

Times News



SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1960

Captain EASY

by *LESLIE TURNER*

LUCIUS Q. PEABODY HAS JUST EATEN HIS SECOND KOOKAMONGA BIRD EGG — WITH STARTLING RESULTS



MR. PEABODY, SUN — ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE! GET ON THE PHONE — THE BANK IS BEING HELD UP, THIS VERY MINUTE!



I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS HIGH IN YEARS! HURRY — CALL THE POLICE!



...DESK SERGEANT? A FRIEND O' MINE INSISTS THAT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK IS BEING HELD UP AT THIS VERY MOMENT!

HE DOES, NOW, DOES HE? AN' I SUPPOSE A LITTLE BIRD TOLD HIM?



YES — A KOOKAMONGA BIRD! ER, AT LEAST, ONE O' ITS EGGS, TOLD HIM! YOU SEE, HE JUST ATE ONE AND HIT THE CEILING!

SURE! SURE! WELL, GIT HIM DOWN AN' LEMME TALK TO HIM!



MR. PEABODY! CAN YOU COME DOWN FROM THE CEILING AND TALK TO THE DESK SERGEANT?

COUPLA DERNED DRUNKS! CLICK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY! WHERE YOU LADS GOIN'?

FIRST NATIONAL BANK! MASKED MAN GOT AWAY WITH FIFTY GRAND!



I GOTTA HAVE ME LITTLE MIND PSYCHO-ATOMIZED BY ONE OF THEM HEAD SHRINKERS!



PEABODY, WE'RE DETECTIVES! ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THE 'BANK GAVE YOU THE HEAVE-HO?

SPEAK UP! DIDN'T YOU ROB THE BANK?

ONLY WHEN I ACCEPTED MY WEEKLY PAY CHECKS, SIR!



HMM! THIS JOB WAS PLANNED BY A MAN WITH BRAINS!

YEAH! SORRY T'TROUBLE YOU, PEABODY!



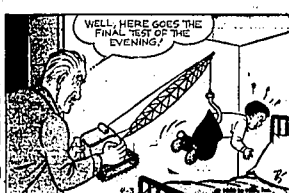
WAIT!

I CAN SMELL YOU TO THE MONEY!

SNIFF SNIFF

FRECKLES and his FRIENDS

By MERRILL BLOSSER
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

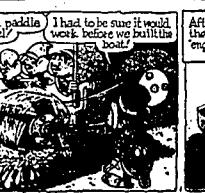
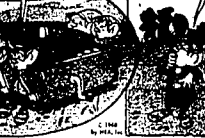


Loop finds a use for a discarded record player...

Set it down here then fetch those bolts from that junk heap--

--while I figure this thing out!

Seems like he's got it figured out... Now if he can figure out what it was he figured out--



ALLEY OOP

by V.T. HAMLIN

ALL THAT TALK ABOUT TH' PICNIC THEY HAD OVER AT OOP'S PLACE STRIKES ME AS BEIN' A LOT OF HOT AIR...TURNED LOOSE JUST FOR MY BENEFIT!

I THINK MAYBE I'D BETTER GO BACK AN' HEAR SOME MORE....

...JUST IN CASE THERE'S ANY IMPLICATIONS

I'M ALL AGOG ABOUT TH' WONDERFUL FOOD OOP SET OUT FOR YOU AN' TH' BOYS!

IT WAS DELICIOUS ALL RIGHT... BAKED HAUNCH OF MAMMOTH, SMOKED FISH FILLETS....YUMMMMMY....

...TOASTED COCOA BUIDS, PICKLED DINOSAUR TONGUES...OH, I TELL YOU IT WAS TERRIFIC

Mmm...YEH...I CAN IMAGINE

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

UMPA!

YEH?

WHY CAN'T YOU FIX GOODIES LIKE THAT FOR ME, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, EH?

...WELL, WHERE D'YOU SUPPOSE HE GOT THOSE GOODIES, EH?

WELL, ER, AH, WHY, I.....

GO ON, SPEAK UP! I'M JUST DYIN' T'HEAR YOU TELL ME WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

WELL, WHUH...UH, WHIFF I...UH.....

SORTA STICKS IN YOUR CRAW, DOESN'T IT? WELL, I CAN TELL YOU...

...HE DIDN'T GET 'EM BY SITTIN' ON HIS THRONE AN' HOLLERIN'!

