

Now that they've been
fed, everybody has passed
out. Oh, well—

GASOLINE ALLEY

I'll drop in on Doc. We'll
have a Tom and Jerry or
something whipped up.

Right, what you doin' around here in the
middle of the night? If it's a hangover,
see me in my office in the morning—



GASOLINE ALLEY



You gave Judy a Gazelle convertible for Christmas, Walt?

Well, I traded it to her for a prehistoric jalopy she'd been driving, Ambrose.

I figured she'd feel better about it as a trade than as an out-and-out gift.

That's a switch!

What kind of antique did you get?

It has so many repair parts from different makes, its ancestry is somewhat obscure.



Things have changed a lot since I began driving a car, Chipper. There were no gas pumps. They filled your tank from five gallon cans.



GASOLINE ALLEY

The only paved stretch was Main Street and 25 miles an hour was tops in the country road ruts.



If it was dry, you could spot a car two miles away by the dust clouds.



And if it was wet, you'd balance on the crown of the road to keep from slithering into the ditch.

When you were a boy, Grampa did General Grant have an automobile an' a horse, too?



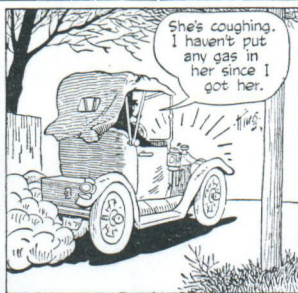
Art by
The Chicago Tribune



I don't know why, but I get a kick out of old Liz at that!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1953 by
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

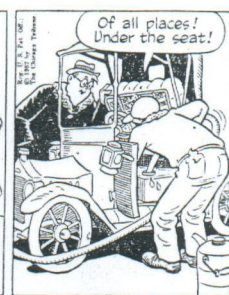


She's coughing. I haven't put any gas in her since I got her.

TUMS



That's luck! There's a filling station.



Phyllis, let's go to the Leatherby's party tonight in ol' Lizzie.

In that hunk of junk? You must think I've lost my mind!



1-9

GASOLINE ALLEY

Aw, come on—just for laughs. It will be a swell gag!

Over my dead body!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.:
© 1947 by
The Chicago Tribune

Where's your sense of humor, Phyllis.

If you want to make a fool of yourself go ahead—but I'll walk first!

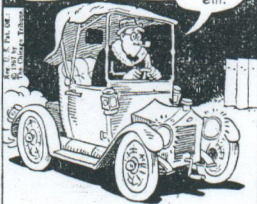


Phyllis can't take it, and is off to the party in a cab. She won't go along with the gag.



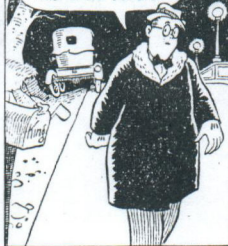
GASOLINE ALLEY

When I drive up in Ancient Aggie here, it will sure panic 'em!



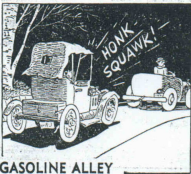
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
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She's never acted like that before!



Corky, can you give me a tow? My second car is stalled out on Willow Street near the bridge!



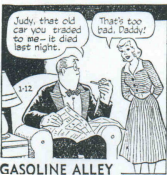


GASOLINE ALLEY



A fender dropped off, Corky. If you're towing the thing you might as well tow all of it!

THE
END





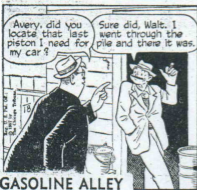
GASOLINE ALLEY











GASOLINE ALLEY



Judy, why is it that your car was working perfectly until you traded it to me?

Perhaps I didn't give you enough instruction, Pop.



GASOLINE ALLEY

You see, the spark lever doesn't work. That's why you have to jerk that wire that sticks out of the dash.



Pull the hand brake before she kicks over or she'll back up. Hang on and let in the clutch. She jumps like a frog.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
The Chicago Tribune



If it's daytime, kick the dash. That will turn off the lights. And don't push the horn button! Just yell.



You are wasting your time. Wait. You can never get it to run.

It ran fine all the way from the shop. Avery.

That's no test. What you need is an endurance run.

A fine idea. I'll pit my vintage convertible against your hybrid nonetheless any day you say.

Okay. Make it for ten blocks. That's all your mantrap is good for.

I resent that!

GASOLINE ALLEY

1-21

Aw, you're mighty cocky about that old jalopy of yours—

Why not, Walt? They put good stuff into cars in those days.



I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll race you the 12 miles to the Humpville Post Office.

From a standing start. What are the stakes?

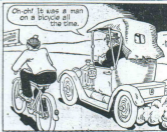


Two juicy girlfriends—paid for by the loser.

You're penalized ten yards for an offside pun, but it's a deal.



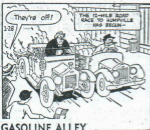


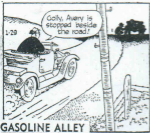


GASOLINE ALLEY







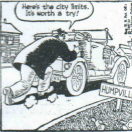




GASOLINE ALLEY



WALT IS STILL AHEAD IN HIS RACE WITH ABEYD WHO HAD TO STOP AND CHECK FOR A TIRE. NOW WALT SEEMS TO BE HAVING SOME TROUBLE HIMSELF.

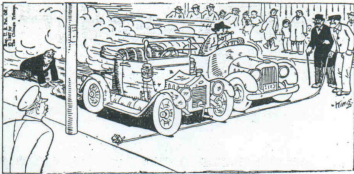


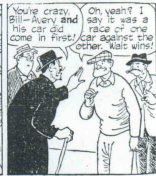
It's only three blocks
and mostly down hill!

2-1



GASOLINE ALLEY







GASOLINE ALLEY



There goes
that old
wreck again,
Miss Mary?

And him an
executive in
the Nicker &
Nicker Co.



They make
metal chairs and
seats. I thought
he was loaded!

Wouldn't think
he could afford
a new model.



The bottom
must have
dropped out
of the chair
business.

That's the
way it looks.



I called the phone company to take out the phone in Judy's room. Well,

Yes, Phyllis now that she's gone away there's no need for it.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Did you put in a phone at the Wallets, Mister?

Nope. Took one out.



What did I tell you? His business must be on the rocks.

Yeah! There's only one reason people lose a phone—they can't pay their bill.



It's too bad about
Fire Kallet and the
children, isn't it?

Why, what's
the matter
with them?

Haven't you
heard? He
lost all his
money!

I knew something
was wrong when I
saw him driving that
worn-out old wreck
of a car.

Don't say that.
I told you. I'm not
supposed to know.

I won't breathe
a word—except
to George!

George, I hear Walt
Wallet and his firm
are on the rocks.

Where did
you get that
bit of gossip?

It's all around
the neighborhood.
Everybody seems
to know.

Gosh, I built him
some shelves in
his garage and
he hasn't paid
me yet!

Joe, have you
heard that
Wallet is on
the skids?

There are rumors,
and where there's
so much smoke—

GASOLINE ALLEY

Charlie: I left my billfold in my other pants. Would you cash me a \$20 check?

GASOLINE ALLEY

Walt Wallet wants it cashed.

All right, Mr. Wallet. How would you like it?

Ones and fives will be okay.

They acted mighty funny about it. I wonder why.



You know, Phyllis, I went into Overby's drugstore to get a check cashed and they acted very strange!

I don't know why, but I have an account there.

GASOLINE ALLEY



They looked at it as if \$20 was an awful lot of money!

At the price, they charge, you wouldn't think so!



They have a good trade. I thought they were going great guns.

They never acted that way before.



I wonder if they're having financial troubles!





Happy birthday, Susie—
Consider yourself shocked
to dinner!

See, starting Uncle
Milt? But I was
hoping you wouldn't
do anything this time.

Why not this
time? I haven't
missed yet!

I know. But
if money is
a little tight—

What's the
matter with him,
Mina? He's talking
in riddles, too.

You don't have
to hold back,
anything from
Susie, Uncle
Milt—he knows!

GASOLINE ALLEY



Pop, if the payments on that new car you traded to me are too rough on you—

What made you think of that, Judy?

2-16

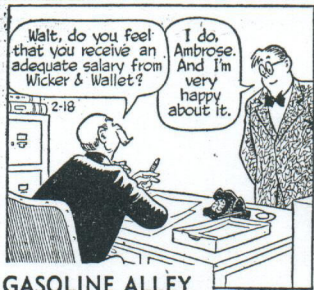
GASOLINE ALLEY

Nothing, only your monthly bills must be pretty heavy.

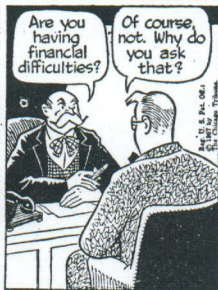
There isn't anything new about that. [It's just a law of nature.

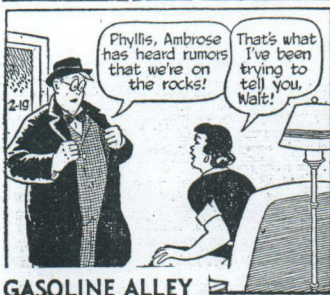
I've just been thinking—

Now that I've got the old bus all dolled up, maybe you want to trade back?



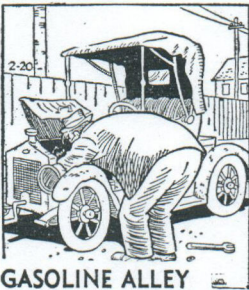
GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY

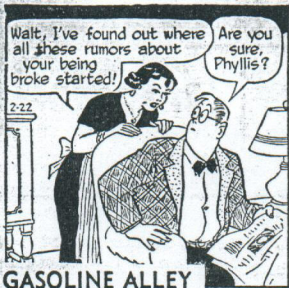




GASOLINE ALLEY









GASOLINE ALLEY



Miss Manx, I hear that we, the Wallets, are down and out - had you heard?

Yes, I have, Mrs. Wallet. It's all over town!

GASOLINE ALLEY

I've traced these rumors down and they all come back to you. You started these atrocious stories!

It's evil gossip!
It's slander!

What could I think? Anybody who'd drive a car like that old wreck must take the consequences.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951 by The Chicago Tribune

The gall of that Manx woman making insulting remarks about the car Walt drives!



