

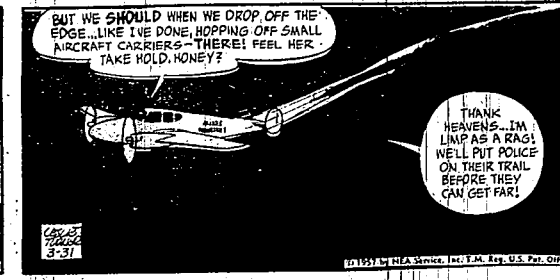


# Times News

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1957

## Captain EASY

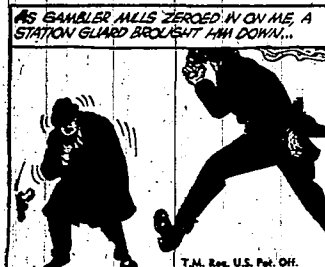
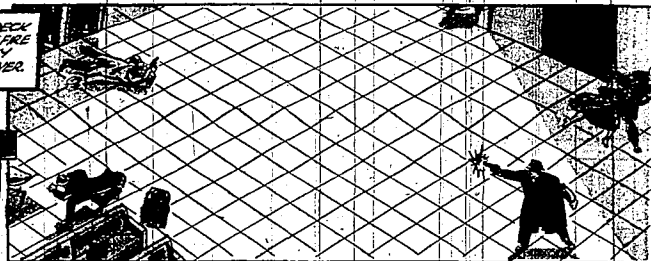
by *LESLIE FORD*





# Vic Flint

HIT THE DECK AND HELD MY FIRE AS ASSASSIN DIED FOR COVER.



AS BAMBLER MILLS ZEROED IN ON ME, A STATION GUARD BROUGHT HIM DOWN...



DROP IT, AND FACE THE WALL!



HOW ABOUT LETTING ME PHONE FOR A COUPLE OF AMBULANCES INSTEAD? THERE'S A GUY IN THIS PHONE BOOTH BLEEDING TO DEATH!

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

LATER, AT CITY HOSPITAL'S PRISON WARD...



INSPECTOR, I TALKED THE LATE FRED KIMBLE'S LANDLORD TO A PHONE BOOTH. HE'D JUST PUT IN A CALL TO THE GAL LISTED AS KIMBLE'S BENEFICIARY WHEN MILLS SHOWED UP AND STARTED BLASTING.



MILLS WAS GUNNING FOR YOU, FLINT...THINKS YOU KILLED HIS DOLL, FLARE DRAKE. BUT WHY DID HE PLUG THE LANDLORD?

I DON'T THINK HE INTENDED TO... JUST A WILD SHOT.



YOU'RE FORGETTING ANSWERS! BUT I KNOW WHO DOES...THE GAL THE LANDLORD WAS GOING TO CALL--HATTIE BEECH OF NEW YORK CITY.



MR. FLINT? I'M BARBARA FLAGG, ANN GALEN, MARY OLCHON AND HATTIE BEECH.

WHILE GROWL PHONED NEW YORK'S FINEST, I WENT BACK TO MY OFFICE. I'D JUST SHUT DOWN WHEN...

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NEVER IN ALL MY LIFE! HAVE I HEARD ANY THING LIKE THAT!

WELL, Y'GOTTA ADMIT THIS WAS A KINDA SHABBY WAY 'TREAT A DINNER GUEST!

I DON'T CARE IF TH' DINNER WAS RUINED! NOBODY'S GOT ANY RIGHT 'TALK LIKE THAT TO TH' ROYAL FAMILY!



...AN' I WANT YOU 'TDO SUMPIN' ABOUT IT, Y'HEAR?



YOU GOT TH' ROYAL FAMILY TOLD OFF, EHP?



I'LL SAY! 'SPECIALLY GUZ--HIM AN' HIS UPPITY SOCIETY STUFF! PHOOEY TO HIM!



SURE! WHAT TH' HECK CAN HE DO ABOUT IT ANYWAY, FOR PETE SAKE?

HEY! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'! GEE!



IT'S TH' PALACE GUARD...FULL STRENGTH TOO!



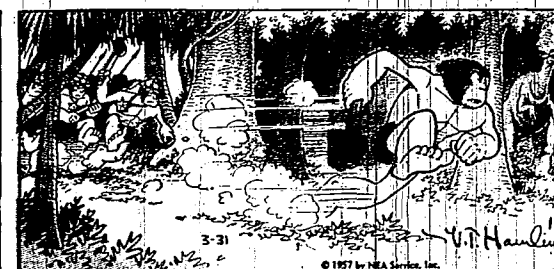
MUST BE SOME KIND OF A NATIONAL EMERGENCY!



WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR?



YEH, I WAS WONDERIN' THAT MYSELF.. WELL, I GUESS I BETTER BE GOIN'...



OR WHO?



