

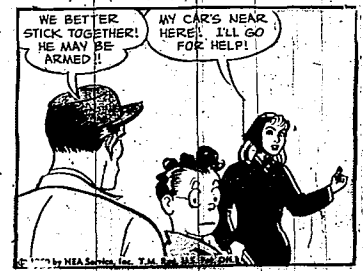
Times News

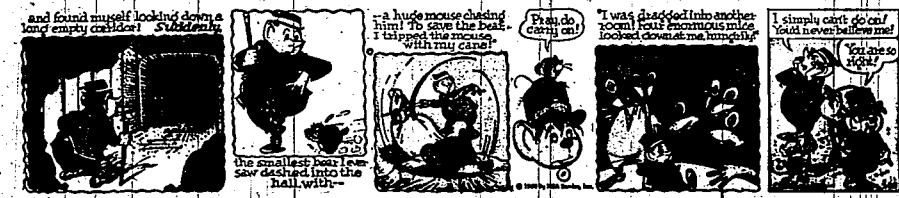
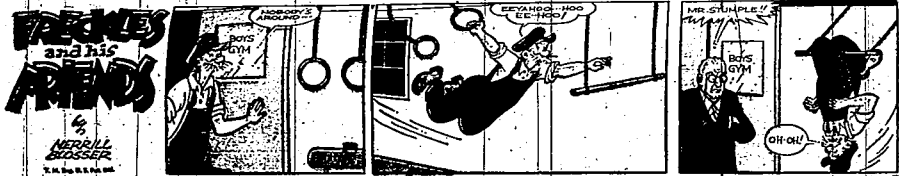
TWIN FALLS

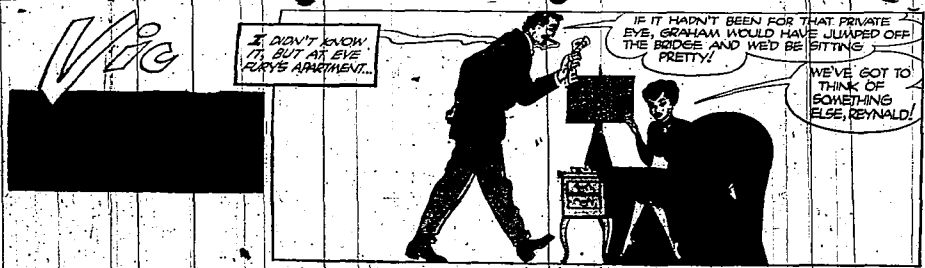
SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1960

Captain EASY

by LESLIE TURNER







I DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT AN EVE FURY'S APPOINTMENT...

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT PRIVATE EYE, GRAHAM WOULD HAVE JUMPED OFF THE BRIDGE AND WED BE SITTING

WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, REYNALD!



I'VE GOT IT, EVE - A FOOLPROOF IDEA!



A DRINK, PERHAPS?

NO THANKS, BUT YOU HAVE ONE!

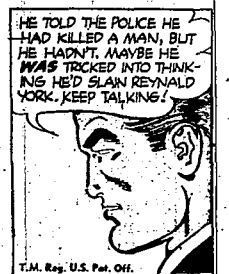
DON'T USE IT. A GUY IN MY BUSINESS NEEDS ALL HIS REFLEXES!



WE REALLY DO HAVE A LOT IN COMMON. YOU'RE A PRIVATE EYE AND WELL, AS A PSYCHIATRIST, YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A PRIVATE EAR!



THAT'S WHY I KNOW TODD GRAHAM IS SANE, BUT ONLY YOU CAN PROVE IT. HE WON'T BELIEVE ME. THE POLICE WON'T BELIEVE ME. DO YOU BELIEVE ME?



HE TOLD THE POLICE HE HAD KILLED A MAN, BUT HE HADN'T. MAYBE HE WAS TRICKED INTO THINKING HE'D SLAIN REYNALD. KEEP TALKING!

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



I KNOW THIS...IT WOULD TAKE A LOT TO PROVOKE GRAHAM TO VIOLENCE. HE DOESN'T SMOKE, DRINK OR GAMBLE. HE'S A VERY GENTLE MAN!

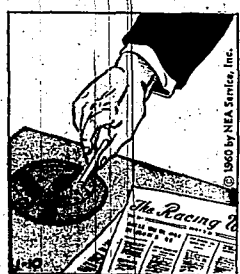


HE DROPPED IN ON EVE FURY, GRAHAM'S FIANCEE... I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT TODD! YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE HIM!

DO YOU SEE MUCH OF YOUR FIANCEE?



REYNALD YORK? HE DATES HORSES, NOT WOMEN. THAT'S WHY WE BROKE UP. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN MONTHS.



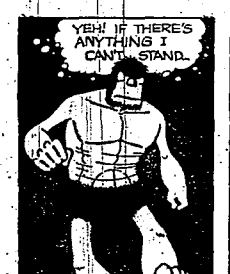
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AWRIGHT, YOU CAN STOP WORRYIN' ABOUT OOP! GOT 'EM WRAPPED UP AN' IN TH' BAG!

THAT MIZZERABLE OL' GRAND WIZER! GHAAA! SOMEBODY OUGHTA TELL GUZ WOTTA STINKER HE IS!

ALLEN OOP!



YEH! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN'T STAND...



YISOT OOP BACK IN TH' GROOVE, EH?



OH SURE! ANY AMBITION HE HAD T'BE KING'S LONG GONE NOW

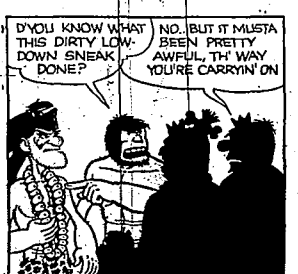


OH, OH! HERE HE COMES! AN' HE'S ALL STEAMED-UP ABOUT SUMPIN' TOO, I'D SAY!

WELL, HI, OOP! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, BOY? YOU CAN'T THROW THAT OL' BUZZARD RIGHT OLTA TH' PALACE ON HIS EAR TH' TH' WHAT YOU CAN DO!



MY GOONESS, SUCH LANGUAGE!



I'LL "MY GOONESS" YOU, YOU MIZZERABLE TWO-FACED OL' GOAT, YOU!



D'YOU KNOW WHAT THIS DIRTY LOW-DOWN SNEAK DONE?

NO, BUT IT MUSTA BEEN PRETTY AWFUL, TH' WAY YOU'RE CARRYIN' ON

HE CAME T'ME SAYIN'S HOW HE'D HEARD ABOUT ME PRACTICIN' T'BE KING... OH, WE TOLD 'M ABOUT THAT!



YAAH, THEN HE LIPS WITH TH' PROPOSITION OF BEIN' MY GRAND WIZER, AFTER I'D KICKED YOU OFFN TH' THRONE!



NOW I ASK YOU: WASN'T THAT A LOUSY THING FOR YOUR GRAND WIZER T'DO?



I DUNNO'S IT WAS ANY WORSEN YOU FIXIN' T'KICK ME OFFN MY THRONE!