GASOLINE ALLEY

It's none of her business. We have a good car, too—and she knows it.



Of course, the old jalopy could give people the wrong impression.



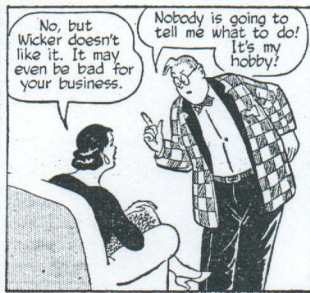
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Even Wicker is wondering. That's bad.



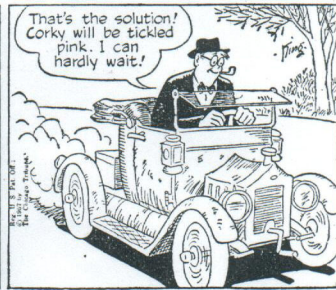
She's a cat! But I admit maybe she has a point!







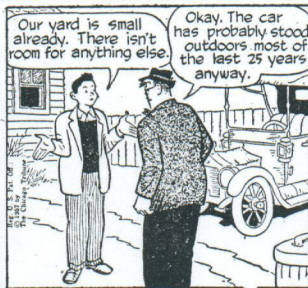
GASOLINE ALLEY

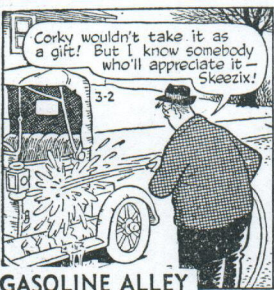


Buy U.S. Pat. Off.
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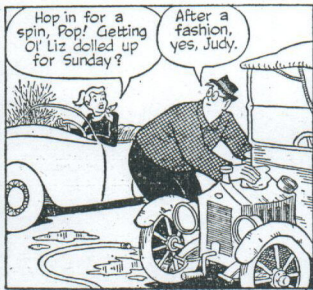


GASOLINE ALLEY





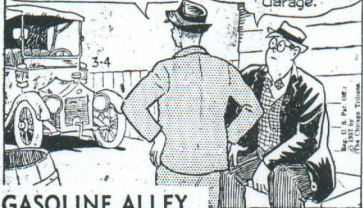
GASOLINE ALLEY



King
Mar. 11, 1934, Vol. 1, No. 1
© 1934 by King Features

Thanks, Uncle Walt, but I can't accept your old car—not even as a gift.

If you haven't room for her here, you've certainly got a corner in Gasoline Alley Garage.



3-4

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1957 by The Chicago Tribune

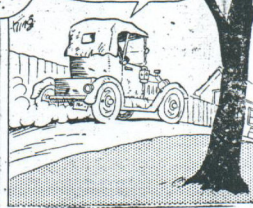
GASOLINE ALLEY

If we had, I'd put in a paint rack. I'm sorry.

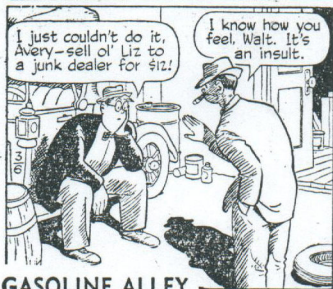
I wanted to keep her in the family. But maybe I'll have to make up my mind to sell her.



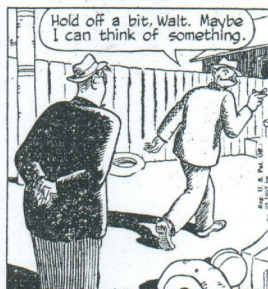
Just a poor little waif that nobody wants.







GASOLINE ALLEY



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
© 1937

I've been thinking it over, Walt. \$12 isn't enough for that old car of yours.

That's what you said yesterday, Avery.

Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you \$18.

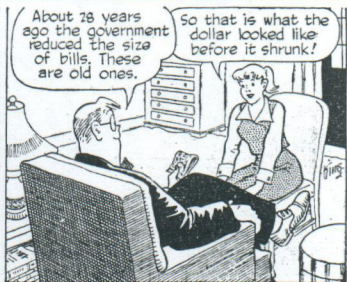
Sold to the highest bidder! I appreciate that! Drive her away!

It's the end of an era. I can't help feeling sad.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Pub. U. S. Pat. Off. Reg. by Post Office Tribune





Daddy, I told you there was a joker when Augie paid \$18 for your car without dickering.

Why, Judy—was that too much?



Not exactly. I hear he's already sold it for \$200.



Poppycok! Who'd pay \$200 for that relic?

A collector who was looking for that same model.



I can't believe it. It's gossip!







GASOLINE ALLEY



Now is your chance, Walt. Avery can't sell the car without a bill of sale from you.

What do you suggest, Phyllis?

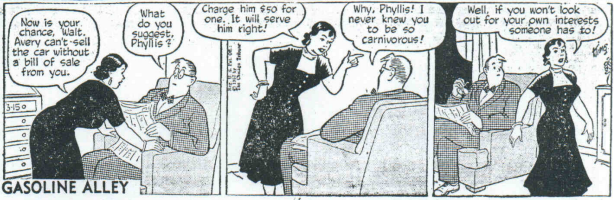
Charge him \$50 for one. It will serve him right!

Why, Phyllis! I never knew you to be so carnivorous!

Well, if you won't look out for your own interests someone has to!

ART BY BOB WELLS
STORY BY
EUGENE CLAYTON

GASOLINE ALLEY



3-16
Mom thinks you should hold back on the bill of sale for that car you sold to Avery.

She's vindictive, Skeezix. I'm merely being leisurely.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Then you're not going to charge him extra for it?

Probably he did have the deal all made with that collector before he bought from me—

But I'll take mine out in letting him squirm for a day or so!

Walt Disney
© 1937 by
The Disney Company

That tightwad, Walt! He won't furnish me a bill of sale for his car. And my buyer is raring to go.

You bought it for \$18, Avery, and are selling for \$200!

GASOLINE ALLEY

You can't expect Walt to be too anxious.

Yes, Emily, but I gave him \$18 after the juror man offered \$12. That's 50 percent profit!

But you are to get 1000 percent! You can afford to be generous.

Business is business.



GASOLINE ALLEY





Walt should have more than \$18 on that \$200 deal. My profit is \$183.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Perhaps I ought to offer him - say \$50?



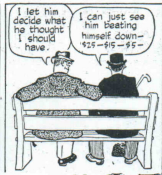
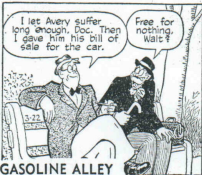
\$187

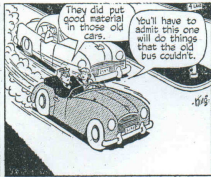
\$20?



I wonder what Walt would like as a gift -







Wait, Corby. This letter that just came. It's from Mother. She asks if my cousin, Leroy, can visit us.

It's o.k. with me if it is with you, Hope.



He's rather bashful and I'm sure he won't be any trouble.

Just don't make it for too long.



He's probably going to look for a job.

Say a week, or two, until he finds a place to live.





GASOLINE ALLEY





Corky, I didn't stop at the Elite last night and there are four cans of ravioli missing.

But there isn't a sign of anybody being in here, Fudge.

GASOLINE ALLEY



I've got the cans in rows so I can tell any time if one is missing.

The lock works perfectly. The window catch is undisturbed. You tell me.



I know somebody has been in here!

Okay, Sherlock. I'll give you another 24 hours.

I've come down at six o'clock. Nobody has tampered with the lock.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I had a hunch, but it's no good. This time eight cans of sauerkraut are missing!



I'm beginning to think somebody does get in here, Fudge!

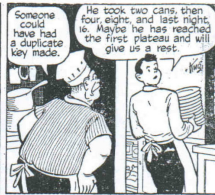
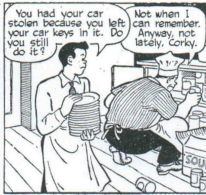
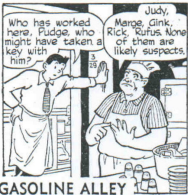


I'm sure of it. But there's no other evidence.



I'll tell the police to keep an eye on the place nights.





Whoever he is, Hope,
he manages to get into
the diner each night.

He takes canned
goods. The first night
he took two cans -
the second, four.

He's
getting
bolder,
Corky!

That isn't all -
next time it
was eight, and
then sixteen.

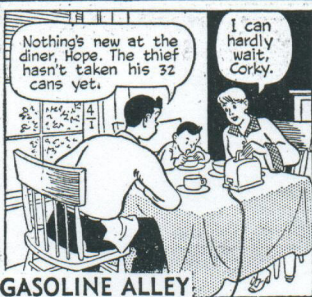
Sounds
like he
has his
own little
quiz show.

He asks himself a
question, and if he
answers it right, he
doubles his take!

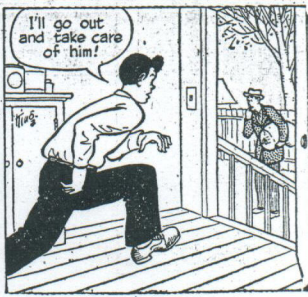
3-30

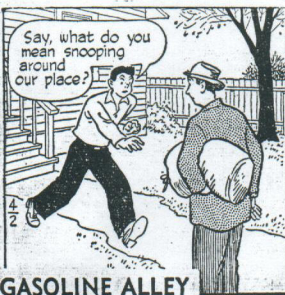
GASOLINE ALLEY

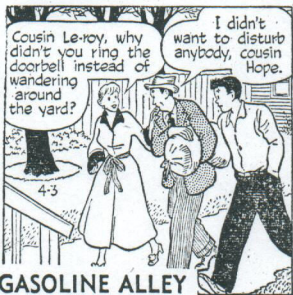
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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GASOLINE ALLEY







Le-roy, I found that you hadn't even used your bed last night!

No'm, I slept in my sleeping bag.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I don't want to be any trouble to you folks.

Forget it! You're no trouble at all.



Buy U.S. War Bonds Regularly by the Chicago Tribune.

Come with me, Le-roy. I want you to see the Diner.

I'd like to— if you're sure I won't be in the way.







GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY







Of course, you two can go out to dinner and a show with Skeezix and Nina!

But Nubbin is a pretty active youngster.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I've baby-sat before. Nubbin and I will get along just fine.



