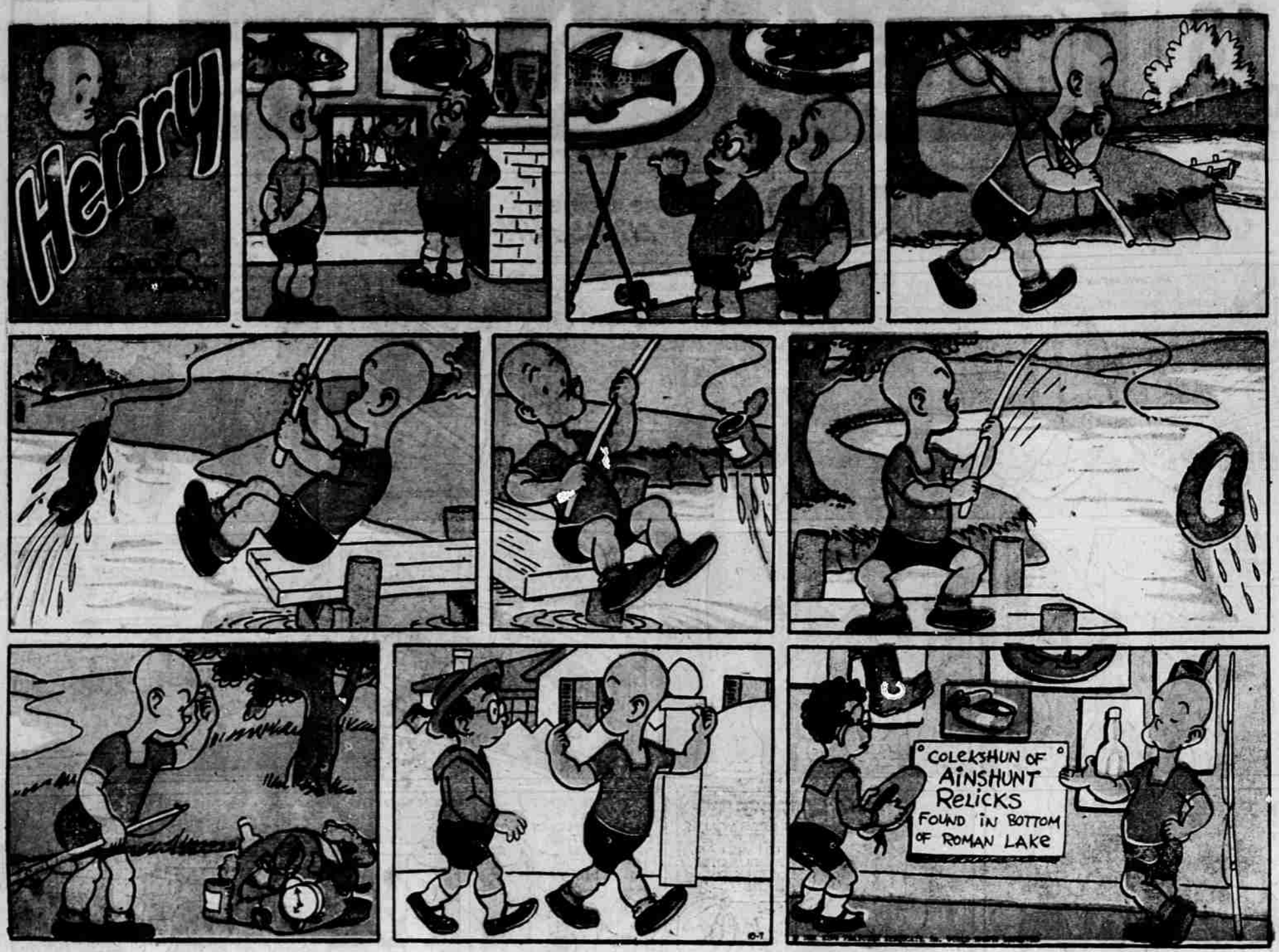
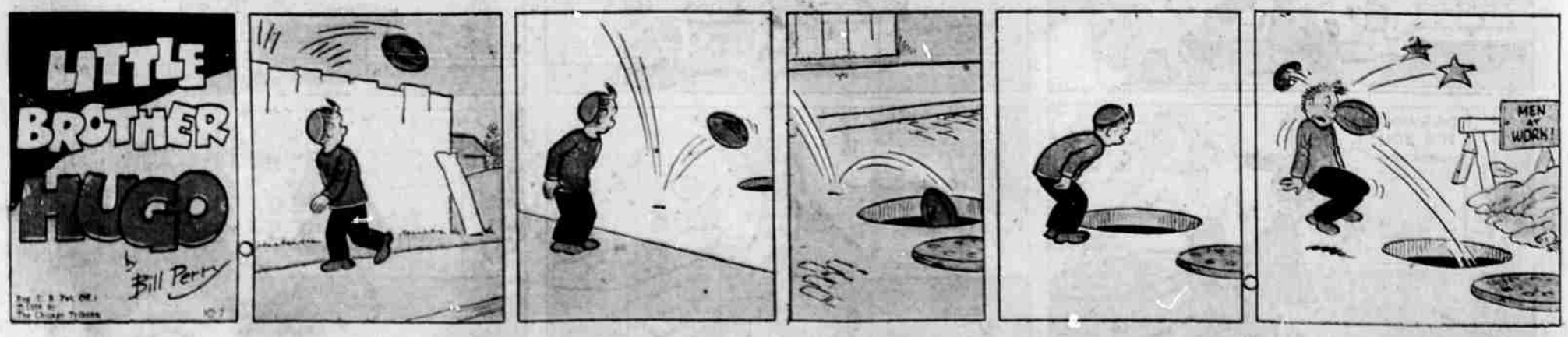

Henry
COLEKSHUN OF AINSHUNT RELICKS FOUND IN BOTTOM OF ROMAN LAKE

GASOLINE ALLEY
Bill Perry 10-7
But putting the boat away is such a job, Mr. Chubb. I'd like to simplify it this year.
I figure we'll turn it over on the bank, cover it with a tarp, and just let it go at that.
It's your boat, Mr. Wallet.
Your dad is a stubborn man, Chipper. He never asks my advice unless he's sure I'm going to agree with him.
I'll never forget what became of old Hopkins' boat—he left it out for the winter and lived to regret it!
What happened to it, Mr. Chubb?
There came a big wind one night and blowed down a huge poplar tree—landed directly on Hopkins' boat. Flattened it out like a strawberry box!
Gosh!
Of course, I don't say that same thing will happen again, but an ounce of prevention is worth ten pounds of cure, that I know!
?
!
Very well. I suppose you'd better go home and get your jeep. We can't haul the boat up here by hand!
I brought the jeep, Mr. Wallet. I'll get it.
How did you know I was going to let you have your way this time, Mr. Chubb?
It's not my way—it's the right way!
There she is, safely tucked away!
I admit I feel better, too. But just one thing—I don't think I've ever seen any poplar trees around this lake.
And I don't think there's ever been anyone around by the name of Hopkins, either. But it was a good story, wasn't it?


LITTLE BROTHER HUGO
by Bill Perry
MEN AT WORK!