



Hi Gramps!

Hi!

Hi, kids!
How's the new
year
treating
you?

Make any
resolutions?

I didn't,
but Adam
did!

Hey! Good, Adam!
What was it?

He's going to be
helpful to others!

1/2

Dick
Moores

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I thought you were going to be helpful to others, Adam!



I will, Eve! Give me time!

May I help you folks?

That's very kind of you!

Dick Mooney



Which is your car?



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Where's Adam, Eve?
He was going to help us clean up the garage!

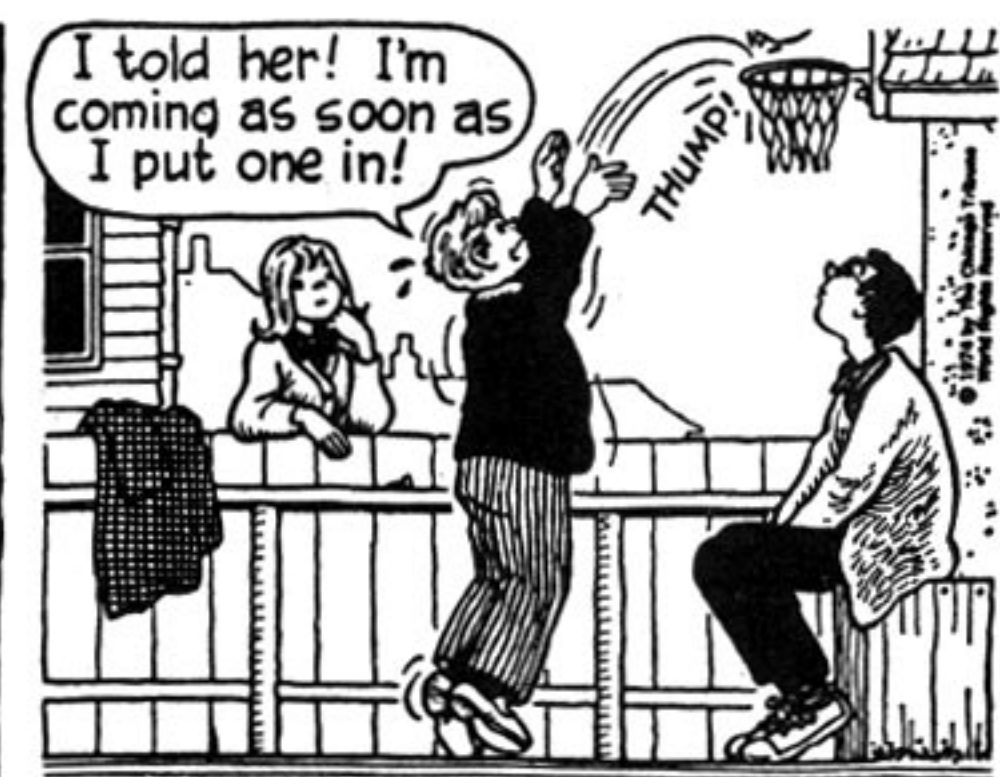
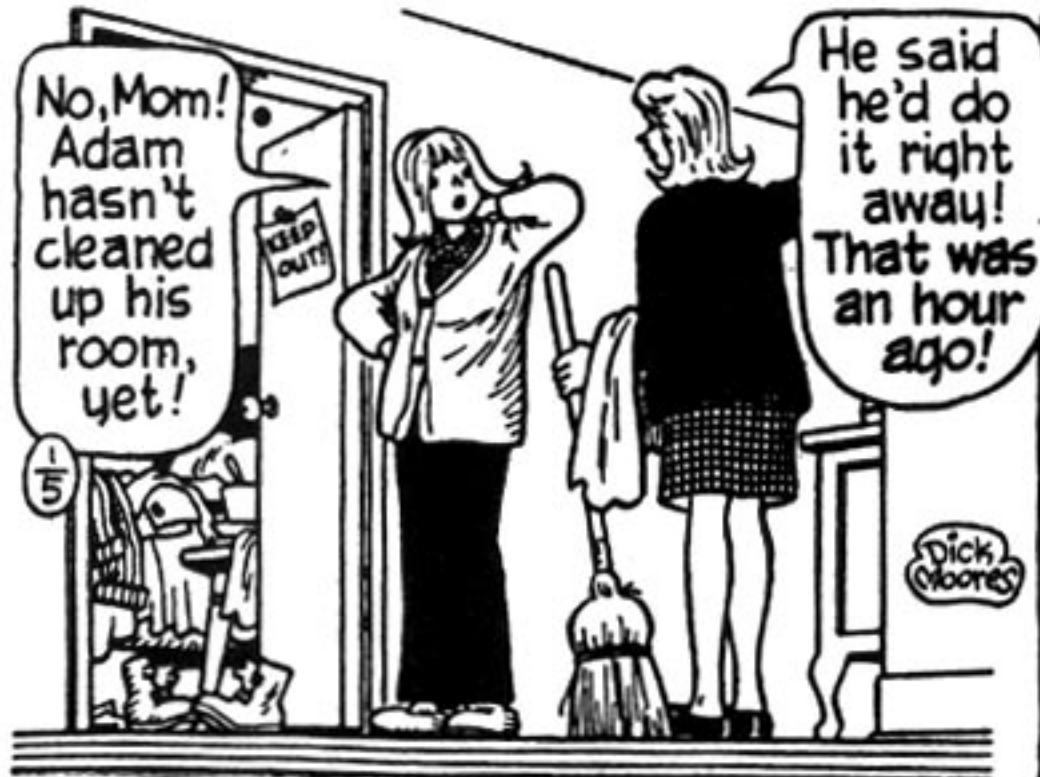
He's next door, Mom...

...being helpful to others!

Skin got a basketball backboard for Christmas!

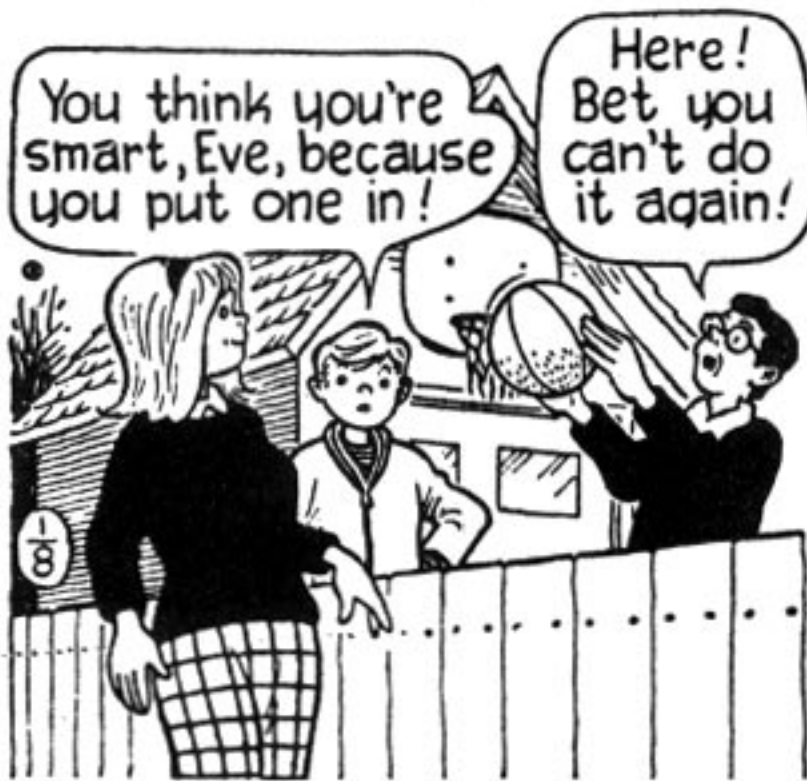
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What's going on, Adam?

Eve has made ten in a row, Pop!

Ha! She missed!

THUMP!

Dick Moore's

Almost.

SWISH!

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Why aren't you boys out playing with Eve?

It's too cold!

Basketball is a stupid game anyway!

Eve, if you're going to get on with the boys...

...you'll have to let them win now and then!

SWISH!

10

Dick Moores





Good night,
Mom
and
Pop!
'Night,
Gramps!

Good night,
dear!

My, how
the twins have
grown,
Hope!

They'll be
fourteen in
May, Walt!

Seems like only
yesterday Eve
was toddling
off to bed...

...with her little
teddy bear
tucked under
her arm!

1/14

Dick
Moore's

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It's embarrassing, having a sister who sleeps with a basket-ball!

1/15

Now, Adam!

I wouldn't want a dirty old thing like that in my bed!

Oh, it's not dirty!

She takes it with her everywhere she goes!

Dick Moores

You look like a first-grader with that ball under your arm, Eve!

Yeah!

Mind your own business, Skin!

What's with the ball, Eve?

She's taking it to class for "show and tell"!

Dick Moores

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That's Eve Wallet, Terry! I want you to meet her!

1/17

This is Terry Best! He's our basketball captain!

Hi!

Pleased to...

Dick Moores

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World Rights Reserved

Bell's rung!
See y', Eve!

THUMP!!

THUMP!

THUMP!

I hear you met the big basketball star, Terry Best, yesterday, Eve!

1/18

Humph!

Of all the stuck-up, egotistical, ill-mannered, conceited, stupid, dumb...

Dick Moores

I knew she'd like him!

Sorry about the other day, Eve! I had to rush!

1/19

Oh, that's all right!

Terry!

Here! Hold this a sec!

Dick Moores



Slumming,
Mr. Best?

1/21

SWISH!

Skin
had
my
math
book!

Dick
Moore's

Who taught
you to shoot
like that?

SWISH!

Well,
I...

You're doing
it all
wrong!

The two-handed set
shot went out with
pearl-buttoned
spats!

SWISH!

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Afraid of getting beat by a girl?



Ha!

Tomorrow at four!



This is the day
Eve has
her
match
with
Terry
Best!

At four,
Corky!

I suppose she's
over next door
practicing her
set
shots!

No! She's
in the
bedroom..

..working on her
game
plan!

Dick
Moore's





Okay! Shoot until you miss!

Stay back of the line!



Dick Moores



Back in a minute!



What's eating her?

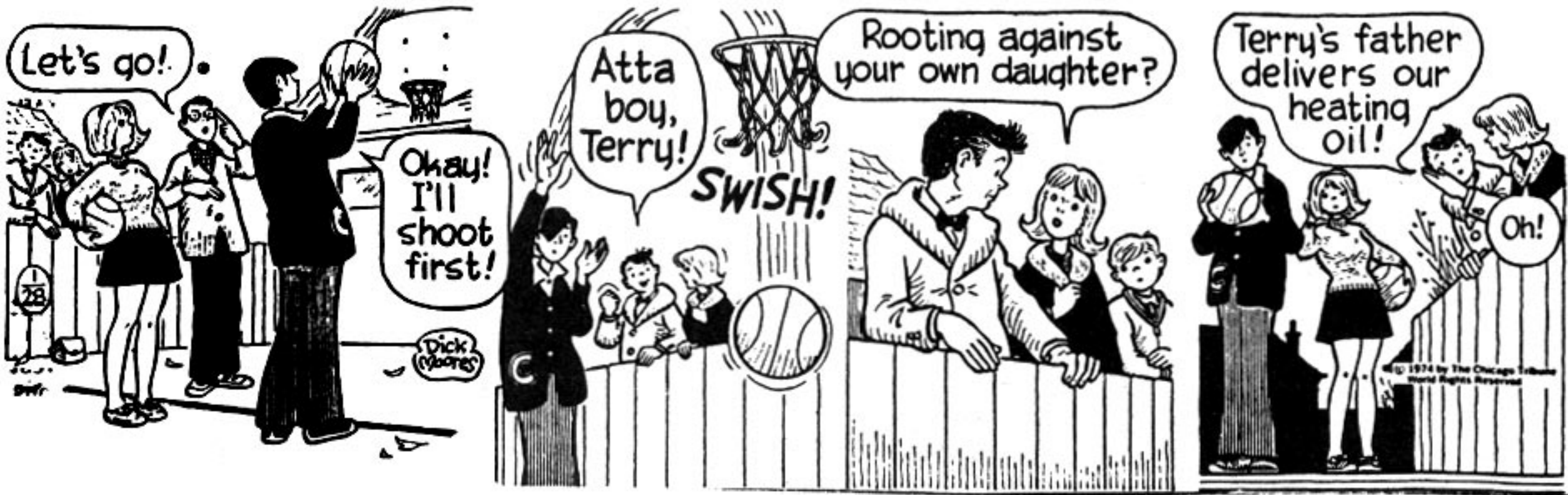
She can't see through her false eye-lashes!

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Let's go!

Okay!
I'll
shoot
first!

Dick
Moore

Atta
boy,
Terry!

SWISH!

Rooting against
your own daughter?

Terry's father
delivers our
heating
oil!

Oh!

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Twenty, Terry!

THUMP! THUD

I'll quit on that!

I wouldn't want to skunk a little girl too badly!

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Dick Moores

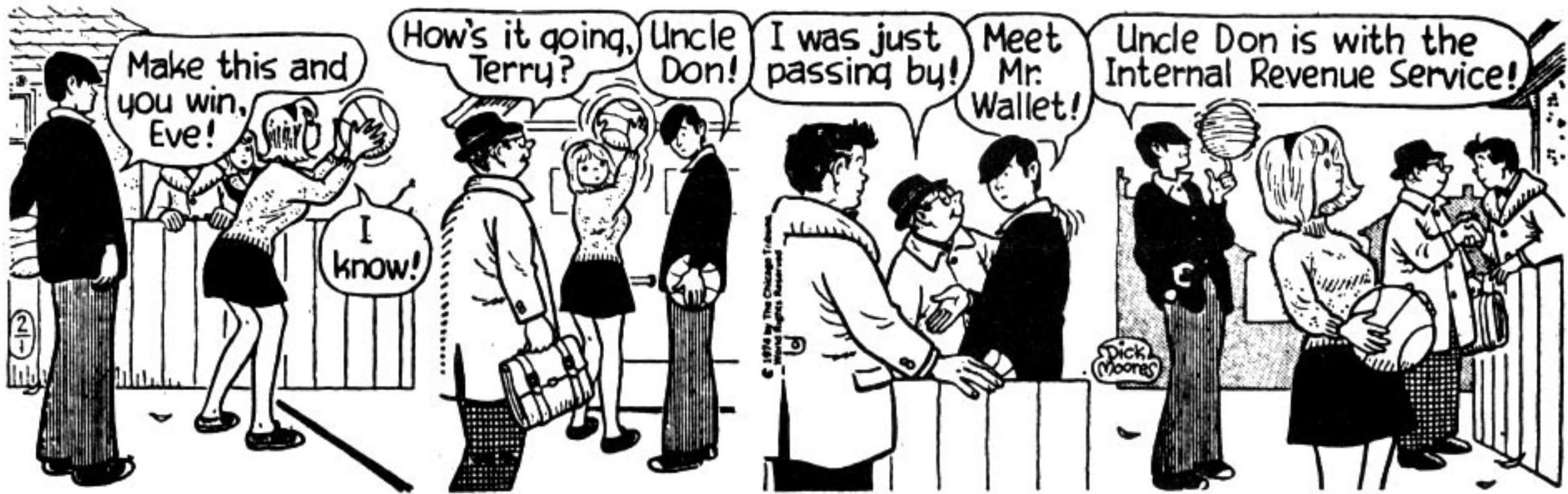
You'd better try to luck a few more in, Buster!

I hate to see grown boys cry!









Make this and you win, Eve!

I know!

How's it going, Terry?

Uncle Don!

I was just passing by!

Meet Mr. Wallet!

Uncle Don is with the Internal Revenue Service!

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Dick Moores

Your face is familiar,
Mr. Best!



You've probably
met my brother!
We look alike!



He's the tax
assessor!

Uncle
Bill!



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You're a good shot, Eve! You should try out for the girls' team!



2/4

I doubt if I could make it!



They're pretty good!



But I'm thinking seriously of going out for the boys' team!



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Dick
Voices

Good morning, Mr. Best!
Glad to see you!

Mornin',
Mr. Wallet!

Was he mad
because Eve
beat Terry?

He didn't
act mad!

But this is the first time
he's put the oil in with an
eyedropper!



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World Rights Reserved

Dick
Moore's

Hope and Corky are having a party, Phyllis?

2/6

Yes, Walt! It's one of those "bring your own" affairs!

How long are we staying?

Hope thought if everyone brought a quart!

It's colder tonight! I put in two quarts!

Dick Moores

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Hop in, Gramps! I'll drive you home!

Thanks, Chipper!

I have to stop here for a minute!

House call?

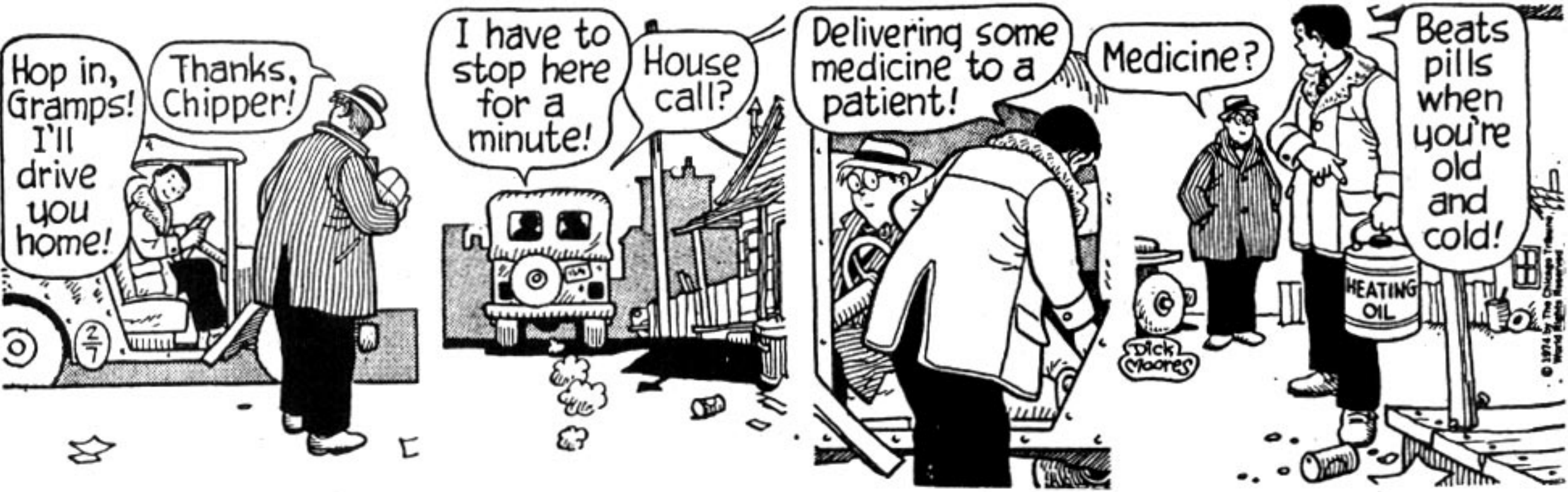
Delivering some medicine to a patient!

Medicine?

Beats pills when you're old and cold!

Dick Moores

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Where's Skeezi, Miss Tabb?

2/8

In the shop, Mr. Wallet!

Gasoline Alley Garage

Dick Moores

And check the plugs!

Right!

When do you expect more oil?

Not till next week!

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World Rights Reserved



You didn't tell me you were a father, Sarge!

2/9

I gave birth this morning, Hack!

Hot water bottle! Keeps my hands warm!

Hey!

It's also my lunch!

Hot soup!

Dick Moores

© 1955 by Dick Moores





Maybe Avery or Doc has extra oil, Walt!

Face it, Phyllis!

Nobody has extra oil!

We'll just have to sit tight!

And very close together!

2/13

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Dick Moore's



It's time to blow out the candles on your birthday cake, Skee-zix!



This year I think we'll just let them burn down!

2/14

Gasolin Alley Garage

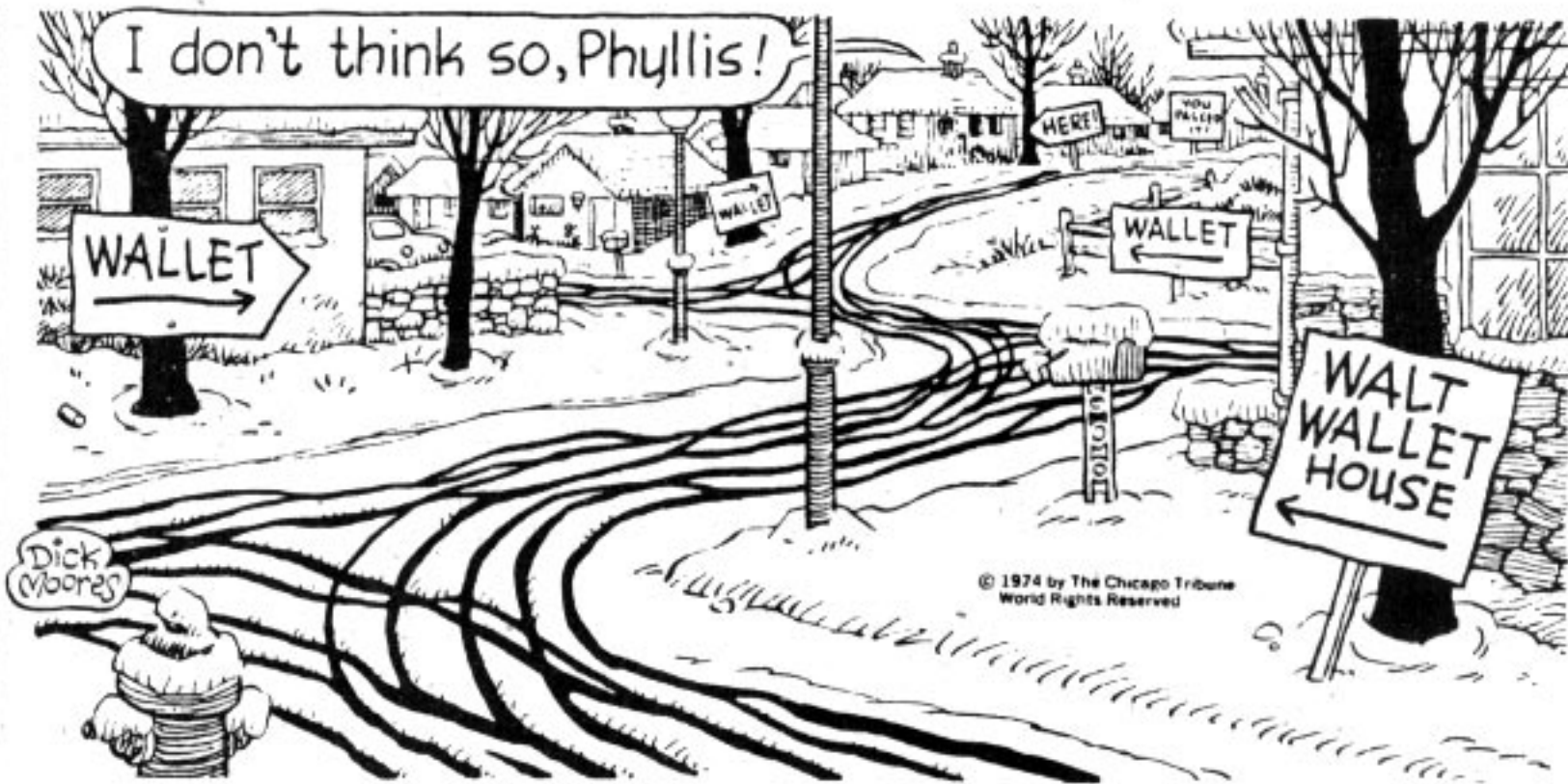
Dick Moores

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There's a new driver on the oil truck, Walt!
He may have trouble finding our house!



2/15



I don't think so, Phyllis!


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2/16


Feel that!
Heat at last!



What's the
matter,
Phyllis?



I was thinking
of all the people
who still don't
have any heat!



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Dick
Moore





You're going out to see Joel, Walt?

2/18

Thought I'd check him out!

I worry about him, Phyllis!

Out there in that shack in the bitter cold.

Also he might be able to find us some fire-wood.



Dick Moores



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Evenin', Mister Walt!

What are you doing out here in the cold, Joel?

It's a mite stuffy in th' shack!

I had t' build up th' fire!

Becky's got th' sniffles!

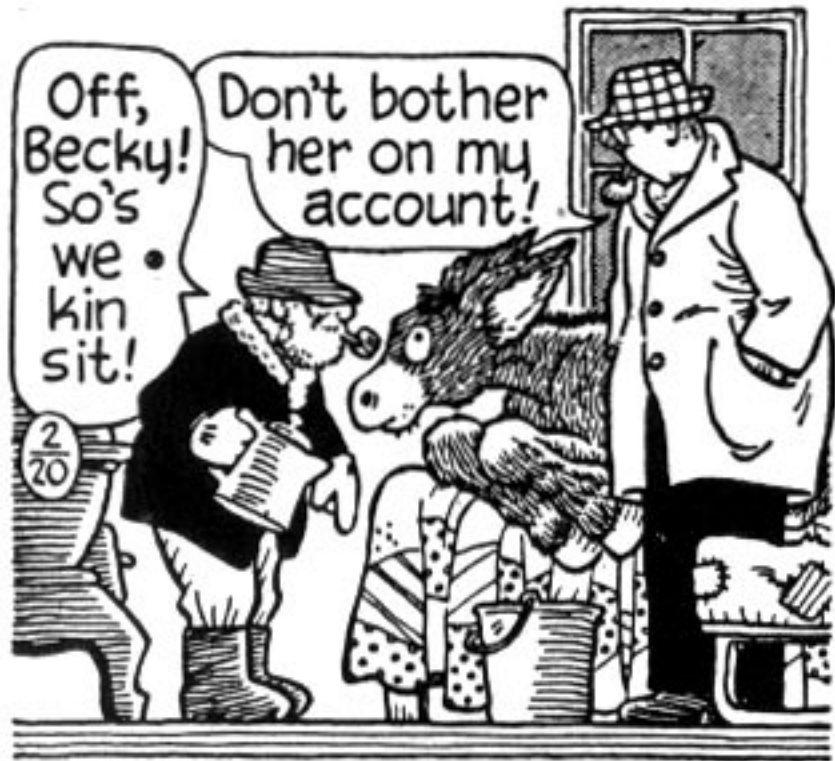
2/19

THE TOWN TOP MOVERS

Dick Moores

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You never seem to get cold, Joel! Why?

2/21

I always wears a hat!

Th' heat in a man's body goes up!

Exscapes out th' top of his head!

Takin' yer hat off is like uncorkin' a Thermos jug!

Dick Moores

2/22

I wears m' hat all th' time, Mister Walt!

I've heard that causes baldness!

Ol' wife's tale!



Dick Moores

Becky's a better donkey than she is a table!

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I'll bring yer wood t'morra', Mister Walt!

Thank you, Joel!

2/26



Another car going down that road!



