

## By Williams



## FUNNY BUSINESS



**NANCY**



**RED RYDER**



## WASHINGTON TURBS II



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## ROOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



—By Al Capp

UNTIL TODAY, YO' IS LEFT HIGH AN' DRY? YO' NAINT A SPRING CHICKEN NO MORE!

THASS RIGHT, DAISY HONEY, YO' IS DANGEROUSLY CLOUT TIGHTEN! YO' GOTTA PUT LIL' ABNER OUTTA YO' HEART - YO' GOTTA PUT YO' SELF UP PRETTY -

-AN' GO OUT AN' MEET BOYS - AN' SMILE AN' FLIRT WIF MATREMONIAL IN-TENSHUNS?

AH R-RE-EE-IZES AH NEEDS A HUSBIN - BUT - WE CAN CAINT SMILE AN' FLIRT - ONLY IF AN OTHER WANTS T' WOO ME AN' FLIRT - FIGHT BACK!!

GOT HAIR - AN' GIT-UP - AN' GIT-UP - THIS IS A CASE - AVAILABLE JONES!

AND TOMORROW WE MEET AVAILABLE JONES!

—By Bush Miller

I WANT TO SEE WHAT OUR NEW NEIGHBORS LOOK LIKE!

132-2

ONLY UNTIL I CAN SELL MY HORSE FARM IN OLD KENTUCKY, SUM-- MUCH AS IT BREAKS MY HEART!

SOUNDS INTERESTING, COLONEL JULE! I'LL THINK IT OVER!

TAKE YOUR TIME, DEAN! TAKE YOUR TIME!

HERMAN

—By Crane

THEN OVER  
THE COAST OF  
GUINEA, THE  
VORY COAST,  
THE GOLD  
COAST AND  
NIGERIA,  
TOWARD THE  
NILE...

Copyright © 1962 by NEA Service, Inc. U.S. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

By H. T. Hamlin

KING JOHN! BOY, AN' JUST WHEN I WAS WONDERIN' HOW I COULD GIT TO 'IM, THIS YAP SHOWS UP T'GUIDE ME! WHAT A BIT O' LUCK, IF I CAN PLAY MY HAND RIGHT!

I SWEAR THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS FELLOW

OKAY, BUCKO! BUT I'LL BE RIGHT ON YOUR HEELS TO SEE THERE AIN'T ANY FUNNY BUSINESS!

SEEMS THE TIME I'VE SPENT THIS MORNIN' BEFORE

AHH, BELIEVE ME, OLD CHAP, I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE WELL REWARDED FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

CHAPTER TEN

JIM MALLORY still looked at Mary Larsen when Lois Hammond came and slipped her arm through his. He thought: "So she didn't become Eric Forbes' secretary." And he might have hoped Mary was now interested in the things he had said to her back home—were it not for his suspicion.

"Lois said, her voice soft. 'It's good to see you again, Jim.'"

"It's good to see you again," he said. And, for the other girl's benefit, he lay his hand on Lois' hand and fondly squeezed it.

"He turned to Jeffery Hammond. 'I'd like to talk with you, sir, alone.'"

"Of course, Malloory. Come to my cabin."

In the cabin, Hammond faced him with evident embarrassment. His hands shook as he lighted a cigar.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Malloory," he said.

"There's no or in the Sonora's forward hold," Jim said. "I've a hunch there's none in the after holds. I want an explanation."

"Very well, I shall give you an explanation. I came here for that purpose. Back in Miami Beach, Mr. Forbes and I made you an offer. We wanted you to drop your plans for salvaging the Sonora. You wouldn't deal with us, and you threatened to do the job on your own. We couldn't afford to let you do that. I went into this thing with you merely to secure your secrecy."

"You didn't want me to report anything to the Coast Guard or to the Maritime Commission?"

"That's right. You know, of course, how the Sonora was sunk."

"By shellfire?"

"No. She was scuttled. The first mate, Halloran, opened the sea cocks. But she had been shelled. We didn't have enough of the report full of holes because of the excitement and the scandal it would cause."

"Wasn't Halloran lost at sea?"

"He was wounded. The crew put him ashore. He was in a hospital there for a month. That's the last I heard of him."

"I'm beginning to see what hap-

"HAMMOND's face looked suddenly old and tired. 'The Sonora carried oil and rubber out of South America and not manganese. That was the cargo we were insured.' She sailed for European waters. She had a rendezvous with a belligerent ship, and transferred the cargo. Rubber and oil are badly needed over there. Just as the rendezvous was ending, a British warship appeared in the dusk. The Sonora and the other ship ran for it, and the warship began firing. The Sonora was hit a dozen times, her captain killed and Halloran wounded, but she got away. Halloran thought he was in the Caribbean for secrecy, but the Coast Guard had been tipped off to look for an unknown American ship that had been in the war zones in defiance of the neutrality law." "And then Jim said, 'You ordered Halloran to scuttle her?'" "Exactly. Then you came along. We hadn't figured on the Sonora being found. You can see how much we had at stake. The reputation of the line, and a whole lot of trouble with the government."

"Jim nodded. "But why did you take the risk in the first place?"

"The company has been in financial trouble since the war started," Hammond replied, his voice burdened. "Most of our shipping was done in waters now forbidden to American ships by the neutrality act. Eric Forbes made a contact which led to the Sonora sinking. I can't put all the blame on Forbes, however, for I gave my consent. Forbes' contact paid well, and we took the risks."

"And so I was a meddling fool," Jim said. "I tutted in, caused you to get grief, and you gave me enough rope."

