

Comics

Herald and News

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

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PEANUTS

I THINK THE WORLD IS MUCH BETTER TODAY THAN IT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS? DON'T YOU EVER LISTEN TO THE RADIO?

HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND TELL ME THIS IS A BETTER WORLD?

I'M IN IT NOW!

YOUR FRIVOLITY WILL BECOME A MARRIAGE. IT'S NO MEAN HOOPLE MANOR IS SAFE NOW FROM THE DO-IT-YOURSELF SPEE-DEE ARE YOU PLANNING SOME THING DRASTIC LIKE SHAVING YOUR HOOSE HEAD?

THANKS, CHARLIE. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO QUIT, BUT I'M KINDA NERVOUS TODAY.

OH! CHARLIE IS KEEPING TRACK OF ALL THE CHEWS OF 'BAGGER THAT ARE BANGED OFF HIS IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR. IT WILL AMOUNT TO?

I DID THAT ONCE BUT I ALSO KEPT TRACK OF HOW MUCH I BANGED TOO, AND IN TWO MONTHS I DROPPED THE SUBJECT—CHARLIE WOULD THINK THAT BOOK AWAY IN A WEEK IF HE DID THAT.

THE ONE-SIDED STORY

Lif Abner

THAT ODD ODOR, SIR, IS A SPECIAL SOLVENT THEY USED TO CLEAN THE PAINTINGS...

—IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—BEFORE IT WAS STOLEN, THAT IS!!

—AND YOU WILL ONCE MORE HAPPILY SWEEP ITS CORRIDORS!! I SWEAR IT!!

SNIFF!! THE ODOR LEADS TO THIS BUS STOP!!

Blondie

IT'S FOR YOU COOKIE! A BOY NAMED BLUSTEER FIGG.

OH, DEAR—WHAT SHALL I DO? IF I TALK TO HIM HE'LL THINK I'M FORWARD.

WELL, DON'T ANSWER.

BUT THEN, IF I DON'T SPEAK TO HIM HE MAY NEVER CALL AGAIN.

BOYS ARE A PROBLEM.

HANG ON, BLUSTEER! THIS COULD GO EITHER WAY.

Gasoline Alley

Yes, sir—two dogs. Anything else?

A cola and a root beer.

Three hot dogs, please!

Five dogs—and hurry!

Phew! What a day! How did I do!

Eight...nine...ten...eleven puns left over. That means you sold \$47 hot dogs.

It's just as I thought. You're using too much mustard. We should have half a jar left.

Pogo

AS THE VOICES OF OPERA STAR YOU SOUND LIKE A BEEHIVE.

HEH!

SCAT!

THE NERVE! BREAKIN' THRU YOUR SOUND BARRIER THAT WAY.

Alley Oop

THINKING TO SEND HIMSELF BACK IN TIME, ONLY ACTUALLY OVER-ROULED UP!

AND NOT KNOWING OF YOUR PRE-SETTING EVERY-THING GOT ROULED UP!

EXACTLY... AND THE ACTION HE GOT INTO INTO THE FUTURE!

BUT THE TIME-MACHINE CAN'T WORK AHEAD OF THE PRESENT, ONLY BACK FROM IT!

THAT'S ALWAYS THOUGHT, BUT...

I'M GOING TO TRY A REVERSAL OF HIS SETTING.

OKAY, IF YOU CAN DO IT WITHOUT UPSETTING THE 859 PARTY!

Suffy Smith

IF WE'RE OFFICIAL ENGAGED UP TO GIT MARRIED OLLIE, YE OUGHT TO SEAL IT WIF A KISS.

I NEVER KISSED NO GAL AFORE, SAIRY—HOWSOMEVER—I SEEN A ROMANTICAL MOVIN' PITCHER ONCE, AN—UH—ER—A—

GIVE PAW TH' NAME OF THAT THAR MOVIN' PITCHER, OLLIE.

Wash Tubbs

AHEM... YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT WANTING THAT ONE SUN? I CAN SCOUT AROUND AND FIND ANOTHER JUST AS GOOD.

EASY! WHY ARE YOU CALLING FROM SPAIN? I'VE EXPECTED YOU ANY MOMENT WITH THE PAINTING!

HAVE YOU GONE BERSERK? THE PRESS HAS ALREADY ANNOUNCED MY GIFT OF THAT VELASQUEZ TO THE MUSEUM!

BUT I CAN'T COMPETE WITH A RUTHLESS FEMALE AGENT WHO OUTBID YOU AND SOURED TH' OWNER ON ME!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES! RAISE HER BID A FEW DOLLARS AND BET IT TODAY, OR I'LL COME AFTER IT MYSELF! CLICK!

WAIT, MR. MCKEE... I'M BROKE—HELLO! HAWK—HE HUNG UP BEFORE I COULD ASK HIM TO CABLE ME MONNY!

Dick Tracy

WHERE'S OTTO?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? IN HIS OFFICE, MAYBE.

BUT DAMES CAN'T GO IN THERE! HEY, YOU!

RHODENT! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

OTTO, I'M IN GREAT TROUBLE. I NEED HELP.

YOU'RE A GOOD FARM HAND, MISS. TOO BAD YOU'RE A POLICEMAN.

SH—H! REMEMBER, I AM YOUR DAUGHTER—AND MY NAME'S FATTY—BUT THANKS FOR THE GOOD REVIEW.

Boots and Her Buddies

MY PARENTS? UH, WELL... I LIKE WITH MY FATHER! BUT HE'S OUT OF TOWN MOSTLY!

MY MOTHER PASSED AWAY WHEN I WAS BORN!

OH, ROGER... I'M SO SORRY!

Beetle Bailey

THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT!

WHAT'S WRONG, SARGE?

I TOLD HIM TO GET A TRUCKLOAD OF CEMENT FOR OUR CONSTRUCTION JOB.

I THOUGHT I SAW HIM BRING IT BACK AND DUMP IT.

YES, SIR, RIGHT WHERE WE KEEP OUR TOOLS!

Freckles and His Friends

SPROING!

PLAK! RATTLE!

PLANK! CLANK!

YA BIG BULLY!!

Henry

CHOO

WATER TEMPERATURE 59

Little Orphan Annie

WOULDN'T YOU THINK THE DUCHESSES WOULD SATISFY TH' MONSTER FOR A WHILE?

SHE WAS ONLY A FAT TIDBIT FOR HIM!

MAYBE IF TH' WATER DOESN'T COME ANY CLOSER, HE WON'T!

DON'T BET ON THAT, AND DON'T MOVE!

OH-OH! ONE O' THOSE SNAKEY ARMS! BET IT CAN REACH A HUNNERT FEET!

SUNDAY! WAKE UP SUNDAY WAKE UP AND RUN!