It's none of my business!



On the other hand... what th' heck?



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of the publisher

Rufus?
Hop in!

Thank you,
Mister Walt!

2
27



Where are you going?

T' Zeb's!



He's the
one who
has the
still?

Yes'm!

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Did you bring yer
jug? Zeb don't finish
no containers!

Dick
Moore's



So that's where
this road goes,
Rufus... to
Zeb's still?

Yes'm,
Mister
Walt!

2
28

Dick
Moore's

I thought he
was across town!

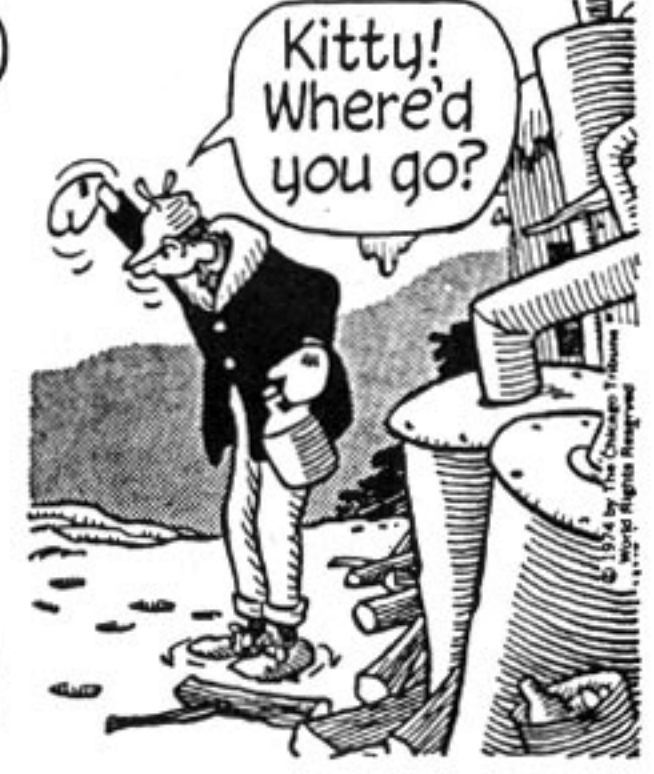
He move
down here t'
th' river!

Close t' supplies...
right by th' garbage
scow!

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3
1



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3/2

Kitty!

Here are his tracks, Rufus!



He went in here!



Kitty?

I wouldn't go in there if I were you, Rufus!



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He hit the lever
when he fell!

CLICK!
CLACK!

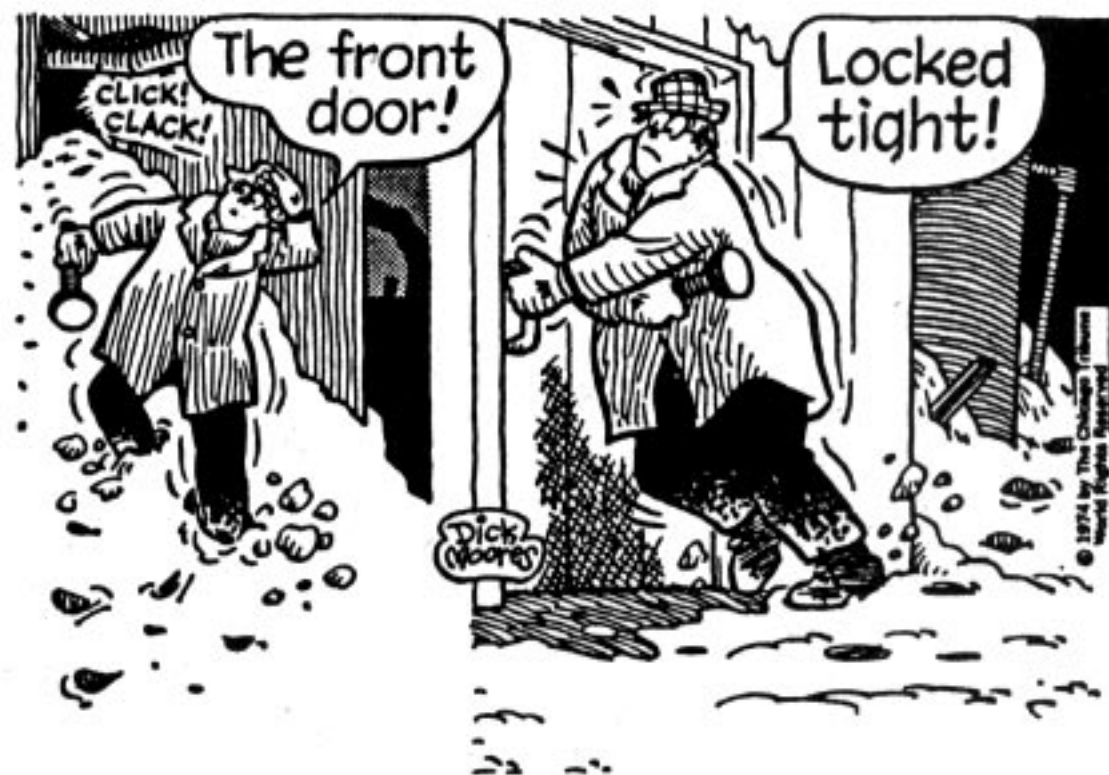
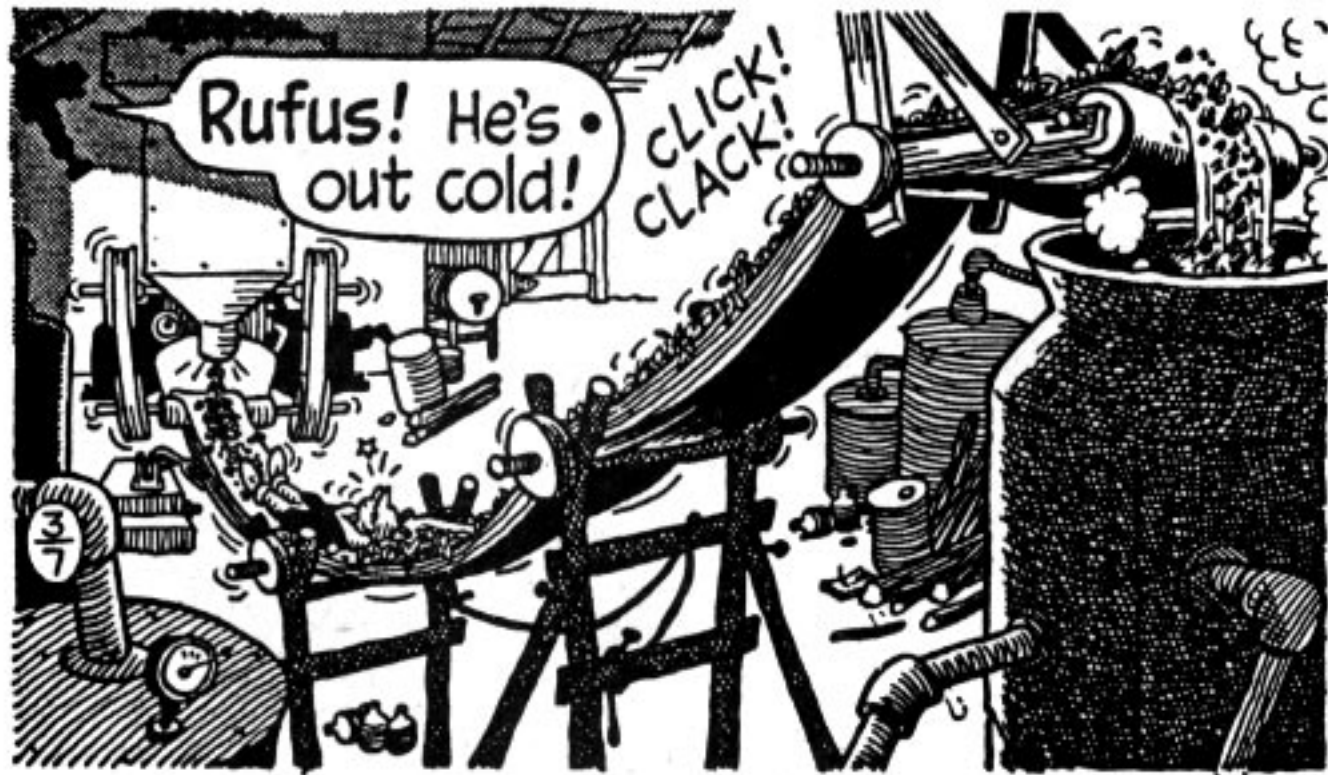
3/3

Rufus!

CLICK!
CLACK!

Dick
Moore's

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That ther' door's barred
from th' inside, Mister Walt!



But if you is in
real need I got a
jug here on th'
cart!

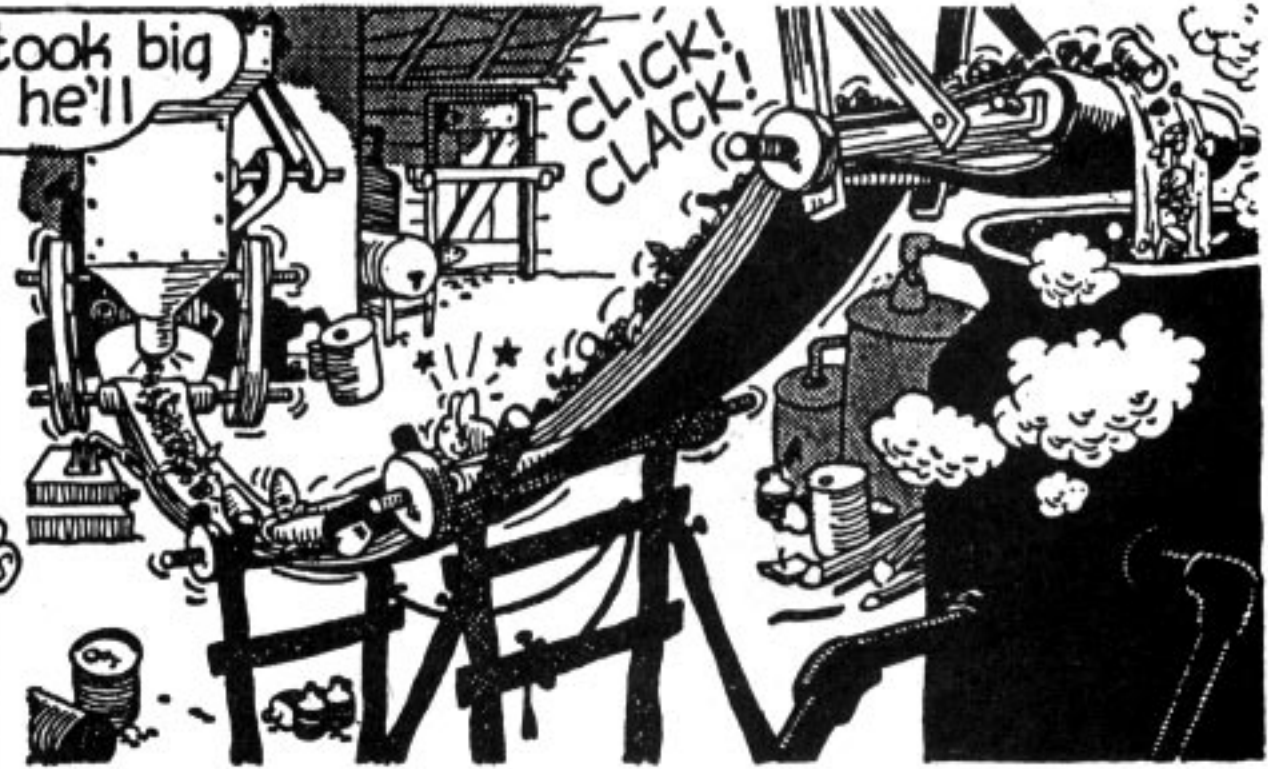


In there, Joel! Rufus!
Big belt!

Well, now...Rufus's took big
belts b'fore! Likely he'll
sleep it off!

CLICK!
CLACK!

Dick
Moore



Rufus is unconscious
in there
on a
moving
belt,
Joel!

How
long it
been
movin'?

Three...
four
minutes!

Nuthin' t'
fret about,
Mister
Walt!

Zeb's contraption ain't
never run fer more'n
five minutes without
breakin' down yet!

3
11

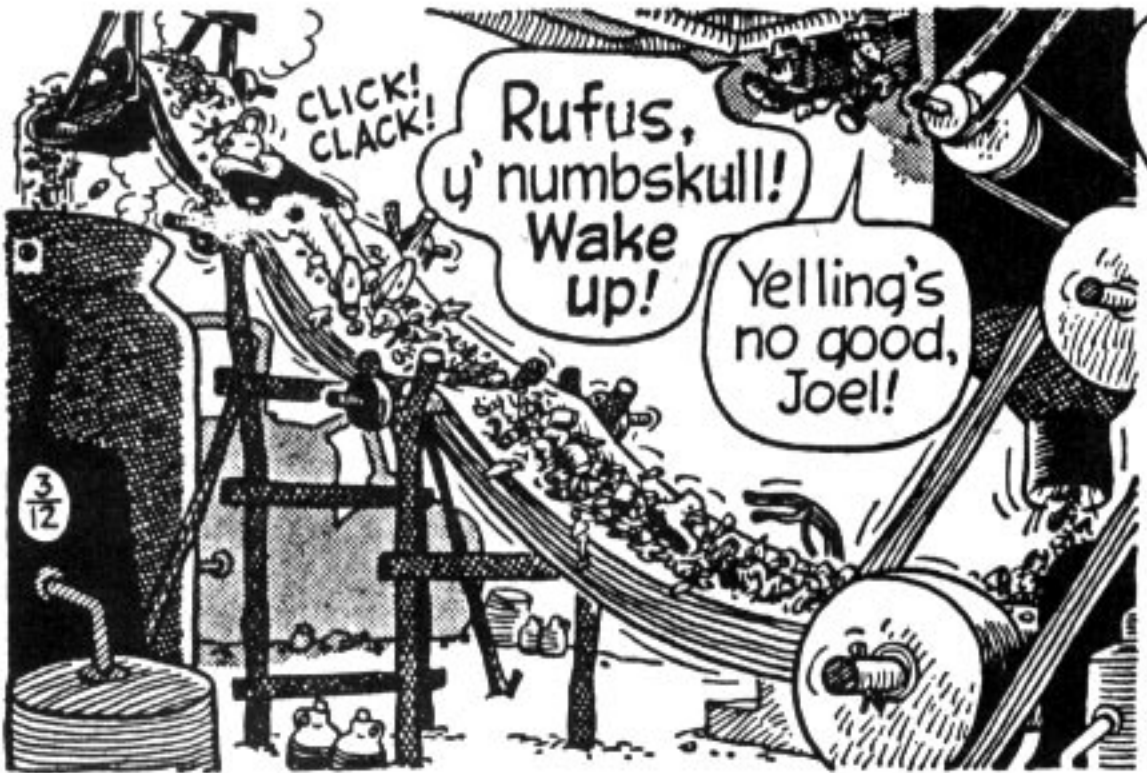
CLICK!
CLACK!

Dick
Moore's

CLICK!
CLACK!

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CLICK!
CLACK!

Rufus,
y' numbskull!
Wake
up!

Yelling's
no good,
Joel!

3
12



They's a back door!
I shoul'da' thought o'
that b'fore!

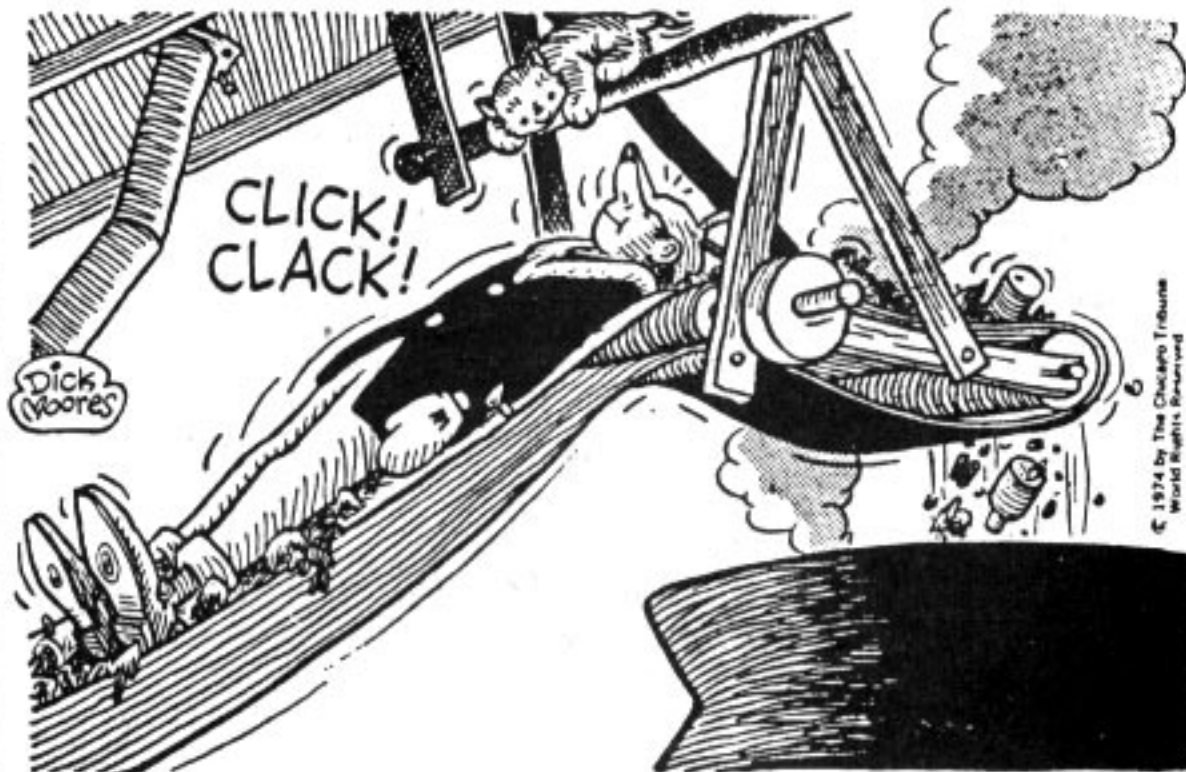
Dick
Mooney



How can
I help?

If Rufus
wuz here
he'd fetch
m' jug!

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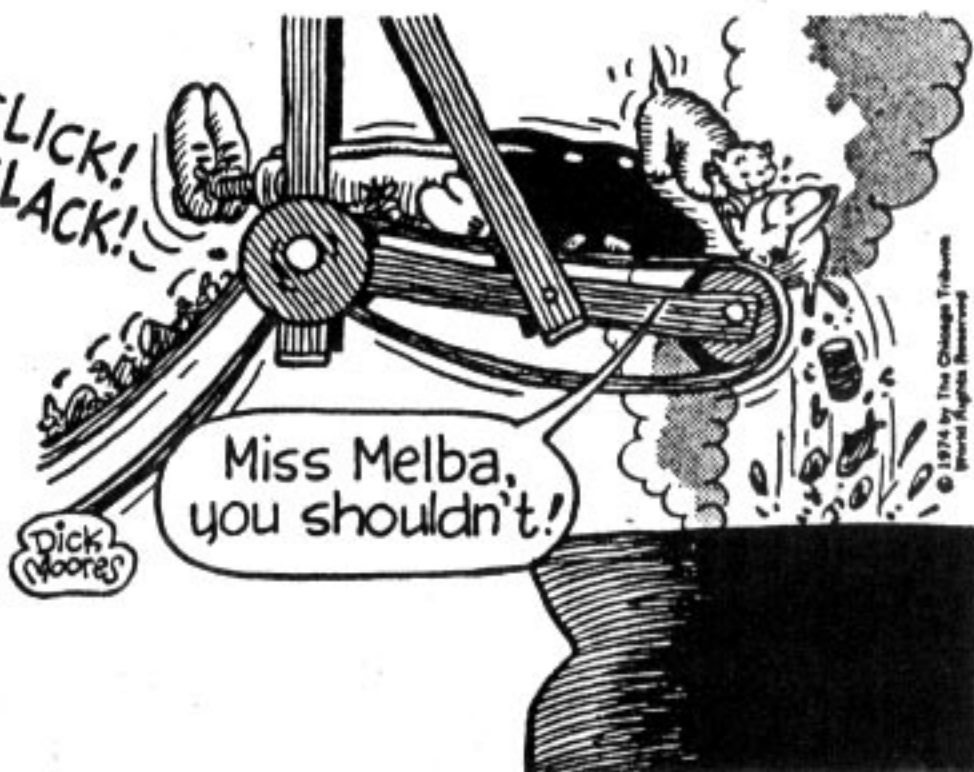
Rufus!
We're
here!



All we got t' do
is push th' lever!



I declare!



CLICK!
CLACK!

Miss Melba,
you shouldn't!

Dick
Moore's

Kitty, where you been?
• You smells like garbage!

CLICK!
CLACK!

3/15

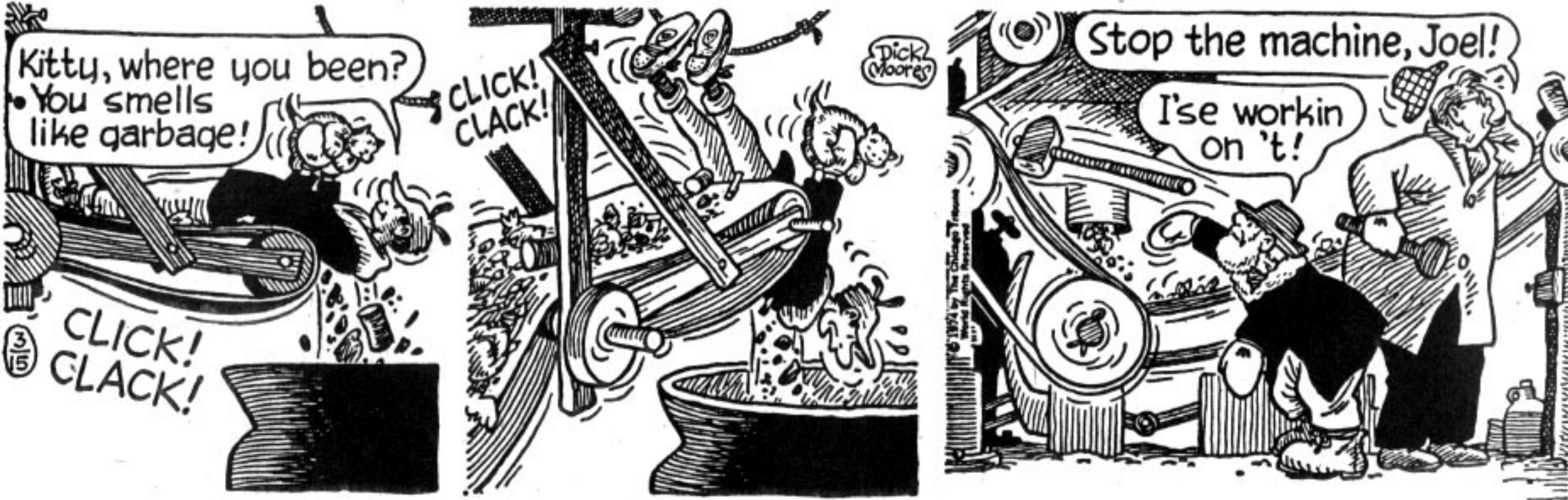
CLICK!
CLACK!

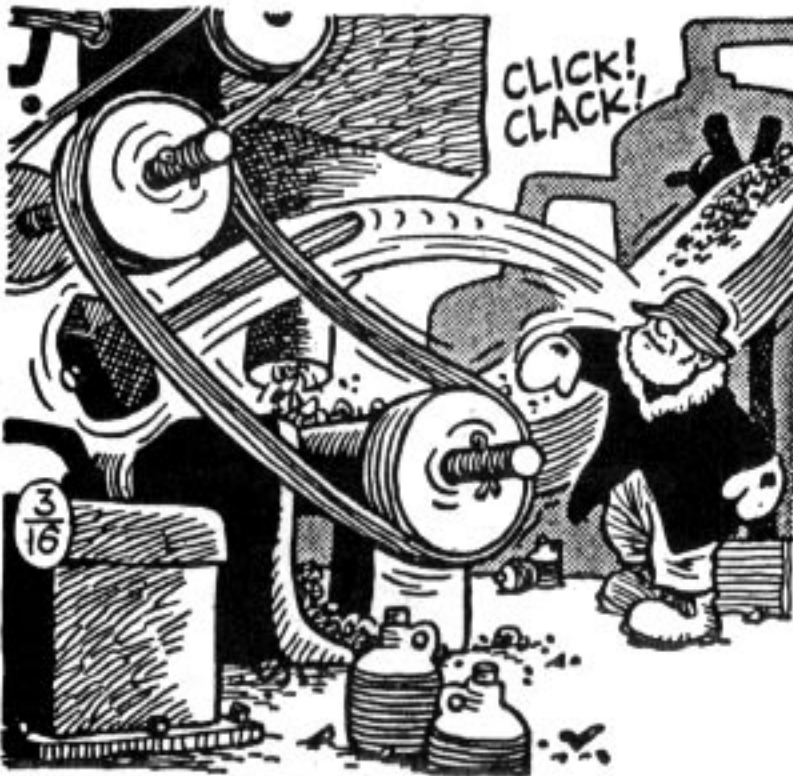
Dick
Moore

Stop the machine, Joel!

I'se workin
on 't!

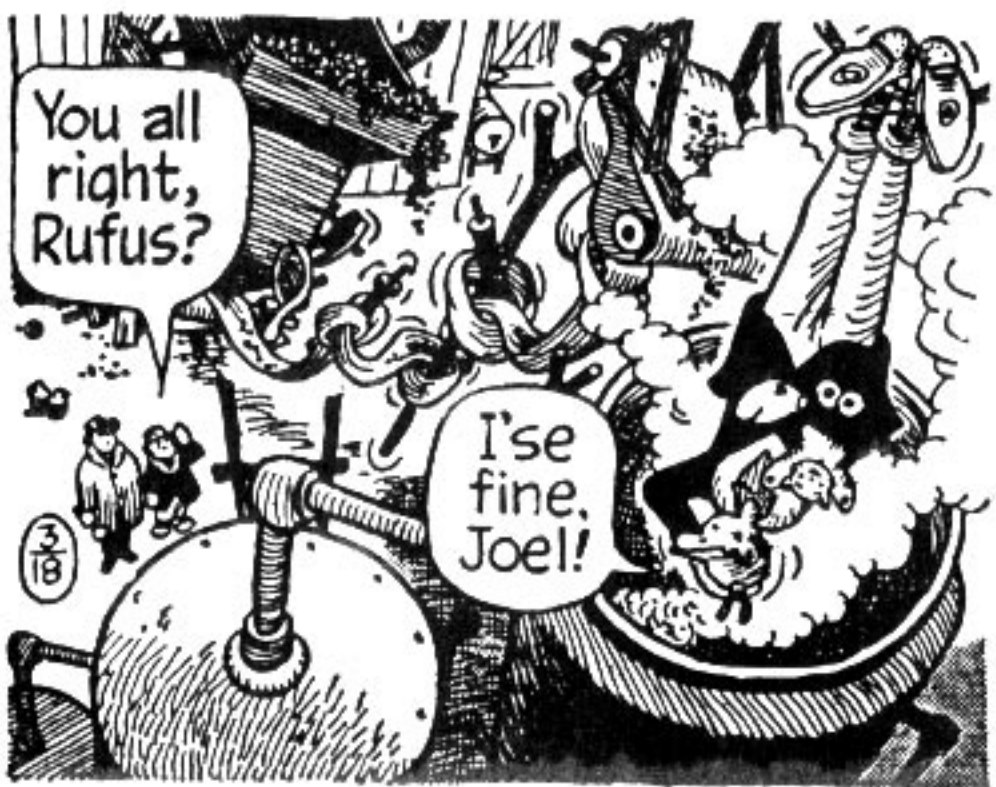
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CRASH
RIP!
Whap
GRINCH!
CLANK!
CLUNK!





