

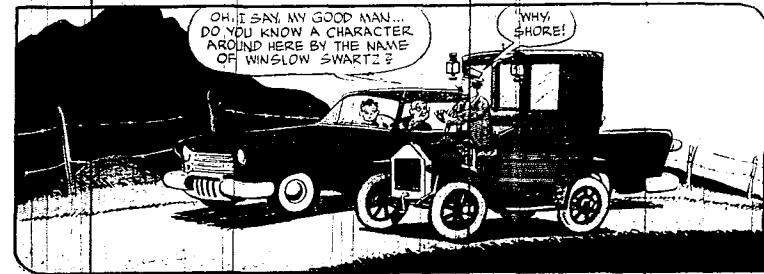
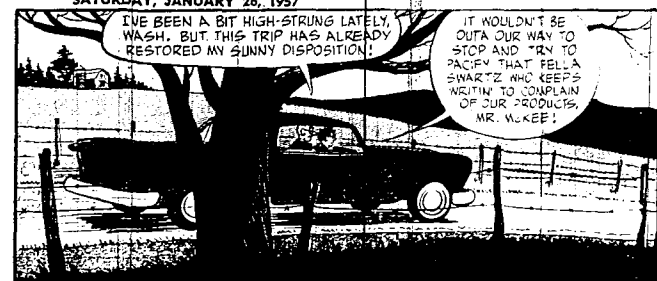


Times News

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1957

Captain Easy

by LESLIE TURNER



Vic FLINT

I WAS OVERDUE AT THE WEDDING REHEARSAL OF MY FRIEND LOUIE THE LETTERBOX.

JUST THINK, LOUIE, TOMORROW AT THIS TIME WE'LL BE MAN AND WIFE!

YEAH, MINNIE.

I WISH FLINT WOULD HURRY UP AND GET HERE!

PERHAPS WE'D BETTER START THE REHEARSAL WITHOUT YOUR BEST MAN!

WHEN VIC IS LATE FOR SOMETHING, IT USUALLY MEANS THERE'S IN TROUBLE!

I WAS ON THIN ICE WITH FOXY FOMLER SO I MOVED CAREFULLY...

FLINT'S MY NAME, MRS. FOMLER. I'M ON THE STAFF OF THE PRIVATE SCHOOL YOUR DAUGHTER'S ATTENDING.

HOW IS EMILY?

SHE'S DOING FINE BUT SHE WANTS TO COME HOME. YOUR HUSBAND WAS SAYING HE'D LIKE TO PICK HER UP IMMEDIATELY.

I'M GLAD -- I MEAN I DO MISS HER!

THANKS FLINT, IF SINGER KNEW THE KIDS ACTUALLY MISSING, SHE'D WALK OUT ON ME AGAIN!

YOUR DAUGHTER'S DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. LET'S GO!

YOU KIDDIN'! YOU SAID YOU'RE CLEAN. IF THAT'S THE CASE, FOXY, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

ME--THAT BANK JOB!

FOXY FINALLY GAVE IN. AT HEADQUARTERS, THEY THREW THE LIE BOX AT HIM. HE PASSED 'MASSA CUM LAUDE.'

NOW REMEMBER, EMILY, YOU'VE BEEN AT A FANCY SCHOOL ALL THIS TIME!

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1957 by MEA Service, Inc.

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE THAT YOU AND WOMAN WILL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

LET'S SHAKE ON IT, SWEETIE!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON AS I READED MYSELF FOR THE WEDDING OF MY GOOD FRIEND LOUIE THE LETTERBOX.

EMILY

NOW FOR MY DRESS WALLET...

IT WAS IN ITS PROPER PLACE, BUT SOMETHING ELSE WAS MISSING--MY GLIN!



GUZ! MY GOO'NESS, MAN, WHATEVER'S TH' MATTER WITH YOUR FACE? IT'S POSITIVELY PURPLE!

IT'S WHAT YOU SAID, THAT'S WHAT!



NEVER, IN ALL MY DAYS AS KING OF MOO HAVE I HEARD SUCH BARE-FACED IMPERTINENCE!



WELL, I CERTAINLY WASN'T TALKIN' ABOUT YOUR OLD AJUNT LAGAGA!



BUT I ONLY SAID TGET ME A BITE TOO, WHILE YOU WAS OUT RUSTLIN' YOURSELF SOME GRUB!

SINCE WHEN D'YA THINK KINGS GO RUSTLIN' GRUB FOR PEASANTS?



PEASANTS? I DON'T SEE ANY PEASANTS!

WHAT I MEANT WAS IF THERE'S ANY GRUB RUSTLED AROUND HERE YOU'RE GONNA RUSTLE IT, NOT ME, Y'UNDERSTAND?

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



BUT MY GOSH, GUZ, YOU'RE TH' ONE THA'S HUNGRY!



OH! WELL, GEE--PARDON ME! HERE! YOU CAN HAVE IT!



UMMM! SMART GUY, EHP?



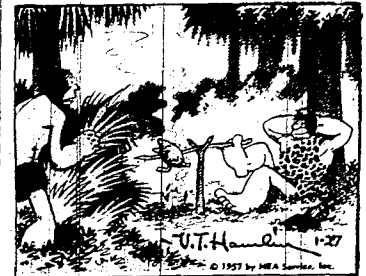
HEH HEH!



HEH HEH!



HEH HEH!



HEH HEH!

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