

BUZ SAWYER

MRS. TREE, DID YOU HAVE A SON NAMED HOMER?
STEPSON. HE WAS LOST IN A PLANE CRASH AT SEA.
THERE'S REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE MIGHT BE ALIVE.
WHAT? ...OH, NO! HE CAN'T BE! HE'S ALREADY COLLECTED HIS INSURANCE.
WOULD YOU MIND LOOKING AT THIS COLOR PHOTOGRAPH TO SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE PERSON?
I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT... EVERYTHING'S SETTLED. HOMER'S DEAD.

STEVE CANYON

AS STEVE WHISKS HOLLY HALL AWAY FROM THE EMBASSY RECEPTION WHERE SHE HAS JUST PUT ON AN UNSCHEDULED BATHING SUIT DISPLAY...
...THE GIRL IS THE DAUGHTER OF A U.S. FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER...
THEY SAY SHE'S THE AMBASSADOR'S AHEAD-DAUGHTER!
I HEAR SHE IS THE AMBASSADOR'S GIRL FRIEND!
AND THE DAMAGE IS DONE!

L'L ABNER

YOUR HONOR!!—MY CLIENT CLAIMS THESE ABOMINABLE ENO-W-HAMS ARE ANIMALS!!
THEY LOOK LIKE ANIMALS TO ME!!
AND TO PROVE IT—WE'RE GOING TO PUT ONE ON THE WITNESS STAND—
HERE, BOY!! HERE, BOY!! JUMP!!
FINE!!—NOW, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS!!

SHORT RIBS

ACCORDING TO MY MAP...
...I SHOULD BE DIRECTLY OVER PLANET...YIKES!
-EARTH!
...I HOPE 'SILVER TOE' PAID ATTENTION TO SPRING PRACTICE... HE'S ALL FOOT, WERE ALL FINISHED.

GASOLINE ALLEY

The bad penny's back.
I'll get this order, Ugeon.
I'm sorry about opening the package, sir, but it was here over a week and I was getting worried.
I was out of town, and it wasn't too important.
I apologize.
Let's forget it. You look new, trim in your apron and cap.
You see! He isn't peaved at all, and he's still our customer.

REX MORGAN

THE NURSE TOLD ME YOU WERE WITH PAM, DR. MORGAN, HOW IS SHE?
FEELING QUITE LOW. TO USE HER WORDS, SHE'S NOT GOOD, WORTHLESS!
I KNOW YOU TOLD ME NOT TO SEE HER FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, BUT I WAS CONCERNED/HAS SHE AGREED TO LET YOU HELP HER?
SHE'S GOING TO MAKE THAT DECISION TONIGHT.
IF ONLY MY HANDS WOULD STOP SHAKING! ONE DRINK WOULDN'T HURT, THAT DR. MORGAN SEEMS NICE ENOUGH... BUT HE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO CUT ME OFF ALL AT ONCE!
MAYBE THERE IS A WAY FOR ME TO GET A BOTTLE IN HERE WITHOUT HIS KNOWING!

BEEBLE BAILEY

WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE PENTAGON FOR A LONG TIME, SIR. DO YOU THINK WASHINGTON HAS FORGOTTEN US?
DON'T BE ABSURD!
HOW COULD THEY OVERLOOK A WHOLE ARMY CAMP?
MAYBE THEY FORGOT ON PURPOSE, SIR.

STEVE ROPER

OKAY, STANLEY! BEFORE WE SLIP OFF THE SANDBAR AND BREAK UP AGAINST THAT BRIDGE, YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO BE A HERO!
ME? ...I...!
FIND ME SOME STRING, GALE... FISHING LINE TWINE... ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT ON BOARD!
BUT, MIKE... STRING??
I HOPE 'SILVER TOE' PAID ATTENTION TO SPRING PRACTICE... HE'S ALL FOOT, WERE ALL FINISHED.

BUGS BUNNY

BENDIN' DOWN ALL DAY IS MAKIN' ME A BEAT BUNNY! HMM...
FUDDO'S FINE FURNITURE
15¢ SHINE
15¢ SHINE

BOOTS

BAD, HUH?
WORSE'N THAT!
AMOS IS GOING TO BE OUR HOUSE GUEST FOR WHILE!

ALLEY OOP

WHAT'S WRONG, OOP? WHATCHA HOLLERIN' ABOUT?
IT'S ELUSTACE! LOOK AT 'IM!
LOOKS LIKE THAT MOUNTAIN OF YOUTH WATER DID MORE THAN JUST TURN HIM BACK INTO A COLT.
...AN' THAT'S WHY I'M WORRIED ABOUT DOC! HE DRANK MORE'N A QUART OF TH' STUFF, YOU KNOW!
AND WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING ITS EFFECT ON HIM RIGHT NOW.
COURSE NOT! WITH TH' VIEW-SCREEN BUSTED, HE MIGHT BE LAYIN' BACK THERE DEADER'N A SPIRIT LAKE PICKEREL!