You all right, Rufus?

I'se fine, Joel!



Then don't jes' hang ther'!



Come down an' he'p me straighten up this mess!

Dick Moores

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Where's Zeb?
I need fifty gallons!

3
20

That's a lot of "cider," Wilmer!

Cider? Who needs that?

Zeb convert his still t' gasoline las' week, Mister Walt!

Gasoline? It taste jes' th' same t' me!

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Zeb makes gasoline out of garbage?

Garbage, leaves, sticks, coal...

...an' he throw in a touch o' pokeweed fer extra pep!

It test out a hundret proof!

Octane, I think that is, Joel!

Dick Yoors

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Sure you don't want some gas, Mister Walt?

I'm sure, Joel!

3/23

I'll walk before I'll buy illegal gas!

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SPUT!
COUGH!

Dick Moore

I'm a prophet!



Walt! What are you doing out in the snow?

Ran out of gas, Avery!

So did I!

Walt! Avery!

Doc! What gives?

I ran out of gas!

This is the first time we've been together for months!

Corky's Diner

Dick Moore

3/25

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It's great to sit and talk like this again!

Neighbors, and we never see each other!

Always chugging off somewhere in our cars!

It took dry tanks to get us together!

Wheels are great things! They giveth...but they also taketh away!

Dick Moore



I remember when you bought your first car, Walt!

My old 1916 Velie!

Remember my Stutz?

It'd do seventy on a straight stretch of road!

Only there wasn't any straight stretch of road!

I've forgotten what kind of mileage we got!

Who cared! Gas was only a dime a gallon!

3/27

Dick Moores

Corky's Diner

© 1974 by Two Chicago Friends
World Rights Reserved

I'll bet I've had
twenty cars over
the
past
55
years,
Walt!

Me, too, Doc! First
was my Velie, then the
Durant, the Marmon, the
Hupmobile...

How many have
you had, Avery?

One
car
and
one
wife!

Corky, I figure if
you find something
good, hang onto it!

3
28

Dick
Voors

Corky's
Diner

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Sir, may I set a spell t' warm m'self?

3/29

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Sure!

It's only fair you should know... I don't aim t' buy nuthin'!

That's okay!

Coffee on the house?

I never touches stimulat-in' drink!

Rufus's Melba!

Dick Moore's

We'll see you home, Miss Melba!

We insist!

I'se fine, really!

You're freezing! Put this on!

Here! Take mine, too!

Old fools!

You gentlemen is too kind!

3/30

Dick's
Yoores

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Walt's scarf?

4
T

Him an' Mister Doc escort me home las' night!

An' he ferqot it!

Thank you, but Mr. Wallet is sick in bed!

Oh, dear! Did you call the doctor?

"Mister Doc" is also sick in bed!

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Dick
Voets

Mr. Wallet is sick in bed with a cold, miss!

It's my fault, Miz' Wallet!

He kindly lend me his coat!

I feels respons'ble!

You must let me he'p tend th' poor man!

I can handle it!



Dick Moore's

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Moral Rights Reserved



I don't need any help, miss!

4/3

I feels duty-bound! I is th' cause of his illness!

They's more t' tendin' th' sick than jes fluffin' pillows!

Dick Moore's

They's laundry... floors t' scrub... bowls t' clean!

Is this your cleanin' closet?

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Reprinted by permission

I can't let you just barge in here and...

4
4

Mr. Wallet is callin' you, ma'am!

I can't do a thing with her, Walt!

Could you fluff my pillows a bit?

You should see the bathroom It sparkle like a shiny new dime!"

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Dick
Mooney

I'se
a old
hand
at
tendin'
the
sick,
Mr.
Wallet!



4
5

Let's see! I nurse
Gran'daddy till he
die!



Then it were
Uncle Ben!



Po' man! He
linger on
fer most
a month!



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I se respons'ble
fer Mr. Wallet's
illness, ma'am!

4
8



I aims t' hep you
every day till he's
well!



Walt! What
are you doing
up?

I feel
better!

You're sick! Get
back in bed!

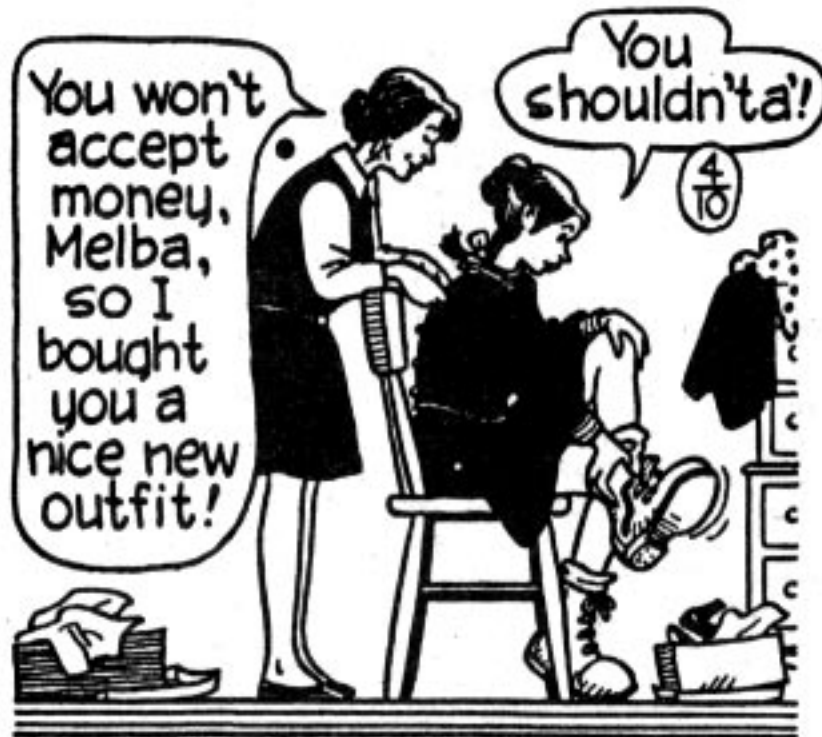


Dick
Vooren

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Thank you, Melba!

I got t'run now!



I'se due at work!



May I drive you to City Hall, Melba?

Oh, no, ma'am!



I has join a cart pool!



4
12



Joel, how come sis here git th' sof' seat?



Dick
Voobes

I jes' does what th' machine say!



All us cart pools is work'd out by computer!



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I'se droppin' 'er off at cousin Lu's!

No animals allowed in th' cart pool!

What about that fool cat?

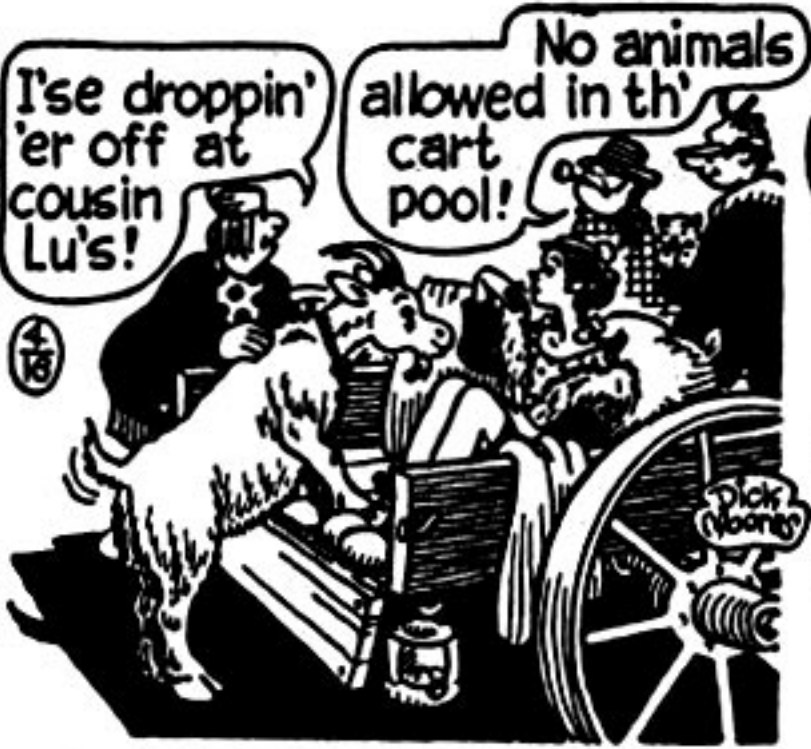
He sit on Rufus's lap!

Honas is a lapgoat from way back!

4/18

Dick Moores

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Hey! That goat's eatin' my cap!



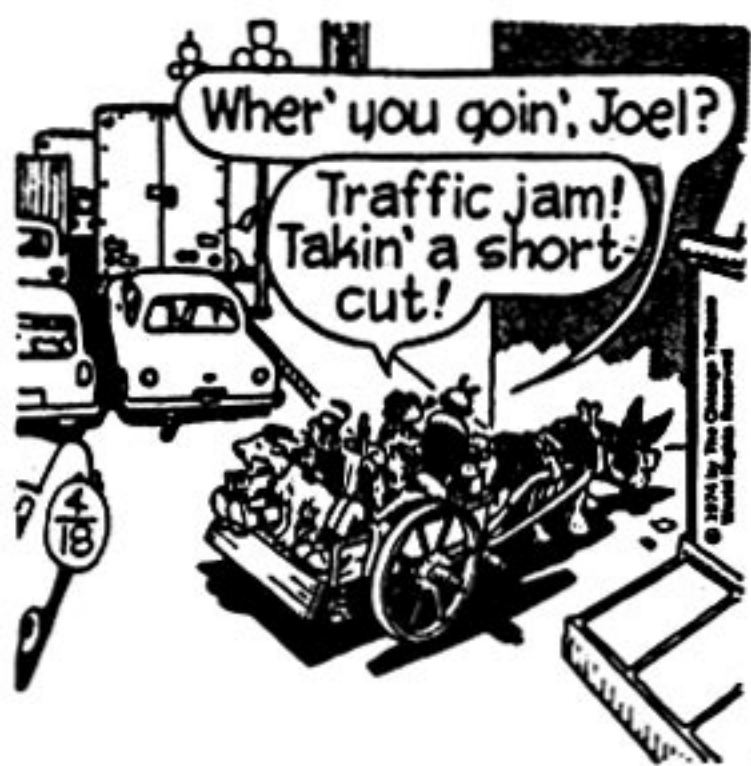
Goats don't eat caps!



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She jes' want it t' wear!





Git that thin' out o' th' way, Rufus!

DANGER KE OUT

We can't go through th' ol' tunnel, Joel!

Positively no vehicles allowed at this point!

Dick Moores

Th' sign say...

I ain't ask what it say!

You always throwin' it up t' me that I can't read, Rufus!

© 1951 by The Columbia TriStar
New York, N.Y.

If this here shortcut's safe, how come it's so dark?

Light th' lan't'rn, Rufus!



4/20

She's lit, Joel!



Seem mighty dim!

Dick Woods



We cut it down 20% fer th' President! 'Member?



Some cart pool! I pays
m' dime t' molder an' die
in a dark ol'
tunnel!



Is we
lost,
Joel?

Jes' need
some
directions,
Rufus!

See what
that sign
say yonder!



Do not board or
leave cars while
horses is still
in motion!



Water! We'll drown!

It's jes' a puddle, ma'am!



See how far it come over yer shoe tops, Rufus!



Dick Hoopes



Mind th' lamp, boy!





We goin't' be late fer work!

One more plank'll do 'er, Rufus!

Here's a loose one!

Got it!

POW!

Th' roof cave in!
We's trapped!

Lucky we
ain't headin'
that way!

What we
goin' t'
do now?

You got
two choices,
lady!

You kin ride acrost...
or you kin walk
acrost!







You all right,
Miss
Melba?

I'se
fine!

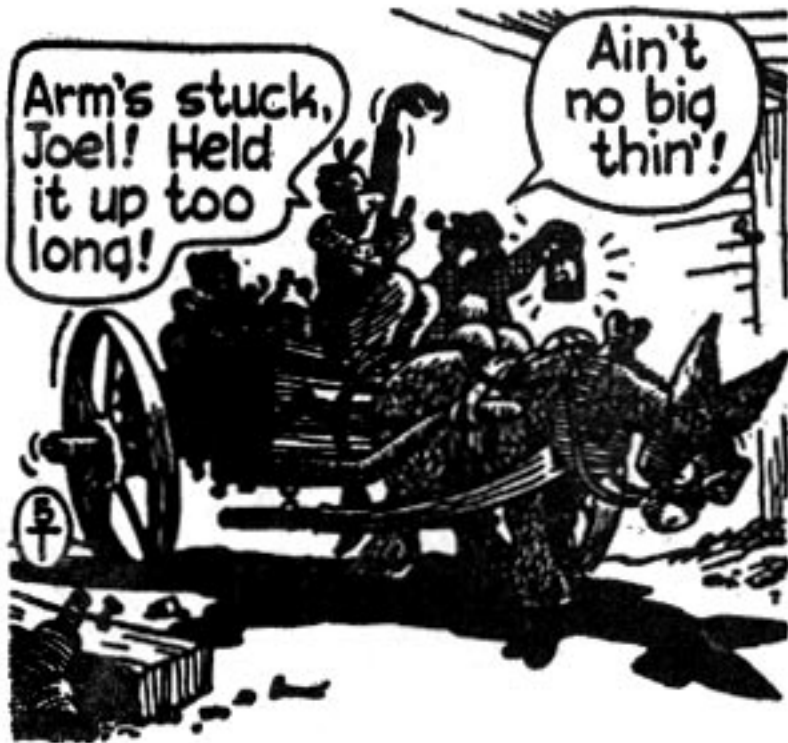
Dick
Voors

You kin rest
yer
arm
now,
Rufus!

We's
acrost!

It's
stuck!





Arm's stuck, Joel! Held it up too long!

Ain't no big thin'!



Dick Young

'Less we comes t' a low ceilin'!



Mind th' jug!



Nice ketch, Rufus!

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I thought you'd be way up ahead by now lady!

I ain't!

What's th' matter? Run out o' matches?

Got plenty o' matches!

Run out o' tunnel!

5/2

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Pick
Hoops

We's trapped down here at both ends!



Well, now... they's a ol' sayin'!

5/3

"What go down, gotta come up!"



Dick Moores

I think it's "what gotta go up, come down," Joel!



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Hesh up, Rufus, an' fetch me th' jug an' m' sledge!



I think I found a sof' place here in th' ceilin', Rufus!



Give 'er a tap right here!



Dick Dibore's

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BUMP!



Look like you hit 'er right on th' button!



We's stuck good, Joel!
Blocked off at both
ends!



Only way out
is up, Rufus!



Through solid
cee-ment!



I almos' wish now
I'd took th' short-
cut acrost th' ol'
bridge!



Is we really trap, Rufus?

We ain't 'zactly out!

If...heaven fo'bid, these is our las' hours in this fine worl'...

...I'se glad I is spendin' them with you!

Likewise, Miss Melba!

What you two doin' over ther' in th' dark?

5/7

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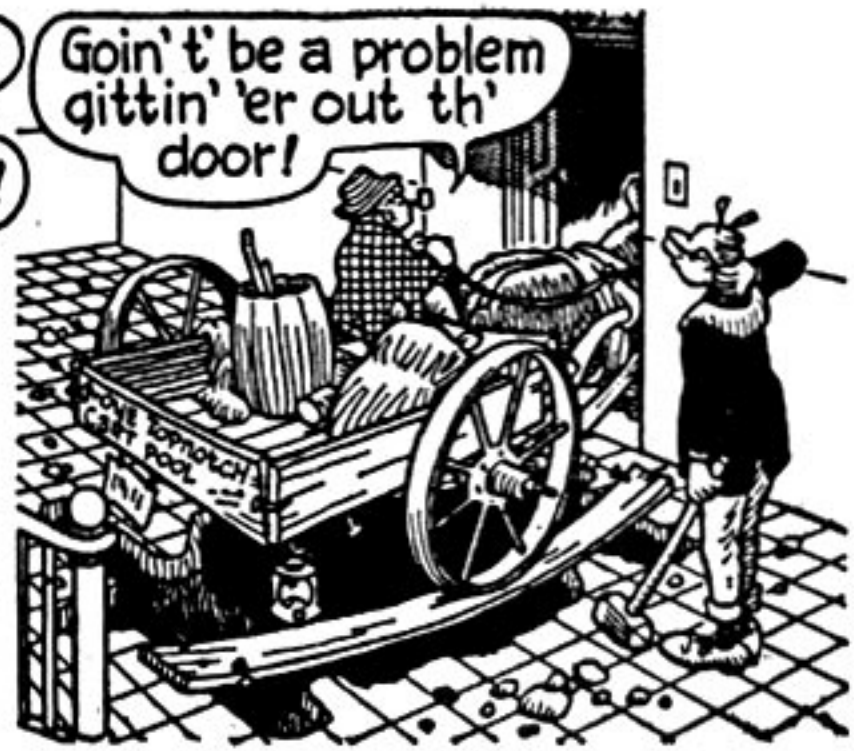
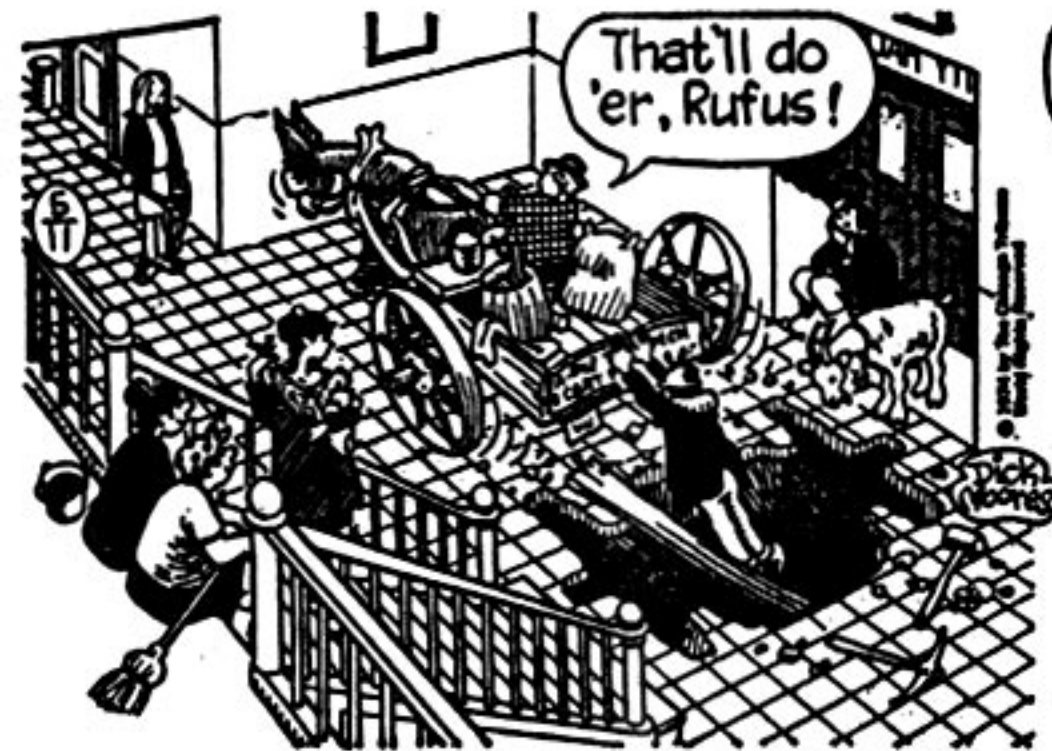
Dick Moores



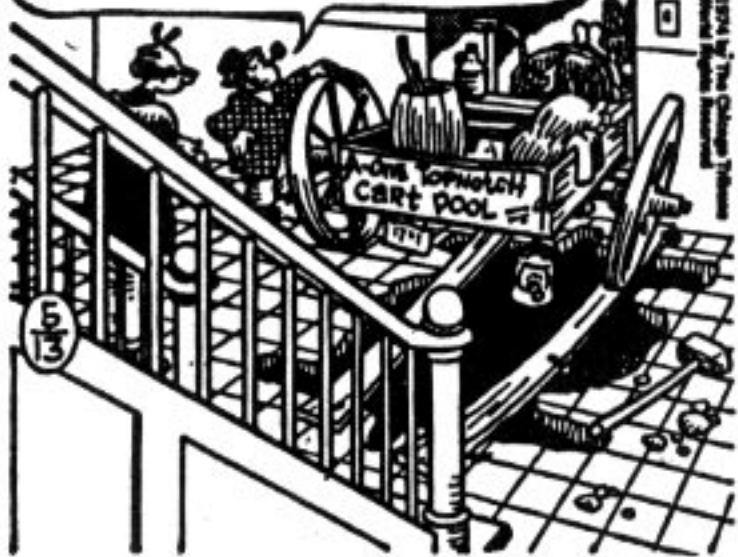








Look like th' wheels
got t' come off, Rufus!



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Chicago Tribune

Wher'
you
goin'?



Dick
Moore's

It's after six!
I'se on company
time!



Goin' up
t' dust th'
mayor's
sof'
couch!





Late opening this morning, Mr. Bicker!

Rufus was supposed to do this!

5/14

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You can't count on the man to do anything!

Dick Wooster

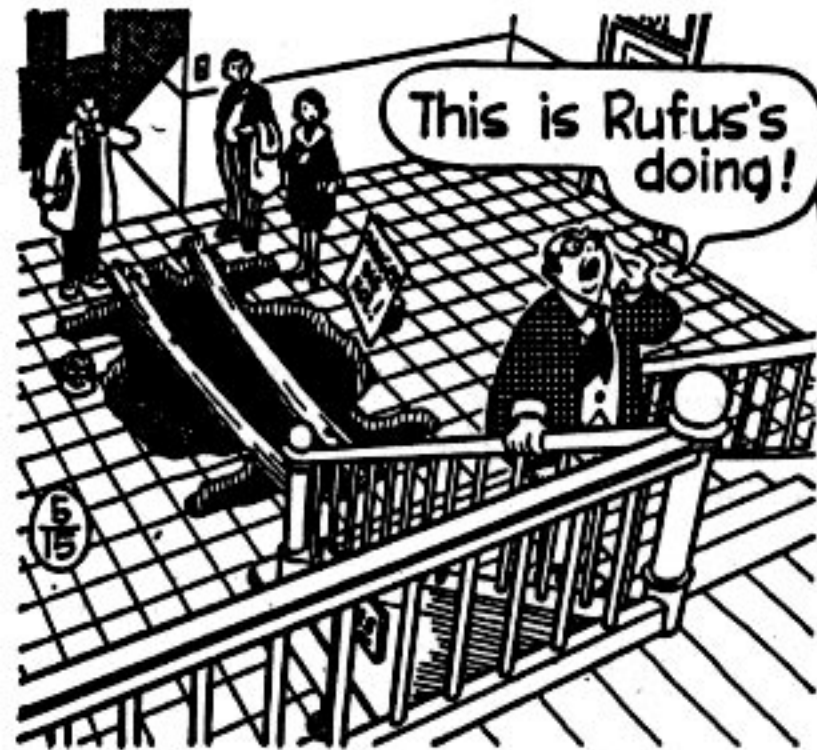


CRUNCH!



I'll take that back! For some things you can count on him!

DANGER BIG HOLE!



You're fired, Rufus!

5/16



If you set foot in City Hall again I'll have you arrested!



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Need bigger boards here!
Tain't safe!



Dick Moores

You've been fired, Rufus?

Yes'm, Mister Skeezix

This would be a good time to pay the five I owe you!

Yes'm!

Dick Moores

She like th' taste o' anythin' green!



Where did you get the goat, Rufus?

Tain't mine, Mister Skeezix!

I'se keepin' er fer a lady while she's sick!

The goat is sick?

No!

The lady's sick! Sick o' this fool goat!

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Dick Woods



It'll be a while, Rufus!

Then we'll sit out here an' wait!

Dick Moore's

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On second thought, I'll see you now!



You have a sick friend, Rufus? What's wrong with her?



She's jes' sick, Doctor Chipper!

You're sure it's serious?

Yes'm!

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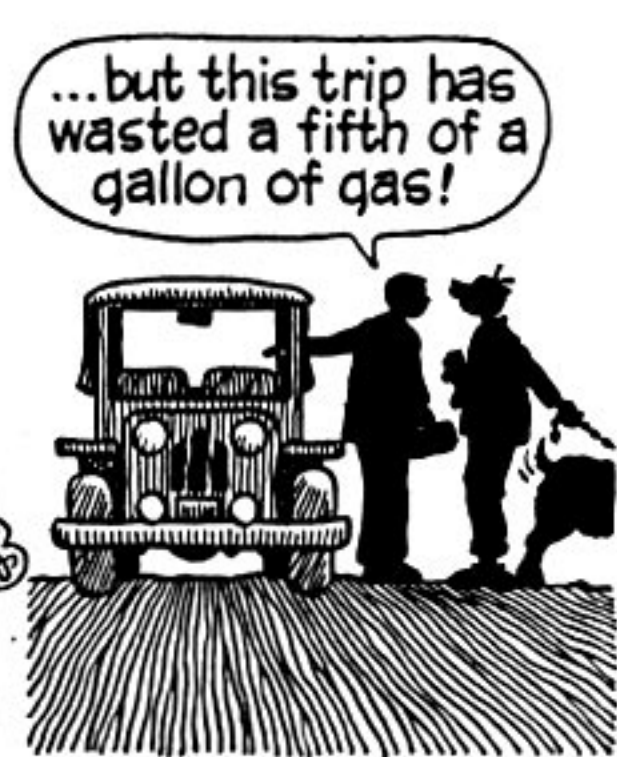


It's a' emergency!



I'se stuck mindin' her goat till she git well!







I don't need no doc!
I'se fine!



If you is so fine,
Miss Tillie...

Dick Moores



...you is fine enough
t' mind yer own goat!

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FWUMP!

You've lost your job at City Hall, Rufus?

