

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1963

Giffon

CLIPPER DELANE CANCELS HIS REMAINING PERSONAL APPEARANCES AND RETURNS TO MAUMEE... While at the President's house

LAST YEAR IT WAS CARROT KANE! NOW IT'S THIS CLIPPER DELANE!

WHAT IS THERE ABOUT MAUMEE WHICH ATTRACTS THESE—THESE THEATRICAL ECCENTRICS?

MAYBE IT'S THE PEDAGOGICAL ECCENTRICS WE HAVE HERE, DEAR!

AND INDEED CLIPPER DELANE IS AT HAND... BUT HE PROMISED DEAN JANE DAAY THAT HE WOULD DO NOTHING ON CAMPUS TO EMBARRASS HER OR THE UNIVERSITY, SO...

JANE DELANE PRETTY NAME

DAAY

...PLUS A SERENADE BENEATH JANE'S APARTMENT-HOUSE WINDOW BY THE LOCAL SEMI-PRO MARCHING BAND

— BUT POOR MISS DAAY CAN'T EVEN CALL THE POLICE, BECAUSE SHE HAS HAD TO TAKE HER TELEPHONE OFF THE HOOK...

...SINCE CLIPPER DELANE DOES NOTHING BUT DIAL HER NUMBER FROM A NEARBY MOTEL ROOM...

...EVEN WHEN SHE IS IN HER OFFICE AT THE COLLEGE...

WHAT AM I TO DO? THIS IS DISGRACEFUL!

THERE ARE PLENTY OF US WHO WOULD ENJOY MAKING THE CHOICE!

JANE! MARRY ME!

BUT, DEAN DAAY, MR. DELANE HAS BROKEN NO LAW! HE EVEN HAD A PARADE PERMIT FOR THE BAND—AND HE PAID FOR HIS PHONE CALLS TO YOU!

WHY DON'T SHE MARRY HIM?—THAT'D SHUT HIM UP!

KATE, I FEEL LIKE A HEEL! — I STARTED THIS THING WHICH HAS DEAN DAAY IN SUCH A TIZ!

AH, INDEED WE DID THE DEED, MISS POTEE, MUM! I AM CONSCIENCE-STROOKEN!

WE MUST THINK OF SOMETHIN' TO HELP THAT NICE LADY!

I'LL JUST GO TO THE OUTSIDE WHERE THE WIND MAY CONNECT ME WITH MY BELOVED MUM, EERIE MARY, ON THE FREDELLEN MOOR!

SHE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO IN SUCH A DILEMMA!

© 1963 by Field Enterprises, Inc. 1-13

Walt Disney's

SON OF FLUBBER

A CLOUDLESS, AUTUMNAL DAY IN THE PLEASANT COLLEGE TOWN OF MEDFIELD...

NOW, ELECTRONIC STIMULATION...

PEOPLE GO ABOUT THEIR AFFAIRS, OBLIVIOUS OF THE FACT THAT A CERTAIN CITIZEN IS ON THE BRINK OF A SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH THAT WILL HAVE A CONSIDERABLE BEARING ON THEIR LIVES...

NOW TO PRECIPITATE THE PRECIPITATION, AND...

...ALTER THE COURSE OF MANKIND!

POISED FOR THE FIRST TEST OF HIS WEATHER GUN, PROFESSOR BRAINARD ENCOUNTERS A MOMENTARY BLOCK...

DRAT! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! NOT A CLOUD IN SIGHT!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO EXTRACT PRECIPITATION FROM CLOUDS WHEN THERE ARE NO CLOUDS?

WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? AND WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

IN THE BRAINARD KITCHEN, CHARLIE TWITCHES UNEASILY AT A FAINT HUM THAT SOON GROWS TO AN EERIE WHINE...

1-13

BETSY! IT WORKED! BETSY! WHERE ARE YOU?

CHARLIE! YOU NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY!

BETSY! I DID IT! I DID IT!

CONTINUED...