

By HAROLD GRAY

By LYMAN YOUNG

YOUR SIDE FEEL BETTER SINCE I BOUND IT UP AGAIN, MR. BERNOT?

YES, LAD! SIT DOWN, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU—

—AND JUST BEFORE DUMONT AMBUSHED MY CARAVAN, YOU TOLD CAPT DUMONT YOU'D SHOOT HIM, IF HE ORDERED HIS MEN TO SHOOT AT MINE—?

YES, SIR, BUT JESS THEN SOMEONE GRABBED ME ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND AN' I NEVER DID SEE WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT! DID DUMONT SHOOT YOU BEFORE OR DURN' TH' BIG FIGHT?

OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, LAD, IS FOR SOME CARAVAN OR GOVINS DESERT BANDITS TO STOP AT THIS CROSS AND EITHER AID OR DESTROY US—

LIE STILL, SIR, OR YOUR WOUND MIGHT OPEN AGAIN.

GOSH—I FEEL LIKE I'M BURNIN' UP! GUESS I'VE GOT A FEVER—HELLO—HE'S TALKIN' WILD AGAIN—

I'LL GET YOU DOWN—YOU AND YOUR GANG OF CUTTHROATS! I'LL GET YOU—

LATER

By MARTIN

AM, GEE! THERE'S POOR MR. DOOLEY - WITH HIS HAY FEVER

HE ASKED ME FOR A DATE THIS A.M.

WO'D Y'LIKE TOO T-DAY, MR. DOOLEY?

AAAH CHOOO

ALL I WANNA DO-OO-A-CHOO - IS SNEEZE

OH!! YUH WANNA SNEEZE?

NO - I DON'T WANNA SNEEZE!

AAAH CHOOO

CHOOOO AAH CHOOO

WELL - MAKE UP YOUR MIND

AAAH CHOOO

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By GEORGE McMANUS

JIGGS HAS TRIED TO LAND THE PLANE, BUT HE HAS RUINED TWO TOWNS ALREADY.

I THINK THAT WUZ A BREWERY I HIT!

HOW AM I GONNA GIT BACK IN THE COCK-PIT-NOW?

HEY! GIT THAT TRAIN OUT OF THE WAY-I THINK I'M GONNA LAND.

WELL-I TOLD 'EM TO GIT OUT OF THE WAY- IT WUZNT MY FAULT-

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By E. C. Segar

ME LITTLE BOY KID HAS GOT TO HAVE IN ENTERTAINMENT I AM GONER HIRE A ARTIST TO DRAWER PITCHERS FOR HIM

MR PENZILI WANTS TO HIRE YA TO AMUSE ME BABY - BRING YOUR DRAWER IN OUTFIT OVER

WHAT'LL I DRAW FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW?

PITCHERS

PITCHERS?

SURE PITCHERS, WHA JA SUSPOSE

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

SAY

SAY, IS THAT ALL YA KNOWS HOW TO DRAW?

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By AHERN

Panel 1 (Left):

Man: CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE COMIN' OUT OF IT AT LAST! AT'S TH' FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN SOAP ON YOUR NECK AN' BEHIND YOUR EARS, WITHOUT HAVIN' TO DRIVE YOU TO IT.

Boy: OH, AT AINT FROM WARSHIN! A WOMAN PUT AT SOAP ON MY NECK AN' EARS, TO GIT ME OUT OF A PICKIT FENCE I WAS CAUGHT IN.

Man: HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

Boy: J. R. WILLIAMS.

Panel 2 (Right):

Man: EGAD, MR. BUTLER—WHEN I GET BACK IN TOWN, I'LL SEND YOU SOME OF MY EXPERIMENTAL DATA ON SCIENTIFIC FARMING THAT YOU CAN APPLY TO YOUR FARM!—HAW—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A POTATO THAT DOESN'T REQUIRE PEELING?—THE "HOOPLE ZIPPER POTATO"!—IT'S CROSSED WITH A STRING BEAN!—INSTEAD OF LABORIOUS PEELING, THE HOUSEWIFE MERELY PULLS THE STRINGS OF THE POTATO SKIN AND PRESTO, IT PEELS LIKE A BANANA!

Man: THAT'LL BE GREAT!—NOW IF YOU CAN CROSS TH' POTATO WITH A SQUASH IT'D GROW ABOVE TH' GROUND AN' SAVE ME TH' HARD WORK OF DIGGING 'EM!

Man: WOP PIPE HOOPLE.

Man: B-18.

Man: REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1935 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

NRA
BE OUR PART

IN STEP
WITH
THE NATION

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