



ORANGE DAILY DEMOCRAT SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1932.

Bill

BY
RUBE GOLDBERG
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

IF BILL DOESN'T SOON GET THE LOW-DOWN ON THE MYSTERIOUS ACTIONS OF HIS GIRL FRIEND HE WILL GO CRAZY.

HE'S UP TO HIS NECK IN WORRY AND BOTHER.

GEE! I WONDER IF CAPTAIN JIM CAN'T HELP ME GET A LINE ON THAT BABY—SHE'S A PUZZLE TO ME

CAPTAIN JIM, I'VE TRIED TO GET THAT GIRL TO TELL ME ALL—BUT SHE WON'T—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WOMEN ARE QUEER, LAD

I'M AFRAID SOME BAD INFLUENCE IS DOMINATING HER LIFE

LET ME HANDLE HER SON—WHEN SHE COMES IN TODAY TURN HER OVER TO ME—I'LL GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HER

HELLO, BILL!

OH, HELLO! GLAD TO SEE YOU!

ARE MY NEW KEYS READY?

I'LL GET CAPTAIN JIM—HE'S TAKING CARE OF THAT ORDER

HOWDY, MISS! YOU WON'T MIND WAITING A MOMENT—I'LL HAVE BILL FINISH 'EM FOR YOU AT ONCE

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN JIM!

HAVE A SEAT, MISS

THANK YOU, SIR!

I'VE OFTEN WISHED I HAD A DAUGHTER LIKE YOU THAT I COULD PROTECT AND ADVISE

AND I WISH I HAD A FATHER LIKE YOU WHO COULD ADVISE ME

IS THERE ANYTHING TROUBLING YOU, LASS?

YES, SIR!

IS IT A MAN?

WELL—YES, IT IS—

NOW DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT IT—I'VE BEEN IN LOVE MYSELF AND—

OH IT'S NOT THAT SIR! IT'S MY BROTHER—I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM—

PERHAPS THE CLOUDS OF MYSTERY ARE BEGINNING TO BLOW AWAY, BUT WE MUST WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK FOR HER STORY.

Boob McNutt

Registered U. S. Patent Office

FIVE! ONLY 5 OF THEIR PRECIOUS ANIMALS ARE LEFT AND THE PROFESSORS HAVE TAKEN A SOLEMN OATH TO DELIVER THEM SAFELY TO THE ACADEMY

WE MUST PROTECT THE FEW RARE SPECIMENS WE HAVE LEFT

THE MAIN THING IS TO KEEP BOOB AWAY FROM THEM

LEAVE IT TO ME, PROFESSORS

I'LL LET BOOB STEER THE SHIP TO KEEP HIM BUSY—THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN BUMP INTO

WE'LL PUT THESE TWO ANIMALS IN THE KITCHEN NEAR THE STOVE—THEY LOOK A LITTLE CHILLED

BOOB, YOU STAY HERE IN THE CONTROL ROOM AND STEER THE SHIP—THE PILOT NEEDS A REST

THAT'LL BE SWEET, CAPTAIN

I'M MIKE

I'M MIKE

CAPTAIN, THE KITCHEN STOVE HAS GONE OUT AND THERE'S NOT A MATCH ON BOARD

TWO BAD

TWO BAD

I'LL CONSULT THE PROFESSORS AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT

GEE, THAT'S TOUGH ABOUT THE STOVE

LOOKS LIKE A VOLCANO AHEAD

SURE ENOUGH, MIKE

LOOK, BOYS! IT'S STARTING TO ERUPT!

THOSE ROCKS ARE RED HOT—IF THE COOK ONLY HAD A FEW OF THEM FOR THE STOVE!

A SWEET IDEA!

I'LL STEER AS CLOSE AS I CAN, BOYS

PERFECT! WE'VE GOT A BUCKETFUL ALREADY

MIKE STAYED BEHIND TO WATCH THE STEERING WHEEL

HEY, CAPTAIN! WE'VE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF THE STOVE

LOOK—WE CAUGHT THESE RED-HOT COALS FROM A VOLCANO—SHALL I TAKE 'EM TO THE COOK?

LET US EXAMINE THEM FIRST, BOOB

MIKE, AT THE WHEEL, IS THINKING ABOUT DINNER AND THE VOLCANO KEEPS ON ERUPTING—

WHAT THE—!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE COALS, CAPTAIN—THE KITCHEN STOVE IS GONE AND SO ARE THE TWO RARE ANIMALS

IT JUST SEEMS THAT THE WHOLE WHOLE IS DOOMED! THERE ARE ONLY 3 LEFT NOW—THAT'S NOT FAR TO GO!

