

THE NUT BROS.

DIETARY DOINGS:
CHES AND WAL HAVE CROSSED A TURKEY AND A CHICKEN - NOW EVERYBODY GETS A DRUMSTICK.

YOU SAY THIS IS COULASH? I SAY IT'S A TURKEY CHICKEN. I PUT YOURS IN IT.

YES, BUT I FIND MY COULASHES ARE FLAT. YOURS ARE CRACKLING IN IT.

IS IT CORRECT TO LAUGH AT SOMEONE WHO WAS AN AIG? SORRILY.

OH, NO! I SAW YOU MUNCHING A BURGER?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

EGAD, SNUFFY WITH KEEN REGRET I MUST DECLINE MCGRATH'S INVITATION. I'VE A MENAGERIE OF THE DOG-HOUSE!

GOT YOU IN 2 SOLITARY, LEH, MAJOR?

I MADE THE MISTAKE OF COMPLAINING OF A SLIGHT CASE AND MARTHA CONFINED ME TO MY ROOM!

THAT'S ROUGH, MAJOR

I'LL BE THE GREAT-EST PARTY THROU-GH-OUT TOWN! THREE, TWO, ONE, MAJOR!

I KNOW! BUT MARTHA CAUGHT ME SNEEZ-ING AND WON'T LET ME OUT - ALL MY PARTIES GUARDED LIKE A KNOX!

WAIT! WHY NOT TRY THAT OLD TRICK OF KNOT-TING THE BED-SHEETS & CRAWL OUT THE WINDOW!

YOU'RE A MASTERMIND, PAL! SEE YOU THERE!

UNCLE BULGY IS TRYING TO SAIL BREAK TONIGHT, ANN - LET'S GO HAVE SOME SPORT!

I'LL HATE MYSELF FOR IT, BUT I CAN'T RESIST!

LURRY UP WITH THE HOSE, ALVIN, IT'S ALMOST SUPPER TIME!
 COMING UP, LEANDER!!
 I'M GETTING EARLY, MARTHA, MY DEAR! MUST NURSE THIS CONFOUNDED COLD, Y'KNOW?
 SEVEN-THIRTY! THAT'S A NEW RECORD FOR YOU!
 HSH-HSH! SHE'S AS UNSUSPECTING AS A BABE IN ARMS!



Times News

Captain EASY
by **LESLIE FERRER**

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1957

MY STARS, NASH! MR. SWARTZ LEFT HIS WIFE HOLDING UP THAT PIPE WHILE HE WENT TO TOWN FOR ANOTHER JOINT. THEN FORGOT WHAT HE WENT AFTER!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, ANNIE! I'LL GO AGAIN, AND BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR TWO!

Captain EASY

JUST WATCHING HER EXHAUSTS ME, WASH. WHY NOT HOLD IT FOR HER TILL SHE GETS BACK?

SURE, MR. MC KEE!!

I'LL HOLD THIS UP FOR YOUR WIFE WHILE YOU GO BACK TO TOWN AFTER THAT JOINT OF PIPE YOU FOR-GOT, MR. SWARTZ!

THAT'S THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, SONNY!

I'VE MET SOME ABSENT-MINDED PEOPLE, SWARTZ! BUT YOU TAKE THE CAKE!

LAST WEEK, WHEN WINSLOW WENT AFTER BEAN SEED TO PLANT "H" SOUTH 20 ACRES, I ASKED HIM TO GET ME A DOZEN BUTTONS...

NEVER MIND! IN FACT, IN ALL THIS CONFUSION I'VE SORT OF FORGOTTEN MYSELF! GOOD DAY!

WELL, NO DOUBT IT'LL COME BACK TO YOU LATER!

