

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE



SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1957

BLONDIE

CHIC YOUNG
by YOUNG

AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL, DEAR?

I HAVE A LITTLE UPSET TUMMY--WILL YOU RUN OVER TO THE DOCTOR AND PICK UP THE PILLS HE HAS FOR ME?

I'LL RUSH RIGHT OVER

STEP INTO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, MR. BUMSTEAD

THIS WAY, PLEASE

I CAME FOR THE ---!!

GREAT SCOTT! HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THAT PALE LOOK?

SAY 'GERONIMO'

HAS HE MADE OUT HIS WILL?

DON'T TALK--HOLD YOUR BREATH--WRITE THIS DOWN, NURSE

PREPARE THE PATIENT FOR XRAY--OFF WITH HIS SHIRT

ROGER

CLICK

CLICK

JUST AS I THOUGHT--IT ISN'T WHAT I THOUGHT IT WAS

AM I GOING TO LIVE, DOC?

OF COURSE, DAGWOOD--THE EXAMINATION SHOWS YOU ARE IN PERFECT HEALTH

YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT TO CHEER ME UP--YOU DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW THE TRUTH

BLONDIE, WAIT'LL YOU HEAR ALL THAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE FEELING BETTER SO YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF ME, DEAR

STEVE CALHOON

MILTON CANIFF

SUMMER, HAS THAT BEAUTIFUL HAG GOT SOME POWER OVER YOU?

WELL, STEVE, BECAUSE OF COPPER CALHOON, MY SON WILL GO TO THE BEST SCHOOL FOR WHICH HE CAN QUALIFY--AND MY HUSBAND WILL HAVE THE BEST MEDICAL CARE MONEY CAN BUY!

YOU WILL RECALL THAT HE HAS BEEN AN INVALID SINCE HIS LAST MISSION AGAINST THE REDS AS A CIVILIAN PILOT IN CHINA!

DON'T RUB IT IN THAT I SENT HIM ON THAT FLIGHT! --I KNOW HE CAN'T GO TO A VETERANS' HOSPITAL!

I WAS CERTAIN YOU HAD BECOME MORE OF A REALIST SINCE YOU'VE ACQUIRED A DEPENDENT!

POTTEET IS NO BURDEN! AND BESIDES--SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING YOU TO STUMPHILL!

WE CAME BECAUSE MISS CALHOON'S VISIT WILL CLINCH THE PRODUCTION STIMULUS PROVIDED BY THE MORALE LIFT THE MINERS GOT FROM THE BASKETBALL TEAM!

OH, GREAT! THAT'S WHAT CALHOON NEEDS--TO GO UP ANOTHER TAX BRACKET!

DOES THAT WOMAN HAVE SOME HOLD ON YOU THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE SUCH ABUSE FROM HER?

IT'S ONLY A JOB! WHERE YOU WORK YOUR BOSS CAN ORDER YOU TO GO OUT AND GIVE YOUR LIFE--AND YOU'VE TAKEN AN OATH TO OBEY!

OH, SUMMER! WHY DO WE ALWAYS FIGHT? IT MAY BE WRONG, BUT I LOVE YOU--AND THAT'S THAT!

--AND THAT'S AS FAR AS IT CAN GO, STEVE! YOU'D BETTER LEAVE--NOW!

YOU REENG, MEES CALHOON?

AFTER MRS. OLSON HAS HAD HER CRY, BRING ME THE MIDGET TAPE RECORDER YOU PLANTED IN THE ROOM! --I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A LITTLE QUIET PRIVATE SOAP OPERA!