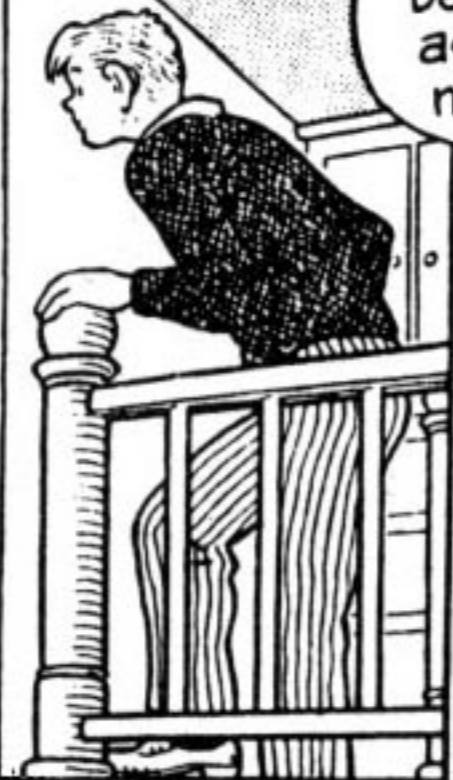


© Everything will work out for the best, Clovia!

Sob!



Is Clovia upset, Nina, because Slim has asked her to marry him?

Because he hasn't!

Dick Moore's



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

He's marrying some other girl!

Why do I have this strange feeling of relief?



① Slim's gal is out front, boss! Thought you'd like to know!

1/3

30

Thanks, Sarge!

Dick Moores

Oh, hello, Mr. Wallet!
I want you to meet Chloe!

It's a pleasure, Chloe!

I'm Daphne, Chloe's mother!

This is Chloe!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

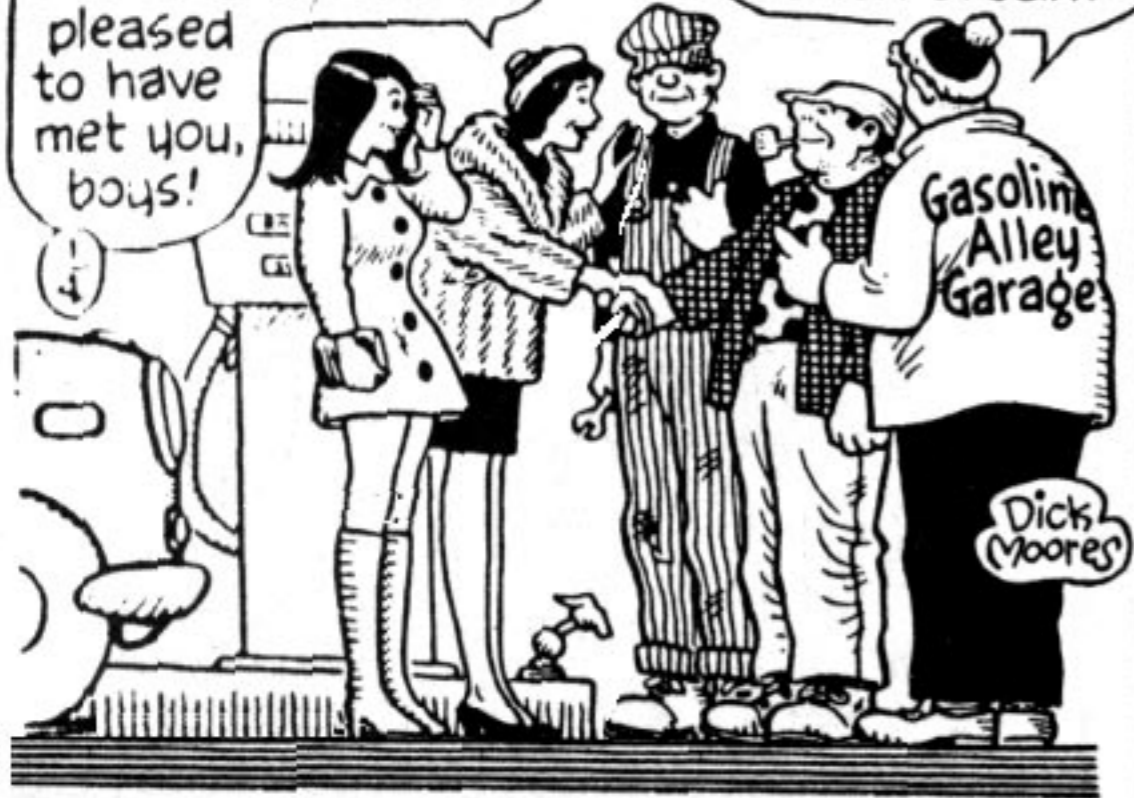
Chloe and I are so pleased to have met you, boys!

It's time for my lunch break!

Can you guys take over?

Sure, Slim!

How about that, Hack? Mama in the middle!



Chloe and I thought we'd like to go to a movie, Mrs. Sweet!

1/5

Fine with me, Slim! Which one?

There's a good one at the Bijou!

No, not the Bijou, Slim!

It's a great movie and it's rated GP!

I know, but I've already seen it! What's at the drive-in?

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved











©
Did we get paid today, Slim, dear?

Yes, Mrs. Sweet!

It costs money to get married! You must learn to budget every penny!

May I keep five dollars of it?

I'd like to take Chloe out to dinner!

You can't afford it, Slim! I'll fix a bite for us here!

Dick Moore's

11

© 1971 by Dick Moore, Inc. All Rights Reserved.



® In a jam, Slim?

A 24 jillion carat jam, Chip! I've never felt so awful in my life!

Actually, you don't look too good!

Hey, maybe that's it! Maybe I could get real sick!

Stick out your tongue!

How sick does a guy have to be not to get married?

(Dick Moore's)



Do I have a fever, Chip?

A little buck fever maybe!

Why did you get engaged to this girl if you don't want to marry her?

Why does a mouse like cheese?

When is the wedding, Slim?

As soon as her mother can save up enough of my money!

Dich (bores)



© You're not in love with this girl, Slim?

15

I hardly know her! This whole thing is her mother's idea!

You expect me to believe that?

Well... she likes me! She doesn't seem to mind that I'm nothing but a big fat clown!

I guess she's near-sighted or just too stupid to notice!

Dick (Dore)



① You don't have to marry this babe if you don't want to, Slim!

I'm engaged! Her mother has bought the ring!

With my very own money she bought it!

Slim, you're a comic!

Go ahead and laugh! I'm ruined! Clovia will never speak to me again as long as I live!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

LUGO
XPT



I'm hooked.. like a big fat mackerel!

Customer, Slim!

The show must go on!

Get out there and spread the ol' charm!

Nice day, Sir!

Who says? Ever have your mother-in-law come to live with you?

DING!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Slim's really stuck with that girl, Chloe, and her mother!

It's his own fault!

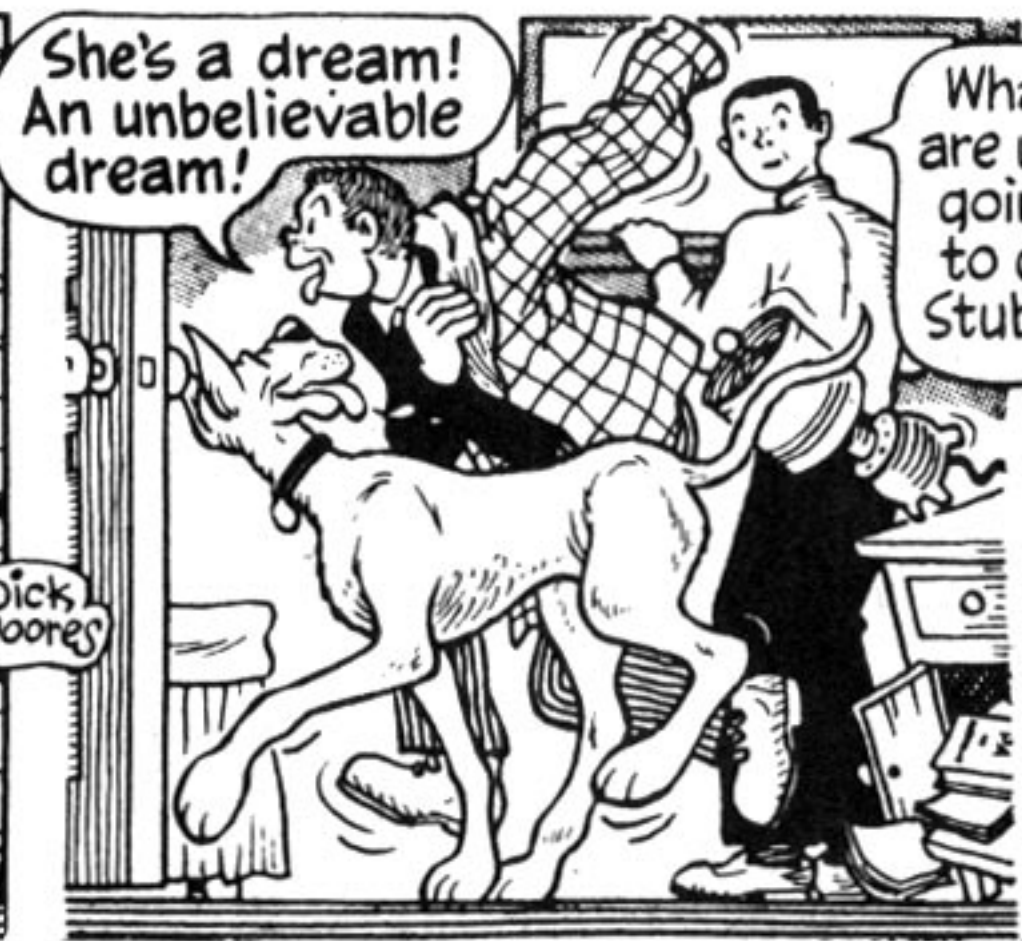
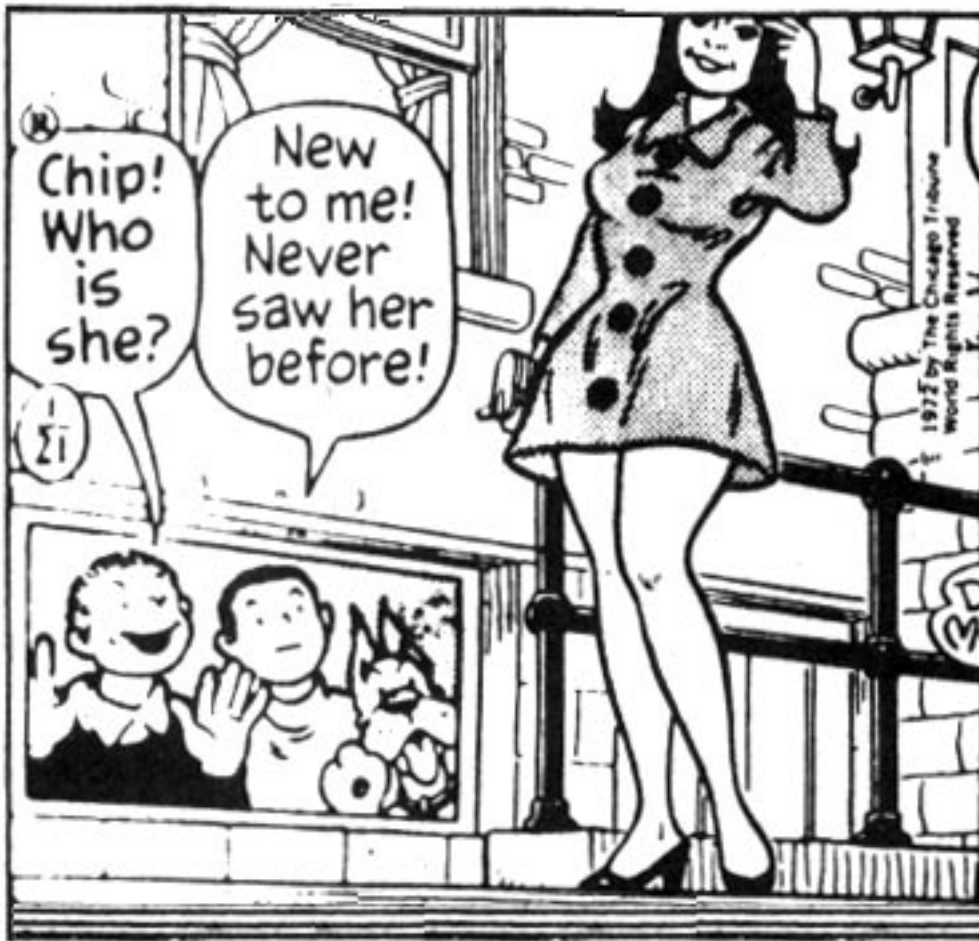
He doesn't know how to handle babes! Let's 'em push 'im around!

I guess he's being railroaded into marrying her!

There goes one who could sell me a ticket on her train any time!

Dick Moores





You've mistaken me for someone else, sir! My name isn't Pam! It's Chloe!

1
22

You're a dead ringer for Pam!

She's a movie star friend of mine! Most gorgeous girl I know!

Dick Moores

Oh?

I've troubled you needlessly! May I take you to lunch to make up for it?

I guess you could!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

® Slim! You look happy today!

1/24

I've been seeing things all wrong!

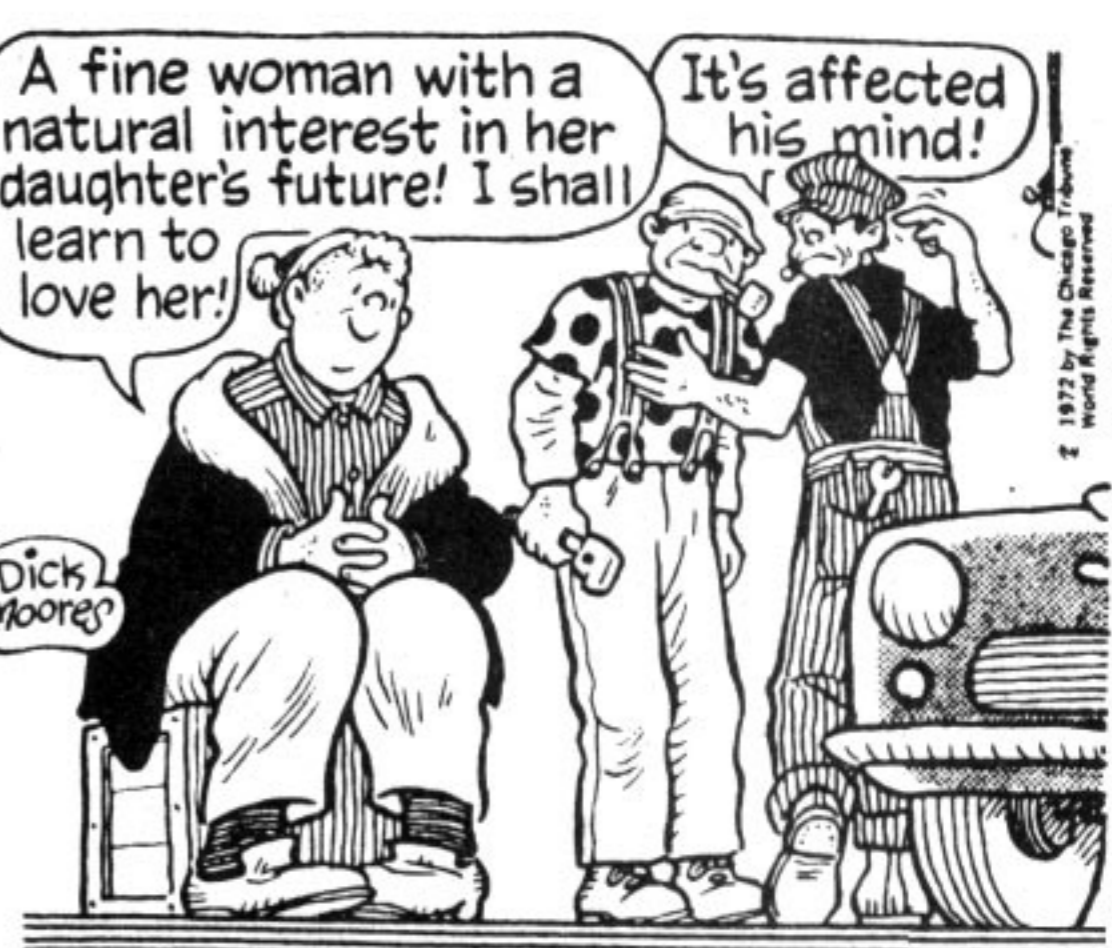
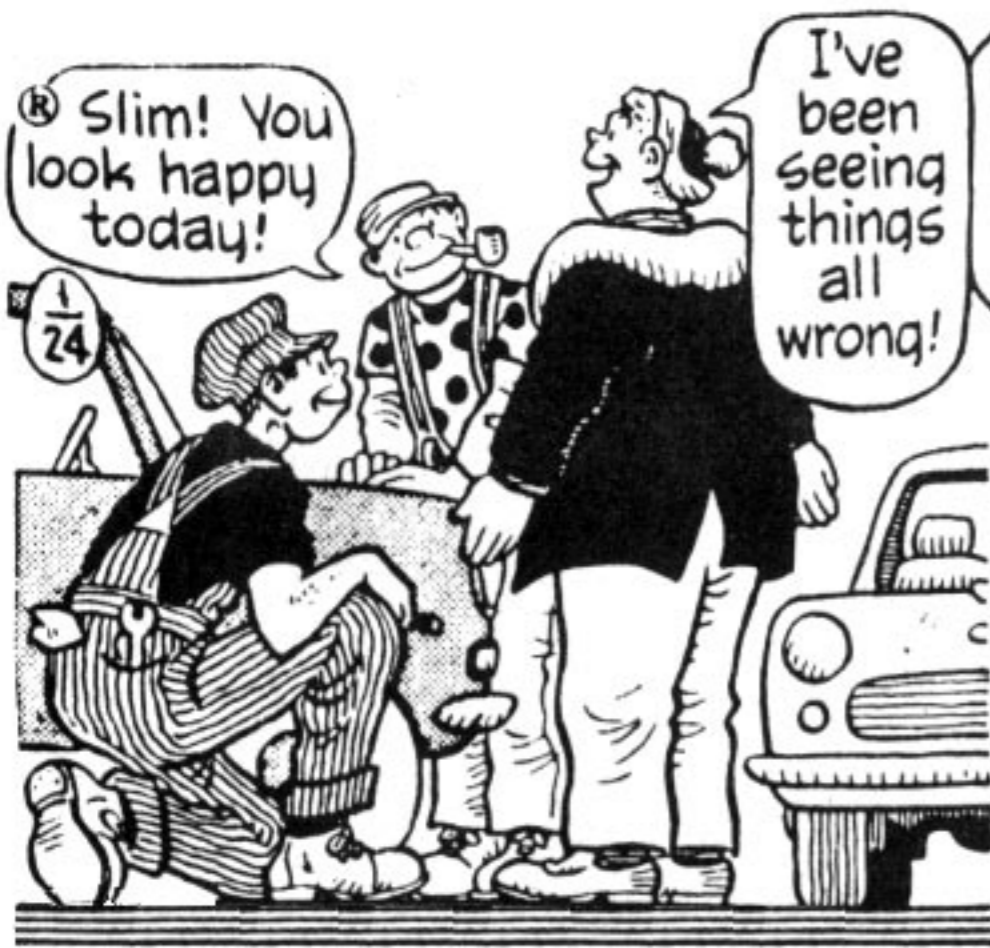
I am **not** hooked! I am lucky that a sweet girl like Chloe wishes to be my wife!

What about her old lady?

A fine woman with a natural interest in her daughter's future! I shall learn to love her!

It's affected his mind!

Dick Moores



® We're worried about Slim, boss!

He's given up! Lost his spirit!

Chloe and I will be so happy!

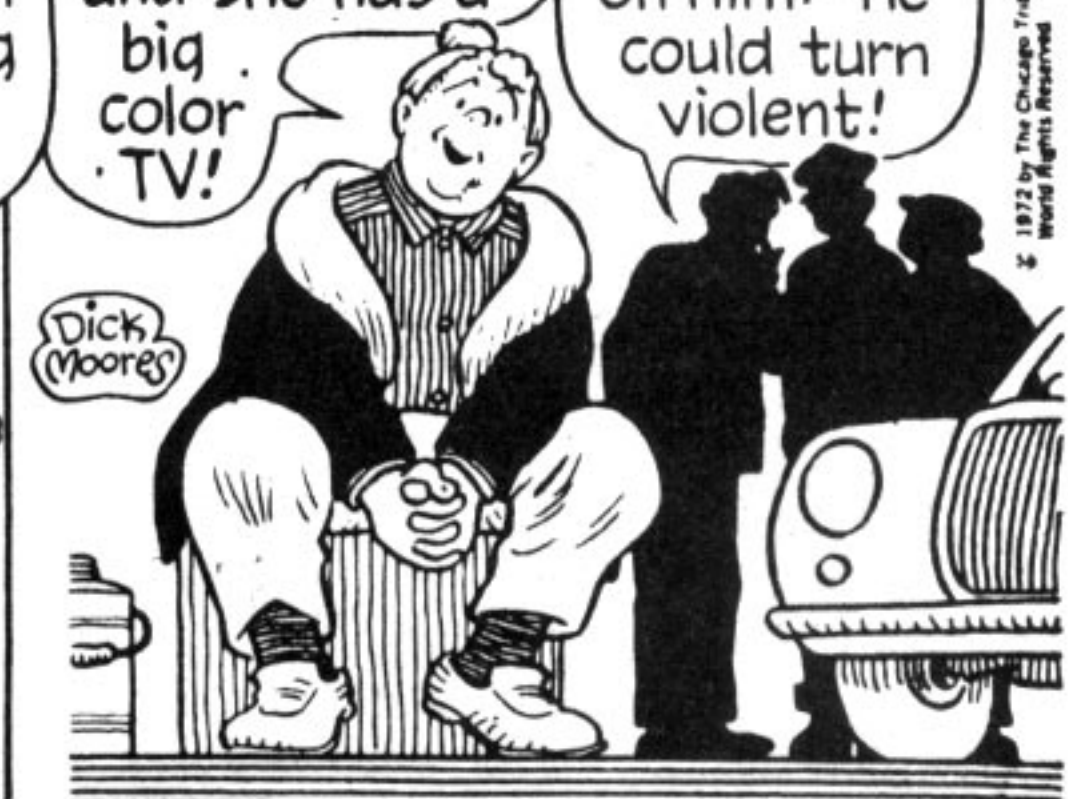
And what a fine generous mother she has...insisting that we move in with her!

No rent to pay... and she has a big color TV!

Keep an eye on him! He could turn violent!



Dick Moores



©
Hello, nice Mrs. Sweet! Where's Chloe?

1/26

She's at home, Slim!

I'm afraid I have some bad news!

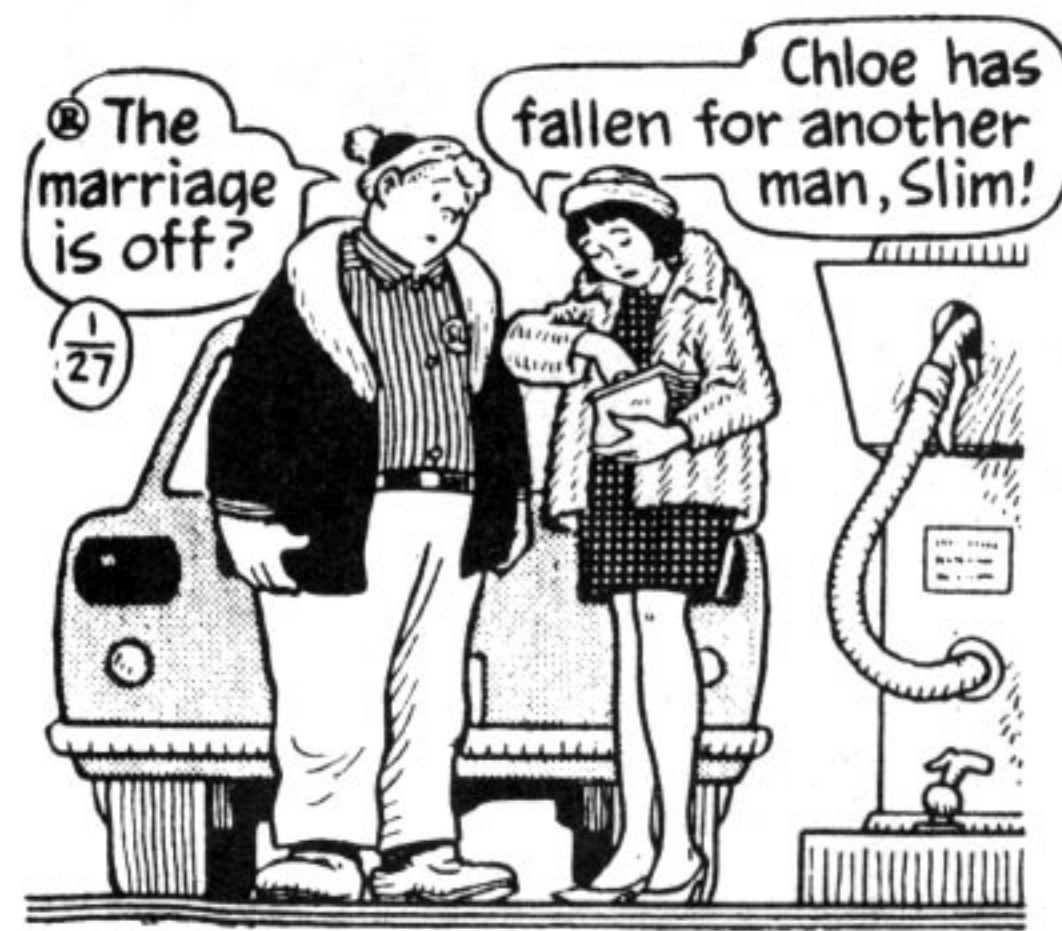
Is lovely Chloe sick?

It's worse than that!

You've sold your beautiful color TV?

© 1974 By The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick Moores





© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Word Rights Reserved

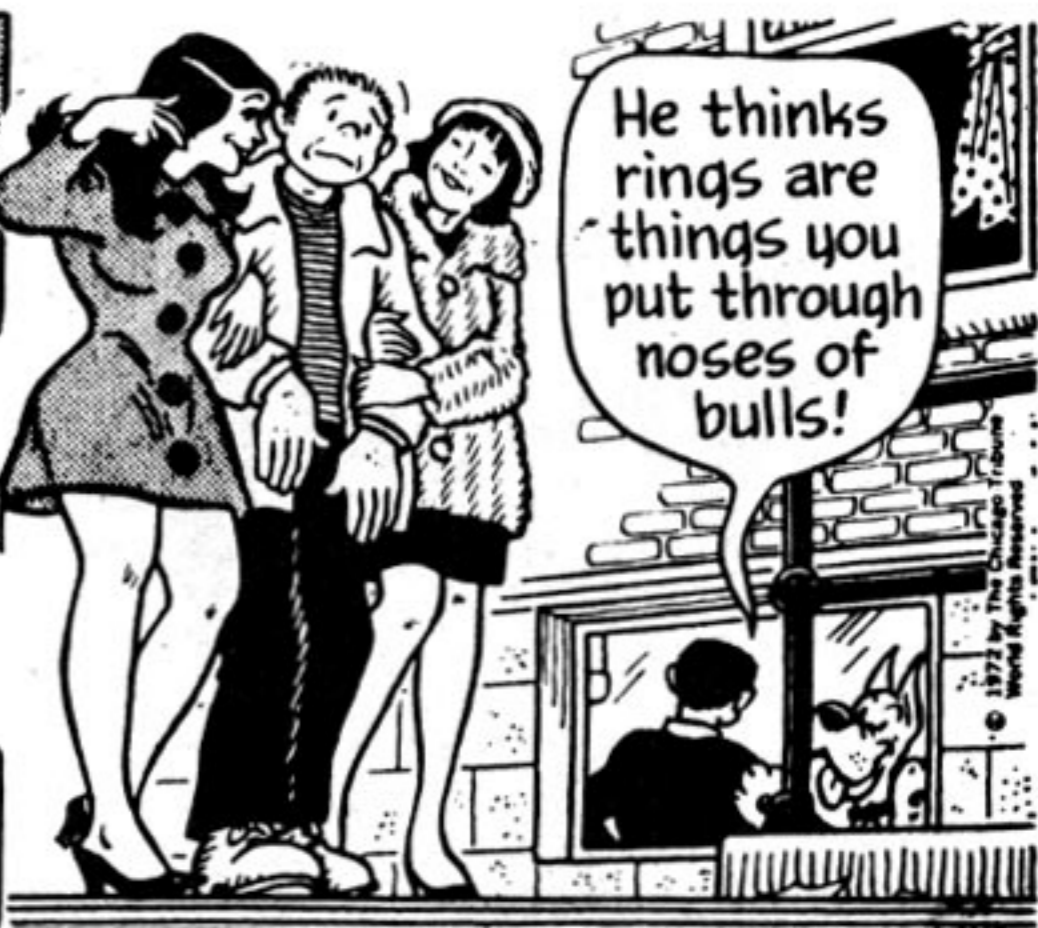
Know anybody, Chip, who wants to buy an engagement ring cheap?

I'm not in the market, Slim!

What about Stubbs?

Him?

He thinks rings are things you put through noses of bulls!



1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

How about that?
Stubbs is the
lucky new boy!



Hey,
Stubbs,
ol' pal!



Ten bucks, you take
over the payments
and the ring is yours!

That's a very
generous offer,
Stubbs, dear!



Dick
Moore

1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Wide Fund

The ring's a real bargain, Stubbs!

N-NO!

Dick Moore's



① You've got a lot of crust, Slim... after what's happened!

$\frac{2}{2}$

This is a very expensive ring, Sarge!

The store won't take it back! I'm stuck with a jillion payments!

I can't leave it laying around to rot!

(Dick Moore)

Hello! Clovia?



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick
Moore's





Hey!
Hi, Clovia!

5/2

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Sir, would you
mind trading seats
with me?

Corky's
Diner



Madam... would you
mind trading seats
with me?

Corky's
Diner

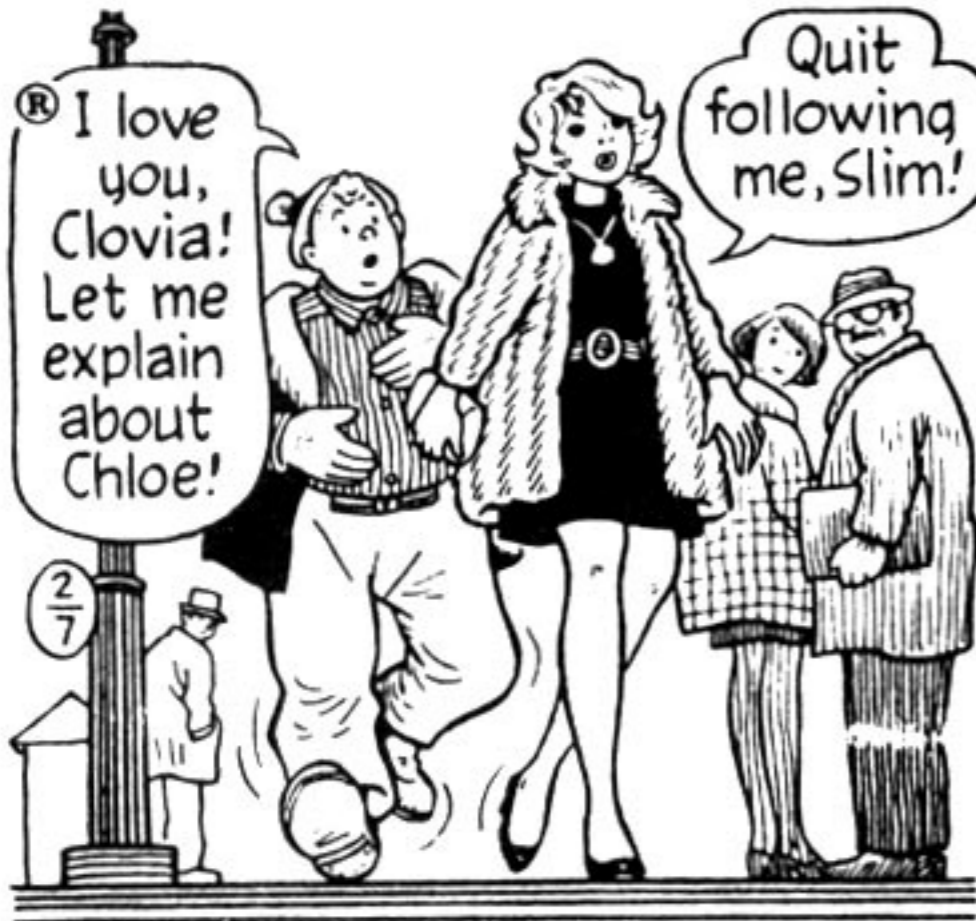
Dick
Moore's



Ma'am,
a...

No way!

Corky's
Diner



® All I'm asking, Clovia, is a few minutes to explain!

2/8

Okay, Slim!

Let's go in here and have a cup of coffee!

Thanks, Clovia!

A... can you buy?

Dick Moores



® About Chloe, Clovia, I...

You don't have to explain, Slim! I've had my spies out!

Two hundred bucks for a ring and all you got was a kiss from her mother!

Sarge and Hack are blabbermouths!

Anyway...it was only on the cheek!

Dick Moores

SLIM

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

2/9



I hear you're taking Clovia to the movie tonight, Slim!

2/10

Yes, sir, Mr. Wallet! To the Bijou!

Dick Moores

No, not the Bijou, Slim!

It's a good flick! Rated GP!

I know, but Nina and I have already seen it! How about the drive-in?

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



® What do you want for your birthday, Skeezi!

Not much, Nina! I can't afford it!

I'm buying it with my own money!

How are we fixed for groceries?

Don't need any!

What are we having for dinner?

Soup again!

Dick Moores

1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

© Skeezi, 51 years ago next Monday you were left on this very doorstep!

2/12

The doorstep has worn well, Uncle Walt!

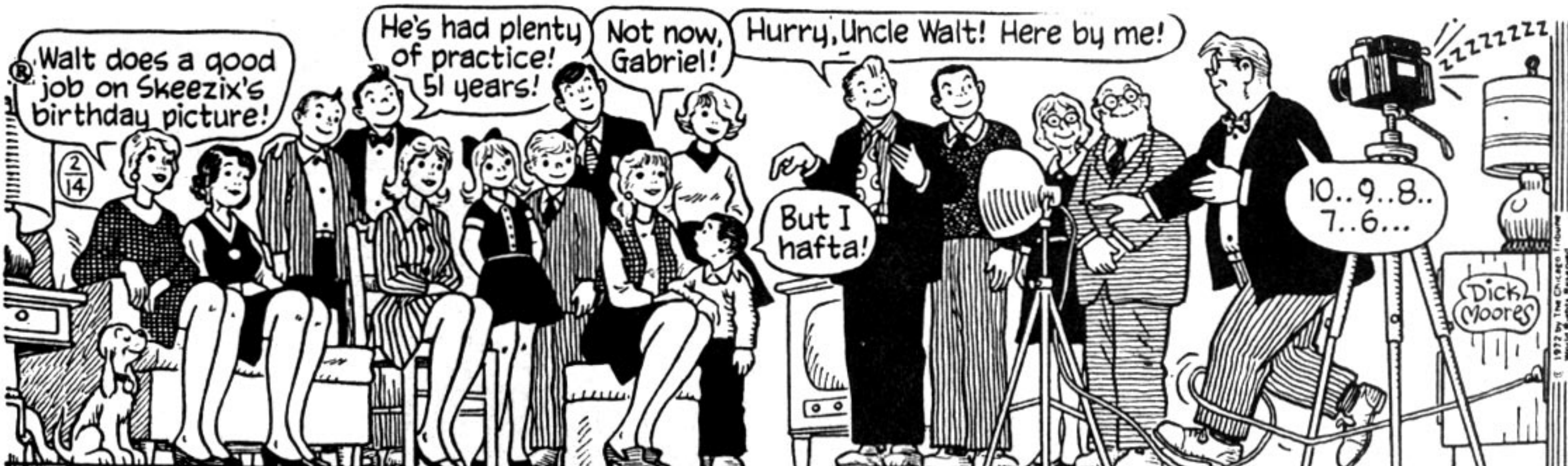
This tree was just a little sapling then!

I wish I'd accomplished that much in my 51 years!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved





Walt does a good job on Skeeze's birthday picture!

He's had plenty of practice! 51 years!

Not now, Gabriel!

Hurry, Uncle Walt! Here by me!

But I hafta!

10..9..8..
7..6...

Dick Moore's

Punky Nina Phyllis Rubbin Corky Hope Eve Adam Videon Judy Clovia Gabriel Skeeze Chipper Grandmother & Grandfather Clock Walt Wallet

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

Will you turn the radio down, Stubbs? I'm trying to study my anatomy and physiology!

Study what, Chip?

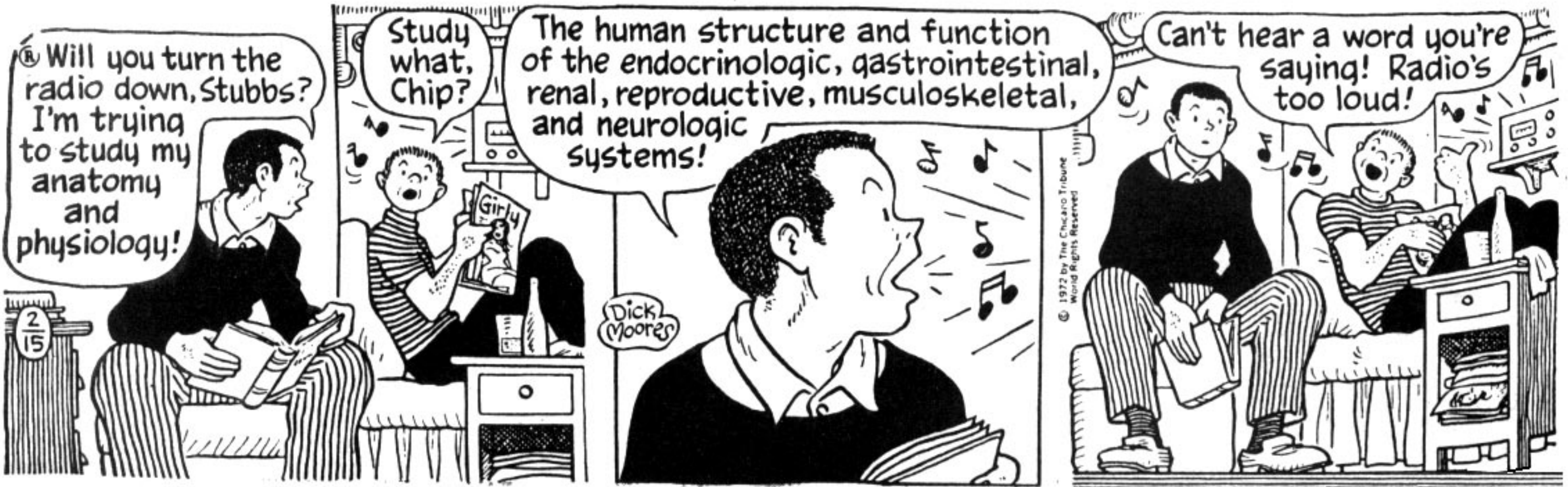
The human structure and function of the endocrinologic, gastrointestinal, renal, reproductive, musculoskeletal, and neurologic systems!

Can't hear a word you're saying! Radio's too loud!

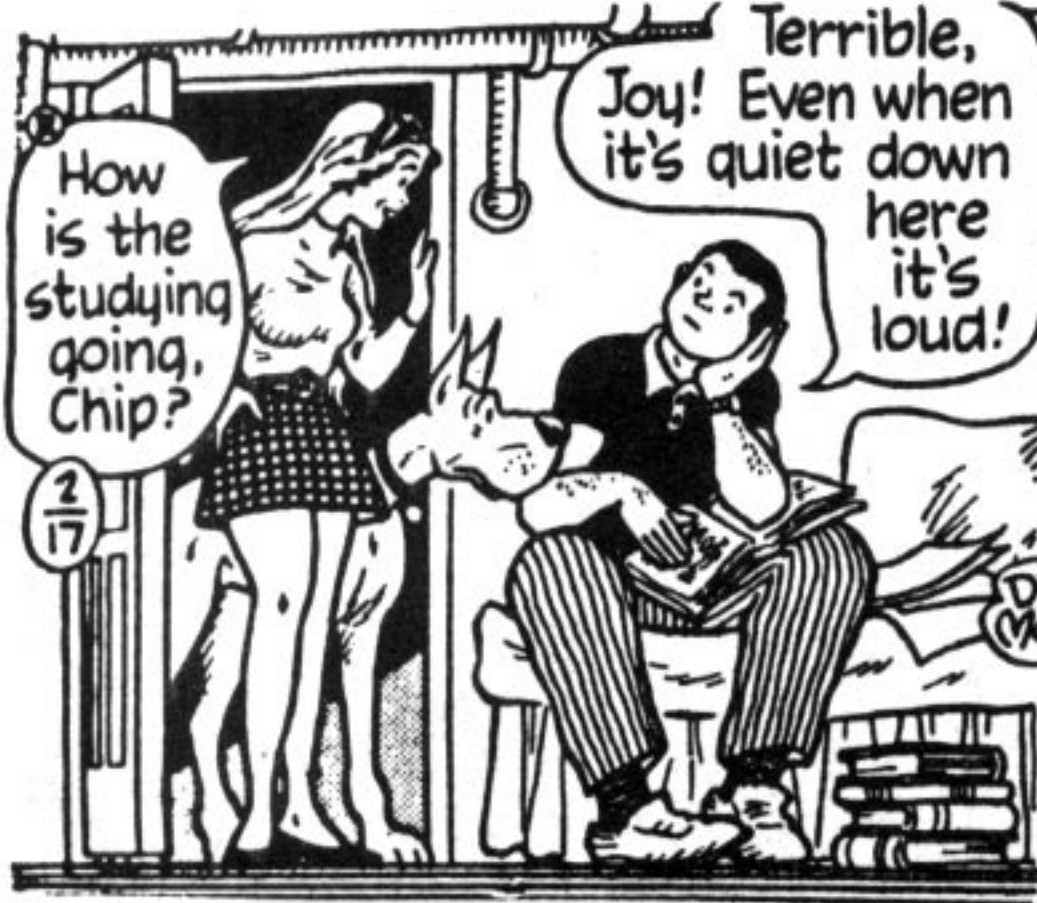
2/15

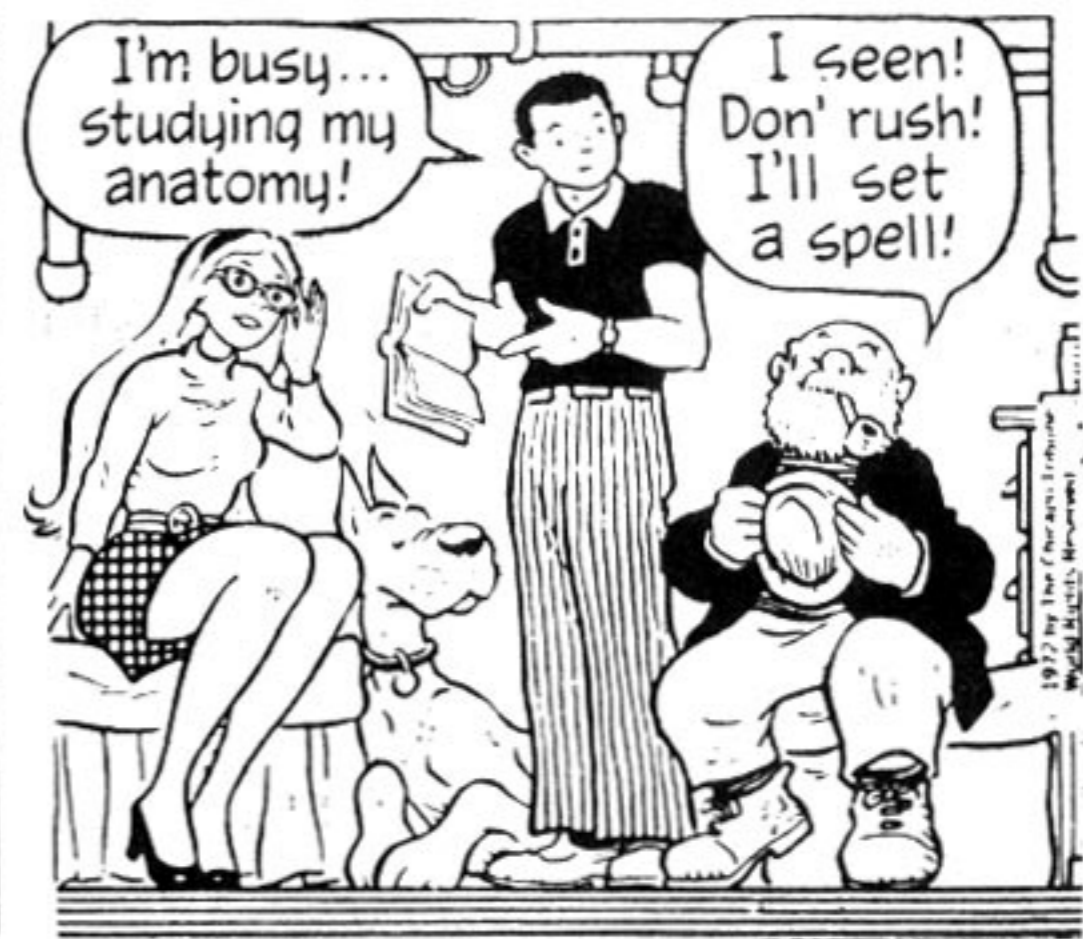
Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicano Tribune
World Rights Reserved









Becky's poorly, Chipper! I brung 'er by so's you could look at'er!

Joel, I'm no mule doctor!

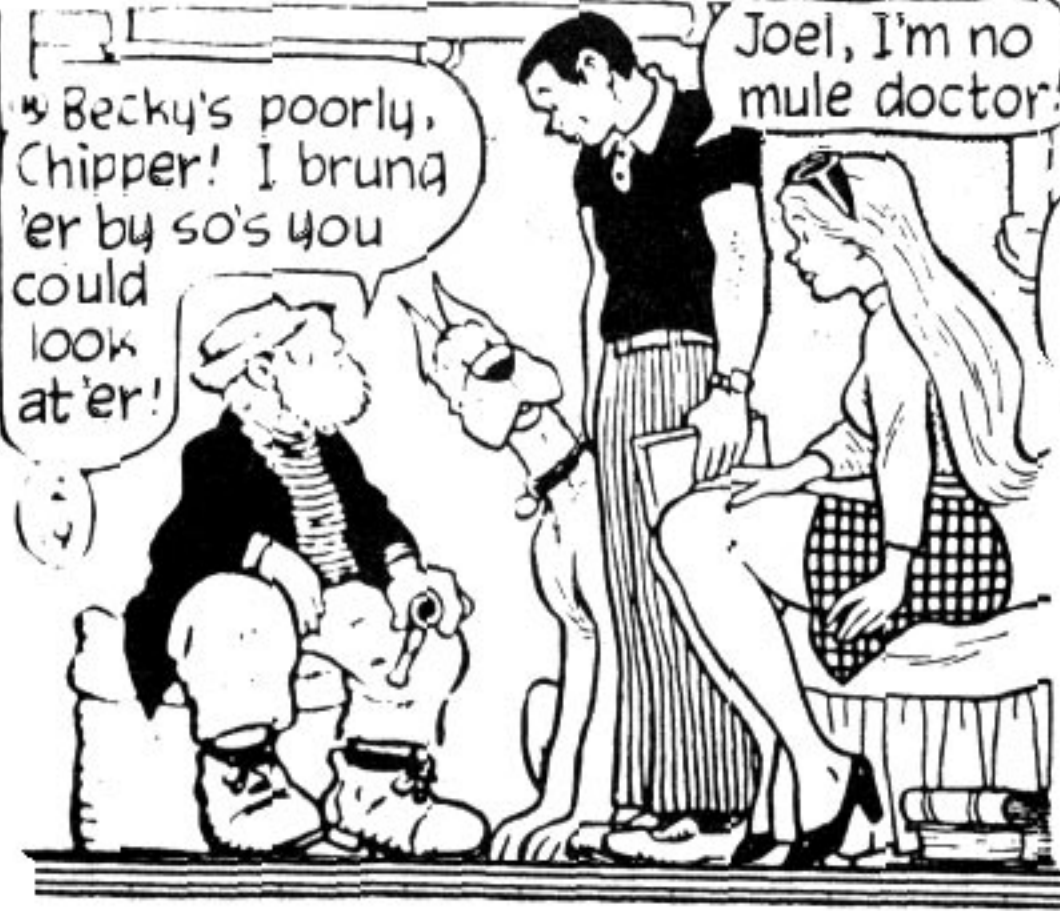
If she's sick you shouldn't have driven her clear across town!

'Tweren't no big thin'!

Rufus helped!

Dick Moore's

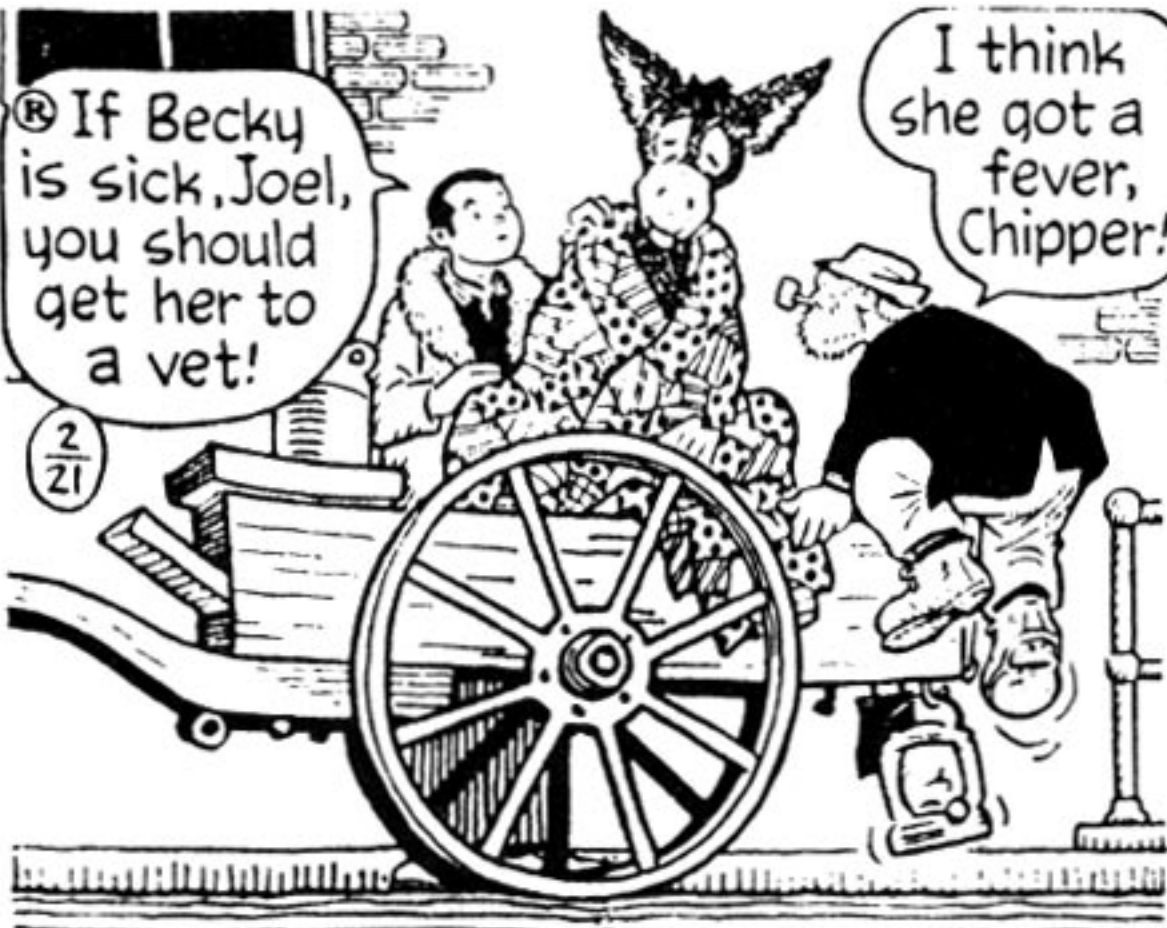
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



© If Becky is sick, Joel, you should get her to a vet!

2/21

I think she got a fever, Chipper!



Feel 'er nose! See if it's cold!

Dick Moores



Mine is!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

© Couldn't get the vet but Doc says he'll meet you at his office, Joel!

