

GASOLINE ALLEY

Calendar 1933

1933 ← January → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

HAP' NEW YEAR, SKEETIX! THIS IS MY COUSIN PINKY. HE'S FROM FLORIDA. AN' NEVER SAW SNOW BEFORE.

GEE, IT'S GREAT, ISN'T IT?

YOU WOULDN'T THINK SO IF YOU HAD TO SHOVEL A LOT OF IT!

1933 ← February → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28				

LOW BRIDGE!

1933 ← March → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

LET EM HAVE IT, SCRAM!

MAKE US SOME SNOWBALLS, PINKY.

1933 ← April → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	

WELL WE LICKED EM BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PACK YOUR SNOWBALLS HARD LIKE THIS, PINKY.

GOLLY IT'S FUNNY ANYBODY'D HAVE TO LEARN TO MAKE SNOWBALLS

1933 ← May → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

HERE'S THE WAY WE CARRY 'EM, PINKY. WHAT YOU DOIN' NOW.

GEE THAT ISN'T THE WAY.

I'M GOIN' TO MAKE A SNOWMAN.

1933 ← June → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

LOOK! YOU ROLL UP THE BALLS THIS WAY.

THE BIGGER THE BETTER.

1933 ← July → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THEN YOU HAVE TO PILE 'EM UP— LIKE THIS.

1933 ← August → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

THAT'S SWELL. TAKE MY PICTURE WITH IT WILL YOU, SKEETIX!

1933 ← September → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOBODY'LL BELIEVE IT WHERE I COME FROM WITHOUT A PICTURE.

1933 ← October → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

1933 ← November → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

OHAY, BUT GEE WHAT WE COULD DO TO THEM IF WE HAD SOME COCONUTS.

HOW DO YOU LIKE SNOW NOW, PINKY?

1933 ← December → 1933

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

CROSS MARKS THE SPOT WHERE PHONEY NICKEL DISAPPEARED IN THE SNOW LAST WEEK.

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO BUY WITH IT.

OH, IT'S A LUCKY NICKEL. THAT WOULD SPOIL THE CHARM.

GASOLINE ALLEY

PINKY.



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

By KING



THAT PONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

GOOTCH!
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
I'LL BET YOU
HAVENT.



I'VE GOT A
NOTE TO
TEACHER TO
GET OUT OF
SCHOOL THIS
AFTERNOON.



GIVE US
A LOOK
AT IT,
SKEEZIX.

GEE THIS IS
SWELL! LET
ME BORRA IT
A LITTLE
WHILE - WILL
YA!

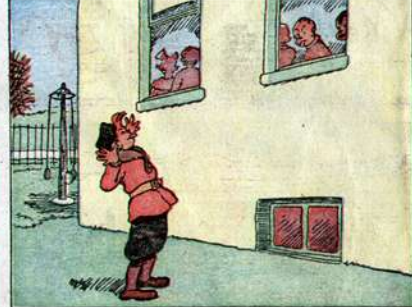


I'VE GOT TO
GETTIN' THERE PRETTY
SOON, GOOTCH

A NOTE
FROM AUNTIE
BLOSSOM, MISS
CRINKLE.



DEAR MISS CRINKLE:
I WOULD LIKE TO
HAVE YOU EXCUSE
SKEEZIX FROM SCHOOL
THIS AFTERNOON. AN
AUNT FROM HONOLULU
IS TO BE IN TOWN
ONLY FOR A FEW HOURS.
YOURS,
MRS. WALLET.



HERE'S A
NOTE FOR
YOU MISS
CRINKLE.



ANOTHER?



GOOTCH, THIS IS
A RANK FORGERY!
YOU WROTE IT YOURSELF.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE
PUNISHED FOR THIS.



CAN I
GO NOW,
AUNTIE
BLOSSOM!

YES, SKEEZIX.
RUN IN AND SAY
GOODBYE TO
AUNT ETTA AND
YOU MAY GO.

NO USE
WAITIN' FOR
GOOTCH. HE'S
GOT TO STAY
AFTER SCHOOL
FOR A WEEK.



VA HE
FAKED A
NOTE.

LET'S GO
UP TO THE
SCHOOL
HOUSE AN
SEE.



I HEAR YOU
WROTE AN
EXCUSE TO
GET OUT AN
YOU'VE GOT
TO STAY IN
AFTER SCHOOL,
GOOTCH.

YEP YOU
GOT BY WITH
YOURS AN' I
CAN'T SEE WHY
I DIDN'T GET
BY WITH
MINE.



BUT MY
AUNTIE
BLOSSOM
REALLY
WROTE
MINE.

I KNOW,
BUT I COMED
IT WORD FOR
WORD!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

HECTOR, THIS
PHONEY NICKEL
WAS IN THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
COLLECTION. I
WANT TO THROW
IT AWAY WHERE
NOBODY WILL
FIND IT.



LET ME
TAKE IT IN
HERE AND GET
IT CHANGED.



BUT
HECTOR,
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND



IT'S OKAY,
THAT'S ONLY
FIFTY-FIFTY.



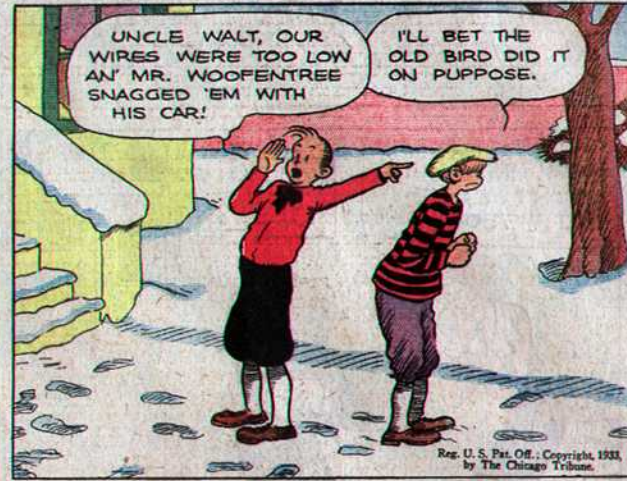
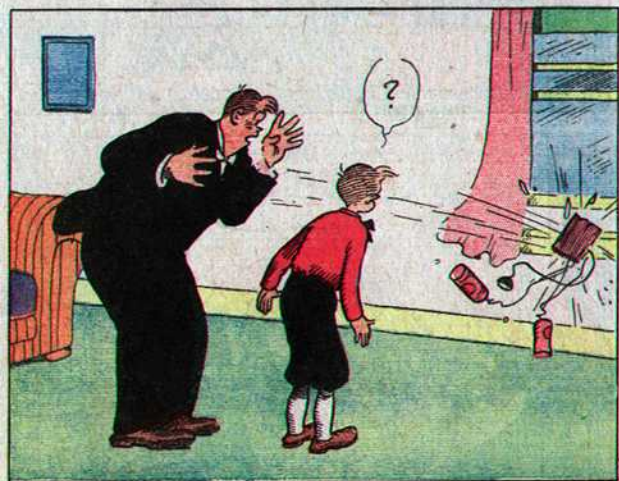
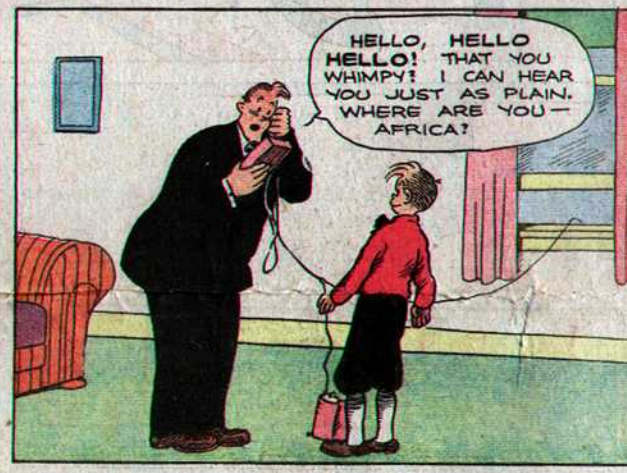
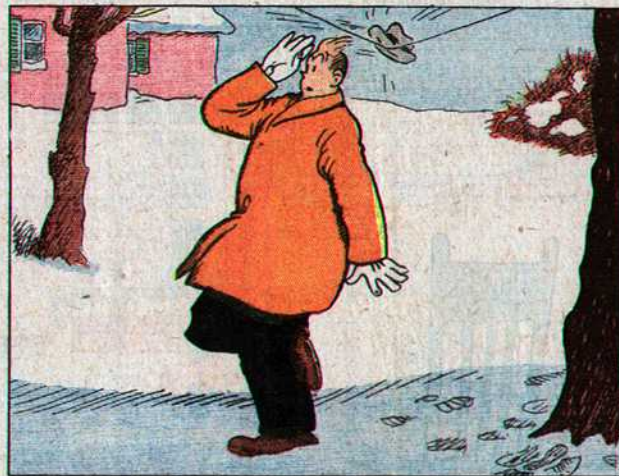
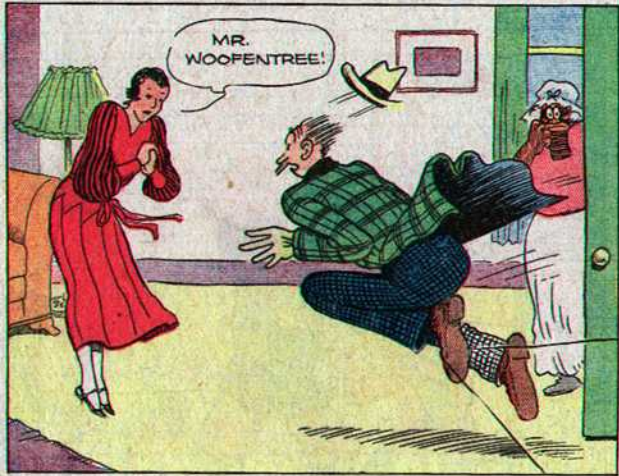
66
GASOLINE
ALLEY
MISS CRINKLE

By E. S. Pat. Co., Copyright, 1931



Gasoline Alley

KINGS



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

HERE COMES A PROSPECTOR, CORKY, MAYBE HE'LL TELL US THE WAY TO THE DRUG STORE.



TURN LEFT AND RIGHT AND LEFT AND LIGHT AND LEFT AND ASK A COP.

YES SIR.



I THOUGHT WE'D GET AWAY FROM BLACKBOARDS, CORKY.



WE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER. UNCLE WALT TOLD US NOT TO GET OUR FEET WET.



I DON'T KNOW. A LOT OF NOSEY FOLKS WHO IS IT?



THIS PATH MUST GO SOMEWHERE.



SKEEZIX' WE'RE FALLIN'

SURE WE ARE. IT ISN'T SO BAD YET.



YES, I THOUGHT IT WAS GOIN' TO BE ROCKS.

PRETTY SOFT!



WITH OUR INITIALS ON IT—ALMOST!

THERE'S A DOOR!



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! IT OPENS RIGHT INTO OUR BEDROOM!

SURE.



THAT'S FUNNY! I NEVER NOTICED BEFORE THAT THAT THAT DOOR LED INTO A BIG CAVE LIKE THAT.

WHAT CAVE?



THERE ISN'T A CAVE THERE ANY MORE. IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A CLOSET!

WHO SAID IT WAS A CAVE?

THAT PHONEY NICKEL



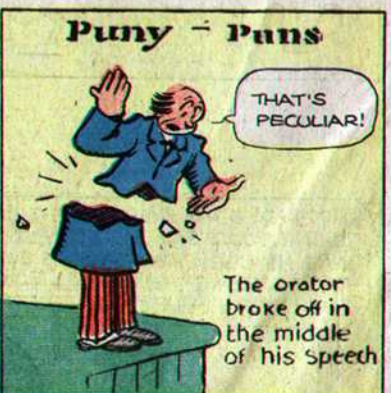
THAT NICKEL WAS PHONEY.

OH CONDUCTOR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OFF.



MY STREET ANNYWAY.



Puny - Puns

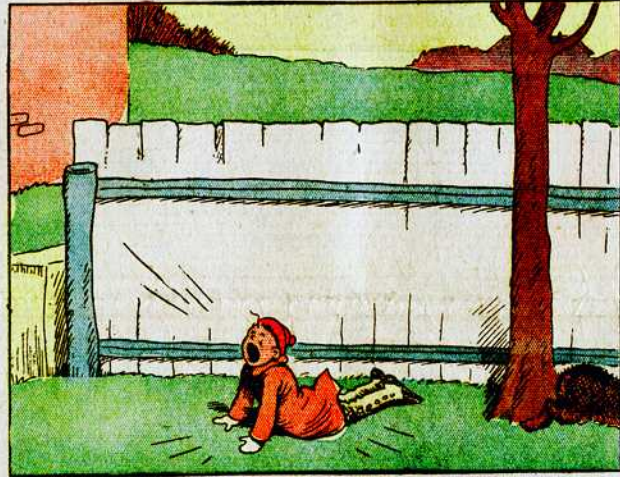
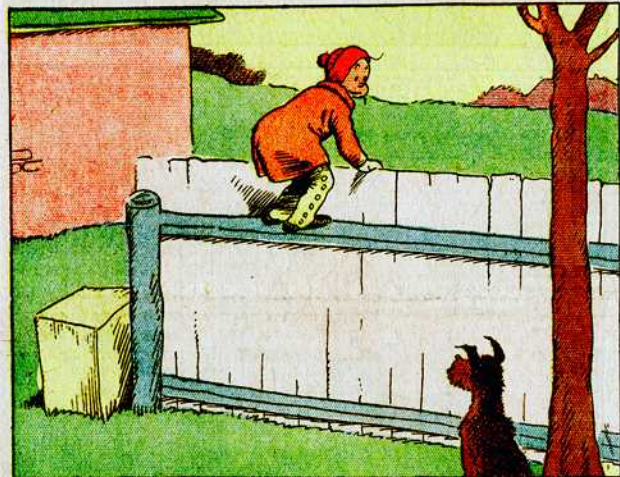
THAT'S PECULIAR!

The orator broke off in the middle of his speech

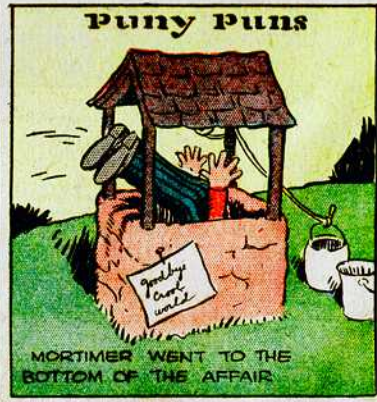


Gasoline Alley

King



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

NOW I WONDER WHAT THAT BUNCH HAVE TO TALK ABOUT TODAY.

DOC'S ALL RIGHT. HE DOES A LOT OF NICE THINGS FOR PEOPLE.
ONLY HE'S SO BULL-HEADED YOU COULDN'T BEND ONE OF HIS IDEAS WITH A STEAM HAMMER.
YES, WHAT HE THINKS IS SO, NO MATTER WHAT.

HE IS SOMEWHAT AWED BY HIS OWN OPINIONS.
MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD QUALITY BUT IT GETS TO BE A NUISANCE SOMETIMES.
THEN HE'S TERRIFICALLY TIGHT. HE CERTAINLY HATES TO LET GO OF A DIME.

SO AVERY THINKS DOC IS TIGHT DOES HE!
YES THAT HANDS ME A LAUGH. AVERY IS SO TIGHT HIMSELF HE CAN'T WINK IF HIS BELT IS TOO TIGHT.

ANYWAY AVERY WILL ALWAYS LISTEN TO YOUR TROUBLES AND IS READY TO GIVE ADVICE.
WHY IF THAT BIRD HAD KIDS HE'D GIVE 'EM NICKELS TO GO TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER AN' CHARGE 'EM DIMES FOR BREAKFAST.

BILL'S A GOOD FELLOW, WALT, BUT HE SURE DOES LIKE TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK.
ALL I'VE GOT AGAINST HIM IS HE ALWAYS GOES AROUND LOOKING LIKE A TRAMP

BUT OL' BILL'S GOOD HEARTED. AVERY, HED GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK.
HE'S SAFE. NOBODY WOULD WANT IT.

ANYWAY AVERY WILL ALWAYS LISTEN TO YOUR TROUBLES AND IS READY TO GIVE ADVICE.
YES, IF HE DOESN'T HAVE TO GIVE ANYTHING ELSE. THE WAY HE LOOKS YOU WOULDN'T THINK HE HAD PECKS OF BANKNOTES LAID AWAY IN MOTHBALLS.
IT CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HURT HIM TO SPRUCE UP A LITTLE

THAT'S GOOD, DOC. AVERY WAS JUST RAVING TO ME ABOUT BILL ALWAYS LOOKING LIKE A HOBO
WELL AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THEY'RE BOTH RIGHT.

AND THE CIGARS AND TOBACCO THEY SMOKE — TERRIBLE.
I CAN AGREE WITH YOU ON THAT, DOC.

AND THAT PIPE OF DOC'S ISN'T ANY ROSE-GERANIUM. I GET A KICK OUT OF THESE BIRDS RAZING EACH OTHER BEHIND THEIR BACKS.

OUT WITH IT, BOYS. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

CONDUCTOR! YOU MADE A MISTAKE!

ARE YOU HURT?

NO, I LOST A NICKEL.

AH WELL, IT WAS PHONEY ANYWAY.

puny puns
THE BEST WAY TO GET 16 SMOKES OUT OF 4 CIGARS.

AVERY SMOKED ONLY QUARTER CIGARS.

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GASOLINE ALLEY



WE GOT PAL, RACHEL. HE RAN AWAY AN' WAS WAY DOWN BY THE PUMPIN' STATION.



I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO KEEP HIM HOME, SKEEZIX. CUT OFF THE END OF HIS TAIL AN' BURY IT.

IT'S BEEN CUT OFF. MAYBE IT'S BURIED SOMEWHERE ELSE.



NO THAT WAS CUT WHEN HE WAS A PUPPY TO MAKE HIM SMART. JES' YOU BURY SOME HAIRS OFF THE END OF HIS TAIL.

WOULD THAT BE ENOUGH?



IF IT WAS A CAT NOW YOU'D DIP HER FOUR PAWS IN A TUB O' WATA AN' CHUCK HER ON THE BED. OR IF YOU BUTTA HER FEET SHE WON'T RUN OFF

YOU KNOW A LOT O' CHARMS, RACHEL. WHAT ELSE ABOUT CATS AN' DOGS?



WELL, IF YOU TIE A STRING AROUN' YOUR DOGS NECK HE WON'T EAT MUCH. FEED HIM GUNPOWDA AN' HE'LL BE SHARP.

PAL ATE SOME FIRECRACKERS. MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE'S SHARP



WHAT IF A DOG BITES YOU?

YOU TIE SOME OF THE SAME DOGS HAIR ON THE BITE. THAT'LL CURE IT. AN' IF YOU CUT OFF YOUR DOGS DEW-CLAWS NO SNAKE BITE CAN KILL HIM.



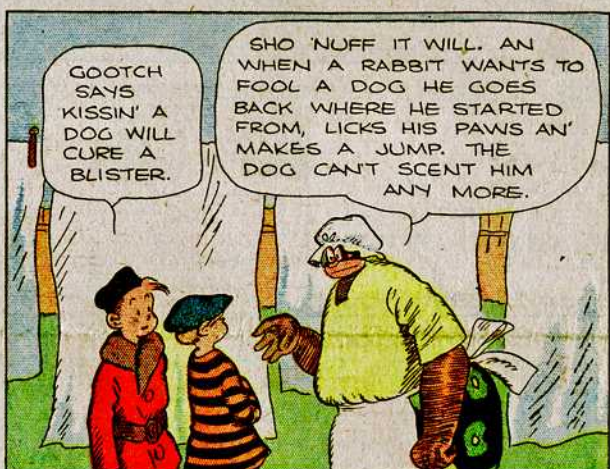
DOGS ARE AFRAID OF THUNDER AREN'T THEY.

THEY OUGHT TO BE. A DOG COMIN' INTO THE HOUSE IN A STORM WILL DRAW LIGHTNIN'.



DOGS CAN SEE SPOOKS CAN'T THEY?

CATS CAN. AN' IF YOU WANT TO GIT RID OF A SPOOK YOU THROW SOME HAIR FROM A BLACK CAT OVA YOUR LEFT SHOULDA SAYIN' SKIT SKAT, TURN TO A BAT, AN' IT'LL DO IT.



GOOTCH SAYS KISSIN' A DOG WILL CURE A BLISTER.

SHO 'NUFF IT WILL. AN' WHEN A RABBIT WANTS TO FOOL A DOG HE GOES BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM, LICKS HIS PAWS AN' MAKES A JUMP. THE DOG CANT SCENT HIM ANY MORE.



GEE, THERE'S LOTS TO LEARN ABOUT DOGS, ISN'T THERE, RACHEL?

SHO IS. FOR INSTANCE, A DOG WON'T GO NEAR A TREE A MAN HAS BEEN HUNG ON.



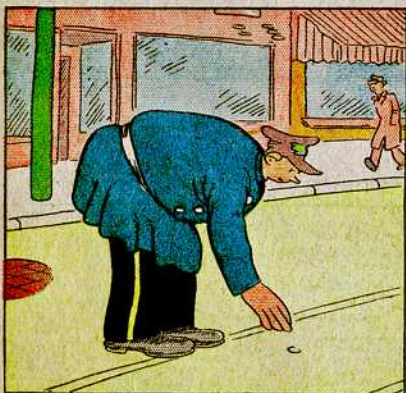
WHEN CORKY GITTS TO SHEDDIN' HIS BABY TEETH WE GOT TO PUT 'EM AWAY CAUSE IF A DOG STEPS ON 'EM DOGS TEETH WILL COME IN THEIR PLACE.



SKEEZIX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO CORKY?

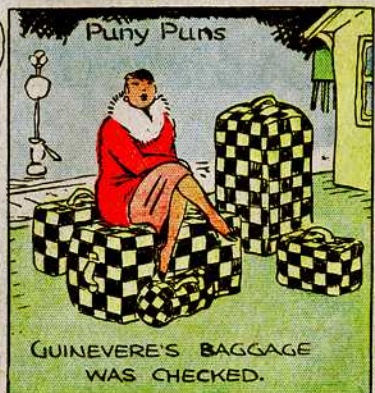
CUTTIN' OFF A PIECE OF HIS COAT TAIL TO KEEP HIM HOME.

THAT PHONEY NICKEL



HOW COME YOU PAY FOR IT TODAY?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JOE. IT'S PHONEY.



Puny Puns

GUINEVERE'S BAGGAGE WAS CHECKED.



Gasoline Alley

GEE! SKATES AN' FISHIN' TACKLE, CAMPIN' OUTFITS AN' BOXIN' GLOVES.

LOOK, GOOTCH, WHAT I'M GOIN' TO GET OUT OF THE CATALOG — BOXIN' GLOVES!

WHEN YOU GOIN' TO GET 'EM, THIS WEEK?

NO. WHEN I GET THE MONEY, LET'S PRACTICE SO WE CAN USE 'EM WHEN THEY COME.

OKAY. IF YOU DON'T SOCK TOO HARD.

I'M GETTING HOT. LET'S TAKE OFF OUR COATS.

BOYS! BOYS! STOP YOUR FIGHTING. DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS TERRIBLE TO FIGHT?

WHAT WOULD YOUR PARENTS OR GUARDIANS SAY IF THEY KNEW YOU WERE HERE FIGHTING LIKE A PAIR OF BEASTS?

BOY, THAT'S RICH!

ARE WE GOOD!

WELL, BOYS, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

GOOTCH AN' WERE BOXIN' AN' MISS SWIMP THOUGHT WE WERE REALLY SCRAPPIN'!

SKEEZIX, I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU HAVE BEEN FIGHTING IN THE STREETS LIKE A COMMON ROUSTABOUT.

WHO ME, AUNTIE BLOSSOM?

I'M 'DISAPPOINTED IN YOU. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ONLY THE LOWEST AND MOST DEGRADED PEOPLE FIGHT?

WALT WALLET, I SAW YOU WINK! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF MAKING LIGHT OF ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS OFFENSES A BOY CAN MAKE.

NOW LISTEN, PHYLLIS.

WOMEN JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THINGS, DO THEY, UNCLE WALT?

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

I'M ON THE TRACK OF A BUNCH OF COUNTERFEITERS.

YES, I KNOW. THEY'VE BEEN MAKING AND PASSING PHONEY COINS.

THEY'LL GET TEN YEARS WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THEM.

GOODBYE PHONEY!

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Puny Puns

I'M GOOD AT HANGING PICTURES

PETE DREW HIS OWN CONCLUSION.

Gasoline Alley

By King

SAME OLD BREAKFAST—
TODAY
YESTERDAY,
LAST WEEK.

BUT, WALT,
IT'S JUST WHAT
YOU'VE ALWAYS
WANTED.

YES BUT
I WOULD LIKE
A SURPRISE
SOME TIME.

IT'S EASY
ENOUGH
TO HAVE
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT.

GREAT GUNS,
8:35! I'LL BE
LATE FOR WORK,
SKEEZIX, AND
YOU'LL BE LATE
FOR SCHOOL.

8:10! A CLOCK
IN EVERY ROOM
AND THEY JUST
CAN'T GET
TOGETHER!

SOME DAY I'M GOING
TO HAVE ONE THAT
HOOKS UP TO THE
ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND
STAYS ON THE DOT.

THAT'LL
BE KEEN.

ALL RIGHT—
ANOTHER TIME
AROUND THE
BLOCK—JUST
FOR FUN.

NOT SO FAST—
I SMELL RUBBER
BURNING.

BY GOLLY,
I CAN DO
IT.

DO
WHAT?

SKEEZIX! YOU
TOOK THE INSIDES
ALL OUT O' MY
LECTRIC ENGINE

ALL YOU DO
IS PLAY WITH
IT, CORKY. I'M
USIN' THIS.

IT RUNS
KIND OF
FAST BUT
IT RUNS

ELEVEN O'CLOCK?
THAT CLOCK MUST
HAVE RUN DOWN
I'LL WIND IT.

GEE, UNCLE
WALT, I JUST
WANTED TO
SURPRISE YOU!

BOY—I'LL
SAY YOU
DID!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

LAST
WEEK
TONY
THREW
THE PHONEY
OVER THE
FENCE.

RIGHT IN MY
GARDEN I DIG
UP A NICKEL
TO BUY SEED.

THAT NICKEL
YOU GAVE ME
IS PHONEY!

PHONEY?

OKAY. NEXT SUMMER
YOU GET A NICKEL'S
WORTH OF SPINACH

Puny Puns

IN THE
DARK I
THOUGHT
IT WAS A
POLICE
DOG.

SOMEBODY GAVE SAM A BUM STEER.

