

**THE NUT BROS.**  
CHES & WAL

**HOLD ON!**  
DON'T SPEND A LOT OF MONEY FOR A HI-FI SOME BIRD-SEED AND BROWN YOUR OWN CANARIES!

ASHES! FEEL VILL!  
SINGER?  
SOME BIRD-SEED AND BROWN YOUR OWN CANARIES!

AREN'T I DEVELOPED  
FATHER VOICE?  
YES, JUNIOR! BUT  
RETIRED!

I CAN'T REFRAIN FROM BREAKING INTO SONG!

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO USE FORCE IF YOU'D FIND THE RIGHT KEY!

RENDER US A CHRISTMAS CAROL, WON'T YOU, SIR?

NO CAN DO, BUD! I'M THE ONLY KNIGHT!

IMAGINE THOSE INSECTS ACTUALLY SINGING CHRISTMAS SONGS!

BAH! THEY'RE HUMBUGS!

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**  
WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

IT MIGHT BE A GOOD NIGHT TO STAY IN AND READ, MARTHA—A BIT BLUSTERY OUTSIDE!

ESPECIALLY AFTER THE WAY YOU LOOKED THIS MORNING PLAYING POKER TILL 2:30!

THERE'S THE PHONE—HOPE IT'S NOT FOR ME!

GET IT—I CAN'T PUT THIS DOWN!

HI, MAJOR! THIS IS ACE BRANNISAN! DON'T FORGET YOU'RE TOASTMASTER FOR THE BIG WILD DUCK RAFFLE AND RUMPLUS TONIGHT AT THE OWLS CLUB!

UM-HA! ANPP! WHY AH-ER—

TO BE SURE, MRS. CARTWRIGHT! RIGHT AWAY! AND THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT—HAR-RUMPH!

PHONUS BALOGNIS

THAT WAS MRS. CARTWRIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK—HER SON REX HAS A NEXING PROBLEM—

WELL?

LIKE WHAT?

ONE OF HIS HOME-WORK QUESTIONS ABOUT SATELLITES A PHYSICAL EXPLANATION OF WHAT MAKES THEM TICK!

IMAGINE EVEN A BEING ON THE SUBJECT?

YEP! IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE!

THIS IS TOO MUCH TO TELL A 16-YEAR-OLD BOY OVER THE PHONE—I'LL RUN WITH THE BOOK!

YOU'RE ANFULLY ACCOMMODATING!

EGAD! THAT WAS RUTHLESS—BUT I KNOW SHE'D HAVE REBELLED AT THE IDEA OF HIS STEPPING OUT TONIGHT!

HE'S A SATELLITE! ALL RIGHT!

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT BIG VOICE OF ACE BRANNISAN ON THE PHONE!

OH, WELL! THE OLD BOY USUALLY WING A WILD DUCK—AND IT'S CLOSE TO THE SEASON OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL!



# Times News

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1957

## Captain EASY

by LERIE TORNER

THIS SHORT CUT TO THE FARM OF DON ALCALDE'S FAMILY. THAT THE INNKEEPER RECOMMENDED, IS MURDER, WASH!

WE MUST BE LOST, EASY! NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD RECOMMEND THIS!

THE PYRENEES IN NORTHERN SPAIN

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE WANTED TO DELAY US? EVEN SAW TO IT HIMSELF THAT OUR CAR WOULDN'T START?

GOSH, WE ARE LOST, EASY! WE'LL NEVER FIND THE ALCALDE FARM WHERE DON MAY BE HIDIN' OUT FROM THAT GAMBLER'S THUGS!

THAT BLASTED INNKEEPER MUST'VE STEERED US WRONG—

HALT!

SEARCH THEIR CART, WHO ARE YOU GUNS? INSPECTOR!

HEY, WOT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU GUNS?

CIVIL GUARDS ON CUSTOMS DUTY! WE WERE TIPPED OFF THAT SMUGGLERS WOULD TRY TO ENTER HERE!

(SMUGGLER?) LOOK—NO DEN UNDER THESE STICKS!

WHY, THAT'S—

A LOAD OF FRENCH PERFUME!

WOT! IT'S A FRAME-UP! WE HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN OUTA SPAIN!

YOU'VE JUST CROSSED THE BORDER FROM FRANCE, SENOR!

HMM...WE WERE NEAR THE BORDER AT THE INN, AND THAT INNKEEPER DIRECTED US SO WE'D CROSS IT TWICE!

YEAH! THEN HE TIPPED 'EM OFF TO WATCH FOR US AFTER PLANTIN' THE STUFF IN THE CART!

BUT WHY?

HE MUST'VE THOUGHT WE WERE THE THUGS AFTER HIS NEPHEW! HE DID SEEM SKEPTICAL WHEN I TRIED TO TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS WE HAD FOR DON!

TAKE US BACK TO THE INN AT EBRO, AND WE'LL PROVE WE WERE FRAMED!

SI, SENOR! WE PASS IT ON THE WAY TO JAIL!

LATER

NOW TELL EM HOW YOU RAILROADED US INTO THIS AND WHERE'S OUR CAR?

WHAT CAR? I HAVEN'T SEEN THOSE MEN BEFORE!

COME ALONG, SENORES!

© 1957 by NEA Service, Inc. T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



# Vic Flint



