

Comics

Herald and News

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

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PLACES

JUST THINK, IN ABOUT TWELVE YEARS SOME POOR GIRL WILL BE MARRYING CHARLIE BROWN...

IT'S GOING TO BE HARD FOR US TO SAVE HER WHEN WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS, WHERE SHE LIVES OR ANYTHING...

WHAT WE NEED IS SOME SORT OF WARNING SYSTEM...

WE COULD CALL IT "EARLY WARNING MARITAL RADAR!"

I CAN'T STAND IT...

Geography Quiz

ACROSS

1 New York city district

9 "O' My Heart"

12 What Italians call their capital

13 He lived in Eden

14 Age

15 Put in slanted type

17 — Grande

18 Separates

19 Wine and honey drink

21 Aleutian isle

23 Health resort

24 What's in a name

27 Deprivation

32 Rubber

34 Breakfast fare

36 Meal

37 Girl's name

38 Exposed gore

39 Father

41 Plaything

42 Greek letter

44 Roman emperor

46 Saves

49 Thin fabric

53 Mountain (prefix)

54 Light wines

56 Every one

57 Unbleached

58 Japanese outcrops

59 Eastern state (ab.)

60 Old English court

61 Pittance

DOWN

1 Journey

2 Persian poet

3 Crimean port

4 Pouch

5 Hateful

6 Mist

7 Portents

8 Lasting

10 City in Pennsylvania

11 English prison

16 Cordage fibers

20 Musical drama

22 Legal wrongs

24 South European

25 Russian city

26 Girl's toy

28 Frighten

30 Pedestal part

31 Kill

33 Hebrew letter

35 Come forth

40 Make certain

43 Estonian island

45 Having oars

46 Thoroughfare

47 Mystery writer

48 Stanley Gardner

49 Spice

50 Proposition

51 Enthusiasm

52 Essential being

55 Sound of annoyance

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

CLAUDE THUMBSCROUGH, THE OLD PATENT MEDICINE SALESMAN! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WALDO HACKLEWEN'S WIFE WENT TEMPORARILY BALD FROM USING YOUR HAIR DYE! EGAD, CLAUDE, IF YOU'D MISSED THAT FREIGHT TRAIN OUT OF TOWN SHE'D BE DOING 20 YEARS FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER!

CLAUDE THUMBSCROUGH IS THE NAME NOW, MAJOR — GENTLEMAN'S CRUMWELL, THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL TRIAL LAWYER! WE FLY TO LONDON FOR A FORT-NIGHT AFTER I REGISTER CORNWALLIS AT THE CANINE COUNTRY CLUBS — FOR \$100 THIS MUTT WILL GET TWO WEEKS OF FILET MIGNON!

CORNWALLIS LIKES THE FINE THINGS

YOU SEEM TO HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING OF THAT GOOP, BUT I'LL BET YOU CAN'T GIVE ME AN EXPLANATION OF THAT!

OH, HE WAS PROBABLY DREAMING! HE SCALED UP A RABBIT, BUT BY THE TIME THE MESSAGE GOT TO HIS HAND FEET, HIS FRONT FEET FORGOT WHAT HE WAS DREAMING ABOUT!

THE WORRY WART

IT'D TAKE MONTHS OF DIGGING TO REMOVE THE BODY OF THE OTHER ONE!!

I'LL LIST HIM AS DEAD — BUT WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE SURVIVOR?

LIL' ABNER YOKUM!!

NATURALLY YOU'D SAY THAT!! — GARSION FACES PRISON!! — YOKUM IS A FREE MAN!!

W-HO IS YO'?

U.S. DEPORTATION BUREAU!! WE'RE BRINGING YOU BACK TO THE U.S. TO FACE YOKUM'S WIFE!!

SHE'LL KNOW WHO'S WHO!!

You don't mind stowing these old account books, Skeezix — I need a place for my radio.

But, Jessica, this is an office, not a living room!

You can't expect me to work without one. I must keep up with the world.

This place has done all right without one for several years.

You're a business-man and this is 1959 — not 1920.

Okay, but just for newscasts, remember.

I SEEN YOU AN' HARKY SPIES HOLDIN' HANDS ON TH' FRONT PORCH LAST NIGHT, ELVINEY — DID HE PERPOSE YET?