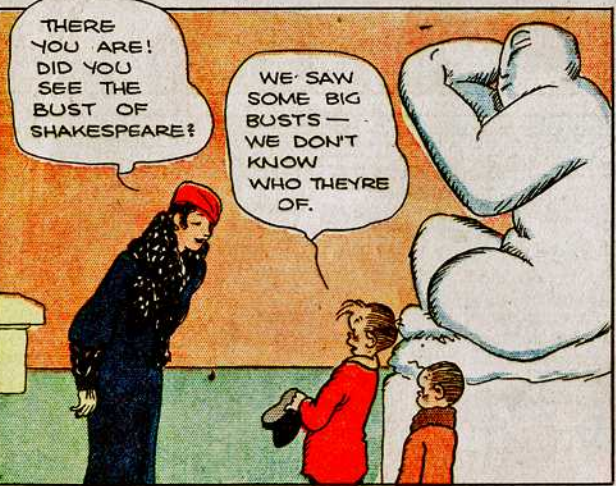
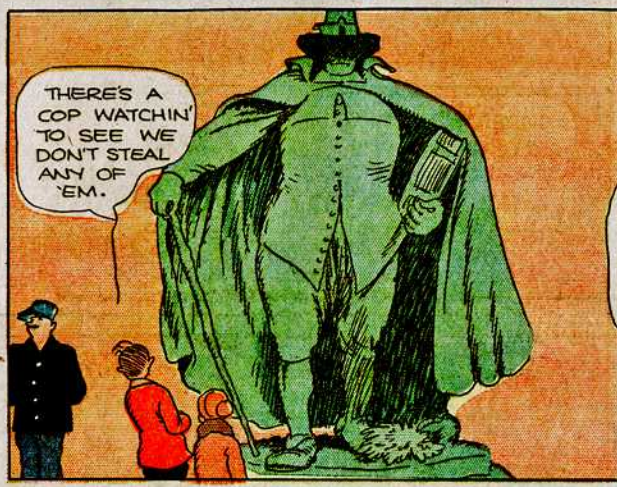
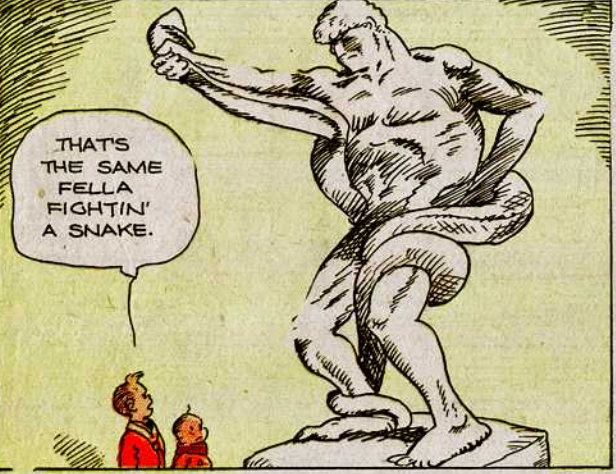
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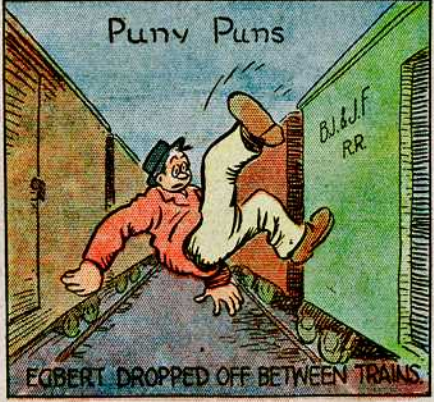


Gasoline Alley

By King



THAT PHONEY NICKEL

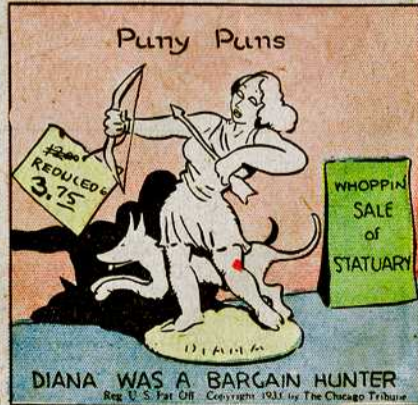


GASOLINE ALLEY

By KING



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

By *King*

YES SIR, SCRAM, I'D LIKE TO EXPLORE SOUTH AMERICA, AN' AFRICA AN' THE SOUTH SEAS AN' THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

AN' ALASKA

YES AN' TAKE A RAFT DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

WHY NOT? WHO'S KEEPIN' US?

SURE. LET'S RUN AWAY AN' DO WHAT WE WANT TO.

WE'LL HAVE TO GET WHIMPY IN ON IT.

WE CAN HITCH-HIKE.

YES OR HIT BLIND BAGGAGE.

ARE YOU GAME TO GO IN ON THIS WHIMPY?

WE'RE LEAVIN' HOME IN THE MORNIN' TO BUM OUR WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

SURE. I'M GAME. I GOT AN EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH COMIN' TUESDAY.

JIGGERS, YOUR UNCLE WALT!

YEAH. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE WHERE NOBODY CAN HEAR US TALK.

WE'LL GO LIGHT BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE FOOD.

I'VE GOT A BAG THAT'LL CARRY A LOT OF STUFF.

I CAN COP A FRYN' PAN, AN' BLANKETS.

SPUD, YOU BRING THAT BOY SCOUT BUCKET THAT KEEPS WATER COOL.

OKAY.

I'VE GOT A HATCHET TO CUT FIREWOOD WITH.

I'LL LOAD UP WITH MATCHES.

SO LONG FELLAS.

REMEMBER - SIX O'CLOCK!

SURE, WE'LL BE THERE.

I FEEL SORRY FOR THE FOLKS BUT I WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT THE KIDS.

AND AT 8:30 NEXT MORNING

WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT GOIN' FISHIN'.

H'LO KIDS. WHATS IT ALL ABOUT?

WATERS TOO MUDDY. THEY AREN'T BITIN'.

WHAT'LL WE DO THEN?

LET'S PLAY MARBLES.

AW THAT'S NO FUN. LET'S THINK UP SOMETHING BIG TO DO - LIKE WE DID YESTERDAY.

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

LOOK, A NICKEL!

PUT YOUR GUM ON THE END OF THIS STICK.

PHONEY!

NOBODY'S GOING TO STEAL THIS QUARTER OF BEEF.

OSWALD BOLTED HIS FOOD

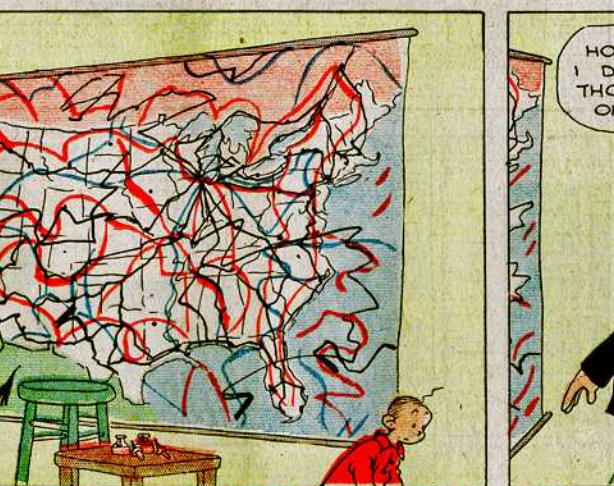
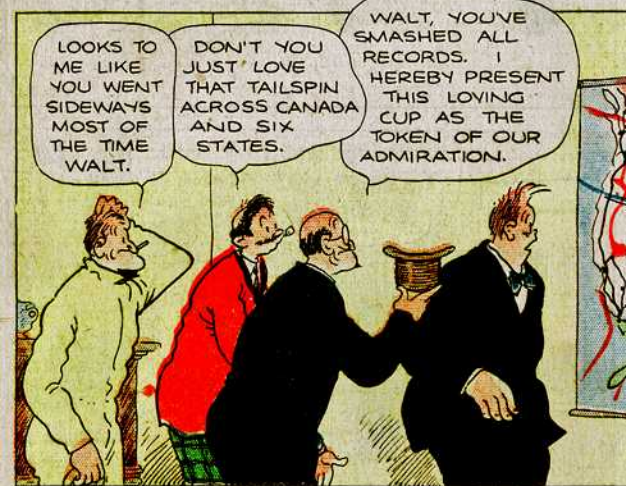
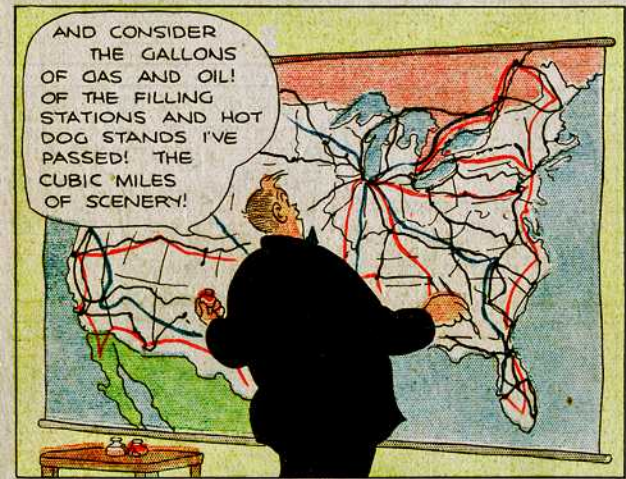
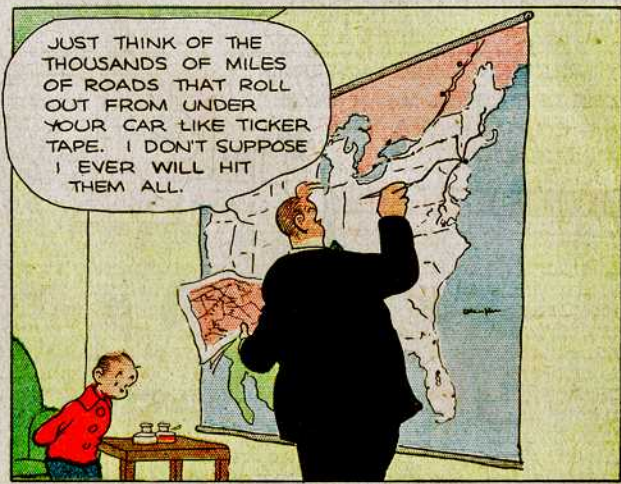
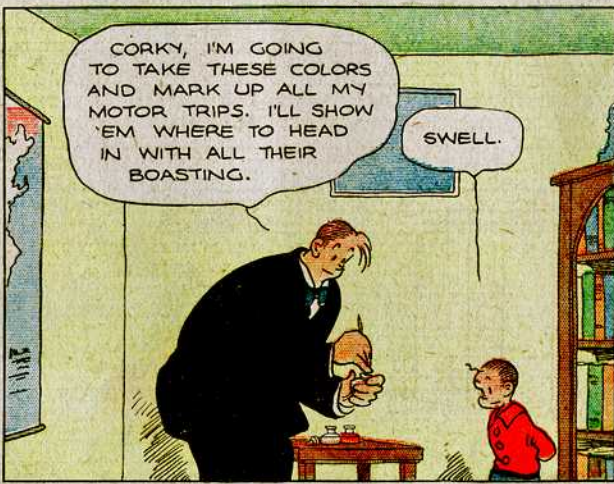
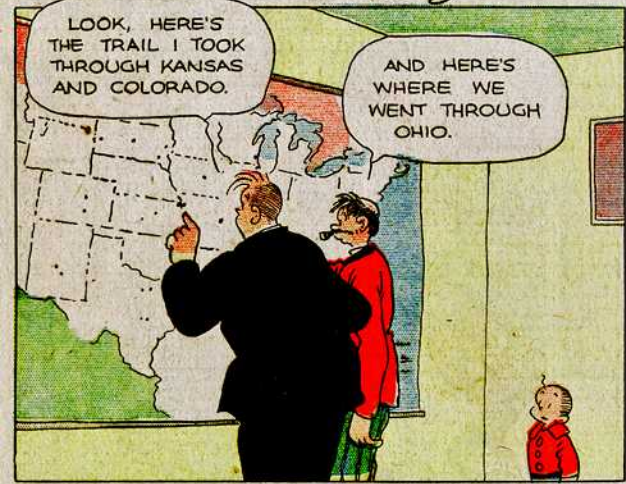


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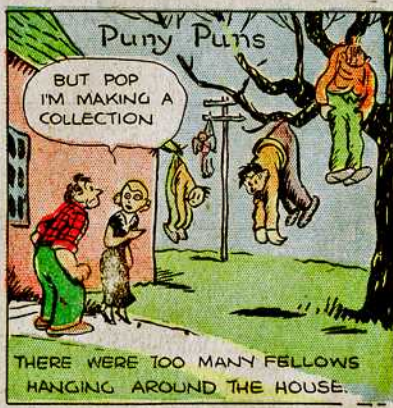
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GASO-LINE ALLEY

By King



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



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GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

NO, I'M NOT MAKING A GARDEN THIS YEAR. TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

THEN MAYBE YOU'LL LEND ME YOUR GARDEN TOOLS. I THINK I WILL.

AVERY'S WELCOME TO THEM. I'VE HAD MY FLING AT RAISING VEGETABLES.

GIVE ME THAT SPADE, AVERY! THAT'S NO WAY TO SPADE A GARDEN!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME PEP INTO IT. YOU WERE JUST SCRATCHING THE SURFACE.

WALT, HAVE YOU GOT A HALF A DOLLAR IN YOUR POCKET. MY MONEY IS IN MY OTHER PANTS.

I'LL BE BACK, WALT, AS SOON AS I GET SOME SEEDS.

GEE, WHIMPY, A KEEN PLACE TO GET WORMS.

SAY IF YOU KIDS WANT WORMS, TAKE THIS SPADE AND DIG THEM YOURSELVES.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW, UNCLE WALT.

LOOK AT THE SWELL OUTFIT OF SEEDS—AND YOU'VE GOT A NICKEL CHANGE COMING.

NO, NO, AVERY! THAT'S NOT THE WAY.

YOU MAKE YOUR TRENCHES FIRST AND PUT PEAS IN ABOUT AN INCH APART.

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO DO EVERYTHING, WALT. I WISH I WAS HANDY THAT WAY.

THEN YOU STICK THE EMPTY PACKAGES INTO A SPLIT STAKE FOR LABELS FOR THE DIFFERENT BEDS.

GEE, WALT THAT'S CLEVER!

I CERTAINLY DO APPRECIATE YOUR ADVICE. YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE A BUNCH OF CARROTS OR SOMETHING WHEN THEY GET RIPE.

I'M GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT, AVERY.

BY GOLLY, I FURNISHED THE TOOLS AND DID ALL THE WORK! I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE HAD THAT GARDEN MYSELF.

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns

IT'S PHONEY BUT MAYBE I COULD GET A POP AT GEDINKELHEIMER'S

WHAT'S MATTER?

HE SAID MY TWO BITS WAS PHONEY.

I DIDN'T WANT ANY POP ANYWAY.

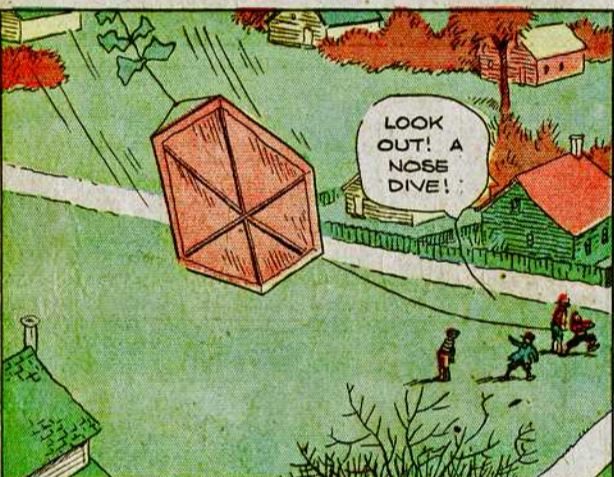
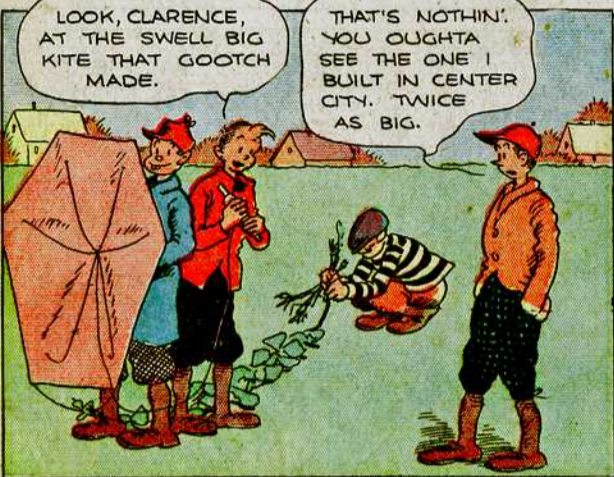
MY OWN IDEA FOR A LETTER OPENER.

EGBERT FILED HIS CORRESPONDENCE.



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King



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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns



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GASOLINE ALLEY

NO USE EXPLORIN' THE NORTH AN' SOUTH POLES. THEY'VE BEEN EXPLORED. HOW ABOUT AFRICA?

AFRICA'S BEEN EXPLORED TOO

NOT ALL OF IT. THERE'S STILL A LOT OF IT LEFT.

IF WE'RE GOIN' TO EXPLORE ANYWHERE WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A BOAT.

GEE IT'LL TAKE A LONG WHILE TO BUILD ONE.

I KNOW WHERE THERE'S ONE THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO ANYBODY - IF IT'S ANY GOOD.

IT WAS WASHED IN AN' HAS BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME.

LOOKS LIKE IT WILL HOLD WATER.

LOOK FEELAS IT'S COMIN' UP.

I'LL BET SHE'LL FLOAT.

WELL, KEEP ON BAILIN' OR ALL IS LOST.

WE CAN'T EVER LIFT THIS SIDE UP TO EMPTY HER.

SHE'S WATER-LOGGED

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, SKEEZIX, PUTTIN' TWO-BY-FOURS UNDER HER.

SURE. I'VE DONE IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES.

SHE'S GOIN' TO NEED SOME FIXIN TO MAKE HER SEAWORTHY. BUT WE CAN DO IT.

YEP, WE'VE GOT TO GET A LOT OF MILEAGE OUT OF HER YET.

CAN WE THREE SLEEP IN THIS PUP TENT?

WE WONT HAVE TO, SILLY. ONE HAS ALWAYS GOT TO STAND WATCH.

GEE, I ALMOST FORGOT A RUDDER!

IT'S A GOOD THING WE REMEMBERED. WE MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP IN CHINA INSTEAD OF AFRICA.

I WANT TO GO TO AFRICA THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL.

OH GEE, IT'S LOTS LONGER THAT WAY!

WHAT DO WE CARE WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE LOTS OF TIME.

I THINK IT'S SHORTER. BESIDES I WANT TO SEE THE BIG LOCKS OPEN FOR OUR BOAT.

WE'LL JUST FIND OUT. I'LL BET IT'S LONGER.

MISTER, IS IT SHORTER OR LONGER TO AFRICA BY THE PANAMA CANAL?

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHOICE - NEITHER ONE OF 'EM IS PAVED.

TO BE CONTINUED -

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

I'M MATCHIN' YOU.

OKAY.

YOU WIN.

HEY THIS NICKEL IS PHONEY.

YES BUT YOU'VE GOT THE GOOD ONE AND THE PHONEY ONE TOO.

I STILL THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT IT.

Puny Puns

I'LL SHOW 'EM I CAN DO SOME FIRING MYSELF.

HENDRIK SHOT THE WORKS.

GASOLINE ALLEY

FRIENDS, LAST WEEK SPUD AN' WHIMPY AND YOUR ANNOUNCER, SKEEZIX, RESCUED A SUNKEN BOAT AND HAVE MADE HER SHIP-SHAPE FOR AN AFRICAN CRUISE AND EXPLORATION TRIP. TODAY WE OUTFIT HER. NEXT— WE'LL TUNE IN NEXT WEEK AT THIS SAME HOUR AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

I'VE GOT CANNED GOODS AN' A RADIO AN' AN ALARM CLOCK— BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT THE SUN AT EXACTLY 12 O'CLOCK NOON EVERY DAY.

HOW WE GOIN' TO SHOOT THE SUN IF WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO SHOOT IT WITH?

I'VE GOT AN AIR GUN I CAN BRING ALONG.

SHUCKS, YOU CAN'T SHOOT THE SUN WITH THAT!

WHAT DO YOU SHOOT IT WITH?

I DUNNO. ONLY I KNOW THAT'S WHAT THEY DO OUT ON THE OCEAN.

HEY, DON'T LOAD HER UP BEFORE SHE'S LAUNCHED. SHE'S HEAVY ENOUGH TO HANDLE WITHOUT A CARGO.

GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

YA, WE'D BETTER SEE IF SHE'LL FLOAT FIRST.

WAIT! SHE'S GOT TO BE NAMED BEFORE SHE HITS THE WATER.

TOO LATE! SHE'S HIT!

LOOK! SHE SWIMS!

SURE SHE SWIMS! WHAT DID YOU THINK?

GEE, FELLAS, THERE'S A SWELL NAME FOR HER— I SWIM!

THAT'S NO NAME. WHOEVER HEARD OF SUCH A NAME?

LET'S CALL HER DAWN OR PETUNIA OR SOMETHING.

WE DON'T WANT ANY SISSY NAMES LIKE THAT.

HOW ABOUT ROVER OR SEA URCHIN?

YES OR SPRAY?

THE INDIANS NAMED THINGS AFTER THE FIRST THINGS THEY SAW. OR THAT SOMEBODY SAID. I THINK I SWIM WOULD BE KEEN.

OKAY. YOU'VE GOT TO PAINT IT ON, SKEEZIX.

YES, PICK OUT SOMETHING YOU CAN SPELL.

I CAN SPELL I SWIM, ALL RIGHT.

SKEEZIX! YOU'RE PAINTING IT UPSIDE DOWN.

THAT'S WRONG!

LOOKS OKAY FROM HERE!

THAT ISN'T I SWIM THAT'S WIMSI!

WHAT OF IT? WIMSI IS A GOOD NAME TOO.

WIMSI IT IS. NEXT WEEK WE'LL BE ALL READY TO GO EXPLORING TO AFRICA.

YEP, WE'LL BRING BACK IVORY AND GOLD.

AN I WANT TO GET A COUPLE OF PYGMIES ABOUT SO HIGH FOR PETS

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

LAST WEEK THE PHONEY NICKEL FELL INTO THE HANDS OF GOOKY WHO HAS RETAINED IT EVER SINCE.

CHILDREN, PROF. BUNKUS WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH ANIMAL IMITATIONS IN THE AUDITORIUM AFTER SCHOOL AT FIVE CENTS A HEAD. THOSE WHO HAVE NICKELS WILL PLEASE PASS BY THIS WAY.

SHE MUSTA NOTICED IT WAS PHONEY.

Puny Puns

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE THANKFUL THEY'RE NOT GREAT DANES.

IT RAINED CATS & DOGS.



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

FRIENDS OF THE GREAT UNSEEN AUDIENCE—THE WIMSI, LAUNCHED LAST WEEK AND LADEN WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE WILDS OF AFRICA, HAS WEIGHED ANCHOR AND IS ON HER WAY WITH YOUR ANNOUNCER, CAPT. SKEEZIX, FIRST MATE SPUD, AND CREW WHIMPY, DOWN THE CREEK, INTO THE RIVER—AND WHO KNOWS WHERE?



GOLLY, IT SEEMS GOOD TO BE ON OUR WAY!

I THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD NEVER COME, WHIMPY

AN' IT'S ALL DOWN HILL TO THE OCEAN!



GEE, SKEEZIX, I FORGOT THESE RAPIDS.

THEY OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SIGNS UP, SPUD

AN'. WE OUGHT TO HAVE THOUGHT TO PUT SOME BRAKES ON WIMSI.



IT TAKES A LOT OF WATER TO PUT US THROUGH THESE LOCKS.

WHAT OF IT? THEY'VE GOT PLENTY.

AN' THERE'S PLENTY MORE BETWEEN HERE AN' AFRICA.



THERE'S THE BIG RIVER!

A THOUSAND MILES LONG AN' NO TRAFFIC COPS.

AN' PLENTY OF PARKIN' SPACE.



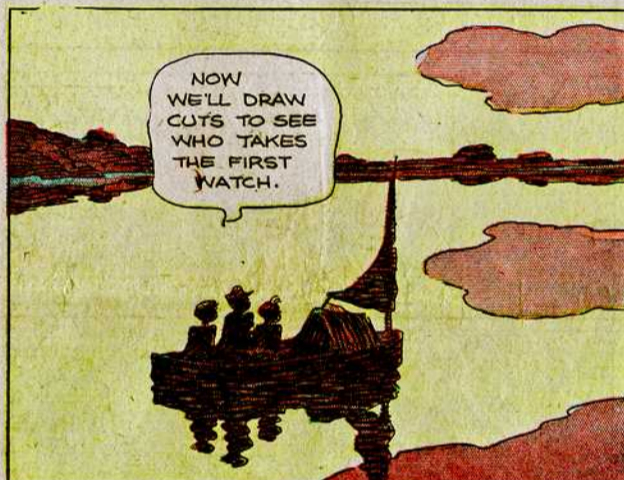
WOW, A STEM WINDER!

NO IT ISN'T, IT'S A STERN WHEELER. IF SHE WAS GOIN' OUR WAY WE'D GET A TOW.



GO EASY, WHIMPY!

THESE BIG BOATS WEAR BAD RUTS IN THE RIVER.



NOW WE'LL DRAW CUTS TO SEE WHO TAKES THE FIRST WATCH.



WE'RE DRIFTIN' PAST A TOWN.

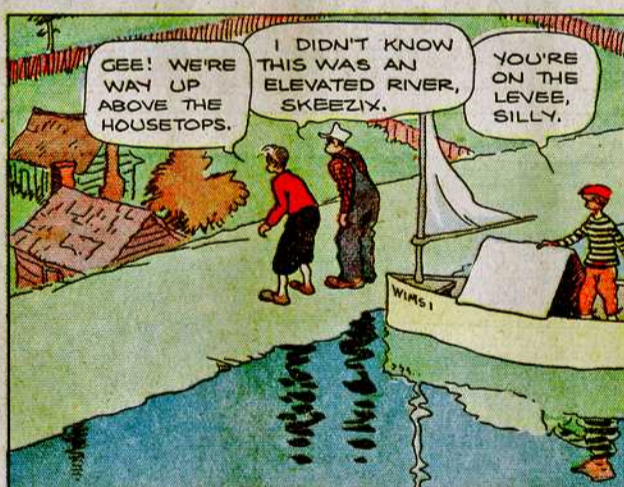
THEY'VE GOT A SEARCHLIGHT ON US.

GO TO SLEEP, YOU KIDS THAT SPOTLIGHT IS FOR ME.



WEREN'T WE IN LUCK TO HIT THIS ISLAND JUST AT BREAKFAST TIME!

I'LL BET TOM SAWYER AN' HUCK FINN STOPPED HERE.



GEE! WE'RE WAY UP ABOVE THE HOUSETOPS.

I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS AN ELEVATED RIVER, SKEEZIX.

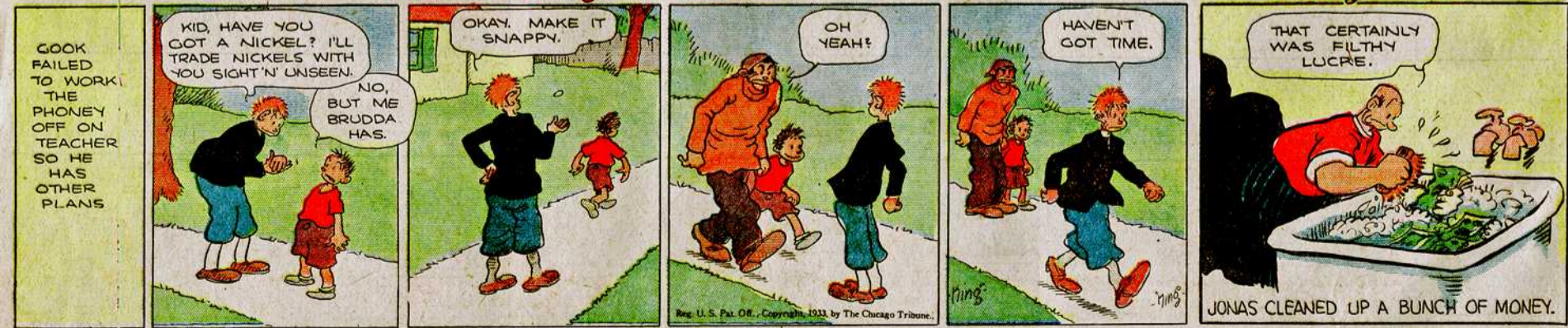
YOU'RE ON THE LEVEE, SILLY.