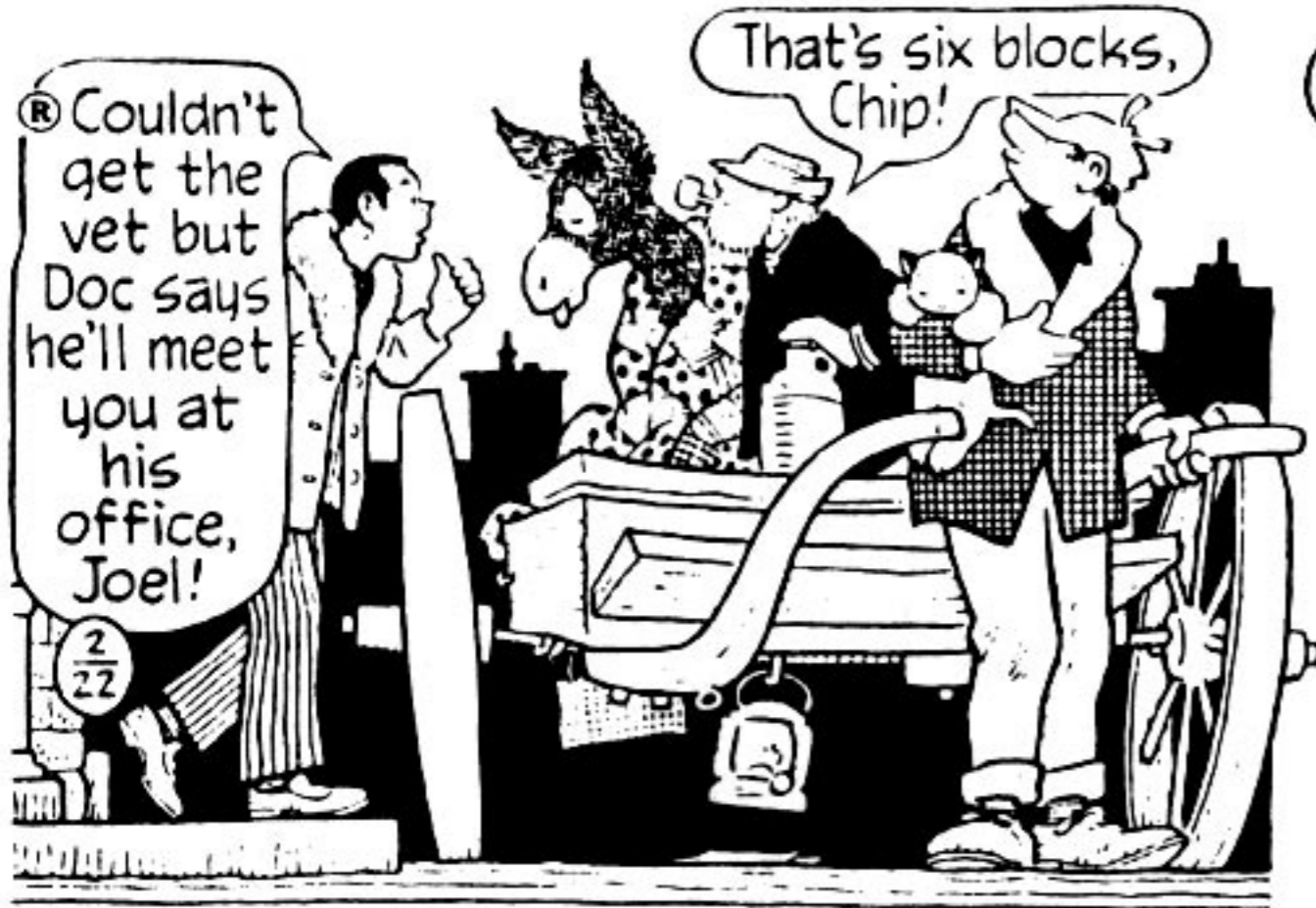
2
22

That's six blocks, Chip!

I'll come along and help!

Dick Moors

Fine! You want t' sit here with me or back with Becky?



© Doc say t' bring
Becky t' his office,
Chipper?

2
23

Yes, Joel!
He'll meet
us there!

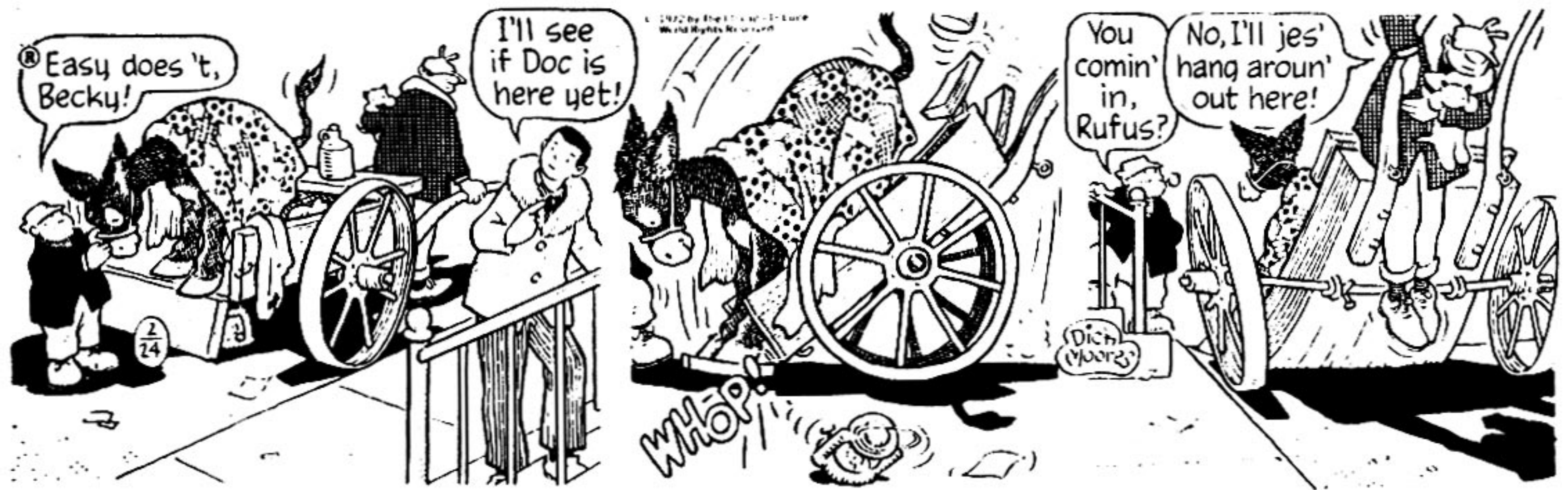
I hope Becky b'haves!
She ain't been t' no
doctor b'fore!

I been t' his
office! Ain't
so bad!

But Becky ain't
goin' t' like waitin' in
them li'l ol'
cubby-
holes
o' his!

Dick
Woors





© Hello, Rufus! Where's
Chipper?

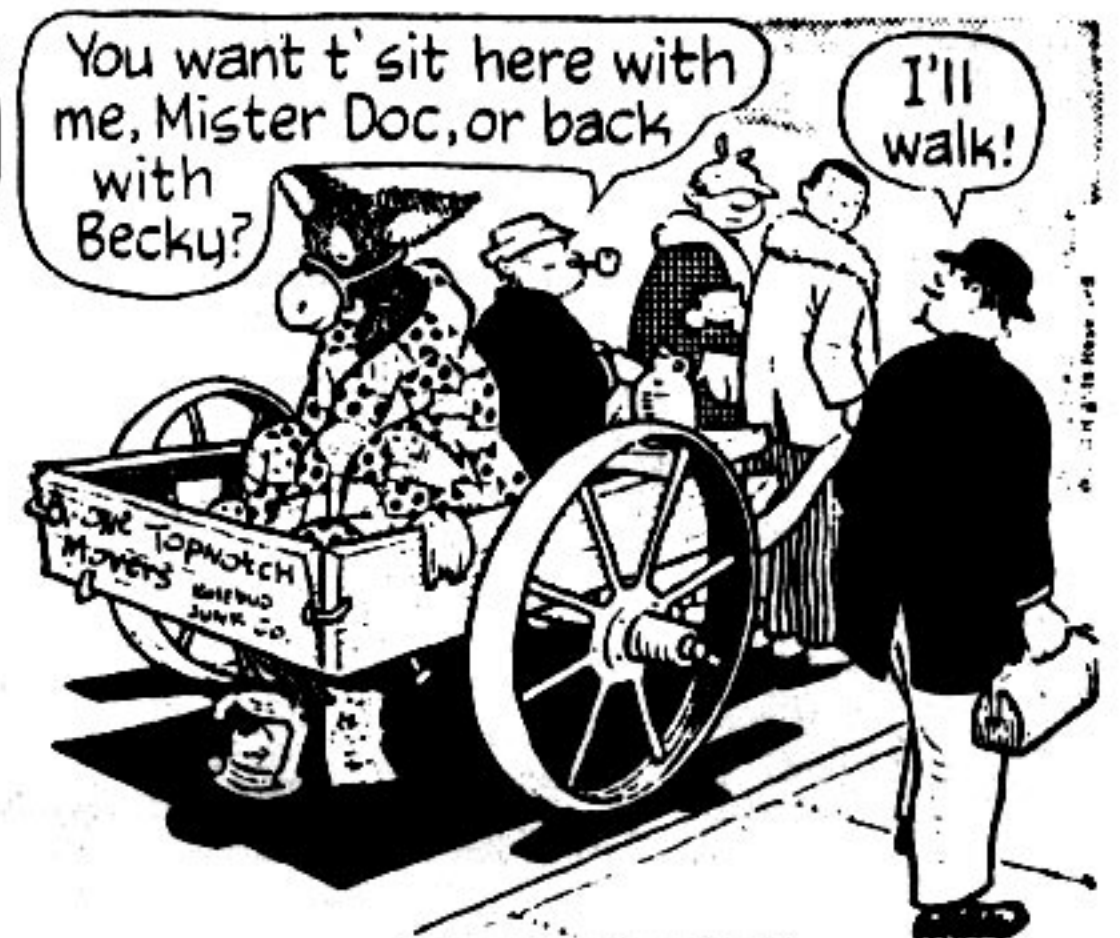
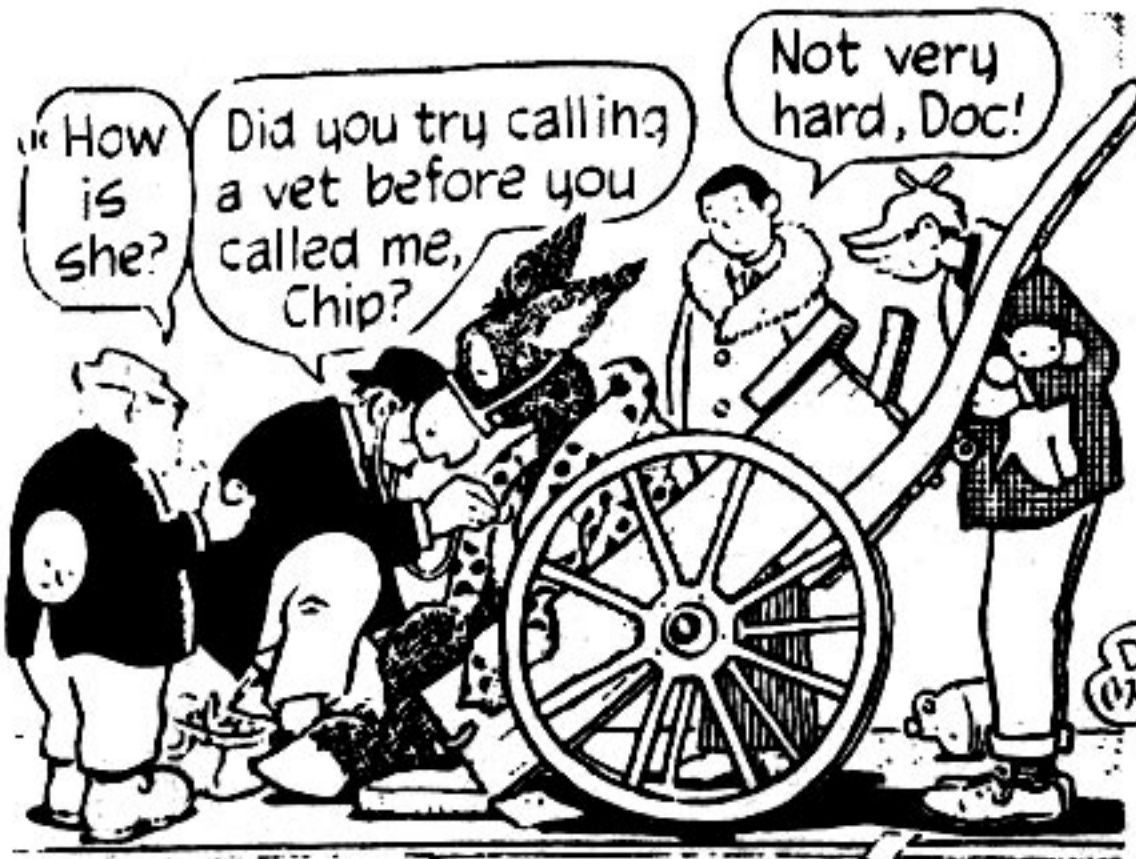
Inside,
Mister
Doc!
Nice
evenin'!

I was sound asleep
when you called!
Who's sick?

I told you! You
mean you didn't...

I guess I am!

Dick
Moore's





Is Becky bad sick, Mister Doc?



We'll know more after we talk to the vet, Joel!



Doc ain't sayin' much!

He's not too happy about me getting him up at one in the morning!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Reprint Rights Reserved

Doc's gone in to wake up the vet!

I don't like th' way Doc act!

Becky's gettin' old, Joel!

Hesh up, Rufus!

A man got t' face facts! Nobody last fo'ever!

Dick Moores

You all right, Kitty? Yer nose feel kinda' warm!

WHOP!



® What do you keep in that jug, sir?

Jug?

Cider, Doc!

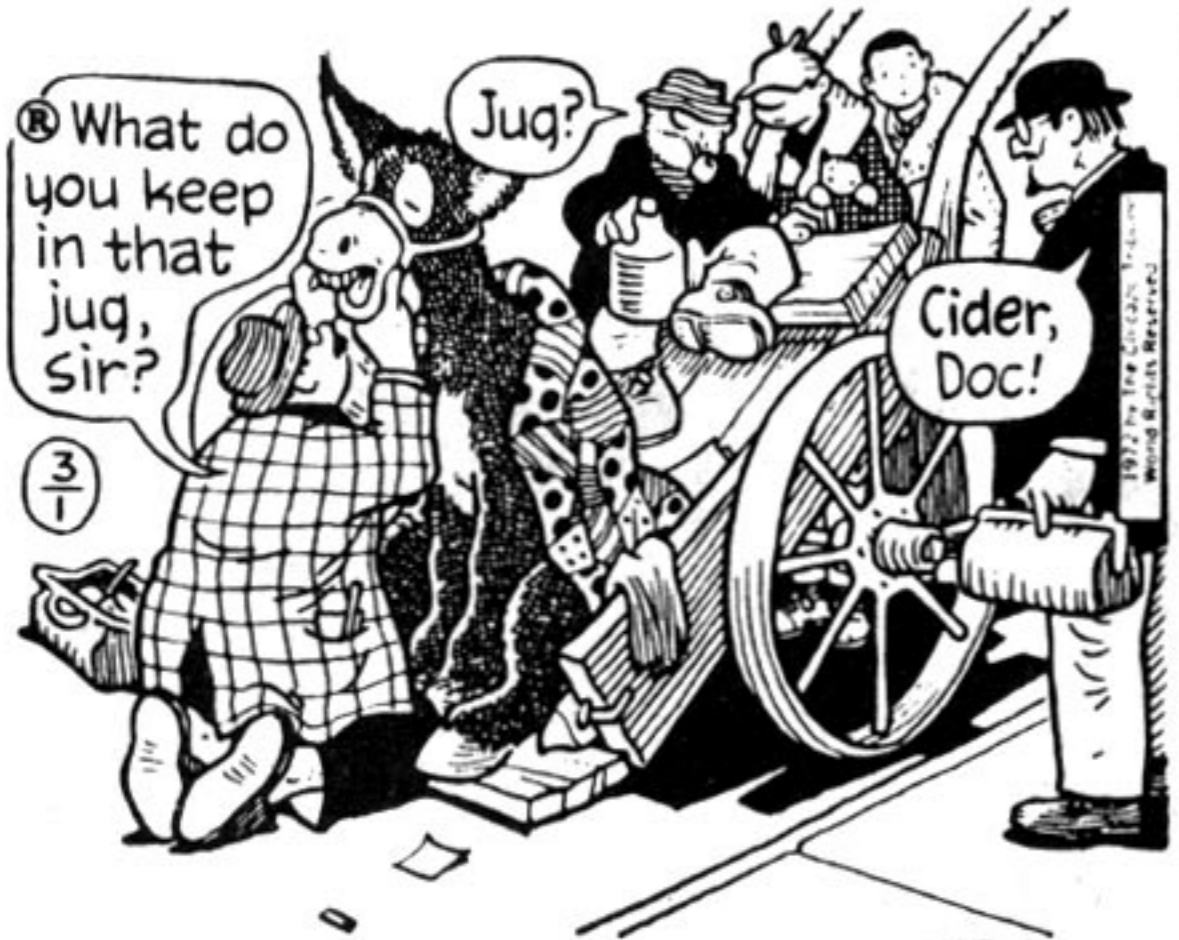
3/1

1972 by The McGraw-Hill Companies
Word & Mouth Revisited

Doc, you got me up at two in the morning to nurse a hungover mule!

That's what I thought! I just wanted a second opinion!

Dick Moores



® I'm sorry I got you men into this, Doc!

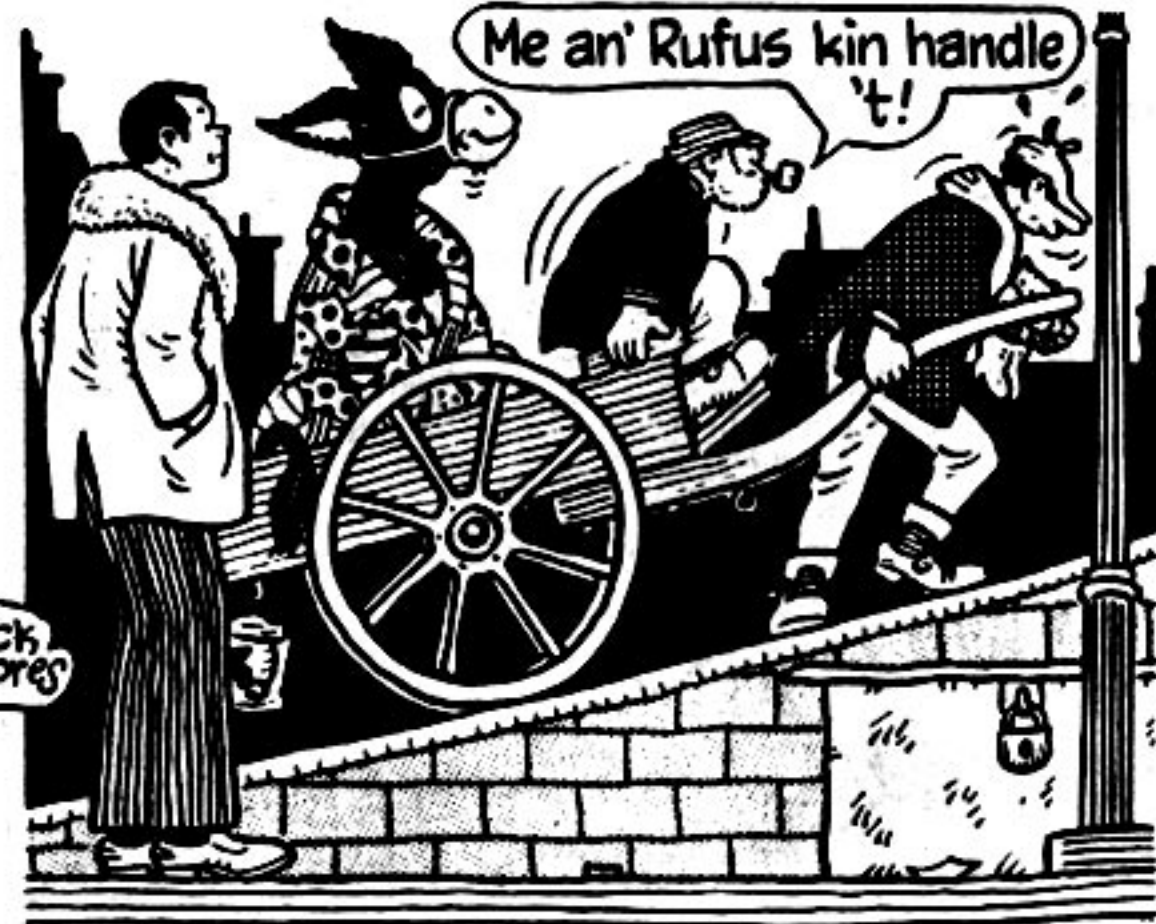
All part of the joy of being a doctor, Chip!

Still think you want to be a physician's assistant?

Yep!

Rufus, I owes you a' apology! I figgered you wuz th' one what drain th' jug!

Dick Moore's



③ You needs yer sleep, Mister Chip!

I'll manage, Rufus!

Gee!
Gee!

Gee,
I said!

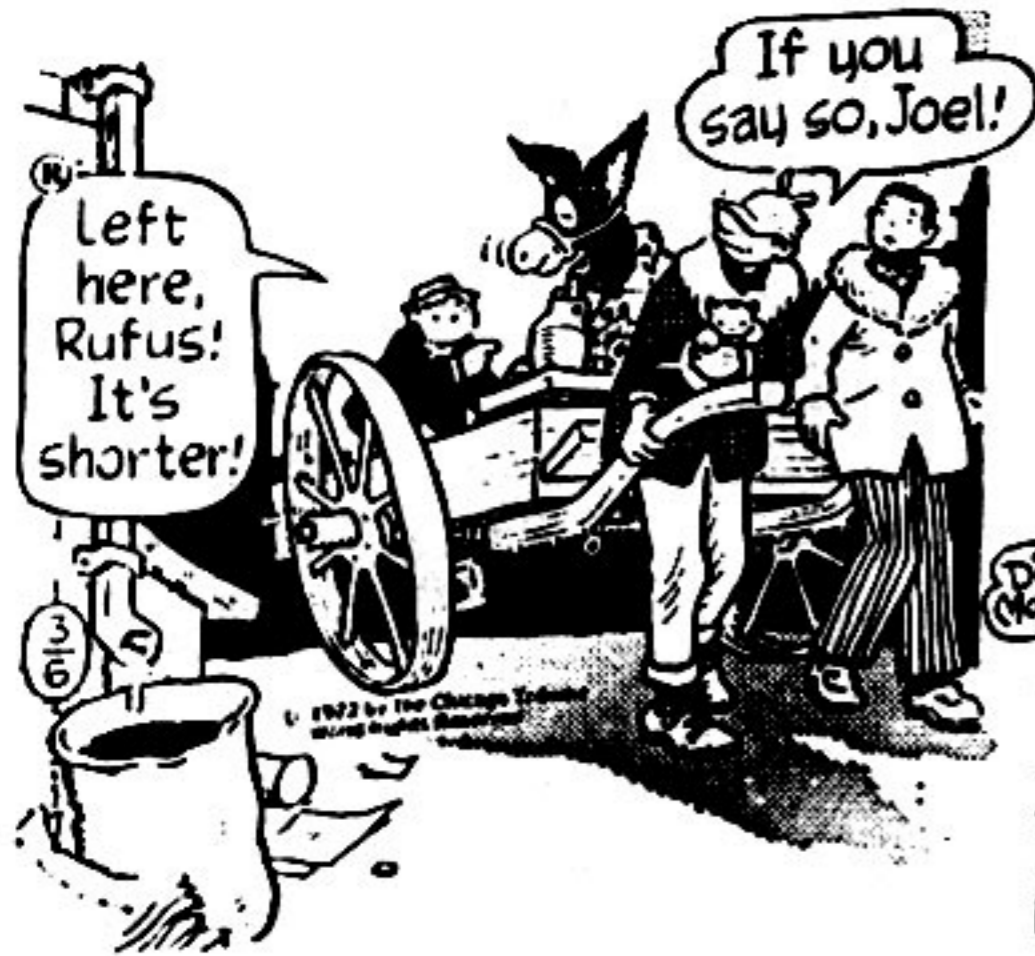
Joel, what are you yelling about?

Dick
Moore's

Enny fool mule know "gee" mean turn right!

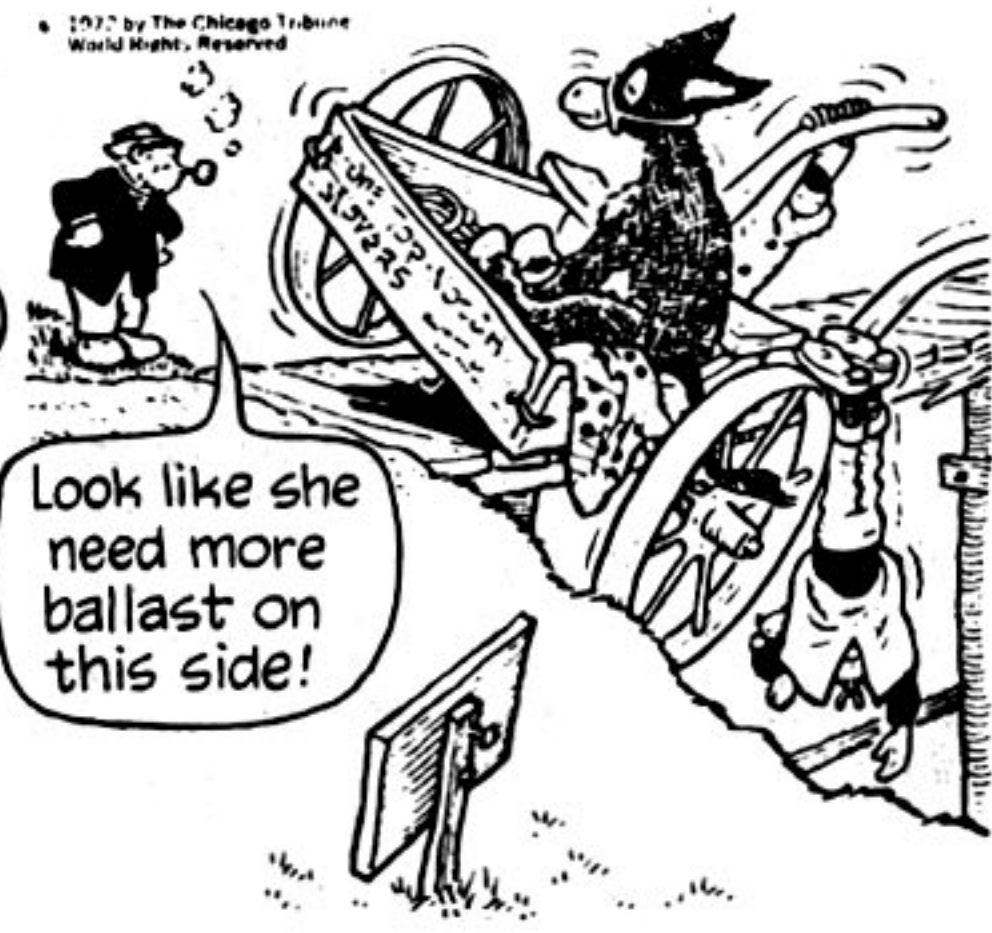
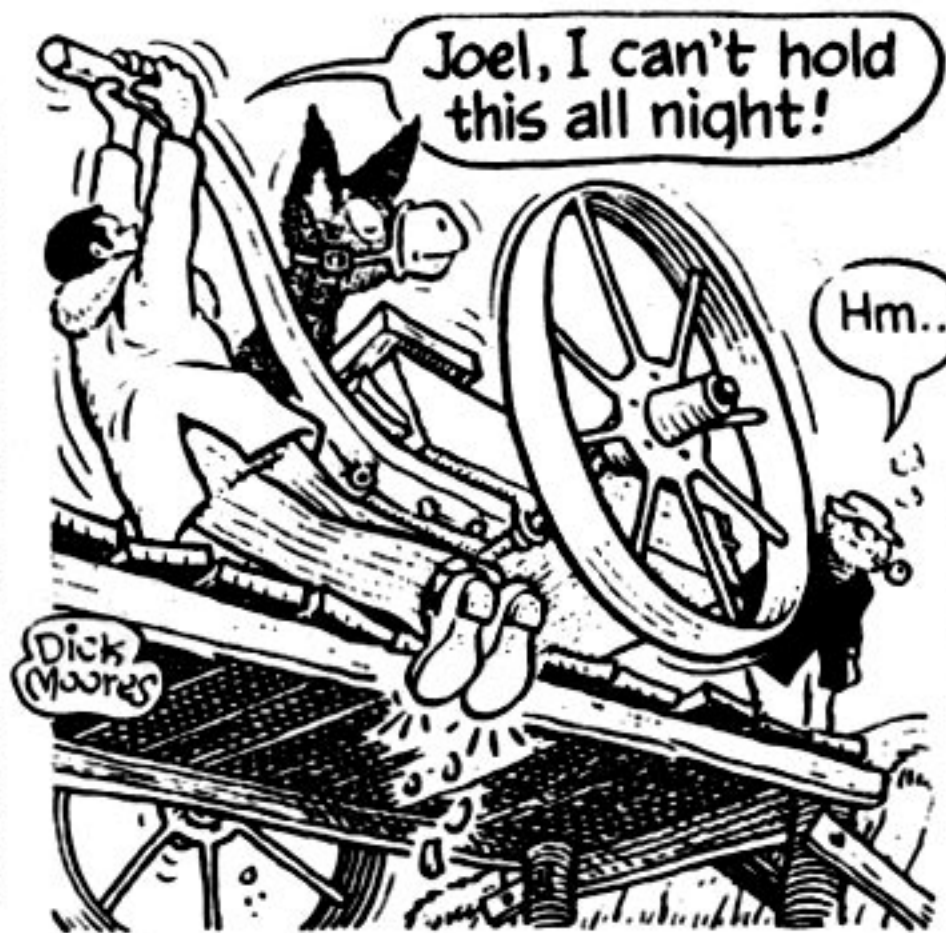
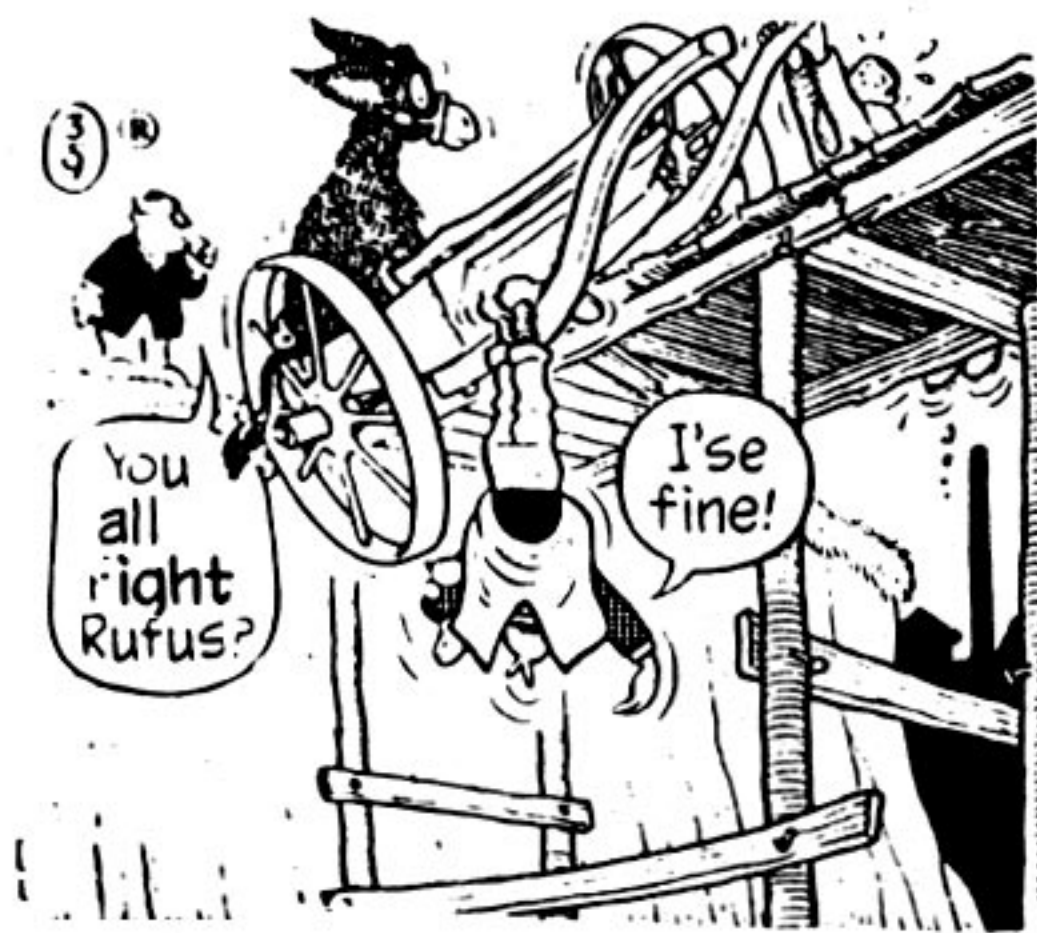
3/4

1917 by The Cleveland Press
World's Best Syndicate

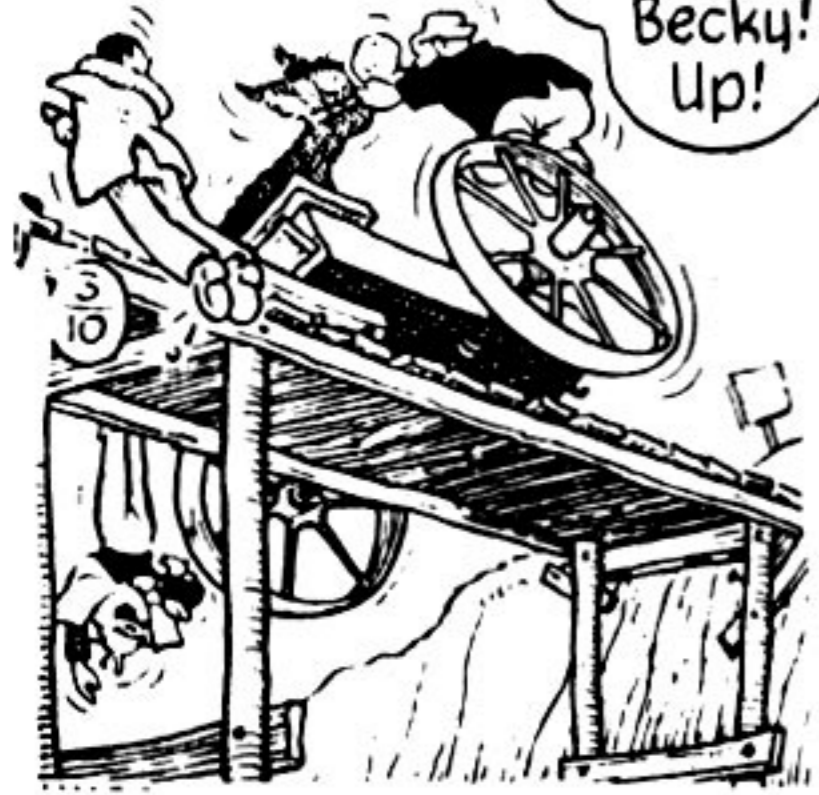








®



Come on, Becky! Up!



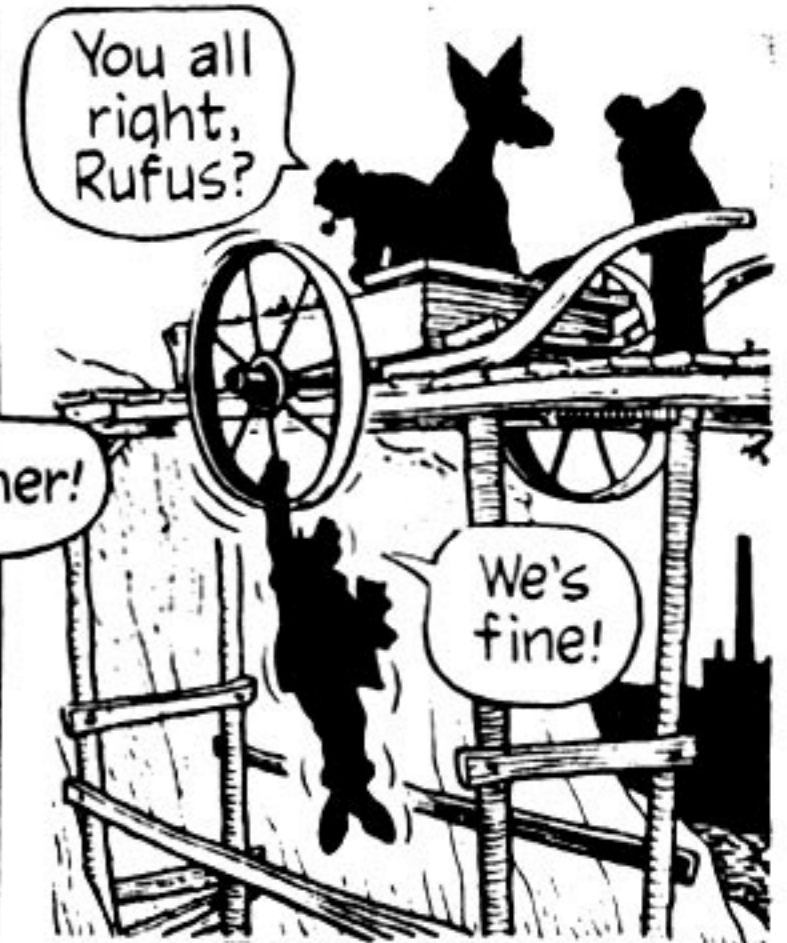
WHOMP!



You all right, Chipper, boy?

Brother!

(Dich Moore)



You all right, Rufus?

We's fine!

® Where you goin' Chipper, boy?

3
11

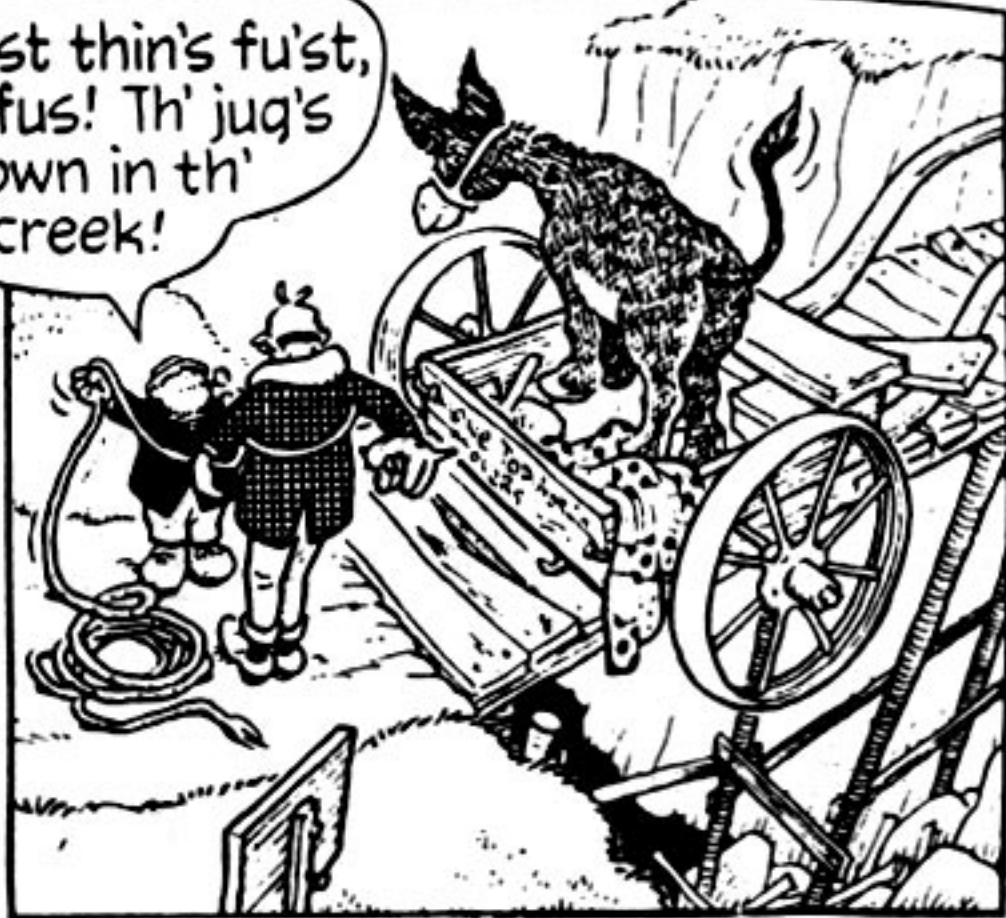
I've had it, Joel!

Good-bye and good luck!

What do we do now, Joel?

Fu'st thin's fu'st, Rufus! Th' jug's down in th' creek!

(Dick Moore)



Brother! I'm lucky I'm still alive!



Joel and his sick mule...and his sick bridge and his..



Dick Moores

Hey!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

Want to tell me what you're doing out at four A.M. with my jeep and my girl, Stubbs?



Not really!

© We combed the town looking for you, Chip! I was worried sick!

3/14

Where's Joel? He's not at his shack!

197. by The Comics & Tribune World Rights Reserved

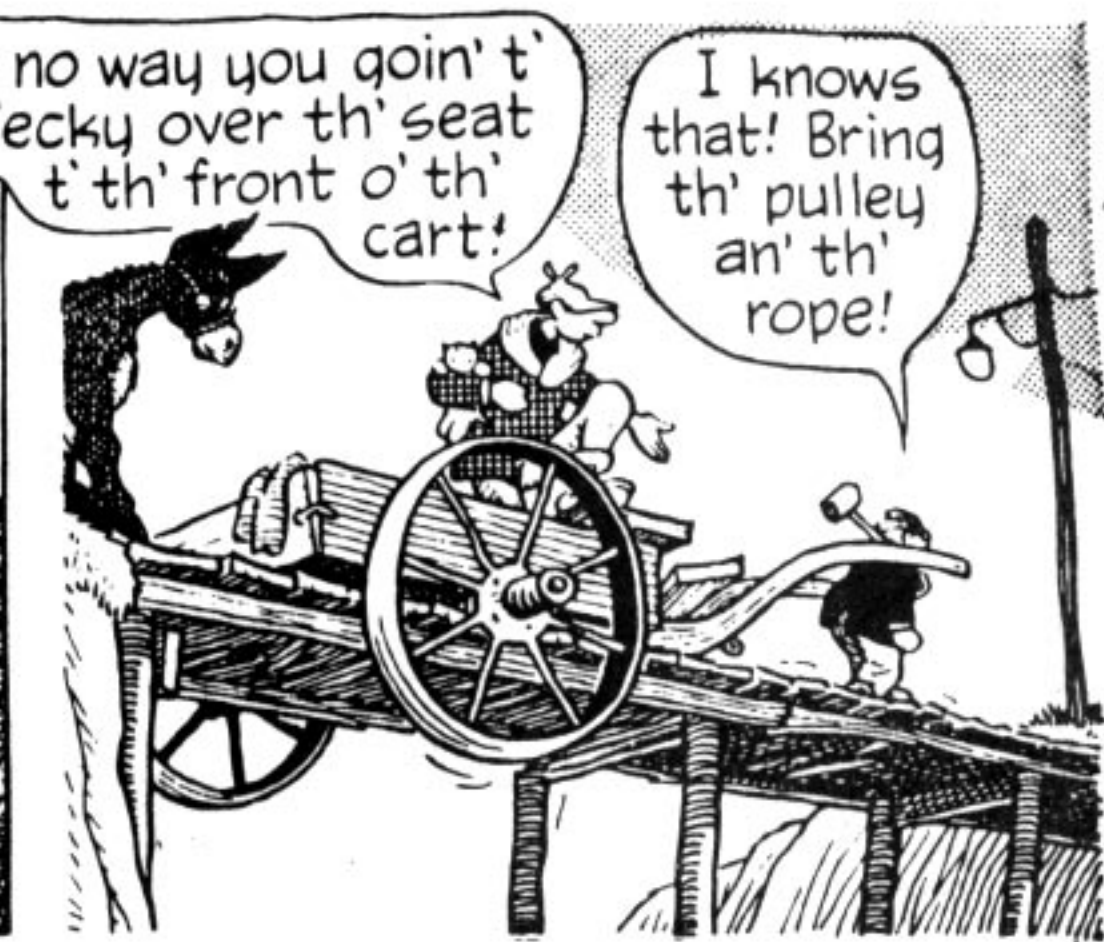
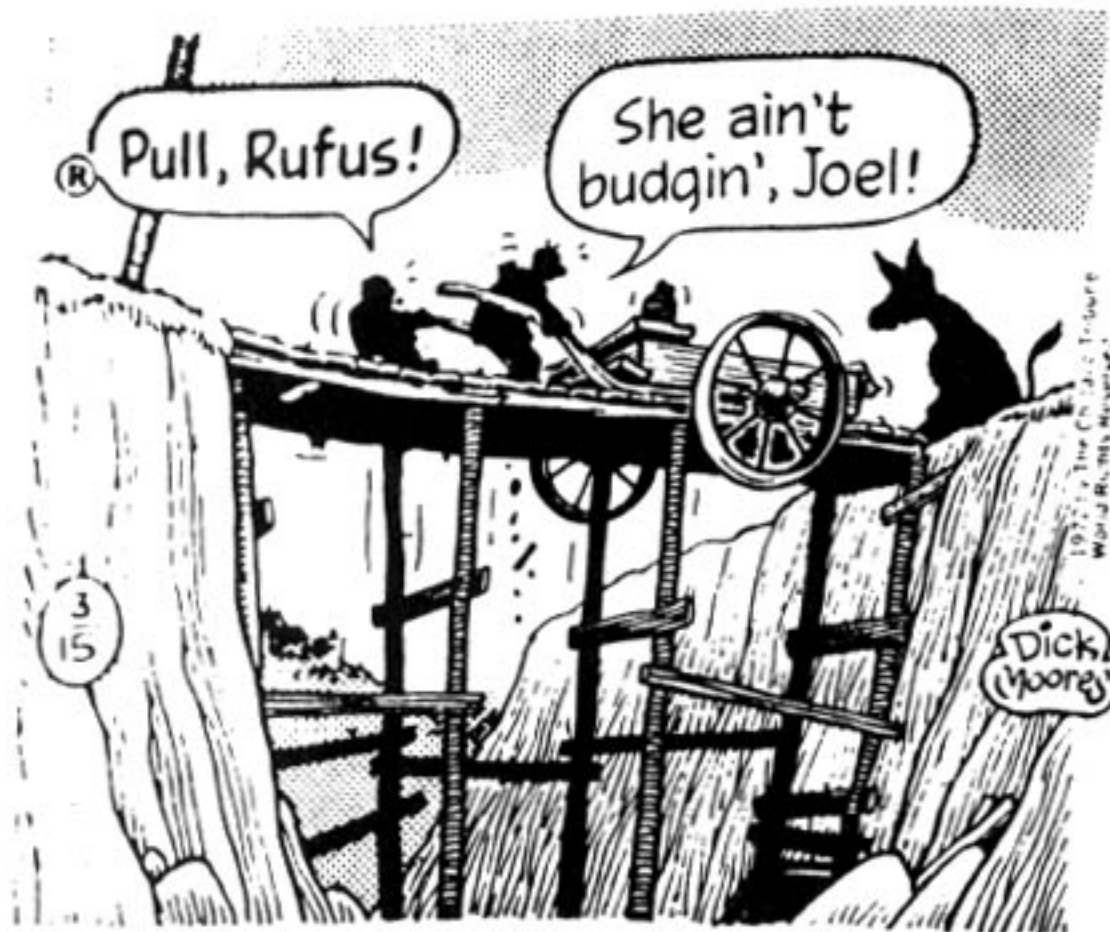
I left him at the old bridge! I wish now I hadn't! Let's go back!

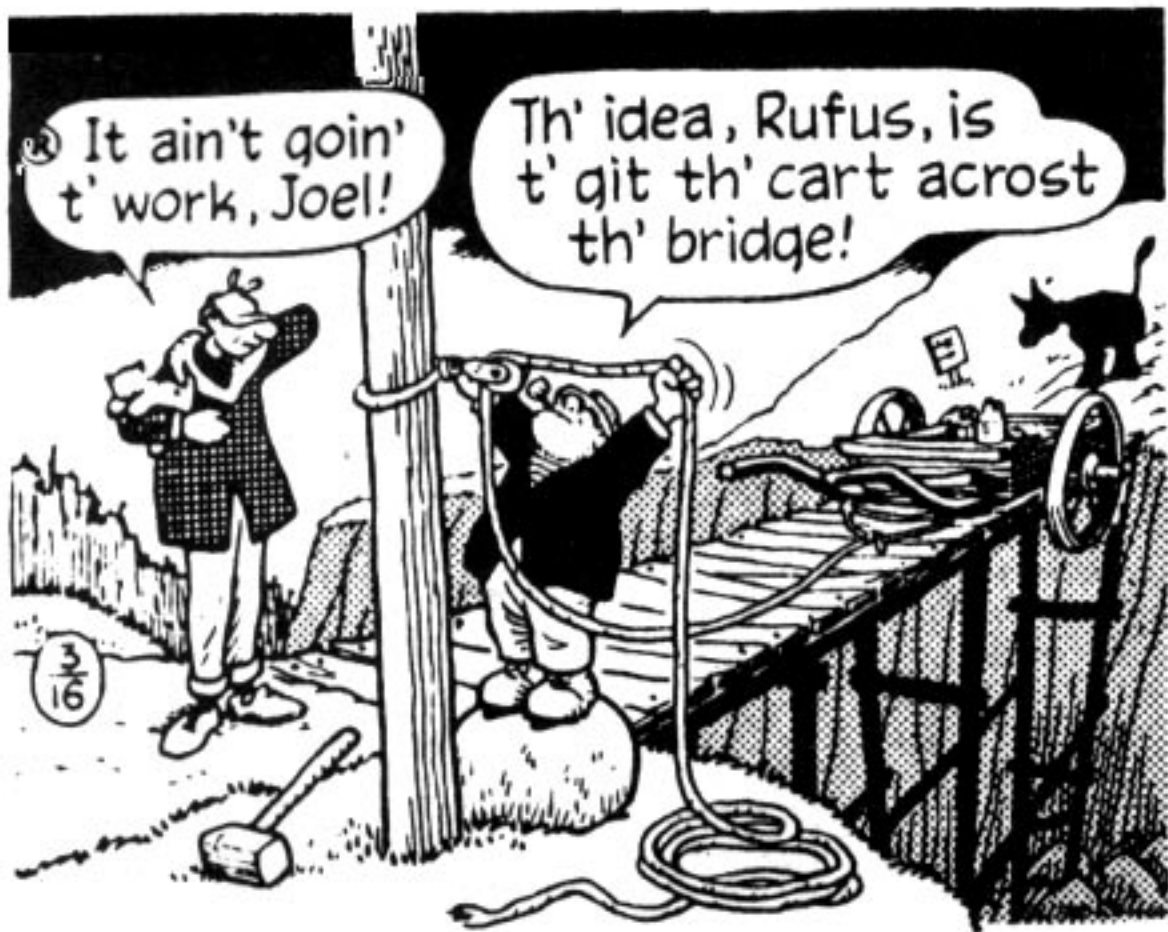
Gee at the next corner, Stubbs! Gee!

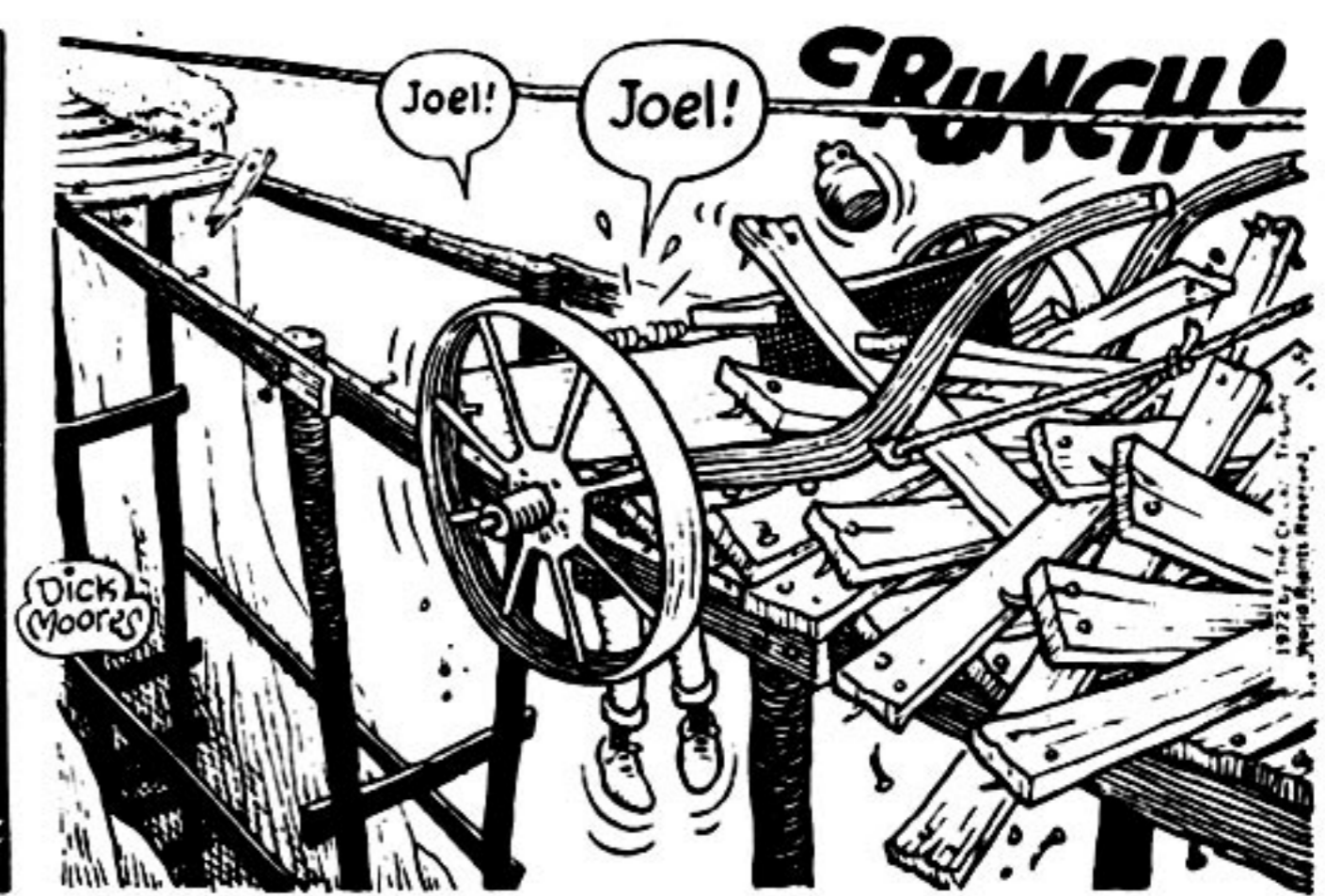
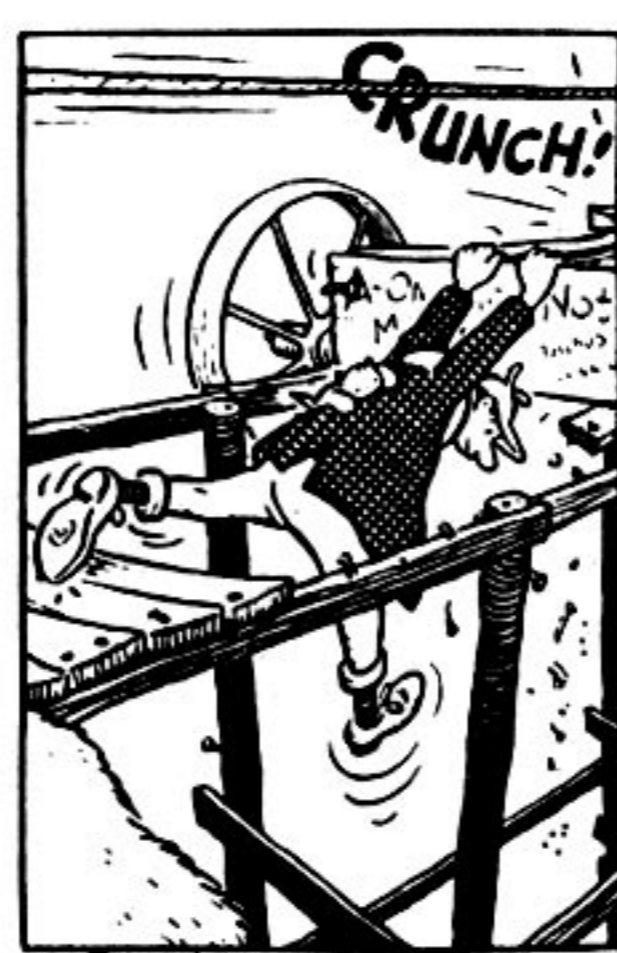
Come again?

