

Here's The News-Times Comic Page Packed Full of Fun for Everyone

SCORCHY SMITH

Fit Peril SCORCHY SMITH

Killing Chilling

ACTING FOR AN UNNAMED CLIENT, GRIMES THE TYRO PRIVATE DETECTIVE RASHLY TRIES TO ARREST SIMS (ALIAS SNEED) AND IS PUSHED TO HIS DEATH IN THE SACRIFICIAL PIT OF JUNNA'S TEMPLE. SCORCHY, TRYING TO WATCH ALL THE TOURISTS AT ONCE, RACES UP WITH PHILIPPA A MINUTE TOO LATE...

WHAT HAPPENED?
SOMEONE THROTTING OFF FOURTH OF JULY FIRE-CRACKERS WITHOUT TELLING US? HEH-HEH-HEH!

YOU HEARD A PISTOL SHOT AND ONE OF US IS LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PIT! SOMEONE PLEASE BRING THE ROPE FROM THE COPTER...

I'LL PROBABLY NEED IT GETTING OUT OF HERE!

HERE WE ARE! JOLLY TOURISTS EXPLORING THE RUINS OF ANCIENT JUNNA AND NOW THERE'S A KILLER IN OUR MIST!

I BROUGHT THE ROPE FROM THE HELICOPTER! IS MR. SMITH READY TO COME UP!

I DUNNO, SNEED! I'LL HOLLER DOWN AND ASK HIM!

IT'S GRIMES, THE FUMBLING PRIVATE EYE... DEAD! IF THE FALL HADN'T KILLED HIM, THESE COBRAS WOULD HAVE PHEN. WHAT A PLACE!

WHAT'S GOING ON? WAS THAT A SHOT WE HEARD?

SEEMS SO! MR. SMITH'S GONE DOWN IN THAT AWFUL PIT TO HELP THE VICTIM, WHO'S MISSING ANYWAY?

GRIMES, THE DUMB PRIVATE DET, MUST'VE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR AND WAS KILLED BEFORE HE COULD TALK!

OKAY, HALL AWAY!

GUESS I'D BETTER CATCH THE SAME BUS!

DO BE CAREFUL, MR. SNEED!

I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, MADAM!

LET'S START AT THE START, MISS PHIPPS! WHAT GIVES?

I'M AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR, MR. SMITH!

MY COMPANY CARRIED A VERY LARGE POLICY ON ABEL SIMS, PRESIDENT OF SIMS SYNTHETICS A BIG CHEMICAL FIRM.

HE DIED IN AN EXPLOSION IN HIS PRIVATE LAB AT THE PLANT! IF IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HIS BENEFICIARY GETS DOUBLE INDEMNITY! IF IT WAS FOUL PLAY...

SO YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A POSSIBLE INSURANCE SWINDLE?!

RIGHT! I GUESS WE SHOULD CALL THIS THE GLOBETROTTER CASE!!

RADIO! CALL FROM THE RAJAH SCORCH SMITH!

COULD WE SEE YOU A MOMENT MR. SMITH?

OAKY DOAKS

No Love Potion

OAKY DOAKS

Hen-Pecked Horse Man

AFTER DRINKING THE NECTAR OAKY SUDDENLY KISSED PHOEBE ON THE FOREHEAD.

THAT WAS NICE! DO IT AGAIN!

G-GOSH ALL HEMLOCK! I BEG YOUR PARDON!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID THAT!

I HOPE YOU DID IT BECAUSE YOU LIKE ME!

OR MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE--

SAY! DOES THAT NECTAR MAKE A PERSON WANT A NECK?!

NIX!

RANDOLPH AND QUINCY FINISHED THEIR FIGHT AWFUL QUICK!

BUT THEY STILL LOOK MAD!

YOU THINK YOU'RE A PRETTY SMART GUY, DON'TCHA?

ER-- WHADDA YA MEAN?

THE MINUTE OUR BACK WAS TURNED YOU KISSED PHOEBE!

SHE'S OUR GIRL, SEE?!

OH, NO I'M NOT!

I'M HIS GIRL!

WE GOTTA GET RID OF THAT GUY, RANDOLPH!

I'LL SAY!

I S'POSE PHOEBE WILL INVITE HIM TO THE DANCE!

IF SHE DOES, WE MIGHT RUB HIM OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A RHUMBA!

OR LURE HIM TO A LEAFY BOWER AND LAY HIM LOW!

WOODLAND HOP TONITE! MUSIC BY SYLVIAN SEKLET

HO, HO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! LET'S HAVE CHARLIE, THE CENTAUR, HANDLE IT!