LOOK FELLAS, A HITCH-HIKER.

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That Phoney Nickel



GOOK FAILED TO WORK THE PHONEY OFF ON TEACHER SO HE HAS OTHER PLANS

KID, HAVE YOU GOT A NICKEL? I'LL TRADE NICKELS WITH YOU SIGHT'N' UNSEEN.

NO, BUT ME BRUDDA HAS.

OKAY. MAKE IT SNAPPY.

OH YEAH!

HAVEN'T GOT TIME.

THAT CERTAINLY WAS FILTHY LUCRE.

JONAS CLEANED UP A BUNCH OF MONEY.

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Puny Puns



GASOLINE ALLEY

By KING

OH YES, LAST WEEK WE WERE FLOATING DOWN THE BIG RIVER, WHIMPY, SPUD AND I, SKEEZIX, IN OUR GOOD SHIP WIMSI, BOUND FOR AFRICA. WE WILL BRING BACK IVORY, GOLD, COCOANUTS AND PYGMIES. BUT TODAY WE LEARN ABOUT GOING DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

WELL, BOYS HERE'S WHERE WE LEAVE FRESH WATER FOR SALT.

AN' HERE'S WHERE THE RIVER GETS LOST IN THE OCEAN.

I'M GOIN' TO TASTE IT. I NEVER DID BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY SALTY.

LOOK AT ALL THE SEA GULLS

SURE, THEY FOLLOW THE SHRIMP FISHERMEN AN' GET THEIR SHARE.

WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW THE WAY TO AFRICA, SKEEZIX?

SURE, I'VE GOT A COMPASS. BESIDES I CAN TELL DIRECTIONS BY THE SUN AN' THE NORTH STAR.

LOOK! BOATS WAY OUT HERE.

I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE AFTER—SPONGES!

THEY STAY OUT FOR MONTHS AT A TIME.

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT'S TOO LONG TO STAY OUT ON THIS OCEAN.

WE'RE ON OUR COURSE—THE BIG LINERS HAVE A REGULAR PATH.

TELL EM HELLO FOR ME.

GOLLY THIS IS A BIG OCEAN!

SHUCKS, YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE PACIFIC.

WHAT I CAN'T GET OVER IS THAT IT ALL LOOKS ALIKE HOW DO YOU KNOW WE'RE HEADED FOR AFRICA, SKEEZIX?

ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHIMPY, IS TO KEEP ON GOIN' EAST AN' A LITTLE SOUTH AN' YOU CAN'T MISS IT.

IT'S GETTING CLOUDY AN' WINDY. SPUD, SHORTEN SAIL.

AYE AYE, SIR.

AN' YOU, WHIMPY, STOW OUR MATCHES AN' FLOUR WHERE THEY WON'T GET WET

I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING WE'D FORGET—AN UMBRELLA.

GOLLY, HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN?

WHERE DO YOU MEAN—ON TOP OF THE WAVES, OR BETWEEN 'EM?

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

I GOT THAT PHONEY BACK.

HERE Y'ARE, BUB. I'LL GUESS YOUR WEIGHT OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

GOSH, MISSED IT BY TWO POUNDS.

"BAD PENNY ALWAYS COMES BACK". SO DOES A BAD NICKEL..

Puny Puns

I'M THE NEW COOK. WHERE'S THE KITCHEN.

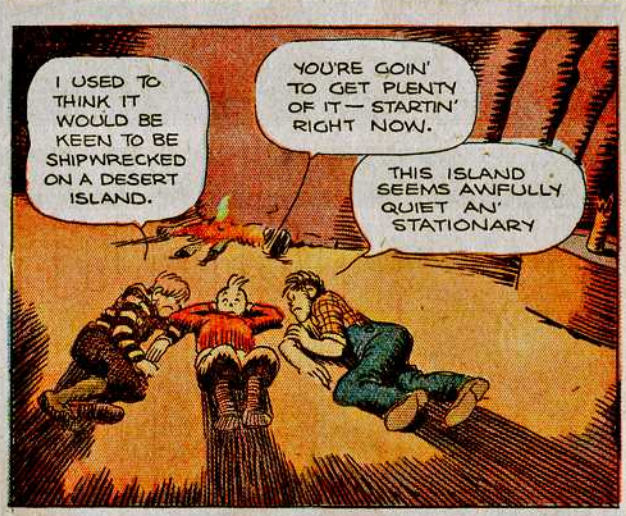
I'M NAPOLEON. ASK KING TUT

C'WAN I'M AN ELK.

THEY WERE ALL CRAZY ABOUT HER.

GASOLINE ALLEY

SKEEZIX ANNOUNCING. WE PUT TO SEA LAST WEEK IN THE GOOD SHIP WIMSI, BOUND FOR AFRICA. WE RAN INTO BAD WEATHER, WERE BLOWN OFF OUR COURSE AND OUR DRINKING WATER GAVE OUT. MEET MY SHIPMATES AGAIN—SPUD AND WHIMPY.



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



Puny Puns



GASOLINE ALLEY

BY KING



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

BY KING

OUR LAST BULLETIN, FRIENDS, WAS JUST AS WE SAW TWO SHINING EYES PEERING INTO OUR CAVE. THE FIRE HAS DIED DOWN AND THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL BETWEEN A HUNGRY WILD BEAST AND US THREE SHIPWRECKED EXPLORERS—SPUD, WHIMPY AND YOUR ANNOUNCER, SKEEZIX.



LET HIM HAVE IT, SPUD!
GIVE HIM THE WORKS.

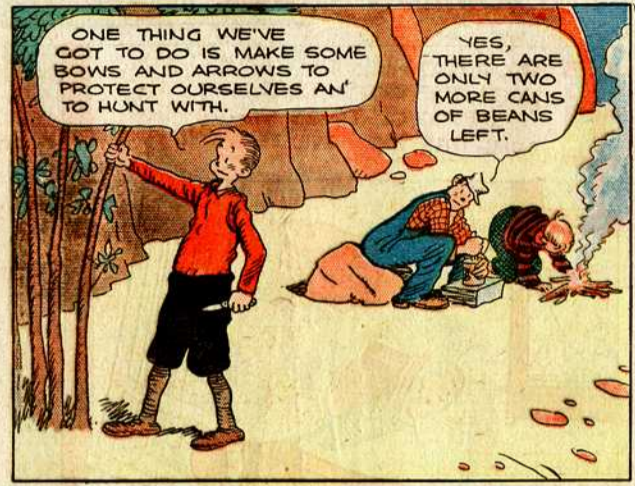


WE SQUELCHED HIM ALL RIGHT. I WONDER IF IT WAS A LION.
GEE, DO WE HAVE LIONS HERE?
WHATEVER IT WAS WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A BIGGER FIRE TO KEEP 'EM OUT.

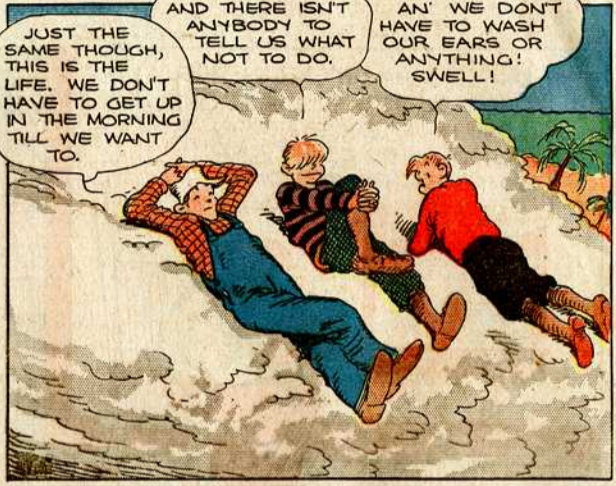


IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DEER. OR A SEA COW—WHAT KIND OF TRACKS DO THEY MAKE?
OR A WATER BUFFALO. NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE SARDINES AND THAT CAN OF TOMATOES WE THREW AT HIM.

LOOK, HE DIDN'T HAVE CLAWS AT ALL! HE HAD HOOFS!



ONE THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS MAKE SOME BOWS AND ARROWS TO PROTECT OURSELVES AN' TO HUNT WITH.
YES, THERE ARE ONLY TWO MORE CANS OF BEANS LEFT.



AND THERE ISN'T ANYBODY TO TELL US WHAT NOT TO DO.
AN' WE DON'T HAVE TO WASH OUR EARS OR ANYTHING! SWELL!
JUST THE SAME THOUGH, THIS IS THE LIFE. WE DON'T HAVE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING TILL WE WANT TO.



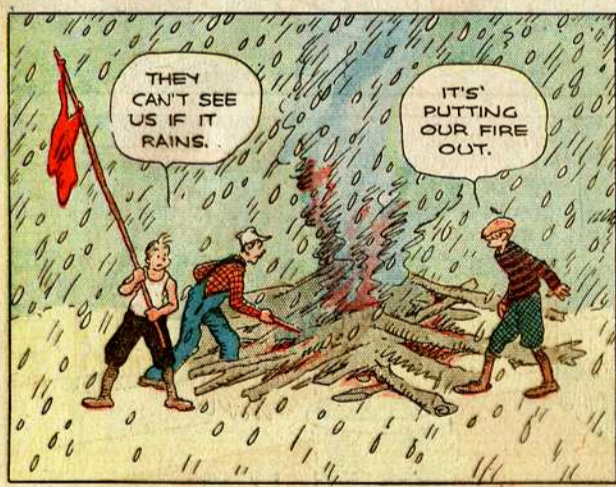
LOOK, A STEAMER!
WE MUST SIGNAL THEM!



GET ALL THE WOOD YOU CAN. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A WOW OF A FIRE!
THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR MONTHS!



YOO HOO!



THEY CAN'T SEE US IF IT RAINS.
IT'S PUTTING OUR FIRE OUT.

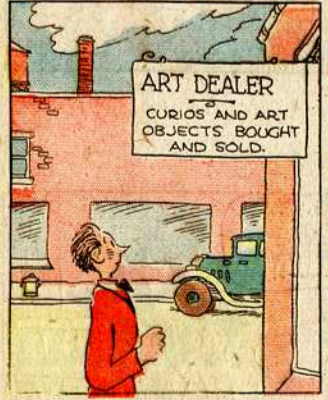


THEY'VE GONE!
GEE, I'M HOMESICK!

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns



ART DEALER
CURIOS AND ART OBJECTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.



SIR, I HAVE A RARE MEDALLION WITH A FINELY MODELED INDIAN PROFILE ON THE OBERSE SIDE AND AN ARTISTIC BUFFALO IN LOW RELIEF ON THE REVERSE. WHAT COULD YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

I WOULD HAVE TO SEE IT.

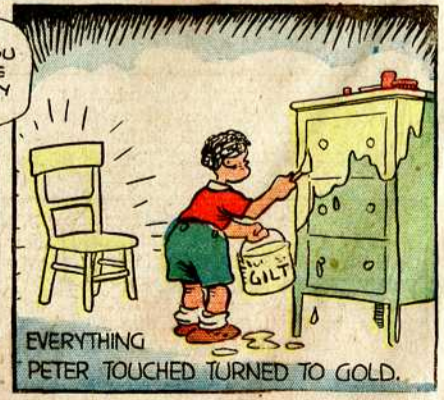


THIS, I REGRET TO SAY, IS A SPURIOUS IMITATION OF THE ORIGINAL, CAST IN A BASE METAL AND INTENDED TO DECEIVE COLLECTORS OF SUCH NUMISMATIC TROPHIES.



IT HAS NO VALUE TO ME, BEING A RATHER INEXPERT COPY WHICH WOULD BE RECOGNIZED AS SUCH BY ANY INFORMED AMATEUR.

I GET YOU—YOU MEAN IT'S A PHONEY NICKEL.

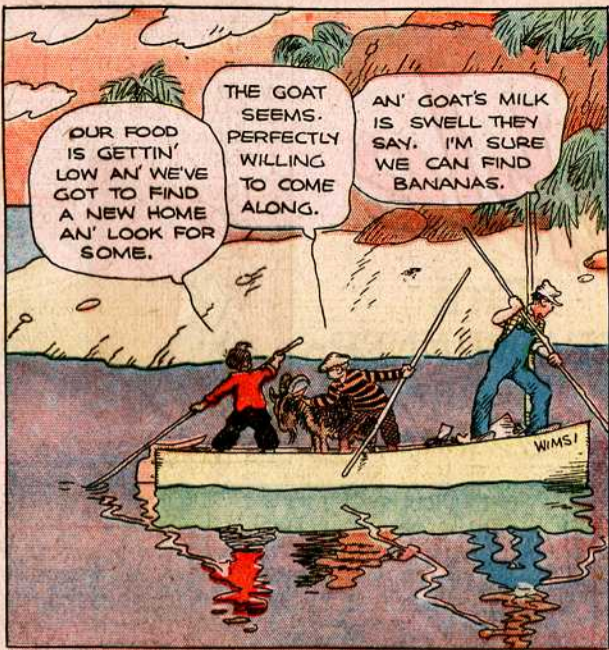
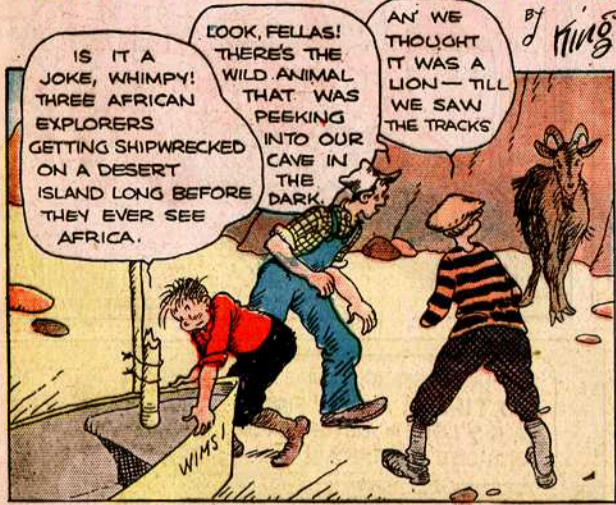


EVERYTHING PETER TOUCHED TURNED TO GOLD.

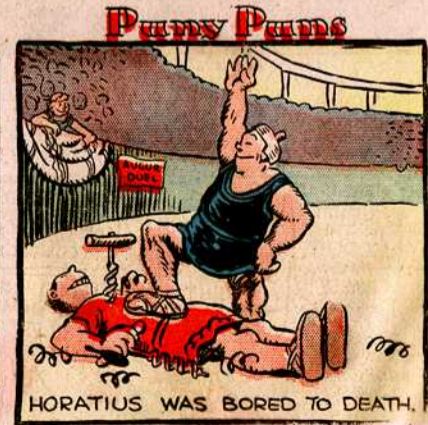
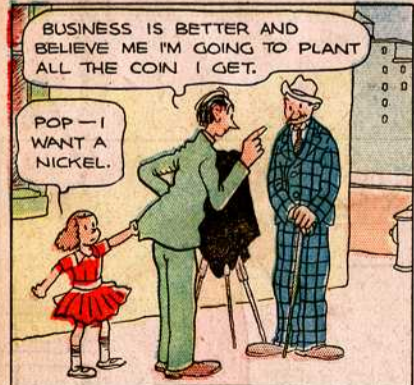
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GASOLINE ALLEY



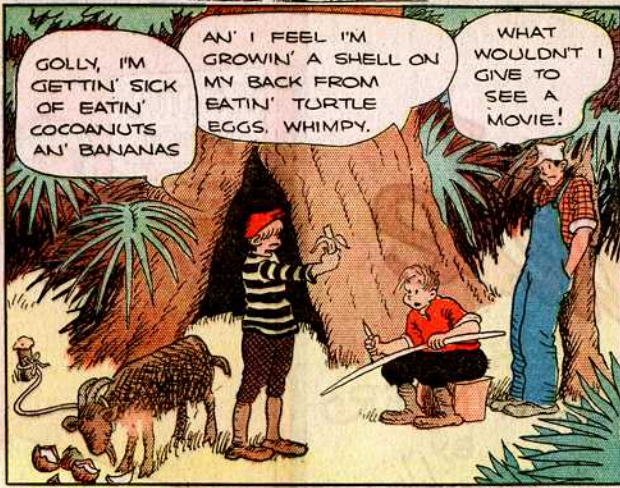
THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

by King

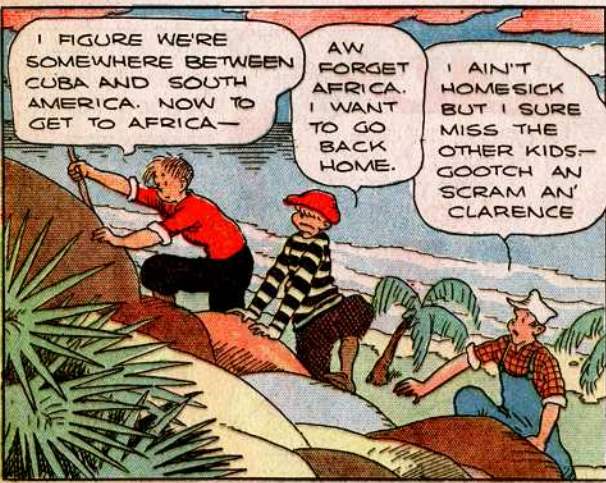
THE CREW OF THE GOOD SHIP WIMS! ARE SHIPWRECKED ON AN ISLAND, WHILE AFRICAN NATIVES AND WILD BEASTS DOUBTLESS AWAITING THEIR ARRIVAL. AND SKEEZIX WHIMPY AND SPUD LIKEWISE GROW IMPATIENT.



GOLLY, I'M GETTIN' SICK OF EATIN' COCOANUTS AN' BANANAS
AN' I FEEL I'M GROWIN' A SHELL ON MY BACK FROM EATIN' TURTLE EGGS, WHIMPY.
WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO SEE A MOVIE!



IT'S ALL RIGHT TO GO EXPLORIN' BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO GETTIN' SHIPWRECKED ON A LITTLE ISLAND LIKE THIS?
SURE. IF WE'D GOT SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAS' OF AFRICA WHERE WE STARTED FOR WE'D HAD SOME PLACE TO GO.
I AIN'T HOMESICK BUT GOLLY I'D LIKE TO SLEEP IN A BED TONIGHT!



I FIGURE WE'RE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN CUBA AND SOUTH AMERICA. NOW TO GET TO AFRICA—
AW FORGET AFRICA. I WANT TO GO BACK HOME.
I AIN'T HOMESICK BUT I SURE MISS THE OTHER KIDS—GOOTCH AN' SCRAM AN' CLARENCE



GEE, SPUD! SOMEBODY'S BEEN HERE.
LOOK! BOTTLES AN' A KEG AN' TIN CANS!
I'M PROUD OF YOU, SKEEZIX! YOU'RE A KEEN DETECTIVE.



THESE COALS ARE STILL SMOKING.
THEY CAN'T BE WILD NATIVES OR SAVAGES OR ANYTHING.
SEE HERE! THEY SMOKED CIGARETTES!



WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT! A SHIP IN THE COVE!
AN' THERE'S A SMALL BOAT PUSHIN' OFF SHORE.



WAIT!
HEY! HI!



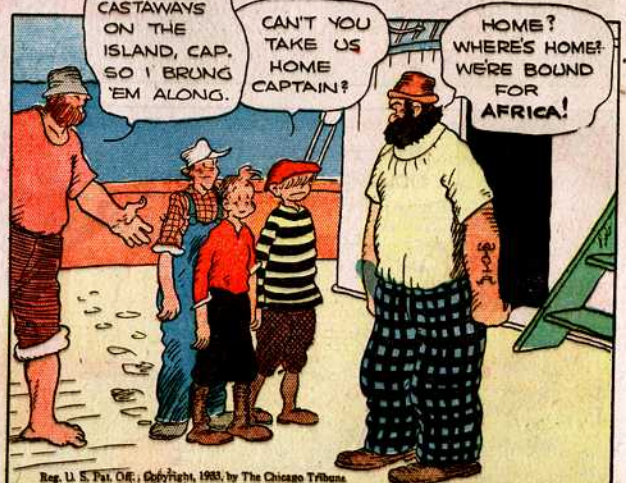
WHERE IN HECK DID YOU KIDS COME FROM?
WE GOT SHIPWRECKED HERE.
GEE, MISTER, TAKE US ALONG AN' LET US GET HOME WILL YOU?



HOP IN. YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO THE SKIPPER.
THAT WILL BE SWELL BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TIE OUR BOAT ON BEHIND THE SHIP.
AN' WE'VE GOT A GOAT.



IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU KIDS WE PUT IN HERE FOR WATER. YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN MAROONED HERE FOR MONTHS.



THEY'RE CASTAWAYS ON THE ISLAND, CAP. SO I'VE BRUNG 'EM ALONG.
CAN'T YOU TAKE US HOME CAPTAIN?
HOME? WHERE'S HOME? WE'RE BOUND FOR AFRICA!

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Last time, you recall, a little young lady planted the nickel to see if it would grow.



GOOD WORK SPORT, IT'S A NICKEL.



Puny Puns

WHY NOT — THEY'RE FULL OF BOOK WORMS.

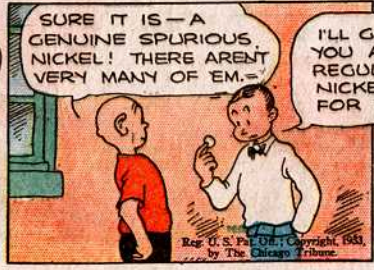
ROSCOE Poured OVER HIS BOOKS



I CAN'T ACCEPT IT. IT'S SPURIOUS.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN—PHONEY?



LOOK WHAT I GOT, SHINKY — A SPURIOUS NICKEL!
AW IT ISN'T.



SURE IT IS — A GENUINE SPURIOUS NICKEL! THERE AREN'T VERY MANY OF 'EM.
I'LL GIVE YOU A REGULAR NICKEL FOR IT.



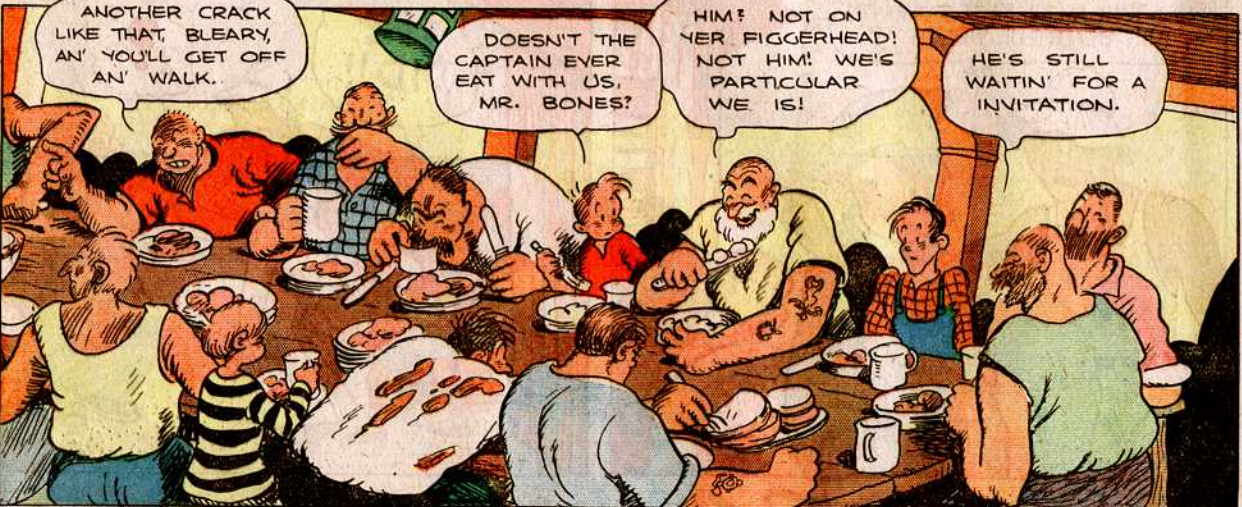
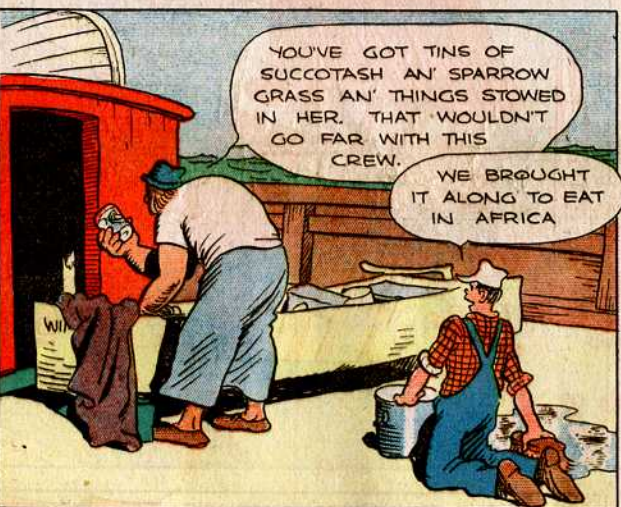
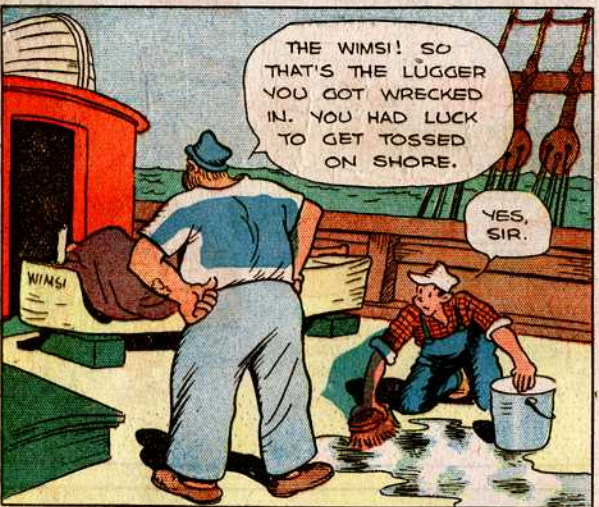
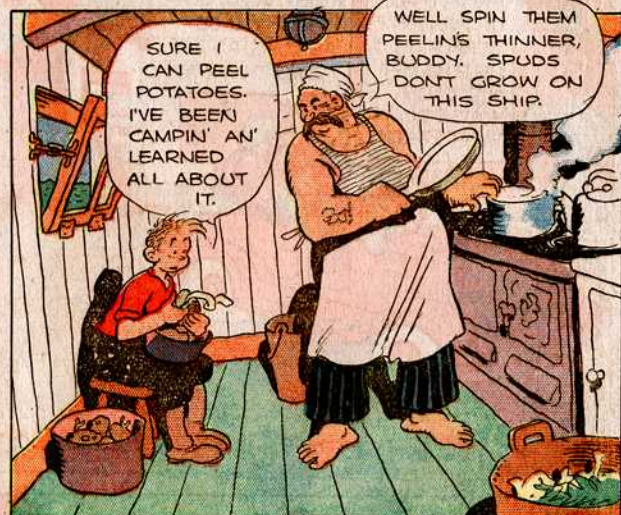
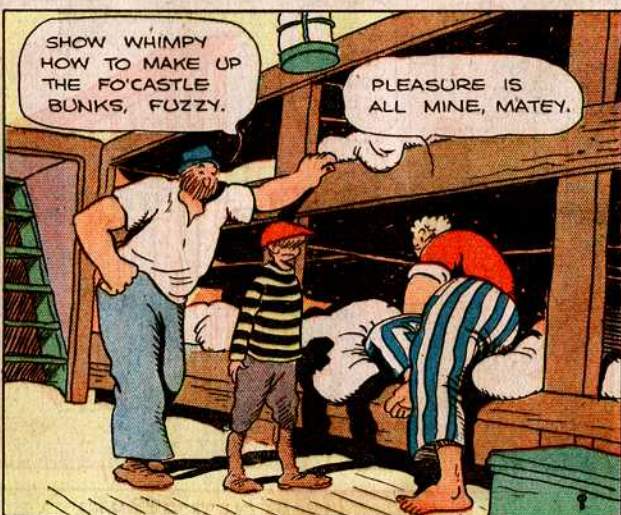
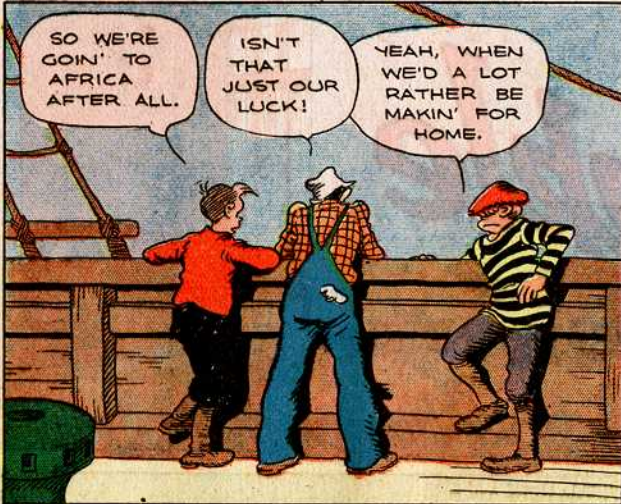
CME, ON, SPORT. I'LL SPLIT AN IC CREAM CONE WITH YOU.



