

WE'VE BEEN RUBBING THE LAMP TO FIND OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU, MAJOR—HOW ABOUT PROVIDING THE COMMUNITY WITH FREE MUSIC BY BORING FLUTE SCALES IN REVOLVING BARBER POLES?

HM! NOT BAD, BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I HAVE JUST BEEN OFFERED AN IMPORTANT POSITION—LOCAL AGENT FOR A LARGE CONCERN MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS—HAR-RUMPH!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR PAN-CAKES ON THE WING WHEN YOU SPRING THAT ONE ON THE MISSUS!

IT HAS A HOLLOW RING—

HOOPLE AT REIMS CATHEDRAL—1907

EGAD, MARTHA! YOU'VE FELT THAT GUBLINE EMOTION STIRRED BY THE PEAL OF CHURCH BELLS?—WELL, JUST IMAGINE ME, YOUR ENTERPRISING HUSBAND, WORKING EIGHT HOURS A DAY, TAKING ORDERS FOR NEW AND BETTER BELLS!

THAT DOES STIR ME, YOU BIG GUST OF STALE AIR!—IF THIS PIE DOUGH WASN'T FOR GUPPER, I'D ROLL YOU UP IN IT LIKE A TART!

HE SHOWED HIS OLD OLYMPIC SPEED DEPARTING—

WHY, THERE'S A BOOK OF THAT—I'LL GO TO THE LIBRARY AND GET THE BOOK—ONLY THREE CENTS A DAY!

QUICK! FORCE ME TO THE LIBRARY—FORE I BECOME A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE OF A SPENDTHRIFT!

NO, WE'LL MAKE HIM THE AWFUL EXAMPLE—BORROW THE BOOK OFF HIM!

THE LAZY LEG MYSTERY

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

Red Ryder By Fred Harmon

CHUCKS, POP! WHY DO I HAVE TO GO TO ANITA?

IT'S AN EXCUSE FOR ME TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH HER, BOB!

SOME-BODY'S AHEAD OF US!

HOLD UP, SON! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO PAINTED VALLEY!

WHO IS IT, POP?

RED RYDER AN' LITTLE DEANER!

ONE THING WE GOTTA DO—KEEP RIDER OUT OF THIS!

I CAN HANDLE LITTLE DEANER! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF RED RYDER, ARE YOU, POP?

NO, BUT HE MIGHT INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!

REMEMBER, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE RIDER THINK THAT I'VE REFORMED—THAT IS, NOT A GAMBLER AND CAN MANAGE MORE!

I SAW IT!

AT PAINTED VALLEY RANCH

RED! LITTLE DEANER!

HOWDY, ANITA! THOUGHT WE'D DROP IN FOR A VISIT!

RIDE-UP BY FOR PIE, DO!

Alley Oop By V. T. Hamlin

HEY! AIN'T THAT SMOKE?

THAT OLD BUILDING'S AFIRE!!

LOOK, BOOM, WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE BEFORE THERE'S AN INVESTIGATION! IF WE'RE CAUGHT WITH THIS STUFF, IT MEANS JAIL!

YES, I GUESS FREEDOM AND LIFE DEPEND ON OUR FEET!

LIFEY MY HEAVENS! WHAT ABOUT OOP'S LIFE?

COME ON, YOU FOOL!

IF THAT KEY UNIT IS DESTROYED, THERE'LL BE NO WAY ON EARTH OF GETTING OOP OUT OF THE MESS I GOT HIM INTO!!!

NO, BY GAD! I'LL GIVE OOP A CHANCE, EVEN IF I FRY FOR IT!

WHAT KIND OF A DUMP IS THIS? GUNS TANGLED UP WITH OCTOPUSES AND STUFF!

IT'S THE DANGEST MESS I EVER SAW!

SCIENTIFIC STUFF! SAY CHIEF, D'YA SUPPOSE SOME AUNT WAS TRYIN' T' MAKE ATOMIC BOMBS?

HM! LOOKS LIKE A LEAD IN THE TAMERVILLE AFFAIR!

YEH, DOC, I THINK WE'VE CRACKED THE CASE, BUT THE MACHINE'S A WRECK. BLEW UP OR SOMETHING. WE'RE HOLDING TWO SUSPECTS AND AN OCTOPUS!

EHT SOUNDED LIKE YOU SAID "OCTOPUS"... BUT NEVER MIND, I'LL BE THERE ON THE FIRST PLANE!

OCTOPUS?

Wash Tubbs By Leslie Turner

LUTHER! LILY HONEY!

YOU'RE IF PIRTIEST THING THESE OLE EYES OF MINE EVER SEEN, LILY!