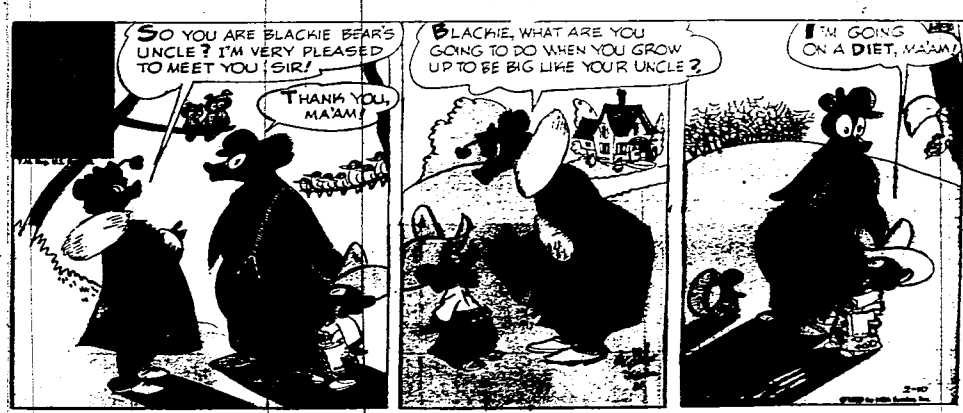
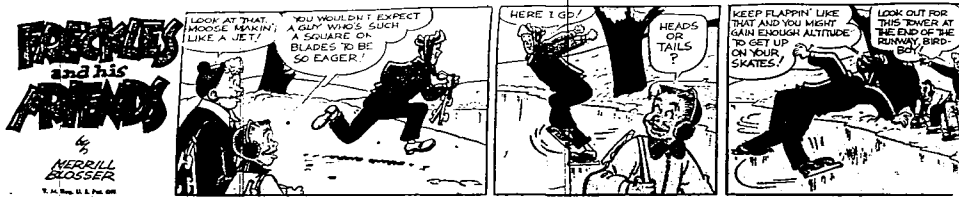
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! A CASE OF APPLE-HEADNESS AS ACUTE AS HIS MAY BE CONTAGIOUS!

NICE FELLER, ANNE... BUT MIGHTY FORGETFUL! HMM. NASN'T I FIXIN' TO DO SOME CHORE? MILKIN', I GUESS.

I DOUBT IT. HE DON'T HAVE NO COWS!

HEY, MR. MCKEE! YOU FORGOT ME!!

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Vic FOOT

HE CLOSED THE DOOR TO THE DEAD HALL'S ROOM AND STARTED DOWN THE HALL.

HEY, WAS THAT A SHOT I HEARD?

STICK AROUND AND YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION! WHERE'S THE NEAREST PHONE?

INSPECTOR GROWL? FLINT CALLING. HOWY, IODE AT 1102 N. 38TH

I'D LIT MY SECOND CIGARET WHEN INSPECTOR GROWL ANSWERED MY CALL.

WHERE'S THE ROOM FOR RENT, FLINT?

YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT!

THE WEAPON! WHAT'S THE GUN'S SERIAL NUMBER?

THE BREAK NUMBER ONE!

HERE IT IS...4866!

IT'S MINE...DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT HERE...SUPPOSE I START FROM BORARCH! THE VICTIM'S FRED KIMBLE...PHONED ME...SAID HE HAD TO SEE ME...WHEN I GOT HERE, I HEARD A SHOT...HE WAS DEAD WHEN I OPENED HIS DOOR...NO ONE IN THE ROOM, OR IN THE HALL!

HE COULD HAVE GOT IT THROUGH THE--NO, THE WINDOWS CLOSED!

AND LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE, INSPECTOR!

BUSTER, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!

THANKS FOR THE TIP!

DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AS I SIGNED A STATEMENT...

QUESTIONED EVERYONE IN THE BUILDING...NOTHIN' FOUND IN KIMBLE'S ROOM.

IT WAS A PICTURE OF LIBBY LANG, MY FIANCEE!



OKAY, SO YOU PASSED A LAW... WHO CARES?

WELL, MY GOSH, OOP, I ONLY DONE IT TO HELP YOU!

FAT LOTTA HELP I GOT OUT OF IT!

INGRATE!

AN' YOU'RE A LOUSY KING, IF YASK ME!

SO Y'DONT THINK I'M ANY GREAT SHAKES AS A KING?

NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, GUZ, IT'S NOT THAT YOU AINT GOOD TO YOUR PEOPLE...

...MAYBE IT'S CAUSE YOU'RE TOO EASY-GOIN'...Y'DONT AGT LIKE A KING OUGHTA ACT!

I WANT I SHOULD BE A STUFFED SHIRT, EH?

OH, NO. BUT YOU'GHTA DO MORE STRUTTIN'... BE TH' BIG 'I AM'!

NOW TAKE TH' TIME I WAS IN SNOOKYLAND...THERE'S A PLACE THAT'S GOT A REAL KING! YEAH, MAN! ZAM'S HIS NAME...KING ZAM..

...I TELL YUH, GUZ, THERE'S NO DOUBTS IN TH' MINDS OF TH' SNOOKYLANDERS WHO'S BOSS! NO SIR! IT'S KING ZAM ALL TH' WAY! WOTTA GLUY!

WOW!

WELL, IF YOU THINK HE'S SUCH A FINE GLUY, WHATCHA DOIN' HERE?

BUT MY GOSH, I ONLY...

WHY AINTCHOO OVER THERE BOWIN' AN SCRAPIN' TO THAT PARAGON OF ROYAL VIRTUE?

I DON'T KNOW WHY I AINT... BUT I'M GOIN' THERE RIGHT NOW!

THAT SUITS ME FINE! NOW GIT!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME... I WANTA GO TOO!



