

# Comics

HERALD AND NEWS, KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  
Page Eight Tuesday, February 6, 1932

## GLAMOR GIRLS



"Promise you'll never think of me as just a tax exemption."



"Our little son is growing up! He asked me whether the fairy princess was a blonde or a brunet!"

**STOCK MARKET GOES WILD!!!**  
CONFEDERATE MONEY NOW WORTH MORE THAN REAL MONEY  
Frenzied buying of Confederate dollars by N. financier, Hamilton Fatback, sends prices skyrocketing for some obscure reason, known only to himself, this shrewd trader is now paying \$3.95 in real money for each Confederate dollar.

**"AH, WE'D KNOWN WE'D WIN IN THE END!" LAUGHS 106-YEAR OLD EX-CONFEDERATE DRUMMER BOY**

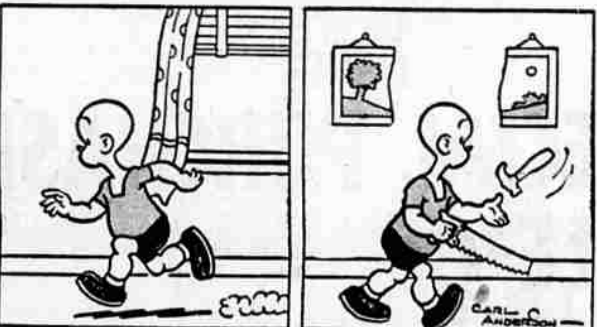
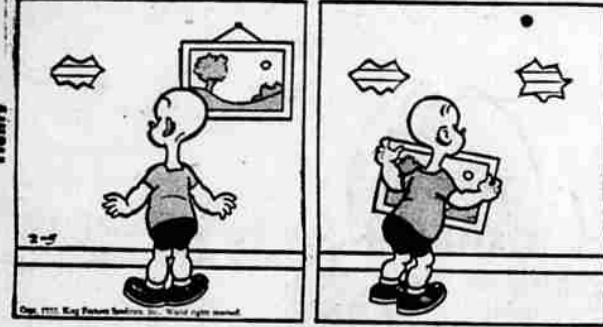
**"NO PANTS TOLLIVER NOW RICHEST MAN IN SOUTH"**

I'VE BOUGHT ALL THE EXISTING CONFEDERATE MONEY... AND NOW, YOKUM, IT'S YOUR JOB TO MAKE THAT PERFUME.

SHORTY—AH'S READY—T'M CHOKIN' DONE SUDDENLY STOPPED!!

HOW COME YOU'D DONE SUDDENLY STOPPED HANGIN' TH' DOLLY SCARY LOU?

AH'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA, AUNT NIGHTMARE—AH'M GONNA BOIL IT'S HAIR!!



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

EGAD, BOY! HERE'S ONE OF GASTON'S ODDEST RELICS... A NEST OF NAPOLEONS! WHAT IS THE VALUE OF THIS TREASURE, GASTON?

DEPENDS ON THE PURCHASER, MAJOR—I WAS OFFERED \$400, BUT MAYBE I COULD GET MORE IF SOME CONNOISSEUR WANTED IT.

ANYBODY WHO'D PAY \$400 FOR THAT MUST HAVE A NAPOLEON HAT TO GO WITH IT.

A GUY WHO'D BUY THAT WOULD HAVE TO HATE MONEY—IT'S AS ATTRACTIVE AS A QUARANTINE SIGN!

A FRUIT JUICER, A FLOUR SIEVE, AND A MEASURIN' CUP—BUT THE REMARKABLE THING IS TH' POOL COFFEE IS GOOD!

YOU'D THINK THEY WOULD ASK THEM THINGS—I HAD EVERYTHING OUT ON TH' FLOOR HERE!

SEE HOW IGNORANT PEOPLE CAN BE!

THE WORRY WART

### Blondie

WALLY... ARE YOU AT HOME?

HEY, WALLY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN WALLY PREEBLE'S BATHTUB?

