

Comics

HERALD AND NEWS, KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
Friday, March 7, 1952
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GLAMOR GIRLS



"I don't mind lending her the sugar, flour, eggs and cream, but she'll insist on sharing her cake!"

Holidays

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1 Religious holiday	1 U.S. economist
7 — of July	2 Entice
13 Cling	3 Nets
14 Whole	4 Domesticated
15 Regions (poet.)	5 Christmas
16 Garden implement	6 Took offense
17 Moon	7 Scarcer
18 Female sheep (pl.)	8 Units
20 His day is third June Sunday	9 Shoshonean Indian
21 Before	10 Freeing
22 Snar	11 Disloyalty
23 Clamp	12 Drivers
24 Sonnet endings	13 Existed
26 Dignity	14 Heredity units
27 One (Scot.)	15 Utter
28 Pretends	16 Binds
29 Ran away	17 Flocks
32 Curve	18 Equity adjusters
33 Roman date	19 Absorb
34 French savant	20 German siren
38 Mardi	21 Wild ass
39 Pelis	22 Owing
40 French coin	23 Edit
41 Man's nickname	24 Spotted cat
42 Vienna in German	25 Piano
43 Level	26 Flocks
44 Alkene	27 Equity adjusters
46 Store for fodder	28 Absorb
48 Mexican shawl	29 German siren
49 Of nerve sensation	30 Wild ass
50 Female relative	31 Owing
51 Confections	32 Edit
	33 Spotted cat
	34 Piano
	35 Equity adjusters
	36 Absorb
	37 German siren
	38 Wild ass
	39 Owing
	40 Edit
	41 Spotted cat
	42 Piano
	43 Equity adjusters
	44 Absorb
	45 German siren
	46 Wild ass
	47 Owing
	48 Edit
	49 Spotted cat
	50 Piano
	51 Equity adjusters

OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

B. J. R. WILLIAMS

HERE IT IS, TWIGGS, THIS IS THE BIGGEST MOMENT IN MY LIFE SINCE I FOOLED THE WHOLE TOWN AND GRADUATED FROM THE SIXTH GRADE!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET ANY FARTHER THAN A DRUNK'S THUMB IN A KEYHOLE!

MY WORD, TWIGGS! YOU MUST SPIN FOR US THE FASCINATING YARN BEHIND THIS ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE!

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU FILIN' ALL DAY, THEN ME JUS' SCRAPIN' A LITTLE SAND OFF A PIECE OF BRASS SETS YOUR TEETH ON EDGE—BAH, THAT'S JUST TEMPERAMENT!

IT TAKES A STRONG MAN TO HIDE ALL OF HIS FAILIN'S SO THIS GANG OF JOKERS WON'T FIND OUT AN' WORK ON YOU!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE ANY WEAKNESSES—THEY'LL GIVE 'EM TO YOU TRYIN' YOU OUT FER ONE!

WON DID HE DO IT?

THE GIVE-AWAY

HELLO, DEAR—WHAT'S NEW?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S NEW—MRS. WOODLEY'S FUR COAT—MRS. M'NUFF'S SPRING SUIT

MRS. TAYLOR'S NEW HAT AND MRS. STANTON'S NEW LIVING ROOM SET

THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR OPENING MY BIG OLD MOUTH!

HAVE A SEAT, DINNER WON'T BE TOO LONG—QUITE READY!

I HOPE IT WON'T BE TOO LONG—MY STOMACH'S FLAPPIN'!

THERE'S PLENTY TO READ!

MAYBE HE'LL TAKE THE HINT AND IMPROVE HIS MANNERS!

HMM!

DINNER'S READY, BUGS! BE... DID YOU FIND ANY OF THOSE BOOKS USEFUL?

YEAH... ALL OF 'EM!

THEY MAKE A SWELL FOOTSTOOL!

WHILE YOU'RE GETTING THE TIME-MACHINE READY TO BRING ALLEY BACK, I'LL SWITCH OVER FOR A CHECK ON FOOZY AND HOLLIS...

TO MOO, I THINK.

YOU THINK?

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH THE TIME-MACHINE... YOU CAN NEVER REALLY BE SURE!

I SUPPOSE ALRED HAD TO KEEP THIS OUT OF SIGHT AFTER HE FALSELY ACCUSED YOU OF STEALING IT?

YES... IN A SMALL LOCKED BOX, WITH THE REST OF HIS COLLECTION. BUT WHEN I LEARNED THAT HE TOOK IT WITH HIM TO MEXICO!

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU REALIZE NOW IT WAS WRONG TO FOLLOW HIM AND SWIPE IT, JAME, EVEN THO—

I DIDN'T JUST TAKE IT, EASY! THAT'S JUST MY PRINCIPLES I TRADED FOR IT. I LEFT HIM ANOTHER ONE IN ITS PLACE...