Yes'm, Mr. Pert, an' I'se broke!

Can't pay your rent?

Yes 'm!

Dick Woones

You writin' me a r'prieve?

No!

Just a memo to myself!

Erict Rufus

Erict Wilson Done!

Erict Wilson Done

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Pert's goin' t' evict you fer not payin' yer rent, Rufus?

He say he is but he won't!

He been sayin' he goin' t' evict Widow Green fer a year now...

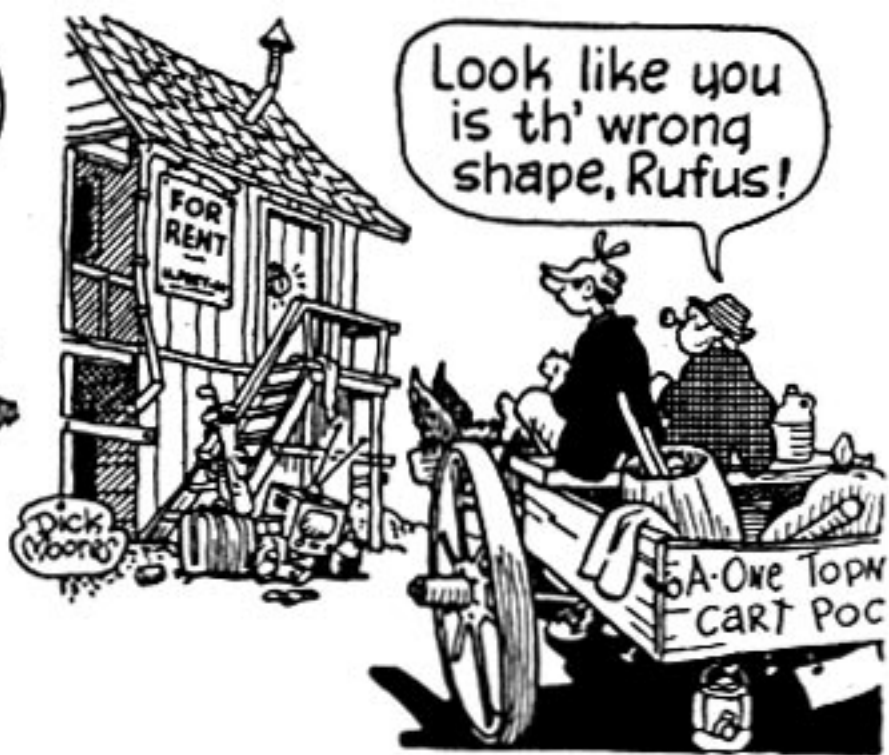
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...an' he ain't!



Dick Moore



Look like you is th' wrong shape, Rufus!

A-One Topn
- CART Poc



I ain't stony broke, Joel!

I been puttin' money in th' bank!

How much you got?

Don't know! Ain't checked lately!

Must be about ten dolla' in here though!



I wouldn't count on no he'p from yer Wet Dog Club, Rufus!

They's m' brothers, Joel!

Us Wet Dogs is dedicated t' he'pin' brothers what's less fortunate!

Dick Moores

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Wet Dog Club Reserved

POOL

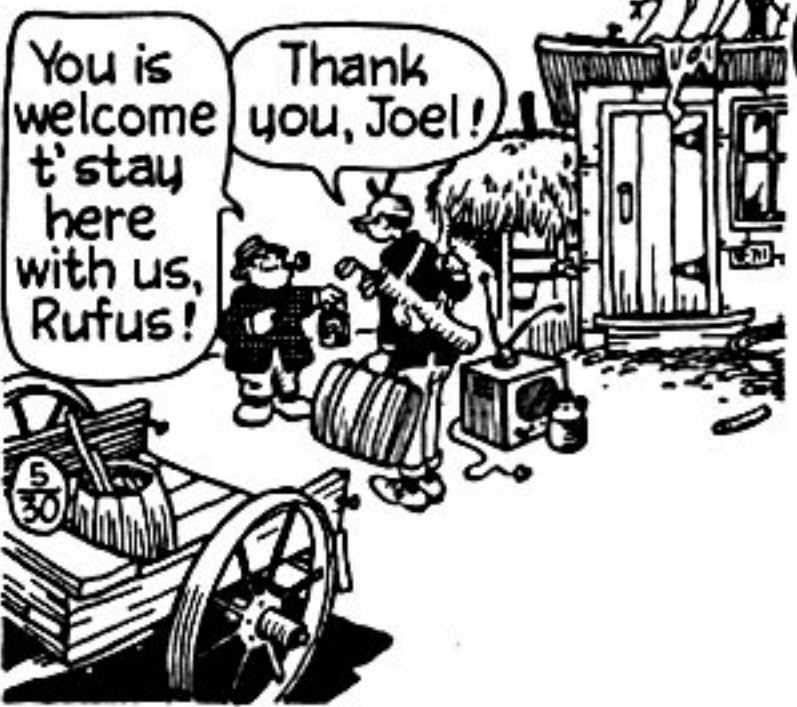
I'se two weeks b'hind with m' dues!

A-ONE Cant Ton



You is welcome t' stay here with us, Rufus!

Thank you, Joel!



So long as it suit Becky!



Why you turnin' on th' TV? Ain't no 'lectricity!

Fer th' stuff I watch it don't make that much diff'rance!



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Dick Moores

It were nice of Joel t' put you up, Rufus!



Yes'm, Miss Melba!



I brung some flowers fer yer room!



Don't you like flowers?



Yes'm...but Becky like 'em more!



You got t' stay out o' my
pers'nal thin's, Becky!



Phyllis sent
this fruit for
Rufus,
Joel!



That's right nice,
Mister Walt! He's
in th' quest room!



That's him on th'
right!



What are these papers, Rufus?

M' pers'nal thin's!

Stuff what m' gran-pappy pass down t' m' pappy an' he pass down t' me!

This looks like a deed! It could be valuable!

Zactly what I been tryin' t' tell Becky!

Dick Spoons

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If I can believe my eyes, Rufus, this is a very valuable paper!

6
4

If Becky'll let loose of it!

I'll hold her nose!
When she opens her mouth, grab the deed!

Got it?

No, ma'am! She got m' finger!

Dick
CROOKS

Becky won't give Rufus his deed, Joel!

6/6



Tain't no big thin'!

Dick Moores

She like oats better'n a wu'thless ol' piece o' paper!



This worthless paper happens to be the deed to City Hall!



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It's quite plain, Rufus! This is the deed to City Hall!

Do that mean I own it, Mister Walt?

It could!

Then what am I doin' here?

Where are you going?

Down t' City Hall... t' move in!

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Plot #101



I come t' see Her Honor th' Mayor!

6/7

What about?

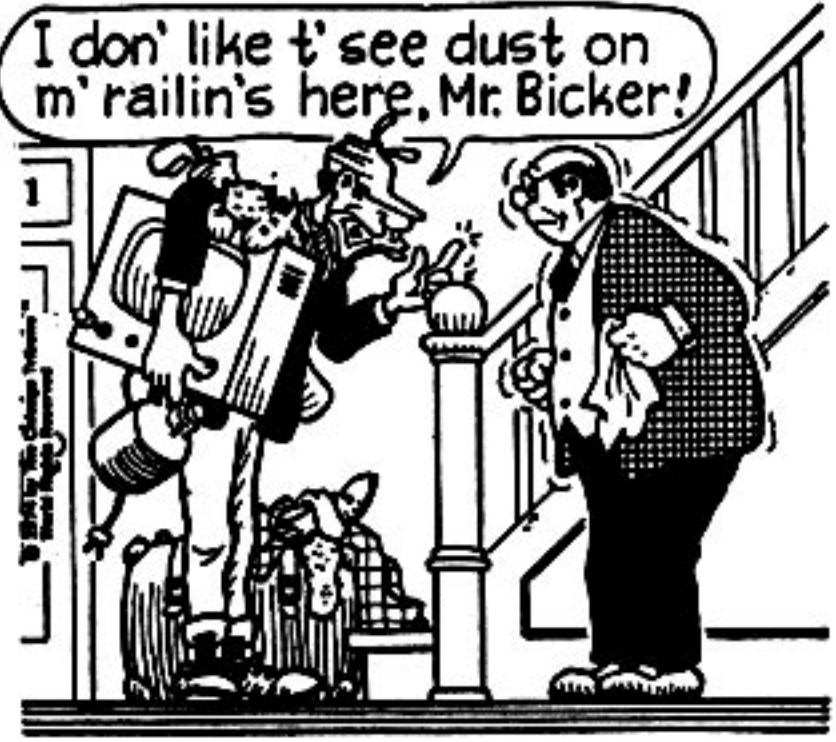
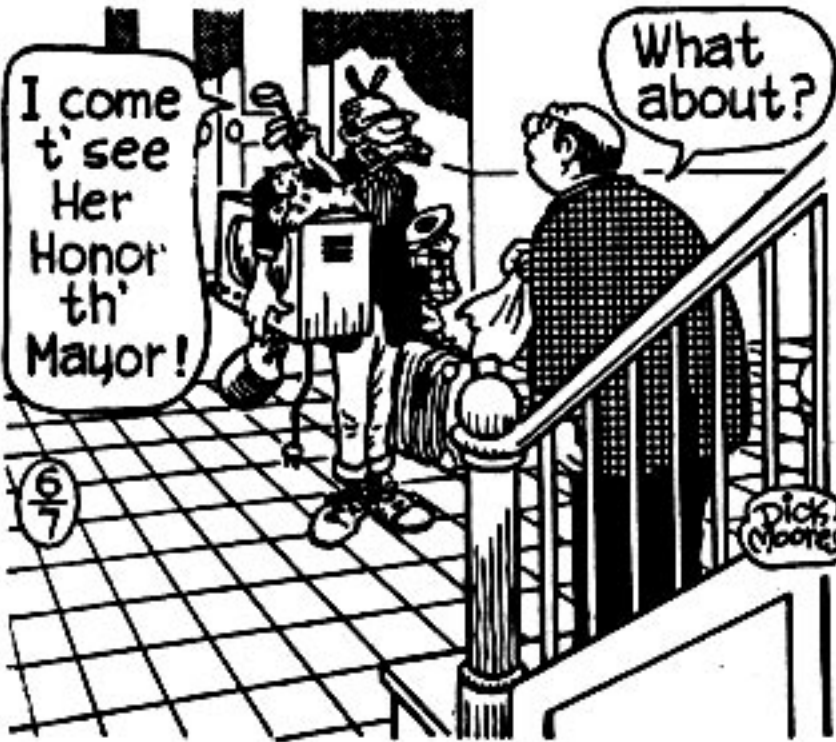
That's fer me t' know an' you t' find out!

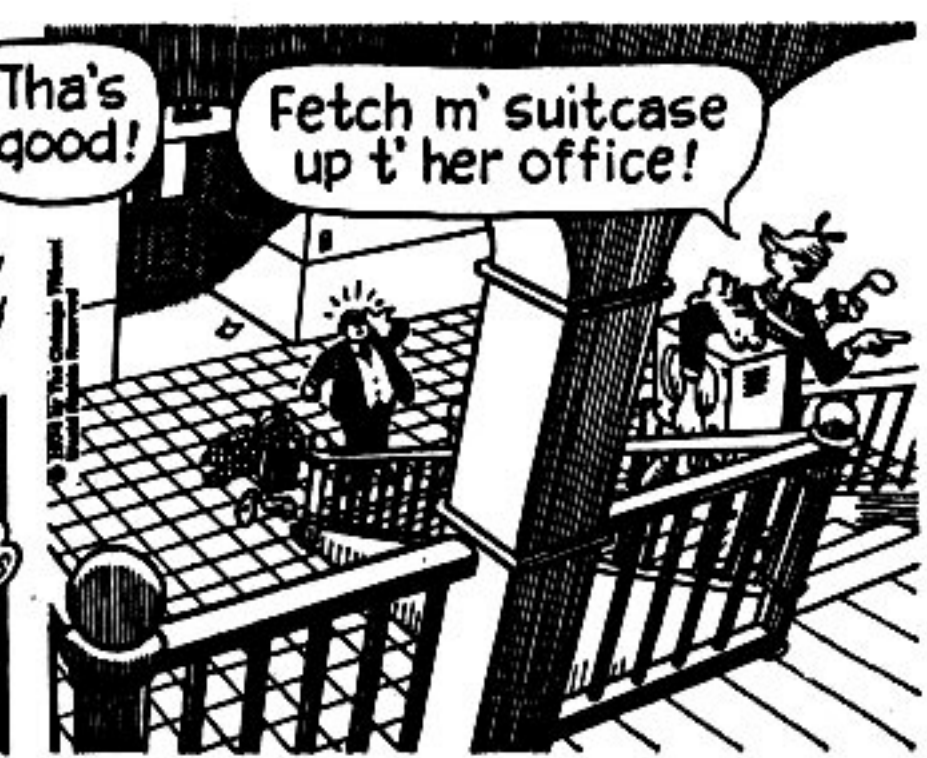
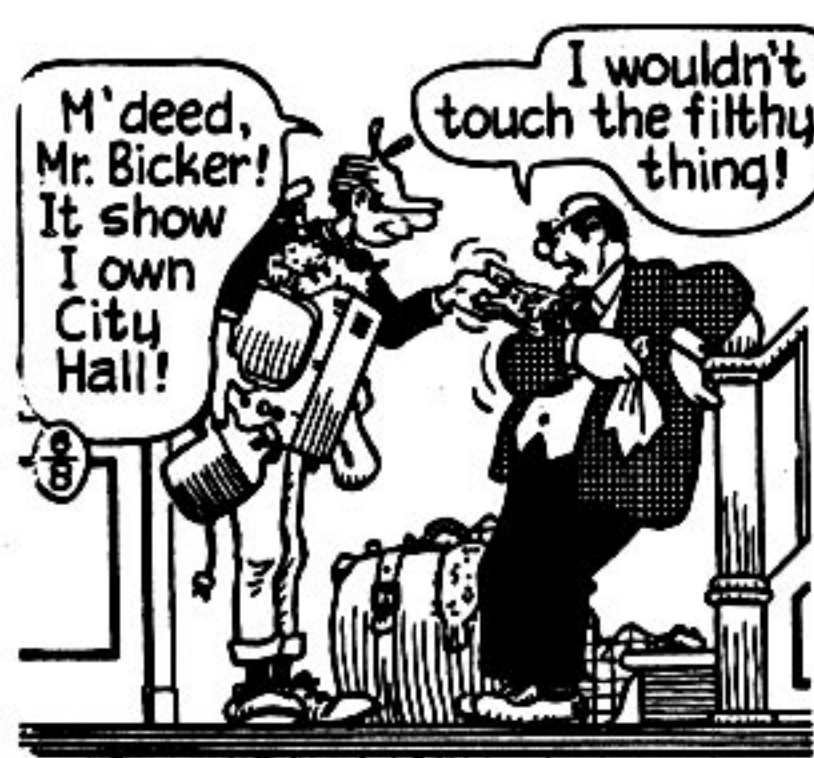
Get out!

I don' like t' see dust on m' railin's here, Mr. Bicker!

Dick Moores

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Something amiss, Mr. Bicker?

Rufus has gone mad! He thinks he owns City Hall!

He's moved into the mayor's office!

I'm calling the police!

Evenin', Mr. Pert!

© 1960
HIT
Dick Morris

Dick Morris



Yes'm,
Mr. Pert!
That's
m'deed
what
show
I own
City
Hall!

Something
you found at
the dump,
Rufus?

Oh, no, ma'am!

Umph!

It wuz pass
down t' me by
m' gran'pappy!

Dick
Wooster







If I own City Hall, Mr. Pert, why can't I stay here?

We are renting it to the city!

What's this "we" stuff?

You must have counsel, Rufus...

...someone you can trust!

There are unprincipled scoundrels out there who would strip you of your inalienable rights!

Dick Moores



We'd better keep that deed in my vault, Rufus!

6
15

It'll be safe here, Mr. Pert!

There are unscrupulous people about!

If word should get out...

Don't worry!

I'll keep it under m' hat!

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Rufus ask me t' lunch!
I is t' meet
him
in
front
of th'
Ritzy
Cafe!

6
17

Classiest
joint in
town!

You jes'
in time,
Miss
Melba!

Is this
where we is
eatin'?

In front
of th'
Ritzy
Cafe?

Yes'm! I like t'
eat where I kin
look at m'
buildin'!

in town
the city
the city
the city

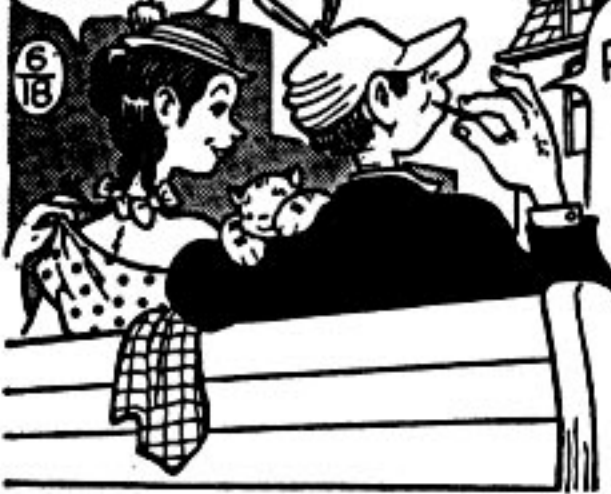
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Dick
Tracy

CITY HALL



Does you hones' an' truly own City Hall, Rufus?



6/18

Yes'm! Pert's seein' th' mayor 'bout my rent right now!

I ain't never know anybody who own a City Hall b'fore!



Some folks got no respect fer other people's prop'ity!



Dick Moores © 1974 by The Chicago Tribune World Rights Reserved

You own
City Hall
an' I is
jes' a
lowly
cleanin'
lady
here!

I is goin'
t' make you head
lady, Miss Melba!

6
19



Dick
Spotts



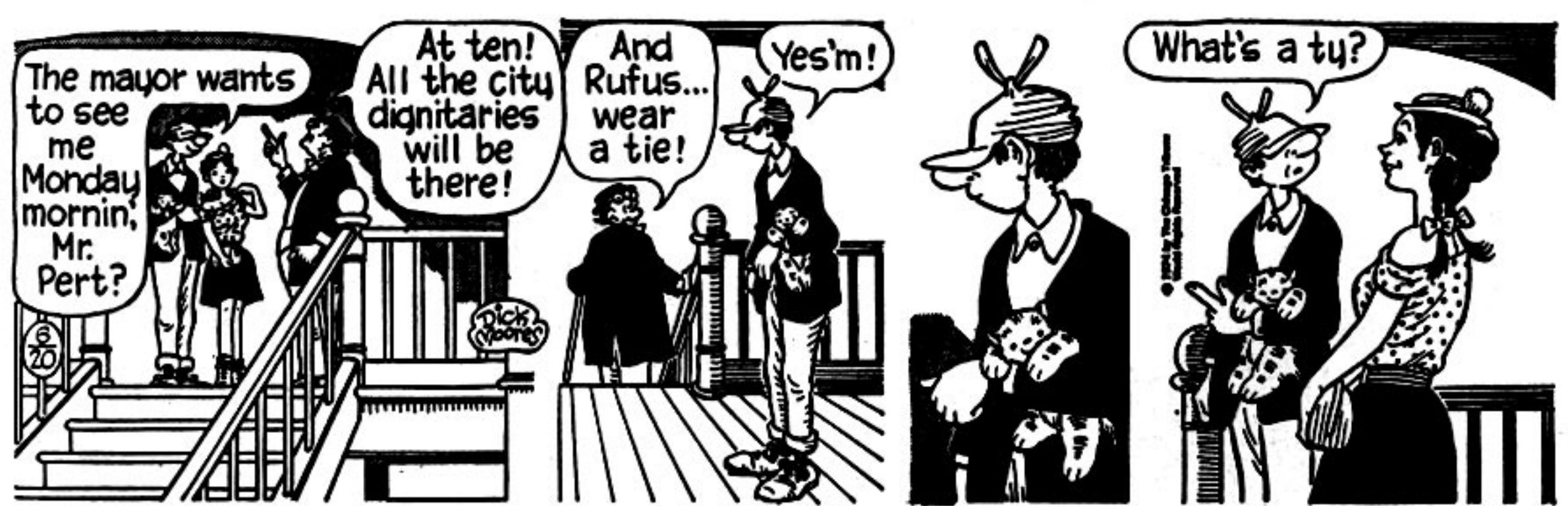
I jes' figure
somethin' out,
Rufus!

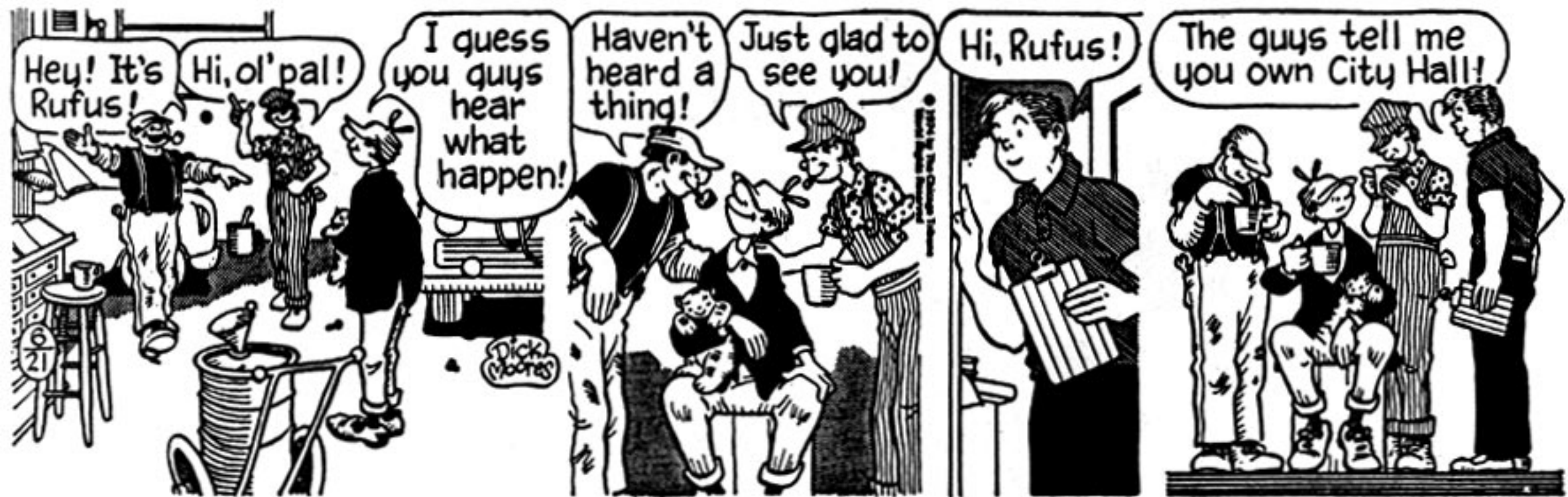
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You own ten sinks,
eight bowls an' six wall
r'ceptacles!







I see Rufus is back in good standing with the Wet Dogs!

Their bosom pal, Mister Skeeze...

...since they hear he own City Hall!

Dick Moores

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He already lost th' front steps!

My luck'll change! I'se puttin' up th' mayor's sof' couch!



This meeting with the mayor is very important, Rufus!

CITY HALL

100

Yes'm!

NO PARKING

6
24

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The city may owe us as much as a million in back rent on City Hall!



"Us"?

I'm speaking figuratively as your agent!



A million? You speakin' in mighty big figuratives!

Dick Moores



MAYO PAUG

08

Morning, Mayor!

Mr. Pert, Rufus, this is our attorney, Mr. Nitty!

Umph!

You have examined my client's deed?

Umph! Most thoroughly, Mr. Pert!

Rufus, what are you doing?

I think I lef' las' week's socks here in yer sof' couch!

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Dick
 Abner's





The city owes my client fifty years back rent, Mr. Nitty!

Quite true!

With late charges, it comes to one million dollars and six cents!

Bring Rufus's check, Bicker!

Yes, sir!

Could I have cash? Ain't nobody like t' take my checks!



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That's the check
and the report,
sir!

Yes...
\$1,000,000.06
due Rufus for
rent!

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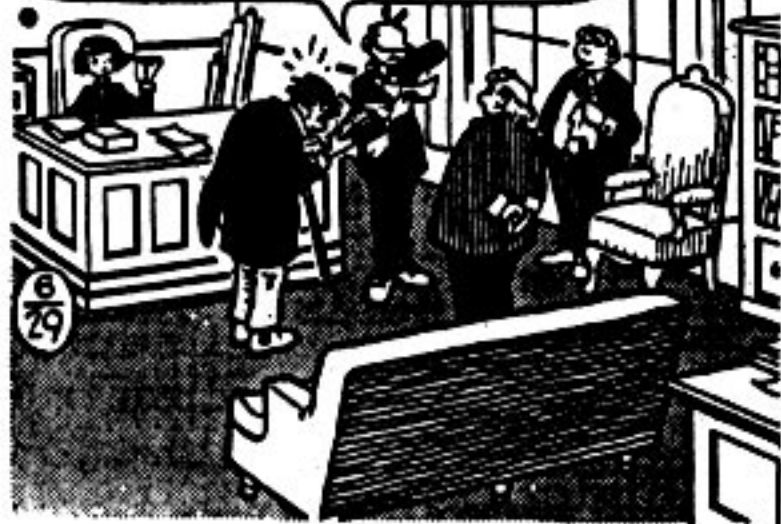
Less \$999,991.79
for maintenance,
repairs and back
taxes!



Your check for
\$8.27,
Rufus!



\$8.27 ain't much fer fifty years rent on City Hall!



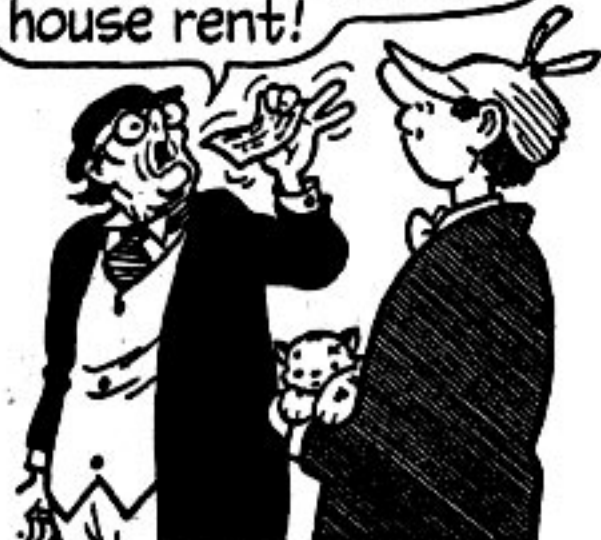
But it's \$8.27 more'n I had this mornin'!



I'll take that, Rufus!



With late charges, it is exactly what you owe me for last week's house rent!



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Dick
Spores

I see you have your old job back at City Hall, Rufus!

