

# KEVIN the BOLD

BY JAY HEAVLUM

AT THE PALACE OF KING HENRY VIII, RAGE AND DESPAIR HOLD COURT FOR QUEEN CATHERINE HAS BEEN KIDNAPED.

BY HEAVEN I WILL HAVE THE HEAD OF THE FOUL FIEND WHO ABDUCTED HER, IF IT IS THE--

YOUR MAJESTY, I BEG YOU TO BE CALM!

I CANNOT BE CALM, WOLSEY!

KEVIN, CAN YOU DO NAUGHT BUT STAND THERE LIKE A PUPPET IN A DUMB SHOW?

SEE THAT MY MEN SEARCH EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF LONDON! LET NONE SLEEP TILL THE QUEEN IS FOUND!

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

YOUR HIGHNESSES!

WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME SO--AS FRIGHTENED AS IF I WERE A GHOST?

HOW MANAGED YOU TO ESCAPE FROM THE PAINTER POSING AS HOLBEIN?

ESCAPE? I SENT A LADY-IN-WAITING TO SIT FOR ME! POSING IS SO TIRE SOME.

WE LOOK MUCH ALIKE!

HO, WHAT A GLORIOUS JOKE! THE VILLAIN HOLDS CAPTIVE A COMMONER HE THINKS TO BE THE QUEEN!

KEVIN, HAS YOUR HUMOR DESERTED YOU?

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THIS LADY-IN-WAITING WHEN THE VILLAIN DISCOVERS HE HAS BEEN DUPED?

MEANWHILE...

I DEMAND TO SEE THE KING, FOR I BEAR NEWS OF THE QUEEN!

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD THAT SHE HAS BEEN FOUND? BE ON YOUR WAY!

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# CAPTAIN EASY

By Leslie Turner

ORVILLE, I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE RAILROAD WOULD PERMIT YOU TO BUILD A HOME OVER THEIR TRACK!

SOMEBUDDY WIT' DA T.C. & G. GOOFED, YEARS AGO! DEY NEVER PAID ME GRAN' FODDER, BOOMERANG KALLIKAK, FER DIS ACRE!

'COURSE, NOW DEY GOTTA PAY THRU DA NOSTRILS, OR I DON'T SELL!

HERE'S BUSTER!

DUH-H-H... W-W-W-WELCOME, CAPTAIN EASY!

BLAZES! DO ALL O' YOU HAVE TO JUMP THE TRACK TO GET FROM ONE WING TO THE OTHER?

NAW! ME AN' MAW IS GITTIN' ALONG IN YEARS! WE USES DA DIGNIFIED WAY-- SWINGIN' ACROSS ON A ROPE!

SUPPOSE SHE SLIPPED AND FELL ON THE TRACK?

SHE DID, ONE DAY, WHILST SWINGIN' ACROSS WIT' ME COPY OF DA WALL STREET JOURNAL! SHE HADDA OUTFRAN A FREIGHT TRAIN, BUT I GOT ME PAPER!

BUSTER, AREN'T AN O' YOUR RELATIVES COMING TO THE HOUSEWARMING?

DUH-H-H... NO, WE SPOKE WIT' DA WARDEN, BUT HE SAID DEY HAD PREVIOUS COMMITMENTS!

FIRST COURSE FER DINNER-- ME VERY BEST WEEK-OLD CATFISH WINE!

OHH-H NO!

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# FRECKLES and his FRIENDS

by MERRILL BLOSSER

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE ASTRONAUTS RUN FIVE MILES BEFORE BREAKFAST EVERY DAY TO KEEP IN SHAPE!

I'M OFF IN MY TRUSTY TRACK SUIT!

EEK! A FUGITIVE!!

IT'S SOME LOONEY IN PAJAMAS!!

GRR!!

ARF! ARF!

OPERATOR... OPERATOR...

THERE HE GOES!

WOOF! WOOF!

STOP HIM!!

BOY YOU GOTTA HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AN ASTRONAUT!!

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