THE PREEBLES HAVEN'T LIVED IN THIS HOUSE FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.

IMAGINE—MY BEST FRIEND MOVING WITHOUT TELLING ME!

### Bugs Bunny

HYA, PETUNIA... WELCOME HOME!

I WANT THE USUAL FENDER STRAIGHTENING JOB, BUGS!

HOW COME I DON'T LOOK LIKE YA RUN INTA ANYBODY?

OH, I'M NOT BOTHERED WITH CLIPPING INTO PEOPLE ANY MORE, SINCE I HAD MY BRAKES FIXED!

NOW THEY RUN INTO ME!

### Alley Oop

Y'KNOW... TH' WAY Y' GOT THAT FEATHER STICKIN' UP IN YOUR HAIR, I'D ALMOST THINK YOU WERE AN INDIAN!

YOU ARE? WHY, OF COURSE I AM... AREN'T YOU?

ME... UG, INDIAN? NO! UG! ME NO INDIAN! UG! ME MOOVIAN! UG! UG!

MY GOODNESS, DO YOU SUD-DENLY FEEL BADLY SOME PLACE?

HECK, NO! I... I MEAN ME FEEL-UH SWELL. UG, UG! WHY SQUAW ASKUM, EH?

OH, FEAR!

### Worth Tubbs

BUT, OFFICER... IF YOU'RE AFTER MISS TULLIS, WHY DIDN'T YOU ARREST HER INSTEAD OF TRAILING US LIKE WE'RE NOT AFTER HER... EXACTLY. BUT WE KNOW SHE PLANS TO MEET SOMEONE WE'VE HUNTED FOR A LONG TIME!

FURTHERMORE, SHE'S GOING TO LEAD ME TO HIM! AND IF YOU WISH TO AVOID TROUBLE FOR YOURSELF AND MISS TULLIS, YOU'LL SAY NOTHING ABOUT THIS TO HER!

JUST FORGET I'M FOLLOWING... AND DON'T TRY TO SHAKE ME AGAIN! YOUR SAFETY AND MINE, MAN, DEPEND ON THIS MAN'S ARREST. NOW GO FINISH YOUR MEAL... AND SAY NOTHING!

EASY! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? YOUR FOOD IS COLD AND—OH, YOU DID CATCH THAT MAN WHO'S BEEN STALKING US!

### Boots and Her Buddies

LOOK, CHUM: YOU CLAIM TO BE "UNCLE JOHN" FOR THE LAST TIME, WHOSE UNCLE JOHN?

MY DEAR BOY, REALLY?

REALLY IS RIGHT: I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF A GAG THIS IS, BUT COME ON NOW—OUT, YOU GO!

FIRST JOINT I EVER GOT IN WHERE NO ONE HAD AN UNCLE JOHN!

### Freckles and His Friends

WHAT DID YOU SAY, VANDYKE?

MR. WILSON CAN'T BULLY ME! EITHER I GET AN OFFICIAL CAPE OR I'M THROUGH AS A MASCOT!

ALL RIGHT, RALPH! QUIT THROWING YOUR VOICE!

HAD YOU FOOLED, EH, LARD?

MAYBE RALPH READ VANDYKE'S MIND, HILDA! YOU AND JUNE BETTER MAKE HIM AN OFFICIAL CAPE!

ALL RIGHT—BUT IT BETTER NOT END UP AS A LINING FOR HIS STOMACH!

### Little Orphan Annie

YEAH—THAT'S HER—

WHO'S TH' BIG DUMMY?

HE DON'T COUNT—BUT THAT NICK COULD BE BAD NEWS—

WE'LL STAKE OUT TH' PLACE—WHEN NICK GOES OUT, WE CAN MOVE IN—

LET'S GO—NICK'S GIVIN' US TH' EYE—

THOSE GUNG IN TH' BIG CAR—SOMEBODY YOU KNOW, NICK?

OH, I'VE SEEN 'EM AROUND—BUT I DON'T KNOW 'EM—