Yes m, Mister Wait!



Got m' old office back, too!



Since you own the place I thought you'd take a bigger office!



I can't afford th' rent I pay m'self fer this one!



The heat doesn't bother you, Joel?



No, Mister Walt! I wears a hat!

Last winter you said your hat kept the heat from escaping through the top of your head!



Right! But a body's boun' t' store up some cold durin' winter!



A hat he'p t' keep it in!





Paper says we may have a brown-out, Walt!

I turned off my air-conditioning!

I know! I heard it go off!

My unit is very quiet, Avery!

I didn't think you could hear it!

I can't!

But when it's on, your meter hums like a nest of mad hornets!



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Pick Moore's

Surviving the heat, Hope?

Just barely, Walt!

Doesn't seem to bother Eve! Talking to a boyfriend?

No! That's "Dial a Cool"!

They give you five minutes of blizzard sounds and last winter's weather reports!

7/5

Dick Moores

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We're taking these flowers over to Mrs. Cobb, Mom!

76

She's been sick!

Don't stay too long!

The twins are very thoughtful!

Yes, Walt!

Thinking all the time!
The Cobbs have a swimming pool!

Dick Moores

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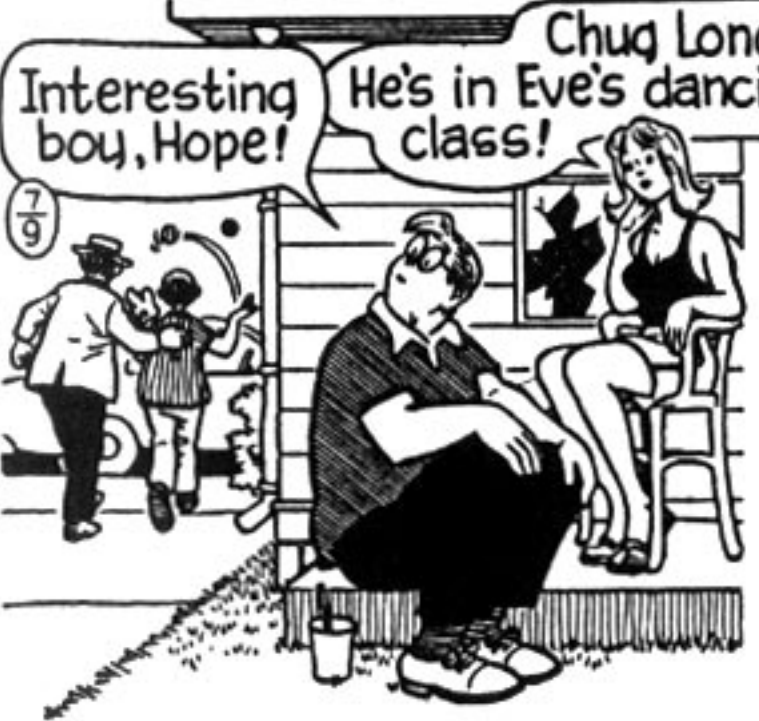




Interesting boy, Hope!

Chug Long! He's in Eve's dancing class!

7/9



FLUMP!



Mrs. Wallet!



How much for the shrub?



Dick Moore

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Hi, Eve!
How about
some
catch?

7/10



It's...er,
kind of hot
for catch,
Chug!



Let's play
checkers!

Fine!
Oops!



Got it!



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Chug says he broke Eve's radio!

It was an old one!

You don't owe us a thing, Mr. Long!

Chug is a good boy!

He's just a bit accident prone!

I don't know where he gets it!





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You're going to the dance with Chug, Eve? I'm surprised!

7/13

Well...

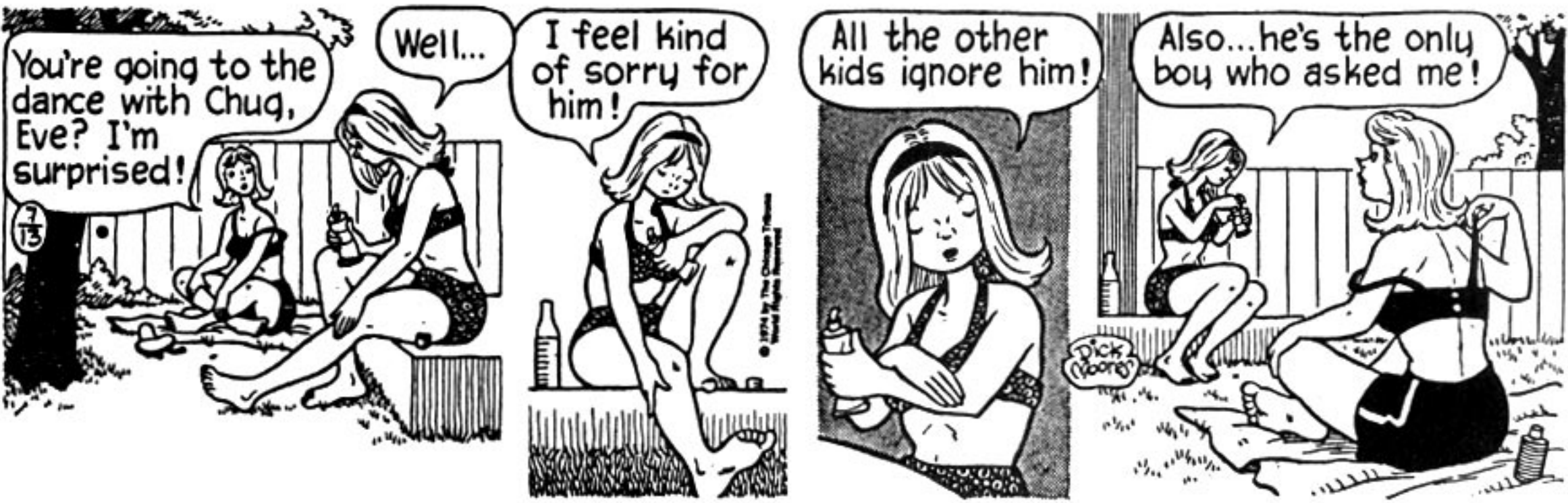
I feel kind of sorry for him!

All the other kids ignore him!

Also...he's the only boy who asked me!

Dick (roars)

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I can't decide which dress to wear to the dance, Ellie!

7/15

You're going to a dance, Eve?

Hey! Whamo! Who's the guy?

Chug Long!

Oh!

I'd wear this one, Eve! It won't show the spills so much!

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Dick Moores

I've come to take Eve to the dance, sir!

7/16

Watch it!

Not used to these shoes!

Hope!

Chug's here! Hurry, dear!

Coming!

BUM!

Dick Moores

Have a nice time at the dance, kids!

Yes, sir!

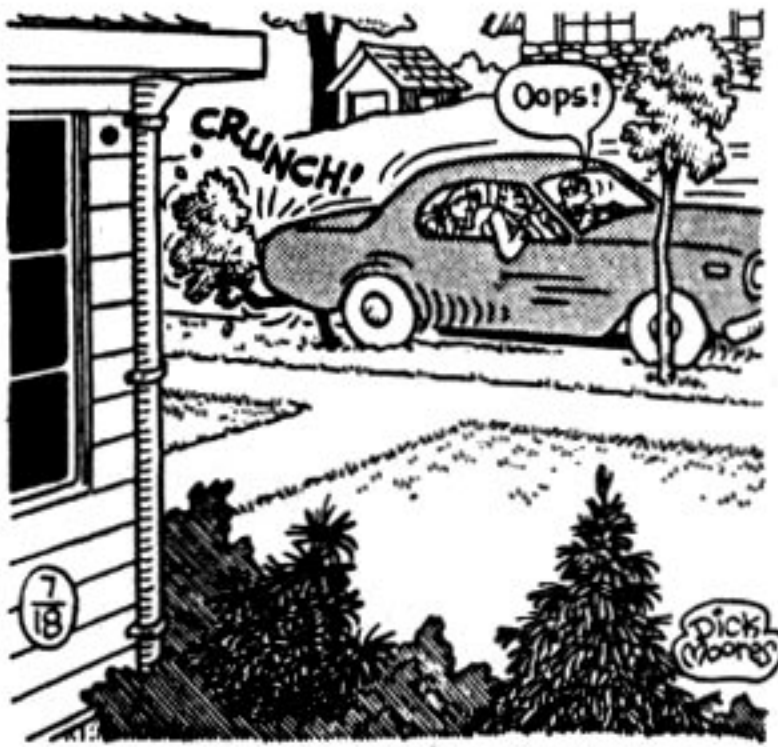
How far do they have to walk, Adam?

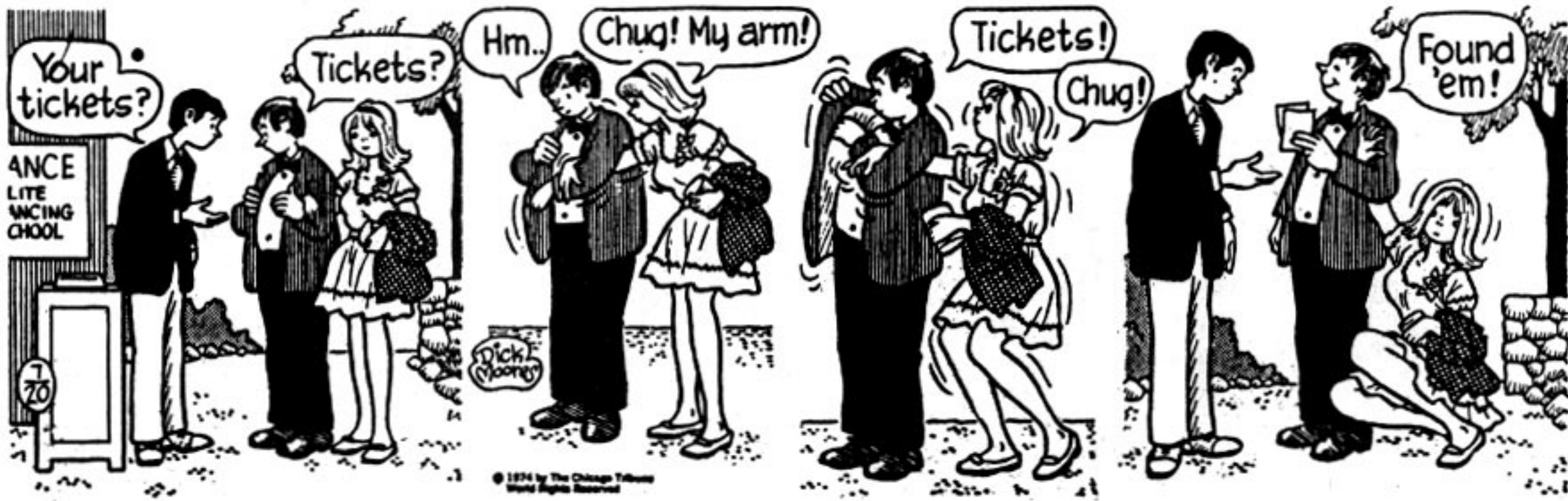
They're not walking!

Chug's driving!

Now let the clutch out very slowly!

Dicky Moores





Who brought you to the dance, Eve?

Chug Long! He's gone to get punch!

1/22

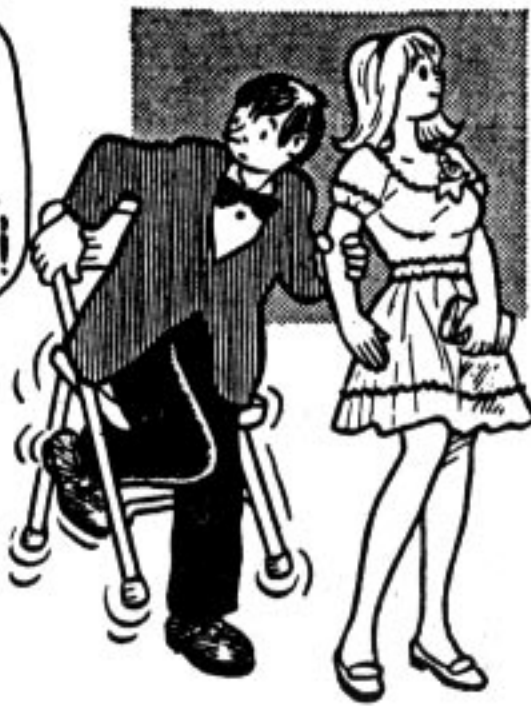
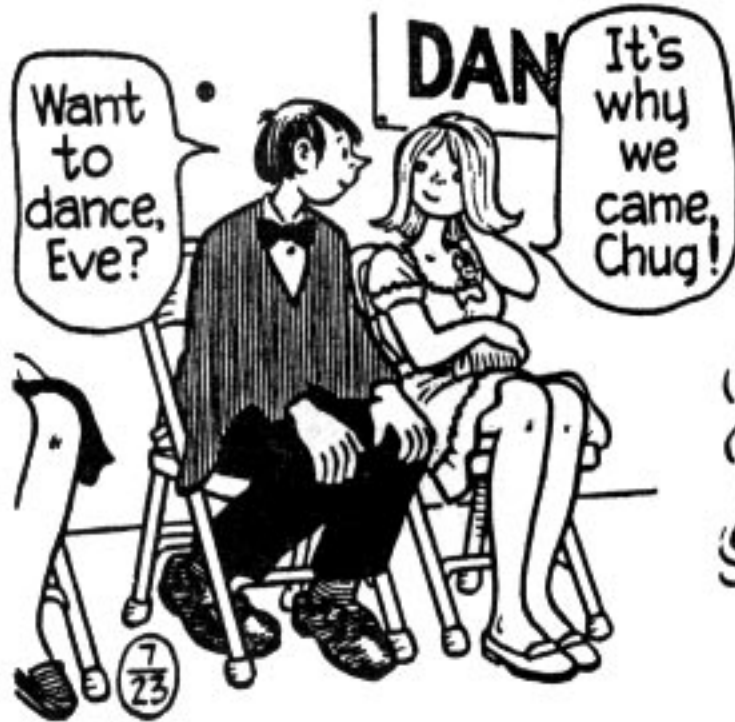
Dick Moores

Chug, meet Skin!

Hey! Glad to know you!

It's my fault! I should have worn the dress that doesn't show spills!

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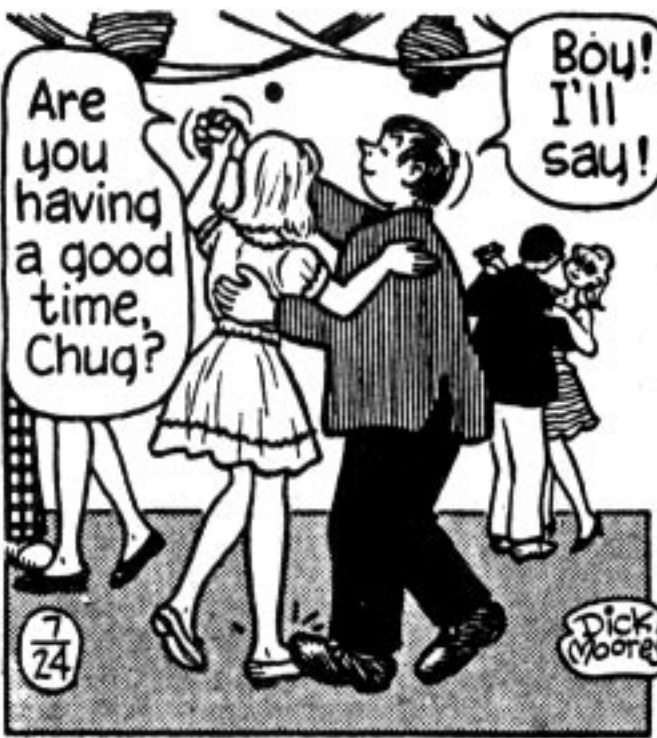


Are you having a good time, Chug?

Boy! I'll say!

We've only been here an hour...

...and I've already danced with four girls!





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Can we take Mindy home too, Dad?

DANCE TONITE
7
29

My ride left without me!

Get in!

My foot seems to be stuck!

Let me see what I can do!

My hand seems to be caught!

Soul mates!

Dick Moores



Drop me off first, Chug!
My folks expect me by
ten-fifteen!

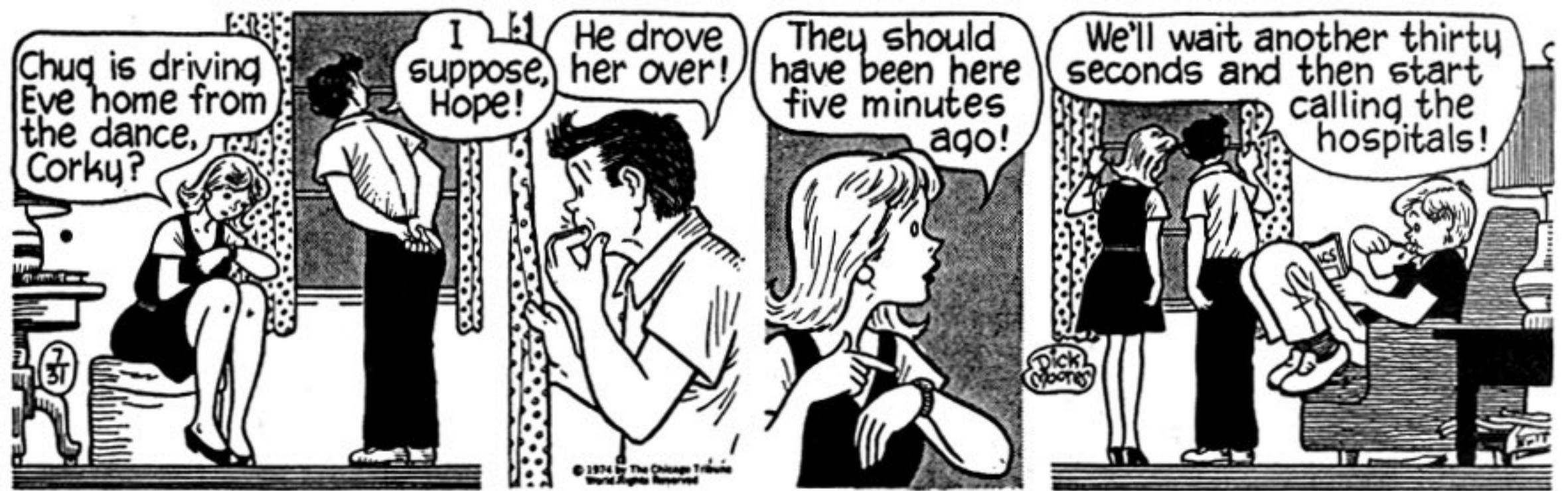
Sure,
Eve!

Now, son, let
the clutch out
ver-ry slowly!

CRASH!

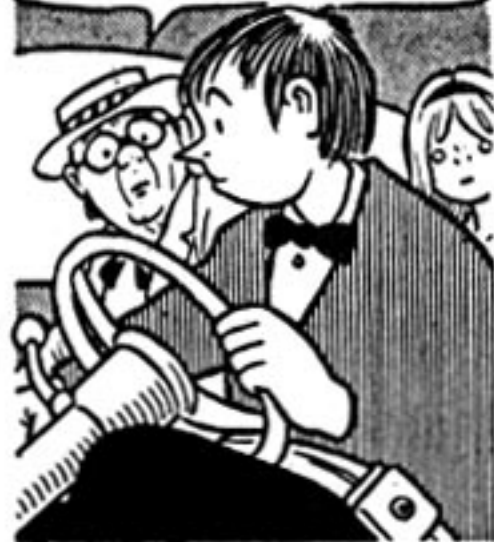
Isn't Chug wonderful?
I didn't even know he
could drive!

Dick
Moore





Take it out of gear!
Good! Now stop and
turn off the motor!



Put on the brakes!
Throw in the clutch!

Dick
Moore



Are you all right, Eve?

I cracked my elbow!

Better get it x-rayed! They don't cost much!

My dad pays only six bucks for mine!

But then of course, he gets them by the dozen!



Calvin

Dick Moores

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Hi, Slim!
I hear
you're
heading
for
the
hills!

1/5



Right,
Eve!
Rented
a
cabin
for a
week!



Who's going
with
you?



Nobody!



I want to be by myself
up there! Just me...
alone with my thoughts!



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World Service Foundation

Are you sure
you want to be
that alone?



Where is this cabin you rented, Slim?

Miles from anything, Eve!

It's just a shack! No electricity! No phone!

I want to get completely away from the noise and clatter of the city!

Where's Adam? He said he'd lend me his battery-powered TV!

6/6

Dick Moore's



About packed for your stay at the cabin, Slim?

I have to take enough to last a week, Chip!

Eight loaves of bread, two jars of peanut butter, jelly!

Yeah!

Slim, you can't live on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches!

This isn't all! I've got another sack!

Candy bars?

You and Chipper
be careful driving
Slim up to the
cabin, Clovia!

We will, Pop!
We'll just drop him
off and come
right back!

Hi, Chip! I came
early so I could
help Slim pack!

Yeah!

Well...get
in line, sis!

Dick
Bootes



By yourself in that cabin for a week! It's going to be lonely, Slim!

I've got the TV!

5/10

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Did you bring any books?

Huh?

Dick Moores



Books! You know, pages with words printed on them!



Oh, those! I haven't had to read one of them since I left school!



9-7-017

According to my map the cabin is a mile past this bridge!

Good!



CRUNCH!



Is the bridge still there, Slim?



Yes, but I'd take it a little slower on your way back!



Here it is, Slim! Your home for the next week!



Hey, man! This is the nuts!

8/13

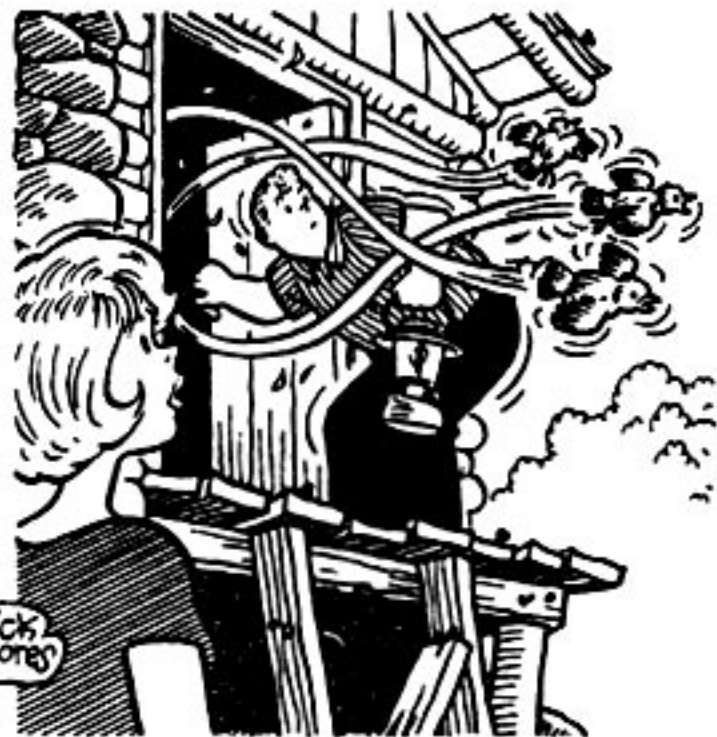


Whoops!



Well... steps aren't too important!

Dick Moores



Let's unpack your stuff, Slim! Clovia and I have to get back!

Soon as I check inside, Chip!

Yikes!

Dick Moore

What, Slim?



It's just a harmless type snake, Slim!

15/80

It..it's rubbing its head against my leg!

She likes you!

She? What makes you think it's a she?

Oh!

Dick Moores

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The nearest store is five miles, Slim!



So before we go, make sure you have everything!

Peanut butter, TV, extra batteries, TV log...



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oh, no!



What did you forget? Matches, oil?

This is last week's TV log!



Dick Moores



Boy! It's great out here in the woods, all alone!



Gives a guy a chance to think!



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Wow! I'm down to my last bottle of cola!

8/20



And it's four days before they pick me up!



I'd better find out where you get water around here!

Dick Mooney



There must be drinking water around here someplace!

8
21



Oh, boy! Fresh spring water!



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My watch has stopped!



No TV!
No water!
And now
no time!



I don't even
know what
day it is!
Today...
yesterday?



If it's tomorrow
they've forgotten
to come and
get me!



I've been left here
to die of thirst
and boredom!





A whole day now without water or TV!



Something is happening to my eyes! Things look so clear!



And my ears! I hear birds singing.. leaves rustling!



It's starting to set in!



TV withdrawal symptoms!

Dick Moores

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World Wide Syndicate

Rain! I'm saved!



My bucket!





8/29



Dick Rootes
© 1974 by The Orange Tree
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Slim!

Where have you been?

You look sick!
Have some water!

I'm not thirsty!

What do you think I am.. stupid? How can I be thirsty..

...when there's a tap right by my cabin...

PLOMP!

Pick Moones

Don't drink too fast, Slim!

You were dry as a bone!

What happened? Did you get lost in the woods?

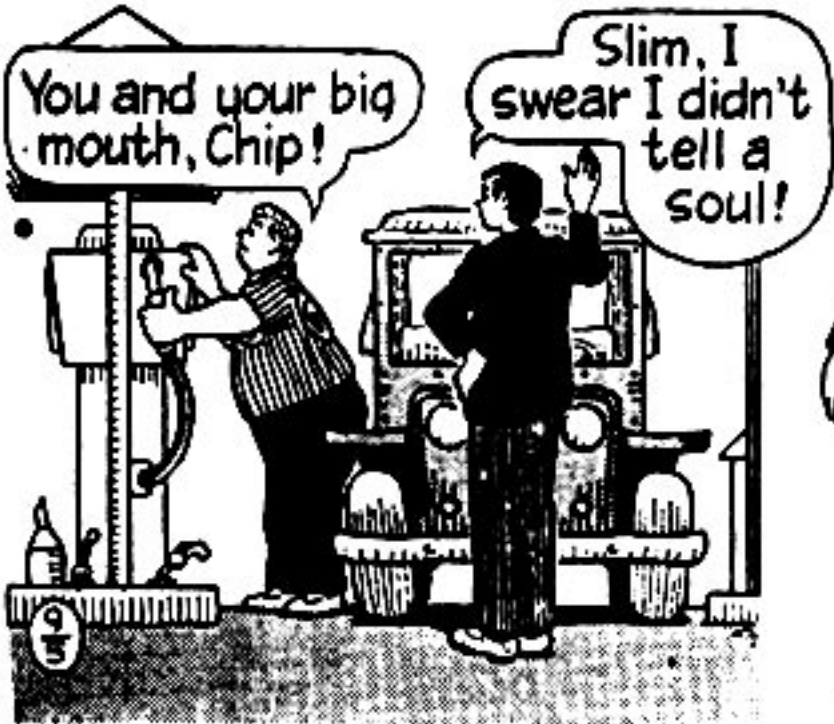
That water tap over there-

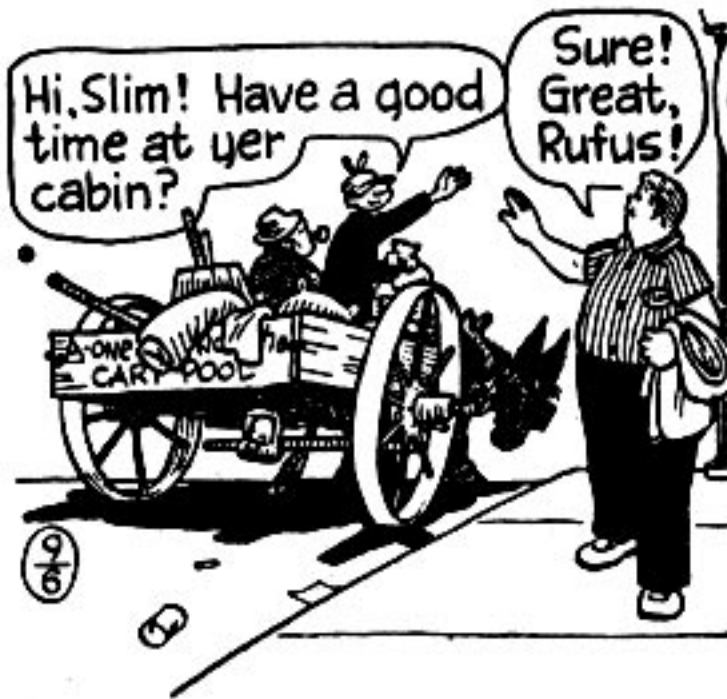
...did you bring it with you?