It's mighty good of you, Le-roy!



Have a good time. Don't worry about a thing!

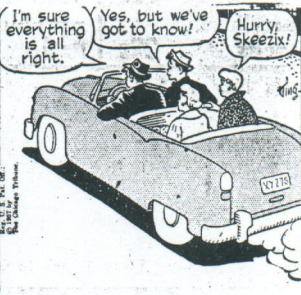
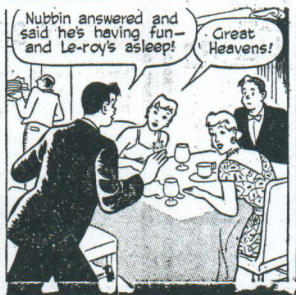


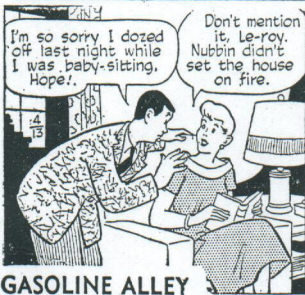
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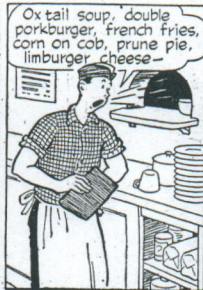
Okay. Be sure to have him in bed by eight o'clock!















GASOLINE ALLEY



Pudge, I've got it figured. Those thefts must be an inside job!

Why, you young punk!



4/19

GASOLINE ALLEY

Who's got keys to this joint? I an' Corky!



Buy U. S. Post. On...
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The Chicago Tribune

Can you imagine him comin' here in the middle of the night to steal his own stuff?



Yeah! An' that leaves me!

I didn't mean it that way, Pudge!





GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY





I couldn't sleep, but I've got an idea.



GASOLINE ALLEY

That thief is due tonight. Maybe this will surprise him.



Golly! When is that crook going to show up? I'm getting sleepy.







Corky! I've caught the thief!



I'll pull the pail, Le-roy. If he makes a false move, conk him!



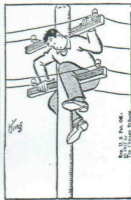
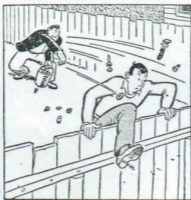
Pudge!

Oh! I beg your pardon!

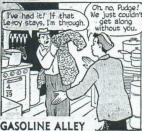
GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY



© 1935
The United Fruit Company





Corley, that was an awful thing I did—losing that pail of nuts and bolts fall on Fudge!

4
15

GASOLINE ALLEY



You should fire me—I don't have any right to be around here any more.

Your idea was okay. It just misfired. Le-roy.



Fudge says I go or he goes. You can't afford to lose him.



You won't have to fire me. I resign!

You sit tight. Perhaps Fudge will cool down.





Le-roy! I want to talk to you.

Just a minute, Boss!

OLINE ALLEY



Le-roy put that pail of bolts above the door to catch the thief. He was trying to help!

But think what happened! They fell on your head, causing pain and embarrassment!



Don't be ferocious, Boss. I flew off the handle too quick.



Let him off this time. He was only doing his duty.



I'm mighty sorry, Pudge. I didn't mean to douse you with those bolts.

Say no more, Le-roy. You had a good idea there.

Corky was pretty sore. He was all for firing you!

I know. I don't blame him a bit!

I went to bat for you, though. I argued him out of it!

Gee, thanks! I don't deserve it.

I'll tell Corky that Pudge came around all right!

GASOLINE ALLEY

5-3

© 1954, Fawcett Publications, Inc.







GASOLINE ALLEY

We've learned at last where the thief got in.

I'm sorry! I'll pay for the glass.

Forget the glass! You've solved the big mystery. Congratulations!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
© 1941 by
W. A. Chicago Tribune



It wasn't much!

No? You found the answer to what everybody in the place has been trying to figure out.

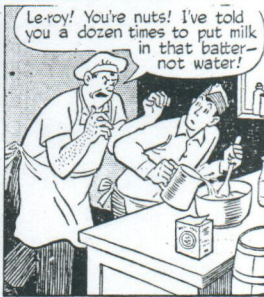
You sure did, kid!

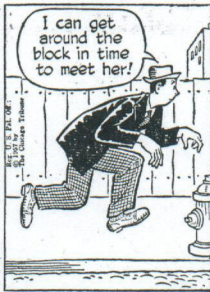


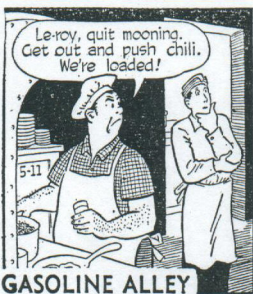




GASOLINE ALLEY











GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY





Judy, I'm glad you can come in oftener now.

I like it, too, Corley.

GASOLINE ALLEY



What's the attraction? It can't be Fudge's cooking.

Maybe I like to talk to my brother now and then.



Yeah, but I've been here all the time, and three weeks ago you were almost a stranger.



Goef! Just the length of time I've been here!



GASOLINE ALLEY







Gas, I never thought!

GASOLINE ALLEY



My father's brother married Hope's mother. That makes me and Hope blood cousins.



Then Corley married Hope. That makes Corley my cousin-in-law.



And, gosh! Judy is Corley's sister!



It's terrible when you fall in love with one of your own relations!





GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY



Gee, Pudge, I don't know why I ordered a "Judyburger" instead of a hamburger!

Now we savvy who the gal is that you've gone nuts over!

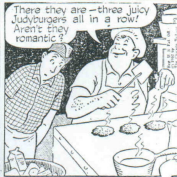
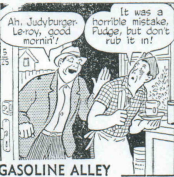
Don't say a word to her, Pudge—she doesn't know a thing about it.

You can't get anywhere keepin' it a secret, kid.

I'll keep it dark, Le-roy.

I'd have been mortified to death, if she had heard it!

GASOLINE ALLEY





Corky, you'll be glad to hear we caught the thief who was bothering you.

Good! When did you pick him up?

Last night at another diner—right in the middle of his act.

He hasn't annoyed us lately, but I'm glad he's stopped.

How do you know he's the same one?

His M.O. is the same—modus operandi to you!

GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY

5/31



So you got your-
self a room, Le-roy.
That's the way
to live!

Miss
Judy found it
for me,
Pudge.

GASOLINE ALLEY



How you
gettin' along
with her? Had
any dates?

Oh, my,
no!



You'd better get busy—
a faint heart never
landed a good-looking
dame.

We
haven't
got that
far yet.

Eng. U.S. Pat. Off.
Printed by
The Chicago Tribune



Golly, I wonder
if I should!



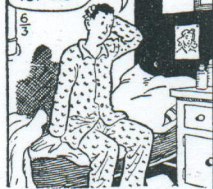
GASOLINE ALLEY



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
© 1937 by
The Chicago Tribune



Gee, things are breaking swell for me!



I've got a job with meals included, and a nice place to work.



Now I've got a room—a home—and it's mine, all mine!



The city had me buffaloed at first. But now I see people on the streets and think, "I'm as much a part of this as you are!"

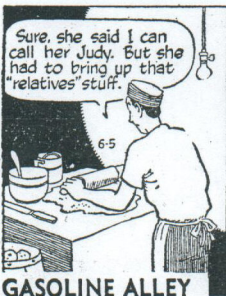


GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY





Sure, she said I can call her Judy. But she had to bring up that "relatives" stuff.

6-5

GASOLINE ALLEY



I was going to ask her for a date, but that took the wind out of my sails.



Next time I'll do the talking. I'll go right up to her and I'll say —

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1951 by
The Curtis Company



Okay, big boy, what'll you say? Come down out of the trees. You're talkin' to the birds again!

COR

There's Judy. Le-roy.
Now's your chance!



GASOLINE ALLEY

Judy, I've been wanting to ask you something. Will you have a date with me?

It's very nice of you to ask me, Le-roy.



But when I was working here I made it a rule never to make a date over the counter.



I've lived up to it. I don't think I should break it now. I hope you understand.

But—



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Printed by
The Chicago Tribune



Hello, Le-roy! There's no counter today, and I'll be glad to accept a date with you.

Gee, thanks, Judy!

GASOLINE ALLEY



Corky and Rudge were all ears, and what we do isn't their business.

I thought that brush-off was for real.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
The Chicago Tribune



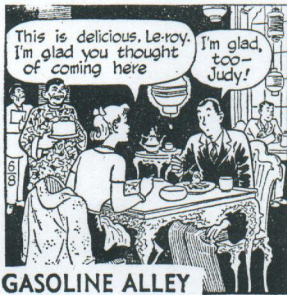
Suppose I see you at 6:30 tomorrow night?

Gosh, thanks!



Boy! I'll be waiting out in front of your steps.

WING



GASOLINE ALLEY



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1967 by
The Chicago Tribune

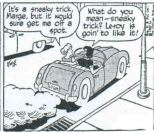


ASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY





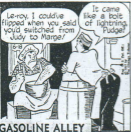




GASOLINE ALLEY











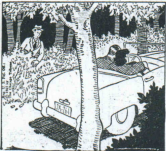


After what happened between us, it would seem that Marge could have a little time for me!

GASOLINE ALLEY



If I wasn't so sure of her I'd think she was stringing me along!



That didn't look to me like she was "shovin' her cousin around"!



GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY

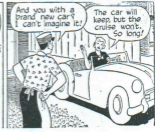








GASOLINE ALLEY







GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY

Walt, you mean that Avery actually wants us to deliver a package for him in Winkville?

Don't get steamed up, Phyllis. It's only a couple of ducks.



We'll do nothing of the kind!

But I just the same as said we would.



Buy-It & Put-It-
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune

The tightwad!
He's trying to save himself a dollar.



If Avery brings those ducks here, tell him he can stay for a duck dinner!



GASOLINE ALLEY

It's a cute little buggy. I'd like to see how it drives!



GASOLINE ALLEY

It's a money. I'm sorry we're not taking our trip in one!



