

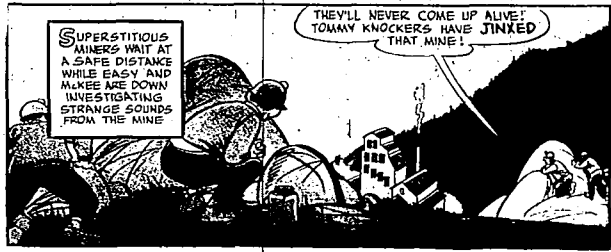


Times News

SATURDAY MAY 11, 1957

Captain EASY

by LEON KATZ



Vic Flint

EE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT AT THE HOTEL WHERE THE MAN I THOUGHT TO BE PERCY DALRYMPLE OF SCOTLAND YARD WAS STAYING...

THIS IS THE BEST PART OF THE... WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROSA? IT WILL ASSIGNMENT, EH? BY THE WAY, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THIS VIC FLINT FELLOW?

PROBABLY HAPPEN TONIGHT--AFTER HIS IDENTITY HAS BEEN ASSUMED BY THE MAN WE ARE TO MEET.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME ALONG.

I WANT TO I AM CURIOUS TO SEE HIM.

WHILE I SUMMERED IN JAIL, A SECOND VIC FLINT ARRIVED IN EL VERJO.

WALTER

MR. FLINT, THIS IS ROSA, ONE OF OUR VALUABLE OPERATIVES.

YOU ARE LIKE FLINT VERY MUCH, ONLY NOT SO TALL OR GOOD-LOOKING.

IT IS TRUE! BUT COMRADE HERE LOOKS MORE LIKE THE LATE PERCY DALRYMPLE OF SCOTLAND YARD THAN PERCY HIMSELF!

PERHAPS, BUT YOU ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL THE CONVENTION TONIGHT.

HOW LONG CAN HE BE MISTER FLINT?

INDEFINITELY! FLINT HAS NO FAMILY OR TIES. WORKS FOR HIMSELF... USES A PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER. WE CHECKED THOROUGHLY!

THAT NIGHT...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE RADIO?

SENOR FLINT? MAYBE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR HIMSELF SPEAK TO THE CONVENTION, EH?

MR. CHAIRMAN, HONORED GUESTS, SENOR FLINT DELEGATED TO THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION OF SPECIAL POLICEMEN...

I WAS TOO STUNNED TO SPEAK, WHEN MY SPEECH WAS OVER...

NOW YOU MAY GO FREE!

BUENOS NOCHES, SENOR!

5-12



WHAT MADE YOU SEND COOP OUT TIGET YOU A CERATOSAURUS GIZZARD?

IT'S FOR TH' WIZER... HE NEEDS IT IN SUMPIN' HE'S FIXIN' T'DO FOR ME.

HEY COOP!

BY V. HAMIN

HEY FOOZY!

WELL, HI, MY FRIEND, LONG TIME NO SEE! COULD BE IT'S TROUBLE BRINGS YOU TO ME?

THAT'S RIGHT, FOOZY, I'M IN IT UP TO MY EARS.

OL' GUZ TRAPPED ME INTO SAYIN' I'D BRING HIM A CERATOSAURUS GIZZARD!

COOP I TELL YUH, SA PLUMB CATCH BET. THAT MOUTH OF YOURS'LL KILL YOU YET!

YEAH?

WELL, SOME OF TH' THINGS IT SAYS DO SORTA TAKE ME BY SURPRISE...

WOW!

WOWS TH' WORD! 'TIS A RIGHT SAD SONG! 'SGOT A MILLYUN TEETH AT LEAST THIS LONG...

...BUT SAYIN' I'D TACKLE A CERATOSAURUS CRITTER

WOW!

WOWS TH' WORD! 'TIS A RIGHT SAD SONG! 'SGOT A MILLYUN TEETH AT LEAST THIS LONG...

...BUT TH' PROSPECT INTRIGUES ME, IT MIGHT BE FUN! THERE'S SURELY A WAY IT CAN BE DONE.

YEAH?

5-12

RARE'S TH' PROBLEM, I'M A-TELLIN' YOU, THAT A WELL-ORDERED BRAIN CAN'T SUBDU.

SO LET US HEAD FOR TH' CRITTER'S LAIR... I'LL WORK SUMPIN' OUT 'FORE WE GET THERE!

OKAY, LET'S GO!

5-12

WELL, HERE WE ARE!

AN' THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE, A GIZZARD AN' ALL... A NASTIER CRITTER I CAN'T RECALL!

5-12