Dick Moore

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Hi, Slim! Have a good time at yer cabin?

Sure! Great, Rufus!



I wonder how come he say he had a good time...



...when I happen t' know he didn'?

If you know he didn'...



...I wonder how come you ask 'im in the fu'st place!

A los' dog,
Rufus!

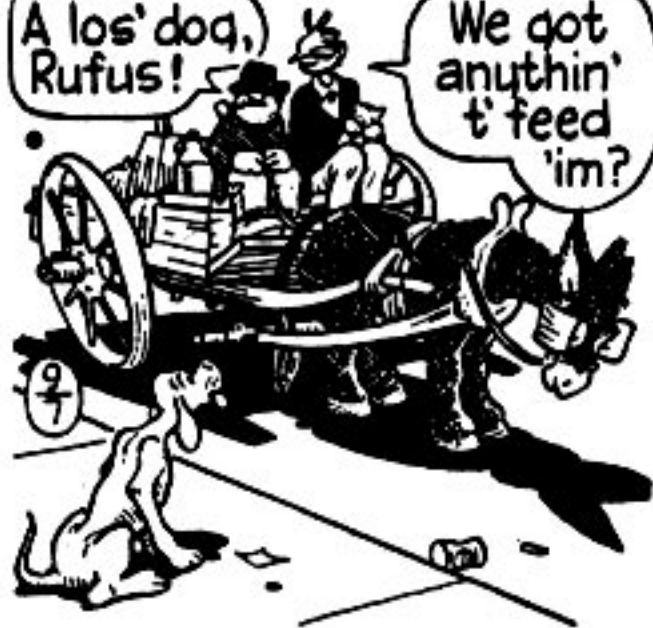
We got
anythin'
t' feed
'im?

Feed 'im some
o'yer fool cat's
food!

Better yet...feed
'im yer fool cat!

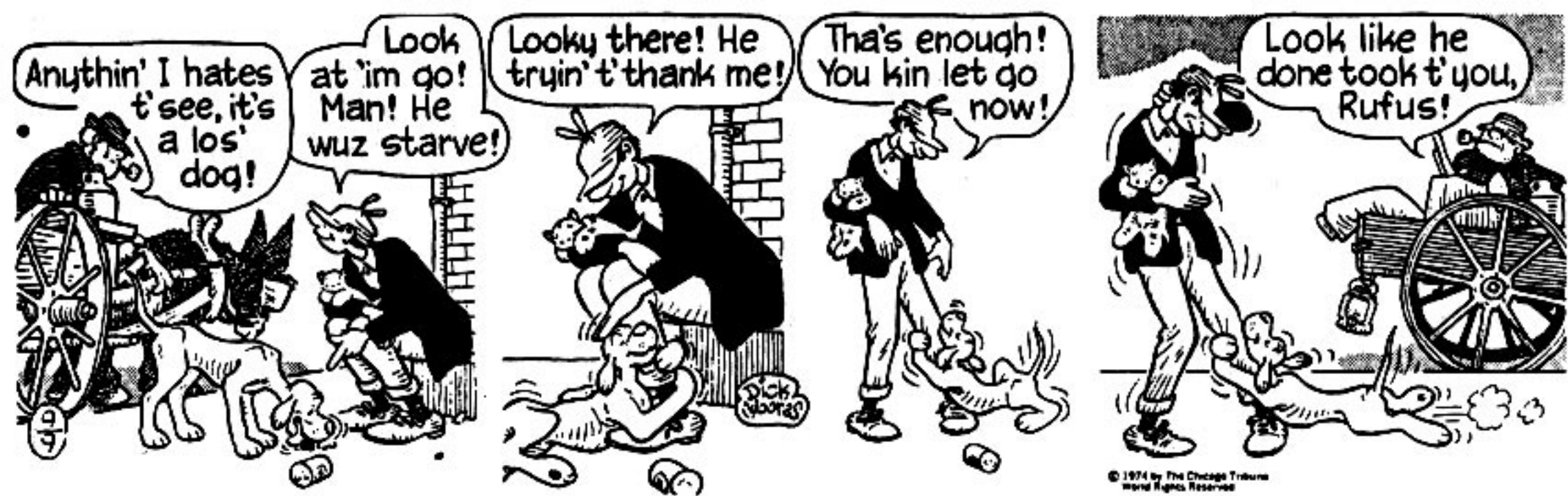
That's
a joke,
boy!

Kitty don't
know what's
a joke, Joel!

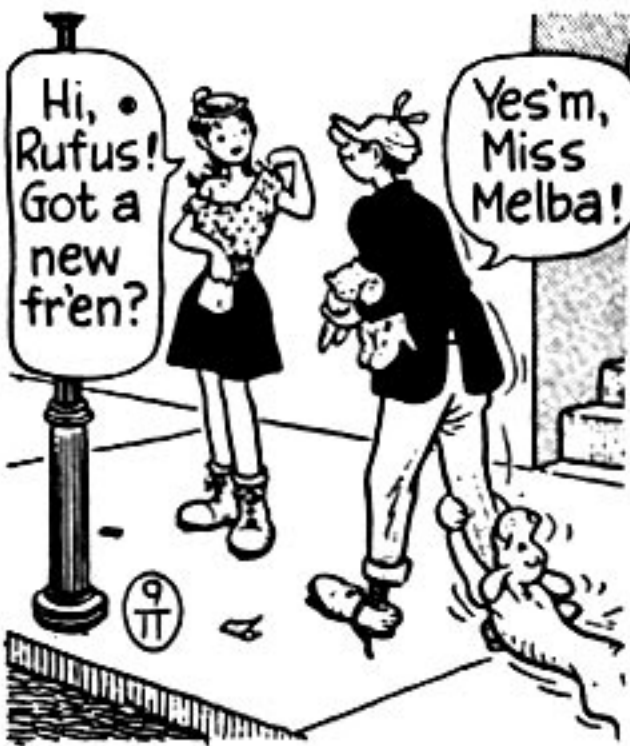


Dick
Norris

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Got shet of th' dog, did you, Rufus?

Yes'm, Joel!



9/14

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Miss Melba got 'im!



How'd you manage it?



He like cookies better'n cat food!

Dick Moores



No, puppy!
Walk nice an'
Melba
will give
you a
cookie!

9
16



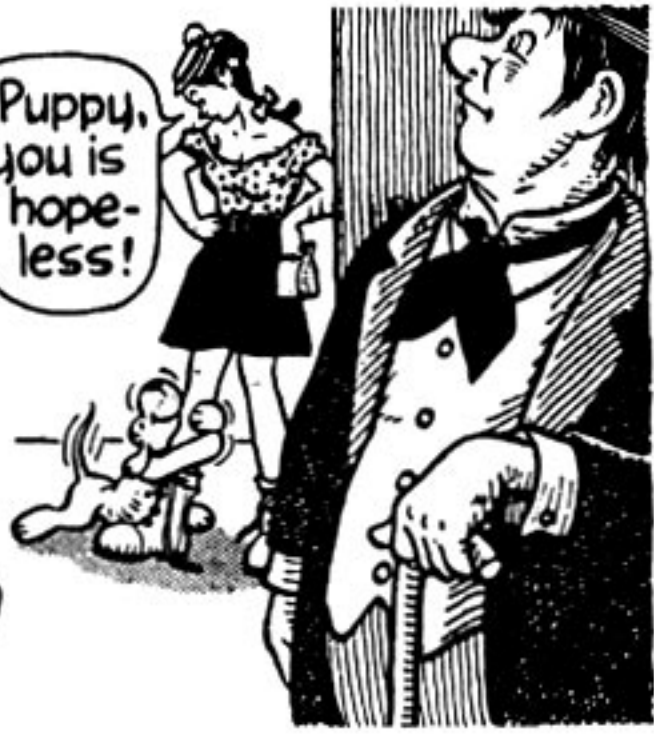
That's a good boy!



An' here's
yer cookie!



Puppy,
you is
hope-
less!



Oh, dear!
An' I
is out
of
cookies!

9
17

Dick
Wooper

PLOP!

Oh, sir! You has
drop yer wallet!

My humble thanks, mos'
kind an' hones' lady!

Why, sir, you is cryin'!

9/18

I is overcome with gratitude!

You has return my purse, dear kind lady!

It contain my life's savin's!

You has restore my faith in humankind!

Dick Moores

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He is jes' a los' puppy what attach hisself t' me!

Glory be! This here is th' Von Poppy puppy!

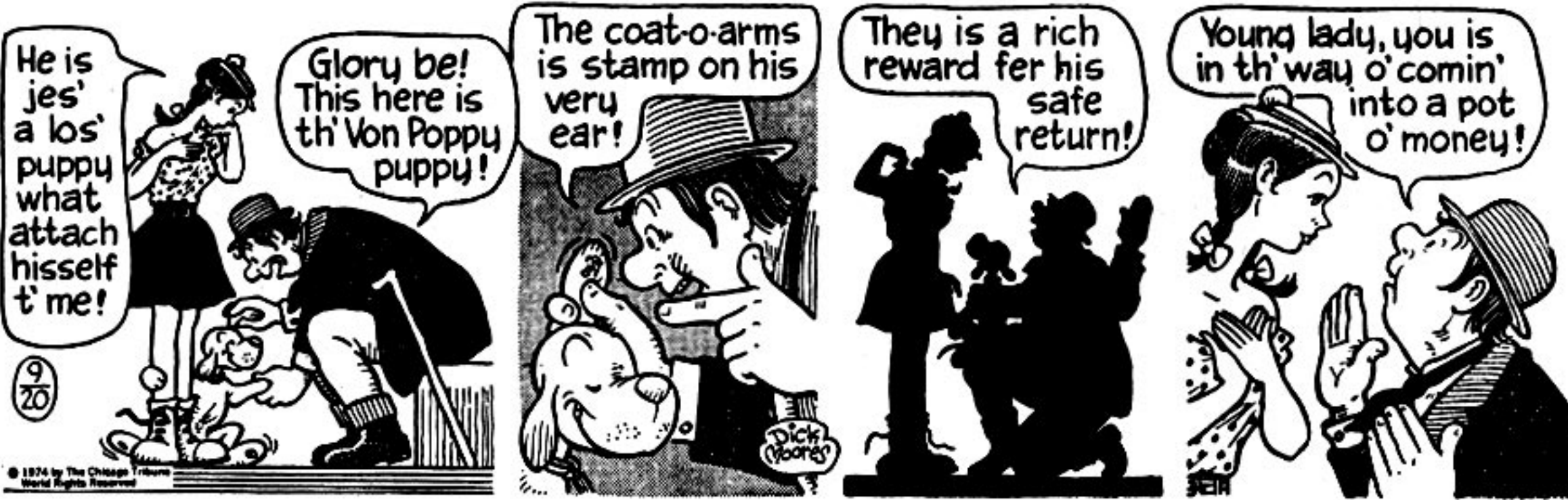
The coat-o-arms is stamp on his very ear!

They is a rich reward fer his safe return!

Young lady, you is in th' way o' comin' into a pot o' money!

9/20

Dick Moore





How do I collec' th' \$500 reward fer this po' los' puppy?

I'll take care o' every-thin'!

All you got t'do is be here when I brings th' money!

Well...they is one small thin'! Th' los' dog tax!

Fifty dolla'! They likes cash!



• He try t' scheme you out'a fifty dolla', Miss Melba?

Th' ol' los' dog & trick!

9
24

Dick
Morris

Has you d'cide how you wants t' pay th' los' dog tax?

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Five tens will do mos' admir'ble!

You po' misguided soul!

I begs yo' pardon!

I doesn't care fer any reward, sir!

But, ma'am!



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You looks pale!
Here's two dolla'!



Get yo'self a warm meal!



Dick Moores

A woman like that almos' make a man want t' change his ways!



We got th' evenin' off, Miss Melba! What should we do?

Let's go callin' on somebody!

What fer? Is somebody sick?

A person don't have t' be sick t' be call on, Rufus!

We jes' goes an' sits an' visits an' talks!

Sound excitin'!

9
26

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Dick
Moore's

Who you figure t' call on, Miss Melba?

The Walt Wallets! They lives close!

Mebbe they don't want t' be call on!

Ev'rybody like fren'ly attention, Rufus!

Well?

Well, what?

Th' gent'man always mash th' bell!

Oh!

9
27

Dick
Moore's

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Has you mash th' bell, Rufus?

Not yit!

I think th' Wallets got comp'ny! I hear voices!

Rufus, it ain't polite t' eave'drop!

Mash th' bell!

Yes'm!

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Dick
Moore

But, Wait..

Not one more word, Phyllis!



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The matter is closed! Do you hear?



Never bring it up again!



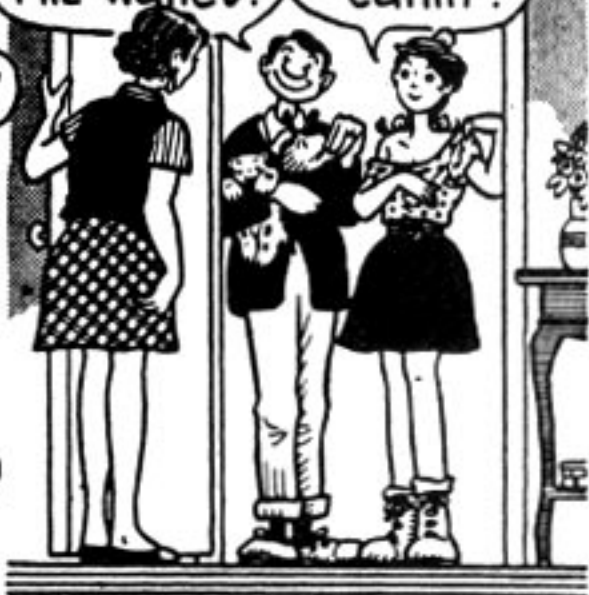
RING!

Sh-h!


Dick Moore

Evenin', Miz' Wallet!

We come callin'!







I hope you isn't comin' down ill ag'in, Mr. Wallet!

We have received bad news, Melba!

Pert is going to build a.. a ten story apartment house across the alley!



And he wants to buy our house, Doc's and Avery's for the parking lot!

Dick Moores

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Mr. Pert's goin' t' build a apartmi't house acrost th' alley?

Ten stories high, Melba!

It'll blot out th' sun, Miz' Wallet!

You'll be livin' in a dark clammy hole!

I know!

But Walt won't sell!

Never!

10/3

SOLD
U. PERT
& CO.

Dick Moorey

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Melba,
this
has
been
my
home
for
fifty-
five
years!



10
4

Fifty-three years
ago Skeezix was
left on this very
door-
step!



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Over there, in 1935,
I found Judy on
the running board
of my
car!



And now Pert wants to
flatten all
this for a
parking
lot!



What's a
runnin'
board?

Dick
Moore's

Memories of door-steps an' thin's is fine, Mr. Wallet, but...

10/5

This door-step happens to be very dear to me, Melba!

All of Pert's money couldn't buy it!

Mebbe Mr. Pert could build his parkin' lot aroun' yer doorstep!

Yeah! You could put a little sign on it sayin'...

SLAM!



Has Pert contacted you about this, Walt?

Yes, Doc!



He wants to buy your house, mine and Avery's!



He needs this two hundred feet across the alley for his parking lot!



For the parking lot I'd like to give him he needs only six feet!

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Doc and Avery are going to sell to Pert, Phyllis!

10
11

That's dandy, Wait! We'll have a ten-story cement wall in back of us...

...a parking lot to the right of us...

...a parking lot to the left of us...

...and we can sit out here on your precious doorstep listening to racing motors and gnashing fenders!

Dick's Bores

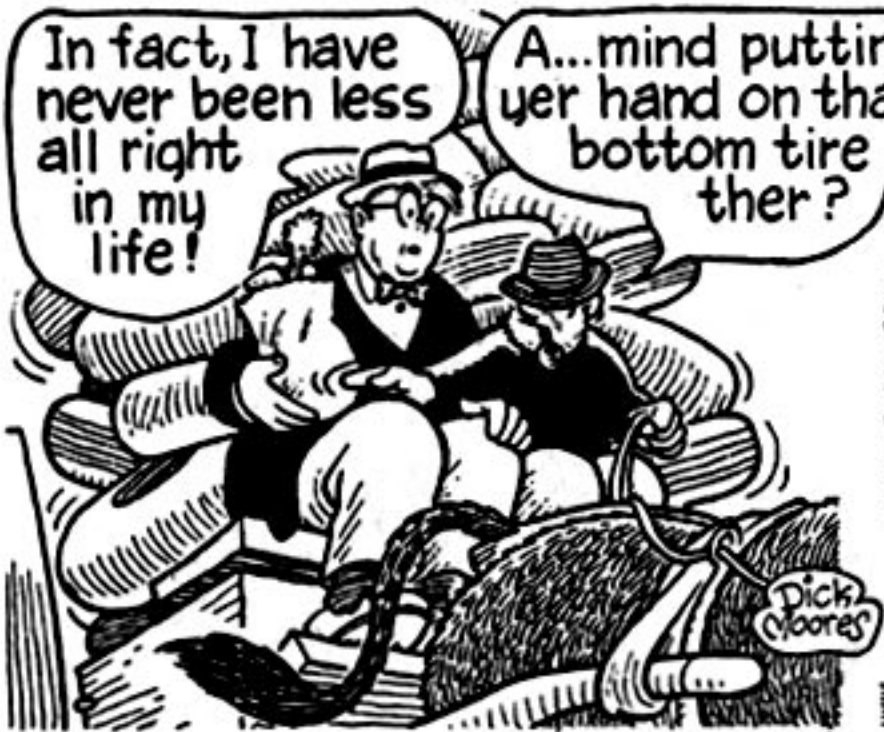
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Hop on, Mister Walt! You all right?

No, Joel! I am not all right!

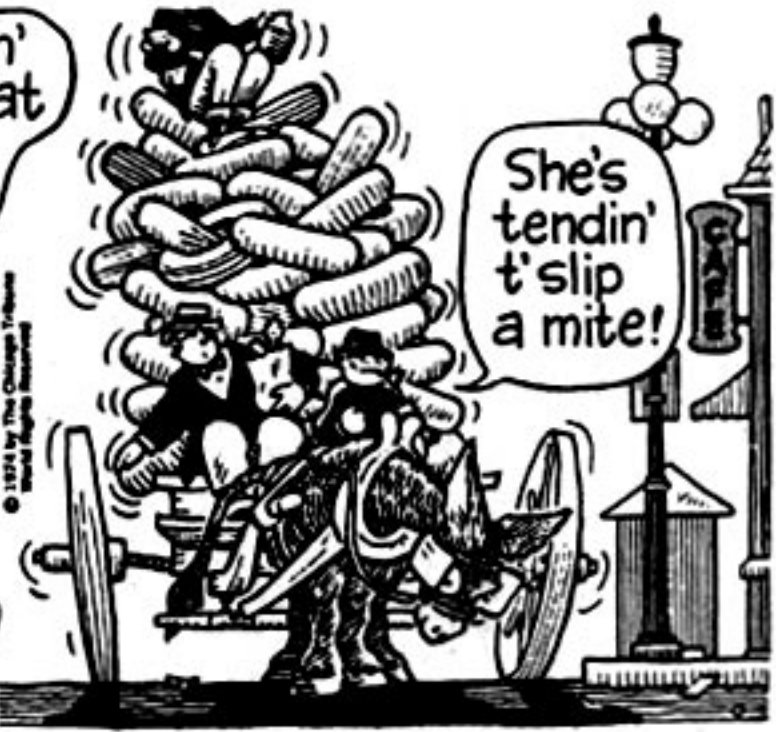
10/12



In fact, I have never been less all right in my life!

A...mind puttin' yer hand on that bottom tire ther?

Dick Croores



She's tendin' t'slip a mite!

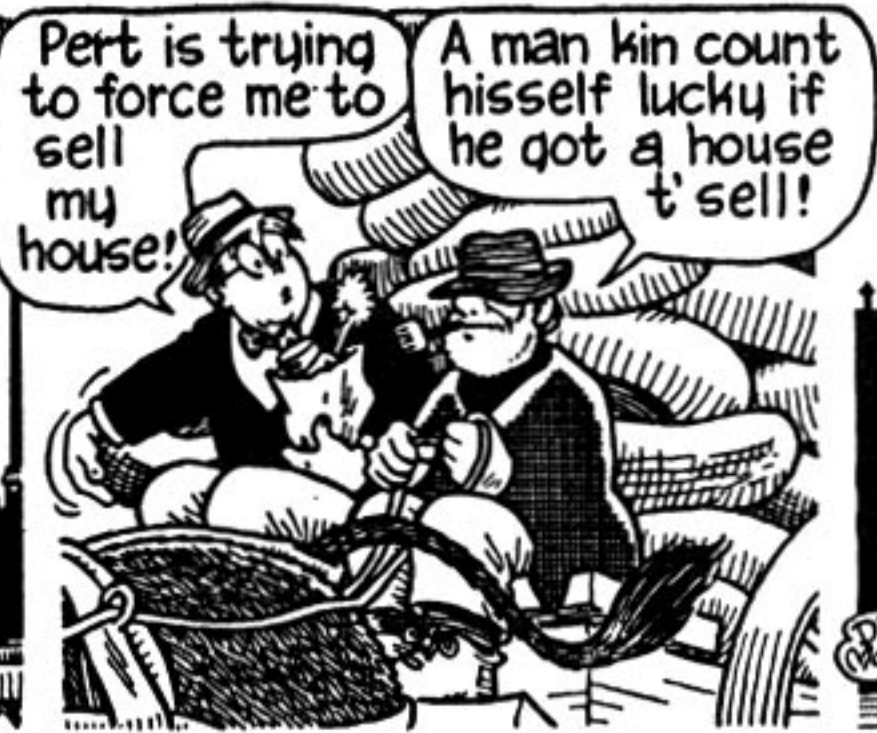
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Yes, Joel!
I have troubles!

I heard you did,
Mister Walt!

10
14



Pert is trying
to force me to
sell
my
house!

A man kin count
hisself lucky if
he got a house
t' sell!

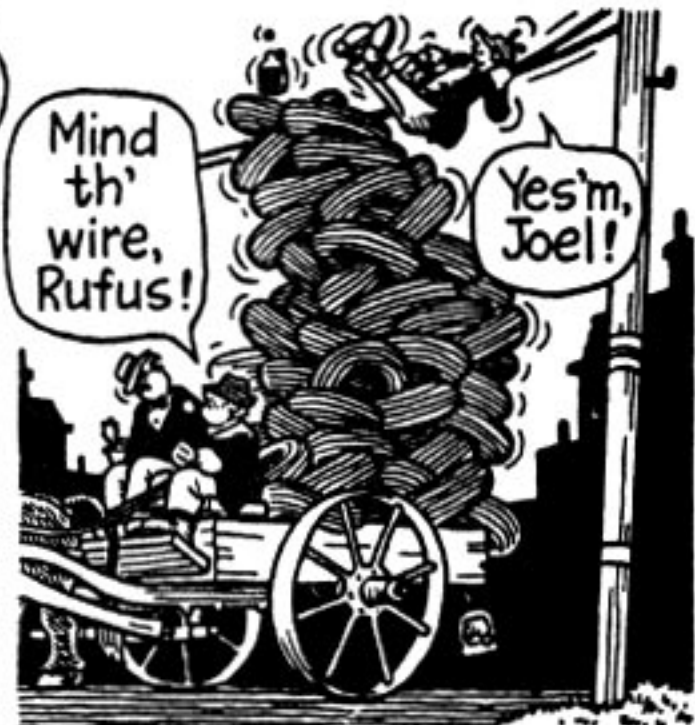
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You
all
right,
Rufus?

I'se
fine,
Joel!

Dick
Moore's



5/16

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Dick Whynes

Ol' man Cobb's moved, Mister Walt?

Sold his place to Pert, Joel!

10/18

He got a standin' order fer ol' tires!

Two loads a month, paid in advance!

Mind th' over-pass, Rufus!

Yes'm, Joel!

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Dick
Morris



Have you been delivering tires to my neighbor, Cobb, for long, Joel?

Six month, Mister Walt!

I've never seen any tires around! What did he do with them?



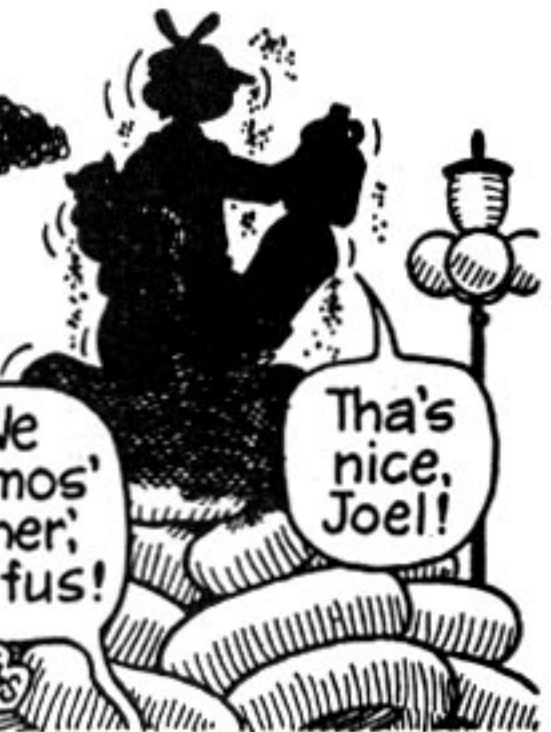
I never ask! Jes' put 'em in his shed!



