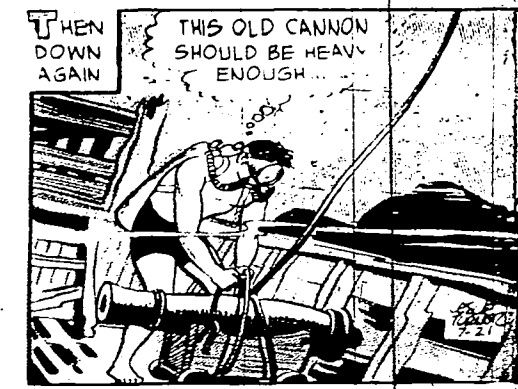
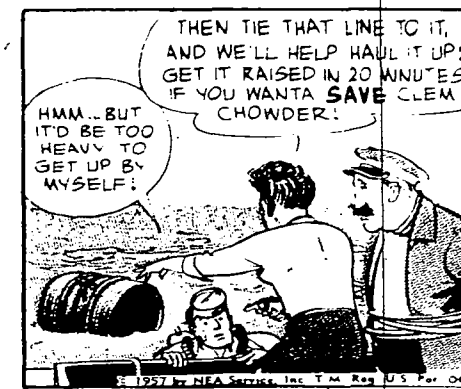
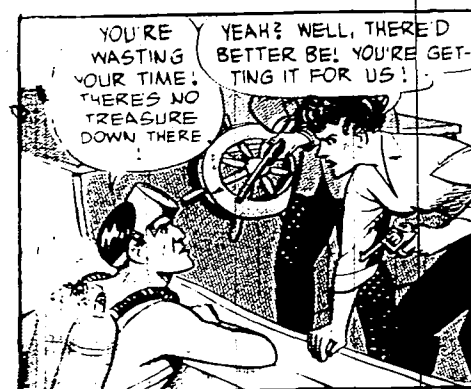
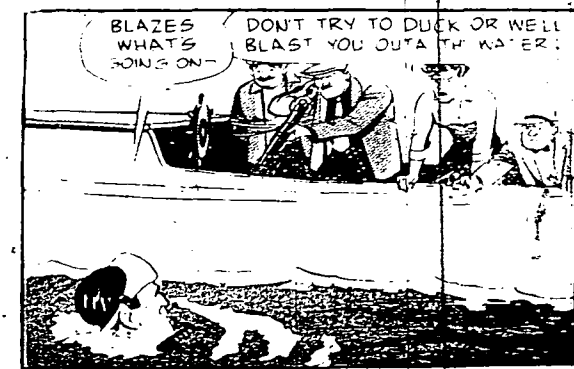
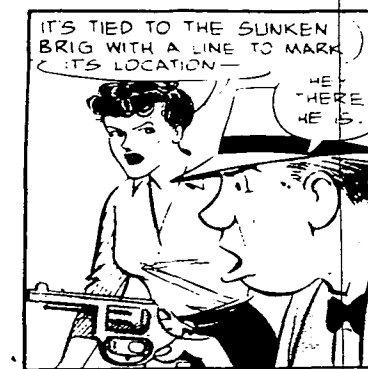
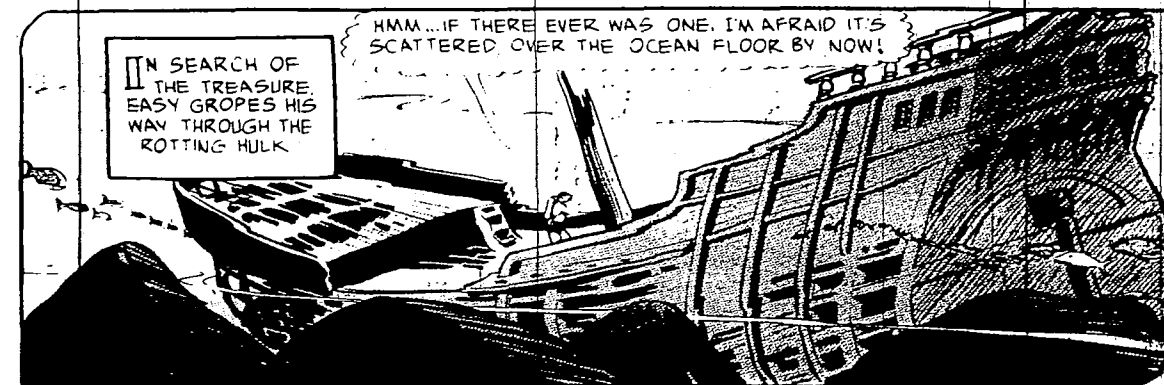


