ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
YEH, TH' OL' GUY'S RIGHT! I AM A DOPE.
ME HAVIN' T'SPEND TH' NIGHT IN A TREE! IT'S RIDICULOUS!
'SALL RIGHT, I GUESS, FOR WOMEN T'RUN THEIR OWN MEN, BUT BY GADFRY, THEY'RE NOT GONNA RUN ME!
NOSIR!
I'M GOIN' RIGHT BACK T'MOO AN' STAND ON MY RIGHTS AS A CITIZEN!
WELL, I'M SURPRISED T'SEE YOU, OOP... I HEARD TH' WOMEN HAD RUN YOU OUTA TOWN.
YEAH...BUT I'M APPEALING TO YOU AS KING T'GET THESE CRAZY DAMES OFF'N MY BACK!
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
GEE... I DON'T SEE'S THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO.
BUT GUZ, YOU GOTTA HELP ME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE OUT THERE IN THOSE TREES AT NIGHT!
... ALL THOSE AWFUL THINGS LOOKIN' UP AT YOU IN TH' DARK!
WELL, Y'BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF, SHOOTIN' YOUR BIG MOUTH OFF ABOUT THIS BEING A WOMAN'S WORLD AN' ALL THAT STUFF...
...'COURSE, I COULD PUT YOU IN PROTECTIVE CUSTODY.
PROTECTIVE CUSTODY? IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
YEAH, OOP, I RECKON IT IS.
NO, THANKS! AFTER ALL, GUZ, IT'S NOT THAT I'M SCARED OF THOSE WOMEN, Y'KNOW...
YAL ALACE OF MOO
KING GUZ PROP.
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WELL?
OKAY, GUZ, I GUESS YOURS IS TH' RIGHT WAY!
WELL, IT'S BETTER'N SLEEPIN' OUT IN A TREE SOMEWHERE.
V.T. Hamlin
3-11

Captain EASY
by LESLIE TURNER
NOW I'LL SELL YOU THIS CORNER BUILDING SITE REASONABLE
ON A DESERT ISLAND! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
WHERE DID THOSE OLD ARMY SEARCHLIGHTS COME FROM?
DURING THE WAR A SUPPLY SHIP SANK JUST OFF THE ISLAND. MR. LIGHTFOOT WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR!
BEACHCOMBER BLVD
HE ALSO SALVAGED A TELESCOPE, AND OTHER ODDS AND ENDS.
WITH TIME ON HIS HANDS, HE FIGURED A WAY TO START HURRICANES, AND POPULATED THE ISLAND WITH CASTAWAYS!!
FRANKLY, I'M A BIT SKEPTICAL THAT ANYONE CAN START HURRICANES SINGLE-HANDED, MR. LIGHTFOOT!
WELL, I DON'T DESERVE ALL THE CREDIT! I JUST ASSIST NATURE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT JET STREAMS ARE?
SURE...TERRIFIC WINDS AT EXTREME ALTITUDES! PLANES OFTEN USE 'EM TO TRAVEL FASTER.
YES. LOOK THRU THIS TELESCOPE EQUIPPED WITH AN INFRA-BLUE FILTER I DEVISED TO MAKE CERTAIN AIR PARTICLES VISIBLE!
BLAZES...TINY STREAKS O' LIGHT MOVING AT AMAZING SPEED! YOU MEAN I'M SEEING A JET STREAM?!
YES...30,000 FEET UP, MOVING EAST AT 300 MILES AN HOUR! NOW LOOK TO THE NORTH!
HOLY SMOKE, IT'S ANOTHER ONE, BLOWING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.
EXACTLY! AND BARELY 50 MILES APART!
IT TOOK ME TWO YEARS TO FIND A WAY TO BEND ONE OF 'EM EVEN CLOSER TO TH' OTHER... TILL TH' AIR BETWEEN 'EM WAS SPINNING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, WITH A VACUUM IN TH' CENTER!
GREAT SCOTT! THAT WOULD BE A HURRICANE...AT 30,000 FEET!
AH, YES...UNTIL I LET TH' BENT JET STREAM SNAP BACK IN PLACE...
THEN THAT BIG WAD OF COLD SPINNING AIR, HEAVIER THAN TH' WARM AIR BELOW, SETTLES TO TH' SEA AND—
VERY CLEVER, SUH... BUT HOW DO YOU BEND A JET STREAM TO AID IN YOUR FIENDISH HOBBY?
1956 by NEA Service, Inc. T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
YOU OFFENDED HIM, CAPTAIN EASY! NOW HE'LL SULK FOR DAYS!
HE MAY BEND 'EM WITH HEAT! HE USES THE REFLECTORS IN THOSE OLD SEARCHLIGHTS TO CONCENTRATE THE SUN'S RAYS UP THERE SOMEWHERE!