We almos' ther', Rufus!

Tha's nice, Joel!

Dick Moores









Think of your poor wife, Mr. Wallet! Forced to live in the shadow of a ten-story stone wall!



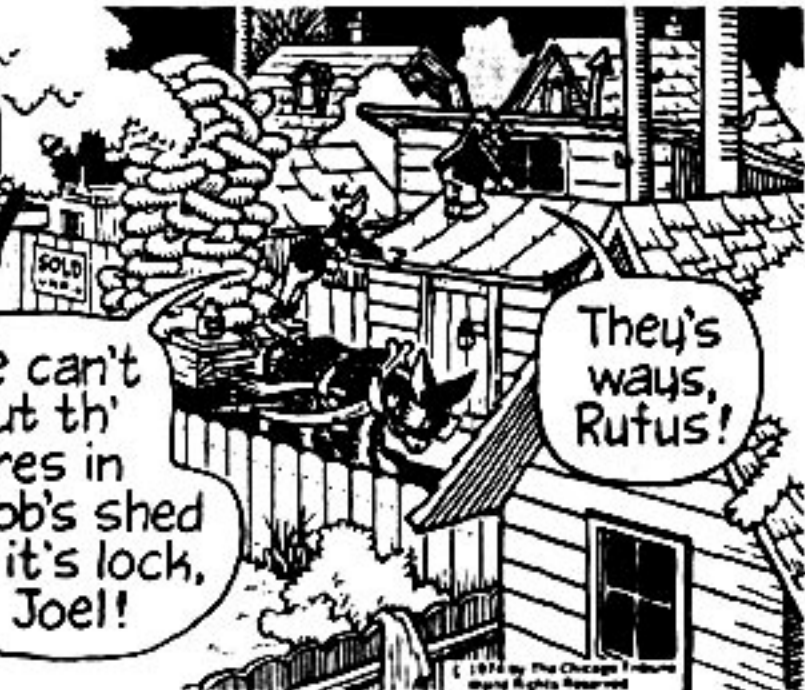
You are building your apartment house with stone, Mr. Pert?



Well... finest quality cement!

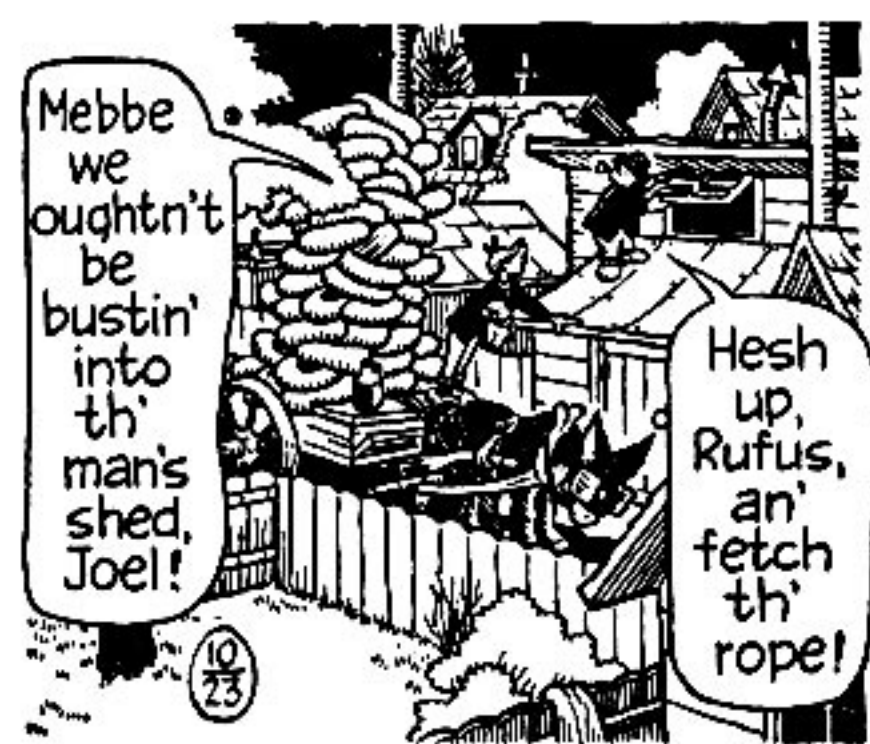
We can't put th' tires in Cobb's shed if it's lock, Joel!

Dick Moorey



They's ways, Rufus!

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You goin' t' let me down into that dark shed, Joel?

Tha's right, Rufus!

10
24

Then you kin unlock th' door from th' inside!

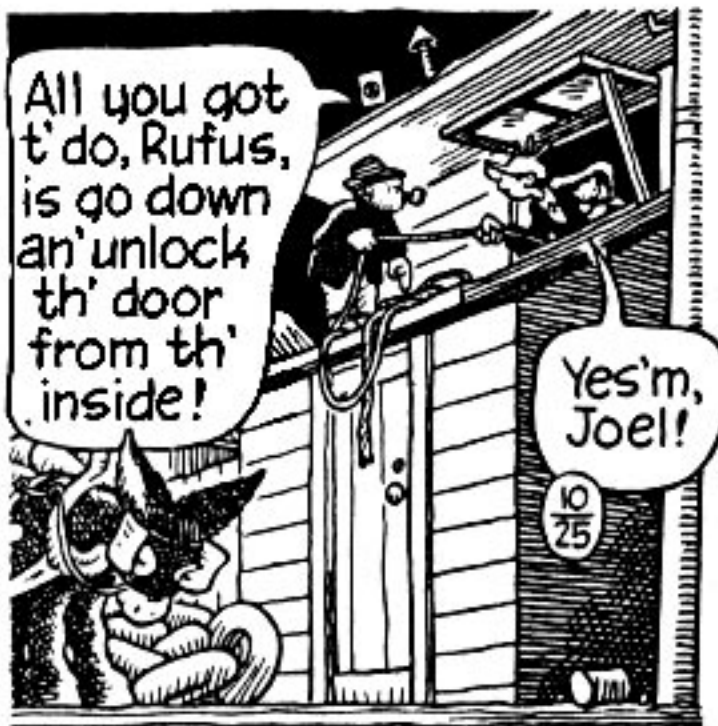
How come, Joel?

How come, what?

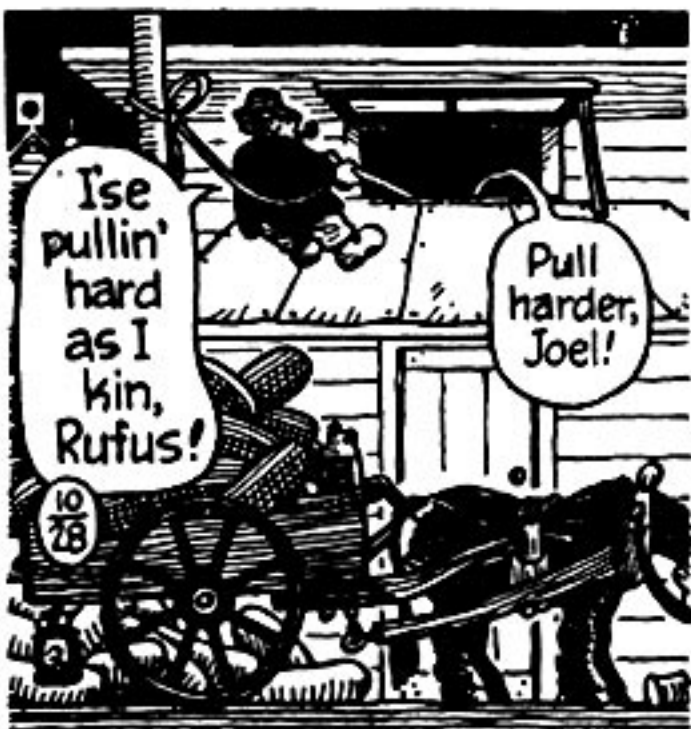
How come I'se always at this end o' th' rope?

You wastin' valu'ble time, Rufus!

Dick
Moore's







I'se pullin' hard as I kin, Rufus!

Pull harder, Joel!

10/28



It's plain t' see, Rufus, you is stuck!

Nothin' ain't plain t' see down here!

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Wanda Gágas Museum

Dick Wooster



Be right back, Rufus! I'se goin' t' fetch th' lamp!

SOLD BY PERTCO



While you at it... fetch th' jug!

I'll not sell, Pert!



Hem...well, yes..!

He may see things differently tomorrow!



It's progress, Mrs. Wallet! Old memories and..hem.. doorsteps, cannot impede it!

You'll be able t' see now, Rufus!



I ain't sure I wants to!

Dick Moores

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This here shed's sittin' over a sink-hole, Rufus!

Yes'm, Joel!

16
30

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Ol' man Cobb
been hidin' it...

...till
he got
his
land
sold t'
Pert!

How
do it
look
down
ther,
Rufus?

Better!

Dick
Moore's



What's going on?
This is my property!

Grab
th' rope,
Mr. Pert!
Jes fer
a secun'.

..while I get down
an' back up th' cart
Hold 'er
tight!

But...

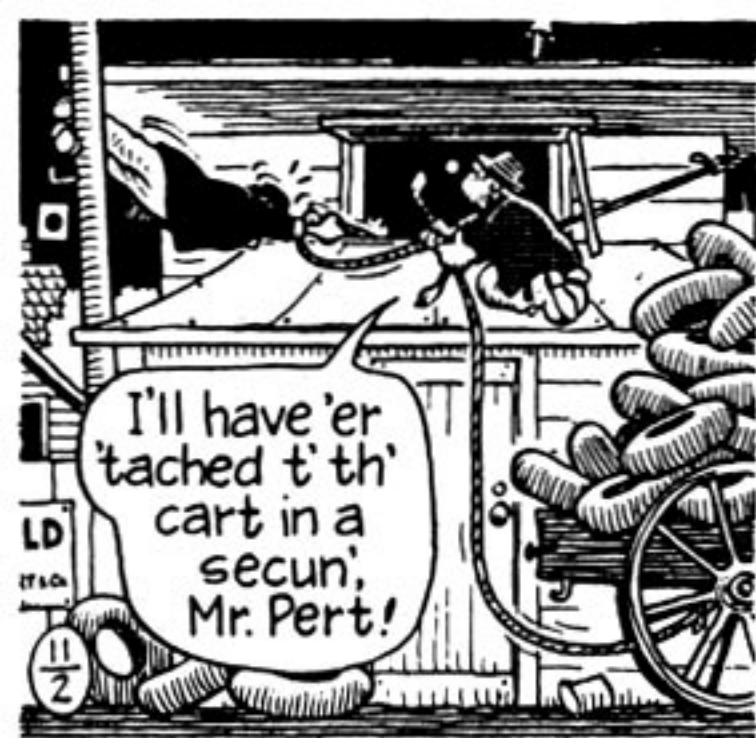
Rufus is
connec' t'
th' other
end!

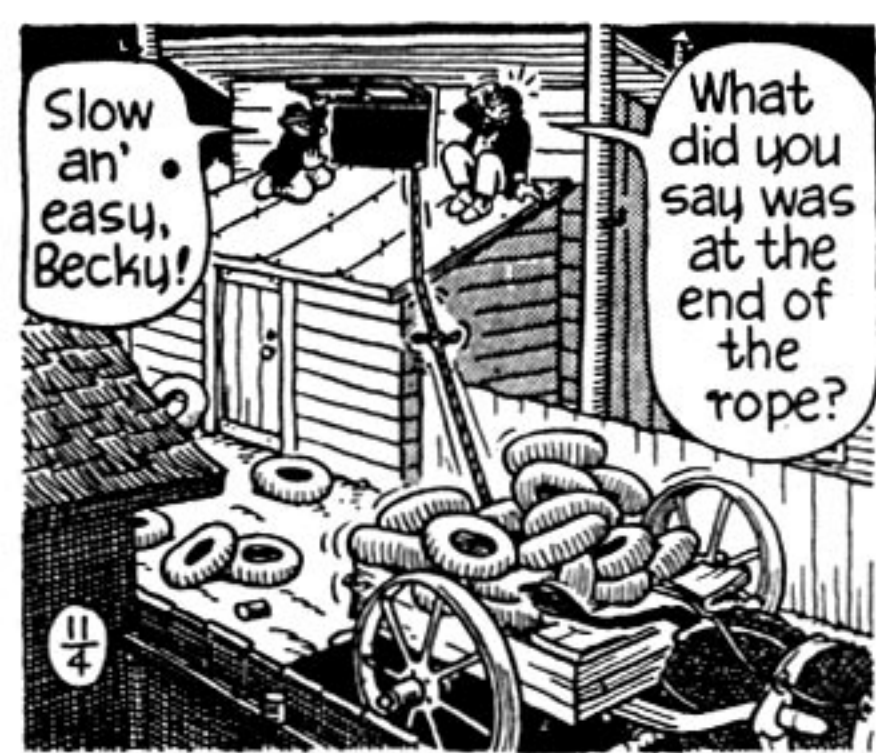
SPLOOSH

I declare!

Dick
Moore's

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Rufus!

A sinkhole on my property!




I'se right here, Joel!

What you doin' out here, boy?



On th' way up I stop an' unlock th' door from th' inside!



It's what I go in ther' fer in th' fu'st place!

Dick Moores

Now it's unlock we kin put th' tires in th' shed, Rufus!

11/7

It's what we come fer!

You look tired! I'll do th' unloadin'!

Dick Moores

Mind th' hole!

Yes'm, Joel!

Get me down off this roof!

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What you mean, Rufus... not put no more tires in th' shed?

It's gittin' shaky Joel!



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Dick Moores





What happened, Joel?

We found out what Mr. Cobb been doin' with th' ol' tires, Mister Walt!

He been usin' 'em t' fill up his sinkhole..

...what Mr. Pert's fixin' t' build a ten story buildin' on top of!

Shut up and get me down!



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This may change your plans a bit, Pert!

A measly hole? Hardly, Mr. Wallet!



You forget modern technology and human ingenuity!

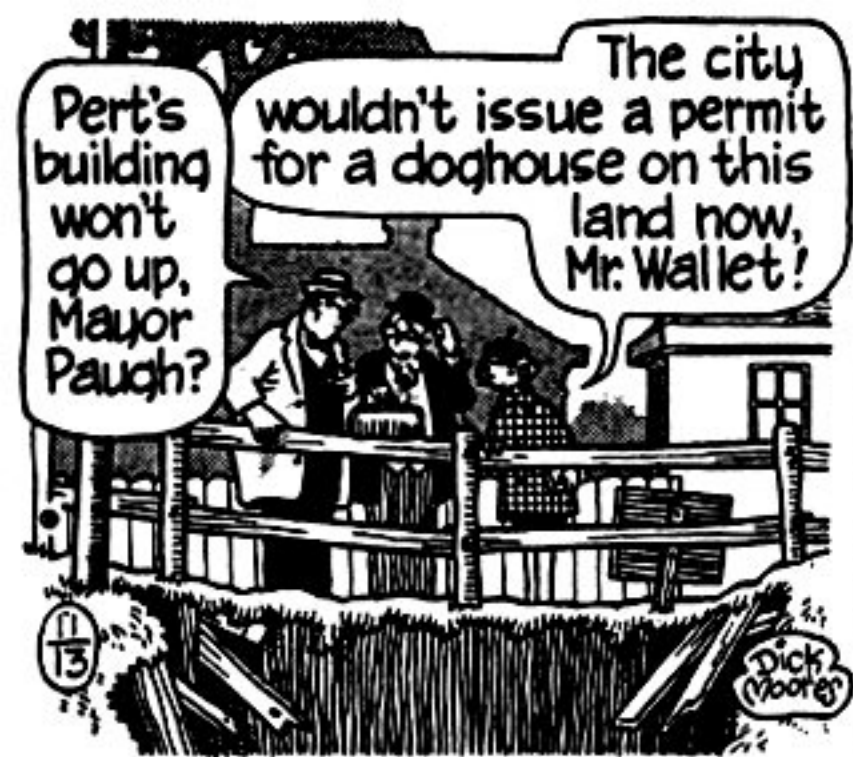


I'll have this hole filled up in a week...



...even if it takes every reeking ounce of garbage in the entire county!





136
Came to see the sink-hole, did you?

Yeah!

Wow!

How about that?

11/14

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Are you..er...
through with your
cans of drink?



Thank you!





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Dick Moorey



Can't we clean out the attic tomorrow, Phyllis?

Walt, by tomorrow the sink-hole may be full!

Dick Moores



Well, Doc,
we're saved
from being
flattened
into a
parking
lot!



Thanks
to the
sinkhole,
Walt!

It proved useful
in other ways,
too!



Everybody on
the block got
rid of his old
junk!



Every-
body
but
Avery!

I'll thank you
not to call my
junk, junk!





Where did you get it?

Carnival left it, Miz' Wallet!

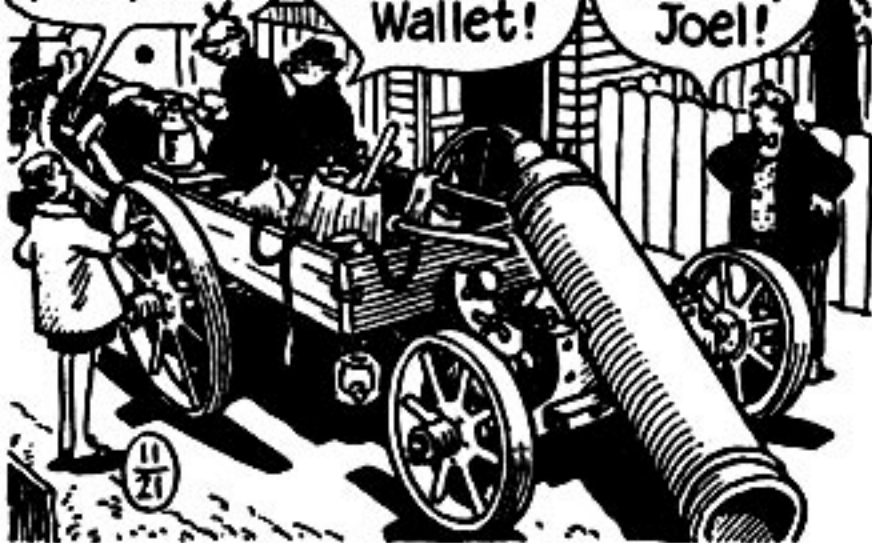
The sinkhole is full, Joel!

I weren't aimin' t' put it in ther'!

Thought you might want t' buy it!

What for?

Ain't too early t' be thinkin' 'bout what t' give folks fer Chris'mas!



You really think you kin sell this ol' thin', Joel?

Som'body boun' t' buy it!

Oh, sure Ev'rybody need a busted ol' cannon these days!

It kinda' tickle me, Rufus!

I might even d'cide t' keep it fer m'self!

Seem likely!

11/22

Dick Woods

Wow! Who kin pay prices like that?

Folks got t' eat, Rufus!



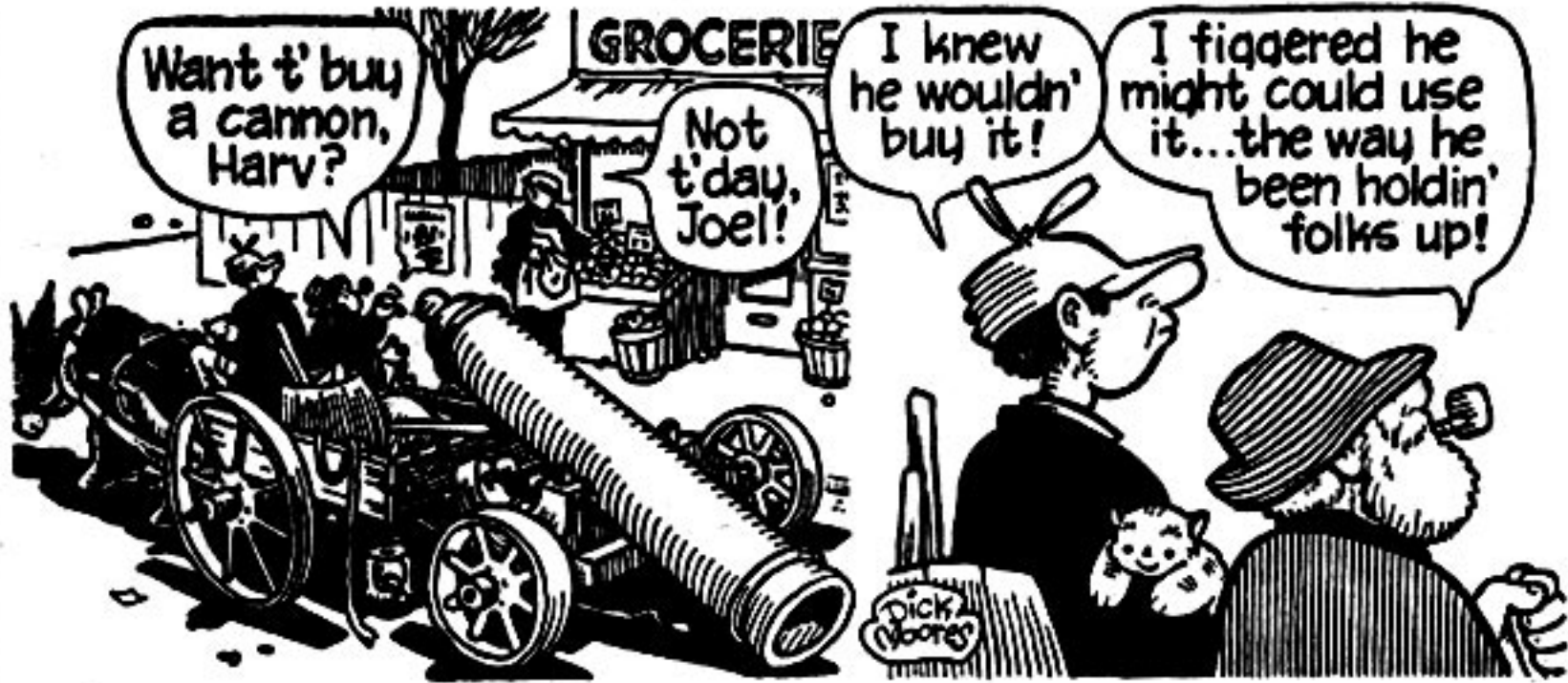
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Want t' buy a cannon, Harv?

Not t'day, Joel!

I knew he wouldn' buy it!

I figgered he might could use it...the way he been holdin' folks up!



Dick Moores

No, Joel,
I can't
use an
old
cannon!

CORKY'S
DINER

How 'bout
a trade,
Mister
Corky?

I could use one
o' them turkeys!

No
deal!

Seem'd like
a fair swap
t' me!

A
turkey
fer a
turkey!

Don't be
poormouthin'
m' cannon,
Rufus!

Dick
Moore



11/26
O' cannon ain't no good, Joel! You shoulda' left it at th' carnival groun's!

We'll find some use fer it, Rufus!

Won't shoot! Anyways... you got no cannonballs!

It don't shoot cannonballs!

It use live ammunition!

Oh!



Wher' you goin', Rufus?

11/27



I ain't bein' shot from no cannon!

Nobody's fixin' t' shoot you from no cannon, Rufus!



It ain't enter m' mind!



Even if it do happen t' be jes' yer size!



Dick Moores

Wher' you takin' this thin', Joel?

11/28

T' Zeb's!

Tha's two mile through town!

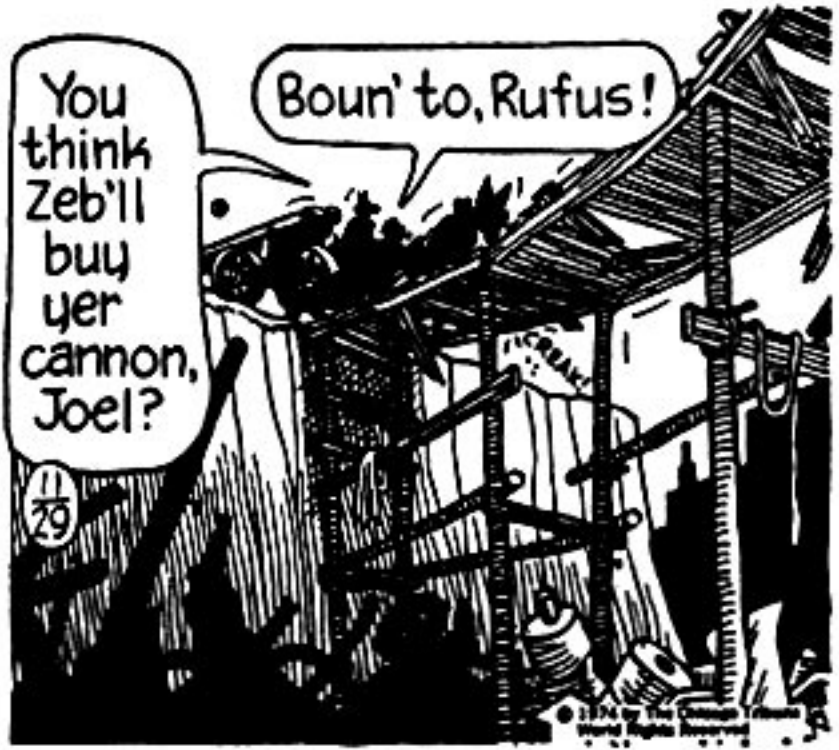
Not if we goes acros't th' ol' bridge, Rufus!

Ye's'm! If we does!

Dick Moore

You think Zeb'll buy yer cannon, Joel?

Boun'to, Rufus!



29

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Jes what he need at th' still!



Dick Moores

CRUNCH!
RIP!



