

A RIOT OF FUN COMIC SECTION FOR EVERYONE

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PAGES

Eugene Register-Guard

LANE COUNTY'S HOME NEWSPAPER

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PAGES

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1948

Little Orphan Annie

WITH WICKED AXEL GONE FOREVER AND THE STRANGER, CALLED KANSK, CALLING THE TUNE, ANNIE AT LAST IS SAFE... WHAT? AXEL GONE FOREVER? HM-M-M...

IT SURE IS SWELL NOT TO HAVE TO BE SCARED O' AXEL ANY MORE... BR-R-R... THAT STRANGER PULLED AN AWFUL SLICK TRICK ON AXEL...

TH' STRANGER SAYS TO CALL HIM KANSK! THAT'S TH' NAME O' A CITY OVER THERE... BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES AND HE'S TAKIN' OVER AXEL'S SPOT! I'M SURE HE'S NOT ONE O' THAT GANG... WHAT IS HIS ANGLE? HE'S NO G-MAN!

WELL, WELL! HEAR YOU'VE BEEN AWAY! NICE TO HAVE YOU BACK, ANNIE... HAVE A NICE TRIP?

ER... I DIDN'T GO VERY FAR, MR. PUDDLE... IT'S NICE TO BE BACK, THANK YOU...

THAT MAX HAS BEEN ACTING MIGHTY QUEER LATELY... I WONDER IF HE DID ANYTHING TO SCARE ANNIE...

OH, YOU ALWAYS BLAME POOR MAX FOR EVERYTHING! I WISH HE WOULD SCARE THAT IMP AWAY FOR GOOD!

MAX IS A STUPID RADICAL! I HATE 'EM ALL! CAN'T YOU IMAGINE THIS COUNTRY IF HIS KIND EVER SHOULD GET CONTROL?

HUMPH! THEN LITTLE PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE... THE WAY THEY HAVE IN HIS HOMELAND!

YEAH! A CHANCE TO KILL OR ENSLAVE EVERYONE BUT THE FEW SLIPPERY HOODLUMS IN THEIR OWN GANG! WHY, WE'D BE THE FIRST ONE'S SHOT!

HOW YOU RAVE! WHY, MAX IS JUST A POOR, SIMPLE DREAMER... HE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!

"POOR SIMPLE DREAMER"? WELL, HE DREAMED UP THIS PRETTY PRACTICAL "DEATH LIST"... AXEL C. LED THE PEOPLE HERE "SHEEP"... SHEEP LEAD A CONTENTED, PEACEFUL HAPPY LIFE...

BUT PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ARE MUCH THE SAME... TILL DISASTER COMES... THEN SOME OF US "SHEEP" TURN INTO SOMETHING ELSE... WEREWOLVES, IN A WAY... BUT STILL, OUR HEARTS ARE WITH THE PEACEFUL SHEEP...

ER... KANSK... MASTER... I... I DO NOT QUESTION YOUR AUTHORITY... B-BUT I... NONE OF US... HAS EVER HEARD OF YOU...

HO-HO... YOU LITTLE ONES... YOU DO NOT HEAR OF MANY THINGS THAT GO ON IN THE PARTY... ENOUGH THAT I NOW COMMAND YOU BY SUPREME ORDERS...

WATER... I WAS SWIMMING... SWIMMING! AND MY ACHING HEAD! WHERE AM I? WHO AM I? I... I CAN REMEMBER NOTHING!

I AM IN A GREAT CITY! WHAT CITY?... I WILL WALK... PERHAPS IT WILL ALL COME BACK TO ME... STRANGE... AS IF I WERE GUIDED... I TURN INTO THIS DINGY ALLEY... BUT MY MIND... IT IS BLANK!

HAROLD GRAY