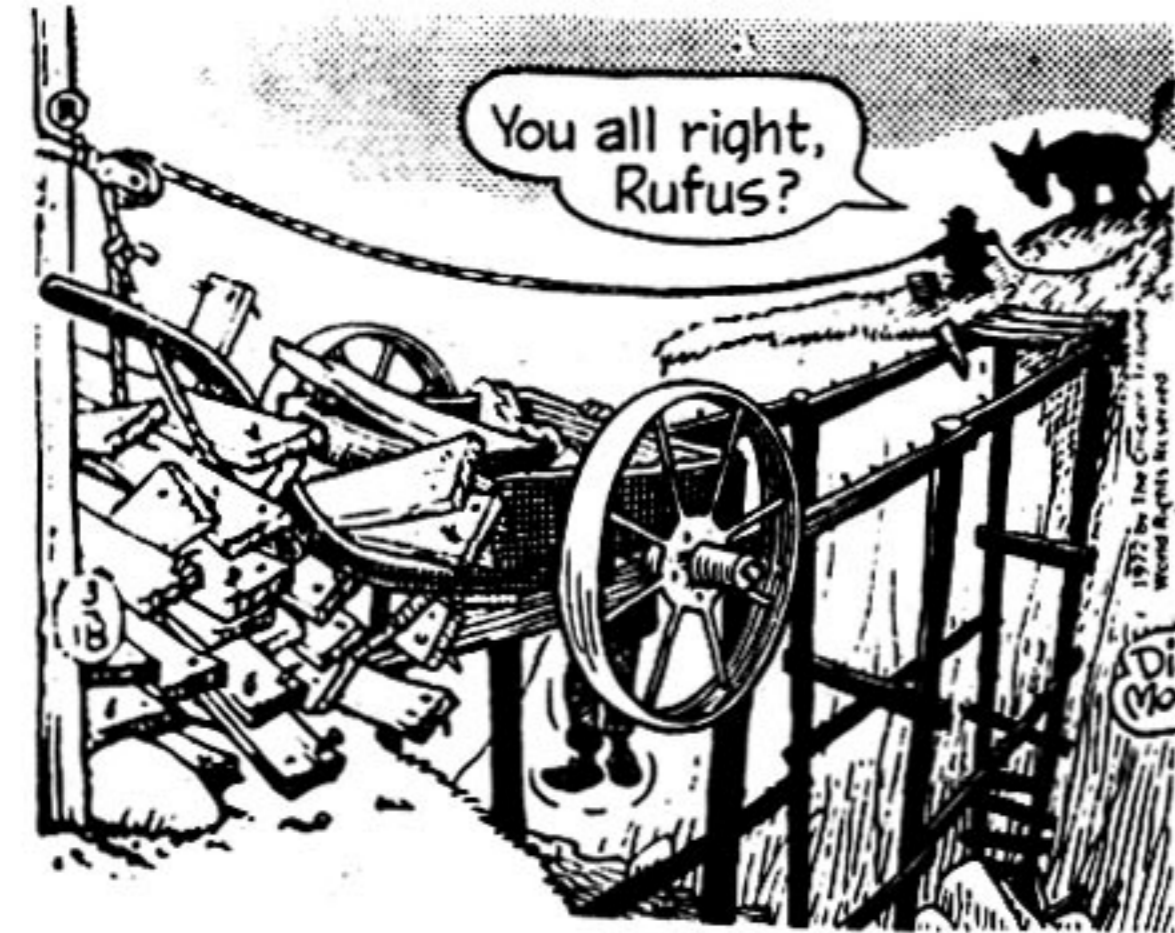
Gee! Any fool mule knows "gee" means turn right!

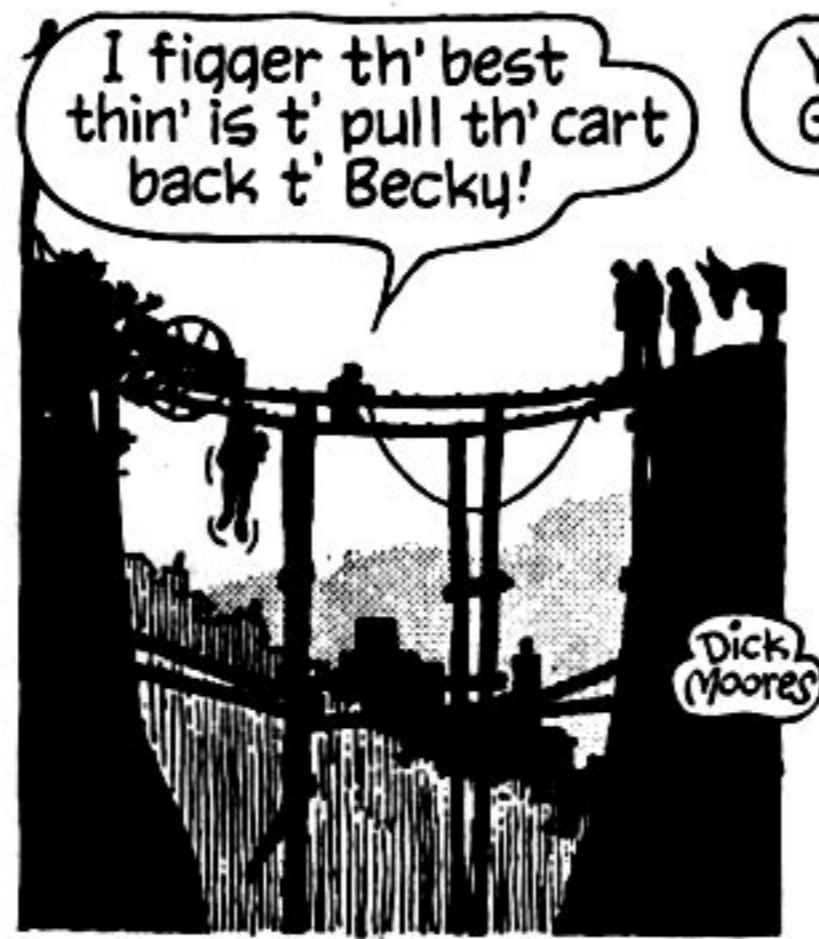
Dick (yooz)

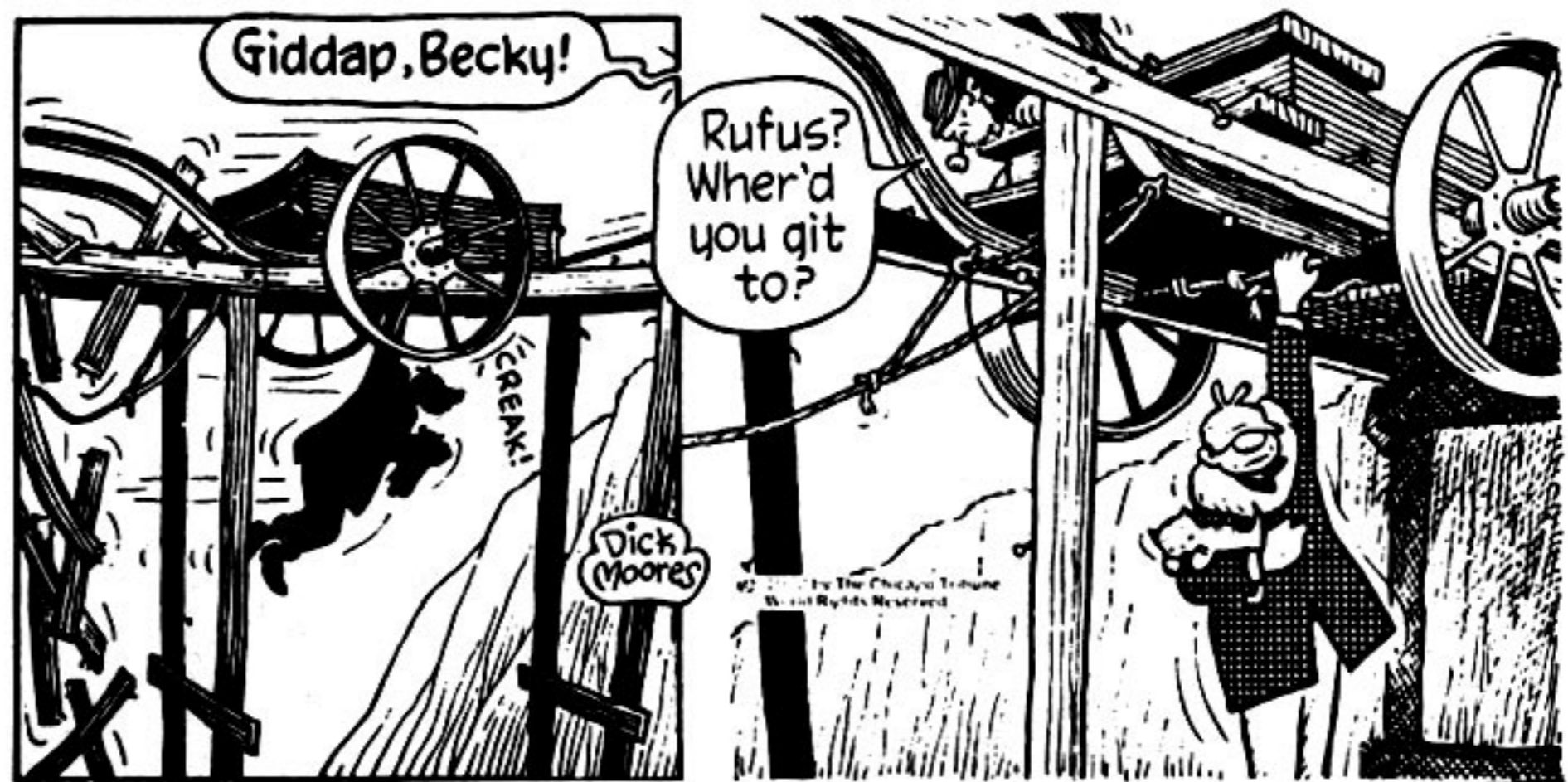












® Joel, wouldn't it be better just to pull the cart with the jeep around by the other bridge?

Don't want t' put you t' no trouble, Chipper!

Actually!

This bridge could collapse any minute!

Ain't no big thin'!

Dick
Moore's

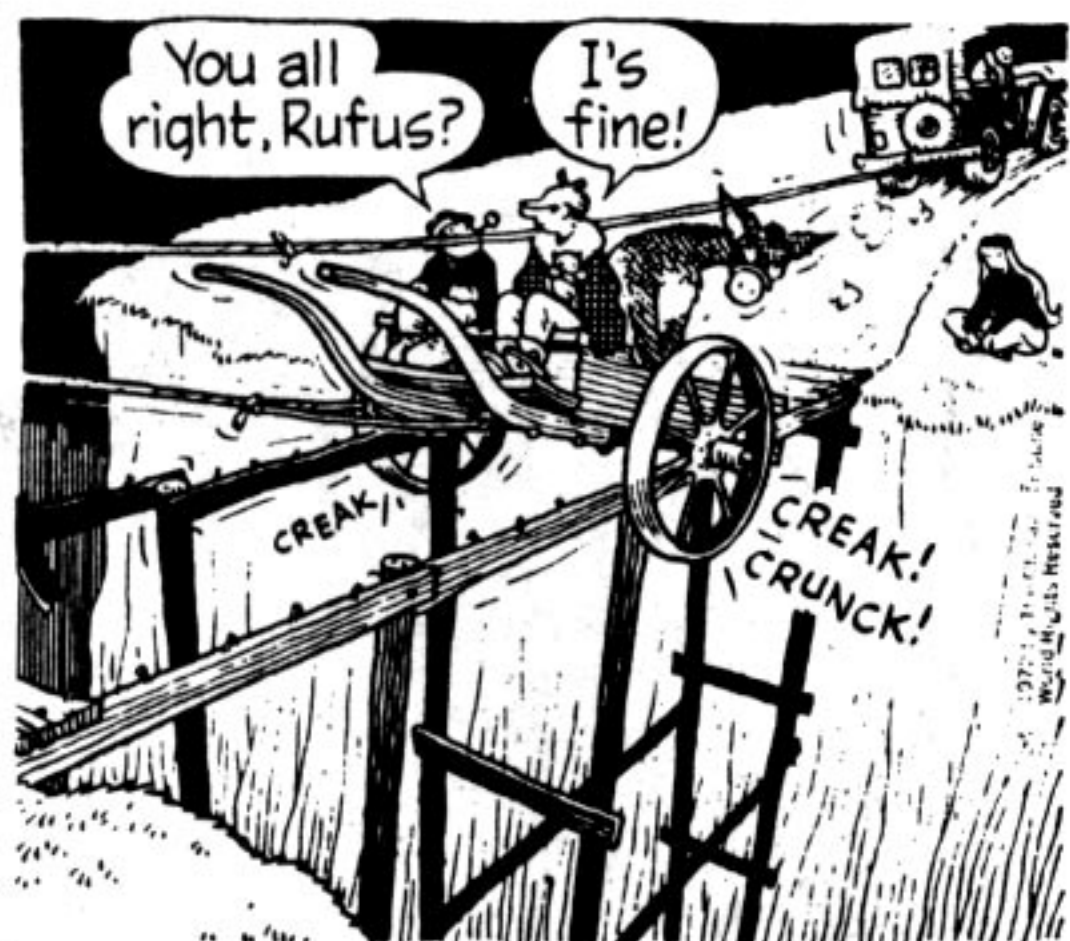
You all right, Rufus?

I's fine!

CREAK!

CREAK!
CRUNCK!

3
22



② We's back where we started, Joel! Becky still ain't goin' t' step over that seat!

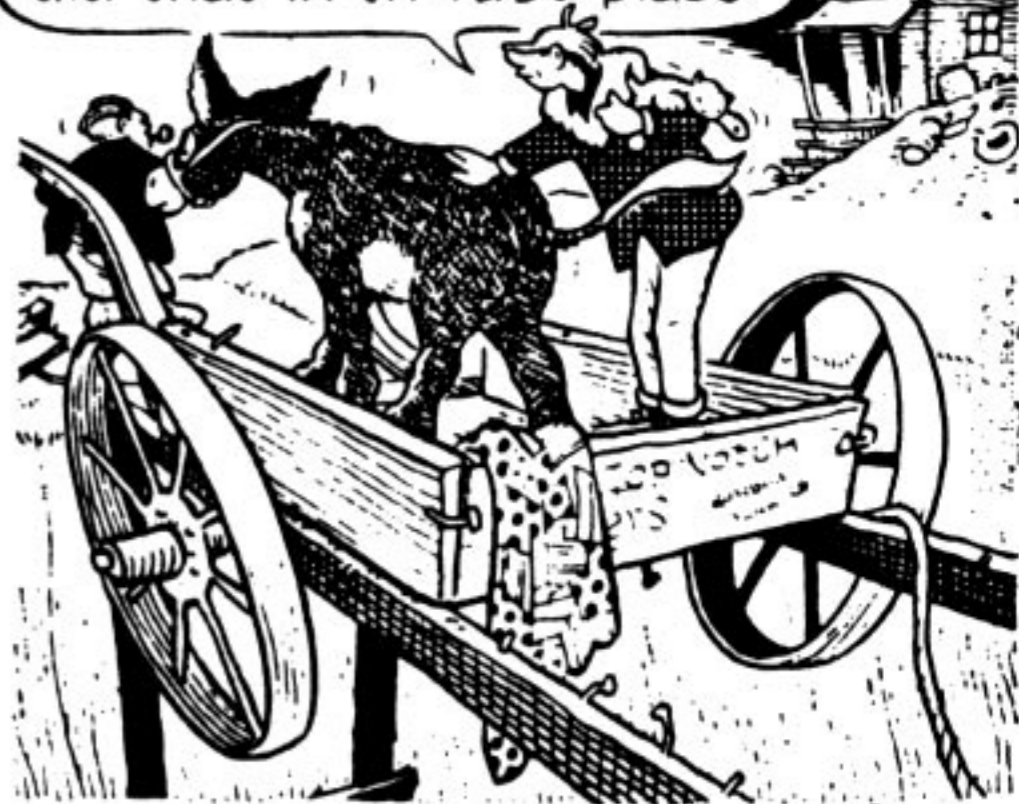
So she ain't, Rufus! Hand me th' sledge!

3/23

Dick Moore



Woulda' save some time if you'd did that in th' fu'st place!



®

Well, Chip, they're finally on their way!

3/24

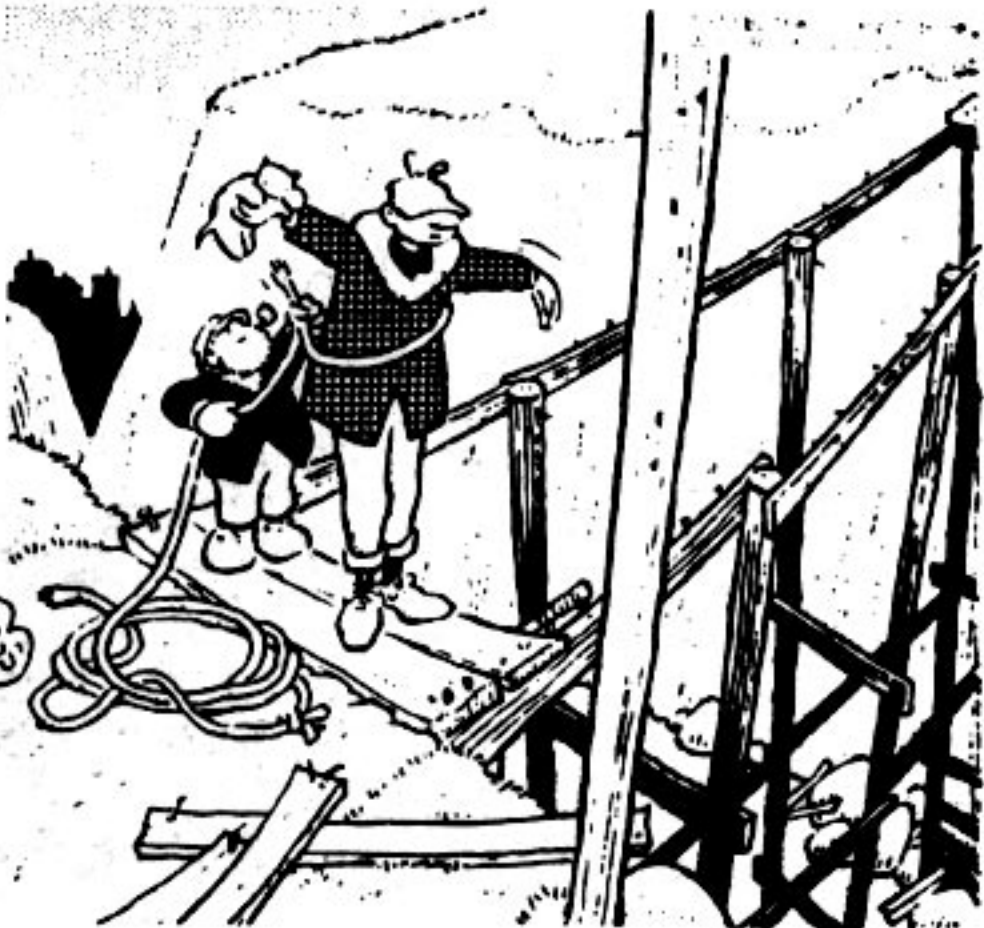
6:30! If I'd gone to bed I'd be getting up now!

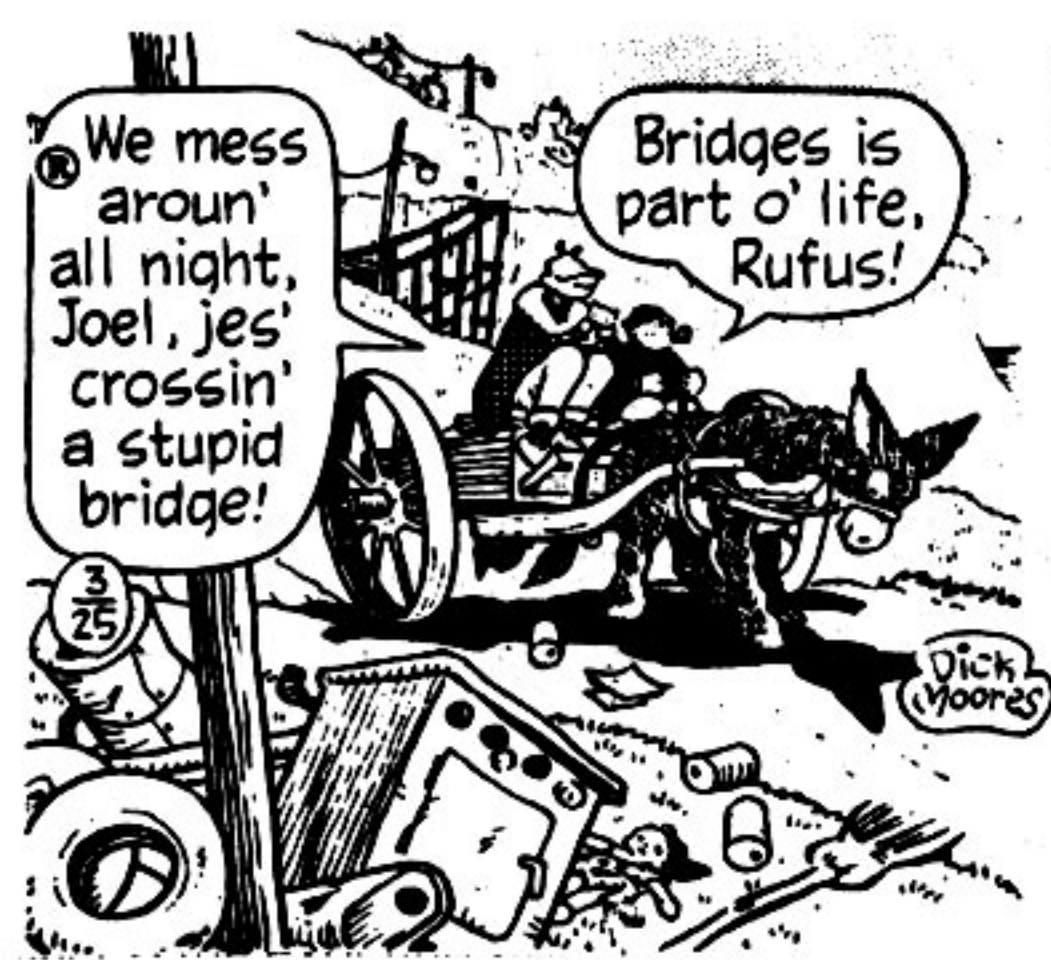
Z

Wher's th' jug, Rufus?

Down in th' creek, Joel!

(Ditch Moore)





© What's that hangin' aroun' yer shack, Joel?

Smog, Rufus! Fumes comin' down from th' freeway!

Been doin' it more an' more lately!

Dick Moores

Right poor when a man got t' beat his way into his own house with a shovel!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune. All Rights Reserved.

© SkeeziX, what's all that smoke around Joel's shack?

He must be burning something, Nina!

3/28



Joel knows better than that! He's polluting the whole town!

Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

It's criminal, SkeeziX!
Something should be done!



Who is it out there?

Nina Wallet, Joel! I want to talk to you!

I'll shovel you a path, Miz' Wallet!

Come in, but hurry! It's fierce how she closes back up!

3/29

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

® Set, Miz' Wallet!
I wuz jes' fryin' up a
mess o' pokeweed
sprouts!

Joel, what
are you
burning
outside?

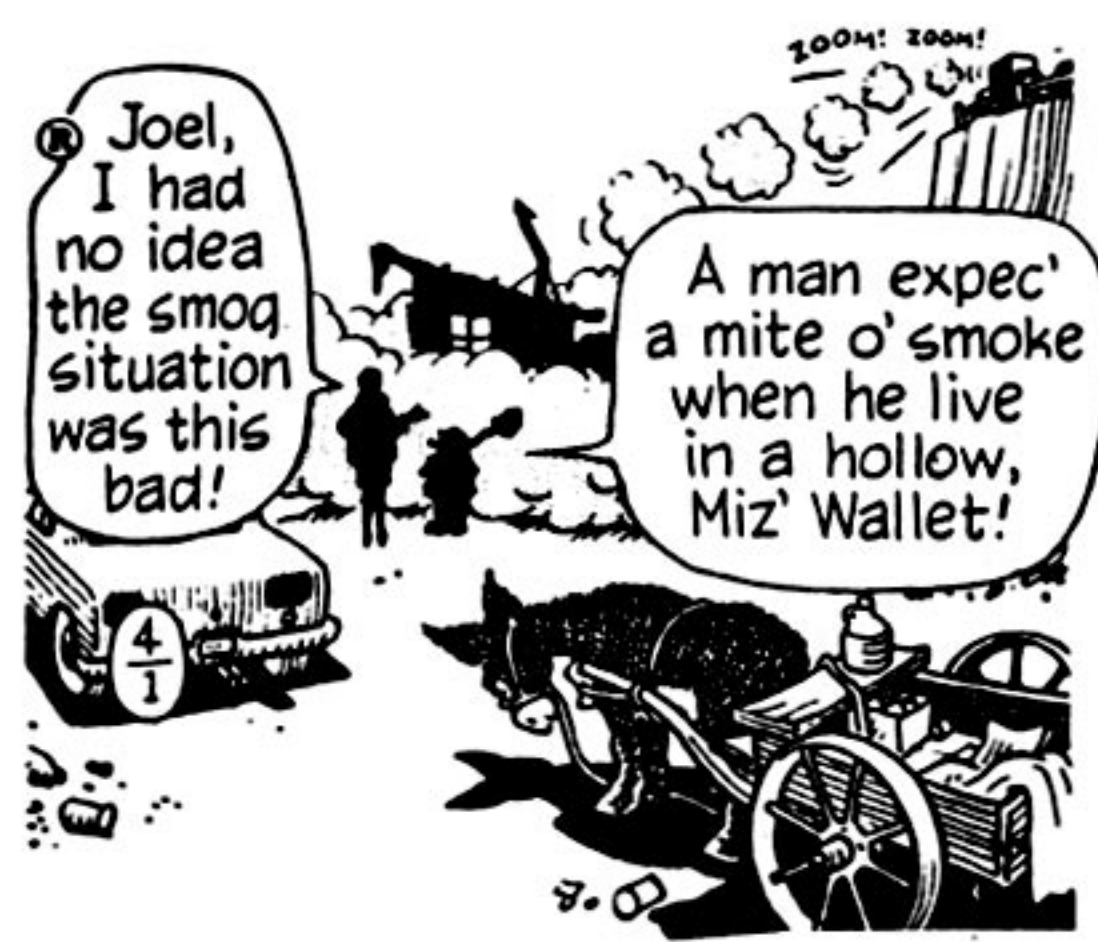
Th' fu'st tender
young shoots is
jes' startin' t'
come up!

Mix 'em with
potato an' a dab
o' bacon leavin's
an you got real
eatin'!

You didn't
answer my
question!

Dick
Moore's





Wait, Clovia! You forgot the bottles!

Are they all washed, Mom?



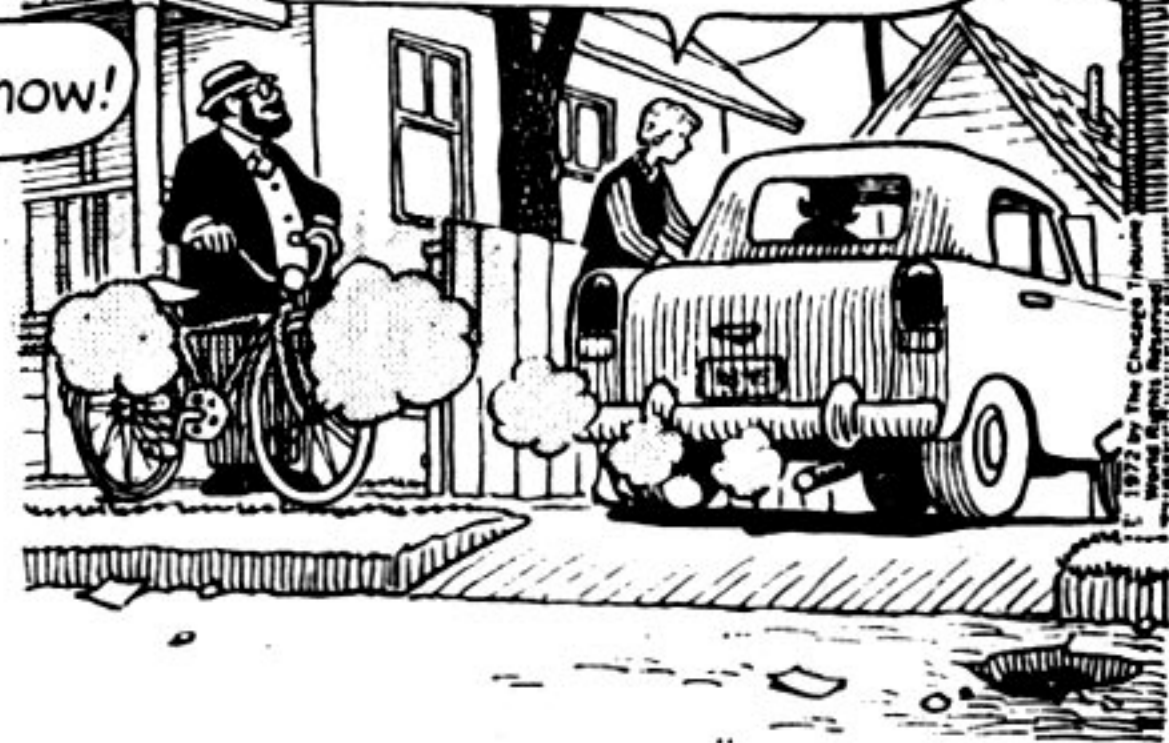
Yes! Ready for recycling! There's a station on the parking lot at the bank!

I know!

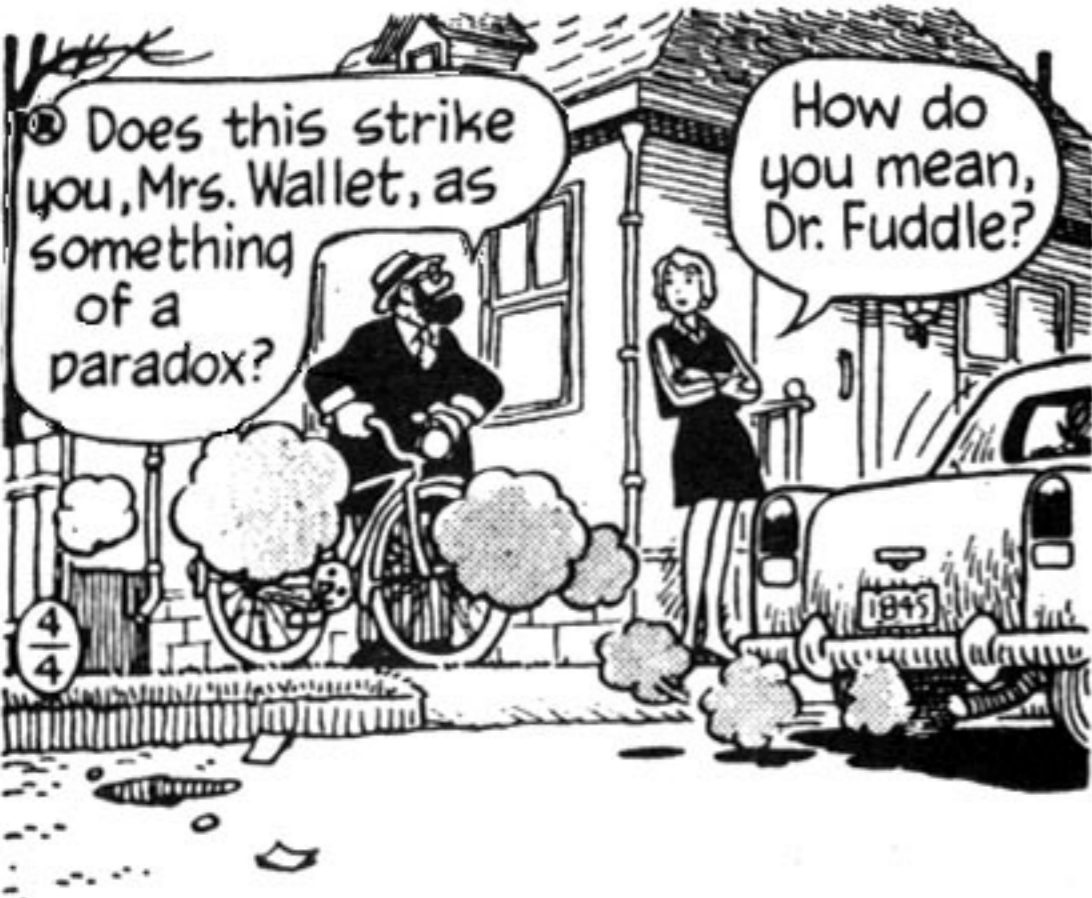
Dick Moores



Don't complain! Recycling is important to the ecology!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Word & Sight, Revised
Illustration by [unreadable]

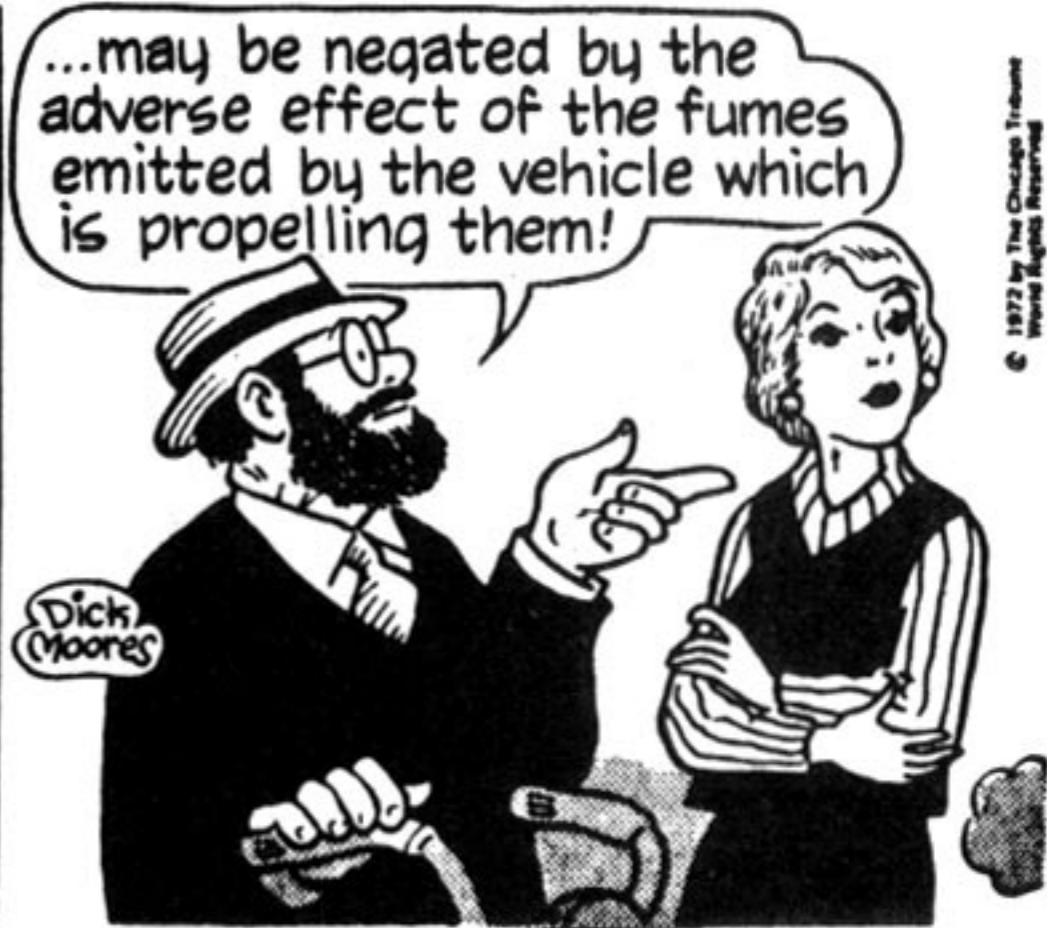


Does this strike you, Mrs. Wallet, as something of a paradox?

How do you mean, Dr. Fuddle?



It appears that the ecological benefit derived from sending the bottles off for recycling ...



...may be negated by the adverse effect of the fumes emitted by the vehicle which is propelling them!

Dick Moores

© There's such a thing as going overboard on this ecology thing, Dr. Fuddle!

4/5

It presents many facets!

I use biodegradable products! I don't burn! I have a compost pit!

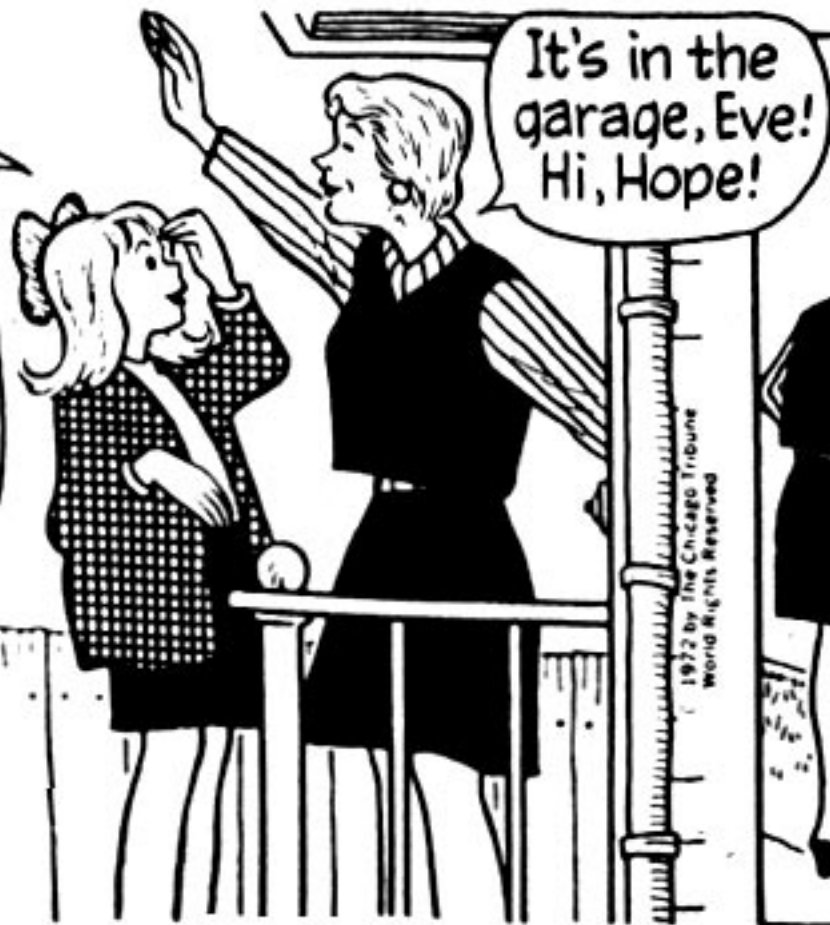
Dick Moores

But I can't do without a car!

I have done, Mrs. Wallet, for sixty odd years!

① We need to borrow your shovel, Aunt Nina!

4
6



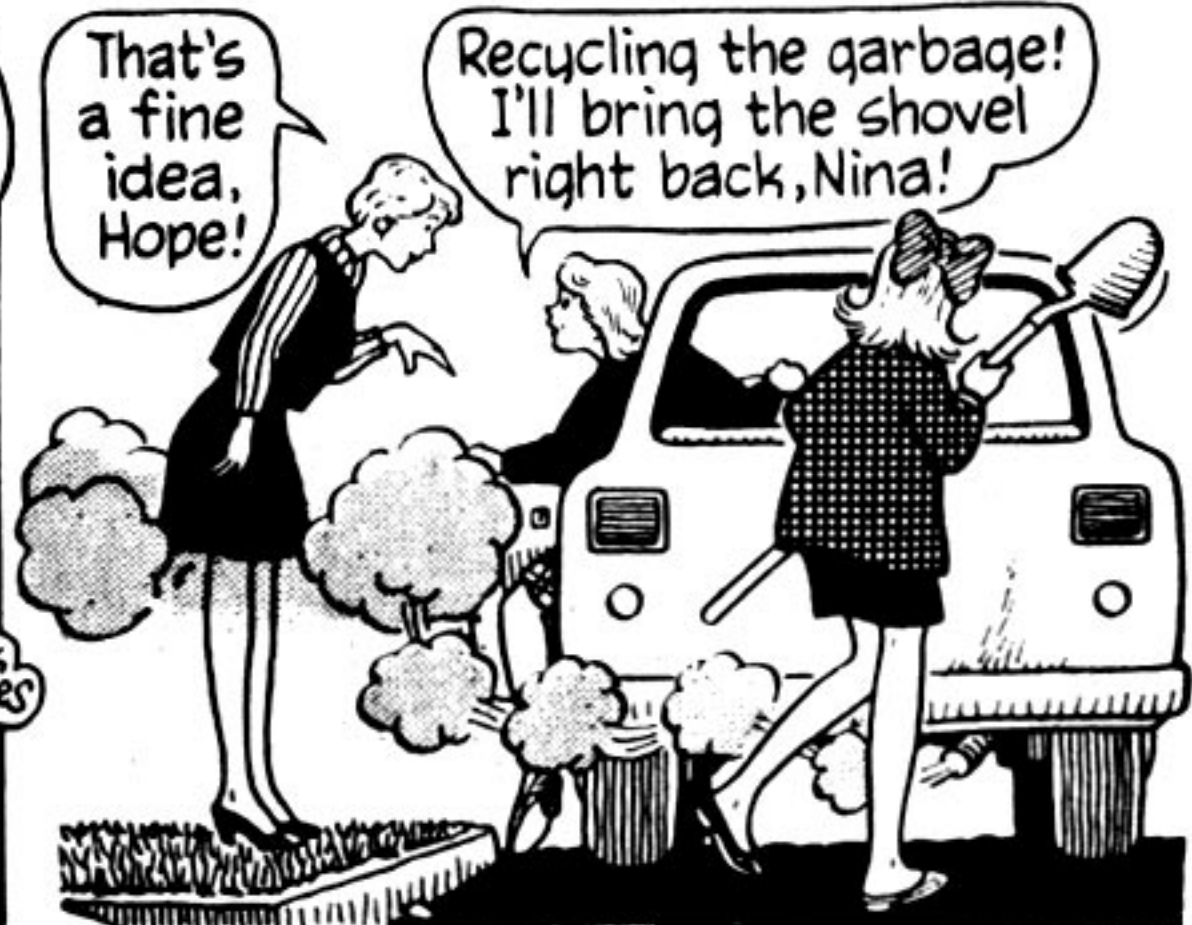
It's in the garage, Eve!
Hi, Hope!

1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



All the kids in Eve's
Biology class are digging
compost pits in
their back yards!

Dick
Moore's



That's
a fine
idea,
Hope!

Recycling the garbage!
I'll bring the shovel
right back, Nina!

② We couldn't exist without cars, Mom!

4/7



I know, Clovia! Like fire trucks and police cars and ambulances...

...and the jillion other vehicles we rely on for survival!

And people have to drive to work!

But me...I just drive mostly because I'm too lazy to walk!

Dick Moore's



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

What are you doing, Nina?

4/8

Digging a hole!

Give me the spade! What's it for?

It doesn't have to be wide! Just deep!

That should do it, Skeezi!

Dick Mooney

What's that?

My car keys!

⑩ You feel, Skee-zix, that burying one's car keys is something to be ashamed of?

I wouldn't noise it around!

People will think you're some kind of a nut, Nina!

Besides, you know you'll be out there digging them up in a few days!

I may be a nut, but I am not a wishy-washy nut!

Dick (Moore)

10

Be sensible, Nina! Face up! People have to drive cars!

4/11



I don't!

We're in an inversion! A good breeze will blow this smog away!



Where will it blow it to?

I don't know! Just away!



Where it won't bother us.. just somebody we don't know!

Dick Moores



® No kidding, Clovia?
Your mother actually
buried
her
car
keys?

Three
feet under
the sod,
Slim!

Dick
Moore's

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

I see she left her trusty ol'
spade here handy...just in case!

I'm glad
you have
that in
your hand,
Slim! The
compost
pile needs
turning!

⑬ Nina, in this day and age, a person has to drive a car!

4
13

Dr. Fuddle doesn't, Skeezix!

His bookstore is only five blocks away and if the weather is a "bit inclement" he cadges a ride from me!

He's like a cigarette smoker who has quit... buying that is!

Dick Murgis!



® If you don't drive, Nina, who's going to do the grocery shopping?

4/14 1945

I am, Skeezix! It's my job!

How? Bumming rides from friends?

No! I'll walk! It'll be good for me!

That's fine on nice days, Nina, but what if it's raining?

I'll get wet!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by Chicago Tribune
Reprint by permission

® If Nina won't drive, Wallet, who's doing the grocery shopping?

4/15



She is, Fracas! She walks to the store!

Dick Moores

Six blocks? How does she manage those heavy bags?



That's her problem!



What's wrong, Wallet?

I can't find my golf cart!



Some rain!
And Mom has
to do her
shopping
today!

4
17

Our car's
in the garage and
I left my keys
on the table!

I think Mom's
serious about
not driving!

This is the
first time it's
rained, Clovia!

It's a bit inclement for cycling,
Mr. Wallet! Could you drop
me at my bookstore?

Sure,
Dr. Fuddle!

Dick
Moore





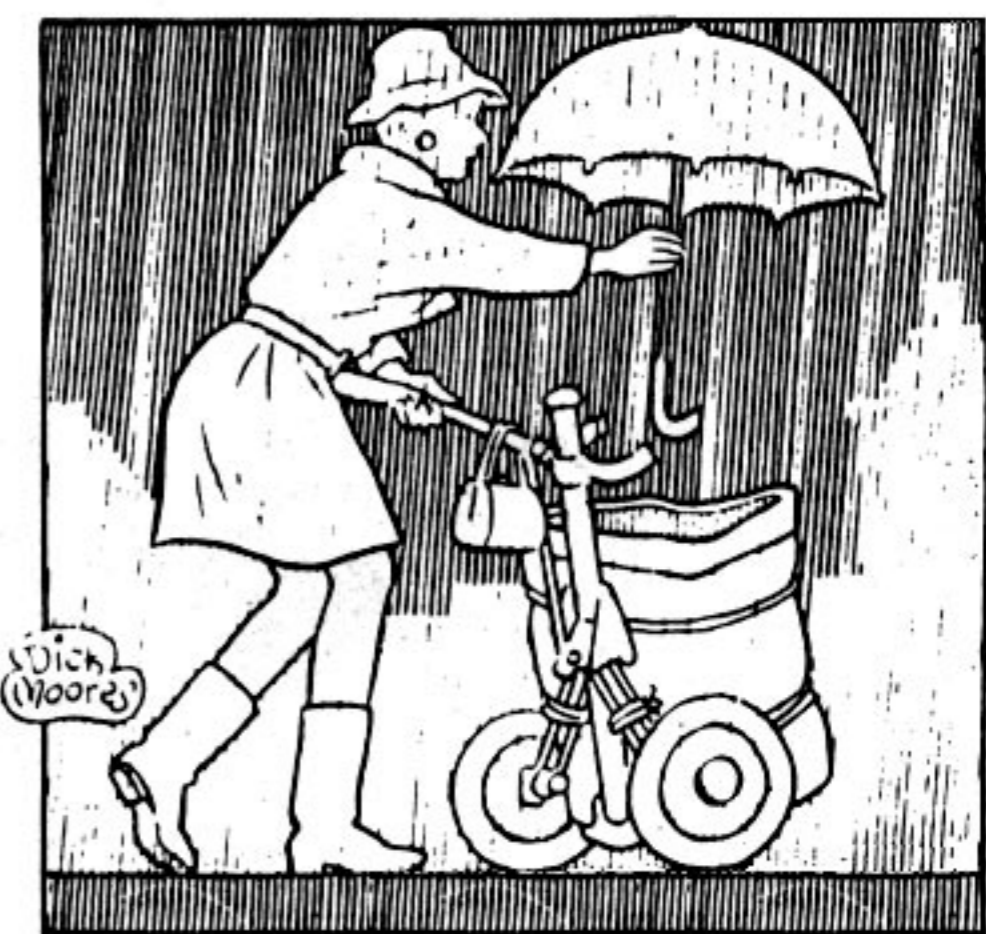
Skeezix's stupid golf cart feels like it weighs a ton!

Dick Moores



No wonder!

SPLUSH







Thank you!

I'm glad to see there is someone else who is environmentally conscious!



'Dick Noors'



You take me for some kind of freak?



This rig is temporary! My car was recalled by the factory!

©

4/22

① The rain didn't stop Mom! She got to the store, Pop!

4/24

Right, Clovia! And she didn't drive!

And she didn't sponge a ride from anybody!

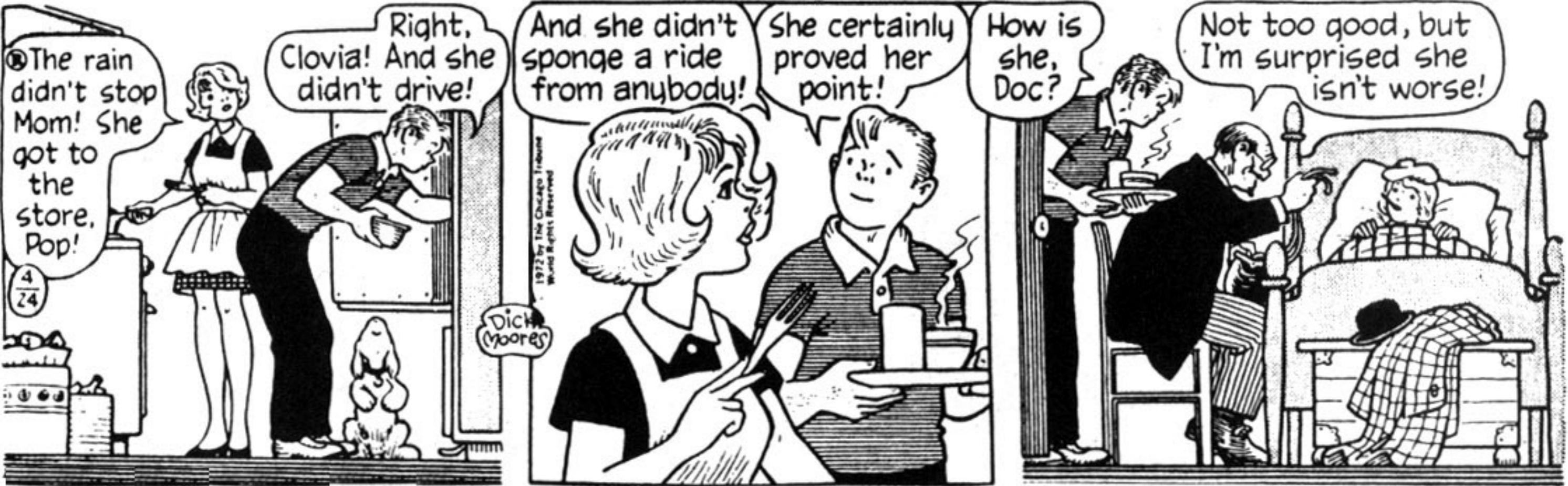
She certainly proved her point!

How is she, Doc?

