ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
HOW D'YA KNOW WE'RE HEADED RIGHT? TH' GUY WHO TOLD US WAS NOT REAL BRIGHT!
WELLLL, MAYBE NOT... WE'LL KNOW PRETTY SOON
THAT WE WILL, AN' I'LL HOLLER AN' SQUALL TH' CRITTER WE'RE HUNTIN', JUST AIN'T THAT'S ALL!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! SO WHAT CAN WE LOSE?
OUR TIME, MY BOY, SO DON'T BE A DUNCE! JUST KEEP IN MIND, WE ONLY LIVE ONCE
FOOZY, LOOK! MY GOSH, LOOKIT THAT!
WELL, HOLYCROW, WHADDYA KNOW!
A TAILLESS DINOSAUR! JUST WHAT WE BEEN HUNTIN' FOR!
YEH, THA'S RIGHT! I BELIEVE MY EYES! THEY NEVER YET HAVE TOLD ME LIES!
JUST TH' CRITTER TO PULL OL' GUZ'S CART!
NO, YOU'RE WRONG! THIS BEAST WON'T RATE! HE NEVER WILL DOMESTICATE!
GRRRRR
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, FOOZY, HE SEEMS T'BE PLENTY MEAN!
MEAN AN' NASTY, BIG AN' ROUGH... C'MON LE'S GO, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
WHAT A CHASE! I'M GLAD IT'S THROUGH! WE MUST NOW BE A LONG WAY FROM MOO
YEAH, MAN! HE LIKE T'RUN US PLUMB INTO TH' ARCTIC ZONE!
THAT HE DID! I CAN NEAR SMELL SNOW! 'S NO DINOSAURS HERE, THAT I KNOW!
NO, BUT THERE'S OTHER KINDA CRITTERS.... LOOK!
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YOU SAID IT, OOP! JUST LOOKIT THERE! MAMMOTH BRUTES, AN' COVERED WITH HAIR!
YEAH! AN' NO TAILS, FOOZY... NONE T'SPEAK OF ANYWAY!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BUT I CAN'T COMPREHEND WHY TH' HECK THEY'D HAVE 'EM ON TH' WRONG END!
12-28
V.T. Hamlin

LI'L ABNER
It's a Gland and Glorious Feeling!!
by AL CAPP
THE ONE THING THAT KEEPS THE AVERAGE AMERICAN HOUSE-WIFE ACTING UPRIGHT IS, NATURALLY—
-THE UPRIGHT GLAND
DAISY MAE'S UPRIGHT GLAND HAS BEEN KNOCKED FLAT—
—SO SHE'S BEEN ACTING MEAN AND ORNERY —
WHUT A MIZZUBLE BREAK!!—A INTELLY-JUNT, LOVELY YOUNG THING, LIKE ME, MARRIED TO A SLOB LIKE YO'!!
HOW'D AH EVER GIT INTO THIS MESS?
THET KINDA TALK IS UNAMERICAN, DOC!!
KIN YO' CURE HER?
EASY!! PIN HER ARMS BACK!!
AN' AH'LL CLOUT HER IN TH' JAW!!— THET'LL BOUNCE THET GLAND BACK ON ITS FEET AGIN!!
GULP!!—GIT IT OVER WIF, QUICK, DOC!!
NOPE!!—EF IT WERE MAH WIFE, IT'D BE A PLEASURE!!—BUT AH JEST CAIN'T CLOUT DAISY MAE!!
AH'LL PIN HER ARMS BACK, SON!! YO' DO IT!!
OH-SOB!!—AH CAIN'T, NEITHER!!—AH DOUBTS EF ANY MAN IN TH' WORLD COULD!!
CHUCKLE!!—RIGHT!!—AH IS TOO SWEET, TOO PURTY, TOO APPEALIN' FO' ANY ONE TO CLOUT!!—AN' AH DON'T WANT MAH UPRIGHT GLAND KNOCKED BACK ON ITS FEET AGAIN!!
TH' WAY TH' GLAND IS NOW MAKES ME REELIZE HOW AH BIN WASTIN' MAH LIFE ON YO' AN' THIS BRAT!!
BRAT?
AH IS OFF TO TH' CITY, TO FIND MAHSELF A RICH HUSBIN!!
BUT YO' ALREADY GOT A HUSBIN—NAMELY ME!!—AN' AH IS RICH—NOT IN MERELY MONEY—
—BUT, IN TH' THINGS THET COUNT!!—AH GOT A MILLYUN DOLLAHS WORTH O' LOVE FO' YO'!!
HMPF!!
Al Capp