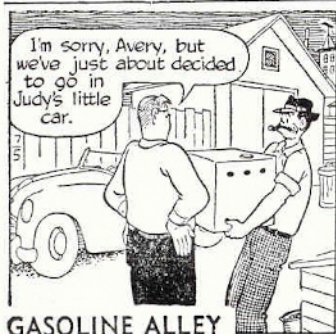
Phyllis, I don't believe Judy would object if we used her car instead of ours.

Walt, have you lost your mind?

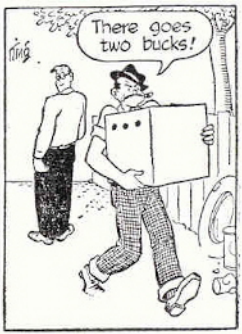
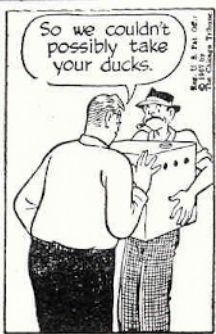


With it, we couldn't deliver that package of ducks for Avery!





GASOLINE ALLEY



Gee, thanks! We'll take good care of it.

That was Judy, Phyllis. She called just before she got on the boat.

Good! What's the news?

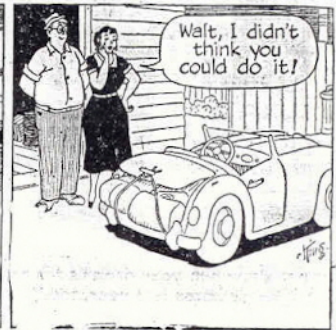
She said we could use her little Spitz car on our trip!

You have too much nerve, Walt, and she has too little sense.

Phyllis is peeved now, but she always gets over it.

7-6
Illustrated by
Bud Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY



All shipshape and ready to go!



Can you ooze over a bit, Phyllis? The door won't close.



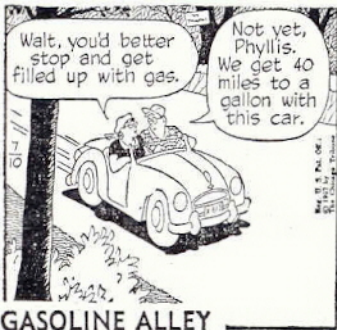
It's a tight fit, Walt!

It will be okay, when we get shaped to it.



GASOLINE ALLEY

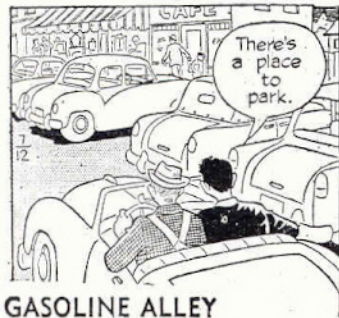
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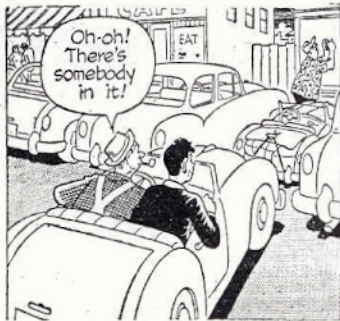
GASOLINE ALLEY





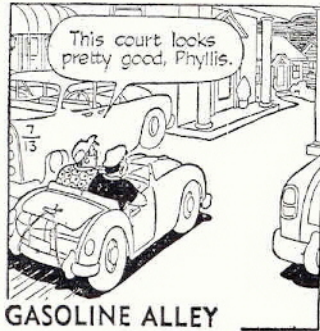


GASOLINE ALLEY



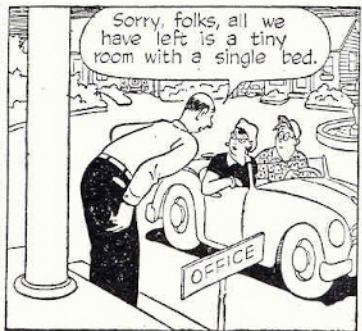
Art by G. B. Phillips
Story by G. B. Phillips
Chicago Tribune

This court looks pretty good, Phyllis.

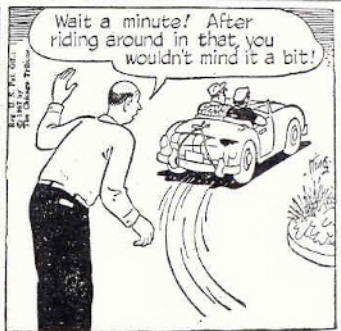


GASOLINE ALLEY

Sorry, folks, all we have left is a tiny room with a single bed.



Wait a minute! After riding around in that, you wouldn't mind it a bit!



BY U.S. PAT. OFF.
© 1967 by
The Chicago Tribune

Hurry, Walt, or we'll miss the ferry.

We've got six minutes. We'll make it.



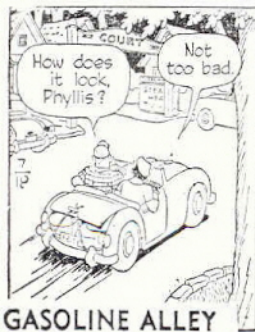
GASOLINE ALLEY

Oh-oh! We're out of luck.



Row you across for half a dollar!







7/26
What a cute native doll! Was it made here in the hills?

No'm. It don't pay to make 'em any more.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I see. This says, "Made in Japan"

Foreigners make 'em. They can do it cheaper than us.



We got better things to do with our time.



She's boiling, Phyllis, and no water for miles!

7-22

Buy U.S. Post. Oct. 5, 1947 by The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

Don't worry, Walt. I made a purchase at the last gas station.

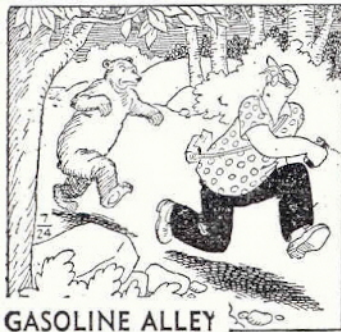
Two bottles of Fizzicola!

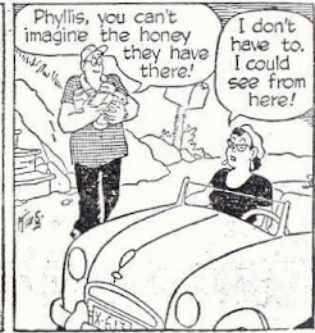
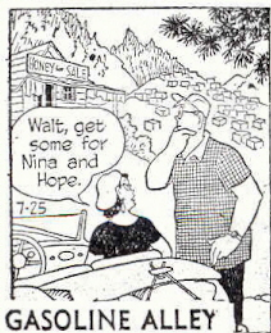
It's working, Phyllis. That's using the old bean!



GASOLINE ALLEY







Wait, here comes
our car without
a driver!

7-26



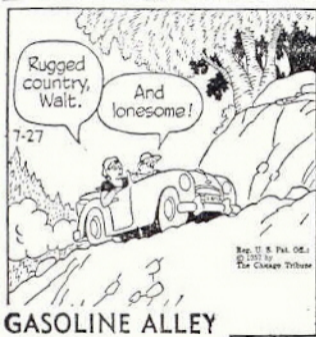
GASOLINE ALLEY

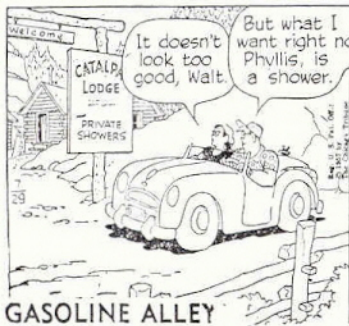
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
© 1957 by
G.L. Chase & Tribune



Phyllis, I told
you not to put
that honey in
the trunk!





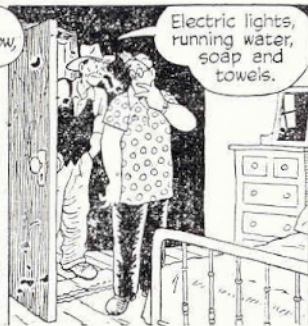


It doesn't look too good, Walt.

But what I want right now, Phyllis, is a shower.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1957 by Elmer Showers, Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

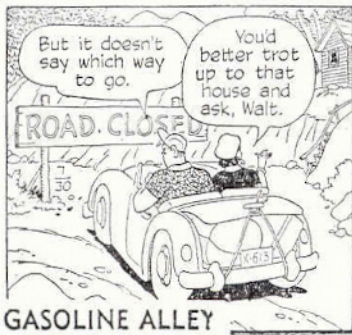


Electric lights, running water, soap and towels.

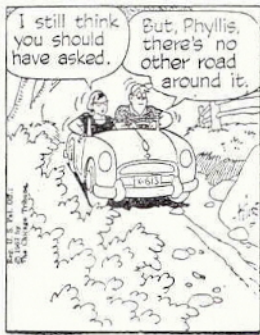


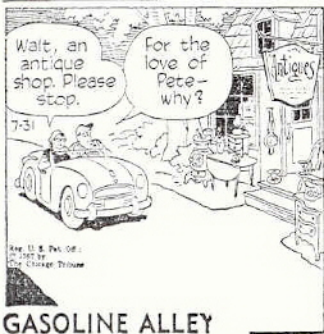
But I didn't, see those private showers you advertise!

Oh, that's me—Private Elmer Showers, Co. B., Second Regiment, retired.



GASOLINE ALLEY





Phyllis had to have a spinning wheel. And says it just can't be shipped.



GASOLINE ALLEY

It's got to go on the car— however impossible that is.



Impossible? Let's say just crazy!



A one-wheel trailer. I've seen dozens of them!

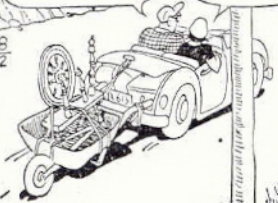


Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.
© 1961 by
P. M. F. Publishing, Inc.

2/10

There! I hope you're satisfied.

I knew you could do it, Walt.



Buy U. S. Post. 08-1
© 1963 by
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

It's going to rain!

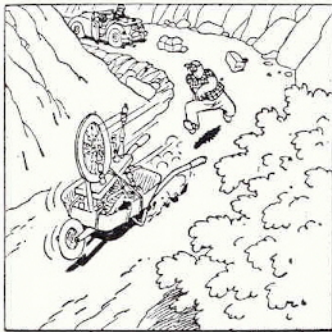
It would!



We can take turns.

