

# MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1959

## BLONDIE

by CHIC YOUNG

JULIUS IS SO CARELESS ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE

ALL HUSBANDS GET THAT WAY, CORA

HE SITS AROUND OUR HOUSE IN HIS UNDERSHIRT AND NO SHOES—IT'S SO EMBARRASSING

AND THEY'RE SO FUSSY ABOUT THEIR WIVES LOOKING NICE

TELL DAGWOOD TO BRING JULIUS HOME WITH HIM AND WE'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON

GOOD IDEA, CORA

WE'LL PUT ON OLD WRINKLED ROBES AND MAKE OURSELVES LOOK AS TERRIBLE AS WE CAN

HO-HO—WAIT! JULIUS SEES ME

LET YOUR PETTICOAT STICK OUT—WE'LL ACT LIKE WE DON'T CARE WHAT WE LOOK LIKE

NOW WE'LL PUT UP OUR HAIR IN CURLERS

AND SMEAR GOOEY CREAM ALL OVER OUR FACES

OH, CORA, YOU'RE A SCREAM

HO-HO—WAIT! DAGWOOD SEES YOU

DAGWOOD, SOMETIMES I THINK WE'RE NOT THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO OUR DEAR WIVES

WE'LL TAKE THEM OUT FOR A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT

THE FINEST RESTAURANT FOR DINNER—THEN THE THEATRE—THEN DANCING IN A FANCY NIGHT CLUB

YEH

HURRY, GIRLS—WE'VE MADE RESERVATIONS ALL AROUND

OH, MY GOODNESS

DINNER, THEN THE THEATRE, THEN DANCING

WE HAVE JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET BEAUTIFUL AGAIN

HONESTLY—YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO KISS THEM OR SHOOT THEM

TAIN-SHUP!

RELAX, YOU CLOWNS

I THOUGHT YOU HEROES WERE ALL DEAD—OR SOMETHING!

MILTON CAMP

GENERAL PHILERIE! I DO DECLARE!

I'LL HAVE A LITTLE RESPECT FROM YOU JOKERS—SO THE PENTAGON DOESN'T FIND OUT I'M OBSOLETE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SIR?

WE'RE GOING TO SET UP THE GRAND ARMY FLIERS OF THE REPUBLIC—THE 'GAFFR' AIR FORCE, STEVE...

IT'S SO YOU OLD GAFFERS MAY MARCH IN PARADES ON NATIONAL HOLIDAYS...

...WEARING YOUR MEDALS AND YOUR 50-MISSION CRUSH HATS FROM WORLD WAR TWO!

PH—I MEAN, GENERAL, WHAT'S THIS GATHERING OF OLD, BOLD PILOTS IN AID OF?

I CAN'T TELL YOU, BLUE JAW! I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN TO USING RUSSIAN DRESSING ON YOUR SALAD!

I'M A SWAMP RAT, SIR! THIS HERE NORTH COUNTRY IS SO COLD MY CORPUSCLES ARE CURDLIN'!

THIS IS MERELY A TEMPORARY STAGING AREA, MINNIE-BALL!

...WHERE WERE YOU GOING YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR A HEATED FLYING SUIT IN THE SHOWER...

IF WE HAD SHOWERS... WHEELS UP AT 0600!

SO THE VETERAN PILOTS TAKE OFF IN AN AIR FORCE TRANSPORT...

...AND WHERE THEY ARE GOING AN EQUALLY ASSORTED GROUP OF HUMAN BEINGS AWAITS THEIR ARRIVAL...