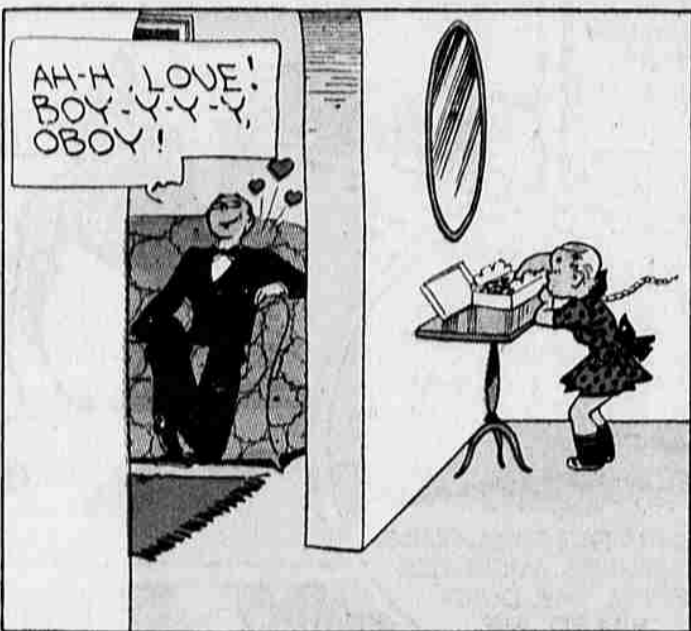
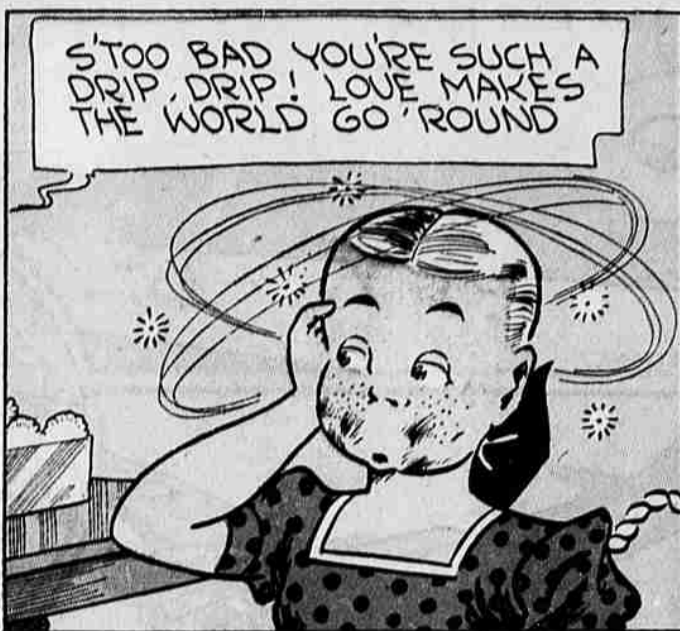


# BOOTS



AH-H, LOVE!  
BOY-Y-Y-Y,  
OBOY!



S'TOO BAD YOU'RE SUCH A  
DRIP, DRIP! LOVE MAKES  
THE WORLD GO 'ROUND



PHOOEY

OPAL, WOT  
IS LOVE,  
ANYWAY?

AW-W, HONEY CHILE."  
LOVE MAKES YOU  
DOWNRIGHT  
HURT



YOU JES' WANTS TO LAY RIGHT  
DOWN AND DIE

OWO-OOO..  
S'GOT ME!



HEY, BOOTS--DO ME A FAVOR,  
WILL YA?



