

By HAROLD GRAY

I'M SORRY, SANDY. I KNOW YOU'RE AWFUL HUNGRY— BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER— MAYBE ONE OF THESE APPLES WOULDN'T HURT YOU.

HAROLD GRAY

By LYMAN YOUNG

By MARTIN

I THINK MEBBE ID BETTER GETCHA
SOMETHIN' TEAT BEFORE I FREE
YA



By GEORGE McMANUS

WHERE CAN YOU FIND ONE?

THAT REMINDS ME. MY WIFE TOLD ME TO BE HOME AT TWO O'CLOCK.

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By E. C. Segar

By AHERN

AND, AS I SAY, JASON AND I WENT OUT ON THAT DRATTED THOCKMORTON CASE! WHILE WE WERE AWAY SOME RASCALS USED MY OFFICE TO OPERATE A STILL — HMM — WONDER IF THEY HID ANY OF THEIR PRODUCT IN THE OFFICE — WELL — DURING THE PAID NOBODY WAS CAUGHT — THEN THE POLICE TOOK ME INTO CUSTODY — AND, IDENTITY LATER, THEY PROFUSELY AND RELEASED ME!

WELL — JASON EXPLAINED IT ALL, SO I BELIEVE YOU! BUT I NEVER SAW ANYBODY LIKE YOU — YOU COULD BE SITTING DOWN, TWIDDLING THUMBS, AND GET INTO MORE SCRAPES THAN A REAR FENDER

ALL'S WELL IN HOOPLE MANOR!

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