reation N. C., Thursday, July 30, 1964

8-13

JONES JOURNAL

THE COL

By Roy Crane

AT STUFF.

POOR SWAPLE FOOL! HE STILL HASN'T CAUGHT ON THAT I WEAR CONTACT

LENSES.

SURE, HARRY. ONLY GIMME

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN WI DAT DOG. PLEASE, HARRY, JUST ONCE!

AND CATS ... AH, YES, MRS. SAWYER: I NO LONGER SEEK GOLD AND THINGS THAT ARE COLD AND HARD. LIFE'S TREASURES, I'VE LEARNED, ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE WARM AND SOFT.

AH, YES! NO MORE GUN-RUNNING AND INTRIGUE, MY DEAR SAWYER. IT WAS NEVER TO MY TASTE. NEVER!...

TOO, I'VE MADE

MY PILE, I'VE RETIRED

TO MY COLLECTIONS OF

BUTTERFLIES AND RARE BITS OF JADE.

Creant 7-30



