

# MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

SUNDAY, JULY 13, 1958

## BLONDIE

CHIC YOUNG

YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D FIX THAT LEAK OVER THE WATER HEATER

SURE

I'LL NEED THE STEPLADDER AND A WRENCH

OH, DEAR. THE LADDERS CAUGHT BEHIND ALL THIS STUFF

YOU FORGOT THE WRENCH, DEAR

BEFORE YOU GET THE WRENCH WILL YOU BRING THE LITTLE PORTABLE RADIO, SO I'LL HAVE MUSIC WHILE I WORK?

NOW, WILL YOU RUN OVER TO HERB'S AND GET ME A HALF-INCH JOINT OUT OF HIS JUNK BOX?

I'M NOT SURE JUST WHAT DAGWOOD WANTS

WE'LL TAKE THE WHOLE BOX OVER

HERE'S WHAT I WANT--- THANK YOU, GIRLS

A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE WRIST AND THE JOBS DONE--THESE THINGS ARE NOTHING AT ALL IF YOU JUST PITCH IN AND DO THEM

OKAY, BLONDIE, I'M FINISHED--- YOU CAN PUT THE LADDER AND THE WRENCH AND THE RADIO BACK

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE-- I DID ALL THE WORK, AND SHE COLLAPSES

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## STEVE CANYON

AS THEY COME DOWN TO THE LAST CHUKKER, THE SCORE IS STILL TIED--AND THE PLAY IS INTENSE

SHE FOULED ME!

SORRY, SON. I DIDN'T SEE IT!

WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR THE CHAPLAIN?

SO YOU HAD TO YELL 'COPPER', HUH?

HE ALSO DIDN'T SEE WHAT YOU DID T'SCOOTER

MILTON CANIFF

UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS TEMPER, MOOF RAISES HIS STICK AS IF TO HIT POTEET--AS HE DID SCOOTER

THE CALDRON CAPTAIN SEES IT COMING AND SWINGS HIS OWN MALLET...IT CATCHES MOOF'S, AND THE WRIST STRAP HOLDS AS THE PLATEAU PLAYER IS SNAPPED FROM THE SADDLE...

MOOF SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, UNHURT, AND THE GAME GOES ON AS HE RUNS TOWARD HIS PONY...

POTEET HAS AN ANGLE SHOT AT THE BALL AS THE TIME-KEEPER IS RAISING HIS HAND...

AS THE BALL SEEMS ABOUT TO MISS, BY INCHES IT HITS MOOF'S PLASTIC HELMET...

AND BOUNDS BETWEEN THE POLES FOR A GOAL!

CALDRON WINS!!!

BUT THE GIRL ON THE HOSPITAL BED DOESN'T HEAR THE NEWS...

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