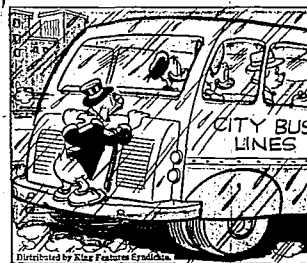
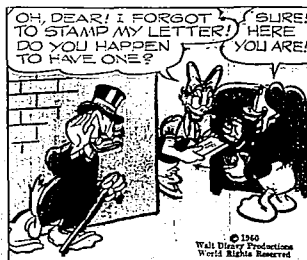
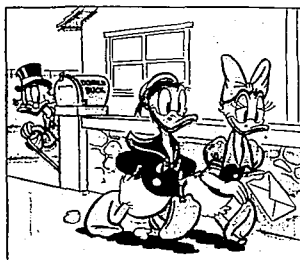
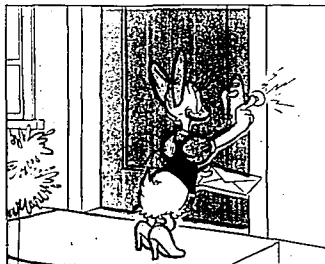
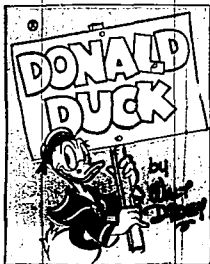
...HE WENT OUT AN' GOT 'EM TH' HARD WAY, Y'HEAR? THAT'S HOW HE GOT EM!!

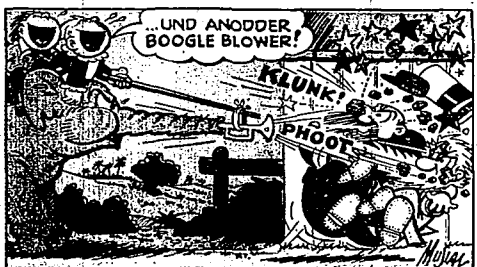
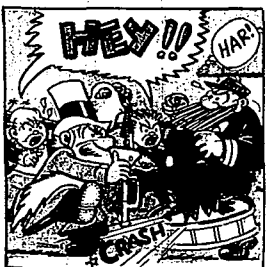
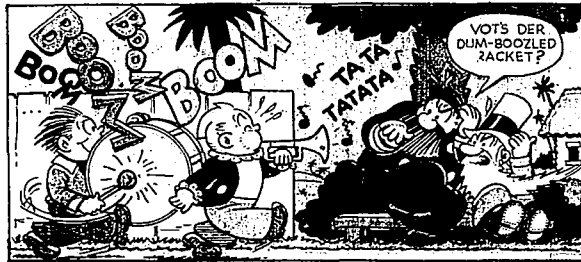
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V.T. Hamlin

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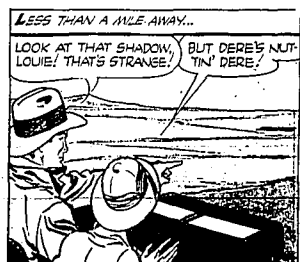
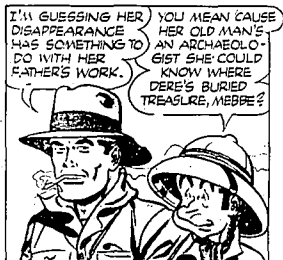


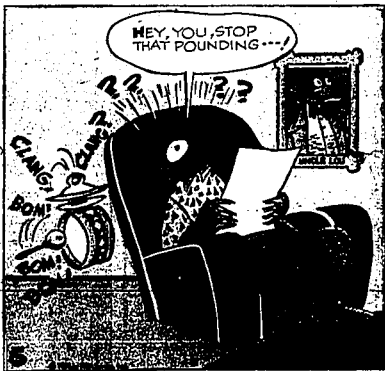
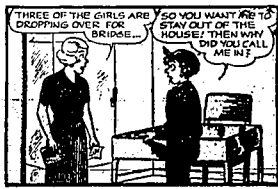
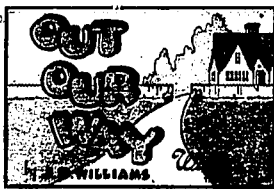


Vic FLINT



LOUIE THE LETTERBOY AND I RENTED A JEEP SOUTH OF BAGHDAD. WE SAW OUR FIRST EXCAVATED CITY...
DEAN JETER







SOMEONE THAT
UP TO 30
MILES ON A
GALLON!

AND SOME
THAT
RUN UP A
LAME
POST IN A
QUART!