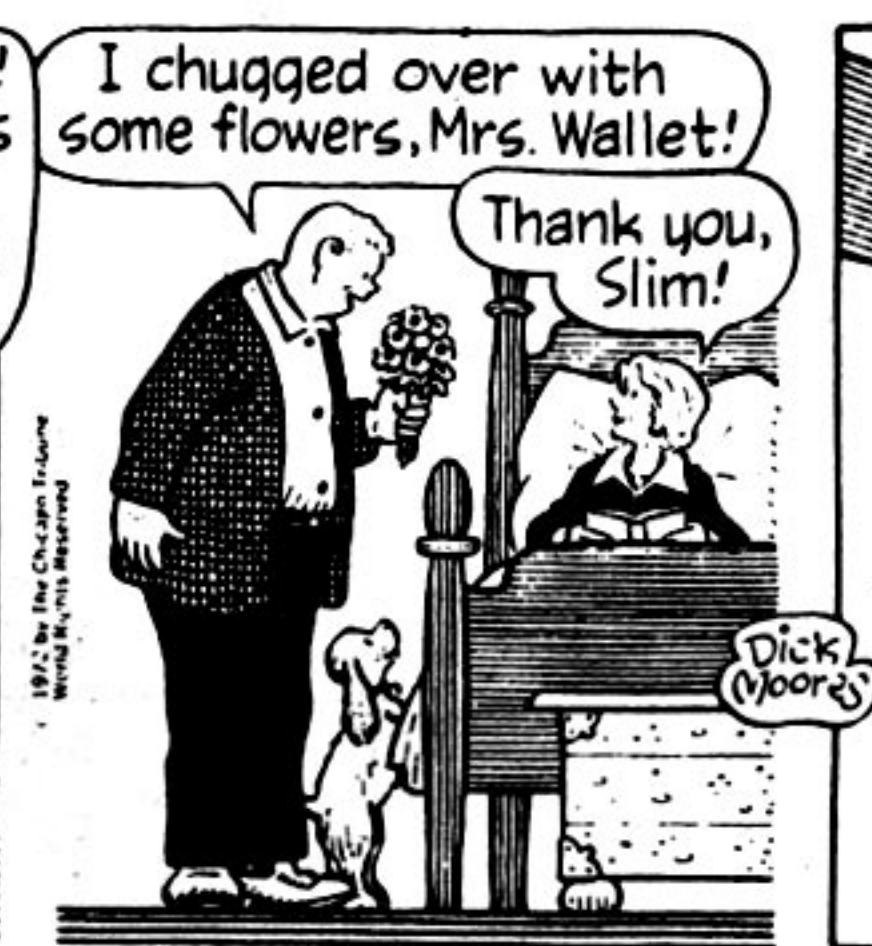
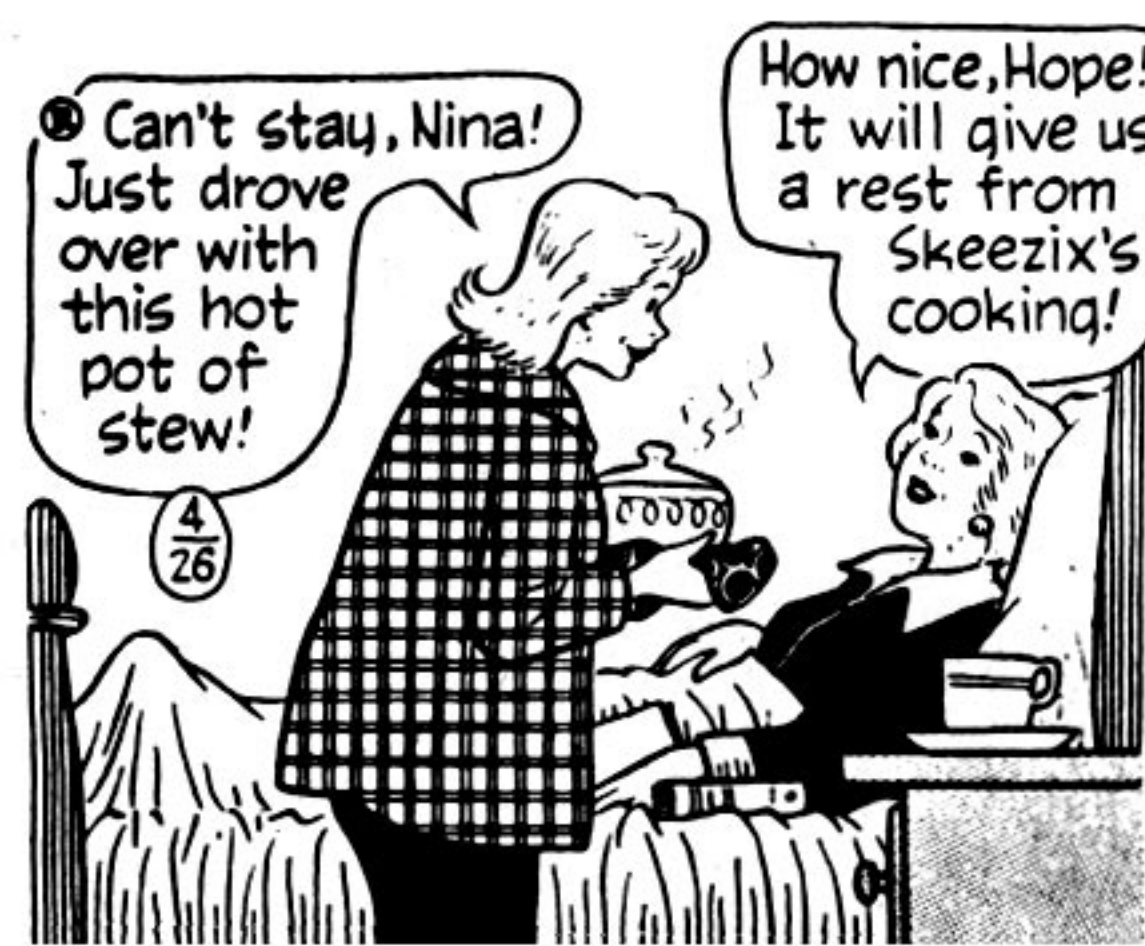
Not too good, but I'm surprised she isn't worse!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved







④ It's such a long drive here from the farm, Father!

Exactly 96 miles, Nina, round trip!

Freeway all the way!

Glad you're better! We'll see you again Saturday!

Thanks for coming!

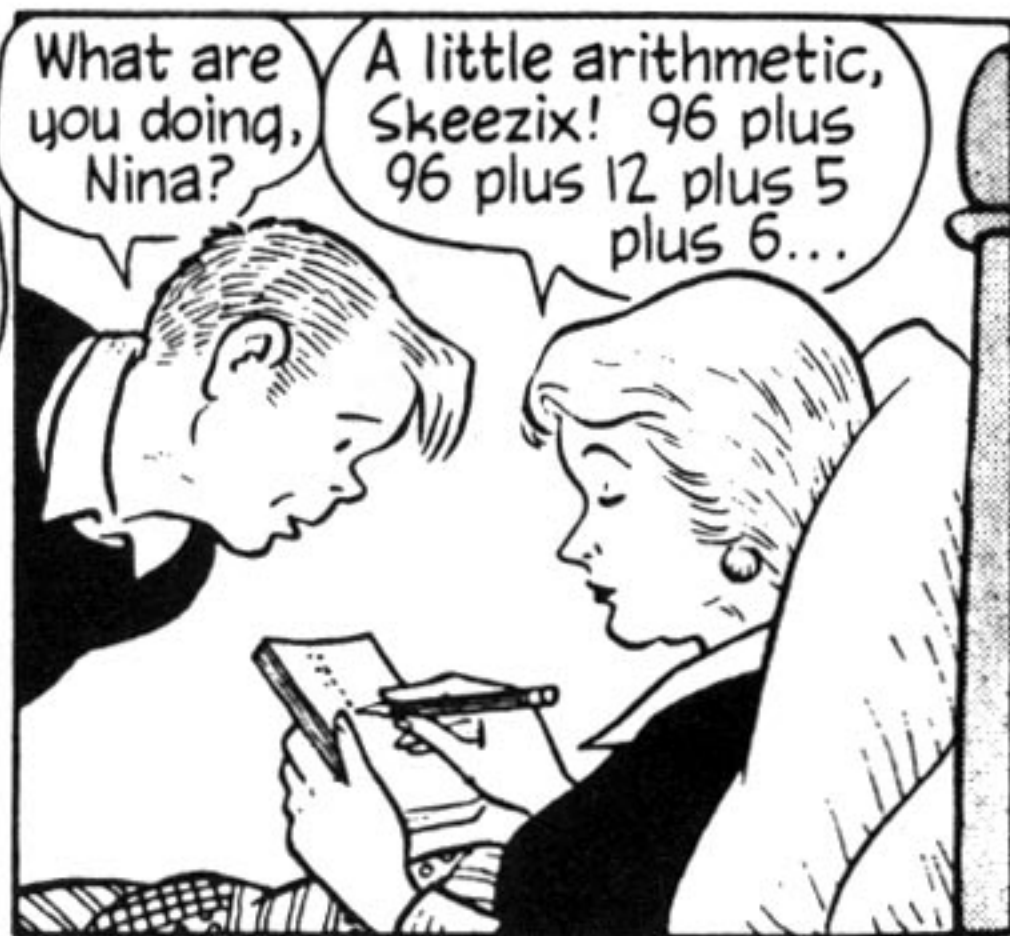
What are you doing, Nina?

A little arithmetic, Skeezix! 96 plus 96 plus 12 plus 5 plus 6...

4/27

1972 by The Chicago Tribune World A. All Rights Reserved

Dick Moores



4
28

Ⓢ Skeezip, by walking to the store in the rain I saved burning one pint of gasoline!



Right, Nina, and put yourself in bed for a week!

Dick Moores

While I've been sick you've made ten extra trips to town! Fourteen friends have come by who otherwise wouldn't have!



By saving one pint of gas I've caused other people to burn 23 gallons!



To say nothing of the food I've burned!

So your walk in the rain didn't exactly help the environment, Nina!

I suppose now you expect me to run right out and dig up my car keys!

Well...I make my living repairing cars and selling gasoline!

If everybody walked to the store instead of driving..

...you and I wouldn't have any money to walk to the store with!

4/29

1972 by The Check'n Tribune
World's Not-Reserve

Dick Moores

I'm glad you've decided to drive a car again, Nina!

5/1

I didn't say I was going to drive, Skee-zix!

Then why did you ask me to dig up your car keys?

Well...I don't know if it's a good idea to leave them in the ground!

You know, maybe they're not biodegradable!

Dick Moore's

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
All Rights Reserved

© Your keys have to be right here, Nina!

Maybe you're not deep enough!

Any deeper and I'll strike oil!

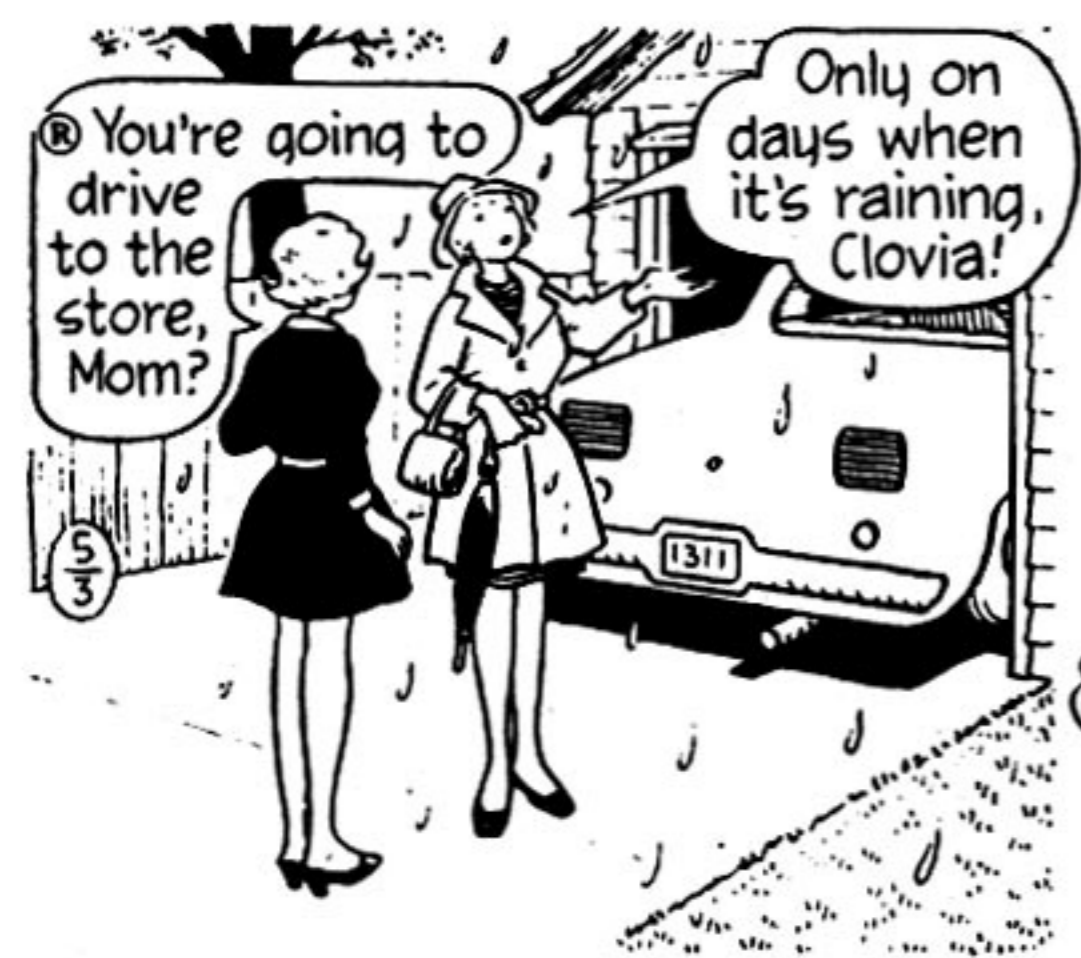
Dick Moore's

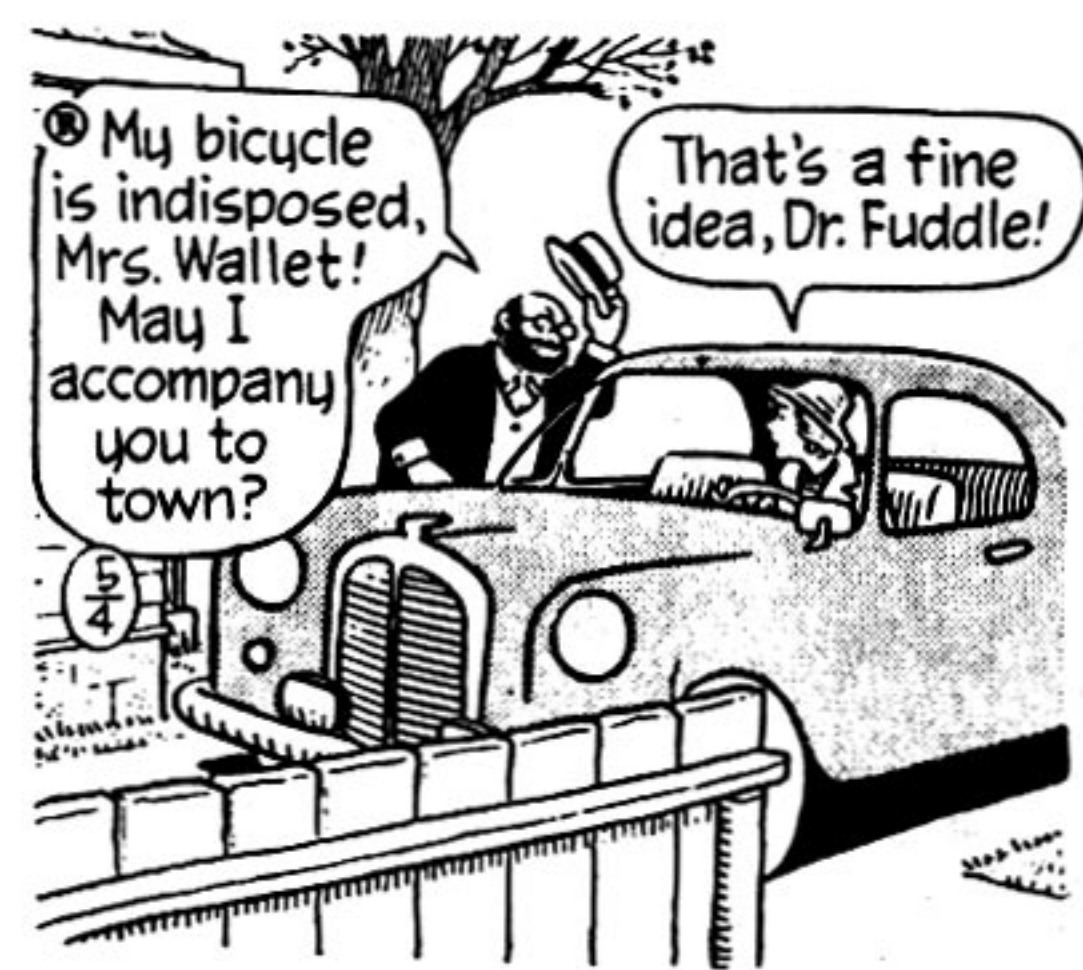
Looking for Mom's car keys?

I knew you'd be wanting them, Mom! Slim dug them up last week!

Gasoline Alley Garage







5/5
May I give you a lift, Rufus?

Thank you, Miz' Wallet!



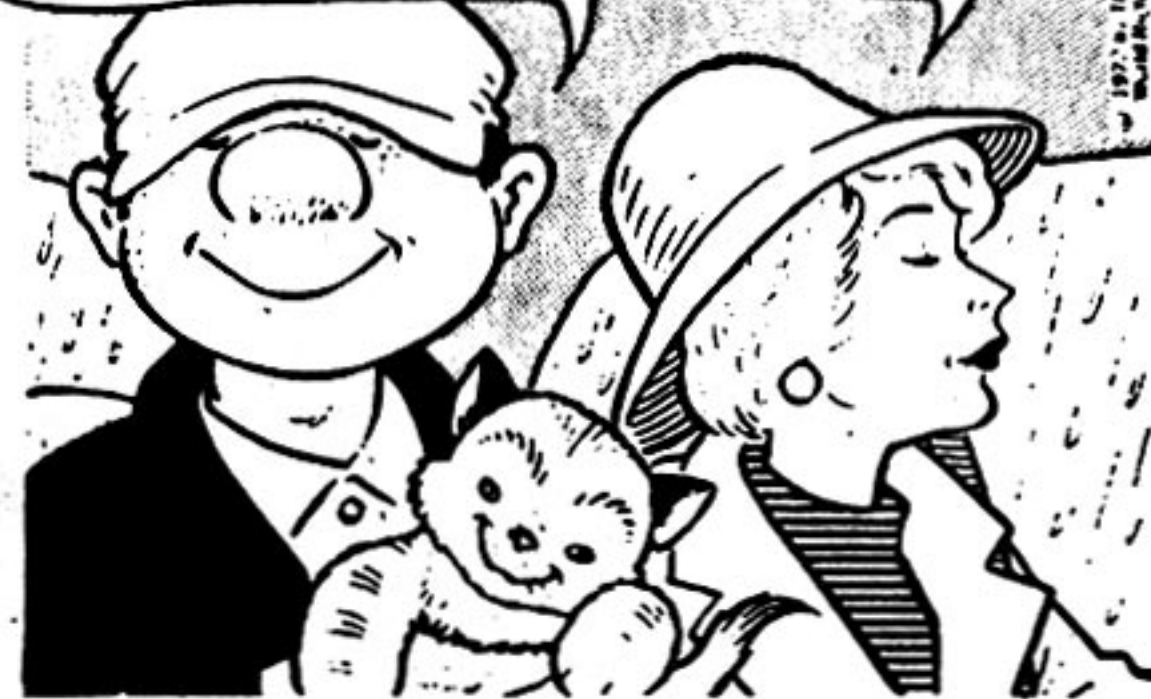
Mister Skeezi say you done bury yer car keys!

I did!



I guess they musta' jes' growed back up outa' th' groun' like radishes!

Fasten your seat belt, Rufus!



© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune. All Rights Reserved.

Still working at City Hall, Rufus?

Yes'm! Still special aide t' Her Honor th' Mayor, Miz' Wallet!

5-15

Ask her about that chuckhole in front of our house! It's been over a year now!

Yes'm!

Dick Wares

That's th' trouble 'bout bein' a big wheel, Kitty! Ev'rybody wantin' somethin'!

TAX + COLLECTOR
LICENSING

1972 The City of...
By Paul R. ...

Mayor Paugh keeping you busy, Rufus?

Yes'm, Mister Walt! Always plenty t' do here at City Hall!

But not right at the moment!

Coffee break time?

Oh, no! I had m' coffee!

I wuz jes' restin' while Kitty took his break!

Dick Moores

Kitty

© 1973 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

You have a nice office, Rufus! What do you do here at City Hall?

5/4



I keeps right busy, Miz' Judy!

Yesti'day I clean up some tag ends in th' auto license d'partment!



T'day I'm in th' tax office... doin' th' books!



© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune. World Rights Reserved.

Dick Moore



An office all your own, Rufus?

5/10

Yes'm, Mister Corky! I'se doin' right good here t' City Hall!

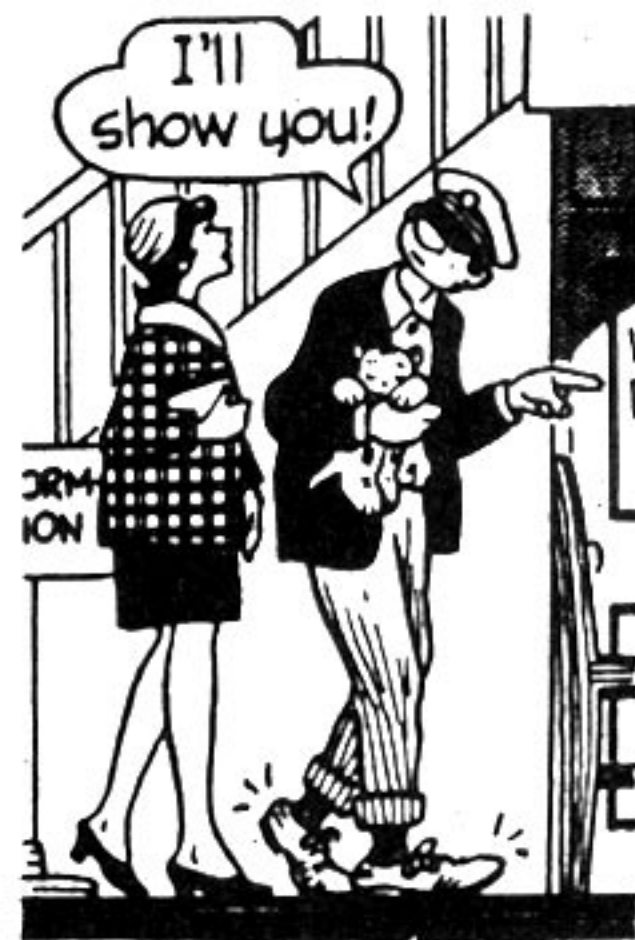
Dick Mooney

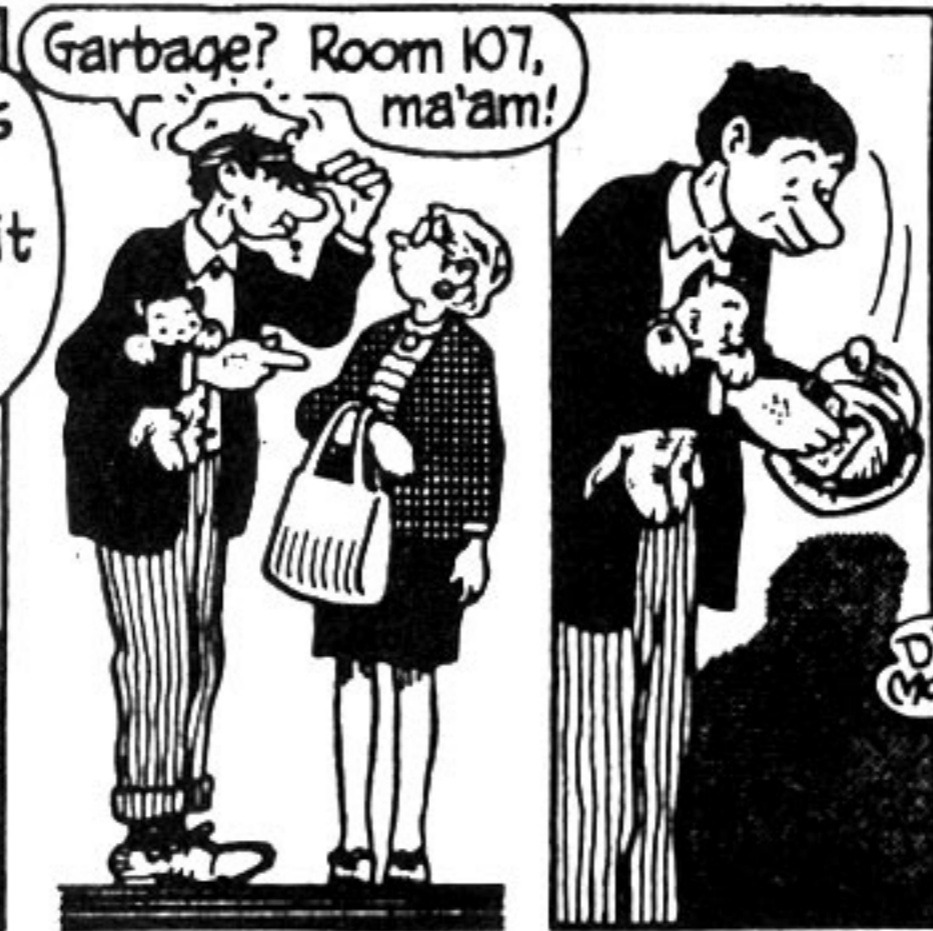
Only this mornin' th' board make me a part-time director!

That's wonderful!

Secon' door t' th' left, Ma'am!

INFORMATION











Her Honor give me that office fer my very own!

5/17

Mayor Paugh is out of town! I'm in charge!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

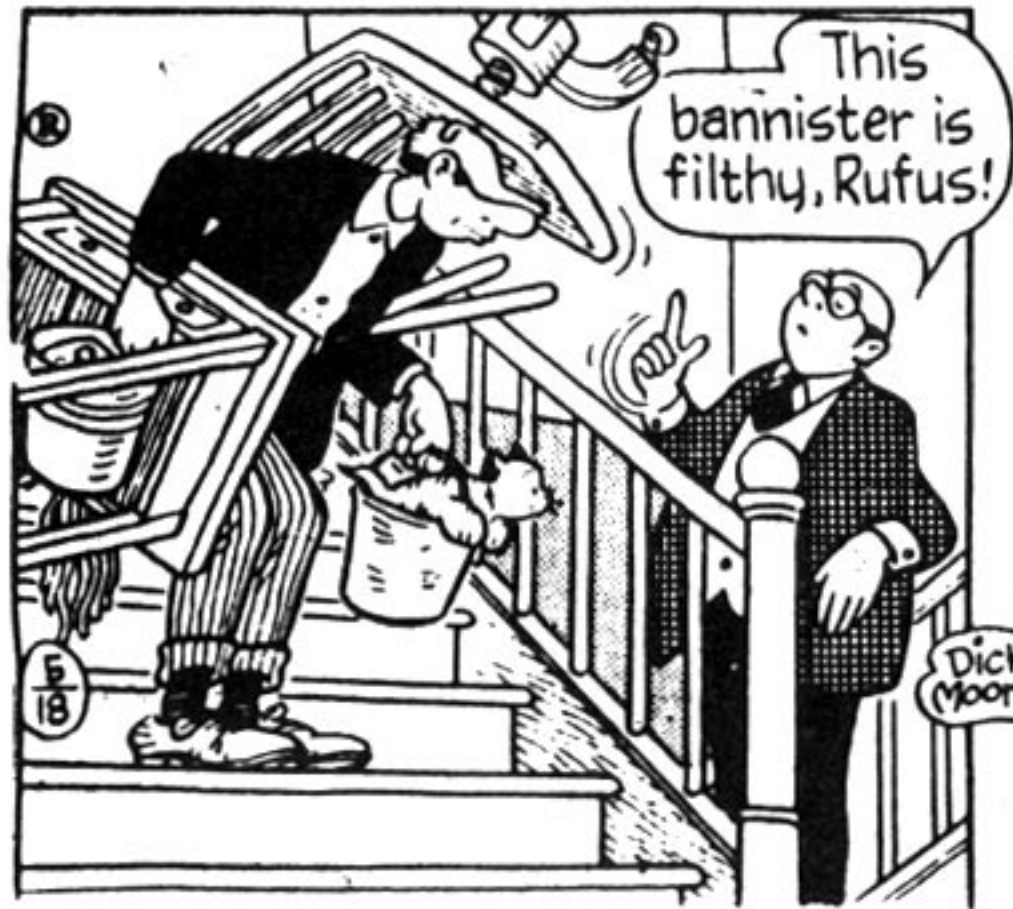
Bring your things! I've fixed you a place in the basement!

DO NOT
LICE
DEP

It's ridiculous! Valuable office space taken up by a janitor and a dirty cat!

Dick Moores

201







Boy!
Him!



I never
see a
man so
scared
o' dirt!



I bet he wash
his pretty li'l ol'
han's fifty times
a day!

Dick
Moore's



Sorry,
Kitty!
Nuthin'
pers'nal!

Ⓜ M' new office won't be so bad, Kitty, once we gits it clean!

5/22



The trash barrels are full, Myrt! What do I do with this stuff?



I don't know, Sue, but don't leave it in the hall!



Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Did you clean in my office today, Rufus?

5/24

Yes'm, Mr. Bicker! Jes' finish!

Is this half-eaten doughnut yours?

Look like mine!

I found it on my desk!

Well? What do you have to say?

Finders is keepers ...I guess!

Dick Moores

1977 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

® Garbage on my desk!
Here!
Remove this lid!

5/25

Yes'm!

Dick Moore

I suppose your office is filthy!

Well...your bars seem clean!

Yes'm! I prides m'self on havin' clean bars!



I cleaned in here good, Mr. Bicker!

5/26

Oh? How about back of the door?

Look at this! Filth!

Don't shut th' door!

Are you giving me orders?

No, ma'am, but sometimes it's kinda hard t' open...

...specially if th' knob happen t' fall off!

Dick Moores

Kitty

SLAM!

KLUNK!

© 1972 by The Charles F. Murray World Rights Manager

Is this one of your tricks, Rufus? Open the door!

Can't! Th' knob fell off!

Don't be ridiculous! Use a screwdriver or something!

Ain't got a somethin'!

You mean I am locked in this despicable hole... with you?

Yes'm, ...an' Kitty!

5/27

'Dick Moore's

Kitty

Kitty

© 1974 by The Hearst Group
Reprinted by permission of the publisher

5/29
We's stuck here till som'budy come, Mr. Bicker! May as well sit!

Sit? On what?

This filthy floor?

M'swizzle chair's in th' tax office!

What if no one comes? We could starve!

Shux, I got food!

Have a doughnut! Choc'lit-coated!

© 1972 by The Outlook Tower. All Rights Reserved.

Dick Moore



Yes'm!

Choc'lit, Kitty?

No place to sit!
No food!
No water!



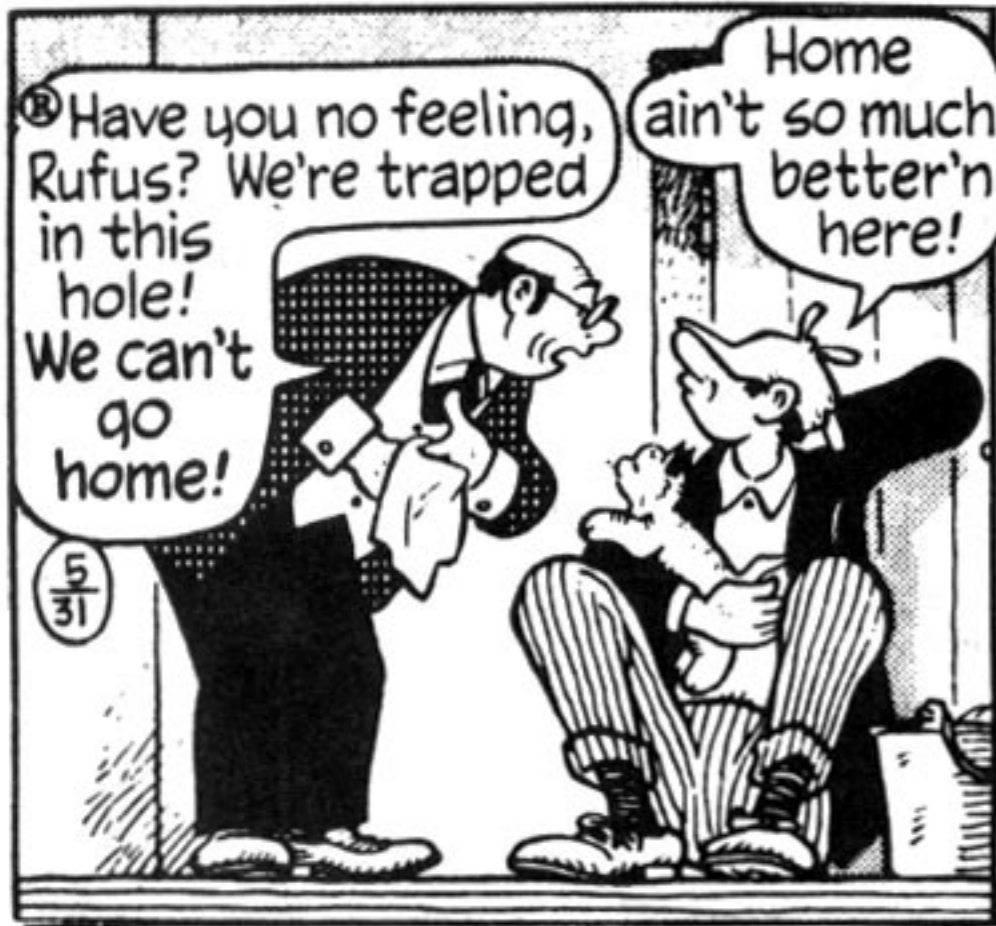
Um...



We's lucky!
They's some left in th' bottom!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by Dick Moores. All rights reserved.



Keep an eye out there, Rufus! Someone might wander down the alley!

What good'll that do?

6
1



He could come down through the building and let us out!

Dick Moores

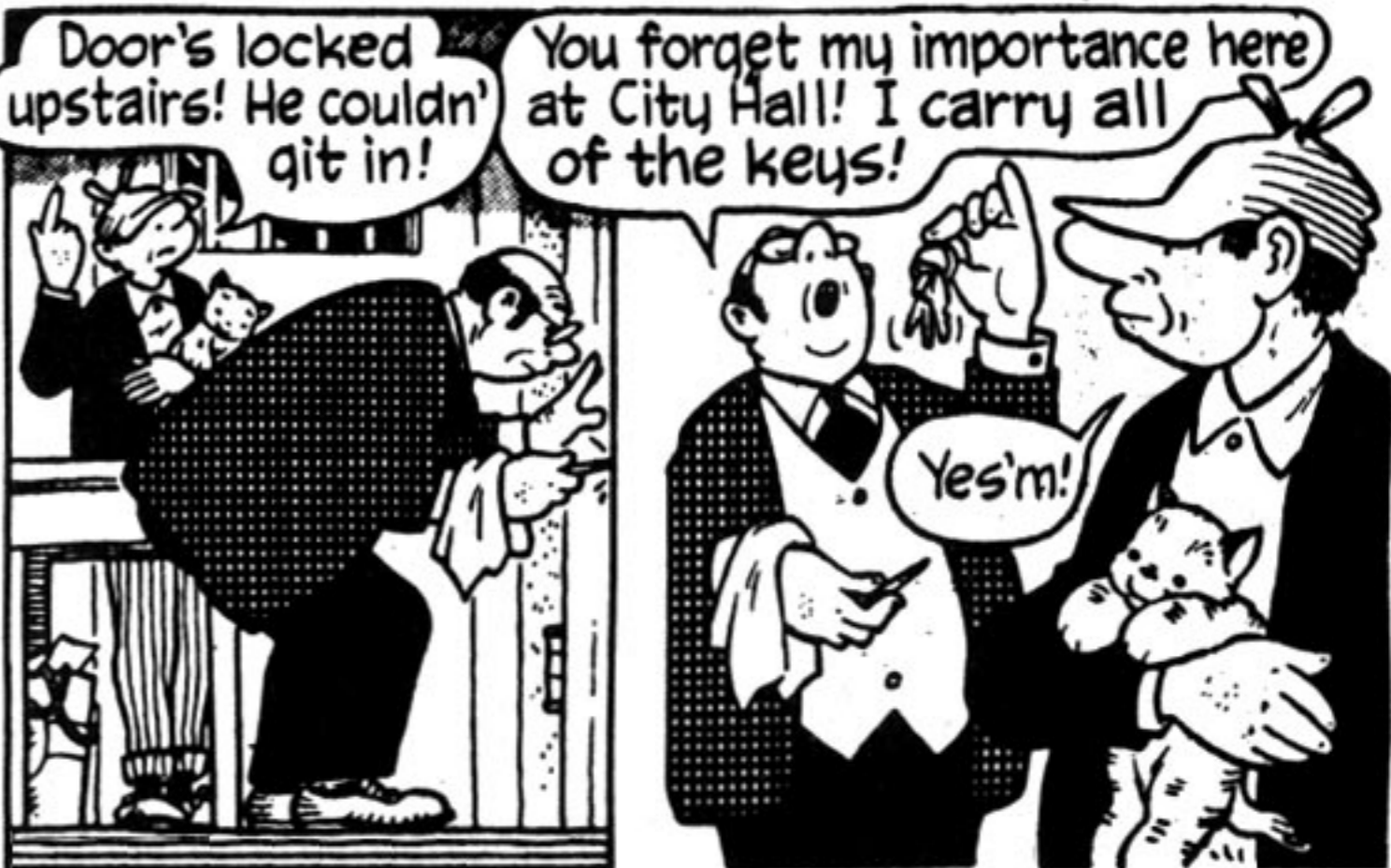
1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Door's locked upstairs! He couldn't git in!

You forget my importance here at City Hall! I carry all of the keys!

Yes'm!





⑥ There's a dollar for you, my good man, if you get us out of here!

What do I do?

Take these keys, unlock the front door and come downstairs!

And hurry!

You bet!

He doesn't seem too bright! I hope he can find his way!

Don' worry 'bout ol' Jake! He know his way aroun'!

Dick Moores

That man will have us out of here in a few minutes, Rufus!

6/5

Yes'm!

I gave him my keys! All he has to do is unlock the front door, come downstairs...

...and put the knob back in the door!

And you, you idiot, would have let him go right on by!

Yes'm!

Dick Moore

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune. All Rights Reserved.

What's keeping that man? It's been ten minutes!

Them keys you give 'im.. t' unlock th' front door?

Was yer car key on that ring?

Yes!

Then I 'speck he's drivin' aroun' t' th' front door!

O! "Lightfingers Jake" ain't one t' walk if he kin ride!

Dick Moores

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

He's taking things out of City Hall and loading them into my car!

6/7



Yes'm!

Stop saying "yes'm" and stop picking your teeth!



Yes'm!

Dick Moores

THUMP! THUMP!

Soun' like he got th' safe now!



He'll never get it into my car! It's a compact!

O! Jake's a good packer!



It's quiet up there! Maybe he's gone!

6/6

I 'speck Jake's got all th' loot loaded into yer car b'now!

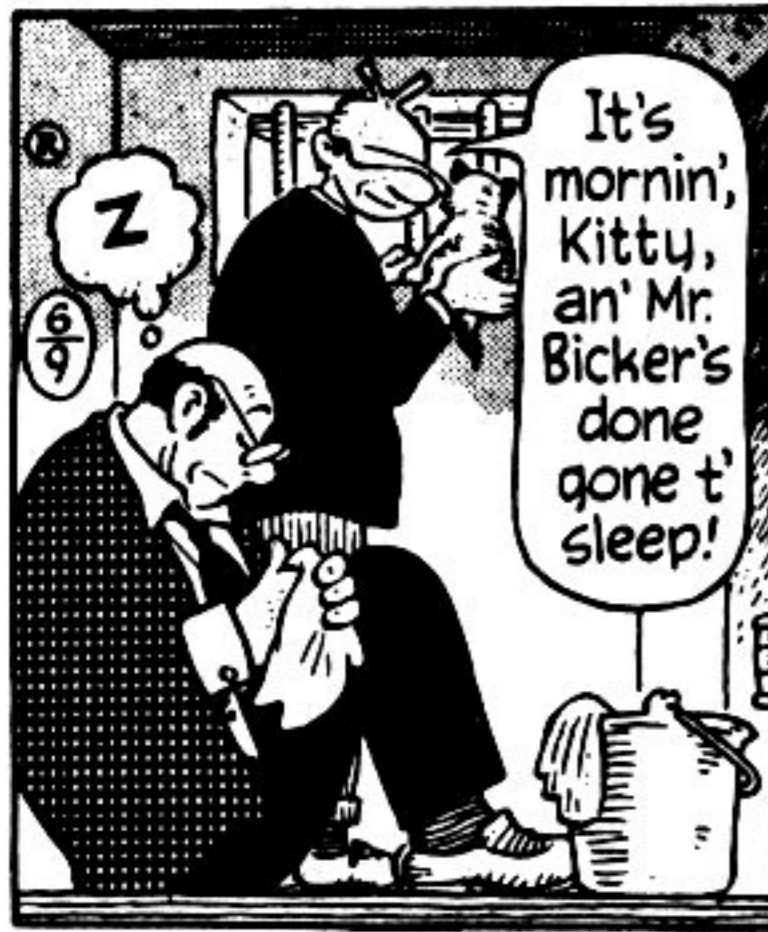
Psst, mister!

You thief!
You...

I needs two dolla' fer gas!

Dick Moores

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved!



It's mornin', Kitty, an' Mr. Bicker's done gone t' sleep!



The trash barrel is still full, Myrt! What do I do with this stuff?

Dick Moores



Same as last time, Sue!



The door knob's off!
Put it back on!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



I've right glad yer back, Yer Honor!

6/10

I'm sorry about what happened, Rufus!

But you have your office back, and as for Mr. Bicker...

What are you doing?

Shakin' out m' swizzle chair!

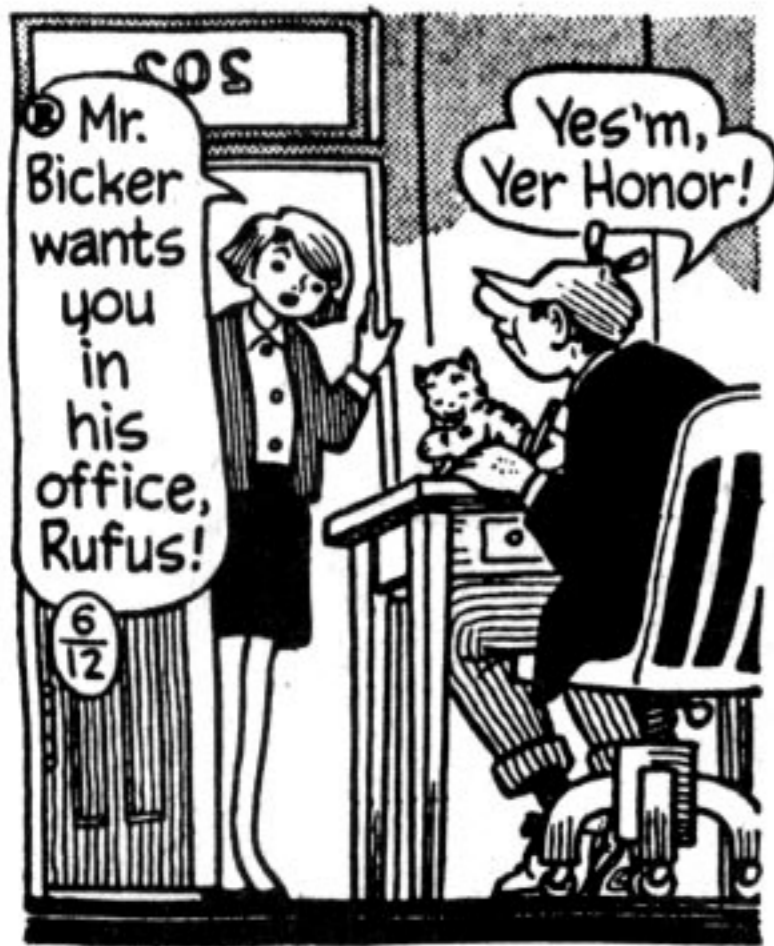
It's been in th' tax office! Coulda' picked up some loose change!

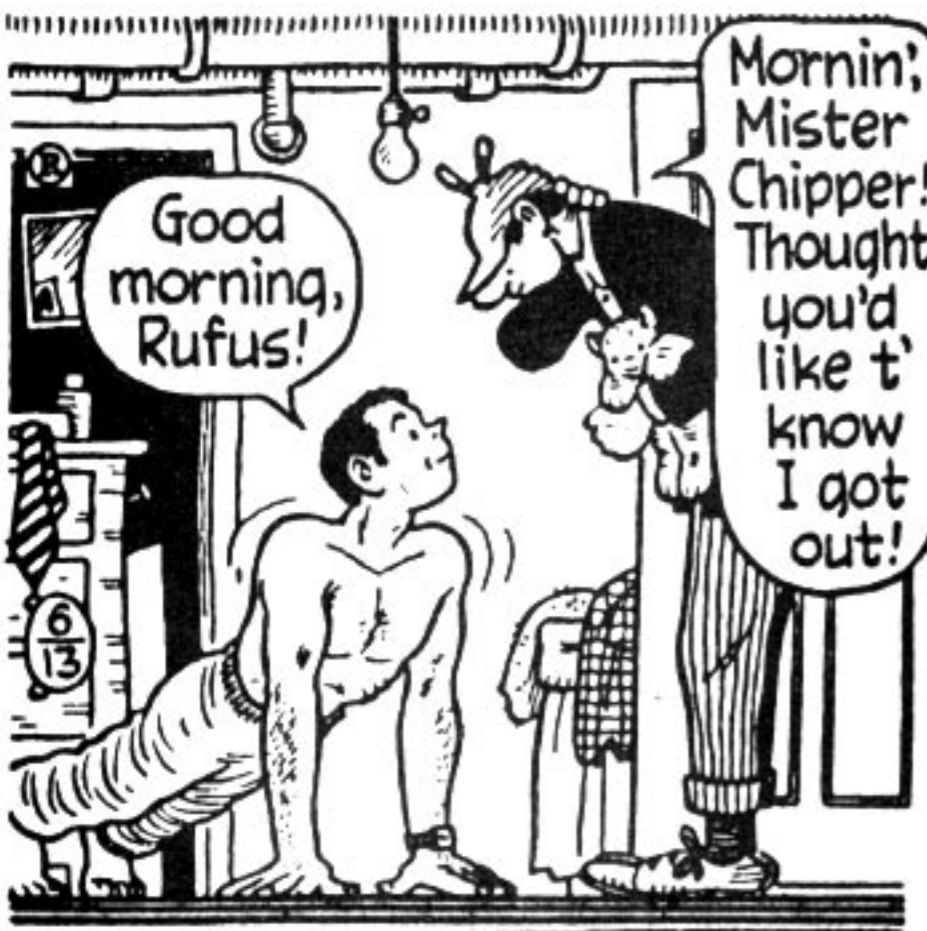


1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick Moore







Good morning, Rufus!

Mornin', Mister Chipper! Thought you'd like t' know I got out!



Didn't know you were in!

I wuz locked in City Hall but I got out!



I'm glad! Is that why you're here at six in the morning?

Not 'zactly!



Kitty's nose feel a little warm!

Dick Mooney

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



① Kitty got toteitis, Mister Chipper?

6/15

The worst case I've ever seen!

Dick Moors

He don't look that sick!

He's not sick! He's just fat and lazy...

..because you ride him around on your arm all day! Make him walk!

But Kitty like t' ride!

I know! He's almost human!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

① Ain't there no medicine Kitty could take? He hate t' walk!

6/16

There's only one cure for toteitis, Rufus!

Exercise!

Yes'm!

Should you be prescribing remedies, Chipper? You're not a doctor!

I thought up the disease! I guess I can think up a cure!

Dick Moore's



What's this "toteitis" that Kitty has, Chipper?

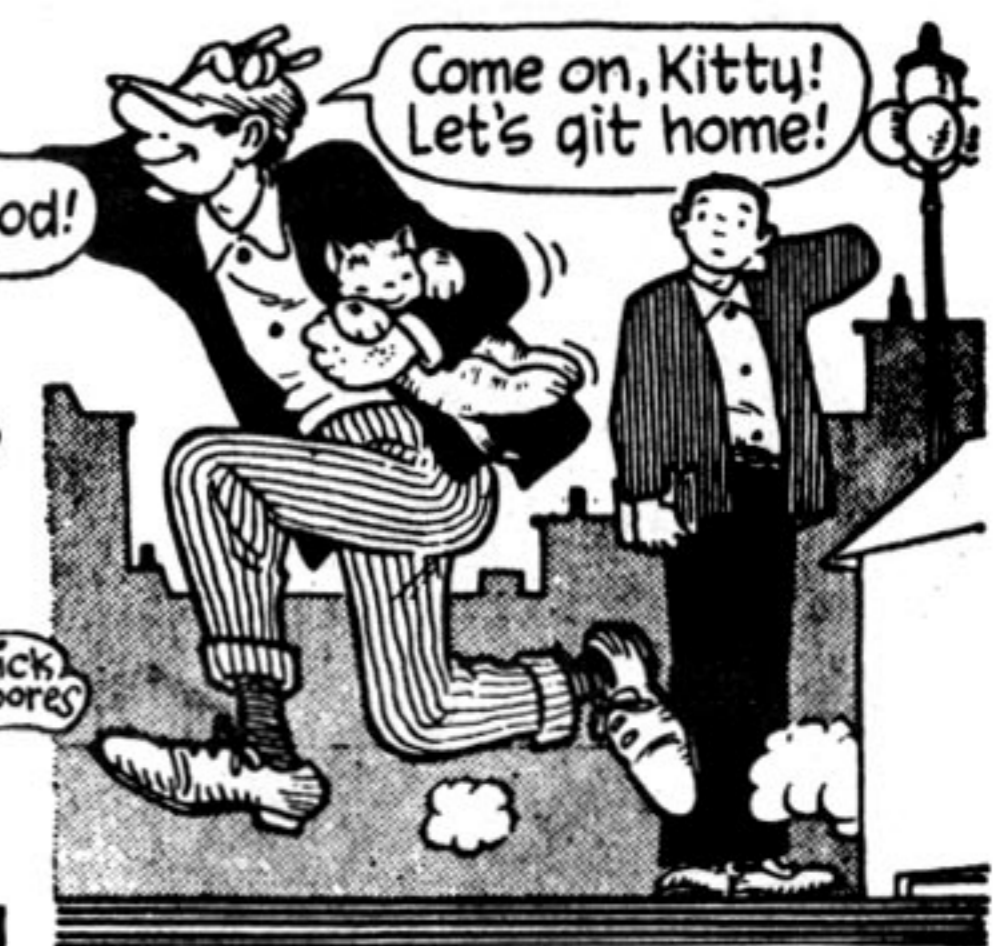
You get it from riding when you could just as well be walking!

Is it catching?

Very!

May I give you a lift to your office?

Dick Moores





6
21

① You've finished your first year in the Physician's Assistant Program, Chipper?

Right, Joy! Now I'm starting my clinical rotations!



I attend rounds with the doctors...take case histories...



...examine incoming patients...take tests and stuff!

Dick
Moore

"And stuff!"



I think that's the part I never liked!



Working with sick people, Chip, aren't you apt to catch something?

6/22

It's a risk you take, Joy!

I spend hours with patients writing down their case histories!

Dick Moores

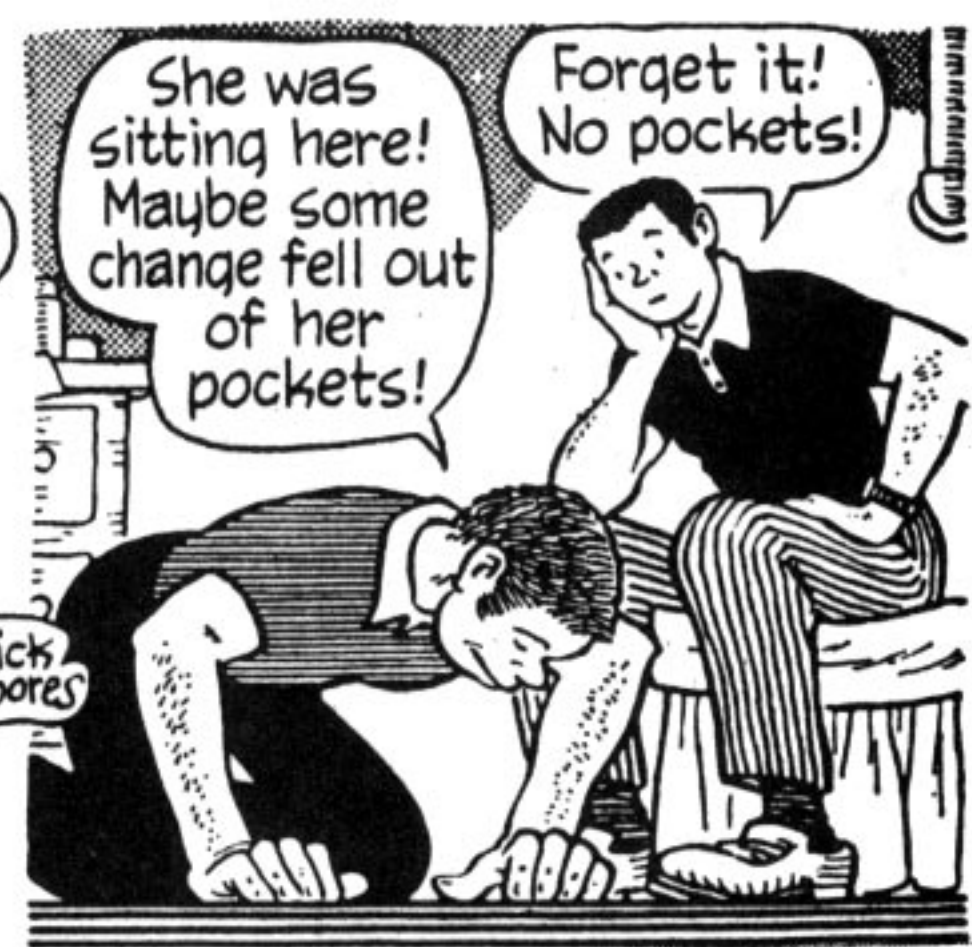
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Last week I came down with a touch of scrivener's palsy!

