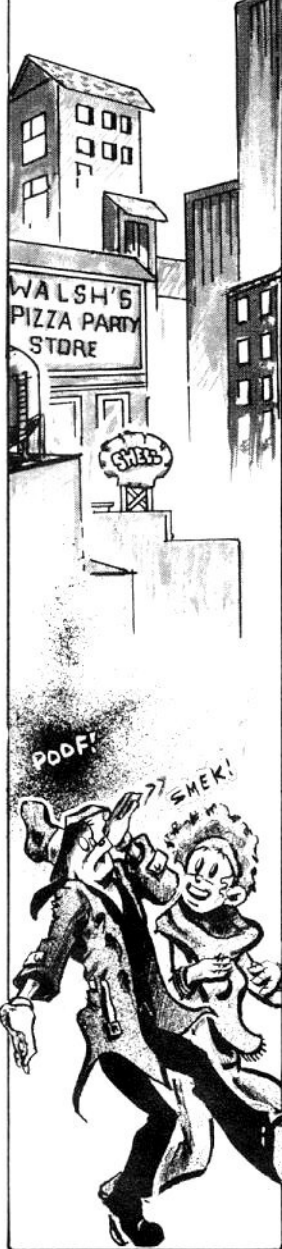
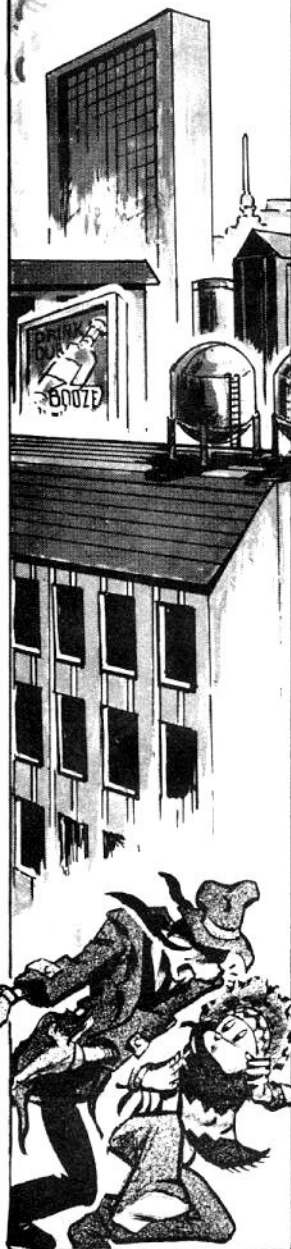
OH, I DUNNO -  
LOTS OF THINGS.

MYSELF,  
SOMETIMES...

AFRAID OF  
Y'RSELF?!?  
AW C'MON  
WRAITH. WHO  
Y'TRYIN' TA  
KID, HUH? HUH?

NO - SERIOUSLY!  
LOOK, GRANTED  
THAT I'M AS NORMAL  
AS THE NEXT  
CRIME-FIGHTER  
{ A RATHER CRAZY  
PROFESSION TO BEGIN WITH }

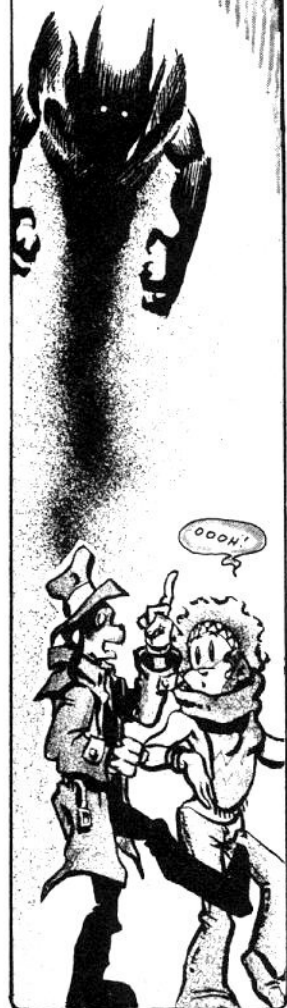
AND FURTHER-  
LET'S GRANT THAT  
CRIME FIGHTERS  
ARE A FAIRLY  
HEALTHY LOT -  
BRAIN-WISE!  
{ ADMITTEDLY A RATHER  
"IFFY" PROPOSITION. }



THAT IS, EVEN ASSUMING WE'RE DEALING WITH A RELATIVELY HEALTHY MIND .... THERE ARE **STILL** A WHOLE MESS OF HUMAN **HANGUPS** TO DEAL WITH.

