

SHORT RIBS

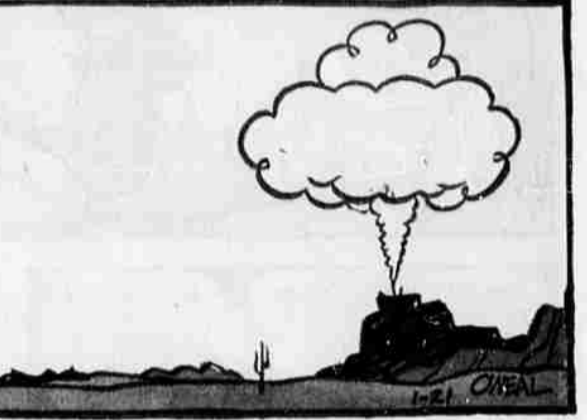
By Frank O'Neal



YEAH, LET'S KNOCK OFF AND GO INTO TOWN AND STAND AROUND IN FRONT OF THE CIGAR STORE.



SWELL, BUT I'D BETTER LET THE WIFE KNOW I'M NOT COMING HOME FOR DINNER.



OUT OUR WAY

The Willets

By J. R. Williams



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin

