

MEDFORD MALL MAIL TRIBUNE

SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1957

BLONDIE

DAGWOOD, I'M HOMELESS-- I HAVE NO PLACE TO SLEEP TONIGHT

HOW SAD!

MY WIFE AND I HAD A LITTLE ARGUMENT, AND SHE LOCKED ME OUT OF THE HOUSE

I'LL FIX UP THE SOFA SO YOU CAN SLEEP HERE, BOSS

HAVE A NICE SLEEP

I'M SO GRATEFUL-- I'D HAVE TO SLEEP ON A PARK BENCH IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, DEAR BOY

HE'S A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE-- MY CONSCIENCE SMITES ME WHEN I THINK OF HOW BADLY I'VE TREATED HIM ALL THESE YEARS

YOO-HOO, DAGWOOD-- AWAKEN

STARTING IMMEDIATELY, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A TEN-DOLLAR-A-WEEK RAISE

BOSS, HOW WONDERFUL!

WHAT A GLORIOUS FEELING TO BE AWAKENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND TOLD YOU'RE GOING TO GET A RAISE

RING

WHO COULD BE PHONING AT THIS GHASTLY HOUR?

JULIUS, THIS IS YOUR LITTLE WIFE-- I'M AFRAID HERE, ALL BY MYSELF, AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU IF YOU'LL COME HOME

YOU MEAN I'VE GOT A HOME, AFTER ALL?

BUMSTEAD WAKE UP

I'M GOING BACK HOME. I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THE RAISE I PROMISED YOU IS OFF

WELL, ANYWAY, WE'RE NO WORSE OFF THAN WE WERE WHEN WE WENT TO BED

FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN SEVERAL DAYS, POTEET CANYON HAS FAILED TO RECEIVE AN ARDENT LOVE LETTER FROM HER UNKNOWN ADMIRER....

MILTON CANIFF

MEANWHILE

STEVE, I WOULDN'T HAVE RECOGNIZED FROM THIS ONE SHEET OF HANDWRITING THAT POTEET'S BEAU WAS COPYING THE LOVE LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING, THE POET!

WE KNOW LITTLE MORE THAN THAT ABOUT HIM, HOWEVER!

OUR SECURITY PEOPLE CHECKED THE HANDWRITING WITH THAT OF EVERY MAN ON THE BASE... ALL NEGATIVE!

COULD IT BE SOMEONE IN STUMPHILL?

IT'S ADULT WRITING! I HATE TO SNOOP, BUT I DREAD THE THOUGHT OF SOME MAN DOING THIS TO THE KID!

I WOULDN'T HESITATE TO INTERCEPT A LETTER IF SOME OLDER GUY WERE WRITING TO MY DAUGHTERS!

THEN...

LOOK! THERE'S POTEET-- WEARIN' JEANS AGAIN!

HEY-- MAYBE SHE'LL PLAY BALL AGAIN-- INSTEAD OF RUNNIN' AROUND IN DRESSES!

POTEET! THE BIG THUNDER TOWN LEAGUE IS GETTIN' HOT! THESE DIAMONDS THE AIR BASE BUILT FOR US ARE SWEET!

I KNOW-- I'VE BEEN WATCHIN', BUT I DIDN'T RIGHTLY FEEL LIKE PLAYIN'!

LET'S GO! WE PLAY ON DIAMOND #3 AT 4 O'CLOCK

...YOU DISCOURAGE VERY EASILY

HUH?

REMEMBER ME? I'M THE NO-GOOD SON OF MAYOR STRAAW OF BIG THUNDER!

WHY, SURE NUFF! I RECOLLECT YOU!

YOU DON'T, REALLY! BUT YOU WON'T FORGET ME AGAIN-- WHEN I TELL YOU I WROTE YOU THOSE LETTERS!