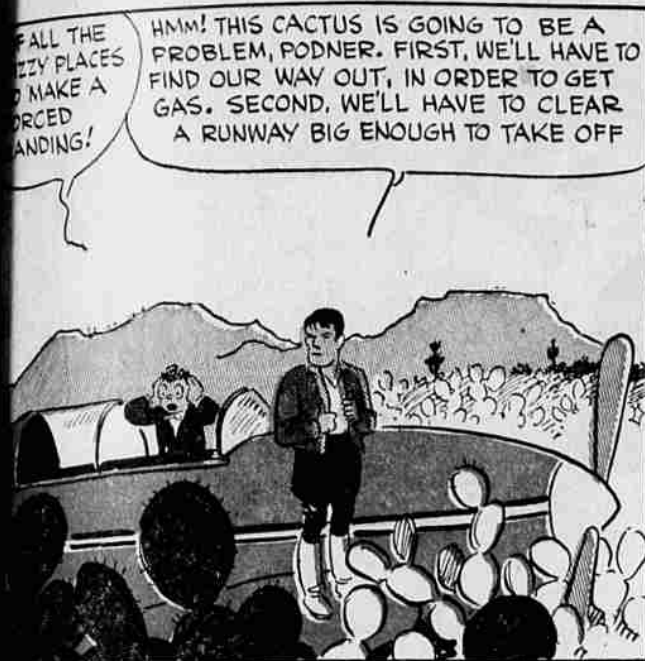


# CAPTAIN EASY BY ROY CRANE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



ALL THE DIZZY PLACES TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING!  
 HMM! THIS CACTUS IS GOING TO BE A PROBLEM, PODNER. FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUR WAY OUT, IN ORDER TO GET GAS. SECOND, WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAR A RUNWAY BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE OFF



WE'LL TACKLE THE FIRST PROBLEM FIRST— HOW TO GET OUT  
 IT'S JUST ONE BLIND ALLEY AFTER ANOTHER



HOURS LATER:  
 NOW WE CAN'T EVEN FIND OUR PLANE  
 OH, WELL! WE'LL TRY AGAIN IN THE MORNING



GENTLEMEN, PUT MORE HANDS UP!  
 WHOA THERE, BUDDY!  
 HAVEN'T WE ENOUGH TROUBLES ALREADY?



YOU FOLLOW ME. IF YOU WANT TO TRY REMEMBERING THE WAY, GO AHEAD— BUT IT WON'T DO NO GOOD



GIT INSIDE THIS CAVE!



YOU! STUPE!! PUT DOWN THEM DANGED STICKS AN' WARM UP THE RABBIT MEAT  
 NOT STICKS—DOLL! DOLL!!  
 WE CALL 'ER STUPE FOR SHORT—SHE'S SORTER CRAZY



NOW, RUFÉ, LE'S HAVE A LOOK AT THESE FELLERS— SEE IF'N THEY GOT BADGES



NO? WAL, MISTER, I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU'RE DEPPITY SHERIFFS AND I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU AIN'T. MEBBE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE ARE. BUT ME AN' MY BOY RUFÉ AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES, UNNERSTAND!  
 FAIR ENOUGH. NOW, YOU HELP US GET OUT O' HERE AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. ALL WE WANT IS TO GET OUT



MEBBE I AIN'T MADE MYSELF CLEAR, MISTER. BUT YOU AIN'T A-GITTIN OUTA HERE—  
 LEASTWAYS, NOT ALIVE!



BUT IT'S ONLUCKY TO KILL A BODY IN THE FULLA THE MOON, PAW  
 THEN THROW 'EM IN THE PIT WHERE WE THROED THAT YEWNITED STATES MARSHAL A COUPLE YEARS AGO



MAYBE HE'LL SORTER KEEP 'EM COMP'NY

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Roy Crane