CALL UP THAT LITTLE SMITH  
JERK, ACROSS THE STREET, AND  
TELL HIM "OKAY, I'LL  
MARRY HIM"

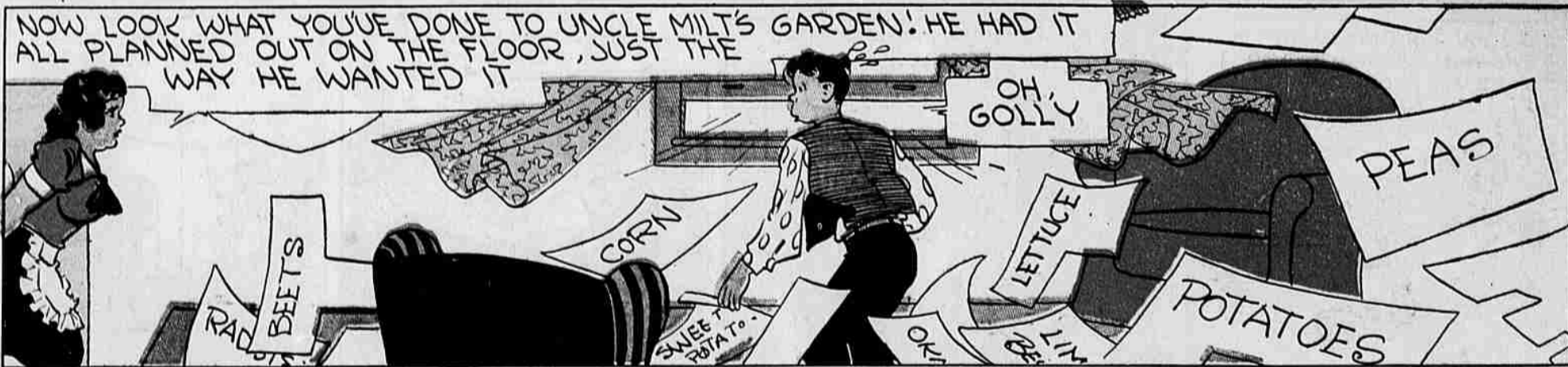


GEE, IT'S AWFUL WARM IN HERE



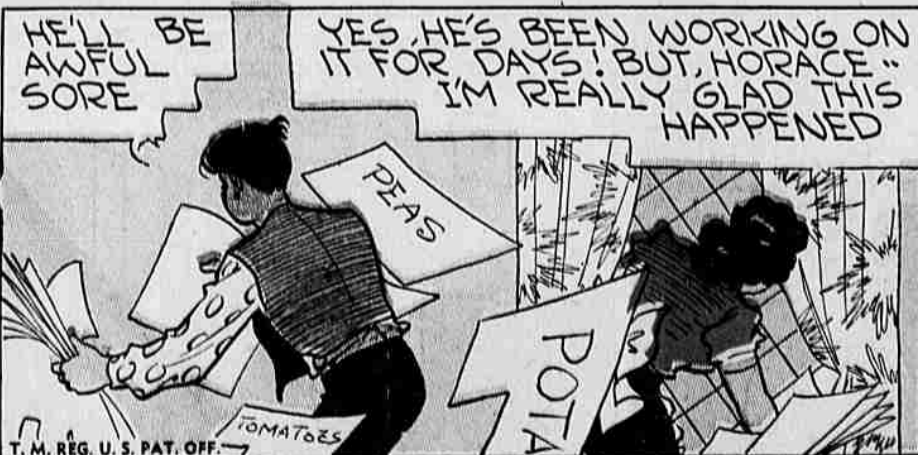
I THINK I'LL RAISE THE WINDOW--

HORACE,  
NO..



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO UNCLE MILT'S GARDEN! HE HAD IT  
ALL PLANNED OUT ON THE FLOOR, JUST THE  
WAY HE WANTED IT

OH,  
GOLLY



HE'LL BE  
AWFUL  
SORE

YES, HE'S BEEN WORKING ON  
IT FOR DAYS! BUT, HORACE--  
I'M REALLY GLAD THIS  
HAPPENED



HE'S WORKED SO HARD ON  
IT, I'M SURE THE DIFFERENT  
PLOTS SPOOLED SOMETHING

I SURE WISH HE'D  
STOP FEUDING  
WITH MR. TUSSEY

