

# MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1959

## BLONDIE

CHIC YOUNG

WHO TOOK A SLICE OF THE CAKE I BAKED FOR THE CHURCH SOCIAL?

I'M AS INNOCENT AS A NEWBORN BABE

SOMEBODY TOOK IT

HONEST, MOM--WE DIDN'T TAKE IT

THE PUPS DIDN'T DO IT--THEY CAN'T SLICE CAKE

SOMEBODY TOOK IT

NOBODY GETS OUT OF THIS HOUSE UNTIL I GET A CONFESSION

WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND IN CHAINS

TAKE YOUR TIME TO CONFESS-- I HAVE ALL DAY

MAY WE HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?

NO FOOD-- NO WATER

THIS IS REMINISCENT OF MEDIEVAL TORTURE CHAMBERS WHERE THEY LET THE PRISONERS ROT IN THEIR CELLS

COME OUT HERE QUICK, I FOUND THE CULPRIT!

LOOK UNDER THE TABLE-- ELMO'S LITTLE SISTER

NO! SHE'S TOO LITTLE TO PUNISH-- SHE DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT SHE WAS DOING

AS LONG AS THE CAKE IS ALREADY CUT I'LL DIVIDE THE REST OF IT AMONG YOU

I LOVE THESE HAPPY ENDINGS

© 1959 King Features Syndicate, Inc. All rights reserved. CHIC YOUNG

12-6

THOSE CLOWNS HAVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT, MOVIES, CHOW, AND THEY'RE ON AN EXCITING ASSIGNMENT

THEN ONE CUTE CHICK BLOWS INTO THE LOCAL VILLAGE AND OUR MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR BIRD IS AN ORPHAN OF THE STORM!

STEVE, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

SEEMS TO BE PURE COINCIDENCE, SIR! OLD JACQUES LUDEESCH WAS A TRADER IN THE VILLAGE ACROSS THE LAKE...

... WHEN HE DIED HIS SOLE HEIR WAS A NIECE, MINDEE LUDEESCH...

MINDEE CAME TO SETTLE THE ESTATE-- SAW WHAT WAS GOING ON OVER HERE-- AND RE-OPENED THE PLACE! THE TROOPS CALL HER LA DISH!

LET'S SEE WHAT THIS DOLL HAS THAT CAN COMPETE WITH THE BRAILLE BOMBER

... STRIKE THAT FROM THE RECORD... I KNOW WHAT SHE'S GOT!... LET'S GO!

STEVE, PUT OUR OFFICE OF SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS ON THIS-- AND ASK THE CANADIANS TO DO THE SAME

YOU THINK SHE'S A RED PLANT, SIR?

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! THE NIGHT BEFORE PEARL HARBOR I TOLD MY BROTHER WE'D NEVER GO TO WAR!

WELL, NOT HARD TO KNOW WHICH IS CHEZ LA DISH!

ALOUETTE, GENTILLE ALOUETTE, ALOUETTE, JE TE PLUMERAI

GOING INSIDE, SIR?

NO! BETTER THAT THE MEN DON'T SEE ME...

ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS MASS DIVERSION!

DECLARE THE PLACE OFF LIMITS?

NO... IT CALLS FOR THE SUPREME SACRIFICE...

... I'LL MOVE IN AND COURT THE GIRL MYSELF!

MILTON CANIFF