# Times News

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1957

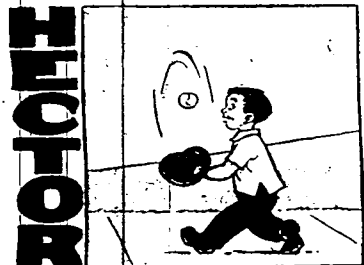
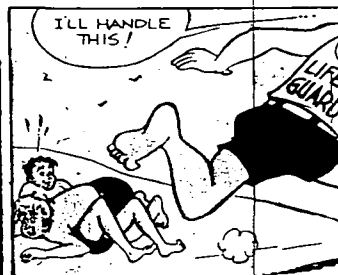
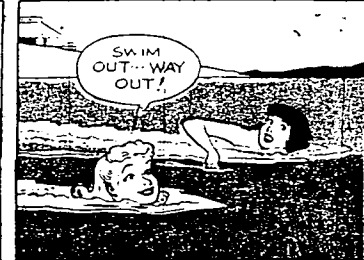
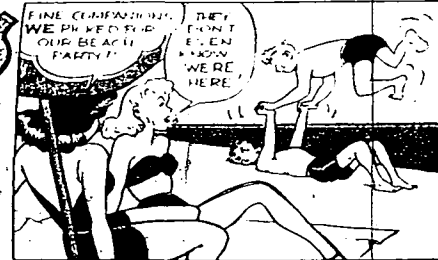
## Captain EASY

by LEE RIVER



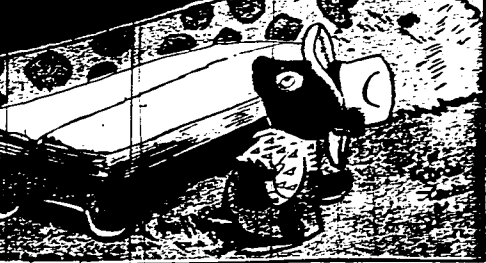
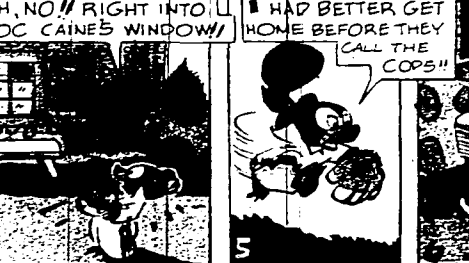
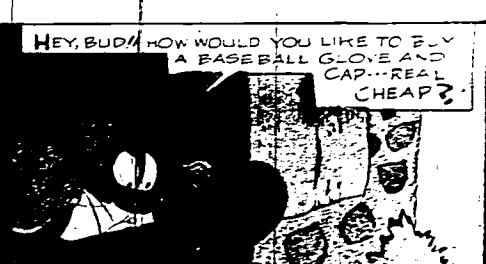
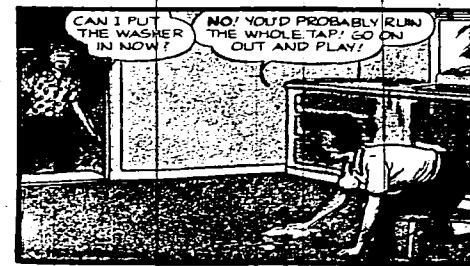
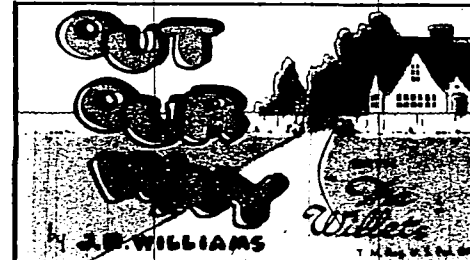
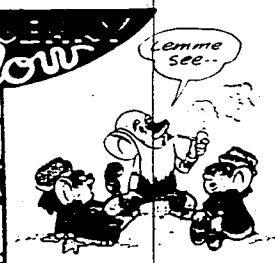
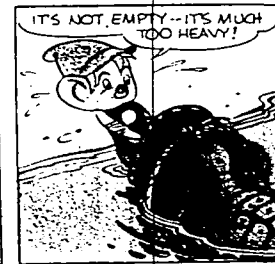
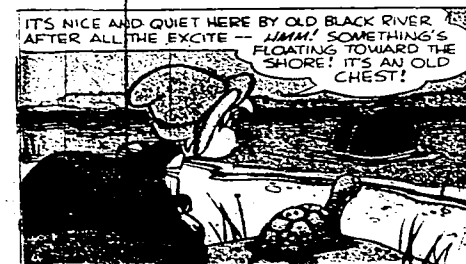
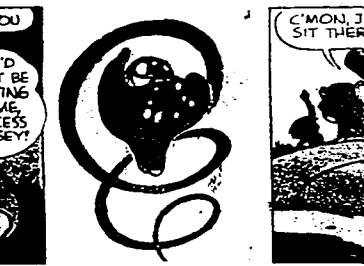
# FRECKLES and his FRIENDS

MERRILL BLOSSER



# LITTLE PEOPLE

MERRILL BLOSSER





# Vic Flint

AT THE ROBERT WEAL APARTMENT...

