

Capital Journal



COMICS

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5c Sixty-Fifth Year



I POOSHA GUNS, LUGER LOUIE, BUT I DON'T RUN NO MISSING PERSONS DEPART-A-MENT! WHO IS DIS-A ROPER?

HE'S A GUY WHO, IF HE STAYS IN CIRCULATION, YOL'R BUSINESS IS GONNA GET VERY BAD!



IF HE GETS THE COPS BACK IN HIS CORNER, YOU'LL BE SELLING NOTHING BUT FRUIT!



THAT'S A REAL LAUGH, WHEELS! ME, LUGER LOUIE, WITH THE BEST ORGANIZATION IN TOWN, AN' ONE PUNK REPORTER GLUMS UP THE WORKS!



I STILL GIVE YA ODDS HE WENT BACK TO THE KRESCENT KLUB, BOSS!



IN THE MOVIES, A GUY CROAKS SOMEBODY, HE ALWAYS GOES BACK!

THIS HAPPENS. NOT TO BE A MOVIE! BUT-- OKAY-- DRIVE PAST THE CLUB!



Meanwhile, nerves taut as violin strings, Steve prowls through the deserted night club!



HO-HO-HMMM



ALL I NEED IS A SUDDEN SNEEZE AND I'LL BE NECK DEEP IN NIGHT WATCHMEN!



SOMEPLACE IN THIS FLOSSY FIRE-TRAP, THERE'S PROOF THAT I DIDN'T KILL TORCHY BLUES! THE PAYOFF QUESTION IS--WHERE!?



WELL, AS THAT FRENCH GENERAL SAID: "WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED, ATTACK!"



DARK ROOM EVERYBODY STAY OUT EXCEPT CLUB CAMERA GIBBLE

SALINDERS WLOGGON