NO, MA'AM — HE JEST COULDN'T SEEM TO GIT TH' WORDS OUT

HE WUZ ALL SOT TO POP TH' QUESTION AN' THEN HE GOT A BIG LUMP IN HIS THROAT

SUCH A BASHFUL CRITTER

THAT WUZN'T IT — A MUD-DOBBER STUNG HIM ON TH' ADAM APPLE

KENT! WHERE ARE YOU, KENT?

MY HUSBAND! HE'S MISSING! HE-HE DISAPPEARED AT THE SEASIDE

YOU SURE, MRS. HARDUP?

ISN'T HERE!

DARLING KENT! WHERE ARE YOU?

UH??

"LET'S WALK DOWN TO RIELLY'S FILLING STATION AND CALL THE POLICE," SAYS THE MAILMAN. "KENT'S BOUND TO BE SOME PLACE!"

THAT STUPID ZERO!

I'VE BEEN OVER AND OVER THIS BUSINESS WITH HIM

HE JUST CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!

COME, SPOT, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR LUNCH!

MEATS

I HATE COSTUME PARTIES, AND I'M NOT GOING TO GO

THAT'S THAT — AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT!

WELL — YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL

I FOUND A BUG PAL WHAT'S READY FOR THE BIG TIME? — HE'S ALL SET FOR YOUR HYPNOSIS ACT.

A MOTH! UP MOTH!

YOU HAD ANY PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE IN THE HYPNOTICAL FIELD, UH — HAW? DON'T GET YOUR NAME?

CALL HIM "PIGGY."

YES, WELL, YOU HAD ANY PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE IN THE HYPNOTICAL FIELD, PIGGY?

SO! TAKE THAT!

ANYBODY CALLS ME "PIGGY," I POPS HIM — ANYBODY!

I DON'T THINK YOU'D DO ISSSEE, I OWES YOU A CLAM.

IT'S GETTING LATE!

YES, WHY PAST MY BEDTIME — G'NITE, OK?

DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE, LEAVING OKY ALL ALONE THERE IN THE LABORATORY?

AW, NOTHING THERE TO HURT IM!

IT'S NOT HIM I'M FRETTING ABOUT, IT'S OUR EQUIPMENT...

— YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY HE IS ABOUT THE TIME-MACHINE — AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL TRY TO OPERATE IT?

AFRAID? NOPE! I'M COUNTING ON IT!

IT COULD HALT RIOTS, SUBDUCE VICIOUS CRIMINALS OR WILD BEASTS, EVEN PREVENT WAR — ALL WITHOUT BLOODSHED!

DON'T LET YOUR BITTERNESS OVER HERKLE'S DEATH DEPRIVE THE WORLD OF NERVE GAS.

BE HONEST, MCKEE — BEST OF ALL, IT'S WORTH MILLIONS TO YOU! WELL, MY CONCERN IS THE GOOD OF MANKIND! IN EVIL HANDS, THE GAS COULD BE A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! I CAN'T RISK IT!

EITHER PROMISE TO DESTROY THE FORMULA I SENT HERKLE, OR I MUST LEAVE YOU AT THE MERCY OF MY LOYAL NATIVES!

I DON'T HAVE THE FORMULA — Y-YET! BUT I'LL DISCUSS THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN A REASONABLE MOOD!

I DON'T USUALLY LET STRANGERS TREAT ME, CEPTIN' THEY'RE PERFECT GENTLEMEN LIKE YOU, MR. TRUEHORN. NOW TELL ME 'BOUT YOUR INVENTIONS!

SINGULAR, POKY, IN BOTH SENSES OF THE WORD — MEANING "ONE," AND "UNPARALLELED!"

MY INVENTION WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE WORLD BY BANISHING WAR FOREVER!

I O'CLARE!

MY NICE GRAY TIE IS MISSING!

SAY! MY LOVELY TWEED SUIT IS GONE, TOO!

AND WHERE'S MY FAVORITE STRAW HAT?

FRECKLES IS WEARING THEM TO A SQUARE DANCE!

HELLO, SEAWEE! I'VE COME TO GO WADIN' HERE?

HEH, HEH! NOT HERE ON TH' OCEAN SIDE, ANNIE!

BUT WILD HORSES COULDN'T GIT ME WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF BLACK DEVIL OVE BACK YONDER!

YOU, TOO?

ONLY WHEN THERE'S A GREAT STORM, THEN I SEEN HIM! A GIANTIC MONSTER! WITH THESE SHARP EYES I SEEN HIM! AND HE SEEN ME, TOO!