Actually? What's that?

Writer's cramp!





How come we're so broke, Chip?

You're always broke, Stubbs! I had to buy tires!

6/24



Bless the lazy people in our building who never return bottles!



Dick Moores

78¢ worth! It won't pay the rent...



...but it'll buy a loaf of bread and a jar of peanut butter!



I'm so empty, Chip, my spine just said "hello" to my belt buckle!

6/26

Read, Stubbs! It takes your mind off your stomach!

Hi, guys! Where's Sigmund? I brought him a doggy bag!

Doggy bag?

Auntie took me out for a prime rib dinner...

...and she hardly touched hers!

SLURP!

Dick Moores

© 1975 by The Chicago Tribune
All Rights Reserved

® You gave it all to the dog and we're starving!

6/27

Stubbs is just clowning, Joy!

If you guys are hungry I have an icebox full of food upstairs!

Dick Moores

We're fine, Joy!

This is no time for pride!

Stubbs! Come back here!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Chip, why didn't you tell me you guys were starving?

6/28

We're not really, Joy! I've got money.

The thing is... every payday Stubbs blows his whole check!

And then he sponges off me for the rest of the week!

This week I decided not to be sponged!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Well, I'm glad you're not broke, Chip!

6/29

I was just trying to pound some sense into Stubbs' head!

Maybe next week he won't blow his whole check on payday!

Straighten your tie, Papa!

Yes, Mama!

Dick Moores

We've heard there is a needy couple here!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

There must be a mistake!

6/30



You mustn't be proud, young man! It's no disgrace to be needy!

What is it, Papa?

Psst...ss
...psst...st...

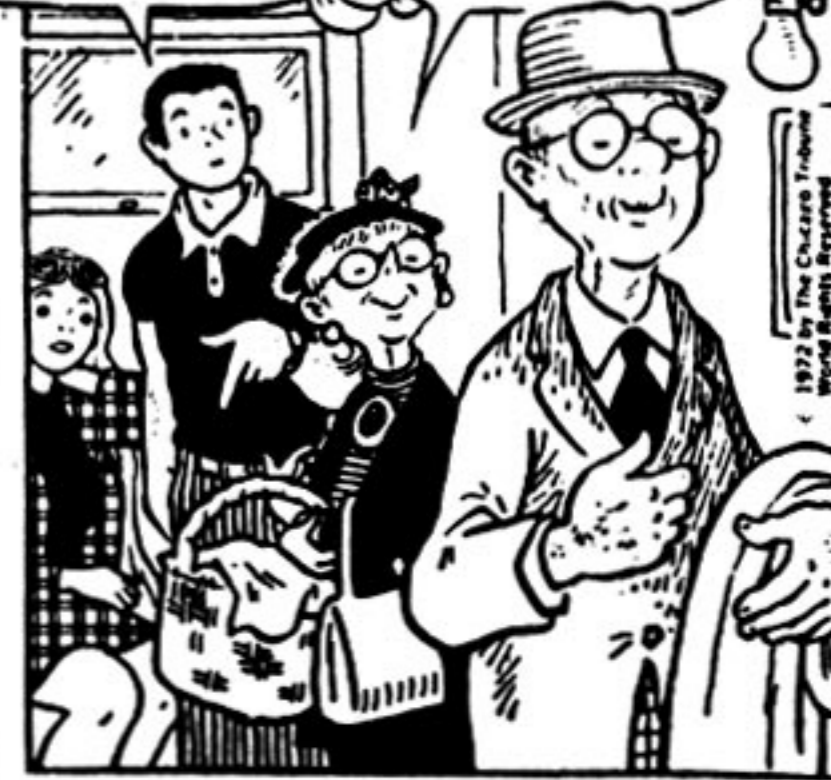


Could Papa use your facilities?



Sure! Through the bedroom!

Poor dear! He's so shy!



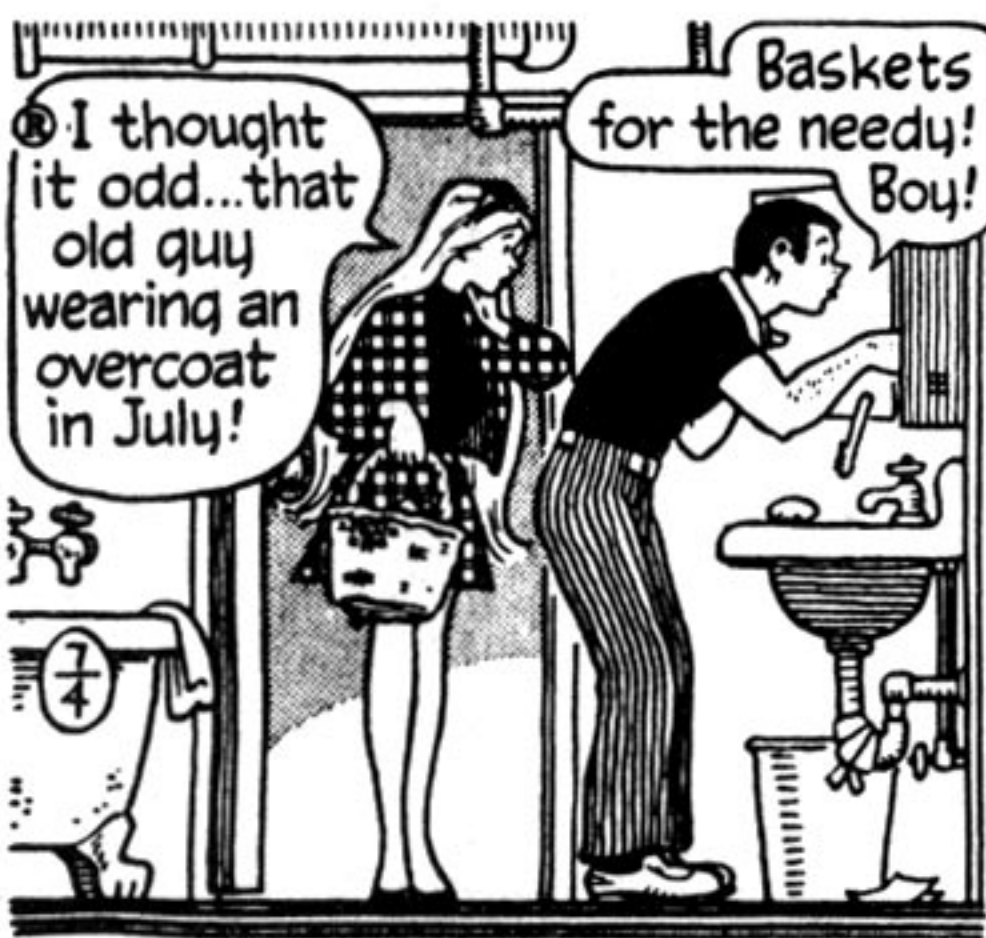
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Dick Moores



① I thought it odd...that old guy wearing an overcoat in July!



Baskets for the needy! Boy!

When he came back here he picked me clean!



Dick Moores

My hair tonic, my toothpaste, my razor...



Your camera, your radio! Actually!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Good boy!

Camera's shot!

7/5

I think I've got your radio fixed, Chip!

Dick Moores



I'm glad I didn't leave my wallet back in the bedroom!



If the old guy had gotten that...



I've been starving, and all this time you've had money?

WHAP!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

® You hurt Stubbs' feelings!

7/6

SLAM!

He'll get over it, but my radio will never recover!

May I come in?

Gramps!

Hi, Joy! How are you, Chipper?

I'm fine!

How's your jeep?

So that's it! What needs hauling?

Dick Moores

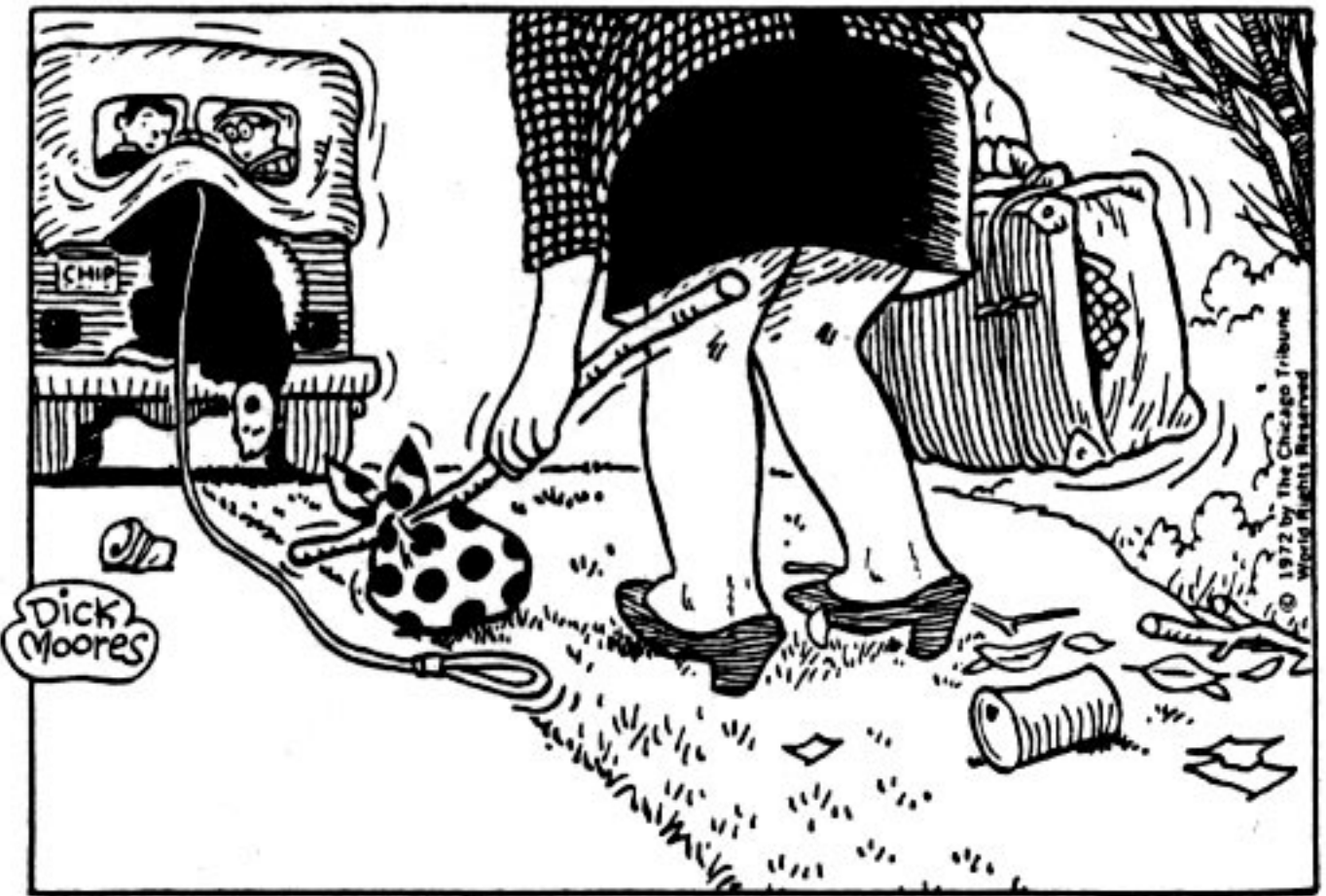
© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
Reprint Rights Reserved

® The guy wanted \$20 to haul this old stove away! I'd rather pay it to you!

I'll settle for a tank of gas, Gramps!

7/7





® 7/10

It was kind of you men t' stop!

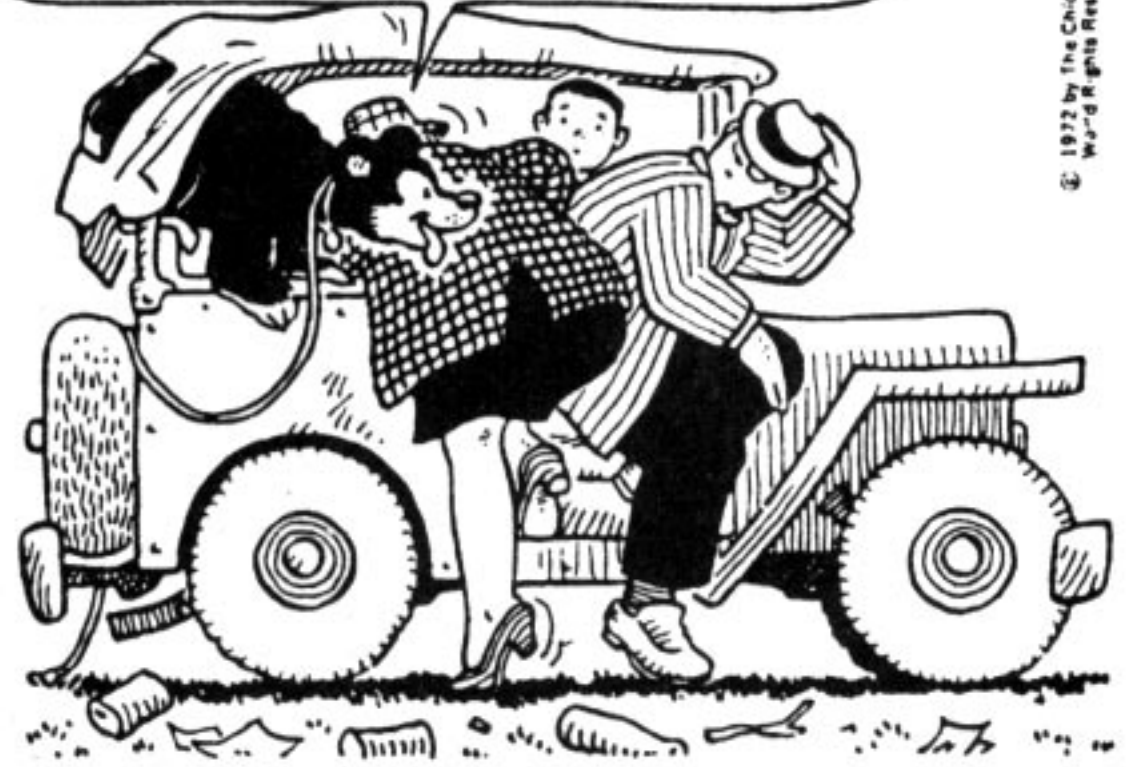


I was jest sayin' t' Sugar here, they is nice folks left in this world!

Dick Moores



Don't trouble yerself! I'll jest crawl back into th' jump seat!





I'm Mrs. Cream! Pleased t' know you!

Walt Wallet! This is my grandson, Chipper!

Walt



We aren't going very far!

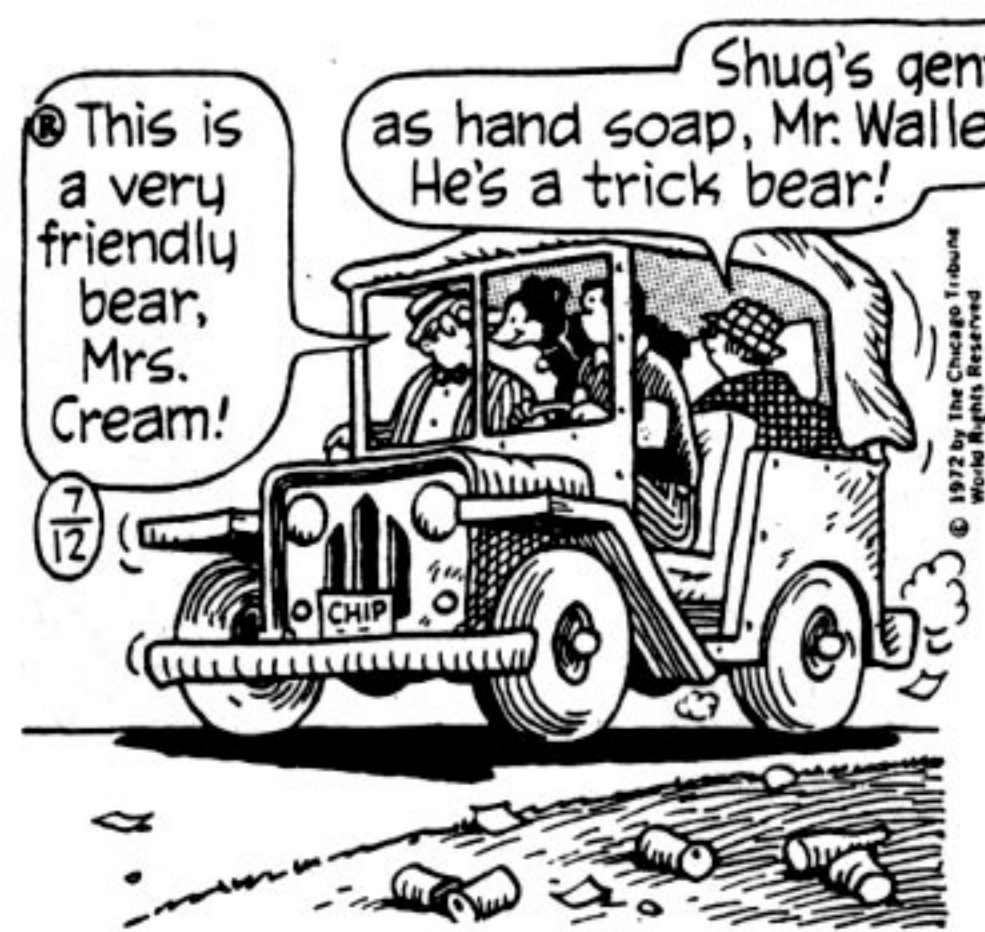
Every little bit helps, I always say!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



I swear, Mr. Wallet... I think Sugar's kinda' took to you!



© We turn off the highway here, Mrs. Cream!

Hate to leave you like this!

I got Shug! He'll catch us a ride!

Here's a five spot, Shug! Buy yourself a jug of honey!

You are a kind person, Mr. Wallet!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

\$10C
FIN
FOR
LITTE

④ You picked up a hitch-hikin' bear, Mister Walt?

7/14

He and his owner, Joel!

They'd been with a carnival! Got fired, I guess! Poor woman!

We left them up on the highway!

Gramps gave her five dollars!

I'd say you wuz right lucky t' be shet of 'em!

Dick Moores



© Mrs. Cream is ill, Joel! Do you have a blanket?

7/17

I kin lend you some hay from Becky's stall!

Figgured that ol' lady'd pop up ag'in!

Mrs. Cream is very honest!

I gave her a twenty-dollar bill by mistake! She ran all this way to return it!

Sound like a carnival trick t' me!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

©I don't think she's in any shape to be hitch-hiking, Gramps!

7/18

I could find Mrs. Cream a room...but the bear!

I wonder, Joel, if you would care to...

No, ma'am!

Dick Moores

What about your basement, Chipper?

No way!

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

CHIP

7
19

I'm ashamed of myself, Mr. Wallet! I'm being a bother!

Just relax, Mrs. Cream!

I'm some better! If you'll jest let me an' Shug off here by the road!

I wouldn't think of it! It's getting dark!

Drop us at my house, Chipper! We have a spare room!

Whatever you say, Gramps!

Dick Moore

Gramps, you don't know what you're getting into!

Mrs. Cream needs help, Chipper!



No harm can come from giving her a night's lodging!

Grandma will blow her top!



Dick Moores

Bring the hay! We'll fix a bed for Sugar in the basement!

You're a kind man, Mr. Wallet!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

② This is Mrs. Cream, Phyllis! I've asked her to stay the night!

7/21

You're kind!

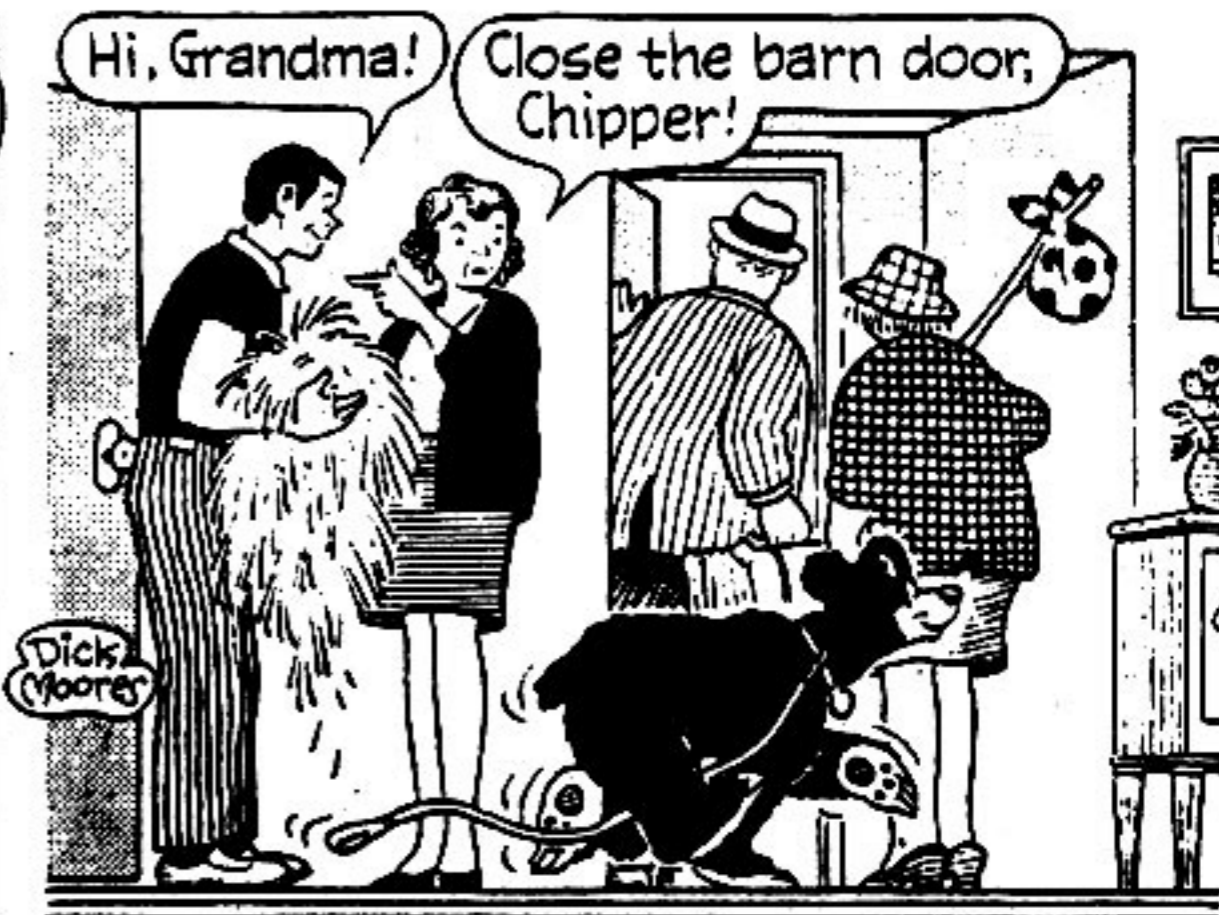
How do you do.

This is Sugar! I thought we'd fix him up in the basement!

Hi, Grandma!

Close the barn door, Chipper!

Dick Moore





© I hear noises, Walt!
That woman
is looting
the house!

Nonsense!

7
24

Mrs. Cream is
unfortunate
but honest!

Dick
Moore's

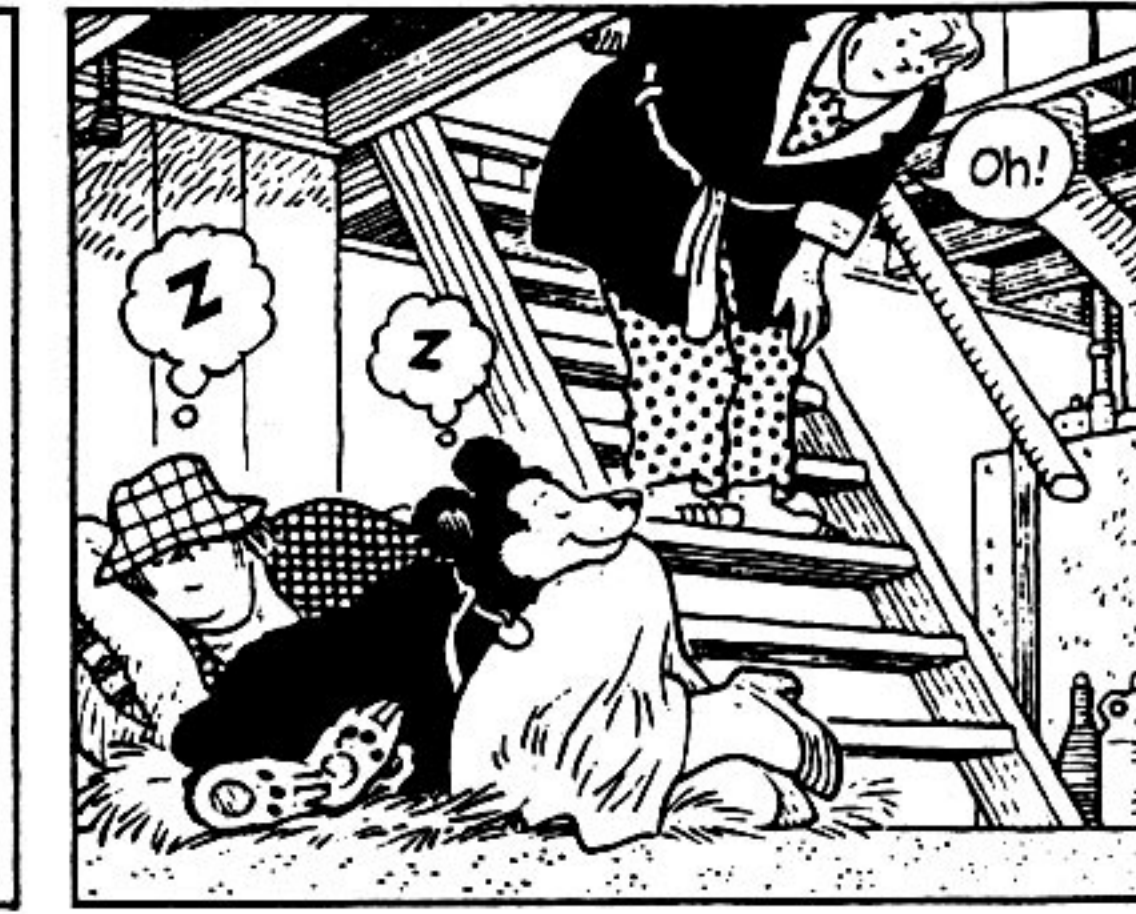
Not in her bed!

Z

Z

Oh!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved





7/25

RRRRR
RRRRR
clack
clack
RRR

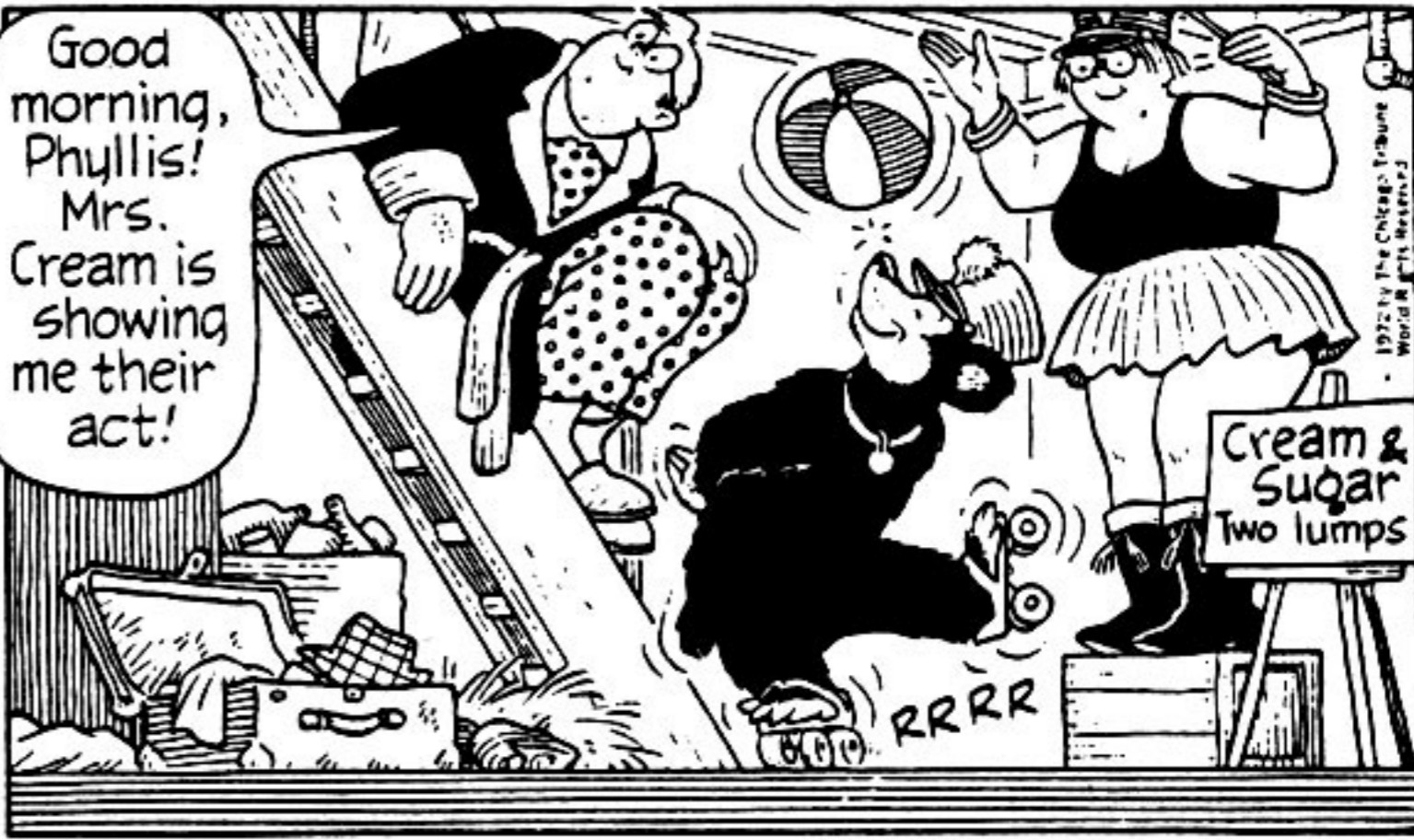
Dick
Moore

Five in the morning!
What in
the world?



RRR
RR

Good
morning,
Phyllis!
Mrs.
Cream is
showing
me their
act!



Cream &
Sugar
Two lumps

RRRR

1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Walt sick? What's the trouble, Phyllis?

7/27

I don't know, Doc!

I can't explain it! Go down and see for yourself!

Dick Moores

THUMP!
THUMP!
Whirrr!

Cream & Sugar
Two lumps

Good boy, Sugar!

He could make it with the Trotters!

SWISH!

THUMP!

® This is Mrs. Cream, Doc! She and Sugar stayed over-night!

7/28



Pleased t'meet you!

I picked them up on the road! Poor woman...



...she's broke! Lost her job with the carnival!



Dick Moores

Imagine anybody firing a great act like this?



® We're here, Phyllis! Relax!

Walt will be okay!

We'll call Doc right away, Mother!

7/29



I've already called Doc!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved



How about that one, Doc?

Ya-hoo! Crazy!

CLAP! CLAP!

Cream & Sugar Two lumps



®

You're kind, Doctor!

7/31



I mean it! You have a great act!



I have a friend at the TV station, Walt! I'll give him a ring!

Fine!

Dick Moores



You look tired, Phyllis!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Better take a couple of aspirin and go back to bed!

® If we can help, Mother-call!

8
1

I'll handle him! Thanks for coming!

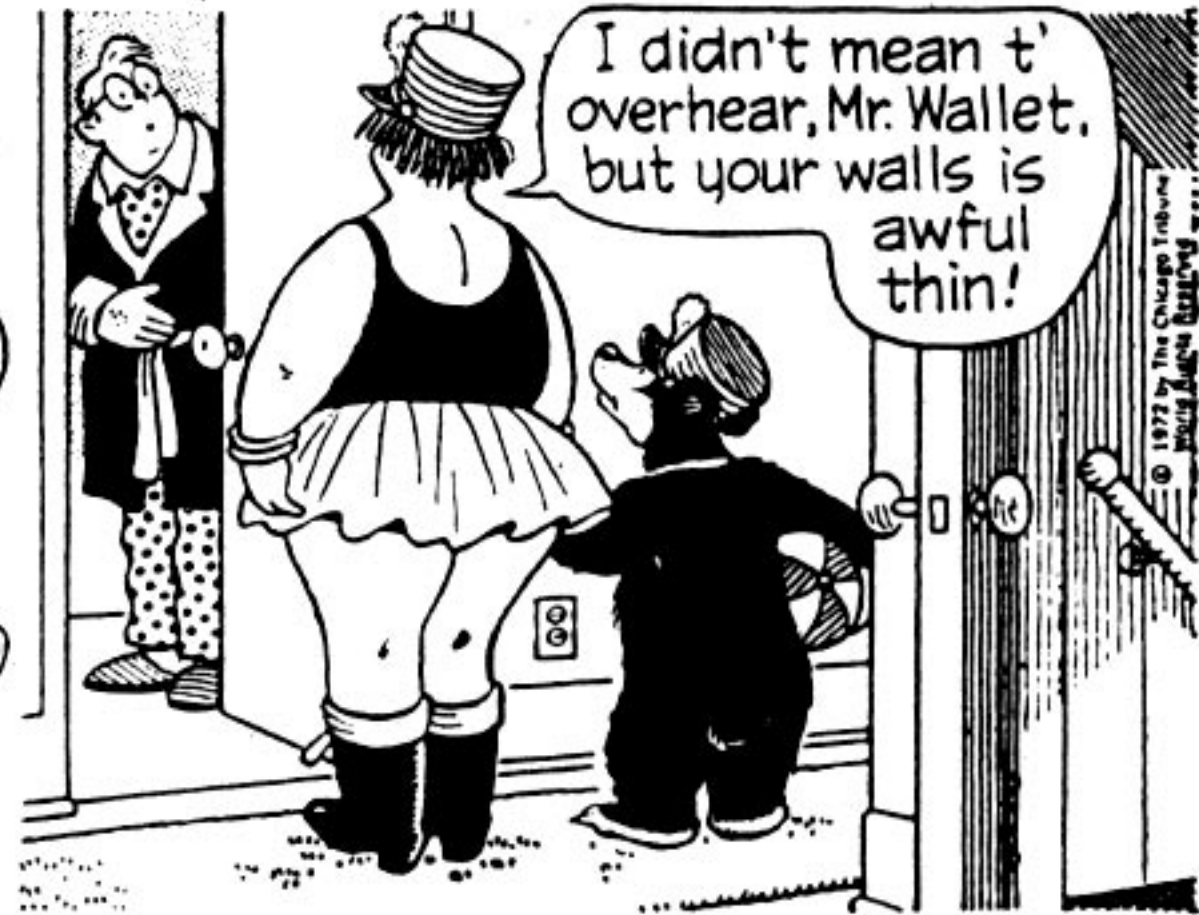
Can you spare me a moment, Walt?

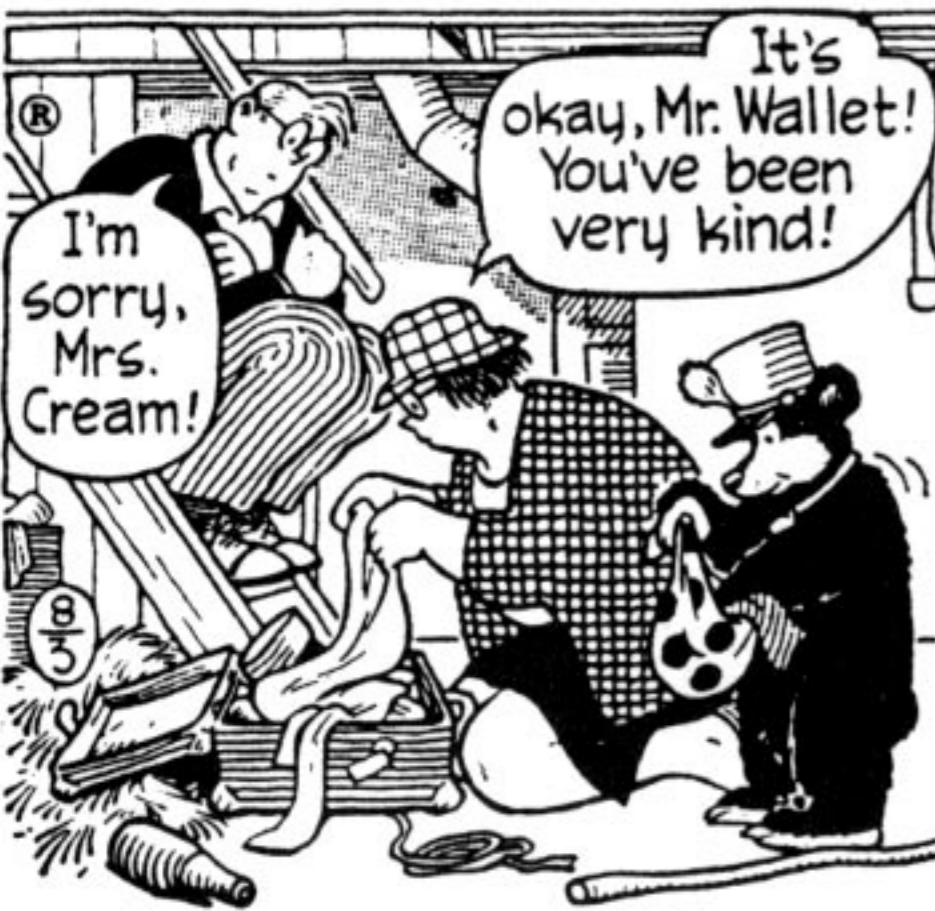
Close the door!

That woman was supposed to be gone this morning! Why isn't she?

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved





I'm sorry, Mrs. Cream!

It's okay, Mr. Wallet! You've been very kind!



I guess we're ready!

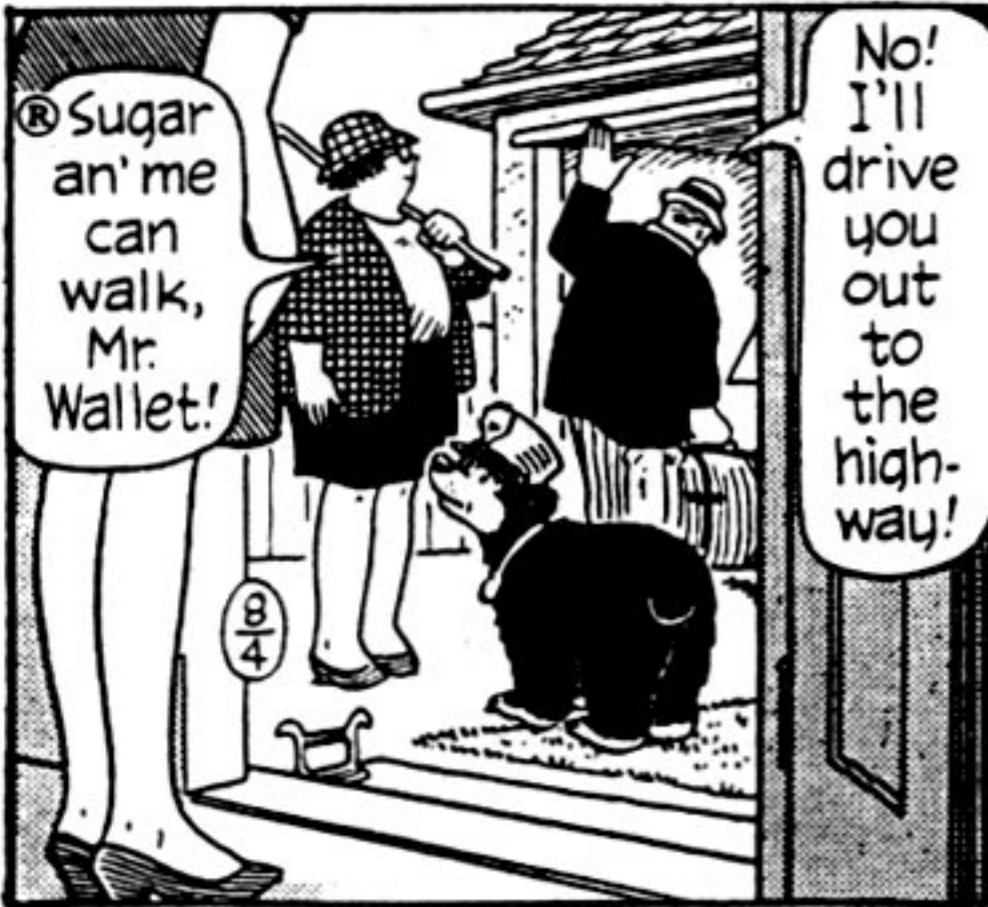
I'll drive you out to the edge of town!

Dick Moores



Show Mrs. W. there ain't no hard feelin's, Sugar!

© Sugar an' me can walk, Mr. Wallet!



No! I'll drive you out to the highway!

Mrs. Cream!

Oh! I forgot somethin'?

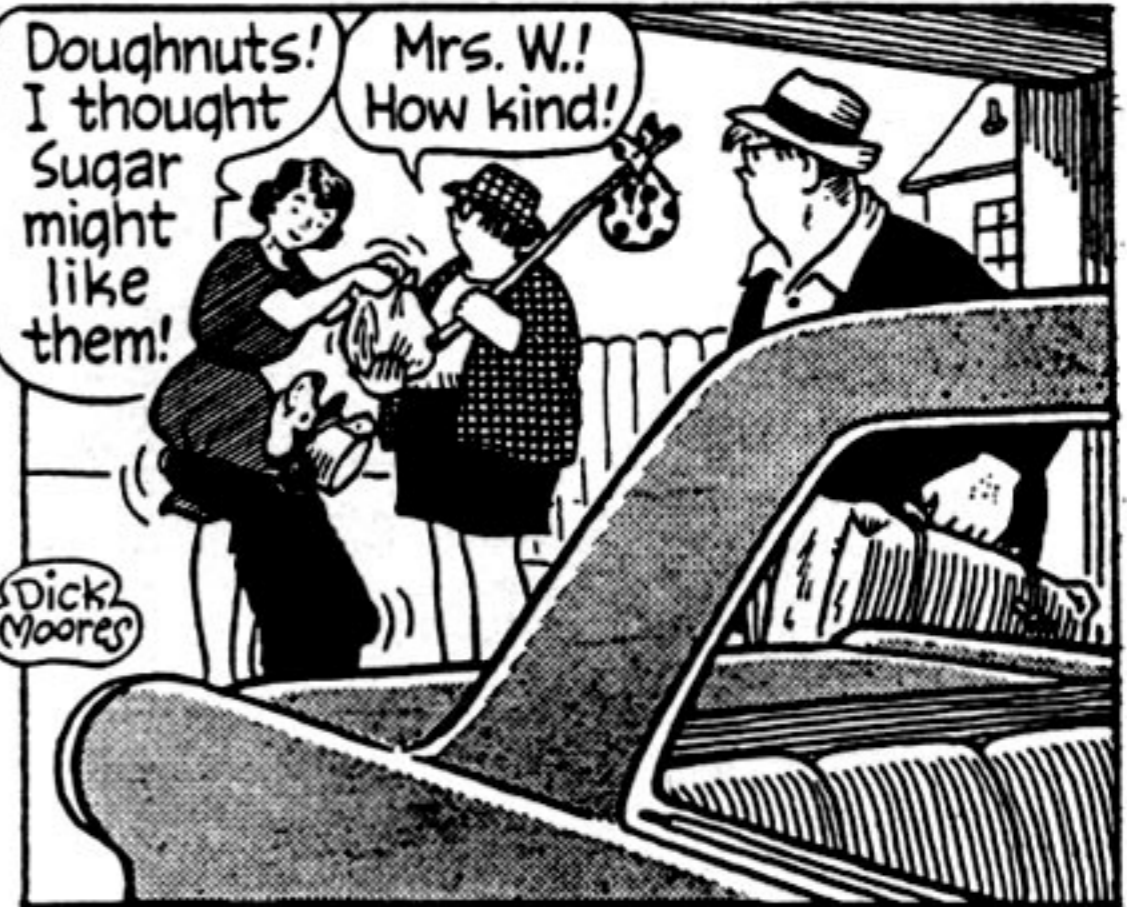


© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

Doughnuts! I thought Sugar might like them!

Mrs. W.! How kind!

Dick Moores



© 1972
Come on,
Shug!
Time
t'go!

Walt, it
looks like rain!

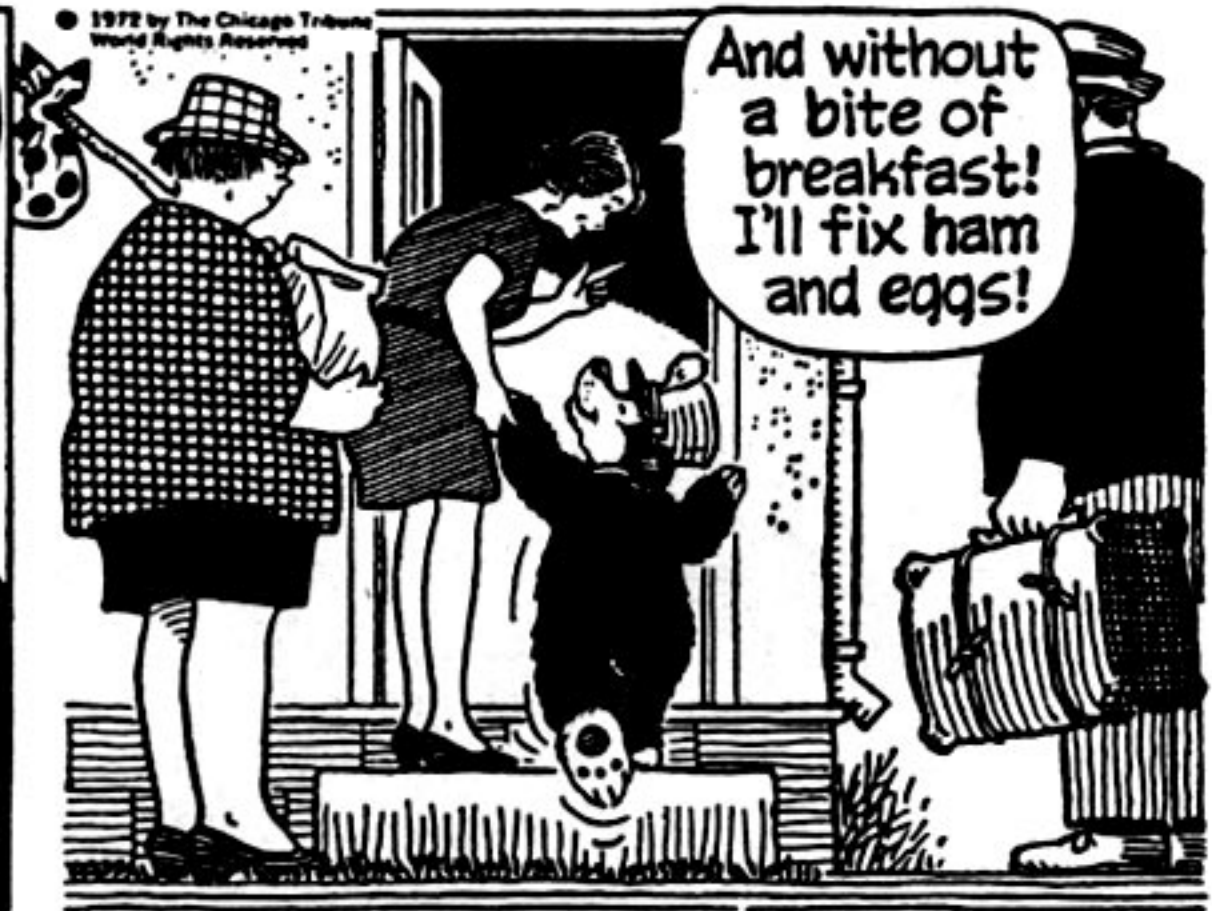
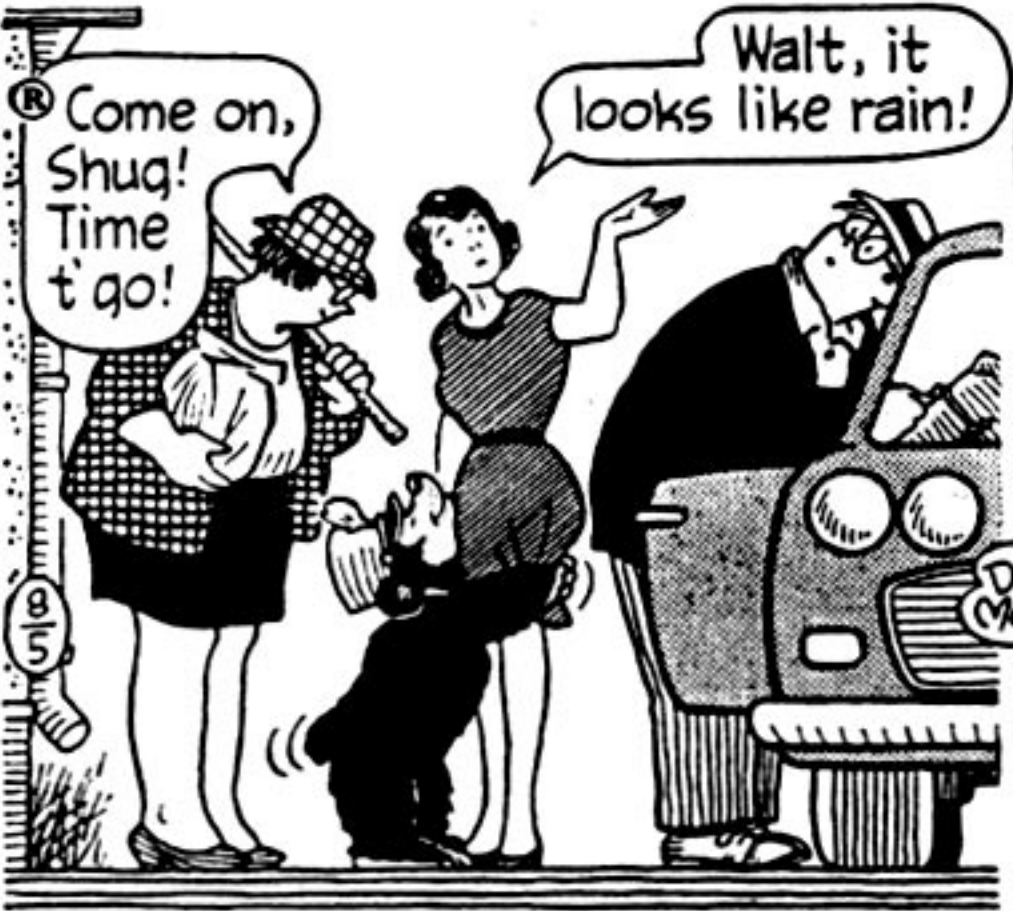
You can't drop
them out on the
highway in
pouring rain!

There
is a
cloud!

Dick
Moore's

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Word Rights Reserved

And without
a bite of
breakfast!
I'll fix ham
and eggs!



Well, Mother, I see you have a new friend! Are they staying?

At least until tomorrow, Judy!

Doc has arranged an audition at the TV station!

Wonderful! Look, Sugar! A jar of honey!

For pity sakes!

Don't feel too flattered! He does that to all the girls!

8
7

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick
Motes

® Your audition is at nine in the morning, Mrs. Cream!

I'm so nervous! I won't sleep a wink!

Don't worry! You and Shug will wow them!

