

MEDFORD MALL TRIBUNE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1959

BLONDIE

OUR WIVES ARE GOING TO BE ROARING MAD AT US

I DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE GETTING HOME SO LATE

DAGWOOD... CORA'S NOT HOME-- SHE'S LEFT ME

BLONDIE'S GONE, TOO

OUR DEAR WIVES HAVE LEFT US-- WE'RE JUST DERELICTS

OUR HAPPY HOMES ARE NO MORE! LIFE IS MEANINGLESS NOW

WAIT! I THINK IF WE PROMISE THEM TO MEND OUR WAYS, WE CAN GET THEM TO RETURN

GOOD IDEA--WE'LL MAKE THEM A LIST OF PROMISES AND PUT IT IN WRITING

WE'LL PROMISE NEVER TO STAY OUT LATE AGAIN AND TO ALWAYS OBEY

AND WRITE DOWN THAT WE'LL PROMISE TO HANG UP OUR CLOTHES AND HELP WITH THE DISHES

WE'LL PROMISE TO SHAVE EVERY MORNING AND BUY THEM NEW WRIST WATCHES

AND WE'LL BUY THEM NEW HATS AND COATS AND GLOVES AND SHOES

I THINK WE OVERDID IT--- WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE UP TO ALL THESE PROMISES

YEH, IT WOULD PRACTICALLY MAKE SLAVES OF US FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES

WE'D BETTER THROW THIS LIST AWAY AND TRY SOMETHING NEW

THERE'S SOMEONE COMING IN-- IT'S OUR WIVES!

WE'RE AWFULLY SORRY, BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW THE MOVIE WOULD LAST SO LATE

THEY DIDN'T LEAVE US FOR GOOD-- THEY JUST WENT TO THE MOVIES

SHAME ON YOU-- STAYING OUT SO LATE!

WE'RE SORRY

WHAT'S THIS LIST?

IT'S A BIG LIST OF PROMISES THEY MADE TO US

LOOK--THEY PROMISE US NEW COATS AND WATCHES AND EVERYTHING

WE'RE DEAD

HAVEN'T WE GOT WONDERFUL HUSBANDS, CORA?

THEY'RE PERFECT JEWELS

WAIT! I'LL GET YOU OUTSIDE. BUMSTEAD

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ERIC YOUNG, 2-22

HOW COULD THAT COLONEL CANYON AND MINERVA KOAL HIDE IN A CITY IN OUR ZONE? WHAT KIND OF POLICE ARE YOU?

CAPTURE THEM BEFORE DAWN OR YOUR PROTECTORS WILL MOVE IN AND SHOW YOU HOW!

STEVE CANYON, I THINK YOU HAVE THE INSTINCTS OF A TRULY CRIMINAL TYPE...

HOW ELSE COULD YOU HAVE KEPT US FROM BEING CAUGHT ALL THIS TIME?

MINERVA, YOU'LL TURN MY SILLY HEAD WITH THAT SWEET TALK...

ONLY TROUBLE IS --I'M BEAT! I CAN'T KEEP UP THE PACE...

I KNOW HOW IT IS, MA'AM... I'VE JUST BEEN WAITING FOR THE RIGHT WIND!

I'M YOUR STRAIGHT MAN! --WHAT'S THE WIND GOT TO DO WITH IT?

THIS, MISS M., IS, APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL...

WHICH I NOW DELIVER, NOT HERE, BUT ACROSS THE COURT --SO THE FLAMES WILL BLOW AWAY FROM THIS POLICE GARAGE...

THE MINIONS OF OCCUPATION LAW RACE TO THE SCENE TO AID THE FIRE LADDIES...

--SO WE DESCEND AND CHOOSE THE GAUDIEST OF THE OFFICIAL CARS

AND WHILE YOU SIT IN THE REAR LIKE A PROPER COMMISSAR'S LADY

I BORROW THE HASTILY DEPARTED DRIVER'S CAP AND CHAUFFEUR YOU AWAY FROM THE FIRE...

WITH THE SOUND OF THE FIRE SIRENS IN THE AIR...

NONE OF THE GOOD BURGHERS NOTICE OURS --EXCEPT TO JUMP OUT OF THE WAY -- AS WE DRIVE TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN...

TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN?

INDEED, DUCKY -- BECAUSE YOU AND I ARE GOING TO LEAP OFF OF IT -- TOGETHER!

Segelflugplatz

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