THAT'S AWFUL SWEET, LUTHER!

BUT WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR LISTENIN' TO BAGL WHEN HE SAID YOU WROTE THAT LETTER I GOT FROM MAJOR TUCKER?

WHY, A-COURSE, LILY, WE ALL MAKES MISTAKES! LETS-ER-FERGET ABOUT IT!

AND NOW THAT TH' MAJOR HAS COME TO VISIT YOU, I CAN THANK HIM FOR BEIN' SO NICE TO WRITE IT!

—AM-HEES-YA, THAT'S WOT THEY CALLS IT—HE CAN'T REMEMBER NOTHIN' FOR MOREN A FEW DAYS!

AMNESIA! POOR MAJOR TUCKER!

GO WHEN YOU MEET MA, LILY... I WOULDN'T MENTION ANYTHING HE SAID, OR-ER-WROTE IN TH' PAST IF I WUZ YOU—IT'D JUST EMBARRASS HIM!

WHY, THAT GUN AIN'T GOT NO PRINCIPLES! I'M GONNA SHOW HIM UP BEN ITS TY LAST THING I DO!

LUTHER MUSTA SCAMPARED OFF SOWNERS WITH LILY, HEBBE WE BETTER RUN ON OUT TO TH' HOUSE!

GOOD! I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE ABOUT THAT CRATE OF THE GENERAL'S PAPERS, MR. POPKIN!

Freckles and His Friends By Blossom

—BUT, LARD, AREN'T YOU EVEN EXCITED? JUNE MOVED NEXT DOOR TO ME!!!

YOU GOT ME OUTTA BED AND ITS 3 A.M.—IS THAT CIVILIZED?

WELL, YOU MIGHT SHOW LITTLE EN-THUSIASM! A FINE PAL YOU ARE! CAN'T YOU EVEN CHEER?

HOORAY! NOW—ARE YOU SATISFIED?

HOW COME YOU MOVED TO SHADYSIDE, JUNE?

WELL, DADDY WAS OFFERED A JOB TEACHING ENGLISH AT SHADYSIDE HIGH!

YOU MEAN HE'S GONNA BE A BOOK-BUG AT THE LOCAL BRAIN MILL?

ROGER!

HE'S TAKIN' MESS HOWE'S PLACE!

GOSH! THAT MEANS YOUR FATHER WILL BE MY TEACHER!

MR. WAYMAN, IN BEHALF OF MY FUTURE GRADES IN YOUR CLASS, WOULD YOU LIKE ONE OF YOUR OWN APPLES?

Boots and Her Buddies By Martin

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, JEEP! NEVER TRUST A WOMAN DRIVER!

NOPE!

ROONEY! PUG MIGHT HAVE BEEN HURT!

WELL, WOTTA Y'KNOW! IT MUST BELONG TO O' GOLDEN ROD!

THOUGH I MUSE SAY HE SEEMS A BIT ADULT TO INDULGE IN— I WONDER IF IT WORKS??

OH, OH!

COME BACK HERE!

IT WORKS!

WHAT A GADGET! WHY, I COULD SELL MILLIONS OF 'EM—

OH, OH!

PTT-POW

Little Orphan Annie By Harold Gray

OH, YES SIR, MR. WARRBUCKS—WHY, THE TOGGLES MOVED OUT—LET'S SEE—IT WAS ABOUT THE END OF SEPTEMBER—

AND TOOK THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THEM? BUT WHY?

OH, DOC TOGGLE IS A WRITER AS WELL AS BEING A PROFESSOR—ODD SORT OF CUSS— TAKES NOTIONS—WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL AND WRITE, I HEAR—

YEP—SO WHEN THEY GOT INVITED TO STAY ON SPOOK ISLAND WITH MR. TIDNAB—

EH? TIDNAB, DID YOU SAY? IS THAT THADDEUS T. TIDNAB?

SURE, MR. WARRBUCKS— YOU MUST KNOW MR. TIDNAB—THE MYSTERY MAN OF INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS, HE'S CALLED—

MM-M—WHY, I RECALL THE NAME—

OH, HE'S A REAL BIG SHOT— BUT JUST AS PLAIN AS AN OLD SHOE, FOR ALL OF HIS BILLIONS—

THAT'S NICE—SO THE TOGGLES TOLD YOU HE'D INVITED THEM TO SPOOK ISLAND, EH?

NO—THEY WENT OVER THERE ON A PICNIC AND DIDN'T COME BACK— MR. TIDNAB TOLD ME THEY WERE GOING TO STAY, WHEN HE HAD THEIR FURNITURE TAKEN ACROSS TO THEM—

AH, YES— THANKS A LOT, CHIEF—