CAPTAIN EASY

BY GOLLY, LISTEN TO THAT THUNDER! WE'RE IN FOR A SOAKER!
THE OAK TREE, MY GOOD MAN! THE OAK TREE! WHERE DID IT STAND?
I'D SAY THE STUMP OF THAT BIG OAK IS ABOUT... HERE!
THE RAIN'S REALLY COMING DOWN, NOW! CAN YOU LEAVE A MARKER HERE, SUN?
YEP! I'LL ANCHOR WITH A WHITE BOBBER WITH A LEAD WEIGHT AN' LEAVE IT FLOATIN' HERE!
THANKS! WE'LL RENT YOUR BOAT IN THE MORNIN'!

OUT OUR WAY

LOOK—IF YOU FORGOT TO PUT A STAMP ON THE LETTER YOU WROTE TO YOUR PAL, THEY'LL PROBABLY COLLECT THE POSTAGE DUE FROM HIM! YOU DON'T HARTA WAIT HERE FOR THE MAIL MAN FOR THREE HOURS!
OH, YES I DO—I FORGOT TO PUT THE LETTER IN THE ENVELOPE!

MAJOR HOOPLE

EGAD, MARTHA, OUR NATION'S FUTURE SAFETY MAY DEPEND UPON MY RETURNING THIS ASTRONAUT TO AIR FORCE OFFICIALS! ...INDEED, SO GREAT IS HIS VALUE THAT A LARGE REWARD AWAIT'S ME!
HEY YOU—COME BACK WITH MY BABY CARRIAGE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I DON'T CARE IF THAT FOUR-LEGGED FLEA TRAP HAS BEEN TO MARS AND BACK—HE'S NOT ENTERING THIS HOUSE!
MARS IS WHERE THE MARSK WOULD LIKE TO BE =

Camera Angles
Camera Stops Golf Ball at Eight Miles



NEW HIGH—This million-dollar camera system, which photographs and records missiles in space, has "twin-cannon" telescope lenses on 70mm movie cameras.

By IRVING DESFOR
Of the Associated Press

President Eisenhower turned photo reporter on his nationwide television address a few weeks ago. He displayed a photograph of a naval air base taken from an altitude of 70,000 feet. The details of buildings, installations, runways and planes were remarkably clear.

"The white lines in the parking strips around the field," he pointed out, "are clearly discernible from 13 miles up." Then he added, "Those lines are just six inches wide."

The President's remarks were a tribute to the noteworthy heights achieved by modern photographic science. Still another example came to my attention recently which is just as incredible.

Imagine a camera which will photograph a golf ball in flight from a distance of eight miles so that the spots of the golf ball

will show. Or reveal the name on a baseball in motion five miles away.

The remarkable eye which can do this is "a telephoto cine camera for high-precision photo coverage of a moving object in space and time," to quote the Air Force report of this achievement.

Naturally any camera with such farsightedness wasn't designed merely to cover sports events from afar. In fact, when it costs close to one million dollars, it's more than a camera... it's a theodolite, a system for tracking missiles in space.

The largest theodolite in the free world, capable of the golf and baseball stunt, has just been installed on the White Sands Missile Range at Holloman Air Force Base, N. M. It will produce detailed pictures of missiles up to altitudes of 100,000 feet from 70mm movie cameras.

Taking pictures of such magnitude is part of the achievement. It is also important to aim the camera device, keep it on target and to record all-important data every step of the way.

The Roti Mark I (recording optical tracking instrument, model 1) does this complete job. It is mounted on a modified naval anti-aircraft gun platform which rotates a full 360 degrees and also swings up and down. In operation, every point of the compass and degree of elevation is noted by a 35mm data-recording camera.

Targets are sighted through two astronomical telescopes with 16-inch apertures. These telescopes range through a combined total of eight separate focal-length settings from 50 to 500 inches for continuous focus just like zoom lenses on hand-held movie cameras. The 70mm movie cameras, one for each telescope operate at variable speeds from 10 to 60 frames per second.

Bedtime Story

Stickytoes Flees From Black Snake

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Stickytoes the Tree Toad was for just a wee instant paralyzed with fright. He was in a tree near Farmer Brown's house. A tree in which he had been living ever since he returned from the Smiling Pool in the spring. In all the time he had been living there he had had nothing to give him a real fright. So he had grown to feel that no real danger was possible in that tree. This is always a bad state of mind to get into. Danger is always possible everywhere, so it is never wise to be careless at any time. Stickytoes had just found this out. He was staring into a pair of unwinking eyes, the last eyes in all the world he wanted to stare into. They were the eyes of Mr. Black Snake and in there was a hungry look.