THE **FEARS**, THE **HATES**. THE **INSECURITIES**. THE **DEMONS WITHIN**... ALL THOSE DARK SPOTS HIDDEN INSIDE THAT WE TRY TO BURY!  
**OH!!!, YES!!!**

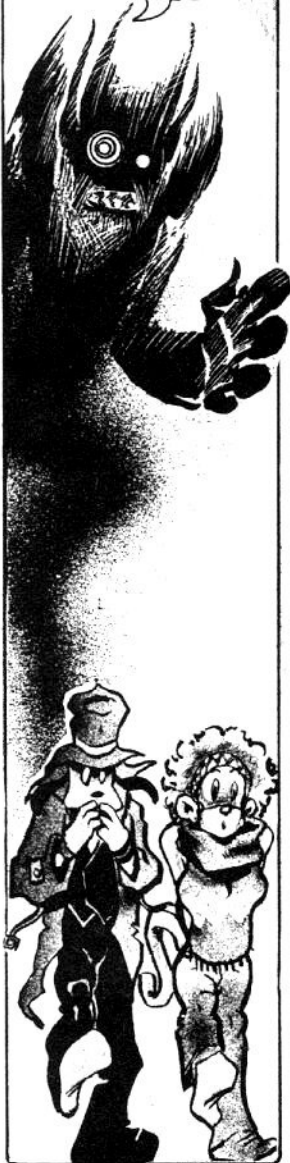
I FEAR THOSE PARTS OF ME, **IVORY**



**AW, C'MON, WRAITH.** YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING **ROTTEN**, COULDYA, **WRAITH?**

**AAAAH, IVORY!** AS A PREDECESSOR OF MINE ONCE SAID: "**WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?**" UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, WHO IS TO SAY OF WHAT POTENTIAL **EVIL** ONE IS CAPABLE?

YES, **IVORY**, I DO **FEAR** THAT EVIL IN MYSELF!



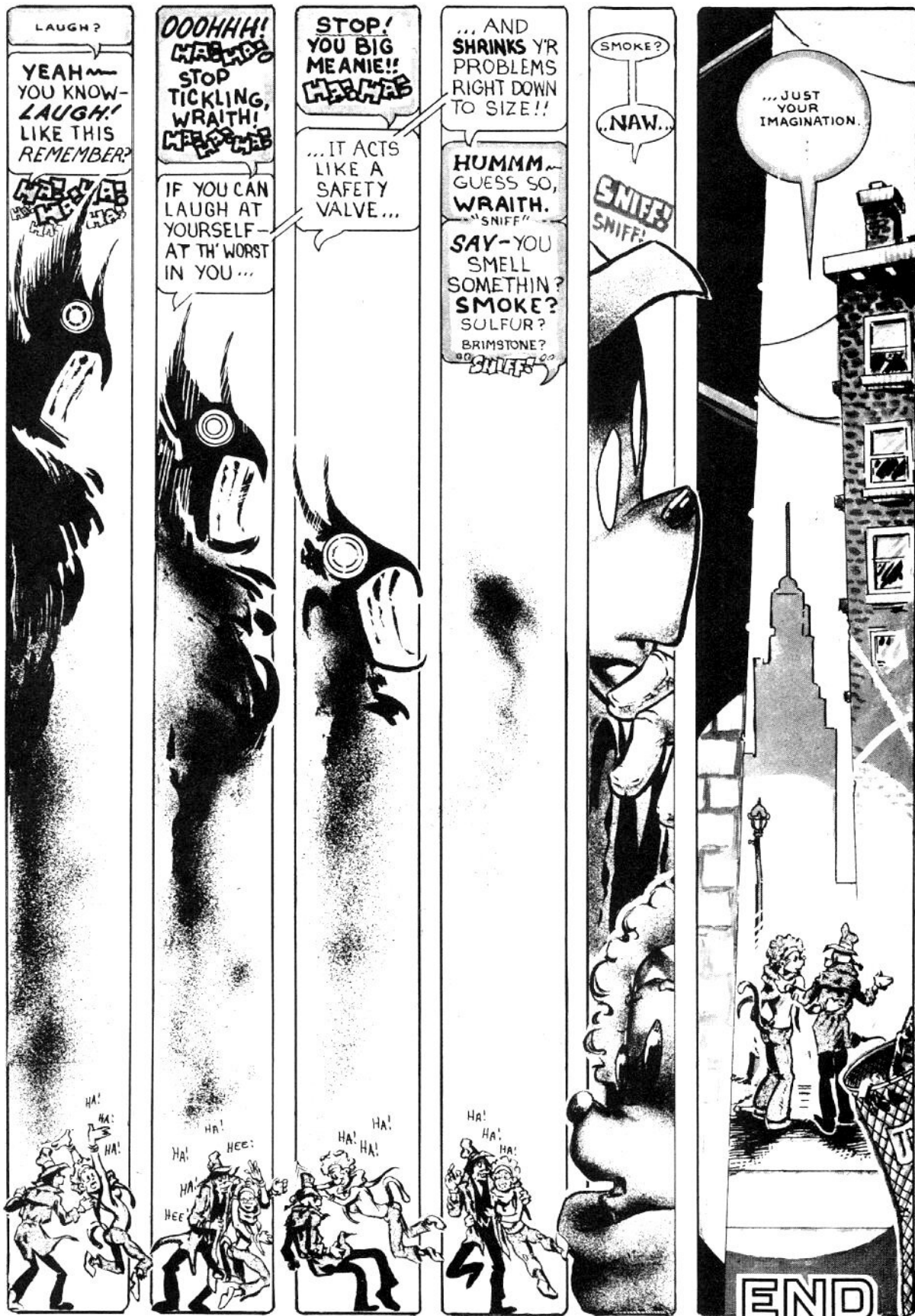
**FEAR, IVORY.** UNCHECKED, THAT FEAR CAN GROW—**SPREADING—CRIPPLING!**