You're kind, Mr. Wallet! Good night!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

Z

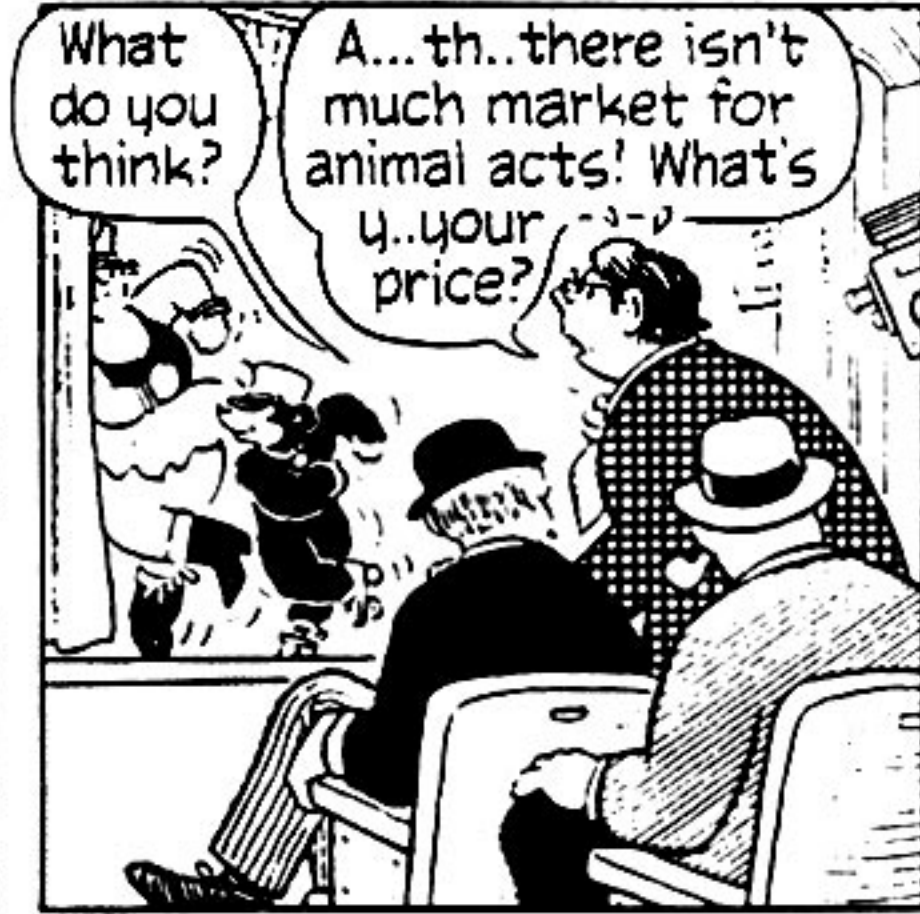
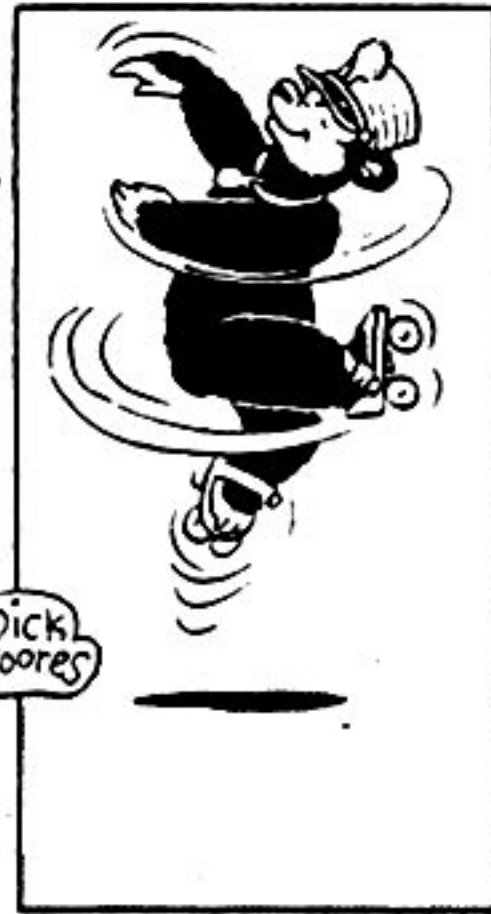
Cap/oo

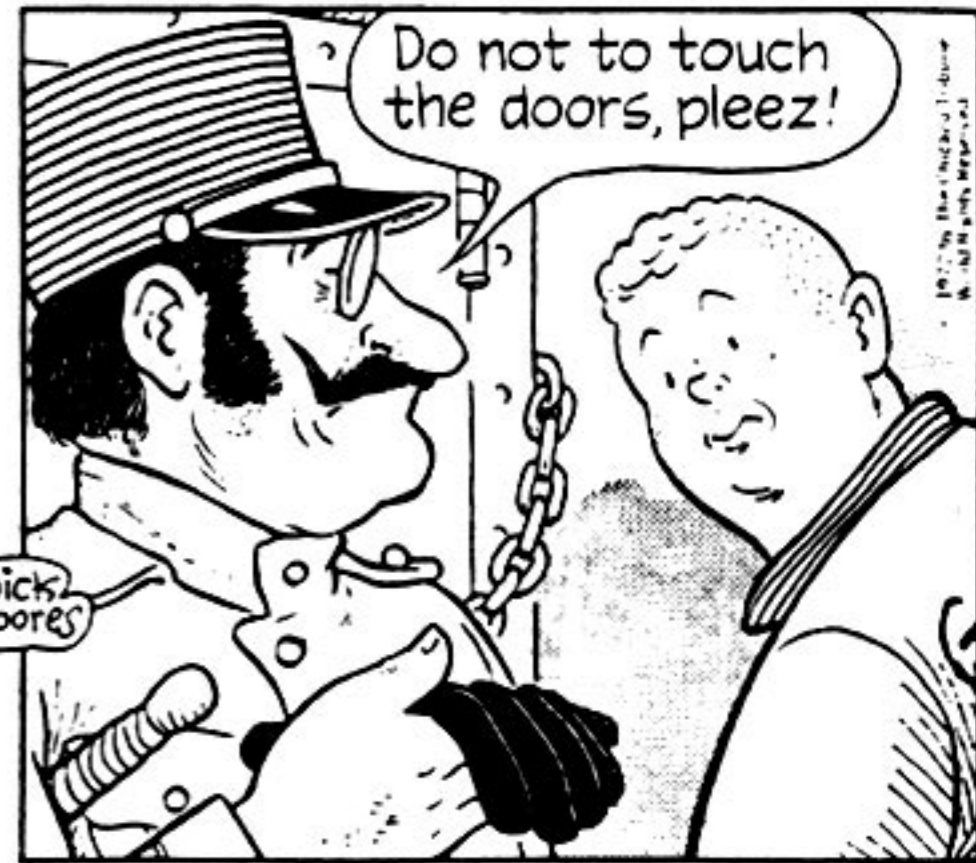
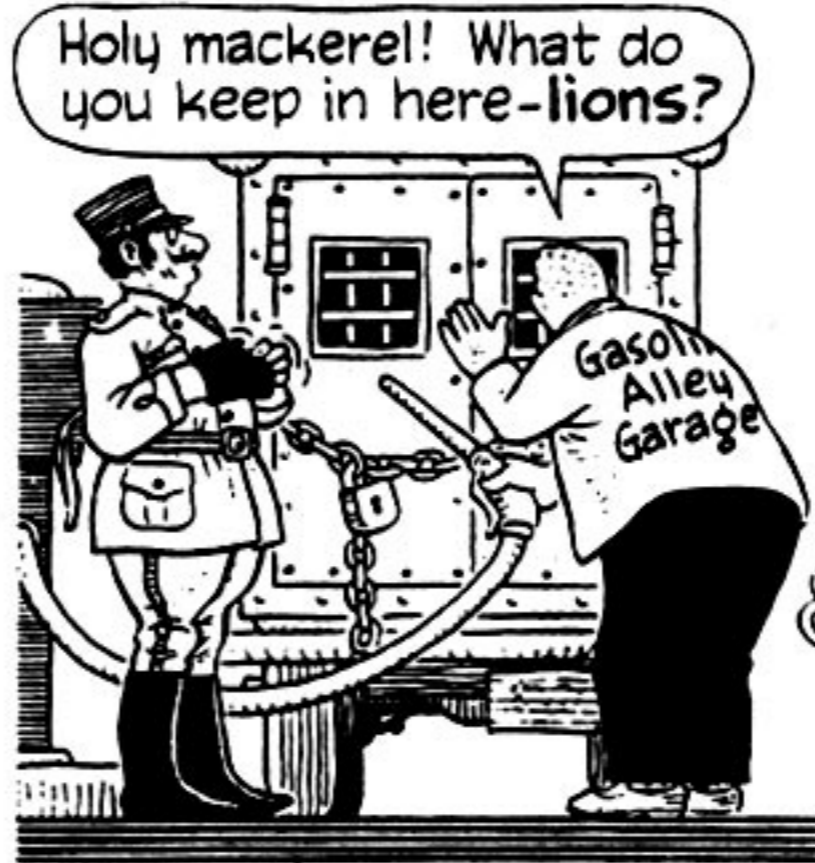
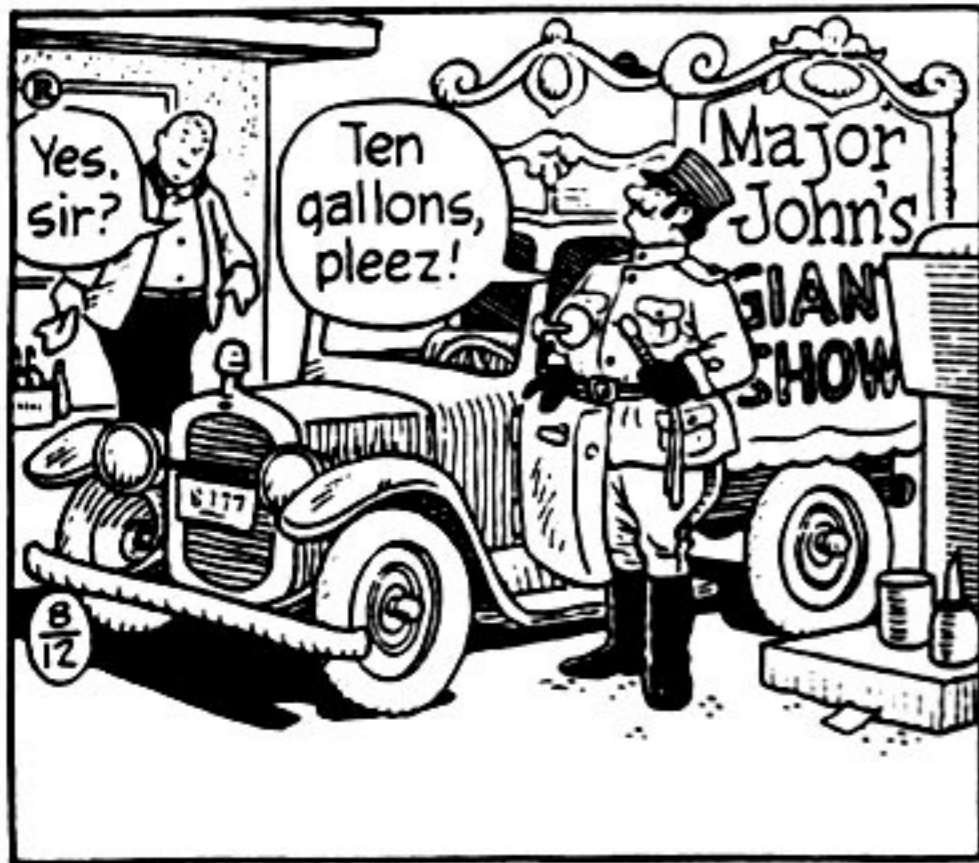






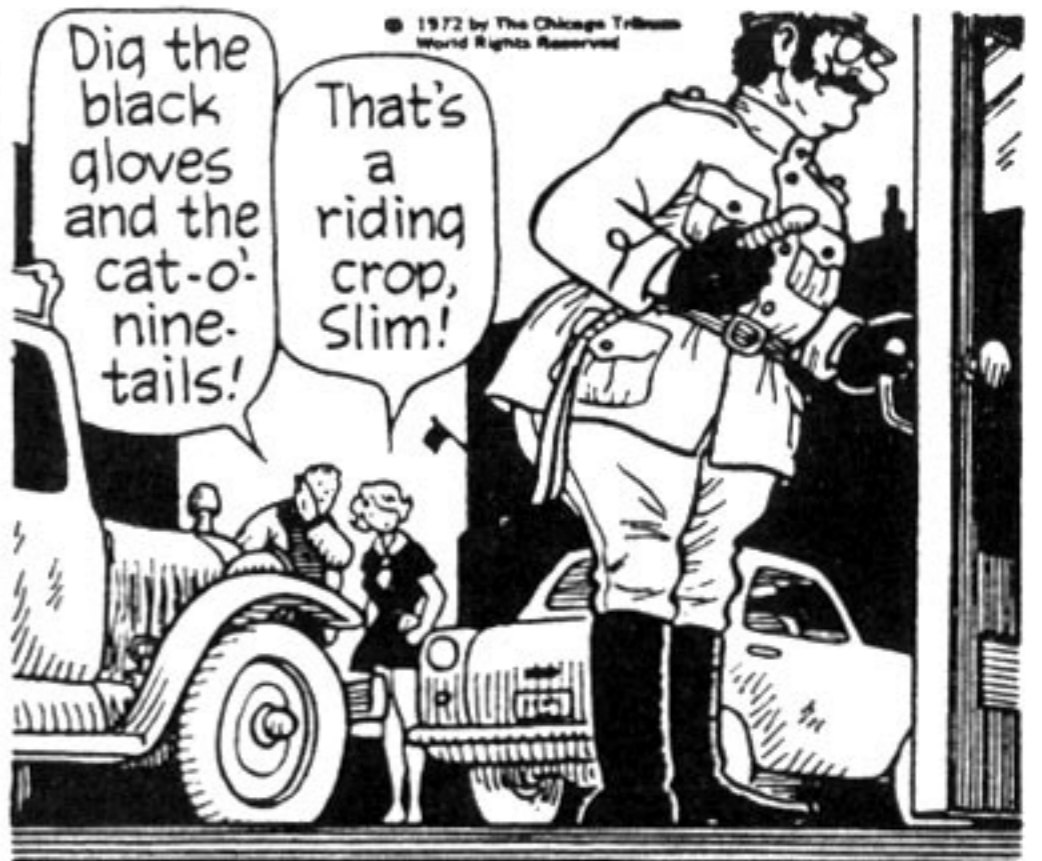
1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



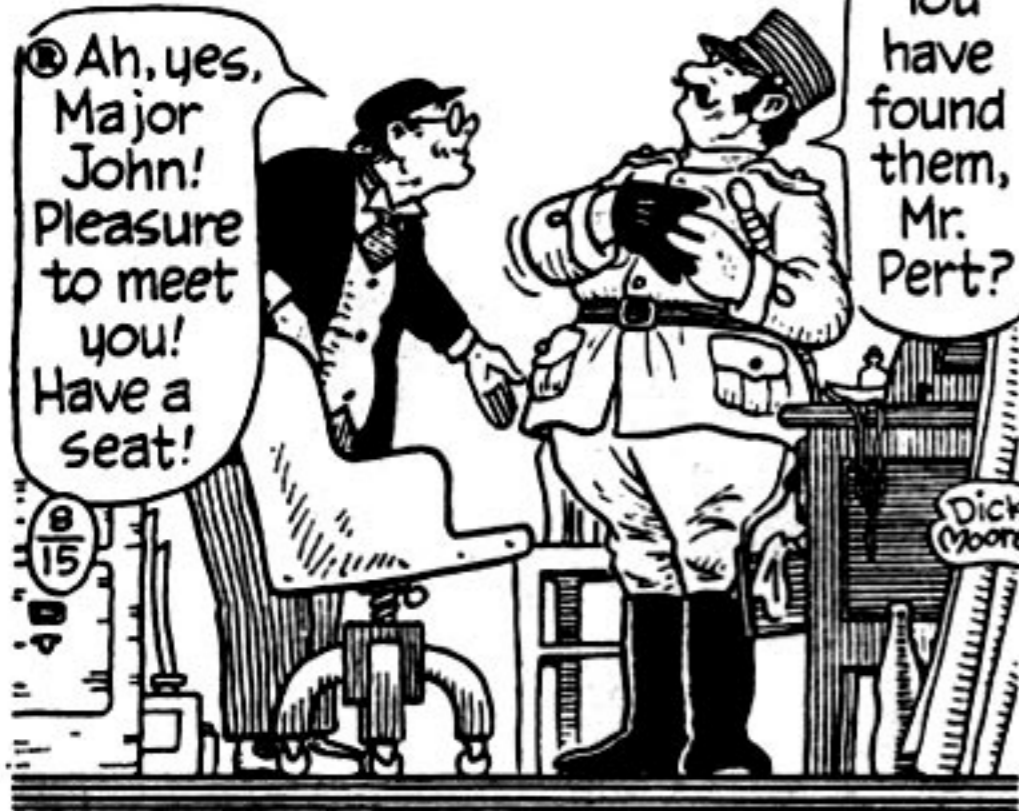




Dick Moores



48
15
Ah, yes, Major John! Pleasure to meet you! Have a seat!



You have found them, Mr. Pert?

Dick Moore

As stated in my wire, there seems scant doubt!



Where are they?

First, a few legal particulars! You..er, have the papers?



So!





© That was Doc! He's at the TV station! They're ready to sign the contract!

I can't believe it! Folks are so kind!

It's raining, Walt! What about a raincoat?

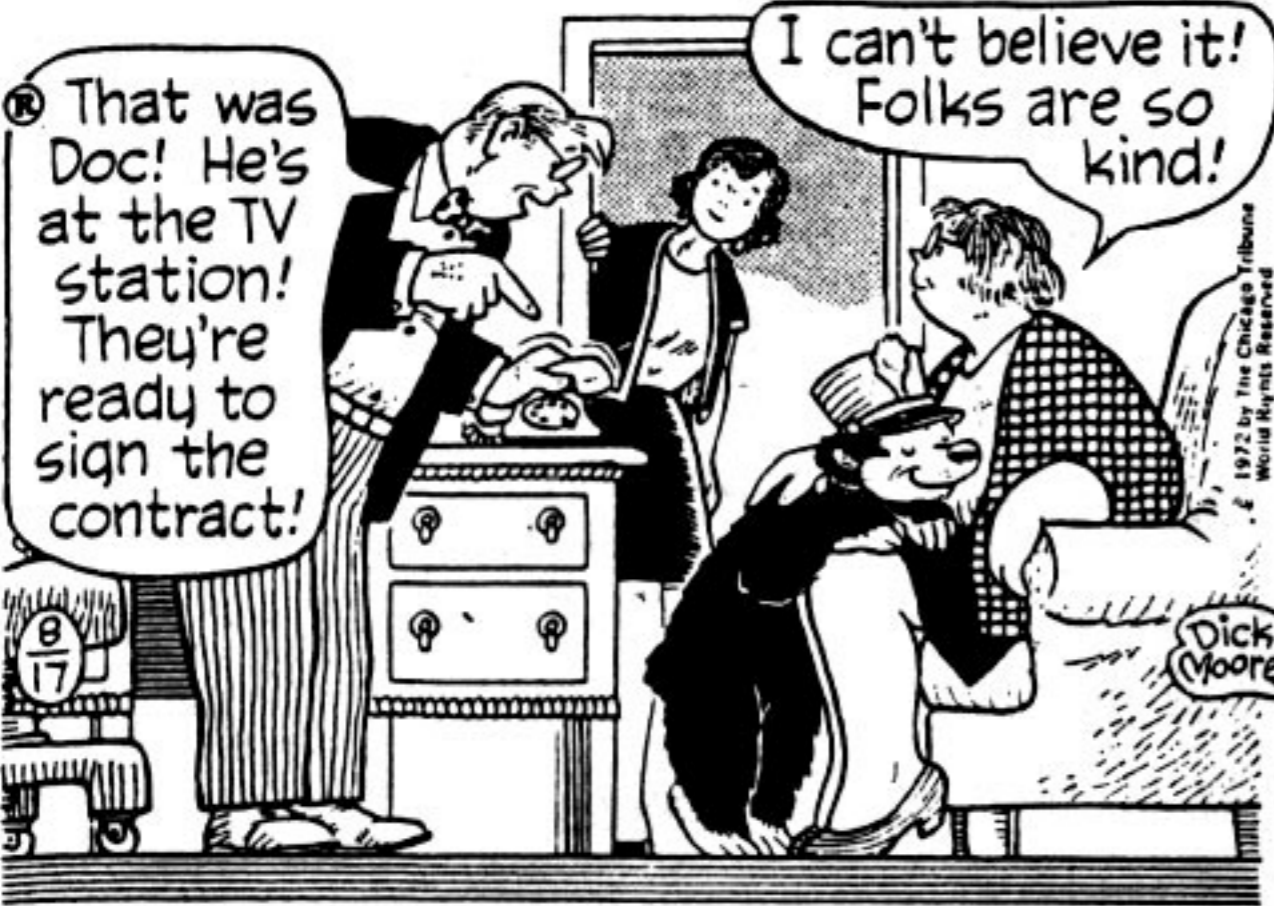
I'll be fine, Phyllis!

I mean for Sugar!

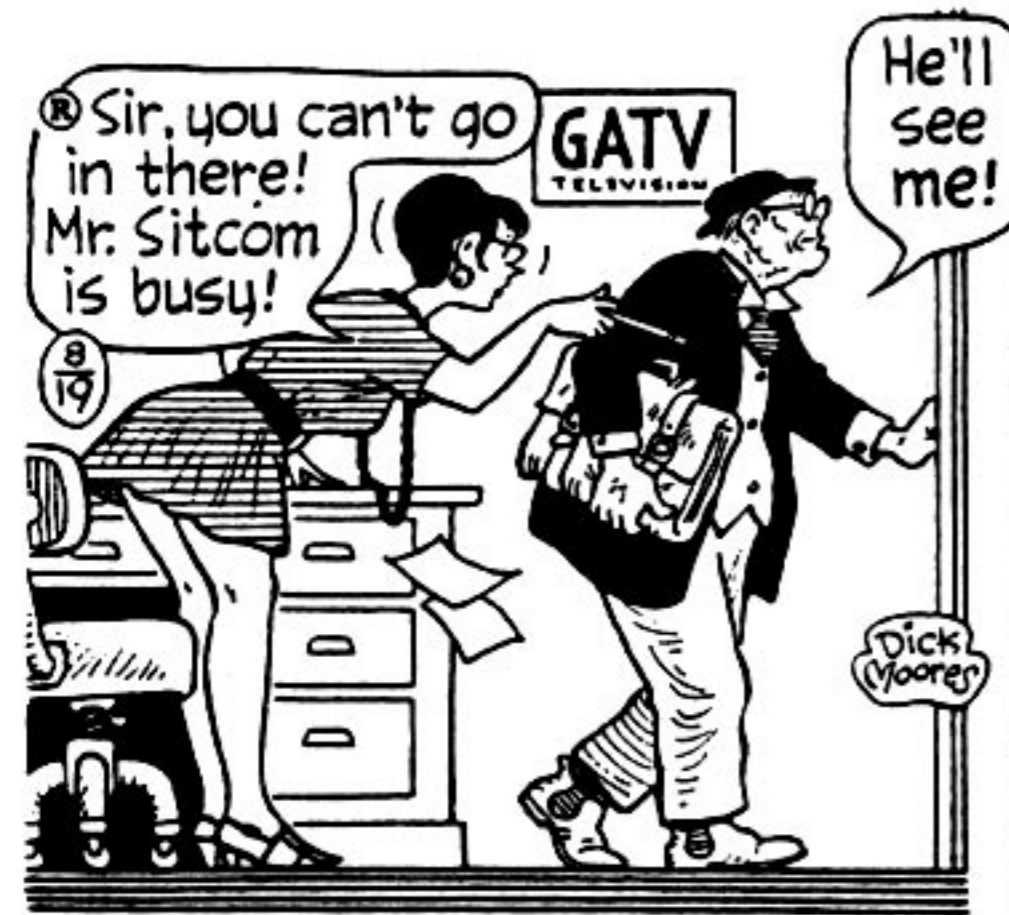
8/17

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved









© Mr. Wallet,
Sugar
belongs
to me!
I raised
him
from a
little
baby!

8
22

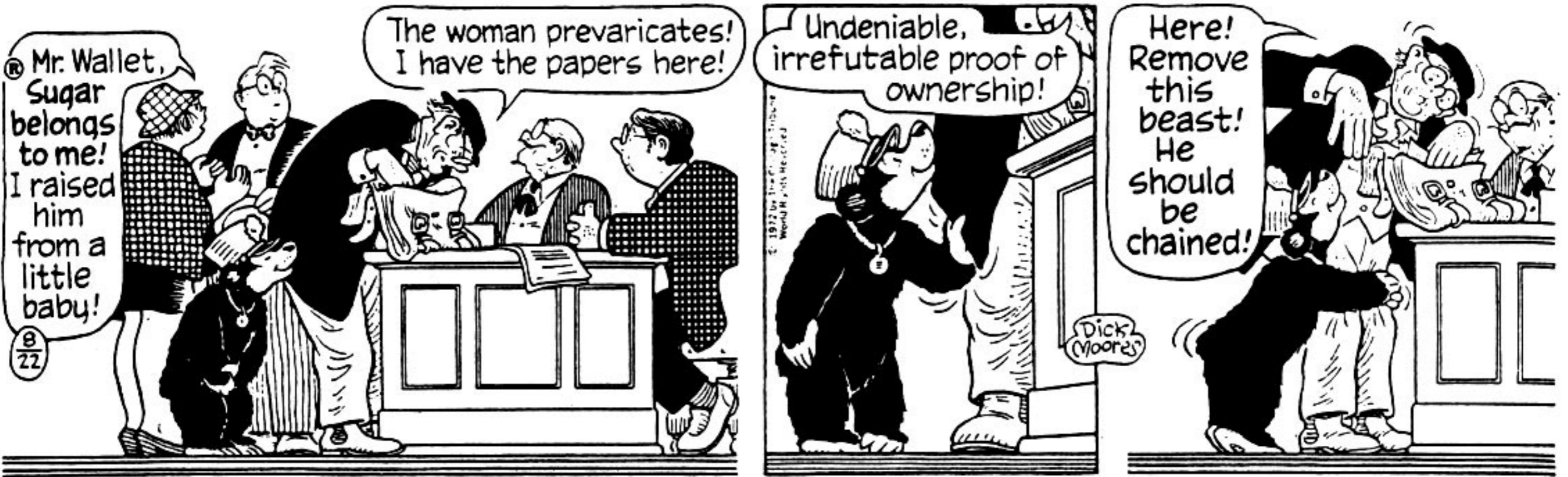
The woman prevaricates!
I have the papers here!

Undeniable,
irrefutable proof of
ownership!

Here!
Remove
this
beast!
He
should
be
chained!

Dick
Moore's

© 1972 by Tribune
World News Service





© Har-umph! Enough of this nonsense! Back to business!

8/24



This, Mrs. Tillie Krump, I believe is your signature?



Yes! I remember signing this paper!



It explicitly states that Major Mash is Sugar's owner!



© You signed this paper for Major Mash... without reading it, Mrs. Cream?

I've always trusted people!

He said it was for my insurance!

Come, come, Mrs. Krump! The truth!

It states here you received a sum of money!

Sixty dollars! My week's wages, and believe me we earned it!

8/25

Dick Moores



® Pert, Major Mash is a crook! Mrs. Cream has been tricked!

B
26

Her signature is on the paper!

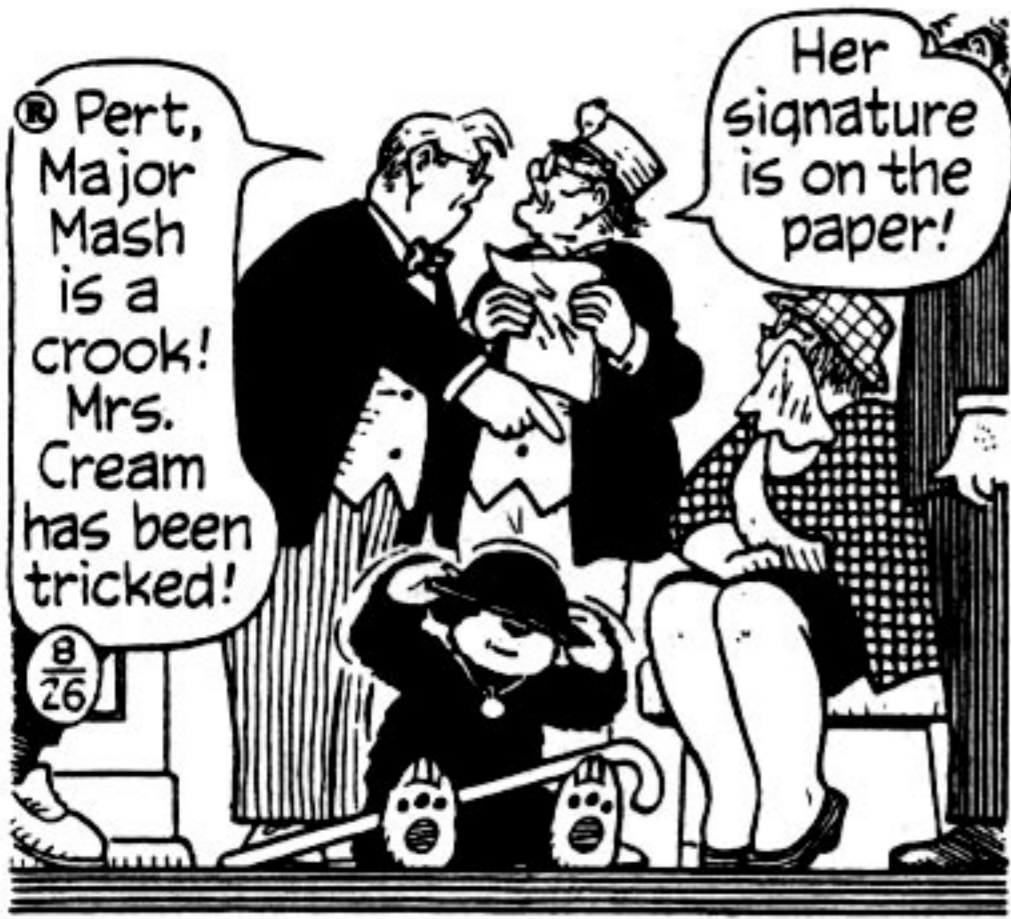
Pert, if you go through with this....!

I am but a poor paid servant of my client, Mr. Wallet!

What is the delay, Mr. Pert?

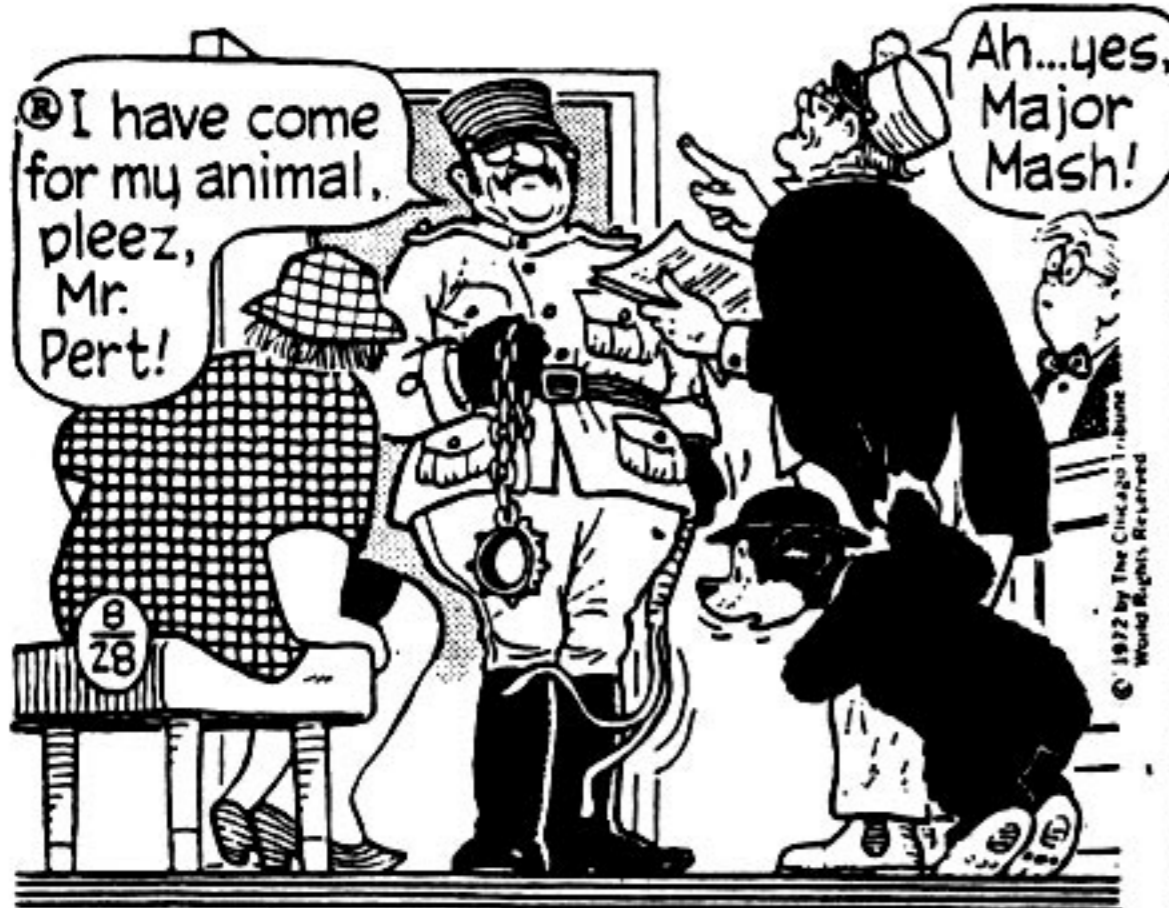
Dick
Moore's

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



© I have come for my animal, pleez, Mr. Pert!

8/28



Ah...yes, Major Mash!

I don't believe you've met Mr. Wallet and the doctor, and...



Come, Sugar! I take you home!

Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

® You will obey me, Sugar! Come down!

8/29

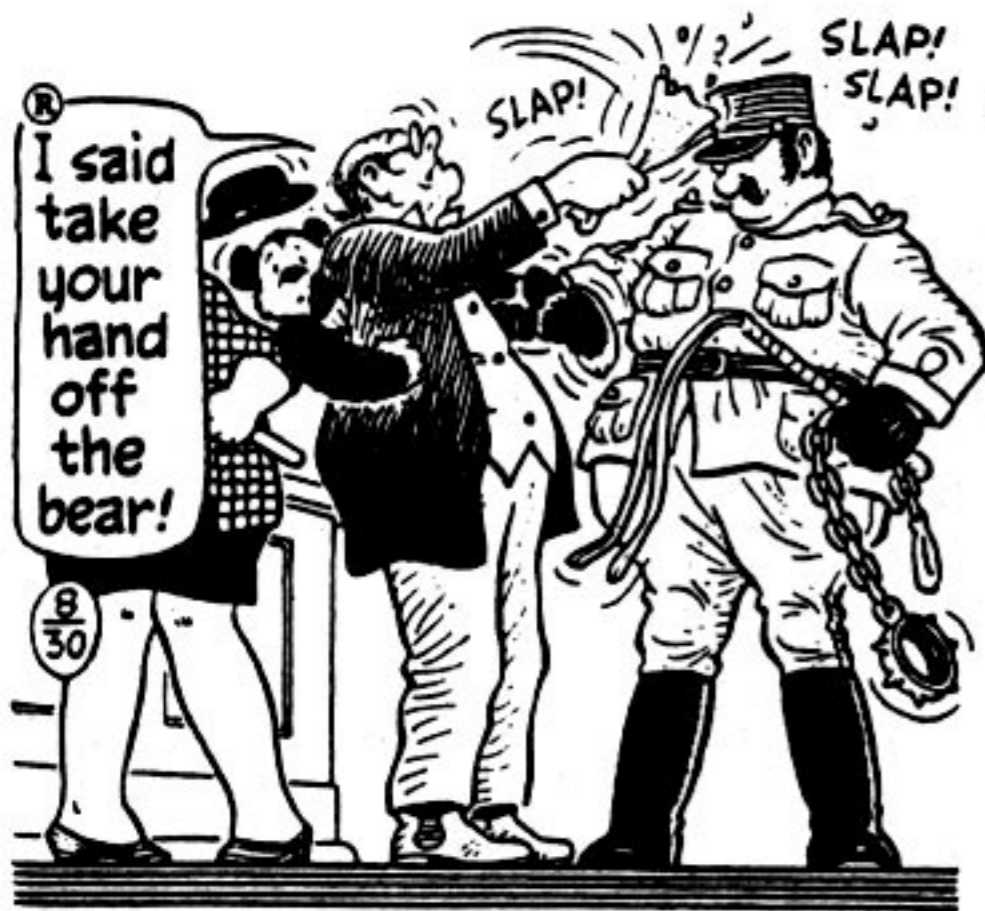
Major, on perusal of this paper I am not at all sure your claim is valid!

Dick Moores

There are two commas, one "and/or" and a "to wit" that indicate questionable ipso facto!

Sir, unhand this bear!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved





® My papers of ownership!
Confetti!

9
1

I am returning your fee, Major! You have no case!

Get out before I summon the police!

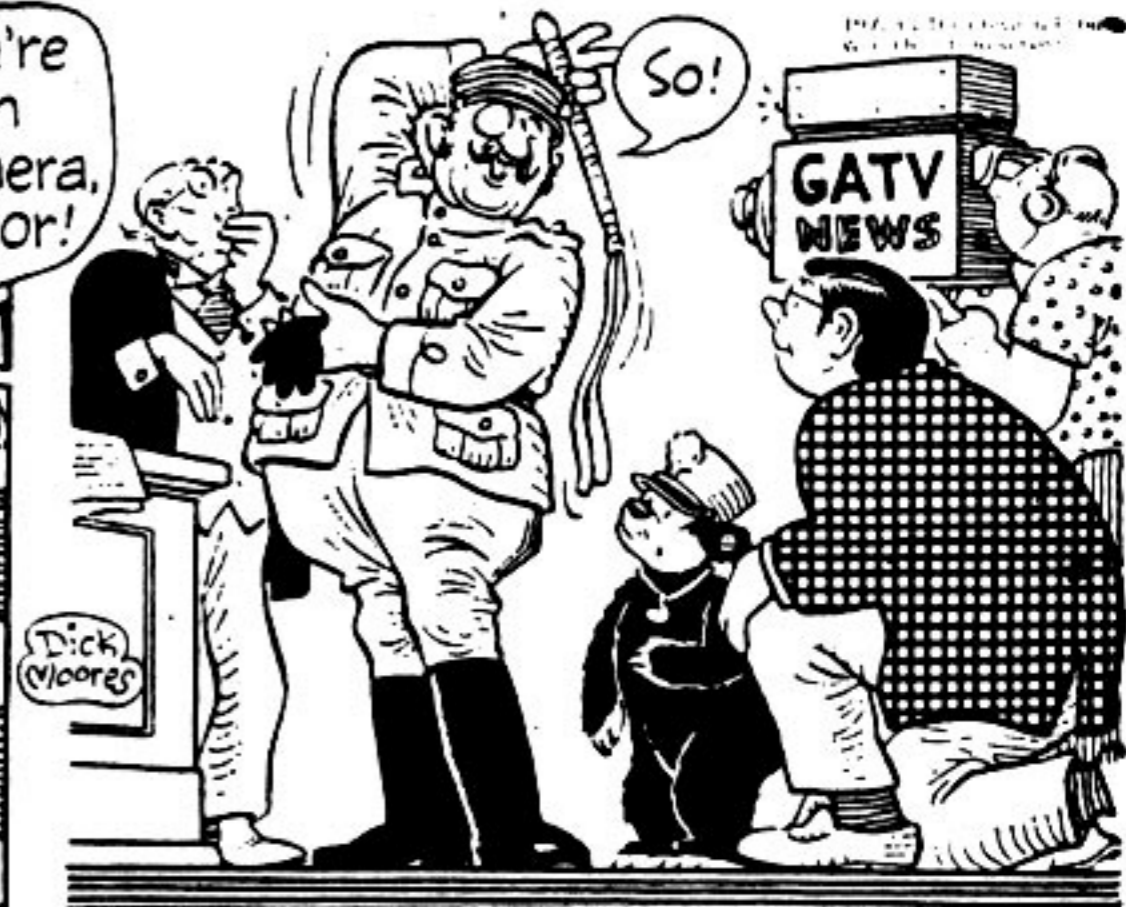
So!

You're on camera, Major!

So!

GATV NEWS

Dick Moores





1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



© The way you handled the Major was really something!

9/4



Just great, Pert!

Had I known the man was a scoundrel I should never have accepted his business!

Dick Moores



Er...would you mind bringing a matter to Mrs. Cream's attention? A small bill!

1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



For cleaning my hat! Sugar was a bit careless with the peanut butter and jelly!

Grandma's gone clothes shopping with Mrs. Cream?

Yes, Chipper! She and Sugar have been signed by the network!

They're going to New York next week!

Man!

Hey! You'll wow them in New York, Mrs. Cream! What did you get for Sugar?

All he wanted was outsize shades!

9/5

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved
Dick Moores

© Some of our friends would like to meet you before you leave for New York, Mrs. Cream!

How kind of them, Mr. Wallet!

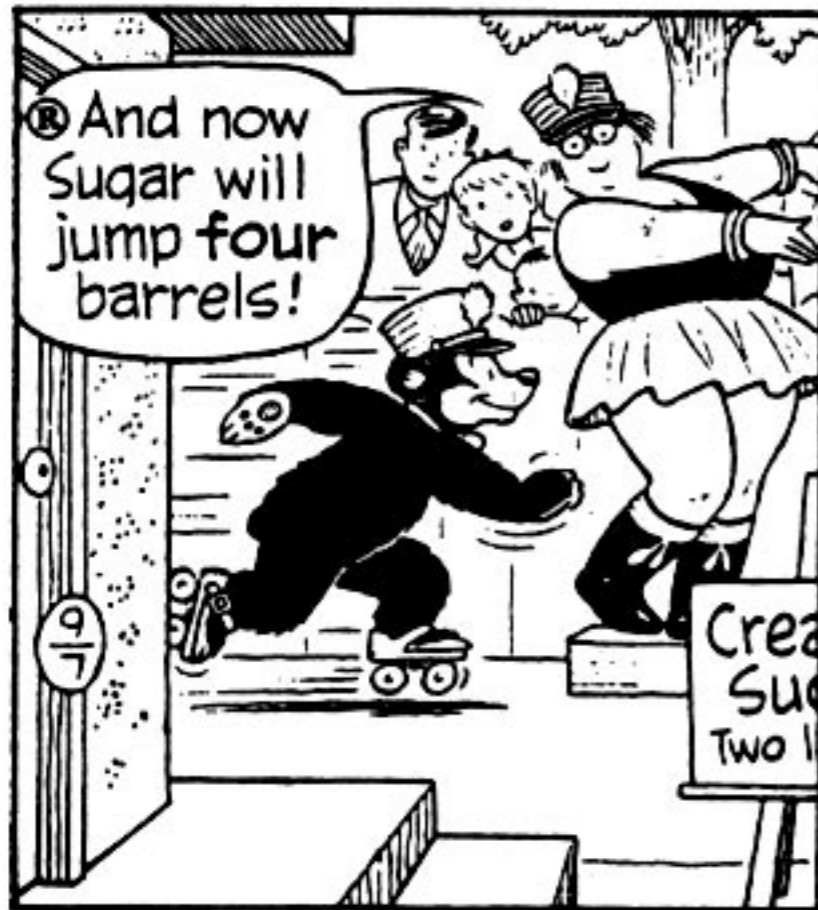
Would tomorrow afternoon be all right?

Sure! We'll put on our act for them!

Okay by you, Sugar?

Dick Moores

© 1964 Dick Moores
All Rights Reserved



© You got an advance from the network, Mrs. Cream! You could ride to New York in style!

Me an' Shug'll do it our way!

Thanks, Mr. Wallet! Everybody's been so kind!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

NEW YORK
OR BUST!

© When I think of Sugar and Mrs. Cream out there hitch-hiking..

Don't worry, Phyllis!

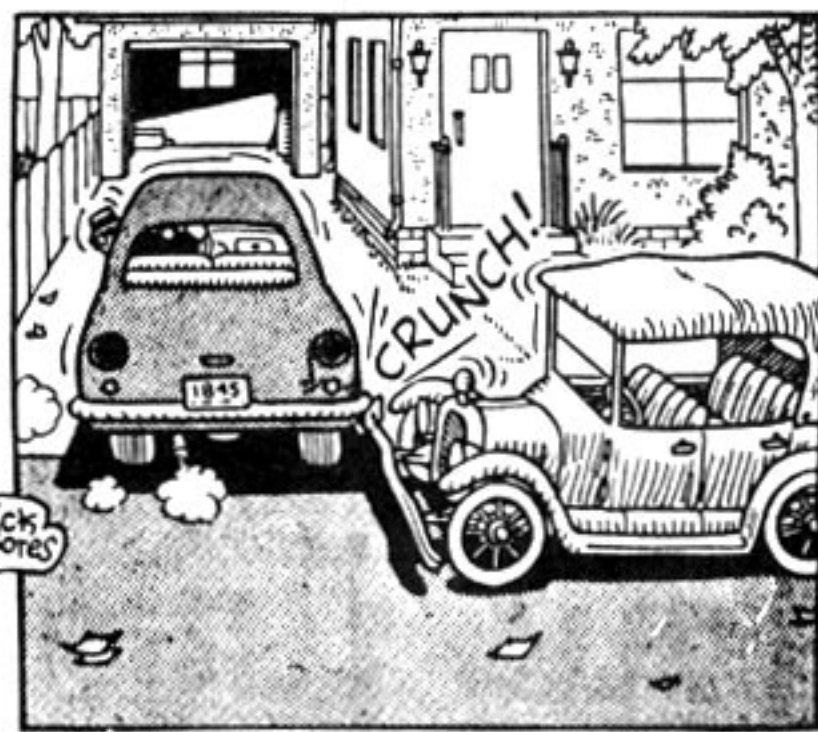
9/9

The roads are full of nice people driving to New York! They'll make it!

Dick Moore's

Sugar forgot his ball!

Walt, the house hasn't seemed so empty since Judy left!



9
12

Ⓢ Avery,
Why did
you park
your car
in front
of my
drive?

9
12

Because
some
nitwit
shopper
parked
across
mine!

Dick
Moore's

I couldn't get into
my driveway so I
had to park out
here!

Why did you back
out on this side,
Walt?

You had plenty of
room on the other side!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Look!
You
broke
my
bumper!

9
13



A nut and a bolt!
A
fifteen-cent repair
job!



Look at my car!
Probably \$300 damage!



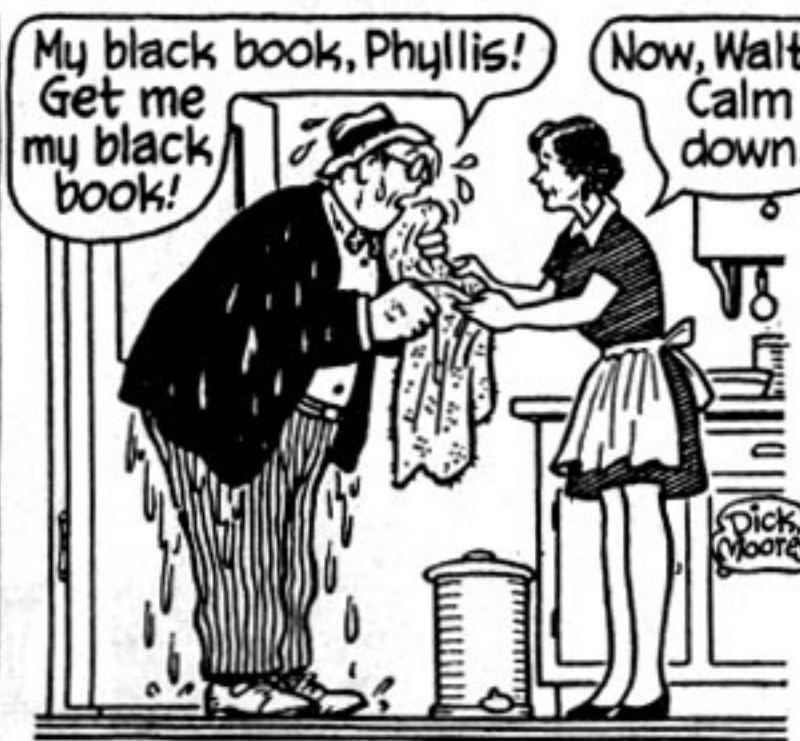
Can I help it if your
fancy bumper can't take
a five-mile-an-hour
impact?





You'll be hearing from my attorney, Mr. Avery!

Ha!



My black book, Phyllis!
Get me my black book!

Now, Walt!
Calm down!

Dick
Vroomer



What are you doing?

Scratching Avery off the Christmas card list!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
All Rights Reserved.

Ⓢ Avery's car is still parked in front of our drive!

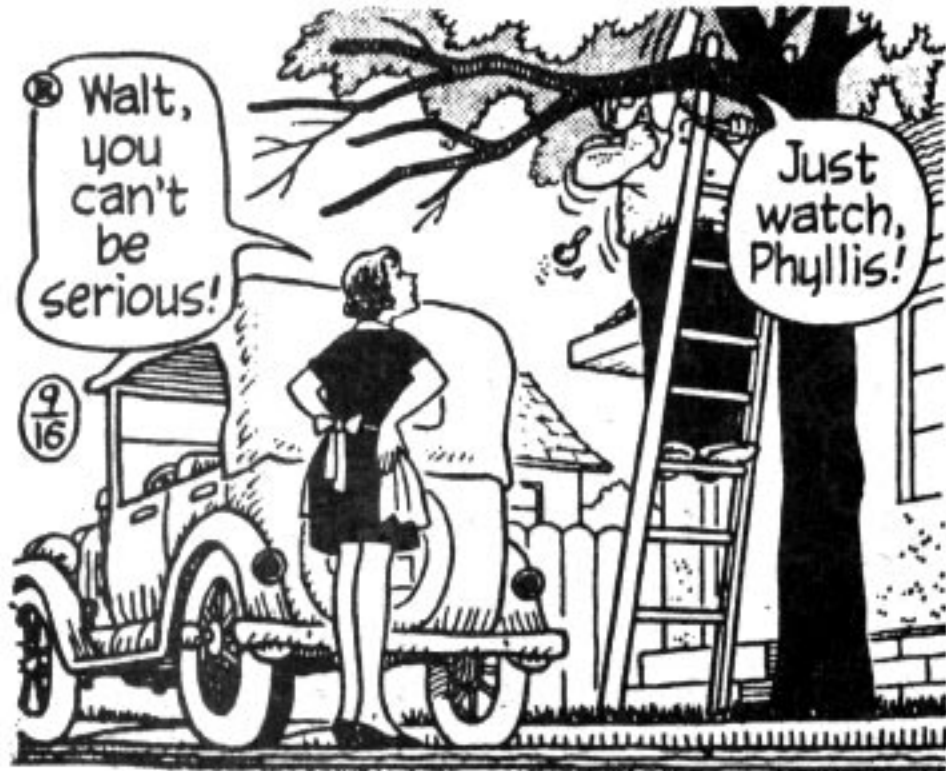
Walt Wallet!

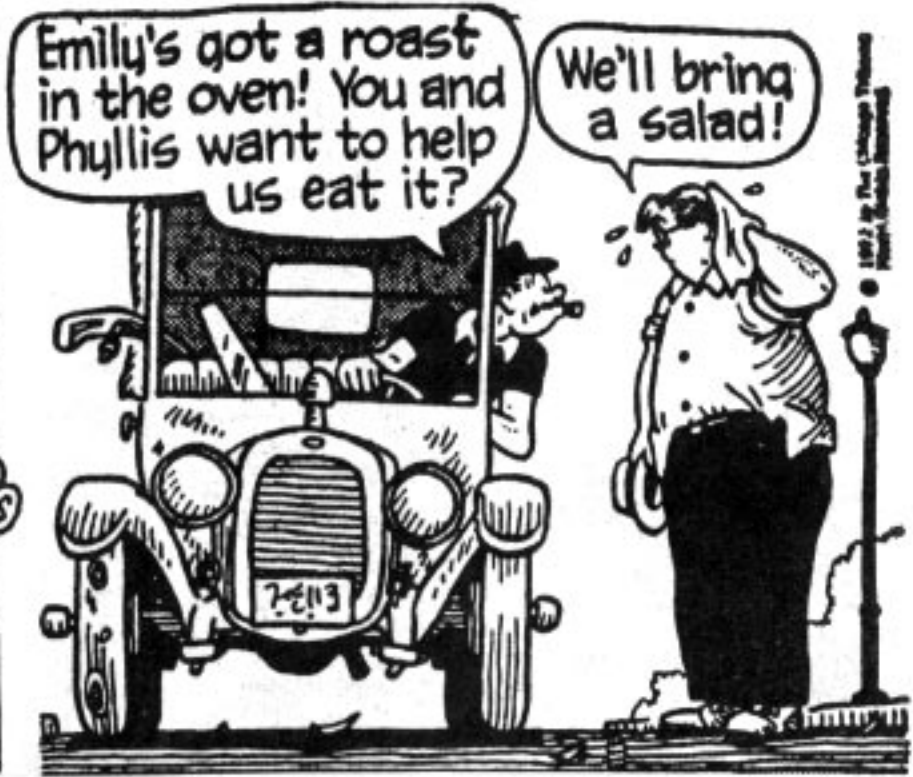
You've been after me for months about this dead limb, Phyllis!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Charles F. Moore World Rights Agency

This is a good day to do it!





© It could have been worse, Uncle Walt!

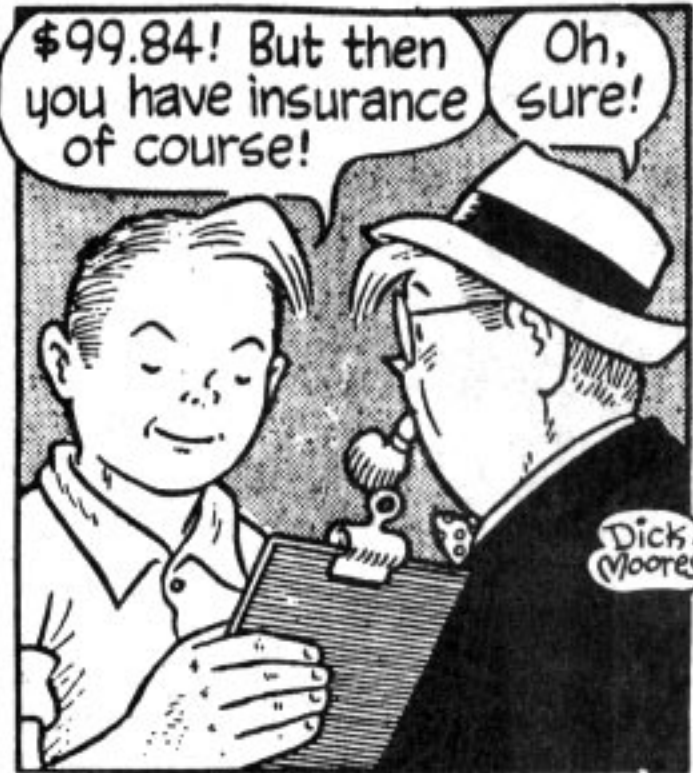
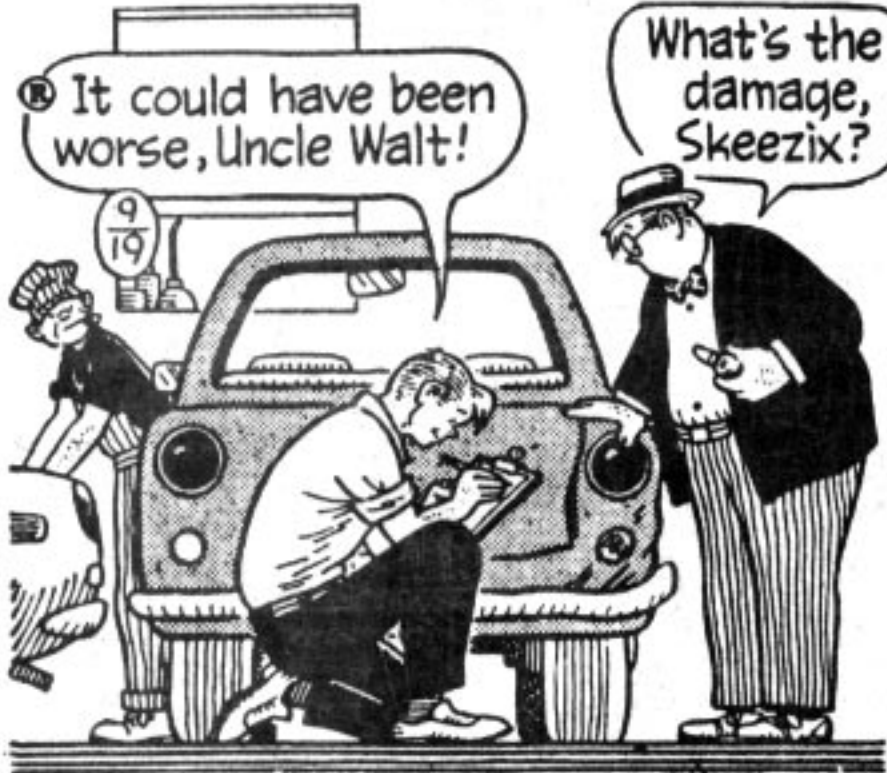
What's the damage, Skeezix?