It's your baby!





u/100

For W. S. Pat. 2,091,741
© 1954 by
The Chicago Tribune

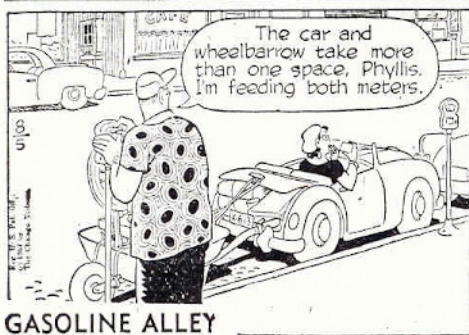
GASOLINE ALLEY

The car and wheelbarrow take more than one space, Phyllis. I'm feeding both meters.

I know we take up too much room, but I've put in two nickels.

That's okay.

But let's see a license for your trailer.



But, officer, it's no trailer. It's just a wheelbarrow tied onto my car.

It's a trailer an' you need a license.

8-6

GASOLINE ALLEY

Let's see what the book says—four-wheel, two-wheel, one-wheel trailers—

Okay, what does it say about a wheelbarrow license?

Mister, when your time runs out, make for the next town. Let's let them figure it out.

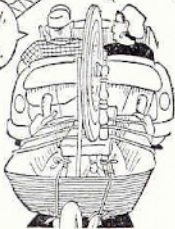
By G. A. Peck, Sr.
Story by
The Chicago Tribune

Wait, there's an antique shop!

Okay,
I'll
stop.

8-7

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Charles Tritton



GASOLINE ALLEY

I thought
perhaps you
were off
antiques for
life!

Not
quite!



What'll you give me for an
old-fashioned, slightly-used
spinning wheel?

No,
Wait,
no!



It says here that it's an important point of interest. Better get a picture.



GASOLINE ALLEY



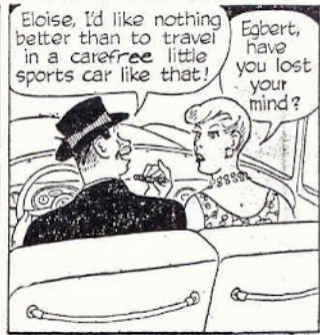
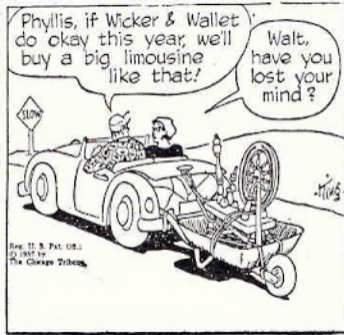
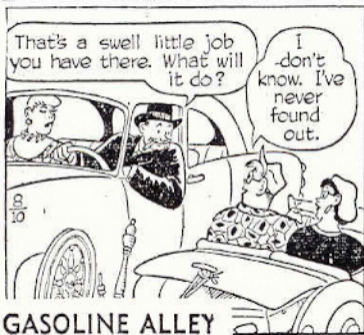
THE U.S. PUL. CO. © 1957 by The Chicago Tribune



Walt, who was Nicholas Bunker?

Search me. Must have been somebody.







Boy, it's good to pull into the old alley again!

And to know we're through with one-night stands!

Hi!

GASOLINE ALLEY



We brought your car back in good shape, Judy.

Did you miss us?

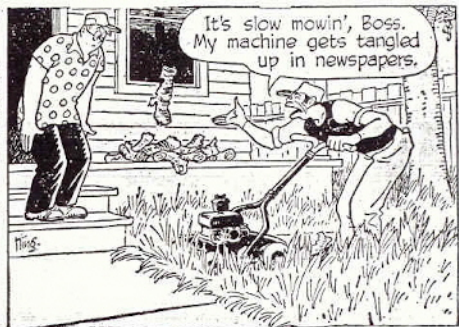
I sure did — all three of you!

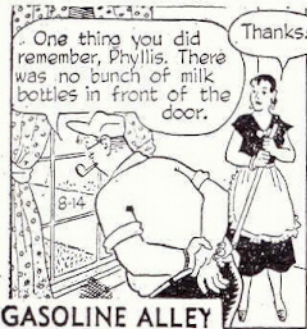


These scratches, Judy. I'll get 'em fixed up like new.

Forget it, Pop. I can hardly notice them.

By U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1961 by The Chicago Tribune





GASOLINE ALLEY



We kept your little car longer than we expected, Judy.

That was perfectly okay Pop.

8-15

GASOLINE ALLEY

At least, you had our big car to drive while we were gone.

Yes, I had that.

Phyllis, I thought Judy might be miffed because we kept her car away for so long.

So did I. But she didn't seem so anxious to see us back.

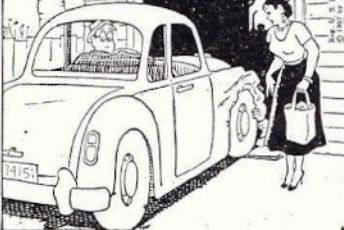
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1951 by
The Chicago Tribune

I'll back the big car out of the garage.

It will look like a school bus to us after Judy's little car!



Oh-oh, Walt! There's something you didn't notice!



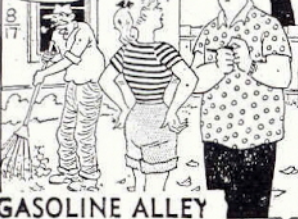
Now I know why Judy wasn't so anxious to see us come back!



GASOLINE ALLEY

Pop, did you notice that I bent the fender on your car?

I did; Judy, I did.



GASOLINE ALLEY

A bunch of teen-agers in a jalopy crowded me.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune

It wasn't my fault. They nudged me into a phone pole!

We put a lot of miles on your car. Let's call it even.



Thanks, Pop, I hoped you'd see it my way.



Walt, I just can't find the right place for the spinning wheel.



It's up to you, Phyllis. I've done my part.



© 1957 by The Chicago Tribune

I hauled it all through the mountains on a wheelbarrow—remember?



I know, but I just can't seem to make it harmonize.



You'd better make it harmonize—or put it in the attic!



GASOLINE ALLEY

Walt is more peeved with the spinning wheel here at home than he was on the road.



8/20

GASOLINE ALLEY

He says I'd better hurry up and harmonize it with its surroundings.



He's right. He's given me a marvelous idea!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1951 by
The Chicago Tribune

I'll redo the living room—in early colonial furniture!





But, Walt, to have your overstuffed easy chair in a colonial room would ruin the decor!

And I should squirm all evening in a Chippendale one?



But I could make you a cushion out of colonial period tapestry.

Phyllis, I'll give up my car or my golf club, but my chair is a must!



Then I'll have to use the den for a spinning room and get an oak chest and a cobbler's bench.



Avery, my wife is off on an antique binge. What she wants now is a hutch table.

Our furniture is all antique, Walt — pre-World War II.



She says she'll have to pay \$250 for one!

Too much! I'll get her one for \$100.

8-23

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
The Chicago Tribune



Gus, what is a hutch table?

?



GASOLINE ALLEY

It's stalled, Marge!
I goofed when I
let Pop borrow it
for so long.

You'll have
to phone
Brother
Skeezix'
garage.

8
24

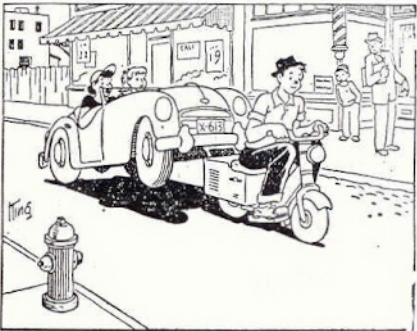


I can't find
it here, Sis.
I'll take it
to the
shop.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
The Clamps Tribune



Ting



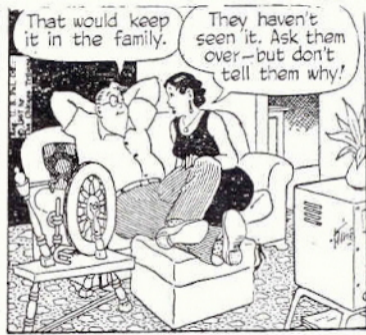
GASOLINE ALLEY

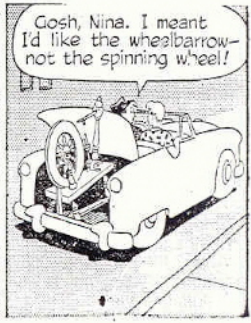
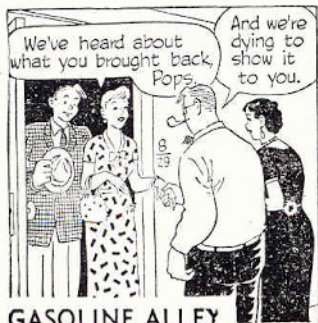


GASOLINE ALLEY









Well, we solved the spinning wheel problem and it didn't cost a nickel.

And we made two people very happy.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1931 by The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

You'll admit now, Phyllis, that it was a goofy idea in the first place.

I merely let my imagination run away with me, Walt.



Now, you can sit in your overstuffed easy chair and watch baseball and football.

Hooray! We're back in the 20th century again.



It was awfully nice of the folks to give it to us, Skeezi.

But what are we going to do with it?



GASOLINE ALLEY

It doesn't go with a single thing we have, Nina.

And we mustn't hurt their feelings—



Chipper, what would grandfather say if he saw you now?!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune



GASOLINE ALLEY



Skeezix, a woman called today and asked...for you.

That so, Nina? Who was she?

She wouldn't give her name. I thought that rather strange!

Probably a salesperson or something.

She called you "Skeezix". Are you sure you don't know?

I couldn't guess. Well, if it's important, she'll call again.

GASOLINE ALLEY

It was impolite of the woman who tried to phone Skee-zix not to give her name.



And Skee-zix says he has no idea who it was.



I wouldn't give it a thought—except that she called him "Skee-zix"!



So it must be someone he knows.



Oh, well, there's surely some logical explanation!



GASOLINE ALLEY

Copyright © 1951 by
The Chicago Tribune

If that's that woman calling Skeezix I'll hang up on her!

9-5

GASOLINE ALLEY

Oh, it's you, Skeezix! Of course, it's all right if you work later at the office.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1957 by The Chicago Tribune

It will give me a chance to get some more ironing done.

