

BY HAROLD GRAY

DON'T THANK ME—
AND DON'T EVER TELL
ANYBODY I TOLD YOU
YOU COULD USE THIS
PLACE OR I'LL LOSE
MY JOB. HERE—
KEEP MY FLASH
LIGHT FOR TO-NIGHT.

YOU'RE
MIGHTY
DECENT—
WE'LL NEVER
LET YOU
DOWN—

**HAROLD
GRAY**

Illustrated by CHAS. H. CRISP

BY LYMAN YOUNG

Due to Airmail Fog Troubles in East, Releases of "Tim Tyler" are Delayed. All Tardy Releases will be Printed at Once, as soon as They Arrive.-EDITORS

BY MARTIN

POOR BOOTS! NO ONE WILL TAKE HER SERIOUSLY, ABOUT WANTING TO DO SOMETHING REALLY WORTH WHILE...

I'LL SHOW 'EM...

NOT EVEN GORA, NOR THE PROF! THEY JUST SORT OF SMILE OUT OF THE CORNERS OF THEIR MOUTHS AT THE IDEA ...

PARDON ME, IF I SEEM T'SNICKER ...

TEE HEE

TEE HEE

AH NEVAH HEAD TELL OF NOTHIN' SO DAFKY IN ALL MAH BORN DAYS, AS ANYBODY WANTIN' T'WORK...

IT'S GREAT STUFF -- AN' I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO HER.

THAT'S THE DIDDY, JIM

SURE ... BUT, GOSH, NOW, WE NEVER WILL SEE HER

AS FOR THE FELLAS -- WELL, GLOOM, DESPAIR, AND MISERY HAVE SETTLED ON THE HEAVY HEARTS OF THE BRAVE LADS, AND TRUE, ON MURRAH HILL.

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BY GEORGE McMANUS

BY GOLLY, THAT SISTER OF MAGGIE'S IS STILL UNPACKIN' HER TRUNKS. AN' WHAT A LOT OF JUNK SHE HAS.

NOW WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' FER-A STOVE?

NO, I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE THAT BELONGS TO MAGGIE.

WHEN ME BROTHER WUZ HERE, HE PUT THIS IN HIS TRUNK BY MISTAKE AN' TOLD ME TO FETCH IT BAK, SO HERE IT IS.

I'LL SEE TO IT THAT IT'LL DO NO MORE DAMAGE AROUND THIS HOUSE-I WONDER WHO INVENTED THEM THINGS!!!

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THIMBLE Starring **POPEYE** NOW SHOWING—"HIS BAG OF TRICKS" TOMORROW—"GET YOUR BATHING SUIT READY!" BY E. C. SEGAR

I CARRY FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES OF DISGUISES IN MY HAT ALONE.

I AM FLABBERGASTED!

E. C. RIEU

BY AHERN

JUST A MOMENT, HAROLD.

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

NOTHIN'—NOTHIN' MUCH! I WAS JUST THINKIN' OF TELEVISION. I GOT A RIGHT TO THINK, AINT I?

WELL, COME OUT OF THERE, TO DO YOUR THINKING.

J. WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS BROS. PUBLISHING CO.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

JUST PASSING BY, AND
STEPPED IN TO WISH YOU
A GOOD EVENING, SUH!
I FEAR YOUR CHARMING
WIFE WILL THINK IM TIMING
MY CALLS, JUST BEFORE THE
DELIGHTFUL MELODY OF
THE DINNER GONG, BUT
SUCH IS NOT THE CASE, SUH!
TRUTH IS, I RARELY EAT
AN EVENING MEAL,
DUE TO
DYSPEPSIA!

EGAD, COLONEL
WAGHORN,
YOU ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME
IN HOOPLE
MANOR!
SH-H-CAN YOU BE
TEMPTED WITH
STEWED CHICKEN
AND
DUMPLINGS?

WHAT! THAT
BIG MEAL
MENACE AGAIN?
MRS. HOOPLE
WILL SERVE HIM
HIS FILL OF
COLD SHOULDER
TONIGHT!

HIS DYSPEPSIA!
WHY, HE CAN
GNAW TH' BONE
HANDLE OFF A
KNIFE

THE
COLONEL
THINKS THE
RINGING IN HIS EARS
IS A DINNER BELL

Gene
Akins

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

1935 1934 '33 '32