GASOLINE ALLEY

by King

FRIENDS: SPUD, WHIMPY AND I AN' OUR GOOD SHIP WIMSI WERE TOSSED ASHORE ON AN ISLAND. WE WERE PICKED UP BY THE CREW OF THIS TWO MASTER AN' BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T TURN AROUND AND TAKE US WHERE WE WANTED TO GO WE'RE STILL BOUND FOR AFRICA.



THAT PHONEY NICKEL



GASOLINE ALLEY

SHIPWRECKED AND RESCUED, HERE WE ARE, WE THREE, SPUD, WHIMPY AND SKEEZIX, ABOARD THE WINDJAMMER PETUNIA, BOUND FOR AFRICA.

MR. BONES, ABOUT WHERE ARE WE NOW?

WELL I'D RECKON WE WAS AROUND 12° NORTH AN' 33° WEST. BUT TO TELL PRECISELY I'VE GOT TO HAVE THE HORIZON LINE.

WHOS GOT IT? WE'LL GET IT.

HOW DO YOU TELL WITH THAT?

WE MAKE A BIG LOOP AN' SPREAD IT AROUND ON THE OCEAN SO THE SHIP IS RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF IT I SAW PIE EYED PETE HANGIN' UP HIS WASH ON IT THIS MORNING.

PETE, ARE YOU THROUGH WITH THE HORIZON LINE? MR. BONES WANTS TO FIND THE SHIP'S POSITION.

SURE. I'M THROUGH WITH IT BUT I LENT IT TO BIG BEN. HE WANTED TO SWING IT FROM THE MAIN TOP GALLANT YARD ARM.

BEN, COULD WE TAKE THE HORIZON LINE? PETE SAID YOU HAD IT SLUNG FROM THE TOP SOMEWHERE.

SO I DID. I SWUNG DOWN LOOKIN' FOR A WOODPECKER THAT'S GOT A NEST IN THE MAIN TOP MAST. OILY OSCAR BORROWED IT FROM ME.

WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE HORIZON LINE, OSCAR. HAVE YOU GOT IT.

NO, FUZZY, UP IN THE CROW'S NEST CRIMPED IT TO PULL UP HIS LUNCH WITH. TALK TO HIM.

AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD LIKE THE COOK JUST GOT IT. HE WANTED TO DIP SOME SEA WATER FROM OVER THE SIDE TO FLAVOR THE STEW WITH.

THANKS I'LL SEE HIM.

SURE I HAD IT AN' TIED UP MY SEA CHEST WITH IT. BUT THE SKIPPER WANTED IT TO THROW A LINE AROUND THE SHIP TO SEE HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE TO SAIL ACROSS.

IS IT OUT THERE NOW?

THERE IT IS — THE HORIZON LINE — THE BIGGEST CIRCLE MAN EVER LOOKED ON — EXCEPT THE SUN AND THE MOON AND IT'S THE ONLY THING THEY'VE EVER FOUND TO SEPARATE THE SEA FROM THE SKY.

I THOUGHT THEY MEANT SOMETHING TO TIE THINGS UP WITH.

THE SAILORS WERE KIDDING US.

WATCH OUT FOR THE SPANKER BOOM.

YOU CAN'T FOOL US AGAIN, MR. BONES.

THERE ISN'T ANY SUCH THING.

I GUESS THERE WAS ONE ALL RIGHT!

IT FELT MORE LIKE THE SHIP'S LOG TO ME!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL.

Puny Puns

PHONEY!

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GOT HER UP TO 70 BUT SHE DROPPED BACK TO NOTHING.

HUBERT PULLED A FAST ONE

GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

MATE, WHAT CARGO ARE YOU BRINGIN' BACK FROM AFRICA?

YOU'VE SEEN THEM CASKS DOWN IN THE HOLD. WELL THERE IS FULL OF MOLASSES FOR THE NATIVES. WE EMPTY 'EM AN' CLEAN 'EM OUT AN' FILL 'EM WITH DIAMONDS FOR THE HOME TRIP.

WELL THERE'S AFRICA AN' THAT'S AS FAR AS WE AGREED TO HAUL YOU.

THE WIMSI IS ALL SHIP SHAPE—READY TO GO.

YOU CAN DROP US OVERBOARD ANYTIME, MATE.

DON'T GET ROLLED ON BY ELEPHANTS.

COME AN' SEE US SOMETIME, MATE.

THERE GOES THE PETUNIA.

IT WAS A GOOD HITCH-HIKE SHE GAVE US.

IT'S GOIN TO BE LONESOME WITHOUT THE MATE AN' MR. BONES.

SO THIS IS AFRICA!

I THOUGHT IT WAS BIGGER THAN THAT.

WE'D BETTER PICK OUT A CAMPIN' SPOT.

WE OUGHT TO FIND ONE UP THIS RIVER.

SOMEHOW THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE AFRICA TO ME

YOU DON'T THINK THEY'D FOOL US DO YOU?

GOLLY, WHIMPY, LOOK OUT!

GEE, THEY LOOK HUNGRY!

THERE'S A MILLION OF 'EM.

WE WANT TO GET THE WIMSI OUT OF THAT RIVER.

YES, MAYBE THEY EAT BOATS.

I HOPE THEY DON'T LIKE WHITE MEAT.

WE GOT OUT JUST IN TIME.

I WANT TO SLEEP AS FAR AWAY FROM THAT RIVER AS WE CAN GET.

AN' UP IN A TREE.

JIGGERS! THERE'S SOME KIND OF AN ANIMAL IN THE WOODS.

IT'S BROWN—I SAW IT.

GEE! LOOK! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE FRIENDLY TRIBE THE SAILORS TALKED ABOUT.

HE'S BETTER THAN CROCODILES!

TELL 'EM WE WANT TO SEE THE CHIEF.

YOU TELL 'EM!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns

PHONEY!

HYACINTH HAD A LOAD ON HER MIND

GASOLINE ALLEY

by King

KINDLY TELL THE WORLD THAT SPUD, WHIMPY AN' SKEEZIX ARE IN AFRICA AGAIN TODAY, CAPTURED BY A TRIBE OF NATIVES. IF ALL GOES WELL YOU WILL HEAR FROM US LATER. I THANK YOU.

I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKIN' US.
THEY PROBABLY WANT US TO MEET THE CHIEF.

IT'S JAIL FOR US!
AN' BAIL 3000 MILES AWAY.

YEAH? DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, WHO SUGGESTED THIS TRIP?
THIS IS A SWELL PICKLE WE'RE IN!
ALL I'M WONDERIN' IS - ARE THEY CANNIBALS?

LOOK THEY'RE STAKIN' US TO DINNER!
I BETCHA THEY WANT TO FATTEN US UP.

SOMEBODY PUT IN A CALL FOR US.
YES, HERE WE GO UP ON THE CARPET.

THE CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER THE IDEA TO HIM WE WANT TO SHOOT ELEPHANTS.
COME ON. WE'LL ACT IT OUT FOR HIM.

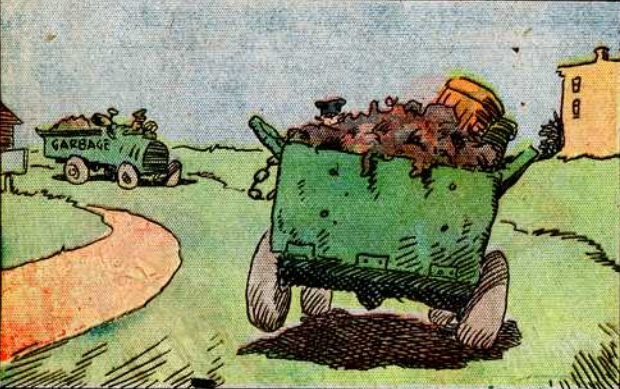
BANG BANG BANG!

THIS WILL SHOW HIM WE WANT BOYS TO CARRY SUPPLIES FOR US THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
I HOPE HE GETS THE HUNCH.
HE WILL IF HE'S SEEN THE PICTURES IN AFRICAN HUNTING BOOKS.

SEE THEY'RE GETTIN' THE OUTFIT AN' SUPPLIES READY!
BY GOLLY YOUR SIGN LANGUAGE GOT OVER TO HIM ALL RIGHT.
YOU'RE GOOD, SKEEZIX.

THAT WAS A KEEN HUNCH OF YOURS, SKEEZIX!
YEAH! LOOK WHAT THEY'VE GOT US DOIN' NOW.
WELL THEY ALMOST GOT THE IDEA ANYWAY!

That Phoney Nickel



WHAT LUCK TODAY, JOE?
NOTHIN' BUT AN OL' CIGARETTE CASE, ONE EARRING AN' A PHONEY NICKEL.

Puny Puns

THIS IS THE LAST! I ATE PICKWICK FOR BREAKFAST.
JOE COOKED UP A FINE STORY

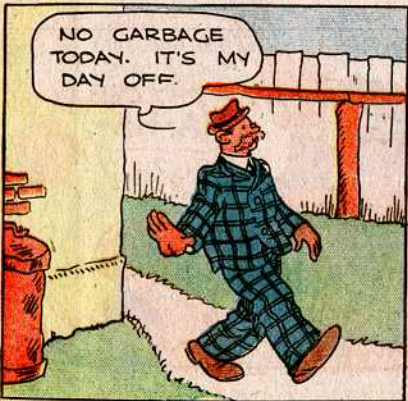
GASOLINE ALLEY

By King



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THAT PHONEY NICKEL



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Puny Puns



GASOLINE ALLEY

of King

SKEEZIX REGRETS THAT HE IS UNABLE TO BROADCAST DETAILS OF HIS AFRICAN EXPLORING TRIP AT THIS TIME. BUT HE AND SPUD AND WHIMPY HAVE BEEN INTERRUPTED BY A GORILLA WHO EMERGED FROM THE WOODS.



BEAT IT, FELLAS! HE'S AS BIG AS A HOUSE!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.

KEEP STILL AN' STEP ON IT.



I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER STEP, WHIMPY!

NEITHER CAN I. I GUESS HE GOT TIRED CHASING US.



GOLLY, WHERE'S SPUD?

GREAT GUNS, DID HE GET SEPARATED FROM US?



YOU DON'T THINK THE GORILLA GOT HIM, DO YOU?

SH! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE BUSHES. AN' YOU KNOW THIS IS THE LION COUNTRY.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! GIRAFFES!

IF IT WASN'T WED BE DOIN' THE RUNNIN'!



SKEEZIX, WE DIDN'T COME THIS WAY!

NO WE'VE MISSED OUR TRAIL BACK TO HIM SOMEWHERE.



JIGGERS, SKEEZIX! NATIVES.

THEY'RE YOUNG ONES THEY'RE NO BIGGER THAN WE ARE.



NO WONDER—THEY'RE THE PYGMIES WE CAME OVER TO SEE!

THEY SEEM TO BE FRIENDLY. THEY WANT US TO GO WITH THEM.



MAYBE IT'S A TRAP.

NO, THEY'RE LETTING US FOLLOW THEM. PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP US FIND SPUD.



CAN YOU BEAT IT? THEY'RE GROWN UPS—NOT KIDS.

YEAH LOOKS LIKE SCHOOL WAS OUT DOESN'T IT!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns



AN UNLUCKY NICKEL—AND PHONEY!



WAIT, SCHMITZ! A LUCKY NICKEL.

NO NO!



I GOT HIS NUMBER.

I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL YOU IT'S AN UNLUCKY NICKEL.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN UNLUCKY—I'LL SUE HIM FOR \$10,000.



IF THIS KEEPS UP I'LL HAVE TO MOVE.

ROSWELL WAS LOSING GROUND.



GASOLINE ALLEY

King

LISTEN, EVERYBODY, SPUD IS LOST. HE'S SOMEWHERE HERE IN AFRICA. IF ANYBODY SEES HIM WILL YOU TELL HIM SKEEZIX AND WHIMPY ARE WITH THE PYGMIES.

THERE WERE THREE OF US— UNDERSTAND? AND HE WAS ABOUT THIS TALL.

HE'S LOST AN' WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.

KIJANAMUTU.

HE'S GOT A CAP AN' OVERALLS ON.

SEE IF YOU CAN'T LOCATE HIM, SHORTY.

KALI KESHO.

SEE! THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF ENGLISH BUT THEY GOT THE IDEA. THEY'RE GOIN' OFF TO LOOK FOR HIM.

I HOPE TO GOODNESS THEY FIND HIM. I'M WORRIED.

KIJANAMUTU

GEE WHIZ, HE ISN'T THE ONE. HE'S A WHITE BOY.

HE WON'T DO— TURN HIM LOOSE.

TOO BAD OLD TOP! YOUR MISTAKE.

CMON, SKEEZIX, WE'VE GOT TO FIND SPUD.

SO LONG FOLKS. SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME.

KALI

HE'D NATURALLY GO BACK TO THE BOAT, WHIMPY. IF WE CAN ONLY FIND THE WAY THERE.

JIGGERS, LOOK, SKEEZIX.

GOODBYE, SKEEZIX. IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH FOR US!

HOLD STILL. DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE.

GOLLY! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. HE'S GOIN' AWAY.

YES AND DO YOU KNOW WHY HE TURNED AROUND AND LEFT? I LOOKED HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND LOOKED HIM DOWN.

WHO'S THAT LAUGHIN'!

IT'S A LAUGHING HYENA!

WHAT DOES HE THINK IS SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

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THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns

DELIVER THIS PACKAGE TO GRUNTZ AND I'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL.

THERE IT IS.

WHY DO YOU BRING THE PACKAGE BACK?

PHONEY.

THEY'RE WEARING 'EM THIS YEAR.

RUBY WAS SPOTTED BY HER HUSBAND



GASO-LINE ALLEY

by KING



I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK AFRICA ISN'T WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE, WHIMPY. IF I EAT ANOTHER BANANA I'LL SPLIT.

AN' SPUD IS STILL LOST. IF WE CAN JUST GET BACK TO OUR BOAT HE MAY AT LEAST HAVE LEFT US A MESSAGE.



LOOK OUT! HE'S PEEVED!



THAT'S THAT, WHIMPY. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT.

I GUESS SO. THERE GOES THE IVORY WE CAME OVER TO GET.



SCRAM! HE MAY BE COMIN' BACK, WHIMPY.

GOOD NIGHT! I'VE HAD PLENTY



HEY, YOU! GET OUT OF THE WAY AN' LET SOMEBODY RUN THAT CAN RUN.



HE WON'T CROSS THIS RIVER

NO. IF WE GET AWAY WITH THIS "ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE" WE'RE SAFE.

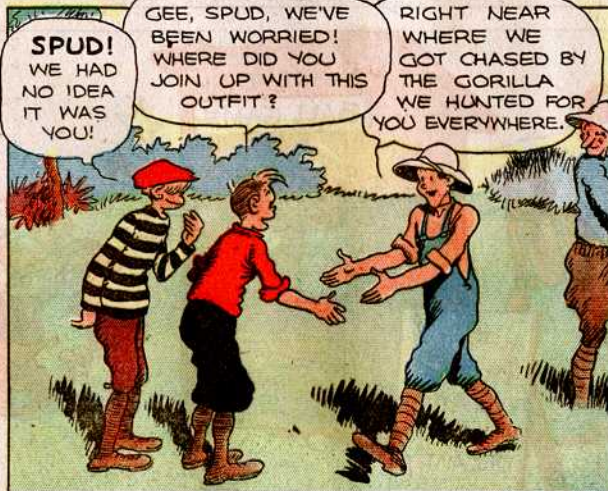


A SAFARI! HUNTERS GOIN AFTER WILD GAME I'LL BET.

MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US HOW TO GET BACK TO OUR BOAT.



HI!



SPUD! WE HAD NO IDEA IT WAS YOU!

GEE, SPUD, WE'VE BEEN WORRIED! WHERE DID YOU JOIN UP WITH THIS OUTFIT?

RIGHT NEAR WHERE WE GOT CHASED BY THE GORILLA WE HUNTED FOR YOU EVERYWHERE.



GOLLY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT LOST ANY MORE!

ME LOST? YOU TWO ARE THE ONES THAT WERE LOST!

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

Puny Puns



SO THE BAD NICKEL ALWAYS COMES BACK! NOT THIS TIME.

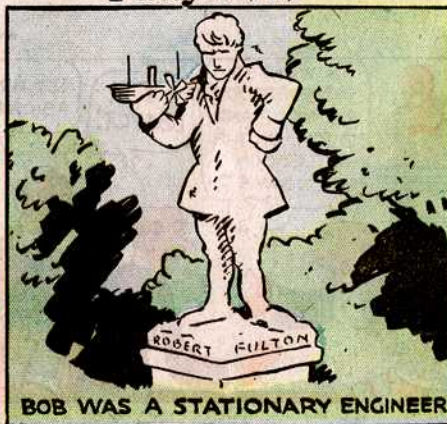


TRIM!

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.



THE SAME PHONEY.



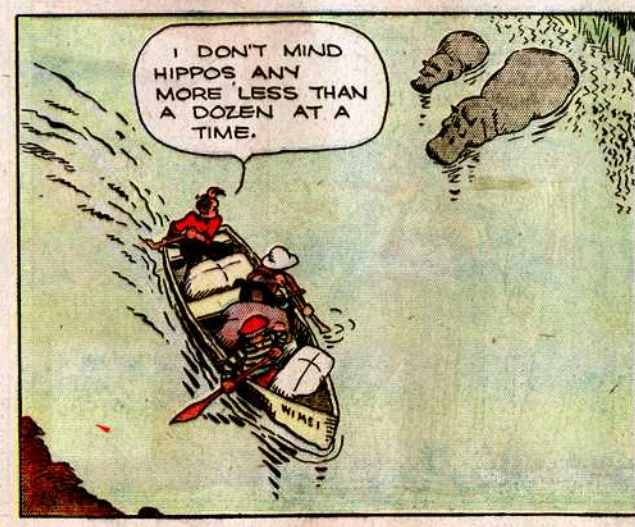
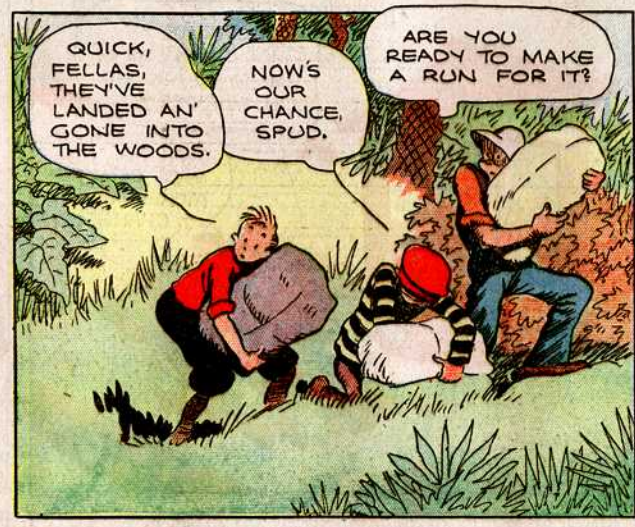
ROBERT FULTON

BOB WAS A STATIONARY ENGINEER



GASO-LINE ALLEY

By King



THAT PHONEY NICKEL

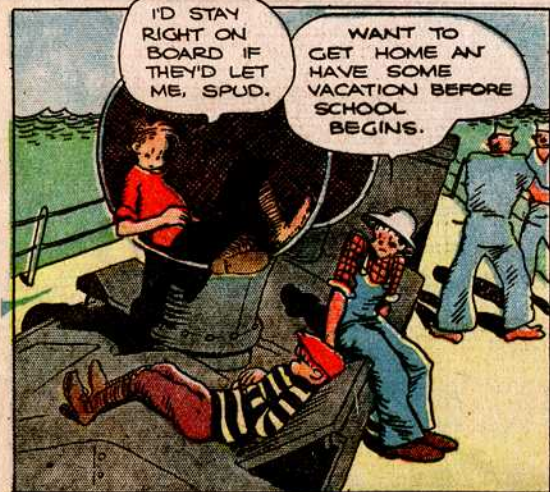
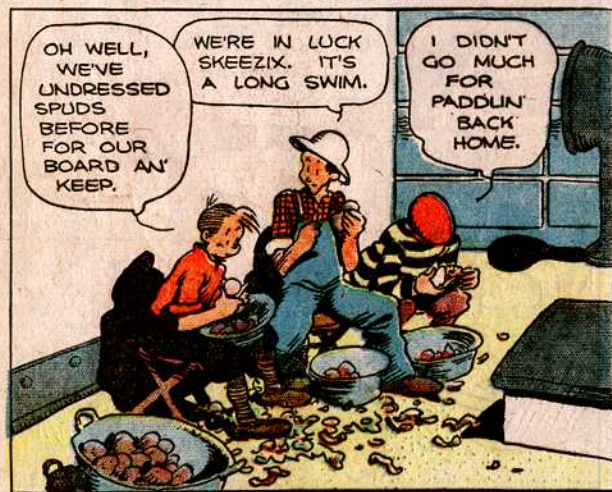
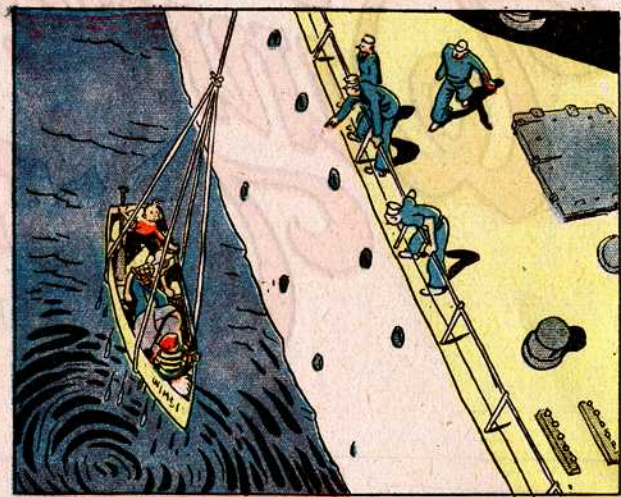
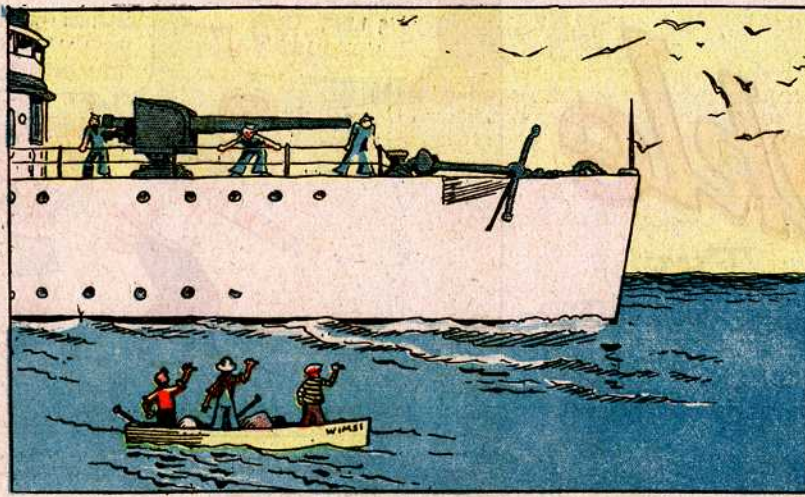