That's unusual. Skeezix hasn't worked an evening for ages.

Skeezix, you'd better answer that. It's probably for you.

©1960

GASOLINE ALLEY

Oh, yeah! Sure. Is that so? No, not now!

Art by
© 1960 by
The Chicago Tribune

It will have to wait until tomorrow—no, I can't make it tonight.

Okay, Boss, it's your funeral.

And now, pray tell me who that was!

9-7

Boss, I can't use this box of candy I won. Take it home to your wife!

No, no, Hack!

Go ahead! I don't indulge.

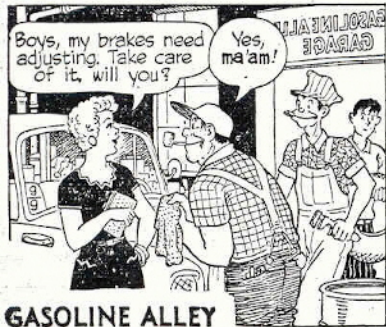
Give it to Bix! Right now at my house that would be dynamite!

Thanks a lot, Hack. I'll take it to Janice.

I tried to give it to Skeezi, Bix. He flew off the handle! Is he nuts?

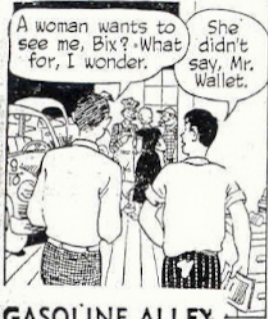
GASOLINE ALLEY

© 1967 by The Chicago Tribune



GASOLINE ALLEY





A woman wants to see me, Bix? -What for, I wonder.

She didn't say, Mr. Wallet.

GASOLINE ALLEY



How do you do? I'm Mr. Wallet.

Skeezix!

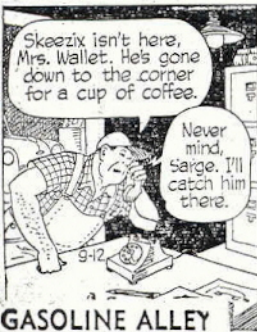


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. -
Printed by
The Chicago Tribune



Skeezix, you look as if you weren't accustomed to being kissed by strange women!





Nina, this is Trixie who used to play with us boys in our block when we were kids—



GASOLINE ALLEY

She was one of the gang along about the sixth grade.

FOR THE FULL STORY
CLIP BY
The Chicago Tribune



She was driving through town and her brakes needed attention.



We were just talking over old times.

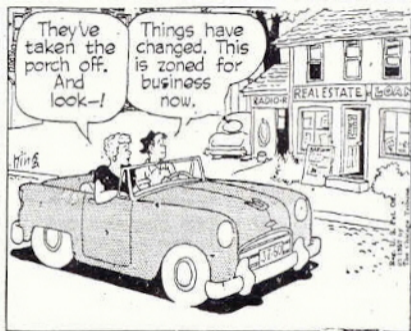
How long do you plan to stay, Miss-?-er, Mrs. -?—





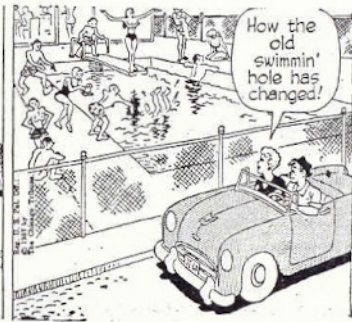
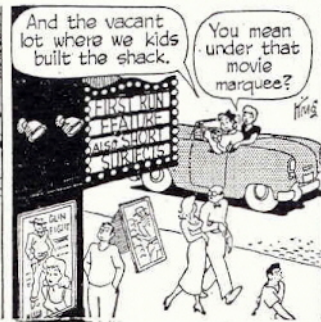


GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY



The old girl friend
you've been taking
around, Skeezix—does
she have children?

Gosh,
Nina, I
don't know!

9-18

GASOLINE ALLEY

Married—
or is she -
some kind of
a widow?

Don't reach,
Chipper!
She hasn't
said.

Those are the first
questions I'd have asked.
Aren't you curious?

All we've talked
about is the
old times

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune



King, King, King
© 1935 by
The Chicago Tribune

2/10

I'm so glad to meet you again, Mrs. Wallet.

Leave your bag right there!



Oh, yes—my bag! There's a convention and I had to give up my hotel room.

It is annoying, isn't it?



Buy U.S. Post. Off. 1-1957 by R. M. Chicago Tribune

Nina, the spare room—

That's very kind. It would solve a problem!



GASOLINE ALLEY

9
21

Now see what you've done, Skee-zix — blurring out about our spare room!

I only thought—

GASOLINE ALLEY

I just looked. She's unpacked and settled for over Sunday.

But I meant it for only last night!

You and your oversize mouth!

Skeezix, what did you say Trixie's last name is?

Trotter. She married a salesman, but it didn't work out.



She has stayed two nights. She must move on today!

That's what she plans, Nina.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune

Good morning! A beautiful room! I'll tidy it up when I get back from the drugstore.



GASOLINE ALLEY

9/24

Trixie likes it here, Skee-zix. Take it from me, she doesn't plan to move on today!

Sure, she will, Nina.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Just because you two used to turn cartwheels together doesn't mean that I have to tolerate her!

If she stays another night, it's up to you to get rid of her!

Okay, fair enough.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune

19
25

I warned you, Skeezix. Your pal Trixie came back for another night!

But she said —

Skeezix, a pretty woman can pull the wool over your eyes with one little finger!

I'm just trying to be nice to an old friend, Nina.

Okay, I said I'd get rid of her. I will!

GASOLINE ALLEY

King of the Hill. Out. © 1957 by The Charles Fries Company

Trixie



6/10

Skeezix, now's your chance!



Trixie, we love to have you here, but we're expecting another guest.

I understand, Skeezix.



Aunt Hessie, whom we haven't seen for years, is coming to see us.

That's okay. I was leaving today anyway.



Buy U. S. Post. Off. 1952 Issued by The Chicago Tribune

I feel like a twenty-carat heel!



GASOLINE ALLEY

9-27

You mean, Skeezix, that you told Trixie a fib to get her out of here?

I had to do something—you said so!

My approach would have been more direct.

That's what I was afraid of!

It was only a little white lie.

White, perhaps, but not so little.

GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY





Now tell me all about yourself. I'm interested.

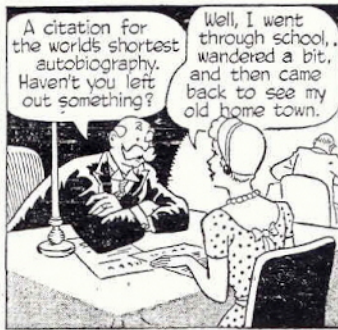
That's easy. I use to play hopscotch with Skeezix—and here I am!



GASOLINE ALLEY

A citation for the world's shortest autobiography. Haven't you left out something?

Well, I went through school, wandered a bit, and then came back to see my old home town.



Okay, here's my life story—born, graduated, went into business with Walt—and then you came along!



You must have more of a name than just Trixie, Trixie.

I do, Mr. Wicker. It is "Mrs. Trotter"—



10-3

Oh, oh—married! Isn't that too disappointing!

I'm a sort of widow—



Sod and sympathy, or grass and gaiety, may I ask?



Eng. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by The Chicago Tribune

Let's say detached—definitely!



GASOLINE ALLEY

I thought you were showing me the city, Mr. Wicker. We're in the country.

This is cozier, Trixie.

10
4

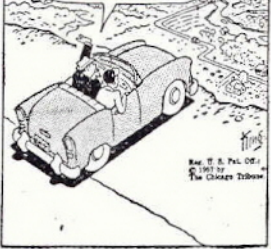


GASOLINE ALLEY

Besides, I want to show you this marvelous view.



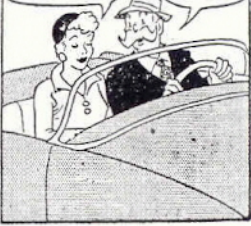
You should see it by moonlight. It is enchanting!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
The Chicago Tribune

You don't need to go to all that trouble. I have a good imagination, Mr. Wicker.

Call me Ambrose!



GASOLINE ALLEY

By King



As I told you, Trixie,
this is a beautiful
view at night.

It really
is, Mr.
Wicker!

10-7

See U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

Now let's
snuggle up and
really enjoy the
moonlight.

But, Mr.
Wicker—
I hardly
know you.

Can you think of
a better way to
get acquainted?

Yes, just
sit and enjoy
the scenery
and talk.

I do feel better acquainted, Ambrose.

That's a start, Trixie.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Now I'll take you home. Where do you live?

Just drop me at the parking lot. My car is there.

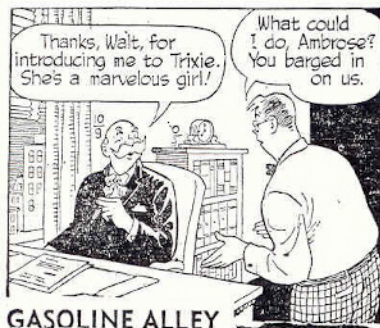


Walt Kelly
© 1967 by
The Chicago Tribune

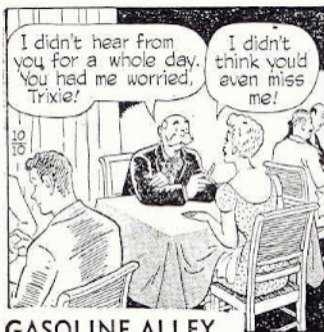
At least give me your phone number.

I forget it for the moment. I'll call you.





GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY



Trixie hasn't called this morning, and I can't settle down to work.



I can't let any woman do that to me! Just the same, I'm miserable!



Copyright © 1941
by
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Nothing important, Walt. Just an order for 100 lawn sofas and a gross of chairs.

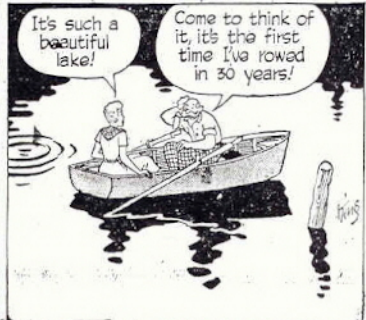


GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY



What's the matter, Ambrose? You look bushed.