Stickytoes knew by the look, which he saw in those staring, unwinking eyes, that Mr. Black Snake saw him. He knew then that it was useless and would be fatal to sit still. There was only one thing to do and that one thing was to put as much distance as possible between himself and Mr. Black Snake. The latter struck and Stickytoes jumped at the same instant. Stickytoes was just in time and no more. If he had been just a wee bit slower in jumping, he would have been too late. As it was he didn't see where he was jumping to.

As it was, he caught hold of a twig with one hand and the sticky little fingers clung tightly. There he swayed, back and forth, hanging by one hand, but those sticky fingers of his clung tightly. He pulled himself up until he could get hold of the twig with the other hand. Then he pulled himself up a little farther until he could get hold with his sticky toes. Finally he was safely on the main branch from which that little twig grew.

Meanwhile Mr. Black Snake wasted no time. It was amazing to see how easily and swiftly he moved about in that tree despite the fact that he had no hands or

feet, no claws with which to cling. Just the same he was quite as much at home in that tree as he would have been on the ground. Almost as soon as Stickytoes had reached that branch Mr. Black Snake had reached it where it started out from the tree and was gliding out along it. Stickytoes didn't wait. He made another frantic leap and this time landed on a branch below. Mr. Black Snake never once lost sight of him. He lowered himself swiftly to that branch and once more Stickytoes was forced to leap.

This time, as when he made his first jump, he caught a twig by one hand. It was a very small twig and Stickytoes swung to and fro, to and fro, in the most alarming manner. That is what would have been alarming to anyone watching him. It wasn't alarming to him for Stickytoes is a real little acrobat. He clung to that twig with one hand, then got hold of it with both hands. He glanced up at Mr. Black Snake and then Stickytoes let go. Right under him was a spreading branch and he knew he couldn't miss it. He didn't. He landed on it and clung.

Meanwhile Mr. Black Snake was following as fast as he could. Stickytoes made three flying leaps in succession. So fast that Mr. Black Snake lost sight of him. Then far out where the twigs were very slender, Stickytoes sat perfectly still, partly hidden by the leaves and gradually his coat turned green. Meanwhile Mr. Black Snake vainly hunted for a bel.

To Your Good Health
Smallpox Shot May Thwart Other Viruses

By JOSEPH G. MOLNER, M.D.

"Dear Dr. Molner: What is the cause of vesiculitis—the disease in which 'cold sores' break out in different parts of the body?"—H.T.

A vesicle is, in plain language, a small blister, a small cavity on the skin containing fluid. Bleb is another word for such a blister. Vesiculitis is, then, a matter of getting some of these blebs or vesicles infected. The obvious cause of getting them infected, is scratching them, although that, of course, is not the only way in which an infection may establish itself. Still, scratching is the usual way, and it's the thought which presents itself to a doctor's mind whenever he sees such a problem. Either the patient scratches the blebs, because they itch, or the friction of clothing, etc., irritates them and perhaps lets some infection set in.

Examples of vesicles or blebs are the little blisters of poison ivy. Or "cold sores" (technically, herpes simplex) which arise from a virus and may follow a severe cold or appear after a high fever. Shingles (or herpes zoster) is another similar affliction, and it is more likely to appear on or around the chest.

From experience, we know that stomach upsets, allergies and extreme nervousness can cause such blebs to appear.

Many times, if it becomes apparent what is causing them, it is possible to prevent a recurrence, or subdue any occurrence. Controlling the nerves, building up the general health, and the like are the most useful methods.

Specifically, dabbing the blebs with alcohol is about as effective a method as exists—it helps dry them up and, of course, help control or destroy any exterior bacteria which may be trying to find a lodging in any scratch around a bel.

Strange as it may sound at first thought, a smallpox vaccination is sometimes helpful if attacks of

this trouble are in the habit of recurring. Remember, smallpox is a virus, and it seems that a vaccination against it sometimes helps thwart viruses of (apparently) a similar nature even though they are not smallpox.

Finally, lest anyone complain that "acute vesiculitis" is somewhat different from the problem I've been discussing, I will say, yes. Specifically, "acute vesiculitis" is a disease in which vesicles of the seminal tract are irritated. The patient's annoyance is considerable, but it is limited generally to the area above the groin. Since the advent of antibiotics, this trouble is usually treated readily and hence it has become rare. But the remark in your letter, H.T., speaks of the spots breaking out "on different parts of the body," so I think you'll find that my reply fits the case.