Pony Pans

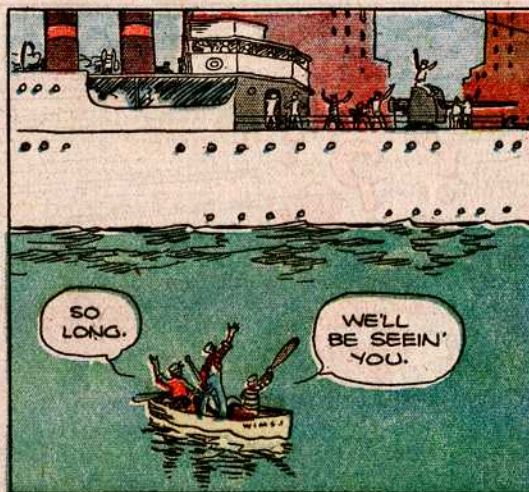


GASO LINE ALLEY

By King

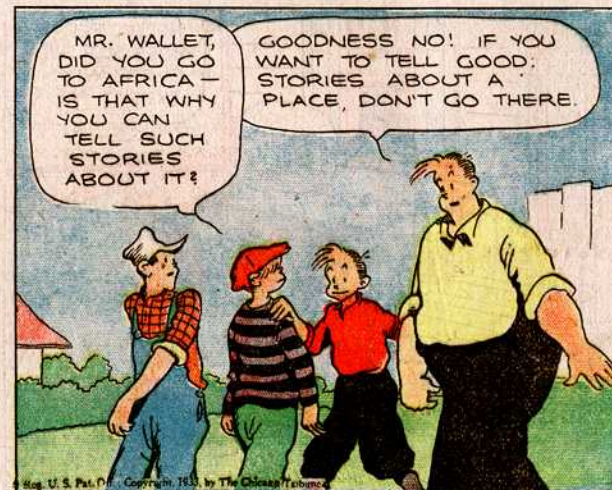
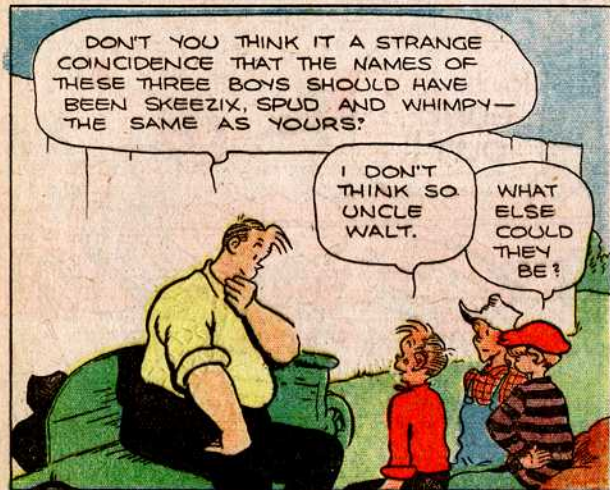
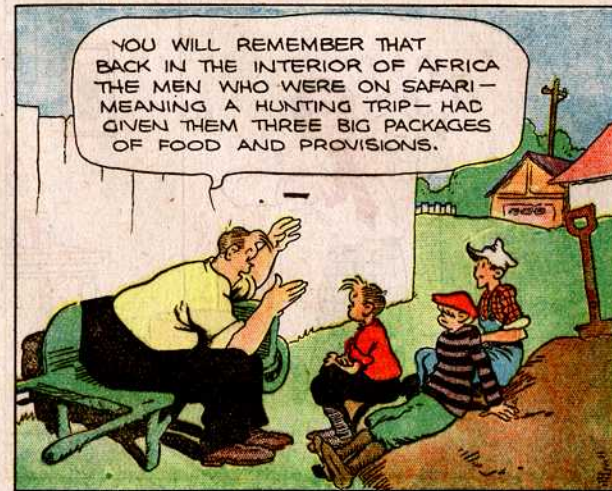
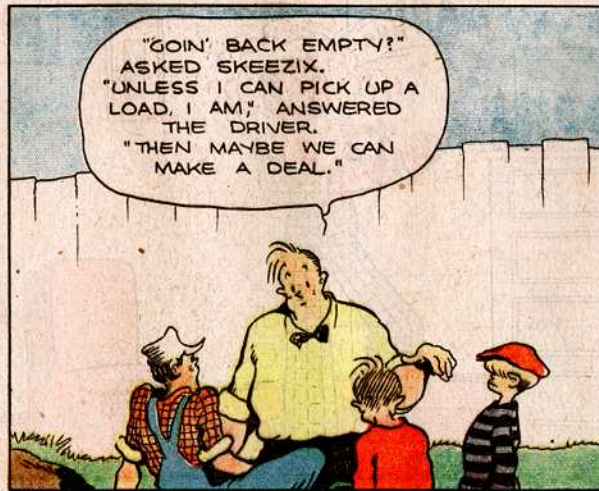
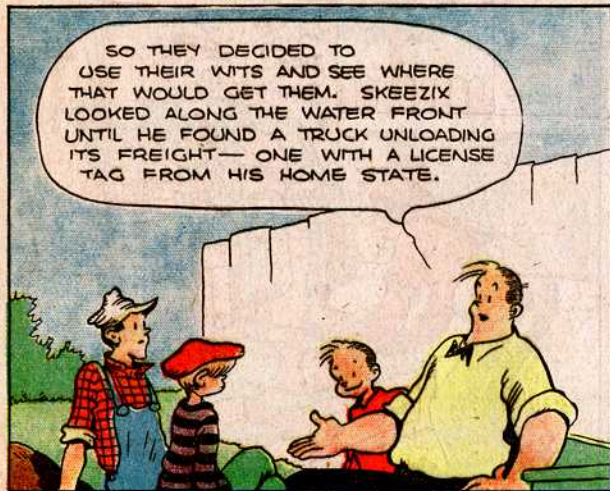
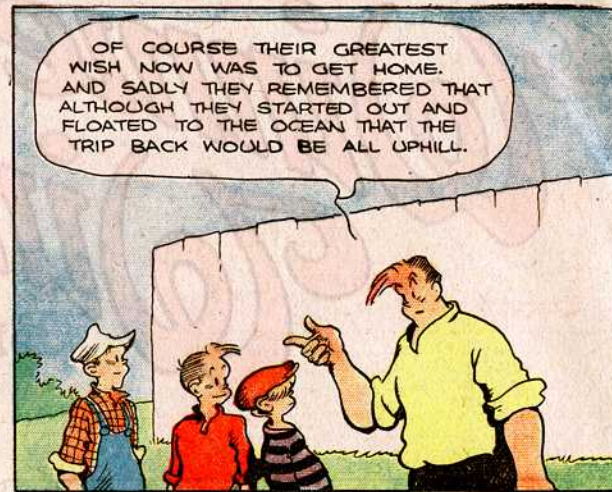
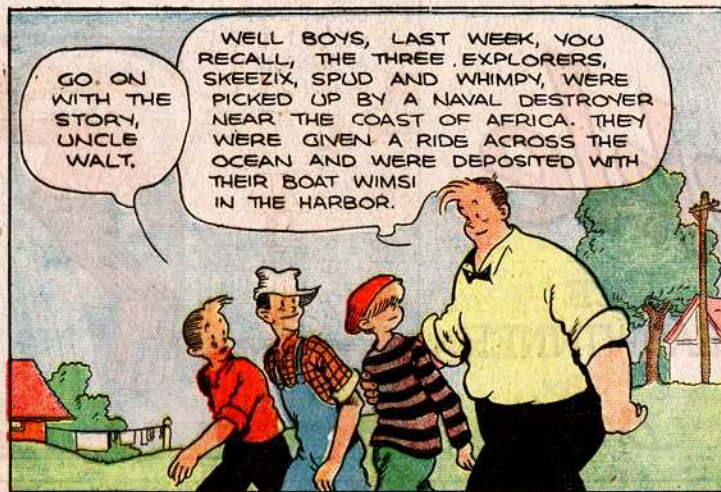


FOR DAYS AND DAYS THEY SAILED NORTH AND WEST. THEN ONE MORNING THEY WOKE UP AND FOUND THEMSELVES IN A FAMILIAR LOOKING HARBOR.



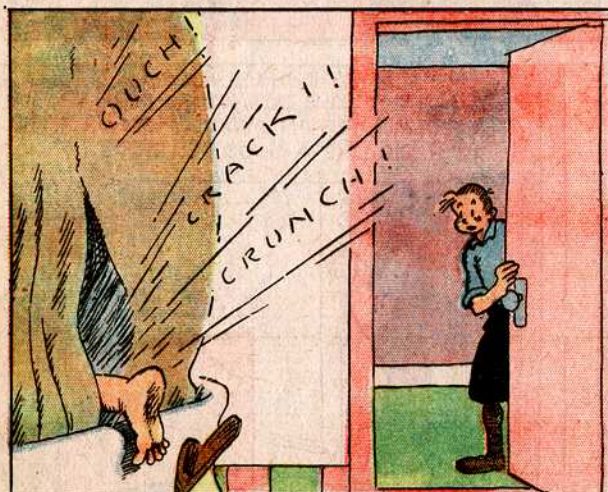
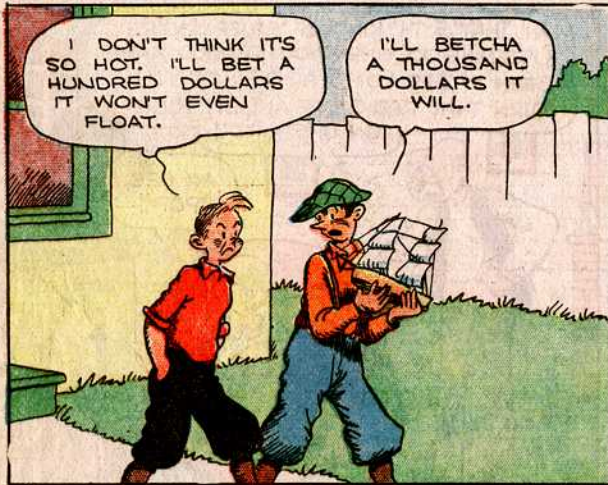
GASO-LINE ALLEY

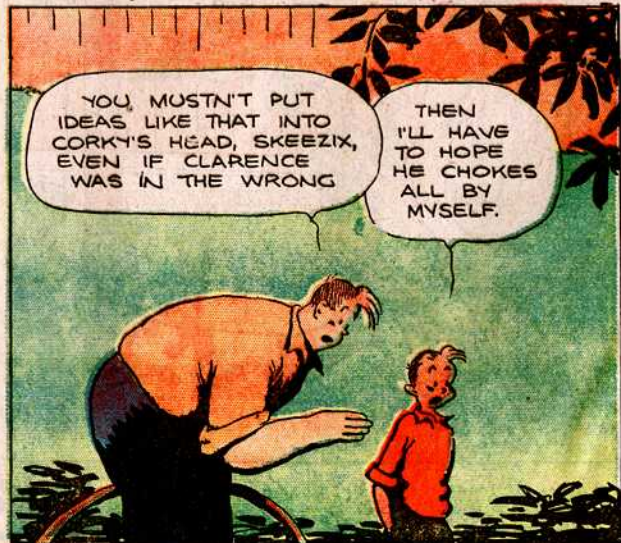
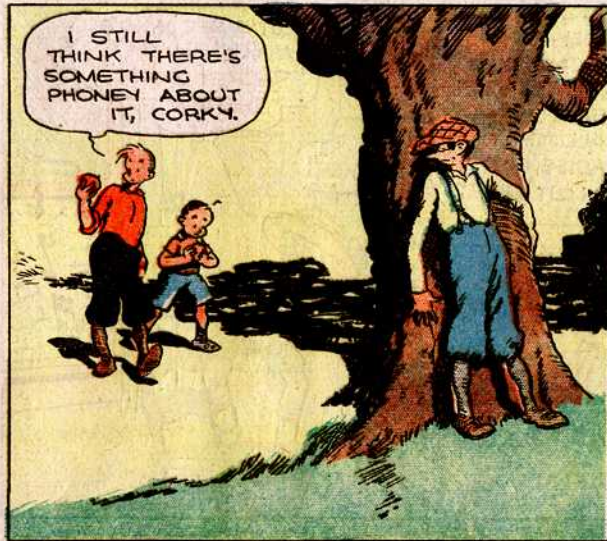
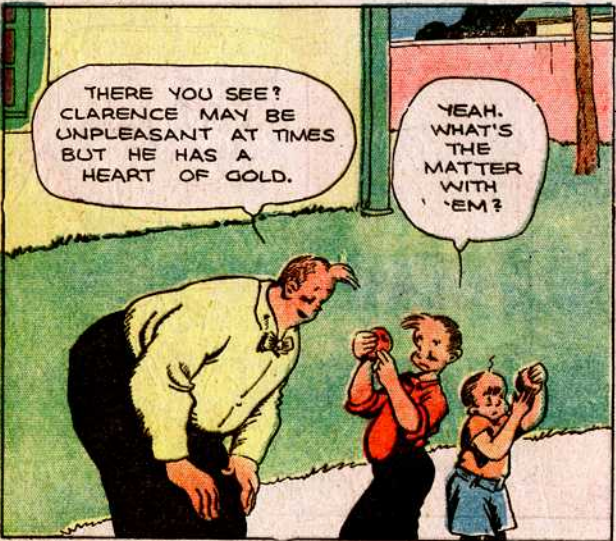
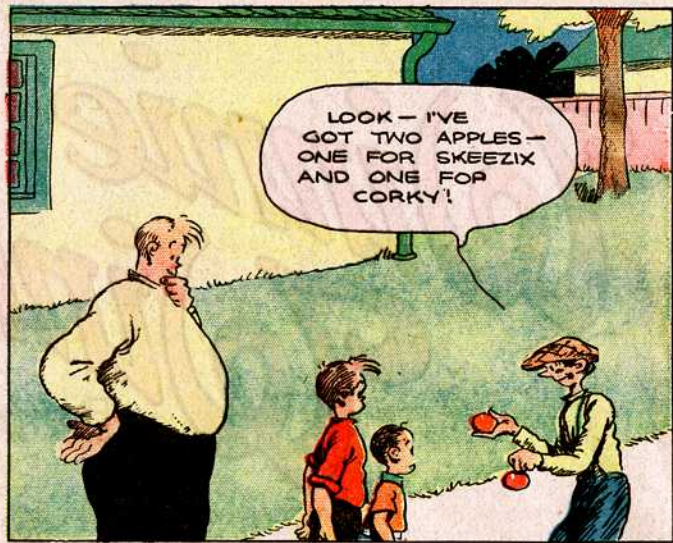
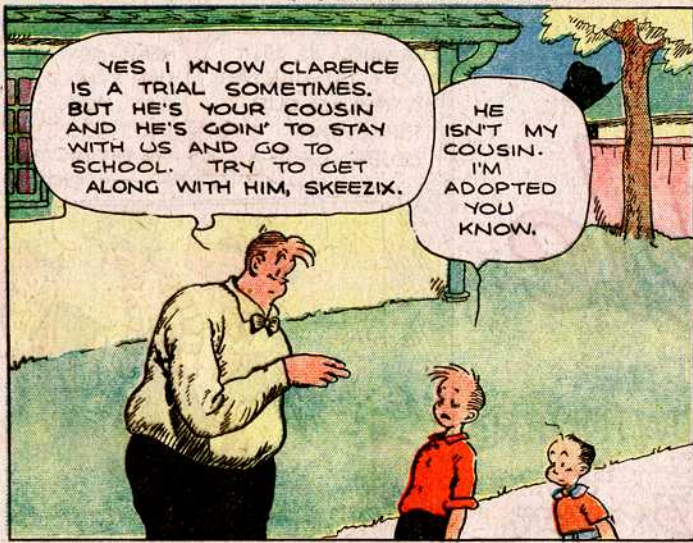
By King



GASO- LINE ALLEY

By King





GASOLINE ALLEY

YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER TO SAY YES MA'AM AND NO MA'AM. I'M SURE, SKEEZIX, YOU KNOW THE IMPORTANCE AND MEANING OF POLITENESS.

SURE, UNCLE WALT, POLITENESS MEANS THAT YOU SHOULD SAY NO MA'AM WHEN YOU MEAN YES MA'AM.

YES. SPUD, BUT IF WE ARE PIRATES WE'VE GOT TO HAVE CUTLASSES' AND DIRKS.

YES AN' BLUNDERBUSSES.

WHAT ABOUT BLUNDERBUSSES?

YES WHAT ABOUT BLUNDERBUSSES?

GIRLS DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THOSE THINGS, SUSIE?

I DO TOO.

ALL RIGHT WHAT'S A DIRK?

SUSIE IS ALWAYS HORNING IN. I'LL SCARE HER AWAY.

LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT, SUSIE!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF TOADS. LET ME HAVE HIM.

YOU'LL GET WARTS ALL OVER YOU.

AW, PIFFLE. I WON'T EITHER.

SURE, YOU'D BETTER PUT IT DOWN.

ALL RIGHT. I'LL PUT IT DOWN HERE.

RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

RIDE HIM, TOAD!

HOLD STILL, SPUD. I'LL GET HIM.

AW, DO IT SOME MORE SPUD.

IS THERE ANYTHING TO THAT ABOUT TOADS MAKIN' WARTS?

NOT A THING. THAT'S JUST A SUPERSTITION.

BY GOLLY, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT AT THAT. LOOK AT SPUD'S BACK.

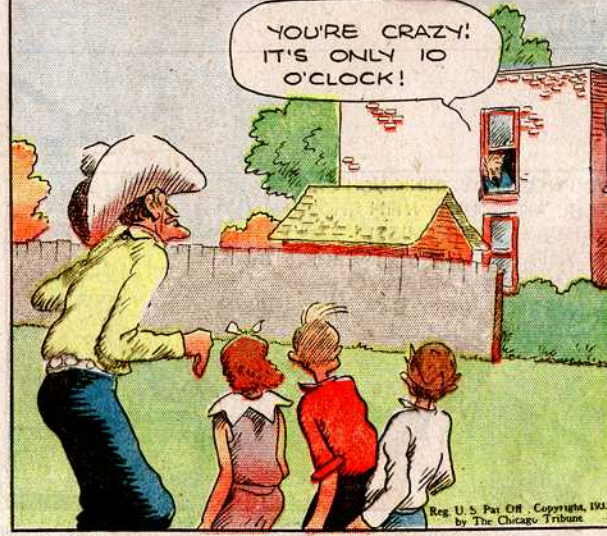
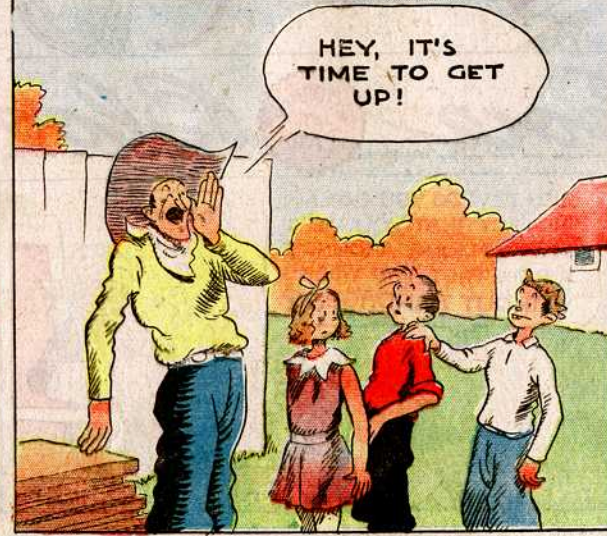
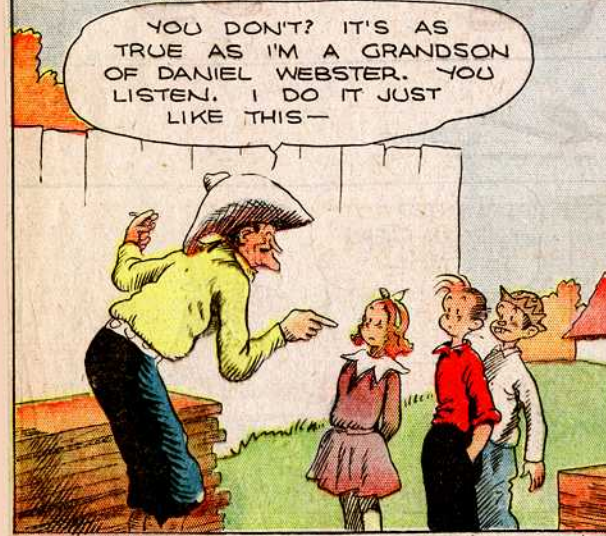
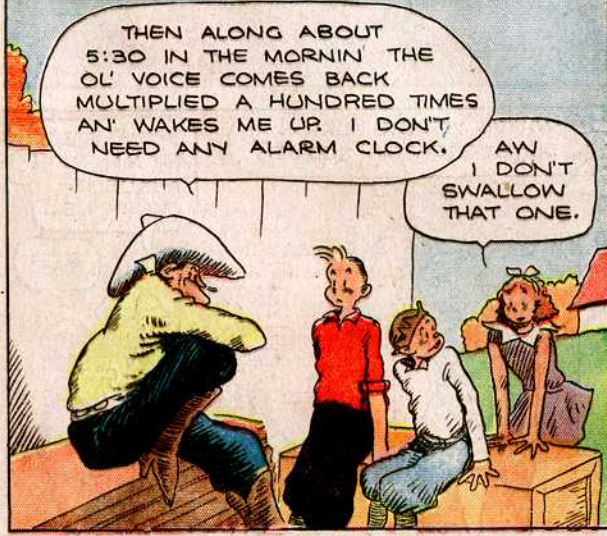
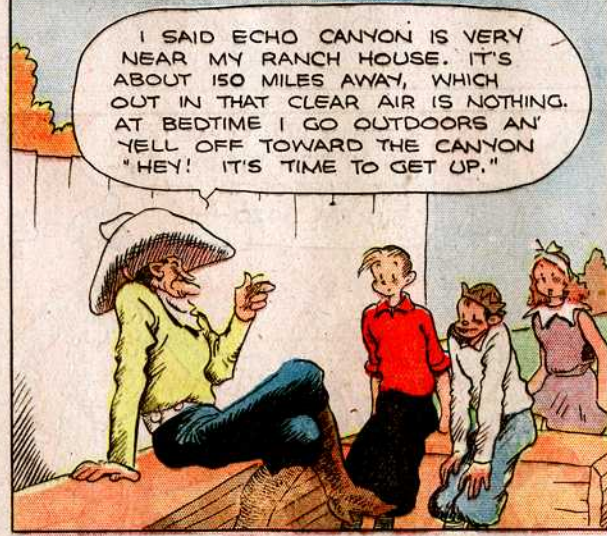
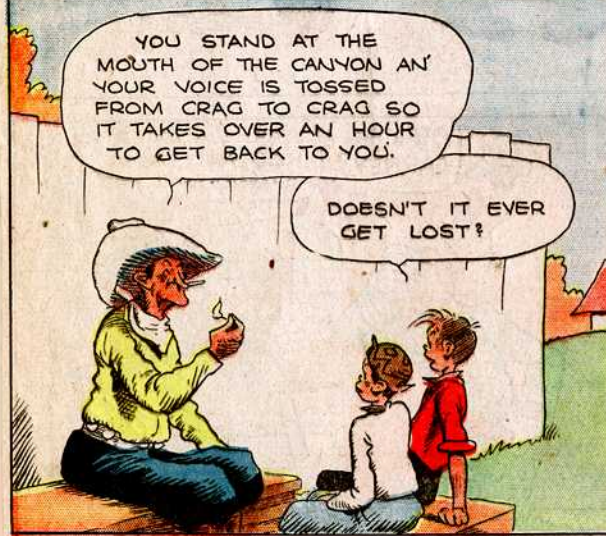
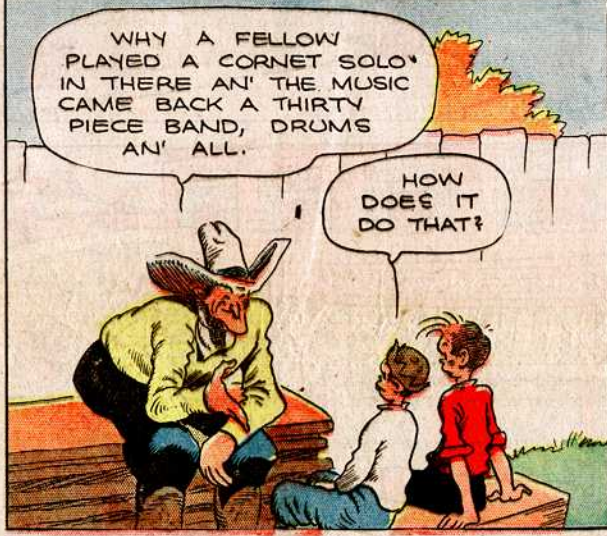
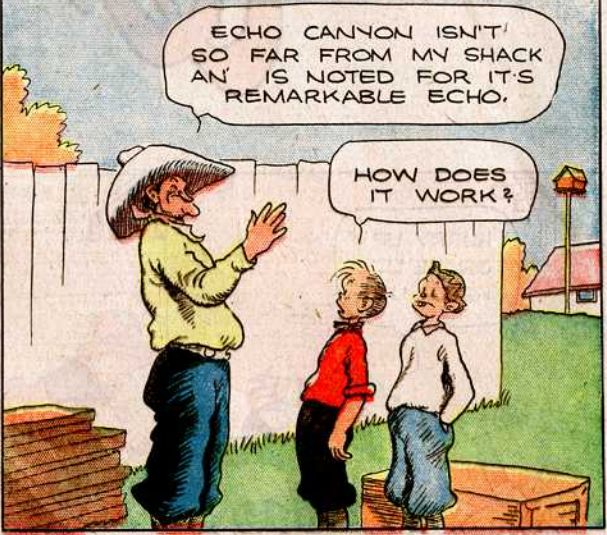
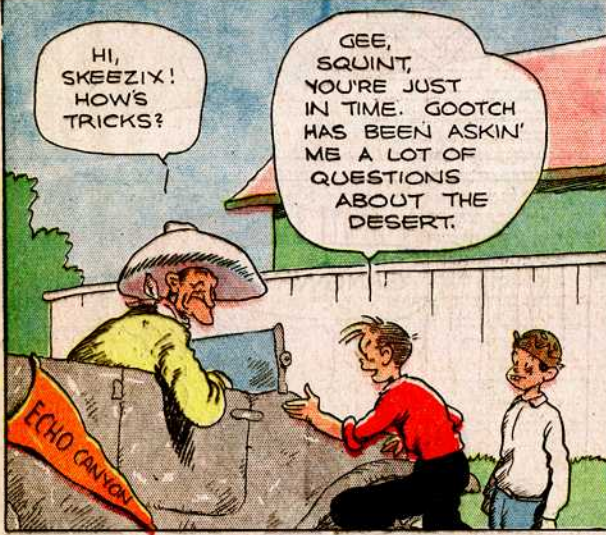
GEE THAT'S RIGHT.

NAW, THOSE AREN'T WARTS. THEY'RE VERTEBRATES.

