

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo

ON THE 3:06 OUT OF DOODLETOWN... HARDLY ANYBODY EVER RODE IT EXCEPT THE CREW AND ONE OR TWO SCATTERED PASSENGERS...

SO THE RAILROAD PETITIONED THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION TO ABANDON THAT PARTICULAR RUN... AND 10,000 PEOPLE SHOW UP TO PROTEST...

A TIP OF THE HAT TO BOB BILLES, JR., 63 EAST 2ND, SUPERIOR, WISC.

WHERE'D THEY ALL COME FROM?

I HAVE 24,000 SIGNATURES!!

AGAINST THE INTEREST OF THE PUBLIC!!

COMICS

PRISCILLA'S POP

THERE! I'VE READ YOU THE STORY OF COLUMBUS!

AND IT HAPPENED ALMOST 500 YEARS AGO!

GOLLY! IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY!

YESTERDAY???

THAT'S WHEN TEACHER READ IT TO US!

SHORT RIBS

GUESS I OUTSMARTED THOSE HEAD-HUNTERS.

WASH TUBS

THESE OARS HIT THE WATER END FIRST WITHOUT A SPLASH!

NOW LET'S GET THE OTHER BOAT!

THEY'VE SEARCHED BELOW AGAIN... BUT FOUND NO SIGN OF CAPTAIN DAWSON!

TIME IS RUNNIN' OUT, DAWSON!

OKAY, OPEN ALL THEM SEA COCKS! THEN STOW OUR GEAR IN THE STARBOARD BOAT!

NOW THEY CAN'T LAUNCH EITHER BOAT... OR SINK THE ROSEBUD! THEN I'LL CONTACT AUTHORITIES!

YEH... IF YOU LIVE THAT LONG! IF I CAN HIDE YOU FROM DAWSON TILL THEN!

PEANUTS

YOU KNOW WHAT NEXT WEEK IS?

NEXT WEEK IS "NATIONAL NEWSPAPER WEEK"

OH, REALLY?

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING ABOUT IT ON TV...

LIL ADNER

PUFF-PUFF! I'M 100 MILES ABOVE SLOBOVIA! TOO HIGH FOR THOSE WICE-GUY JETS!

TO BING INTO ME WHILE I'M GETTING A FEW THOUSAND 'YIRRS' SLIPPY!

YAWN! - AND NOW FOR 4-O WINKS! - 100 YIRRS A WINK!

CAPE CANAVERAL LAUNCHES A NEW ROCKET!

GASLINE ALLEY

Have you seen the new doughnut shop, Uncle Walt? Boy, Gideon really must have the dough!

Why shouldn't he have money? He never spends any!

Certainly not on Judy! She's wearing the same clothes she was married in!

And they live in that awful old apartment!

Judy seems happy, Phyllis!

That's what worries me! She's getting to be just like Gideon!

DECK TRACY

I'M CALLING BACK TO TELL YOU TRACY'S MONEY MUST BE IN LOST FRESH TEN-DOLLAR BILLS.

SMALLMOUTH PASS, WHO IS IT?

YOU WILL NOT SPEAK, EH? THAT WEASEL OF A DOCTOR WILL NOT TALK EITHER??? VERY WELL, TELL HIM OLGA SHALL BE THERE IN THIRTY MINUTES.

FRECKLEY

BOY THAT MR. MCTWEED SURE GETS THE MOST OUT OF HIS MONEY.

HE COULDN'T DRIVEN HOME 20 MINUTES AGO...

BUT HE'S WAITING FOR HIS PARKING METER TO EXPIRE!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

AN, C'MON, WHACK IT OPEN! TAPPING AT IT AS IF YOU'RE CRACKING A SOFT-ROILED EGG.

WE ARCHAEOLOGISTS DON'T WHACK AT OBJECTS WHEN I WAS EXCAVATING IN EGYPT, I OPENED SPECIMENS WITH INFINITE CARE, EGAD! WE KNOW NOT WHAT IS IN THIS CASE... SUPPOSING I WAS TO SMITE IT WITH ROUGH POUNDING AND THE CASE CONTAINED PRICELESS MING PORCELAIN?