I admit I'm a bit faded, Wait, but Trixie and I had a wonderful time boating!

Well, boys will be boys.

I used some muscles I didn't know I had!

I'm glad you had enough pep left to pull for the shore.

No problem whatever!

GASOLINE ALLEY

Buy U. S. Pub. Off. 50, 1967 by The Chicago Tribune.

5/16

These saddles come higher from the ground than they used to!



Just to give the horses a rest, of course.

Sure! Sure!



What's wrong, Ambrose? Have you decided to walk?

No, Trixie, I'm looking for a stump.



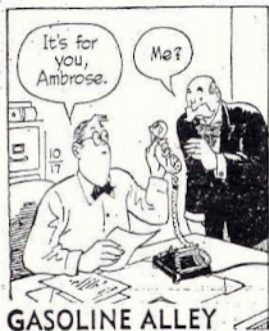
You don't need any stump!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by
The Chicago Tribune

King

GASOLINE ALLEY



GASOLINE ALLEY



You mean, Trixie, you want to go bowling? I'm almost ready for bed!

10
18

GASOLINE ALLEY

Oh, well—

Ambrose, wake up! I made a turkey and you weren't even watching!

Sometimes, Ambrose, I almost think you don't have any interest in me.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
© 1957 by
The Charles F. Johnson



Buy 11¢ 5¢ Plus 6¢
at 10¢ by
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY



Trixie has been leading me a merry chase, Walt. I'm all in-down and out!

Why don't you lay off a day or two and recuperate?

10-21

SEE U.S. PAT. OFF.
IN 1942 BY
THE GEORGE TRILLOTT

GASOLINE ALLEY

Too busy. Listen! She always stops here first. Tell her I'm out!

But, Ambrose, if she finds out, what does that make me?

You mean you wouldn't tell a little white lie, Walt, to save the life of a friend?



Ambrose....?



Ambrose! What on earth are you doing under there?

I dropped a quarter.



How about some tennis?

Sorry, Trixie. I'm allergic to tennis balls!



GASOLINE ALLEY



I'm glad to take you to lunch, Trixie, but I hope you don't mind walking.

Surely not, Ambrose

10-24



GASOLINE ALLEY

You see, the finance company has my car.



By G. B. Fox for The Chicago Tribune

I'd flag a taxi, but I've given them up - except for emergencies.

I understand.



Anyway, walking is fine. It will be good for both of us.



16
25

Trixie, I hope you don't mind eating at the hamburger stand today.

Not at all, Ambrose. Let's go.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. /
Printed by /
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

I've had financial reverses and I must cut out all luxuries.

I'm sorry.

Yes, mortgages have been foreclosed, my bank account attached, my stocks liquidated—

Think nothing of it. I'm not so hungry anyway.

Trixie, I did plan to take you to the football game today—but you know how it is.

Yes, Ambrose. I know exactly how it is.

How is the plot working out, Ambrose?

Fine, Walt. I'm laying it on thick about how poverty-stricken I am.

You don't think Trixie suspects anything?

It's going over so big I'm beginning to believe it myself!

GASOLINE ALLEY

© 1957 by R. Charles Truett

10
28

Trixie, I'm sorry to burden you with all my financial troubles.

Why not, Ambrose? What are friends for?

If the amount you need is not too great, perhaps I could help.

It's too much, Trixie. You couldn't do a thing!

This isn't any piddling shortage. It involves thousands of dollars.

You don't scare me, Ambrose. I might surprise you!

GASOLINE ALLEY

By U. S. Fox Co.
© 1943 by The Chicago Tribune

Travis



Did I hear you right, Trixie—that you might be able to help me in my financial crisis?

Of course, there's a limit. But would \$15,000 tide you over?

10-29



I never imagined you had that kind of money!

I told you I might surprise you.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by
The Cabbage Patch



Shall I give you a check right now?

No! No! I've got to think this out!

GASOLINE ALLEY

10
30

Walt, I'm in trouble!
You got me into a jam!

I did?
How come?



GASOLINE ALLEY

You got me to play broke -
to make Trixie believe I
had lost everything!

Didn't
it work,
Ambrose?



Rev. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by
The Chicago Tribune

That's the catch - she
swallowed it whole - and offered
to lend me \$15,000 to tide me over!

What
more do
you want?
You've proved
that she
isn't after
your
money.



Well, Ambrose, are you going to accept my offer?

I really can't, Trixie. The amount is too great just for a friendly loan!



GASOLINE ALLEY

What else can you do — with ruin staring you in the face?

I can't see how I could ever pay you back your money.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1933 BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

King



You've merely lost confidence in yourself. I'm betting \$15,000 that you can!

No, Trixie, it is impossible — and I can't tell you why!



11
4

Trixie, I had you meet me here because I have a confession to make.

You intrigue me, Ambrose!

Trixie, I haven't lost my money. I'm not broke. My finances haven't changed a bit.

You mean it was all a bad dream?

Let's call it that. I don't know what to say.

Don't say anything, Ambrose. I haven't any \$15,000 either.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by
The George Truham

Truham



Walt, she has packed up and left town. I'm devastated!

Who has - as if I didn't know?

She called up and said goodbye - that's all.

She wasn't for you, Ambrose. I'm glad it's over.

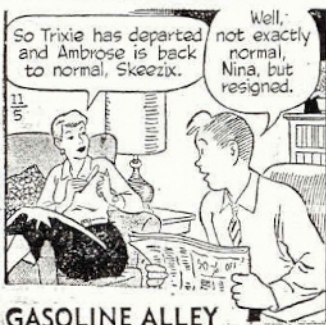
For your sake and my sake. Now maybe you'll be taking over some of the work again.

Oh, that!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1937 by
The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY





GASOLINE ALLEY



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1935 by
The Chicago Tribune

Clovia found a baby squirrel, Dad.

It fell out of a tree.

Sure enough!

It seems to be a dark secret. You don't want Mom to know?

She wouldn't let us keep it.

Remember the time we found the baby rabbit?

So you figure I'm a softer touch.

Well, we thought you could think of something.

GASOLINE ALLEY

© 1957 by The Chicago Tribune

A baby squirrel! I've just finished house cleaning. Positively not!

But we'll make a cage an' we'll take care of it.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I know—Chipper will forget. And if it's up to you, Clovia, it's up to me!

I'll feed him!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

Pop, you didn't help much.





GASOLINE ALLEY



So the mother squirrel didn't come, and he fell out of the tree again.

An' we just can't leave him here!

It's too cold.

11-9

GASOLINE ALLEY

That's right, we can't.

He is a nice soft helpless little thing, isn't he?

It's okay, Sis. Things are workin' out okay.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1967 by
The Chicago Tribune

I'll hold his head up, Clovia. You pour it in.

But he won't take it, Chipper!

11-11



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

You're right, kids. He spills it all over the place.

But he'll starve, Mommy!

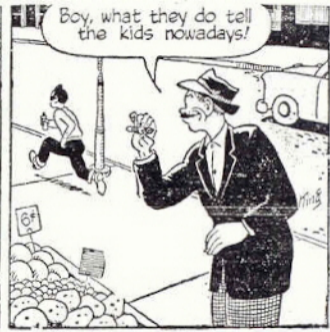


Chipper, hurry to the drugstore and get a baby bottle!





GASOLINE ALLEY



11
13

He won't take it out of the bottle, either!

What are we going to do, Mom?



Yes, Aunt Emily, we've got a little squirrel and he won't eat!

So that's the way it is!



Avery told me you had a baby. I thought it was rather sudden!



GASOLINE ALLEY

Where's this baby that won't eat?

Here it is, Doc.



GASOLINE ALLEY

You mean you got me all the way over here to be nursemaid to a squirrel?

© 1957 by The Chicago Tribune.



Eye dropper and warm milk! Good-by!



See, Grandmother, now I can feed him.

With an eye dropper. That's cute!

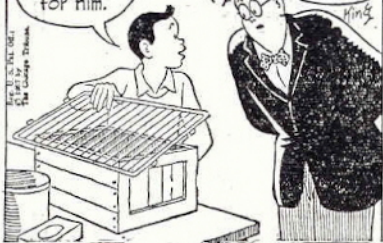


GASOLINE ALLEY

Look, Grandfather, I've made a cage for him.

That top looks suspiciously like a refrigerator shelf, Chipper.

U.S. PAT. OFF.
© 1957 by
The George Trilene



When Mom misses it, I'll have to think of something else.





GASOLINE ALLEY



Wallet, have you still got that squirrel?

Sure, Fracas, and he's the cutest little duffer!

Okay. Keep him for a house pet. But don't let him get onto my property!

That's what he is - a house pet. Don't worry.

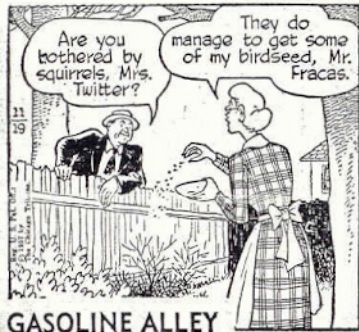
He wouldn't hurt a flea.

I warn you. I've got a .22 rifle loaded up and ready for him!

GASOLINE ALLEY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1947 by
Rue Chicago Tribune

HINS



GASOLINE ALLEY

You are a bird fancier, Mr. Birch. What do you think of squirrels?

I'm against them.



GASOLINE ALLEY

I'd have cardinals and brown thrashers if it weren't for squirrels.

What would you think of a man who is actually raising them?



I'd say he was a menace to the bird world!

It might interest you to know that Skeezi Wallet is doing just that!



Hey, Parky, you're supposed to be eating.

11
21



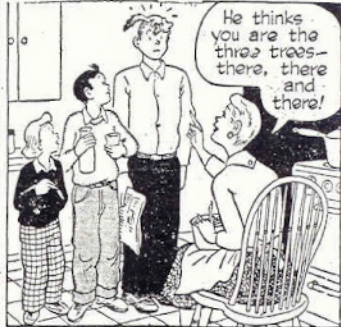
GASOLINE ALLEY



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune



He thinks you are the three trees—there, there and there!