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GASOLINE ALLEY

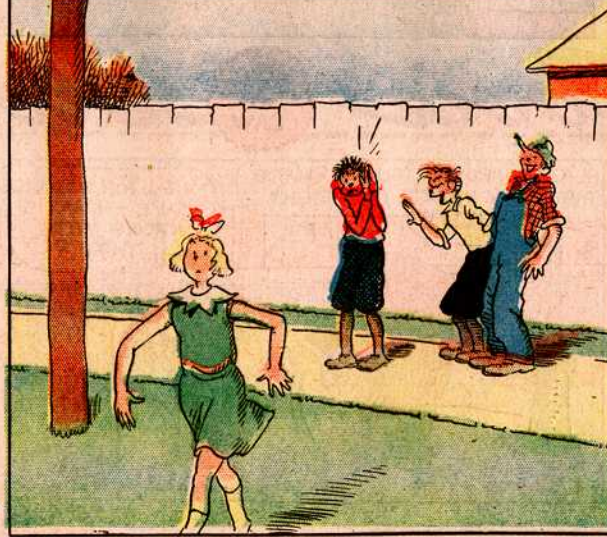
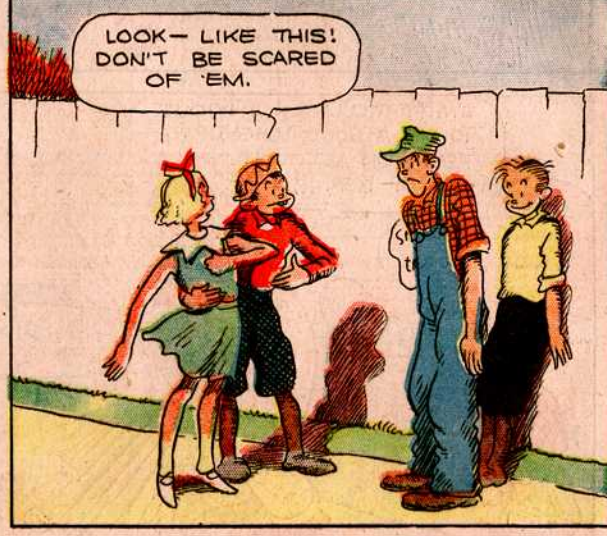
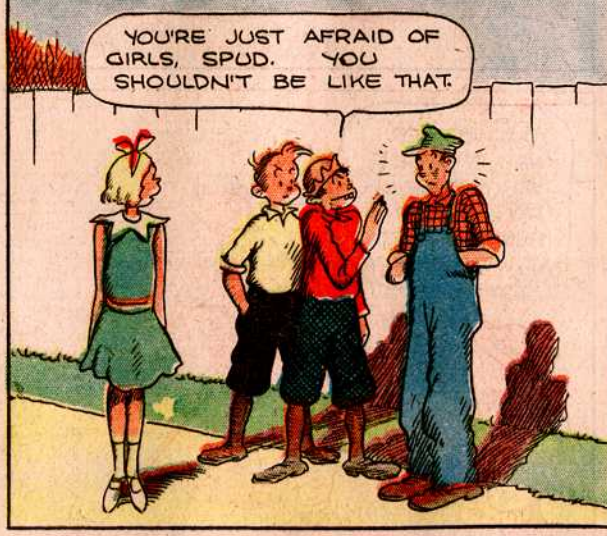
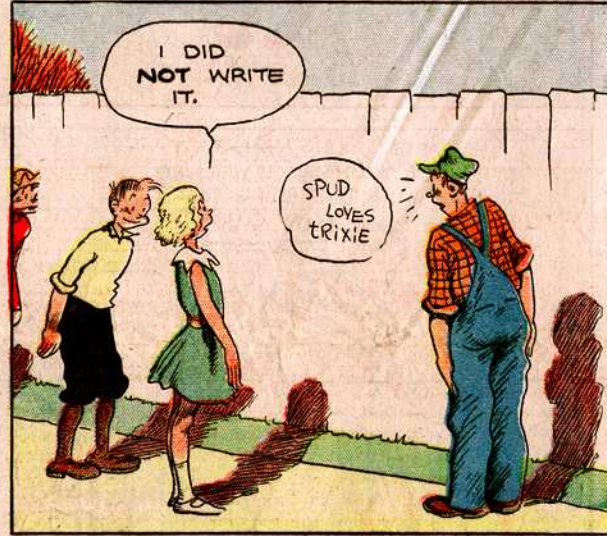
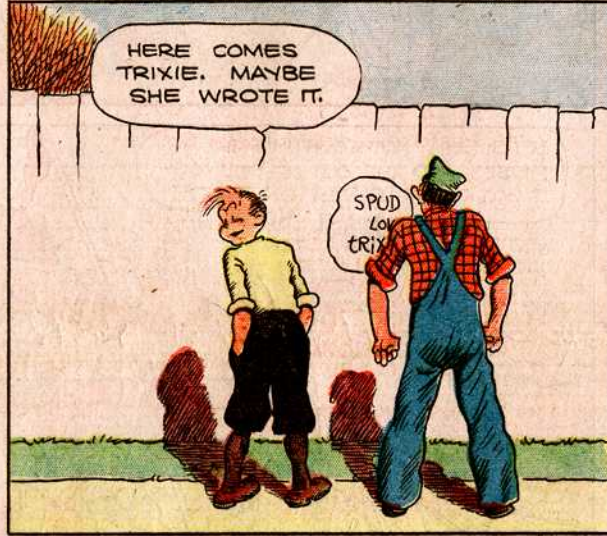
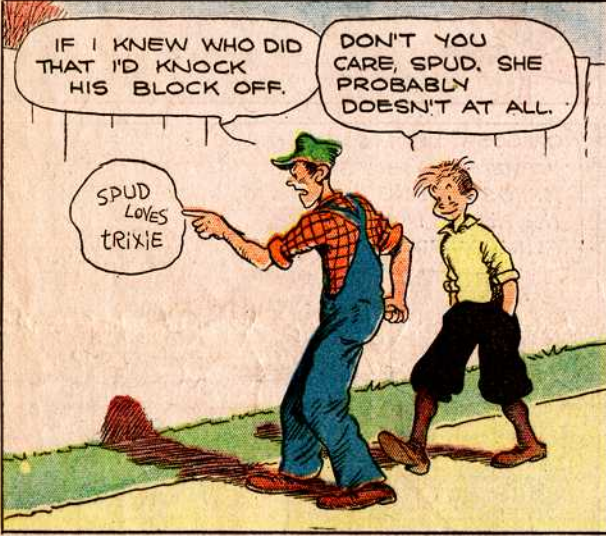


GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

CORKY!

WAIT, BOY! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE BOY THAT LEFT HOME THIS MORNIN' AN' HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.



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Gasoline Alley

King

I'M GOIN ON A HIKE WITH UNCLE WALT.

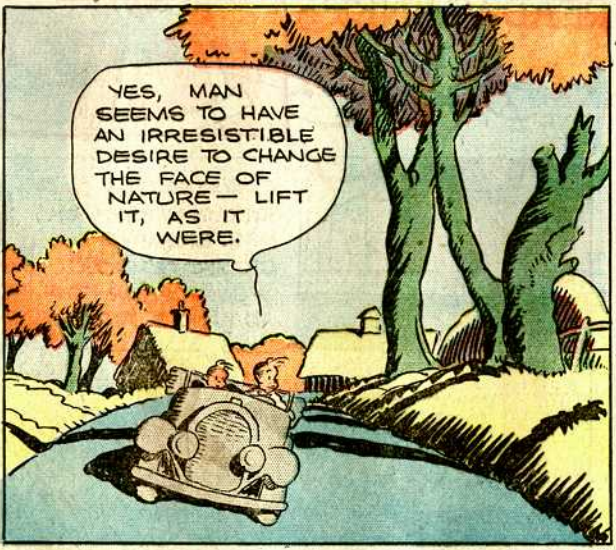
TOO BAD.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HUMOR 'EM ONCE 'IN A WHILE

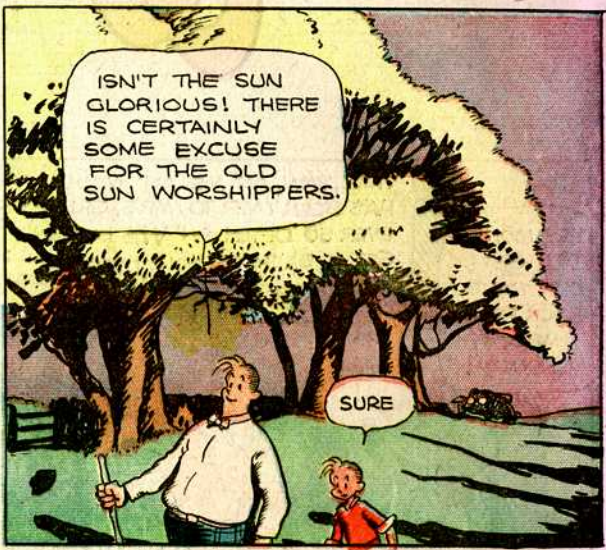


SKEEZIX, IT'S TIME FOR OUR ANNUAL TRIP THROUGH THE AUTUMN WOODS. I HATE TO MISS IT.

SO WOULD I BUT WE HAVE TO GO FURTHER EVERY TIME, UNCLE WALT, TO FIND THE WOODS.

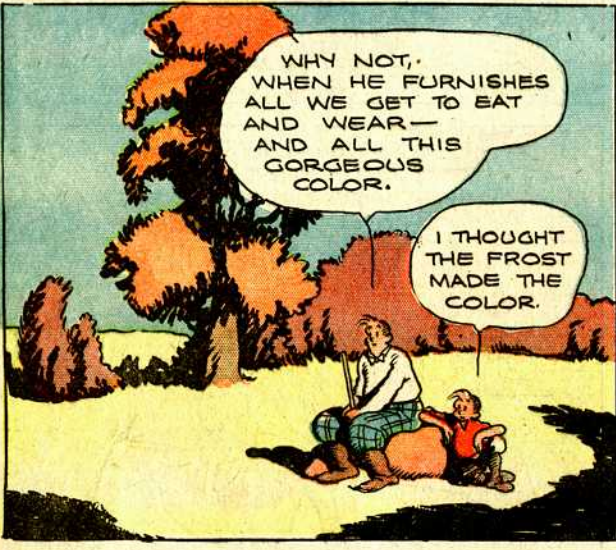


YES, MAN SEEMS TO HAVE AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE TO CHANGE THE FACE OF NATURE—LIFT IT, AS IT WERE.



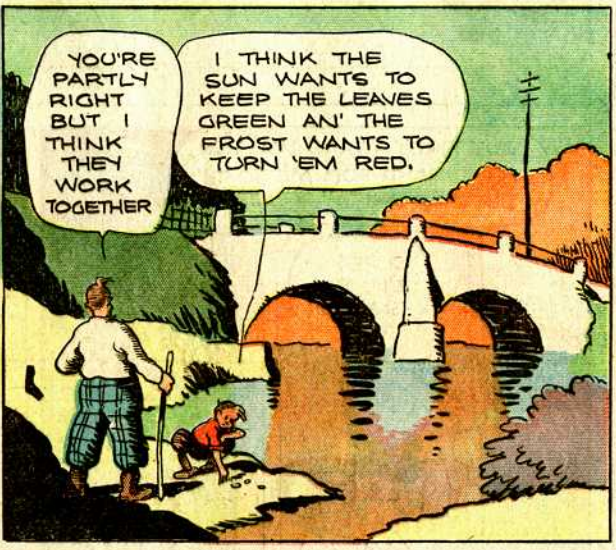
ISN'T THE SUN GLORIOUS! THERE IS CERTAINLY SOME EXCUSE FOR THE OLD SUN WORSHIPPERS.

SURE



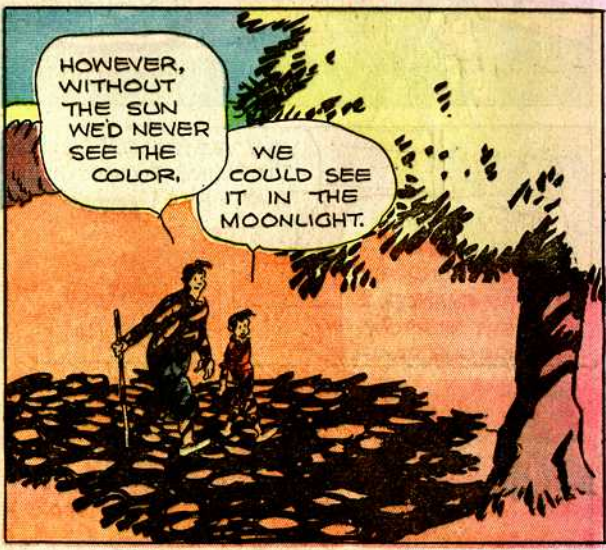
WHY NOT, WHEN HE FURNISHES ALL WE GET TO EAT AND WEAR—AND ALL THIS GORGEOUS COLOR.

I THOUGHT THE FROST MADE THE COLOR.



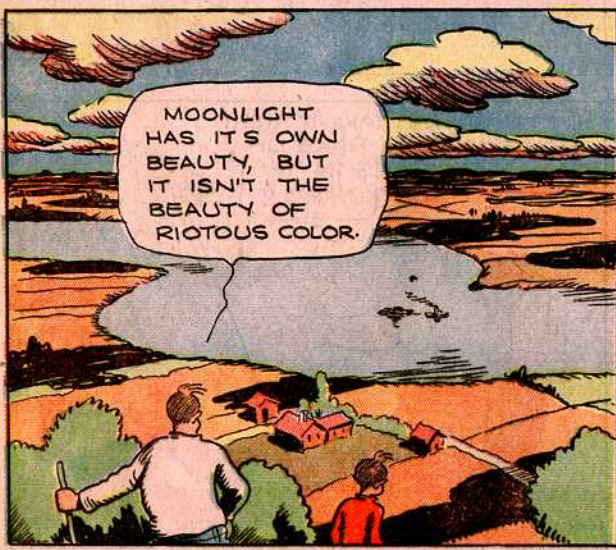
YOU'RE PARTLY RIGHT BUT I THINK THEY WORK TOGETHER

I THINK THE SUN WANTS TO KEEP THE LEAVES GREEN AN' THE FROST WANTS TO TURN 'EM RED.



HOWEVER, WITHOUT THE SUN WE'D NEVER SEE THE COLOR.

WE COULD SEE IT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

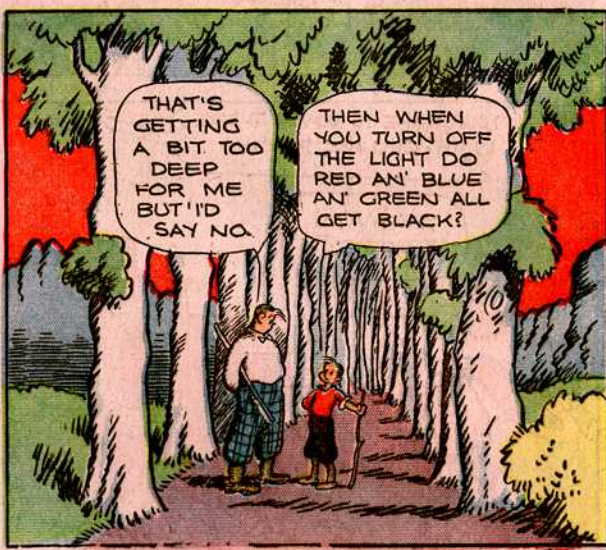


MOONLIGHT HAS ITS OWN BEAUTY, BUT IT ISN'T THE BEAUTY OF RIOTOUS COLOR.



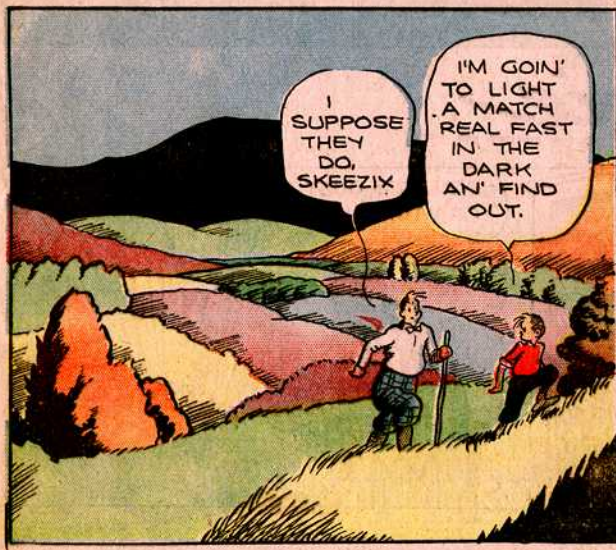
BESIDES THERE WOULDN'T BE MOONLIGHT WITHOUT THE SUN.

IF ANYTHING IS RED IN THE SUNLIGHT, IS IT RED WHEN IT'S PITCH DARK TOO?



THAT'S GETTING A BIT TOO DEEP FOR ME BUT I'D SAY NO.

THEN WHEN YOU TURN OFF THE LIGHT DO RED AN' BLUE AN' GREEN ALL GET BLACK?

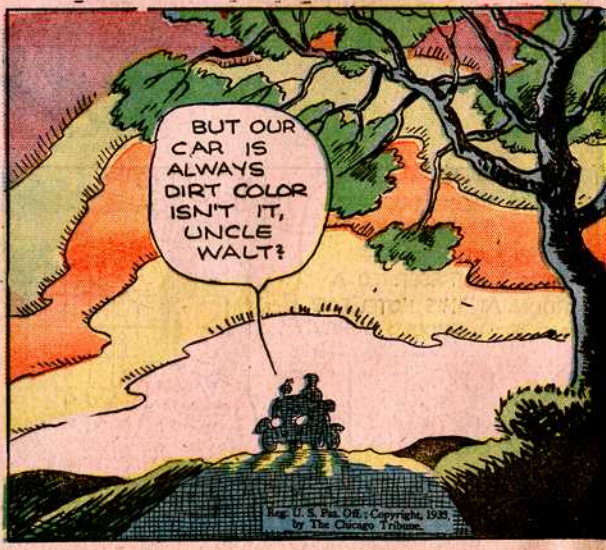


I SUPPOSE THEY DO, SKEEZIX

I'M GOIN' TO LIGHT A MATCH REAL FAST IN THE DARK AN' FIND OUT.



COLOR DEPENDS ON LIGHT. THAT BLUE OCEAN MAY BE GREEN TOMORROW—OR PURPLE.



BUT OUR CAR IS ALWAYS DIRTY COLOR ISN'T IT, UNCLE WALT?

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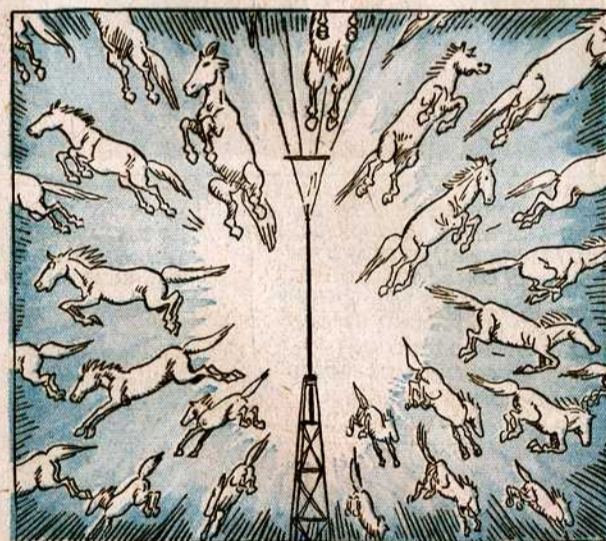
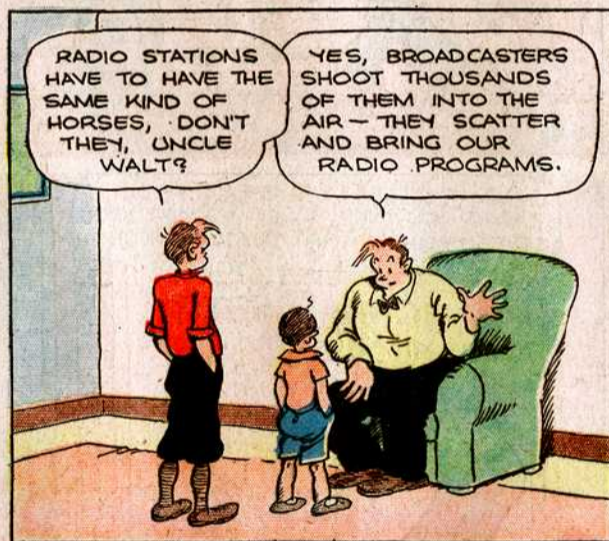
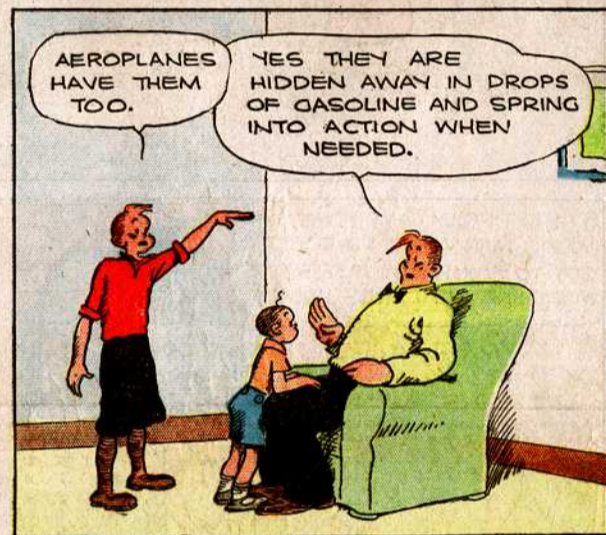
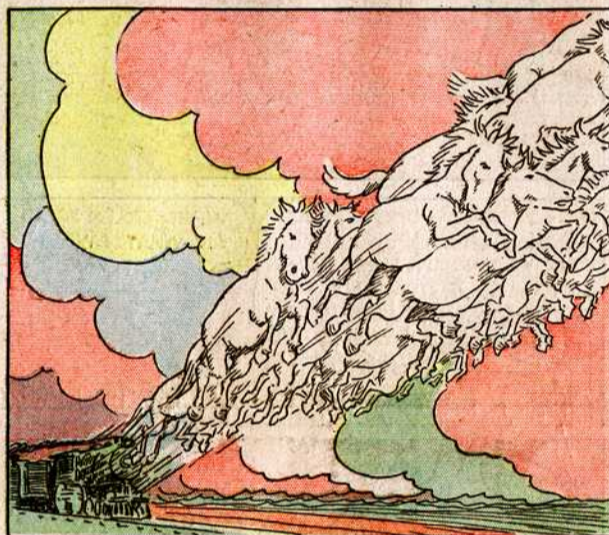
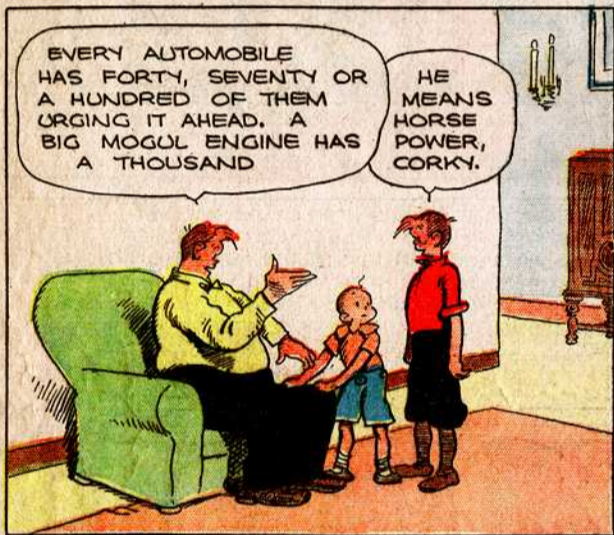
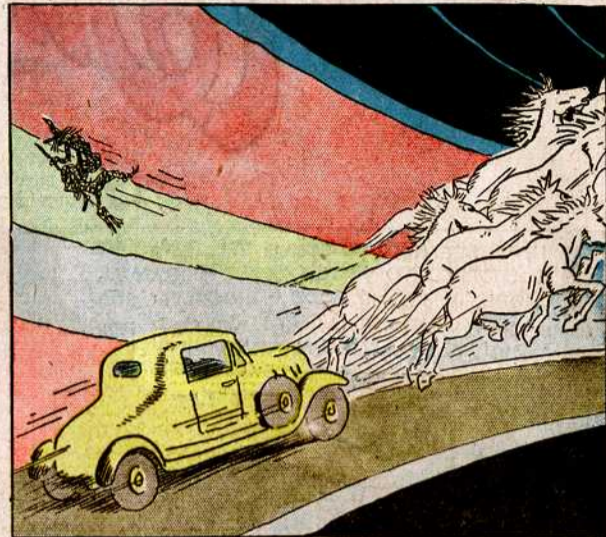
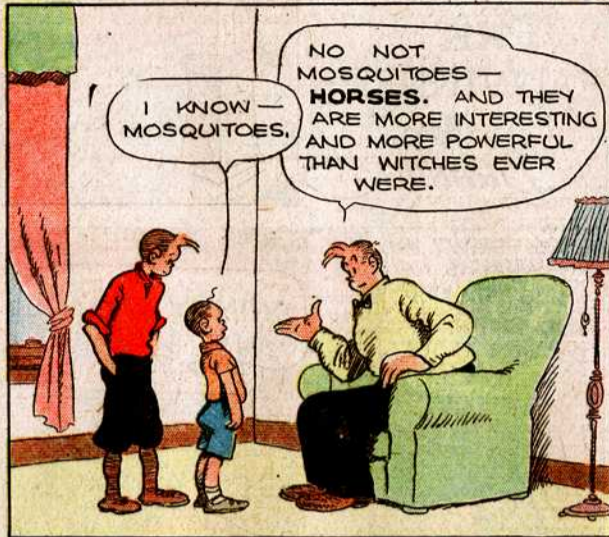


GASOLINE ALLEY

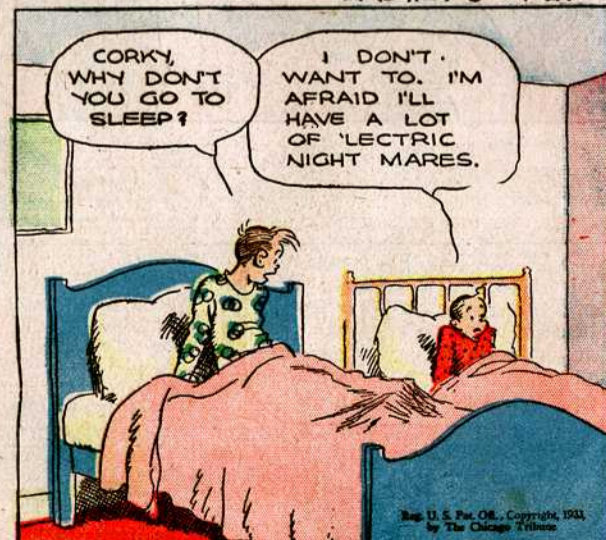
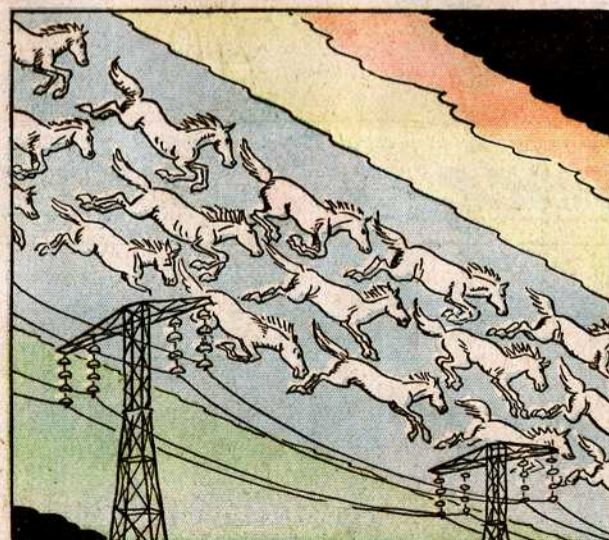
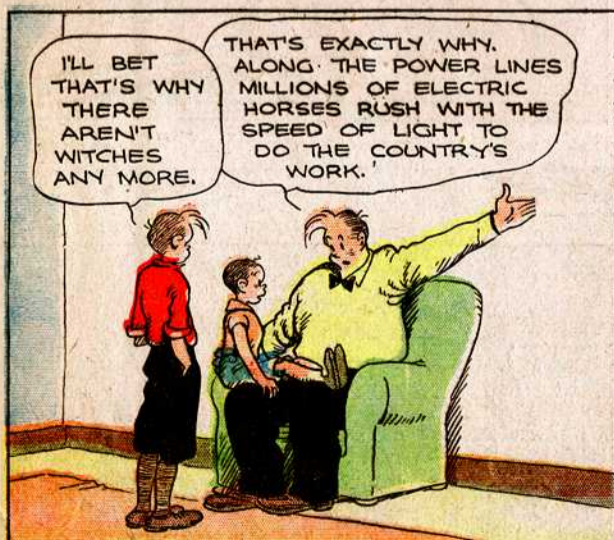
By KING

WHY AREN'T YOU WITCHES SAILING AROUND IN THE AIR TONIGHT?

TOO MUCH HORSE TRAFFIC.