AND TOOK THE KEY TO THE BOX, SO HE WOULDN'T FIND OUT TILL I WAS... WELL, AT A SAFE DISTANCE.

MY WORD! WELL, CALL UP AND SEE IF HE'S HOME, AND I'LL RETURN IT FOR YOU.

MEBBE DON'T NOBODY HERE B'LIVE IN MR. BUNCHWEED, BUT I DO!

AN' MUST BE THEM MACHPHERSONS NOW, MR. BUNCEWEED, THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO HAVE THE FORMULA OF YOUR TONIC TESTED—

WERE BURIED!

ANEM—WERE DID YOU SAN THE BOTTLES?

NOT SO FAST! MY YOUNG BEAVERS! NOT SO FAST!

IT'S A SAD DAY AS THE BOYS RETURN VANDYKE TO HIS OWNER—

SO THE CONQUERING HERO RETURNS?

AND WE'RE SURE GOING TO MISS HIM, DR. PETERS! HE'S BEEN A REAL COOL PAL!

WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME!

JUST REMEMBER, VANDYKE, IF I SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS, TAKE IT EASY ON THE ROUGH STUFF!

ER—R—WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL?

OH, THOSE OLD ENOUGH GO TO SCHOOL—IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS—

ER—THAT IS—ORPHANS

HAVEN'T I HAD TROUBLE FROM THE AUTHORITIES? OH, SOME WANTED TO TAKE THE KIDS TO AN INSTITUTION—THE PLACE SHOCKED 'EM SOME—

BUT IT ALL BLEW OVER—MEATBALL MAC SORT OF SHOVED 'EM AWAY—HARK—THAT STEP—THAT'S MEATBALL MAC NOW—

CAUSE AWRIGHT, MAMMY—AN IS UNDER A COOL SHOWER, LIKE YOU TOLE ME—

30 YEARS AGO, A SWEET YOUNG LADY—NAME OF PANSY HUNKS—CORNSIDERED A YOUNG GENUINEMAN—NAME OF LUCIFER—YOUNG TH' MOST ON DESIRABLE LIL' VANDANT IN ALL TH' HILLS!!

—SUDDENLY, YORE ONCLE FUTURE ARRIVED, IN A HIRED WEDDIN' SUIT—AT A NICKEL A DAY, AN' DESIGNED NIA NOT 'SQUANDER HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS, BUT HE JEST SMILED!

LIKE AN IS SMILIN' NOW—

HARDLY FIVE NICKELS LATER, YORE PAPPY AN' ME WAS HOPELESSLY MARRIED!!

YORE ONCLE FUTURE KIN FORESEES TH' FUTURE, CHILE!! JEST A FEW NICKELS FUN, NOWAY—N' AN' BE DAISY MAE, WILL BE MAN AN' WIFE!

Before I think of a new car, I'd better sound out Wicker.

Ambrose, I should think you'd get a new car. Your Pierce-Arrow is 20 years old.

It is, Walt. But they don't build cars like that anymore. It's a gem!

It has stability and endurance. I wouldn't trade it for anything on the market today!

That lets me out. I can see I won't be driving a better car than the boss does!

VE NEEDN'T LEAP DOWN MY THROAT, AUNT LOWEZY!! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' WRONG

JUGHAID SMIF!! HOW DAST YE TELL RIDDLES BARLOW WHAT I SAID ABOUT HIS MAW?!!

TH' VERY IDEE!! TELLIN' RIDDLES I SAID HIS MAW WOULD TARN HIS HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN WHEN SHE GOT HERE!!

THAT'S PERZACTLY WHAT YE SAID!! YE WANT ME TO TELL TH' TRUTH, DON'T YE?

SHORE I DO!! BUT BE DURN KEERFUL WHO YE TELL IT TO!!

LOOK AT THAT MAN, CUMMINGS, AND TELL ME IF YOU EVER SAW HIM BEFORE.

YES, I DID! I SAW HIM RIDE AWAY FROM THE BANK LAST NIGHT JUST AFTER SHOOTIN' THE BANKER AND THE CLERK!

IT'S A LIE

IT'S NO LIE, WOLF! WE HAVE AN AIRTIGHT CASE THIS TIME, INCLUDING AN EYEWITNESS!

DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD, LARGON!

SO, GREGG, YOU'RE TO BE LARSON'S LAWYER?

I AM, AND IN THE FUTURE YOU TALK TO ME!

THERE, I'VE WRAPPED LARRY'S OTHER SUIT AND SOME SHIRTS, NOW, WHEN YOU LEAVE FOR WORK, MODEL—

WHERE DID SHE GO?

I DUNNO—

AND DOWNSTAIRS, OKAY, LET'S GO UP.

SHE MUSTA GONE DOWN TO THE MAIL BOX—AND THE LOCK SNAPPED.

MODEL, IS THAT YOU?