\$99.84! But then you have insurance of course!

Oh, sure!

I have insurance! \$100 deductible!

Fine! Maybe they won't raise your premium!

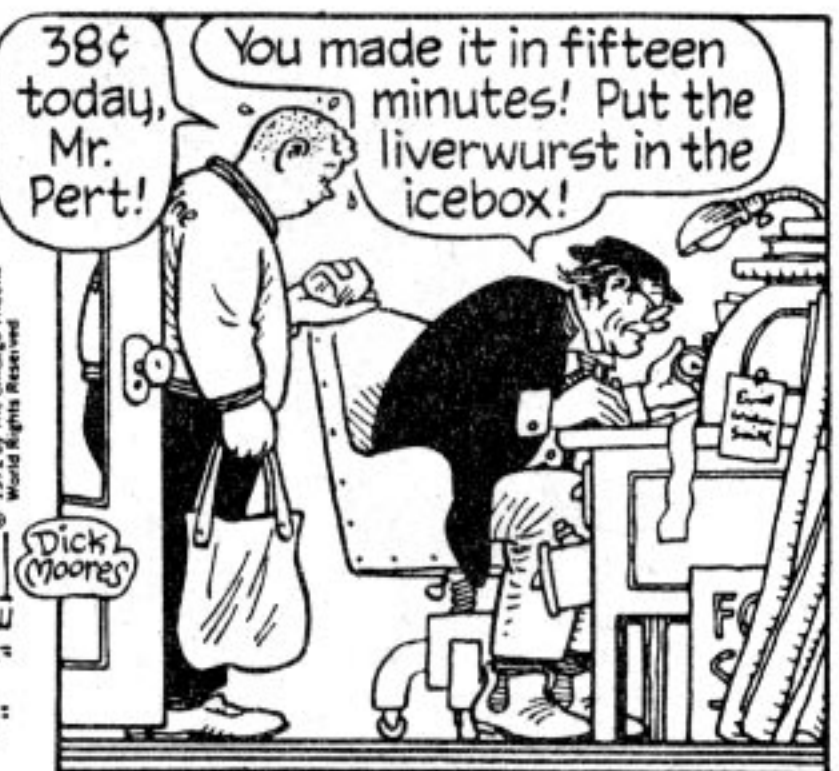
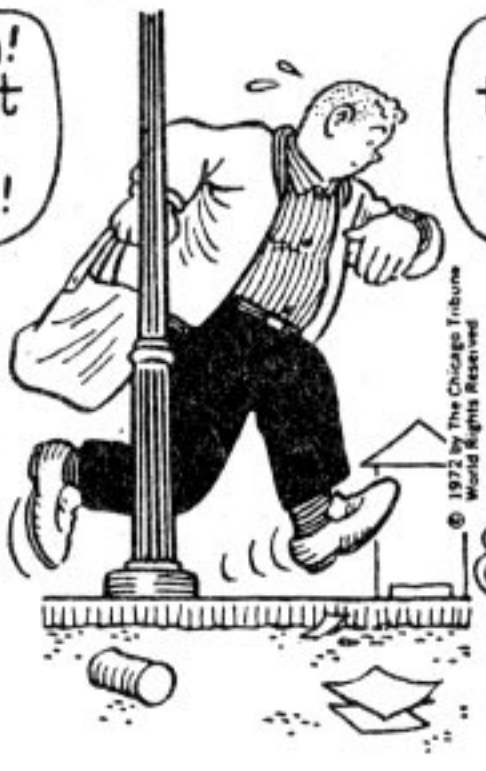


Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved





® You see how this works out with the bottles, Slim?

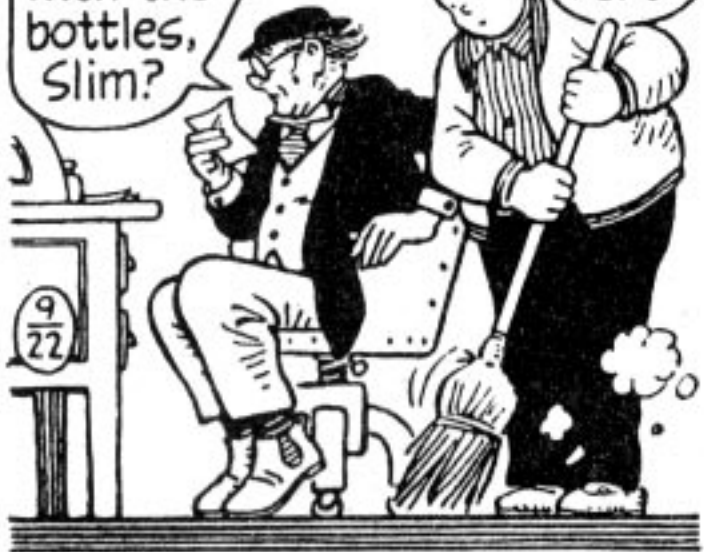
Not exactly, Mr. Pert!

I pay you \$1.60 an hour! It took you fifteen minutes to collect the bottles...

...exchange them and deliver the liverwurst here to me!

It cost you 40¢ for 38¢ worth of liverwurst!

Two cents for delivery! Sweep, boy! I don't pay you to loaf!



Dick Moores

©
I didn't know you were working for Pert, Slim!

9
23

Every night, Clovia, from five to nine!

Dick Moores

You work at the garage till five! When do you eat?

That's part of my job! I fix the meals and eat with Mr. Pert!

SLIM

You do the cooking?

Who cooks liver-wurst?

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



© You're spreading the liver-wurst too thick, Slim!

Sorry!

9/25

We'll eat in the office tonight!

Slim! The light!

Oh! I forgot!

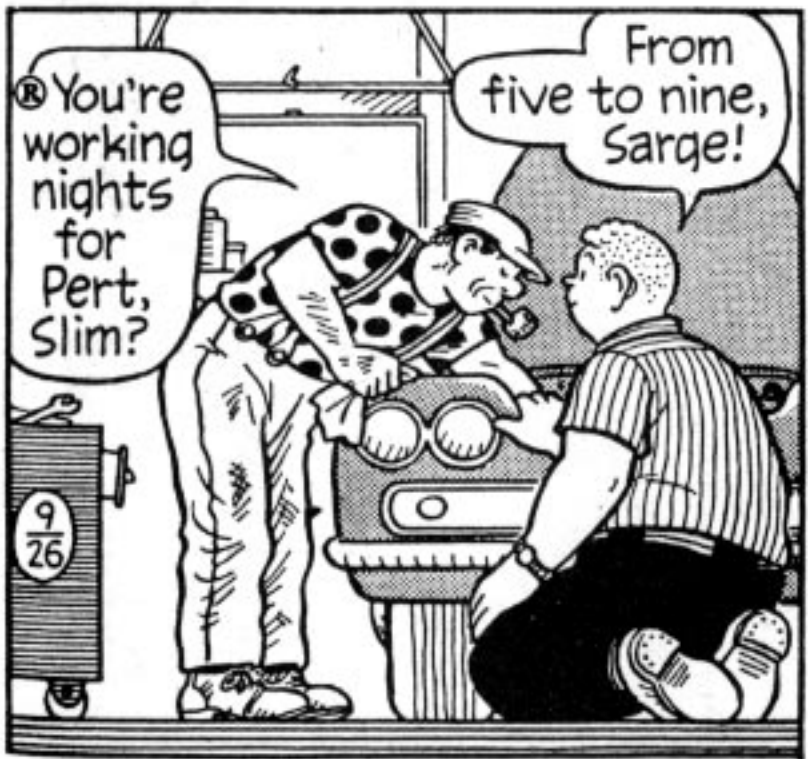
Confound it, boy! You can't afford to forget! That's a 40 watt bulb!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

® You're working nights for Pert, Slim?

From five to nine, Sarge!



What do you do?

I'm sort of an apprentice!



Apprentice to Pert?



Hey, Hack! Guess what? Slim's studying to be a miser!



With two jobs, Slim, you must be rolling in it!

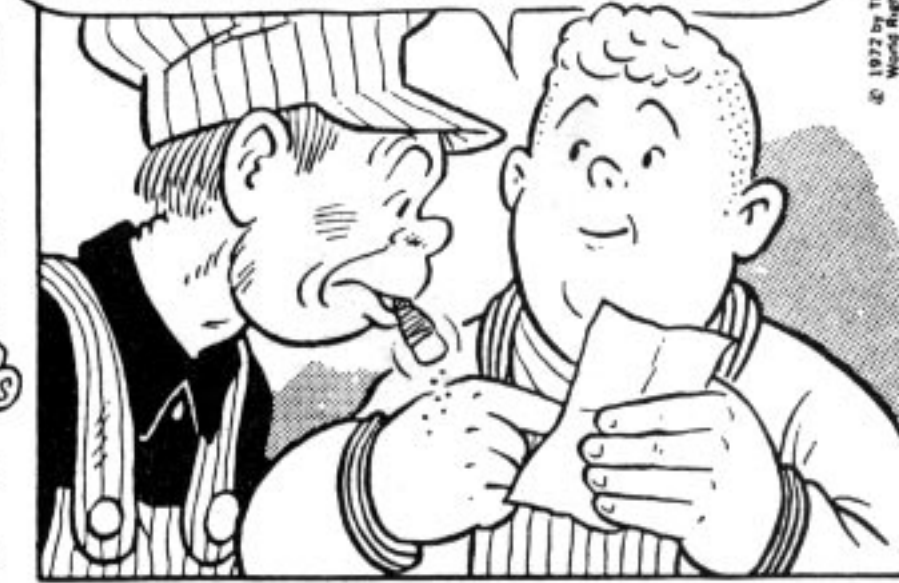
I don't get any money from Pert!



I busted his new \$100 lawn mower! I'm working for him until it's paid for!



With late charges and interest he figures I've got 16 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes and 34 seconds to go!



® This is a funny way to collect rent, Mr. Pert!

9/28

Do as I say, Slim! Be sure the bag is conspicuous!

Dick Moores

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

FREE
SAMPLES

FREE
SAMPLE

Ah! Good to find you in at last, Mr. Pibb! \$38.64 please!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



© The doctor was amazed! He...

Your operation is very interesting, Mr. Pert...

...but it's already past my quitting time!

I'm just coming to the most exciting part!

Sit down, Slim! I'll pay you overtime!

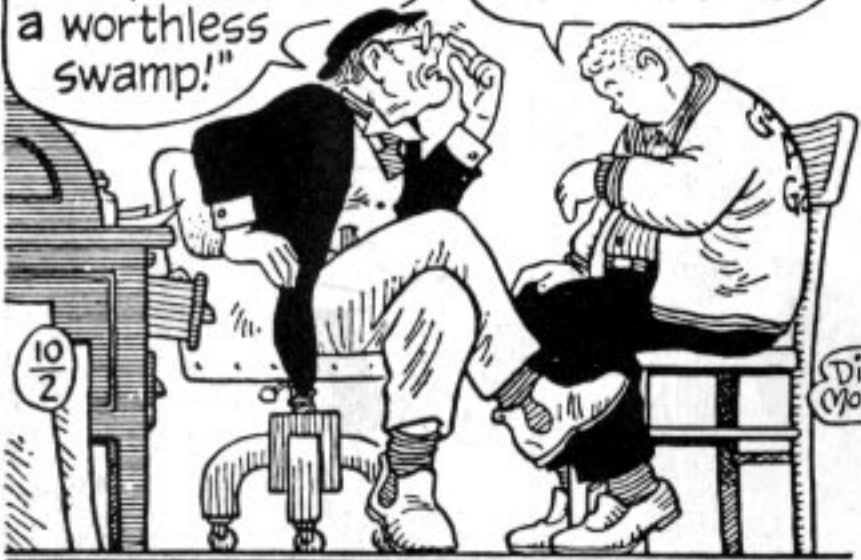


9/30

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick Moore

10/2
© And Hogan says, "Pert, that land is a worthless swamp!"



Mr. Pert, I'm two hours into overtime!

So you are! Well, see you tomorrow!



Good night!

Come in, cat!



And the next day I turned that "worthless swamp" for a neat \$2000 profit!



© Pert pays you overtime, Slim, just to sit and talk to him?

He does all the talking, Clovia!

10/3



I just sit there and nod! Boy, does my neck ache!



Poor guy! It's kinda' sad! He's lonesome!



How come you're not working tonight?

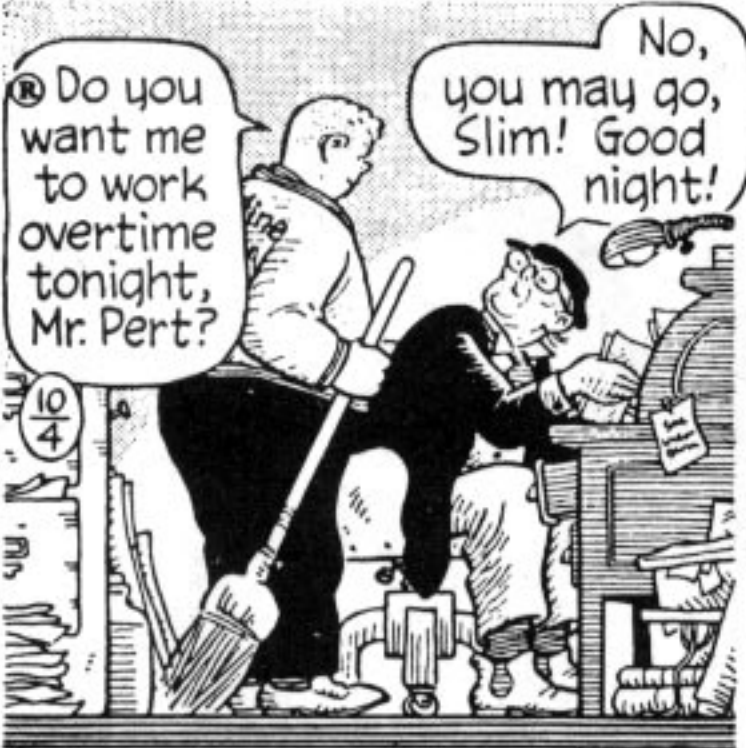
He's got a sore throat!



Do you want me to work overtime tonight, Mr. Pert?

No, you may go, Slim! Good night!

4/10



Fine lad! Excellent conversationalist!

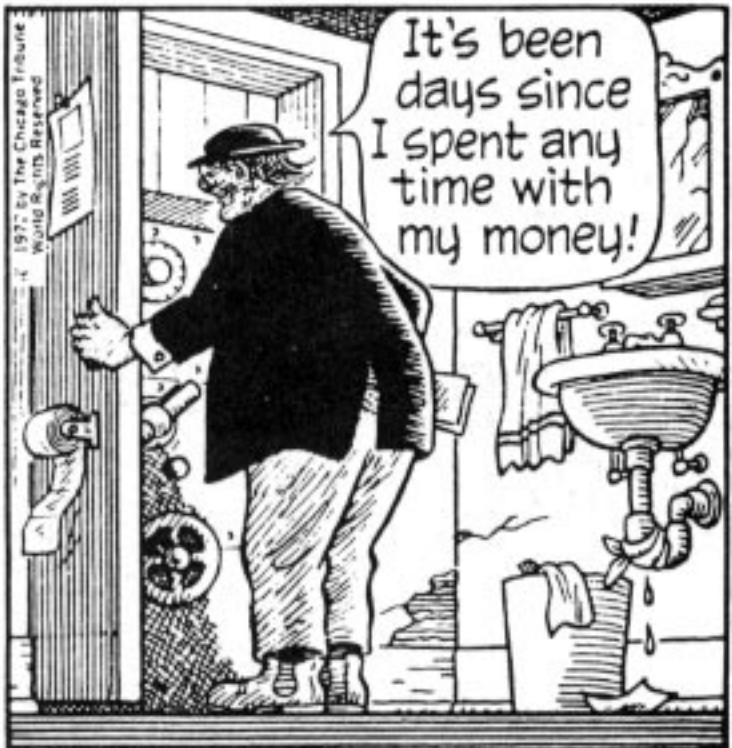
Dick Moores



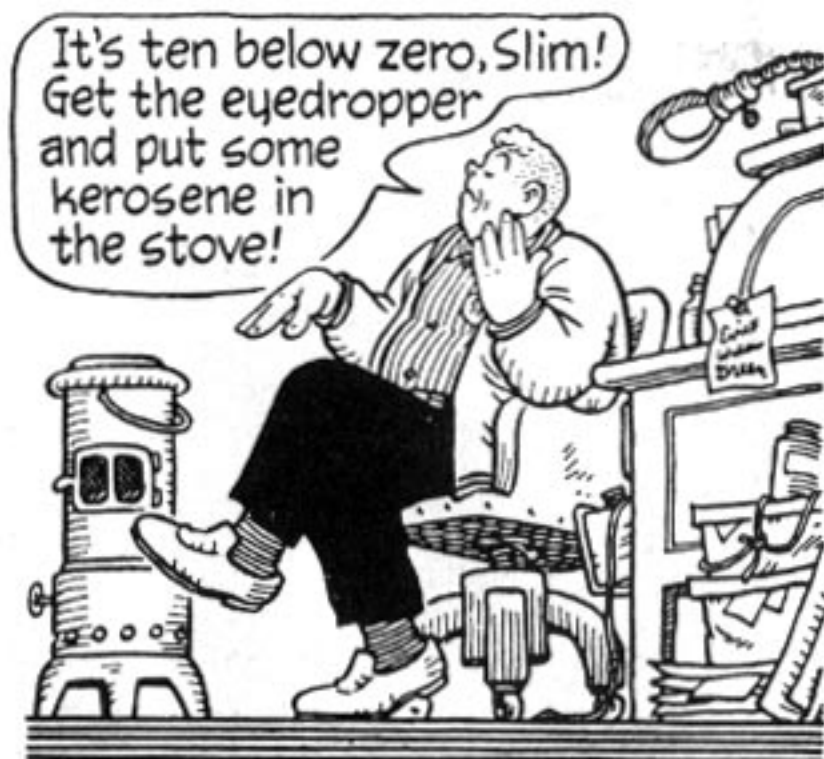
But one mustn't neglect one's own!



It's been days since I spent any time with my money!



© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune. World Rights Reserved





Hi, Slim! You workin' fer Mr. Pert?

Part-time, Rufus!



I come t' pay my rent! It's due at 5:30!

You'll have to wait for Mr. Pert!



He doesn't let me handle any money!

Somebody got t' take it!



At 5:31 I owes 27¢ extra fer late charges!

Dick Moores

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

© Wish Mr. Pert'd get here!
At 6:01 I owes another 35¢ late charges!

10/7

I wonder where he is?

Maybe he's gone to the bank!

Pert don't go t' no bank! He got his own!

He puts his money in there! I'se seen 'im!

This is the bathroom, Rufus!

Mebbe he jest bring it in here t' wash it!

Dick Moores

I'd swear Pert kep' his money in here!

9/10

Come on, Rufus!

I don't want Mr. Pert to come back and find us nosing around back here!

Dick Moores

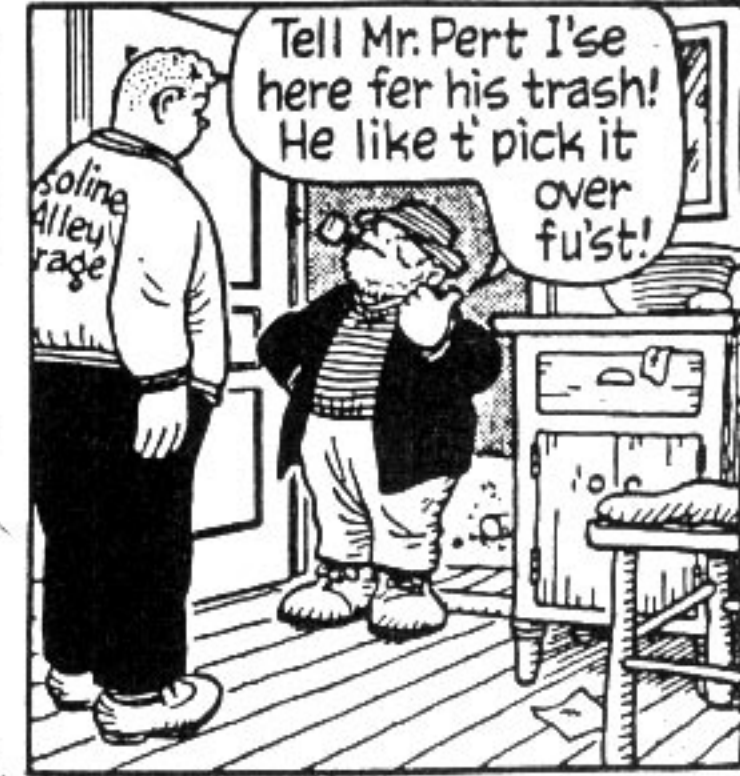
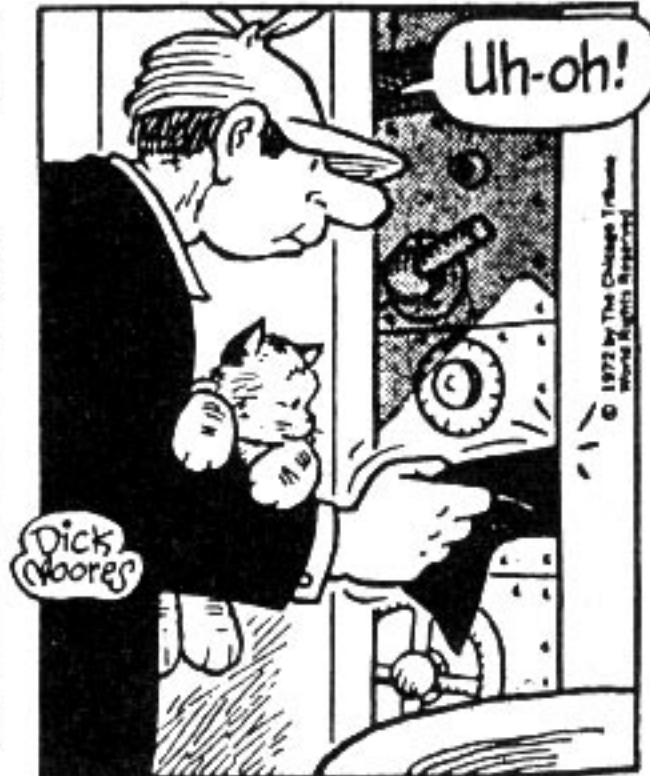
Slim!

Yeh, Rufus?

Looky here! Somethin' stickin' out of th' wall!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved









10/13
It's after six, Widow Green! I must get back to my office!



I merely stopped by to...harumph.. drop off your eviction notice!

Needn't rush off, Mr. Pert!



The boy is watching your office! Have more tea!

Really can't!



Did I hear you had an operation recently?

Just a spot more!



Maybe we ought to call the police, Joel!

Las' thin' Mr. Pert'd want, Slim!

Strangers nosin' aroun' his private vault!

But we don't know for sure Mr. Pert is in there!

Stan' back, U. P. boy!

WHOMP!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick Moore's

Notch Movers

© The doctor was amazed, Widow Green, and tears welled from the nurse's eyes!

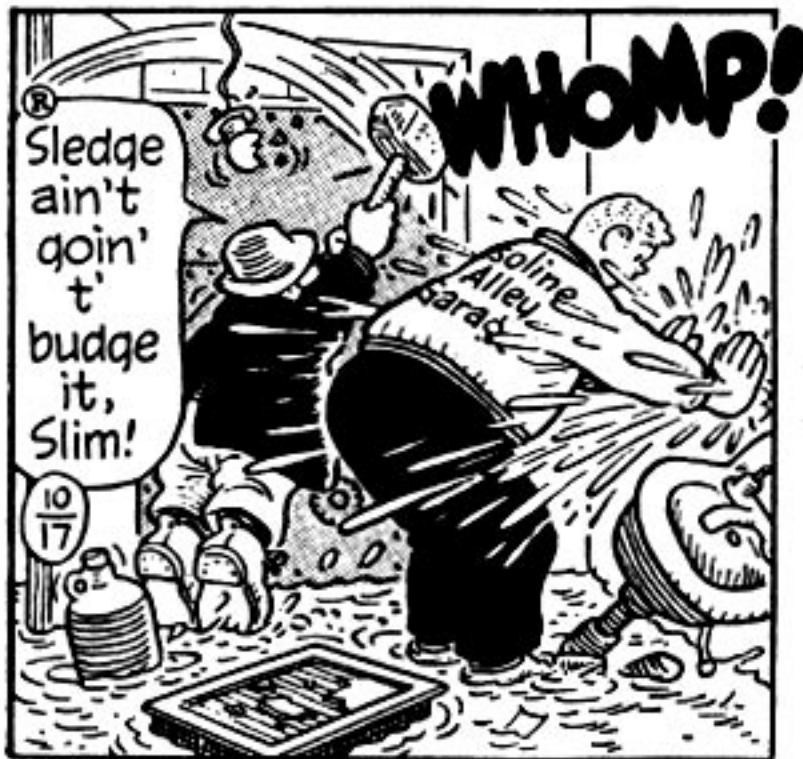
How touching, Mr. Pert!

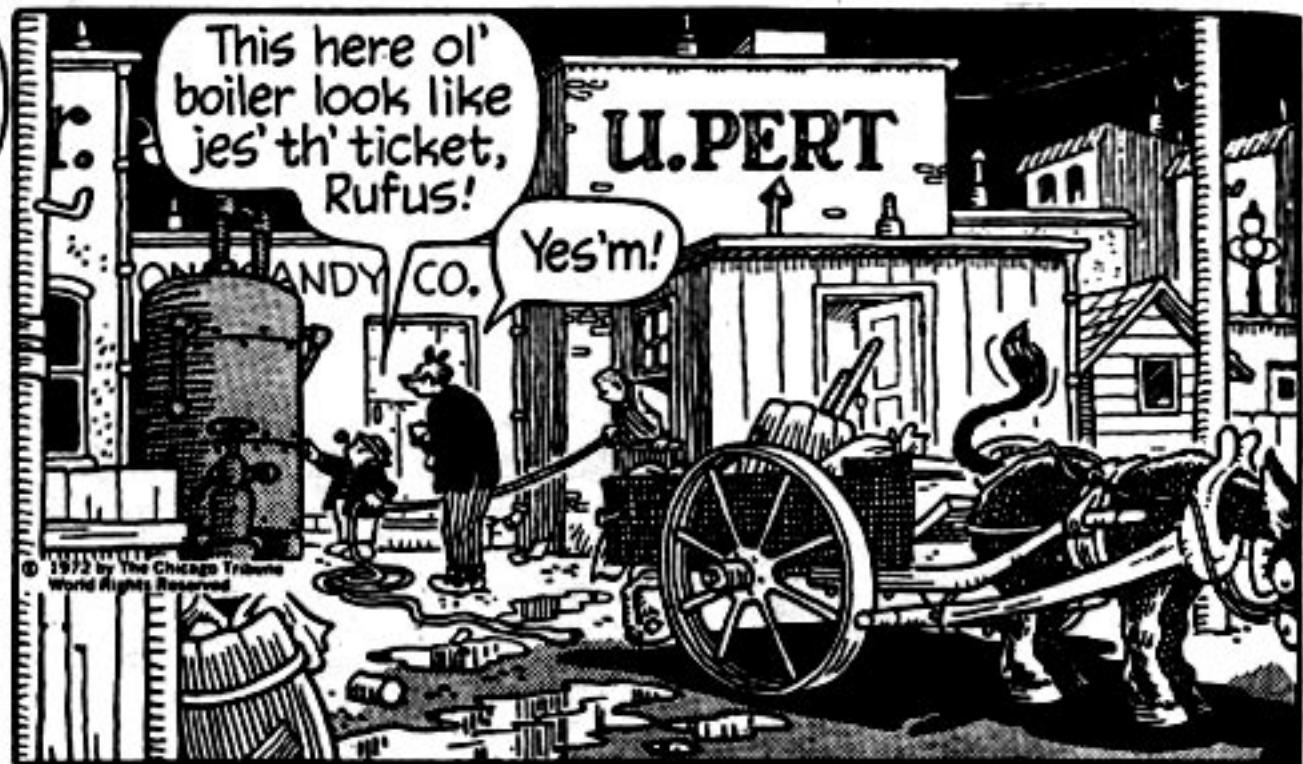
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune. All Rights Reserved.

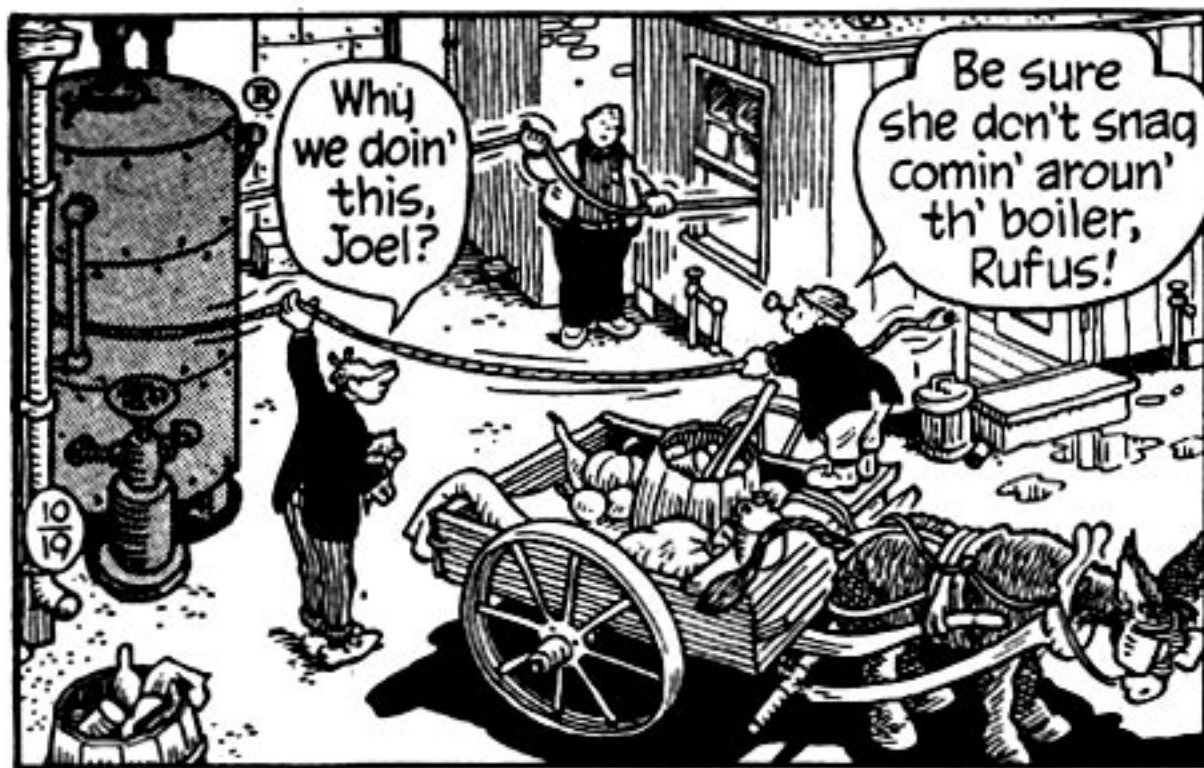
Dick Moores

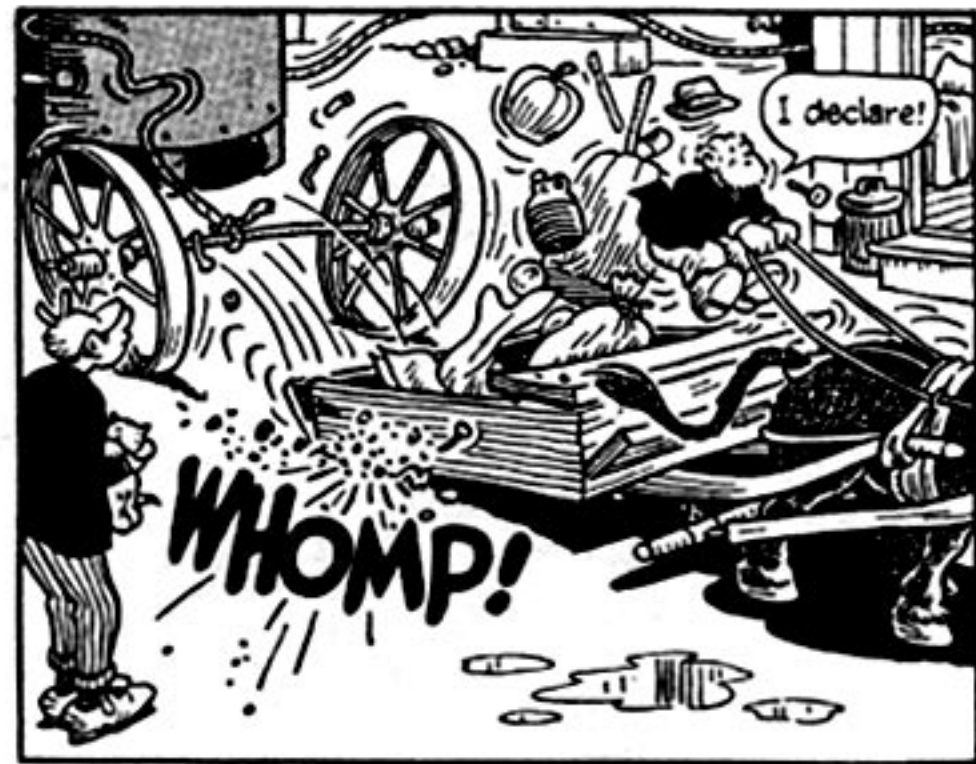
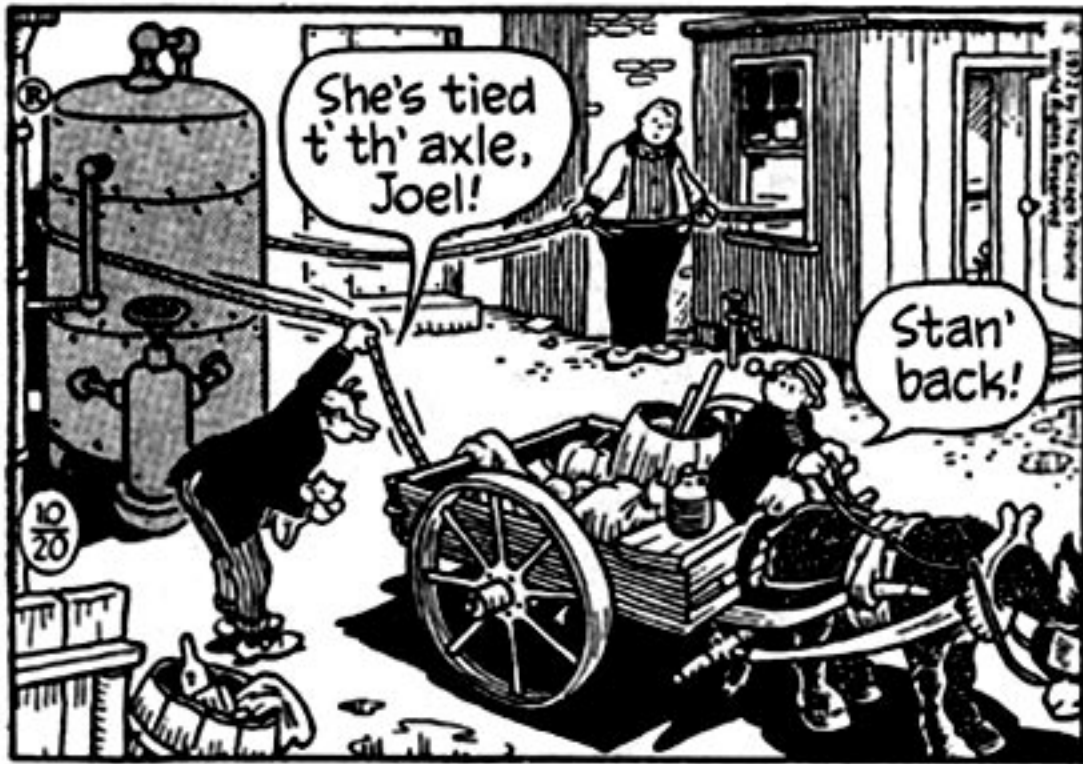
Main thin' is t' git Pert outta th' vault, Slim!

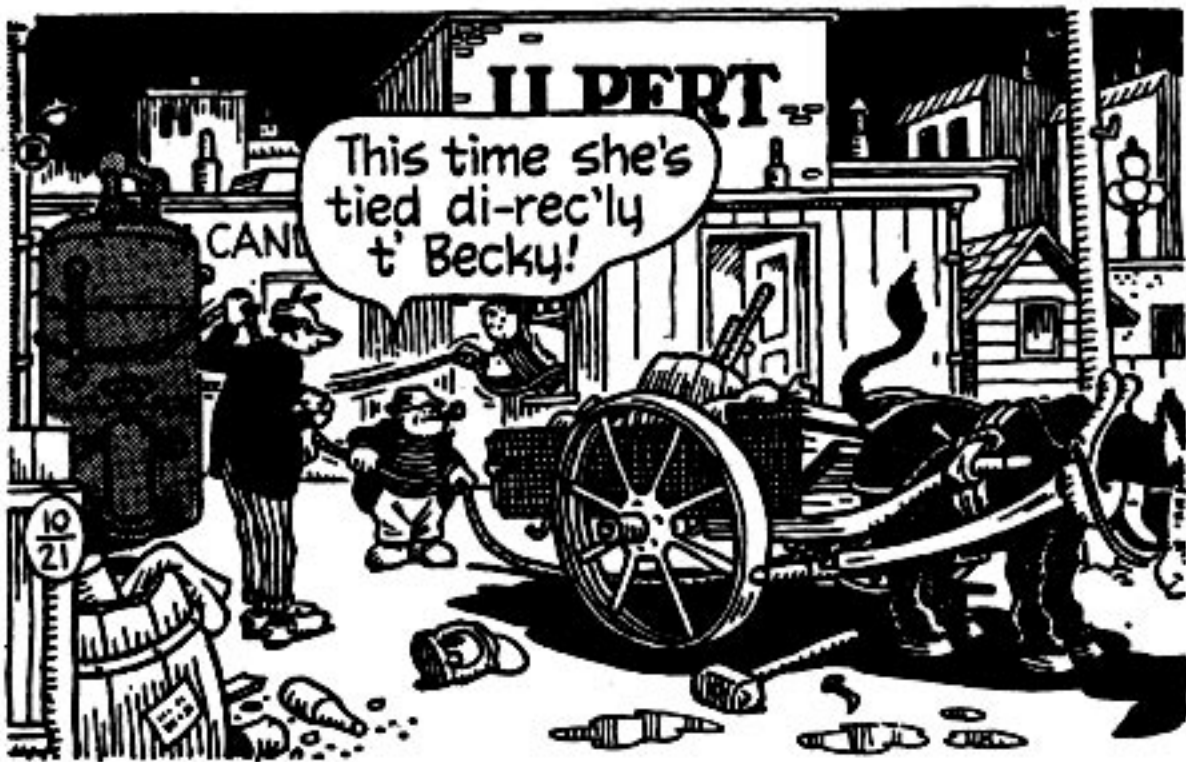


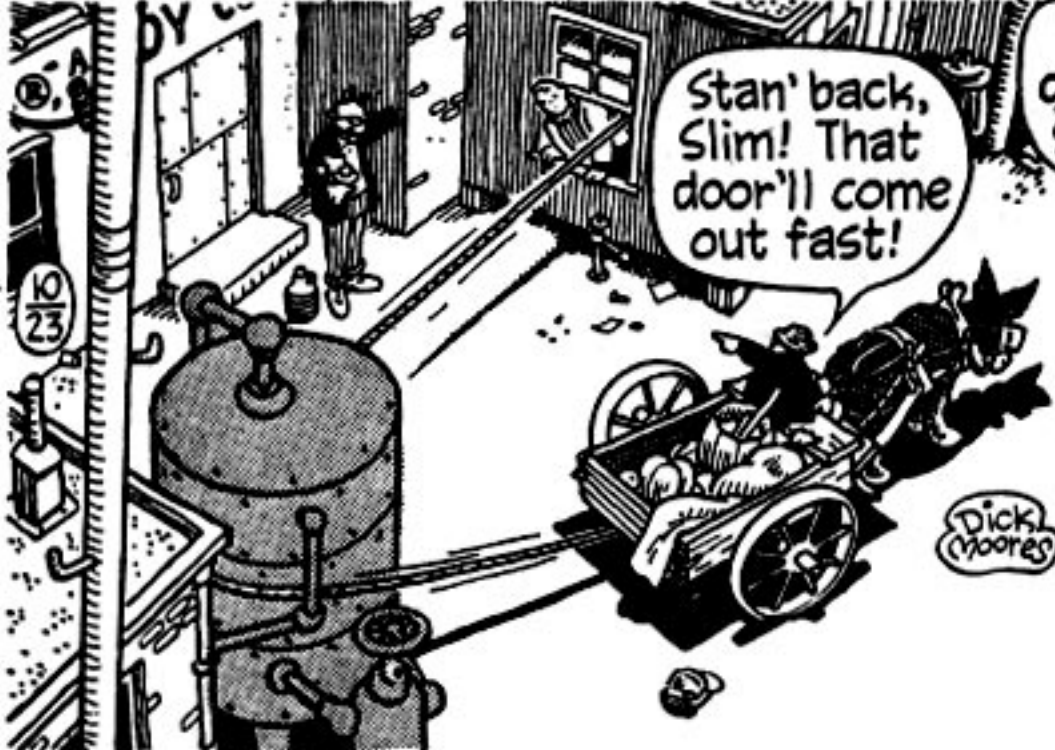












Stan' back, Slim! That door'll come out fast!

Dick Moores

What's going on, Slim?

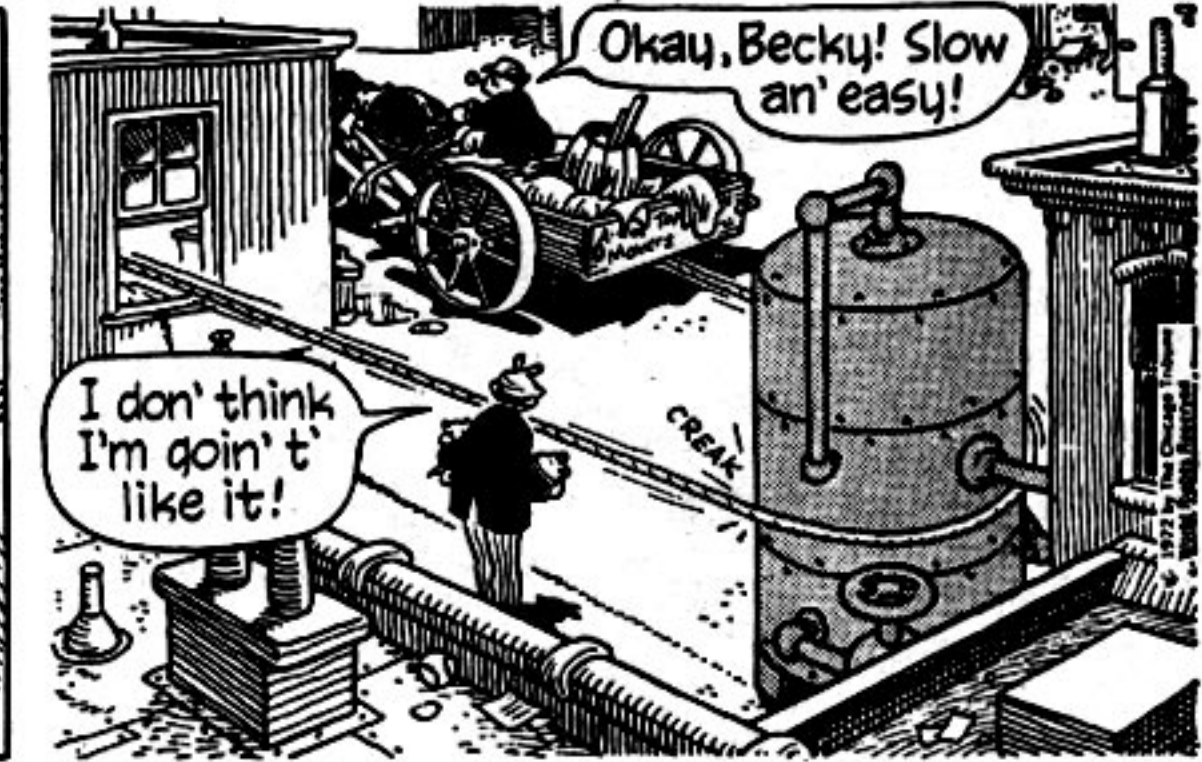
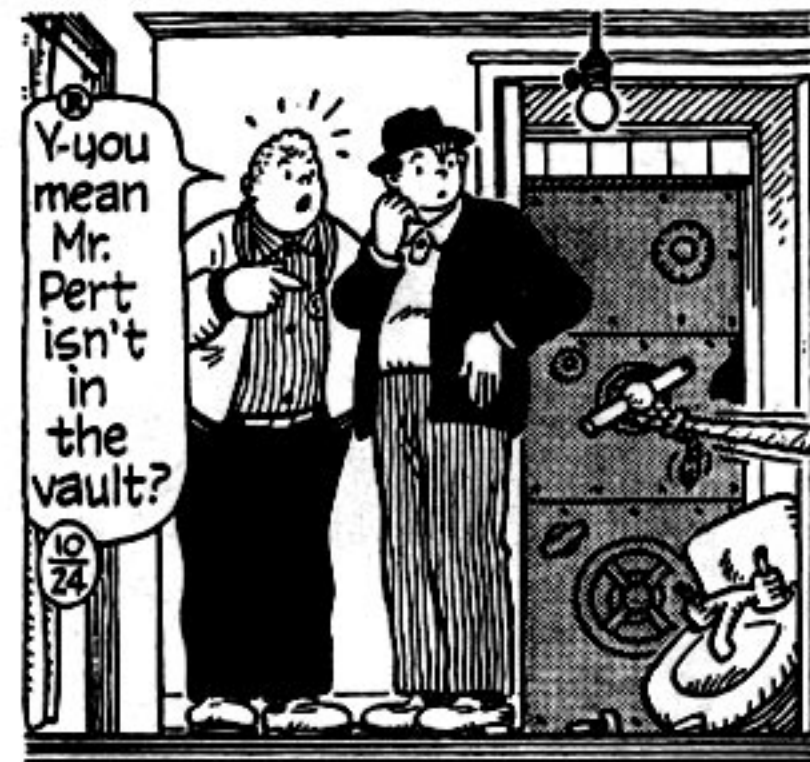
Mr. Pert's locked in his vault, Mr. Wallet!



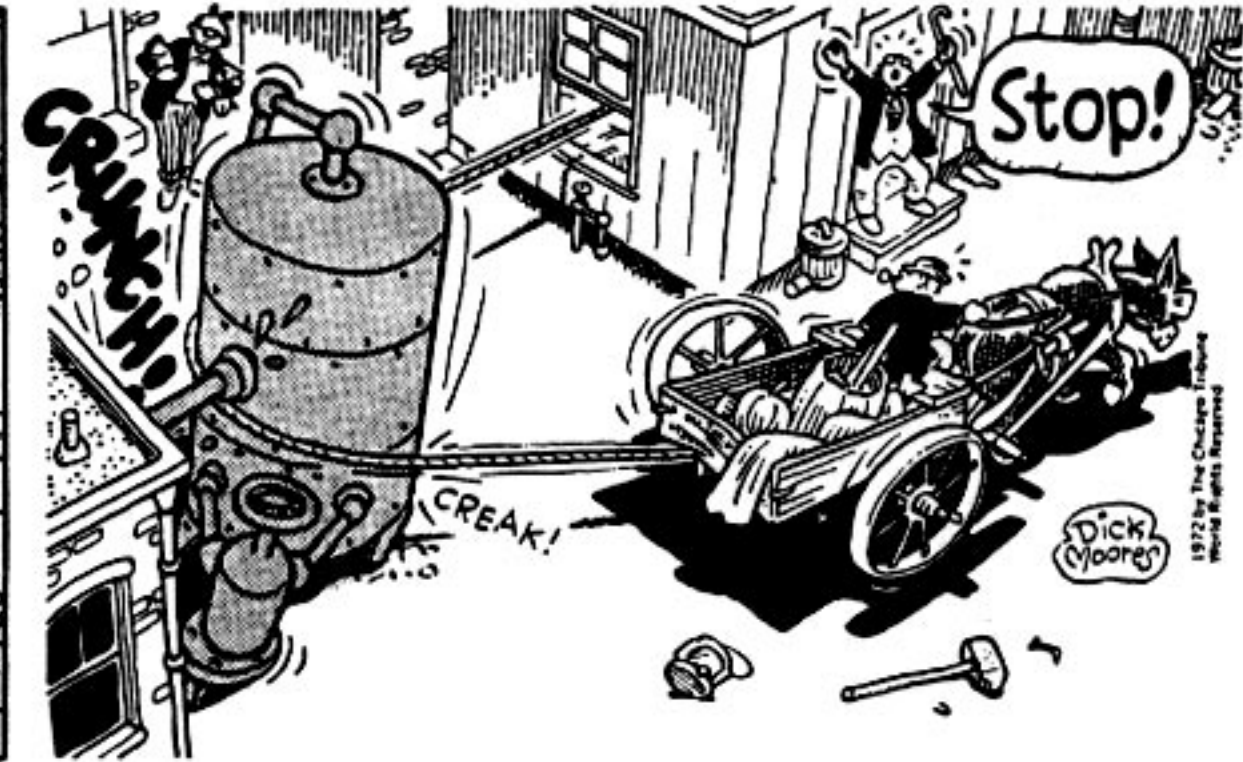
He's fast on his feet! I saw him down the street with Widow Green not two minutes ago!