GAS KEY OCT 29

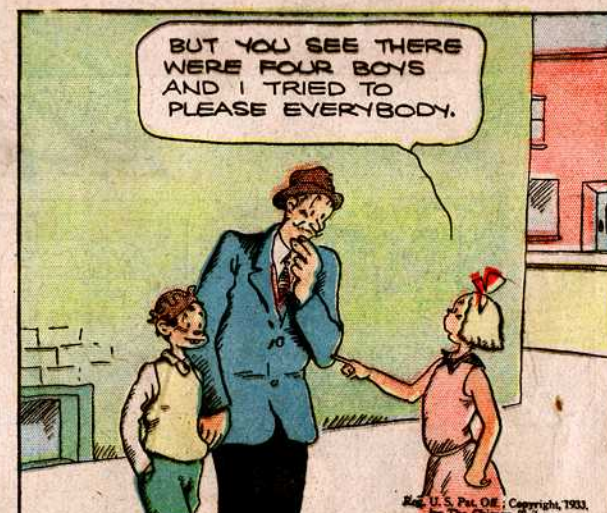
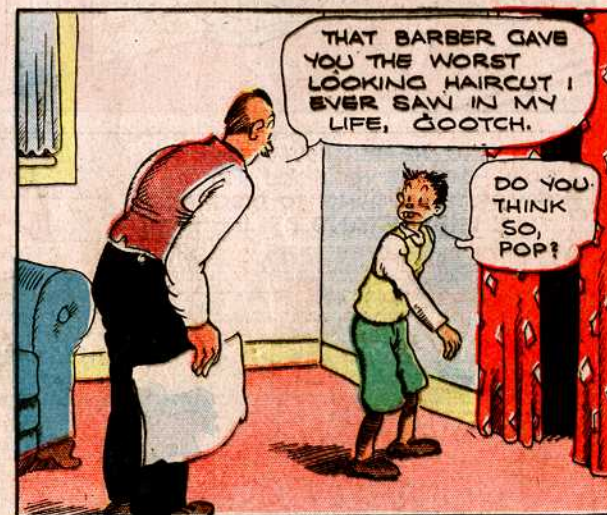
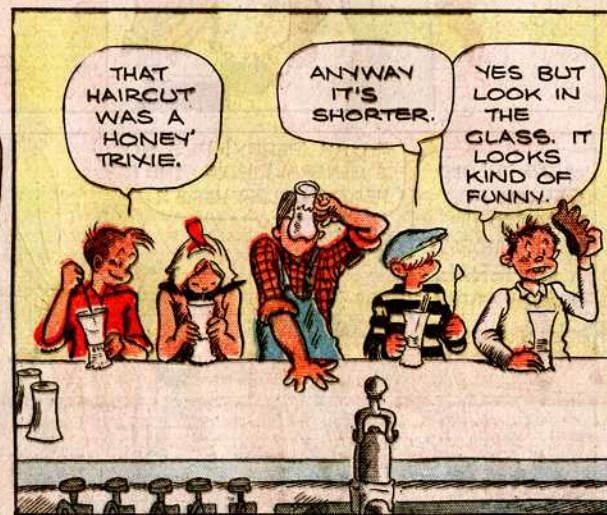
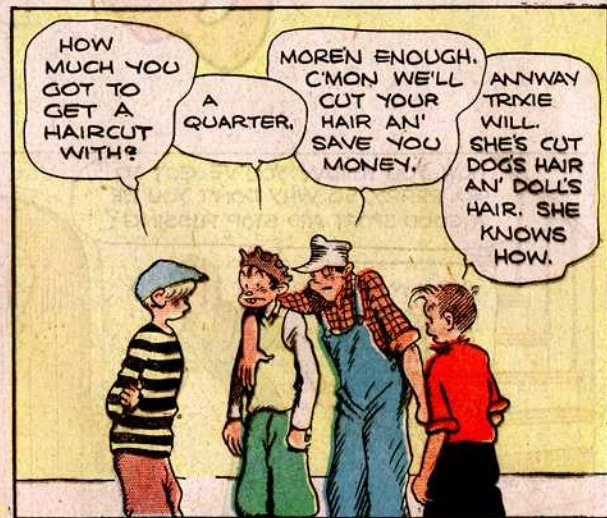


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GASOLINE ALLEY

By KING



Gasoline Alley

BY GOLLY, MY TIRE IS DOWN, SKEEZIX. MUST BE A SLOW LEAK.

J. King

NO, UNCLE WALT, WE KIDS BORROWED THE AIR TO BLOW UP OUR FOOTBALL WITH.



WHAT YOU GOT IN THE SACK, CLARENCE?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, TRIXIE!



MIS' GRIMES GAVE ME FOUR BITS TO DROWN 'EM.

OH, CLARENCE, YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT. I'LL TAKE ONE OF 'EM AN' SO WILL THE OTHER KIDS.



NOTHIN' DOIN'. BUT I'LL SELL 'EM— 15 CENTS APIECE.

I HAVEN'T A CENT. WE WENT TO THE CARNIVAL LAST NIGHT. AND THE BOYS HAVEN'T EITHER.



ALL RIGHT TO GET THE PUPS YOU'VE GOT TO KISS THREE BOYS— AN' THEY'VE GOT TO STAND FOR IT.

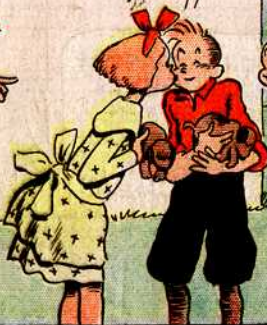
I WILL! IF THE BOYS WILL.

HERE COMES GOOTCH. HE'LL TAKE ONE AT THAT PRICE TOO.

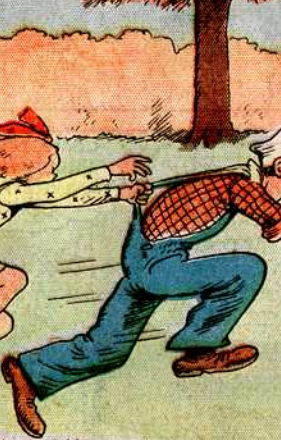


NO CHEATIN' RIGHT ON THE MUG.

HOW IS IT, SKEEZIX— HARD TO TAKE?



WAIT SPUD! TRIXIE'S GOIN' TO KISS YOU.



GEE, CLARENCE, WHAT IF WE'D TELL MIS' GRIMES YOU DIDN'T DROWN 'EM!

THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'D RAISE HECK!

YOU WOULDN'T TELL HER?

WE WON'T, CLARENCE— NOT IF YOU KISS TRIXIE BLINDFOLDED.



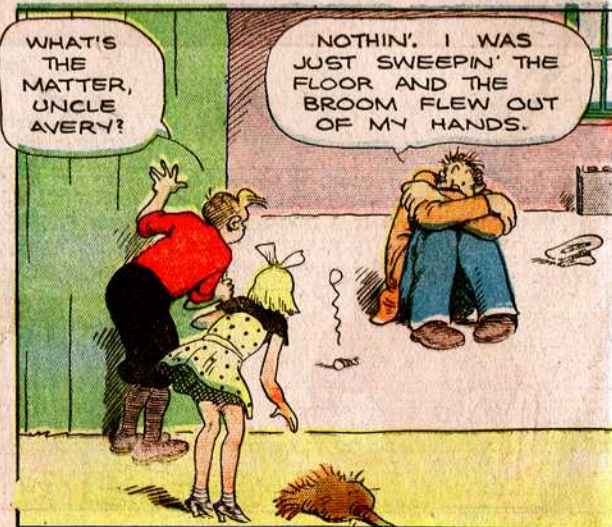
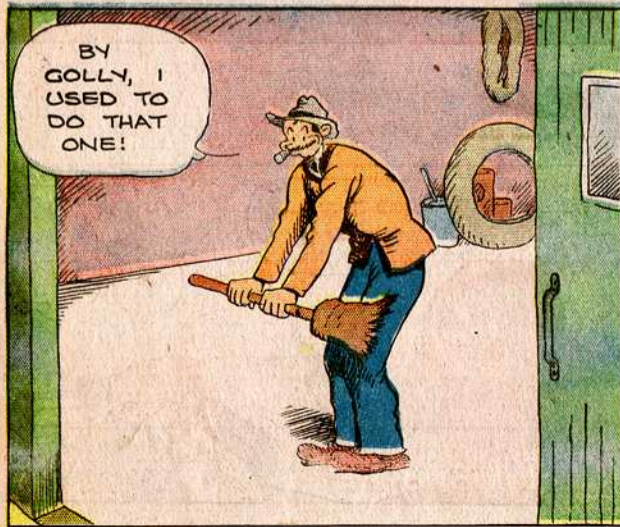
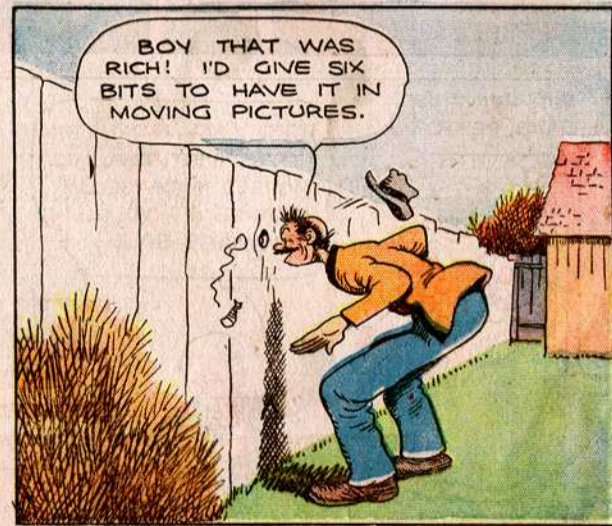
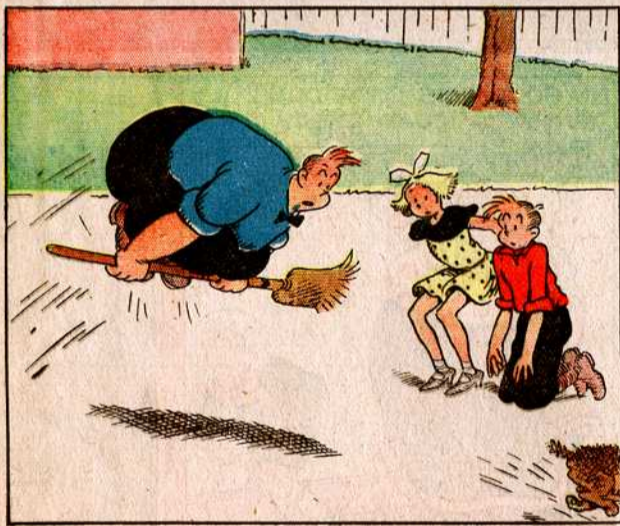
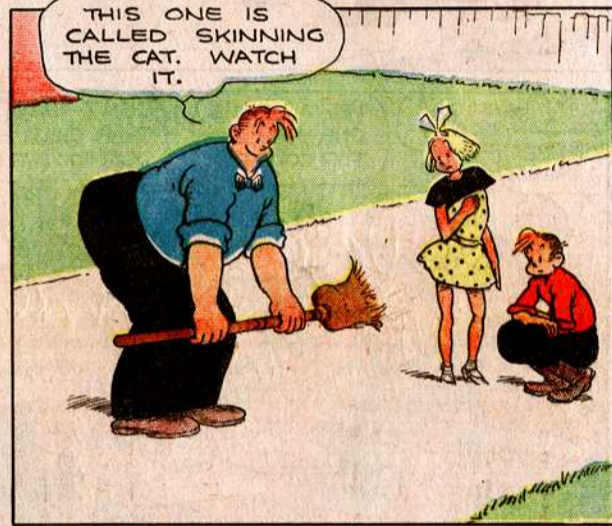
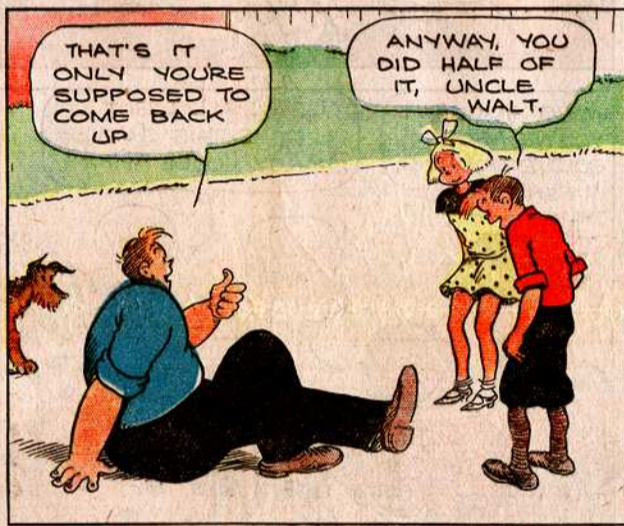
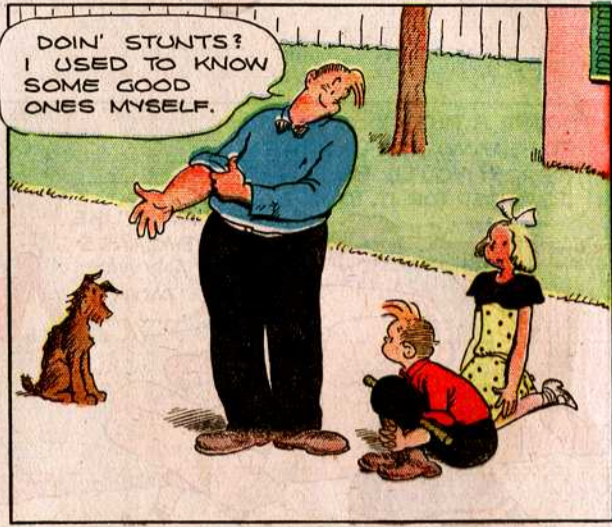
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GASOLINE ALLEY

by King

I'D HAVE HAD IT DIFFERENT, UNCLE WALT. I'D HAVE HAD THE TREES KEEP THEIR LEAVES IN THE WINTER AN' SHED 'EM IN THE SUMMER WHEN IT'S HOT.



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GASOLINE ALLEY

by King



WHAT WOULD YOU DO FIRST SKEEZIX, IF HE GOT LOOSE?

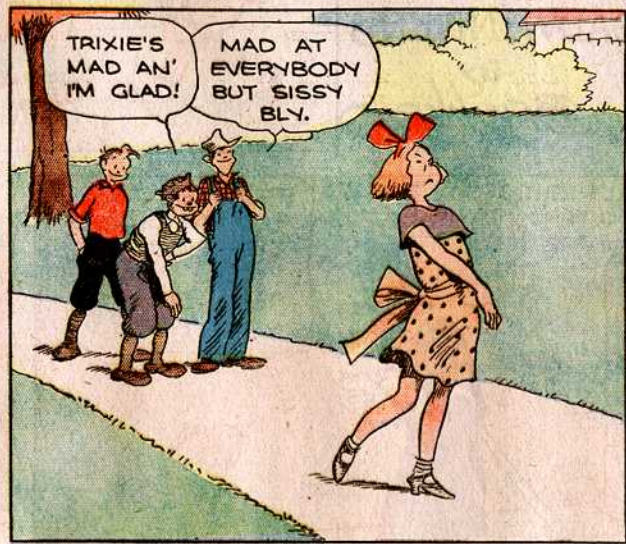
I'D WISH I WAS A PORCUPINE.



I AM NOT I TELL YOU!

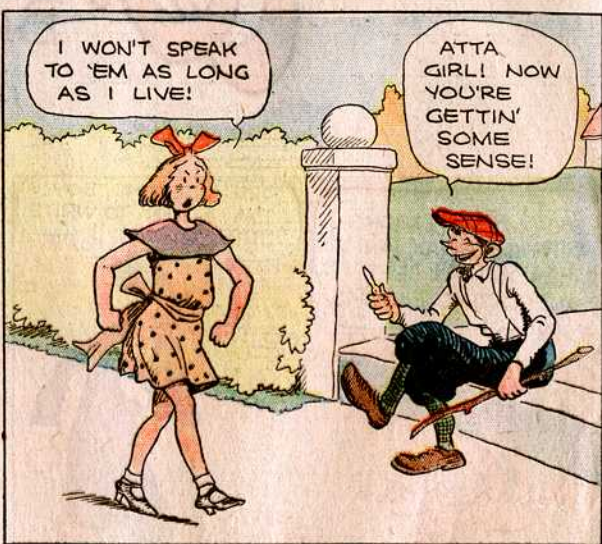
SURE! TRIXIE IS STUCK ON SISSY BLY!

ASK SISSY IF YOU DONT BELIEVE IT.



TRIXIE'S MAD AN' I'M GLAD!

MAD AT EVERYBODY BUT SISSY BLY.



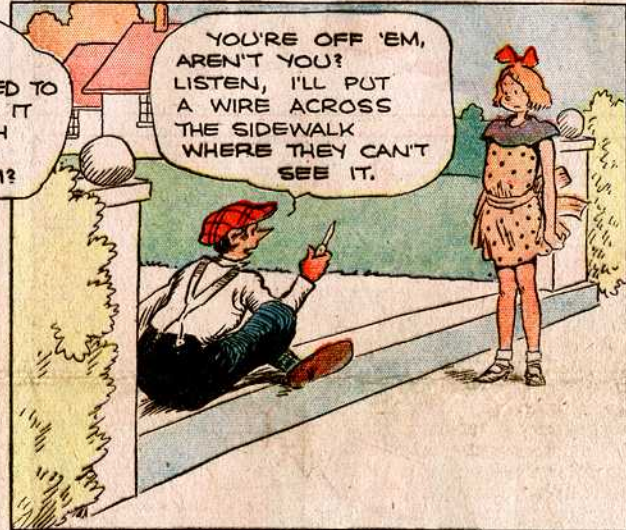
I WON'T SPEAK TO 'EM AS LONG AS I LIVE!

ATTA GIRL! NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' SOME SENSE!

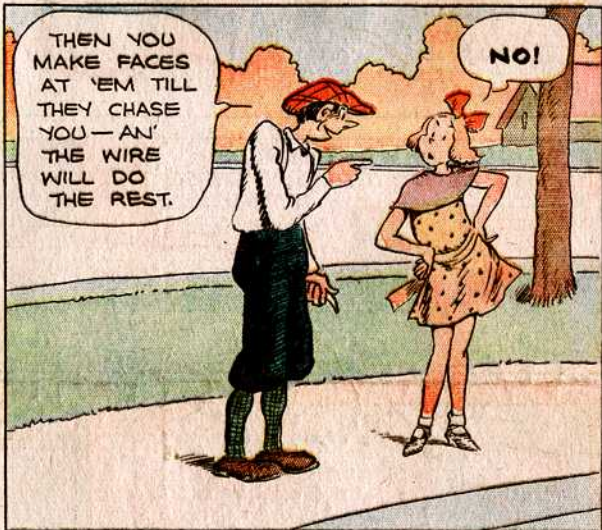


SAY, TRIXIE, WHY CAN'T YOU AN' ME GET TOGETHER AN' MAKE IT TOUGH FOR THOSE BIRDS?

WHO SAID I WANTED TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR THEM?

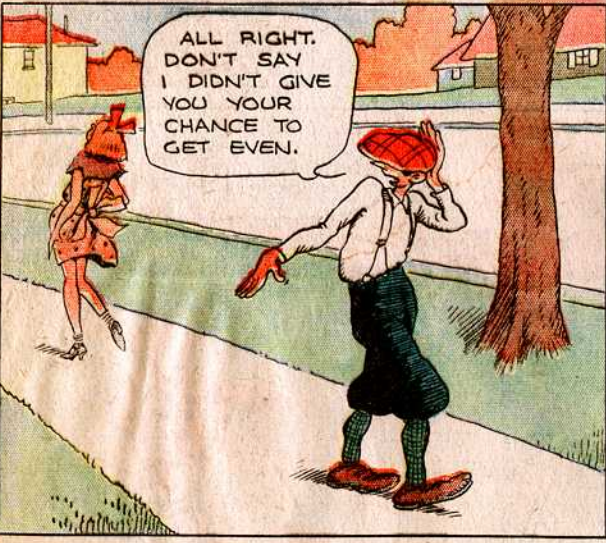


YOU'RE OFF 'EM, AREN'T YOU? LISTEN, I'LL PUT A WIRE ACROSS THE SIDEWALK WHERE THEY CAN'T SEE IT.



THEN YOU MAKE FACES AT 'EM TILL THEY CHASE YOU—AN' THE WIRE WILL DO THE REST.

NO!



ALL RIGHT. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T GIVE YOU YOUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN.



I CAN HANDLE THIS MYSELF.



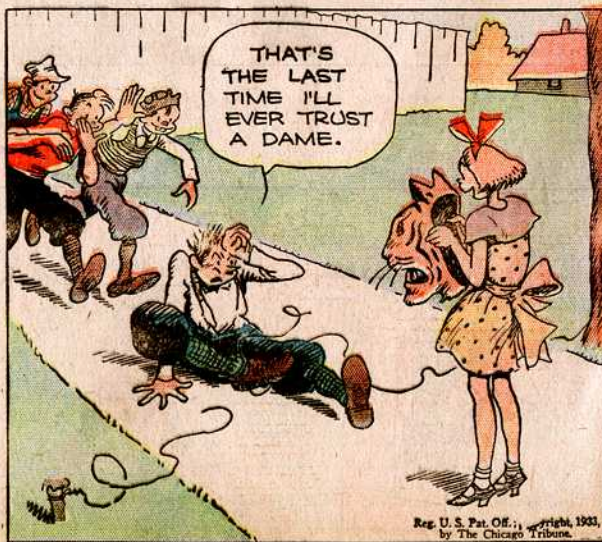
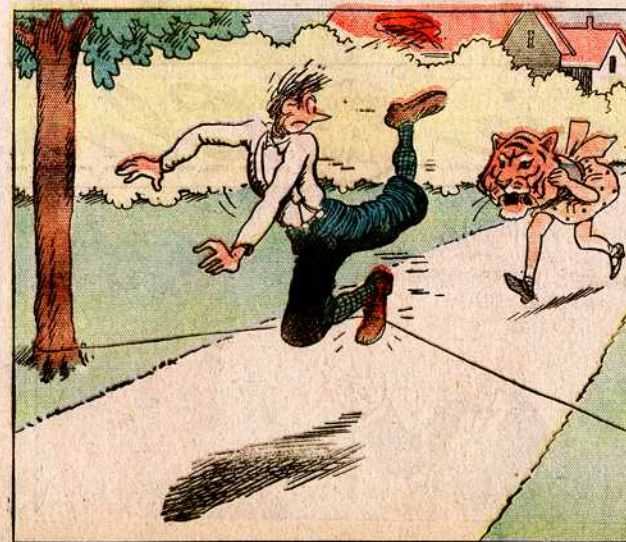
E-HAW! JELLYBEANS! COULDN'T CATCH A FLEA!



LOOK OUT CLARENCE!

JIGGERS A TIGER.

HE GOT OUT O' THE ZOO.



THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER TRUST A DAME.

GASOLINE ALLEY

by KING

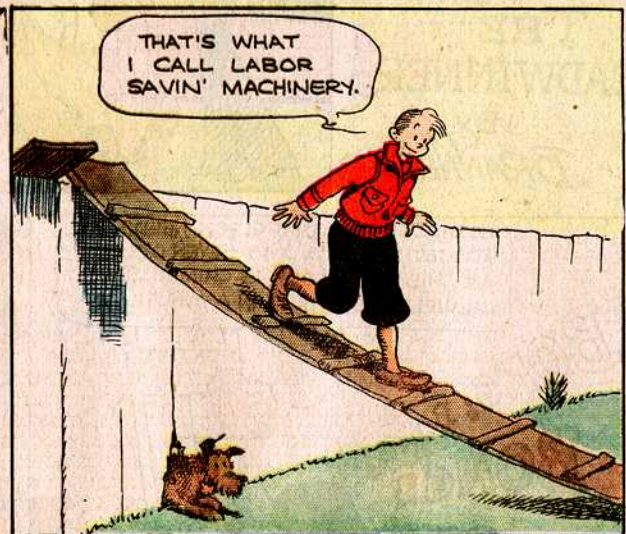


SKEEZIX, DO YOU KNOW THAT THE MOON ALWAYS KEEPS TOWARD THE SAME SIDE TOWARD THE EARTH?

I S'POSE HE DOESN'T TRUST US BEHIND HIS BACK.



THERE, THAT WILL SAVE A LOT OF WALKIN' AROUND OR A LOT OF CLIMBIN' OVER.



THAT'S WHAT I CALL LABOR SAVIN' MACHINERY.

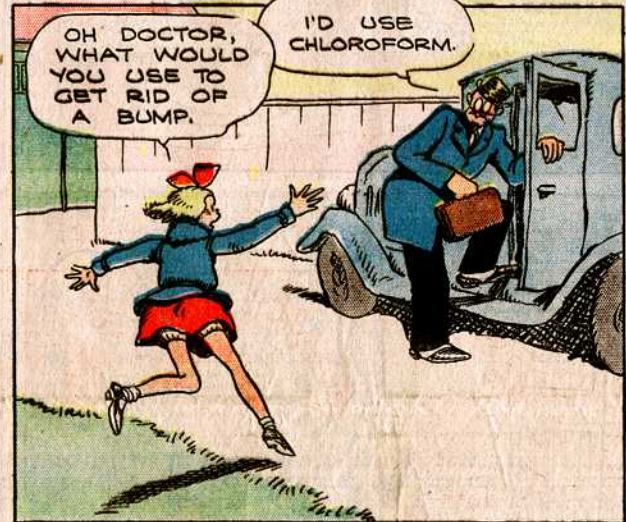


STOP, CORKY! YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT!



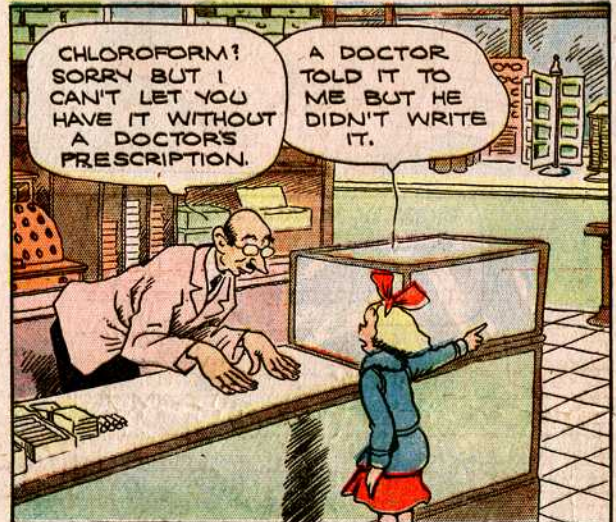
PIPE DOWN, CORKY, OR I'LL GET HECK FOR BULDIN' IT.

I'LL RUN HOME AND GET SOMETHING FOR HIS BUMP, SKEEZIX.



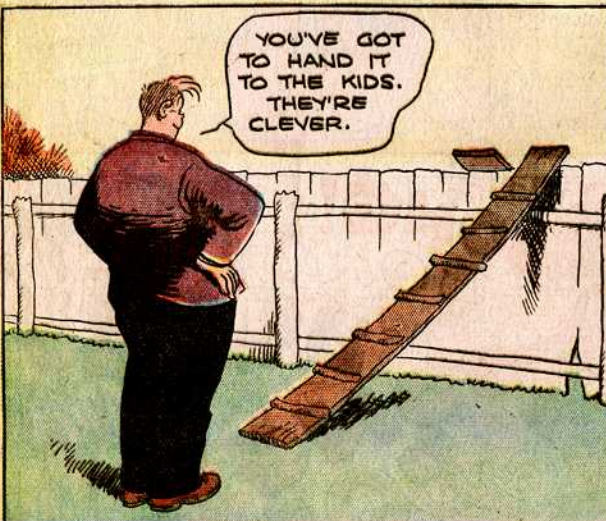
OH DOCTOR, WHAT WOULD YOU USE TO GET RID OF A BUMP.