WELL, HOW DO YOU THINK THEY PUT TH' NAILS IN THAT BOX? HAD WOOD BUSH BORE HOLES IN IT? THEN GENTLY PUSHED TH' NAILS IN, EH?

TREASURE OR JUNK?

BLONDIE

COOKIE - I FOUND YOUR COAT SLUNG OVER A CHAIR AGAIN.

AND YOU, TOO, ALEXANDER, HAVE GOT TO STOP THROWING YOUR CLOTHES OVER THE FURNITURE.

WELL, DADDY THROWS HIS CLOTHES ON THE FURNITURE.

HE JUST DOESN'T BOTHER TO TAKE THEM OFF.

POOG

HOLLO! I AM BRING REAL MISS COSMOS! TWO-HEAD DOG! NYET!

BY GOLLY! THERE'S A SPACE SHIP HANGIN' UP THERE!

THIS IS REAL MISS COSMOS - TWO-HEAD DOG NAME PAYLOV - ПУЧКОЕ ИККЫЦТО - BY OUR SPACE SHIP SHE'S VISIT ALL PLANETS, ALL STARS, ALL MOONS - EVERYBODY SAY SHE TWICE PRETTY AS ANYBODY! TWO HEADS DO IT!

СHE RUSSIAN (SHE BEAT US AGAIN!)

Я ЕСТЬ ПОНИМЬЮ

I'LL BE DOGGONE! WHAT ARE YOU?

ALLEY OOP

YOU'RE LEADING KING TUNK IN AN ATTACK ON YAKKAKIK, THE GUY WHO STOLE MY CROWN!

WAT'S RIGHT, COME SUNUP!

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO US?

PLENTY... BECAUSE WHEN TH' BATTLES ABOUT OVER, YOU HIT TUNK'S REAR AN' KNOCK OVER EVERYBODY LEFT STANDING!

EVERY-BODY?

SURE! NONE OF THOSE GUYS ARE FRIENDS OF YOURS, ARE THEY?

NO, I GUESS NOT!

AND TUNK'LL HAVE LOST ENOUGH OF HIS MEN IN TH' FRACAS T'MAKE YOUR JOB A CINCH!

BUGS BUNNY

YOU AND YER POOGH HOP IN, SYLVESTER!

THANK YOU FOR STOPPING, SIRE!

HMM... MY PLEASURE, DOC...

PICKIN' UP DOGS WITHOUT LICENSE TAGS IS TH' MOST IMPORTANT PART O' MY JOB!

MORTY MECKLE

I WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY POKER TONIGHT, VANCEY.

AW... THAT'S TOO BAD.

IT WON'T BE MUCH FUN WITHOUT YOU, MORTY.

YOU'RE THE ONLY CONSISTENT LOSER WE'VE GOT.

BEN CASEY

DR. CASEY, I'M WORRIED ABOUT MR. PELL. A PERFORATED GASTRIC ULCER NEEDN'T BE CRITICAL, BUT--

BUT--?

HE HAS SYMPTOMS WHICH, WELL, I JUST HAVE A FEELING IT MIGHT NOT BE ROUTINE.

WE PREFER TO PRACTICE MEDICINE MORE ON PRECISE FACT THAN... WOMANLY INTUITION, DOCTOR.

AND YOU SAID IT WITH THE JUMPERS OUT OF MY THROAT--FOR A CHANGE!

THESE HARVEST MOONS TAKE THE JUMPERS OUT OF THE HAPPIEST RESIDENTS, DR. DUVAL!

BEETLE BAILEY

IT'S AN HONOR HAVING A REAL INTELLECT LIKE PLATO IN OUR BARRACKS.

SHH!

HE'S TRYING TO BE ONE OF THE BOYS. HE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW HOW SMART HE IS.

HE'S HIDING HIS PHILOSOPHY TEXT BEHIND A COMIC BOOK.

LITTLE GRAPAN ANNIE

LET LADY SANDY'S FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ROUSE ANNIE SEEM TO BE SUCCEEDING!

ARF!

HELLO, DOGGIE! "ARF" YOURSELF! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, OLD BOY?