MRS. WEAL, I'M SERGEANT MAYNOR. MIND IF I ASK YOU A FEW MORE QUESTIONS?

NOT AT ALL. THIS IS MR. GENTRY FROM MY INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANY LEADS SO FAR, SERGEANT?

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT MRS. WEAL'S GEMS WERE TAKEN BY A GLOVED MAN WHO SMOKES CRESCENT CIGARETS. AND FROM THE WAY HE FORCED THE DOOR, I'D SAY HE'S AN AMATEUR!

WE'LL TRY TRACKING DOWN THE LOOT. WE'LL GET HIM!

PRIVATE EYE CY BURN HAD THE STUNNED LOOK OF A MAN WHO REALIZES HE'S SLEPT FOR 20 YEARS.

IT JUST CAN'T BE, FLINT!

YOU BROKE INTO THE WEAL APARTMENT LAST NIGHT AND WALKED OUT WITH \$75,000 IN JEWELS.

BUT THE GAL YOU SURRENDERED THEM TO WAS **NOT** THE SUPPOSEDLY ES-TRANSED MRS. WEAL!

OKAY, SO SOME PHONY WITH A FAST LINE CONNED ME. WILL YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

I CAN COLLECT A \$10,000 REWARD JUST FOR TURNING YOU IN.

BUT I COULDN'T KICK A GUY WHILE HE WAS DOWN, SO--

I'LL TURN YOU IN **AFTER** WE FIND THE GAL WHO SUCKERED YOU. THEN IT WILL GO EASIER WITH YOU.

THANKS, VIC.

WHILE CY AND I WERE PLAYING BLOODHOUND...

HI, ALVIN! READY TO CALL ON UNCLE BEN? WHERE'S THE LOOT?

ON ICE... NO KIDDIN', GERI. COME HERE!

ICE CREAM! GET IT? ICE MEANING GEMS! FROZE THEM IN THIS VANILLA! SHREWD, HUH? HOW 'BOUT A DRINK?

A SHORT ONE!

I NEED SOMETHING TO MAKE ME SLEEP. I WAS AWAKE ALL LAST NIGHT.

PROBABLY NERVES. YOU'LL SLEEP WELL TONIGHT, THOUGH.

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## ALEX OOP

by V.T. HAMLIN

AIN'T IT AWFUL HOW UNREASONABLE SOME PEOPLE CAN BE?

IMAGINE THAT GUY OOP GIVIN' OUR CROWNS AWAY T'SOME OL GOOF!

YEH. AN' ALL MY BEAUTIFUL ROYAL JEWELS AN' STUFF TOO!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

LEMME THINK.

WELL, I GUESS IF WE'RE EVER GONNA GET OUR CROWNS BACK, WE'LL HAFTA GO FIND TH' GUY THAT'S GOT 'EM!

YEH, BUT OOP SAID HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHO HE GAVE 'EM TO.

THEN HOW WE GONNA FIND 'IM?

WELL, NOW LESSEE... IF SOMEBODY GAVE YOU A CROWN AN' STUFF, WHERE'D YOU GO?

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

WHY, ER... AH, YEAH! TO TH' PALACE, OF COURSE!

SURE! 'AT'S RIGHT! C'MON, LE'S GO!

ROYAL PALACE OF MOO

WE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE SO WE HURRIED AS FAST AS WE COULD...

WE KNEW YOU'D BE WAITING TO GIVE US OUR CROWNS BACK.

Y'HEAR THAT, BOYS?

YEH WE HEAR! HAW HAW HAW!

AND NOW FOR AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR DO YOU WANT TO GET 'EM, BOY? USE **LEER** THE TOOTHPASTE WITH BUILT-IN APPEAL

EKK!

HAW HAW HAW!

GUY, I DON'T THINK THEY MEAN TO GIVE US BACK OUR CROWNS!

NEXT WEEK **TOE IN THE COWMAN'S OOP**

WILL BRING YOU THE NEXT EPISODE IN THIS DRAMA OF BONE, AGE LIFE, LOVE, AND INTRIGUE BY V.T. Hamlin

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