

THE JOKE CONTEST: NUT BROS. CHES & WAL

CHES AND WAL VOTED ON WHICH OF THESE GAGS WAS WORST—THE WATERMELON WON UNANIMOUSLY!

HOW DOES ALL THIS WATER GET IN THESE WATERMELONS?

OH, THEY PLANT 'EM IN THE SPRING!

LARE YOU A SORCERER? (GIGGLE) ALL THE GALS SAY YOU ARE! (GIGGLE) ALL THE GALS SAY YOU ARE!

TEN DOLLARS FINE FOR BEATING UP YOUR HUSBY!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S AN AMUSEMENT TAX, TOO!

ARE YOU REALLY DR. JEKYL?

YES, AND BEAT IT! YOU'RE GETTING UNDER MY HYDE!

HERE, BOY! HOLD MY COW WHILE I GET A SHAVE!

OH, GOODY! IT LAST I BECOME A STOCK-HOLDER!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

TICKET, DOC!

I AM COL. WILKHOORN FROM THE BLUE GRASS—HERE TO BUY SOME MARES!

IS THAT THE SAME GUY WHO TOLD ME HE WAS STATE FIRE INSPECTOR LAST YEAR?

LOVE IT WORKS!

WHAT'S YOUR SELECTION IN THE NEXT RACE, SIR?

ME? OH, I LIKE THE FAVORITE, LEAPING TURTLE!

HEH-HEH! IT'S WELL YOU MET ME! LEAPING TURTLE IS BY FISH CHOWDER—STRICTLY A SPINTER—I KNOW THAT LINE, WELL!

YAG A KENTUCKY BREEDER FAMILIAR WITH BLOOD STRAINS, I'D SUGGEST WINDY WILL, REALLY A STAYER!

(THAT DOG IS 20 TO 1 FAVOR, MISTER!)

PHAW! PRICE IS NO OBJECT—I'VE WAGERED A COOL \$100 ON WINDY WILL MYSELF!

CHUM, THAT TALKS NERVE!

INDEED NOT! MY SELF-BRED WINDY WILL'S SIZE COUNTS! DOCTOR—A HORSE THAT COULD WIN ALL DAY AND KEEP PICKING UP SPEED!

THANKS, COLONEL! MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOUR TIP!

THEY'RE OFF!

HEY, WINDY WILL IS LAST! HE'S PRACTICALLY WALKING! I'D BET LEAPING TURTLE IS TEN LENGTHS IN FRONT!

EGAD! NOW WINDY WILL IS GAINING! SLIGHTLY, ANYWAY! WHAT A LONG STRIDE!

HOORAY! WINDY WILL WINS! COLONEL, YOUR WAGER CAN'T BE A LOSS!

GLORIOUS!

FAP! HOW LUCKY CAN SOME PEOPLE BE! I DIDN'T HAVE A FARTHING BET ON THE RACE!

ANY WINNERS TODAY, BROTHER?

EGAD, YES! I PICKED ONE THAT RETURNED 100 FOR 1! MOO WAGER—HAR-RUMPH!



Times News

Captain EASY

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1957

THE OLD MAN WAS TRYING TO TELL ME ABOUT A TREASURE WHEN HE DIED! BUT WHAT DID HE MEAN BY "PAUL REVERE" AND "CLAM CHOWDER?"

HE SAID I'D FIND AN OLD SEA CHEST IN HIS ROOM AT THIS ADDRESS...

WHY, YES... I HAVE A ROOMER BY THAT DESCRIPTION... A MR. SOLITAIRE! COME IN!

THANKS!

THIS IS THE OLD MAN'S ROOM. HE OWES ME A MONTH'S RENT.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN RANSACKED! DID HE HAVE A SEA CHEST?

MR. SOLITAIRE HAS LOTS OF JUNK! BUT HE'S GONNA PAY HIS RENT BEFORE HE OR HIS FRIENDS TAKE ANY MORE OF IT!

BUT THE CHEST... WHERE IS IT?

AIN'T THAT YOUR FRIENDS LOADING IT IN THE CAR OUT BACK?

NO! BLAZES! IT'S THE CAR THAT RAN HIM DOWN A FEW MINUTES AGO!

THOSE HOODLUMS MUST'VE USED THESE REAR STAIRS!

WAIT! NOT ABOUT HIS RENT?

SO YOU KILLED OLD MAN SOLITAIRE TO GET HIS SEA CHEST, EH? WELL...

I SAID WHO'S GONNA PAY THAT RENT?

CLUNK!

WELL, THEY GOT AWAY! BUT YOU'RE GONNA PAY UP IF YOU WANT HIS OTHER STUFF... INCLUDIN' THIS PAUL REVERE LAMP—

PAUL REVERE?

HEY, THAT'S WHAT MR. SOLITAIRE MEANT WHEN HE MUMBLED THAT NAME! A PAUL REVERE LAMP IN HIS SEA CHEST!



Vic Flint