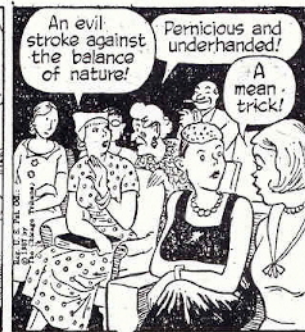




GASOLINE ALLEY

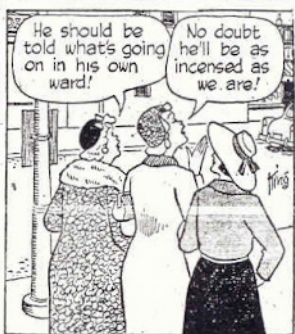
LET U.S. PAT. OFF.
SERIES BY
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE







GASOLINE ALLEY



This is the address where the alderman is holding his committee meeting.

11/27

GASOLINE ALLEY

Sure. One of 'em's an alderman. Back room.

APR. 11, 1941
© 1941 by
The Chicago Tribune

Yeah, I'm Alderman Bobble!



You remember, Skeezix, that I asked your support to get Jessica onto the school board.

I do, Wilmer, but I still feel as I did then.

11/29

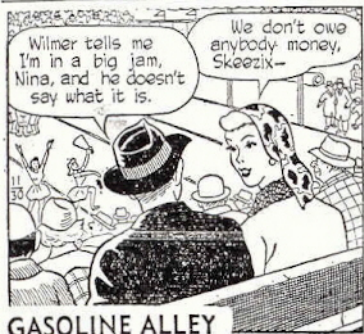
GASOLINE ALLEY

I like your wife, Jessica, a lot, but I can't support her just as a favor.

I'm sorry, Skeezix, because I'm in a position to do you one—a real one!

I hate to put it this way, Skeezix—but you're in a jam!

U.S. PAT. OFF. REGISTERED BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Have you heard any more from Fracas. about the squirrel, honey?

Not a word. Things seem to have quieted down, Nina.

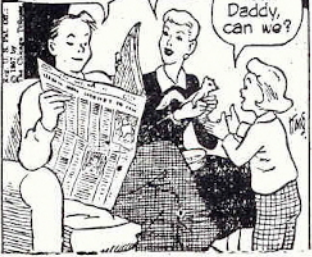


GASOLINE ALLEY

His bark was worse than his bite.

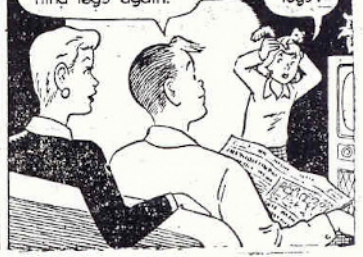
Then can we take Perky out of doors?

Yes, Daddy, can we?



Out of sight, out of mind. Keep him dark and Fracas may not rear up on his hind legs again.

What hind legs?



MEATS

How do you do, Mrs. Hennery?



GASOLINE ALLEY

PHOTO BY
CLAYTON
THE CHRONICLE, Detroit

A good morning for shopping, Mrs. Stibb.



I was snubbed in the supermarket, Skeezix. I can't figure a thing I've done.

For some reason, Nina, our neighbors aren't as friendly any more.





I quit raising pigeons, Skeezix. I've got a bargain for you in cages!

You mean all those cages for a little half-grown squirrel? You're crazy, Avery.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Don't kid me. Everybody knows you are raising them in hundreds!

This is Parky, the only squirrel we have.



REV. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1957 by The Chicago Tribune

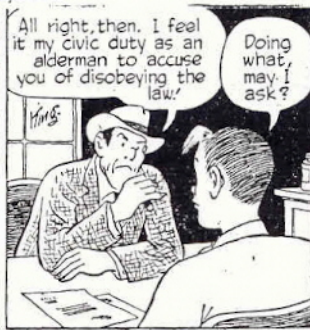
Strange! Your neighbors are up in arms and are taking it to the city council.

So that's what Alderman Bobble has on me!





GASOLINE ALLEY





Fracas, I don't suppose you've heard about my raising squirrels by the hundreds.

Let me see - perhaps I did, Wallet.

GASOLINE ALLEY



You know I have only one scrawny little runt. Did you tell them that?

Why should I? It was none of my business.



You started the whole thing, Fracas!

I said you were a squirrel-raiser. Could I help it if they made something of it?

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KING

A good story, Jake—citizen secretly raising squirrels wholesale in his own home.



Be sure to get a good picture of me in front of the cages,



I'll be handing Wallet an order to, cease and desist. You'll get the details later.



It will be swell publicity for me and a scoop for you!

Sure, sure, Bobble.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Wilmer!

Skeezix Wallet, I charge you with using your home for the business of propagating squirrels in quantity.

12/10

GASOLINE ALLEY

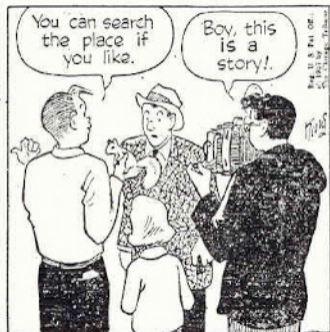
I, Alderman Bobble, serve this order upon you to cease and desist.

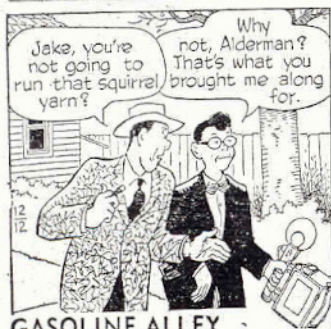
No hard feelings, gentlemen. I'd like to show you my stock in trade.

See U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1951 by
The Harvey Trites



GASOLINE ALLEY





Jake, you're not going to run that squirrel yarn?

Why not, Alderman? That's what you brought me along for.

GASOLINE ALLEY



But it was such a colossal flop—and with the shortage of newsprint—

It's not that short!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
© 1957 by
The Chicago Tribune



I'm in a position to do you some good. I'll talk to your city editor about a raise!

This story is a bird—and I've got it in my hand!

Listen, Jake. it won't do you any good to run that squirrel story.

That's up to the city editor, Bobble. I thought you wanted publicity!

12-13

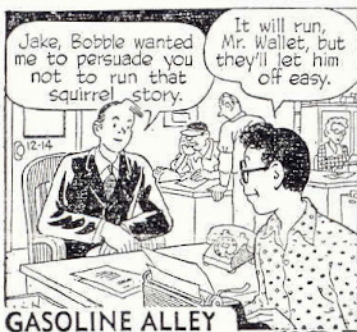
Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

Let's not bother him with it. This is just between us pals.

Okay, I won't write it. But a rewrite man will.

"Alderman Bobble plays penny ante with a squirrel while problems of streets, sewers and traffic are neglected!"



Wallet, I've caused you a lot of trouble about your squirrel. I apologize!

Okay, Fracas. No hard feelings.

Here is a little Christmas gift to indicate that I'm sorry.

You don't need to do that, Fracas. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones.

Take it. It will make me feel a lot better!

Thanks! Perhaps this is the start of a good neighbor policy.

GASOLINE ALLEY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune



Nina, where is that gift you wrapped for Fracas?

It's the little package on the corner of that table.

12/8

GASOLINE ALLEY

I'd like to open the present he gave me before I deliver this one.

It wouldn't be fair. It says, "Don't open till Christmas."

Hi, Fracas!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1951 by
The Chicago Tribune

Skeezix! Here is that gift you were supposed to give to Fracas.

It can't be, Nina! I took it to him yesterday.

12/19

GASOLINE ALLEY

The one that's missing is the watch you got for Corky!

You don't mean it! What can I do?

You can go to Fracas and tell him there's been a mistake.

Gosh, I hate to—but it's my only out!



Wallet, how can I ever thank you?



GASOLINE ALLEY

I can't imagine it— a gift like this after the way I've treated you!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© 1961 by
The Chinese Tribune



It breaks my heart to find that you are so forgiving!



Chicken!



Mistake, you say! It sure was—to give Fracas the watch you bought for Corky!

12/21



GASOLINE ALLEY

And Fracas was too greedy to do what it said—'Do not open till Christmas!'



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You'd better open his gift to you now. You won't be violating any city ordinance!



A mousetrap!



GASOLINE ALLEY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
© 1957 by
The Disney Trust





You must be frozen, Father!

'Tis a mite chilly, Nina.

GASOLINE ALLEY



Look at Grandfather! He's got icicles for whiskers!

How you goin' to take us?

© 1937 by
The Chicago Tribune



I haven't had a sleigh ride in 40 years!

Step on it, Grandfather!

We never would have made it, Father Clock!

Old Goliath here has pulled me out of many a tight spot!

King

I'll race you to see who rings the dinner bell!

You've got to give me a head start, Chipper.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

GASOLINE ALLEY

I'm glad you weren't too busy to come, Walt.

I'll never be that busy, Mrs. Clock!

It wouldn't be Christmas without the farm!

I'm getting starved-er every minute!

That bird is prettier than a bird of paradise.

All I want is a drumstick!

This turkey doesn't have drumsticks—he has hams.



5/21/66
How were crops this year, Father Clock?

I can't complain. I sold 19 business lots along the highway.

Besides that, 16 one-acre plots for suburban living.

We didn't even know you were in the real estate business!

They pushed me in. Now there's a subdivision laid out in the north, forty-

And a supermarket is dickering for my pasture!

GASOLINE ALLEY

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The Charles T. ...

12-27



GASOLINE ALLEY



By Bill & Fred Goetz
First by
The Chicago Tribune

We could drive home now, Father Clock, if we had our cars.

I'm taking care of that, Walt.



GASOLINE ALLEY

Sam, as chairman of the school board, could you do me a little favor?



You see, Walt, I'm able to pull a wire or two if necessary.



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Published by U. S. Daily News, Inc.

It was nice of Avery to remember us—but that old chair!

What can we do with it? It's a white elephant!



GASOLINE ALLEY

He did too! My father got a white elephant for Christmas.

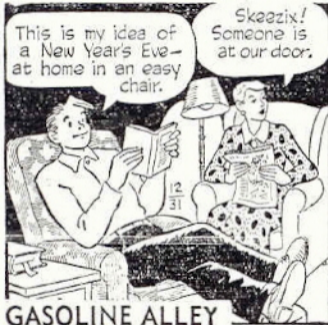
You're kiddin'!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

Mr. Wallet, we came over to see your white elephant!





GASOLINE ALLEY

