Gasoline Alley
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1962, by The Chicago Tribune.
My car rattles like an old tin can!
So?
to my radio aerial!
down when she drives into the garage.
So it points back or front, according to which way she went last
Pardon me, Pop, but that has its advantages.
It's the one way I can tell whether I'm comin' or goin'!
Fair enough Judy—
Say, when are you going to clear out all those things that are rattling around in the back seat?
Does it bother you?
Tennis racquets, balls, books, bobby pins, combs, shoes, umbrella, and what not.
Okay, I'll fix it.
All clean and brushed out— neat as a pin, Pop!
Good. We're going for a ride!
The car just isn't as quiet as when it was new.
It does seem to rumble somewhere, Walt!
Let's stop a minute. I've got a hunch.
Okay.
Golf clubs, tackle box, coke bottles, bowling ball, camera tripod—
And those antique andirons Phyllis bought!
One good cigar and I won't tell a soul, Walt!
That's a deal!