EH? WHAT A FUNNY LOOK Y'GOT. DID I SAY SOMETHIN' WRONG? GEE! DIDN'T MEAN TO, DOGGIE! WOW! I AM DIZZY!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

LOOKIN' FOR A BRICK TO HOLD DOWN TH' LID OF YOUR MILK PAN? THERE'S THREE CATS OUT HERE WAITIN' FOR ME TO LEAVE!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

BLONDIE

HE JUST DOESN'T BOTHER TO TAKE THEM OFF.

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Good Books

United Press International
Brazil on the Move by John Dos Passos (Doubleday \$3.95)
Basing his remarks in this book on three trips to Brazil in 1948, 1956 and 1962, Dos Passos notes that the most pressing need in Brazil is to grow enough food to feed the population, a task for which communism is ill fitted... "the world over Marxism has failed to produce food." He sees as the heroes of the country the doctors in the interior who are fighting the battle for sanitation, the road builders and the school teachers. Among the intellectuals of Brazil Dos Passos found widespread anti-Americanism and noted that communists and pro-communists have the easiest life because they get their pay in the form of free trips to the U.S.S.R. or to Cuba. The anti-communists have to work for nothing. Among the lower classes he found no real feeling against the United States. He said they are too busy trying to get a square meal, a roof over their heads and few clothes for the children to engage in hatreds.

The Shining, by Stephen Marlowe. (Trident Press \$5.95) A vivid, fast-moving novel about a period better known to classical Greek scholars than to the usual American fiction reader -- the years between, roughly, 420 and 400 B.C., covering the end of the Peloponnesian War and ultimately the march of Xenophon's 10,000. These were the years that ruined Athens, and the story told by Marlowe's hero, Hiero of Marathon, is accordingly often a doleful one. Hiero thought of himself as an Athenian, although there was some doubt of his right to that distinction. But Hiero lived in hope, not knowing what the end was to be, and he had his moments of triumph -- capped, or course, by the final achievement of the 10,000 hard-trained Greeks who followed Xenophon through miles of hostile, inhospitable territory to the friendly sea. There were three women in Hiero's life -- Theone, his blue-eyed cousin (or was she?); Pyrrhia, the courtesan from whom he learned about women, and Lais, tomboy daughter of the Spartan captain who betrayed him into slavery. The path of true love proved uncommonly rough, but not unhappy in the end.

Principal Characters
The three principal characters in the book, each an able soldier in his way, are Alcibiades, the renegade Athenian who seemed alternately villain or genius, and probably was both; the ill-fated Persian Prince Cyrus the Younger and the doughty Xenophon. Marlowe, known in the past principally as an author of paperbacks, has done a masterful job of keeping "The Shining" within the limits of recorded reality without impairing its pace and personality.

Crusades And Crinolines by Isabel Ross (Harper & Row \$6). Miss Ross, a biographer whose subjects are more likely to be periods than merely persons, uses the lives of two remarkable Americans as the central theme for a vivid cultural history of 19th Century New York. Her principal human subjects are William Jennings and Ellen Curtis Demorest, a husband-and-wife team which functioned as harmoniously in the office as in the home.

Pioneer
Mrs. Demorest pioneered the manufacture of tissue-paper dress patterns years before Butterick. Her husband was the merchant-promoter who made his wife's dress-and-pattern business an international enterprise and became a crusading editor in the process. (He also made a fortune in real estate). A potent third member of the Demorest business team was "Jenny June" (Mrs. David G. Croly), the indefatigable former newspaperwoman who wrote most of the editorial copy for the family magazine -- an "early Beatrice Fairfax, Dorothy Dix, Dear Abby and Mary Haworth rolled into one." Among the causes for which this combination campaigned jointly or separately were abolition, integration, prohibition and equal economic and cultural rights for women. Around this trio Miss Ross has assembled a gallery of other personalities, tracing through them the turbulent progress of New York from the Roaring Forties to the Gay Nineties. It is an informative and interesting book about an important period in American history, written with a wry hind-sight which often lends an extra significance to the events it chronicles.

ISSUED PRISON FIGURES
MADRID (UPI) -- Government figures issued today showed a total of 13,735 prisoners in Spanish jails at the end of 1962.
A report from the general directorate of prisons said there are 44.3 persons in prison per 100,000 population. It said there are 639 men and 299 women prisoners serving sentences in connection with security cases.