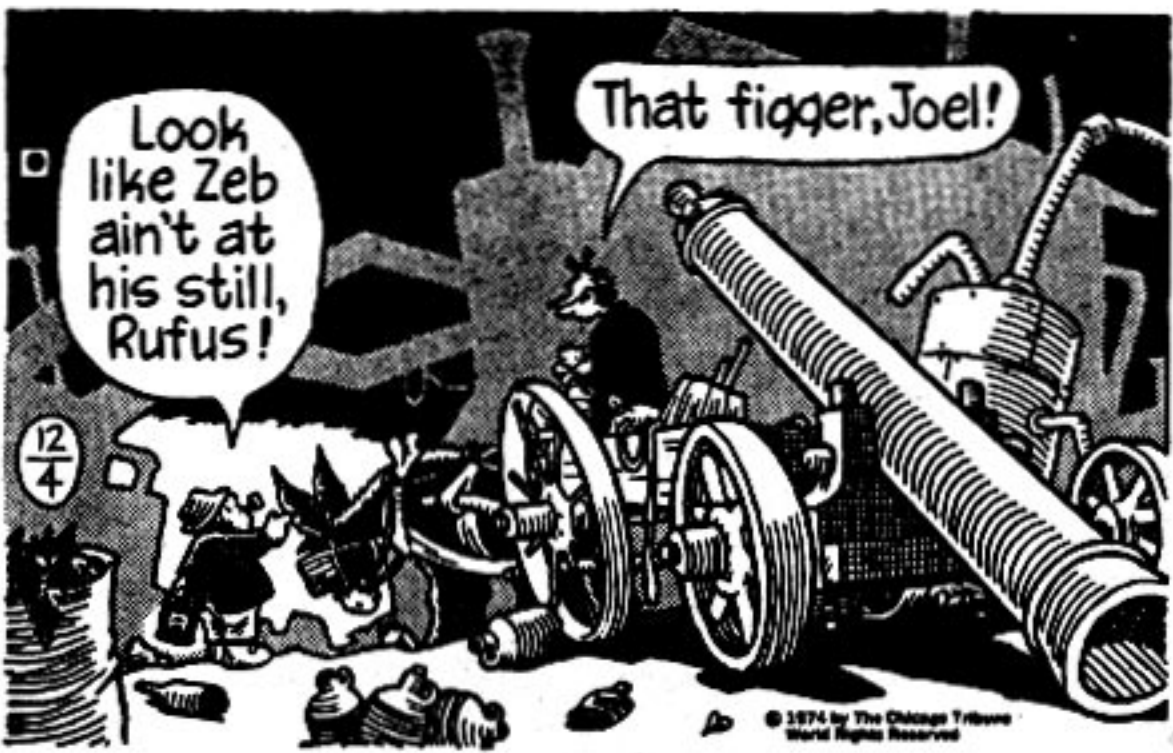
Goin't take a mighty big cork!

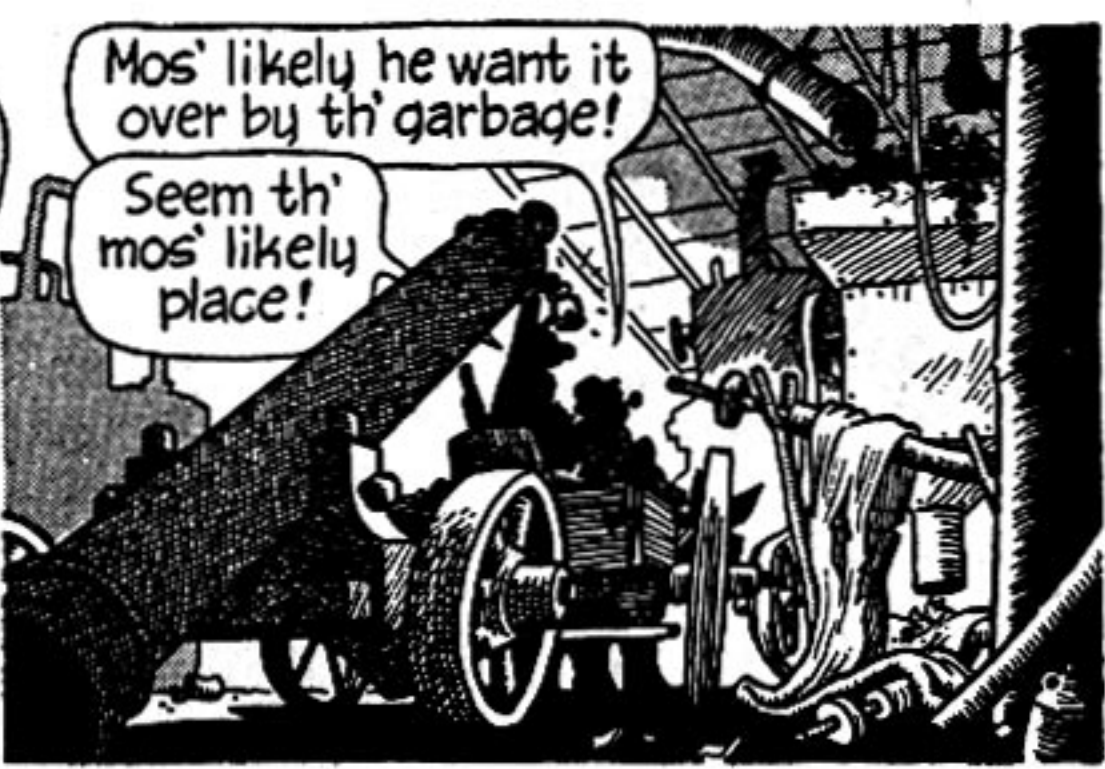
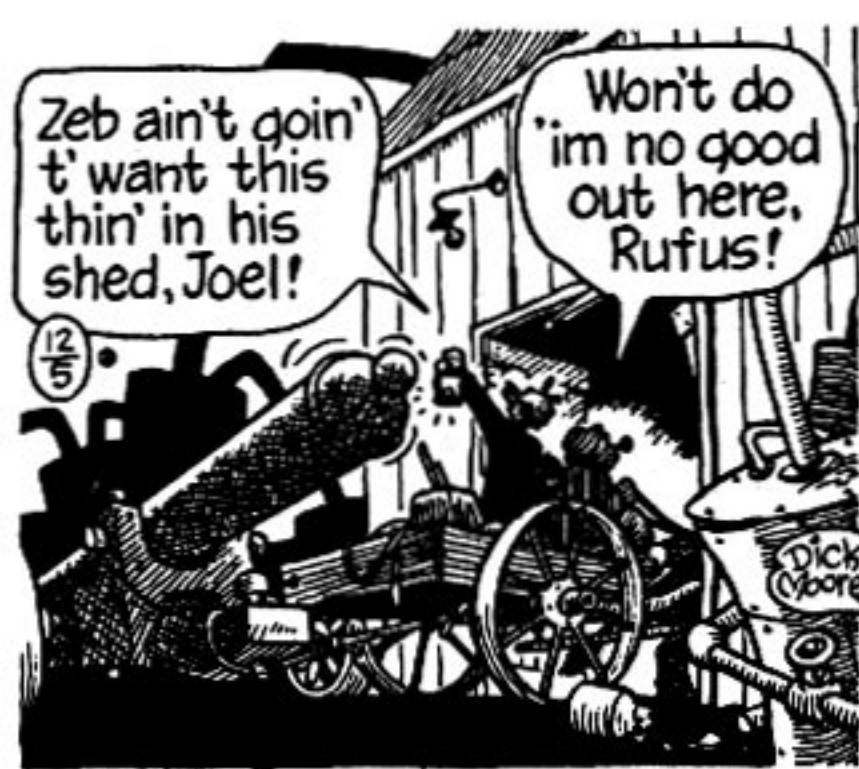












I still don't see how Zeb'd use yer cannon, Joel!

12/6

Since his belt got broke, Rufus...

...Zeb got no way t' git his garbage from th' hopper...

...up into th' vat!

Oh! Now I see!

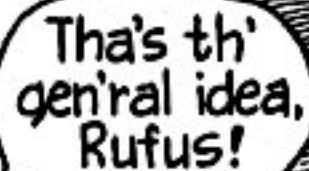
Dick Roberts

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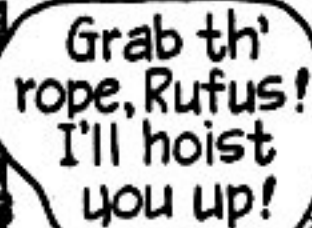
You aim t' fill this thin' full of garbage, Joel, an' shoot it up into th' vat?



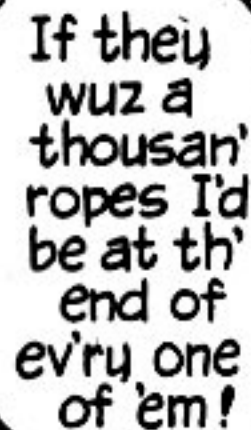
Tha's th' gen'ral idea, Rufus!



What if it explode?



Grab th' rope, Rufus! I'll hoist you up!



If they wuz a thousan' ropes I'd be at th' end of ev'ry one of 'em!

12
7

Dick
Voors

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She's full, Joel!



12/9

Now, if I got it figger' right, Rufus...

Dick Moores

...she'll arch th' wad o' garbage right up into th' vat!

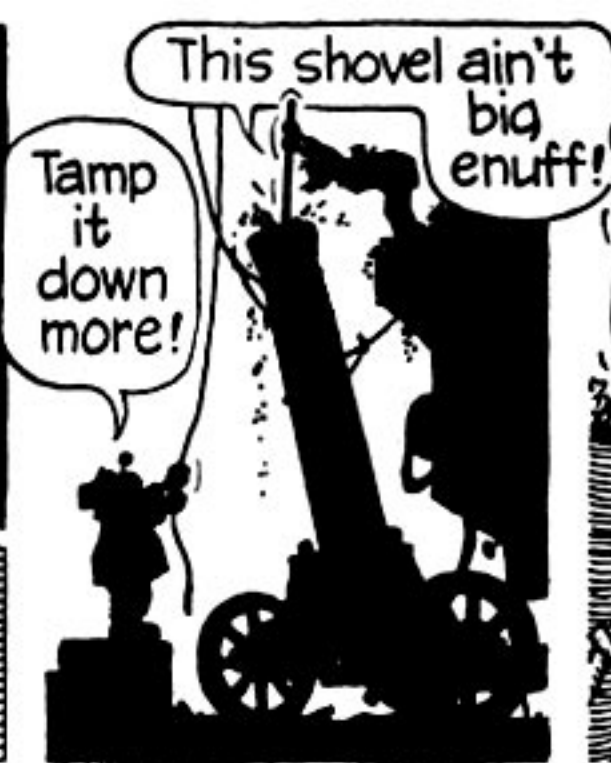
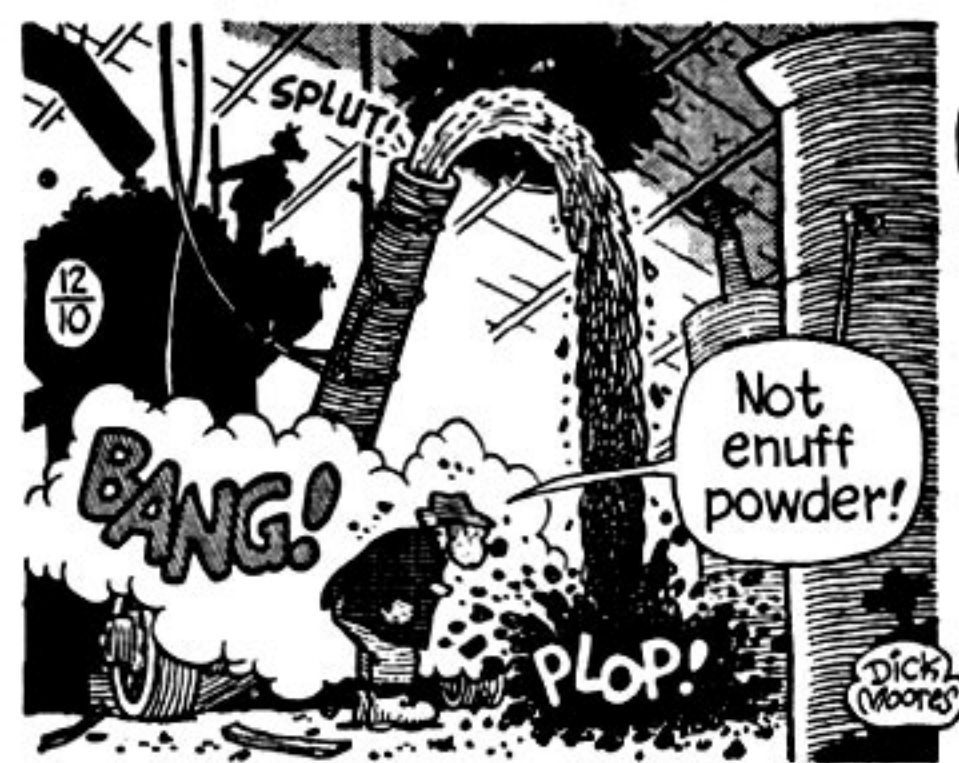


Too much powder!

BOOM!

CRUNCH!

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Jes' tamp
it down
with yer
feet ther,
Rufus!

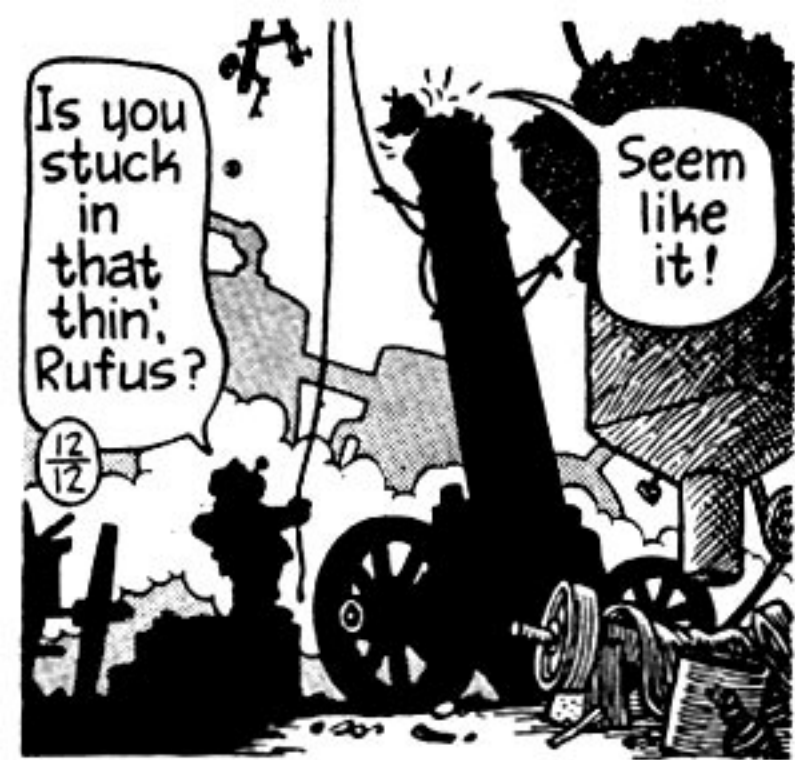
12
11

Yes'm!

You tampin'
it down
kinda' far,
Rufus!

Rufus?

Dick
Moore's



What you aimin' t' do, Joel?

They's jes' one way t' git you unstuck, Rufus!

What's that you sendin' up?

It come with th' cannon!

Dick Moores

You'll need t' put it on!



No, ma'am, Joel!
I ain't bein' shot
from
no
cannon!

Bes' way
t' unstick
you,
Rufus!

We got th'
range
now!

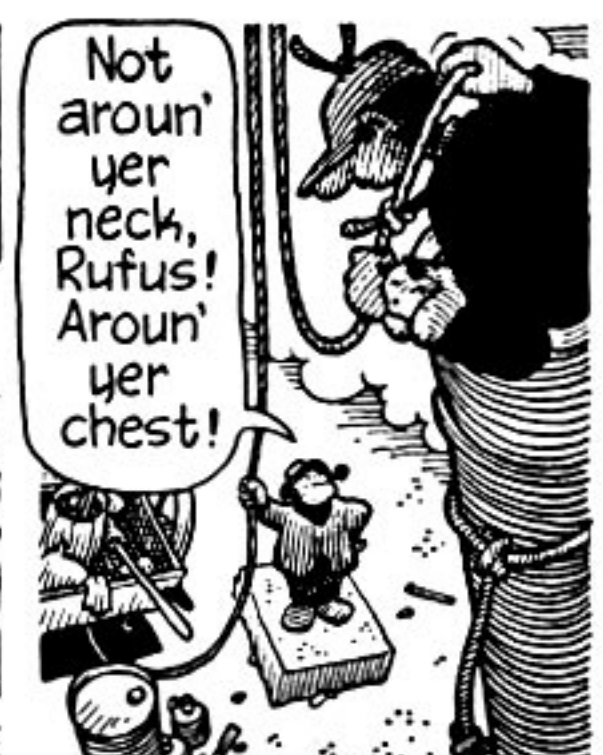
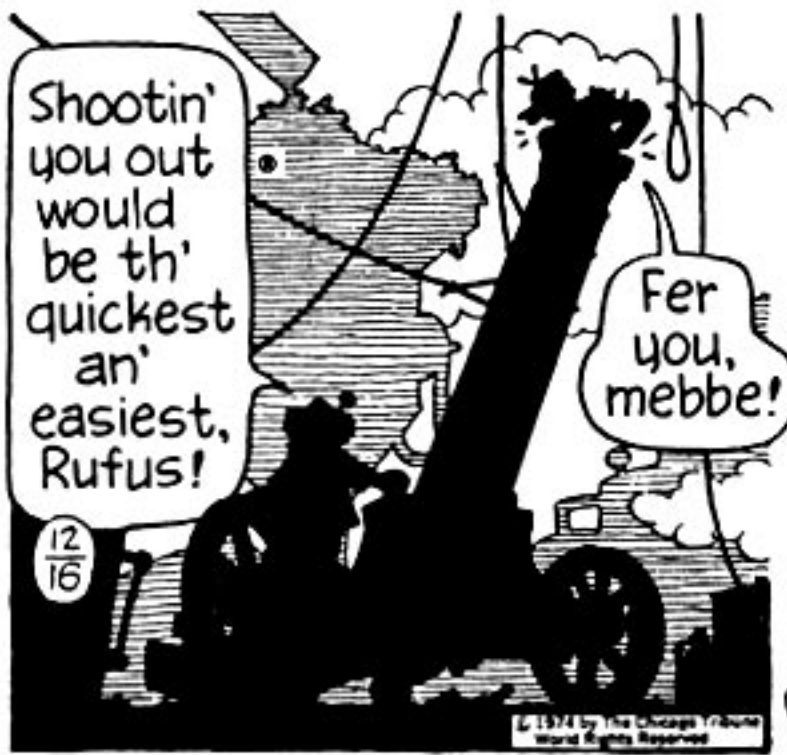
Likely you'll
land slapdab
in th' middle
o'
th'
vat!

Be jes'
like takin'
a swim in
our fine
river!

12
14

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Dick
Moore's



We've finished shopping, Slim! What shall we do now?

Remember those explosions we heard, Clovia?

They came from over by the river!

Let's go check it out!

Why?

We've got nothing else to do!

True!



I'se ready, Joel!

12/18

Hol' tight!
Giddap, Becky!

JERK!

You all right, Rufus?

Rufus?

I'se fine as can be, Joel!

You give me a turn, boy!

Dick Moore



The smoke's coming from this shed, Clovia!

12/19

Why don't we forget it, Slim?

Joel! Is this where the explosions were?

Don't bother me, Slim, boy! I'se thinkin'!

About what?

How t' git Rufus unstuck from th' cannon!

Oh!

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Dick Moores

Are you all right, Rufus?

12/20

I'se fine, Miss Clovia! Jes' stuck!

Shall I call the rescue squad, Joel?

No, Slim!

Zeb don't like no strangers pokin' 'round his still!

Any-thing we can get you?

If you happen t' go by a place what sells can-openers!

Dick Moores

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I sent Clovia for doughnuts, Joel!



12/21

Good! You kin hep me here, Slim!



Jes' put th' rope aroun' you!



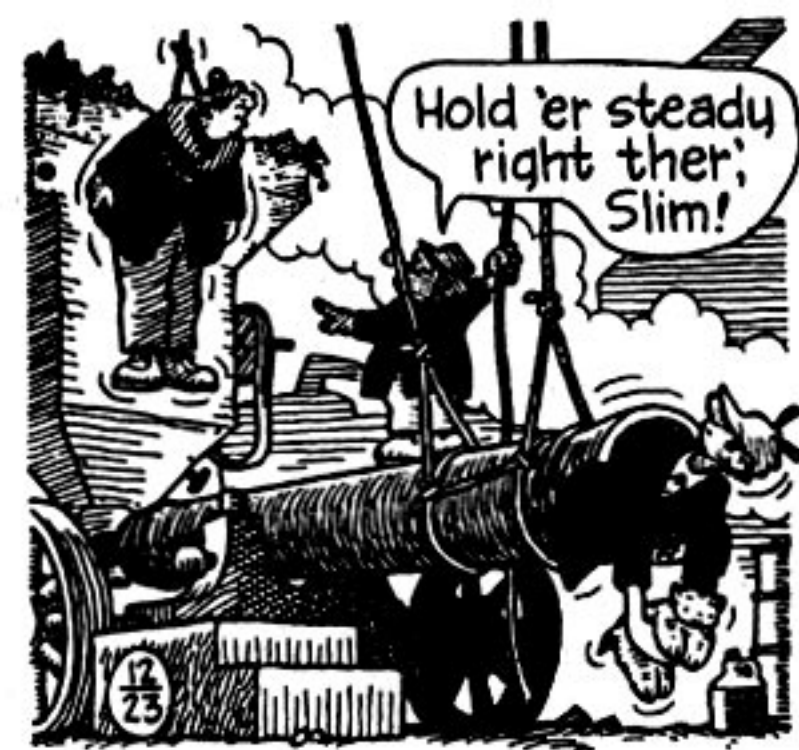
Hey!



Dick Moores

Need t' let th' barrel down gentle!





I brought food and help, Joel!

Rufus! Is you all right?

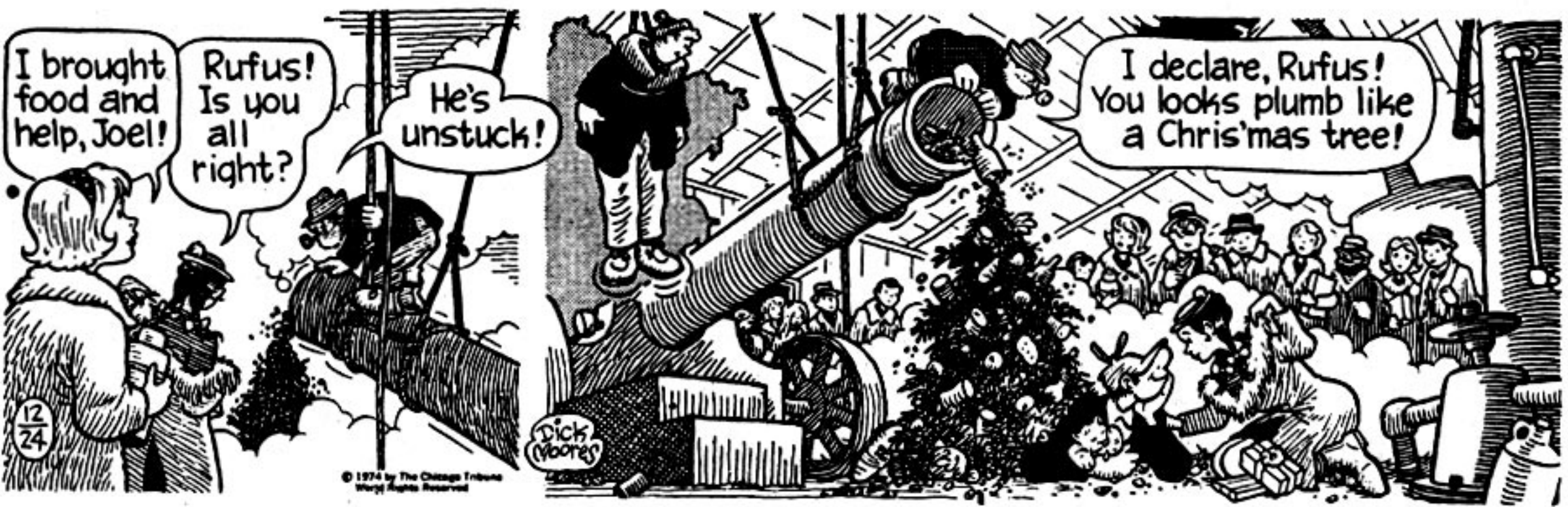
He's unstuck!

I declare, Rufus! You looks plumb like a Chris'mas tree!

12/24

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Dick Moores



We brought your presents, Rufus!

We didn't know how long you'd be stuck!

I ain't never had sech a nice Chris'mas!

Can't you get him down, Joel?

Rope's stuck!

Just what I wanted for Christmas - to hang from the roof of a still!



May I ride with Gramps Mom?

Yes!

Don't point, Gabe!

My, Judy, how that kid is shooting up!

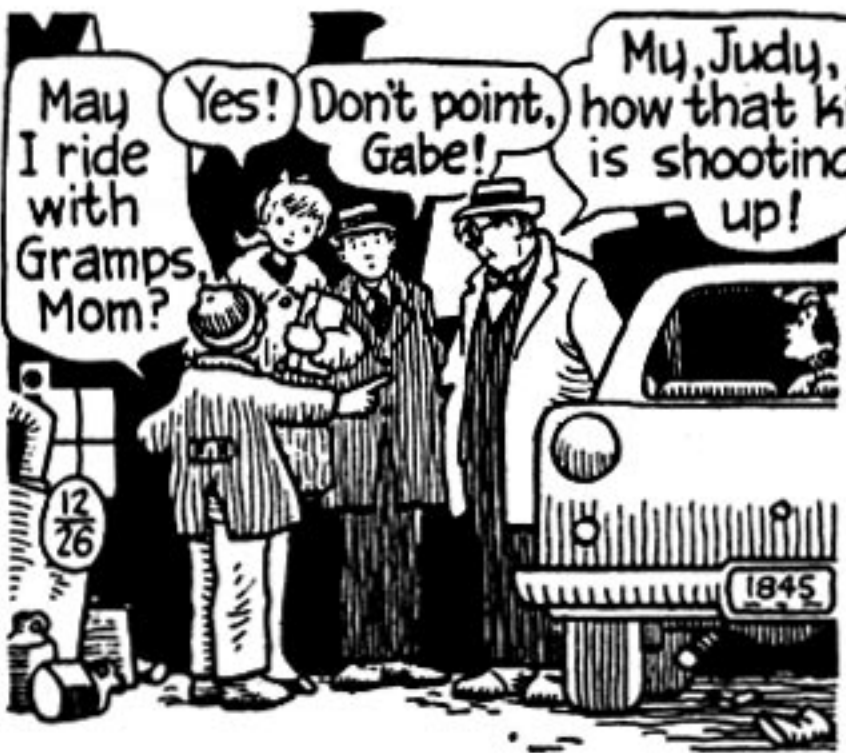
How old are you, Gabriel?

Eight!

Hear that, Phyllis? Gabriel is eight already!

I know, Walt!

Just because you don't get older doesn't mean the rest of us don't!




Dick Moores

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I worried about you hanging up there, Slim!

I kind of liked it up high like that!




I got to thinking up there, Clovia! I'm not getting anywhere...



...living in a lonesome old basement room!

Yes, Slim?



Someday I'm going to move up to the second floor!

12/27

Dick Moore

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SLIM



A new color TV?

I bought it for myself for Christmas, Chip!

12/30

Slim, if you can afford to buy a color TV...

...you can afford to move out of this icy storeroom!

Not anymore!

The payments on this baby run \$14.16 a month!

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Dick Moore

Chip's in the store-room with Slim, Mrs. Wallet!

Thanks, Stubbs!

Happy New Year!

Mind the pipes!

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12/31

Using my anatomy skeleton as the antenna for your new color TV, Slim?

Dick Moores

Actually!

It works great... except when trucks go by!