BUT YOU KNOW, **IVORY**, OVER THE YEARS I'VE DEVELOPED A VERY EFFECTIVE METHOD OF HANDLING **FEAR**

HUH? YEAH? WHADDAYA DO?







LAUGH?

YEAH~  
YOU KNOW-  
LAUGH!  
LIKE THIS  
REMEMBER?

OOOHHH!  
STOP  
TICKLING,  
WRAITH!  
HEEE

IF YOU CAN  
LAUGH AT  
YOURSELF-  
AT TH' WORST  
IN YOU ...

STOP!  
YOU BIG  
MEANIE!!  
HEEE

... IT ACTS  
LIKE A  
SAFETY  
VALVE ...

... AND  
SHRINKS Y'R  
PROBLEMS  
RIGHT DOWN  
TO SIZE!!

HUMMM~  
GUESS SO,  
WRAITH.  
"SNIFF"

SAY-YOU  
SMELL  
SOMETHIN?  
SMOKE?  
SULFUR?  
BRIMSTONE?  
SNIFF

SMOKE?

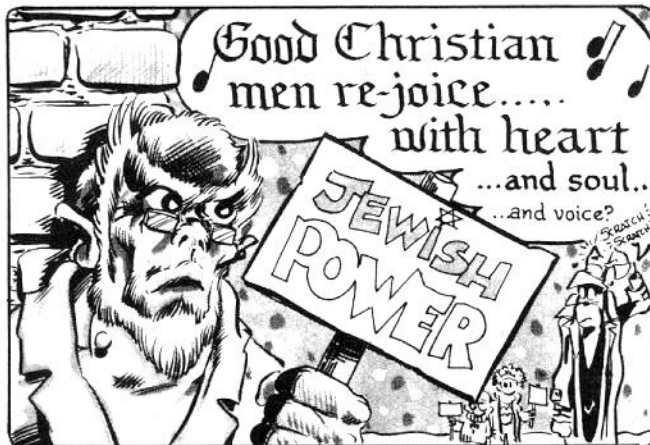
..NAW..

SNIFF!  
SNIFF!

... JUST  
YOUR  
IMAGINATION.

END





Okay, c'mon gang, let's hear it-All Together Now!



# Merry Christmas to all...



*This Friendly*

TED RICHARDS

Ken Macklin

Michael T. Gilbert

STEVE LEIGH

MARKS

AL GORDON

SCOTT SHAW

FRANK BRUNNER

Mary McAllister

..... and the whole "quack" gang wish you a joyous holiday season AND a full, productive 1978.

**IMAGINE IF** YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



PHOTO: TONY REMINGTON

Well, folks,  
**STAR\*REACH**  
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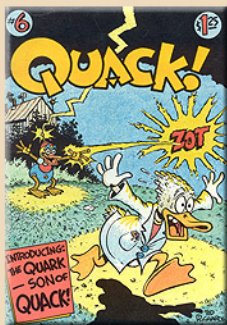




QUACK CITY  
SAVINGS & LOAN  
SINCE 1849

Lei





# Sir Real's

## UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

### Quack #6

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\$1.25

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### Stories:

2 - Editorial

3 - The Quack, Son Of Quack

13 - Into The Motherlode

23 - You-All Gibbon Editorial

24 - Duckaneer

35 - The Fleet Foot Foogle

43 - The Wraith

48 - A Christmas Carol with The Wraith

51 - Star\*Reach Productions (Ad)

52 - Quack City

### Artists:

Mike Friedrich (Editor) - 2(e), 23(e), 50+

Ted Richards - 1, 3-12+, 50+

J. Michael Leonard - 3-12+

Larry Gonick - 3-12+

Steve Leialoha - 13-22, 24-34(embellishment),  
50+, 52

Scott Shaw - 23, 50+

Frank Brunner - 24-34, 50+

Tom Orzechowski - 24-34(l)

Lee Marrs - 35-42, 50+

Michael T. Gilbert - 43-49, 50+

Ken Macklin - 50+

Mary McAllister - 50+

Al Gordona - 50+

Tony Remington - 51(ph)

### Comments:

n/a