I'D USE CHLOROFORM.

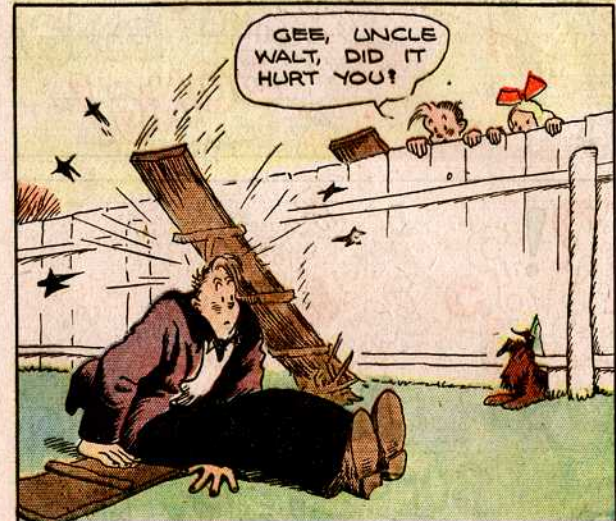
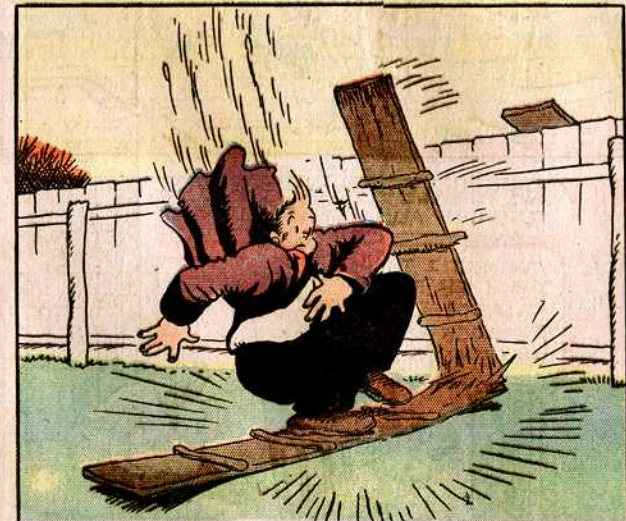


CHLOROFORM? SORRY BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT WITHOUT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

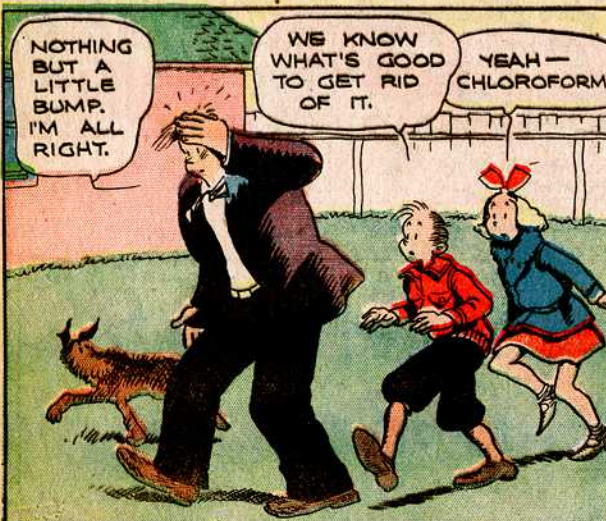
A DOCTOR TOLD IT TO ME BUT HE DIDN'T WRITE IT.



YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE KIDS. THEY'RE CLEVER.



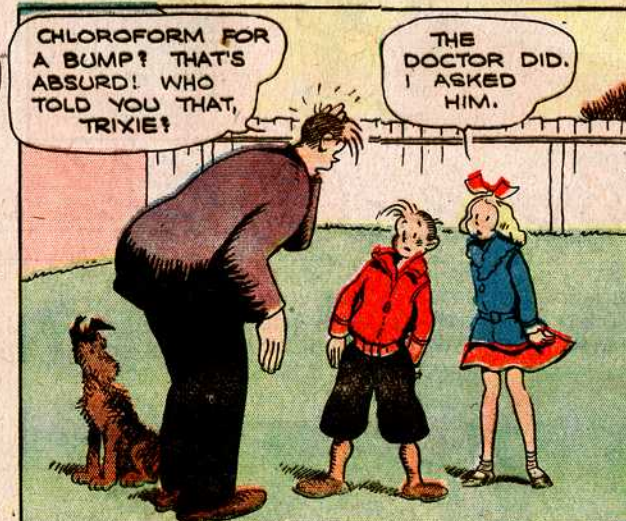
GEE, UNCLE WALT, DID IT HURT YOU?



NOTHING BUT A LITTLE BUMP. I'M ALL RIGHT.

WE KNOW WHAT'S GOOD TO GET RID OF OF IT.

YEAH—CHLOROFORM!



CHLOROFORM FOR A BUMP? THAT'S ABSURD! WHO TOLD YOU THAT, TRIXIE?

THE DOCTOR DID. I ASKED HIM.



DOC, WHAT DO YOU MEAN—TELLING THESE KIDS TO USE CHLOROFORM TO GET RID OF A BUMP?

A BUMP! I THOUGHT SHE SAID "GET RID OF A PUP!"

Gasoline Alley

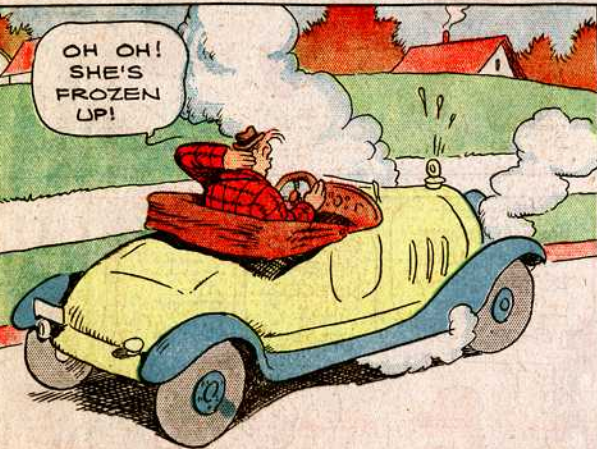
by King

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CLARENCE? DID YOU SLIP AND FALL?

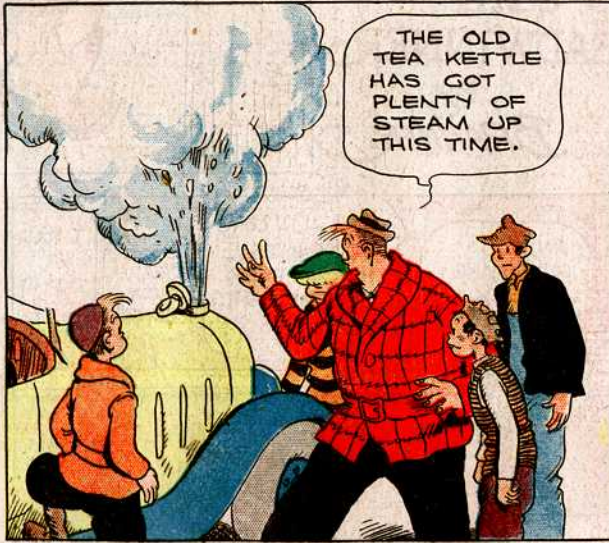
NOPE, TRIxie, IT WAS A FORCED LANDING.



OH OH! SHE'S FROZEN UP!



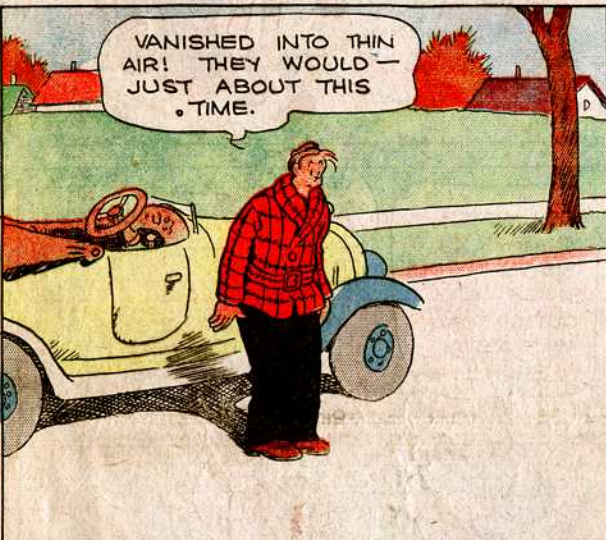
THE OLD TEA KETTLE HAS GOT PLENTY OF STEAM UP THIS TIME.



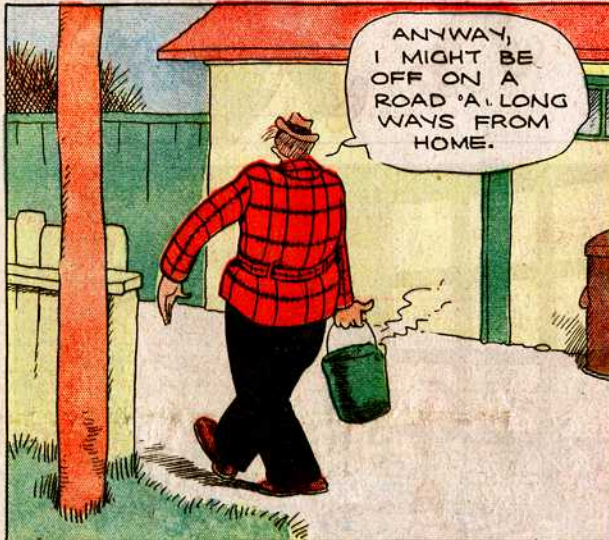
PUMP AND EVERYTHING IS OKAY. YOU KIDS GO AND GET ME A BUCKET OF HOT WATER WILL YOU?



VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! THEY WOULD — JUST ABOUT THIS TIME.



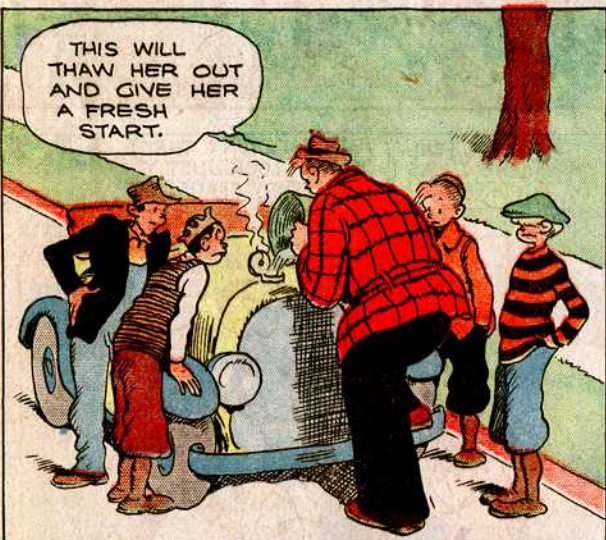
ANYWAY, I MIGHT BE OFF ON A ROAD 'A LONG WAYS FROM HOME.



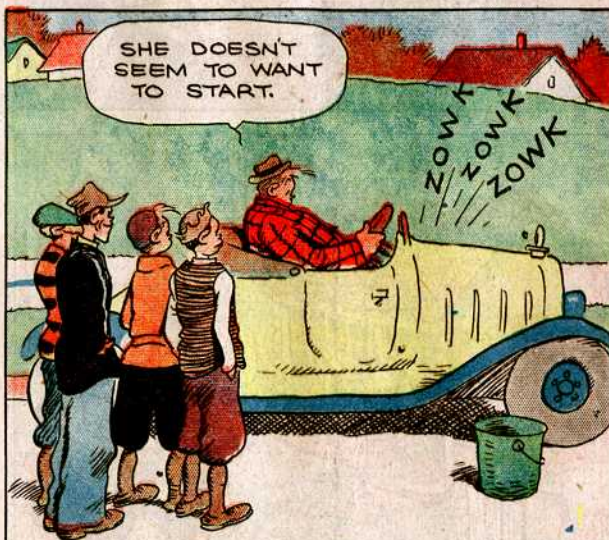
OH, THERE YOU ARE!



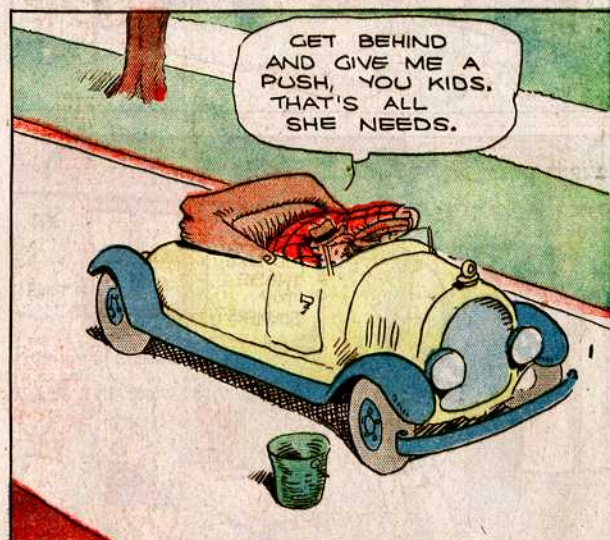
THIS WILL THAW HER OUT AND GIVE HER A FRESH START.



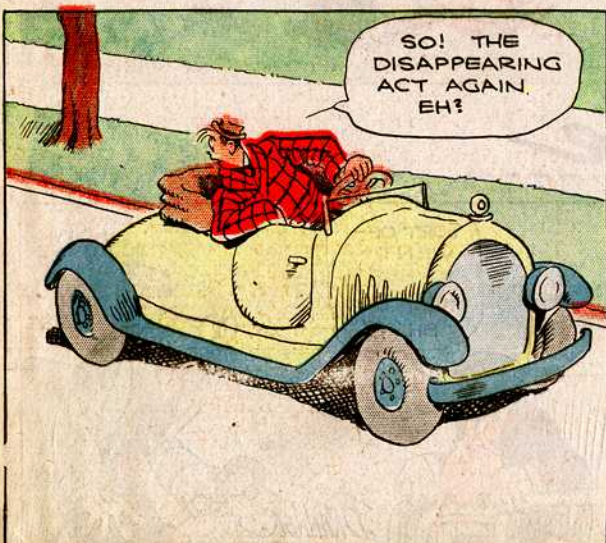
SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO START.



GET BEHIND AND GIVE ME A PUSH, YOU KIDS. THAT'S ALL SHE NEEDS.



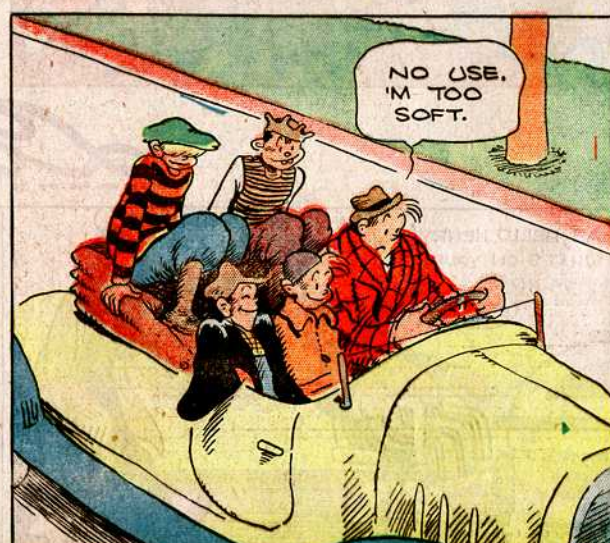
SO! THE DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN, EH?



NOW! MAYBE I'M HARD BOILED ENOUGH —



NO USE, I'M TOO SOFT.



Gasoline Alley

THERE'S CLARENCE NOW. HE THINKS HE'S A HARD BOILED EGG.

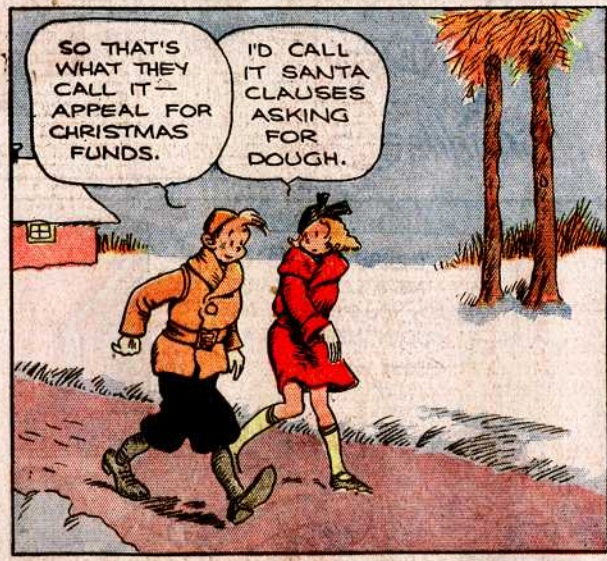
YES, BUT ALL HARD BOILED EGGS ARE YELLOW INSIDE.

by King



THAT SANTA CLAUS IDEA WAS GREAT AS AN APPEAL FOR CHRISTMAS FUNDS.

YES, IT IS GOOD YEAR AFTER YEAR.



SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL IT - APPEAL FOR CHRISTMAS FUNDS.

I'D CALL IT SANTA CLAUSES ASKING FOR DOUGH.



YES MR. WALLEY WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP IN AN APPEAL FOR CHRISTMAS FUNDS.

WE FEEL THAT A MAN OF YOUR BREADTH AND STANDING COULD PRODUCE RESULTS.



HEY, WHIMPY! UNCLE WALT'S GOIN' TO BE A SIDEWALK SANTA CLAUS!

SWELL, SKEEZIX, I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM!



THAT ISN'T HIM?

NO, ALL SKINNY ONES ARE OUT.



THAT'S MORE THE RIGHT SHAPE.

HE'S OUT TOO. HE'S GOT A HOOK NOSE.



BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE HERE. HOW YOU DOIN'?

OH ABOUT 8 CENTS AN HOUR.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, UNCLE WALT? WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU.

I'VE BEEN OUT ON AN APPEAL FOR CHRISTMAS FUNDS.



YES, BUT WHERE IS YOUR SANTA CLAUS SUIT?

OH, I DON'T WEAR ONE. I'M AN ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR. I'M GOIN' TO HEADQUARTERS NOW.



I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE THAT MANY SANTA CLAUSES IN THE WORLD.

YOU KIDS CAN' LOOK 'EM OVER WHILE I CALL AT THE OFFICE.



HOW DID YOUR UNCLE WALT LOOK IN A SANTA CLAUS SUIT, SKEEZIX?

HE DOESN'T WEAR ONE, TRIXIE. HE'S BUSINESS AGENT OR SOMETHIN' OF THE SANTA CLAUS UNION.

Gasoline Alley

ARE YOU GOIN' TO WATCH FOR SANTA CLAUS TONIGHT, SKEEZIX?



SURE TRIXIE. UNCLE WALT AND AUNTIE BLOSSOM HAVE SUCH A CHILDISH FAITH IN SANTA CLAUS I WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO SPOIL IT.



YES, SURELY, CORKY. SANTA CLAUS WILL COME.

I'M GOIN' TO STAY AWAKE.



ALL RIGHT, HONEY, YOU STAY AWAKE RIGHT HERE.

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY.

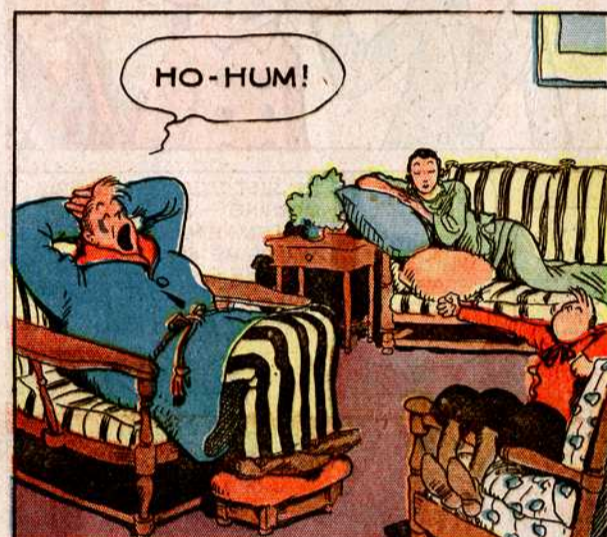
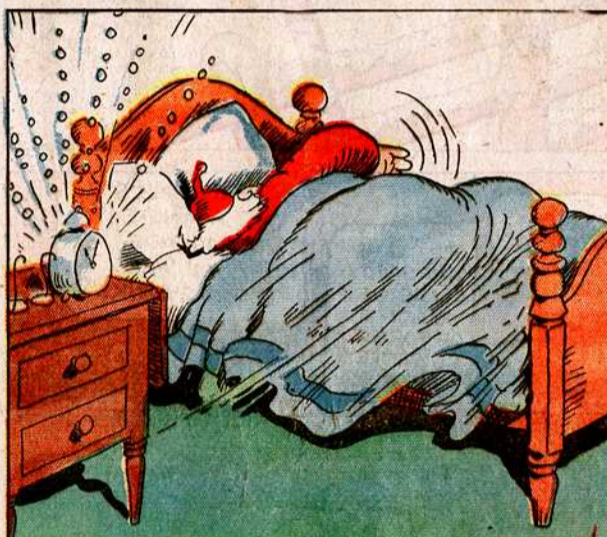


AND 2000 MILES FARTHER NORTH.

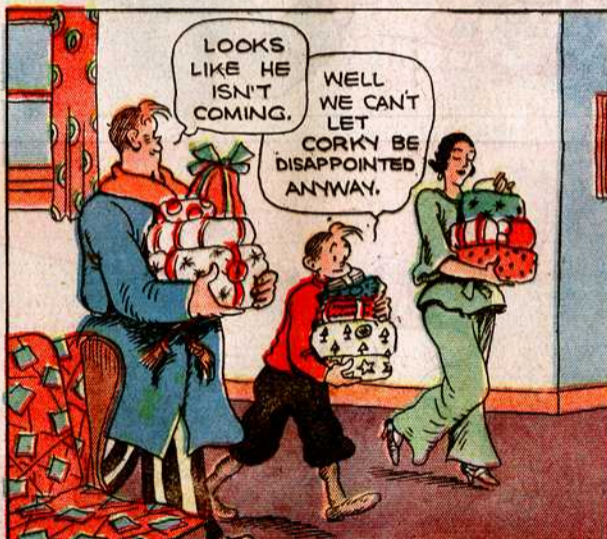
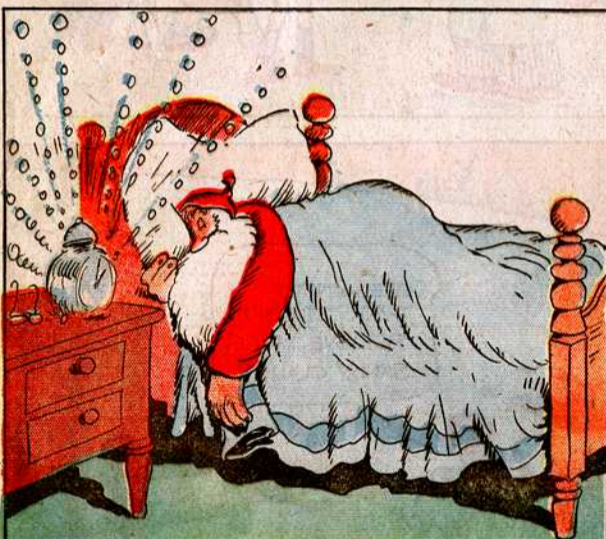


SEEMS WE OUGHT TO BE HEARING SOME SLEIGHBELLS.

IT'S TIME SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING.

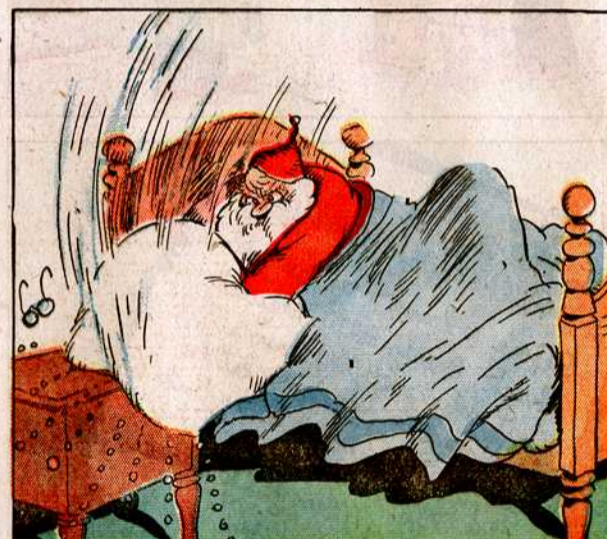


HO-HUM!



LOOKS LIKE HE ISN'T COMING.

WELL WE CAN'T LET CORKY BE DISAPPOINTED ANYWAY.



MORNING CORKY! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.

I DON'T SEE MY BICYCLE.

AW LOOK AROUND.



CORKY HAS STARTED A BUSY DAY.

YES—HE DOESN'T EVEN SUSPECT THAT SANTA CLAUS DIDN'T COME.



NOW WE'LL WAIT FOR THE FAN MAIL. I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF ANYBODY'D MISS ME.



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT WHY DON'T YOU WEAR SNOW SHOES?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE, TRIxie. I'VE GOT 'EM ON!

LOOK, UNCLE WALT, THE WORLD IS STARTIN' THE NEW YEAR NICE AN' WHITE AN' CLEAN AN' FRESH!

I HOPE THE WORLD STAYS THAT WAY.

AW GEE, GOOTCH. WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO CUT IT ALL UP FOR?

I HAD TO, SKEEZIX. MY FEET AREN'T BIG ENOUGH TO WALK ON TOP OF IT.

I KNOW HOW TO MAKE SNOW SHOES.

ALL RIGHT LETS. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET THE MAKINS

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE SOME STRAPS.

WE'LL CUT UP AN OLD INNER TUBE.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, TRIxie?

I'D RATHER HAVE A MOUNTAIN TO SKI DOWN.

HEY, YOU KIDS! THAT WAS MY BARREL YOU MADE THOSE SNOW SHOES OUT OF!

YOU DUMPED THE OLD TIN CANS OUT OF IT TO GET THE BARREL. AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF SUCH A DIRTY SPOT ON A NICE CLEAN LANDSCAPE?

MAYBE IT WILL BE SOME MORE, UNCLE AVERY.

HERE YOU PICK THEM ALL UP, DIG A HOLE AND GO BURY THEM SOMEWHERE.

HE WAS ALL RIGHT. HE DIDN'T HOP ON US FOR KNOCKING HIS BARREL TO PIECES.

AN' WE GOT THE SNOW SHOES.

NOW THAT'S DONE. LET'S PLAY DISCOVERIN THE SOUTH POLE LIKE BYRD DOES.

HE GOES IN AN AIRPLANE.

AW LET'S GET ONTO THE ROOF AN' SKI JUMP.

I SEE YOU KIDS CLEARED UP THE TIN CANS. THAT'S FINE. WHERE DID YOU BURY THEM?

IN A SNOW DRIFT IN YOUR YARD.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1933, by The Chicago Tribune.

