

GASOLINE ALLEY Bill Perry

The wires went down in the storm and our electricity is off, Skeezix.

And 14 guests here for Christmas. Wow!

Maybe we'd better all clear out of here, Father Clock!

Heavens, no! We wouldn't hear of it!

We still have kerosene lamps for light.

But, golly! How about the tree?

You remove the bulbs, Skeezix, and I'll fix that!

While the candles are burning, we must be very careful, children!

And not only the children!

I'll never forget the time Grandfather Clock's whiskers caught fire!

Merry Christmas, Skeezix!

Same to you, Cork you sleepyhead! By the way, you've been elected!

Elected? To what?

Half of the gang has eaten, but you're flipping flapjacks for the second shift!

The old wood cookstove works fine, Pudge.

Yes, but there's just one thing, Boss—

I always thought Christmas was a holiday!

Me, too! This is what we do all year long!

LITTLE BROTHER HUGO Bill Perry

LI'L ABNER Demon and Pythias— by AL CAPP

THE FAMOUS AND FEARED INSPECTOR BLUGSTONE OF SCOTLAND YARD RETURNS TO HIS LITTLE HOME AT 13 SEEPAGE GARDENS, LONDON.

AND HOW ARE YOU, THIS GOOD EVENING, MRS. ANTONIA ARMSTRONG-BONES?

WORRIED—THAT'S 'OW!! WORRIED 'ABOUT YOU, HINSPECTOR!!

YOU'VE BEEN A WIDOWER, 25 YEARS!! LONG ENOUGH TO 'AVE MOURNED THE MEMORY OF THE LYTE MRS. B.!!

SIGH!!—KICKED TO DEATH, POOR DEAR, BY A JEALOUS HORSE!!

IT WAS HARDLY A CHEERFUL SIGHT!!

YOU HARE HIN THE PRIME OF STOUT HENGISH MAN 'OOD, SIR—AND YET...

YOU'VE NEVER LOOKED WAT HANOTHER FEMALE—HEXCEPT ME—HAND THAT DON'T COUNT. OH, WHAT DO YOU DO, THESE LONG, LONELY HEVENINGS?

I DABBLE IN ORIENTAL LORE—

JUST TODAY I PICKED UP AN ANCIENT BOOK—HOW TO DRIVE AWAY DEMONS! IT'S VOLUME 2 OF A SERIES—

UNFORTUNATELY, VOLUME I—"HOW TO CREATE DEMONS," IS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE!!—I ANTICIPATE A FASCINATING EVENING, MRS. ARMSTRONG-BONES!!

4-A.M.

SO THAT'S HOW TO DRIVE DEMONS AWAY!!—I'M SURE I COULD DO IT—IF I HAD ONE HERE!!

WHA!!—MAYBE I COULD CREATE ONE, IF I DID EVERYTHING IN THIS BOOK—BACKWARDS!!

THERE'S A HODD BLUE LIGHT IN THE HINSPECTOR'S STUDY!!—NOW HIT'S PURPLE—NOW HIT'S BLOOD-RED!!—AND THERE'S WEIRD HORIENTAL MUSIC!!

EGAD!!—I'VE DONE IT!!—AND NOW TO DRIVE IT AWAY!!—WHERE'S MY BOOK?

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!!

AL CAPP To BE CONTINUED!