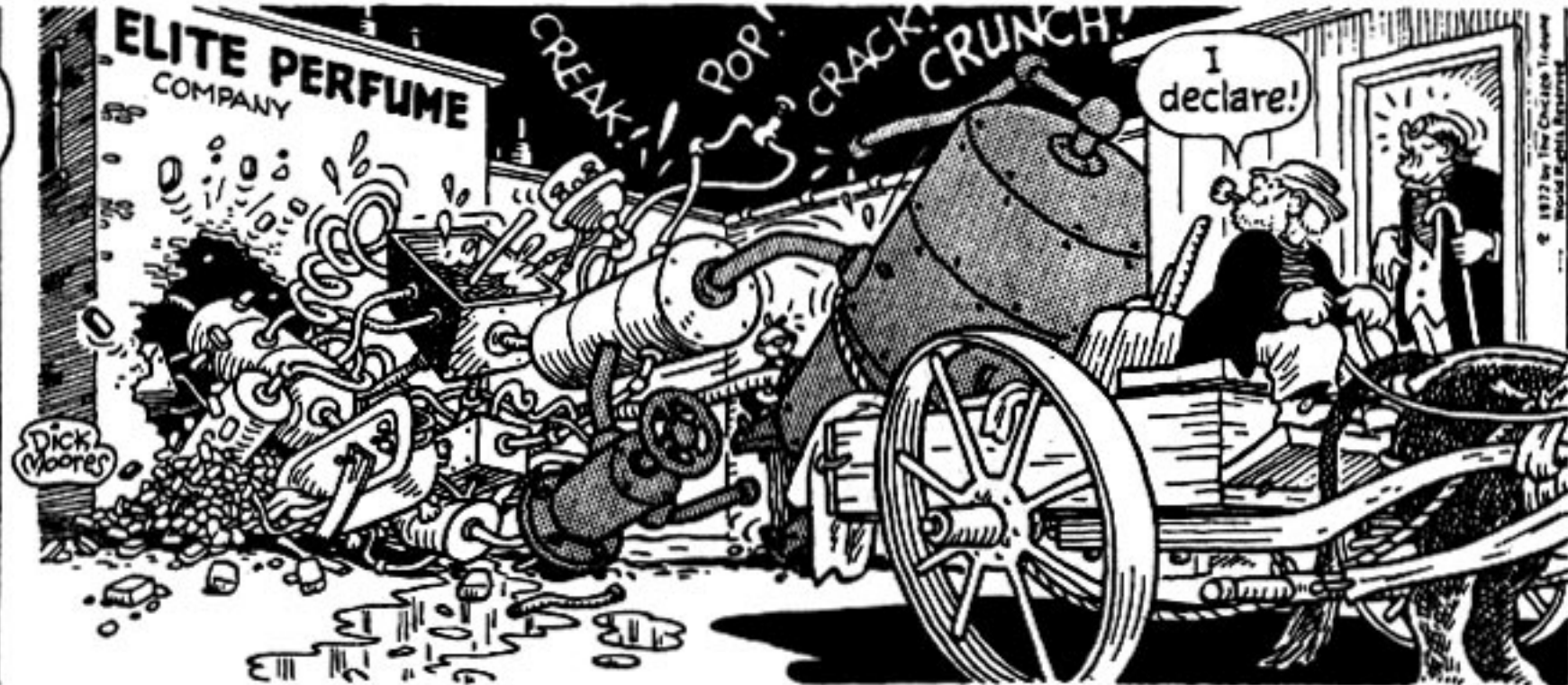
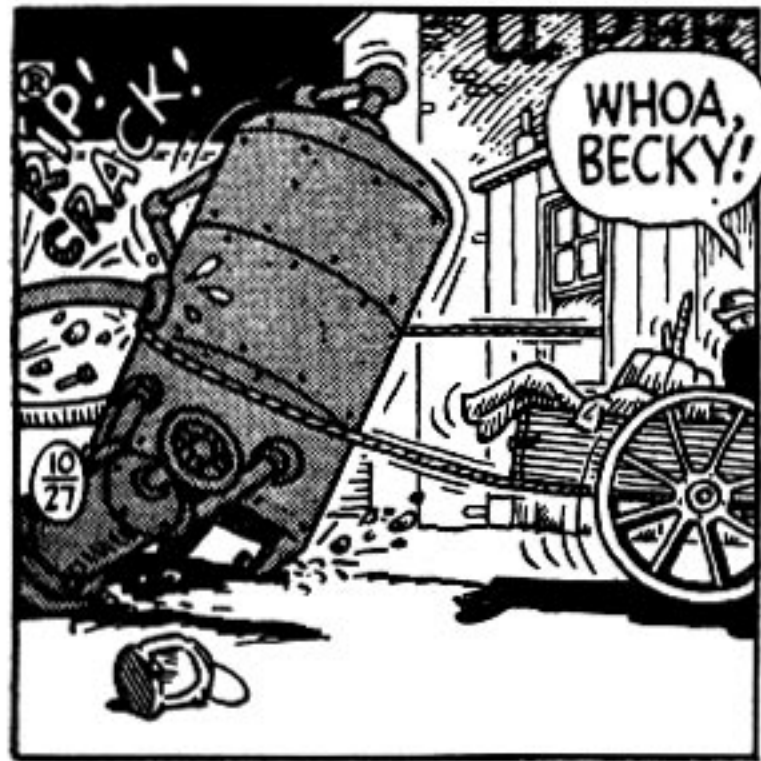


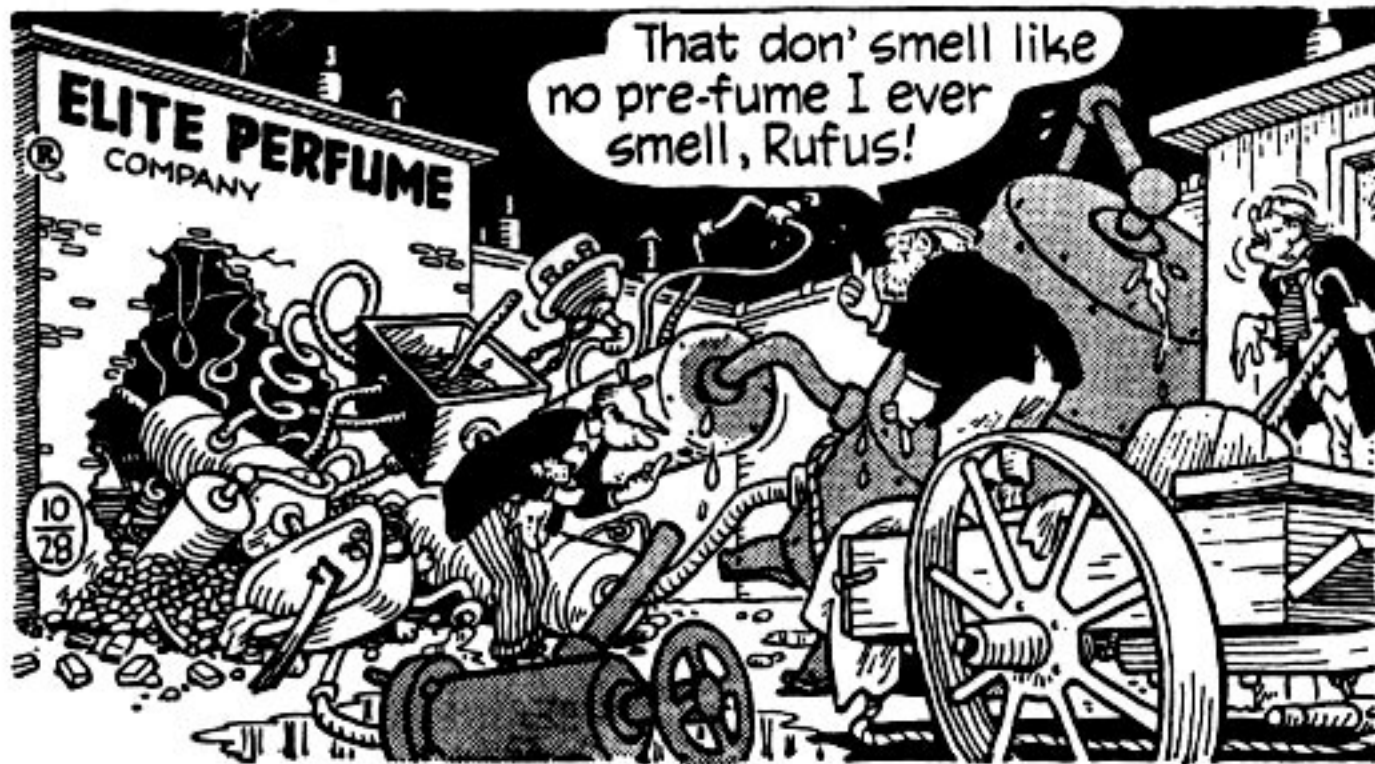
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved







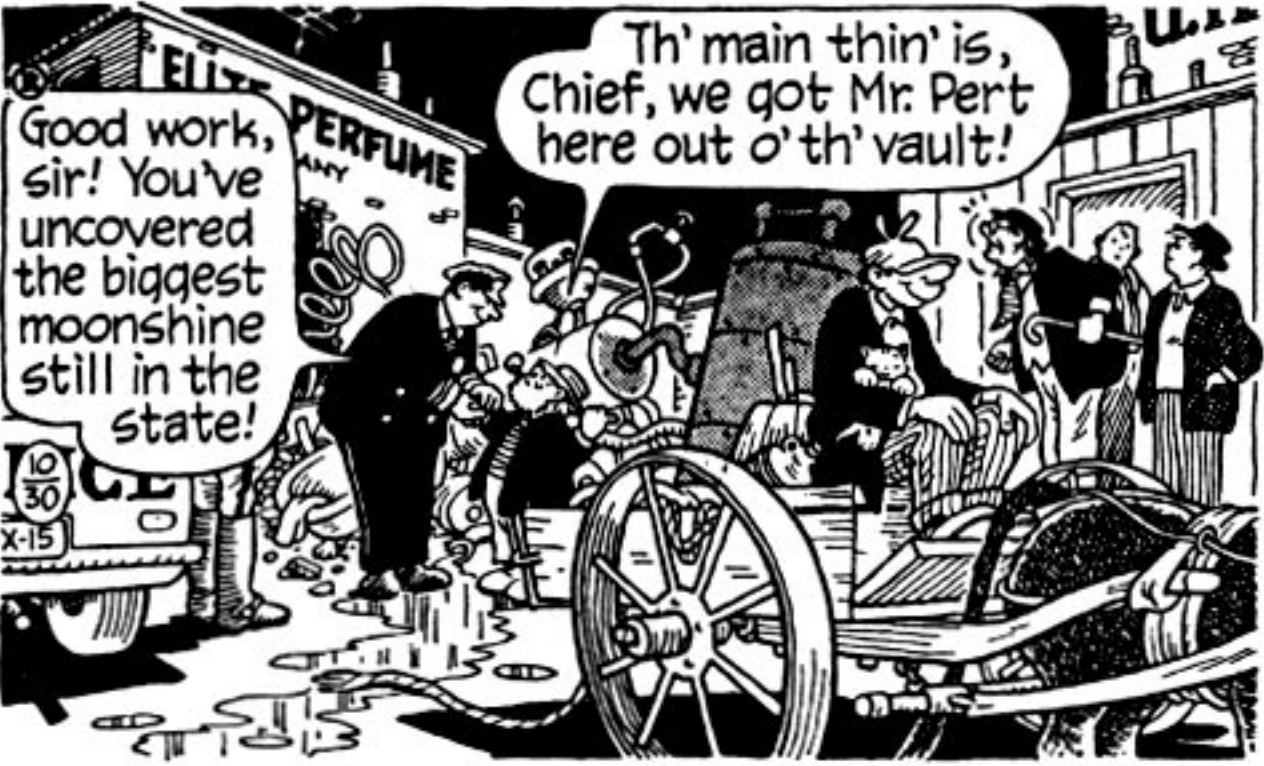




Good work, sir! You've uncovered the biggest moonshine still in the state!

10/30 X-15

Th' main thin' is, Chief, we got Mr. Pert here out o' th' vault!



You didn't get me out, you bungling fool!



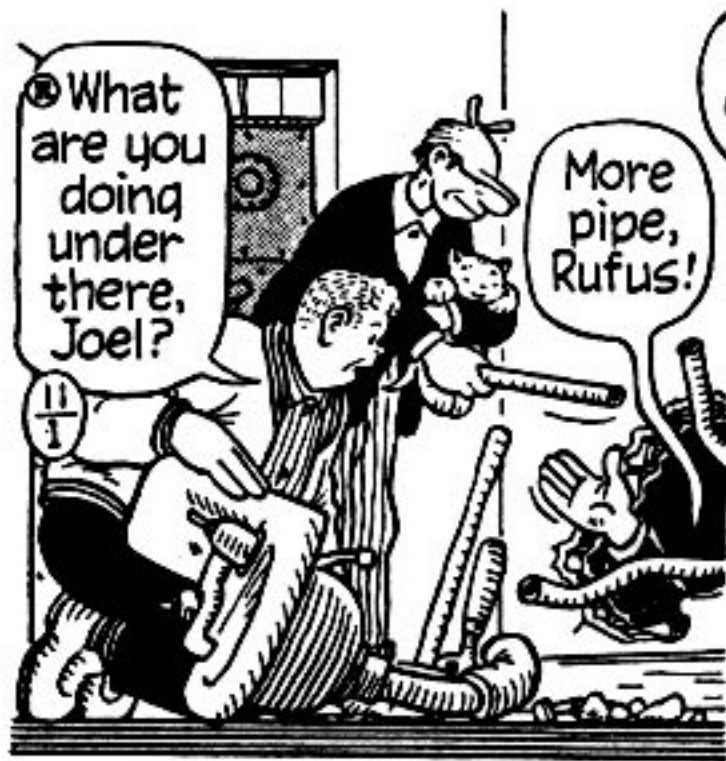
I was never in the vault!

He's sufferin' from confinem'nt! I'll be over later t' fix th' sink!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved







© You have almost worked out your indebtedness to me, Slim!

Yes, sir, Mr. Pert!



With the overtime, I figure I now owe you 28 minutes and 32 seconds!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Hm'ph...I make it 44 seconds!



Ample time to tell you about my appendectomy!



Yes, sir!



And we are delighted that you have invited us to come into your living room on this election eve!

11/6

Uh, oh!

Evenin', Rufus!

Howdy, Joel!

Expectin' company?

Th' gov'ner an' his fam'ly! I don't even remember askin' 'em!

Dick Moores

① You didn't vote, Skee-zix?

I got busy, Nina!



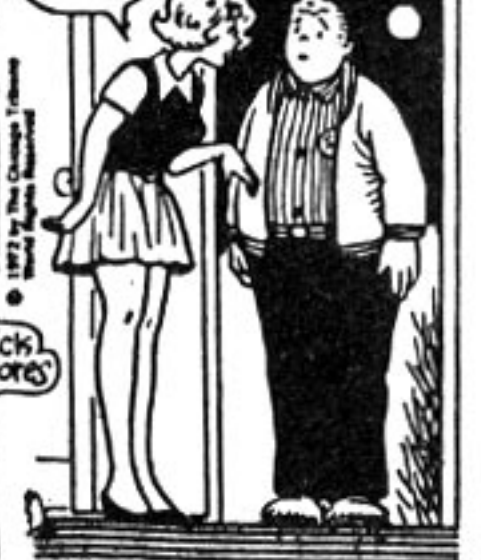
I meant to, but...

Your father didn't vote!



Pop didn't vote!

Mr. Wallet didn't vote?



Believe me, I'm sorry!



© 1972 by The Courage Tribune
Weekly Rights Reserved

Dick's floors

See the morning paper, dear?
The paving bonds lost by one vote!

11/8

Must you rub it in, Nina?

I didn't vote!
I'm sorry!

Real sorry!

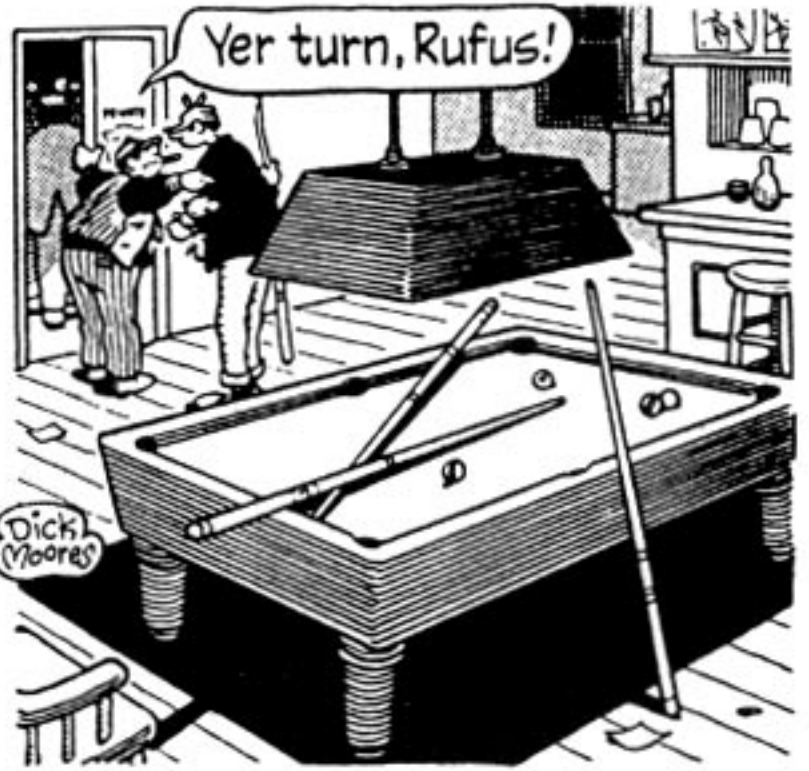
Four more years with my chuckhole!

Dick
Moore's

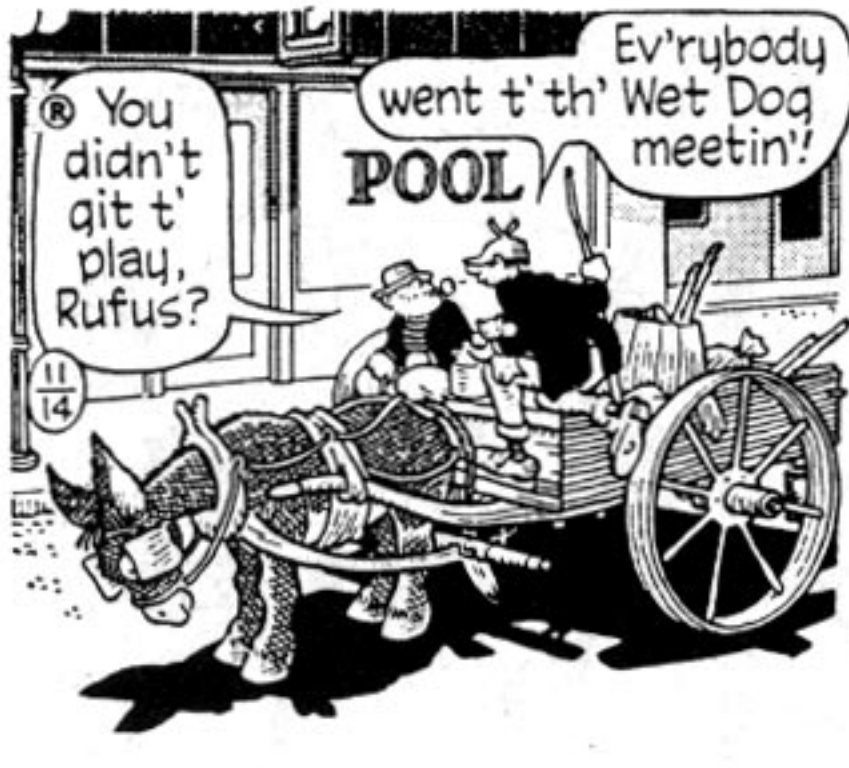




© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved







® Yer name come up at th' meetin', Rufus!

11/15



I been accepted?

Not yet, Rufus! It take time t' be a full-fledge' Wet Dog!



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Woods Rights Reserved

You got t' work yer way up!

How do I do that?



I put in a good word! They goin' t' take you in as a Damp Puppy!

Boy!



11
16

You look like a sparrer what jes' swaller a worm, Rufus!

I'se goin' t' be a Damp Puppy, Joel!

Come ag'in!

It's th' fu'st step t' bein' a full-fledge' Wet Dog!

But don't tell nobody! It's a secret! Ev'rythin' about Wet Dogs is a secret!

I kin kinda see why!

Dick Moores



Hi, guys!
I'se
ready
fer th'
meetin'!

11/19



Hey! Cap
starched an'
ev'rythin'! Good!

Only Wet Dogs goes
through here, Rufus!



Damp Puppies
uses th' side
entrance!

Oh!



Ⓢ Tonight we is honored t' have a new candy-date!

Damp Puppy Rufus!

11/20

HEE! HEE!



Is you all right under there, Rufus?

Yes'm! I'se.. (cough) fine!

He got a dent in his bucket, Duke! I think he need a new one!

Right!

Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Word Rights Reserved



Does you, Rufus, swear t' obey th' rules of th' Wet Dogs?

I does!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

An' you swears not t' blab no secrets whatsoever t' nobody?

I does!

He's ready fer th' cap, Duke!

One Damp Puppy cap comin' up!

Dick Moores

11/22
Rufus, you is now a full-fledge' Damp Puppy!



Fer a week you got t' wear this cap all th' time!



Don't never take it off-not even when you sleep!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

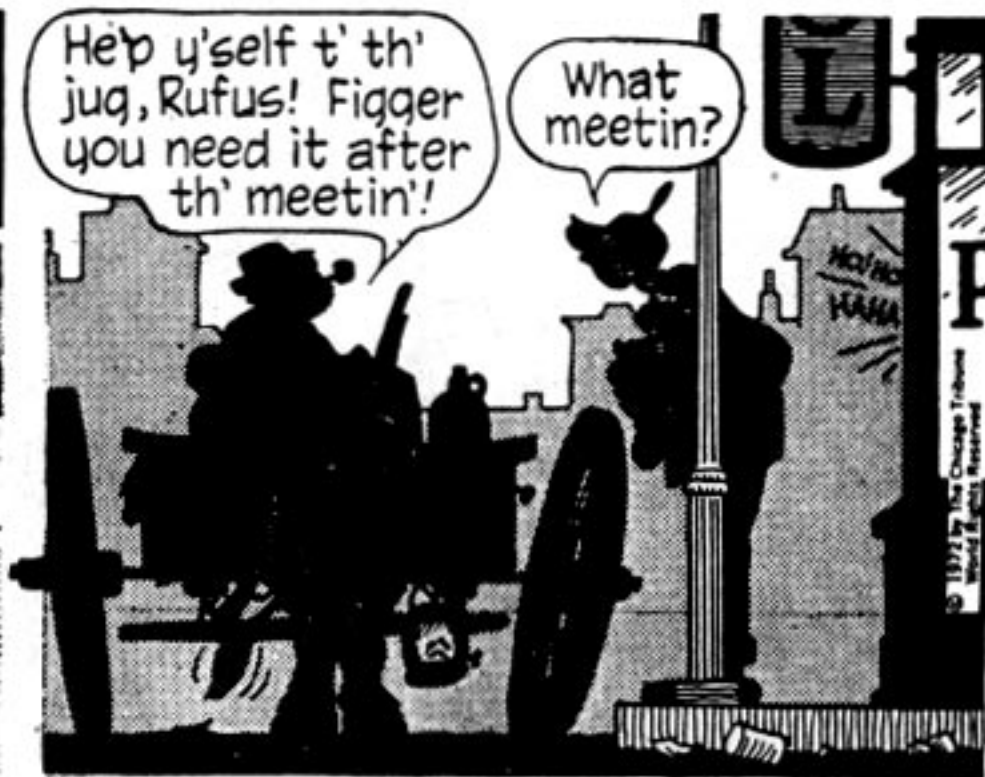
Dick
Moore's



I like it!
It's nice!

He likes it!







® All I got t' do is wear this cap fer a week, Kitty, an' I is a full-fledge' Wet Dog!

11/25



Th' fellas like me! They's bein' easy on me!

Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune -
World Rights Reserved





© Why is you gettin' me up in th' middle of th' night, Papa?

11/29



JES' DO
WHAT YER
PAPA SAY!
FETCH A
SHOVEL!

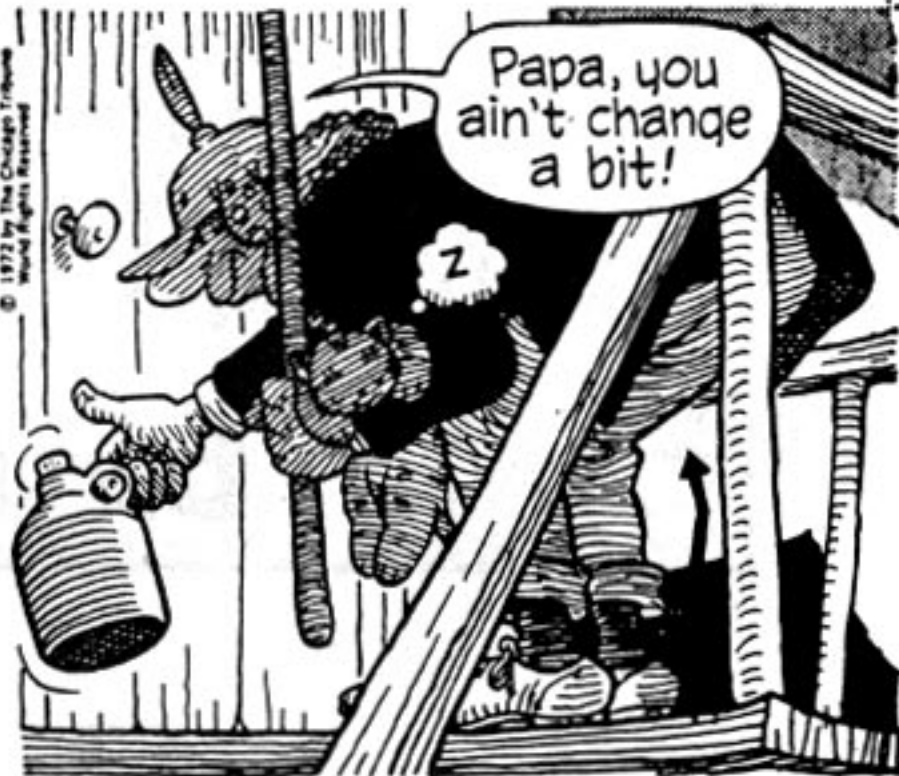
Dick
Moore's

How do I know you is m' poor departed papa? Mebbe you ain't!



GO BACK,
YOU IDIOT!
YOU F'GOT
TH' JUG!

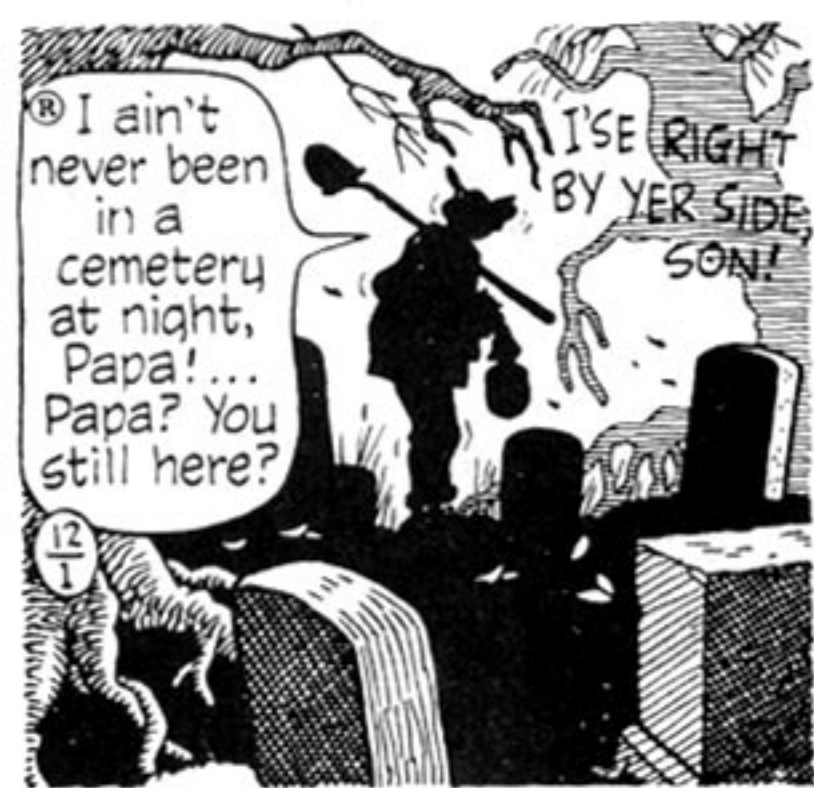
© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



Papa, you ain't change a bit!



© 1922 by The Chicago Tribune
All Rights Reserved





® How much fu'ther t' yer buried treasure, Papa?

WE ALMOS' THER', SON!

12/2



It's dark! I can't see a thin!

JES' ONE MORE STEP!



Dick Moores

GOOD BOY, RUFUS! YOU DONE FOUN' IT!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

③ We fell in
th' mud, Papa!
Is you
all
right?

I DOTES
ON MUD,
SON!

Wher' do I
start diggin'
fer yer
treasure?

RIGHT HERE,
RUFUS... AN'
HURRY!
I AIN'T
GOT ALL
NIGHT!

THEY'S A CRAP
GAME IN GRAVE SEVEN!
ME AN' TH' FELLAS
GOIN' T' ROLL SOME
BONES!

Tha's
nice!

Dick
Moore's

® You bury yer treasure awful deep, Papa!

JES' KEEP DIGGIN', SON!

12/5



Dick Moores

That you down ther', Rufus? What you doin'?



Diggin' up Papa's treasure, Joel!

Yer wu'thless papa never own a nickel in his whole life!

Don' mind Joel, Papa! He don' mean half what he say!



© 1922 by the Chicago Tribune
All Rights Reserved



Who say yer papa bury his treasure here, Rufus?

Papa tell me! He's standin' right here!

12/6

Dick Moores



This here's Joel, Papa! Say hello t' ol' Joel!

YOU TH' ONLY ONE WHAT KIN HEAR ME, SON!



ANYWAYS HE AIN'T OUR KIND! TELL 'IM T' GIT!

I thought you always like Joel, Papa!

If you talkin' t' yer papa you aimin' th' wrong way!

© 1972 By The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

What that you say, Papa?
... Oh!

What now, Rufus?



12
7

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Papa say t' dig with m' han's! He don' want no shovel scratchin' up his treasure!

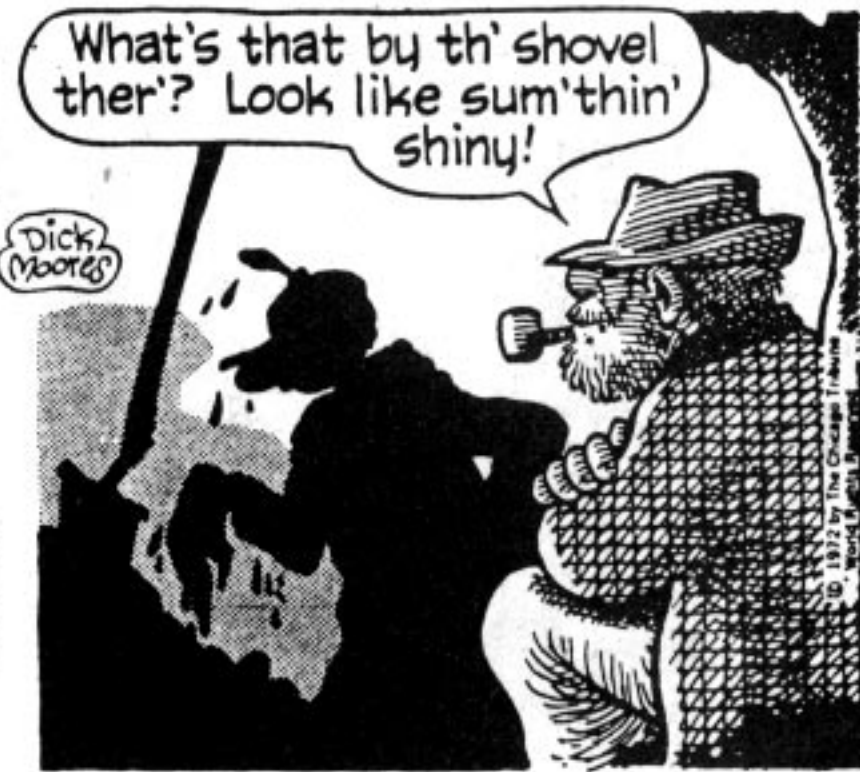
I declare!



We really got 'im goin' now!

Dick
Moore's





® I don't see nuthin' but mud, Joel!

Look like silver, Rufus! I'll come down!

12/9



Looky here! A dolla'! An' here's another!

An' another, an' another! We done foun' Papa's treasure!



Ready fer th' tar?

Ol' Joel's down ther' too! We'll git 'em both!

Thank you, Papa!

Hol' ev'rythin'!

Dick Moores



© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

12/11
© Thank you, Papa!
I done foun' yer
silver dolla's!

H-how many
you find,
son?

Papa
want t'
know how
many,
Joel?

He bury
'em! He
ought t'
know! But
I'd say..

Joel figger
about three
bushel, Papa!

Holy
cow!

Mama never
like you t'
cuss, Papa!











© Did you pass yer 'nishiatiion, Rufus? You a full-fledge' Wet Dog now?

I got one more thin' t' do, Joel!

PC

Got t' clean th' tar out of their clothes an' stuff!

Nothin' t' that! Jes' soak 'em in turpentine!

Oh, yeah?

How you git it out of see-gars?

Dick (Joey)

(1) Slim's out of town this week, Uncle Walt!



Brother! He was my last hope!

If I don't find a Santa Claus for the Wicker & Wallet Christmas party... I'm it!



Better you than me!

Hey! Eureka!

AGE



Rufus! May I speak to you?



® With that bag, Rufus, you look like Santa Claus!

12/30



It's jes' clothes I cleaned fer th' Wet Dogs, Mister Walt!

How would you like to be Santa Claus at the Wicker & Wallet Christmas party?

I guess I could... but I'll have t'ask th' Wet Dogs!



It's their bag!



Dick Moores

© Rufus as Santa Claus, Walt! Isn't he a bit thin?

With padding he'll be perfect, Ambrose!

What are we giving the kids at the party this year?

Remember last year we gave them these little rockers?

Well, this year they get something to put in them!



World Magazine

© I ain't never been Santa Claus b'fore, Mister Walt!

All you do is hand out the presents, Rufus!

And remember, lots of "ho-hos"!

Yes'm! Ho-ho, ho-ho-ho!

Ho-ho... oh, oh! Oh, oh!

Gimme!

Santa Claus!

Gimme!

Gimme!

12/22

Dick Moores

© 1954 by The Walt Disney Company





Some child got Rufus's Kitty instead of a stuffed one!

Kitty will turn up, Rufus!

We're calling everyone who was at the party!

Rufus has been wearing that suit since last Friday!

Maybe Kitty's lost in his padding!

The door, Clovia!

I'm not deaf, Slim!

No, Gabe!

12/75



© 1975 by The Goulet, Inc.

Why, it's Mr. Spell from auditing!

Sidda has something for Rufus, Miss Wallet!

Kitty!

It was a mistake, sir! She's sorry!

Thank you, li'l girl! An' here's a kitty fer you!

She'd already grown quite attached to him!

12/26

© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Dick Moore





① Rufus was so glad to get his Kitty back!

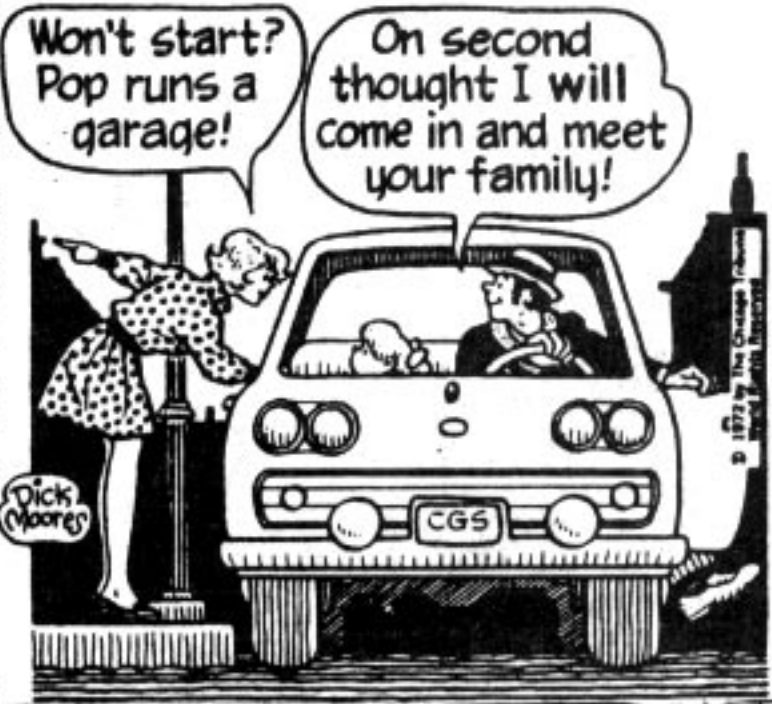
I'm sorry about the mistake!



Must you rush off, Mr. Spell? Come in and meet the family!

Thanks, but I'd better get Sidida home!

ERGA! ERGA!



Won't start? Pop runs a garage!

On second thought I will come in and meet your family!

Dick Moore's

Hold Sidra, Slim! I'm going in for my coat!

Sneesh!

It's been acting up for a week, Mr. Wallet!

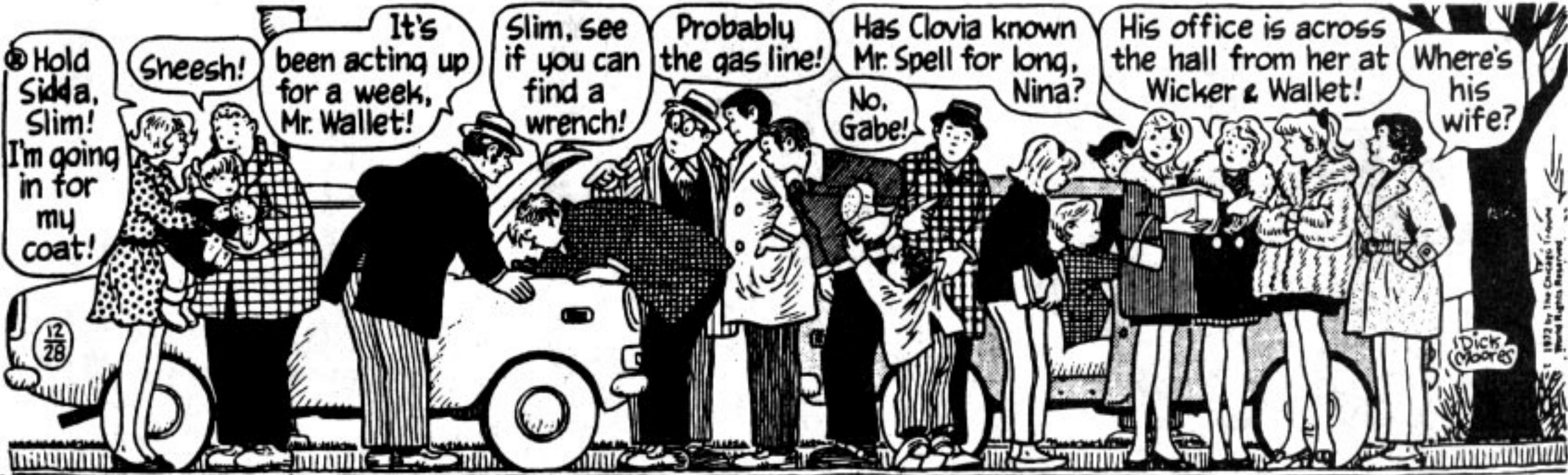
Slim, see if you can find a wrench!

Probably the gas line!

Has Clovia known Mr. Spell for long, Nina?
No, Gabe!

His office is across the hall from her at Wicker & Wallet!

Where's his wife?



Dick Moore's

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved

Someone will have to drive you home, Mr. Spell! This car is going nowhere!

12/29

Slim and I can take you!

I live a long way out, Miss Wallet!

My name is Clovia and it's no sweat!

My name is Slim and I'm almost out of gas!

Fill it up at the first station, Slim!

Sit down, little girl! I don't want teeth all over my nice dashboard!

© 1972 by The Chicago Tribune
Reprint Rights Reserved

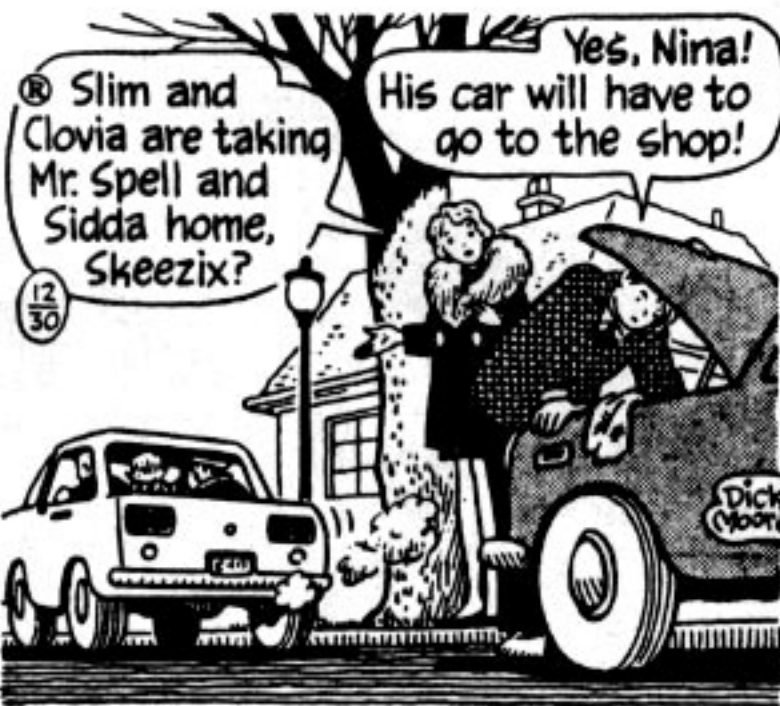
Dick Moores



© Slim and Clovia are taking Mr. Spell and Sida home, Skeezi?

12/30

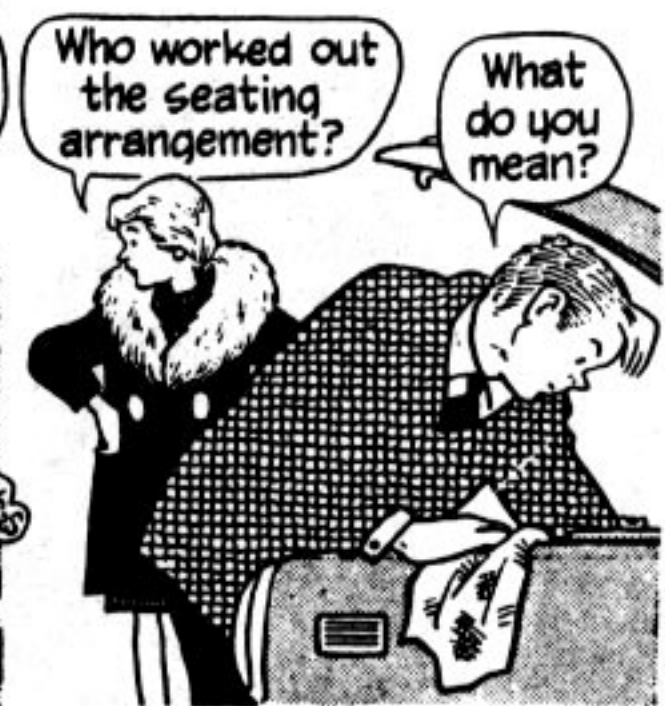
Yes, Nina! His car will have to go to the shop!



Dick Moore's

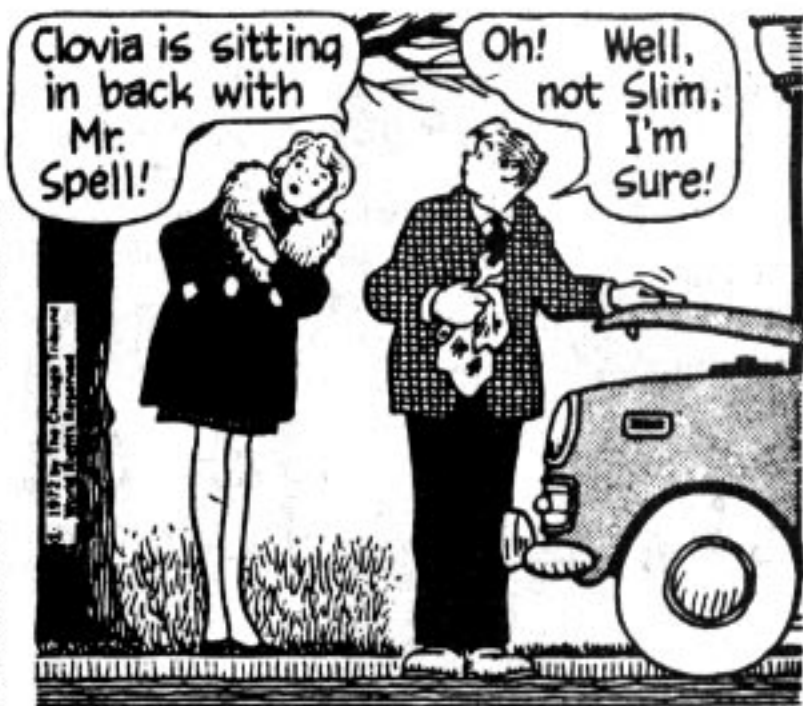
Who worked out the seating arrangement?

What do you mean?

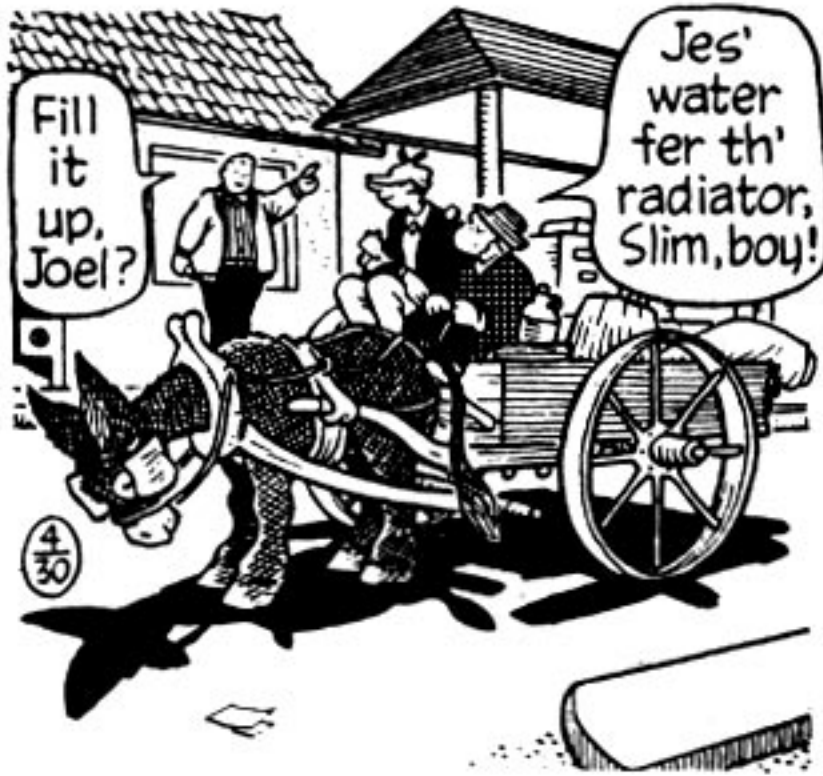


Clovia is sitting in back with Mr. Spell!

Oh! Well, not Slim; I'm sure!



© 1977 by The Chicago Tribune
Reprinted with permission



• Won't be long till you an' Slim gits married, Miss Clovia!

5-1



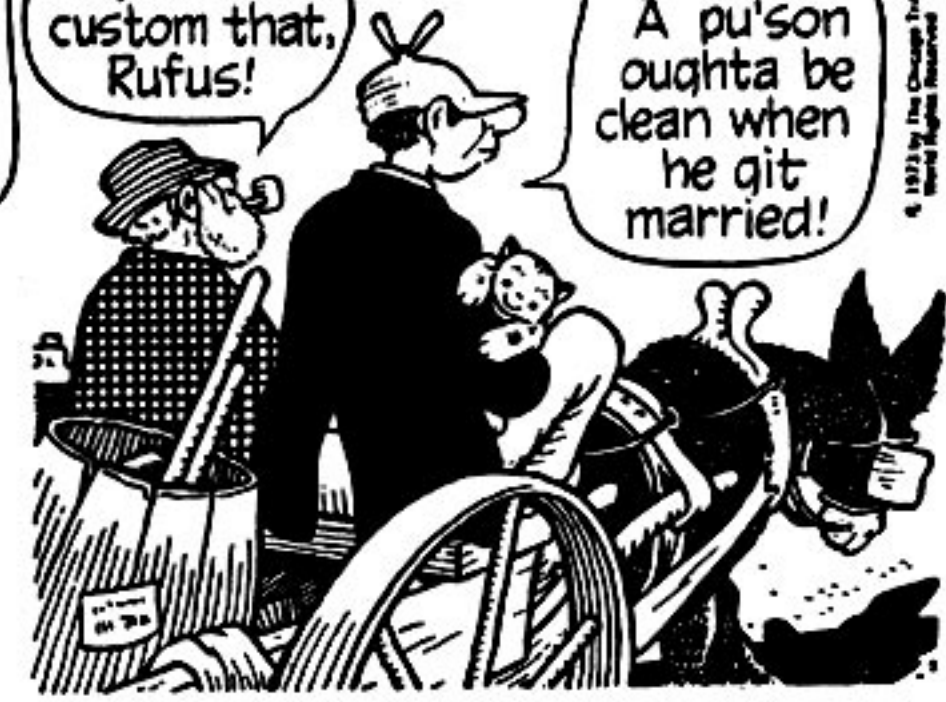
In fact, I'm on my way to Ruthie's now! The girls are giving me a shower!

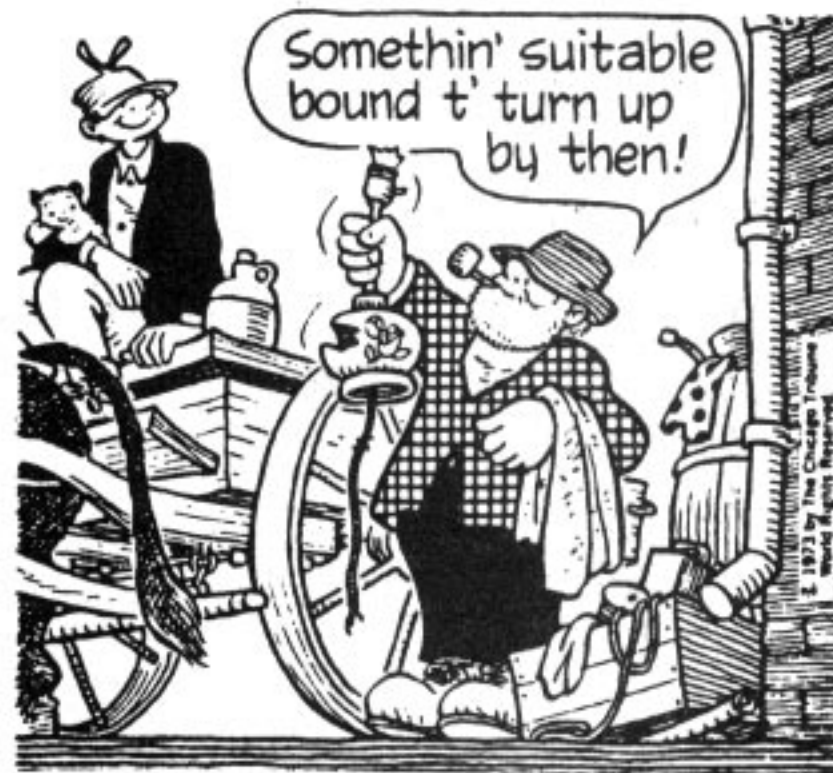
Dick Moores



Right fine custom that, Rufus!

Yes'm! A pu'son oughta be clean when he git married!





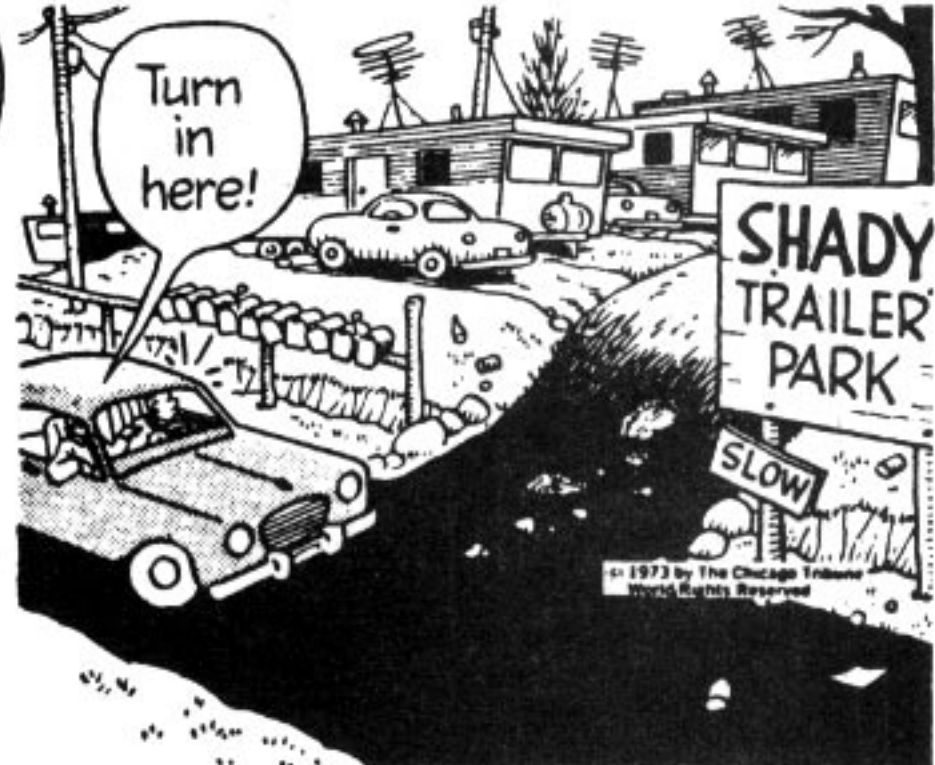
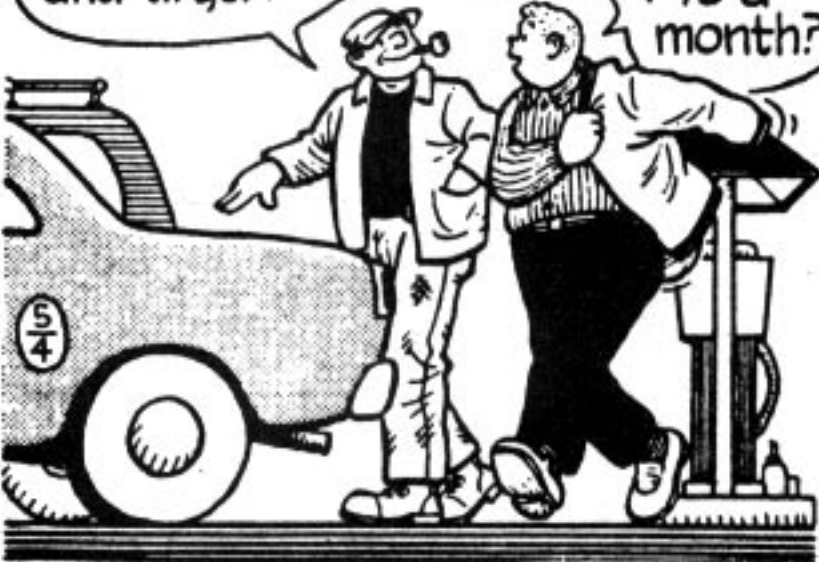


• Wall-to-wall carpets! Washer and dryer!

An apartment like that, Sarge, for only \$95 a month?

It's a steal, Slim! New and modern!

You're a pal to steer me on to this!



© 1973 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved



This isn't an apartment, Sarge! It's a trailer!

A mobile home, Slim! Almost new!

Fully furnished!
Model kitchen!
Garbage disposer!

Who needs a garbage disposer?

It's just a tomato's throw from the city dump!

Dick's Doores

© 1973 by The Chicago Tribune
World Rights Reserved