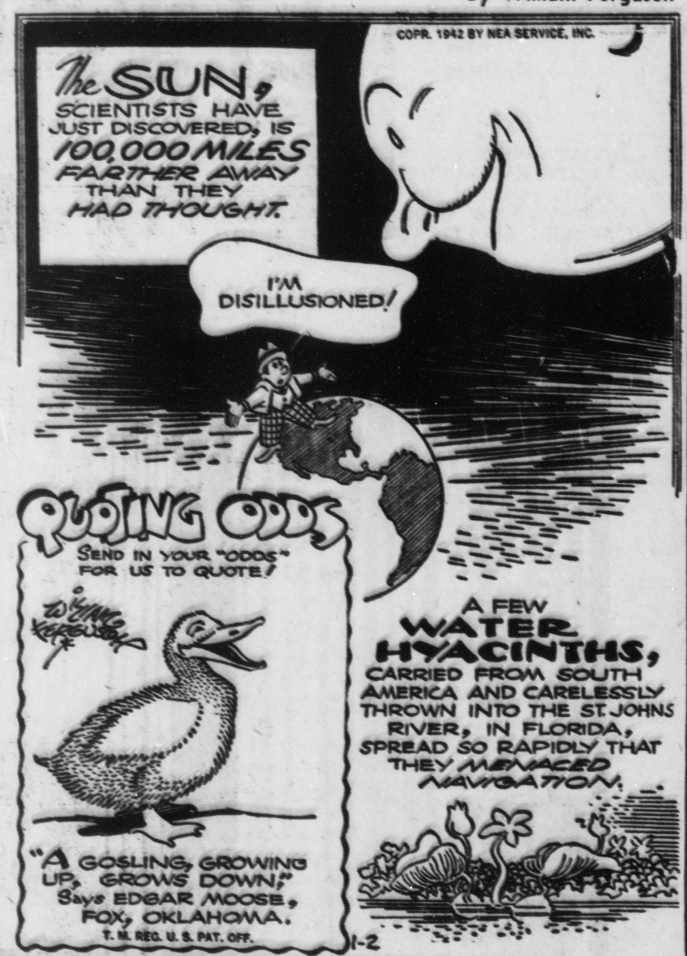
"Not exactly that, Mallory. You're a stubborn young man. I had to string along with you. Now I'm offering you a way out. Five thousand dollars above your expenses—for your trip."

"I don't go in for blackmail," Hammond said.

"Then you'd report to the Coast Guard?"

"No. But if the Coast Guard comes asking me questions, I'll answer them."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



"What are your plans, then, Sal?"

"I'm going to stick around here. I'm not satisfied that the Sonora isn't something to salvage. As I told you, someone else is interested in her—I can't tell of 25 grand."

"And you're not sure it was a worried-down cat," he said, understanding that. "Who could know about the Sonora? What cargo could she have carried?"

"That's something you should ask the Sonora's first mate, Bert Halloran," Jim said, and went out.

\* \* \*

HE FOUND Lois sitting in a deck-chair under the after-deck awning.

She said, her voice caressing, "Sit beside me, darling and tell me how our salvage work is coming."

He pulled a chair up beside hers and sat down. There isn't any salvage, Lois. Here's a man on the verge of bankruptcy."

"You're joking, Jim."

"Not a little bit. What makes you think I'd joke about that?"

"Oh, a little conversation I overheard before we sailed."

"What was it?" he said, regarding her curiously.

"It was nothing really. Just some-  
times Eric Forbes and father's secretary were discussing."

Jim tried to keep a poker face. He didn't know the silly slance. He didn't know Forbes was going to get our little Mary to go back to New York as his secretary, and she was refusing. He wanted to know if you were the reason for her refusal. She said that you might be."

"And Forbes?"

"He said, 'Why, because you know Mallory is about to strike it rich?' So now, Jim, I know you were either joking or misleading me. You aren't close to bankruptcy, are you?"

"I think the sheriff is waiting for me back at Miami Beach."

Lois's bantering smile vanished, and a blazing fury was bright in her eyes. "Well, I know when I'm being told off," she said bitterly.

"And I have eyes in my head. You want that girl, and it doesn't matter to you that she would have preferred Eric Forbes if she couldn't count on you getting some money!"

(To Be Continued)

(All events, names and characters in this story are fictitious)

**DAD FREE-**

**NEW DELUXE**  
**ROLLER SKATING**  
DEPT. OF PARKS & RECREATION  
ROLLER SKATING

Every Night—7 to 11 P. M.  
Sat. & Sun. After 5 to 11 P. M.

Carl Gordon • Generous Discounts  
At the Organ • For Early Party Dates  
Tomorrow—Special Kiddie Session

10 A. M. to 12:30 P. M.  
Adm. 17c—Inc. Checking, Skates, Tax  
Parents With Children—Adm. Free  
Upon Payment of Tax

SHHHH!

F-E

WORTH  
2 WHILE!

THIS Y  
T'GUIN  
A BIT  
3 PLAY  
RIGHT.

WITH

MAR. 1959

**-O-OTS!**



**JOHN! BOY,  
NOT WHEN I  
UNDERSTAND HOW I SWEAR**

©1989, 1992

HE SHOWS UP LIKE ME! WHAT OF LUCK, IF MY HAND

SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS FELLOW

NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 865872 1-2

—By Martin

!!?

US MMP  
GLUB-  
GLUBB

Hamlin

NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By H. T. Hamlin

OKAY, BUCKO, BUT I'LL  
BE RIGHT ON YOUR  
HEELS TO SEE THERE

AHH,  
BELIEVE ME

SEEMS 'ME I'VE BEEN THIS MUG BEFORE

FUNNY BUSINESS!

I'LL GEE THAT YOU'RE WELL REWARDED FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK.