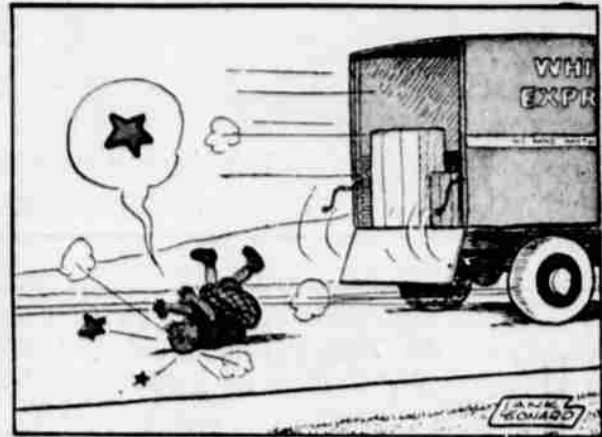
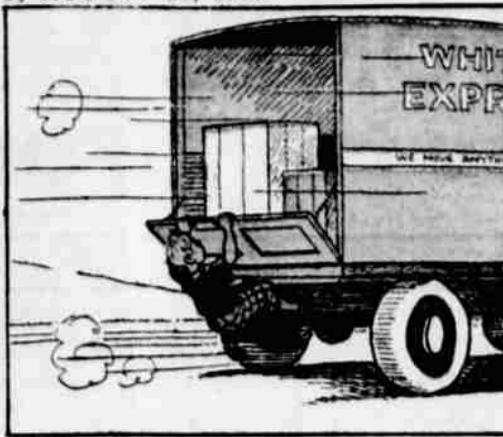
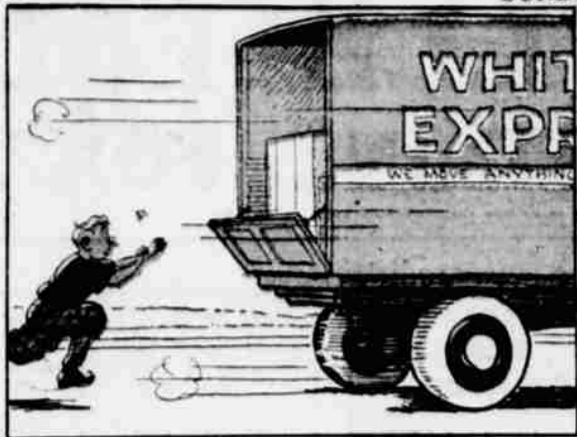


# NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

8-25



# MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



YOU MEAN UNCLE PHIL IS GOING TO THE BALL GAME DRESSED LIKE A WOMAN? WEARING A WIG—A-AND ALL?

YES, MICHAEL! IT'S LADIES' DAY AND THEY GET IN FREE!—AND HE BET MR. HOULIHAN TEN DOLLARS THAT HE'D GET AWAY WITH IT!



YOU'VE DONE A LOTTA CRAZY THINGS, BUT THIS ONE TOPS 'EM ALL!

LISTEN, MICHAEL! I'M GONNA WIN TEN BUCKS AND SEE A BALL GAME FOR NOTHIN'! IT AIN'T SO CRAZY!



OKAY, MADAM! GO RIGHT IN AND ENJOY THE GAME!



GOOD AFTERNOON, MISTER HOULIHAN!



BY GOLLY, HOULIHAN, I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D GO THROUGH WITH IT—I GUESS YOU'VE LOST THE BET!

NOT YET, I HAVEN'T! HE'LL DO SOMETHING TO GUM IT UP, CLANCY!—YOU WAIT AND SEE!



FOUL! STRIKE TWO!



PLUNK!



WE'LL TAKE HER TO THE LADIES' ROOM, JOE!

SURE!



CAN YOU IMAGINE HER TRYING TO CATCH THAT FOUL?

YEAH—I'VE HEARD OF DUMB DAMES, BUT SHE—

EEEK!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SADIE?

SHE'S A HE!!

?



GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS FINN!

EXIT