I'VE TOLD YA MY TROUBLES-- NOW WOT'S YOURS?!

SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT GOT OUR GOAT!

THAT'S GOOD FER A HORSELAUGH! BUT I'M KEEPIN' WE QUIET! WANT YOU TO HORSEWHIP A GUY?

WOT'S IN IT FER ME?

DO A GOOD JOB AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A BIG LOAD OF HAY!

AND SIX SIRLOIN STEAKS!

FOR THAT I WILL ALSO KICK TH' DAYLIGHTS OUTA HIM!

WHILE THE TWO JEALOUS FAUNUS PLOT AGAINST HIM OAKY HAS GONE WITH PHOEBE TO ANOTHER PART OF WANTON WOODS...

OAKY THERE'S GOING TO BE A DANCE IN THE GLEN TONIGHT! WILL YOU TAKE ME?

ER-- SURE! BUT RIGHT NOW HADN'T WE BETTER SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE? THOSE DAMES ARE BATHING!

THEY'RE JUST WATER-NYMPHS! THEY LIVE IN THIS POND!

HI, PHOEBE!

HI, MONA!

WHY DON'TCHA INTRODUCE ME TO YOUR FRIEND?

BECAUSE I WANT HIM TO KEEP ON BEING MY FRIEND!

DICKIE DARE

A Yankee Doodle Dickie

DICKIE DARE

Master Dickie Dare

GENTLEMAN, DIRECTLY TO MY REAR, OUR ANNUAL PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY!

POST, DICKIE, FOR THE CO-WINNER OF THE WASTEMAN CUP YOU'RE CERTAINLY A SAD LOOKING SACK!

IT'S JUST ENDS THIS IS THE FOURTH OF JULY AN' WE'RE NOT HAVIN' FIREWORKS, JUST A DISPLAY OF SOME 'DOPEY' 'EYE-ROCK-NICKS'!

TRYNOMEX'S 'NECK! THEM'S FIREWORKS... YIPPEE!

IT'S A GRAND AN' GLORIOUS FOURTH O' JULY!

HIT THE DECK, BOY, LOOKS LIKE A GREAT DAY FOR THE RACE!

WUN-- WUN-- RICE!?

YOU WAKE UP, DANNY BOY, THE RACE IS OVER AN' WE WIN-- REMEMBER?

FOR YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT, I WAS REFERRING TO THE NORMAL RACE! HAHA!

EASY THERE, MATE, THIS IS BRITISH!

BOY, AN I GLAD WE WEREN'T INVITED TO DINNER WITH TH' COMMANDORE AN' DAN!

THAT BANQUET GAVE ME ENOUGH OF DRESSIN' UP! I LIKE MY OLD CLOTHES AN' REAL COMFORT!

WE'LL BE SHOVIN' OFF TO SEA AGAIN! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TH' FREEDOM OF TH' SEAS!

DICKIE! HEY-- DICKIE DARE!

DICKIE! WAIL UP! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO COLLECT YOUR BET?

HUN, WHAT BET?

NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T REMEMBER BETTING YOUR DOG AGAINST MY BOAT THAT YOU'D WIN THE RACE!?

THERE SHE IS, AND THE CAPTAIN AND CREW STAND READY TO PIPE YOU ABOARD AS THEIR NEW MASTER!

WELCOME ABOARD THE 'MINNOW ALCOH' AT YOUR COM--

SEND TH' DECK DIVISION OVER TH' SIDE AN' CHANGE TH' NAME OF THIS BOAT TO TH' 'RICHARD DARE'!

RE RE, SIR!

ANY NOW LISTEN MISTER, LET'S NOT FORGET OUR BET, YOU KEEP YOUR BOAT-- I'LL KEEP MY DOG AN'--

THU TUU, LITTLE FELLOW!

THAT WOULDN'T BE HONORABLE! BESIDES, THE ENTIRE CREW WOULD BE DISAPPOINTED!

WHO BELONGS TO THIS YACHT AN'WHY? I DON'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE, NOT WITHOUT MY PHIL DUN FETTER!

GET OFF!

HEY, WAIT!

THU TUU! A TRAIL CRUISE! THE LEAST I CAN DO! IN THE MEANTIME WHERE WE CAN FIND YOU SOME SUITABLE DRESS CLOTHES!

THIS IS THE PHU-OFF WINGS! DRESSIN' UP PARTIES AN'T ENOUGH-- BAN! A GUY JUST CAN'T EVER WIN!